

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 31

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31- Pregnant

She was seated in office doing nothing. There was still some time left and now she wanted to go home, needed to immerse herself in the bathtub with comforting salts and get the much needed relaxation.

When her phone started ringing she received the call.

“Hi there, Moll? What’s up?”

“Nothing special. I am just driving to Post Ranch Inn for covering this bridal shower. And this long distance driving is always so boring.”

“Hmm. So why you did not call Richard?”

“He was with a patient.” Molly sighed. “What are you doing? Except those presentations and meetings?”

“Oh nothing. Just getting bored.”

“Did you meet Rafael Wyatt again?”

Abigail smiled, “Yeah. He is a very lively boy. I might ask him to meet you if you want. If I am a coffee-holic, he is an ice-cream-holic!”

“OH MY GOD!” She heard Molly’s scream on her phone which panicked her.

“What... What happened Molly? Are you alright?” She almost stood from her chair.

“Sorry. Yes, I am fine. It’s just that ... Shit Abigail! Shit!”

“For the love of ... Molly stop being a drama queen and spill. What is it? You took the life out of me! I wish I could hit your head.”

“I made ice-cream for Richard. It needs to be kept in freezer for at least 24 hours.”

“So?” Abigail rolled her eyes.

“I ... I left it on the kitchen counter...”

“Oh?”

"Abigail!" There was pleading in her friend's voice.

"You brat. I know. I am supposed to go. What else?" Abigail really wanted to hit something on Molly's head.

"Oh thank you. You are a sweetheart, Abi. I owe this to you."

"Yeah yeah!" She disconnected the call and left a message to Hunter telling him that she was leaving office early today.

After coming inside, Abigail threw her purse on the couch and placed the ice-cream container in

the freezer. Molly's bathroom could be used for her hot relaxing bath and then she could probably use her extra pair of clothes always present in Molly's wardrobe.

But first she wanted to have a cup of coffee.

"You can use the coffee machine whenever you want." She was gulping down the coffee when his voice replayed in her mind. She was still trying to digest the fact that he was in too much hurry to divorce her. Did he not like her enough?

But as a friend, his body language said otherwise. He used to laugh with her, shared his secrets and treated her the way he never treated anyone.

Well! That's what everybody told her.

So maybe it was a wise decision. Maybe, this was for their betterment. Maybe she did not need a man by her side. Maybe she had already defeated Chloe by securing a stable job which could help her in achieving so many dreams including her own showroom.

There were so many doubts so many insecurities but she needed to trust Hunter. No matter how much pain it would cause her to accept it.

She decided to return the divorce document by tomorrow first thing in the morning. WITH her signature. She tried to ignore the slight pain in her chest.

He was not ready for a relationship otherwise...

Now why the hell this thought came to her mind. That's ridiculous.

She sighed. It was clear that he did like her. But was also very transparent that he did not want a relationship and right now she was not ready for a fling or a one-night stand.

Her phone started ringing pulling her out of her thoughts. Mom was calling her as

"Hey mom!" she smiled. "I do remember about our weekend dinner."

She thought that Geena was calling for reminding her.

"Abi," Geena called her name in a rasped voice, it seemed like she had been crying.

"Mom! What is it! Are you alright?" Abigail suddenly felt alarmed. "Should I come right away?"

"Abigail! She is here. She is glowing, and pregnant very much." She could not understand what her mom was trying to tell.

"Pregnant? Who?" Abigail was confused like hell.

I should hurry and take her to the hospital. What if she is again getting a heart attack? Abigail panicked

"Chloe. Chloe is pregnant." Geena was crying. "She is ashamed of whatever she has done to you ... T h ... they both are ... ashamed. She has accepted her mistakes. They both are here, Abi. And soon..." Geena sniffed her nose. "You are going to be an aunt."

"Mom!" The word came out in a near whisper. An emotional Geena could not hear her.

"They will be here for the weekend dinner. You two are sisters, Abigail. She needs you. She needs us. The baby has nothing to do with all of this. Please, Abigail. Please." Geena was literally hiccupping.

Abigail dropped her phone. She wanted to sit on the nearby chair. But could not make it, and ended up on the floor. Her body had gone limp. But her mind. It was fully awake. Chloe and Kyle were back. They were pregnant. Ready to laugh at her.

And she was there all na*ked. Just like her nightmare. Except for this time, it was no more a nightmare but a reality. That too a bitter one. And a harsh one!

