

The Girl He Craves

Chapter 156

Sophie's pov

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Right this way miss," Margo uttered while guiding me through Sergio's huge house. I try to memorize the curves and corners so I would not get lost on my way back.

It's difficult when all rooms look the same. But I don't dare utter my confusion to Margo.

She stopped beside a huge door, turning towards me as she wrenches it open. "Here you go," She smiles politely and I'm grateful that not everyone is as vile as Sergio in this house.

"Thank you, Margo," I thanked her with a smile of my own and entered the bathroom. I closed the door and leaned against it until I heard her fading footfalls.

When I was sure I was alone, I peeled myself away from the door and strut over to the wall mirror and the sink.

I looked at my reflection and sighed.

There's worry in my gaze, buried deep but I can detect it.

The worry mounted when Lillian brought up the pregnancy. For a second there I forgot about it and one wrong move would have made everything crumble down.

I let out a breath through my parted lips. "Oh Sophie, what had you got yourself into?" I shook my head and opened the faucet.

I washed my hands, leaning over the sink to pour some water over my face. Closing the faucet, I lift my eyes up and they connect with my reflection.

I cannot make Sergio push me in a corner and boast his triumph of finally cracking the barriers I held around me.

I will not make him succeed in trying to push Aiden and I apart.

Patting my face with some tissue, I tossed it in the toilet bowl and flushed. Gawking at my reflection 'one least time, I let out a strained breath and opened the door.

I jerk slightly in surprise when my eyes land on Lillian leaning against the opposite wall, a cold expression on her face.

I stepped out of the room, in means to avoid her but she stops me.

"Sophie. How is Ashton?"

I clicked my tongue, annoyed that she was trying to converse with me when we both knew she didn't like me. That glare she sent across the table straight at me when Aiden whispered in my ear told me all I needed to know.

I heard the clack of her heels and knew she had peeled off the wall.

Turning around, I crossed my arms under my chest, staring at her blankly.

"He's doing well. Better." I answered her tightly.

She nod, her eyes rolling up to the ceiling as she plasters on a thoughtful look. "Yes, I think Aiden mentioned it when we spoke. He's such a good father."

Her voice was sweet but I could sense the hostility swimming at the bottom, struggling to stay clear of the surface.

I narrowed my eyes, displeased by her tactic to get on my nerves.

He is. And he's also a great fiance." I aired in a sickly fake sweet voice that she caught right away because the chirpy sweet blonde was no longer hiding her resentment.

She lets out a fake short laugh, stepping forward. "Is that so?"

She tilts her head, her eyes sending sharp daggers my way. "I remember how sweet he can be. He has always been this way, especially to me. You know, everyone thought Aiden and I would be the ones getting married."

I let out a dry giggle. "Well then that's too bad things didn't work out that way. It must be so sad that your father didn't get to experience what a joy it is to plan a wedding. I am sure someday he will."

Lillian's eyes narrowed, pleasing me that I got on her nerves. Serves the bitch right for trying to feed more onto my annoyance.

"Don't worry, things always work out in my favor and I always get what I want," She then fakes a smile, beaming at me.

"I'm sorry about that post by the way. I know how awful you might have felt when you read it. The media can be such a bitch sometimes." She rolled her eyes, letting out a breath, feigning being upset.

My brows furrowed. What post is she referring to?

She must have seen my confusion because she was quick to elaborate to her own benefit.

"They wrote an article about you being the homewrecker in Aiden's and I relationship," She shrugged, tucking her hair behind her ear. "Told you everyone thought we would be the ones getting married."

I'm stunned and speechless as I stare at her. Aiden hadn't mentioned an article. Nor had I seen such an article.

I want to vomit. The media was playing me out to be the bad guy.

Lillian reaches out, her fingers touching my arm gently. "But don't worry, the article was magically taken down quickly. I mean, I'm sure millions of people had read it before it was taken down, it was published by a popular blog-

I wrenched my arm away from her touch, my eyes dropping to the floor. I need some air.

I turn around, my eyes darting across the floor as I try to not feel so nauseous. I can only imagine what people thought of me now. What they wrote, the slander I was receiving.

Did Aiden know about it?

Why didn't he tell me anything?

You'll get used to it Sophie. The media can be a very bad place but that's something you have to endure in our world." Lillian yelled behind me to catch my attention. This time, I didn't bother giving it to her.

I walked away, trying to keep my shoulders up until I disappeared from her sight. And when her cold eyes were no longer on my back, my shoulders drop in defeat.

I know I shouldn't care about what others thought or what they wrote on social media. They were just people hiding behind a screen and keyboards. In person, most of them can't even utter a word.

But this doesn't ease up the nauseating feeling. This doesn't ease my mind.

I want to scream in frustration.

Not long ago, no one knew who I was. No one knew me.

But now, being involved with Aiden had thrown me into the toxicity that was social media. And I had dragged my son in with me. What would they start to say about him? They were already quick to judge me and say bad false things about me. What would they say about my son?

I stumbled out of the door and made my way to the gazebo. Aiden and Christopher were yelling, arguing. But right now, I didn't care enough to tell them to stop.

"Ah Sophie, you came-

Sergio started but I paid him no mind and focused my gaze on Aiden.

When his stormy gaze sweeps to mine, his brows knot in concern. "Baby? What's wrong?"

"Did you know?" I whispered, not shifting to sit.

Aiden's brows furrowed even more. "Know about what Soph?"

"About an article naming me a homewrecker?"