

Chapter 13 Show me

RENEE

I stared back at Marcelo who was looking angrier by the moment.

I had a feeling that he wasn't going to let me see another man's crotch.

The room fell into a hushed stillness, with everyone too apprehensive to even breathe.

Was I perhaps witnessing my final moments of peace?

Have I pushed my luck too far?

Well, I couldn't stop now. It felt fun to push him. After all, he started this.

"Mr King? What do you say?" I eyed him. "Should I continue the game? I'll follow your decision." I made sure my voice was laced with a flirtatious softness.

I watched as Marcelo's expression darkened and he finally caved.

He moved forward on his wheelchair, picked up a piece of clothing and threw it to Damian.

"Get dress! This stupid game's over." Marcelo ordered.

Damian quickly started to get dressed. Turns out that he had been scared of going completely nude.

I smiled, cheerfully, stood and moved to a quieter spot in the room.

This was the moment I had been waiting for.

Truth is, I didn't find anything appealing about Damian's body and I definitely didn't want to see his manhood.

Ugh!

As I walked past Marcelo, he caught hold of my wrist.

"Behave." He warned, huskily.

I frowned and feigned innocence.

"Have I not been behaving in the way you wanted?I have been following your instructions,haven't I?You told me to play,remember."I sneered.

We were speaking in low voices that only the two of us could hear.

"If you really want to play.Why don't you come play in my bed tonight."He drawled."I can recall that you had boasted about how good in bed I was.Won't you like to find out?"

I swallowed,my cheeks heated up and he rendered me completely speechless.

MARCELO

She was like this.Most of the time,she acts all tough or sultry but it felt as if deep down,she was cautious and wary.

She blushes so beautifully too.

For the rest of the night,Renee became a mere shadow in the corner,her presence almost unnoticed.

I on the other hand started to drink glasses after glasses of alcohol.

I wouldn't call myself an alcoholic,I didn't drink often and I could hold my alcohol well.

On our ride back to my house in my Maybach,we sat at the ends of the backseat,a considerable distance between us.

I knew I reek of alcohol and I noticed Renee rubbing her nose a few times.

Did she dislike the smell of alcohol?

I recalled her strong refusal to drink in the private room no matter how many times it was offered to her.

A mischievous thought crossed my mind.

What if I offered her a shot of strong liquor?

I was curious to see how this dignified and defiant woman would react.

It would certainly be entertaining.

"Marcelo." She suddenly called out my name.

I never knew my name sounded so pleasant and sweet.

RENEE

Pondering over Marcelo's recent actions, I voiced out my confusion.

"That night when you made me stay out of the house with your dogs, you said if I survived, you would see me as your wife. But you obviously still don't and you aren't kicking me out either. Do you seriously enjoy torturing me?"

I stared at him and he just stared back, not giving me a response.

At first, I wanted to understand him, his mother had tricked me and this wasn't a marriage he wanted.

But I knew that his family or his mother couldn't really control him against his will.

He could end this marriage and his mother couldn't do anything about it.

But he wasn't ending it and I just thought we should be getting along by now.

I watched as he looked away from me, leaned back against the seat and closed his eyes.

His profile was undeniable handsome but it radiated a cold, detached air.

I let out a huff of frustration.

After my triumph over Damian earlier, I really wasn't in no mood to engage further with Marcelo.

My phone buzzed.

It was a text from Sarah.

Sarah:I'm home now.I had gone to watch the movie with Jessie.

Jessie was another close friend of Sarah's.

Me:Okay.

She sent another text.

Sarah:Marcelo is so handsome.It is definitely a step up from Andrew.I know this might not be appropriate to ask but I was just wondering if his disability affects his performance in bed?"

I sighed as I read Sarah's text.

Should I lie to her?

I casted a quick glance at Marcelo,swiftly averting my eyes before he could catch me looking.

Deep down,I wanted to tell her the truth about Marcelo's legs.

Since he could work,maybe he was good in bed,right?

I had no idea of how good a man could be though.

Ugh!

Was I going to die a virgin?

My phone buzzed and I saw that Sarah had sent another text.

Sarah,I just realized that I haven't given you a wedding gift yet.How about I send you a box of condoms..."

Her text had a playful edge.

Sarah:I know you might say you two are married,blah..blah..blah but trust me you have to enjoy your handsome husband first for a while before having babies, okay?"

Enjoy Marcelo?

I gulped.

He definitely would not want to be enjoyed by me.

I shot Sarah a reply.

Me: Thanks but I'll pass.

I knew Sarah had some sexual experiences, she had been with two men so far.

I wondered if I was really missing out on sex.

I wondered what people enjoyed so much about it.

I was about to find out that night with that stranger but he ruined it.

Who could show me?

My gaze shifted unintentionally towards Marcelo.

And then lowered to his crotch area. I wonder if...

"What are you staring at?" A cold voice sounded jolting me out of my thoughts.

I was startled and quickly thought of something, a lie to explain why I was looking at his crotch area.

But my curiosity took the best part of me.

"I...I heard a man's stature sometimes correlate with the...you know the other part of his body. Is it true?"

Marcelo narrowed his eyes at me and I figured he might not want me asking such questions.

"I'm sorry. You don't have to answer. It's not as if we're interested in each other anymore." I let out, nervously.

"Who are you interested in then? Andrew?" He scoffed.

I rolled my eyes.

Does he always have to mention Andrew?

I recalled how bad Andrew always speaks about Marcelo when we were engaged.

Why do the cousins see each other as rivals?

I do not have any cousins as I do not know my real family.

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But if I did, I felt I would love if we were close.

"I'm not sure of how Andrew is built but I doubt if it's anything to boast about." I replied, flatly.

He had to know that I wasn't interested in Andrew one bit.

Chapter Comments

