

36- A marriage without fakeness

Her head was still reeling with this morning's incidents. Hunter had at last accepted her proposal.

When Hunter entered his bedroom, she was humming to herself with a small smile playing on her lips. When she saw him, her smile broadened. "I need to leave. I should visit Molly. She must be hell worried."

Hunter came and taking her in his embrace he put his forehead on her head. Putting a hand on his cheek she asked. "Hunter, are you alright?"

Hunter shook his head, "Couldn't sleep last night. Let's go to bed."

Abi was a little taken aback, "But Hunter ..."

"Abi, we need to plan lots of things. But right now I need a good sleep." Abigail quietly, nodding her head. He looked tired. She felt guilt making its way in her heart.

It was because of her.

He laid on the bed and stretched his arms for her. She shyly went to him and tried to lay beside him but he held her and made her lay on his body. After few moments when she lifted her head she found him sleeping, snoring lightly. She smiled.

"Once he would wake up I would tell him not to feel pressurized by this proposal or the contract marriage. I would clearly tell him that he would be required only for some occasional appearances. That's it. Yes. That's the plan!"

She patted his shoulder and drifted off to sleep. It was almost evening when they woke up. Abi rolled on the bed while Hunter stretched.

She slipped to the bathroom and when she came back she was wearing her dress which was delivered earlier by hotel staff, washed and ironed. He saw her coming out and held out his hand. She came closer and sat beside him holding it back.

"I need to go and freshen up. Till then don't run away. Ok?" she nodded smiling at him.

He came back and ordered food. They settled by the poolside and had honey glazed onion rings, cranberry chicken salad, garlic bread with smoked lamb.

"Coffee?" He asked.

"Scotch please." He raised a brow at that. She shrugged, "I am happy." He smiled.

"Hunter, I need to leave. My phone is at Molly's apartment. She must be getting worried." His arms were folded on his chest.

"Abigail, I need to make myself clear on few things. So we better talk first. Ok?" his businesslike tone told Abigail that the time had come to make everything full and final.


She nodded slowly. This was the first time Hunter was talking to her so formally.

Abigail turned to him and waited for him to speak. He took a sip from his drink and toyed with his glass as if trying to decide where to start. "Tell me, Abi. Do you trust me?"


Without a moment's hesitation Abi answered. "Of course... I do."


"Hmm. Then let me take few decisions for you. For us."

"What decisions?" she gave him a confused look. "I don't understand what ..."


"Shh ..." he shooed her. "Don't interrupt. Just listen." 


"Abi. We need to plan well. We are in this together. Ok?" She nodded. He got up and stood by the pool with the glass in one hand.


"This is a contract marriage, I know. But Abigail Mason, this marriage won't be a false one, our engagement won't be fake and ..." he turned around looking directly in her eyes. "Our kisses would be real." 

Abigail choked on her drink. 

It's good if you clear about our sex life too. She thought to herself.

He smiled, "Don't worry. Nothing would be done without your consent." Abigail was horrified, but he chuckled. "When my family would be around, they should get the impression of a lovey dovey couple. Same goes for your mom, sister and ex." 

"We must appear madly in love. Our friendship should help us in achieving that. Plus we haven't kissed yet. As a couple." 

She stood again... choking and coughing, putting her glass down not able to look at him directly. He came near her and held her chin to raise her face. "But I think we need to kiss more often as a practice exercise." A slight smirk appeared on her face. 

He did not feel the need to mention the kisses he stole in her sleep. Twice! 

"In order to show them that we are deeply in love, I ..." he stopped for a moment and leaned on her a little. "I would be needing to kiss you a lot." His voice almost dropped to a whisper. "I don't want you to think that I am taking advantage of you."

Abigail was tongue tied, so instead of saying anything she just shook her head. Her throat suddenly felt dry. She licked her lower lip and that small action caught his attention.

Putting his glass down he held her gently by the waist and pulled her closer to him, "Abigail Mason, can I kiss you?" She heard him whispering near her ear. [5](#)

Abigail giggled nervously looking at him and then nodded her head slightly. He descended his head slowly and very lightly touched her lips with his, almost caressing them. Then his lips shifted to her neck tracing it till her collarbone. She tilted her head to give him easy access. Her knees had gone weak. She held him by his shoulders for some support. [2](#)

He shifted back to her lips and started kissing her. The kisses were soft with just the right pressure. He was kissing the corners first and then pressed his lips with hers moving them a little.

