Chapter 15 Intrusion

Day Two…

[Mission Strategy Number 2: Serve Him Like A King!]

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Abigail went upstairs, holding the tray of food for Nathan. Little Ethan was the one who told Abigail about his father's bedroom. It was located at the left corner side of the mansion.

As she traced her steps towards Nathan's room, Abigail was already preparing herself mentally for how she would act naturally in front of the Devil.

Nathan's dominating presence could somehow affect her. She felt uncomfortable whenever Nathan's probing eyes would look at her.

She had to admit that this guy could easily take someone's breath away. She was indeed right. He was devilishly handsome. And even the word handsome was an understatement.

Abigail was still thinking about Nathan when she reached his bedroom. Holding the tray using her one hand, she pressed her balled fist on the wooden door, knocking several times. However, Nathan didn't respond.

"Is he still asleep?" Abigail mumbled to herself, her gaze fixed on the closed door. She was contemplating whether to open the door or just wait until Nathan would finally let her in. The door wasn't locked at all.

,m 'I wonder what the Devil will look like when waking up in the morning?' Her alter ego spoke from the back of her mind. She immediately shook her head, brushing the thoughts.

She was not the kind of woman who would take interest in a guy just because of his looks. She should be immune to Nathan's alluring charm!

Since Nathan didn't respond and it would be a waste of time to bring the food back to the dining area, Abigail decided to enter the room, leaving the tray on his bedside table.

Abigail slowly turned the doorknob and opened the door. She cautiously pushed it forward, not making a loud noise. Abigail got amused seeing how large Nathan's bedroom was.

Upon entering the room, the first thing she saw was a reading corner. There was a table set and a big bookshelf on the corner. The bed was still hidden from her sight. She had to walk another ten steps and turn right to see the bed which was near the second-floor balcony.

'Ah, maybe Nathan didn't hear my knock. His bed is located near the balcony, right next to his study.' Abigail thought to herself as she proceeded to Nathan's bed.

However, to her surprise, Nathan was nowhere to be found. He was not in his bed. The pillows and quilt were already properly arranged on the bed.

"Did he leave the house early? Or he didn't sleep here last night? But Butler Li didn't mention anything," Abigail mumbled, her eyes sweeping the room.

Putting the tray of food on the bedside table, Abigail looked around. Her gaze caught the large portrait of a beautiful woman which was hung on the wall, facing the bed.

A light gleam flashed through her eyes as she recognized her. The Lady in the portrait was none other than, Monica, Nathan's beloved woman, and Ethan's mother… the woman whom she killed.

"What a great irony?" A wry smile was plastered in the corners of her lips. "I finished off his woman. And now, here I am, trying to win his heart." She didn't know whether to cry or laugh at her current situation.

'Bam-Bam is to blame,' she thought, massaging her temples. She took a deep breath, turning around to leave. But even before she could take another step, Abigail bumped into something hard and wet.

When she raised her head, her eyes widened in shock as she saw Nathan's icy and prying blue eyes. He just came out of nowhere.magic

Abigail parted her lips to say something, only to close them again. Her words were caught in her throat the moment her eyes fell on his bare chest. Nathan was not wearing anything on his upper body!

'Holy Crap!' Abigail screamed in her mind. She couldn't take her eyes off his hot chiseled physique!

He looked like he had just come out of the bathroom. His hair was still wet, water droplets could be seen in his skin. His well-defined muscles and his perfectly sculpted six-pack abs were exposed to her.

Her eyes reflexively roamed around his body, from top going down. Abigail's unblinking eyes followed the trail of water droplets, starting from his chiseled chest down his abs. She gasped and her jaw dropped realizing that Nathan was only wearing a towel, covering his lower part.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Nathan asked her with his icy cold voice. He was angry for this sudden intrusion. But Abigail was not paying attention to his words. She didn't hear his words clearly as her eyes and mind were still focused on his nakedness and excellent body built.

Not getting any response from her, Nathan became more annoyed. Forgetting about his own nakedness, Nathan grabbed Abigail's shoulders.

With her assassin's protective instinct and her body's natural reflex, Abigail stepped back, catching Nathan's hands even before he could touch her. Abigail turned her body, making a pivot movement, locking his arm before smacking him down on the floor in one swift move!

Thud!

A loud thud was heard followed by Nathan's groan.

'Uh-oh!' Abigail covered her mouth, her eyes still fixed on Nathan. It was just a reflex. She didn't mean to hurt him.

Abigail immediately extended her arm to help him up. "I'm so–" Abigail was not able to finish her apology when Nathan suddenly pulled her harshly. She was also caught off guard by Nathan's actions.

Thud!

Abigail fell, landing on top of Nathan's body!

'Shit!' Abigail cursed inwardly. Her face was buried in his bare chest. She was about to stand up when she heard his deep voice.

"Don't. Move!" He said sternly, afraid that Abigail would touch something she was not supposed to. It was also his mistake for pulling her out of anger!

They were still in that awkward position when someone appeared, small footsteps approaching them.

"Dad? Miss Abi?"