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Chapter 32

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32- Yes! Got back my mom

When Molly reached home her door was slightly ajar.

"Hello." She did not get the expected response. "What the fu*k, Abi. You were never this responsible." There was something unusual in the air. There was a half-filled coffee cup on the

counter.

"Abi!" she called out and then stopped. What if there was a mugger in the house? But her friend's life might be at stake too.

There was no one in the bedroom. No sign of Abigail in the bathroom. Her purse was lying there o

n the couch.

"Damn, Abigail!" she called out in the empty apartment, "Where are you?"

Just then, she heard a cell phone ringing. This one was Abigail's ringtone!

The phone was lying under the kitchen stool. She grabbed it from the floor.

Hunter was calling.

With sinking heart she received the call, "Hey, sugar. I had been calling you since ages. You got me worried like hell."

Oh! Abi never told her that he called her SUGAR! Interesting! One more thing to pull her leg!

"Hunter?" Molly asked with cautious smile.

"Who is this?" Hunter frowned and looked at the phone.

"This is Molly. Abigail's friend."

"Oh. I see. Abigail is with you? I was getting all worked up for no reason I guess. She did not come to her apartment. Can you please ask her to talk to me?"

"Hunter. Abigail is not here!"

"Oh. Then where is she? Bathroom?"

"She is not here in the apartment, Hunter." And then Molly's heart missed a beat, "I am not getting a good feeling about this." The last part was told more to herself.

Hunter who was putting the meatloaf in his mouth, stopped for a minute, "Wh ... What do you mean by that, Molly."

"When I came home she was not here in the apartment. She left her purse and cell phone. The

door was open when I reached here."

She did not want to alarm him by telling that her phone was found from the floor.

Hunter did not know what to make of it, "Ok. I am coming, Molly."

He was about to disconnect the call when he heard Molly.

32- Yes! Got back my mom

"Hunter. I am going out to look for her. There is something serious going on." There was a little shiver in her voice, "She has two options. Me or you. I was not here ... so chances are she will try to contact you or reach you."

"B...But I just can't sit around here doing nothing..."

"Hunter." Molly called him patiently, "If she would come to you and would not find you that would b

e worse. So please listen to me. Trust me."

Hunter stood there and then he just spoke one word. "Ok."

"It's not until you fall that you fly..." She was looking out of the window and was humming the song. Her forehead was leaned on the glass, "When your dreams come alive you are unstoppable. Hmm. Make it possible. Lala. Make it possible."

"What are you exactly singing, hun?" Kyle gave her the hot chocolate cup in her hands. Chloe could not risk to tell him that this was Abigail's favorite song.

She took the cup and headed to the couch. But Kyle held her arm and guided her to the comfortable and comfy sofa placed near the window.

"Sit here." It belonged to Kyle. Abigail gave him as a gift on their engagement anniversary. Ever since she had left him, Kyle never let Chloe sit there. But tonight it was special.

Chloe could not believe when he offered her to sit there.

"Are you sure?"

"I am. Only my child's mom deserves to sit here." With a proud grin, Chloe sat there with a big smile. The victory was not letting her to wipe that off her face.

They just got back from Geena's place. At first, she was not letting them in, in spite of Chloe's cries and begging.

At last Chloe shouted at her, "Mom. You don't want me inside your house? Fine. But at least think of my child. He is your grandchild too. A piece of your heart! You can't throw us away just like that."

The moment Geena heard that... She opened the door. And rest was all history. Her mom called Abigail right in front of them.

She knew Abigail must be shocked.

Hell shocked!

Mom invited them for weekend dinner and requested Abigail to settle all the hatred. For her nephew or niece. Whatever it would be.

Though there was no response from Abigail but her silence was enough to tell her that this time she did it the right way.

"What are you thinking?" She felt Kyle's lips on her head.

32- Yes! Got back my mom

"Umm. Nothing. Nothing special."

Just yesterday she was thinking to find ways to defeat Abigail. And what a chance she had been blessed by fate.

Her baby was proving to be a blessing in disguise.

She had gotten back her mom. Now she wanted that seat which belonged to Abigail Mason at Levisay International.

And to control that seat, she needed Hunter. She had heard that Hunter was crazy about blonds. And Chloe was a beautiful blond who made everyone turn their heads.

