

## Meeting Her 28

Chapter 28 Rampant Gifting As soon as Jensen spoke, several big trucks drove into the compound, to his chagrin. What am I paying the guards at the gates for? They're letting just about anybody in these days! Upon pushing his door open to descend his vehicle, his grandmother hobbled out of the door with Solace's help. Jensen was about to greet her when Lisette's first words stunned him. "Rach, my dear granddaughter-in-law!" she trilled and reached out for Rachele's hand. "Did you buy all of these for me, my dear?" Jensen, who had been the apple of his grandmother's eye since his birth, found himself ignored by her for the first time in his life. Lisette giggled in delight as she surveyed the contents of the trucks, which seemed to consist of furniture and other miscellaneous objects. "What a thoughtful girl she is. Having felt being surrounded by furniture made of blisterwood would be less beneficial for my health, she offered to swap them out for sandalwood and ebony today!"

Jensen was speechless for a long while. His second, more careful glance at Rachele did not conceal his astonishment. He had actually not taken a proper look at the statements. Instead, he merely assumed that after experiencing prolonged poverty, she went on a consumerist rampage by buying expensive gifts for herself. Of all the ways he imagined her spending the money, buying new furniture for his grandmother was the last thing he expected. "Ms. Cloudington," called a smartly-dressed courier with the logo of LOEW, a high-end custom clothing store, embroidered on his breast pocket. He had come under orders to make a special delivery. "This is the set you ordered earlier today, Ms. Cloudington. The shirt has been altered according to your specifications." Jensen shot her a wary but surreptitious eye and saw Rachele walking toward him with the package in her hands. Tidying his cuffs in resignation, Jensen held his arms out in preparation for receiving his gift.

After all, she spent a lot of money on me—my money. I should be gracious enough to accept it. To his further embarrassment, Rachele clutched the package tighter while glancing curiously at him as she passed him on her way toward the butler, Bram. Bram was flattered. "Is that for me, Mrs. Hawk? It must have cost a fortune, didn't it?" Rachele shook her head and shoved the package forcefully into Bram's hands. He was not the only one. Solace and every servant of the family had all received similarly expensive gifts. Lisette smiled indulgently. "What a thoughtful child. She remembers the ones who treated her well and got everyone gifts!" Everyone except Jensen. Lisette sighed with deliberate volume as she regarded her grandson, whose icy expression at that moment looked as if he could freeze water solid. "Those who never learn how to treat their wives right will never get gifts." She shook her head and made sympathetic noises. Jensen was feeling mutinous. "How childish," he muttered under his breath before striding away abruptly. Lisette pursed her lips and took Rachele's hand in hers, winking outlandishly at the latter as she did so.

“Excellent use of pushing and pulling. Give your man the occasional cold shoulder to arouse his mind and attract his attention!” Rachelle grimaced. What a dramatic old lady! Bram led the party indoors as he reverently held his new attire. A shadow’s sudden appearance before him stopped him in his tracks. The handsome and furious face in front of him caused Bram’s knees to buckle slightly. “M-Mr. Jensen...” Jensen acknowledged his stammer with a cold glare. “Were you the one who prepared the aphrodisiac and DVD last night for my grandmother?” Nearly consumed by an overwhelming urge to fall to his knees, Bram was forced to declare his loyalty quickly. “I’m sorry, Mr. Jensen,” he murmured, taking the blame for Lisette. Jensen’s gaze fell to the clothes in his hand. “Is my wife aware of the big favor you did for Old Mrs. Hawk?” Bram’s heart twinged with another pang of guilt. He felt horrible just holding the package. “I will return this suit to Mrs. Hawk at once, Mr. Jensen.” “No,” Jensen ordered curtly.

“Throw it on the ground.” Not daring to ask why, Bram did as he was told. Jensen took his time to draw a specially-made match from his trouser pocket and lit it with a purposeful twitch of his wrist. He then threw the lighted match onto the bundle on the floor. Bram gasped. I’m sensing that something is wrong. Mr. Jensen’s antics suddenly seem very childish!