

7. Take the risk

Rory's POV

I spent three more days in the hospital. Luckily all of them were with Blake. And the whole time we talked about everything and nothing. From simple things like 'what's your favorite color', to more serious things about his life, family, and friends.

He was a businessman who ran the family company started by his mother when he was a child. He became the CEO two years ago along with his best friend. And now he was preparing to take over the reign of his fathers legacy as a mayor of a town. It turned out the position was passed down to the next generation and not chosen in elections.

As strange as it sounded, he spoke about the community with so much passion and devotion that I believed he was the right person to take over the position. He had a strict plan for the future and was ready to implement his projects to make the citizens happier.

As for the simplest things he told me about him, I found out he loved to play guitar to relax and hated chocolate. Who hates chocolate? I might not have my memories and don't know about my past but the chocolate was something I had craved for the last few days in that hospital.

But as much as I was happy to hear it all, I couldn't nd anything important to share about me. It was frustrating and disappointing. All of my answers were based on the time I had spent there so I wasn't sure, were they all coming from the real me or were they based on my current situation?

Blake tried to nd out some information about my past and even used his complicated program to trace the owner of the car I was driving, but it looked like it didn't exist. Maybe I stole it. All I knew was that I came to this town to ll up my gas tank and eat, and I was sad about something. While driving away, I hit something and ended up here with a few scratches and brain injury that caused my coma and memory loss.

It was weird though, I was not a doctor but that kind of accident should have left me with more serious injuries, not just a few scratches. I should have some broken limbs put in a cast that would leave me in the hospital bed for months, not a few days. I guess I was a lucky one.

It had been over two weeks since the accident and I felt better. The only side effects were small headaches from time to time when I tried to remember anything. So I stopped, telling myself my memories would come to me eventually.

Blake helped me with everything, walking to the bathroom when I was in need, brushing my hair when my hands hurt after using too much strength to untangle the knots, he even brought me some clothes to change from that ugly and humiliating gown, when after another shower I complained about it.

I had nothing with me. Doctor Logan said that my old clothes were burnt because of the cuts and blood stains on them. They didn't nd any documents in them or in the wrecked car. That didn't sit well with me. I was wondering if my family was looking for me or if I had any family at all. After all this time, someone should be looking for me. But we discovered no missing person reports, no offers of rewards to nd me. That made me realize I was alone. And I had nowhere to go. An outcast on the run, trying to nd a better place to start afresh.

When Blake told me all the amazing stories about the place he was living and the people who cared about each other, I was so fascinated about it that I started to picture myself as a member of this community. But deep down I knew it was pointless, the moment I would leave the hospital he would go back to his life and I'd be left alone to gure out what to do next.

So devastated and hopeless, I didn't take his invitation to come with him for real. He had responsibilities and adding me to his schedule, I knew I would only cause more problems to his uptight life than any good. That was until the moment he received a video call from his mother.

"Hi sweetheart, how are you all doing?" The sweet and gentle voice made me x my hair. It was like an instinct to impress the mother of my boyfriend. It was silly at this moment but I felt like doing my best to look good.

Blake smiled at the screen, then looked at me with the question in his eyes, am I ready. I nodded at him and held my breath once he stood up from the couch and sat down next to me, showing me the screen.

I saw a beautiful woman in her early forties with long brown hair and gray eyes, smiling from ear to ear. I didn't know what came over me, but I gave her my best smile and waved in greeting.

"Sweet lord, you're even more beautiful than when I last saw you, Rory. How are you feeling, darling?" His mother asked with a hand sting her shirt over her heart and shedding a few tears. I was stunned at her action and my eyes watered momentarily, feeling the love that came from her.

"I'm ne Mrs. Jones. I feel like a new person." I answered honestly. With Blake by my side, I felt like a brand new girl. She only shrugged and wiped away her tears.

"I'm Mandy, sweetheart, don't need to be so formal. We're going to be family soon." I felt touched by her request and did what she asked.

I called her by her rst name and it felt good. She asked a lot of things about my healing progress, and was sated at the speed of the process. She was genuinely interested in my condition and at some point our conversation excluded Blake.

Mandy gave me advice on how to deal with Blake when he's stubborn or demanding. That earned a lot of groans from him or rolling his eyes when she reminded him of his childhood adventures. The whole talk was so nice and funny that I didn't notice we spent almost two hours laughing and chatting. I felt at ease talking with Mandy and welcomed into their lives, that when she asked me to come to visit her, I didn't think of anything else but to agree to her invitation.

"So tomorrow I'll show you around and you can choose where you want to stay. I'm so happy to have you here, dear. It means a lot to me, to my family and friends, but most importantly to my Blake." Mandy nished and before I could wave goodbye to her, Blake closed the laptop and looked at me with a bright smile.

"Thank you for accepting the invitation. You have no idea how happy I am right now. You're going to love this place." I was still in shock at my acceptance, but deep down in my heart I knew it was the best choice to make. I was wanted there, so who could reject that idea?

