

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13 Chapter 26

Sophie's pov

#two months later

Mila burst through the bathroom door, her eyes wide as she holds up her index finger in a waiting gesture.

She hauls in a breath and lets it out through her nose as she looks over at me seated on the toilet seat. With her hand still on the doorknob, she lifts up the brown paper bag.

"I bought three just in case." She breathed out and closed the door behind her walked in further.

The closer she got to me, the quicker my heart seemed to pound in my chest. In that brown paper bag held three pregnancy tests.

My hands trembled as I rose from the seat. "Did Ingrid see you?" I winced. Ingrid had been very concerned with me lately, especially seeing as I was always so 'sick' to go to school.

That was true in a sense but I also wasn't in the mood for judgemental eyes. Since Aiden's hearing, everyone got to know that I cheated on Carson with him, which led to the fight and also led to Carson's.....demise.

So no one greeted me with sympathy anymore, no, they greeted me with malice.

Mila nods, wincing. "She saw the bag. Told her I brought you a gift. It is your birthday today after all."

"And what an enjoyable birthday it has been indeed," I said sarcastically, feeling pity for myself.

I had been feeling nauseous since morning and I lost count of how many times I actually vomited this week.

I wasn't looking forward to my birthday per se but I didn't plan to actually feel nauseous and sick the entire day. It didn't help that I had missed my period. And that's when the fear kicked in.

Mila handed me the bag and sighed. "That damn woman behind the counter gave me the stink eye. Can you imagine the nerve of her!?" Mila scoffed and rolled her eyes as she struts over to the bathroom countertop.

She sits on top of the surface and looks at me in confusion. "How many minutes do we have to wait again? I can't remember." She asked.

I shrugged and removed the boxes out of the brown paper bag. Seeing them in person is one thing, but touching them and knowing you're about to use them is another thing entirely.

My fingers tremble as I turn the box to read the instructions.

'About two minutes?' I gnawed on my lips as I pulled out the sticks from the boxes. My heart slams in my chest.

Mila nods and then suggested "Don't you just want to take a cup and pee in it then dip the sticks in? Wouldn't that be easier?"

Right That would be easier. Why hadn't I thought about that?' I grumble lowly.

Honestly, I hadn't been thinking clearly much lately.

It has been two months since the hearing and my heart still feels broken. The pain of being the reason two boys' lives were ruined completely took a toll on me I was a miserable person twenty four seven

Mila hops down the countertop and turns around to search through the draw 'Is there one inside here?' She rummages through the tiny pill bottles and finds a small cup Well, this one should do " She murmurs and walks over to me. She places the cup in my awaiting hands and pries the test from my hands.

"Okay, here you go. She whispered and looked at me, her eyes darting from both of mine. "It will be okay Soph There's nothing wrong with just trying to be sure it will be fine

She was the one who suggested that I take a test

I hauled in a breath and let it out through my mouth shakily Okay

I backed away until my legs touched the toilet, lifted the lid, and then pulled my panties down my legs. Lifting up my dress, I fit myself on the toilet sit and then push the cup between my legs

I looked at Mila panicking when I don't feel my pee going down "Relax Soph. It will be okay No matter what happens next, it will be okay She reassures with a nod to her head

I try to relax but I just couldn't "Can you just turn on the pipe please?" I asked, hoping that hearing the water pouring into the drain would help my pee finally stop playing peek-a-boo

Mila smiled, nodded, and opened the faucet It takes a good while until I felt my pee entering the cup. I would have done a happy dance if I wasn't so worried about the results

When I was done, I gave Mila the cup She cringes "Oh, I love you babe, but touching your piss is a no-no. Despite her words, she grasp the cup and placed it on the surface of the countertop

I rolled my eyes and fixed my clothes and panties back into place I flushed the toilet and closed the lid, I sat back down on the lid and sighed heavily while shaking my legs nervously

Mila washed her hands under the running pipe while looking at me Aren't you going to wash your hands, Soph?"

Oh.

I sheepishly smiled and walked over to the opened pipe. "Are you sure Ingrid isn't suspicious of what's going on?" I asked nervously as washed my hand under the cool running water

"I can't really know for sure Soph. But whatever happens, she'll fully support you no matter what and you know that Mila sighs.

I closed the pipe and gripped the countertop. "I turned eighteen today. I'm an adult now They no longer have to take care of me according to the state.

"You know the Simpsons would never do something like that to you Soph. I can't believe you'd even think like that." Mila scowled.

I looked down at the sink and sighed. "You're right. I just don't see this working out if I'm pregnant Mila, it's already so difficult to make ends meet."

“Hey! You don’t know if you’re pregnant yet Soph. How about waiting for the results before bursting your head about it?” Mila suggested.

