

Taming the
Whirlwind



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Chapter One

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I could barely sleep last night from all the excitement. I was dressed in a black sleeveless knee length dress with a small pink belt and my favorite black Stilettos before Meg was even out of bed.

When she wandered into the kitchen, she took one look at me, “I know you’re excited for your interviews but geez, aren’t you up a little early?”

“I know but I couldn’t sleep. Not all of us already have a job in the real world.” Meg had already landed a dream job at the New York Times. “Do I look okay? Should I change into something more business-like?”

“No, you look great. Let me get my coffee and I’ll do something with your hair.” I knew clothes or at least I knew what I liked, but Megan knew I couldn’t do anything with my hair to save my life.

“Does it look that bad? I was just going to leave it down,” I replied.

“No, it doesn’t look bad; it just needs a little fine tuning,” she lied. I laughed because that was her polite way of saying it looked horrible. After an hour of Megan trying what seemed like a thousand different hairstyles, she finally decided on a sophisticated look. It looked like a ponytail to me but whatever. I was just happy to be out of her torture chamber, AKA her bathroom, because my head was throbbing.



I walked out of my last interview at the Sports Therapy & Rehabilitation Clinic. The interview went great, better than I could have imagined. When I left the clinic and headed towards the elevators, I wasn’t paying much attention as I was sending a text to Meg. When the elevator doors opened, I started to walk in without even looking. I looked up at the last second and luckily avoided running into him as he got off. I stumbled as I tried to avoid him and he grabbed my elbow to keep me from falling. The skin-to-skin contact made me gasp because there was this indescribable electricity that shot through my body. Then I looked up to see the most beautiful blue eyes I had ever seen. They took my breath away. There was something about him that had red flags flying up all over, but

damn if I could turn away. The word ‘handsome’ didn’t even begin to describe him. He was dressed in a black tailored suit with a blue shirt that only enhanced his eyes. To top it all off, he had gorgeous dirty blonde sexy hair. It looked so soft that I just wanted to run my hands through it. I had to shake my head to get my bearings before I did something stupid.

“Are you all right?” the sex god asked. Who was he talking to? *Crap, he’s talking to me. Please, please don’t let me sound like an idiot.*

“Huh? Umm, I mean, yeah I’m fine,” I stuttered, looking like a complete idiot. What was wrong with me? I wasn’t usually nervous around guys. I guess it could be because I had never been around a guy who looked like him.

“You look pale. Do you need to sit down? Maybe have a glass of water?” He smiled at me, making me take in a sharp breath. When he smiled, I noticed his lips, what I wouldn’t give to have them on me. To top it off, he had dimples. Two! Then like the klutz I was, I stumbled back again. “Are you sure you’re okay?” he smirked.

“Ah, no. I mean, yes! I’m fine. No thank you to the water,” I barely got out. When my brain started working again, I realized he was laughing at me. *Oh, great...the sex god thought I was funny. How embarrassing could this get?* I bet he knew exactly what he was doing because I highly doubted I was the first woman to react this way to him. That realization made me angry so I pulled my elbow out of his hand as politely as I could. “Thank you for catching me. I haven’t eaten today so I guess I’m a little lightheaded,” I replied trying to save face. I knew it was a weak excuse and so did he by the arrogant look on his face. I reached around him and hit the elevator button several times because the more you hit it, the faster it comes, right? *Could I look any dumber today?* I kept praying it would get here fast. I could barely think with him standing so close.

Thankfully the elevator arrived and I practically ran into it. I turned around to see him staring at me. This time, I looked him dead in the face into those beautiful eyes and just stared. I heard myself say thank you but all I could focus on were his eyes.

