

## Chapter 8

"Miss Riya Kader, meet me in my office, 15 minutes from now." He ordered in a demanding voice, his mini breath barely caressed my bare neck that sent Goosebumps all over my body and with that, he took his leave. I and Juliet looked at each other not knowing what to say before we make our way back to the office.

Once I reached the building I inhaled a huge amount of oxygen to calm my burning lungs before heading towards his office. I need to cool my entire system before meeting him otherwise I could lose control over my body and will send him to hell without another thought.

Sighing heavily, I knocked on his office door and when I heard 'come in' in his rude voice I entered. To my dismay, he was standing right there expecting my arrival. Well isn't he the one who told me to meet him in the first place?

For a second I just studied my surroundings as it was hard to keep my eyes on him. His office was so large compared to mine. The wall was coated with a cream colour which was suited for his personality. A beautiful flower vase with roses was rested on his table beside his laptop.

Other than this all the places were empty. No sofa, no chair except the one behind his table and no TV, no phone. Except for a big slashing window which was huge enough to capitalize the better view of the city, the place looked like complete dusk exactly portrayed its owner.

Huh?! No chair -- that means am I going to stand here for the whole time? Ahhh! Whatever there is no doubt, he did this deliberately.

At last, when my eyes landed on his face, I saw him smirking at me; probably he would have figured my perplexity.

Such a nincompoop.

To hide my remorse I plastered a fake smile on my face before greeting him. "Well -- tell me, Mr. Miller. How can I help you?" I cooed in a baby tone.

Argh!! Not a good move. It seems I gave him the opportunity to harass me. And as expected, he amusingly raised his eyebrows. Well, two can play a game. Can't they?

What did he think? Am I going to beg him to take me back? Then it will happen in his dream.

"Miss. Kader." A faint shiver ran into my spine when I heard him saying my last name. Four years rolled and to my reminiscence it gave me a mini heart attack when he called me like that. But now he lost his right to call my actual name.

"I'm glad you are going to work for me and you know what --" He shot me a devilish smile before continuing his blabbering. "It's a pleasant surprise! I haven't thought I will get some entertainment here." He started to praise his luck even though he doesn't have one while I was mentally cursing him ten times worse than anyone could imagine.

"What can I say, Mr. Miller. It's my bad luck but it's okay, I will manage. After all, I'm not tied up here in my whole life." I grinned at him showing all my teeth.

He seemed to be taken aback by what I said. Most probably he wouldn't have expected the outburst from me.

Yey! I hit his sensitive spot. You go girl. Show him who you are.

But he recovered fast in a blink of an eye and acted so calm like the sea, and then the evil smirk appeared on his face before he walks towards me. His every step was slow and steady like a hunter who is going to hunt his prey which slowly raised my heartbeat in a speed whack.

In an instant, he stood in front of me his face lightly bent forward far enough to leave a mere inch distance between ours as I felt our breath mingled in the air.

"It's been 4 years since I last saw you. I wonder how you have been all those years -- without me. After all, you were a lost puppy who used to run around my legs." He whispered in my ear.

Okay! Calm, Riya. Calm. He is not worth it. I inhaled deeply and smiled at him even though his every word stabbed me in my heart multiple times.

"Woah! Didn't you just say that 'I USED to run around your legs?' So that means 'not anymore.' Right?" I raised my one brow at him.

You are on the exact path. Stay on, Riya. I encouraged myself.

But he snarled and forcefully grabbed my arms. "Eww! Don't touch me." I felt disgusted by his touch and twitched my best to shove his hand away but his grip on my hand tightened. In a circular motion, he shoved me against the wall and pinned my hand above my head before growling once again like an animal.

Meanwhile, I narrowed my eyes at him daring him to do further. This time I'm not going to let him win over my enthusiasm.

"You haven't changed a bit. Your challenging eyes ask me to punish you harder than I think," he mumbled huskily brushing his lips behind my ear.

I struggled to free my hand from his strong grip and tried to shove him once again but in no vain. He is so strong harder than a rock; His body was very built like a wrestler. For these years, he has changed a lot. But his mind was the same like the day he had born.

Clumsy and crazy.

His physical appearance may earn him a good personality as he has a small beard on his chin which brought a look of a perfect man on his face but no one knows that beneath his muscular body hides a heartless and emotional man.

"Don't ever think of yourself as a smart ass. We both know it won't work. Got it!!" He screeched at my face.

To avoid the difficulty I turned my gaze from him and looked anywhere else but him. "Can you please move? I feel uncomfortable with your proximity." I said boldly.

But seems like this man doesn't take anyone's words seriously and he found another way. Don't -- don't --- don't!! His hand went under my shirt and he squeezed my waist.

I felt anger building inside my body and I pulled him away with all my strength. He almost stumbled but somehow he balanced his steps and stood steadily.

"Don't ever touch me with those filthy hands of yours! You idiot." I spat and went to open the door, but he grabbed me by my shoulder and crashed his lips against mine taking me off an utter shock.

What the---

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To be continued---

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