

ROMANCE BOOK SAMPLE
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Chapter One

Alora's POV

"Oh, good Lord! Who's that sexy lad over there?" I said in what I thought was a whisper to my friend seated beside me. I had drunk to a stupor; at least, I didn't have to worry about my awful life.

The relationship between my father and I has worsened over the years. Having to argue with him over the pettiest things has been draining, hence my reason for drowning myself in alcohol. I just needed to forget for a while.

My eyes fell on a man who didn't seem to care about his surroundings. He wasn't dancing or even looking around. From my judgment, he hadn't touched his drink.

"Maybe you should go talk to him. I caught him staring at you earlier." my friend, May shouted, in a bid to beat the loud music.

I was sure I didn't hear that right. Staring at me? What for? I was sure I wasn't half as sexy as most of the ladies around. Or maybe, May was just trying to set me up, she always did that.

Tonight, I didn't know if it was the drink I had an excess of or if there was just courage flying in the air, but I seemed to have a lot of it.

Deliberately, I lingered at the bar counter. From that place, I could study him closely. Tonight alone, many women approached him, but he only gave them a faint smile.

"What was his deal? Clubs are meant for one of two things; Forget real-life problems or have loads of fun. Whatever his goal was, it definitely wasn't the second." I muttered to myself as I kept observing him.

He looked at me! And then looked away. It was too late to dodge because he caught me studying him. I waved at him, just like the other women who tried to approach him; he also gave me a faint smile.

'Alora, you better do this right or don't do it at all.' That was my inner voice warning me but I guess I was too intoxicated to think straight.

This strange man had my attention. I grabbed a glass of beer and approached him. Without asking permission, I sat on the couch next to him.

"Hi," I greeted him with a light blush.

From a close distance, I could see him clearly. He had a handsome face with well-defined jaws that seemed cold. I didn't even bother covering up when I looked at his body intently.

"Damn! He has a nice body!" I whispered to myself. The kind of body from intense workouts at the gym.

"I'm Alora" I extended my hand and half-screamed over the deafening music.

He looked at my outstretched hand before replying "Emerson."

"You seem pretty drunk. You should go home and take and rest," he said as he took a sip from his drink.

My blood rushed at his words. His voice sounded heavy, sexy, and raspy.

"I'll be fine," I said with a light giggle. I didn't want him to think I was weak.

"So, why are you here? You're supposed to be with your friends over there," he said.

I didn't know how he did it but he didn't have to shout, it was almost as if I watched his wet, red lips move and deciphered what he was saying.

"I was just curious about you. I thought I should cheer you up. You seem unhappy." I said boldly. I wasn't the type to make assumptions of people but like I said, I had a lot of courage tonight.

"And how do you intend on doing that?" he said slowly as his Adam's apple rose and fell, making me hold my breath.

'He's so hot!'

"However you want," I said turning my body to face him. I regretted it almost immediately.

He laughed softly, showing his rows of neat teeth. He looked at me from behind his lush lashes before he continued.

"You know we can just enjoy each other's company without having to think about what's next," I said as I stroked his silky hair while looking deep into his eyes.

"What do you have in mind?" Those ocean-blue eyes flashed as they looked at me.

"Something we will both enjoy," I said as I bit my lower lip slowly.

"I love the sound of that" he replied as he slightly caressed my cheek while smirking seductively.

Suddenly, Emerson's lips silenced me with an intense kiss.

He kissed me so intensely that my lips became numb for some seconds. I wondered how it would feel when he was fucking me.

This was my first experience, kissing a complete stranger. I didn't want it to end. The kiss with Emerson had to be on my list of the most enjoyable things that have happened in my life.

It would be a lie if I said his kiss was just a passing fancy, he was a great kisser. I could feel how much he dominated in the kiss. He took the initiative, directing me to kiss him back the way he wanted.

He started it and he also ended it. One second, he was mercilessly controlling my lips, and the next, he was letting me go.

"I knew you were trouble," he muttered as he assumed an upright position.

"Am I worth the trouble?" I puffed out my chest, giving him a very challenging look.

His full lips moved to form a smirk.

"Come with me," he said firmly as he stood up and helped me up. He led me through the back door. It was so strange that I trusted a stranger so blindly but I so desperately wanted to get laid by him.

I didn't notice my surroundings neither did I know how we arrived nor I hear the sound of a key clanging and then I realized we had gotten to his room. He stayed in the hotel? Crazy I followed him in.

"Why did you come with me, Alora?" he said in a slutty tone as he lightly pushed my hair to the back of my ear.

"Fuck me, Emerson," I said suddenly, surprising even myself. I wasn't joking though, I wanted him.

"Why?" He said, studying me as if searching for something.

"I just want to do something different tonight. It might just be what I need.

"This is only for one night, no call or text, okay?" He said.

"Yes, agreed," I said without thinking.

Emerson pushed me against the wall; his lips silenced me, crushing me roughly and passionately while his hands traced the curves of my body.

He took off the mini dress I was wearing and his gigantic hands pulled off the white laced bra I was wearing.

I felt a warm sensation as his hands cupped my breasts.

“Do you want me to continue?” Emerson whispered right in my ear.

I nodded slowly. A moan escaped my mouth as he squeezed my breast.

“Emerson...” I sighed as his lips moved down my neck and his hands traced my bum.

“Damn!” he whispered as his palm slapped my ass. He squeezed it hard making me lean forward even more.

He pulled off my panties as his kisses trailed down my body. It felt so divine.

“Are all one-night stands always like this?” I said as I moaned softly.

His hands trailed down to my pussy, tickling my clitoris. Then, he squatted down right in front of me, facing my pussy.

“Alora, you’re so wet... I like it ...” He chuckled lightly as he stroked my thighs.

Emerson rested one of my legs on his shoulder and buried his face in my pussy. I closed my eyes tightly as his tongue began to work wonders down there.

It felt so good that my legs began to tremble. I was no longer able to stand on my own.

“Oh God!” I pressed his head deeper as his fingers followed, fucking me and giving me the pleasure of my life.

I buried my fingers in his silky black hair. My moans and screams were the only thing heard in the room.

“I’m cumming!” I cried as my body could no longer contain the explosion from inside.

My body almost fell to the ground but Emerson quickly caught me and carried me to the bed. My vision was foggy from the orgasmic feeling.

Emerson stood by the bed watching me. He was so tall.

Without taking his eyes off me, he took off all the clothing on his body. My gaze dropped to his legs, which looked muscular. I lifted my face and stared at his dick, which stood tall and firm.

Emerson grabbed my face and planted a kiss on it. I seized the opportunity to run my hand through his rock-hard dick. Then, he went to the closet and grabbed a condom.

After putting on the condom, Emerson climbed onto the bed. He rubbed his dick against my clit.

My body shook lightly as I felt his dick around the entrance of my vagina.

He chuckled lightly and kissed my forehead. That gesture made me melt. I stroked his jaw filled with thick hair. "Fuck me already," I whispered.

"Oh my!" I screamed as he suddenly pounded his cock into me. I had never had that size of dick inside of me. It was huge, I felt so full.

"Alora, you're so tight. Are you a virgin?" he said and stopped suddenly.

I hated that he stopped but he had a worried look on his face. So what if I was a virgin? Would he stop?

"I'm not. You're just very big." I whispered as I wrapped my hand around his neck.

"I'll make this night memorable, just enjoy it, darling." He said in a husky tone as he increased the pace of his thrusts.

He kept to his promises, he was so dominating, ruling me with his dick, making my body bounce with desire and I moaned shamelessly at the top of my voice.

"Alora, you're driving me nuts. Your body is like that of a goddess" He growled as he moved quickly inside me.

This was just a one-night stand; I would probably never see Emerson again. This made me not to waste the moment and I certainly didn't want the night to end.

"I'm going to cum!" I said as my toes curled up. My body could no longer withstand the sensation Emerson was giving. I doubted my ability to stand up after he finished with me.

"Cum with me, darling," Emerson whispered.

Somehow, I managed to hold it back in as he increased and deepened his thrusts.

He growled in a heavy voice filled with lust as he slammed me with one deep thrust, emptying his fluids right in.

He fell to the bed, his breath irregular, and his body all sweaty...

I felt more than alive, who knew good sex was the antidote I needed?

He held me tight in his arms as he kept on showering me with random kisses.

It felt as good as his intriguing scent lingered on my nose which forced me to stay in his arms for some time. As much as I enjoyed the sex, I had to bring myself back to reality so there was no point in staying longer.

"I have to leave," I said suddenly as I got off the bed and started dressing up.

"Won't you at least spend the night?" Emerson asked, looking genuinely concerned.

"I'm sorry, I have to go," I said hurriedly as I made sure I was ready to go.

"Maybe we can make this more than a one-night stand," Emerson said in a husky voice as his eyes followed me lustfully. I knew he wasn't satisfied yet but the rules are the rules.

