

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 21

21- Locked Door

The whole office was almost empty. Even the employees who used to stay for late sittings had left on time due to weekend excitement.

His laptop clicking was more audible now because of the extraordinary quietness.

At last, he closed his laptop and stretched in his seat. He knew it was way more past dinner time. He held the laptop bag and entered the private elevator to reach the penthouse floor. Once he entered the living room, his eyes fell on the other portion where lights were out. He changed into pajamas with a white button-down soft cotton shirt.

Abigail must have gone out for the weekend. Thank God for that. It was a mistake inviting her. He did not want her to keep her hopes high.

Celine also did that and thought that she could take advantage of him. He had few bed partners in the past. But he never let them involve except making him happy in bed. Once done with the pleasure, they were welcome to leave. None of them was ever allowed to spend the night in his bed.

Celine had been a sensible person. She never had expectations from Hunter. She used to appear in all social events beside him as his date.

That was the reason that he offered her a contract marriage. He offered her money. Actually, it was more than a fair amount. But she thought that he was nothing without her and tried to double her price.

In the end, she was the one left empty-handed.

He did not feel hungry so he planned to have beer on the pool side when he heard a knock on his bedroom door.

Uh uh. Was James still there because of him?

He opened the door and found Abigail standing in an oversized t-shirt paired with old cotton trousers. Her hair was tied in a messy bun and she looked adorable.

'Look at you. Where were you? I was getting worried but didn't know who to ask. Ethan was not

aking my call. Are you alright?'

Crowning at her, he could not understand what she was talking about.

You were having migraine, you should have come earlier from the office. Staying late is never good for headaches.”

Dh. She was talking about migraine which he developed to avoid going out with her.

Yeah. Now I am home so I guess I will go to bed and take my rest.” He pursed his lips giving her a

right-lipped smile.

at his tone? Well! For some odd reason, it lacked the usual friendliness.

Umm. Do you need anything, Hunter?” She did not back off.

“Nope. Just some rest.” Again that coldness...

“Yeah. Right. Rest! You should rest.” She shrugged and stepped back, “Sleep tight.”

“You too.” With that, he closed the door immediately on her face and came to bed. Guilt slowly started taking over his soul.

But he knew, it was for the best. He took off his shirt and the moment his head hit the pillow there was again knocking on his door.

“Yes?” This time he knew it was Abigail, “Please come in.” He sat up, waiting for her, intentionally putting a boring expression on his face.

The door opened a little and her head appeared in the doorway, “I can’t find coffee in your kitchen cabinets.”

“What are you exactly doing, Abigail?” He was sitting on the small table in his kitchen corner. She was roaming around in the kitchen as if she owned it.

“I am going to put a cold pack on your head first. I know you haven’t taken your dinner but I would suggest not to take something heavy. Chewing food right now can aggravate the pain.”

She opened the freezer and took out a cold pack, which she had placed a while ago. Wrapping a washcloth around it she placed it on his forehead.

“Hold it. I will bring coffee and your pain will vanish in no time.” Hunter did not utter a word. He was sitting there dumbfounded.

“Why are you doing this?” He whispered a little.

"Wrong question, Hunter." She smiled switching on the coffee machine, "I did not ask you why you were feeding me that pancake when I made it for you."

Now he understood. She was trying to return the care. No. It was not a payback. Abigail was just trying to be there for him. Just like he tried it when he was living with her.

Something was simmering on the stove. *What was it? Tea?* She took a spoon from it and tasted.

"Hmm. Perfect."

"What are you cooking?"

"Umm. I found some strawberries in the refrigerator. So I decided to make some strawberry custard."

He could not stop himself from smiling, "You are making custard? For me?"

"Yes. Who else would I make it for?" She was pouring the concoction in a bowl now.

Taking a deep sigh Hunter placed the cold pack on the glass top and went to her. She was now putting strawberry pieces in it.

Holding her hand he turned her around towards him, "Abi."