I nodded. She was right. I should really stop worrying so quickly especially when I didn’t have the results yet. I could be worrying over nothing really

But I can’t help but think about how my life would be if I were actually pregnant.

How would I be able to raise a kid on my own? Aiden was not here to help me.

I just couldn’t see this working out.

I had college to think about

What the hell would I do if

The two minutes are up now,” Mila whispered, removing the timer off her phone.

All three tests were beside us, but I had refused to even glance at them once. But now that the two minutes were up, I didn’t want to look at them at all.

“Can you look for me?” I whispered, my voice shaky.

Mila nods and squeezes my hand reassuringly. Of course Soph:

It’s quiet for a few seconds, but even with the lack of noise, I can somehow feel the tension zipping through the air.

“What do they read Mila?” I asked nervously, my skin coating with a thin layer of sweat until the material of my dress begins to itch me.

*All three are... She trails off with a nervous shocked edge. Breathing in sharply she whispers lowly. “You’re pregnant Sophie.

My entire world feels like it’s crashing down around me. I shook my head as tears filled my eyes. She was wrong. She must be.

I whip my eyes to the three tests I had been avoiding looking at. I can’t seem to breathe properly when my eyes zeroed in on those two red lines.

Oh no.

I shook my head. “This isn’t possible,” I started in denial.

“I can’t be.” I whimpered praying that this was all just a nightmare and that I just needed to wake up.

“I can’t be pregnant Mila.” I cried, digging my fingers into my hair and gripping the strands tightly.

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13 Chapter 27

Sophie’s pov

Mila’s words were reassuring. They really were. But they couldn’t break the circle of doubt, fear, and shock I was currently feeling at the moment.

I was pregnant. At least that’s what all three tests read.

“I just turned eighteen today, I have no job, Mila. How am I going to do this on my own? Aiden

I stopped, hiccuping on a sob. Life was unfair to me.

Did the heavens hate me that much to not give me a break from all those hurdles they flew my way?

Aiden was behind bars, serving time. And I was a hundred percent sure he hated me with a passion. I dream every day about his cold eyes that shone with betrayal when he stared at me that day before they took him away.

In a way, he blamed me for what happened. He hated me.

My heart squeezed. I had placed myself in a tight spot and I saw no way to get out of it.

“You’re not going to be doing this on your own Soph. You have the Simpsons and me. We’ll be here every step of the way she reassured me while hugging my body sideways as she wiped my tears.

“There are other options you know....” She trailed off as if unsure if her words would create more harm than good.

I shook my head quickly. “I could never do abortion.”

She shook her head. “I was more leaning on adoption? There are families who crave to have what you carry in your womb.

I wince at her words. She was definitely making this more real for me.

But.....she was right

There are families who yearn for a child. I had one currently in my womb. I could make some family happy. I could give them something they craved for

But as my eyes drop to my stomach, my heart squeezes. What if I can’t let him or her go when I first set my eyes on them? What would I do then?

*I don’t know Mila. ‘I trailed off unsurely.

‘it was just an option Soph. You don’t have to think about it so early on.’ She reassures, squeezing me to her.

“And if you do happen to keep the baby, I will be here to help you every step of the way. She beamed.

My eyes meet hers in the reflection of the mirror. “But what about New York Mila? Our plans? My shoulders sagged.

Mia and I had already planned to go to New York when we graduate from high school. It was supposed to be an exciting new chapter for us. Me to college and her to look for work Mila had no intentions of going back to school.

Apparently, school and learning just weren’t for her anymore

We only had a few more months until graduation. And now I had a huge damper on the plans.

She winces and lets me go while mumbling. “Well, I hadn’t quite thought about that.” She scratches her chin and paced the entire length of the bathroom before stopping before me.

“My cousin Ria was willing to let us share her apartment with her. We only need to pay our share of the rent. Her mother, my aunt, did suggest I come and work for her in their little diner. I’m sure that they’ll accept both you and me.” She rushed out as if finding a solution to the hardest math question.

I raised my eyebrows in doubt. “They’ll accept a pregnant eighteen year old?”

She nods. “I’m sure they will. My aunt isn’t as strict as my mom. In fact, I once caught her smoking marijuana at one of our many family gatherings. She owes me

one for not telling her husband she relapsed.”

I sighed. This feels too good to be true. How will I make this work when I was supposed to go to college and make a better life for myself?

“Just think about it okay Soph? We can still go to New York and live with my cousin and work for my aunt. We can still achieve our dreams, even though they will be postponed for a little bit longer. Whatever you choose Soph, will be the best choice. I believe so. And you should too.” She pulls me into a hug.

“You got this Sophie. If anyone can do this, it will be you.” Mila squeezed me tighter.

I cried on her shoulder, holding her tight. “I don’t know Mila. I’m scared.” I admitted.

