

His Purchased Wife

Chapter 19.

‘Aurora Kings, we did it!’

And I sat down on the bed, my sleep formally ruined with my assistants screaming over the phone.

I managed to sit up while rubbing my eye to get rid of the sleep. ‘Emily Smith, have you looked at the time, it’s 2 AM. What was so important that you couldn’t wait till the morning? Or at least for a civilised hour, two in the morning! Girl, you ruined my beauty sleep.’ I muttered in anger as I stood up and went to the mirror checking if I had any baggage under my eyes.

Yup! I take my beauty really seriously.

‘To hell with your beauty sleep Aurora, You will scream louder than me when I tell you what exactly happenedy

I rolled my eyes, she was talking as if we got selected in my Miss Worlds. beauty pageant.

‘What happened Emily?’ I asked.

‘My dear Aurora kings, We got selected for the world’s biggest jewellery show. Oh My God, I can’t believe our designer house got such a big opportunity.’

I frowned. ‘What! But how is that possible Em! We never participated in any show?’

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‘This again...’ she whispered but I heard her. ‘Aurora, Gabe is not going anywhere but this opportunity will. You see if you didn’t sign the contract till tomorrow, they will replace you with someone else. There are thousands of people who are dying to grab this opportunity, and here you are thinking about it.’

I closed my eyes, trying to make a decision and the scene of Gabe telling me about washing dishes in his restaurant appeared like a dream or I Say nightmare.

I opened my eyes, determined. ‘I am ready Emily. Send me the contract and I will sign it.’

‘Bravo! So I have already shown it to our lawyer, and Anderson is pretty much okay with it. No need to go through it again, just sign it and then we are off to Vancouver, baby.’

‘Wow! Just thinking about winning the contest is like a dream to me...’ she squealed over the phone.

Even my tummy fluttered in excitement. ‘oh and yes, I am standing outside your home, open the damn door, sweetheart.’

I walked downstairs and opened the door. There stood my agent, manager, or whatever you call it. She stepped in and I hugged her tightly in excitement. ‘I can’t believe it, Emily.’ I almost screamed in happiness.

‘Wait till you win it, babe...’

I nodded because I couldn’t find the words to explain my feeling. We both walked to the living room and settled on the sofa.

‘Want something, water or coffee...’ I asked her out of hospitality.

‘Coffee would be great but of course you don’t know how to make one so I’ll pass the offer because I don’t want to make it myself.’ She mocked me and I pouted.

‘Well, servants are sleeping and I don’t want to disturb them because a guest appeared at the ungodly hour so sue me! At least I asked.’