

His Precious Love novel chapter 2

Chapter 2 Meeting Uncle Curtis

Heavenly Palace was famous in the city as a sleazy bar, where all kinds of physical pleasures could be satisfied.

Sitting at the bar, Rayna downed a few shots of whiskey as an insidious thought snowballed in her mind.

It doesn't matter who the father of the children is. In fact, the children will be even more beautiful if I find myself a handsome man.

Suddenly, her gaze—which was scanning the dancefloor—fell upon a towering silhouette.

Even though she couldn't see his face clearly, his build clearly stood out from the crowd, and the fact that he was surrounded by a group of sharply dressed men and women added to his allure.

He will do!

After making her decision, Rayna took a deep breath before tossing her hair to the side and swaggering toward him in her heels.

"I'm so dizzy..."

When passing by, Rayna pretended to stumble by accident and fell right into Curtis Faymon's arms.

The next moment, a pair of big strong hands threaded around her waist and caught her steadily.

Lying in an unfamiliar embrace, Rayna began to feel dry in her throat as Curtis' masculine pheromones overwhelmed her senses. In fact, she could feel her rationality gradually drifting away.

"You smell amazing..."

Curtis furrowed his brows while his assistant and bodyguards all gaped in shock.

What an audacious woman to do something like that in broad daylight!

"Miss, please mind yourself," Curtis said icily.

Recognizing the familiar voice, the stunned Rayna raised her head.

When she looked at the man's cold eyes, her heart skipped a beat.

She widened her eyes in shock, and after a long pause, she murmured in disbelief, "U-Uncle Curtis?"

Oh my God! What's going on? How did I end up running into Julian's uncle?

It was public knowledge that Curtis was Alfred Faymon's adopted son, for the latter didn't have any of his own. Early on, he had sent Curtis overseas to study management, and on Alfred's sixtieth birthday, he had named Curtis as the heir to Faymon Group.

As a result, Curtis had become the most eligible and admirable bachelor in the city.

In fact, Rolanda had more than once thought of getting into Curtis' good books, saying that Julian's career depended on him. Unfortunately, Curtis never had the time to even entertain her.

Therefore, their family, including Rayna, seldom had the opportunity to meet Curtis in person.

This was the first time Rayna had come within close proximity of him.

He had the chiseled features of a male model, and his thin frame exuded an air of aloofness. Given the cold look in his eyes, she felt as if he could easily read her mind.

"Uncle Curtis... I-I'm sorry."

It wasn't until he heard the way she addressed him that Curtis finally realized what was going on.

He knitted his brows and quickly released Rayna, preparing to leave with an indifferent look in his eyes.

He had never shown any interest in women who threw themselves at him.

"Uncle Curtis, wait!"

Gritting her teeth, Rayna decided to go all out to fulfill her goal. It wouldn't be so bad if I could hitch myself onto a gold mine, would it?

"I... I'm feeling depressed today and had too much to drink. Aren't you worried about leaving me alone in this bar? It's not safe for me here." Rayna, biting her lower lip, put on an innocent expression. When she snuck a glance at Curtis and caught the emotionless look on his face, she pretended to grimace in pain. Then, she rubbed her ankle. "Besides, I sprained my ankle... and it really hurts."

Curtis curled his lips into a smirk, his eyes glistening.