

46- Let's get married.

Entering his office, he closed the door and held her near him, leaning his one hip on his office table. She was standing between his legs, with his arms around her.

She lifted her head and noticed dark circles around his eyes. She lifted her finger to touch it, "You didn't sleep well last night?"

He could not answer that, he could not tell that he was awake. 1

"I woke up early, too early actually. And then couldn't go back to sleep."

"Oh"

"So why are you angry?"

Taking a deep breath she closed her eyes, "Hunter, you are opening a furniture showroom, for me! I am using your car, your chauffeur already. I am using your place to sleep." She paused closing her eyes and then heard his amused voice. 1

"So you are angry because you are using my place, my car, my driver ..."

"No" She cut him off, "That office cabin belonged to me. And this morning I came to know that it's no more mine. That too from your office staff!"

"Hmm..." Hunter understood. "My apologies, sugar. I just made few changes and then had to leave before your arrival. Actually had to ask both, Ann and Ava not to tell you. Because I wanted to do it myself."

She tilted back her face frowning at him, "Tell me what?"

"This!" he gestured towards a similar table as his, in a corner with an

office chair. "I wanted you to share this space with me." He gave her a sheepish smile while telling her that. Abigail was quiet for a moment. "It was meant to be a surprise."

"You want me to share THIS office space? With YOU?" when Hunter nodded she did not know what to say, "But Hunter I don't want you to feel suffocated because of me. You don't need to do this."

She started avoiding the eye contact trying her best to push back her tears. Hunter held her chin up with his forefinger and thumb, "Don't you dare cry. Plus tell me when your birthday is?"

The question caught her off-guard, "What?" She frowned a little. Now from where this came from?

"My birthday? Why?"

"Tell me, when is it?" he smiled and then answered himself "After two weeks?"

She was amazed by the knowledge, "How do you know?" He shrugged, his eyes twinkling. 1

"By the way, when is yours?" she asked totally forgetting how badly she wanted to cry.

"Next month." He caressed her cheek with his knuckles. "Abigail!"

"Hmm?"

"Let's get married on your birthday." She didn't know if it was a suggestion or a question. 2

"On my birthday! But that's too soon." Now he had truly surprised her.

"No its not! Please do take your time. But think about this. Why delay something which is meant to happen?" then leaning towards her a little, he continued "We are already living together. On work front also we are in harmony. So what's left? Why to waste time?"

Abigail didn't know why she was thrilled by the idea of getting married. For some reason she felt excited.

"I think you are right!" She nodded looking at his face. Her lips curled into a smile "Let's get married Hunter."

It had been few days, since they started looking for the houses. Abigail liked them all. But hunter liked none. Abigail felt pity for the estate broker who was putting up with them.

"Seriously! You people don't have anything for us?" Hunter raised an eyebrow at the poor man.

"Hunter, why don't you tell him specifically what do you want?" Abigail gave Hunter a fake sweet smile nodding towards the agent. Hunter looked at her, "I have already done that."

Abigail turned to the broker, "If you would excuse us for few minutes, we just need to discuss something."

Then turning around she looked at him placing her both hands on her hips.

"What?" he shrugged. He was wearing his shades so she wasn't able to see his eyes. Reaching out she took off his shades.

"You must have told him, but you haven't told me. Now tell me Hunter, what are you looking for?" He was not looking at her.

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Taking a deep breath she went closer to him and tied her arms around his neck. "What do you want, Henry Cavil?" 1

"You." It was out, before he could stop himself. Her eyes went wide looking at him but he was quick to take her in his arms. His face was serious. 2

"What I mean is..." He cleared his throat, "something suitable for you, best for you. Which would feel like home." Then taking her palm he placed it on his chest near his heart. "Something which would click here."

She kept looking at his face, then nodded and took a step back. She didn't know why her heart was doing summersaults in her chest. Trying to control her emotions she nodded again.

"May be you should think about constructing it?" she started walking with Hunter following her.

They were about to thank the broker when he said, "If you have time, I would request you to please just have a look at the last one." 3

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