

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 25

[/ Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake](#)

25- Hunter's cousin

Abigail did deserve something more than a contract marriage. For contractual marriage, there were many women available who were ready to get paid and get laid. But this girl in his arms was worthy of something much better.

Someone much better. She took this hasty step to get back at her ex and sister. But she was much more than that. Once she would achieve what they both were only dreaming... that would become the best revenge.

When Abigail woke up it was almost evening. Hunter's both arms were around her with a duvet over her. She raised her head and found him staring at the ceiling. As if sensing her, he looked at her and held her chin. "Hungry?" She realized she was in bed which only meant ...

She started blushing to the roots thinking that he lifted her and brought her to bed... But Hunter kept staring at her. To take his eyes and concentration off her she spoke what came first to her mind. "You know I am not always hungry. You make it seem like my only sole purpose to arrive in

this world was to eat."

"Ahan! To eat and to drink coffee" he reminded her.

"I love coffee. Except for the black one! I am a fan of all sorts. Espresso, Latte, Cappuccino, iced, frozen, even a decaf one. Just name it and I am all ready to have it." She told him excitedly. The purpose was to move his concentration from her. But it just did otherwise.

Shifting himself on top of her he playfully pinched her nose, "Really! That means if I pour coffee on myself ... will you have me?"

She was not expecting it, on top of that her blush. Putting her both palms on his shoulders she pushed him on the side and rolled from bed. "Shut up," she said avoiding his gaze.

"I promise, I would pour milk with it just to make myself more tempting." He was laughing enjoying her discomfort and shyness.

You are already too tempting!

Instead of answering him, she headed towards the restroom. "SHUT UP!" she said without turning,

He laughed harder, "Abigail why don't you come and try to shut me up yourself."

He was talking about a kiss. She came back charged and started hitting him with a pillow while !

e laughingly kept protecting himself by raising his one arm. His laughter was contagious.

Abigail could not stop herself and started laughing with him. When he caught the pillow to make her stop, she picked another one and started hitting him again. Soon there was a pillow fight contest going on with full throttle.

He was trying his best to be gentle with her even with the pillows while she was not at all showing any sign of mercy. Not able to take it anymore he caught her by her shoulders and pinned her under him.

They both were laughing together and panting at the same time. Just then Hunter's phone started ringing. Not wanting to leave her, he turned his face towards her. She raised an eyebrow playfully asking him silently to receive the call.

He detached himself and reached for his phone. She didn't know who was on the other side. But whoever it was he surely asked about his breathlessness. In answer, he gave her a smug look and told the person, "Oh it's nothing. I just had great sex!"

"HUNTER LEVISAY!" she screamed and taking a water bottle with her she poured it on him, only to throw him in fits of laughter again.

They had completely forgotten about the phone call and the caller on the other side.

Later that night he asked her to choose a movie.

"What kind of movies do you watch? I want to pick up some cheesy romance." She told him while going through the collection.

He shook his head rolling his eyes, "I am an action person. Romance is something one can find only in books or movies."

"You don't believe in romance? Falling In love?" she asked somewhat disappointed.

"I don't know Abigail. I know I would marry someday. Would like to have a couple of kids too. But love ..." he just shrugged his shoulders.

"But you did tell me that you were looking for the right woman. Who would be the right woman if you don't believe in love?" she looked at him as if she was having difficulty digesting his theories.

"I am clueless at the moment, Abigail." He said not looking directly into her eyes. "But these romantic movies are kind of ... silly," he scratched his head.

She was quiet for a minute lost in her thoughts. "Ok we would watch some action movie." she smiled. "Or we can watch both. We need to learn to coexist."

Hunter did try to put different four-digit codes but now it had frozen due to numerous attempts and they could not put more codes before completing six hours' duration.

While she selected an action movie something fell on the floor. It was a DVD. She picked it up and then squealed with laughter looking at it.

"What is it?" he frowned a little.

"Look what I found." she handed over the DVD to him. "Teenage Romance, starring Rafael Wyatt."

"What about him? Do we have to watch HIS movie? Seriously Abi?" she could not understand what happened to him. Why all of a sudden he was so angry?

"Hunter is it about the romantic movie or Rafael Wyatt?"

"Both" he snapped. And then muttered 'son of that

"Hunter!" she was quite shocked, "Why are you so angry? He might be nineteen in that movie Hei s still too young to achieve that fame and popularity at only twenty or twenty one which people like me and you might only dream to achieve."