She needed to get Hunter's attention. Chloe will take care of the rest.

Chloe thought with a smirk. This time she did succeed in hitting the target.

Poor Abigail! Oh! Poor poor Abigail.

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Chapter 33

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33- Please marry me!

"Mom, can I have ice cream?" The child asked the lady beside her.

"Now my munchkin needs ice cream? Huh?" the mother playfully pinched her child on her cheek.

The child squealed with delight making her mom smile.

Abigail smiled observing them. The kid must be around six or seven years old. She started licking her ice cream cone when her eyes fell on Abigail. She gestured for Abigail to share her ice cream, that too very sweetly. Abigail shook her head and started walking.

There was a young couple on the sidewalk. Passionately kissing each other, like there was no tomorrow. She kept staring at them for very long.

She could not stay in the apartment and left it as soon as possible, forgetting to take her phone, or her purse, or even her keys in her haste. She did not even remember if she had locked the apartment. She could not remember for how long she had been walking. But she kept walking anyways.

Did she have a choice? Her heart was dreading going back to her place or Molly's. She was feeling nauseated just by thinking to meet her mom, or Chloe, or Kyle ever again.

How would she face them? Even if they were guilty what good could it bring her? Except they would realize that she was the same old Abi with her stupid principles.

She started laughing at herself. She laughed hysterically, even the walkers and passersby were shooting her strange looks. But she gave a damn.

She was in fits.

My god Abi. You are so naïve. How could you think for one moment, even for a single moment that

Your business. Your milestones. You are fooling around, darling. They are the ones who are achievers. You are still naked. Trying to cover yourself. Ha ha.

She fell to the ground clutching her tummy. She was still laughing when it started to drizzle. The drizzle became heavy pouring in no time. People around her started running. Some in panic, some in adventure or fun.

And then she broke down. Clutching her belly she cried and cried. Until there was no energy left in her. She did not know how long she laid on the sidewalk, under the rain, all wet.

No, I won't let that happen.

She raised herself. Wiping her tears from her cheeks she looked up at the sky.

Dad, please help me.

She did not know why after all these years she called him. But she suddenly missed him so much.

She started walking again. It was almost past midnight. She must be walking for the past six to

33- Please marry me!

seven hours at least but miraculously her feet didn't hurt. She kept walking, not crying anymore. But God knows why those stupid tears were still running down her cheeks.

She caught her breath when she found herself standing on the main gates of Sapphire Galaxy. She walked inside.

After crossing the lobby she went towards Private Elevator's area where a guard stopped her.

"Miss please show your identification." The guard was looking at her from head to toe. She sure looked like crap!

"I am here to meet ..." She was about to explain the guard that she resided there when she heard a familiar voice behind her.

"Abigail?" She spun around to find him standing there with concern, worry and tension on his

face.

"Hunter. We need to talk. This is important." She congratulated herself to speak sensibly and not sound like a shit drunk whore. Hunter nodded towards the guard and scooped her up in his arms.

Good Lord! She was still wearing her office clothes which were a pencil skirt with the white blouse, drenched in water so much that it had become see-through showing her cream-colored bra and a slender waist with a flat tummy.

“What the hell. Where have you been, Abigail?” In normal circumstances Abigail would have celebrated that he did care about her. For her, that was a positive sign.

“H...Hunter.” her teeth were chattering now. “I need to talk.”

Without a single word, Hunter kept walking and carried her to the bathroom. “Take off your clothes. I would fetch something for you” he started to leave her standing there. But she held his arm. “Hunter. We need to talk now. Please. Just listen to me.”

Hunter looked at her hand on his arm and then covered it with his own. “Sugar. You need to change otherwise you would fall sick.”

“Pl ... please. Please don't leave me ju ... just listen to me.”

“Sweetheart” he gently held her and clasped her to his chest. “Sugar. Just two minutes. I am not going anywhere” With that, he kissed her forehead and left abruptly. After sending a quick message to Molly that she was back safely, he went to her hurriedly in a single minute carrying his t-shirt and boxer shorts. “Honey. Please change it first, then I would not only listen to you but we would drink coffee together.” Right now he was treating her as if she was a five year old.

After five minutes when he returned, the door was still slightly ajar, just like how he had left it. She was standing there looking in space. She seemed extremely distraught.

