

His Purchased Wife Chapter 6

I looked at the server, flabbergasted. "I...I didn't know that you are the owner of this place..."

He arched his brows. "And what difference does it make, Miss? Would you have treated me differently if I had told you about my identity here? If yes, then I am glad I didn't tell you about myself at least I came to know what kind of person you are!"

My eyes widened at his words. "Excuse me but now you are being rude. How dare you talk to me in this manner!!"

"Miss, that's how you have been talking to me all this time, do you see how rude you were to me? And why because I was just a mere server and now when you come to know about my real identity you changed your tone. This shows how low you think of people around you," He snapped.

"You are nothing but a rich snob."

He kept scolding me. I stood there like a statue. My throat felt heavy at his words. Never in my life have I felt this humiliated.

Even Susan tried to interrupt but he didn't listen to her. "No, I don't want to hear anything anymore."

He turned to his manager who was standing there. "Serve them whatever they want but don't charge them anything." He looked at me then, "I hope it will compensate for your dress and if it still doesn't do that then my manager is here, ask him whatever amount for this dress. He will pay you," Saying that he walked away to his office.

"Madam, do you need anything else?" The manager asked me.

Tears pooled in my eyes. My Throat felt heavy with emotions, "No!" I whispered.

"Your bill is around 100\$. Is it enough for the compensation of your dress or do I need to pay you more?" He asked.

I didn't bother with a reply. Susan touched my back, "We don't need any money from you." She snapped at the manager and took both our handbags from the table.

I gulped. Susan held my hand and started walking outside. She opened the door of my car and helped me inside. She sat on the driving seat and started the engine.

I couldn't get his words out of my mind. Was I rude to him? No one had ever talked to me in this

manner let alone scolded me.

"Aurora?" I heard Susan calling my name but I couldn't answer her. My mind was fixed on Gabriel's words. Do I think so low of people around me? Was I one of those rich snobs who think so low of less rich people?

"Aurora? Are you alright?" Susan asked worriedly.

I wiped the tears with the pad of my thumb. "Holy Fuck! Aurora kings, are you crying?" She asked bewildered and stopped the car unexpectedly.

People cursed her, horns sounded wildly around us.

"Hey! Don't you know how to drive??" A man barked from his car window.

Susan gave him a middle finger. "Fuck off! Motherfucker!!"

"Susan..." I jerked her hand inside the car and apologized to the man.

"Stop it! Why the hell is you apologizing to him, he is a fucking rat!!"

The man drove away and Susan started our car as well. "Got lucky we didn't get a ticket again, Susan!"

She rolled her eyes. "I am up to a thousand tickets if it gets you out of your trance. Chill girl! And just forget about that Restaurant owner."

My shoulders slumped again at the mention of Gabriel. "Susan, was I really rude there?" I asked her.

Susan sighed, her brows arched upwards. "Well! I won't say rude but you were kind of mean to him. I mean it was just a little water and you threw a big tantrum there. Actually, you created a scene in front of all his customers there, Aurora."

I pinched my lips in a thin line. "And he, was there no mistake of his? He could have told me that he was not a server..."

"Well...what difference does it make? It was clear from the way you reacted that you were some rich snoot who was behaving irrationally. Now forget that I didn't even eat food, let's make some Ramen noodles. The rats in my stomach are fighting a wrestling match."

"Ya! Well, I am calling dad, you go ahead and start cooking." I told her and she gave me a thumbs up. "Cool!"

I went to my room and dialled Dad's number. It rang thrice but still, dad had not accepted the call.

I sighed when he didn't pick the call and left a voice message. "Hey Dad, Umm! When will you be home? I was thinking about having dinner with you tonight. Do call me when you get free. bye! Love you."

I ended the call and stared at my phone's screen for a while. I was blank right now. I wish dad was here with me. He was the only person who I could talk to when I felt off. But dad was always busy and I understand that he had a lot of work to handle but still I miss my dad.

I sighed deeply. "I miss you, mom! Wish you were here today," Shaking my head I took a shower to ease the heaviness in my head.

"Aurora, get your ass out here right now! I cooked us the divine Garlic flavour Ramen noodles and you ran to your room."

I heard Susan. I shook my head and chuckled. I didn't know what I would have done without her. She was the only one after Dad on whom I could rely on.

