

Chapter 24 Picture Frame

Brianna's POV

I was taken aback. Last night he asked me if I still love Cain and after he comforted me, I told him I don't. Now he's asking me if I'll accept Cain again.

He must've a reason. He must've been thinking that there might be circumstances or reasons that would make me accept Cain, but no... I don't have plans to take him back.

"No," I answered honestly.

Rogue stared into my eyes after he released a sigh of relief. He looked down and when he lifted his face to look at me again, he smiled. "That's good! Let's eat?"

I nodded and we started eating. Offered to wash the dishes after we're done but he didn't allow me, saying I'm a visitor. He sent me to the living area and opened the television before he went back to the kitchen. I just smiled and fixed my eyes to the movie. My eyes suddenly captured a photo frame on the cabinet beside the television. Slowly, I walked towards the frame and my eyes widened.

It was a photo of Rogue and another man. Rogue was lying on beach sand, the other man was lying too but his head was on Rogue's naked stomach, covering his body.

My lips parted as I felt something inside me. Is this the friend he's talking about? The owner of this condo unit?

I gasped and slowly looked at the kitchen entrance. Is he...gay? I mean, they looked so sweet and close in this picture. It was the unfamiliar man who's holding the camera up high but it's very clear that they're

both smiling sweetly and genuinely.

They're friends? Is he like this to his every...friend?

God! Why am I thinking that way? Why am I judging him like this? He helped me so I don't have the right to judge him. But...he said he likes me, right? Does that give me the right?

I gasped again. Stupid, Brianna! He's not committed to you. And it's not like I like him too.

I sighed and looked at the photo again. I just can't help it.

"Are you okay?"

I jumped in shock and faced Rogue, who's looking at me with a creased forehead while drying his hands with a towel.

I cleared my throat. "Yeah..."

He shot one eyebrow up and glanced at the television. "Are you sure? Do you need something?"

I shook my head and chewed my bottom lip. I gently tugged the shirt and pants I'm wearing. "I will just wash this before returning these to you."

He lent me clothes last night and based on its scent, it was his clothes.

He smiled as his eyes raked my whole body. "My clothes look good on you, babe."

In spite of the unpleasant feeling inside me after I saw his photo being intimate with someone, I found myself smiling as my cheeks heated. I don't even know how and why he affects me this way.

"You wanna go home now? I brought your dress in the laundry last night. I'll just get it."

"Thank you, Rogue."

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He smiled and winked at me. "Anything."

I sat on the couch again after he left. I glanced at the television but my wicked eyes kept on glancing at the photo that I found disturbing. I don't have anything against gay people, I just...can't imagine him having a relationship with another handsome guy, probably because I'm attracted to him and I want him for myself?

Damn it, Brianna! Get a grip of your sanity! He can be your friend but not a boyfriend. Remember your divorce is still in process.

I sighed violently. What the hell am I thinking?

"I'm back!" Rogue's voice brought me back to my senses. I quickly pulled myself up as he walked towards me and handed me a paper bag.

"Here's your dress. Change now, I'll drive you home."

"No, I'm okay. I can go home by myself, Rogue."

His eyes squinted. "But I want to send you home."

I smiled. "I'm fine, really! I've been disturbing you."

"You're not disturbing me, Bree." His voice was sweet and so gentle, it soothes me.

I almost gave in, but I managed to reject his offer in the end. "I can really go home by myself, Rogue. Don't worry about me."

He stared into my eyes for a while before he sighed and nodded. "Okay. I'll just send you to the taxi."

I snapped my fingers. "That will do. Thanks!"

He chuckled. "Damn cute!"

My forehead creased as I looked at him. "What is?"

"You, of course."

I just shook my head in disbelief and laughed. I went to his bedroom

and changed. My dress smells so nice and I found myself smiling, like an idiot, again.

I wore my stilettos and went out. I found Rogue waiting for me outside. He smiled and showed me flat shoes. "I forgot to give you this."

My eyes widened. "You don't have to."

He looked at me and frowned. "You weren't comfortable with your shoes, Brianna. I saw it last night. You'll hurt your feet if you insist on wearing that."

"But..." I trailed off and gasped when he kneeled his left knee and looked up at me.

"Don't worry, your dress is long, it won't reveal your shoes."

"But that's not what I'm worried about," I said and frowned at him. "You don't have to buy me shoes."

He smirked. "You can't use my slippers. They're large. And I won't allow you to walk barefooted."

I just sighed and lifted my dress. I know he won't stop arguing with me. We just met, but strangely, I feel like I've known him for so long. I just know I won't win over him.

"Good," he answered and smirked arrogantly. That's what I'm talking about. He's so arrogant and very confident. I find it interesting though.

I held onto his shoulder when he lifted my left foot to take my stilettos off. He gently slipped the flat shoes on my foot and I won't argue it's really indeed comfortable. Better than that heel.

He did the same on my right foot and when he's done, he pulled himself up and motioned the door. "After you, milady."

I looked at him in disbelief. "You've been calling me different names. Are you a womanizer?"

He chuckled and shook my head. "No, babe. I'm only like this to you."

I shot an eyebrow up suspiciously. "Sweet talk. Really, huh?"

"Really!"

I just shook my head. True to his words, he sent me off. My mood was undeniably good when I reached the tower of my condo unit but a certain man standing in front of my pad stripped off my good mood.

"Brianna!"

I looked at him indifferently. "What are you doing here, Cain?"

"Where were you last night, huh? Who's that bastard who answered your fcking phone? And what the hell? You're just going home? Did you fck another woman last night? I am just reminding you, our divorce hasn't been finalized!" 🗨️


I combed my hair using my fingers, irritated. My sharp eyes bore at him. "What is it to you? I can do whatever I want, Cain. I am not your possession."



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