"No, I don't dream about any such thing. Plus he is twenty-one years old." He said as if trying to cool himself down,

She went quiet for few minutes then as something crossed her mind, her expression changed to pleasure "You know him?" she asked holding his shoulders.

He did not reply and started turning around.

"Why you are acting so weird and childishly unreasonable?" She was getting pissed now.

"No, I am not." He again snapped. She did not know if she should laugh or be angry at him. She went to him and did something unexpected.

She hugged him tightly. Putting her cheek on his hard chest. After a little hesitation, he gazed down at her head, and then taking a deep breath he held her by her waist.

"Did I do something wrong?" she asked worriedly under his chin.

"No you didn't, sugar," he said gently.

"Then what is it? You know him?" she looked at him fully expecting him to say, no.

But her eyes went wide when she saw him nodding his head. "He is my cousin. My maternal

cousin."

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 26

[/ Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake](#)

26- Her code number

"I know, I am being a nuisance to you." The hotel service had provided her with different office wears. She selected a pencil skirt and paired it with a cotton blouse.

It was a perfect size. Brushing her hair she braided them neatly. It was Monday and she was supposed to go to the office. The locksmith had promised to arrive this evening and she had literally borrowed everything from Hunter.

The toothbrush, hairbrush, her dress, sandals...

And she was feeling ashamed. Irresponsible.

"Come on Abigail. What should I do to make you feel better? Huh?"

"You are already trying a lot. So please don't."

"Stop thinking about it. I know you are dying to get rid of me but ..."

"Stop it, Hunter. No, I am not dying to do any such thing. It's just ..." She sat on the dining chair facing him, "frustrating."

"Now eat your breakfast. Drink your coffee." He asked her softly and passed her the coffee cup. He had ordered donuts for her and a Mexican omelet for himself.

"Thanks." She said after taking a few sips of coffee. The warming effect was helping her to keep her senses calm.

"You are a coffee addict." He teased her, "By the way ... IF YOU WANT..." He stopped for a while. She nodded her head encouraging him to speak further.

"If you want you can take an off. From your work."

"Off? No way." She started drinking it taking big chugs.

"Easy." Instead of having his breakfast, he was watching her.

"My office starts with a coffee cup with my teammates. And I can't be late."

"You will again drink coffee?" He raised an eyebrow in surprise

"Yes. I would." She smiled creasing her eyes in a line making her crow's feet obvious.

Hurriedly she got up and started rinsing the cup. "It will be taken care of, Abi." But she had already washed it. Coming near him she ruffled his hair affectionately, "Bye, Hunter. See ya later."

When she left he was still sitting there with a silly smile on his face.

Today was something definitely different. First, she thought that may be the reason was Hunte Levisay.

But no. There was something in the air.

Against all expectations, Chloe was there *for the morning coffee session. Not only Abigail* but all the participants were surprised to find her

She did not chat much non did she have coffee Abigail knew she *never liked coffee* But she was there and was even trying to talk to one or two girls,

After discussing the agendas they all started leaving the room but Chloe stayed

"Abigail. I need to talk" Instead of answering her Abigail just raised her eyes

"Oh come on, Abigail For a few minutes can we act maturely? And talk like adults?"

"What is it? What do you want to talk about?"

"Fate has brought us together on the same job place, so instead of showing people that we are enemies, we can leave it behind and ..."

"One second. Why are you telling me this when you are the one acting childishly around .. well... everywhere."

"Ok I accept my mistake. But I want to put an end to it. I am becoming tired. *Professionally* we won't be able to grow if we would keep fighting each other."

"I never fought you... FYI!"

"Kyle was never yours to start with and ..."

"Enough! I don't want to hear this crappy *name* in my office." Abigail never used that tone with Chloe. Chloe became quiet for a minute.

"You want truce because of our work. Fine. I understand. Don't expect anything lesser or more. Got that?"

Chloe stayed quiet, "Mom is not even ready to listen to me, Abi."

She was making it sound like she was the victim.

Abigail shrugged her lips pursed in a thin line, she just nodded her head in agreement. Right now she did not want to talk to her.

All her life Chloe kept taking away her things and Abigail kept handing them over to her. Thinking that she was her baby sister and was supposed to be spoiled by her elder

But Kyle was not a thing. They had cheated behind her back. And they were not even guilty about it

"Listen!" Abigail stopped her, "You may find it childish but try your best not to call me by my name. Don't use my name. I don't want to call you or that boyfriend of yours by your names. And I expect you to do the same. Until and unless it's unavoidable in the office."