Taking a deep breath he came closer and started taking off her blouse. She did not say a word. Taking off her bra and skirt he made her stand under the shower. Giving her a quick bath he made her wear his t-shirt and the shorts. Tying a towel around her hair like a turban he lifted her and carried her to bed.

He reached out to his back and pulled over his wet t-shirt, which soaked during the shower.

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33- Please marry me!

Taking her in his arms he murmured in concern. “Abigail, sugar. Talk to me.”

Hearing a voice outside the bedroom made her jump. “There is someone out there. Hunter, there is someone...”

“I need a vodka. Not coffee.” A tear slip from her eye.

He tried to smile at that. "Why change of heart? Tell me, Abigail. What happened?" he held her

chin and looked into her eyes.

"I just realized I am an adult." She sounded serious, "and I really need a vodka, Hunter."

"But I want you clearheaded while you talk to me. How you reached here? You were still wearing your office clothes, Abigail?"

Avoiding his gaze Abi stood from the bed and stood near the glass wall looking out at the city.

"Any more questions?" she asked him without turning around.

you are not wearing any sandals or shoes?". Watching her barefoot was the worst thing he witnessed.

Abigail looked at her feet shocked and then turned around to look at him. Instead of answering she just shrugged and turned back towards the glass wall. "I don't know Hunter."

She was also surprised. She did not even bother to have a look on herself.

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His loose t-shirt was coming off her shoulders and it reached just above her knees.

"Why don't you sit down and tell me all about it." He patted beside him on the bed. But she shook her head and turned to the picture hanging on the wall as if it was the only interesting thing in this room.

"What are you looking at?" He came behind her. She again shook her head. As if on impulse holding her shoulders he turned her around and was stunned to see tears rolling over her cheeks."

Abigail!"

He gave up and pulled her in his embrace. She was in pain. He had never seen this much hurt on her face.

He wanted to do something about it. He could not see her like this. He wished he could kill the person who inflicted it upon her.

"Hunter we need to talk. Please, Hunter." He heard her muffled plead against his chest.

"Ok, sweetheart. We would talk." He nodded and then brought her in living room holding her hand.

She was wringing her fingers in nervousness. "I need your help, Hunter."

"Anything for you sugar." Pushing her on the couch, he kneeled in front, holding her hands in his, "Ask anything."

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"Anything?" she was looking into his eyes.

"Anything, Abigail Caroline Mason." He said while wiping her tears with his thumb. "Just name it."

"Hunter. Promise me, you won't hate me." Hunter was startled to hear that.

"Hey. Why someone would hate you, love? ... and definitely not me."

She laughed at that. "Wait till you hear what I have to say."

"My answer would always be the same. I would and could never hate you." He said firmly looking into her eyes and then kissed her hand.

Taking a deep breath she laughed nervously then she asked...

No she said... "Marry me, Hunter!"

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34- His answer.

Hunter's eyes went wide with shock. His mouth was wide open. Never in his wildest dreams had he ever imagined this proposal, "Wait.....what?"

"Marry me. Remember about that contract marriage which you were interested in? Well, I want that contract marriage with you. But there would be my terms included as well."

She looked at Hunter, and when he could not speak then she raised an eyebrow in anticipation.

"Hunter? Won't you say anything?" Hunter seemed speechless at the moment. His lips were stretched in a thin line. She was holding her breath waiting for his answer.

"Hunter. My sister is back with Kyle. They are pregnant. And I badly need someone for face saving. You are the only option right now" she could not continue.

These tears were making it difficult to her.

She moved forward and leaned her forehead on his. "I would save your face in front of your family. I would even pay you..." that got Hunter's attention like anything.

Instead of giving any response he stood up and turned his back towards her. She went to him and started rubbing her hand on his bareback.

"You alright?" but when he turned around he looked a little amused which somewhat made her a little furious.

"What is so funny?"

When he shook his head suppressing a smile she continued "Hunter, please marry me. I would pay you by giving up my salary. I can work for your empowerment program for free. Umm maybe for throughout two years? ... or three? Whatever is convenient for you."

o show them that you are crazily in love with me." Hunter quietly stared because right now he was at a loss of words.

"Please say something." She was almost begging him. But he was unmoved still looking into her eyes as if he wanted to say something but could not decide how to say it to her.

She pressed her cheek against his chest, "Hunter. Once you said we are friends. It's your friendship that brought me here. I don't have any friend or anyone else to turn up to. Except you or Molly."

