

Chapter 3 Marry A Gigolo

Word Count: 860 | Released on: 21/09/2023

Within just half a day, Sheila had conversed with no fewer than fifty men.

Whether her motivation was to spite her family or to dodge Timothy's overtures, she was in a hurry to find a husband.

After weeding out those only interested in casual relationships or financial aid, she set up meetings with a few promising candidates. Yet, to her astonishment, she found herself alone in a café the next day.

Every single man had stood her up.

Left with no alternative, Sheila decided to try her luck on another dating app.

"What a coincidence!"

A rich, velvety voice broke into her thoughts as she was registering her new account.

She looked up to find herself locking eyes with a familiar face. It was the gigolo hired by Rita the other night: Shane. Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson.

"You alone? May I join you?" Shane inquired.

"I'd rather you didn't," Sheila retorted.

Seemingly unfazed by her rejection, Shane gracefully took the seat opposite her. "I hear you're in the market for a husband?"

Sheila eyed him warily. "How did you find out?"

Instead of answering, Shane posed his own question. "Since we've already shared a night together, why not consider me?"

As she stared at his mouth forming the words, her thoughts drifted to all the

As she stared at his mouth forming the words, her thoughts drifted to all the men who had abandoned her.

Her eyes narrowed, suspicion flooding her gaze. "Did Rita send you?"

Shane arched an eyebrow. "Rita? Who is she?"

"Don't act naïve! I know she hired you to violate me that night! How much is she paying you now to marry me?"

Was there no limit to what people like him would do for money?

Noticing her tone tinged with revulsion, Shane clenched his jaw. "What do you think I am?"

"In any case, you're not someone I'd call good." Sheila shot back, pulling a banknote from her purse and tossing it onto the table. "This should cover whatever you may order. Go tell Rita I fell for her scheme once, but it won't happen again."

With that, she rose to leave. Any further argument with him would be a futile waste of her time.

However, as she tried to walk past him, he suddenly grabbed her wrist and pulled her back. She lost her balance and toppled backwards.

After a brief moment of disorientation, she realized she had landed in his arms. Now, she was seated on his lap.

His hands held her slender waist, keeping her from moving.

"You despicable person, let go of me!" Sheila shouted, attempting to free herself from his grip.

Shane inhaled a familiar scent from her, just as he had that night. His eyes slowly darkened.

In the past, he had never been particularly interested in women.

However, that night, her scent had ignited something in him. Despite his

However, that night, her scent had ignited something in him. Despite his better judgment, he had chosen to hold her rather than push her away.

"You should feel fortunate it was me you encountered that night," he said.

Sheila was taken aback. "What are you talking about?"

"At that time, after you were drugged, there was another man lurking in the shadows with a camera. If you hadn't approached me, compromising footage of you could have been all over the media by now."

Sheila felt her mind reel at the revelation. "Are you serious?"

To answer, Shane tossed his phone onto the coffee table.

"Don't believe me? Take a look for yourself."

Reluctantly, Sheila picked up his phone and unlocked it. What she found was a surveillance video from the hotel hallway.

In the footage, she could clearly see a middle-aged man lurking in the shadows, camera in hand, eyeing her as if she were prey ready to be captured.

Just then, Shane exited the elevator, and she found herself in his arms. The man with the camera had only left after they went into a hotel room together.

A shiver ran down Sheila's spine.

Not only had Rita drugged her, but she had also arranged for some creepy guy to be the rapist.

If he had succeeded in capturing her on video...

She didn't even want to think about what could have happened.

"Even if you weren't sent by Rita, how did you end up in that hotel that night? If I remember correctly, Timothy had booked the whole place, and you needed an invitation to get in!"

Commented [Ma1]:

an invitation to get in!"

Shane's eyes shifted slightly. His penthouse was at the top of the hotel, and that was usually where he stayed. Even though Timothy had booked the whole place, it wouldn't include Shane's penthouse. He had gone there to rest that night, and as soon as he stepped out of the elevator, she had been there...

Sheila looked at him for a moment and blurted out, "Were you there to meet some rich woman?"

Shane's forehead tensed, and he laughed. "Wow, you've got quite the imagination!"

Sheila was stunned. Did he just confirm it?

She looked at him again, her teeth clenched. "Fine, whatever you are. Come with me."

Shane raised an eyebrow. "Where to?"

"You said you wanted to marry me, right? We're going to City Hall, and we better hurry; they'll be closing soon."