She did not seem to hear him, "I will put it in the freezer for a few minutes. We can't over freeze it"

He was looking at her face intensely. Holding her face he kissed her forehead. She did find him extremely attractive and this gesture was extremely sweet. There was something in his eyes that she could not decipher.

Closing his eyes, he took deep breaths and shook his face, "What did you have for dinner?" Now there was the same gentleness in his voice which she was getting used to.

"I .. I had umm... Pasta." Now she did not want to tell him that she could not take her dinner.

"Just leave everything, sugar. I am ordering food for both of us. Let's have our dinner here." He started ordering dinner on the intercom while she dashed off towards her apartment to bring her phone.

The door she had left slightly ajar was now closed somehow. She tried to open it but it had got locked

"Shit!" She muttered but Hunter heard her.

"What is it now?"

"My door. It got locked Keys are inside."

"Oh. Punch in your four-digit code number, it will open in no time."

"I don't remember my code number. I changed it and now it's saved in my phone."

"Then look it up in your phone."

"Phone is left inside, Hunter."

Their order was supposed to arrive after thirty minutes. During that time Hunter tried various combinations. Abigail's year of birth, Chloe's, Geena's, Molly's, her father's and everyone's.

"I told you. My memory is like an eighty years old woman." She sat tiredly on the couch.

Hunter called James to solve the matter. He promised to do something about it.

"Now go and freshen up. The room service is about to arrive."

"No, it's okay. I am full." She said with an over-brightened smile. She hoped, he did not hear her stomach growling.

He sighed then pulled her up, holding her by her shoulders he turned her around and pushed her towards his bedroom. "Go freshen up. The restroom is in there. Ten minutes!"

Shaking her head she took a deep breath and nodded. "Ok."

When she came back, the hotel staff was loading the table with Breaded Pork Tenderloin, barbecue Platter, fried chicken with freshly baked bread, a tempting salad tray having Romaine,

bacon, mint Oregano with lemon and olive oil dressing. Topped with coddled eggs.

He must be thinking that I am a crazy woman with an abnormal appetite who can't think of anything else except food and coffee.

She wanted to jump out of that window.

"You ordered all this just for me, Hunter? Seriously?"

He waited for the staff to leave and then turned to her, smiling. "No, I ordered it for myself, sugar!"

Just wanted you to accompany me.”

He was being a perfect gentleman.

“Umm. Would it be ok if I pay for this dinner?” She was having this sudden guilt attack. A perfect handsome guy who was exceptionally rich and a CEO at such young age, not only providing her with a roof but was also providing her a lavish meal. She was feeling like a parasite.

“Abigail!” she looked at him with her big black eyes. “I might be needing favors from you in the future. And I would be a lot hesitant if my friend would not accept something...”

Friend? Does he think of me as a friend? Abigail thought happily.

“Do you mean to say that you would have brought any of your friends here under the same circumstances?” she was getting curious now.

“Well! ... Almost!” he shrugged.

“Almost?” She raised her brow.

“Almost!” he smiled, “Right now we can be friends and discuss whatever we plan to do.”

Then she suddenly remembered something. He wanted certain favors! Her eyes creased into a thin line. Before she could stop herself she asked him, “What kind of favors will you need? I hope they are not sexual ones.”

Shit! Abigail, you are crazy!

Hunter laughed at that. And she blushed looking around everywhere except his face.

“Those favors can wait, Abigail. Because right now I am starving and our food is getting cold.” He said while holding her hand. “Now come on! Has anyone ever told you, you talk a lot?”

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Chapter 22

22- Getting friendly.

They had a wonderful dinner on the patio. There was also a private swimming pool under it, where soft lights illuminated.

“Now this is not fair. The portion you have given me is nothing as compared to this one Lam falling in love with it.”

"You like it?" He was leaned back now, sipping water,

"It's beautiful, Hunter." She stood there holding the railing enjoying the sight

Standing there, Abigail tried to suppress the burp but could not succeed as a result there was an unladylike sound

He started laughing and then burped loudly himself,

Abigail's shoulders started shaking with mirth, "I am scared,"

"Scared of what?" he asked in-between his laughing fit.

