

Chapter 4: Do You Agree?

Rosalind took a deep breath and gazed into Gabriel’s eyes. “Everything? What do you mean by everything?”

He shrugged and rubbed her lower lip with a thumb. “Well, I can give you everything you want to buy. You won’t need to work anymore.”

“In exchange for what?” She raised her eyebrow. It was a tempting offer. After working so hard for years, could she rest now?

“Being mine.” He rubbed her cheek, jaw, and then back to her lower lip again. “You only need to be here, darling. I’ll pamper, protect, and satisfy you.”

“Being here?”

Gabriel nodded. “Yes, unless you want to stay elsewhere. I can buy another apartment or house if you prefer it.” Since Rosalind didn’t reply, Gabriel kissed her lips and then whispered in her ear, “I’ll even give a lesson to Jeremy. He doesn’t appreciate you.”

Gulping, Rosalind clasped her hand together. She took a deep breath because hearing Jeremy’s name opened a new, unhealed wound in her heart. Then she closed her eyes because she didn’t want Gabriel to see her hurt and pain. Her tears trickled from both eyes.

“Baby, don’t cry.” He kissed the tears away.

However, it made Rosalind even couldn’t contain her sadness. Her tears poured heavily. Her dream was shattered the moment she saw Jeremy’s betrayal. No more a nice little family in the future with two kids in a small house and a tiny garden. The future was bleak now.

“Rose, my darling,” Gabriel whispered in Rosalind’s ear, “forget him. I’ll make you happy. I promise. You only need to be by my side.”

Rosalind pondered about it for a moment. It would be nice if she could be with Gabriel. How he treated her just now was as sweet and nice as the thing she dreamed Jeremy did to her. But then, was it an answer for her?

She didn’t know Gabriel well other than he was Jeremy’s uncle. Yes, he was a zillionaire, a quite successful and powerful man in their country. She knew Gabriel was single, but if he wanted, he could choose any woman. She gulped because the last woman she read in the news attached to Gabriel’s name was an actress. So what was he doing to offer her to be his woman?

Since Rosalind said nothing, Gabriel kissed her shoulder. “A penny for your thoughts?”

She took a heavy sigh. “Gabe ... I ... we don’t know each other.”

“No, it’s not true. We know the basic things about each other. For now, it’s enough. I know you are a good and loyal girl who works hard every day.” He caressed her cheek. “You have my respect for that.”

Rosalind lifted her eyes and stared at Gabriel, smiling a little. “Thank you.”

“So, do you agree?”

“I—”

“Rose, I can give you everything.” Then Gabriel repeated it, “EVERYTHING.” He emphasized it while looking deep into her eyes.

It flared Rosalind’s emotion. She disliked him when he treated her that way. “And be what? Your plaything? Your mistress?” Her voice pitched higher.

Shaking his head, Gabriel clicked his tongue. “No, baby. You will be my lover.”

“Your lover? But if you give me everything, won’t I be your mistress?”

“No, it’s too harsh.”

“Really?” Rosalind raised her eyebrow and crossed her arms over chest. “Then, what should I do if I accept to be your lover?”

“Be by my side. Let me spoil and protect you.”

“But you want to ... to” She couldn’t say it out loud. Her face was scarlet because it was too embarrassing to say it.

“To what?” He grinned. “You have a habit of saying something, but then don’t finish it.”

“To ... you know? This!” Rosalind’s hand pointed out at Gabriel’s chest and then hers. Licking her lips, her face was crimson. “Sleeping together!” Finally, she could say it.

Gabriel chuckled and put his hand on her cheek, rubbing it with his thumb. “There you go! It isn’t so hard, is it?” He kissed her lips. “You are so adorable when you are shy. I like it when you blush.”

Rosalind pouted, but she was hesitant now. Gabriel helped her forget her sadness, and she was comfortable with him. But then, they were strangers She wondered if the hurt because of Jeremy’s betrayal made her want someone so badly to comfort her. Yet, Jeremy’s uncle? She sighed. It didn’t feel right.

“What is it? You sighed.” Gabriel stared at Rosalind.

“I can’t do it” She shook her head. “It will be like I’m selling myself to you if I accept your offer. I’m not a whore, you know.”

“Rose, I know you aren’t a whore. I don’t need to offer a whore anything, nor will I be interested in one, either.” He took her hand and kissed the knuckles. “I want you, Rose, only you.”

“But why?”

“You have more to offer. Other things besides your excellent character?” He shrugged. “I don’t know. I just feel you are the right person for me after last night.”

She clasped her hands together. For sure, she wouldn’t be drunk again for the rest of her life. It made her do something she didn’t want and didn’t remember at all! Placing her hand on forehead, Rosalind closed her eyes. Then, when she opened her eyes again, Rosalind gazed into Gabriel’s eyes.

“I need to take a shower.”

“Okay. Please take your time and think about what I said.” He bent forward and caught her lips in a long kiss before he released her.

Rosalind shook her head as she licked her lips. She had to be out of her mind because she enjoyed his advances, despite not wanting to be his mistress. Well, mistress, lover, what was the difference? It was only words, semantic they said, but basically, she would be his plaything. Her pride wouldn’t allow her to do that.

So, going to the bathroom, still naked, she took a shower quickly and then took a few minutes to soak her body in the tub with warm water. She moaned a little because it was quite a luxury to spoil herself like this. As it was Sunday, and every two weeks she would have a day off, she didn’t need to rush to go to work today.

After ten minutes, Rosalind got up and left the bathtub. When she wanted to dry her body with a wide brown towel, her eyes spotted a few hickeys on her neck. Then, she noticed there were some more on her chest, breast, stomach, and thighs.

She gaped because she didn’t expect to see those. Later, she covered her mouth with a hand to stifle her gasp as she could only stare at herself in the mirror. It was no doubt they had spent the night together. The hickeys on her body were the undeniable proof.

The question was only one now. What would she do?