Once I was in the safety of the elevator, I let out the breath I didn’t even realize I had been holding. I pressed my back to the elevator wall not sure if I could stand without a little support. I shook my head again and tried to rationalize what just happened. I mean, no man could look *that* good. It was impossible. When he grabbed my elbow, that had to just be static, right? Could I have looked any more like an idiot? Then I remembered his stupid smirk. *How dare he think he affected me? Oh I don’t know, moron. Maybe it had something to do with your inability to speak or maybe the staring tipped him off.* If I were lucky, I would never have to see him again. Okay so, of course, I wanted to see him again but maybe it would be better if I saw him from afar. There was one thing for sure though. I was not texting and walking at the same time anymore.



I made it back to the apartment and threw myself on the couch. Meg walked around the corner, giving me a quizzical look. “Did the interviews go bad or something?”

“No, the interviews went amazing and I think I may have gotten the job at the last one.” At least, I hoped so. After the elevator fiasco, I wasn’t sure of anything right then. I was still reeling from the feeling of the contact or what I imagined.

“Okay, so what’s with the look?” She plopped down on the couch next to me. I knew there was no way she was going to let this go; she lived for gossip.

“There was this guy. I mean, we’re talking a sex god type of guy like nothing I’ve ever seen before. When I saw him, it knocked me on my butt. Well almost, before he caught me.”

“You’re exaggerating! He couldn’t have been *that* good looking.”

“Meg, I’m serious. Think of the hottest guy you’ve seen and double that by like a million if not a trillion. He had the most piercing blue eyes which the arrogant jerk knows.” *You could get lost in those eyes. He isn’t even here and I’m fantasizing about his eyes. Don’t forget those lips or his dirty blonde hair. Man, I have got to get a grip.*

“Okay, so he’s the hottest guy ever. What happened? You can’t just leave me hanging here. I haven’t seen anything but boxes for like weeks.”

“Yeah, I made a complete idiot out of myself. I stuttered, I blanked out. I was a klutz. You name anything stupid to do in front of a guy and I probably did it.” I needed to get my mind off him. “Let’s just talk about something else, please. Just thinking about him makes me nervous.”

“I would have loved to have seen that,” she said while trying not to laugh. “Onto another topic, how about dinner?”

I laughed as my stomach growl reminded me I hadn’t eaten today. “What do you want? I don’t feel much like cooking. How about Chinese takeout?”

“That sounds good, I’ll call. The usual?”

I nodded my head and started walking to the kitchen when I saw him. “That’s him, that’s him!!” I shrieked.

“Who’s him?”

I pointed to the cover of the magazine. Oh geez, those eyes again. The picture didn’t do him justice but he still looked amazing. “That’s the guy from today.”

Meg set the phone down and looked over my shoulder. “You met him? Today? Are you serious? How could you not know who that is? That’s Kade Parker. He is only the richest bachelor in New York. Every woman in town and probably the country is trying to land him. He’s worth like twenty-five billion dollars or something. How could you possibly not know who he was?” She looked at me in complete and utter shock.

I shrugged. I didn’t keep up with celebrity lives. I had a hard enough time making it through mine. “I don’t know. I guess I’d never seen him before.”

“Tell me everything that happened again and I mean everything! I can’t believe you touched him and he talked to you,” she screeched.

“There isn’t much to tell besides I looked like an idiot. I’m going to grab a quick shower before dinner gets here.” Meg just shook her head at me in disbelief.

When I walked into the living room, Meg was paying the Chinese delivery guy. He had a huge smile on his face and I knew it was because of Meg, not the tip. She was gorgeous with blonde hair and blue eyes. The kind of girl that made every other girl want to leave the room.

Dinner was amazing but I was bone tired. I should have unpacked, but it just wasn’t happening tonight. The boxes would still be there the tomorrow. I tried to fall asleep but every time I closed my eyes, all I saw was him and those damn blue eyes. This was getting ridiculous! I met him once for less than ten minutes and would probably never see him again. We traveled in completely different circles. He was living in the lap of luxury and I was trying to find a job to survive. What would he want with me when he could have his pick of any beautiful woman around? I finally fell into a deep sleep but still, I dreamed of blue eyes and soft lips.