

Don't Fall For Mr. Hart

C 5 - Into the Danger Novel

Into the Danger

While Bastian and Emily worked on my perfect job application, I studied everything related to Hart Global Corporation. As soon as I finished that part, I had to work on making my undercover identity reliable...

"Law sucks!" I groaned, tossing one of Emily's old books as if I were trying to chase away a bad omen. "Do you actually understand any of it?" I asked her, and she laughed.

"These are the basic paragraphs you learn during the first year. It's for you to memorize, not to understand," she explained.

"You're kidding, right?" Bastian and I turned out to be quite unanimous in that matter.

She snorted. "Hey, don't give me that look as if I murdered a puppy. It only makes sense once you memorize enough of them."

I glared at her. "Are you trying to tell me that I will have to memorize your entire studies just to build myself a believable cover?!"

She shrugged. "Your fake diploma doesn't say that you graduated with honors. If you don't know something, you can always laugh and tell them that you never wanted to be a lawyer in the first place."

I threw my hands in the air. "You are killing me! Both of you!" I started hating the law more than I hated being dressed up like a girl, and girly clothes were high on my hatred list.

"Hey, I didn't study law! Why are you mad at me too?!" Bastian crossed his arms over his chiseled chest.

I hated when he did that because that was when he reminded me that he was a guy... with muscles, and that fact occasionally made my brain malfunction. A long time ago, I was the one who pushed him into the friend zone, but I couldn't deny that the Bastian now was perfect boyfriend material. He was loyal and caring, but he also had that spark of craziness that could drive a woman wild. It didn't help that he was one of the two men I trusted in this world—the other one was my Dad. It would have been easier if Bastian was gay... God, I seriously needed to annihilate my dumb hormones. I tore my eyes away from him, blew out a deep breath, and slowly restarted my brain. Once the whole

procedure ended, I managed to state an argument. "It is your fault because you got me that fucking diploma."

Bastian gave me a crooked smile. "Charlie, may I remind you that I actually did something illegal for the sake of our investigation? It's not like I could have all the diplomas in the world to choose from."

"Fine, I get it." I sighed and dragged my fingers through my hair. Then I fisted my hands into balls and stretched my lips into a forced smile. "I guess I will have to study a little more. I have to make this work."

I had to. It was about Julianne, and I would be damned if I didn't grant her the justice she deserved.

A week later came my judgment day. Dressed in a black, long-sleeved, knee-length office dress with a white collar, I marched into a Hart Global building. I passed the revolving door and stopped, slowly scanning my surroundings. It literally felt as if I entered the wild. The variety of sounds and people speaking in corporative dialects, made me want to observe those species in their natural habitat and write a book about it afterward rather than join their pack. They scared the shit out of me. With my braided hair, simple dress, and kitten heels, I resembled a dumb freshman while they were all pros.

"Charlie, you can do this," I muttered to myself and marched forward. "Confidence is the key," I repeated the mantra I heard from Emily.

I sucked in a ragged breath, plastered a smile on my face, and walked forward. I collected my visitor's pass, marched through the hall, and entered the small corridor with the long row of elevators. The small crowd waited for the elevator car to come down, and I decided to join them. A few spared me quick judgmental glances. I bet they had already evaluated my chances to work here, and their verdict was: zero.

The door opened, and people started filling up the car. I was standing as the last in line, and as the person before me squeezed in, I received several meaningful glares.

"I'll take the next one," I said, drawing a nervous grin.

The door closed, and I was bound to wait for another car. Cursing under my breath, I pushed the calling button, pulled out my phone, and scrolled down the recent news articles. Inhaling through my nose, I sensed a man's perfume. Something about that scent sent a pleasant shiver down my lady parts. Someone stopped beside me. I shifted my eyes from the phone screen and glanced down at a pair of expensive black leather shoes and black slacks. The man's breathy laugh uncontrollably pulled my eyes upward. My gaze slowly traveled to his white shirt, tightly embracing his lean muscles,

visible underneath the fabric. As my eyes roamed up, I noticed no tie and a casually unbuttoned collar. The black suit jacket he wore perfectly highlighted his broad shoulders and uncontrollably drew my eyes to the exposed skin between his collarbones. I knew I shouldn't stare, but averting my gaze from him was next to impossible. I saw his face...