"Till we see again... well, if we ever do," I said gleefully as I exited the room. On my way out, Emerson dragged me back and kissed me intensely.

"Don't go" he said as he looked at me desperately.

Chapter Two

Emerson's POV

Six months later...

"Did you add a new member to the sales department? Some things are not adding up." I said with enthusiasm.

Mr. Zack, the general manager of my firm, and I were having a Zoom meeting, it was supposed to be a physical meeting, but I didn't see the need to since we could just do it online.

"No sir, I didn't. It's Miss Alora Peterson. She was just recently made the head of the sales department." Mr. Zack replied.

"Alora... Could she be the one?" I said wearing a huge smile as I instantly remembered my night of bliss.

"Who sir?" Zack asked.

"Uh ...Never mind. Send me her file" I ordered and ended the call.

Almost immediately, Mr. Zack sent the file I requested. I was eager to see who she was, and for the first time in six months, I heard the name Alora again.

I quickly skimmed through the file; I wasn't really interested in all of that. I went quickly to her details where I was sure a photo of her would be.

"Yes! I knew it!" I said in excitement as I sprang up from my seat. I was more than excited to see that she was the Alora that I hoped she would be the girl from six months ago.

I quickly called Mr. Zack.

"Send a message across to all the members of the board... There will be a board meeting today. I'd like the head of the sales department to be present at the meeting. It's been a while since I visited the firm."

"You're coming to the office, sir?" Mr. Zack said with utmost surprise. I understood his reaction, I only went to the office on important occasions and it's been two years since I last visited.

"Yes, I'll be there by 10 am," I said and ended the call.

"Alora Peterson... you've been making some waves in the firm right? I knew I'd find you. What a small world." I said as I smiled satisfactorily to myself.

I was more than eager to meet the lady I met six months ago who took my breath away and effortlessly had me in her choke hold. I hadn't been able to forget about her or that intimate night we shared.

I immediately cleared my schedule; I didn't want anything standing in my way of meeting Alora. I had missed her for way too long. It's finally my dream come true.

"Perfect," I said to myself as I went ahead to get prepared. The meeting was scheduled for 10 am and it was already 8:50 am.

I got ready on time and headed to the office. It was just a few miles away from my house. When I arrived, I informed Zack, trusting that everyone was already seated in the meeting room. I abhorred tardiness and disorganization.

"I'm in the building." The text read.

"I'm on my way, sir," Zack replied.

I was quite sure that most of my employees didn't know who I was because I seldom visited. I had everything under control so there wasn't much need for me to show up.

"Welcome, sir," Zack said with a broad smile as he collected my briefcase and escorted me into the premises.

"Thank you," I replied warmly.

It had been a while since I met Zack physically; it had been just Zoom meetings. He looked a bit older than the last time I saw him two years ago. We weren't close but I was happy to see him. I was in an incredible mood!

When I entered the room, all the members of the board stood up to welcome me. I searched the room intensely for Alora and I finally found her but she didn't seem comfortable. She faced the table and wouldn't look up. I realized she was probably avoiding me. Or maybe she didn't even recognize me. It's been six months!

"Thank you," I said with a brief smile as I gestured for them to sit.

It had been a while since I met the board members. I didn't know some of the workers there too.

I had a brilliant idea! There was only one way to get her attention.

"I'm thrilled to be in your midst today. I want you all to do a brief introduction before we get down to the business for today."

As each worker introduced themselves, my attention remained fixed on Alora, who seemed increasingly uneasy. Despite my attempts to appear engaged, I could barely register their names or titles. My focus was solely on her, her nervous demeanor evident even from across the room.

Finally, it was Alora's turn to speak. She hesitated for a moment; her voice slightly shaky as she introduced herself. "Um, hi... I'm Alora Peterson," she began, stealing a glance in my direction before quickly averting her gaze. "I'm... I'm the head of the sales department."

I couldn't help but notice the tremor in her voice and the way she seemed to shrink slightly in her seat. It was obvious that she was uncomfortable, and I couldn't shake the feeling that I was the cause of it.

"Thank you, Alora," I said, my tone gentle as I addressed her. "I'm Emerson Hayes, the CEO of the company. It's a pleasure to finally meet you formally."

But beneath it all, I was glad that I found her again.

Throughout the meeting, I fixed my gaze on her, studying her. I could swear that she looked even more beautiful than she was that night.

"Anyways, the main reason for this meeting today is because of Miss Alora Peterson. She has been making waves in the sales department. I want to thank you for your hard work and dedication," I said, pausing briefly.

She smiled briefly before I continued.

"In that light, I wish to congratulate you on your 100% salary increment. Mr. Zack, please don't fail to inform the finance department." I said as everyone clapped.

And in that moment, as her smile widened and her eyes sparkled with happiness, I couldn't help but feel a sense of joy wash over me. I wasn't sure if she was truly excited about the news as her smile seemed to fade away too quickly. I guess I'd just have to find out later.

"Thank you very much, sir, this is a huge reward. I won't let you down." She said briefly before taking her seat.

"Come by my office later, I would like to go over a few things with you," I said. I knew she wouldn't refuse, that was the perfect opportunity to talk to her again, but this time, on a personal note.

I could tell everyone in the room loved Alora, they all seemed genuinely happy for her. The meeting ended shortly after and I left the board room to my office. I hoped Alora would follow quickly after.

Sitting comfortably, I waited patiently for her to come. She didn't, I kept waiting and she still didn't.

Finally, unable to ignore the longing to see her, I sent Derek, my personal assistant, to call her, hoping she would grace me with her presence.

When Alora walked into the room, my breath caught in my throat. She looked absolutely stunning in her black dress, the fabric hugging her in all the right places, accentuating her curves in a way that left me momentarily speechless.

It was like seeing her for the first time all over again, and flashes of our one-night stand six months ago came rushing back to me, igniting a fire within me that I struggled to contain.

Unable to resist any longer, I stepped forward and enveloped her in a tight embrace, pulling her close to me.

"Why did you hide from me?" I murmured against her hair, it smelled so good, like a mixture of caramel and vanilla. My voice was thick with emotion.

"Hide from you? I didn't hide. You made the rules, I kept to them, besides, I didn't know you were my boss. If I had known-" she said before I cut in. I knew what she was going to say, and I didn't want to hear it.

"You shouldn't have any regrets, darling," I said in a soft tone.

"Thanks for the raise. I wasn't expecting it," she said meekly, her gaze on the floor.

"I'd like you to look at me while you speak. I want the Alora from that night. You can act like this when we are with the staff but there's no need for that now, it's just you and me." I said as I used my index finger to raise her face.

"I'll try to adjust, sir," she said with a weak smile. Although it wasn't very satisfying, at least, it was a good start.

"Emerson is better," I said briefly.

I wish I could grab her and kiss her; I missed her so much. No woman had ever appealed to me the way she did.

"You said you wanted us to go over a few things," she said with a light smile.

“Uhm yeah, but not really, I’m sorry. I was hoping I could take you to dinner or lunch, just to celebrate.” I stuttered for a while before coming out plainly.

“I really don’t think it’s a good idea... besides I don’t want other workers making up stories.”

“Come on its just lunch ... if it makes you feel comfortable, we can just label it a business lunch. Please don’t reject the offer. I’ve missed you.”

“Okay, it’s almost lunchtime. We can have lunch,” she said.

“Really?” I asked, just to be sure I heard her right.

“Yes, I’ll just arrange my hair a little,” she said as she walked to and stood in front of the mirror by the wall. She strokes her hair with her hand.

I was glad that she agreed. I was so lost in my thoughts about her that I didn’t realize that from where I was seated, she could see my reflection in the mirror and that was the problem. I didn’t have a reflection.

She turned back suddenly to look at me with a confused expression before looking back into the mirror.

“Wh-what the hell,” she said in a tone I couldn’t define. Her expression gave away her worry and fear.

“Alora, what’s wrong?” I asked as I tried reaching out to her hand.

“Don’t touch me... I must go” she said as she stormed out of my office.

Chapter Three

Alora's POV

"Shit shit!" I gasped as I tried to catch my breath. I walked as fast as I could to my working space. I didn't believe what I just saw.

At first, I thought it was the trick of the light or maybe my eyes were playing tricks on me but I checked twice and he didn't have a reflection!

There was only one explanation for that. Emerson must be a supernatural being. I just hoped he wasn't what I thought he was.

I couldn't help but think that he was a shape-shifter. He didn't have a reflection, he was sexy as hell, he moved with uncanny grace, and there was something about the way his eyes seemed to pierce right through me.

My heart raced as I replayed the encounter in my head. Was I overreacting, or was there really something strange about him?

"Could he be a vampire, a werewolf, or something even more dangerous?" I thought to myself as I shook my head, trying to get rid of the weird thoughts that threatened to consume me.

