

## Chapter 4

Bethany POV

The penthouse was spacious, and the view was spectacular. I was going to enjoy sitting on the balcony and watching the nightlife start. This is way better than the virtual walk-through video, it did not take long for me to get settled in and go food shopping and headed back to my penthouse with armfuls of food, the private elevator dinged, and the door opened, and I stepped out and into a solid wall that was not supposed to be there. I juggled my parcels, trying not to drop the groceries, and a hand aided me, and took a few parcels off of me.

I looked up and saw that the solid wall had a face, and I was staring at some of the bluest eyes I had ever seen, a very cheeky grin, and the most delicious man I had ever laid eyes on. Why had I put up with Bret for so long, when there are men like this one out there? He had messy brown hair that looked like he had just climbed out of bed, he was taller than my ve foot nine inches, and every part of what I could see was all muscles, and bam all tears and feeling sorry for myself and bad thoughts of Bret were gone, I was not usually someone who looks at other men, but how could I not stare at this one, just looking at him woke up my lady parts.

'Hey, let me give you a hand, I am Theo, you must be my new neighbor.' He took most of my parcels and I had still not found my voice when he turned to head to my door, and I saw a nice tight arse. He was one, drool-worthy man and my neighbor. I get to look at that arse often. Listen to me, I have just had a divorce, and I am already looking at other men. Am I bad for wanting love?

'My name is Bethany, but my friends call me Beth.'

'Welcome to the top oor, do you cook?'

'Yes, I don't mind cooking, I am not a gourmet of anything, but it is passable.' I joked back with him. He seems to be a nice, easy-going man. Maybe we can be good friends. That is something I could do right now.

'Good, I can't cook. Maybe we can help each other out. I can order takeaway some days, and you can cook how does that sound.'

'Wow, you are a fast worker.' The look he gave me was a smirk, but not a sinister one, drool baby drool. I say to myself as I follow him into my penthouse, he places my groceries on the kitchen bench and looks around my place, taking in the way I had set it up.

'You have made this place really nice. The lady that had just moved out, got married to some rich dude, and never really did much here. The view is nice of the city. You should come over and see mine. I have a view of the ocean, it is pretty nice watching the sun set over it.' Now he was sounding really romantic. I cannot remember the last time I sat and watched the sunrise, or, for that matter, all the romance disappeared years ago, or maybe there never really was any, only when I tried to do something.

'I would like that. Watching the sunset that is, but I can do that anywhere.' Were we moving too fast? I don't know, I have only been divorced a day. Is this a rebound ing? Do I want to have a ing with the man next door? If we broke up, it could be awkward.

'Would you like a coffee?'

'Oh, no, thanks, was heading out when we bumped into each other, literally, I am running late, having dinner with Felicity, maybe another time.' He did not expand on who Felicity was, his girlfriend, maybe? He was just being nice to me, as a neighbor should. Gee, am I that desperate to be loved?

'Have a nice night.' I reply to the retreating body, who waved back as he closed my door on his way out. That is a mighty ne back view and the front was not so bad either. Yummy, going to enjoy looking at that again, even if I can't have that body, no harm in enjoying the view and the company.

If he is an example of what this town can offer, I am going to change my ways and think about having a few one-night stands, I have not had s\*x in so long, maybe that is why I may have been reading more into Theo than what was really there. My mobile ringing pulled me out of my fantasizing. I check the number before answering.

'Hello?' I was not sure of the number; it was a landline.

'Hi Beth, it is Cathy, guess what?'

'You got me, What?'

'I have an offer for your house. I took a man through this morning. He was over the moon with it, and has offered ve million four hundred, are you okay with that? Only one hundred thousand short of the asking price.'

'Sell it.' That was my quick reply. I can't wait to get rid of that place of bad memories.

'He wants to move in right away, once I have a good deposit, is that okay?'

'Yep, send me the paperwork. An express courier should be here in a few hours, and I will sign it and send it back by courier.'