I still had a few months left till graduation. By then, I would be sporting a bump. The controversies this will bring, I can already see it. Many would be the baby belongs to Aiden while the others would think it was Carson’s.

I would be the talk of the town again. Though my name hadn’t quite died out yet.

“Are you going to tell him?” Mila asked softly.

I knew who ‘he’ was.

I shook my head. “No. I’m not going to ruin his life even more.”

Mila had left a couple of minutes ago already and I was currently in my room sucking up the courage to tell Ingrid that I was expecting.

After a few minutes of me just pacing across my room, I managed to get that little pep talk to actually push me.

I made my way downstairs where I can hear her playing with the pans and spoons. They rattled and disturbed the silence in the house. My fast pace turns into a cruise. The air smells like chocolate cake and my belly grumbles reminding me that I hadn’t eaten yet. I couldn’t keep much down, but boy do I now crave some chocolate.

Anything chocolate would do.

I found Ingrid in the kitchen like I expected to. She looked very focused on icing that chocolate cake. When she hears my footsteps nearing, she freezes and looks disappointed

“Damn it You were not supposed to see this yet.” She sighed and continued icing the chocolate cake. The strong smell had me licking my lips

“Cover your eyes until I say I’m done” She instructed

Ingrid always went out of her way to see me happy and this is how I repaid her? By getting pregnant so young? By causing the death of an innocent boy? For causing an innocent boy to take jail?

I don’t deserve all this.

“I’m pregnant Ingrid.” I stumbled out, my bottom lip already wobbling as I waited for her glare and scowl.

Hearing my words, Ingrid freezes, completely.

I must’ve disappointed her so badly. I am sure of it.

“I’m so sorry Ingrid. We were not being careful and I fully blame myself for putting myself in this position. I’m so sorry to disappoint you” I rushed out, coming closer to the counter.

“When did you find out?” She breathed out, staring at me in disbelief.

“A couple of minutes ago,” I admitted afraid that she’ll accuse me of having an inkling of what was going on with me but didn’t tell her. Her eyes tell me that she was putting all those missing pieces together.

She shook her head, her eye misting. “We can barely make ends meet Sophie. You’re still in high school and you’re about to head to college Pregnant now?” She shook her head as if still in disbelief at what I had just said to her, Her eyes drop to my stomach and she whispered, “Do you plan on keeping the baby?”

I looked away from her completely. “Mila suggested that I can give him or her up for adoption. Abortion is out of the question.”

Ingrid nods and sighs heavily. “Nine months Sophie. How are you going to go to school and what about college?”

I looked down at the floor, now finding it the most fascinating thing. I’m not going.” “To school or to college?” I can just picture her with her brows furrowed in confusion.

“To college. I’m not going, I’ve made up my mind. I will finish high school and graduate. Not doing so is also not an option.”

“But going to college was always your dream Sophie? Are you going to give that up?” She whispered in worry.

I shook my head. “No, I’m not. I’ll just take a year off until the baby arrives then I’ll figure out what to do then.”

“Figure out what to do?” She voiced out in confusion.

I nodded. “If to put the baby up for adoption or not.”

“So no New York for you as yet then?”

I smiled shakily. “Mila actually suggested that we could still go, we both could work for her aunt. I think it’s a good idea. There’s a lot of opportunities there It wasn’t named one of the biggest cities for nothing.

Ingrid smiles sadly “You seem to have everything figured out. Look at you acting like a grown-up already. Come here. She walks around the countertop and opened her arms

I walked right into them and she squeezed me “I love you, Sophie. You know we’ll support you know matter what.’

Iced softly on her shoulders. Today was a huge change in my life. One that will stay with me forever no matter what route I take.

‘What about Aiden? Are you going to tell him and his family?’

“How do you know it’s Aiden’s? “I whispered pulling away from her.

She grins slightly. “Because I know you, Sophie. You were never in love with that boy Carson. But I do remember the way you looked at Aiden. It’s easy to figure out who you trusted with something precious to you.”

I blushed brightly and shook my head. “I won’t tell him. I don’t want to make this even harder for him. I can do everything on my own.”

“I can do it,” I whispered, nodding with determination.

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13 Chapter 28

Sophie's pov

* Three years later

"Where are the shoes, where are the shoes!" I panicked as I raced back into the room. I crouched beside the bed and aimlessly shift my hands under the bed in search of Ash's shoes.

Ashton would always place his shoes and his toys in every crook and cranny of this place. Honestly, I love my little boy, but it was getting exhausting to always go hunting for those things. Especially when I was already super late to drop him off at daycare and late for work

"We're gonna be late Soph!" Mila yelled.

"Aren't you guys always late?" Ria scoffed somewhere in the apartment.

