

Luxurious bath

Ariana's pov.

Vincent was strangely rude. I thought he was a nice man as he saved me every time I was in danger. He was polite earlier. Then what happened to him suddenly? He behaved strangely.

He said I would be safe at his place. But the question was still unsolved: why did someone want to kill me? What would they get from it? I didn't have anyone who hated me so much that he would go to this limit.

I didn't understand, and Vincent was not telling me anything. What happened to those men and what did he do to them so none of them fought back and let us walk away so easily? I was completely confused.

He kept driving with a at face looking straight in front of him as if his eyes were glued to the road. I peeked through my eyelashes, scared to look at him directly, and his face was cold and void of any expression. But sometimes I thought I saw his jaw clenched and his grip on the steering wheel tightened.

He pulled up in front of his enormous mansion. It was like more of a castle to me. To be honest, Vincent looked like a king. His personality was impressive and his looks were charming. The aura he emitted was so intimidating and dominating. No one could stand in front of him directly looking into his eyes. His terrifying demeanor was alone able to make anyone tremble and submit to his command. Whenever I used to be around him, he made me feel intimidated and I felt more attracted to him at the same time. He was handsome, no doubt, and... hot. I shake my head to throw this thought out of my mind. He was out of my league. A man like him could never pay attention to me, not even in my dreams.

As soon as the car stopped, two men came running towards us. One of them opened the car door for Vincent, and another man came to my side, holding the door open for me. Vincent stepped out of the car and walked inside the mansion. He didn't even spare a glance at me. I quickly followed him inside, trying to match his steps. But his long strides were impossible to catch.

The last time I was there, at his mansion, I was so nervous and scared I didn't dare to look at the lavish interior. I was in a hurry to leave this place. But today I knew I had to live here for some days. Though the thought alone made me a little bit confused and nervous, but less scared this time. I was going to live with a man in his house and I only met him twice. I didn't know anything about him. He had saved me from the goons. So he couldn't be an evil man. He didn't look like a bad man. My heart said he ...was ... nice.

Vincent motioned to one of his house staff and talked to him about something in a hushed conversation. I couldn't hear them. He seemed to be very serious while talking to the staff. He always had that expression on his face. Serious and dangerous. But he looked hot and extremely handsome at the same time.

I took the chance to ogle the sumptuous design of the hall as I roamed around the hall. We just entered through a large, sizable, elegant mahogany gate carved with an antic design.

Walking through a long, beautifully decorated hallway, we entered the living area. All the furniture here screamed wealth. They looked so expensive and were a limited edition, as if they were made for this mansion only. White chiffon curtains hang high from the ceiling to the oor on large windows with silk drapes. There was a huge chandelier made up of crystal balls in the middle of the hall. The light reected from its crystal made the hall brighten like daylight.

I turned my head to the left and saw a big kitchen where four.. no... ve people in white uniforms were working wearing chef's caps. I was wondering how many people these chefs cook for. Because I hadn't seen anyone other than Vincent in this mansion. Maybe he was living there with his family. Was he married?! My heart jumped at the question. I secretly watched him. He looked young. He was rich, and everything about him emitted maturity. So, maybe he had a wife and... kids? Though I hadn't seen anyone, I would know eventually when I would live here.

"Ariana!" He called my name, pulling me out of my thoughts back here. I walked to him.

"He is Drake, in charge of house staff. He will take you to your room. Make yourself comfortable and let him know if you need anything," he explained, in a gentle voice. So he was gentle again. Good for me. I looked at Drake. He smiled and nodded his head. I smiled back. Then I remembered about my clothes and stuff. I didn't get a chance to get them here with me. Vincent took me here directly. How would I be without them?

"I don't have my clothes and other stuff with me. I need them. Will you get them from my house?" I asked hesitantly.

"It can be arranged," he said, and looked at Drake. Drake nodded as if he knew what he should do.

"Miss, please come this way," Drake said politely, and he led the way. I followed him quietly.

He climbed up the stairs, and I looked up to where it ended before starting to ascend the steps.

Curved stairs went up to the top. The steps were made of ne white marble with a brass railing curving on its side.

Drake stopped on the rst oor. He turned to the right, and I walked behind him, on his heels. He walked past three rooms and unlocked a door. He held it wide open for me and gestured respectfully to enter. I stepped inside and was stunned as I took in the view inside it. It was a big room. I meant I had seen a house as big as this room. Was I really going to live in this room?

I cleared my throat and asked him in a low voice, "Is this my room?"

