

Chapter 11 An escort

RENEE

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Even if I was surprised at Marcelo's presence at the bar,I tried to play it cool.

I didn't do anything wrong this time,did I?

"Marcelo,this is Sarah,my best friend.Sarah,Marcelo, my husband."I introduced.

Being a private figure in social circles,Marcelo was clearly no stranger to Sarah,plus I had told her a lot about him.

But I didn't want him to know that I was the co-owner of this bar.

Sarah and I exchanged knowing looks then she turned to face Marcelo.

"Mr King,I've heard so much about you.I hope it's still okay to spend time with my best friend.You certainly can't be stingy with her."Sarah teased.

I don't think Marcelo would believe that Sarah and I were simply hanging out in Venus Bar because this bar was known to be frequented by wealthy men who hooked up with different women.

I stared at Marcelo who was still giving me a cold look.

"Come here."He ordered me.

I glanced at Sarah."You...you should head back first."I suggested,aware of Marcelo's unpredictable temperament and I didn't want Sarah caught up in any potential conflict.

But Sarah looked concerned."Renee,maybe I should..."

"It's okay."I assured her as I gently squeezed her hand.

"Call me if you need anything."Sarah said to me before she reluctantly walked away.

I moved closer to Marcelo.

"Do you need anything, Mr King?" I asked him.

He didn't reply but instead just stared at me as if he was trying to see through my soul.

I blinked, not knowing what to do or say.

And then he shook his head, gloomily. "There's something about you, Renee. Something that I can't put a finger to and I don't like it."

This man always gives me a fucking headache.

As I was about to reply, I was interrupted by the presence of someone.

"Marcelo, what's taking you so long? We've been waiting for you."

I stared at the man who seemed to be in his thirties, he had sharp features and he was dressed in an exclusive designer wear.

I recognize him from the high society.

He was Jason Brosnan, the sole heir of the Brosnan family, they ran one of the biggest entertainment companies in the city.

I never knew that Jason and Marcelo were acquainted. Marcelo was too private and grumpy to have any friends.

"Miss Hudson?" Jason appeared surprised to see me. "Yeah, it's you. Andrew had once introduced you to me as his fiancée but I heard you two are over now? What are you doing here? Are you on the lookout for a new partner? Oh no, Marcelo is not easily won over so you should..."

"Stop jumping into conclusions, Mr Brosnan." I snapped.

My break-up with Andrew had been widely publicized by Catherine so she could let everyone know that she was with him now.

And my marriage to Marcelo had not been publicized at all so I couldn't fully blame Jason.

"Then why are you at this bar? If you came here alone? Doesn't that mean you came for some excitement?"

"Shut up, Jason." Marcelo shot at him. He looked up at me and said. "I

need assistance."He gestured at his wheelchair and down the hallway.

I did promised to be of good assistance to him so I quickly moved to the back of his wheelchair and began to wheel him down the hallway.

I could hear Jason talk loudly to Luke behind us.

"What's going on,Luke?Why aren't you doing anything?And why is Marcelo letting a woman come close to him?I saw how angry he was speaking to her so I thought she was imposing herself on him.What's happening?"

I rolled my eyes as Luke and Jason started walking behind us and still talking.

"I guess Mr King didn't tell you that they're married now."

"Married?Married?As in Husband and wife?How?Why?!"

I genuinely wanted to see the look on Jason's face but I had to focus on wheeling Marcelo who was pretending not to hear the voices behind us.

"Mr Brosnan,this must be kept a secret until Mr King wants it publicized."

"Got it.Though I am still very much confused..."

I zoned out on Luke and Jason as Marcelo lifted up his hand,ordering me to stop by a door.

VVIP5,the most exclusive private room at Venue bar was seldom opened for regular patrons.

The waiter ushered us inside.

Once we entered,I saw a mix of men and women mingling.

The women,adorned in eye-catching attire,wore engaging smiles.

The ambiance was lavish and uninhibited.

I recognized many of the men,not personally though but mostly by their reputation.

This seemed to be a gathering of the affluence,where heirs and heiresses of prominent families frequently socialized.

"Mr King!"

"There you are!"

"Who...who's that?"

"Why is she here?"

The crowd,initially rising to greet Marcelo paused on seeing me.

My very recent expose of my background,my split from Andrew and now seeing me with Marcelo was indeed questionable.

"Mr King"One of the men began."Is this lady here, perhaps your companion?"

In this exclusive circle, it was common for young heirs to bring female companions when they went out to party but the few times Sarah told me Marcelo came to the bar and every other places he goes to,he is always with his bodyguard,Luke or his assistant,Clark Dumont.

I stared at Marcelo wondering who he would introduce me as.

Would he introduce me as his wife?

He had no problem with Luke telling Jason that I was his wife.

Why was I suddenly wanting him to introduce me as his wife?

Because I was?

Or because I wanted him to acknowledge me for once.

But I watched as he nodded.

Companion,seriously?

I frowned.

In this context, 'companion' didn't even imply a girlfriend.

It suggested something more fleeting,an escort.

I never thought I would be labeled as such.