

Billionaire's Unfortunate Marriage by Yu tanit Chapter 22

The next morning, I woke up early and take a long and relaxing shower. I haven't taken shower nicely in earlier days due to that jerk, so I enjoyed my shower time.

Last night bomb didn't let me have enough sleep and many thoughts cross my mind. It seemed like yesterday that I was fighting with Shaub about my position and now here I'm as his so called wife.

Wife is a big thing to say when I didn't know what is the reason for this marriage?

Remembering it now, I regret the day I had gone to the club and had that drink. One mistake takes my whole life.

What a proverb? My subconscious mind mocks me.

I burst into laughter like a maniac seeing the mess I have got myself into. Even bigger is that honeymoon.

Honeymoon is for those who have their honey, but here I have a jerk who will never leave a chance to make me feel weak. I then turned off the shower and wore the bathrobe. I brushed my teeth after drying my hair and decided to get dressed.

And when I opened the closet, there were only my clothes, I mean husband's clothes would be here too when they get married.

But the closet was full of my belongings and I recalled that last night Lili had shown me this room and I never get to talk to Shaub about room arrangements.

Maybe he didn't want to share a room with me. Anyways, It's an unfortunate marriage and valid for a year.

One year, it seems long and how would I tolerate such low temper man. God! Help me to escape reality.

I dressed up in a white shirt and blue jeans. And let my hair fall down and applied minimal makeup. Then someone knocks on the door.

"Come in." I said wearing the converse and checking my mobile.

"Master is waiting for you downstairs. Your luggage is already put in the car." Lili said in a respectful voice and I nodded walking out the door.

When I reached downstairs, I heard the trio discussing something but seeing me they drop the topic and all eyes were on me.

That made me feel nervous and I just greeted them morning. Shaub wasn't in the mood to talk so he just left to take the call.

After having our breakfast, we headed towards the airport and my family and Bell were they to bid us goodbye. And my sullen mood brightens up when I saw my dear one.

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They wished us a happy journey and Bell whispered near my ear to enjoy the romantic journey with my husband forgetting of him being the jerk.

With one last hug to Bell and mom, we headed towards the jet, and then it took off. I was alone in the sitting area and Shaub was nowhere to be seen after we take off.

So I just read some online books and check out my social media. When the news of my marriage to Shaub had gone viral my followers were increasing and many netizens were interested in our marriage life.

Someone had even requested me to send our pictures together but I just deleted it. And talking about this lonely trip, I wonder how I will survive the whole week?

The jerk seemed to be busy with his own life and I'm here stuck with him. All those thoughts made me feel tired and I drifted to sleep.

And I woke up when I feel a presence beside me and I opened my eyes to see Shaub fastening the belt on his waist.

"We have arrived and it's time to land." He said looking at my questioning gaze.

So I sat down comfortably and he told the air-hostess to bring water. When the air-hostess bought the gla** of water Shaub gestured her to hand it to me and I took it drinking the water.

Then the pilot informed us that we successfully landed in Paris. So we were going to spend a whole week here and thanks to the pilot that I know about our honeymoon destination.

It's not that I was eager to know about it but there was something that made me feel sad.

After getting off the jet and a black SUV took us to the hotel which was specially booked by Nicho. The whole ride Shaub was working on his laptop and was furiously typing almost damaging the keyboard.

I didn't speak a word nor did he but I could find him looking at me from the corner of his eyes. Then the car came to the halt and the driver opened the door for me to get off.

I raised my head to look up at the famous hotel of Paris, which I have only seen in the magazines and it was exclusively made for the royals.

But now the rich people could also enjoy their life as royalties and the only thing which matters is money. Shaub gave a glance to me and walked ahead leaving me to follow behind him like a clueless puppy.

As we walked to the hotel lobby, a manager was already waiting to receive us and he took us to the elevator. And when we reached the 30th floor, the elevator door opened and we entered the corridor.

The hotel interior designing caught my eyes and I was enchanted with it. And I was admiring the amazing craft on the wall when I felt something spill on my lower part.

