

Chapter 72 Is That A Confession?

The air in the room felt stagnant as Cathy digested the situation at hand. Her round, apricot eyes bulged out of their sockets, while her parted lips silently mouthed the words that failed to come out.

Adrian gracefully took a sip out of his teacup. "Surprised?"

Cathy could only nod. After all, the rest of her body still seemed to be frozen in place from the shock, refusing to respond.

"Here, drink this." Arian tenderly poured her a cup of tea, and pressed his lips into a small smirk. "No need to be embarrassed. I've been called many things throughout my life: Ugly, disfigured, wife abuser, and perverted."

"Compared to those..." His slender fingers hooked around the teapot once more, refilling his cup with tea before bringing it to his lips. "Old, elderly, head over heels for you, and fervently pursuing you until you said yes," he enunciated every word, causing Cathy's face to redden at each turn, "sounds a lot less demeaning, don't you think?"

By the time he finished speaking, Cathy's face was burning with such an intensity that she swore she could cook an egg on it if she tried.

"Well, some of the things you said... may not be entirely false."

His remark took her by surprise. What does he mean by that? She swiftly racked her brain for answers; all she said about him was that he was old, crazy in love with her, and...

That's right! He was probably referring to the "he's old" statement.

With loud slurps, Cathy took two sips from her cup while mentally applauding herself. That must be it! Adrian wasn't exactly young. Besides, that would seem a lot more plausible than the "head over heels with her" statement. Certainly, that couldn't have been what he meant...right?

The warmth of the tea did wonders to help calm Cathy's nerves. Taking a deep breath, she lifted her head to flash Adrian an awkward smile. "Well... I um... I thought Mr. B. Olton would be an elderly man based on Penelope's description of you. So, that's why..."

"Are you sure it wasn't because I can't understand emojis, and I speak in a very formal and rigid manner?" Adrian interrupted her, a hint of amusement in his obsidian eyes as they watched her.

Cathy immediately lifted her hands in surrender. "I'm sorry! I was narrow-minded and self-righteous! And I—"

"Relax, no need to be so nervous."

It wasn't a command, but she pursed her lips out of obedience anyway, stopping herself from saying anything more. This matter was nobody's fault but her own. Adrian Bolton and Mr. B. Olton... How could she not have pieced these two blatant clues together?!

Now that the truth was out, she wasn't sure how to handle the awkwardness on top of the embarrassment she was feeling. And unfortunately for her, Adrian was her husband. There was no way of avoiding him forever, as they slept together in the same room and on the same bed every night. Not to mention, they have been trying to conceive a daughter...

Seeing the flush on the woman's face, Adrian smiled helplessly. "I'm not here to point out your mistakes." His voice was light as he continued, "I've had my entire life planned out since I was a child. Aside from the things I truly had an interest in, I never really cared about anything else, nor did I ever bother to."

"Even this..." He gestured to both of them. "This marriage only came to be because Arius and Abner like you."

Under the table, Cathy's hands instinctively clasped together tightly. She knew he was only being honest, yet she couldn't help the slight ache that seared her heart each time those words left his lips with such ease.

"I'm twenty-eight this year, five years older than you. My lifestyle is vastly different from yours. I had never thought these to be a problem before. But now..." His voice trailed off, and his gentle eyes found hers. "I'm starting to feel the distance between us."

She didn't dare turn away, not when he was staring at her with so much sincerity. But she silently hoped he wouldn't notice the glow that had begun fading from her eyes. Does he... really feel distant from her? She supposed that was for the best. After all, she had already given her all to close the distance between them, to be the best Mrs. Bolton there was. Perhaps it just wasn't meant to be...

"So, from now on," Adrian said solemnly, "I will do my best to learn about emojis and internet slang, as well as the inner workings of the entertainment business."

Cathy was not at all expecting that answer, and the way Adrian's lips curled in satisfaction at her response showed that he had been reading her all along.

"I'm older and smarter than you," he said, trying to prove a point. "So, allow me to be the one destroying the distance between us."

Cathy drew a blank. How many times had he rendered her speechless today? When she did eventually find her voice, it came out in a shiver. "I... I don't understand what you mean."

"I want to get to know you better," Adrian reiterated through soft, smiling eyes. "I married you because of the twins. But now, getting to know you is of my own accord."

For a moment, it was as if time stood still, and gravity had somehow abandoned its course. Cathy felt like she was floating on cloud nine, absolute bliss washing over her entire being; it almost seemed too good to be true. She never thought she'd see the day when Adrian Bolton would utter such heartfelt words to her in the most soulful way possible...

It made her tingly all over. However, this wasn't enough!

With newfound confidence, she stared straight into his eyes. "Master Adrian, is that... a confession?"

"Oh? Seems like you aren't nervous anymore," Adrian teased, setting his cup down on the table. "Now, let's talk about your slander against me. You said I was an old man?"

The sternness from earlier had returned to his voice. Cathy frowned. Was he saying all that just to ease the tension? But it felt so real, she had almost allowed herself to believe... Guess it was too good to be true.

Dejection was clear in her voice when she spoke again. "Fine, I was wrong to assume you were an old man just because you don't use emojis, or that your manner of speaking is more polite than the average human being."

With shoulders still slumped, she glanced at him pleadingly. "Please don't be mad, Mr. B. Olton."

"I'm not. But I would like to hear about my fervent pursuit of you."

Why are we back at this topic again?

Cathy sighed. "Master Adrian, as an apology, I'll listen to one of your requests. I'll do anything you'd like me to do, how does that sound?"

Adrian quirked a brow. "Really?"

"Really." The woman nodded earnestly. "But of course, it must be within my limits and capabilities. If you want me to buy you presents worth a million, I'm afraid I won't be able to fulfill that request."

She paused for a while, then raised her brows as if she had thought of something. "Oh, making a daughter is also off the table. I can't even guarantee I'll be able to birth you one."

Adrian grinned playfully. "Don't worry. You've already signed an agreement for that. I'm not in a rush."

As Cathy turned her head to hide the blush painting her cheeks, Adrian's eyes had narrowed into a solemn gaze. "I do have one request for you."

"What is it?"

"Within five years, win an award as an actress. Can you do it?"

"Deal!"