You'd think rooming with two other girls would be a blessing. But it was anything but that. The apartment was constantly a mess, which perhaps had to do with my troublesome twenty seven month old toddler. He was in that phase where throwing his toys everywhere was his own personal touch for the interior of the apartment. And don't get me started on the smell of burnt food every day. You'd think we were good in the kitchen because Mila and I worked at the diner. You can't be any more wrong. We were hopeless in the kitchen.

"Gotcha!" I shouted in joy when my fingers grab Ash's favorite shoes. I rise to my feet, brushing off the dust that was stuck to my knees. I really do need to clean this room. Actually, the entire apartment needs a deep cleaning

I walked out of the room, my fingers pinching his tiny shoes compared to mine. I dangle it when I could get a good glimpse of him on Mila's lap. My heart slams against my chest every time his blue gaze sweep over to me.

He looked so much like Aiden. It was amazing how similar the two look alike. Ash practically had none of my features, all Aiden which was scary. The only thing he had which were similar to mine, was his ears.

Apart from that, Ash was an exact copy of Aiden, down to his mischievous ways. His blue eyes drop to his shoes that were in my hand and he did that cute thing where he pushed out his tongue a little, bit the tip, and smiled. It had everyone fawning over him and falling for his tricks. Ash got away with everything.

"Did you really think I wouldn't have found it, mister?" I narrowed my eyes on his cute face. Gosh, how can I ever stay mad at that face?

Ash giggles.

"So mischievous?" I giggled, smiling widely when I reach beside him and Mila. She helps me put on his shoes and when we're done, Ash is quick to tell Mila to place him on his feet,

His exact words were "Mi mi, wank down." That were usually his signature words to tell us that he was fed up being carried like a baby.

"Okay then Mr. Ash" Mila giggle and placed him on his feet. "Here you go."

Ash walks the few steps left to reach me and hugs my legs. "Lek go, mama." His big blue eyes stare up at me and I melt.

My baby was so beautiful even though he didn't want to be considered a baby anymore since he always pouts when we do call him such.

"My mom's gonna skin your asses alive for being late yet again. Ria shorts while entering the living room. She quickly wraps her black ink tresses in a ponytail Her tatted arms were one of the first things you notice about her and well, the vulgar words she uses often. She wasn't too hard to point out from the crowd.

I quickly covered Ash's ears even though he had already heard and glared at Ria.

"Dammit, Ria. How many times must I tell you no cursing in front of Ash!" I snapped.

She winces and shrugs. "Oops, I always forget okay?"

I glared at her and uncovered Ash's ears.

"Riri say bad word mama." He pointed at Ria who smiles at all of us sheepishly.

Lifting her hands up in exaggeration, she puffs out. "Hey at least he knows it's a bad word. Anyway don't you guys have somewhere to be?!" She shooed us, gesturing with her hands for us to head to the door.

"Girl we pay more than half the rent here, don't shoo us out of our own apartment," Mila says sassily as she picks up her bag.

Ria rolls her eyes knowing Mila was only joking...kind of. "God, I can't wait for this peace and quiet when you two leave."

"Three of us ass- I mean dinglebat." Mila snorted, walking around the couch before I could throw something at her.

"I excluded Ash because he at least I can handle. You two annoy the living hell out of me. Now shoo. Be gone. Bye." Ria shooed us again.

"Love you too bish

"What?" Mila gulped when I sent her an annoyed glare.

"Bish as in the beach get it?" She asked sheepishly. I rolled my eyes and picked up Ash. Grabbing a hold of my bag in the other, I turn to Ria.

I looked at her, narrowing my eyes. "Hey, at least clean the apartment while we're not here?"

She scoffs but nods. That alone told me she would not even touch the broom. Much less look at it.

"I have a shoot at two thirty today. If I'm not home when you two get back the key is where we usually hide it." She says.

Ria was an upcoming model. This season has been generous to her and she's been getting more and more opportunities to do photoshoots lately

Both Mila and i nodded. We said our goodbyes and walked out of the apartment. We took the stairs. We always take the stairs.

We were convinced the elevator was possessed and it didn't help the fact that this was a shitty apartment building where unconventional things happened quite often For example, last night the lights suddenly went out and only came back on a couple of hours later. So you see, we didn't want to get stuck in an elevator for hours Ash buries his face in the crook of my neck as I walked down the endless stairs. He

hated anything to do with heights.

His little alins squeeze around my neck lightly, almost suffocating me actually. But I don't tell him to loosen his arms.

I hold then closer to mne, kissing his head and whispering soothing words about how he was going to be okay and how we were almost out,

He nods, snuggling closer to me even more smiled

I wouldn't vade thus for myting else in the world. He was my ute

"Hmpth." I let out as I struggled to unbuckle the straps securing Ash in his car seat.

I sighed in relief when I finally got him out. I grabbed his bag with all his necessary things and hurried into the daycare center.