"After this burping contest, soon we might start a farting contest." Listening to her gibe, he roared with laughter.

He was clutching his chest and she was holding her tummy. After some time they were just sitting there quietly, enjoying each other's quiet company. When hotel staff came to clear their table, she was staring in space.

"Coffee?"

She heard Hunter and shook her head, "No, beer please."

He frowned with a side smirk. "Really! Beer! Show your ID first."

"Excuse me!" She frowned.

"I thought you don't drink!" he quipped with a shrug.

"Then you know nothing about me, Mister Hunter Levisay." she winked.

When the staff left, she settled herself on a patio recliner chair by the poolside. Hunter emerged with a bucket carrying beer bottles in it. Handing over her a bottle, he sat on the other recliner beside her.

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They both were staring at the pool, busy in their thoughts. She was feeling so comfortable in his company as if she knew him for centuries. Like they were old buddies who did not need words to communicate with each other. She looked at him. He was wearing a knee-length shorts with a white shirt unbuttoned at the moment showing his beautiful, lean muscular chest.

No Abi. Stop! Don't go there.

"I am sorry," she said quietly.

He looked at her taking a big chug not understanding at all. "For what?"

"When you were at my place and I acted like a spoiled brat That *was very rude of me* and I just can't get that out of my mind." She apologized.

He chuckled, "Don't apologize sugar. I was the one *who* didn't tell you about me I should have

He offered her another bottle which she declined

"Not now." She said closing her eyes and enjoying the quiciness of the night. "I don't *know why!* was so angry at you. Later I tried to misbehave *with you, attacked you I am extremely sony, Hunter.*"

"Do you keep saying sorry to *everyone? Every time? Por everything?*" *he was smiling gently* at her but there was a lump in her throat that appeared out of *nowhere,*

"Didn't you already apologized for all of it?"

"Pass me that second bottle of beer. Will you?" she sighed, "And no I don't say *sorry so frequently* But only when I am afraid that someone might get hurt *from my words or my actiona*" she said while taking the other bottle from him. "With time I have *grown* sensitive to things, *which I never* valued before." Her face showed clearly some inner battle which she *was trying to* light Taking a sip from her bottle she was lost in her thoughts. *Hunter was waiting patiently beside her*

And then Abigail gave in. Giving him a side smirk she *retumed* him the bottle. As il sensing her surrender, he quietly took it *from her hands,*

"Around six months back, I was supposed *to marry* the person, *whom* I thought I was in *love with* We both had our savings with us. Plus the *property which I got from my father's* side. It was enough for me to go for a honeymoon to my dream place, St. Lucia," She chuckled humorlessly," Plus we both were passionate about *wood furniture making. So we decided to go on with it. A small apartment with a backyard, Where just one room was allotted as our woodwork showroom.*

I was *excited* about everything. My childhood friend was going to become *my* husband, Our wedding date *was* set During our engagement period, Kyle kept asking me *to give away my virginity* to him. Every time h e would ask me, I used to make excuses. I don't know *what got into me.* Maybe I acted like a stubborn brat!"

Again taking the bottle *from Hunter's* hand she took a big chug, "My best friend, Molly!" she chuckled humorlessly. "She tried *to warn me.* But I guess I acted too old-fashioned or I trusted him too much. I *always* believed to do the deed after *our wedding vows,*

When I caught them red-handed he kicked me out of my apartment leaving me all alone to deal with all the cancellations of the venue, to sending messages to my guests for not bothering to come. I did all this with Molly."

She smiled gently through her tears. "She had been *my rock* support during this time and of course my mom." She looked at him realizing that tears *were* running on her cheeks.

He got up from his chair quietly and went inside to fetch the box of Kleenex. When he returned, instead of sitting on his chair he sat with Abigail, whose back was not laid but wooden straight because she was trying her best to control her emotions and to block away from all the past bad

Scooping her in his arms he made her lie on him. His one arm holding her while with the other he very gently started rubbing her back. Her chin was resting on his chest.