I stopped breathing. Standing next to me and talking on the phone was Aiden Hart. Thankfully, he was too focused on listening to whoever was on the other side of the phone to notice I was gaping at him. The elevator door opened, and he entered the car. I hesitated. A few heartbeats passed, and he stopped talking. His blue eyes met mine, and I froze.

"Get in." The level of authority his voice carried, pushed my feet forward, and I was inside that damn car before I realized it. His eyes stayed on me as I entered, and I instantly felt naked. With my eyes low, I pressed the floor button and quickly glued myself to the back corner... only to notice him standing beside me and leaning his back over the wall. Thankfully, he was no longer looking at me and returned his attention to the phone.

"At the company," I heard him answer the one he talked to. "Father wants to talk, so I grant him his wish." A chuckle laced his voice.

Damn you, Emily! Aiden was supposed to work outside of New York! God, I seriously hoped that he didn't visit his father often.

"Oh, about that... They still haven't found that creep from the tree."

My heart might have stopped at that moment. By saying "creep," he didn't mean me and the night I was outside Angelica's house... did he?

"Angelica was a little freaked out. Her guards were too slow. That pervert ran so fast he could very well be a sprinter." Aiden laughed, and I would surely melt at the sound of his voice if it weren't for the fact that I was the "sprinter" he mentioned!

I stared at the screen with the slowly changing floor numbers. I had more than twenty floors to go, and I started to pray that this car would go faster. No one was even getting in! Why was I bound to be alone with him?! Was this some kind of sick joke?!

"You know, one of the guards mentioned that HE might actually be a woman."

I bit my lip to conceal the hysteric laugh building in my throat. Now I was certain that I had entered a nightmare! I wanted out right now!

"Anyway, I'm guessing that the creep had a car parked nearby. I told the guards to ask at the nearby gas stations. If we're lucky, then he or she was captured in the footage wearing the same clothes. Maybe we'll even get the license plate."

I might have been on the verge of a panic attack. My lungs rejected most of the air I breathed in. The insufficient amount of oxygen triggered dizziness, multiplied by my viciously drumming heart.

"Hold on." I heard Aiden's voice again. "Are you OK?"

Was he talking to me? I slowly turned my head toward him and saw his blue irises aimed at my face. I flinched.

"You look pale," he noticed.

"I..." I cleared my throat. "I'm just nervous," I managed, my lips twitching into a smile-like... something.

One side of his mouth curled up. "Job interview?" he guessed, his voice soothing and all but sultry.

I nodded, half-afraid that my voice might have turned into a squeak if I tried to answer. A heartbeat later, the elevator stopped, opening to my freedom. Stretching my lips even more awkwardly, I gave him a quick bow before darting out of the car.

"Good luck!" I heard his deep voice behind me. I turned around just to see the last glimpse of his blue eyes before the door closed.

I leaned against the nearest wall and waited until my heart slowed at its frantic rate. Hands trembling, I picked up Bastian's number and cleared my throat.

"Hi, Bastian!" I grimaced at hearing my oddly high-pitched voice. "Um... Remember when you told me that you'd already done something illegal for the sake of our investigation?"

"Yes, of course, I do." He raised the final note, placing a question mark.

I laughed awkwardly. "What if I ask you for a not-so-legal favor for the sake of our investigation?"

"What did you do, Charlie?" he strained through his teeth, which only drew out more of my awkward laughter.

"Do you know someone who could erase the footage from a gas station?"

"Um..." There was a moment of silence in his response. "What?!"