

Chapter 60

"William, you need to leave," Claire said, holding her ground.

"Is this how you repay me, Claire? After everything I've offered you?" William's voice cracked with emotional distress as he forcefully entered the villa. "Why, Claire? Why did you do this to me?"

Claire was in a panic. She kept looking past the door and the villa's gate, worried if Brian would turn up.

"You - you wouldn't leave your wife!" Claire snapped. "What was I supposed to do, William? Will I be your mistress forever?"

"Whose house is this?" William's voice filled with disbelief as he scanned the lavish furnishing around the villa. "Does your new man know about us? He must be someone much richer than me and maybe much older!"

"You are wrong, William! You are wrong! I'm with a better man. He loves me, and I love him too!" Claire kneeled on the floor, begging, "Please, leave me alone, William. Set me free. I am happy now."

William nearly pulled his hair out of frustration. He took a full turn and screamed, "But you left me hanging! We were still together in February, but you suddenly disappeared! I searched for you at your house, but your neighbors said you already moved. I could not contact you! You changed your number!"

"What else do you want me to say, William? You made it clear the last time we were together that you wouldn't leave your wife for me. So -" Claire cried. "So, I had to move on. All we do is stay in hotels, but -"

"I gave you money!" William said. "I paid for your monthly rent at your house! I paid for your family's groceries and even gave money for your

mother's gambling addiction! You bled me dry, and this is how you compensate me?!"

Claire could tell William was frustrated. She needed to think quickly to appease him. Otherwise, it would end badly for her.

She cried some more and embraced his legs. Claire said, "Maybe I can repay you in another way. ... just don't take this away from me. I am already happy, and my new boyfriend loves me." 1

Slowly, Claire got up with her hands, feeling William. She said, "I'll do anything for you to forgive me."

"Pay me back every damn cent," William said bitterly.

"Oh, you know I can't. I don't have money, and my boyfriend will suspect it if I ask him for it. I can't let him know I was entangled with a married man," Claire said as tears flooded her face. "I beg you, William. There has to be another way. Do you really want me to be a mistress all my life? I thought you said you love me? If you love me, you'll want what's best for me."

"Please, William! Please," Claire said while resting her hands on William's face.

William's lips were quivering. Then, he screamed again. He cupped Claire's face and said, "I do love you, but I have children, and I can't leave my wife --"

"Then, let me go," Claire begged. She pressed her body closer to William. She felt his muscles and then his swollen rod. She proposed, "Let's figure things out so that we both get what we want. You still want me, don't you?"



William suddenly kissed Claire hungrily. He commanded, "Bend over at the couch, now!"

"I have decided this is what I want. I get it. I can't give you my name, but I could at least still have you," William suggested.

Claire obliged. There was no point in going against him. She might as well let him have his way until she could figure out what to do with him. She carefully settled on the couch and soon felt William's hands playing with her rose.

"Aaah." Claire could not help but moan. Her body was always sensitive to a man's touch.

Soon, William was pounding on her from behind. Their slapping flesh echoed loudly in the living room of Brian's villa.

"God, I miss this," William groaned as he moved to and fro. Claire acted her usual, giving William her innocent expression the entire time. William remarked, "And I fucking miss that look on your face - ugghh!"

William grunted as he pushed deep inside Claire's womb. He found his release and slowly pulled out.

Claire and William quickly fixed themselves, knowing they were on unsafe grounds. After zipping his pants, William said, "This is how it will work. I'll come to see you when you are alone. We can also meet in hotels. You will still be my woman. Do you understand?"

Claire nodded and said, "For - for how long?"

"Until I say so! Until I feel like you have repaid me enough," William declared.



As they were standing there, Claire noticed her phone rang. Her mobile had been on the living room couch all along. She rushed to get her phone and read Brian's text.

Brian: [I'm on my way.]

"My boyfriend is coming. Please, you need to leave," Claire requested.

William whined, but he walked to the door either way. Before he left, he gave Claire his mobile, and she entered her number. He said, "I'll call you."

He turned and was about to leave, but he glanced back and asked, "You gained weight. And earlier, while we were doing it, I thought your belly was bigger. Are you... pregnant?"

"Pregnant? No! Haha. I gained weight," Claire nodded. "My boyfriend, he - he feeds me a lot. I'm eating a lot, and he doesn't let me work. So my tummy is getting bigger too."

William hesitated, but eventually, he left the villa.

Claire was relieved. She thanked the heavens that her body was small; thus, her baby bump was not that obvious.

She caressed her stomach, wondering what to do. The baby was going to give her the life she had always dreamed of, but at the same time, it could ruin her.

Just as she was in deep thought, she heard Brian's car beeping. She jerked. Her heart sprinted when she saw the car. 1

When Brian exited the car, he pointed to the back and said, "Did that car come over the house?"



"Which car?" Claire innocently asked.

"The Bentley," Brian said.

"Oh, that." Claire shrugged and said, "Yes, he was an older man. He got lost and asked for directions, but I did not know who he was looking for."

She made an innocent face and suggested, "I don't know the neighborhood."

"Who was he looking for?" Brian questioned.

Claire's heart raced. She bit her lip, thinking of a name. She said, "I think a Jessica Hill? I can't remember."

"Jessica Hill? There isn't any Jessica Hill around here," Brian said, shaking his head.

"Okay, well, next time someone asks for directions, have them go back to the guardhouse. You won't be of any help, and it's not safe to open your doors to strangers," Brian said. He looked back, saying, "Come to think of it, it's strange that he got through the gate without getting the right direction."

"Anyway, Claire, we have to talk," Brian said.

"About what?" Claire asked.

"About us and Riley," Brian said.

Hearing Riley's name, Claire's heart raced again. Something told her she wasn't going to like this conversation.

