

Efe raised her head with a jerk, but there was no one else in the room. The white walls pressed in on her, and she closed her eyes, putting a hand to her pounding temple. She must have imagined what she saw earlier. The door opened, and her eyes flew open. Kevwe's twin closed the bathroom and door walked over, handing her a small towel soaked with cold water.

"Let me guess, you didn't eat today," he said.

Efe thought of her Wakkis lunch and shook her head, pressing the towel to her face. At least there was no nausea, or she would've disgraced herself further. "I'm sorry. Did I faint?"

He nodded, and she blamed her high-strung nerves for seeing what was not there. His twin gestured at a glass of chilled water on the table beside her, and she gulped down some. As she put back the glass, she noticed the files she'd dropped stacked there, and wondered who put them there if the doctor had gone to get the towel. Was it possible Kevwe was here? Wouldn't he had let her know if he wanted to meet and talk to her?

"You're the same Efe Sagay who dated my brother while you guys were in university." He walked to the desk, and shoved some files aside to lean on it.

Efe looked at him and scrambled for what to say. She wanted to ask if Kevwe was around, but didn't want to appear the fool.

"Why didn't you tell me when we met last week?"

Efe glared at him, needled by his threatening tone, and she did not understand his hostility too. Hadn't she left Kevwe when they asked? She was the one who'd been hurt here, not him or his twin.

"I see no reason for you to speak to me that way."

The door swung open, and her voice died away on seeing Kevwe walk into the room. A nurse was behind him. Efe blinked, head moving from side to side. Her eyes hadn't been deceiving her; Kevwe had been there earlier when she came in. Without saying another word, Ofure took the nurse's arm, and they left the room.

Efe sat up immediately. She couldn't believe this was real. "You planned this, didn't you?"

She jumped to her feet, marching to the desk and dumping Ofure's business report. As much as she wanted to leave this office, she didn't want to repeat the journey. Kevwe had caught her unawares this time, and she would not give him another opportunity. Being alone with him in this enclosed space was doing strange things to her, and she would be most happy if she could get out without having to speak with him. She took a deep breath and then tried to push past Kevwe who stood at the door.

He snagged her wrist. "You're not going anywhere!"

Efe stared at a point beyond him. She didn't want to deal with this. It had become apparent once she saw his brother she might run into him, but she had hoped it would not happen so soon. She wasn't ready to face him yet. This man had broken her heart so badly. Her young self had adored him, allowed him into her heart, and shared her body with him. But he'd sent her away when it wasn't enough.

She finally faced him, and her stomach quaked as warmth trickled over her skin. He looked even more stunning, more rugged. His dark latte skin and chiseled lips were sexy as hell. His hand on the skin of her inner wrist raised dormant feelings. She could not bear the heat in his eyes and closed hers, in a bid to wipe away the effect he had on her. They stood like that for another moment.

"Please let me go, you're hurting me," she finally said, though the spell they wove together still held her in its clutches. Waves of memories heaved over her, and she was powerless against them.

Kevwe's hand loosened and dropped.

“You promised you would never break my heart Kevwe, but that was what you did seven years ago.” Efe couldn’t stop the words from escaping; they’d been on her lips for so long. It had been where all her pain came from seven years ago. After drawing her out, past her caution, and into a place of trust with him, he’d dashed it all. Tears threatened, but she blinked them away.

She walked out of the room, ignoring Kevwe’s call to stay, and he was left staring into space, reminded of past promises.