

An Endless Night With Him Chapter 10

Chapter 10: Flirtatious Tone

“Oh, shameless?” Aaron glances casually at her chest. “Sorry, but I’m not interested in immature underage girls.”

Katrina is furious with Aaron’s leer and flirtatious tone. Underage? He’s underage! His whole family is underage! While Katrina fumes, Aaron lifts the covers and goes back to his room to shower and change clothes.

He’s confident that Katrina can’t flee from his private villa, which is heavily guarded as a palace. This is why Aaron not only keeps her door unlocked but also lets her move around freely in the villa.

Fifteen minutes later, Aaron and Katrina sit across each other at the table, where Randy serves them a nice and hearty western breakfast.

Seeing Aaron looking refreshed, Randy can’t help but ask, “Mr. Wilson, you look great. Did you sleep well last night?”

“Not bad.” Aaron nods casually.

Since he’s had trouble sleeping till dawn, Aaron feels that he made up for all the sleep he had missed on with last night’s restful slumber.

The feeling of normal sleep is so wonderful. Hearing Aaron and Randy talk to each other, Katrina is unspeakably dismissed. It turns out that this respectable-looking man has a quirk.

Not only does he feel no embarrassment about sneaking up to her bed last night, but he even has the audacity to admit that he slept well!

“Mr. Wilson, Miss Miller, please enjoy your meal.” After Randy prepares the dishes, he goes out. Aaron eats his breakfast elegantly, but sitting across from him, Katrina has no appetite at all.

The atmosphere at the table is surprisingly quiet, with only the slight click of a spoon and fork against the plates.

Finally, Katrina can’t resist speaking up. “Hey.”

Aaron hears her call from across the table but doesn’t even lift his eyes. He says indifferently, “My name is not ‘Hey.’”

Katrina is blocked by a word from him.

Although she doesn't know his full name, she heard Randy and his staff call him Mr. Wilson. She also mimics them and changes her appellation, "Have your men caught the real thief, Mr. Wilson?"

Why has nothing happened so far? Katrina can't wait to leave this dangerous place.

She's been detained here for a whole day for no reason and ended up unexpectedly sleeping in his arms last night.

It's strange enough for her to break down, and she doesn't want to stay here any longer. Katrina looks at Aaron expectantly, hoping to hear a favorable reply from him. But he only says vaguely, "Soon." Katrina is momentarily stunned by his ambiguous answer. Soon? What does that mean? How soon? When will the real thief be caught? Katrina has a lot of questions, but the man isn't a pushover, and she's afraid that he'll lock her into that small room again if she asks too much.

But...

Katrina makes her request anyway, "Mr. Wilson, can you return my phone to me? I've been missing for a day. My best friend must be worried about me very much. I want to call her and tell her I'm fine."

She doesn't know what Farrah will do if she finds her missing.

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After all, Hadley City is a strange city for them compared to Abbe City. Farrah must feel helpless at a time like this.

She really wants to call Farrah and reassure her that she's fine for the time being,

Although Mr. Wilson wronged her and forcibly arrested her regardless of the facts and her wishes, he doesn't mistreat her, nor do the people in the villa bully her.

Her movements are restricted, but at least she's safe.

Aaron, who's been eating his breakfast elegantly, lifts his head. His black eyes lock in on Katrina straight, putting pressure on her.

Katrina looks away in bewilderment and wonders to herself. Why is he looking at me like that? Is there something wrong with what I said? He doesn't know right from wrong and even arrested her! Her request to call her best friend to let her know that she's safe is very reasonable. Even kidnappers have to call the family of the kidnapped!

With that in mind, Katrina quickly brings her eyes back to Aaron. A straight foot doesn't fear a crooked shoe, and she's not afraid of him. She hasn't done anything wrong. Why does she have to hide from him?

Few women dare not look straight into Aaron's eyes. She's the first. From her clear eyes, he can see that she's open, honest, and pure. There is neither tension nor fear, neither obsession nor shyness. Aaron admires her courage and insight. But...

He immediately refuses. "You could be the thief's accomplice. Why would I let you go? So you can inform her?"

Aaron extinguishes Katrina's determination and makes her flush instantly. She's unable to respond articulately.

"You... You're slinging mud at me!" She's already proven that she's not a thief! Now he suspects that she's the thief's accomplice?

His indiscriminate slander almost makes her choke with blood in her throat. She wants to vomit all over his face. This humiliating accusation is unacceptable!

She's young and beautiful. What on earth makes her look like a thief? Why does he never believe her?

Katrina's depression and rage don't go unnoticed by Aaron. He seems to guess what's on her mind and looks at her seriously.

"There's an old saying in your country that people shouldn't judge each other based on looks. Thieves would never write the word 'thief' on their faces,"

He's knowledgeable and knows the old saying of her country. But if the villa isn't filled and surrounded by his men, Katrina would rush to fight him. Katrina weighs the strengths of both sides and finally gives up.

Clutching a knife and fork with resentment, she begins to cut the bread on her plate. Arrogant heartless, inhuman bastard!

Aaron watches her silently.

Cutting a piece of the bread, Katrina curses him fervently in her thoughts. She seems to regard the bread on her plate as someone's face. Her resentful look makes Aaron frown slightly across her.

Is she venting her anger on the bread? What a childish woman! Aaron doesn't care what she does. Katrina probably has too much anger for one person.

When she cuts the bread, she accidentally applies more force than necessary. A piece of bread on the plate hits Aaron on his face.

As the bread flies out, Katrina is startled. She follows the direction the bread is going, and it hits Aaron's handsome face before it falls onto the table.

His face suddenly turns dark. A pair of bottomless black eyes stare directly at her.