

His Precious Love novel chapter 17

Chapter 17 Open It

It was a rather unnerving meal. Julian would glare at Rayna from time to time as though warning her, "Just wait until we get home." Even so, the woman pretended not to notice.

She had already moved most of her stuff out of the Faymon residence and didn't intend to return, anyway.

Suddenly, the man next to her coughed gently and gave her a light kick underneath the table. She turned her head nervously and saw Curtis nod before getting up to go to the restroom.

It took the woman a moment to guess that he was probably waiting for her to explain what had happened earlier today, so she quickly grabbed her purse and headed to the restroom too.

As soon as Rayna arrived in the hallway, someone darted past her.

She looked up and realized that the person who had just overtaken her was Meredith. The latter wrapped herself around Curtis' arm and pressed her body against him upon nearing him.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Faymon." Despite apologizing, Meredith had no intention of moving and spoke in a soft voice. "I think I twisted my foot."

Curtis remained where he was, not moving an inch.

Meredith grew bolder and began to tug the neckline of her dress downward. "I've always admired you, Mr. Faymon. I want to serve you. I know there are lots of other people at Faymon Group. I may not be the best, but I know I work the hardest. If you're willing to give me a chance, I'd like to follow you to Norham for work."

Rayna was bereft of words.

I was wondering what she even saw in Julian, but it turns out she's after this guy, huh?

"I'd do anything to work with you, Mr. Faymon. I'm willing to throw everything away," Meredith added, wrapping her arms around Curtis' neck as she moved her crimson lips closer to him.

The very next second, she felt a sharp pang on her wrist as Curtis dragged her aside.

The man's eyes were expressionless, but they instantly sent a chill down Meredith's spine.

"I don't think you need to go anywhere. Maybe you should just quit. Don't you think so?" Curtis remarked with a sneer.

"F-Forgive me, Mr. Faymon! I'm sorry I crossed the line." The woman began to panic. She had gone through so much just to get to where she was today, and she certainly wasn't going to resign over something like this. "I'll be taking my leave now."

Seeing her return this way, Rayna hastily lowered her head, and the two women brushed shoulders.

Then she continued forward, only to find her path impeded.

"Now that you're here, it wouldn't be nice pretending you didn't see me. Don't you agree, Rayna?" Curtis asked while kicking the door to the restroom open and gazing at her knowingly. "Let's talk."

Feeling goosebumps on her skin upon being called out, the woman glanced at the restroom before her and had no choice but to enter.

The last time we talked was in the ladies' room, and now we're inside the men's. Pretty exciting, I suppose.

"Mr. Faymon, I only faked my pregnancy because I have matters to take care of," Rayna explained as soon as Curtis walked in and closed the door. "I'm not pregnant, I swear! If you don't believe me, we can always make a trip to the hospital. I'm not the kind of woman who plays hard to get."

"Is that so?" The man's lips curled upward. Seeing how tense she looked made him want to tease her. "You did it pretty well back at the bar, though."

Rayna felt her ears flush as she was brought back to the event from a month ago.

"Okay, I admit what I did." The woman took a deep breath to calm herself down. "We're all adults, are we not, Uncle Curtis? I hope you can forget what happened. I'm sorry about that night."

Being referred to as Uncle Curtis was strangely gratifying to him. "Of course."

In any case, Rayna was on the losing end when it came to something like this, so if she didn't mind it, he wouldn't either. Still, he hadn't expected a sexual disorder to be the cause of her chastity, as she didn't seem to complain about any discomfort at the hotel that night.

Seeing Curtis let this matter slide relieved the woman greatly.

“Well, I’ll be leaving if we have nothing else to talk about.” We’re inside the men’s restroom, for crying out loud. What if someone comes in? I’m out of here now that we’re done talking.

“What’s the rush? Take a look at this.” Yet, the man stopped her from exiting. He took out his phone and handed it to her after a few taps and swipes.

Rayna felt her stomach drop as a million thoughts began to surface in her mind. One notion, in particular, came to her the most strongly.

Is he going to blackmail me? What if he took a video of us from back at that hotel?

She took the device, and sure enough, there was a thumbnail of a video clip with what looked like a hotel suite as its background.

Rayna nearly dropped the phone as her hand trembled.

She gazed up at Curtis with an ashen face, only for the man to raise an eyebrow and make a gesture with his chin. “Open it.”

“Y-You’re despicable, Mr. Faymon!” The woman gnashed her teeth in rage. “You just said you didn’t mind, but you’re showing me this now? What is the meaning of this?”

Seeing how pale she looked while glaring at him, the man figured she must have misunderstood him.

Thus, he leaned forward and played the video clip.

Rayna tried to turn it off, but Curtis gripped her hand firmly.

The woman shut her eyes, terrified of hearing her own voice. Yet, to her surprise, another familiar voice rang out from the device.

Roxanne? What’s going on?