

The Billionaire's Baby Bargain Chapter 2

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Chapter 2 | Knocked Him Down

I couldn't help but stare at him. His midnight-black hair framed and an olive-tone faced. His forest-green eyes peered through thick eyelashes, gazing at the woman across from him.

"Don't start with me, Arthur," Sofia snapped, flipping her honey-blonde hair behind her shoulders. A small carry-on was beside her. Did she mean to leave the ship?

"We've been together for eight years, Sofia. On top of that, we're fated. I don't understand why you keep denying me." Arthur's voice came out strained, the heartbreak evident in every syllable. Despite his earlier attitude, my heart went out to him.

"We've been over this. You only want to marry me so that I can provide you and your family with heirs. And you know as well as I do that being fated doesn't equal love. You don't actually love me," Sofia said matter-of-factly. I wanted to tell her that that was a lie, but nobody knew about Lily's ability to read emotions and we had to keep it that way.

Arthur's body stiffened. "I do love you."

Sofia scoffed and put both hands on her hips. "No. If you loved me, you would have waited until after the ballet tour. You would have waited for me to fulfill my dreams. Expecting me to drop everything isn't love. It's a cage."

She took a deep breath before continuing in a softer voice. "I know your grandmother wants grandchildren. But I can't sacrifice everything I've ever wanted for my career just to make her happy. And pregnancies are definitely career killers."

Arthur moved closer to her, taking her hands in his. I really shouldn't have stayed to witness this, but I couldn't seem to make my body move or tear my eyes away from the scene in front of me.

"My grandmother is sick, Sofia. She might not be here for much longer," his voice was now pleading, asking her to understand. I honestly could not grasp her unwillingness to have a family with him. A family of my own was all I ever wanted.

"What does that have to do with me? All I want right now is to be the best. And having children will keep me from that. I'm sorry, but your grandmother's wishes do not trump mine," Sofia said with a note of finality, throwing Arthur's hands off. She side-stepped him and walked toward the railing. Where was she going?

“Fine. You’ve made your point, Sofia. Just go.” Arthur still had his back to her and his voice was deceptively calm, but the storm brewing over his head told a different story. Alarming shades of blue and black twisted together. The poor man was in agony.

I went to step forward, feeling like I had to do something, anything, to help these people work it out, but without warning, Sofia picked up her carry-on and jumped over the side of the ship. A strangled cry left my lips and I threw myself into the railing, peering into the dark as if I could actually do something to save her.

But my fear was unwarranted. There had been a speedboat waiting for her and it was already taking her away from the cruise ship. I could only stand there in shock, watching as Sofia disappeared from view.

Well that was dramatic, Lily interjected, snapping me out of the daze. I shook my head to get rid of the rest of the fog.

That’s a bit of an understatement, I agreed, putting a hand to my head. Maybe this had all been a fever dream. My skin felt clammy, but that was due to the ocean, not a fever.

How’s the eye candy doing? Lily asked and this time I did roll my eyes. But she was right. I should check up on him.

Arthur hadn’t moved from where Sofia had left him. I thought I heard a sniffle, but I couldn’t be sure. A second later he brought a hand up to his eyes, wiping away moisture that I couldn’t see.

I think he’s crying. What should I do? I asked. I didn’t want to leave him to his own devices. Not in his current state. But he was also a stranger.

Why don’t you go over there and comfort him? I’m sure there are plenty of things you can do to get his mind off his situation, Lily offered suggestively and my face burned.

I’m with Robert, I reminded her firmly. You need to get your wolfy urges under control.

Says the woman who needs a change of undies, Lily snarked and with that I shut down our mental link as well as I could. There wasn’t really a way to shut out Lily completely, but I could make it clear when I’d had enough of her meddling.

While Lily and I had been having our little debate, Arthur had finally moved. He was closer to the railing and I could clearly see his red-rimmed eyes and the tears that were falling freely down his cheeks.

The storm above his head had developed into a tempest. A jolt of fear passed through my body.

From a very young age, I could see others’ true emotions floating above my head. I’ve kept it a secret. It’s not common for wolves to have extra powers, especially a nobody like me. I wanted to believe it was a gift from the Moon

Goddess. But there was a chance not everyone would think that. So I kept it to myself. The vivid colors of people's emotions are what had initially sparked an interest in painting. I had wanted to capture everything that I saw. And for the most part, the colors were calm and happy. But this...this was the worst emotional state I had ever seen before and I had no idea what to expect.

Lily, you don't think he'll jump, do you? I asked, opening myself up once more to my wolf.

Oh, now you want my advice? Lily quipped but I could still feel her concern as we both watched Arthur take another step toward the railing. But to answer your question, no, I don't think he'll jump.

How can you be so sure? My breath hitched as he took another step. I can't let that happen.

He's not going to jump, Lily said again, but I wasn't listening. Arthur had reached the railing and was climbing up onto the first rung.

My body moved before my mind could catch up to what was happening. I threw myself at him, wrapping my arms around him from behind, using all the strength that came with being a wolf to keep him pressed against me.

"No!"

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