

The Billionaire's Baby Bargain Chapter 14

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Chapter 14 Beauty And Pain

I woke up to sunlight streaming in through a high window. I was warm and snuggled up to Arthur's hard body, my head resting on his arm. For just a minute, I enjoyed the intimacy that Robert had longed denied me before I pulled myself away.

"Good morning, little wolf," Arthur's husky morning voice came from behind me and I froze. "I was afraid if you slept any longer I was going to lose my arm."

I turned to look at him. He was opening and closing his hand, the one attached to the arm I had been sleeping on. It must have gone numb during the night.

"Why didn't you move it?" I asked, feeling bad even though I knew on some level that it wasn't my fault. Not really.

"I didn't want to disturb you. You looked so peaceful while you were sleeping," Arthur answered, peering at me through hooded eyes. Bedroom eyes. Eyes that were doing funny things to my lower body.

"Is there anything that I could do to make it up for you?" I asked before I could stop myself. I'm not even sure why I did. I didn't owe anything else to this man.

A slow, lazy smile curved his lips upward. "You're still just barely in your fertile window. You could try and get pregnant with my baby."

I jolted out of bed and backed away before I knew what I was doing. Arthur chuckled like I was the most amusing thing and maybe I was to him.

"Eventually I will have you in my bed to do more than sleeping, Almara. And when that time comes, you'll love every second of it."

I turned tail and ran into the bathroom to take a cold shower so that I could maybe get rid of the heat that was spreading through my body.

When I was brave enough to re-enter the bedroom, Arthur whisked me away to the dining room where his kitchen staff had prepared our breakfast. The vast array of food made my stomach growl loudly.

"Eat as much as you want. You'll need your strength today," Arthur told me as he sat down at the head of the table. He piled his plate with eggs and bacon. Of course he went for the protein.

"Why?" I asked as I piled my plate with a little bit of everything. Waffles topped with fruit, eggs, bacon, avocado, etc. Basically anything that was on the table

was on my plate.

"I'm taking you to the gallery today. You'll be learning your way around and getting straight to work. It's going to be a busy day for you," he explained, watching me intently as I licked a bit of maple syrup from my lips. A flash of pink streaked through his pale yellow cloud so quickly that I couldn't be sure it had been real.

"I'm not sure I'm ready for that yet," I whisper, staring at the food in front of me. I suddenly didn't have an appetite. My stomach had twisted into knots at the thought of going to the gallery.

"Trust me, you're ready. This will be the fastest way for you to learn your craft. I just want the best for you. You'll become a professional painter in no time. You already have the skill for it," Arthur said and I blushed. I think this is the first time that he's ever sincerely complimented me.

His moods are giving me whiplash, Lily grumbled and I couldn't help but agree. I couldn't quite figure out who the real Arthur was. Was he the cold, ruthless alpha that everyone knew about or was he the sweet and caring man that took care of her at times when she really needed it?

Sofia:

Sofia still couldn't believe she was here on this stage. Ever since she was a little girl, she had dreamed of performing on this exact stage. She could almost kiss the floor. Almost.

Though she had only been on tour for a week and a half, she had never been happier. She knew this is where she belonged. If only Arthur could see that this was more important than her having kids for his grandmother.

Sofia sighed as she sank into one of her stretches. The slight pull of her muscles as she sank deeper made her smile. How could he ever think that she would give this up?

"Girls, please line up for the Act Three dance. This is the most difficult one so we'll be working on it all day," the director called out and Sofia gracefully rose off the floor to stand in front of her backup dancers.

Sofia scoffed to herself. This dance wasn't difficult at all. She could honestly do it in her sleep, but she supposed not everyone could be as good as she was.

The music started and Sofia gave herself over to it. No matter what she was dancing to, Sofia always gave it her all. That was why she was well on her way to being the best.

She had just gotten to the part where she would go from a sissonne to an arabesque, but she knew as soon as her feet left the floor that she wasn't going to make the landing. She could only hope she didn't get injured too much.

Time seemed to slow down and as her right foot touched the ground, her ankle rolled. The snap that rang out seemed as loud as thunder. The pain was immediate and she cried out, the rest of her body slamming down hard. Tears ran down her face as she hugged her injured leg to her chest. She barely noticed them calling the ambulance or the paramedics that came to collect her. All she could do was focus on the pain and pray that she hadn't just ended her career.

While in the ambulance, they gave her some pain medication. She closed her eyes in relief when it finally kicked in. The pain in her ankle was now a dull throb and she could think clearly.

There was no way that this was a career ending injury. There was no way her dreams were over just like that. She had been injured before and had gotten back up. She would definitely do it again.

Except that when she got to the hospital, the doctor told her exactly what she didn't want to hear. Her ankle was broken. There was no way she could complete the tour. There was also the possibility that she wouldn't be able to dance again, period.

Sofia sat in stunned silence for hours, fingers twisting the hospital blanket over and over again. She didn't want to be alone like this. She needed someone. She needed Arthur.

Sofia grabbed her cell phone from the nightstand and hastily dialed Arthur's number. The phone rang and rang. He didn't pick up. Why didn't he pick up? He always picks up.

She tried again and again and again. Still no answer. What was he doing? He had never treated her like this before. She had always been able to rely on him to be there for her no matter what.

"Maybe I made a mistake," she whispered to herself, staring at her cell phone as it lay silent in her hands. "Maybe I should have stayed and married him."

You can always go back, Delilah said gently, nuzzling her head against Sofia in a comforting manner.

"You're right," Sofia said out loud and picked up her phone again, this time to call her agent. She was going back home. She was going back to Arthur.

Last updated on February 12, 2024