

## Mr. CEO, Marry Me On Conditions [The CEO's Replaced Bride] Chapter 2

Ivanna

They can't be serious. It's the day of my sister's wedding. I'm here to attend it, fix my relationships and find a peaceful life. Not for getting married at the last minute. I have no plans to get married anytime soon, especially to a stranger, a man who was about to marry my sister.

"Janice, you're gotta be kidding me. Where's Irene?" I ask in a heavy tone, taking a step back.

Janice and dad look at each other and let out a deep sigh.

"She disappeared somewhere and she doesn't want to marry him," dad says.

"Okay," I raise my palms to my chest and press my lips, giving them a nod. "I get it. She left. She doesn't want to marry. The marriage is supposed to be cancelled. Why do you want me to be an alternative to her?"

"Ivanna, you said—" dad strives to speak but I stop him.

"I said that I would try to fulfil my responsibilities as a daughter but I never said that I would be available as a proxy for my step sister. That too at her wedding. Do you think I'm here for this?" I am pissed, angry and frustrated with them.

This is not what I expected after coming back home. Is that how they are welcoming me?

“Ivanna,” dad held my shoulders again. “My child, please try to understand. We need your help. You’ll have to do it to save your family”

I squinted my eyebrows at them. Was Irene about to get married to an Italian mafia? Where does that ‘saving the family’ thing come from?

“The suitor is none other than the most influential businessman in the city. Christian Scott,” he adds with terror in his voice.

“So?”

“You’re not getting it. Actually, when Irene started dating him, he used to help us a lot with our tiny business. Our business didn’t work and suddenly Irene turned him down. Now, in vengeance, he wants all the money he spent on our business. I don’t have a single penny to give him,” dad says, leaving me in a huge shock.

I always thought my father was a self-esteemed person. But he had already taken money from his daughter’s rich boyfriend. I grab my head in tension and slam myself on the couch.

Dad kneels before me. “Only you can help us, Ivanna. He doesn’t want to spoil his reputation. There’s already media coverage everywhere. If the news of Irene rejecting him comes out, he’ll be mocked. That’s why he wants you to clear the mess of Irene. He has threatened to make our lives hell”

“Bloody rich brat!” I grit my teeth. He wants to decide my entire life just to save his reputation. And he has the guts to threaten my family.

“Please, Ivanna. You’ll do it for your family, right?” Dad pleads, holding my hands. I hate to see dad in such a situation but he has always been bad at making decisions.

“I’m sorry, dad,” I slip my hand away. “I can’t do it”

“Why?” Janice’s voice comes out as a clamour.

“Because—” I pause and sniff out. “Because I love someone in Texas”

“Who’s he?” Dad asks.

“He—”

“Whoever he is,” Janice speaks. “I bet he’s not richer than Christian Scott. Is he?”

“Janice! This is not about being rich. I love that person. I can’t marry anyone else”

“Ivanna, you should be grateful that you got this golden opportunity which Irene left. You can’t be luckier enough. Stop being so adamant and accept it,” Janice barks.

I, as a daughter, have always hated Janice. But today I hate her as a woman for comparing my love with wealth. I had never prioritised wealth over love.

“She’s right,” dad says. “You’ll have a better life, Ivanna. You’ll be the wife of Christian Scott,” he says proudly.

“I never wanted to be known as someone’s wife,” I groan. I grew up with the lessons that my mom gave me on her deathbed. She always asked me to be myself, to find my existence and fight for my happiness. It makes me realise that she might know about dad’s betrayal but she never said that to me.

“Every girl says this but they indeed need a better-secured life. I bet your boyfriend might be a simple poor boy from Texas who never bought you a diamond ring,” she says in disgust.

“He never bought me anything,” I mumble from nowhere.

“See, I told you. Stop this stubbornness, Ivanna. You’ll have to marry Christian Scott. Otherwise, you’ll be responsible for our downfall. Your mother is gone and your father is pleading to you. Do you think you could ever be a good daughter? You have this opportunity to use,” Janice rants

“Janice,” dad shrugs.

I close my eyes for a second and let the memories of years flash in my mind. Dad was never a good husband to mom. But he is indeed a good father. He tried his best to give me all the happiness. It was I who kept running from him. Today, he’s acting selfishly but I don’t blame him. In the last eleven years, I acted selfishly.

“Fine,” I breathe heavily, opening my eyes. “But I need some time”

Dad pulls a big smile on his face and looks at Janice who seems to be relieved.

“Thank you so much,” dad cups my face in tears and I can see how proud he looks. Nonetheless, I never wanted him to be proud of me just because I was marrying someone to save him.

“How much time do you need? Mr Scott can’t give you much time because the media can doubt,” Janice says.

“Just a few hours. I want to meet him before the wedding,” I say as Janice’s face drains. She looks at dad.

“Relax. I’m not gonna offend him. But I should have the right to meet the person whom I will marry,” I say.

“That’s not an issue but Mr Scott can’t move to meet you. The entire paparazzi are after him wherever he goes. It can be risky. But I think you can meet his assistant,” he says.

That’s ridiculous. Now, I’ll have to meet another chick to deliver the news to my would-be husband? What the heck is wrong with me? I think the marriage and husband-wife stuff is enough for a person to have an instant change. I have started getting pissed at his assistant from now even when I’m on my way to break this marriage anyhow.