As I reached my working space, I tried to focus on the task at hand, but my thoughts kept drifting back to Emerson and his reflection that seemed to be missing earlier.

"Alora!" May raised her voice as she tapped me.

"Hey, what's up? Why are you shouting? We're at work." I whispered, expressing my discomfort. Everyone was staring at us.

"I've been calling you. Where's your mind? Did something happen? You don't look okay." May said, a bit of a frown on her face.

"Uhhh... I'm fine, May. You don't have to worry about me." I lied as I faked a smile, a smile that didn't reach my eyes.

"Look around you, Alora. You can fool everyone else here but not me. So, talk to me, what's the matter? I heard you were part of the board meeting today. Have you been promoted?" May said as a tinge of a smile formed on her lips.

"No, May, I didn't. The boss just wanted to meet me that's all." I said and smiled briefly. I couldn't look her in the face. I just hoped she wouldn't notice and start bombarding me with questions. I tried my best to act like I wasn't in a dilemma.

"Okay. I was just wondering. Anyway, I just came to confirm that you're okay. I saw you from my spot and you didn't look good at all. Cheer up, girl." May said with a smile.

I smiled back, she had a very beautiful and contagious smile, and I couldn't help it.

She left afterward, leaving me to my thoughts once more. I couldn't focus on anything for the rest of the day. I decided to take it all home and do it there. I just hoped Emerson wouldn't ask to see me again because I really couldn't stand him now.

Soon, it was 5 o'clock and I had to leave, I quickly packed my things and made my way to the garage where my car was parked.

Suddenly, I felt a pull from my side to a hidden corner in the garage. I was about to scream when Emerson used his hand to close my mouth to stop me from screaming. I became immediately defensive and bit him as hard as I could.

"Ouch! What was that for?" Emerson hissed as he grimaced in pain.

My mind raced with tons of questions, 'What does he want? What is he even doing here? I thought he had gone home.' The memory of my weird discovery earlier came rushing back to me, intensifying my unease.

"Let me go!" I hissed; my voice muffled by his hand as I continued to struggle.

"Please, calm down. I'm going to remove my hand if you promise not to scream." Emerson said.

I still kept struggling. I was kind of frightened and I just wanted to get away from him. But the soft gaze in his eyes didn't look like he wanted to hurt me. Maybe he just wanted to talk.

"Just relax, I just want to talk." He said, giving me a reassuring smile.

I figured that it was either I cooperated, or we would remain there. I was very hungry, and I just wanted to get home and eat.

I nodded my head, agreeing to keep quiet and hear whatever he had to say.

Emerson's grip loosened, and I stumbled back, my heart pounding in my chest.

"I'm sorry for startling you." He said, his voice gentle.

"What do you want to talk about? I'm in a hurry." I said.

"Well, it's about earlier. Why did you run off suddenly? I tried calling you, but you didn't answer me. What happened? Did I do something? If I did, I'm very sorry." He spoke in a soothing tone, though his words only served to deepen my confusion and apprehension.

'Why is he acting like he doesn't know what I saw back there? There's no need to play dumb. I know what I saw and I'm sure he knows that I know.'

"Nothing, I just remembered I had an important task to complete at the moment," I said, avoiding his gaze.

Whenever I lied, I always avoided eye contact because if I didn't, I'd end up spilling or getting caught in my lie.

"Come on, Alora. You don't have to lie; you know I own the place and you could have done that later. We were supposed to get lunch together." He said, trying to lock eyes with me but I kept looking away.

'Did he discover my weakness already?' I thought.

"I'm sorry, I guess I'd have to get used to that. Please, I'd like to go now." I said as I smiled weakly and turned to leave.

"I have a degree in psychology, Alora and you lied," he said suddenly, stopping me in my tracks.

"I don't know what you mean. I have no reason to lie to you." I said as I gulped saliva forcefully. My heart began to pound as I heard his footsteps coming behind me. He stopped when he got close enough that his minty breath brushed against my ear and neck.

It sent chills down my spine instantly. I just stood there transfixed, waiting to see if he would make any move.

"You could have just said you had a boyfriend. I would have understood. Anyway, I'm sorry for making assumptions, six months is a long time, isn't it? I was hoping you're still single" he said in a hoarse whisper.

"I don't have a boyfriend," I said. But I immediately regretted it.

"So why? You like to be chased?" He said as he brought his face closer to me.

'What's he doing?' I thought to myself as my breath caught in my throat, his proximity overwhelming my senses.

"I-I don't know what you're talking about," I stammered, my voice barely above a whisper as I took a few steps back, putting some distance between us, as I turned to face him.

Emerson's eyes bore into mine, his gaze intense and probing. "You're lying," he said softly, his voice tinged with a hint of amusement. "But that's alright. I enjoy a challenge."

His words made me stagger with emotions, and I fought to keep my composure, my mind racing with a flurry of conflicting emotions. What was he playing at?

From the looks of things, he had no idea what I discovered earlier. That was a good thing! I wasn't in danger like I thought; he wouldn't try to threaten me to keep his secret.

Before I could gather my thoughts, Emerson took another step closer, his hand reaching out to gently brush against my cheek. His touch was so gentle.

"It would be weird if anyone saw us here like this. Don't you think?" I said as I stepped back until there was a safe distance between us.

"Yeah, that's right. I just wanted to be sure that I didn't do anything wrong to you. I'll see you around, Alora. You are putting on a lovely outfit by the way." He said as he winked at me.

I blushed lightly as I turned to leave. I hoped he didn't see me blush though.

I couldn't really explain how I felt by our conversation and his gestures but deep down, I knew that I liked it. I wondered if he was watching me as I walked away, I hope he was. I tried not to trip.

"You know, don't you?" he said, stopping me in my tracks again. "What was his deal?"

"Know what?" I said as I turned to face him. His expression wasn't as warm and gentle as it was a few seconds ago.

Chapter Four

Emerson's POV

"That I've been looking for you this whole time. I just can't believe I found you. It's nice to meet you again. You know, for a second you scared me, I wondered why you ran off but its fine." I said with a warm smile playing on my lips.

"Uhhh yeah, it's good to meet you too. I have to go now; there's somewhere I must be," she said as she rubbed her palms together. She avoided my gaze and looked at the ground most of the time.

"I hope I don't make you uncomfortable."

"No, no, you don't. I just must leave now. I'm already running late." she said as she glanced over her watch.

"Okay, then. I'll see you tomorrow." I said. She smiled warmly and left.

'Tomorrow?' I thought to myself. I didn't have plans of coming to work every day but now that I had a reason to, I surely would.

The Alora I met that night was very different from the Alora I met today. Something just seemed off, like she was trying to hold back or something of that sort. There was something wrong and I wanted to know what, but I didn't know how.

'Is she being extra cautious because I'm her boss?' I thought to myself as I made my way to my car. I made sure she had left the building before I made my way out. It was obvious my presence made her uncomfortable.

Whatever I felt that night, I was sure she felt it too. Even though she denied it, I was pretty sure she had a boyfriend or someone or something that was making her avoid me.

She made the move that night; I thought she was into me. Anyway, there was one way to find out.

I got home and I still couldn't stop thinking of Alora. Before any sensible thoughts could enter my head, I picked up my phone and dialed a number. The person answered almost immediately as if he had been waiting for my call.

"Robin, I have a task for you. I need you to investigate someone for me." I said and paused briefly.

I gave it a little thought. "Is this the right thing to do?" my inner voice questioned me.

"If I don't do this, there's no way I'll be able to find out anything about her. Girls love spontaneous men. This is the only way to be spontaneous; study her when she has no idea." I said to myself, giving reasons for my actions.

"Sir, are you there?"

Robin's voice jolted me back to reality. That was the chance I had to change my mind, but no, that was what I wanted to do.

"I'll send you the important information about her. I need you to find out as much detail about her as possible. Her address, friends, boyfriend, siblings, everything." I said.

The call was a brief one, I told Robin everything he needed to know, and I ended the call. I smiled satisfactorily at myself as I began to imagine how much I'd know about Alora when my plan got in motion.

It was only pure intentions I had for Alora.... Maybe not entirely sure but I wanted a replay of that night. Whatever she did to me that night, I wanted her to do it to me again.

Of course, I didn't entirely rely on Robin to get me my girl, I had my role to play and that was exactly what I did.

For the next few days, my focus was to win Alora over. I made a decision that shocked me too.

"I'll resume tomorrow. Expect me every day at the office."

I sent the email to Mr. Zack

I didn't know what Alora did to me, but I wasn't myself. It was as if she had some kind of control over me. I just sat in my study, staring at her folder, contemplating whether to call her or not.

After much thought, I picked up my phone and dialed her number. I got nervous when I heard it ring. All I had to do was wait patiently until she answered the call.

Shortly after, she did.

"Who's this?" she said.

I paused for a while, wondering if she was always this straightforward.

