

I decided it was best to just leave. He was probably waiting for someone. I felt sorry for that person; imagine sitting in front of someone with that look. I grabbed my coffee a bit tighter and walked to the door. My hand was on the door handle when *he* spoke up.

Chapter 2: The Café

AMARA:

“Sit,” he said when I tried to walk past him. I should have walked away, but my curiosity hit again, so I sat.

I should have said *no*, or *who the hell are you?* But I didn’t, maybe it was because he sounded so confident, like he’d known me for years. Or maybe it was because I was tired of being invisible in rooms full of flashlights with fake smiles and fake compliments. He looked at me like I wasn’t just someone, but like I was *the* someone.

He didn’t introduce himself, nor ask for my name.

He just sat there, tilting his head slightly, studying me like a painting he already owned.

“You’re late,” he said. Late?

My eyebrows lifted. “For what?” I asked, genuinely confused.

His lips curved. Not a smile- something darker. “For the moment, you walked through that door, and I decided I want *you*.” A chill went down my spine. He was arrogant or insane... or both.

I reached for my coffee even though it was cold. There was silence before I also spoke up, “You don’t even know me.” I looked

at him, thinking maybe he was joking. But he wasn't; he was still looking at me with those brown, cold eyes. A small piece of his hair fell in front of his face, and he looked absolutely gorgeous. He could be a model with that face.

"I don't need to," he said simply. "I saw you. And that was enough." As he says that, I realize- I'm in trouble. Not because he looked powerful, rich, or gorgeous. But because somewhere deep inside my chest, I wanted to believe him.

JACE:

-Flashback-

The first time I saw her from close by, she didn't notice me...yet. Everyone else saw her as a kind and sweet pea, who was getting coffee and was holding her leather bag, but I saw everything.

The curve in her neck when she tossed her hair back. The way her fingers trembled when she grabbed a straw for her coffee. The kindness in her eyes, that she didn't know she was being watched.

I don't believe in fate. I believe in timing, and I mastered it. So when she walked past me to exit the café, I made a decision.

I was observing her. She didn't know the obsession I had for her. She didn't know it *yet*.

Didn't feel the way that I had already started rewriting my schedules, rerouting my days, just to be near her.

She didn't know I was watching her - not in a stalker way... of