Abigail senses were fully awake. His lips felt to her like velvet. Evoking fireworks! She could not hold it and started brushing her mouth against his.

She didn't want the kiss to end. But it did end. Lifting his head Hunter looked at her with serious expression. They both were breathless.

Hunter again leaned on her to kiss her again, this time tightening his grip, he used his tongue to wet her lips and pushed his tongue inside her mouth. He was not only tasting her but was giving her the taste of him. The minty taste was now evoking sparks from her veins shooting fireworks throughout her whole body. [2](#)

The rubbing of his tongue on hers sent bolts of electricity down her spine. This one was more magical than the previous one. It was a long, hot blooded one. When he ended it, he rested his forehead on hers. [1](#)

"Move in with me." Abigail looked at him a little bewildered. She was not able to speak anything still effected by the kiss. But Hunter understood her. "Trust me, Abi. Move in. Your office work is almost here. As your fiancé and husband I would be here. After engagement it's only natural if we stay together, in my portion. That would be easier for both of us." He was still holding her brushing his knuckles against her cheek, "Your nightmares seem to improve when I am around." He remarked and Abigail could not deny it. 1

"We have slept together before. We should not have any problem in that." He said while pushing away a hair strand off her face gently. 1

"But nobody will suspect if we are living together or separately in our own apartments." Apart from that I want to share expenses." she tried to argue a little.

He frowned a little, "Sugar. I told you. I want to stay closer to you when you are having a nightmare. For expense part? Well! You were my employee already. You offered to work for my empowerment program for free. Which means you would be my responsibility. In return, I would not only show you love but respect too. I would be faithful to you as long as you would be my spouse. I promise." He said solemnly. Abigail was taken aback yet touched by his words. 1

"And what about your needs." Abigail asked him sheepishly. "I mean your... umm ... your THOSE needs. I won't mind if you go out and..." 2

"Don't worry about my sexual needs, Abigail. Leave that to me." Kissing her forehead he held her hand to take her inside with him.

"But seriously Hunter. As long as you keep it secret, I don't mind." he stopped and put a finger on her lips. 4

"Shhh ... don't worry about that." Then resumed walking inside. She put

her other hand on his arm. "Hunter, I promise, I would stay faithful to you too."

Hunter smiled at that, "I know honey."

"Thank you. Thanks a bunch, Hunter." She looked at him. "And thanks for..." She gestured towards patio. "For pampering me."

"You are my fiancée. You have every right to be pampered and spoiled." She didn't know if it was his words or the way he said it. But her heart fluttered inside her chest. She avoided his gaze and looked around. "And, sugar. I am letting you leave right now. Go to Molly's apartment, bring your stuff. Hunter Levisay's fiancée would not live away from him." Her heart was doing crazy things inside. 2

Nobody had shown her so much care. She had never liked possessive boyfriends or controlling ones. But this seemed different. It felt like someone was ready to go to hell and back for her, even if it's fake. And it did make sense from every one's point of view. Whether it was her family or his. They had to show everyone that they were a perfect couple totally into each other.

Moreover Hunter had asked her to trust him and take a backseat. She did want to enjoy the ride. She was almost giving up to the temptation. 3

"Are you sure Hunter?" she asked him innocently.

Taking her in his arms he hugged her tight. "Trust me, sugar. And from now onwards I won't allow anyone to hurt you or cause you pain." He whispered in her hair.

"Even in this fake relationship?" she could not stop herself from asking. But he clearly flinched at the query. 4

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"Abi! Rule number one of our contract is ... words like 'fake' or 'contract' are not allowed. From now onwards, whether we are alone or have audience, these words don't belong to our vocabulary. Ok?" She nodded her head bumping it in his chin. He didn't complain but smiled. After such a long time she felt at ease. ?

She could not wait to meet Molly. Gosh she was missing her.

There was so much to tell!

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