"Are you going to speak or not?" she said again, raising her voice this time.

"It's Emerson," I said.

"Oh, you. I'm sorry," she said with a low tone. She must have felt embarrassed but there really was no need for that.

"It's okay. I just called to check on you. I hope you got home safe."

"Yes, I did. "Thanks for your concern," she replied.

"I don't mean to be forward, but I was hoping we could have that lunch tomorrow. What do you think?" I summoned the courage to say. Something told me she was going to decline.

"Uhhh... I'm sorry, but I can't go to lunch with you. Maybe some other time, just not tomorrow." she said.

'Dang! I knew it. She was going to refuse. Did she hate me or what?' I thought to myself.

"It's alright. I hope you understand why I'm so attracted to you. Please, don't take it the wrong way. "I said. I didn't like playing games or beating about the bush. I loved to be clear and open about my actions and feelings.

"Okay then. I guess we'll talk some other time. I must go back to what I was doing." she said.

She was like a brick wall, so hard to penetrate. But that didn't stop me, it only motivated me. She loved to be chased and I loved chasing. It would be interesting, really. One thing I wasn't going to do was let her go, not after six months of not seeing her.

"I'll see you tomorrow. Take care of yourself." I said and ended the call.

Even though the outcome of the call wasn't very pleasant, I still loved hearing her voice and I had no intention of stopping until I broke her defense and made her fall for me just like she did me.

Going to sleep that night, I felt pleased and was eager for morning to come. I woke up to a beep on my phone. It was a text from Robin, he had already started working.

"That's nice," I said to myself as I read the details of the message he sent. Alora lives with her dad and even has a friend in the firm, May.

Depending on what I choose to do with that information, I could get the breakthrough that I sought.

Even though I was pleased, I couldn't shake the feeling that what I was doing was wrong. I knew it seemed weird and a bit creepy to send someone to watch her but I didn't have much of a choice. I just wanted to get familiar with her and probably find out why she's so cold towards me.

The next morning, I got ready and left for work, eager to see Alora again. I was on my way to my office when I got an email.

“Shit! Why today of all days?” I grunted as I told the driver to turn the car around and go to a different location. I had an important meeting with the mayor of the city; it was about one of my ongoing projects. My company was commissioned to be in charge of the construction of a new railway track.

I quickly dropped a text for Mr. Zack, informing him I wouldn't be at the office today. It pained me so much that I wouldn't see Alora today, but I was glad I had Robin. He would give me a rundown of her day.

“Make sure to report every single thing. Don't miss a thing,” I warned Robin over the phone.

“Yes boss,” he replied.

‘What's her deal? How can she keep avoiding me?’ I thought to myself as I thought about where I could have gone wrong. I felt bad; I wished she would talk to me so I could fix it.

“Are you okay, sir?” My driver's voice interrupted my thoughts as his grey eyes peered at me from the rearview mirror.

He had been my driver for a long time and so, must know my moods to an extent; he's also a very observant man.

“Yes, I'm fine,” I lied, trying to adjust my countenance.

“I know that look, boss, you're thinking of one of these two things; a woman or money. Money is not your problem, so it must be a woman.” He said.

‘How did he even know that? Was it that obvious?’ I thought to myself.

“You're every woman's dream, she'll come around,” he said as he returned to focusing on the road.

I had never longed for a woman the way I longed for Alora and I don't know what she did to me but I couldn't get her off my head and my mind. I was drowning in an abyss of longing for her.

“Thank you, Mr. Alvin, I guess I needed to hear that,” I said with a brief smile and went ahead to peruse through the documents I needed for the meeting with the mayor.

He simply nodded with a smile.

Some days later...

I had a very hectic day in the office. I just wanted to go home and rest, but my phone kept buzzing. At first, I was reluctant but then decided to check who it was, and it was Alora! I was so pleased.

'Wow, she has been avoiding me for days, I wonder why she called now'

I quickly answered the call, wondering why she called me.

"Hi Alora. How're you today?" I said softly.

"Can we meet up?" she said, completely throwing me off balance. I was immediately overjoyed. Did she have a change of heart? Well, that was quick.

"Yes, sure. Where are you?" I inquired.

"I'm at the office but it's almost lunch break time, we can meet at the nearby mall," she replied.

"I'll be there shortly," I said.

I made my way to the mall as fast as possible. I didn't want to keep her waiting. Not once did I ask myself why she wanted to meet me.

I got there and after some minutes I found her very easily. She walked into the mall. The moment I saw her, I knew something was wrong. She looked very angry, and her expression worsened as I walked toward her.

"What's your deal? Do you think I'm a fool? That I wouldn't notice that I'm being followed? What do you want from me? Do you know how creepy that is? To find out that you were behind it. It's appalling." Alora said. She raised her voice a little as she spoke. I was glad it didn't draw attention though.

"What do you mean?" I asked confused.

"The same man I saw standing outside my house and also lurking around the office is the same man that came to look for you in the office today" I cornered him at the reception and questioned him and he couldn't deny it when I threatened to call the cops on him," she said with so much anger.

Now, I realized why she asked to meet here. She wanted to be in an open space where people are. I realized I had violated her.

'Fuck!' I thought.

How did I think this was going to go smoothly? Now, she'll see me as a stalker. I had just a few minutes to change everything, but I had no idea how. She must feel terrible right now.

"I'm sorry, Alora. I...I didn't mean it this way. I swear, on had good intentions, I wasn't thinking straight when I did this. I just wanted to find out the reason you are acting weird towards me, why you are not happy to see me. You just keep throwing in mixed signals and I just need to be sure." I explained.

"Mixed signals? You are my boss! And yes, I was very scared when I found out I was being followed. Please stop doing that." she said.

"I just can't help it, Alora. I just want us to continue from where we left off that night and I'm sorry that I screwed things up. I know I shouldn't have hired him to follow you; I just didn't have any other way to feel close to you. I just wanted to know more about you. What you like, people you hang out with, what pisses you off ... I know I'm being irrational, and you must be disappointed but you have to know that it's coming from a place of care." I said as I looked deeply into her eyes. I wasn't sure if my words were penetrating but she just stood there listening to me.

"Six months is a long time. You just don't expect me to immediately accept everything. Believe it or not, I don't know you and you don't know me either. I would be lying if I said it isn't pleasant to see you or if you didn't cross my mind from time to time. Just respect my boundaries, that's all." she said calmly.

Her words gave me a little bit of hope, and I felt bad for what I did.

"Forgive me, please?" I said with a sad look on my face. I would do anything right now to obtain her forgiveness.

As she turned to leave, I held her hand and looked deep into her eyes.

"This is the moment," a voice said in my head.

I took a few steps forward, closing the distance between us. Now, I stood just a few inches away from Alora, our breaths intermingling. I waited for her to pull away or say something, but she didn't. It was almost as if her eyes invited me in. Something was appealing about her brown eyes.

"I'd like to kiss you, Alora," I said, seeking permission somehow. I wanted to respect her boundaries just like she asked me to.

She didn't say a word, nor did she pull away. I took it as a yes.

I pulled her in and pressed my lips against hers. It tasted exactly like it did that night.

To my surprise, she kissed me back, even trailed her hand up to my face. I missed her so much. This turned out way better than I expected.

Suddenly, she pulled away. "This shouldn't have happened. I need to go." Alora said as she glanced at her watch and attempted to run off when I grabbed her arm.

"What's going on?" I asked her, searching her expression for an answer of some sort but there wasn't any.

"How bold of you to think a kiss can solve everything," she finally said, her tone laced with a bit of bitterness. With a swift movement, she pulled her arm away from my grip and turned to leave.

Chapter Five

Alora's POV

"Shit! What have I done? How could I?" I scolded myself as I used my hands to roughly rub my lips, in a bid to wipe Emerson's kisses away.

"You shouldn't have let that happen, Alora! What's wrong with you? Get a grip of yourself!" I said to myself as I found myself blushing as the flashes of the kiss came back.

I made sure that I ran to a safe distance where Emerson wouldn't find me. I was supposed to confirm my suspicions today, that was the reason I asked to meet up. I was mad at him, yes, but I could have just called to rant.

I sighed in disappointment as I pulled the mirror I stuffed in my bag. I wanted to check Emerson's reflection, to see if he really didn't have one. But I failed terribly.

"There will be another opportunity," I said as a consolation to myself.

When I got back to work, my phone rang, it was Emerson. I didn't answer, I was too embarrassed to. He kept calling me but I just ignored him.

Honesty, I haven't been able to forget him since that night six months ago. The kind of wicked things he did to my body made me crave more. All my exes combined certainly couldn't make me feel that way.

I guess he realized that I wasn't going to answer his call after calling me eight times. And to worsen the situation, he sent me a text.

"Feels good to feel you again. The kiss was amazing."

I blushed as I read it. I liked it too. Of course, I didn't reply.