"Coming!" I shouted so that she could hear me. I towel dried myself as fast as I could manage or I would be eating the cold noodles. I didn't bother with putting on the clothes and wore a bathrobe and ran out of the bathroom. I applied a little moisturiser to my face to save my skin and went out to eat my lunch.

"Wow! It's a day of many surprises today. Since when has Miss Perfect started eating food like this?" She said, patting her head.

"What?"

She made a face and walked up to me. "You forgot to remove the shower cap. Anyway, Let's start our lunch or I would faint."

We finished our lunch cum Ramen noodles and then I was left alone because one of Susan's infinite number of boyfriends called she went to talk with him, probably having phone sex with him.

With no option left, I opened my sketchbook and started making designs for the next Jewellery catalogue But my mind was not into it.

All I could see was Gabriel's face and hear his words. Was I really a rich snob? Putting down my pencil and sketchbook with a thud, I stood up, wore my flip flops and went to the other side of the house where Dad lives.

It took me seven minutes to reach my Dad's portion of the house. It was practically seven in the evening and Dad might come home soon. I knocked on the door. Our housekeeper and once my nanny, Mrs Dolan, opened the door with her warm smile.

"Aurora! What a pleasant surprise, my darling. Come in, dear." She said in her soft voice.

I walked inside, my lip wobbling and I wanted to cry badly. "Mrs Dolan..." I whispered.

"Jesus! What happened to you Aurora? Why are you crying?" She asked, shocked seeing my crying face.

I gulped. "It's nothing Mrs Dolan, I am just missing my mom today."

Her brows pulled together thin lines formed at the corner of her eyes. She looked at me sharply, "Stop lying to me, Aurora Kings and tell me what the matter is?"

I love Mrs Dolan. She was the mother figure after mom died. Even Dad fears her sometimes. I still remember the day of my twelfth birthday. It was my first birthday after mom, I was missing her but Mrs Dolan prepared everything like mom used to do. She told me that my mom was always with me in my heart. She died in this materialistic world but she was alive in my heart and memories.

I accepted the reality of my mother being dead that day. Mrs Dolan called all my friends from school to celebrate my birthday but I was still lonely because Dad was busy at work. After mom, he was always busy. I missed my dad so much and refused to cut the cake till he came back.

All my friends left. I cried and slept without cutting my birthday cake and the next day when Dad came from the office, Mrs Dolan was making breakfast, dad asked her about me and the woman threw a spatula at dad in anger. It hit him on the shoulder.

Even dad was dumbfounded by her actions.

She started scolding him for his irresponsible behaviour and dad was listening to everything she was saying like an obedient child. When I came downstairs from my room I found Dad standing in the corner with their head down.

She ordered dad to apologize to me and from that day, Dad was always there for me.

"Speak, Aurora!"

I sat down on the sofa and told her what happened. "He called you a snob?"

"A rich Snob, Mrs Dolan." I sighed and raised my eyes. "Do you think I am a rich snob?" I asked scrunching my nose in question.

"Well, I won't say anything about it. You need to ask yourself this question, Aurora. Do you think what you did was wrong?" She asked, crossing her hands to her chest and raising her brows.

I looked down with an angry pout. "Now, come in the kitchen and help me with the dessert, your dad will be home in ten minutes."

I was whipping the cream for the cake but all I could see was his face. "Aurora kings, come out of your La-La land right now!"

I gasped when I felt a sting on my hand. "Mrs Dolan!!" I cried and rubbed my hand when she hit me.

"Stop ruining my dessert and go to your dad, he just arrived. That man was freaking out." She ordered me.

I sighed and walked out of the kitchen in search of my dad. I found him in his study. He was taking an aperitif before dinner.

"Dad..." I called him.

He raised his eyes and looked at me. "Aurora," he walked towards me. Apprehension was clear on his face. Come inside."

I went and hugged him. "Is there any issue? You sound sad in that voicemail. And Mrs Dolan said that something happened?" He asked, patting the place beside him on the leather sofa.

I sat beside him and put my head on his shoulder. "Dad, I don't feel good today."

He touched my chin in affection. "Why? What happened, darling?"

