

## 9; I'll dream of you.

Chapter Nine- "I'll dream of you".

Isabella Montague.

I blinked, darting out my tongue to wet my chapped lips as I met his gaze again, losing that feigned chuckle. "What? What type of sick joke is this? Why the hell would you bring me to your house?" As much as I'd prefer a house to a hotel, it doesn't change the fact that he's a complete stranger.

Being in a stranger's house isn't exactly on the list of things I'd like to do—especially not after I may or may not have slept with him. f\*\*k, how can I not remember whether I did or not?

He shrugged, pressing his lips together as he pulled an innocent look. "Because I want you to know where it is in case you want to return." He didn't pull a mischievous look or anything, but I have a feeling there has to be some mischievousness behind it. I just know it. He seems to be the type anyway.

And somehow, his words angered me. "What is that supposed to mean?" I gritted out. He couldn't possibly mean it in a creepy way, right? I mean, the look he gave me was enough to make one rethink twice, even though somehow, I didn't feel insulted for it wasn't that way as well. He just sounded...irty. Besides, he's been nothing but kind to me so far. I guess I owe him the benet of doubt.

"In case you miss me of course." He replied, his expression serious. Remember that thing I said about benet of doubt? I take it back. I would've been fooled into thinking he is actually serious if I didn't know better. He then added another shrug, then added in a dismissive manner. "Or when you need a safe place from everything. That works too."

Did he just say a safe place or something? What game is he playing at? Why should I need a safe place and why of all people would I come to him for that? I rid my head of those thoughts.

I know I should be away by now, I should leave and not waste time striking up any conversation with him—after all, that's what I want the most—to be away from him or anything here as well but I've never been one to let someone have the last word.

I've made a vow to never allow that to happen again. And though it may sound childish to abide by that in a situation like this, I still couldn't help it. Something about him nudges that part of me. A competitive, albeit childish part as well.

If he thought his irty ways would sway me, then he's gravely mistaken. I refuse to be swayed by it. So, I straightened my spine, and pushed my hair over my shoulder—leveling my stern gaze with his. "I've seen men like you." I started.

His eyes dilated, as he feigned a look of surprise, his lips parted. "Oh, really now?" He's mocking me, I just know it. It's obvious from the tilt of the corner of his lips in amusement.

I didn't allow it to get to me, even though I was internally a ticking bomb because he's getting on my last nerves. I don't get how he's nding amusement in my actions, in any of it. How is it amusing please?

He got on his feet, rounded the center table, then stopped by the exit of the living room—opposite where I am, leaning on it while crossing his arms—the mug still in his hand. Then, he slowly arched a brow, his lips dancing in amusement. "And what kind of man am I exactly, Isabella?" The way my name rolled of his lips...it had my stomach in ips.

I try to not let it get to me, because there's no reason it should but it's like my body automatically reacts to the way he calls my name. It' a ridiculous feeling, I know. Which is why I try not to focus on it.

I jutted my chin, putting on a blank expression so he wouldn't see the way I react to him calling my name. My stupid body and stomach that was in knots. I didn't hesitate to respond. "A playboy." Whoever he is, he has this irty attitude and the looks of a playboy. I have no doubt he is one.

"Am I now?" His lips parted in surprise, but even then, mirth danced in his orbs. He's taking everything a joke. How can I not be annoyed?

"Of course you are." His attitude wouldn't stop me from laying out the facts here. I tilted my head to the side slightly, then carried on. "A billionaire that has slept with half the girls in America--"

"—I don't think that's healthy." He cut me off, raising a nger, his expression contorting into that of disgust. "That would be awful amount of women."

I ignored him, "—has every girl at your feet whom you use and discard like used shirts--"

"—that's a pretty jerky move, and I'm not that bad." Yet again, he cut me off to chirp in his inline comments. His face sported a serious look, "Come on, give me some credit here."

And yet again, I ignored him. "—And you think you can get any woman you want just because you're rich." This time around he didn't cut me off. I plastered a fake smile on my face. "Well, sorry to burst your bubble, that wouldn't work me. You won't have me in your bed--"

"—you slept on it." He pointed out. "For the whole night."

I closed my eyes, then took a deep breath so as to not lose my calm because I'm so close to going nuts because of this man. How does he have a response for everything please? While I'm trying to calm myself, his voice came yet again.