I couldn't concentrate while at work and May noticed it.

"Hey you seem distracted... what's wrong?" May asked

"I'm good ...Uh... Just a little tired"

"You know you can talk to me right" placing her hand on mine.

"Yeah of course... I'm good. You really don't have to worry about me.

"Something tells me this has to do with our boss. Since he arrived you've been quite distracted. You know that if you don't tell me, I'll find out myself. I have my ways"

"Come on... this has nothing to do with him. I'm fine..." I said hoping she would believe me.

May looked at me suspiciously and left.

Later that evening, I realized that I really needed to talk to someone and I immediately, called May, she always did the thinking for me when I couldn't and this was one of those times. I needed someone to talk to, to set my head straight. I wanted to keep it from May but she already started connecting the dots, she had already asked me if I had known our boss for a while.

"You free?" I asked, hoping to get a positive response.

"Yeah, sure. What's up?" May replied.

"Can I come over? I need to tell you something."

"Sure."

I smiled and ended the call. I really hoped I was making the right decision. I guess I was, May was my go-to person whenever I was having a bad day or a hard time, she always knew the right words to say to make it all okay.

When I approached her house, she was already seated on the porch, waiting for me. I was happy that I had someone to talk to at least. I didn't know if it was right to just go with the flow or hold back.

“What’s up? Are you alright?” May asked as she scanned my face. I wasn’t in a good mood; I had a lot of things going through my head.

“Yeah, yeah sure. I just want to tell you something. It’s been on my mind for a while.”

“What’s up? You’re beginning to sound serious. Did something happen?” May asked, looking concerned and a bit impatient to hear what I wanted to say.

“He’s back. That man from that night.” I said I knew she would figure it out.

“Wait, hold on. The hot one-night stand you told me you had? That man?” May said as her face lit up in excitement.

“Yes. He’s our boss.” I said, a little bit of disappointment in my tone.

“Oh my God! I knew it! I knew something was up that day I saw you going to his office. That’s crazy girl, what a twist.” May said in excitement.

“So, what’s the problem?” she asked.

Of course, I couldn’t tell her that I suspect he’s a shapeshifter or some kind of supernatural. I just told her the second on the list of things that I consider a red flag in him.

“He was stalking me. He hired someone to follow me and watch me. In his defense, he just wants to get to know me. How creepy is that? Besides, he’s our boss; I don’t want other staff thinking that the salary increase I got is because we have a history.” I sighed.

“Okay, although the staking part is a bit extreme, I understand why he did that. You tend to be unnecessarily hard sometimes and there’s no big deal. The question is do you like him?” May said.

Yeah, she could just say all of that because she didn’t see what I saw.

“I don’t know, May. I’m just trying to process things. It’s all just happening too fast. He even kissed me today at the mall.” I said with a slight blush.

“Now... Someone’s been sneaking around.” May said and we giggled.

“Stop it, May, I need your help, I don’t know what to do. He most probably has a girlfriend, six months is a pretty long time and we just had sex, nothing more.” I sulked. I know I’m an over thinker but I had to be careful; there were a lot of things to beware of.

I just kept making excuses because maybe, I just wanted May to tell me what I wanted to hear; to stay away from Emerson.

“Alora, remember how you wouldn’t stop talking about how being in bed with him was so amazing. I don’t think you forgot him for even a moment. Just live in the moment, and see how it goes. From all you’ve told me, this guy is really into you. Maybe it’s a little intense, but it’s healthy, I promise.” May said as she stroked my hair lightly.

She had witnessed first-hand how I’ve gotten heartbroken on several occasions but that wasn’t the point. I couldn’t tell her exactly what the problem was.

I kind of enjoyed the chase, the feeling of being wanted by Emerson. He could get any girl he wanted but he chose me, which made me feel very good.

“I don’t know, May. He says he wants me. I like him, I do. Since that night, I haven’t been able to forget him. I don’t know if it’s okay to look past his shortcomings.” I said. I was referring to the probability that he may not be human but May didn’t know that.

“As far as the eye can see, Emerson is perfect. Don’t let him go.” May said.

“I’m not so sure about that but thanks though,” I said, managing a weak smile.

May seems very happy about the news I broke to her. I wished it was as simple as I made it seem.

“You’re welcome. Just stop trying to impress everyone, it’s your life, do what you want.” May said as she pulled in and gave me a warm hug.

I liked May so much; she was very mature and insightful, just like a mother in my best friend’s body.

I understood what she meant, but my major concern was my dad. I just had to hope that he was human and I didn’t see what I thought I saw. As May held me in her warm embrace, I decided there and then to stop trying to figure out what or who he was. Everything will fall into place.

I spent quite a while at May’s house. It was the weekend tomorrow, so I didn’t have to worry about work or anything else. I was about to leave when I got a call from Emerson.

Taking May’s advice, I answered the call.

“Hey.”

“Hey,” I responded.

“I’m sorry about the kiss earlier. I didn’t know you didn’t want it,” he said, sounding a little apologetic.

"Uhh no, no, it's fine. You don't have to apologize." I said as I smiled sheepishly.

"How about we have that lunch date?" I mustered courage and said. May gave me a big smile and a questioning look.

"Are you serious? That'll be nice. But can we make it dinner instead? I'm kind of occupied tomorrow." Emerson said, a bit of excitement evident in his tone.

I hesitated for a moment, considering his offer. Despite my reservations, I couldn't deny the flutter of excitement in my chest at the thought of spending more time with Emerson.

"Yeah, dinner sounds good," I replied, trying to sound casual despite the nervousness creeping into my voice.

"Great! How about I pick you up at seven?" Emerson suggested.

"That works for me," I agreed.

"Alright, it's a date then. See you tomorrow, Alora," Emerson said before ending the call.

Turning to May, who was watching me with a knowing smile.

"What?" I asked defensively, but a small part of me hoped she could give me some reassurance.

"Nothing, just happy for you," May replied, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

I rolled my eyes, but deep down, I appreciated her support. With a final hug, I bade May goodbye and headed home, my mind buzzing with thoughts of the upcoming dinner with Emerson.

I slept soundly at night, knowing that I had a big day tomorrow. I had already selected my outfit. I intended to look simple but classy.

The morning came as quickly as the night went by. I was so excited for some reason that I didn't know. Maybe it was because I hadn't been on a date in a while or because I was really going on a date with Emerson. I really couldn't tell.

At about 1 pm, I got a text from him.

"I hope you like it. There's a car outside." It read.

"What?" I thought to myself as I got off the bed as quickly as I could and went outside and indeed, there was a fancy car outside. A man in a uniform stood beside it. It all looked fancy and formal.

"These are for you, ma'am," he said courteously as he opened the door of the car.

I gasped in surprise and excitement as I saw a huge bouquet amongst other gift boxes.

The flowers smelled heavenly. I blushed from cheek to cheek as I opened the boxes one by one. He got me a complete outfit! It was from the freaking Saint Laurent, my favorite brand.

I was so excited about the gifts and even more excited to try them on. The Chauffeur was more than helpful, he helped me carry them all inside.

I immediately dialed Emerson's number to thank him. That was a grand gearing that I never expected. I only saw it in the movies and yes, I loved it but I didn't really think it was realistic.

"Oh my God! Thank you very much for the gifts, I didn't expect any of that. I love them." I said in excitement as I giggled.

"I'm glad you like them. I'll see you by 7 then?" he said, remaining ever so calm and collected.

"Yes, thanks again," I said.

"Let me know if you have issues with any of the items," he said.

"Sure, I will," I said and ended the call.

I still stood there in awe. Whatever Emerson was doing, it was working. It wasn't about the money or the fancy things, it was about his thoughtfulness, even I wouldn't think about this.

I started trying them on, they fit perfectly. It was almost seven and I was almost done with my makeup. I didn't want to keep him waiting when he arrived to pick me up.

At about some minutes past 7, I was done and was waiting for his call. It was weird because he didn't call. I thought that maybe he just had to wrap up a few things at work.

7:30, 7:45, 8 pm, and no sign of him. I was getting impatient so I called him. No response. I was confused and was getting angry little by little.

I waited for him to call me back, but he didn't. I called back severally but still no response.

"Maybe he forgot," I said to myself as I started taking off my dress and other accessories. I couldn't believe he stood me up. I was so angry and disappointed.

At about 10 pm, I got a text from him.

"I'm sorry I couldn't make it. I had to rush my daughter to the hospital." It read.

"What?!" he has a daughter?

Chapter Six

Emerson's POV

"Oh my, I didn't know. Mind if I come?" she texted back.

I was surprised at first. Wasn't she supposed to be mad at me for standing her up? Anyways, I could use her company right now.

I decided to give her a call, just to be sure that she was alright with everything that was going on.

She answered almost immediately.

"I'm very sorry that I couldn't make it. I really wanted to but I had an emergency." I apologized.