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Hunter sighed and put his arms around her quietly resting his chin on her head. She looked up to him for an answer but he was still quiet.

"You do know I have signed the divorce papers." She heard him saying.

"But I haven't. Ask a lawyer. Do anything, Hunter. Please help me!" tears were again slipping on her cheeks, "Do you need time to decide?" She inquired, waiting for him to say something.

34- His answer.

Tilting his head, Hunter looked at the ceiling. "I should get your coffee for you." then leaving her he went to bring her some coffee. But she stopped him. "Leave it, Hunter. I need to sleep. I had been walking since evening." She muttered to herself, "and my feet hurt" she said under her breath.

Hunter was quick to reach her, "Damn. Sugar!" Abigail did not know what she detected in his voice, "you have been walking since..... Abigail! Without your shoes, you have been...." He took her in his arms and held her tightly.

"Hunter I..." but he did not let her speak "Shh ... Abigail. Quiet!"

She became quiet and rested her cheek on his chest. Hunter carried her to the bed and laid with her. He kept caressing her cheek with his knuckles, or her hair with fingers. He did not feel sleepy but Abigail had gone to sleep the moment her body touched the bed.

She again had the same nightmare but Hunter relaxed her by using soothing words. He shifted her on himself resting her head against his chest.

When Abigail woke up the next morning she looked around and found Hunter staring at the ceiling. She could see dark circles around his eyes, the tell-tale sign that he could not sleep last night.

Thinking about last night made her bolt up, Hunter held her tightly, "Careful sugar."

"Hunter." she had questions in her eyes, she was waiting ...

"What would you have for breakfast?" He got up and asked her. He was avoiding her gaze, she realized. She did not reply.

Unable to avoid her gaze anymore he turned towards her. Her eyes and face were still puffy because of continuous crying last night. Her black hair was loose reaching her waist while she managed to look too gorgeous in his shirt and boxer.

"You can't make a decision on empty stomach, sugar."
He smiled. But the smile did not reach his

eyes.

"Try me!" he chuckled at her jibe.

She came near him and held his face, "You have become a very dear friend of mine. Almost a buddy. Whatever would be your decision, you won't lose me. I promise." "In that case" holding her hands in his, he looked at her "My answer is, No."

35– Proposing the right guy.

She was not expecting this!

Not at all expecting this!

“Till yesterday he wanted a contract marriage with someone. With anyone. And now he is not taking my offer. He is declining it. Why? Because I do not belong to his class? Of course, he would want someone blond and classy, one of his own for even a contract marriage. He won't settle for less.”

“Girls like me are there for fu**ing friendships. Right?” The bitter thoughts were not leaving her.

He was trying to grasp all the expressions crossing her face, “Abigail. I can explain this sweetheart. Just relax and sit here. We need to talk.”

Shaking her head while moving back she smiled but her lips quivered. She did not want to cry showing him that she was weak. She did it last night. But no, it's not happening again.

“Abigail. I talked to my lawyer. If one of us has signed the papers, we need to say our vows again. But trust me. You will get someone better than me. You don't need a contract marriage right now.”

She kept listening to his speech with indifference and then turned on her heels to leave the bedroom. “Abigail! Abi! Where are you going?” he was following her.

“Don't worry Hunter. I am not going to suicide. I am a rock.” She smiled while pressing the button to

to call the elevator in his living room.

“Abigail. Listen. You deserve a proper wedding with proper engagement. You deserve a suitable guy... And and..” He threw his arms in air feeling like a fool, “You are not even dressed. And you

“Abigail!” He tried to put warning in his tone. He wished he could put some sense in her.

He put his hand to avoid the elevator door to close. “Back off Hunter. You want your bathroom slippers?” She took them off. “Here take these.”

Entering the lift, Hunter tried to hold her but she did not let him near her, “Abi, sweetheart, love!”

Under normal circumstances, she would have blushed by the endearments but not now.

Right now, she was fuming.

"Hunter, you are off the hook. Ok? Now take a deep breath. Go back." when the elevator's doors opened on the first floor he tried to stop her.

"What exactly are you doing on the first floor?" But without answering him she stormed out of it and started looking for the required room number in the corridor. "Here it is." She said happily knocking on the door.

Hunter was bewildered, "Abi, why are you knocking on this door?"

"Oh. Come on Hunter. He is your cousin. Right?" she knocked again then realized she should ring