This *was* a new Abigail. Or maybe she was not Abigail.

This *was* someone else.

The Abigail, Chloe knew *never* in her life spoke for herself.

De Her code number

*Can you at least ask mom to listen to me? To talk to me? Chloe had unshed tears in her eyes. But Abigail had become immune to these tears a long time back when she had found both of them in

bed

In her bed!

'I will try!'"

"What do you mean by TRY damn it. She is my mom. Just remind her that."

"Don't use that tone in MY office, Chloe." Abigail hissed between clenched teeth
"I told you. I will deliver the message to mom. And no She is my mom too."

Abigail had a finality in her tone. She immersed herself in the file opened in front of her a clear indication for Chloe that it was time to leave.

Abigail did not raise her head from the file but she was not able to read a single word due to the headache

Leaning her elbows on the desk she started massaging her temples until she heard a familiar voice, 'Need help?'"

She could hardly smile when she saw him, "I don't know. This headache..."

"Come. Let me take you upstairs." Abigail knew her apartment was locked and he was asking her to go to his portion.

"No thanks. It will subside in no time. I just need a cup of coffee."

Hunter rolled his eyes on that. "Oh come on. Again?"

But Abigail did not react. She did feel this urge to hit her head on the pillow. But she preferred to stay late in the office.

Hunter was her new friend and she did not want to give him the impression that she was trying to take any kind of advantage.

"I will just stay a little more and go through this one." She pointed towards the file, "If you want, go ahead."

Nodding his head, Hunter made a pout and turned to leave but then came back to her desk. She did not know why his eyes were twinkling with mischief, "By the way. Your lock is successfully restored. Without any damage."

"Really?" She stood up dumbfounded, "I mean... wow. But wasn't the locksmith supposed to come b

y 7 in the evening?"

"Oh, I have already asked him not to bother. It's me who recovered the password."

"Really? Whose birth year worked?"

"Nope" He popped the P sound, "no one's."

"Then what I mean what code you punched?"

"Abigail."

"Yes?"

"I guess you were right when you told me you have a memory of eighty years old."

"Oh?"

He blinked his eyes and started heading towards the door.

"Hunter? What was my code?" Hunter turned around and looked straight in her eyes, " The code is: One. Two, Three. Four."

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 27

[/ Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake](#)

27- Teasing each other

"WHAT" Molly choked badly on her beer. She covered her mouth with her palm and ran towards the sink

"Molly! Stop it. You are my friend and you are supposed to Well Leave it!"

But Molly was laughing uncontrollably clutching her tummy, "Abigail Seriously. How can you forget that code?"

Abigail was just sitting there pouting not looking at her friend, Then she picked up a fashion magazine and started going through it.

I can do this! I can ignore her. I should never have told her this.

"Abigail. I guess you ARE getting old."

No answer.

"Abigail. What was Hunter's reaction?"

No. I am not replying to her!

"Abigail. Only I am the one who knows your phone code. I can call Hunter and ask him myself about his reaction."

"Don't you dare!" Abigail smacked the magazine on the center table.

"Oh. I would dare. Your code is the same in your phone too!" Now Abigail wanted to throw something on Molly's head.

"Shut up. No. It's not same. It's four. Three. Two. One." Abigail said defensively.

"Abi! Did you do it on purpose? To spend time with him? In his penthouse? ... On his bed!" Abigail gritted her teeth at that but did not reply.

When Molly did not stop, Abigail could not resist opening her mouth.

"Enough Molly." Abigail's patience was running out, "Keep making fun of me and I will go on a date with..." Intentionally she left it hanging...

"With Hunter? I knew it! Go by all means. Huh!" Molly hung out her tongue with in difference, "Sleep with him for all I care..."

"Yes. I might sleep..." Abigail placed her feet on the table and started going through the magazine again, "With Rafael Wyatt, may be."

"Excuse me! What did you say? Rafael Wyatt?" When Abigail did not give any response Molly plopped down beside her.

"Abi!"

"Yes, Molly Polly. You want to call Hunter? Go ahead."

"No. You said something about going on a date with ... Rafael Wyatt."

"Did I? No. I said something about sleeping with him."

