

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13 Chapter 147

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Sophie's pov

"What?" I breathed out stunned.

Just a few moments ago I could hear the pure rage in his voice when he had spoken to Sergio over the phone.

And now he agreed to have lunch with the man?

I can't help but feel a little annoyed that he agreed without my consent. Then again perhaps it would be best to act neutral, especially if I were to keep my tongue tied about Sergio's visit and his ugly words.

Aiden still refuses to look at my face and moves away from me while scratching his chin.

"He invited us to lunch tomorrow Sophie. If you're still feeling unwell then we can cancel." He looks at me then, eyes bared of emotion.

I had options, good. I can say I was still feeling like c*ap tomorrow and Aiden would cancel.

But what if that's what that old vile man was hoping for?

He wanted to test out if I was weak and afraid of him.

What better way to shock that old man than to accept his invitation and walk into his home with a straight back and a confidently pointed chin?

I can suffer a couple of minutes even an hour in Sergio's presence if it were to cause the man to be displeased.

"Okay. I see nothing wrong with going to lunch at Sergio's." I said, a shoulder lifted into a slight shrug.

I looked down at Ash. "But..."

I drawled.

I can take all that old man's nasty words but I refuse to have him set his eyes on Ashton again, especially up close.

"I will have Mila and Ria babysit Ashton. We will not be going to lunch with him at Sergio's." I said with a pitch that told Aiden I will not retract that statement.

Aiden looks at me then at his son and then nods. "Fine with me."

We talked for a few, about the heart shaped sculpture and then Aiden went back to the kitchen to prepare lunch.

Now seated on the sofa with Ash beside me, I stared at the television blankly. I tried every way I could to make Aiden spill about what was going on. But he remained tight-lipped and refuse to even look me dead in the eye when he responds.

Can things really be this bad for him to not tell me about whatever upset him? I press my lips together and my stomach twisted uneasily.

It's so easy to call the kettle black when I was keeping something from him too.

Given the fact that I was keeping this away from him for his own protection, perhaps Aiden was doing the same.

He did mention that he was going to protect Ashton and me.

But was it so bad that I was curious to know what he was protecting me from now?

I shake my head and sighed. Why bother when Aiden was very good at keeping secrets? I mean the guy kept his love for me for years and hide it so well that I thought those stares were the opposite.

After a few minutes, the sizzling in the pan subsides and Aiden looks over at me and Ash.

"Lunch is ready. Want anything to drink with it?"

I nod and ask for some sparkling water.

When all three of us are around the dining table, Aiden lifted his gaze and they pierce through mine.

"We'll go pick up your stuff in a while." He gauges for my reaction.

I froze.

I had yet to tell the girls that I and Ash would be moving in with Aiden.

I was still figuring out how to tell them.

"I haven't told the girls yet..." I trailed off and took the glass of sparkling water and lifted it to my lips as I looked over at

Aiden.

"You'll tell them when we get there." He shrugged as he pushed the spaghetti inside his mouth.

I narrowed my eyes and set the glass down on the table. "I can't just tell them something like that in that way Aiden. I have to give them a heads up."

Aiden's eyes flashed a bit with frustration." Then give them a heads up Sophie."

I let out a huff. "It's still too abrupt to tell them. We'll get my stuff tomorrow or later on."

I would be lying if I didn't say that I was avoiding telling the girls because I was scared that they would tell me I was moving too fast.

Though, they were already saying as such.

I was basically dreading the conversation I would have with Mila who was always more level headed and would see the cons before the pros.

Aiden on the other hand must've seen my want for pushing the move back as a sign that I didn't really want this because his eyes dimmed and his back slouched a bit.

"Okay," He murmured and avoided my gaze.

Seeing how he looked like a sad puppy who didn't get his way, I sighed and

gave up. "I'll call them as soon as I'm done eating."

Aiden's eyes flick back to mine and that light swims in his eyes once more. My stomach tightens. There was something about pleasing him that felt good to me.

He was trying to make me happy, the least I could do was participate and make it easier for him.

When we were done with lunch, Aiden went to place a sleeping Ashton in the room. He had fallen asleep half way through lunch and had been dozing off on his dad's shoulder ever since.

I cleaned up the plate and strut over to the kitchen sink. Aiden had prepared lunch, so I was going to do the dishes.

When I was on the third plate he walks back in, a radiant smile on his face.

"He looks just like me when he's asleep."

I lift my gaze from the plate I was washing and raised a brow at him. "He looks like you always." I huffed.

Aiden's grin widens, turning into one that is playful.

"Well what you say is true..." He chuckles and approaches me with a walk that resembled a sly predator.

He comes behind me and wraps his hands on my waist, his chin on the top of my shoulder. "Why are you doing the dishes? Aren't you still a bit sick?" A concerned edge in his voice made me feel warm.

"You cooked lunch. It's only fair that I at least do the dishes. And no, I'm not feeling sick anymore." I turn in his hold slightly to stare at him better. "Told you it was a mild cold. Perhaps not even. Maybe it was sinus." I shrug carelessly.

"Whatever it was, I'm just happy you're not sick anymore."

Aiden sighed and pecked me on the lips.

"Now that our son is asleep, maybe it's best if we do something in the meantime until he wakes up." Aiden murmurs, his lips dragging up my neck, causing me to shiver.

"What do you have in mind?" I breathed out shakily, biting into my bottom lip to stop the moan from slipping.

"The taste of that cupcake is still on my tongue. I want to dip my tongue in something sweet to get rid of it." He groaned, lips now feathering on my jawline.