

## UNEXPECTED TEMPTATION: BILLIONAIRE LOVE STORIES

### CHAPTER 16 FRAGILE

Blake Coster

“How?!” She looked at me with her eyes widen as I walked into her hotel room.

“I can do anything to get what I want, Jean.” I said and she shut the door.

“I’m tired, Blake. I didn’t get much sleep these days.” She walked to the bathroom and shut the door. Sound of the water running got into my ears. She must be showering now, I looked at the package that I brought for her. I put it on her bed.

I sat on the sofa beside the bed, waiting for her to come out. Then, I laid on the bed and looked at the

ceiling. Next week, I'm going to get married with Jean and then I'm going to take her on a honeymoon.

Where should I take her? Maldives? Bali? Europe? Bora-bora? Bali? Greece?

Suddenly my phone rang, I quickly sat up and took the call while seeing the beach view from the window.

"Hello."

"Blake!" What the?

"What?"

"Geez, what's with the cold tone?" He said in a cute tone, I can't believe he/s 29 right now. He's acting like a 10 years old boy.

"What Aaron?"

“There will be a charity to build a foundation for cancer kids in New York, you in?” He asked.

“When?”

“In 3 months, if you want I can put your name on the list right now.”

“The others?”

“Blake, we have a really beautiful hearts and of course we’re in.” He’s crazy and out of his mind.

“You’re acting like a kid.”

“Oh Blakey, don’t be like that.” He said in a cute tone and he laughed.

“I’m in you idiot.”

“Good boy.”

“Jean, will join me. I said

“Dude, you’ll be changing girls in the future. Why bother inserting her name?” Aaron asked and that made me think.

“Just write her name in.”

“Don’t tell me that you’re whipped cousin because that’s not you.”

“She’s my bride, dumbass.”

“Bride? Are you for real?”

“I’m marrying her to take Grandpa’s heritage so my dad won’t get it.”

“Is she okay? With you changing girls and sleep with a lot of girls later on? Dude, girls are clingy.” Aaron bluntly said and I rolled my eyes.

“We’ll get divorce in 3 months.”

“Let’s see if you can endure that long, dude.” He laughed.

“Shut up.”

“Bed her yet?”

“”I’m Blake Coster idiot, you know me.”

“Blake Samuel.”

“I’ll be there in 3 months bud, send me the details via email.” I said ignoring his words about my real name.

“Good and by the way where are you now?”

“Miami.”

“What are you doing in Miami?”

“Jean has a photoshoot here.” I heard a cough and I turned to see Jean. Her hair was dripping wet and she wore a baggy clothes. I looked at her speechless because this girl looked so hot.

“Oh I see.” Aaron teased.

“Bye.” I ended the call before he can protest.

“Hey.”

“Why are you still here?” She asked while looking at the mirror and dried her hair with a towel. She turned

to me looking at me with her confuse green orbs.

“I want to sleep here with you.” I walked to her and wrapped my arms around her waist.

“Blake, I’m tired.’ She sighed.

“I’ll tuck you to sleep.”

“No! Get another room and rest, you must be tired-“ I crashed my lips to her and she pushed me away.

“Blake, we need to stop kissing!” She took a step back and now I’m the one who got confuse.

“What? Why babe?”

“This is all an agreement, we shouldn’t be acting like this. Can we- can we just live our own lifes?” She sighed and it was like she’s battling with her mind.

“You can go take any girl you want, I don’t mind.” She looked at the ground, I can’t believe she said that.

“So you’ll be okay if I kiss someone else? Sleeping with someone else?” I asked looking at her but she kept looking down. I felt my anger rise up. Girls were begging for me to stay with them but this girl wants me to be with another girl. I swear that girls are confusing.

“Look at me, Jean!” I bursted out and she looked at me with fear in her eyes. She was shaking and I didn’t expect her to react like this.

“I’m sorry.” I turned away facing the window and I ran my hands through my hair.

“It’s all an agreement, Blake. I’m fine with you having another girls around. You’re a guy with needs” She

said and I can't help but feeling the burn inside of me. This girl is really making me crazy.

"Listen to me, Jean." I turned to her and corner her to the wall. She looked at me with so much fear and hurt in her eyes. Did I hurt her? I looked at her green eyes that slowly filled with tears.

"Jean" I said with a soft tone, her body still shaking in fear.

"I'm sorry." I took a step backwards.

"I want to be alone, can you please get another room?" She closed her eyes and tears went down from her eyes.

Damn it, I don't want to see her cry! I hate seeing the sight of this!

“Jean” I wanted to reach her but I hesitated.

“I need to be alone, I’m sorry.” She said but tears kept coming out from her eyes. The feeling inside of me was crushing my heart. I never felt this before. I hate seeing her this fragile. I hate seeing her crying.

I found myself walking out from her hotel room. I ran my hands through my hair and can’t help but wanting to release this anger. I walked to the lift and went down to the lobby.

I took my car and drove around to find a bar.

“Austin”

“Hey Blake.”

“Meet me at your bar.” I decided to go to his bar instead of looking for the nearest one.

“See you there.” He ended the call and I stepped on the gas to speed up. I need to let out my anger from my system. I smacked my steering wheel in anger.

How can I make her cry like that? Shit! I never see her looking at me with fear and I hate it when I was the reason that she was acting like that!

I threw my car keys to the valet chauffer to park my car. I walked inside Austin’s bar and walked into his private bar. He must’ve told the guards that I’m coming here since they let me in without asking my ID.

“Blake” Austin saw me and he stood up. He gave me a brief hug.

“Hey.”

“Want to be alone or should I stay here?” He asked.

“Company me idiot.” I said and I sat down across him. He poured the alcohol into a glass.

“What’s bothering you?” He asked.

“Got girls here?” I asked.

“Go to the main club.” He sipped his drink and I can’t help but chuckled. Suddenly I remembered about Jean’s words.

“I’m going to get married next week.” I said and Austin looked at me in horror.

“Dude, are you high?”

“My grandpa is giving his grandchildren a heritage but to get that we need to get married.” I sipped my drink

and let the alcohol burned my throat.

“You’re going to get married for good?”

“We’ll get divorce in 3 months.” I looked at him and he smirked.

“What brings you here in Miami?”

“Jean has a photoshoot here, I came to see her. She wasn’t answering my calls and messages for 3 days.” I sipped my drink again.

“You’re with Jean Verodine?”

“Yeah.”

“She’s hot.” That made me glare at him, how dare he say that in front of my face?

“Nice catch dude, can I have her after you both get divorce?” He smirked and that made me want to throw my glass to him. Bestfriend or not, I don’t care.

“Don’t make me angry more, Portwalt.”

“So what’s with you, Coster? Tell me. I’m your dearest bestfriend.” He said and I sighed.

“I made her cry.” I said honestly cause that’s what bothers me right now.

“So? Blake.. you never care about things like that!” I looked up to him and his eyes were full of amusement.

“You never care about girls, Blake, you never care if they cry, wanting to commit suicide, pregnant or things like that but why this bothers you?” He asked and he was right. I never care about them.

I never care but why seeing Jean's tears bothers me a lot? I felt guilty and hate myself. I want to comfort her and hug her but I can't because I was the reason tht she cried.

She's crying because of me..