'Better than that, how about I drive over and get you to sign and drive back? I need an out.'

'Come, I will cook you some chicken stir-fry for dinner, and you can stay the night.'

'Deal.' I hung up and felt really good about what had happened. I am now a free woman, and I am not looking back, ever. Tears over Bret are done, no wallowing, no going back, move forward.

Cathy arrived just after eight, and we had a blast. Once I signed the paperwork, she let the new owner know it was a done deal. He was moving in tomorrow, and it was going to be fun if Bret tried to show up. I did change the code for the gate, so he can't go to the house. Cathy said she had booked both settlements for the same day. We drank a bottle of wine and lazily chatted about her life, avoiding mine as we both knew that would only bring the mood down. Instead, we laughed at silly things and went to bed just after midnight.

'Thank you for the card. After I get my commission paid on your properties, I will give my notice and leave, that other company said yes, I can start anytime.'

That is wonderful news. I will send anyone looking to buy or sell to you.'

Cathy left after some aspirin and coffee. It was nice catching up. I was sitting on the balcony, enjoying a cup of coffee and the view of the city life getting busy, when my front door opened, and in walked Theo as if he owned the place. I must have forgotten to lock it after Cathy left. It had not occurred to me that he would walk in like this and that, being the only two on that oor, my home should have been safe. That is why I had not locked the door. I felt safe and Theo did not feel dangerous.

'Morning sunshine, how was your night? Not too lonely, I hope?' Theo asked as he made himself a cup of coffee and came to sit by me. I wonder if this is how he treated the other woman who used to live in this suite.

'Were you this forward with the other woman when she lived here?' I decided to put it out there, and no longer go with the ow, Beth.

'Nah, she kept her door locked and me at arm's length, she had her sugar daddy, she was trying to bag and did not want me hanging around while she hooked that big sh.' He sounded a little bitter, had he had issues in the past with money-hungry women? That is more or less what my marriage was all along. I was a cash ow that kept my ex and twin happy. Soon I was feeling as bitter as Theo's voice had been.

'How did you know I was up?' I blew the steam away from my cup and took another sip, not looking at him as we talked, not wanting to see his cheeky grin.

'Didn't think if you weren't I would put the kettle on and wake you up with a nice coffee, about the only thing I am good at in the kitchen.' I avoided saying anything about him making himself at home, thinking he could just walk in regardless of what I said unless I locked the door to keep him out, and at the moment I was content to have this s\*x-on-legs walk in whenever he liked, it will keep me on my toes. So far, I have liked what I see and, more importantly, how he makes me feel, things I had not felt in years, so I am going to let it slide for now and have his walking in when he likes to become a problem. I will address it then.

'I am sure you are good at more than making coffee in the kitchen.' My mind suddenly froze. Was I irting? I can't remember the last time I had bantered with anyone like this in years. It was like my old self was back, I had lost who I was somewhere during my marriage, and not really living.

'Like what?'

'Loading the dishwasher?'

'You got me there; I can load the dishwasher.' I looked at his hand and could not see a line to say he wears a ring, but then neither does my hand, as you cannot wear a ring in surgery. Funny I had never thought about this sort of thing before and Theo seems to be a fun guy.

'Have you eaten?'

'Nope, want to go out and eat?'

'How about an omelet?'

'You offering to cook?'

'Yeah, I am ready for breakfast and don't want to wait for someone else to cook it for me.' He followed me inside and sat on the stool.

'Need a hand? I can cut up stuff, I am good with a knife, it is putting on heat and adding the right ingredients together. That is a massow failure.' Somehow, I feel there is little he would fail at if he wanted to do something.

'Relax and talk to me about this city, what is the nightlife like, and good places to go eat and entertain.'

He lled me in with all the local food places that he liked to go to, and a few nightclubs, including one he said was a dive and not worth the hype they make of it. We ate our omelets and continued to chat, staying away from anything personal, and I was ne with that.