The whole night before discharge, I couldn't sleep. I was so excited and frightened at the same time, thinking about all the things that could happen. I watched Blake sleeping on the couch that was too small to t his huge body. That made me laugh at few times, he looked so adorable trying to nd the best position to t.

With every turn, he released sweet groaning noises when his arm or leg fell to the oor.

This man was funny and handsome even while he slept.

The sky was getting brighter but sleep didn't come, although my eyes were aching and the feel of sand behind my eyelids made me irritated. At that point, I just waited for the morning to come. I watched the sunrise through the window, trying to calm down my nerves about going to an unknown place with Blake.

I was going through all the possible scenarios in my head about meeting his family and friends when I heard a cute groan from the couch, indicating that Blake was slowly waking up. He tried to stretch but hissed while rubbing his neck. He was way too big for that couch. Guess the hospital wasn't prepared to host such huge people. Blake laid on his side facing my bed and continued sleeping.

Looking at him closely while he was not intimidating me, I admired all his features. He was built like a hunk, big arms, long legs and tattoos covering his arms and neck. At least that's what I saw through his shirt. A little facial hair from not shaving for a few days gave him more 'bad boy' vibes. I was tempted to scratch it with my nails.

Full parted lips while he snored adorably. High cheeks, straight nose and dark brown hair that fell on his forehead did things to my body. I was scared that just his appearance made me want him between my legs.

And his most mesmerizing asset, the ones that made my brain dysfunction every time he looked at me, were his green eyes, which right now were closed as he dreamed. They were so enticing and alluring that I could stare into them all day long and not get bored.

He was the most handsome man I have ever seen and the thought of him being here for me was unbelievable. I knew once I regained my memories, he'd let me go to live my previous life and that made my heart ache and a single tear escape my eye. I hurriedly wiped it away and shook my head to not let the negative thoughts consume me.

At least I had someone to take care of me before that. It didn't matter that once I was ne it would all end. I decided to take the risk and follow the gut feeling and go with him. Life was too short to not try something different. So I could at least try and visit another place.

An hour later, Jane my personal nurse came into the room as quietly as she could to not wake up Blake. She took out the IV from my arm, smiling brightly at me. She was in her mid-fties with wrinkles and a few gray hairs in her bun, but her spirit was definitely younger. She had been so nice to me during my entire hospital stay.

"You're very lucky to have an Alpha like him to take care of you. Some are not that tentative and gentle. You hit the jackpot, honey. He's a keeper. Don't lose him." Jane was so nished putting a band aid on my forearm. Her words replayed in my head. But one was so disturbing - 'Alpha'. I thought I had read about that in the past but I couldn't recall when or where.

But she was probably talking about his attitude as a big, scary boss. While being here with me, he had intimidated most of the staff with his demeanor and everyone showed him respect, afraid to say anything to me, especially the male staff.

"Thank you for everything. I really appreciate your help, Jane. You are the nicest person in this wing." I whispered but she only waved her hand as it was nothing. "That's my job, sweetheart."

She was right, that was her job but other, younger nurses definitely tried to catch Blake's attention, totally ignoring me. I wanted to give Jane something in gratitude but had nothing, just my kind words. She smiled at me and went to leave the room just as Blake started to open his eyes. I couldn't help the palpitations when he looked at me and smiled. His simple look was doing things to my body that I didn't know was possible.

"Good morning Rory, how are you feeling today? Excited for the new adventure?" He asked while running his hand through his hair in an attempt to comb it.

My eyes snapped to his biceps, which were bulging with his every move and I involuntarily licked my dry lips while my brain showed me the possible images of his big arms wrapped around my body while he devoured my lips.

A small chuckle made me look up at his face. A hint of mischief lingered in his eyes and I felt so embarrassed being caught drooling over him. I felt my ears burning with embarrassment, my face probably as red as a tomato.

"Don't be shy my gorgeous, I don't mind you ogling me. In fact, I do the same when I look at you, Sweetheart." His voice was low and deep as he said those words, like he was seducing me. And boy he did it right.

Every time he used the names of endearment I was so affected, almost melting into a puddle. But it was nothing compared with the sound of my name rolling from his lips. Every time it sent pleasurable shivers down my spine. I felt like just his words or a simple look gave me the tingles. Swallowing my saliva, I dared to look at him one more time and smiled, seeing his already grinning face.

"Are you ready to leave this damn room?" He asked, standing up and offering his hand to help me get out of the bed. I took it and the electricity ran through my arm and I suppressed the moan threatening to escape my lips. Sliding down the bed, I gazed at him and breathed out.

"Yes, more than I ever will be."

Smiling at each other, Blake led me to the bathroom to shower and change while he packed all of our belongings. I took my sweet time during the shower, trying to erase all my shameful thoughts about him. Refreshed and dressed, we went to the reception desk to sign the discharge documents.

After twenty minutes of conversation with Jane, I was so pleased to know that Blake already gave her a fruit basket in thanks for taking care of me. He was so sweet with the gesture that I couldn't help but appreciate his actions. Jane was her number and hugged me tightly asking to call her from time to time before going back to work. Blake paid the bill and we left the hospital with my hand securely placed in his.

'Adventure, here I come.'