

“Please be careful and go straight home, your stalker might be waiting for the perfect moment,” Zya begs.

“I am—straight home—promise,” Amber replies, as she crosses her heart.

As Amber begins to back out of the parking lot, she changes her mind and puts it back into park. *Maybe I should see what Patrick is up to tonight?*

Reaching for her phone to see about a late night tryst, she realizes, it’s gone. “DAMN!” She looks all around her car for it to no avail. *Must have left it on the counter.*

Reluctantly, she turns her car off and heads back inside. She hadn’t realized how dark it was when she came out; it’s pitch black now—shadows everywhere. The hair on the back of her neck stands up while a shiver runs down her spine pushing her to practically run back into the shop.

At the exact same moment, the wig fitter, having found Amber’s phone, is racing outside to catch her, almost colliding with her in the doorway. “I believe this is yours,” she says, her heart racing from the near impact.

“Yes, thanks. Glad I realized it now and not when I got home.”

Amber, still contemplating her booty call, uses the light outside the door to look for Patrick’s number. She begins her walk back to the car lost in her thoughts, debating whether to call him. Forgetting temporarily about the threatening texts piling up in her phone.

As she opens her car door, a man comes up quickly behind her, wrapping his arm tightly around her chest. She starts to scream, but it’s muffled by his other hand that covers her mouth, preventing her from turning around. He’s strong, and his scent... *I know that cologne...* “Wait a minute? Christophe, is that you?” she asks as he spins and entraps her in his arms.

“Mon Cherie, I cannot surprise you no more?” he says in a thick French accent.

Amber breaks down into gut-wrenching sobs. She can’t stop. She let her guard down for just an instant—a second too long, exactly the opportunity her stalker would need to get to her.

“I’m so sorry, I only want to surprise you,” he says trying to comfort her.

Still shaking thinking about what could have been, yet relieved it’s Christophe. “It’s okay. Wait a minute—it’s not okay! You scared the crap out of me! Stop doing that will you?” she says as she playfully slaps his arm.

“Promise, no scaring. Surprise yes; scaring no. I never want to make you cry.”

“You didn’t make me cry. I’ve just been on edge lately...a little stressed out. I guess your timing was off. But then again”—thinking about that phone call she was about to make— “maybe your timing is perfect.”

Amber grabs Christoph by the back of his head kissing him deeply, passionately before he has a chance to react. “Who’s full of surprises now?” she asks catching him off guard. “Last time was amazing, but do you think we could go somewhere other the back of my car?”

In the car parked one row over, HE is watching and taking pictures. *Oh you are going to pay for this. You think you’re safe—not within my reach. Good thing your Frenchman appeared, he saved you, this time...*