

## Not One, But Two Chapter 19

Not One, But Two Chapter 19 Are You Guys Playing a Kissing Game?

Greg was astonished at first, but he quickly grew interested in the direction their conversation was taking. “And when did I ever say you were inept?”

This made Abigail choke on her retort. Indeed, he had never specifically mentioned the word ‘inept’, but he had questioned her prowess when he pinned the blame on her after Valerie coughed up blood, so he had as good as called her inept. She gritted her teeth and stared at him balefully, resenting him for his sudden dive into semantics.

“What, are you going to bite me?” He smirked at her devilishly, the defiant look in his eyes stoking a fiery rage within her.

“Move!” She shoved him aside so aggressively that he staggered and nearly fell backward.

What is she, part-bull? Where does she keep all her strength? Greg rubbed his chest where she had shoved him and frowned. When he saw that she was making her way out, his arm darted out to grab her. “Where do you think you’re going?”

Abigail turned around abruptly, and the gleaming tip of her scalpel very narrowly missed his arm as she hissed, “Don’t touch me!”

His gaze darkened, and he decided that she was not the most agreeable person when she had her scalpel with her. “Listen here, Abigail—patience is not my strong suit.”

“Oh, brilliant! I was just about to say the same thing. I won’t leave until your mother pulls through the night, Greg, but the moment her condition stabilizes, you’d better withdraw that ridiculous ‘wanted’ poster that you made of me, or there’ll be hell to pay.” The thought that she was now a wanted person in the country made her seethe with rage, and worse still was the fact that Greg had painted her as some petty thief who stole from him. “Also, I have nothing to hide, and it’s disgusting that you have to resort to false accusations just to get your revenge. You’d better clarify this, or else—”

“Or else what?” Greg was getting angrier by the second. He could hardly believe that this woman could stand here and deliver one threat after another to his face. Does she actually think I’m scared of her? He took a step closer to her. Like a startled bird, she took a step back, and she tightened her clutch on her scalpel as she eyed him warily, though he did not miss the disgusted look she shot him.

To think that this was the same woman who had forced herself upon him five years ago, and yet here she was behaving like she would rather die than to be touched by him. The fuse in him was suddenly lit as he hissed, "So I'm a shameless beast, am I?"

Abigail bristled. What the hell?

When he saw the blank look on her face, he grew even more incensed. "I am an incubus, you said?"

He was inching forward with each venomous sentence.

Abigail frowned deeply and snapped, "Don't come any closer!"

The look of repulsion on her face pierced through him like a searing hot dagger. He couldn't help thinking about the DNA test results, incredulous that he and Alissa were not biologically related at all. This, coupled with Abigail's utter rejection of him, was enough to make something in him snap. I wasn't the one who touched her five years ago, and here she is looking like she's disgusted by me! "You don't want me to come closer because you're saving room for some other guy, am I right?"

Abigail bristled at his harsh words. "Watch your mouth."

"Why? Did that rub you wrong, or are you just upset that I read your mind? I remember how you were more than willing to throw yourself on me five years ago, and how eagerly you pushed me onto the ground. You even—"

"A damn jerk is what you are, Greg!" She loathed having to bring up the incident from five years ago, particularly in front of this man. But he was the one who mentioned it this time, and he was regarding her like she was a shameless vixen, irking her to no end.

She lunged forward and slapped him hard across the face.

The stinging pain that followed made Greg narrow his eyes at her, and his fuse was blown. She just hit me again! "Do you really think I won't fight back, Abigail? Huh?"

Without warning, he grabbed her wrist and dragged her into his arms.

She was instantly enveloped by his scent, and she found herself transported back to the intimate scene from five years ago. She stiffened before she struggled to break free as she shrieked, "Let me go, Greg!"

"Let you go? I don't think you'll learn your place until I teach you a hard lesson, woman!" Greg snapped, thoroughly angered. After all, he was getting tired of having his buttons pushed over and over again. With his hand clasped tightly around her wrist, he kicked open the door to the lounge next to them and dragged her into the room before kicking the door shut. The next second, he had her pinned against the wall.

Abigail could feel his warm breath tickling her cheek; it was steamy and somewhat aggravating.

She instinctively raised her leg to try and save herself, but Greg seemed to have anticipated this, for he quickly clamped her long legs between his solid thighs.

Acutely aware of the heat that coursed through her, Abigail felt as if every fiber of her body was reminded of the passionate and mindless endeavor that had taken place five years ago, feeling as though the memory of it was making her system respond accordingly. "Let's talk about this like proper adults, Greg. Please?" She was slightly breathless, but she sounded so demure and womanly that it stirred something in Greg.

"Oh, now you're interested in talking? I've been wanting to talk things out with you since you returned from abroad, but you never gave me the chance," he drawled sardonically. He didn't think he had to do anything just because she asked him to. In fact, the more resentful and panicked she was, the more he wanted to push her limits.

Abigail took in the roguish and triumphant look on his face. As of now, her limbs were restrained by him, and in a fit of panic, she bobbed her head and knocked him hard on the face.

