



## 207 Side Story: Unexpected Relationship, Part III

"I don't know what to do anymore," Einar's low voice sounded almost desperate, "she shut me off so radically that it almost feels like that night was just something I have imagined." 1

"Are you absolutely sure she shared your enjoyment?" Amelie's voice reached to Angelina through the half-closed door and the latter arched her brows in bewilderment.

"Positive!" Einar confirmed. "We had such an amazing time at the bar; we talked for hours and shared so many laughs! I don't remember the last time I enjoyed someone's company so much!"

Angelina pressed her back against the wall next to the door, letting out a quiet sigh.

Truthfully--and quite strangely so--she remembered that night perfectly well. Einar was right: they had an amazing time gossiping at the bar for hours and... an even more amazing time when they took things to the privacy of Einar's suite.



She felt the same. She could not recall the last time she enjoyed a man's company so much.

But what could she do?

*'This is an important project for all of us. And I know myself... if things don't work out between the two of us, I won't be able to continue working with him, thus proving my mother's point that I, just like her, am controlled by my emotions and am not capable of handling work like a true professional.'*

Not willing to hear even more of Einar's secret confessions, Angelina sighed again and quickly went back to her office, where she spent several hours doing nothing but crying.

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Angelina struggled to open her eyes, groaning as the loud sound of her alarm clock shattered the morning serenity inside her hotel room.

It was five in the morning on Saturday and the reason why she forced herself to wake up this early on her day off was Einar's departure back to Iceland in several hours.

Fully dressed and prepared to leave, Angelina still had no idea whether leaving her room was a



good decision. She continued to nervously pace back and forth, clenching her fists and anxiously adjusting her hair, throwing quick glances at the big clock on her bedstand.

*'It's stupid! He is heading straight for his jet, I won't catch him even if I manage to arrive at the airport on time!'*

That thought brought an unexpectedly cold feeling into her heart and she felt her hands tremble. It finally hit her--she was not nervous to miss him at the boarding area; she was nervous to miss him, period.

Thus, grabbing the keys of her personal car, she forgot to put her coat on and rushed out of the room, silently praying that there would be no traffic. And whoever heard her prayers, took pity on her.

*'Private gate two, private gate two...'* Angelina kept repeating her destination while she ran through the airport's private wing in search of the private jet that belonged to Einar.

She knew she would see it once she reached the gate but her eyes still looked through the glass walls, hoping to recognize the plane she was looking for.





And she found it. Private gate two. And a dark blue private jet that resembled the color of his deep eyes.

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Einar gulped down an entire bottle of mineral water at once; the dry sensation in his throat refused to let go.

It had been bugging him since the night he talked about his feelings with Amelie, and now that he was leaving again, it felt like the annoying displeasure was drying him up from the inside.

He sighed and leaned in his seat, closing his eyes in hopes of quickly falling asleep when he heard a slight commotion right at the entrance of the plane.

"What's going on?"

Before he could check the source of the noise himself, a woman barged in, breathing heavily while her wide eyes locked on Einar, glistening with relief.

"Miss Castillo? What in the world are you doing here?!" The man immediately rose to his feet, shocked to see Angelina.

"Mr. Ingvarsson," Angelina tried to catch her



breath but the words she wanted to ask were desperate to escape her mouth. "I am sorry to barge in like this, but... Well, there is a fresh piece of gossip I would like to share... Would you care to listen?" 3

For a few very long moments, Einar remained completely silent, his bright blue eyes locked on the woman's face with absolutely no emotion in them.

Angelina felt her heart race and she knew it was not because she was running here.

Then, Einar let out a long sigh, and a soft chuckle escaped his lips right after.

"Well," he started, "there has been a lot of gossip lately, which one in particular would you like to discuss?"

At last, Angelina felt like she could breathe again. She knew it instantly--he was not upset at her anymore. Her silly, immature heart was forgiven.

"Now that I think about it... you are right. How do I choose only one then?"

Einar took her still-trembling hand in his and led her to an empty seat beside his, opening a new



bottle of water for her. "The flight to Iceland is ten hours. Do you think we will be able to finish going over all of them during that time?"

Surprised, Angelina froze for a moment, but then smiled and nodded somewhat enthusiastically. "All that and more! How many missed dinners can we squeeze into that time frame?"

Einar chuckled again. "If we do not manage to go through them all, I know a lot of good restaurants in the area."

He took a seat beside her, gently covering her free hand with his, and Angelina felt the familiar warmth she had experienced the night of their fated encounter at the hotel's bar.

It was strange; all of a sudden, she was not afraid to follow her heart anymore. Somehow, she knew that it would not let her get lost.

The plane took off as scheduled, marking the beginning of their unexpected relationship. 1