

Chapter 6

Theo POV

Bumping into Beth was a treat. She seemed to be a nice woman, not at all like the previous tenant of that penthouse, she did not even kick me out when I walked in the morning and invited me to have breakfast with her. I don't know what it is about her, but she is drawing me in like a moth to the flame. She had the appearance of having been hurt and was trying to get over it, so I avoided personal chit-chat, not that I had much to talk about. I have almost zero personal life. My last girlfriend cheated on me, with all the odd long hours I do as a surgeon, and could be called in at a moment's notice. She did not like that she was not getting the attention she wanted, and when I went to visit her after finishing a long shift, I found her in bed with her neighbor, so I high-tailed it out of there and have not been in contact since, the previous woman in Beth's suite was a gold digger, and had managed to get a ring on her finger by a wealthy tycoon who must be twice her age. But hey who am I to judge?

Beth, I want to get to know her, and maybe have a few dinners together. It gets lonely eating alone all the time. I am not looking at finding a girlfriend, just a companion for meals. If she wants to do the bedtime dance, I might even be up for that, but I don't need to. Plenty of women are chasing me, and that also does not interest me. I like to be the one doing the chasing, and with the type of money I am making and have in the bank, I am a little skeptical about the intentions of the woman, after the last neighbor being a gold digger, I am glad I did not have much to do with her, I noticed the moment you say you are a heart surgeon, they see dollar signs and want to be more than a dinner date.

I had a slight headache today and drank too much wine at Beth's place, and her topping my glass up more than hers did not go unnoticed. But I was not going to say anything and allowed her to get away with it. I do not have work today, a little headache won't hurt me, a quick Advil, and it will be gone soon enough.

We have a pool and private gym upstairs on the rooftop. It is for the two of us only. I am not sure if she has gone investigating this place yet, but I might suggest it when I have finished my laps, over breakfast again if she is up to cooking, and might join me swimming sometimes, with nothing but positive thoughts. I rush upstairs two at a time and push the door open to the rooftop, then stop dead in my tracks, there doing laps. There was the woman who had been on my mind a lot since we met. Her strokes are perfect, slicing the water with ease, and her body is sexy and sleek. I feel the need to sit down and just watch her, she is so captivating.

Throwing my towel on one of the deck chairs, I waited for her to do a turn at the shallow end, before diving in and starting to swim alongside her. She had a good pace going, and it did not take long to join her in stroke for stroke, looking at her with each turn of the head. I was not at my usual pace, but Beth's stroke rate and pace were not bad for a woman. Don't get me wrong. Being a woman is a good thing, but we men have more power in our strokes and I could easily end up ahead of her if I did not adjust my stroke. I wanted to be next to her for a little while. It felt good to have someone next to me in the water, it can be a lonely swim out here every day on your own.

We did ten more laps before Bethany climbed out of the pool. I picked up my pace and did another twenty laps, before calling it quits. When I climbed out of the pool, I found Bethany sitting on a deck chair, watching me.

'Morning, you have good form, and thank you for keeping pace with me, and not taking off as I know you could have.' Busted, this woman knows how to make me stop and take note.

'You're welcome, and you too have a nice form, even long strokes through the water. Easy for me to keep pace with you.' I was impressed, this lady does not mess much at all, not at all like any other woman I have met. Not irritable to get into my bed, or rude to avoid me altogether, I don't feel like I need to try and impress this woman, it is as if she accepts whatever life has thrown at her and doesn't let it affect her too much, or she hides it very well.

'Do you come here often?' She asked as she rubbed the towel through her hair, not at all worried about what her head would look like when she removed the towel, I just knew it was going to be sticking up all over the place, just like mine often does.

'Every morning, if work permits, I can get called in at odd times and that can mess up my routine a little.' I was being honest with her; I see no reason not to be at the moment.

'I can understand that. I am on two weeks' holiday at the moment before I get back to the grind. It is nice to have that break. It has been a while since I had a holiday this long.'

'Pity you could not go away somewhere and spend it like a real holiday, instead of moving house.'

Beth stayed quiet, not making any comment about a real holiday. We had delved a little closer into personal questions, so I avoided asking her what she did and moved on.

'Will you cook breakfast again today?' I really hope she does. I could do with another one of her cooked meals. She is a good cook.

'Sure, anything in particular you would like?'

'Have you some bacon and eggs?'

'You bet, how do you like your eggs and bacon?'

'Over easy and crispy.' I loved that there was no pressure to make conversation with Beth.

Beth stood up and picked up her towel. My dick decided it. It was like what I saw, and for the first time in a long time, I had an embarrassing moment, where I needed to put my towel around my waist to hide my body's reaction to hers. Luckily, she had her back to me and did not notice my body's reaction. I followed her inside and down the stairs. Once we reached her door, she pushed it open and walked in. I was not sure if I should follow her into her home or not.

'Um, I will catch you in about ten minutes, I will shower and change. Then come help you with breakfast.'

'You are going to cook?' She asked, turning around just inside her door.

'Nope, but I can make coffee and toast if you like and set the table. Outside on the balcony again?'

'Sure, you might as well enjoy it while the weather is so nice.' I could not agree more, it will not take long before the winter is here and time on the balcony will be shelved for a while.