Given their height difference, she ended up butting her head against his chin.

"Crap!" Greg couldn't dodge her attack in time, and he felt his teeth sink into his tongue painfully, so much so that he nearly cursed.

Despite her circumstances, Abigail went on to add insult to injury as she spat, "Serves you right!"

Enraged, Greg was close to abandoning all reason. He glowered at her, and when he saw the smirk on her face, he suddenly dipped his head to capture her lips in an aggressive kiss.

At that moment, Abigail thought her mind had imploded.

However, he did not care how she felt. He was so enamored by the sweet taste of her that he had completely forgotten he was trying to punish her. His tongue prodded through her soft lips, and he explored her hungrily.

She struggled against him, but the more she whimpered in protest, the more aggressive he became. It was almost as if he was trying to mold her into him.

The memories from five years ago replayed themselves in her head like a ripple effect, and her body resonated with the familiarity of her current predicament.

She felt her limbs grow numb as a tingling sensation began to work its way through her system from the pit of her stomach. There was a distinctly familiar sensation in her, but just as she was about to cave into the passion of the moment, a soft voice piped up next to them and said, "Mommy, are you guys playing a kissing game? Can I play too?"

Greg and Abigail instantly stopped kissing. It was as though they had both been turned to stone, and the heat of the moment dissipated into thin air.

After a couple of seconds, Abigail was sure that she had not been hallucinating, and that she had, indeed, heard Alissa's voice.

She quickly shoved Greg away from her.

Meanwhile, Greg was in shock as well. What's Alissa doing here? Did I imagine it? But before he could react, he found himself being shoved backward by Abigail.

She had been so blinded by panic that she didn't realize the bathroom was right behind Greg, and with one reckless shove, she ended up causing him to land on the bathroom floor with a loud thud.

"Abigail!" he growled, looking pathetic where he lay in the wet patch on the bathroom floor. He was convinced that this woman was born to get on his nerves.

Abigail gaped at him. Then, she burst into laughter as she sang, "Serves you right!"

She pulled a face like how a child would, but before she could turn around, Alissa had brushed past her and immediately reached out a hand toward Greg. "Daddy, are you okay? Here, I'll help you up." The little girl was grinning at him pleasantly, and her eyes, which took after his, were glimmering like onyx stones.

Greg softened at once, and he felt the rage in him die down as he said, "No, there's no need for that. I can get up on my own. Now, step back so that I won't get all this dirty water on you; I wouldn't want to mess up your pretty outfit."

He sounded so gentle and compassionate that even Abigail was shocked, especially since he had come off as brusque and aggressive just moments ago. Is he really the same despicable scoundrel from just now?

Presently, Alissa nodded and took two steps backward. Then, she dashed off to grab a towel from the sideboard.

At the sight of this, Abigail's face darkened. Alissa did not know the meaning of obedience, and she was born to be a rebel. When did she become such an angel?

Not only had the little girl become an angel all of a sudden, she had also gone to get a towel for Greg. Naturally, this ignited Abigail's jealousy.

She stared at Alissa mutinously, but the little girl paid no mind to her as she handed the towel to Greg while saying, "Daddy, dry yourself up before you catch a cold."

"Okay." Greg eyed the little girl in front of him tenderly. He took the towel, and in his mind flashed the DNA test results he had seen earlier today. No! That can't be! This little girl is most definitely my daughter!

There was a steely gleam in his eyes, and for a moment, his expression seemed tight. However, that quickly disappeared as he wiped his hands with the towel. As things were, his clothes were soiled, and he couldn't continue wearing them. He resorted to asking Troy to bring him a change of clothes, and by the time he hung up the phone, he noticed that Alissa was staring at him keenly.

"What is it?" Greg asked gently.

Alissa hastily pointed out, "You never told me if you and Mommy were playing a kissing game, Daddy. Can I join in the game?" She repeated the question earnestly, and she seemed rather serious about it.

Abigail blushed, and she was annoyed to hear Alissa refer to Greg as 'Daddy'. "Alissa, don't go around calling random men 'Daddy'! He's not your father!"

Greg and Alissa turned to look at her in unison. "Hmm?"

Both of them had the same eyes, and Abigail uneasily swallowed the rest of her words. Since she was unable to give her daughter a better explanation, she said stonily, "Come here. We're going back to the hotel to get some rest."

"Why can't we stay at Daddy's place?" Alissa asked sorrowfully.

"Because I said so, and didn't I tell you that he isn't your daddy?"

"In that case, why don't you tell us who her real daddy is?" Greg interjected at last. He had shed his angry demeanor and was behaving like the perfect gentleman, but Abigail could still sense his rage.

"Who he is doesn't concern you," Abigail retorted. She averted her gaze and reached out for Alissa. "Come here, Allie."

Alissa glanced at Greg wistfully before looking at Abigail. Only then did she reluctantly walk over to the latter, but she had only taken a step when Greg strode forward and scooped her into his arms. Then, he marched out the door without sparing Abigail a second look.