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Chapter 8 A Cold Man

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Mary dove deeper into her musings. 'Just look at what I'm wearing right now. My uniform doesn't compliment my appearance at all, and doesn't even show any special characteristic about me. To be wearing such a bold outfit while having this innocent face is all too contradictory. Even I acknowledge this.

And I've been slapped, too. My face still stings so it must look red and swollen. I'm in no way pretty at the moment.

I have to say, though, that when this man looked at me, his eyes were clear and not as disgusting as that middle-aged guy. But Mr. Leng doesn't seem to be drawn to me; rather, it's like he is seeing someone else through me.'

She was not wrong. It was true that Franklin didn't think her particularly attractive at all. If anything, he had judged her looks to be only at a moderate level. She was right about her puffy face as well.

'I only helped her because of those eyes. That person looked at me that way, too, with eyes that were helpless yet stubborn at the same time.'

Franklin kept his silence as he drove. Mary didn't speak either. Instead, she diverted her attention to the cityscape outside. 'I know that I won't be of use to him, nor would he be attracted to me in any way. I have nothing to worry about.'

The car screeched to a stop in front of a villa. They got out of the car, and Mary looked at Franklin, her gaze intent and sincere. 'Thank you so much for today, Mr. Leng. I'm not sure how you want me to repay you.'

Franklin wasn't sure either. In fact, he didn't know just why he had taken her to this villa. 'I didn't know where to go, and before I knew what was hap

pening, I was already headed here.

I just wanted to drown in her eyes. In the past, similarly beautiful eyes warmed me during my darkest moments, and comforted me when I felt lonely. The owner of those eyes was just a weak girl, yet she had given me great encouragement and a sense of security.

I've been doing my hardest to better myself as soon as possible, but now that I'm powerful enough, there isn't anyone around me I want to protect.'

'Let's go inside.' He still wasn't sure how to deal with this girl. 'A part of me wants to send her away, but another part is scared that I might never see those eyes again.'

Mary sensed his internal conflict, and an idea occurred to her. 'Mr. Leng, did you perhaps want me to be your servant as a way to repay your kindness?' 'I do need money, but I don't really want to be his servant. He's been wearing an arrogant and aloof expression all this time, as if the world owes him everything. I can't possibly cater to his needs well.'

But Franklin only took her into the villa, still brooding over his own thoughts. 'This is the first time I'm ever stepping inside this villa again since that person left. It seems the servants have dutifully kept it clean. They know well enough not to slack off just because the master isn't around.

This used to be our cozy home. We've lived here for two years, and every part of this place holds a mark of our existence. Now that things have changed, I can't seem to sense her anywhere anymore.' A great sadness gripped his chest.

Mary took notice, and could not help but ask in concern, 'Mr. Leng, is everything all right?'

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