

LOVE OF A BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 10 Special Treatment

Since things had developed to this point, Daniel hadn't even called to check on her. This was enough to prove that, this wasn't worth her love anymore; she definitely wouldn't let this matter rest!

Allen had to admit, it was a good decision for him to keep this woman by his side.

Arya smiled calmly. In front of him; she had chosen to have brand new beginning, a clean slate. Marriage was not a ritual. Even though they had only known each other for a short time, Arya could feel an inexplicable gravity pulling her closer to this man.

"Sir, the things you asked for have been delivered to the bedroom." The servant said respectfully.

Arya gripped the knife and fork tightly as her

heartbeat quickened. She looked at Allen and blushed.

The Wedding Night!

Arya followed Allen and slowly walked into the bedroom step by step. The room was full of rose petals and colored candles. If she had to go through with this, she was already prepared but she was still scared and nervous.

When her feet touched the warm beige carpet, she could feel the gentleness of this seemingly cold man. His arrangement was to make her feel more comfortable.

Allen looked at her reaction and said casually, "I'll go take a bath first. You can go and get prepared. I hope you can be Mrs. Jones without any scruples, but I won't force you."

His words were so warm and this marriage was Arya's own choice. Their relationship was equal, and she couldn't let Allen take responsibility for her past.

Arya summoned up her courage and grabbed his shirt with her wrist.

"I'm sure you won't make me regret it."

"Arya..."

"What's wrong?" Arya softly asked as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

His broad shoulders were closer to her. He said, "You're beautiful tonight, but I don't want you to get hurt."

"Did I do something that dissatisfy you?" Arya thought

she had done something wrong, so she asked cautiously.

“No” He said firmly.

“Then shouldn’t we.....” Arya couldn’t help but ask when she saw his expression.

“Whether we do it or not, you’re still my Mrs. Jones.” With that Allen carried Arya, put her on the king size bed and kissed her passionately while cherishing her face gently.

Arya struggled while giggling in his arms, “Why are you so good to me?”

His eyes gradually darkened as he looked at her sternly. “This is our destiny. Even if we weren’t together before, we were meant to be in the end.”

His domineering attitude made her feel warm inside, and he truly expressed his feelings, as if he had a tacit understanding with her.

She was willing to be the cat in his arms, to sink into his tyrannical gentleness.

Only by cherishing and being honest with each other could they bring the two hearts closer together.

For the time being, Arya didn't regret taking the initiative to be with him.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.