

I had been sitting in this diner for three hours, my gaze fixated on the apartment building across the street.

“Do you need anything else, sugar?” the plump older woman asked as she held a coffee pot in one hand and a cloth in the other.

“No, thank you,” I rasped without meeting her eyes. It was 12 am, and my heart raced faster with each passing moment.

I was waiting for the girl who’d stolen my heart. When she’d left earlier, her caramel hair was curled, floating over her perfect breasts; breasts that should have been covered up, but instead were on full display under her black halter top.

Anger fueled me as I pictured her leaving her apartment. She had looked confident and sexy, her head held high as though she were about to take over the world. Thankfully, her midriff wasn’t showing tonight, but her skirt was too short, revealing her toned thighs; thighs that needed to be wrapped around my waist, the sky-high black heels digging into my back.

I shifted in my seat, my arousal trying to overpower my anger. That was always my problem. I mixed the two together in a dangerous way. It was why she no longer wanted me.

Taking a deep breath, I pulled my phone from my hoodie pocket. The agony of not knowing where she was tortured me. I needed to distract myself until she came home. I pulled up the most recent background check on her, divulging nothing new since she’d moved out of her apartment a month ago into a new one.

I should have followed her tonight, but I knew my emotions would overtake me, blowing my cover. I wasn’t ready to swoon her back into my life, not yet. I still had a few things to take care of; a few things to make *disappear*.

She’d want me if I could provide for her. She’d want me again if she knew I got help. She’d want me again once all those other assholes were out of her system.

I knew this was true because she never stayed with them, and if it seemed like they were starting to stick, I reminded her I was still here by sending her my love notes.

I pulled my hood down farther over my head, trying to count to ten before I’d explode. Then I saw her through the glass of the diner, smiling and giggling with her roommate. My heart fluttered at the sight of her happiness.

I used to make her happy.

I could still make her happy.

Only a few more things needed to be done.

But then all those warm feelings turned to stone as I watched the two douche bags walking behind Jamie and her roommate. The smiles on their faces were ones I knew well. Their shirts were too tight, stretching over their muscles. They were about to get some—at least they thought they were... I glanced down at my arms; I could stand to increase my weight on the bench press again.

“Sure you don’t need anything else?” the waitress asked again. Now she was hovering, which only irritated me more.

My breathing increased as the meatheads followed them inside.

“Can I get another coffee, please? And a grilled cheese with bacon,” I demanded, squeezing packets of sugar in between my palms.

A few more hours had gone by, and controlling my sanity was getting harder and harder. What was she doing with those men inside her apartment? Was she with one while her roommate was with the other? Maybe they were just playing cards or watching a movie?

Yeah, *watching a movie*. The last time I'd watched a movie with Jamie our pants were around our ankles.

Just as I was about to storm out of the diner, there was activity in front of her apartment building.

It was Jamie, disheveled and wearing a tank top and little shorts; her ass would hang out if she bent over far enough. And that meathead was there, behind her, a smug grin plastered on his face.

I wanted to rip his jaw in half.

Standing from my seat, I paced the diner, my eyes glued to the interactions I feared they'd begin to share.

Then it happened.

She stepped toward him, wrapping her arms around his neck. His hands moved around her waist, reaching for her butt. I saw red when he grabbed it as though it were his, and that little slut let him. In fact, by the way she pressed into him, moving to kiss his lips, I'd say she enjoyed it.

I gripped my hair, willing myself not to do what my head was telling me, but there was no use. Watching them say goodbye tore me apart, fueling my rage for what I was about to do. She gently pushed him away, the one good thing she'd done since that meathead was in her presence.

She closed the door with a satisfied grin on her face while that fucker practically skipped down the steps.

He wouldn't be skipping for long.

Follow him.

Make him pay.

Make him realize he can never fucking touch her again.