

Chapter Two (Subject to Change)

I couldn't remember how long I seemed to drown into those dark eyes, but it was like we were suspended in time and space as my neck rested against his arm while he looked down at me in silence. Finally at some point in time I felt the blood flowing to my head, causing me to become dizzy, which snapped me out of my trance.

I blinked, breaking our locked gaze. "Sorry about that," I apologized as I reminded myself to breathe.

"Not a problem." He beamed down at me, and I drew in a deep breath as a comforting warmth washed through me as I took in the contrast between his devious boyish grin, against his dangerously masculine, chiseled face. "Hi, I'm Ethan." He pulled me straight up to a standing position and allowed me to regain my footing. But instead of letting me go, he held my arms and looked at me. There was something exciting and beautiful about him that captivated me, making me forget about anything and anyone else. His sudden chuckle broke my silence.

"Why are you laughing?"

"Well I just introduced myself to you. This is usually where you would introduce yourself to me."

My face grew hot and I cringed inside at how silly and childish I was behaving. *Is this how I am normally? Do I easily let random strangers have this effect on me?* I cleared my throat. "Hi." I pulled away from him and took a step back to establish a more friendly—and a more *safe*—distance from him. I smoothed down my shirt, pretending to be preoccupied with some dust that I had on my clothes. "I'm Olivia."

"Hey, Liv. I'm glad we bumped into each other." He flashed me a heart-stopping smile.

His words caught me by surprise and it wasn't until then that I realized that maybe I knew this stranger—maybe if I didn't have amnesia, he wouldn't actually be a stranger to me. "Do I know you?"

He cocked his head and gave me a quizzical look. "Wouldn't you *know* if you knew me?"

His question stung. “I...” I looked away. I was about to tell him that I had lost my memory, but I stopped myself. *You don't know anything about this man!* “Okay. I don't know you,” I responded firmly. “But why did you call me Liv?”

At first, he didn't answer me. He just smirked and studied me, causing me to feel nervous and self-conscious. Finally he responded. “That's your name, isn't it?”

I could hear the smirk coated in his every word. “I told you my name was *Olivia*—”

“—And isn't Liv short for Olivia?” he cut me off, and I could hear the smugness in his tone.

I frowned and felt slightly annoyed. “Maybe for some people, but I don't think you should just assume that everyone named Olivia goes by Liv. So—”

“But,” cutting me off again, “I'm not talking to *everyone*.” His lips curled into a wide grin. “I'm talking to only you. Do *you* go by Liv?”

“Only *friends* call me Liv,” I retorted.

“Well there you go. So I wasn't wrong to call you Liv.”

My annoyance grew as he seemed to brush off my comment.

“Seeing as I just saved your life, I'd say we're at *least* friends.” He flashed me a glum smile.

“That's pretty presumptuous of you.” I felt an odd mixture of irritation and curiosity by this man's forwardness and cockiness. It wasn't until then that I looked beyond his mesmerizing eyes and face. He had on a worn-down black motorcycle jacket, grey t-shirt that looked like it'd seen better days, and a pair of dark-washed Levis. He had that purposely-casual style about him that made him look like he could be Adam Levine's younger brother.

“Is it?” he challenged, his eyes twinkled with amusement.

Yes, I'm definitely picking up that Adam Levine-esque cockiness about him. “I guess I should thank you for catching me before I fell, but I hardly think you saved my life.” As intrigued as I was about him, I wasn't about to let him think I'd ever

give in to his forwardness. His ego didn't need to get any bigger than it already appeared to be.

His lips twisted into a dangerous smirk as he looked down at my heels. "Like I said, those are some *killer* shoes."

Then a thought crossed my mind and I looked at him. "What if I didn't go by Liv?"

"What do you mean?"

"What if I only went by Olivia, and you just called me Liv?" I shot him a smirk of my own.

He laughed. "Well then," he licked his lips. He took a step toward me and leaned down to whisper, "I'd have my own special nickname for you, wouldn't you say?" The heat of his breath teased my neck, sending a shiver down my back.

I took two steps back, annoyed at myself that I actually felt intrigued by this man and his behavior. "Thanks." My voice was flat as I looked toward the parking garage, hoping to see Connor's car so that I could escape from this man. I wasn't sure why, but he made me feel something that left me feeling very excited and very vulnerable. With everything that had happened since I woke up yesterday, I knew I wasn't ready for this.

"So can I ask you something?" He didn't seem put off by my coldness.

"No."

He snickered. "Come on. It's something that's been bothering me since I saved your life."

I rolled my eyes. "Fine," I said begrudgingly.

He smiled triumphantly. "For someone who was a very recent patient at the hospital, why are you torturing yourself by wearing heels?" His dark piercing eyes looked me up and down.

I felt my face turn hot with embarrassment and annoyance. "Do I know you?" I asked again. "How do you know I was a patient?"

He laughed and casually swung his arm around my shoulders. “Relax. You’re still wearing your ID wristband. Don’t flatter yourself. I’m not some crazy stalker. I’m just a nice guy who happened to save your life.”

“Oh.” I wasn’t sure how to respond to this stranger. To my surprise, I felt disappointed that I didn’t know him. I was even a little disappointed that he wasn’t stalking me. *Is this what losing your memory does to you?* I couldn’t explain it, but for some irrational reason I felt drawn to him and intrigued by how at ease he was around me.

“Liv...” He reached for my arm, causing me to freeze in place. I look at his hand and then up toward his eyes. “So this might sound forward, but as you’ve probably noticed,” he chuckled, “I’m a pretty forward person.”

“Yeah.” That was all I could muster in response as I braced myself for what he was about to say.

“Liv, I’d love to see you again. Maybe drinks? Dinner? Or if you’re more into the adventurous stuff, a skydiving date?” He flashed me a breathtaking smile that held promises of things I wasn’t sure I could handle.

“I...” I felt a heavy lump develop in my throat as a mixture of excitement and fear consumed me.

But before I could respond, I heard a familiar voice call out to me from behind.

“Liv?”

I turned around to see Connor sitting behind a silver Aston Martin convertible that had just pulled up to a stop in front of us.