

the restaurant captures my attention. He dominates the room simply by the way he walks, his strides hold purpose, with his broad shoulders pushed back and his head slightly lifted, asserting authority to those around him.

His deep brown eyes lock on to mine and I suddenly feel a bit underdressed. This is a luxurious place, and I'm dressed in the only black dress I own. It is elegant and simple, which I love but I look nothing like the other women in here. They all look extravagant in dresses that probably cost more than my rent.

I normally wouldn't set foot in a place like this, too fancy for me but my date insisted on this specific restaurant. Could he be my date? He is nothing like Val described. She described the brother of her colleague as a bit shy and insecure but kind and funny once you got to know him.

Nothing like the man across the room. He can't be my date, so I break eye contact and try to refocus on Val's voice, who's still murmuring through the phone.

"All though I do think that if he doesn't show up you should do something fun, you never have an evening all to yourself. Please consider that?" She begs.

"Fine." I sigh annoyed, the only reason I'm doing this is because she asked and I love her too much to say no. "Ten more minutes but if he doesn't show up by then I'm out of here." I tell her.

The mysterious man from moments ago is now staring down at me as he takes the seat across from me. I guess I was wrong and he is my date after all. In that case, Val was far off with her description.

He commands two glasses of the best white wine they have to offer when the waiter approaches. His rudeness pushes my frustration to its limit. First, he shows up thirty minutes late, then sits down without a word and orders wine without introducing himself or asking what I would like. Ugh, the nerve he has.

"Val I've got to go, I guess my date decided to show up after all."

I end our call and put my phone away.

“So you finally decided to show up.” I look at him waiting for an explanation, but it doesn’t seem like he’s going to give me one. He simply shrugs his shoulders while the waiter pours us our drinks.

“Well, do you have any excuse or explanation why you’ve left me to wait for over half an hour?” I ask while looking at an imaginary watch around my wrist. Again, not a word, he grins like it’s funny to him. I don’t have time for this crap. If it’s that funny to him, I’ll leave. Just when I’m about to stand the stranger speaks.

“Amore Mio, I wouldn’t dare to let a woman like you wait, not even for a second.” He declares, his voice is smooth and filled with warmth. Like a velvet blanket wrapped around me on a cold winters day. His words took me by surprise, stopping me in my tracks.

“The idiot who was supposed to be your date stood you up it seems.”

See, this is the reason I don’t date, it’s too much shit for no benefits.

“I’m sorry for accusing you of being late, considering you’re not even my date at all.” I apologize, my frustration fades away, he is not the one I’m angry with.

“His loss, my gain.” Shrugging his shoulders.

“However, if you’re not my date, you just what, decide to sit down at a stranger’s table?” I question, taking a sip of the wine, he ordered. I must say he has good taste, the wine is like a little piece of liquid heaven. “Only if they are interesting.” He confesses with a cocky smile.

“Then I better leave because I’m not that interesting.” I tease, putting the wineglass down as I pretend to grab my purse.

“No.” He prevents me from walking away.

My eyes flicker with confusion, I look from his hand that holds my arm, back to his eyes. He eases his grip on my arm and strokes along until his hand holds mine.

“That was a bit rough, please stay. I would love your company.”

He looks flustered. I bet he is a man who gets everything he wants with the snap of his fingers and isn't used to a reaction like mine.

"Why?" I curiously wonder to the reason he wants my company over the other women in here, that are clearly ogling him up and down with an intense longing.

"You are captivating and I would love for a chance to get to know you." Still holding my hand I meet his piercing gaze. I pretend to think for a second longer. After almost waiting for half an hour I am starved and the stranger has piqued my interest. He isn't bad on the eyes either. Who am I kidding he is freaking hot as hell, So sharing a meal doesn't sound like the worst idea to me.

"Well if you put it like that." I tease as I sit back down again.

"You won't regret it, I promise."

"Don't make promises you can't keep." I sharply respond. He replies my statement with a nod as the waiter comes back to our table.

"Good evening, I am Ramon your waiter for this evening, can I take your order?"

I didn't see him put the menu's on our table, he must have done that when he served our wine.

"I'm sorry I haven't looked yet. I'm not a picky eater so it will only take a second." I politely respond while I quickly look through the menu.

"And for you sir?" He turns to the mystery man across from me, giving me a moment to make up my mind.

"We will have a focaccia up front, two bruschetta's, two pasta Carbonara's and a bottle of the wine you just served us." He replies handing over his menu to the waiter. Stunned I close my menu and give it to the waiter as well.

"Now that the food is ordered, what do you want to know about me?" He starts our conversation again. "What do you mean? I ask, taking another sip of my wine.