

Chapter 22

Venus POV

I got up, wiping the tears from my eyes. "Aaron, you — Is Vicky with you?"

He sat beside me and shook his head. "No, why will she be with me? I have come to meet you."

His eyes narrowed as his gaze went to the red marks on my cheek. "Who did this to you?" he almost snarled.

I bit my lip. "Vicky came over."

"Vicky?" he sounded enraged. "But she said that she didn't know where you were. And she hit you?"

I lowered my head, not knowing how to deal with the situation. He had just come here after seeing a naked Vicky. "But you were with her," I said in an accusing tone. I got up and walked away from him, not liking his presence and also yearning it. Yes, I had officially gone mad for him.

He came to stand behind me. He was so close that

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his body heat seeped into mine and I suppressed a whimper. "I am sorry about that, Venus, but I am going to stop it." He placed his hands on my shoulder and turned me around to face him.

Wiping my tears, he added, "I don't want to see you cry." His hands caressed my cheeks as he lifted my face, creating an intimate connection as our eyes met. "From now on, you are my priority. I'll do everything in my capacity to make you happy."

My lips parted at his words. It felt like they were coming from his heart. "Thanks..." I murmured, unable to believe such a sharp change in his demeanor.

"There's nothing to thank me for. Instead, I need to apologize to you. Will you accept my apology?"

The way he looked in my eyes with those gray eyes, my heart melted, my body melted and my brain—well, that melted too. I had to clench my thighs hard to stop my arousal. Because I couldn't form words, I nodded. "Uhummm."

"And don't worry about the news. I have taken care of it," he said as he caught my hand and pulled me back to bed. "It is off air and the reporter is in the dungeons."

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I jerked my head back. "So fast?"

He chuckled. "Of course! How dare he disrespect you?"

"He disrespected you too," I muttered. "I didn't like it."

He made me sit on my bed and then, to my utter surprise, he knelt in front of me. "Now no one will dare to report about us unless we want it. I have sent a strong message to the news channels."

My lips curled up as a pale blush crept on my cheeks. As if entranced, he brought his fingers to my cheek and traced my blush. "You look lovely," he murmured.

What? I looked like a mess. With all that crying and my hair in a tangle, I looked ugly. Just what Vicky said. And then my stomach growled.

"You're hungry," he remarked.

I pursed my lips. "I didn't have any breakfast."

"So haven't I." He got up and pulled me up. "Let's eat before another drama is thrown into our life."

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I giggled as my feet bounced on the floor behind him. It was impossible for me to fathom my love and fondness for Aaron. His small episodes of affection left me giddy, weak in my knees. I had completely and irrevocably fallen in love with him.

While he explained how he put a stop to the media reports, he prepared tuna sandwiches for me. I forgot about the universe as I watched my man making food for me. When he was done, he took a plate and served the sandwiches in it for us. I couldn't believe that we were having breakfast on the same plate, but why did it feel so natural?

Aaron didn't go anywhere, insisting that he wanted to spend time with me. He took me upstairs where he lay down next to me in the bed, which was again such a surprise that I didn't know how to react. But he stayed in it, languid and warm, holding my hand all the time as if reassuring me he was there for me. There was something in his touch that made my toes curl. Electricity zapped in my body and I would forget to breathe often.

Aaron had never been so intimate with me, and so this new closeness was overwhelming. Throughout the day, we found ourselves nestled on the couch, lost in conversation about our hopes and dreams. I brought my bag down to read my books, and he

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helped me with my homework. I didn't know when, but as I took a break to scroll through my phone, our legs intertwined.

He showed me a picture of when I had broken my front tooth. "You look so terrible here," he said, showing it to me.

"What?" I cried. I tried to take his phone and delete that picture, but it remained out of my reach. I picked up a cushion and hit him with it playfully. He raised his eyebrow. He pulled a pillow behind him and struck me with it. And so the pillow fight began. Somewhere during it, he pulled me and grabbed me in his arms with my back against his chest. I was laughing like a maniac when all at once I became aware of his silence. He stared at me intensely, his touch feeling electric.

Aaron lowered his lips to my ears and kissed my earlobe. My heart thundered in my chest when he traced a line of kisses to my jawline and neck. And when he placed a kiss where his mark should be, a shiver ran down my body. Using his fingers, he turned my face towards him and lowered his lips to mine. Goddess. I felt euphoric. His kiss deepened as he sucked my lower lip and nibbled it. His chest rumbled deliciously as he put his tongue inside me.

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He kissed me slowly, like there was no hurry, but he kissed me urgently, like he was waiting for it all his life. Our chests rose and fell as the kiss turned deeper and more urgent. Suddenly, the front door opened, and we heard a gasp.

I jumped away from him, turning sharply to see who it was.

"Luna Marie!" I rasped, feeling a thousand shades self-conscious.

She grinned at us and said, "I got news for you."

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