

His Precious Love novel chapter 8

Chapter 8 Are You Pregnant

"T-Thank you, Mr. Faymon." Rayna instantly steadied herself even though her fingers were still shivering. "I'm Rayna Garland from the translation department. I'll be serving you as your interpreter in this business negotiation."

Curtis hummed in response and said excitedly in a deep voice, "Thank you, Ms. Garland."

"You're welcome," Rayna responded with a cursory smile. Thank goodness he didn't make things difficult for me.

Rayna heaved a sigh of relief when Curtis entered the club with the business partner.

She then caught up with them and led the way.

She had to book a large private room since many people were involved in the negotiation. After leading Curtis, the business partner, and their entourage to the room, she went out and told the waiter to serve the dishes in twenty minutes.

When she returned to the room, she saw that the chairs around the table had been fully occupied.

"Ms. Garland, you can take my seat." Gabriel stood up and gave her his seat. "We really need your help with the interpretation. I'll leave soon because I have other urgent matters to attend to."

The seat was right next to Curtis, while the representatives from Sumanthova were sitting on the other side. Rayna had no choice but to sit beside him.

That afternoon, they would be negotiating the ocean freight rates.

The Sumanthovean company had been importing goods from a company under Faymon Group for years. They wanted to increase their bulk purchase this time, but the ocean freight rate was quite costly. That was why they hoped Faymon Group could quote them a lower price.

Rodunstian was a gentle language, so the Sumanthovean representatives were quite soft-spoken. Rayna had to lean forward to get a better picture of what they were asking.

Since Curtis was sitting next to her, she would occasionally brush her arm against his. And because he was only wearing a thin shirt, she could feel the warmth of his body.

There were moments she zoned out when she recalled the night at the hotel, and her cheeks would begin to flush.

Stop thinking about it, Rayna!

After completing a round of interpretation, Rayna pulled herself back to hide her embarrassment. Then she immediately grabbed a glass of wine and took a few sips.

When she felt someone watching her, she tilted her head to the side and saw Curtis resting his chin on the back of his hand and giving her a baffling smirk.

Why is he looking at me like that?

Anxiety kicked in. Rayna looked around the table and realized she was holding Curtis' red wine glass as hers was still sitting on her left.

She had accidentally drunk his red wine. No wonder he gave me that look!

The red wine in her mouth was like a piece of burning iron, and she was unsure what to do with it. In the end, she decided to gulp it down and put the glass down as if nothing had happened.

Curtis' eyes glinted with amusement as he took in her every little action. What a steady woman.

Because of Curtis' generosity in agreeing with their terms and conditions, the negotiation ended thirty minutes early. Now that the business talk had ended, they finally got to enjoy their lunch.

The air conditioner was set to a lower temperature as many people were in the private space. Rayna began to feel discomfort in her stomach after taking a few bites, and Curtis noticed she was breaking out in a cold sweat.

"We're done with the negotiation. Go and take a rest," Curtis said in a calm voice.

"Thank you, Mr. Faymon," Rayna said. Feeling nauseous, she covered her mouth and dashed out of the private room.

The man glanced at her and knitted his brows.

After entering the restroom, Rayna wrapped her hands around the toilet bowl and started throwing up before she could shut the door. She felt much better after vomiting. When she turned around and was about to leave the cubicle after flushing the toilet, she noticed someone standing in her way.

“M-Mr. Faymon.” Rayna nearly bit her tongue when she saw the man leaning by the door frame. “This is the ladies’ room. The restroom for men is next door.”

Curtis looked up and fixed his gaze on her belly, and that made Rayna even more nervous.

He walked up to her with a hand in his pocket. Inching closer, he glared at her and asked in an indifferent tone, “Are you pregnant?”