

Chapter 9 Rogue Adams

Brianna's POV

I groaned and cupped my aching head. Fragments of memories started flashing back in my mind painfully. I gasped and paled when I realized what I did last night. The confrontation and argument with Cain and the stranger. I...I kissed him and...did something crazy.

The horror of last night's memories made my heart race. I quickly sat on the bed and looked at myself. I was wearing different clothes. It was a white plain shirt and shorts.

My lips trembled as I tried to recall what happened inside that private bar. I am certain I'm in a different room and I'm guessing I'm in a hotel.

"No no no!" I whispered to myself.

Did something happen? Where is that stranger? Did I give myself to him recklessly and impulsively? I didn't even know him for God's sake!

I grabbed my hair in frustration and groaned. What the hell did you do, Brianna?

I roamed my eyes around, looking for my cell phone. I found it on the bedside table and was about to get it when the door swung open. I jumped on the bed and recklessly dragged my gaze to the door. My grip on the blanket tightened after a man with a familiar face entered the room. He had a towel on his

shoulder and in his right hand was his cell phone.

His eyes wandered and found mine. Slowly, his eyebrow shot up and the corner of his lips rose. His hair was wet and disheveled. The muscles in his chest were bulging from the tight shirt hugging his body perfectly. He looked so fresh as he stood there, gracing the room with his handsome face. Wait, what?

"Are you sore?"

I gasped in horror as my eyes widened. My heart instantly raced. Did something happen? But I don't feel anything.

"What?" I asked, both nervous and annoyed.

He chuckled and slowly shook his head as he successfully invited himself in and stood beside the bed. My toes curled. I don't understand why he looked so intense and dominating. His dark and playful eyes were watching me with amusement. I sniffed and the scent of the aftershave filled my nose. He wasn't wearing any perfume, but the natural manly scent from him is urging me to close my eyes and sniff him more. I swallowed hard. You must be out of your mind, Brianna!

"Nothing happened, babe."

I glared at him after his voice brought me back to my senses. My pride couldn't take how I reacted towards him. I frowned and snorted... "I know and stop calling me babe!"

He chuckled again. "The female hotel clerk helped me with your dress and I slept in the next room last night."

I gritted my teeth. I owe it to him that I'm here safe and

untouched, but his arrogance and displeasing smirk is getting into my nerves.

He laughed and my eyes bore to him again, glaring. "Will you stop laughing?"

He licked his bottom lip and offered a handshake. "I'm Rogue Adams."

I'm not rude to ignore him so I accepted his hand and shook it. "Brianna Quinn."

"I know," he answered confidently and arrogantly.

My forehead creased as I stared at him. He knew? I was curious that he seems to know me well but I did not mind my thoughts.

"You were so drunk last night so your head surely is aching. I ordered soup for you and it's outside."

I cleared my throat. "I'll pay—"

"Oh, no. You're not doing that, babe."

I looked at him again, annoyed. God! His attitude threatens my facade. "Stop calling me babe."

He grinned arrogantly again. "You probably don't remember what happened last night but—"

"Stop," I said panicking but the brute continued. My heart raced. Damn! I know what I did. I gave him a head. Shit!

"—you were arguing with your husband when I came and saved your ass."

I froze in confusion. Was I just dreaming? Was it just all in my head? My throat was still dry. I couldn't process what he said. So I didn't force him to undress? I didn't kneel between his legs inside that private room?

I tilted my head, distrustful with his words. "T-That's what happened? Is that all?"

He smiled. "Yeah and maybe I deserve a date with you?"

Now my lips parted in amusement. I could say he's joking because he's smirking but his eyes were telling me he's serious.

His laughter suddenly broke. "I must've scared you. I apologize for my rudeness, miss."

I don't know how he managed to annoy me and erase my annoyance towards him in a short span. I found myself smiling while shaking my head.

He smiled back and I blinked when my heart skipped a beat. What the...

He pointed at the folded cloth on the bedside table next to my phone. "There's your dress. I'll go ahead now. You should eat the food I ordered for you before you leave. Don't waste food, there are a lot of hungry childrens on the street."

I chuckled and looked up at him. "Thank you, Mr. Adams."

He smirked and winked at me. "Small things. Bye for now, babe. We'll see each other next time."

"You serious with the date?" I asked, smirking.

He just smirked and ended it with a bite on his bottom lip. He waved his hand at me when his phone rang. I watched him answer his phone and left.

I was left alone in the room, a smile still plastered on my lips until I realized something. No! Damn it, Brianna. A man was the reason you're in this situation. I shouldn't entertain that man. Yes, he was good to me. He didn't take advantage of my drunk state last night but he's still a man. What if he has a hidden agenda? What if he's planning something against me?

I shook my head violently and grabbed my phone. My eyeballs almost popped out when I saw almost a hundred missed calls from Kate. She also left me a message telling me to call her back.

I swallowed hard and pressed the call button. When she answered, she gasped.

[Thank God you answered! Where the hell are you, Bree? I've been calling you. You just disappeared last night. I tried looking for that man who dragged you away but I couldn't find him. Where did he bring you, Bree? Are you okay? Gosh! Speak!]

I rolled my eyes. "How can I speak when you won't give me a chance?"

[I'm giving you a chance now. But before that, check your social media accounts. Also visit your grandfather. I bet my beautiful face he's learned about you and Cain divorcing.]

My eyes widened in fraction. "Huh? What do you mean?"

[Just check the internet, Bree. See it for yourself. Gosh! You just brought yourself into your graveyard.]



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