"Yes, Miss, and everything you need is provided in this room. Still, if you want anything, you can call me. I will arrange anything you want with a snap of your nger," he said, gesturing to the phone on the bedside table, and bowed slightly before leaving.

I twirled around to observe this beautiful room. All the furnishings were white, as were in Vincent's room, matching the rest of the mansion. But it gave a feminine feel here in this room, with some oral prints on the curtains and bedsheets. A dresser was present in a corner, having all the beauty products. I touched them, held them in my hand, and examined their brand and prices. God, they were all so expensive, they cost a fortune. I was wondering whose all this would be.

My eyes landed on my reection in the mirror. I gasped to see myself. I rubbed my clothes as if it would make a difference. I tried to smooth my hair, but it was a mess. My clothes were dirty, with dust and mud on them, and my face looked miserable. I felt like desperately having a shower.

But I didn't have any clothes. And I didn't know when I would get my stuff. I hesitated before opening the cupboards to nd something to wear for the time being. There were so many dresses kept nicely inside. I was amazed looking at those dresses.

Until my clothes arrive, could I borrow a dress from this cupboard?

Did I have a choice? I shrugged, looking at those clothes.

My clothes and mud on me reminded me of today's unfortunate incident. I grimaced at thinking what everyone would be thinking about me in those dirty clothes.

With a thumping heart, I picked up a very simple-looking dress. I just hoped I could afford to wear it. I would wash it and return it to Vincent. They looked outside my budget. How would I pay the price if I spoiled this? I sighed and took the dress off.

I opened the bathroom door, and my mouth fell open. It had Italian marble all over the walls with expensive granite ooring. A Jacuzzi was there, tempting me to jump into it.

I quickly shed my spoiled clothes and let them fall on the oor.

I turned on the water and ddled with different modes of switches to control the jet and spray. I looked to regulate the temperature, but it was automatically set according to the outside temperature.

I got into it cautiously and sat leaning on the edge. I turned my head to one side and found so many bath products kept beside it.

I took a fruit bubble bath and put some drops in it. It quickly lled with bubbles. I giggled and took some bubbles in my palm and blew them away. I played with it for some time, putting it all over my naked body. I laughed as I felt amazing for the rst time in my life that I got the chance to bathe in a luxurious bathtub.

Suddenly, I felt the hair on my neck prick. I strangely felt that someone was watching me. I looked around, scanning the bathroom with my vigilant eyes, but found no one.

I tried to focus on my luxurious bath, but I could not. I weirdly felt that someone was denitely watching me. I looked up again and carefully watched every corner to nd a camera. Just in case, Vincent was a creep.

But no. There was no hidden camera in that bathroom. At least I couldn't see it.

I really wanted to focus on my luxurious bath because, for the rst time in my life, I had the privilege of getting into a Jacuzzi.

As soon as I tried to forget about the creep and focused on bathing, I again felt someone's eyes drilling holes in the back of my head. I felt the pull. Was I overthinking, or was it the aftereffects of recent circumstances which made me have a bad experience? I felt I heard some whispering. I was startled and quickly got out of the tub. I glanced around this time more focused and attentively. The feeling of having someone here made my skin crawl, and I looked around intently. My eyes got xed on the mirror, and I briskly walked towards it.

I could not see clearly due to the fog on it. I wiped the steam with my hand and saw a pair of red eyes staring back at me.

I blinked and quickly jumped back, closed my eyes tightly in fear, and screámed from the back of my throat.

What was that?

I screámed again and kept shouting, closing my eyes.

There was a knock on the door, but I was too shocked and scared to acknowledge it. I didn't open my eyes.

The next moment, before I could understand what was going on, a loud sound came and the door was broken, and someone barged in. I opened my eyes, still in shock, and found Vincent standing in front of me.

"What happened?" He asked with a furrow on his face.

I couldn't say anything but pointed my nger towards the mirror, swallowing hard. His eyes followed my hand, as he looked at the mirror.

"What's there?" He asked in a confused tone.

I looked back in the mirror, and nothing was there. I went closer and searched meticulously. I cleared the fog hurriedly which had deposited again. But I saw nothing.

"I swear I saw those red eyes looking at me. They were so scary. I promise, Vincent. I am not lying," I blabbered, trying to make him believe me.

"But nothing is there, Ariana. Maybe you're hallucinating. Because.. you're tired," he said, and his ocean-blue eyes roamed over me and turned dark. He swallowed hard as the expression on his face changed. His breathing increased as lust appeared in his eyes. His st clenched to his side as if he was ghting to stop himself from touching me.

The awareness hit me then. I looked down at me.

I was butt naked, standing in front of Vincent.

Shit.