

47- Dream house

The moment they entered here, Abigail knew what Hunter was talking about. It was more like a mansion and Abigail was hesitant, holding Hunter's hand tightly.

Hunter eyed her. "Abigail! What's the matter?"

"Hunter... it's too big! We ... I mean ... I would be lost!" she almost whispered letting out a nervous laughter.

Instead of replying her, he just put an arm around her and entered. Abi was a little disappointed.

But then she reminded herself that someday Hunter would be needing a proper place for his family, for a real woman who would be his lawfully wedded wife. Not a contractual one. With whom he would fall in love ... She could not go on thinking after that. 3

It was more than 600 acres of property where three huge barns were put by the owners. It had a race track, a huge swimming pool, gardens and a butterfly house. Its main residence was huge having extra spacious rooms. It had the most beautiful kitchen which opened in a kitchen garden having massive space for growing vegetables. But the owners did not seem to be much fond of that.

The main feature of the mansion was a three story library having a spiral staircase. That was the only thing Abigail seemed interested in. The library could be used as a study room or could serve as a work space according to the requirements.

When the estate agent told the worth of it in ten figures Abigail's mouth hung open. 2

On their way back she was busy in her own thoughts. The car stopped at the Sapphire Galaxy and they headed for the elevator area. When she watched him pressing the P button of elevator she knitted her eye brows in confusion, "Aren't we supposed to go back to the office?" The elevator doors opened and they entered their living room. 2

"Yes, we were but right now better not to go office. Let's spend rest of the day together."

"But Hunter! Ben expected me to submit a report this evening" 1

"Then better do it here and email him."

"But I need to complete my sketches too. My showroom might ..."

"But according to your wish you sold that showroom to me, so it's ok. Nothing would happen if you would take some time off."

"Hunter! What about my carpenters. They are daily wages people they would ..."

"I would pay them extra for their time. Anything else?" he said placing both his hands on his hips, with a raised eye brow.

She sighed, "You have answers to everything."

"Abigail, what's the matter? Something is off. I mean you didn't like the house?" he took off his jacket placing it on the living room couch.

"No it's not like that. Actually I need to go to bathroom." When she came back she was wearing a bathrobe.

"I can't find my jeans, and my pink top." She looked agitated and furious.

Hunter kept looking at her quietly. She herself didn't know why she was

feeling so aggressive.

"I think I need a swim." With that she stepped out on the patio. Hunter saw her taking off the bathrobe, underneath she was wearing a royal blue two piece. She got in the pool while he kept sitting there observing her through the glass door. He could not put his finger on what was bothering her. But it had something to do with that grand mansion.

She had been in the pool for past thirty to forty minutes when he decided to join her. He was wearing his swimming trunks, a mouthwatering treat for Abi's eyes, when he dived in the pool. After taking a few laps he saw her standing in the corner of the pool, keenly watching him.

He moved to her like a panther. Keeping some distance, he stopped, looking into her eyes. Then moving a little, he got closer. Still no response from her. This time they were just one or two inches apart.

"Abigail, did I do something wrong?" She shook her head.

"Did I say something offensive?" she again shook it.

"Then what is it?"

"Nothing!" She said a little too defensively. "I need to go."

He did not move from his place. "Hunter please, would you mind? I need to go." He was blocking her way not at all bothering to move away.

She tried to push him away but he did not budge from his place. Tilting her head up, she looked at the sky and then his face.

He kept staring at her, "Hunter." tears started running down her cheeks.

"Abigail." He pulled her in his arms clutching her to his chest. Not saying a single word. Not asking for any explanations. Just making her believe



without using words that he was there for her. She kept crying silently for God knows how long and why. 1

But...

Something hit him hard. He did realize why she was upset. This time she did the same. She had handed over him everything. For this contract marriage she had given up on her salary. The showroom did not belong to her. She had nothing in her name just like she did not have anything when she was with Kyle.

She did trust Kyle and got suffered. Now she was totally dependent on him. After Kyle, nothing had been predictable for her. Nothing belonged to her on papers. And the huge house had doubled the anxiety.

Now he understood her.

He needed to find a solution to all that. He wanted her future to be secured. If something happened to him, she should not stand all alone with nothing in her hands. 1

When she was done crying, she tilted back her head and smiled at him with tear stained face. He just shook his head disapprovingly. Abigail frowned a little not understanding why he seemed unhappy.

"What is it?" she seemed nervous now but he kept shaking his head.

"Abigail. You are so fond of crying in water. First it was rain. Now its swimming pool. I don't know what would be next. A bath tub? Or a shower? I swear ..." but he could not complete it because Abigail started pushing him throwing small fists at his chest.

"Behave yourself, Abi" he was laughing. "Come on. You would fall sick." He handed over a towel as soon as they came out. Tying it around her,



she was grinning.

"Thank you Hunter."

"Next time try to do it without water." Hunter said and then yelped because Abigail pushed him in water again.

Sticking out her tongue she came inside almost running and started drying herself still laughing. When she felt someone coming behind her, she turned around. Hunter was coming towards her with a murderous look.

"Sorry, Hunter! Seriously! I am sorry!" he kept walking towards her. She started backing off till her back hit the wall. "Hunter!"

Hunter came closer looking into her eyes, he picked her like a sack, carried her on his shoulder and started walking towards the pool. She started laughing and throwing fists at him. "Hunter, put me down."

But it was too late. With Abigail in his arms he jumped in the pool. When they came up for air, they both were laughing hysterically. Her arms were around his neck and he was holding her by her waist. When their laughter subsided her forehead was leaned on his chest. 1

She lifted her head and found him staring at her with a smile on his lips. Her eyes fell on his lips and when she lifted her eyes to meet his, that smile was gone.

Clearing her throat Abigail got back putting some distance between them. The loss of contact and warmth caused her a sudden chill which she opted to ignore.

They both came out of the pool quietly. Hunter handed her a fresh towel which she draped around and went to the bathroom.

At night when they were in bed Abigail stared at the ceiling and smiled remembering how Hunter had proposed her, "Hunter, are you sure I won't get lost in that big house of yours?" 1

When she didn't get a reply she thought he had gone to sleep. But he was looking at her with sleepy eyes, instead of saying anything he just took her in his arms and yawned loudly. "No Abigail. You won't get lost. I won't let you!" His tone sounded intense. "Now go to sleep, sugar. It won't be my house. It would belong to both of us."

Before going to sleep, she realized that like her, Hunter did not push her in water. Even to teach her a lesson or even if it was just in fun he had jumped himself, not at all leaving her alone.

She felt happy.

His wife would be hell lucky. And the way he is taking care of me, I would never be able to pay him back. Whenever he would fall in love, I would move out of his way. This is the least I can do. And it's a promise. No matter how much tempting his friendship is. I would always value it.

She raised her head and found him sleeping. Staring at his face she smiled and reached up gently brushing her lips with his.

Then as if she could not resist, she whispered, "Sorry Hunter. I won't take a consent for this. But every time I don't want an audience to be kissed, honey. Not every kiss must be for pretense." Then very gently not wanting to disturb him much, she claimed his velvety lips very softly without knowing that he was fully awake, and was clutching his sheets using his both hands with his full might. 2