This was the hardest part. The part where I leave him for hours and not being able to see his face.

I try to reassure my heart that we would reunite again soon. When I drop him off, I was reluctant to let go. I crouched to his level and pepper him with kisses, loving the fresh scent of coconut on him.

"Mommy will miss you my little Ash bug," I whispered, pressing my lips to his forehead as I try to relax my heart.

"Lah woo, mama." He said, not being able to pronounce the word love and you properly. It still melts my heart and I squeeze his little figure to me.

This little boy was my entire world.

"I love you so much, Ash. To the stars, to the entire universe."

"Didn't want to let go?" Mila smiled turning to face me when I entered. I closed the door and buckled myself securely.

"No," I admitted. She knew how hard it was for me to part ways with Ashton even if it is just for a little bit.

"Figured as such." She laughs lightly as my old car roars to life.

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13 Chapter 29

Sophie's pov

I parked on the side of the curb, my old car coming to a stop with a loud screech and a shud der.

"Dammit." I snarled as I jab at the seatbelt to free myself.

Mila burst into fits of laughter as she watches me struggle with the seatbelt.

"Ha ha. Of course you're all giddy and amused because at least you're not stuck." | groaned, jamming my fingers on the red release button on the seatbelt.

Mila taps her hand on the dashboard. "Mary is really about to give up on us." She snorted.

I bought that car when I knew I needed my own transportation to bring Ash around. It was already old and looked ready to collapse, but it was at a reasonable price and that was all I could budget. It did the job anyway, even though half the time it's a struggle to get out or start it.

"You'd think that naming her Mary she'd be lucky." Thuffed, rejoicing silently when the release button finally works.

I was already contemplating if to grab a hold of the scissors I had in the compartment and just snip the entire seatbelt around me.

Mila giggled and then suddenly goes silent. "Uh oh."

I snapped my head to her in confusion. "What?"

She nudged her chin slightly at the opening of the diner where I could see Ressa, Mila's aunt and also Ria's mom, bounding over here. Her black hair wipes behind her.

"Oh shit." I winced when she knocks her knuckles on the passenger's window. Mila rolls the glass down and it makes an awful screeching sound.

Ressa's dark glaring eyes are more visible now as the dirty glass goes lower. "You two are late." She snaps. "I'm here running this thing on my own. You know how busy this shit gets in the morning."

"You know we have to drop off Ash first at daycare Ressa. We're here now." I said while looking at the road behind me to be sure that a car wasn't coming. When it was clear I opened the car quickly and got out.

"Oh right. How's that little bugger? I haven't seen him in a while." Ressa chuckled, "I miss his cute face. You have to bring him here more often Soph, he attracts me more customers."

"Leave it to you to still talk about getting more customers. You're a living bank aunty Ressa." Mila snorted as she got out of the car. The door screeches when she closes it.

Ressa scoffs. "If I was a bank child I'd already own a mansion. You don't see mansion printed on my forehead now do you?"

.

"I don't see stick up the ass printed on your forehead either, but you sure walk like you have one." Mila retorted with a laugh.

I snorted out a giggle when Ressa sent Mila a death stare that had her throwing her hands on her knees and laughing even louder.

were significant “Just get inside you two.” She grumbles, walking away from us. My eyes fall to her legs.

kali pertama. “Hmmm. What do you know? She actually walks like she has one lodged up there.” I joked, siihen making Mila laugh even more.

Ressa opened back the door and the little bell chimes. “Any time now you two!”

Mila and I pass on amused looks at each other before walking to the diner.

“Your favorite customer is here.” Mila teased, stopping beside me.

I looked up from cleaning the table and my eyes dart to where he always sat. Mr. Bernard.

He was a man nearing age fifty-five and he had been a loyal customer for two years now. He was a very nice man and would talk to me about his home and family life. I consider us friends.

I smiled when his brown eyes meet mine across the room.

“I swear if that man was younger and not married, I’d definitely give him a chance.” Mila joked, turning around to fully face Mr. Bernard.

I shook my head, grinning. “He can be your dad Mila.”

She looks at me over her shoulder. “Which is why I said if only he was younger.” She snorted stressing on the word if.

“Mila get back to work!” Ressa yelled, coming out from the back where I was sure she was counting the money she just made. It was just lunch time and I should be on break in about ten minutes.

Mila pokes out her tongue at Ressa and turns to me. “Stick up her butthole lady is forcing me to do her bidding.” She rolls her eyes and skates away leaving me giggling at her parting words.

When I was done cleaning up the mess a family of four left on the table, I skated over to Bernard who was waiting for me patiently. “How’s your day been Sophie?” He asked with a cheer ful pitch in his voice.

Bernard thought of me as his daughter, it didn't help that we looked so much alike. Unfortunately, I would never get to meet her physically since she was no longer alive.

