

Chapter 12 Messing me up

MARCELO

I stared up at Renee who was looking quite displeased at me.

Yeah,that's what you get for lying to me!

It was actually laughable that she had said she came here with her best friend.

Am I supposed to believe that?

"Mr King,Can I leave now?"She leaned down a bit and asked me.

Despite myself,I was momentarily captivated by her scent.

She smelled sweet and milky and her warm breath tickle my ear,triggering a shiver through my entire body.

I swallowed recalling how hot he feels to kiss her.

"So now that Marcelo is here,can we get on to what we have planned for tonight!"Someone announced,breaking me out of my trance.

I looked away from Renee and took a sip of my whiskey,then I said,casually to Renee.

"What would you like Miss Hudson to join you in?"I asked,careful not to address her as Mrs King yet.

"I said I was leaving."Renee reminded me.

"Sit down!"I ordered her loudly and she couldn't dare refuse.

She reluctantly sat adjacent to me.

"Marcelo,I'm your wife,you can't keep treating me like this."She hissed,her voice was low but laced with anger.

I observed her,noting the intense emotion in her eyes.I was curious to see how far I could push her and how she'd react.

"So now you remember you're my wife? Have you ever respected the fact that you're my wife?" I sneered.

She ended things with Andrew and got married to me not long after for reasons best known to her.

But she was still meeting up with that bastard!

What did she take me for?!

RENEE

Seeing how upset he looked and judging by his words, I grasped his insinuation.

He must think that I still had something to do with Andrew.

I wanted to explain myself but on second thought, I chose not to.

He wouldn't believe me anyway.

Biting back my frustration, I managed a strained smile and turned to the man who had spoken.

"What would Mr Moore like to do?"

"Come on, Renee, why are you so formal either me. You used to call me by my name," Damian Moore remarked, his voice heavy with mockery.

Damian, the youngest son of the Moore family known for their dominance in the private hospital sector, had minimal interest in either the family business or the field of medicine. From what I knew, he was pursuing a musical career and so far, he had been doing good in it.

We had been classmates back then in high school and he was one of the school bullies, you could call him their leader.

Catherine had spread rumors then around the school then I was her family's maid, she made me a subject of ridicule in my senior year and Damian and his gang picked on me a lot.

He was particularly hostile towards me.

I shut my eyes briefly, I tried to get a hold of myself so I could get

through the night.

"Mr Moore, what am I joining in?" I asked, ignoring his words.

I watched as Damian glanced at Marcelo and then asked.

"Mr King, she can do anything with us, right?"

I swallowed.

"Of course." Marcelo replied.

Bastard.

"Choose as you please."

Damian picked up a dice cup, a plan forming in his mind.

"Renee, let's keep it simple for now. Guess the dice roll, loser drinks."

The table was laden with all sorts of potent alcohol.

"Mr Moore, I don't think she can play this sort of game." Someone jeered. "Forget dice, Miss Hudson probably can't even interpret them."

Laughter echoed around the room.

They literally see me as a dumb bitch.

I just wanted to leave this place.

I cast a hopeful look at Marcelo, silently pleading with him to reject Damian's challenge and just let me go home.

Yet, he didn't even look my way and he didn't seem to mind that I was being ridiculed.

Anger crept up my veins. I stared at the man in the wheelchair for a tense moment before a defiant smile crept onto my face.

Fine!

He wants me to play?

I'll play!

"Alright, let's play!" I announced.

My voice was loud and firm and they all stopped laughing.

"The loser drinks? That's fucking lame. Let's do something more exciting. How about the loser removed a piece of clothing with every lost? We keep going until...well...we're left with nothing else to remove. Stark naked!"

The suggestion stunned the crowd, yet they buzzed with anticipation.

As I completed that, I turned to stare at Marcelo who was already staring at me wide-eyed.

I scoffed.

He asked for this.

I had wanted to go home but he refused.

He might not like me but I'm sure he doesn't also like the thought of anyone seeing his wife's nakedness.

"What do you think you're doing?" He shot at me, pissed.

I leaned and leaned closer to me. "Mr King, you wanted me to play, right? Don't worry, your companion will play very well." I sneered.

If eyes could kill, I'm sure his eyes could've have killed me.

His glare would clear, if I dared to go take off my clothes, he would banish me from his house.

"What's going on? Mr King, do you not like Miss Hudson's suggestion?" Someone asked.

But Marcelo said nothing.

He just sat there, fuming.

It was almost laughable.

Damian and I settled at a table, dice cups in hand.

I sat down calmly opposite Damian while the audience encircled around us, obviously anticipating the spectacle.

I'm pretty sure they think that I would be the one going completely nude.

Dice games varied, but they all shared one truth, the roll of the dice swiftly sealed one's fate.

Ten minutes into the game, I sat gracefully, one hand supporting my cheek and a triumphant smile on my lips.

It felt so good to humiliate Damian after all the bullying he did to me and other weak students in high school.

He was now left with only his underwear.

"Shall we continue, Mr Moore?"

In ten minutes, I didn't lose once to Damian and now he had only one piece of clothing left.

"Re...Renee. How are you so good at this? No one has ever been able to beat me! No man or woman." Damian fumed.

The people around us seemed to also be in disbelief.

My skill with the dice, my precise throws and unwavering confidence obviously marked me as a seasoned player, a stark contrast to my known persona of grace and composure.

I shrugged. "Necessity teaches many skills. I guess I do not want to go naked so I had to learn this in just a short notice by force. I wish I didn't have to but it seemed I'm too good at this."

My words seemed to infuriate Damian further.

If humans could breathe fire out of anger, he would have done so.

"Marcelo, your wife is so incredible. A dice prodigy!" Jason praised.

MARCELO

Yes, I had wanted to get back at her for still meeting up with Andrew.

But her getting naked was never part of my plan so I was quite shocked when she suggested that.

Lord help me, if Renee had taken off even her shirt, I would have stood up from this chair and dragged her out of this room.

This woman keeps bringing out emotions in me that I didn't know existed.

I had just wanted her to maybe play a drinking game with her. She could get drunk and embarrass herself but she took it too far and now she was using the opportunity to showcase her talents.

From where I was seated, I saw the bright smile on her face, her eyes sparkled with a mischievous light.

I love having people figured out. I have always prided myself of always being aware of everyone's intention around me as well as their next move.

But this woman was so hard to understand and I didn't like it!

"Mr Moore, your clothes indeed hid your impressive body. Who would have thought that you were so muscular. I'm sure the ladies are eager to see the last part of you." Renee teased loudly and the crowd cheered.

My jaw dropped at her words.

He's muscular?

How dare her admire another man's body in my presence?

Was she also curious to see the last part of him?

My teeth clenched.

This woman was driving me nuts.

"Renee, you've got no shame." Damian seethed, his voice laced with frustration and shame.

Then Renee turned to stare at me.

I felt my heart stopped as our eyes met.

Her gaze towards me was a blend of innocent and seduction, her eyes dancing with challenge as if to say.

"Will you let me continue this game?"

What is she doing to me?

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Why is she doing this to me?

I was just a man with a plan for my life and to take over King Empire.

But this woman was messing me up.

Chapter Comments

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