

When Love Lasts Chapter 15

Chapter 15

This was the second time, Heather realized, because she suddenly found that the man standing in front of her bore some resemblance to the man who had broken into her house and was subsequently saved by her before. No, he doesn't just bear some resemblance to that man, he actually looks like him! "Are you..." She wanted to confirm her suspicion, but she trailed off after thinking that a coincidence like that couldn't possibly happen in real life. The man was still smiling affably as he said, "Pass me your ID." His obsidian eyes were depthless and somewhat aloof, but there was a warmth in his gaze that put Heather at ease. More importantly, he did look like the man she had saved. She handed over her ID to the man with a dazed look on her face. He took the ID and said to the staff behind the ticket counter, "Hi, could you please process the refund for this ticket and repurchase it under this ID?" "Sure. Just a moment, please." It didn't take long for everything to be settled. "Here's your ticket and your ID. Please make sure you have them on your person at all times. Thank you, and have a pleasant trip!" The man flashed Heather a smile as he handed her ID and the ticket to her. "Here you go, the ticket's on me!" With that, he turned elegantly and left. "Wait, I still have to pay you..." Heather stood in the ticket lobby as she recovered from her daze, but the handsome man was already long gone. However, that didn't matter since she finally had a ticket to Ockford. She held onto the ticket and boarded the high-speed train, and it was only after the attendant had led her to the Premium Soft Sleeper section that she belatedly realized her ticket was meant for this seat class. The attendant opened the door and welcomed Heather into the compartment. As soon as she walked in, she saw that there was already a man seated on the couch inside the luxurious compartment, and he appeared to be speaking to someone on the phone. What surprised her even more was that the same man had given her the ticket earlier. "I'm already on the train. If the car can't be fixed, have somebody tow it into repair. Yes, I'm having an online conference at the moment, so everything else will have to wait until I'm done." At last, the man hung up. Just as Heather wanted to pay him for the ticket, he put on his earphones and placed a sleek, silver laptop on his knees before he started to speak fluent Spanish. Heather peered at the screen of his laptop and saw that he was conversing with a few foreigners wearing suits. Whoa, it seems like an important meeting! She quickly returned to her seat and appraised the premium soft sleeper compartment. There were two single bunks fixed to the wall, and below them were two separate couches with a coffee table between them. On the coffee table was a cordless landline, and there was even a television set up on the side. Meanwhile, there was an en suite bathroom at the other end of the compartment, and the entire place had WiFi. The whole compartment was done in an elegant shade of burnished gold, and it looked very expensive. When Heather saw that the man wouldn't be getting off the meeting anytime soon, she lay down on the couch and scrolled through her phone. However, she had barely looked through most of her social media updates when her stomach grumbled. It was then that she remembered she hadn't had dinner. She had been in such a rush to get on the train earlier that she didn't manage to get any food from the convenience store at the station either. After an hour passed, the man finally closed his laptop and took off his earphones. At the sight of this, Heather quickly scrambled off the couch and greeted the man with a warm smile. She then said, "Hi, thanks for giving me the ticket earlier. What do I owe you? I'll pay you right now." Upon hearing this, the man finally looked up and met her gaze. He had yet to say anything when Heather's stomach suddenly rumbled loudly, and she flushed in embarrassment. The man smiled and picked up the cordless phone, glancing at her as he asked, "Is there anything you don't eat or are allergic to?" She shook her head. The next second, he placed the food order with the attendant on the other line before hanging up. "Seeing as I haven't had dinner yet, why don't we eat together?" he offered with a kind smile. Heather was starting to realize that the man had no intention of taking her money for the ticket, so she let the matter drop. The attendant came by with the food, and the man brought out his own set of utensils as he sat down across from the woman. When he caught sight of the somewhat distressed look on her face, he realized that he might have come off as extremely prim. He quickly kept his utensils and reached for the disposable ones instead before he started to dig into his dinner with Heather. She hurriedly said with an embarrassed smile on her face, "No, don't worry about me. You can just go about your meal the way you usually do." The man simply smiled and elegantly ate his meal with the disposable utensils. While they ate, Heather would occasionally sneak glances at the man. Every one of his gestures radiated elegance, and it seemed like nobility had been carved into his bones and set him apart from his surroundings. Granted, they were in a premium soft sleeper compartment, but even then it seemed like he was too good for such lowly accommodations, however temporary they might be. Perhaps this was the way dichotomy worked when it came to social class. After dinner, the attendant came by once more to clear away the food containers, and neither Heather nor the man attempted to make small talk. At some point, Heather grew bored and decided that she would play a round of games. She had only just grabbed her phone when she received a text from her friend, Ariel 'Ari' Hartman, which read, "Heather! You won't believe what happened. I just broke up with my boyfriend! I demand some tender loving comfort right now! They've broken up?! Heather froze at this, then hastily replied to her with a 'sending hugs' sticker. 'He cheated on me in the apartment that we're both staying at! He was tangled up in the sheets with her when I caught them!' Ariel elaborated, sounding heartbroken even through the screen. Heather pressed her lips into a grim line when she read this. She had been through a rather similar situation herself when she caught Ryan cheating on her. What made matters worse was that he had told her all those hurtful things like he was the most reasonable man in the world, and it really broke her heart. How am I supposed to comfort Ariel when I need some tender loving comfort myself? If one had to be honest, whatever happened to Heather was far worse than what just happened to Ariel. Following this, she got another text from Ariel, which read, 'Isn't this all totally soapy? I never thought something like this would happen to me!' 'Ari, don't be upset. Don't cry over a scumbag like him! It isn't worth it!' Heather replied encouragingly. She was trying to give herself a pep talk with this as well. 'Heather, can you sing 'Someone Like You' for me?' Back in high school, Heather was the queen of the mic when it came to karaoke sessions during reunions and school parties, and she often sang much better than the original artists themselves. That probably had more to do with her Burlean roots than anything else; it was as if her people were blessed with angelic voices and an affinity for dancing. 'I can't sing for you; I'm on a train right now!' she replied exasperatedly to her downtrodden friend. 'I really, really want to hear you sing, though! Can't you do it as a favor for your broken-hearted friend who is a million miles away from you right now? Please, Heather. I'm totally devastated!' Ariel pleaded. Having read this, Heather could feel herself cave in, and she looked up at the man who was working away on his laptop. "Excuse me, sir?" she began hesitantly. "Do you mind if I sing?" Indeed, she had no shame at that moment, for she decided that she was going to set her pride aside just to cheer her broken-hearted friend up.