"It's alright, I understand. I just didn't know you had a daughter." She said slowly. I couldn't interpret her tone. It was vague and void of any emotions whatsoever.

I felt a tinge of guilt though.

"It's not what it looks like; I'll explain when you get here. You're still coming, right?" I said, treading carefully.

"Yeah, sure. What's the address?" she asked.

"The hospital is at 5 Sydney Avenue. I'll be expecting you." I said and ended the call. The doctor was coming towards me; I hoped it was good news.

"She's stable now; you can come and see her." The doctor said with a brief smile and left. Immediately, I rushed to the ward where Valerie lay.

"Hi Emerson," she said as she saw me standing by the door. She had a beautiful smile.

"That was a close one. If I hadn't gotten there on time, you wouldn't be smiling now. Where's your mom?" I inquired.

"You know, Mom is always on the move. She's in California." Valerie said.

"Okay, then. Get some sleep, I'll see you soon." I said to Valerie as I kissed her on her forehead and left the room.

Alora had arrived and I knew I had a lot of explaining to do. I stood her up without prior notice. I knew she was mad, I just hoped I had the right words to say.

I walked to the reception and saw her there, she didn't look happy, I hated that I was the cause of her bad mood.

"I'm glad you came down here, it means a lot," I said as I hugged her. She didn't hug me back, she just stood there.

"I didn't know you had a daughter. When were you going to tell me?" she said, her anger palpable.

"Alora, I need you to calm down, I'll tell you everything, let's just go outside and talk. There are people around." I said and led her outside.

She didn't say anything and just looked at me, waiting for me to start explaining. It felt good in a way that she was mad, it only meant one thing; she cared or maybe she was just angry that I stood her up, I really don't know.

"It's complicated, Valerie isn't my daughter, I just say she's mine because that's what it pretty much feels like. She's my cousin's daughter. Tessa is rarely around and so, she put Valerie under my care. I owe her a few favors and that's why I do it. Besides, it's fun and Valerie is a good kid." I explained. I hoped that the look of anger would disappear or reduce at least.

"So, she's your first cousin..." she said, boring into my eyes, I didn't know why she did that. Did she think I was lying?

"Yes, I call her my daughter though," I said.

There was a lot more to I and Tessa's relationship than I let out. It wasn't necessary to talk about all the details.

"Fair enough," she said with a blank expression.

"Are you still mad at me?" I asked, reaching for her hand.

"You made me feel very special with all those gifts and grand gestures. I looked forward to our date; I was actually excited about it. I really wanted the dinner. I felt terrible when you stood me up, it's not fair." she said, pouring out her anger.

"I know I shouldn't be saying all these... you have a valid reason... How is she?"

"She's better now"

As she kept on showing her concern for Valerie, I just smiled as I watched her. She looked pretty when she was angry, she always looked pretty, whatever her mood. I couldn't help but feel my head swell. I wasn't sure she would love the gifts I sent to her, but I was glad she did.

"I'm really sorry, I'll make it up to you, okay?" I said as I squeezed her hand lightly and she smiled. I was glad, at least.

"It's fine, thanks though for the gifts, I loved them. How did you know that I loved the brand?" she asked with a smile playing on her face.

"That night, your bag. I figured you liked it. It was a wild guess though." I said and we giggled.

"Since I'm here, can I see Valerie? That's if it's okay," she said.

"Sure, she'll love to meet you," I said as I led her to Valerie.

"I'm curious, what happened to her? Why was it an emergency?" Alora asked, looking genuinely concerned.

"Well uhh, she has lung cancer. She'll be due for a transplant in a few months. We were able to find a donor after two years of searching. It's a miracle. Valerie is a fighter, I love that about her." I said.

"Oh my, I'm very sorry about that, I didn't know." She said apologetically. I just looked at her and smiled briefly, it wasn't her fault, why was she being so sad about it?

"It's alright. She's stable now. She'll be okay in two months I hope... we're looking forward to it." I said.

We got to the ward but Valerie was already fast asleep.

"She's so pretty, how old is she?" Alora asked as she stroked her hair lightly.

"She's 9," I replied.

I was so pleased to watch her shower Valerie with a lot of love even though she barely knew her. She certainly was good with children and I loved it. I loved everything about her.

"Her nanny is on her way to stay with her. I'll leave when she comes." I said as I offered Alora a seat next to Valerie's bed.

"I'm sorry I got mad earlier," Alora said, breaking the deafening silence in the room.

"It's okay; you had every right to be. Anyways, it's getting late. Let me drop you off, her nanny is here already." I said.

“Okay, sure. I didn’t come with my car anyways.” Alora said and we left the room. We went out through the back door because it was a shorter route.

The garage where my car was parked was a little distance away. So we just walked there together.

I held her hands while we walked, I was waiting for her to pull away but she didn’t. She just smiled.

“Can we reschedule? I’d really love to see you in that dress.” I said as I stopped abruptly and faced her.

“I look lovely in it. You have great taste,” she said and we giggled...

As she laughed, I was struck by how beautiful she looked in the moment and I found myself drawn to her more and more with each passing second. Her eyes sparkled with warmth and happiness and I felt a strong connection forming between us.

I was more than attracted to her, I found her very intriguing, I wanted to know her, learn her, be closer to her, and ultimately make her mine.

Without thinking, I reached out and gently brushed a strand of her hair away from her face, my heart racing.

“Alora, you are very beautiful,” I said as my hand landed on her soft cheek.

“Thank you,” she said with a blush. I loved her dimple, it was divine.

She met my gaze as if she was inviting me in. I leaned in, closing the distance between us. My heart pounded in my chest as I contemplated my next move.

Before I could say a word or make another move, Alora pulled me closer and pressed her lips to mine.

I couldn’t believe what was happening. She was kissing me, I felt like I was going to explode. It felt absolutely amazing. Erasing out all other thoughts, I pulled her closer by her waist, pressing her body on mine.

Her scent filled my senses, intoxicating me with its sweetness. It was a moment of pure passion, and I never wanted it to end.

When we finally pulled away, breathless and flushed, I couldn’t help but stare into her eyes. They were filled with warmth and affection, and I knew at that moment that I was completely and utterly captivated by her.

“Wow,” I breathed, unable to find the words to express how I felt. “That was... amazing.”

"Yeah, it was," she replied softly as her cheeks flushed.

I wanted to wait till we went on our date to ask her to be mine. Even though she acted all tough, I believed she had a soft spot for me. And right there and then, I summoned all the courage I needed.

"Since I met you that night, I haven't been able to forget you. The way you caught my attention and your courage to walk up to me, it was breathtaking. I was more than happy when I finally found you. I can't seem to stop thinking about you. Alora, I want you to be mine." I said, looking deeply into her eyes as I smiled warmly.

Even though we were at the hospital, the moment seemed perfect.

"Emerson... I... I.." she stuttered and shifted her gaze from mine. Was she about to reject me?

"You can take your time before you give me a response. I understand that this may be sudden for you but I'm willing to wait." I said as I held her hands.

Her hands were so cold despite how warm and humid the weather was.

"Alora, are you okay?" I said.

"Yeah, I'm fine. It happens sometimes," she said and pulled her hands away.

"Okay, I'll take you home. Come on." I said and led her to the car.

The drive to her house was quiet and I felt nervous, wondering what was going on in her mind I was worried too because of how cold her body suddenly became. Was she actually alright?

We arrived at her house and I was about to step out to hold the door for her when she stopped me.

"I don't want my dad to see you yet. And about what you said earlier, my answer is yes," she said blankly and left the car.

"What the hell is going on? What's wrong with her?" I thought to myself as I watched her walk inside.

What was the cold attitude for? Did I do something wrong? It was so difficult to understand her.

Chapter Seven

Alora's POV

I walked briskly through the corridor to my room. I didn't want to see Edward, my dad; he was a bit overprotective and still treated me like I was twelve. The relationship between my dad and I has been awkward. He often treated me badly when I was young but it seems that lately, he is trying to make amends.

I tried not to make a sound as I opened my door. Slowly, slowly, I got into my room.

"Phew..." I sighed in relief as I turned on my room light to get ready for bed.

"I've been waiting for you. You didn't touch your food." Edward said, shocking me to the core.

"What are you doing in my room, Dad? I told you to stop sneaking up on me." I groaned in frustration as I threw my bag on the table.

"I wanted to make sure you're okay. I made your favorite today, you didn't eat, I was concerned." Edward said as he studied my countenance.

"Thanks for making dinner but I'm not hungry," I said.

He knew me more than I even knew myself. There was something wrong with me, but I didn't know exactly what was wrong. I tried to compose myself, I didn't want him to start throwing questions at me.

"I'm sorry. I saw you from outside, who's the young man? Didn't get to see his face properly though." Edward said with a lifted smile playing on his lips.

"Dad, he's just a friend." I lied as I avoided his gaze.