I took out the little notepad and then pull out the pencil behind my ear to write down his order. Apart from how busy and noisy and a bit stressful working at the diner can be, the friendly and kind customers made up for it. One of them happens to be Bernard.

"Busy. A lot. I got ketchup sprayed on me by a five year old who thought I needed a touch of red." I pointed at the red stain that was still so visible on the light pink uniform we were assigned to wear.

Bernard chuckled while awaking his head. "Kids these days huh?"

I beamed and nodded.

"Speaking of, how's Ash? Did he like the bunny I bought him?" He asked with high hope. Bernard met up with Ash countless times when Ash wasn't in daycare yet and I had to bring him to work when I got no babysitter.

I nodded and smiled. "You have to stop spoiling him Bernard."

Bernard scoffs. "No way. This is nothing Sophie. Ash deserves more than that. I was actually planning to buy him those big toy cars he-"

I shook my head quickly. "Oh no no no. You don't have to keep buying him stuff Bernard, especially so expensive.

He then sighs. "I've told you many times Sophie, I just want to do this for Ash. There's no huge dent in my bank account. I'm buying him those cars."

I narrowed my eyes. "I'm not accepting it." I threatened so he'd rethink his decision.

But Bernard only chuckles and grins, "We'll see about that."

Shaking my head at him, I asked. "Are you ready to place an order Bernard?" I smiled, the point of the pencil on the blank paper already.

Black coffee, four donuts, and some churros. If I knew Bernard as well as I thought, then that will be his exact order.

He nods. "Black coffee, four donuts, and some churros. Give me those churros to go, I need to eat something sweet while dealing with that arrogant CEO today." He huffed.

Bernard always complained about his arrogant boss who supposedly was always so furious and nitpicked at everything.

Everyone hated him, well the males hated him, but the women saw him as nothing more than someone who was walking sex on legs. Well, at least that's how I remembered Bernard described him as.

I gave him a pity-filled smile not bothering to jot down his order since I've already memo rized it.

“Well, I'll be back with your order Bernard, soon,” I told him and skated away.

When I got back, Bernard was deep in thought and hadn't realized I was beside him until i placed his order in front of him.

My brows furrow in worry. “Are you okay Bernard?”

He looks up and his dark gaze swept over my face. “Do you like working here Sophie?”

Confused and startled by his question, it takes me a while to answer him. I nod. “I do. It may not seem much, but meeting friendly people is the highlights of my day.”

“But the work?” He asked, searching my eyes.

I look away from him.

Working for eight hours a day literally on my feet the entire day wasn't fun. But it was not like I can just get up and leave and find a new job.

M

.

Who would hire someone who didn't go to college and only had a high-school diploma? This was New York, I needed more than a high-school diploma to get a decent job that can feed both Ash and I properly, pay the bills and provide food on the table.

It was not like the diner was a bad place to work at. It was just that, this wasn't where I envi sioned working three years ago.

M

The other small jobs around here that would maybe hire me, were not child friendly. By that I mean, I'd have to push in more work and not get enough time to spend with Ash.

I turn to Bernard, extremely confused. He had never asked me those questions before. And by the gleam in his eyes, I knew that he wanted to ask me more.

“Why are you asking me this Bernard?”

He looks nervous but then lets out. “My secretary will be leaving in a week. She’s relocating to another state. The spot is vacant Sophie, and I want you to fill it.”

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13 Chapter 30

Sophie’s pov

I’m completely stunned.

Bernard had a huge position at his workplace. As I recall, he mentioned being the CFO of Harrington.co. A company worth billions.

It was already shocking that he, a high and successful man would come here every day, in this small run-down diner. But it’s even more shocking that he was asking me to fill in the shoes of his secretary

I was well aware that I didn’t have the qualifications for that kind of job. Especially for such a huge well-known company.

I opened my mouth and then closed it, unsure of how to respond to him.

Seeing my stunned expression, Bernard continues. “Before you say no, I just want to mention that if you do decide to take the job, you’ll be sitting on a hundred thousand dollars annually. That will be enough to give a better life for you and Ash Sophie. Just think about it okay?”

This was a huge opportunity, it really was. But what about the people who actually deserved this opportunity and had the qualifications for it? Was that not snubbing them of this opportunity that could change their lives to?

2

“Aren’t there others waiting in line for this opportunity Bernard?” Ignored on my lips and slid into the chair mirroring his.

I prayed Ressa won't notice me 'sitting' on the job.

Bernard shook his head. "No. I never sent out word that I was in need of a new secretary. I left this empty spot for you specifically Sophie." He reaches over and squeezes my hand that was on the table.

