

Chapter 1: The Nightmare Begins

Author's Note: Here lies the first teaser of my story. Read away!

I clutched my gray raincoat tightly by my fingertips. I quickly scanned over the growing amount of people but felt myself becoming more frustrated as minutes passed. I did not know if that doctor would show up because if he didn't, I would have to bring myself to visit him.

"Damn it! He's not even here. Crap! If that scumbag doesn't show up then I'm going to have to visit him and give the pretext that I just want to be ugh, friends."

I shuddered at the thought. The last thing I would ever want to do is be that bastard's friend. Especially since it's because of him my boy is gone, and he would not get away with it. I will get him one way or another. Perhaps if I walked around for a bit, I could find him sooner than later.

Just before I could even wander in search of the doctor, suddenly luck had arrived on my side. I kept my head down in order to keep a low profile but surprisingly found myself pushed down to the ground with the person I was hoping to see all this time. It was him, Doctor Jonathan Morgan.

"Oh my goodness! I am so sorry about that. I swear I didn't even see you. I was just in a rush to get some fresh groceries before they close down for the night. I apologize again!"

He stood up and offered me a hand.

"May I help you miss?" He said.

I stared at the doctor as I said nothing at all. I did not expect to be close to this man in so intimately. Who the hell does he think he was? No, I do not want a helping hand and even if I did, I would not want this from him.

"No, thank you. I do not need your help."

“Oh, alright. That’s fine Miss,” he said.

I immediately noticed the doctor’s change in facial expression. Stupid Sasha. What are you doing? You need to remember that you have to get close to this man and being a bitch isn’t going to help you. But first, you must do what you know what you have to do: apologize and have him recognize who you are so you aren’t a complete stranger. I slowly stood up and dusted myself off from the floor.

“No, please. Please, forgive me. I’ve had a rough day today but that is no reason to be cruel to you Doctor.”

I took off my sunglasses and steadily began to smile at the doctor.

“Oh, Sasha, I’m so sorry that I didn’t recognize you,” he said.

“No, no. That’s alright, Dr. Morgan. I didn’t either and I had sunglasses on.”

“Still, Sasha, that was impolite of me and if you don’t mind me asking, how are you holding up?” Instantly angered at the question, I struggled to keep my rising bite intact.

“Ooh, I am a...a... I’m fine. I had stopped crying a little bit. You know what they say, time heals all wounds, including death.”

I glared softly at the doctor, secretly relishing at his uncomfortable glance at me.

“Yes, well, time does heal our wounds, especially loss. You just need some time to get over it in order to move on with your life and that no way no one else can bother you.”

“One can only hope that things can truly be enough to get over with, isn’t that true doctor?”

“That is true,” he said.

“Anyway, enough of this sad talk. I think we should get a chance to truly get to know each other and maybe become friends. What do you say, Dr. Morgan?”

He smiled and winked at me.

“Call me Jonathan and I say let’s keep talking. A friend is close to heaven on Earth.”

“You are not wrong about that Doc-- I mean Jonathan.”

He chuckled.

“Would you like to accompany me for lunch this afternoon once I finish hitting the grocery store?”

I then smiled brightly as I could for him. What a moron. He really thought I actually wanted to be his friend. Ha! I wouldn’t even want to be considered a pal nor a buddy. But, for my boy, I am willing to sacrifice anything even my dignity. I love you Jackson and Mama will always protect you.

“I would like that very much, Jonathan. I have a feeling I am going to enjoy getting to know you tremendously.”

Such an idiot doctor. He had no idea what was coming for him. I continued to smirk at him.