Molly snatched the magazine out of her hand, "Come on Abi. Tell me. Is Hunter arranging a meeting with Rafael? They both are hotshots. Maybe Hunter knows him."

"Maybe!" Abigail shrugged just one shoulder, "Because Rafael is his cousin."

"WHAT! NO! YOU GOT TO BE KIDDING!"

Sitting on her comfy seat with her feet propped up on the opposite one. She was preparing an upcoming presentation when she heard a light knock on the door.

It had to be Hunter of course.

Because Molly would never visit without a phone call.

"Yes?"

She did not get up for opening it. The embarrassment of her password incident was still there and she was trying her best not to stay around him.

"Abigail. Open the door."

"I am busy, Hunter."

"Yeah, I know. Now open it."

"I said I am busy." She had closed the laptop now.

"Sugar. Don't forget. I know the password. Now come out in five minutes."

"Hunter!"

"And your time starts now."

Closing her eyes she huffed and stood up abruptly placing her laptop on the couch.

"What is it?" She came out towards his dining area where he was putting plates and glasses. "Is Hunter Levisay cooking dinner?"

"No." He smirked and looked up for a moment, "I ordered cheeseburgers. But I did not want to enjoy them all alone."

Sitting on a chair she started pouring water for herself, "Today I could not see Ethan around. I hope he is not sick."

"No. He went to the Manhattan branch. He needs to start the empowerment program there too. Once the hiring will be done. *We will send you there for the final decisions.*"

He came and sat in front of her, "Do you like traveling?"

"I love it. Would I get a hotel stay too?" She asked excitedly.

"We have got Sapphire Galaxy in Manhattan too. Almost a *home.*"

Then burgers were served piping hot with cheese oozing out

"How to eat them?" She felt awkward to see the hooping size

"Like this!" He opened his mouth and took a big bite letting the cheese drip *down*

It was not easy to shift her concentration from his cheesy lips.

Laughing at him she mustered the courage and picked it up from her plate taking a big bite just like he did.

Not only cheese started dripping but the beef patty also started slipping from the buns. With her full mouth, her eyes went wide making Hunter laugh. He stood up and brought a coke can to her.

Gulping it down with it seemed easier. When he invited her to eat the second serving she was horrified.

"No. You go ahead."

She declined at once. After finishing his second serving when he stood up, she started heading to the kitchen to help him out with the dishes.

"Leave the dishes. The staff will collect it." He said while switching on the Espresso machine.

"What are you doing?"

"Making coffee for you." He smiled and then started taking out mugs from the cabinets. Abigail was observing him from the corner of her eyes.

He was not only handsome but also very desirable. He was her contract husband but Abigail had started valuing his friendship more.

"Even if we decide to divorce. I would like to stay friends with you." Hunter's hand got still for a moment when he heard her.

With a soft smile, he turned to her, "I am glad to know that." He did not remark further and brought the cups to the table.

"You did not like me talking about divorce?" he was unusually silent.

"It's inevitable whether I like it or not. But weren't you interested to get back to your ex and sister?"

"I was. But in near future, I don't think I will be meeting them any time soon. Except in the office. So instead of taking these rash decisions based solely to show off someone who no more exists in my life is foolishness."

"Agree." He placed the cup before her, "Here. If you want you can use the machine whenever you want. In my absence too."

He offered her which brought colors to her face as expected.

"Really? Thank you, Hunter. But what if I mishandle it?"

"Then buy me another one. You are earning quite good." He showed no mercy while drinking his coffee, "Plus I don't expect you to harm it as it does not contain any password."

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 28

[/ Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake](#)
28- Rafael Wyatt

Abigail was getting ready for bed, Molly had already gone to sleep. She had a celebration dinner with Molly and Richard for their engagement and then stayed there with Molly's insistence.

She could not help it when a slow smile made its way on her lips. She was too happy for her friend. Both of them were her favorite people. While lying on the bed and closing her eyes an image of Hunter popped out of nowhere in her mind. She sat up straight. She picked up her phone and read the time. She wanted to call him, then stopped herself.

He might be sleeping. Plus I should leave some space for the poor guy to breathe.

She was busy in her thoughts when her phone started ringing. Hunter's name was blinking on the screen. She was smiling when she received the call and walked to the living room not to disturb Molly.

"Hey, sugar! Missing me?" she could almost imagine him smiling, sitting comfortably on his couch. SHIRTLESS!

