

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 6

6- Get Out!

He nuzzled his nose in her neck making her giggle.

“Stop doing that.” She laughed again enjoying his touch against her skin.

“Oh yeah? Didn’t you like that last night?” He kept on doing his business. But now she had pushed him a little away.

“I told you to work on those ownership papers. What happened to that?” Chloe raised her eyebrow questioningly putting on her gown.

Kyle rubbed his head with one hand. He was not much taller than five–eight, his left arm covered i

n tattoos.

“Kyle. I am asking you something.” Chloe did not want to let it go.

“Geez, Chloe. Stop. Ok? I am trying.” The expressions on his face were enough to tell her that he did not like the topic but she was Chloe and she had set her mind to get it done with.

“Seriously Kyle? You are trying? What if your Ex comes up with a lawsuit against us?” She wanted to get it done with.

She had what she always dreamed of.

No. Wait a minute!

She had ... What Abigail had always dreamed of.

Abigail’s apartment, Abigail’s dream job in Levisay international, and last but not least... Abigail’s fiancé, Kyle.

“Chloe. Darling. I just have to work on the transactions. She can prove anytime in the court that she transferred money in my account... we might lose everything. First, we need to work on that.”

“Oh come on, Kyle. She is penniless and can’t afford even a lawyer. She is not coming after us any time soon.”

“Babes! I know her. She is a very strong woman. She won’t sit idly on her ass and wait for her hard earned assets to let go just like that.” He snapped his fingers.

But Chloe could not let him continue any further, "She is strong? Woah! And who am I? A weakling?"

"No no. Sweetheart. You are beautiful. Hundred times more beautiful than her. You are everything I always wanted, sweetheart!" Kyle was trying so hard to console her. And he did succeed.

Chloe had become quiet now, giving him a 'don't mess with me' look.

"Come here, Chloe. Let me remind you how much I love you." He murmured and started untying the spaghetti straps of her nightgown.

Chloe, whose lips were pouted, were now quivering a little with happiness. That's what she always

wanted. That's what she had always dreamed.

Abigail's fiancé ... running after her. Abigail's every possession belonging to Chloe.

At last!

She had got that.

Everything!

Except for her own mother!

Abigail's head was reeling at the revelation. She should be afraid of the stranger inside her bedroom. But strangely enough, she was recovering from her initial panic. She was no more frightened.

But...

She was angry!

Furious!

Instead of turning away and running outside her apartment, she marched inside the room where he was talking on the phone in hushed tones, "Prepare the one beside the suite."

She did not understand what he was talking about. But she gave a damn.

"Who are you talking to?" For once she was happy when he jumped on her unexpected presence and question.

"I will talk to you later." He disconnected the call and tossed his phone on the bed. Coming near her his thumbs were hooked in his jeans pocket and he had a wide smile on his face.

How can this knock-out hunk lie to me? She still could not believe that he was a fraud.

"I was talking to a friend. So how about we have dinner somewhere nice." He shrugged, "It will be on me. And then after your first salary, you are treating me with a bomb dinner somewhere fancy."

He poked his finger playfully on her chest.

"You did not answer me, Henry. Who were you talking to?"

"I ..." He chuckled, "I was talking to someone who works in this modeling agency..." he was trying to sound convincing but was failing miserably.

Why she never noticed that? He was a very poor liar!

"Who. Are. You. Henry?"

The question made him stop in his tracks.

"Sorry? What?" The unexpected question had caught him off-guard.

She did not repeat the question but kept looking at him with her arms tied to her chest. His piercing blue eyes measured her from head to toe running a delicious shiver throughout her body

which reminded her of something else.

Oh, God! If he was not Henry then that means...

Her eyes shot up to look at him.

Henry He was NOT gay!

When the realization hit her, he seemed to know about it because he started taking small steps towards her.

What was he up to? She started moving backward without breaking eye contact.

"Whoever you are... Stop right there!" She did not want to show him that she was getting panicked again.

And he stopped that very minute.

"Don't be scared of me, sugar." There was gentleness on his face.

"You liar!"

"Abigail, I can explain!" He tried to hold her hands but she shoved them away.

"OUT!"

"What? Listen, Abigail. I can explain."

"I SAID...OUT." She shouted. She did not know why she wanted to cry but she did not want to show him her weaker side.

He kept looking into her eyes and then with a slight nod he heaved a sigh and stepped back. Picking up his phone from the bed he went to the living room to collect his laptop.

Before exiting, he opened his mouth in an attempt to say something but without giving him a chance she held him by the collar and dragged him out of her apartment.

There was shock on his face as if he was not expecting her to do that.

"Well! Lock the door then!" He muttered under his breath and scurried away without a backward glance, closing the door behind him.

"Rascal!" She whispered trying her best to hold back her tears.

"This is your office, Abigail. I hope you will like it." Ethan Hanks was showing her around. "Twentieth floor comprises of higher management and CEO's offices. There is also a special meeting room reserved only for top-notch meetings. Soon you will meet our CEO too. Hunter Levisay is a fan of hardworking people."

She kept looking around clearly impressed. She hoped nobody would notice her loose pants around her waist. She had lost a lot of weight for staying hungry for long hours.

But not anymore!

"By the way Abigail. How soon can you shift here?" She jumped a little when Ethan's voice sliced through her thoughts.

"Here?" Did they want her to stay twenty-four seven in the office? Well, she could manage that. She was a workaholic by nature. She needed work to distract her mind from the handsome devil who she kicked out from her life.

"Yeah. This is a hotel. Remember? Owned by Levisay International. We offer accommodation to our high profile employees. Our CEO occupies the penthouse. Then there is this executive floor where I reside along with other two employees."

Abigail was impressed as hell. Was she going to own a luxurious hotel suite?

"So will I reside on the executive floor?" She looked at him questioningly but when he started shaking his head she knew she had crossed the line, "I am so sorry Ethan. Of course, why I will get the executive floor? Obviously, there should be another floor for the workers."

She sounded apologetic. But was taken aback when saw him again moving his head, "No Abigail. Yours will be beside the penthouse."

"What? What do you mean? Will I be staying with the CEO?"

"No... No... Of course not!" Ethan chuckled, "He will be sharing the floor with you but you will get complete privacy. Besides, officially, your reporting will be direct to the CEO. Right now he is in Manhattan, looking after our head office."

She liked her office. It had the color scheme of grey and light blue.

"I will be here tomorrow at nine, Ethan." She smiled when Ethan surprised her again by shaking his head, "Give your joining after one week, Abigail. Bring your stuff. Get settled in your residential portion. Go and shop for office wear. We will give you fifty percent of your salary right away for this purpose." 2

Ethan stopped when he did not get any response from her. She was standing there open-mouthed not certain if she had heard him correctly.

It seemed like they knew about her situation, "Umm. Ok. I did not know that you... facilitate your staff so much." She said with nervous laughter.

This job was proving to be the answer to her unsaid prayers. She could not believe she was so

lucky.

"Why won't we? Our employees are important to us!" Ethan gave her, his best smile. He was a handsome man but he was nothing like Henry.

Now why that Henry popped up in her mind out of nowhere?

She needed to get over him. And for some odd reason, she was finding it more difficult as compared to getting over Kyle.

"Ethan. I need to tell you something." She said hesitantly, "I have a sister who works here. I hope your company policy will not have any problem if two sisters are working for it?"