My dad laughed so hard like I just told him a joke. I guess he was just trying to make me laugh too and I did, his laughter is quite contagious.

"I know he's more than a friend. I'd like to meet him. It's a good thing you found someone. You shouldn't be all alone like me." Edward said as he reached for my hands and squeezed them lightly.

My heart started beating frantically, I wasn't sure what Emerson was and honestly, I didn't want to know. I just didn't want anything that would ruin our chemistry. Whatever I did, I wouldn't introduce Emerson to my dad, not this early. My dad has a massive hatred for shape-shifters. They completely destroyed our family.

“Dad...” I said. I shot him a questioning look. I knew my dad cared about me but sometimes, he could be too forward.

I just needed some time to think. This was the third time my body became chill suddenly and I didn't know why, at least, not yet but I was going to find out. My dad had a book about shifters and other supernatural's, he never let me touch it or even read it, but I believed the answers to all the questions I had about myself, and now, Emerson was there.

“Okay, okay, you can bring him home whenever you are ready. Are you okay, Alora? You seem worried.” Edward said, peering into my eyes.

“I've been stressed lately. It's just work, I'll be fine, don't worry about me.” I said with a faint smile.

He wasn't convinced and it was as though he knew that even if he pressed on, I still wouldn't have said a word.

“You remember that your mom's death anniversary is next week Friday, right?” he said with a sad face.

“Yeah, I remember... are you, okay Dad?”

“Yeah, I am ... uh... If you need to talk about whatever, just know that Dad is here for you, okay?” He said with a reassuring smile as he patted my back lightly and left the room.

I watched him as he walked out of my room.

My father and I never really spoke about my mom's death since I was still a child when she died. All I know is that a shape-shifter was responsible for her death. Whenever I asked he always ignored the question and outrightly changed the topic.

“I wonder when you will tell me what exactly happened to Mom,” I said as I looked at my mom's picture which was hanging on the wall.

I threw myself on the bed as I allowed my thoughts to roam. All that lingered on my mind was the kiss and my acceptance to be Emerson's girlfriend.

‘What was I thinking? What if my suspicion about him is right? What if Emerson is a shape-shifter? My dad would never forgive me.’ I thought to myself, bombarding myself with questions and negative thoughts.

I really liked Emerson and I knew that if I saw him with another girl, I would be more than furious, so that was how I knew I wanted him to be mine.

“At least, I didn’t completely mess things up, I said yes.” I thought to myself, trying to pacify myself.

My head was in turmoil and my mind was in conflict as I wondered if I did the right thing or made the right decision. Emerson was my dream guy, I didn’t think dreams come true but this one did and it made me question if everything is actually real.

Most especially, I felt bad for the way I acted towards Emerson, he would keep wondering what he did wrong.

“Should I call him and explain? Or not? Maybe I’ll just ask to meet up?” I thought to myself.

“Ahh!!!!” I groaned in frustration, I put myself in that position, so I had to fix it.

The easiest thing to do was to text him and apologize and that was exactly what I did. I kept checking my phone from time to time to see if he had responded.

I tried to sleep but I couldn’t, a part of me was excited and the other part was warning me to be careful. I knew who exactly I needed to talk to, May. I was sure she would be happy for me, I just needed her to convince me that everything would be okay and I made the right decision. It was a good thing it was Monday the next day.

Since I couldn’t sleep, I decided to work to get my mind off everything. I hoped the morning would come quickly.

It seemed like an eternity but it was finally morning. I was so drowned in my work that I didn’t realize it was morning, at least, I didn’t overthink as much as I could have if I didn’t try to distract myself.

“Will you have breakfast? I could make some for you while I prepare mine.” My dad’s voice echoed through the hallways. He had such a loud voice. I was sure the neighbors heard his voice every morning, asking me the same question.

As I heard his voice, I quickly looked at the time. “Its 6 am?!” I gasped in shock as I sparing up from the bed to get ready. I always got to work by 7:30 but I didn’t think that would be very possible today. How could I possibly get ready in one hour and 30 minutes??

I tried my very best to get ready quickly. I couldn’t be late on a Monday morning, that just ruined the rest of my week, I loved being punctual.

“I guess I’ll just pack your breakfast for you then,” Edward said yelling thingy the hallway again.

That was the least of my worries; I just didn't want to get my mascara smudged. I was finally done; I just packed my things and headed out.

"I put your food in your car," Edward said as I rushed out.

"Thanks, Dad," I said.

"I'm so proud of you, Alora. Have an amazing day." Edward said.

He always said that every morning, maybe it was my good luck charm, it made me feel so good.

"Thanks, Dad," I muttered to myself with a faint smile as I headed to my car.

I was about to get in when I heard a familiar voice "Alora!"

I looked to see who it was; it was Emerson on the other side of the street. Did he really respect my wish of not wanting my dad to see him yet?

"Come on, you're going to be late. I've been waiting for an hour." He said as he blew his car's horn.

I had a car, didn't he see that? Anyway, I was quite surprised, I just picked the food my dad kept in my car, and here's towards him.

How did he suddenly go from not showing up at the office to going every day?

"Do you usually get up that late?" Emerson teased as I entered his car.

"Do you usually wait up for girls in the morning to take them to work?" I said as he drove off.

"You're not just any girl; you're my girl, my girlfriend." He said as he brushed his hand against my cheek lightly. I just smiled in response.

Now, there was a weird energy in the car for a few seconds before he broke it with loud laughter. I was surprised to see him act like that; I used to think he was reserved and calm.

"That's not funny. Why are you laughing so much?" I said as I fixed my gaze on the road. I was a bit shy to look at his face.

"I wasn't laughing; it was more like a celebration. You're my girlfriend and I'm so excited." He said as he took my hand and locked it with his.

His palms felt so warm and soft...

I just blushed and didn't say a word. We were both quiet, I felt some sort of tension building up in the car. It felt a bit stifling as I felt the car come to a halt. From the side of my eye, I could see him leaning towards me.

"We... we're not at the office yet, why did you stop?" I said nervously as I moved my face slowly towards him.

The space between us was so small that if I moved my face, we would end up kissing. His eyes moved from my face down to my neck and finally landed on my cleavages.

"You look very beautiful, Alora." He said in a husky voice. His breath caressed my skin, making my body want more of him.

"Thank you," I said with a blush as I looked away.

Pulling my face gently, "Don't avoid my gaze, you're prettier when you're confident." He whispered.

I didn't know how but his words stirred something in me. Nothing else seemed to matter as I took his hand and placed it on my thigh. I was wearing a print dress, so it was easy for him to slide his hands through.

Just like I wanted, he caressed my thighs as he buried his face in my neck, teasing and arousing me. I gasped in pleasure as he moved his face around my neck, allowing his beard to tickle me.

His hands under my gown kept caressing my thighs and moving closer to my vagina. Slowly, I opened my legs, granting him access, it was too late to back down now, I wanted him, all of him. He finally got there, pressing his hands against my underwear, he continued in a circular motion. I was sure he could feel my juice seeping through my underwear.

"Mmmm!" I moaned lightly as I opened my legs even wider, waiting for him to shift my panties aside and get to the main business.

Suddenly, he kissed my cheek and pulled away.

"You have to get to work." He said as he started the car's engine.

"What was that for?" I groaned in annoyance.

"I can't smudge your makeup," he said with his eyes fixed on the road.

I was so annoyed! How dare he invite me in just to leave me like that? I didn't say a word to him. We got to the office after a few minutes.

"I'll pick you up after work. I'd like to show you my home." He said as he leaned forward and kissed my cheek.

"Whatever," I said in annoyance as I rolled my eyes.

"I didn't know you wanted me that much. it's good to know that I'll be in your thoughts for the rest of the day." He teased as he winked at me.

Chapter Eight

Emerson's POV

It felt surreal, I had not just found the girl of my dreams, I made her mine.

"Is this really happening?" I smiled to myself as I brought out a handkerchief from my pocket and sniffed it deeply. It belonged to Alora; she left it in my room that night. It had been my only reminder of her. I meant to return it tonight. I couldn't wait to see the look of surprise on her face.

Suddenly, I heard my phone ring and when I checked who it was, I was surprised to see that it was an unknown number. I was skeptical at first about answering the call but when the caller remained persistent, I had to answer.

"Who's this?" I said, my voice laced with apprehension.

There was silence at first, and it kept me wondering.

'Who could it be? Has he found me? But how?' I thought to myself before a familiar voice broke through the throbbing silence.

"Hi, Emerson, I just wanted to say thank you for taking care of Valerie the other day. If you hadn't gotten to her when you did, we would probably be grieving now, thank you." Tessa said.

"That was close." I thought to myself as I felt my nerves calm down. It was a great relief that it wasn't who I thought it was, I didn't know what I would have done if it was him.

"Its okay, Tessa, I call her my daughter for a reason. Are you back? Why are you using a different number to call me?" I asked.

