

Accidental Marriage: My Gigolo Husband Is Filthy Rich

Chapter 2 A Personal Ad

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"Absolutely. Your father mentioned Timothy's interest in Sheila. He plans to come by in a couple of days to talk about linking our families together," Paula said.

"Would Dad really go that far? Give Sheila to Timothy?"

Paula chuckled, eyes glinting like she'd just unlocked the cheat code to life. "Your dad's business is in hot water. Timothy's willing to throw in some cash. To save the company, your father's pretty much backed into a corner."

"Oh wow, that's incredible!"

While Rita was buzzing with excitement, a seed of jealousy sprouted.

How did Sheila do it?

She'd just lost Niko, and now she caught the eye of a loaded older guy like Timothy? Rita wished she could just wipe that alluring smile right off her face!

Hearing all this, Sheila felt as though she'd been struck by lightning.

Her feet gave way, and she staggered back a few steps.

The guy from last night was a sex worker, a pawn in Rita's nasty game?

And her own father was going to trade her in marriage to Timothy, a man as old as the hills?

She'd seen the guy.

At the party, he'd ogled her like she was a piece of meat.

Whispers said he was some sort of sicko, with stories of cruelty towards young women trailing him like a

shadow.

Marrying him would be her tragedy. Did her dad even consider her his daughter?

When times were good at the Lothian Group, she'd felt like the odd one out, getting none of the love or attention. Now that the company was hitting the skids, he was ready to throw her under the bus?

No way.

She wouldn't stand for it.

And with that resolve, Sheila made her exit, careful not to tip anyone off.

In the afternoon, Sheila found herself waiting outside the Evans Group building for Niko.

"What are you doing here?"

Niko eyed her like she was a complete stranger.

"Haven't I made it clear? I'm in love with Rita now. It's best you don't seek me out like this."

Sheila had come armed with a heartfelt speech, but his icy words froze it right on her tongue.

Just a year back, they were piecing together their dreams for the future.

Fast forward to today, and in his eyes, she was nothing but a clingy stalker, a loony bent on haunting him, and worse, someone trying to steal her own sister's love. He was repelled by her!

Holding back a sob, she muttered, "My dad and my stepmom are forcing me into marriage with a terrible man. I had no one else to turn to but you."

Niko stared back, face as blank as a wall. "How is that my problem?"

That was the punchline. Sheila felt like she was the butt of some cosmic joke.

She knew he didn't remember her, so why did she keep behaving like a lost child, running to him at the first sign of trouble?

"I'm sorry for disturbing you. I'll go now."

She spun on her heel and hurried away, doing her best to hold onto a sliver of her self-respect.

Tears flooded her eyes.

She'd given it her best shot. But it seemed like she was up against a wall, with no way through.

If he ever did remember her, she hoped he wouldn't fault her for her lack of insistence.

Watching her scurry away, Niko's forehead creased into a frown. But the moment Rita's call came in, inviting him to dinner, his face smoothed out, and he went back to being his regular self.

Twenty minutes later, a personal ad discreetly popped up on a social networking app.

"I'm a 23-year-old woman, 5'5" and weighing 106 pounds. I'm currently employed at my family's business. I don't have any genetic diseases or bad habits. My family is pretty well-off; my dad runs a small business, and I have my own house and car. I'm searching for a dependable man to be my husband. He should be honest, kind, hardworking, from a stable family, not a mama's boy, and free from alcohol or gambling issues."

Meanwhile...

In the city of Shusea, inside an office perched on the top floor of a high-rise, a man stood by the window, one hand tucked into his pocket, his towering frame casting the silhouette of a sovereign ruler.

"Boss." His assistant, Zayd Wood, walked into the office, maintaining a respectful distance. "We've got some details on the woman you spent last night with."

There are some intriguing aspects that I think might catch your interest."

Slowly, Shane pivoted from his perch by the window. The waning afternoon sun painted a soft golden glow on his striking face.

Zayd passed him an iPad. "She's posted a personal ad online."

"A personal ad, you say?"

Shane scanned the details of the ad, his expression unreadable.

"Well, isn't this something?"

Just this morning, she had turned down his marriage proposal, and now here she was, advertising for a husband?

Did she find him that repellent?

Chapter End
