

## 100 Days 31

### Chapter 31 Daddy Long Legs

Abigail cursed herself in her mind. She was becoming too careless lately. This was so unlikely of her.

'Did he notice something?'

She tugged her lips upward, forcing a smile as she glanced at Nathan with her 'innocent' emerald eyes. It's time to put her acting talent to use. Remember, she possessed the body of a new rising actress who has the potential of becoming a superstar someday!

"The phone..." she started, shaking the phone in her hand while showing it to Nathan. "I accidentally dropped the phone on the floor. It rolled under your bed so I just picked it up." She further elaborated, justifying her action of ducking on the floor a while ago.

Nathan just raised his brow, striding towards her spot. Subconsciously, Abigail took a step back when Nathan almost invaded her personal space.

She didn't want to have close body contact with him after what transpired in that room. She was afraid that something might happen again between them. Who knows Nathan is not yet in his sane mind and might suddenly drag her again in his bed?

When Nathan extended his hand to reach out for her, Abigail instinctively raised and crossed both her hands in front to block him.

Nathan scrunched up his brows, looking at her displeased. "I'm not going to hit you. I'm taking back the phone. It's not yours."

Abigail straightened up and obediently handed the phone over to Nathan. But she made sure to avoid touching his hands.

Nathan became more annoyed because of her action. She was acting like Nathan has a communicable disease that's why she was avoiding any form of body contact.

Nathan reflexively glanced at his own hands, trying to check whether he got skin rashes due to his allergy. Fortunately, he got none. Moving his gaze back to Abigail, Nathan pursed his lips, trying to calm himself down.

"Now, let's talk," Nathan sternly said, showing his dominance. He sat on the comfy couch near the bed, facing Abigail. He crossed his leg over the other, leaned on the side, and lazily put his right elbow on the armrest while supporting his head.

"What's your deal, Miss Scarlett?" He asked her, wearing the same icy expression he usually put on when dealing with other people, especially his enemies.

The look in his eyes reminded Abigail that the person in front of her was the ruthless devil who gave her the taste of hell after mercilessly annihilating her guild members.

'But that same devil could also give you a taste of heaven,' her alter ego disrupted her once again.

'Shut up!' She immediately scolded her own self, slamming her eyes while biting her lips.

"Are you not going to talk?" His deep cold voice broke the silence. He sounded impatient.

For a moment Abigail opened her eyes and she simply gazed into his icy cold but handsome face, and then she drew a deep breath.

"I apologize for the intrusion I did to your bedroom this morning. But I will insist on my innocence about what happened this afternoon. I didn't intentionally put the peanuts on your food. Your Chef never warned me about it." She defended herself by telling the truth. But she doubted if Nathan would buy her explanation.

Her words vs the words of his Chef who has been serving him for the past 25 years. Of course, Nathan would never suspect his own people. She was the only outsider in the house.

Nathan didn't say a word. He just waved his hands, gesturing for Abigail to continue talking. He needed a much more convincing alibi or justification for him to believe her.

"I believe you are a smart guy, Mr. Sparks. Though I don't have witnesses who would support my claim, you can assess my situation. You are intelligent enough to figure out if I'm telling the truth or not." Abigail tried her best to sound polite.

"What benefit would I get if I killed you? Have you forgotten that I am in a very tight spot right now wherein someone wanted me dead? And I ask for your help. I am not stupid to harm the only man who can protect me at this moment. It's you, Mr. Sparks. I am relying on you for my safety."

Nathan cocked his eyebrow and pursed his lips, eyeing her with disbelief. "So you are saying that I'm just a tool for your protection."

"Of course not!" Abigail forced a smile. "You are not a tool, but more likely my Daddy Long Legs. I asked you to adopt me for the meantime."

"Cough! Cough!"

Nathan choked when he heard her last statement. 'What? Me? Her Daddy Long Legs? Is she kidding me? I'm not that old.'

As if she could read his mind, Abigail had spoken once more. "I'm just 21. How about you, Mr. Sparks? 35? You are fit to be my Daddy Long Legs."

(Note: 21 is the age of real Abigail. 27 is Phantomflakes' current age)

Abigail started spouting nonsense just to relax her nerves. Nathan's domineering aura already put so much pressure on her, plus his pair of mesmerizing icy blue eyes that were looking at her intently.

"I'm thirty!" Nathan suddenly blurted out, surprising both himself and Abigail.

'Damn! Why did I have to say it out loud!' There was no need to correct her wrong assumption about his age. But he was not able to control his mouth.

Abigail's lips twitched, fighting a smile but failed. She had to cover her mouth using her hand to hide the wide grin that was seeping out from the corners of her lips.

'The devil is so conscious of his age. Haha!'

Nathan squinted his eyes on Abigail, sucking his teeth, and at the same time, hiding his embarrassment.

"Leave," Nathan waved his free hand, his fingers pointing in the direction of the door.

"Eh? I thought you wanted to talk?" Abigail felt alarmed as she still hadn't found the things she left in that room.

"I already heard enough! I'm tired. Go out now," Nathan replied nonchalantly, dismissing her.

Abigail pouted her lips. She was reluctant to leave but she couldn't stay there for long otherwise, Nathan would notice her strange behavior. This devil has sharp and observant eyes.

"Okay. I'm leaving," Abigail said, but her eyes scanned the room for one last time. 'Damn! Where are those things? They disappeared like bubbles. Oh Lord, please don't let this devil find those things.'

Just when Abigail left the room, Nathan's gaze fell on the floor near his bed where he caught her searching for something.