"While working, my phone broke so I had to take it for repairs currently using a friend's phone to talk to you. I will be back in a few days."

I hated thinking about my past, but I just kept having a subtle feeling that danger was lurking. I had tried to wave it off so many times, but it just wasn't leaving my head.

"How are you though? How's therapy?" she asked.

"Well, very fine," I lied. I stopped attending therapy months ago, it did absolutely nothing for me, and none of them understood me.

"Okay then, I'll return the favor when I get back," Tessa said.

"No, no, its fine, you don't have to," I said. I didn't think she needed to repay me.

"I insist, Emerson, stop being stubborn," she said with a giggle and ended the call.

The memories of being locked up in a cage for years came rushing to my head like wildfire. I felt the walls were closing on me as I kept on gasping for breath. The torture and beatings kept on replaying in my head.

"Not again" I groaned in pain as I kept on unbuttoning my shirt.

"Sir ... Sir! Are you okay?" Rosa my cook called out as she rushed to where I was.

Rosa immediately gave me a cup of water to drink and that slowly brought me to my senses.

"Are you feeling better sir? Should we go to the hospital? This is the second time you have had a panic attack this month. Don't you think you should resume therapy?"

"I'm fine, Rosa... Don't worry about me."

Rosa had been my cook for years and she knew my deepest secret. Rosa is the only human who knows that I'm a shape-shifter.

"Is everything ready for tonight?"

"Yes sir... you don't have to worry; it will be an unforgettable night" Rosa said with a huge smile.

"Yes!"

"Seems like you are so into her... The last time I saw you this excited was six months ago... I mean about the lady you told me about. I saw the way your eyes lit up. You have that same look now."

"You are right Rosa; she's the same woman from six months ago! I can't believe it! She is Rosa! And she's coming here tonight. I'm so excited!"

"I'm so happy for you. It feels so good to see you like this. With so much love, hope, and happiness."

"Alora is the reason, Rosa. There's just something so spectacular about her. Sometimes I feel like I have known her my whole life."

"I don't mean to spoil your mood but are you going to tell her that you are a shapeshifter?"

"I can't Rosa... It's too much of a risk. I might lose her if I do... I... I can't lose her Rosa... I love her too much."

"Let's not talk about it now... just live in the moment and let the future think of itself," Rosa said and left.

Rosa was in her late fifties. She looked older than me, but I was decades older than her.

I quickly glanced at the clock on the wall. I was going to reply to some emails and finish up some tasks before I went to pick Alora but to my greatest surprise, it was well past 5 pm.

'How was that even possible?' I surely lost track of time but I was glad the moment was finally here.

'I have to pick her up.' I said to myself with a broad smile as I looked at myself in the mirror to make sure I looked okay. I was wearing a casual outfit, I wondered if she'd like it on me. I felt it was a stretch to wear a suit.

'Excess thinking breeds doubts, right?' I picked up my car keys headed downstairs to the car and drove to the office, hoping that Alora had not been waiting for too long.

There was a bit of traffic which only increased my nervousness.

"I hope she doesn't get mad," I whispered in the form of prayer.

I didn't know her that well, but she seemed easily irritable, nothing I couldn't handle.

As I approached the building, I saw her standing by the road, trying to hail a cab.

"What does she think she's doing hailing a cab? Did she forget about tonight?" I said to myself as I swerved and halted right in front of her.

"Where are you going?" I asked, a bit apprehensive, furrowing my brow.

"Home." She said briskly with a blank expression. I didn't expect she was still upset about earlier so; I didn't bother considering it.

"Don't tell me you forgot about my invitation today, babe," I said with a warm smile as I attempted to come down and hold the door for her.

"Don't come out... I didn't forget, I thought I should go home first. I don't want my colleagues to see me with you. They would say a lot of nasty things. I hate office gossip." She said, almost whispering.

I just smiled.

“You’re really worried about what people would say? That’s quite unlike you.” I teased.

She looked around the vicinity and when she was sure that no one was looking, she swiftly got into my car, and I drove off.

“Why do you want to keep us a secret? Sooner or later, everyone would find out.” I said, breaking the silence.

“Yeah, but I don’t want anyone to think that I got my salary increased because I’m dating you. It’s nasty in there,” she said, expressing her displeasure.

“Other people’s opinions do not matter. Just clear your mind and relax. Tonight is about us. I’d like you to enjoy it.” I said as I brushed my hand lightly on her cheek.

She blushed lightly as she took a deep breath.

“I couldn’t stop thinking about you today though. Your trick worked. “She said and we giggled.

By the time we were done today, I would be in her mind always. We just talked about a few things as I drove. She was very chatty and was finally getting comfortable.

“We’re here. Welcome to my humble home, sweetheart.” I said with a warm smile as I got out of the car and held the door for her.

“You call this humble? Jeez. This is grand and beautiful.” she said with a big smile as she looked around my mansion. I was pleased that she liked it.

“Thank you. Would you like to have dinner? It’s already served.” I said as we entered inside.

“Yes, I’m starving.”

I didn’t know I liked food until I ate with Alora. Watching her eat made me eat and enjoy the food. I always ate just to quench my hunger, nothing more.

“The food is amazing. Just like my dad’s” she said as she picked a piece of chicken and stifled it in her mouth.

I was amazed! It was funny to see her eat without worrying about the inconveniences of using cutlery, she was very authentic and that made me love her even more.

“Thank you,” she said when she was done eating.

“I’m happy you liked the food.”

I took her on a little tour around the house since she was curious.

"Where's Valerie? Doesn't she live with you?" she asked.

"No, she stays with her Mom and nanny. I just go to visit her." I said.

"Okay," she said as she pulled me into a corner by the Pantry. Before I could say a word, she grabbed my face and pressed her lips to mine.

I was waiting till I got to my room before I made any move and she didn't care where we were! I loved her spontaneity, it was sexy.

I took charge of the kiss, and she surrendered, moving her tongue and lips according to my rhythm. My hand landed on her bum, it was so soft and plum. I felt my dick harden as I thought of all the wicked things I couldn't wait to do to her.

I heard footsteps coming in our direction. It must be the maid.

"Come with me," I said as I led her to my room.

We continued from where we stopped but this time, more intensely, I was so desperate to feel her body, to have it press against mine.

Swiftly, I reached for the back of her dress and unzipped it, leaving her in her underwear which looked breathtaking.

She helped me take off my shirt and my pants. I sat on the edge of the bed, and she sat on my thighs, straddling and grinding me.

I kissed her passionately and I loved the taste of her lips. My lips trailed to her neck, licking, and kissing it softly. She enjoyed it, her moans bore witness.

She took off her bra, she was getting impatient. I smiled darkly as I switched positions, laying her on the bed. I caressed her breast slowly with one hand while the other trailed down between her legs. I shifted her panties to the side as I slide my dick into her in her warm pussy. It was soft, warm, and wet... very wet.

In a circular motion, I rubbed her clit before inserting my finger into her.

"Mmmm! Ahh!" she moaned in ecstasy as I increased the pace. She pressed my body on hers, begging me to fuck her, but I loved taking my time.

Suddenly, I stopped and pulled my finger out.

“Why did you stop?” she groaned in frustration. Her whole body and soul wanted me, and it only made me even crazier about her.

“I guess it’s my turn,” she said in a slutty tone as she got off the bed and made me lie down instead. She took off my briefs slowly.

She loomed over me, stroking my hard dick. I thought she was going to fuck me as she teased her clit with my dick. She kissed me on my lips, then my neck, and down to my nipples. Weirdly, I loved the way she sucked it, my body did.

She still trailed the kisses down until she finally landed on my dick. Anticipating her next move, I just hoped I wouldn’t explode with pleasure.

Her mouth was very warm. She moved her head up and down, sucking and squeezing my dick. It felt so good that I started flicking her mouth. I was glad that she was up to the task, taking me in with each thrust.

I transcended into another realm, she handled my dick so well and pleasures me in ways I never thought possible.

Then she slowly sat on my dick, riding me slowly at first, she increased her pace, grinding.

“Ahhhh!” she moaned as I squeezed her plump breasts as I fucked her from below. The sloppy sound that came from the impact made me go wild.

Taking charge, I rolled her over. I was now on top. Looking her in the eyes, I fucked her, moving my waist back and forth. The sound of her moans and screams increased, sounding like music to my ears.

I increased my pace with each thrust, I felt like my dick was going to explode right inside her.

“I’m cumming!” she cried as she tightened her grip around me. I was going to cum too.

“You are amazing,” Alora said as she pulled me in with a kiss.

“I’ve fantasized about this moment every day for the past six months...” she said as I fell to the bed.

“I need to ask you something and I want you to be completely honest with me,” Alora said as she looked deep into my eyes.

“Okay I’m listening”

“Why don’t you have a mirror in your house? Who exactly are you?” she asked.