"Keep dreaming, Levisay." She said with a fake sarcasm.

He laughed, "What are you doing tomorrow? Can we have lunch somewhere?"

"Umm. That won't be possible, Hunter. Tomorrow carpenters would be coming for a short briefing. Can we have it some other time?" she asked.

"Abigail, I need to discuss something with you. You are not in your apartment." That got Abi's attention. Was he interested in discussing divorce? The poor man was trying to make it less awkward for her.

"What kind of help you want, Henry Cavil?" he chuckled at that.

"Can you visit my office tomorrow? The executive floor."

"I would be there as soon as I would be free." She said brushing her hair with her fingers. "By the way, can you tell me what this is about?"

"I promise I would explain you once you are here."

"Ok. Good night."

"Good night sugar" he disconnected the call.

Next day when Abigail was done briefing workers about the furniture making and the coffee shop's requirements.

She went to her office to collect her things leaving her door slightly ajar. "Abigail! You called me?" Kate entered her cabin and started rearranging her desk.

Abigail did like Kate but she felt uneasy when she started touching her important stuff.

"Hey, Kate I will do that later.
Right now I need to look my office Peace make sure to collect everyone's files before you leave Ob?"

"Abigail If you want you can handover in the office keys so that I can place the file" Abigail found her request absurd,

"Keep them with you. Just don't forget to hand over me the next day"

She reached the VIP elevators' area and stopped onto the VIP Door 11 Ann was not there 113 took her to Hunter's office and made her seated, "Can I get you something, Abigail? She asked politely before leaving

"Just iced water, please. And where is Hunter by the way."

The young receptionist nodded and gave her a professional smile, "I am instructed to send you coffee. If you need anything else just let me know by pressing one on the intercom Mi LE11587 131 in the conference room. As soon as he would be free, he would join you. Please make yourself comfortable."

With that, she left the room. Abigail was again impressed by the office decor. She stood up from the couch and went to the glass wall. The city of San Francisco looked beautiful A breathtaking view indeed. A staff member came to place water and coffee on Hunter's work table instead of placing them on the coffee table near the couch,

She came near Hunter's revolving seat and saw a picture of Hunter with a graceful lady with pepper hair tied in a bun. Hunter's arms were around her neck, posing cheek to cheek for the photograph.

It was an adorable picture. They both were grinning ear to ear in it. She at once knew that this has to be Hunter's grandma. Looking at the picture fondly she sat in Hunter's chair Holding the frame, she turned around the seat and started observing Hunter's features,

He looked genuinely happy in the picture. Like he and his granny *were* thoroughly *enjoying* each other's company. She was so engrossed in the picture that she could not hear the door opening. Somebody entered the door and started speaking at once.

"Hey Hunter, look who is here. It's your *favorite* cousin. Surprise!"

Abigail gasped and turned around her chair to find an *extremely* handsome boy, or one could say a boyishly looking man hardly in his twenties standing there. He also went quiet not expecting her, sitting in the chair at all. He had a backpack on his shoulder. The moment he saw Abigail he instantly dropped it to the floor.

Walking gradually towards her, he seemed mesmerized by God knows what. He reached in front of her and knelt holding her chair. He looked familiar. Too familiar. Maybe he was Hunter's relative that's why he seemed familiar.

"Who *are* you, honey?" He asked her, looking directly into her eyes.

Abigail was somewhat nervous, "Umm. I am Abigail." She tried to smile but failed miserably.

"And what are you doing in devil's office, my little angel?" Abigail could not help the laughter this

time that erupted in her throat but her eyes went wide with shock when the memory flashed in her mind

"Rafael Wyatt?"

Her mouth was hung open

"Umm-hmm Only Rafael for you sweetheart!" he said while holding her hands, giving her a cocky smile. He was flirting with her

She could not hold her smile, "Are you trying to flirt with me?"

"Gosh look at that dimple of yours!" he very slowly brought his forefinger to her cheek and touched the dimple very gently, almost caressing it.

"Get your hands off her." they heard a low menacing voice from the door frame. Abigail missed a heartbeat as she had never seen Hunter this angry. She tried to stand from her chair but the man near her made her sit again very gently pushing her shoulders with his hands. He was almost unaffected by Hunter's wrath.

"Hunter, I always thought you were into blonds. Brunets were always my thing if you remember." He was talking to Hunter but his eyes were on Abigail, with his signature sexy smile.