"D... Do you know whom he chose to... to marry over me, Hun...Hunter?" She asked him while weeping like a baby. "My ba ... baby sister. Chloe!"

She could see the pain in his eyes without knowing that he already knew about it. She nodded at him while smiling.

"Th ... they both did this to me, Hunter." A few moments back her shoulders were shaking with laughter but now it was due to her weeping and crying. "There were nights when I used to get nightmares. I was not able to blink an eye. Those nightmares are not frequent anymore, but I still get them." She rested her forehead on his chest and kept on crying. She wanted to stop herself. She was not liking it to show her weak side to someone.

Hunter sensed it. Because his strong arms took her in a tight embrace and his firm but the gentle voice told her, "Don't hold it back, Abigail. Cry as much as you want! It's okay sweetheart. You are safe here." He was murmuring endearments in her ear.

She didn't hold back. She kept on crying.

After what felt like an eternity she lifted her head to look at him. There was concern in his eyes. Concern for her, she realized. "I have soaked you in my tears." She said with a shy smile. Instead of replying to her he gently wiped her tears with his thumb.

She placed her chin on his chest and looked at him. "Kyle took away everything from me. My sister, my house, my office... even my hard-earned money."

"This job in your company was a breakthrough for me." She shrugged and looked at him. The concern in his eyes had transformed into admiration. It seemed Hunter came out of some spell. "Abigail, by achieving all this, you have kind of taken revenge from him. You certainly did well for yourself."

"Oh! Revenge! That I took the same night, which was supposed to be my wedding night." she told him proudly, nodding her head.

He smiled, "Really! And how did you do that?"

And Abigail Mason spilled the secret which she had not told even Molly "I went to a bar and got myself drunk, and then lost my virginity to some x.y.z!" she fluttered an eyelid.

He looked horrified. "You did what" and then roared with laughter. Shaking his head he looked at

her.

"So you gave your virginity and took revenge and ..." he stopped when Abigail started shaking her head.

"Not once but twice." She raised her two fingers before his face. "Two nights in a row, I had sex with strangers in bed."

In answer to that, he clutched her tightly to his chest making her shake with him with laughter.

She was also smiling. Strangely she felt relieved. She hadn't felt this light in the last six months. Or maybe even before that. She kept her fingers crossed, hoping to God and praying hard that she won't regret any of it in the morning.

She felt safe in his arms, plus she was wickedly happy when she imagined Molly's face. She would faint once she would hear that Abi laid on his bare chest.

She didn't know when sleep engulfed her but she remembered that she was happy. Even in her sleep, there was a small smile playing on her lips.

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Chapter 23

23- Deal

She was walking down the aisle with someone. Kyle was waiting for her. She *was* all happy and smiling looking at him. And then she realized Kyle was not alone.

"You may now kiss the bride." she heard someone announce this. She wanted to scream at the top of her lungs. How could father say this? She has not even reached there, how can he pronounce Kyle and her, husband and wife?

She again looked at him and then gasped. Chloe was standing there right next to Kyle, looking very beautiful holding his hand. She was wearing the same wedding dress.

How come Chloe wearing a similar one?

Did they purchase two wedding gowns?

She was panting as if she had been in a marathon.

The bride and groom looked at her and then started kissing each other. She was shocked. She tried to stop them by screaming. But again not even a single sound came out of her throat.

She wanted to ask Chloe about the wedding dress too. But If Chloe was wearing her wedding dress then what was she wearing?

She looked down at herself and gasped in embarrassment.

Oh, God! Here she was, NOT wearing anything! She was naked!

She heard a burst of evil laughter, raising her head she found Chloe and Kyle laughing at her. Then a woman turned around and joined them. She was Kyle's mom, Dania.

Gradually everyone started laughing looking at her. She tried to hide her nakedness but could not manage to do it with her hands. She started crying and laid there like a ball. Trying to hide away from everyone's eyes. They all were still laughing at her like crazy!

Fear started gripping her.

Please help. Someone, please help me.