Yes, I’m gonna do it. Ivanna Rozario is not a damsel in distress to give in to him. He will know it’s not easy to force a girl into marriage.

“Okay. That’ll do,” I say.

“I’ll talk to Mr Scott right now and fix your appointment with his assistant,” dad replies and kisses my forehead.

I wish he did this when he met me at the airport. It’ll be the best welcome.

Janice and dad leave the room and I take some time to settle my stuff. A few minutes later, dad informs me that his secretary will be here in twenty minutes. I guess that rich brat is too desperate to get married in the first half of the day. I use the time to get more information about him on social media. Since I’m not into business stuff, I know nothing about these business tycoons.

Christian Scott is the eldest son of the late businessman, Adam Scott. Okay, I have heard a lot about his father. He died in an accident five years back. Undoubtedly, he inherited everything his father owned that was why he is so arrogant about his image and rejection. I find his pictures in a popular magazine. No smile in any of those pictures. Ugh! He has always worn an attitude on his face. But he is an okay okay type.

I toss my phone on the bed and stare at the bridal gown which may be worth a million, I think. It's so pretty. I wonder why Irene left at the last minute. I would die to marry the man of my dreams. Unfortunately, Christian Scott is not the man.

A knock occurs at the door. I abruptly leave the sofa, discovering a young man in a suit and with a smile on his face.

"It's Kane. I'm the secretary of Mr Christian Scott," he says with a warm smile.

I didn't expect his secretary to be a man.

"Good afternoon," I say, finding nothing to speak.

He comes inside and I let him occupy a couch.

"What do you want to know about Mr Scott?" He asks.

"Why doesn't he smile in any of the pictures?" The words slip out my tongue and I feel like hitting myself for such a stupid question.

I hear Kane laughing.

"I'm sorry" I mumble.

“That’s fine, Miss Rozario. You’ll get to know him well after the marriage,” he chuckles and I’m not sure if I’m getting married to him. I just want to drive him away anyhow.

“I don’t want to know anything about him right now. Everything is available on g\*\*\*\*e”

“That’s true. I think you have already done your research on our boss,” Kane keeps the smile on.

I squirm on the couch uncomfortably.

“Yeah. I don’t want to marry a complete stranger,” I scoff. Actually, I don’t wanna marry him ever.

“Fair enough. Then why did you want to meet him?”

“Can I have ten minutes?” I ask him as he checks his wristwatch.

“Seven minutes,” he says as I gape at him in disbelief. Why so strict about the time? “Not more than that. I need to leave in seven minutes and give your message to Mr Scott. The wedding is supposed to take place in forty-five minutes. It’s Mr Scott’s order”

My jaw drops with his calculation. There’s no way I’m going to marry such a calculative person. It irks me.

“You don’t have time, Miss. Please do it fast”

I move immediately and reach the desk, taking out my notepad. Yes, yes, Ivanna. You can do it.

I take a deep breath and start writing.

“Mr Scott,

This is not supposed to sound like a professional letter but I’m forced to write this since the wedding is more like a business deal to you.

I’m ready to marry you. But I have three conditions for this marriage and I hope you will be a gentleman to respect my condition as I’m doing.

Condition no. 1

I won’t change my plans just because I will be your wife. The decision of this marriage was an abrupt one, not my future plans. I have some commitments towards my studies and career further and I’m not going to compromise with them.

Condition no. 2

I love someone else. Please feel free to read the first sentence again. I didn’t make a mistake while writing that. Don’t expect me to accept you wholeheartedly. You can place conditions for marriage, not for a heart. You can’t touch me without my consent and force me to love you until I naturally fall in love with you which is next to impossible.

Condition no. 3

I’m gonna work my ass off to repay the debt of my father to get myself out of this deal. The moment I pay the debt, I want to be free from this marriage, if you fail to win my heart. (Note that, you’ll have to win me, not own me)

Consider accepting my conditions or walk away from this marriage. Because if you try to force it on me, I’ll be forced to go in front of the media and you know the consequences of it. Let’s be good in business”



– Ivanna

I fold the letter and put it in the envelope, then take a glance at the clock with a smirk.

“6 minutes and I’m done,” I turn to Kane and hand him the envelope.

“Nice to meet you, Miss Rozario. Advance congratulations. You’ll get the reply from Mr Scott in a while,” he moves out right away and I smirk, crossing my arms.

I hear Janice yelling from outside and telling me to get dressed. But I’m damn sure that Christian Scott is gonna turn this down. No arrogant rich man is going to consider all those conditions to save his dominance and ego. I’m capable of repaying the debt anyway.

I get dressed into a pyjama and tank top. Lying on the bed, I start scrolling through social media when a message pops up from an unknown number.

I immediately open it.

“It’s Kane. I’m glad to inform you that Mr Scott has accepted all your conditions. Please be prepared. The porch will arrive at your place in fifteen minutes”

I feel a big bomb blasting on my head. He approved the conditions. My phone slips out of my hand on the ground.

“Ivanna,” a knock occurs with Janice’s voice. “We’re about to leave in fifteen minutes. Are you ready?”