

The Billionaire's Baby Bargain Chapter 4

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Chapter 4 Ripped Lace

I don't know how long I stood there just watching the two of them together. It was like a trainwreck that I couldn't take my eyes off of. I could barely even hear Lily while she was raging inside.

Something must have given me away because Robert slowed down and looked over his shoulder. He didn't even give me the courtesy of pulling out of her. He just gave me a look full of contempt as he eyed me up and down. His lip curled in disgust.

"Where the hell were you last night? What are you wearing?"

He has some nerve, Lily growled and she was so close to the surface now. I could feel her fur brushing across my skin. If I didn't get control of my emotions, I was going to shift. And possibly tear that woman apart.

"Well?" Robert asked as a perfectly manicured hand traced invisible lines across his shoulder. I shuddered, my heart constricting so tightly that I couldn't breathe. I couldn't answer even if I wanted to.

"Whatever. It doesn't matter. We're done, Almara," he spat, his words like venom.

"Wait...no..." I whispered, putting a hand over my heart as if I could keep it together. As if I could physically keep it from breaking.

"I don't love you. You have these pathetic dreams of a perfect marriage and becoming a painter. None of these things equal money. You're just another loser. Even your looks are pathetic. The dream ends here, sweetheart."

Robert turned away, dismissing me. The moans of the woman beneath him starting up again just seconds later. Tears blurred my vision. How could he be so cruel?

I dropped the clothes on the floor and ran back outside, heading for the stairwell. It seemed like the safest place to fall apart.

I barely made it to the first step before my legs gave out on me. I sank to the floor, curling in on myself. Sobs racked my body. Even though I was safe on the cruise ship, I felt like I was drowning in the ocean.

The sound of the stairwell door opening made me sit up. I made myself as small as possible, hoping whoever it was would just ignore me and keep on going. But no such luck.

Shiny black loafers appear in my eyeline, followed by a white handkerchief, and glittering sapphire cufflinks. I stared at it blankly. The owner sighed and crouched down, dabbing at my eyes for me.

When I finally could get a good look at who it was being so nice to me, I realized with a jolt that it was Arthur, the man who had given me the diamond ring last night. I froze, not sure how to react.

“Are you okay?” He asked gently, tucking a piece of hair behind my ear. My lips started to tremble and before long I was sobbing again. Arthur huffed, but sat down beside me, pulling me into his lap.

I buried my nose in his chest and inhaled, his pine and campfire smoke scent calming me down almost instantly.

Almara, Lily started but I was way ahead of her. This was the same scent from last night. This was the stranger whose bed I had slept in.

I struggled to get out of his lap but I managed to untangle myself. “Last night...I’m so sorry...I didn’t mean to...but...did we...” I hope I wasn’t as incoherent as I sounded, but that’s all that would come out.

“Don’t worry about it. Nothing happened,” Arthur said gruffly, tugging his clothes back into place. He ran a hand through his dark hair and gave me a smirk that was becoming all too familiar.

“Why do you look so disappointed, Almara?”

Blood rushed to my face so fast that it made me dizzy. “No....no, I’m not...wait. How did you know my name?”

“I followed your scent when I realized you weren’t in the room anymore. I heard everything that happened. So, you got dumped too, huh?”

I flinched. “You don’t have to be so direct about it. And you shouldn’t have eavesdropped. That’s not very polite.” I was done crying. Now I just felt drained and I honestly didn’t have the energy to be nice anymore.

“Why were you following me anyway? Are you here to punish me? I didn’t mean to go into your room. It was an accident,” I said, standing up and backing away from him.

Arthur stood too, advancing on me until my back was against the wall. He brought one hand up near my head, the other down by my waist. I was effectively trapped.

His oh so green eyes darkened as he looked down at me. “Do you want to be punished, little wolf?”

My thighs clenched together of their own accord as fire shot straight to places that were lower than my stomach. Arthur inhaled and I knew he could smell my desire. My face burned hotter.

Arthur chuckled. “Don’t worry. I’m not going to punish you. Not unless you ask. I just came here to give you this.” He pushed away and held up his hand. On his finger dangled a pair of ripped, black lingerie. My ripped, black lingerie. I snatched it away from him. “Thanks.”

“You can return my shirt at your earliest convenience. Although I must say that it looks much better on you,” Arthur said, trailing a finger down the buttons

and I shivered. My breath caught in my throat. I felt like a deer in headlights. "I have a feeling that you won't want to go back to that room. You're more than welcome to use mine. I won't be needing it anymore. Now, is there anything else that I can do for you?" Arthur asked, fully backing away, all traces of the flirt gone from his face. He handed me his key card.

For some reason, the image of the golden toilet flashes through my mind.

"In your bathroom...is it really a gold toilet?" I blurt out. I'm not even sure why. I just had to know.

"What?" He asked, raising his eyebrows. His sensuous lips slowly stretched into a smile, "Of course. I always expect the best."

Who was this man?

"Is there anything else you need, golden toilets aside?"

I shook my head. "I couldn't possibly ask for more than this. You've already given me so much. But, who are you, really?"

"That is classified information." He gave me a wicked smile and didn't elaborate.

"It's okay to be selfish sometimes, you know", Lily said, piping up for the first time since I came into the stairwell.

Lily was right. I had just been dumped. I deserved some kind of good out of it.

"Um, if it's not too much trouble, I'd like some canvas and paints. Please," I tell him, grasping the key card tightly in my hand. I looked everywhere but at him.

Last updated on February 12, 2024