

Her CEO Stalker and Her Second Chance Mate

Chapter 5

Adelaide

Limping through the city, I made my trek across town, limping on foot. They would be watching all routes of transportation. My heart hammered in my chest. I ducked my head down with my hood obscuring my face as a handful of police officers walked through the crowd with keen observation. No doubt, it was me they were looking for. I had to get the money and then out of this town fast before they could lock onto the laptop. I'm sure they would be combing my purchase history, looking for any way to track me down. The laptop had been a gift from Uncle Jack though; they would have to dig through data and find my alternate email to lock onto it. My bank account was at the most immediate risk, since my pay was automatically deposited into that account. They may already be on top of it, then they would have to try to hack it.

Hyper-aware of my surroundings, my mind was a subspace for calculating way too much for my aching head. I passed a hotdog cart and my stomach groaned. When did I eat last? The thought of eating suddenly caused a wave of nausea to overwhelm me. It must be the drugs still coursing through my system. Move on, Adelaide, you've got things to do. Right, find an inconspicuous person to pull all my money out of my account without stealing it. I turned the corner, not looking at where I was going, but at who was around me.

I suddenly collided with a wall of muscle, hot liquid splashed, and a big hand grabbed my arm as I stumbled. "I'm so sorry," I stammered, my voice still hoarse from the strangulation I had endured, keeping my eyes down, trying not to wince at the firm grip he had on me with his tattooed hand. I blinked as I steadied myself and he let go.

"You ok, miss?" I chanced a glance up at the large older man.

"Uhh, yeah," a pair of concerned silver eyes studied me. He cocked his head seeing more than I had wanted anyone to see, the makeup only did so much this close up. His hands balled into fists.

"How bout you let me know, little lady, who did that to your face, so I can pay him a visit and do the same to him before I put him six feet under." His tattoos covered his arms snaking under his tight black tee. He had on a biker vest, and I looked over to the curb he had been heading toward.

"An Indian Scout Bobber? Badass!"

"She knows a little about bikes," he said, cocking his head at me.

“My uncle was a biker,” I informed him, as I looked at the exquisite specimen of a bike. I looked back at the rough man before me. He was in his 40s or 50s, maybe, and wide as ox. He had a scar through his eyebrow that ran down to his cheek; he would do. Bikers got a bad rap, but most of them were just misunderstood. Uncle Jake used to say, “tough men were made tough because their insides were soft.”

“Well, he should have made you smarter about men,” was his stern reply.

I looked up at him. “How long are you in town for?”

He looked down at the spilled coffee on the ground. “I was leaving after my coffee. You're changing the subject. I asked you a question.”

People moved around us paying us no mind. “You can’t touch him, but if you want to help me, you can do me a favor.”

He grunted. “It’s always the ‘untouchable’ who think they can break things that don’t belong to them. What kind of favor?”

“I need someone inconspicuous to pull out my money at an ATM so I can get out of Dodge. I’ll pay you, just don’t run off with my money.” He looked down at his appearance confused.

“They won’t know where someone like you came up with my details, you’ll be gone before they know who to look for,” I tried to give him my logic. “I need to keep my head down and get out of town without anyone noticing.”

“I’ll do it, but let's get you off the street first.” He guided me into the coffee shop he had just left.

“Go find a seat,” he rumbled, stepping back in line. I sat down in a secluded corner, drumming my fingers on the table, glancing around to see if there was a free wifi sign. When I found it, I inwardly celebrated that the fates were on my side today. My eyes darted around. I was paranoid as all hell. When he came to the table, he had a tray with him and he put a blueberry muffin and some sort of frothy coffee in front of me.

“What’s this?” I asked

He took the remaining drink and a chocolate chip cookie and placed it in front of himself. “I have a condition.” He stared at me and I stared back. What did he want? If he wanted to fuck me, I’d find the first fork and stick it in his eye.