He bent and gave a peck on Abigail's cheek. Abigail froze at his courage. Though it was not her fault still she could imagine her blush starting to form on her cheeks and traveling to her neck and ear.

"Do it one more time and I swear I would throw you out of this glass wall." Hunter snarled. Rafael raised his hands in defeat with a side smirk on his face "ok. I am leaving anyway." then he turned around to Abigail. "First floor. Room number 112."

Abigail was bewildered with confusion written all over her face.

Rafael Wyatt got her puzzlement, "My room number in this hotel, sweetheart. The private elevator can bring you to me."

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 29

[/ Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake](#)
29- Divorce

"My room number in this hotel sweetheart. The private elevator can bring you to me." With that he winked at her and left the room, whistling.

After he closed the door behind him, Hunter turned around to her. Abigail stood from her place, expecting to face the same anger from him as he was still frowning. But when he spoke his voice was very gentle. "Please sit down."

Taking a sigh of relief, Abi started walking towards the other chair but he stopped her and gestured her to sit on his seat instead. Abigail shook her head, "No sorry Hunter. That's not going to happen."

"Come on, Abigail" His tone held a warning.

Abigail didn't argue and did what he wanted her to do. Taking a deep breath he sat on the other chair and smiled a little, "I am sorry. I was stuck in a meeting." then his eyes fell on her coffee. "It's cold now. I would ask them to replace it."

"No, Hunter. It's ok. Please don't bother." But ignoring her protest Hunter asked for another cup on the intercom. Today he was wearing a sky blue shirt with a dark tie.

How he manages to look that handsome all the time!

When her coffee arrived, he started briefing her about the coffee shops he had been planning. "I need a favor, Abigail."

They were solely having a serious professional discussion so she nodded her head, "Sure Hunter. What is it?"

"Our supervisor had to leave for his hometown. His mother is very sick. He was coordinating with all the Women NGOs regarding the hiring in our coffee shops. You must know Mr. Harris." She suddenly nodded her head.

Unconsciously she let out a sigh of relief. Though she knew that divorce was not the end of their friendship but still her heart had been sinking that now he would make her sign the divorce papers. Here he wanted to discuss Mr. Harris.

How silly was she for getting worried over nothing?

Unaware of her inner war, he kept speaking, "Can you do it for us? The coordination, budgeting, some check, and balance. I need someone whom I can trust."

"I would be more than happy to help you, Hunter, but I have also got my team. If you remember. Plus I am about to get the Manhattan too." She reminded him.

"Oh, I know about it, sugar. But right now we are in desperate need of someone. Ethan is stuck in Manhattan. Right now our only option is you."

When she kept playing with the paperweight sitting on the table he added further, "We all will be helping you with that. If you want we can provide an assistant to you. Or if you know someone

trustworthy ... make her your assistant. We can give the girl forty percent increment." It seemed he had figured it all out,

She could surely do that with a little bit of time management. Plus, at last... he had asked her a favor so saying no was not an option for her.

The man seemed to have telepathic instincts. "You can say, No. ok? But Abigail. I would make sure not to overburden you. Me and my staff would be there to help you and facilitate you."

"Hmm." Abigail raised her head and rested it on Hunter's seat. She closed her eyes, her lips twitching in a smile. "How would you pay me?"

Understanding the meaning of her question that she had agreed to help him, Hunter chuckled, "Unlimited cups of coffee!"

"Now you are bribing me, Hunter Levisay." She shook her head and straightened herself.

"What are your plans by the way Abigail?"

"Plans?" She did not understand him.

"Yes. Your plans. I mean. What you would do after two years. Are you planning to stay here for the job permanently? At Levisay International?"

"Do you want me to leave the job?"

"No, no silly. Don't misunderstand me. But you told me you always wanted to build a furniture showroom. Why don't you do it now when you are earning enough money?"

Abigail blew a sigh. Now why she could not think of this?

"I like the idea, Hunter. But..." She furrowed her brows, "How to plan? Where should I start?"

"Just like you did before when you had nothing except some savings but..."

"But?"

"But my suggestion is to do it on the same street, facing your former office." He said it slowly allowing it to sink in.

"You mean ..."

"That's exactly what I mean. Open the bigger and better one just across the previous one. Come up with a fancy name."

"But Hunter. That place is occupied by ..."

"Boutique? That is owned by a couple I know. They will happily sell it. Just make up your mind and then we both can work on it."