As always, her brain started registering that it was a dream. It had to be a dream. She again tried to call for help, when two strong arms wrapped around her body. But she could not decide if it was from her dream or from outside. Whatever it was, whoever it was. At least he was trying to cover her body.

Then she heard a voice. "Abigail! Sweetheart! Shh ... It's ok! It's over darling. You are safe sugar! You are safe!"

When she opened her eyes she felt relaxed. A smile spread on her lips. She was wide awake but still did not want to get up. She stretched and lifted her head a little, meeting two intense blue eyes looking at her. She tried to get up but the two arms did not let her.

"Slept well?" he asked giving her that lopsided grin. He was shintens, she realized.

Damn!

Instead of answering him, she rolled off from him. Then avoiding his gaze she stood up. He *was* looking at her, she could feel his gaze on her back. She could not decide what she was looking for but he made it easy for her, pointing in one direction in an amused voice. "The *restroom*. It was there last night."

She did not know what he found so hilarious, so she took refuge in the bathroom and heard him telling her, "There is a blue-colored, brand new toothbrush. In case you want."

After brushing her teeth and taking a shower, she was almost charged. He had left the *room* but did not forget to put a pink top and blue comfy pants on the bed along with the pair of undergarments. How come he managed a girly dress so soon. That too in a perfect size.

After getting dressed when she went to the living room he was there freshly bathed with a laptop on his lap, sitting comfortably on a couch.

He must have used the other bathroom. Obviously! She rolled her eyes. The moment he saw her he smiled and closed his laptop.

"What would you have for breakfast, ma'am!" he bowed his head a little.

"Did we sleep together?" she asked looking him directly in his eyes.

"Yes, ma'am. We did." He nodded folding his arms on his chest looking at her with a naughty grin.

She swallowed then looked away, trying to figure out how to ask this. But he made it easier for her by sparing her to ask further questions. "Abigail, nothing happened."

She was a little stunned at his directness so she decided on the same approach, "Then what you were doing in my bed... I mean I know it's your bed but ..."

He sighed. Putting the laptop on his side he came to her and held her hands. "You slept on my chest when we were at the poolside." He paused, "then I carried you to the bed and slept on the couch, in the living area. After that you were having a nightmare I guess, so I could not let you sleep alone. Nopes!" he said popping the 'P' sound.

"Now coming to the original question, what would you have for breakfast?" he asked again.

"Anything sweet with coffee!" she shrugged turning around on her heels, then stopped herself. "Hunter how did you manage to arrange these clothes?" she asked pointing to herself,

"I asked room service. There is a boutique downstairs owned by the hotel."

"Ok. I would like to pay for it."

Ignoring her, he called room service for breakfast. When he was finished she was standing there looking at him. "What about the lock, Hunter?"

"Due to the weekend that man is not available. Due to security purposes, I don't want to involve anyone, I don't trust. But don't worry. We will try different options with it."

"Is it ok to try too many options?"

"No. It's not. That's why I said different options. Not too many options."

"Till then .. what would I do? Sit on my ass and disturb you?"

He must have felt her hesitation because he suppressed his smile and said "Don't worry about it. And no. you are NOT disturbing me. We can spend the day together. Let's get acquainted with each other. Let's become friends." He offered his hand.

Instead of taking it, she shook her head, "No."

"No?" he frowned a little.

"No." she folded her arms on her chest. "You know enough about me. Now it's your turn!"

"What do you want to know?" he smiled.

"I want to know about Hunter Levisay who became Henry. If we are going to be friends then we both are supposed to know about each other." She said lifting her chin.

"Deal!" he again offered his hand to her.

This time she took it. "Deal!" I wish we could seal the deal with a kiss. She thought to herself with a mental sigh!

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Chapter 24

24-You deserve someone better

"You can use this space if you want, until the lock gets *repaired*. This *one* is *underti* pointed towards the empty cupboard space *in the room*

"And why would I do that, mister Levisay?" she raised *an eyebron*. *'I am not moving in with you.'*

"That's not a bad idea." he teased "I won't mind that," he said *mischievously*

"Ha ha. Very funny. In your dreams, Levisayi" she said with fake sarcasm

He chuckled. "Let's go out for lunch, *we* can

he stopped when she started shaking her head

"No lunch, please. I am not hungry _ Stop making me fatter. She *sprawled* on the flex *plasturba* putting her legs on the couch.

