

When Love Lasts Chapter 1

Chapter 1

A drop after another, beads of sweat rolled down her forehead. "Hmm, it's so warm..." Heather Montgomery rubbed her feet and flipped over before she was woken up by the heat. Still half-asleep, she grabbed the AC remote and pressed the buttons a few times, only to find that the AC wasn't responding. It was only then she realized there was a power outage. Bummed, she got out of bed. The room was pitch black with only a sliver of light glowing through the window shining on the mottled wall. The place was beyond janky. One, the ventilation was horrible, and two, the power would constantly fail at night, and every time the power was out, the place would be like a sauna. As Heather mumbled about working hard and getting a better place to stay, she used her hand to fan her face. She squinted as she walked toward the balcony in her flip-flops and drew the curtains without hesitation. Suddenly, a ghostly silhouette appeared behind the curtain and stood straight in front of her. "Ahhhh—" Startled, Heather's eyes widened, and her drowsiness was instantly gone. Right as she screamed, a big hand covered her mouth while a husky, cold voice traveled to her ears. "Keep quiet. Scoot aside..." His words might have traveled to Heather's ears but not her brain, for all she had in mind now was what she should do. The old neighborhood was poorly managed, and brawls happened practically every day. So, surely this guy was no angel! Having lost all patience, the guy urged in a whisper, "Hurry up!" Though Heather nodded, her feet behaved as though they had been cemented to the ground, not moving an inch, no matter how. At that, he mumbled a curse and carried her under his arm like he was carrying a child. "What are you do—" Before she could finish her words, her lips were sealed. Now, she was stupefied, as it seemed that this man didn't come for money... But dagnabbit, that was her first kiss! With that, she lunged punches at the man's chest, who immediately clamped her flailing arms. He was a strong guy, so he pinned her immobile with barely an effort. With that, he threatened, "I said, don't move, or you're going to suffer the consequences!" Consequences? To hell with consequences! Her worst fate now was that he had stolen her first kiss. Hence, she struggled harder. Soon, footsteps could be heard coming from outside, and the guy easily spotted that it came from five people, but he had an injury on his abdomen; if these guys found him now, his comrades might not survive, let alone him. Alas, for the greater good, he could only use this young lady beneath him. The men outside had reached the front door, but they lingered for a while before entering as they tried to make out what was going on inside. The guy they were after was injured greatly, so it surely couldn't be him. With that, they left and searched elsewhere. The guy finally relaxed his tense nerves and drooped his eyelids. In the dark, softness enveloped his eyes as he looked at Heather. The young lady's hair was spread out on the pillow. Heather cried in anguish; her tears were like a never-ending waterfall that soaked her pillow. The moonlight outside the window outlined the man's back, and through her wet eyes, all she saw was his chiseled face and tightly pursed lips. However, just as her eyes had gotten used to the darkness and she could finally take a good look at his face, she no longer had the strength to keep herself awake and fell dead asleep. With that, the guy affectionately kissed away the tears at the corner of her eyes and put something around her neck, saying, "I promise I'll marry you one day."