

Chapter 13

Ashton was the first to sight a very angry man but he shrugged the look off since it had nothing to do with him.

After months of trying to plan a date with the woman he had admired for as long as he could remember, he had one motive tonight and that was to focus on his date and not miss any detail of tonight's hangout.

Even after forgetting about the angry man he saw some second ago, Ashton got even more confused when he saw the fellow walking towards his table, and not only that, the stranger kept throwing glares at him as if they had met before.

"Anything the matter?" Vicky asked when she noticed for a second that he looked lost.

"Nothing, I was just wondering."

"What?" She smiled.

"How it would feel to have you as my woman?"

Vicky tried to hide her blush. "I wouldn't keep my hopes up if I were you."

"So you're pushing me away?"

"Don't see me as a bad person, Ashton. I thought I already explained everything to you."

He nodded. "You did and despite everything, I'm honored about tonight. It would kill me not to be your very good friend."

"You do have your way with words. Don't you?"

"I don't think so. I've never seen myself as a romantic guy but I do go all the way out for the one I love so much and that includes showering her with so much care, love and attention."

Vicky smiled. Ashton was truly being sweet but She was way past that stage. She could have sworn that she had the best man by her side in the past until he treated her like some piece of garbage who didn't deserve any good thing in life.

"At some point, I felt you didn't want to have anything to do with me because of your status."

She frowned, "what do you mean?"

"You kept declining my proposals so a part of me thought it was because you were my senior at work, you didn't want any troubles and all of that."

Vicky chuckled, "You think really low of me. Don't you?"

"No, I would never. You're too amazing for me to think of you that way."

"Being rejected just makes one overthink I guess. But I know you're a good woman and any man would be lucky to have you by his side."

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"I won't lie, I feel so jealous about people who have really close access to you."

Vicky chuckled, taking a sip of her drink.

"Why?"

"Cos they get to be around an amazing personality like you while I don't."

She smiled. "I'm honored with the compliments but I'm not that big of a deal. I'm just me and I have my own flaws, as well as struggles."

"We all do and that wouldn't make me love you any less."

Ashton was already so much into the conversation that for a moment, he forgot about the stranger who was staring evilly at him until the voice came through.

"What the hell are you doing with him?"

Vicky's glass cup of wine almost slipped from her hand when that very disturbing but familiar voice came through.

"Can't you talk? I said what the hell are you doing with him?"
The voice said again, bringing her from her thoughts, while she was trying to convince herself that it couldn't be him and that she probably heard wrong.

She finally was able to place her glass which still had some wine on it on the table, and looked up, staring into his eyes.

The anger she saw in those eyes were nothing compared to

what she saw in him, earlier at the cafe.

"Excuse me, how can we be of help to you?" Ashton's voice came through. In as much as he was very confused as to what was going on, he knew tonight was his moment, the most anticipated date of his life and he wasn't ready to let anyone destroy that for any reason.

"Keep your mouth shut and mind your fucking business because I'm not referring to you." The stranger said with gritted teeth, throwing him spiteful glares.

Even though Oscar was used to getting attention back in his home country, the situation was really different tonight. First, he was in a venue filled with elites of the society and even though he was really pissed with everything, the last thing he wanted was to create a scene here as there could be someone that recognized him or knew him in the restaurant.

"Dressed in that expensive clothing and spilling trash like this, not having any form of courtesy? Then I think you must be mentally deranged." Ashton responded, trying to keep his voice low.

His hand was on the table, and he suddenly felt a light squeeze from a soft hand which instantly calmed him and made him feel loved..

Oscar saw that and if looks could kill, Vicky and Ashton would be buried a long time ago.

"Who the hell are you and what are you doing here? Why do

you keep stalking me?" Vicky said to him for the first time since he approached them.

If Oscar was angry before, there was nothing compared to the annoyance he was feeling right now. The fact that she was denying him again.

"Vicky,...." He was saying, then sighed,

"I'm not Vicky. I'm not your fucking Vicky, why can't you get that?!"

At this point, Vicky was glad that they were in the VIP area because she felt she might have raised her voice a bit.

"Cut that crap, you ingrate...."

He was about to say something else but she cut him off..

"Who the hell are you to approach me when I don't even know you and say all sorts about me?"

"Who the fuck do you think you are?" In as much as she was confused as to why he was referring to her as an ingrate, One thing Vicky had in mind was never to let anyone look down on her, most especially the stranger standing before her who made her life nothing but a living hell for her"

"Fuck you, bitch!! You can keep denying that you don't know me but just so you know, I know everything."

"To hell with you and what you know. I don't know you, I don't give a fuck about you, and most importantly, I won't let you

bully me because you have no important stuff to say."

Oscar chuckled in disbelief.

"You're a prostitute, a bimbo, who has no shame."

Vicky should be angry at his statement but she had no idea when she started chuckling and that angered Oscar because that was definitely not the reaction he was expecting.

Ashton was about to rise to his feet, probably to defend Victoria and attack the stranger who kept ruining the moment but she stopped him by intertwining her hand with his over the table.

"The last time I remember, my life is my responsibility. I own it and run it any way I like. I could be a bitch, a gold digger, a bimbo, a liar, you name it. But I see no reasons why you are the one feeling pained here. I own my life and no one dictates to me what I should do."

"You're crazy! You should be so damn ashamed of yourself. You sleep around for money and live a crazy life."

"Wow!!!" Vicky chuckled again, as much as she could see the frustration and sadness in his eyes, she was thrilled to know that he thought this way about her.

"I'm really amazed to hear this from you. My lookalike definitely did so much to hurt your feelings. She must be giving you sleepless nights, isn't she?"

"I will wait for the day you stop being a coward and admit

that you know all that I'm talking about."

"Wait, where the hell is your daughter?"

Victoria froze. Not because she was surprised to hear him mention her baby. Knowing him and seeing him earlier, she had no doubt that he would have gathered information about her and that includes, knowing about her little girl. Since he had been saying silly things about her, she was just scared he was going to say the same about her little girl.

"If you were a good mother, why the hell would you leave her alone and waste time with this douchebag?" He gestured towards Ashton.

"Where's she, let me guess, with the nannies, or learning her mother's trade of prostitution?"



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