Seeing her in such a relaxed mood did some tugging to his *heart* Without *even* giving a *20000* thought he picked a cushion from the couch and fixed it under her head, *kneeling on the 1*

She grinned at him, "Thanks".

But he could not smile back and just kept looking at her with a serious *expression on his* face Her eyes were closed so she could not notice it

Picking up another cushion, he laid his head on it and kept his long legs on the couch just *beca* her. He did not know why he felt pleased by this simple childlike act. When he turned *hisiace* she was looking at him.

"Hey!" he said grinning.

"Hi," she said softly, looking into his eyes. She had never imagined in her wildest dreams that she would ever be able to trust someone, that too a man, that too a devilishly handsome man who was filthy rich. Owner of Sapphire Galaxy Hotels throughout the USA

She could not believe they had become friends in such a short period She felt *saie* with him relaxed. Despite him being extremely good looking she did not *ieel* the urge to dress up or apply even an eyeliner or a lip gloss. She was just *Abi*. She was just herself.

Last night, he sensed that she needed him. He not only offered his bed his privacy but also himself. He had been trying to remember the birth years of her family members and friends

Apart from that he never made any move to touch her unnecessarily. Whenever *be did sbe Deter* felt uncomfortable.

Whoever girl he would choose to be his *girlíniend* or wife.

A proper wife! Not a contractual one!

That lady would be damn lucky. She kept staring at him and could not help it when the thought came to her mind that she was his wife.

No Abigail. You are just a contractual wife. The man is treating you as a friend Just take whatever he is offering instead of expecting more from him That was never your intention You just

recovered from a heartbreak. And right now you don't want a man. You don't need a man.

You want self-respect. You need healing, Abi!

Like always, her inner self was busy scolding her.

She was staring at him without realizing that his lower lip was now between his teeth, his eyes twinkling with mischief. Before he could pass a teasing remark she asked something unexpected for him.

"Hunter! Do you have a girlfriend?"

They were still lying on the floor with their feet propped up on the couch. Hunter was tapping one foot on the other. He was looking at the ceiling. While she was looking at him.

She did feel, he was not comfortable about the topic due to some reason, "I didn't mean to pry. It's just that a girl like me looking for a contractual husband is understandable. But you are everything. You have everything. So why you agreed to go for this contractual marriage?"

"No, I don't have a girlfriend. Never got serious with relationships. Or with girls. Though I had a lot of pressure to get married and start a family."

"Really? And who was doing that?"

"My family." Hunter smiled fondly. "My grandparents! Both my parents died when I was still a baby. My mom was the only child of her parents. So my maternal parents took the responsibility of my upbringing."

And they did a pretty good job. She thought to herself. "What about your paternal family?"

"My father grew up in foster homes." Then he looked at her. "My grandparents told me that my mom and dad were very fond of kids. They always wanted to have a big family with lots of kids. Maybe because both of them did not have any siblings. Lately, my grandfather started pressurizing me to have kids of my own."

She turned to him, "He might be doing it out of love. Like, come on. You are a well-settled businessman. He might want to see you happy with a family."

"But in recent years he seems kind of obsessed with the idea." Abigail could feel the tension. But she remained quiet just as he was quiet last night, to give him time and to make up his mind.

He was staring in space "Last few months had been hell. Even my Grandma can't understand what is getting into him. He thought I should marry someone as soon as possible. Otherwise, he would sell all the shares in the market." He brushed his fingers through his hair, "and if I produce a kid then that would be a bonus."

Abigail had to stop herself to touch his tensed face, "He might be jesting, or merely threatening

you."