"I've noticed your tired eyes and I've seen how stressed you've been lately. I want to help you, Sophie. I want to help both you and Ash. Alice will help you with everything on what to do before she leaves. That is, if you do agree?" His eyes shine with hope.

Above eight thousand a month sounds really good. I could give Ash a better life. But at what cost?

"I don't know Bernard..." I trailed off. What if I wasn't cut out for the job?

Bernard sighs. "Just think about it okay? Here." Bernard pulls a red pen from his pocket and grabs the napkin I had given him. He jots down an address I wasn't familiar with.

"If you agree. Just come here at eight or before eight. There's a woman at the front desk named Becca, she'll send you right up to me." He slides me the napkin and rises from the chair.

My brows furrowed when I noticed he hadn't taken a bite of anything. "Aren't you going to eat anything?" I asked.

He looked down at the donuts and coffee. "As much as I want to finish those, I don't think I have time to today. If you don't mind, can you bag them all to go, please?"

I nodded, sliding off the chair. "Sure," I said and went to do just that. When I got back, I handed him the two paper bags and his black coffee in a foam cup.

Bernard gives me a thankful smile while taking his order from my grasp. "Thank you Sophie. And please, think about it okay? At least before Alice leaves?" He chuckles lowly and we say our goodbyes before he leaves.

I roller skated to the front counter, saying excuse me as I swing around the corner and headed to the back where I was sure Mila was.

When she sees me she grins. "I got a guy's phone number. He was hot." She pinched the card between her fingers.

I raised a brow and slow down before I reach her. "Are you even going to call?"

She snorted throwing the card to Skyper, one of the other waitresses. “Here you go skyper. He’s hot. But I’d be careful. Sometimes the hot ones are the bad guys.” She warned.

Mila was never one to care for going on dates and all that kind of stuff. She was more so as that one friend who would rather marry herself.

I stopped beside her and wait for Skyper to leave before telling her. “I think I just got offered a high-paying job.” I breathed out, still in disbelief as I clench my brows.

Mila gives me her full attention. “We talked about this Soph, no to stripping.”

I smacked her behind her head and she whines. “I’m not talking about stripping Mila. I’m talk ing about Bernard offering me a job at the company he works at.”

Her brows clench in thought. “Isn’t he like a Chief of something?”

I nodded. “Chief financial officer. He wants me to be his secretary, the one he currently has is ready to leave. He says he had that spot waiting for me to fill.”

Her eyes narrowed. “Are you sure that man doesn’t have an eye on you, Soph? I don’t want you to go and work for some creepy psycho.”

I shook my head. “Bernard has never looked at me in any sexual way, treats me like his daughter, and has been kind enough to buy Ashton gifts.”

Mila nods. “You’re right.”

“And besides, I didn’t say yes, I’m not sure about this. Being a secretary even for the CFO sounds like a tough job. Especially for a huge company like Harrington.co.”

Mila nods. “Heard they’re some big shot company too but I don’t really like gossip about business people. They make me feel miserable for living on medium wage.”

Trolled my eyes and was about to respond to her when she cuts in before I could. “But. If were you I’d do it. This is a huge opportunity, Soph. You can give Ash the life you’ve always want ed to provide for him.”

Ignawed on my bottom lip. “I don’t know. It sounds too good to be true and I don’t think I’m qualified enough.”

Mila rolls her eyes. “It’s a secretary job, how hard can it be?”

The door suddenly burst open and Ressa’s glare was lethal. “Back to work you two!”

I crossed my arms smugly. “I’m on my break now Ressa.”

Rolling her eyes she turns to Mila.” You. Back to work!” She barks.

Mila salutes her and gives me a joking glare. “I’d do anything to switch places with you right now.”

“Mila!” Ressa screeched,

Rolling her eyes, Mila turns around and skates over to Ressa, “Okay I’m coming stick up your ass woman!”

I snorted out a giggle when Ressa smacks a whining Mila.

Sighing when I’m now alone, my mind wanders back to the opportunity Bernard was nice enough to give me.

Should I pass this opportunity up or should I delve into it?

Trubbed at my temples. I was way too sleep deprived to think about this right now.

Aiden’s pov

“Good morning sir!”

I briefly look over to my right to see my beaming secretary

Her brown eyes gleamed with desire as they rack over my form. I push my hands into the front pockets of my expensive suit and nodded stiffly at her as I pass by.

Being in jail for an entire year had changed me into a very cold man. I had no feelings left. I only felt anger and more anger. Mixed with frustration of course.

It has since been three years and some months since the altercation with Carson in which mostly everyone I knew turned their backs on me. Including her.

The girl who frustratingly still lives in my mind to this day.

Topened the door and as expected, I am greeted by my grandfather. I noticed his body guards on my way coming here so I wasn’t surprised to see him in my office.

Sergio Harrington. Chairman of Harrington.co and my grandfather.

