

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 13

13- Take Off Your Shirt

"Mister. Are these heavy cupboards only placed on the ledges? Isn't there something else heavier

than this?"

"Miss, I have seen something quite heavier on the other side." The guard took her there where a delicate showcase was standing in a corner.

"But it's quite light. I want something heavier."

"Why do you want a heavy piece of furniture, miss? If you are interested in buying it then it's not for sale. This warehouse is the private property of Levisay international." The guard did not know why she was exactly there.

"The thing is ... I need this piece to fall on someone's head." She smiled evily extending a 100 dollar bill towards the middle aged man. The man licked her lower lip but did not reach out to hold

"Miss. 100 dollar bill is not enough to crush someone by it."

"Really? Then tell me. How much?"

"At least 1000 dollars, miss."

"What?" She laughed shaking her head, "This is absurd. How about 500?"

"Not a single penny lesser than 1000!" The guard seemed stubborn.

Cursing under her breath, Chloe produced 1000 dollar bills from her purse and handed them over to the guard, "Please do remember. This furniture piece should land on this girl's head. Just wait for my instructions." She brushed her perfectly manicured fingers through her si

It won't be too far when Abigail would learn the lesson. Chloe just needed to bring Abigail there which was not much difficult. That good-for-nothing girl not only became the head of the project but also was given residency in the hotel.

What was so special about her? She was better than Abigail in every aspect. Now the top

management should be able to see that.

And that day is not too far. With a side smirk, Chloe flipped her hair over her shoulder, "Oh Abi. Who would save you now?"

It had been fu*cking three hours and the man did not even blink towards her. He was either busy with his laptop or was taking short calls from Mrs. Ann.

James who was with him before her arrival was nowhere in sight. God knows where he had vanished

She did find it bizarre that unlike others his office assistant was a woman in her late sixties and his secretary was a middle aged man. No fancy young girls for the job. Though the receptionist on

this floor was young but too sweet. J.

Mrs. Ann.

Her back had turned into a hardboard by sitting there for so long and now she just wanted to get away from there. Even if it was just for a few minutes.

She decided to send a message to Mrs. Ann from her phone:

"Mrs. Ann. Am I allowed to eat something or have a cup of coffee at least, in the office? I will die of hunger and thirst!"

After sending the message she smiled to herself secretly. Obviously! It was understood. If it was not permissible then she could get a chance to take a break and relax for some time by going out of this boring office.

But Mrs. Ann seemed quite busy because Abigail did not get any reply from her.

With all her might, gathering her courage she stood up. Hunter raised his eyes while typing on his laptop.

Great! That was the last thing she wanted.

To draw his attention!

But she really wanted to straighten her back.

She came out and found Mrs. Ann standing near Ava.

Ava worked for Hunter's floor as a receptionist. By working here, she was not only supporting her family but also her education. Hunter was a little partial towards struggling students who worked for him.

She went near Ava's desk where Mrs. Ann was arranging snacks on the tray. One more girl was chatting with them and she was beautiful like anything with her chocolate complexion and black lustrous hair.

The moment Mrs. Ann saw her, her face cracked into a smile, "Hey you, Abigail. Why are you here? I was bringing snacks for you, my dear. You must be hell hungry." Then holding her hand she pulled Abigail a little.

"You have already met Ava. Now meet Dr. Debbie. She usually treats hotel guests but anyone can go to her."

The girl shook her black mane while reaching out for the handshake, "Nice meeting you Abigail. Mrs. Ann was about to bring your coffee with some snacks in the office."

"Thank you, Mrs. Ann. But please let me eat with you people."

"Oh! Why dear? You can eat with Hunter. He also did not eat anything since morning."

"He can eat in his office but I am more interested in having a light conversation and getting to know you all."

All three women were passing that look among each other.

"Wh... What? Did I say something wrong?" Abigail could not get it.

"Not at all, dear. We were actually wondering. When all the females in this office would die to spend some time with Hunter you are looking for ways to run away from him."

Debbie and Ava were also nodding their heads in agreement.

A uniformed man brought coffee cups on a tray and placed them on the receptionist counter used by Ava. When he left, Abigail hungrily moved towards it and picked up a coffee cup sniffing its aroma.

"Umm. That's what I call ... Ah-mazing coffee... Just like your climax." She closed her eyes in ecstasy not realizing that all three women had stopped talking and were now looking at her their mouths and eyes, wide open.

Oh. They might be thinking that she was a coffee lover but there was nothing to be ashamed of being a coffee lover. Right?

Smiling to herself she balanced her cup because she wanted to enjoy her coffee on a nearby couch along with the company of these ladies.

Without thinking much, she raised her face to them, "I would enjoy this steaming caffeine with you lovely and lively ladies instead of that dead meat sitting inside the office."

With a wink she turned in her haste, not realizing that someone is standing right behind her. She bumped into the hard wall which made her drop her coffee cup with a bang. "Shit!"

Looking at the floor she saw her coffee spilled on the floor along with the pieces of the ceramic cup. She spun around to that wall, to ask it if it was blind or something. But that wall turned out to be someone's chest ... Hunter's chest ... Wearing a white crisp shirt with a big stain of coffee.

"Oh my God" she turned to the counter in her haste to pick up some napkins and hurriedly put those napkins on his stained shirt. "I am so sorry, Henry. Extremely sorry!"

Realizing that the napkins were not that helpful she picked up a nearby mineral water bottle and poured it on the shirt.

She did hear the gasps behind her but who gives a damn!

She was animatedly dabbing on the stain but the stain was still there getting worse.

"Don't tell me you are planning to pour a laundry bleach this time on dead meat like me. Are you?" The deep and heavy male voice asked her lashes as her face was tilted down. Very slowly she raised her eyes and saw herself staring into his ocean blue eyes with those familiar longest lashes.

He is a God!

That was the first thought which came to her mind. She never observed his face so closely. Not even when he was stark n*aked in the bathroom.

Because she was too busy staring at the bathroom floor.

His sensual lips were upturned into a sexy smile.

A damn Greek God!

She could smell his aftershave, she was this close to him. Her eyes went wide.

Oh, Why she was THIS close to him?

She started to get back forgetting completely that she was standing in front of Ava's counter. As a result, she bumped her back with it. "Ouch." she winced.

Hunter at once encircled his arms around her waist and started to massage her back. "Are you done checking me out?" Though his voice was merely a whisper, she guessed the other three girls did hear him.

Was there a trace of mischief in his voice she noticed?

Come On Abi. He is just a man. Just a bloody man! Stop acting like a teenager.

She could hear Ava, Debbie, and Mrs. Ann's suppressed giggles behind her.

Closing her eyes she took a deep breath.

What did he think of himself? After ignoring her for so many days he was trying to be friendly?

She could not say this to him in front of her colleagues but what she said instead made everyone standing there horrified.

"I am sorry. Please take off your shirt." She wanted to get it dry cleaned but she should have mentioned her intention.