"No, he was not. I know him very well. He loves me but that would never stop him to do whatever he wants. He is kind of stubborn. He almost disowned my mom for falling in love with my dad. But forgave her on one condition that they would not only have to marry soon but also produce a kid

Abigail could not stop herself, she got closer to him and started rubbing his arm trying to offer some comfort to him just like he did last night. He at once knew what she was trying to do, so he welcomed it by turning towards her. Their faces were close, too close.

Why I have got this feeling that there is something more to it? Don't hold back anything Hunter. Just spill it " she said lifting her hand to gently caress his face,

Holding her hand he intertwined their fingers and kissed it, "Has anyone ever told you that you can earn well by being a telepath?"

Abi frowned at him, "Very flattering!" she rolled her eyes but kept looking at him giving him time. He was getting uncomfortable with each passing minute,

He took a deep breath, "You won't let it go. Will you?" with the same serious expression she shook her head making him smile.

He was still quiet, perhaps trying to decide. "I did something which might sound wrong Abigail, but I did not have any choice."

"It's ok. We all make mistakes. We all do something wrong at some stage. I promise I won't be judgmental. No explanations would be required."

"Would we stay friends after this?" he asked with somewhat childlike innocence.

"Absolutely sir! We would be friends after this. Except I hope, it was not an attempted murder" even during this tense discussion she managed to make him grin which earned her a kiss on her cheek

Too pleased with herself she could not stop smiling.

Holding her hand near his heart, their fingers still intertwined, he closed his eyes. "Marriage was never included in my plans. Because I was waiting for the right woman. So to make things easier ... I" he hesitated "I ... decided ... for this

contract marriage. I was given an ultimatum by my grandfather to get married and here you came to me proposing. God sent!" He chuckled.

Abigail tightened her grip on his hand. "I am sorry for you. Marriage should never be forced on anyone." When he kept looking at her she nodded her head gently encouraging him.

"I decided for a contract marriage. Anyone who might need money, I would pay her to be my wife for one or two years. As soon as my grandfather will be off my back, I would let her go. We would go on our separate ways. No strings attached" then he looked at her as if he expected her to run away, "But here you were ready to pay me for the deed."

"Yeah. I did not know you. You must be laughing your heads out when I offered you to pay."

"No." He brushed off an invisible dirt speck from the tip of her nose, "Nobody offered me money. Never. You were the first one to do that. But..."

"But?"

"You deserve something better than a contract marriage, Abigail. You deserve a proper marriage with a proper proposal. A boy who cares for you. And for that purpose..." He paused a little, "with

your permission and after our mutual understanding, I might ..." He pulled in a sharp breath, "nullify the marriage."

Abigail did not know why she felt hurt. Here he was talking to her like an old friend sharing his heart out but was talking about a divorce. But why she was so concerned. Yes. She was attracted to him. Wildly attracted.

But she was not in love with him. So whatever he was saying was a lot practical and made sense.

"I agree. Marriage annulment might be the best choice right now. It's a sacred relation." He was happy that she took it so well. But deep down he felt a totally foreign feeling which he chose to ignore.

"What if your grandfather wants you to have a child just like he wanted your parents to have one?"

"I don't think so." Hunter shook his head. "Because he knows that this generation cannot be forced to start a family."

"Oh? But this generation cannot be coaxed into marriage too." she pointed out.

"I know, but he did mention that his only intention is to get me married, nothing else," he became quiet after that.

They both were quiet, busy in their thoughts. Oddly they were at ease, relaxed, and cozy. He realized she must be hell hungry so he turned towards her only to find her sleeping peacefully beside him. He chuckled and raised himself on one elbow.

Even in her sleep, she managed to look gorgeous, captivating.

Very gently he bent and planted a kiss on her nose, "So boring am I, Abigail?" he whispered making her stir in her sleep. He smirked and again bent very carefully and caressed her lips

lightly with his, very tenderly.

He again felt that unfamiliar tug at his heart. She moaned in her sleep. He kept looking at her, and

then with great care, he removed her hair strand from her forehead.

It took his every amount of willpower not to kiss her senselessly, "Sugar!" He whispered, "Is there anything else you can do except eating desserts, drinking coffee... sleeping?"