I peeled my eyes open, pinning my glare on him as my hands curled by the side. It's enough that I'm beating myself up for being unable to remember whether something did happen between us or not—his silence isn't helping one bit. I prefer his silence though to the words he uttered next.

"—though you can't remember whether you did sleep with me or not." He kissed his teeth, his expression still serious. "Between us, don't you think that makes you the player? I mean, how can you forget last night? Even if you've forgotten what happened here, then you do remember you claimed me in public right?" He touched the spot where his heart is, "If you've forgotten, it will hurt me here. So, tell me, Isabella, how will you take responsibility of me?"

"Responsibility?" I repeated, trying to make sense of what he just said. Which responsibility is he talking about again?

He nodded, pressing his lips together. "Yes, responsibility of me." A few curls of his hair fell on his forehead, framing it and giving him an even younger look. "You made my heart race, and you have to take responsibility of it."

Blood rushed to my cheeks the moment those words escapes his lips, and I found myself grasping at words to respond. "You kissed me back as well." That was the only thing that came to my mind.

He held my gaze for a few seconds, not saying a word. His face suddenly broke into a slow smile, the corners of his eyes crinkling as he nodded in response to what I said. "I did." He admitted. "So, should I take responsibility of you, Isabella? Would you allow me to?"

His words, his looks, his smile...fuck. It all makes my stomach be in knots. I hate how he has this effect on me, and I hate even more how I am easily swayed by it. He knew what he was doing judging from the amused expression he sported, and that annoyed me. So, in a desperate attempt to rid my head of those thoughts so he wouldn't see past me, I was quick to wipe off any trace of smile or embarrassment from my face.

"No one asked you to." I mumbled, then looked away, blowing out breaths to calm my racing heart. "I'm leaving." I decided there's no point standing there and listening to him anymore. So, I turned around, making my way out. Or more like storming my way out.

His voice suddenly came again, much to my displeasure. "That's not the way out." His tone was calm, and composed.

I didn't stop, continuing my way down the hall, unwilling to listen to him. Wherever it is I'm headed to, I will nd my way out myself and I do not need his help. Or so I thought. For the door I was headed to, I tried to push it open but it was locked. I tried again, then again but it wouldn't budge. I huffed out a breath, picked up the pieces of my last remaining dignity and then made my way back—and as if knowing I'd be back—he did, he was waiting in the exact same spot I'd left him, calmly sipping his tea.

Upon seeing me return, he offered me what was supposed to be an innocent smile but I know he's only mocking me. "Oh, welcome back." His smile widened. "Did you have a pleasant time touring the house?"

My hand sted by the side, as I tamped down my annoyance. I swallowed down my pride.

"Where is the way out?" I even plastered a fake smile on my face.

Thankfully, he didn't tease me any further. Instead, he gestured down another corridor wordlessly. I let the fake smile fall, then stormed down there, not without leaving a remark in its awake. "I hope we never meet again!"

"We'll meet soon, Isabella." He sounded so certain of himself, and I could feel him getting closer to me, as if he's following behind me.

I scoffed, glad when I could spot the door out. "In your dreams." I reached the door, pulled it open, and stepped out. Luckily, it's the right door out for the eld span out, along with the driveway that leads to the gate. Relief lled me instantly as I marched there.

"I'll be sure to dream of you then."

I stopped, then turned around to see him standing by the door, sporting that smug smile of his that annoys the living crap out of me. I didn't respond, knowing it'll only lead to another round of quarrel I have no strength for. Besides, the sooner I get the hell out of here and away from this weird man, the better it is for me. I shed my phone out, ready to call Amy and ask her to pick me up wherever this is. But, her message was the rst thing I saw came in immediately. --I've tracked your phone. I'm outside the house. Amy.

I released a sigh of relief when I stepped out and saw her car waiting like she'd stated. I hastily made my way towards it, pulling the back door and getting into it, before slumping on the chairs there. She turned around on her seat to look at me, "Should I ask?"

"Just drive." I closed my eyes, placing the back of my hand on it. "It's best you don't know." I whispered. Whatever happened today, and last night with this strange man, I'm wiping it from my memory. He's bad luck, and I want no part in it. Besides, in the plans I have for my life, there are no rooms for people like him.