It was extremely hot and my stomach burned from its contact. I yelled crying out in an alarming voice and Shaub came for my aid.

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It's just happened that the waiter had accidentally poured the soup on me and he apologized for his mistake but the jerk, he lost his temper and punched the waiter so hard that the poor waiter falls on the floor.

What's with him? How can he become so aggressive?

It's me who is hurt and I should be the one to decide whether to punish him or not. Not the way around.

"Shaub. Stop it. Leave him." I shouted at him but he didn't give a damn to me and threw punches over punches.

The manager and other people were tired of holding him back but he kept on raining his punches. "Sha...ub...ahh" I cried out in pain and then someone came with the ice-cube.

Hearing me screaming in pain, finally Shaub left the poor boy and put the ice-cube on the lower part of my stomach by pulling the shirt slightly up and exposing my stomach.

His touch made it burn more and I hissed in pain closing my eyes to let the pain subside. And when I opened my eyes, I saw his panicked face, and guilt was reflected in his eyes.

Then I felt other men looking at my stomach which made me drop the shirt down. And Shaub pulled it up but I gripped it tight, which made him groan in frustration and he glared at the men which made them flee in a second.

He then took me to the suite and applied antiseptic to the burnt area. So, on the first day or I must say a few hours of the honeymoon and I got myself injured.

Shaub cursed out loud to the manager in the living area which I heard from the bedroom.

This man seriously needs to control his temper otherwise he might end up hurting someone innocent. After a while, the door slightly opened and the jerk came forward with a tray of food.

I made him put me on the chair at the side and we had lunch together. He denied it at first but I narrowed my eyes on him and he complied eating the food.

“You should rest now and we will go out tomorrow. I have some work to do and I will be back at night.” He said coming out from the closet and left me alone in the honeymoon suite:

Then the night came but he didn't come so I had a plain dinner alone in my room and drifted off to sleep. And in the middle of the night, I heard some rustling sounds and heavy breathing.

My heart increased its speed, thinking a killer might have entered and I slowly opened my eyes to see a large figure searching for something in his suitcase.

“Damn it. Where's the pill gone? That's why I told them to check twice.” He muttered and threw a bag on the floor.

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Looking at his action, I knew it's none other than the short temper Shaub Reghen. Then the bed dipped and he sat at the edge of the bed, running his hands through his hair.

Sweat beads were forming at his neck which was shown by the side lamp and I moved towards his side placing a hand on his shoulder.

He turned around looking at my eyes and gave me a blank look. His eyes were wanting to close but his mind was waking him up.

When I look at the floor, there was a bottle of medicine lying down and it looked like a sleeping tablet. This man takes pills to sleep and now without taking it he couldn't sleep.

"You shouldn't take it, it will make you feel sick." I told him while picking up the bottle from the floor and my guess was confirmed when I read its name.

"Why do you care?" He rudely glanced at me.

"I do care cause you own many resources and if the owner is sick then others will be hampered. Try to sleep without them." I said in a calm tone understanding his problem.

"I can't. It's helped me to escape from the reality otherwise I will be awake like a vampire." He muttered looking dazedly at the bottle I was holding in my hand.

"I will help you. Lie down on the bed." I pushed him on the bed and made him lay down comfortably.

I ignored his murderous look and slowly massage his head. And he shot me a glare when I touch his forehead and tried to remove my hands but I stubbornly continued my action.

Slowly, he closed his eyes and relaxed on my touch. At first, he seemed to be uncomfortable while I touched him but later he seemed to enjoy it.

And his worries lines on the forehead lessen and his breathing became even. Then my hands automatically run through his hair, stroking it slowly and he looks like a cute child sleeping peacefully.

When I stroke his hair slightly harder, he makes a sound of pain or what I couldn't comprehend so I remove my hand but he instantly pulls my hand and placed it on his hair. Like this, the angry man drifted to sleep and I too slept with many thoughts running on my mind.

I just hope that everything would be fine tomorrow!

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|Disastrous honeymoon. Do you guys enjoy it? Next one may turn to romantic.|