She liked the idea. It was her childhood dream to open her showroom with her own carpenters'

team.

"I will think about it, Hunter." She smiled but her smile faltered a little when he stretched his arm forward to give her a manila envelope.

"What is this?" She inquired and took out the papers without waiting for his answer

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 30

[/ Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake](#)

30- She is a gem.

"Harris would leave this evening. Have you divided his work burden among others?" Ethan's voice came out of the speaker.

"Not exactly. I talked to Abigail and she is ready to help us." He was still in office, the expressions on Abigail's face were unreadable but Hunter still felt guilty.

"Hunter!" Ethan called him loudly.

"Yes?" Hunter took a deep breath.

"What is it? Are you even listening to me?"

"I think ... I am." Hunter wanted to protest but his voice was not very convincing.

"What is it, Hunter?" There was concern in Ethan's voice.

When Hunter stayed quiet Ethan spoke again, "I am reaching there by next flight."

"No ... Ethan." He rubbed his temples, "I am just overburdened, I guess."

"What's new in that? You were always a workaholic. So whatever it is. Tell me." When Hunter could not speak Ethan said again, "Hunter! NOW!"

"I gave her the divorce papers." At last he spilled it out.

"You did what? Are you talking about Abigail?"

"Hmm."

"Are you out of your fuc*kin mind, Hunter?"

"Eth..."

"No. You listen to me. She is a gem and you..."

"Shut up Ethan." Now he was flaring up.

"Why should I shut up? Why don't you go and get it together Hunter?"

"Listen. I did nothing wrong ok? I just gave her a choice."

"Choice? Choice of what?" Ethan was literally barking now.

"If she wants to stay married to me or not."

Ethan could not speak for a few seconds, "Wha... What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? What do you mean by that, Hunter?"

"She just asked me to sign it first."

"I don't understand. She asked you to sign it?"

"I gave her the divorce papers to give her choice, Eth. She deserves something better than a contract marriage. Someone who can love her. She is not a revenge person. I know her. It's not in her."

Ethan could not say anything. Both the friends were quiet, not knowing anymore what to say.

"When I gave her papers ... it wasn't signed. She refrained from signing it and insisted that I should sign it first."

"Then. What did you do?" Ethan asked him holding his breath.

"I signed."

"What? Do you know you are a monster? Abigail was right all along." Ethan didn't know how to put some sense into his friend's thick head.

Hunter did not argue or fight this time.

"Why do you think she asked you to do it, Hunter?"

"I don't know, Ethan."

"She asked you because ... she wanted to know if you want her or not? If you are involved with her in any way or ..."

"Stop. Stop it right there." This time there was warning in his tone. But Ethan was Hunter's childhood friend.

"Hunter."

"I said, stop it, Ethan. She wanted to know? Good for her! She will get her answer. I am not involved in her. Not her, not anyone else. She is a good friend of mine. A sincere one. A trustworthy one. Nothing more nothing less."

After hearing the finality in his voice, Ethan disconnected the call quietly. Hunter was a grown-up man and could not be coaxed into a relationship. He was not a baby.

Hunter started recalling the moment when he gave her the papers. There was a mixture of surprise and hurt on her face for a moment. Just for a nano-second.

But she quickly masked it with her smile and asked him to sign the papers first.

Was Ethan right? She was testing him? Had he failed her by signing the papers first?

Strangely enough, he wanted to go to her and tell her that it would all be ok. Everything would be fine.

“Whatever budget is required that has to be signed by me but before that, it has to get approval from Mr. Levisay. You all can go through your folders, for any queries you can contact me directly. My direct line number is given at the end.

Plus we are always open to suggestions. Please feel free to put forward and let us know.”

All the departmental heads were looking and nodding at her.

She had carried the meeting so well. Hunter was there with Mrs. Ann.

All of them were looking at her with admiration.

But Hunter’s eyes were a different story. They had pride in it. She had told everything in such a precise and clear way. The way she had managed the presentation on such short notice was commendable. The friendliness in her aura made her approachable to all the members of the conference room.

A few days had passed since she got the divorce document. She was as friendlier as she used to be though she had still not returned the document.

And Hunter did not ask for it.

After the conference, there was a small refreshment arrangement for all of them. Hunter did not join them but Ann was there with them throughout.

When all the members finally left, Ann looked at her with a friendly smile, “Bravo Abigail. It was mind-blowing.”

