

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 2

2- Not straight!

She got back after the interview and started cleaning her apartment to make it presentable. The gorgeous Henry was expected to reach anytime soon.

She was in love with the movie star, Henry Cavil. Too bad that this one was gay.

Flashback starts:

One month back she was about to get married to the love of her life, her childhood sweetheart, Kyle. All was good until just one day before their wedding, she reached the apartment which was supposed to be theirs, unannounced only to find that it was not locked.

She entered thinking of surprising Kyle when she heard moaning and whimpering from the bedroom. The moment she opened the door, she found Kyle and Chloe in the bed. Without clothes!

The worst thing was when they realized they were caught, they were not even sorry. Chloe was her younger step-sister.

Her mother Geena married Abigail's father when she was six and Chloe was four.

After her father's death, she and Chloe were brought up by Abigail's stepmom. Thank God that her father took care of the financial matters. Even after his death, they were able to get a good college education.

She was sharing the apartment with Kyle but their bedrooms were separate. She wanted to do it all after the wedding and Kyle did seem to respect it. But when he was caught red-handed, he threw her out without letting her take her stuff.

(End of flashback)

Henry was a blessing in disguise. She wanted to show Kyle and Chloe that how happy she was without them. They were getting married soon.

By marrying first, she wanted to prove to them that they did not mean anything to her.

Thinking about Henry, she smiled. She wished, he was not gay and they had met under different circumstances. She was preparing dinner when the doorbell rang.

As expected, Henry was standing there in the doorway carrying a bag. She brought him in.

Her dinky apartment looked smaller with his broad-shouldered, tall figure. It was just a one-room apartment having one bedroom and a combined living and kitchen.

"I have vacated a shelf for you. Please feel at home." He seemed to be a quiet and aloof type of person. Thank God he was not wearing a suit today.

But again the t-shirt and jeans looked expensive. For some reason, she found it a little uneasy. The man spoke of royalty with an attitude of a billionaire. Maybe it was because models are supposed to keep themselves updated and fit.

The moment she went to the kitchen, he typed a message to his secretary:

James. Find out about Abigail Mason. I need a detailed report on her, as soon as possible.

He slipped his phone when he found her emerging from the kitchen.

They had dinner in peace. She was clearing away the dishes when she heard him ask an unexpected question, "How was your job interview today?"

She gave him a tight-lipped smile, "No luck. This is the third job interview I failed. No one is ready to hire me even as a plain receptionist."

He was so damn sexy that she was not able to tear away her gaze from him. The muscles under his shirt flexed when he stretched his arms.

She had this urge to stroke his hard chest. What surprise was he hiding under that shirt? Six pack?

"Shame on you Abigail. The man helped you in your hard times. Spare him. You just went through heartbreak." She thought to herself and then to keep herself busy, she got up and started preparing coffee.

He opened his laptop and started working on it.

"Henry. Coffee." He did not look up and kept staring at his laptop. He looked like a workaholic.

She called him again, "Henry?"

He jumped a little, looking around. "Sometimes you behave as if you are not Henry." Her comment made him go still for a second. He cleared his throat and in a haste tried to sip the steaming hot coffee burning his lips.

His eyes went wide with pain, "Watch out Henry. What are you doing?" She cried and leaned closer to his mouth. "Easy."

He sat there feeling like a fool. He had temporarily forgotten that he was not Hunter Levisay but Henry.

"You are behaving like a kid." She laughed heartily, "Is this how you drink hot coffee?"

She brought an ointment from the medical box. Holding up his face she turned it towards her, dabbing her forefinger lightly on his lips.

She realized, she was too close to him. Their noses were almost an inch away. What would it feel like if I touch them with my lips instead of my finger?

A bewildered expression crossed her face when her train of thought went wild. God! Why can't she get over the fact that he was NOT interested in her?

She was staring into his eyes and he was not pushing away her but was equally participating in the staring contest without blinking an eye.

With an awkward smile, she diverted her gaze and tried to pull herself away from him. The man was handsome as sin and she was scared to lose control of herself. God! She was literally acting like a creep.

When it was time to sleep, she prepared the bed and paid a quick bathroom visit. Once done with the business she came out and settled herself on the small couch placed near the foot of the bed.

She could hear the shower turned on when he was inside. Once he came out with a towel wrapped around his waist which hung quite low around his waist. She again tried to divert her attention from his smoking hot na*ked body and asked him, "Will it be ok, if I sleep with lights on?"

Looking out the small window, holding a glass in his hand, he was drinking water when he nodded.

"I never slept on the couch. Will it be ok if we can sleep on the same bed? Not now but maybe in near future?" The question caught him off guard. And then the girl made him choke on his water with what she said next, "Molly told me that you are gay so that should not be a problem for you."