



Chapter 0012

After ten tequila shots and three white Russians, I turned and observed the scenery before me. The music is loud, and the room is starting to spin. My alcohol tolerance was low. I didn't want to go out, but Luis dragged me out of the house. He said I needed to get laid.

I snapped out of my thoughts when a Margarita was slammed before me. The bartender smiled and looked towards the door.

"It's from the gentleman in the other lounge," he said. I picked it up and took a gulp. It was the only time I appreciated a pretty privilege. I'd been in this bar for over an hour and didn't spend money because every male wanted to spend money on a beautiful girl. Pretty privilege is real. I felt even more confident after cutting my long hair into a luscious long bob, which suited me.

I felt a presence behind me, probably from the man buying me liquor, and I turned to face him.

I was taken aback by how good-looking he was. Stunning brown eyes and sharp features, I dropped my gaze to stare at him fully. He had a smirk on his lips. After our stare-down, he placed a drink into my hands, and I dined it all.

"My hotel isn't far from here," he husked against my skin. I fumbled with expensive shirt buttons and nodded.

I followed him through the exit to his expensive car. Ten minutes later, we were in a heated kiss, and his fingers were all over me. We ripped each other's clothes. I needed this; it had been five years since I got laid.

I pushed him against the bed, and he leaned on his elbows. He was taking me in. I was hesitant for a moment. He got up and kissed my neck, his hands roaming over my breasts softly in an attempt to ease me. Why was I hesitating? I needed this. My body was hot, and I turned around to kiss his lips. I pulled away a moment to take him in. His lips descended on my neck, and I closed my eyes, enjoying the pleasure he was offering, but suddenly, I felt cold. I pulled away and grabbed my clothes from the floor, tears filling my eyes.

"I'm sorry..." I breathed. He was stunned, just looking at me.

"I can't. I thought I could, but I couldn't. I'm sorry..." I croaked. He must hate me now. He sighed and held my shoulders gently.

"Would you like some water?" he asked, but I shook my head, inhaling and exhaling.

"I'm sorry for wasting your time; I should go," I said, going past him and rushing out of the hotel.

I hollered for a cab, got in, and went home. Luis was still awake, drinking coffee. I sighed and went to hug him, but he held me back.

" Couldn't go through with it?" he asked, pulling away.

" I couldn't," I sighed, taking off my heels. He led me to the kitchen, and I sat on a barstool as he made me coffee. I took a sip.

" Are they sleeping?"

" It was a hustle, but I tired them out," he smirked, and I shook my head. Five years ago, Luis came to stay with me. He had been such a massive support system for me, even with the shit he was going through. He made sure my mental health was okay, and he'd keep my family informed about what was going on with me and how I was doing because I refused to go home.

There was a point when I was vulnerable and was unable to get up in the morning because of despondency. Luis was there; he took me to all my appointments until I had my babies. Even after the twins were born, he handled my postpartum appointments and the twin's postpartum appointments. He did everything from staying up late with them so that I could rest because they cried too much, and when they did, I'd break down crying. He is my Roman Empire.

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