I sighed. Dad put his hand on my shoulder and hugged me from the side. "I went to a restaurant today and bumped into a man. He bumped into me. I scolded him and asked him to apologize to me. He didn't on the contrary he scolded me and told me that I am a rich snoot. I don't respect people around me..."

Dad chuckled. "Dad," I raised my head and looked at him shocked.

"Well, he was not wrong. I spoiled you," Dad told me.

My mouth hung open. "Dad..."

"Aurora, You are lovely but sometimes you behave like a brat." He patted my back. "If you feel this bad about this incident then go and apologize to him. That's all you can do."

I nodded. "Okay, now stand up and let's have dinner." He called Mrs Dolan and asked for dinner in the study.

Dad served me dinner by himself. "Here..." he said, offering me a piece of tofu. My eyes went to his knuckles.

"Dad, what happened to your hand? It's bruised." I was worried about the condition of his hand. I remember mom was always worried about dad when he

went out for business and the course didn't change after her death except for one thing, now it's me who was always worried about him not mom.

My dad had always been a perfectionist. He didn't like making mistakes and hated when someone else made them. The bruised hand was just a minor reflection of his Anger.

"Dad, it looks as if you have punched someone in the face."

I said touching his hand, winced when I saw how badly his hand was injured.

Dad stiffened under my hold and snatched it away. "It's nothing, I bumped my hand on the table in anger, a meeting went wrong."

"Dad, please try to control your anger," I pinched my lips in a thin line "Let me bandage it."

He shook his head. "No, I will do it, you go and sleep."

"Okay. Goodnight then." I kissed his head and walked out of the study and walked back to my home.

Laying on the bed I closed my eyes and decided that tomorrow I will go back to that restaurant and apologize to him. Yes! I will do that.

The next day when I went there Gabriel was not at the restaurant. I was disappointed and decided to go there again the next day and didn't find him again. It was the fifth day I met him or I say I bumped into him again. A small smile broke on my lips. I was happy to see him but he was not. I wanted to say so many things to him but he didn't let me speak and the next thing I knew he was mocking me.

"I am sorry, miss high and mighty and I apologize if I ruin your dress..." he said in anger.

I bit the inside of my lip. "Please tell me how much I need to pay you for..." he was mocking me and I had enough.

"Enough! Okay, I get it I was wrong that day but that doesn't mean you will insult me whenever you see me," I snapped at him.

"Look.."

"No, you look! I... I have been coming here for the past five days to apologize to you. I get it. I was rude that day but now you are doing the same with me..."

A tear strolled down my cheek and I wiped it with a shaking hand. "I... You Know what, It was my fault that I came here..." I said and started walking away but the next thing I knew he grabbed my hand tightly and pulled me towards him.

I tried to struggle out of his hold but it was too tight for me. "Stop crying!" He ordered.

"Leave me!"

"I said wipe your tears."

I was still trying to get away from him but stopped when he raised my chin with his thumb and stared into my eyes. My vision blurred due to tears in my eyes. He wiped them, "I am sorry if I hurt you."

I gulped and nodded. "What's your name?"

My throat turned dry at the intensity of his voice. "Aurora."

"Aurora, I am hungry and alone, would you grant me your company for lunch?" He asked me.

I searched his eyes. "Yes..." I replied in the same shaking voice. I was lost in those beautiful blue eyes and didn't even know why I accepted his offer.

He nodded, "after you, Madam." He said leaving me and gestured his hand for me to walk first.

Inside he held the chair for me like a proper gentleman. We were in his office, he ordered the best dishes from his restaurant and they all were delicious.

That's how my friendship with Gabriel started, we started as friends but slowly our feelings started growing for each other and today after three months of dating he proposed to me to be his girlfriend. I was on cloud nine.

"Yea or No!" He asked, his thumb moving on my hand making my stomach jittery.

"Yes! Yes, Gabe, I love you." I cried and hugged him tightly. It was one of the happiest days of my life.

"I love you too, Aurora..." he whispered, holding my face in his hand.

"I love you." He said and placed his lips on mine softly and kissed me.

My toes curled in excitement, it felt like hundreds of crackers were burning in the sky.

Today, a new journey started in my life and I hope the journey turned out as beautiful as I wished it to be but there was this small voice in the back of my mind which was constantly bugging me that something bad was about to happen.

I just pray to God that nothing like that would happen.