“Thank you, Ann.” Then she admitted with a sheepish smile. “Though I was hell nervous.”

“You did not seem nervous at all dear. You were quite opposite. Very confident indeed.” Reaching her, she held her hand. “Keep it up.” With that, she squeezed her hand and stood to leave.

“Umm Anna. Should I take the feedback by calling them or ...” Abigail asked her while collecting her files.

“Just invite them for another meeting after ten days. Don’t forget to ask them to come well prepared.”

Abigail nodded her head in approval. “I would do that right away.”

When Anna left she relaxed in a chair sitting all alone in the conference room. She was so excited

for this meeting and after the meeting, she was more excited for the whole project. She could not wait to start the whole thing.

I have never been this much eager about anything in my life. Not even my wedding. Thank you, Hunter. Though she was hurt when he handed her the papers.

But it was just a contract marriage. Right? The good thing was, Hunter was her friend and he was helping her in every way.

Though at times she could detect guilt in his eyes. She did not want him to feel like that. So she became friendlier with him.

She had started doing the extra duties assigned to her because it was not in her to take advantage. They both were quite normal around each other and Hunter did not demand to take back the papers with her signature.

She would return it soon. That was the plan. Right now she wanted to celebrate her success.

She smiled to herself chewing her lower lip. She was more than happy to realize that memory of her wedding or Kyle or Chloe did not make her weak anymore. For her, it had become something more like an unpleasant experience and irksome memory. The pain which used to shoot in her chest by just thinking of any of these three was no longer there. There was a definite improvement in her nightmares too.

*Do you always smile like this when you are all alone, angel?" She jumped up in panic dropping her folder on the floor.

"I am so sorry, angel. Didn't mean to scare you." Rafael came around to pick up the folder.

"What are you doing here?" Abigail asked him taking her folder from him. Her heart was still beating at a supersonic speed.

"Just wanted to ask if we can grab a quick lunch." That cocky smile on his face made him look too

cute.

"Sorry Rafael. But I just ate with my fellows."

He shrugged sitting on the chair opposite her. "And where is our devil?" He asked looking around. Abigail laughed at that. He was asking about Hunter.

"He is attending another meeting I guess. And no. He is not a devil." She said putting her chin on her palm with her elbow resting on the table.

When she had told Molly about her unexpected encounter with Rafael Wyatt. Molly was jumping on her end. "Oh my God Abi. Just OH MY GOD!!!! Just look at you. Two hot men! Crazy after you ... My my!"

Abigail had to roll her eyes giggling. "Stop it, Moll. He is younger than us. And NO! None of them are after me!"

That memory of Molly's silly assumptions made her smile again. Rafael looked at her dimple. "I would love to touch that again but it seems that there is an automatic connection of that dimple of yours with that devil. Last time the way he walked in. It seemed he wanted to eat me up alive." Abigail's shoulders were shaking with mirth.

"Stop it." Abigail put her head on the table still laughing while he grinned, looking at her.

At that very moment, Hunter chose to walk in. He took in the scene with Abigail's forehead on the table and Rafael looking at her. Both had smiles on their faces making him somewhat furious,

He looked at Rafael with his fuming eyes. "You were leaving for shopping... I guess. What are you doing here?"

"Umm. I was just offering Abigail if she is interested in going shopping with me. Then we can also have lunch together."

Abigail's mouth hung open, but Hunter was quick to speak, "She can't leave. She has work to do."

Abigail frowned a little, then she saw Rafael chuckling, "But she needs to loosen up. You can't make her work on an empty stomach."

"Don't worry about Abigail. She is my responsibility and I know how to treat my ... friends." Hunter snapped

"She is your friend? I didn't know that? But still, she can go out with me. After all, a friend is not equal to a girlfriend!" Rafael pointed out trying to vex Hunter. And he was somewhat succeeding in it.

"Hey! Hey! Guys! I am here! I am NOT invisible. Ok?" Abigail waved her hands to get their attention. "I am not at all hungry. By the way, I can decide for myself when to eat and what to eat. And certainly, whom to eat with. Have got work to do." She collected her files and stood to leave, then turned around to look at them.

"You know? You two need to go together for that shopping spree and lunch. You both need to loosen up a little." Murmuring that she closed the door behind her.

She did not know why they were acting so childish around each other. For her, Rafael was almost a child a little immature and carefree. But Hunter was acting as if he was born yesterday.