



Murderous Glare

Violet POV

Jayden got up. "I am not taking a 'no' for an answer. If you don't want the new assignment, you are coming on a date with me."

What kind of deal was that and how did it solve my problem? But I knew Jayden. He would surely force me to go to Emily if I didn't agree. I took a ragged breath and nodded reluctantly. "Okay, but you shouldn't put your hopes high. I don't want any man..."

"Finally!" He grinned, his blue eyes beaming with a twinkle. "I will book us a reservation at the Ginger Hotel's rooftop and will pick you up at 8PM sharp."

I sighed, nodding at him. Jayden got up with that hopeful look and exited my room while I plunged into a bit of researching about Emily so that I could feed Martha, reasons not to take her. An hour later, I had enough material about Emily, but everything was good. I wanted one bad news desperately. It was as if those around carefully crafted her career. She was truly a successful model. So why was she changing her modeling agency? At the same time, I recalled that she was about to settle with Dane after marriage. Yet she was still working?

Researching a little more, I stumbled on one interesting piece of information. My lips curled up, and I strode to Martha's office with it. I slammed the document on her table. Poking my finger in it, I said, "Emily's last agency threw her out because she isn't getting fat assignments anymore. She is over thirty. You can't take her!"

Martha gave me a once over. She rolled her eyes and sat back in her leather chair. "Jayden won't allow me to back down."



"Tell him about it!"

"It's not about Emily, Violet," she pointed. "It's about her patron—the man who is sponsoring her."

I gulped. If only they knew that the man was a wolf. I placed my hand on my hips, exasperated as hell. "Martha, trust me, you won't want her."

She shrugged, showing her powerlessness over the issue. "Why don't you convince Jayden at your date?"

My eyes flew wide open. "How do you know?"

She laughed quietly as she pulled the folder towards her. "Jayden has announced it to the entire office."

I pinched the bridge of my nose, tension bunching in my shoulders.

Martha leaned forward. "Violet, you need this badly. Jayden is a nice man. Give him a chance."

There was no point in arguing with Martha. She liked Jayden a lot. Well, she was his older sister. Why won't she?

"Thanks Martha, but we are not breaching that subject again." Saying that, I stomped out of her room. When I reached my cubicle, I called Mimzy, Dave's nanny, to enquire about him.

Mimzy was an angel. She was in her mid-forties and took great care of my son. She assured me he was absolutely fine. Just before disconnecting, I instructed her, "Don't let any strangers come in, okay?"

"I won't," she chuckled.



At the end of the day, I was exhausted as hell. I organized amenities for three models at their shooting locations, spoke to potential companies about hiring our models, and also dealt with a low-earning-high-tantrum Tessa for an hour as she whined about non-existent paparazzi following her. I also called Martha again, hoping my research swayed her decision. It didn't. Eventually, I picked up my purse to head home, thankful that Jayden hadn't disturbed me for the whole day.

When I was opening the car's door in the parking area, why did I feel like I was being watched? Goosebumps pebbled my skin as an ominous feeling settled into my bones. Hurriedly, I sat in the car and zipped out.

At home, I walked into Dave's room where Mimzy was reading out a story to him. Her dark curly hair was braided into many tiny braids which she gathered behind her neck.

"Mommy!" Tossing his duvet, Dave rushed to me and hugged me around my thighs with little arms.

I picked him up in my arms and hugged him harder, feeling better. "My sweetie."

"How was your day? Did anyone hurt you?" he asked, pulling away. Seriously, my four-year-old was overly protective of me.

I chuckled. "No."

"Today I got into a fight with Johnny and beat him."

"Why?" I carried him back to bed, frowning, horrified. Johnny was our neighbor's seven-year-old son.

"He said that he liked you and that he wanted to marry you."



I laughed. "Don't worry, he can't marry me and you can't beat him. Also it's time for bed." I was expecting Johnny's mom to complain tomorrow.

"Noooo!" he whined, but I tucked him in his bed, anyway. I had already informed Mimzy that I had to go out on a date.

"Jesus, you need it!" she encouraged me, saying that she would be with Dave until I return.

I took a shower, recalling what happened in the morning. I hoped Martha didn't entertain Emily, and I hoped never to see Dane again. I wore a red dress that hugged my body at the right places and slipped into red heels. After applying black kohl around my hazel eyes, I applied red lipstick. Picking up my clutch bag, I headed out. Jayden was already waiting for me in his Porsche.

"You look gorgeous!" he said with a smile and pecked my cheek with a kiss while opening the door for me.

"Thanks," I smiled.

He started the car, and we zipped through the traffic to reach the venue, only to realize that we were at Hotel Exotic where I met Dane in the morning.

"I am sorry," he shrugged, looking at my confused expression. "I forgot to reserve a place at Ginger, and this was available."

I gave him a tight smile as I stepped out of the car. What could be the possibility of seeing Dane again over here, I mused. None. I took a ragged breath and walked to the elevator lobby with him. An elevator opened with a ding and we entered. Two men in it gave me appreciative glances. Jayden placed his hand on the small of my back, scowling at them. We



reached the rooftop restaurant, and the receptionist took us to our reserved table.

Jayden helped me sit in the chair, but as soon as I sat, I found myself staring into the emerald eyes of Dane, who had just entered the restaurant, looking like a storm had passed over him.

And he had a murderous glare directed at Jayden.



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