“Grandfather.” | greeted him as I closed the door and walked over to my desk that over looked the city.

“You’re late.” He stated with narrowed eyes.

Sighing heavily I asked while settling myself on the chair. “What brings you here to my office on such short notice?” I asked stiffly.

I had to grow up quickly during that year in jail. I owe a lot to him actually, he was the one working behind the scenes to make me get a lesser sentence. Whatever he did or said worked because I came out of jail within a year.

I was not proud to admit this, but the first thing I did when I got out was to look for...her.

But apparently, she left town with her best friend Mila and no one knew where to.

Knowing that everyone hated me, I didn't bother to ask her foster parents or speak to them for that matter. I had an inkling they wouldn't have told me where to find her.

Now it's been two years since I've become Ceo of Harrington.co and I'm convinced I have gotten over her.

Sergio fixed himself in the seat. “So I can't come to check up on my grandson?”

| snorted. “What do you want old man?”

31

Aiden's pov

I leaned back into the chair as I waited for what he had to say.

His eyes were piercing me across the desk. It feels uncomfortable but I don't waver under his stare.

Sergio was a man who loved feeling superior, even at his age. For the last two years, I have been in the presence of men who were just like him, sharks, waiting for the best opportunity to bite

Thave grown used to it and I was not ashamed to admit that I had turned out to be just like them.

X

Perhaps this is why the finances skyrocketed when I turned CEO of the company. I was by far worst than Sergio.

And as I remember correctly, they called me the blue-eyed devil.

” Aiden, it has come to my attention that you have quite a reputation in the business tabloids lately.” Sergio started.

| stiffen already having an inkling of where this conversation would lead to.

I tangled my fingers together, and regarded him over the desk. He didn't look pleased. But then again, Sergio was never pleased.

“Yes, I am very popular with those tabloids.” I nodded, acting indifferent

The tick of his jaw showed how frustrated he was with my indifference. I felt the corners of my lips lift slightly

I always liked to annoy the old man.

“Don't act so mighty. The tabloids have only bad things to say about you, that's nothing to be proud of.” He grits, his steeling eyes glaring at me.

I lift my shoulder in a barely there shrug. “Because there's nothing good to say. I don't care about their opinions, They're just useless people living off on the rich.”

Sergio's eyes narrowed. “They're calling you a cold hearted man-whore who can't keep it in his pants for at least two seconds. With your reputation, they're saying that you may not be focused on running the company but running after every model with long legs.”

| snorted. “They must not have seen the spike in the business recently.”

“This is no time to joke around Aiden! Our company's reputation is on the line because of your reckless ways!” Sergio hissed, looking very frustrated and angry.

Well, hopefully, the old man doesn't pop a vein there.

I cocked a brow. What they wrote about me wasn't anything new. I don't see the point in bringing up something that didn't really matter in my world.

In his perhaps, but in mine....I couldn't give a fuck what they thought.

“What do you want me to do about it, Sergio? My reputation perceives me. Though they're not correct about my lack of focus on running the business. Perhaps if they stopped following me around so much they'd notice the spike we got recently.” I said sarcastically.

Sergio's eyes turned into slits. "They didn't lie about you sleeping around with different women. That alone is enough to put you in a bad light. I passed down this company to you in hopes that you'll be the man your father never was

My hands fisted as I popped my jaw. "Don't put my father into this." I snarled, leaning forward as I looked at him coldly.

Sergio narrowed his eyes at my tone and breathed out fire." These tabloids don't care about a sudden spike in a business, or how well the business is doing. They care about gossip and you're giving it to them by dangling a different woman off your arm every damn day!"

I seethed silently. It was way too damn early to get a lecture from Sergio who I was sure, wasn't as innocent when he was my age.

A damn year without a woman's body, her body, and I had fallen into the rabbit hole of frustration and anger. I did what any sane man would do...I fucked any willing woman to ease my frustration, Praying and hoping that one of them would make me forget about....her.

"You owe me a lot Aiden. And though we don't see eye to eye much, I care for you as a grandfather should. I've done all I can to help you, it's time you start pulling your own weight around here. I want those tabloids to see you as a changed man. This attention that you're getting isn't good if they find out about your past." He warned.

Pulling my own weight around here? Wasn't I the one who pushed the company to the next level and earned us a billion dollars in the first year I filled in his shoes?

For a guy who didn't go to college and get that business degree, I was doing well on my own. What more weight does he need me to start pulling?

I continued to stare at his cold face and can sense something was brewing, especially with the gleam in his eyes. What the hell was he playing at?

"What are you getting at old man? Spill and quit beating around the bush." I snapped. I was losing patience with him.

Sergio crossed his legs and looked at me coolly as he leaned back on the chair. "I think it's time you settle down Aiden. Find someone you can marry."

