## 6- The gorgeous man

Ashley pov

Ugh! I tried to stretch myself. The mattress assigned to me was not comfortable but today it felt like a hardboard.

And that hardboard was snoring slightly. I felt so tired that I did not want to get up. There was nothing to do. Nobody was waiting for me. What's the use of waking up when I would be getting bored? Or maybe I should pop in some sleeping pills and spend one year sleeping on a couch or my mattress like a dead.

My cheek hurt due to resting on the hardboard so I decided to change the side and lifted my face up. I saw a man sleeping on his back under me. Taking a deep breath, I closed my eyes and rested the other cheek. Just then my eyes went wide.

I was NOT sleeping on my mattress. I lifted my face again and looked up. Shit!

gorgeous. How can a man have such long lashes? Look at those lips. Damn! If it was a sin to look this handsome, he should have been hanged publicly.

Who was he? He was not my husband but whoever he was, the man was drop-dead

His face was so ... sculptured ... so ... handsome and ... so ... so...

Perfect!

color of his eyes?

Black?

I kept looking at him to find any imperfections. Nah! I was disappointed. What must be the

Blue?

His dark hair was falling on his forehead. Raising my hand slowly, I tried to remove it only to plop back on his face. I chuckled and did that again. It became like a game to me. How this handsome man ended up under me? I can't believe it.

My friends from the orphanage would have screamed at the top of their lungs. There was a subtle scowl on his face even when he was sleeping. I again placed my cheek on that washboard chest and tried to remember how we ended up in this bed entangled in each other. Did we get drunk and had se\*x?

And then memories from yesterday started flooding back. A shiver ran through my body when suddenly I remembered what happened yesterday. The moment my body vibrated, I

"You all right?" A sexy, deep, sleepy voice asked me. Concern was dripping from it.

felt two strong arms tightening around me.

easily stick out my tongue to lick his face... to devour him.

So, I was no more a virgin? Sigh!

Was he talking to me? Of course, stupid. Who else? He rolled over placing me on the bed and checked my forehead with the back of his hand. His body was deliciously snugged against mine. His face was so close to me that I could

they go to sleep without their t-shirts on? Only in their shorts or boxers? And sometimes stark na\*ked?

My gaze dipped down only to disappoint me further. He was wearing full-length cotton

I was a bit disappointed when I noticed him wearing a t-shirt. In movies and novels don't

Nobody will ever hurt you in any way."

pajamas.

No shorts. No nak\*edness. "Kitten? Can you hear me?" He worriedly looked down following my gaze. "Don't worry.

grip around me and he sat straight on the edge of the bed. Why he seemed disturbed?

was frightened. I didn't know why my question seemed to offend him. His arms lost their

"Not even my husband?" I asked in a weak voice. Like me, he must have also detected that I

Before I could think that he did not hear me, he spoke again, "No one, means no one." He

tilted his face towards me and then turned away. "Is it ok, if I stay here instead of going to my room? The mattress is not a problem for me." I added quickly, "I can bring my mattress here."

Oh. Of course, my husband must be his cousin or sibling. He would never believe me.

He was still not facing me, "When I said already that no one will mess with you then you got to trust me."

With that, he stood up and went to the bathroom. My eyes followed him till the door closed

behind him. Under that pajamas, his tight ass was... Gosh! I was turning into a creep!

Mother Superior would have spanked me for my impure thoughts.

She always asked us to keep ourselves busy. To occupy our minds. I always dreamed of

becoming rich so that I could spend one year doing nothing. My prayers were answered.

in that bedroom was taking away my senses.

eat, sleep and become fat.

When the bathroom door opened, I stood up from the bed. It was giving me anxiety that I had to return to that bedroom. What if that man would be there again? The thought of staying

I was going to be a millionaire after one year and I was not supposed to do anything except

"Kitten. Why are you crying?" The handsome who seemed straight out of the cover of a fashion magazine had worry lines on his forehead. He had taken a shower and was wearing his old pajamas. This time instead of that t-shirt his towel was on his shoulders covering his neck and back.

movies? Real life sucks. He brushed his wet hair back with his fingers and held me by my shoulders, "Don't get scared. Tell me, what will you have for breakfast."

Why the towel was not wrapped low around his waist? Why do they show like this in

A slight amusement tugged on the corner of his lips, "You will have my eyes for breakfast?" His face did get serious but his eyes...

God! They were laughing!

walking towards the door.

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alone. See. What if he would return?"

He was looking at me with his intense gaze and ... oh...

"Your eyes!" I said. I was sure I had this silly drool on my lips.

those orbs but damn. "Amber. Now tell me your breakfast preferences, princess." He stood up and started

When I realized he was leaving the room, I closed the distance between us in a jiffy, "No,

please. Stop." Before he could turn, I hugged his broad frame from behind, "Don't leave me

"No... No. Not that. The color. What is this color? Golden?" I was trying to look away from

I was feeling protected in his presence. This time he seemed a little irritated, "If you see him then just punch him. You can't run around in circles just to avoid facing him."

"I am all alone. Whenever I ask a maid to bring me my bag they forget. I am not allowed to use the bathroom in his presence." I felt him going still in my arms, "They were supposed to provide me three meals a day. And now they are hardly giving me two." He smelled so good. I did not know who else to complain to. The man had this powerful

aura about him that asked everyone to obey him. He seemed to have a say in this house.

"I will bring your bag. Don't worry." He told me softly and left the room.

After a soft knock, he opened the door and a uniformed old lady entered the room following him.

"This is Helga. From now on if you need anything just let her know."