

Mr. CEO, Marry Me On Conditions [The CEO's Replaced Bride] Chapter 3

Ivanna

“You’re looking so beautiful, Ivanna,” Janice beams from behind as I look up at myself through the mirror.

I can’t believe it’s happening. Just two hours ago, I had a perfect plan for my present and future. Now, it doesn’t work anymore. I freeze, looking at myself in the elegant bridal gown along with the diamond earring glistening in my ears. I always dreamed of this day but the person was different.

Sighing, I turn around and discover dad smiling at me. He comes forward and clasps my shoulder, his smile fading away.

“I’m sorry. It wasn’t supposed to be like that,” he utters.

“Should we be sorry, Richard?” Janice scoffs. “I bet she had never thought of such an opportunity. Your daughter is fortunate”

I can sense the anger in Janice’s voice. She badly wants me to get married but at the same time, she regrets Irene’s decision. She still wants her daughter to get married.

“Don’t take her words to heart,” dad says. “She’s disturbed”

“I know. Did you talk to Irene? Where’s she? I hope she’s safe. Because of the way you’re talking about Christian Scott, I fear that he may try to harm her for revenge,” I say nervously.

Dad and Janice look at each other again, then dad turns back to me.

“Don’t worry about her. She’s fine and she wants some time”

“I got it,” I whisper.

Someone knocks at the door as we look up, discovering Kane with his familiar smile. I wonder how this always smiling guy works under a man who doesn’t even smile for a picture. I roll my eyes, cursing my fate for the millionth time.

“We’re about to leave in five minutes. But before that, I need to talk to Miss Rozario,” he says.

“Sure”

Dad and Janice leave the room and I look at the clock since I know if he is saying we have 5 minutes, we don’t have a second more than that.

He stands half a foot away from me. “Miss Rozario, I’m here with these documents that you need to sign before the marriage procedure”

He hands me a file as I knot my eyebrows together. Now, what’s this new drama?

“What’s this about?” While opening the file, I say and start reading it thoroughly.

My eyes open wide, discovering my conditions inked on a legal contract paper. At the end of the page, there’s his signature.

Is this guy crazy?

He made a contract in damn twenty minutes. My jaw stays dropped when I gape at Kane, finding him smiling.

“Are you telling me that your boss made this official contract right now?” I exclaim.

“Yes, Miss Rozario,” he takes out another envelope and gives it to me. I get nervous about the next thing. Now, what’s this?

I don’t make it late and open the envelope right away. A handwritten note.

“Miss Rozario,

You guessed it right about me. I’m indeed a gentleman and I accept all your conditions. Since you’re too serious about it, I want to make everything simple and clear before the wedding. According to the contract, if I violate any rule, you’re free to take legal actions against me”

I stop midway and pass a mocking smile. Legal action? I don’t think I can take any action against him since he holds the power of this city. Is he kidding me?

I continue reading again.

“Don’t take it as a joke. I believe in justice and discipline and I make my work done in the right way. See you soon”

– Christian Scott

Damn!

I don’t know how to react. What’s he? He’s a strange creature for sure. How am I going to stay with this person?

“We should leave for the courthouse,” he says, walking with me to the door. I can’t be more surprised.

“Courthouse?” I exclaimed.

“Yes, Miss Rozario. There will be a court marriage because of privacy issues”

Argh! I don’t believe it. My wedding— my first ever wedding will be in the courthouse, not in a church. That was ridiculous as hell. I don’t think I can keep up with such things much longer.

A lavish Porsche is standing near my house and the relatives of Janice are all in praise.

“Irene literally ditched such fortune” I hear someone saying.

“But Ivanna has got Irene’s luck”

I feel like trashing them with my words. It feels like I have gotten something that belonged to Irene. I look at Janice’s unhappy and unsatisfied face as Kane calls me out, opening the door for me. I get inside along with Kane who sits near the butler.

Janice and Dad occupy the limo with others.

I feel suffocated inside as the butler drives away. The window of my car used to be always open but this vehicle is jammed like hell.

I badly want to see Dallas, my old city, inhale the air and spot each track.

“Can you open the windows for me?” I ask Kane.

“I’m sorry but you’re not allowed to be seen in public until the marriage procedures are done,” Kane says.

“What ?” I exclaim.

“Yes, please cooperate, Miss Rozario”

My head starts acting as I grasp my forehead with my palm and press it lightly. As I squeeze my eyes shut, I start feeling restless. Am I ready for this ? This unplanned, unexpected marriage ? I have promised someone that I will be only his. I can’t be someone else’s bride.

I come out of my thoughts when the butler presses the brake next to the courthouse. Kane opens the door for me.

“Do I need to cover my face ?” I fretted, clenching my jaw.

“No,” he laughed. “The paparazzi will not be here. They can never imagine the wedding taking place here”

I come out, handling my heavy gown and look behind. Janice, dad and others have arrived. Some men in black clothes lead them somewhere.

“They are our guards. Come with me,” Kane says as I follow him.

We end up in a big courtroom, a woman occupying a place in the middle. I don’t know who she’s. Is she going to do the formalities ? I know nothing about court marriages.

The courtroom fills with our relatives and the guards of Scotts. But the man I’m looking for is nowhere to be seen. Yes, I’m looking for Christian Scott, unexpectedly.

The woman talks to my father and Kane as I roll my eyes at everyone. They are busy with their respective work and gossip. Janice sitting upset, her cousins and friends consoling her, the guards standing near the main door. My head spins.

I'm not ready. I'm still not ready for this. I can't do it.

I clasp my wedding gown and look around, finding another door behind. For a second, I go completely blank. All I can see is the door to escape. To the fuck off everything.

I take steps back, peeking at everyone, no eyes at me. Drifting away with a lot of courage, I turn and get outside in seconds. Then I just run, as fast as I can. I sweat and huff, find all the eyes on me. People around may be confused seeing a bride rushing outside the court building but this is the last chance.

I'll go back to Texas. I can't stay here.

As I rush to the exit and find the butler still standing near the limo, my heart leaps. He hasn't seen me yet. If I catch his eyes, I'll be in trouble.

Scared and desperate to hide, I look around to find a vehicle so I can leave this place as soon as possible. No one in this city knows me yet.

I try to catch a taxi but it is driven past me. Moving away from the butler's area, I run across the streets. My eye catches the vehicle standing by the parking lot and opening the door, I jump inside, slamming the door.

Panting heavily, I sigh in relief, leaning back and closing my eyes.

“Driver, run fast. Right now,” I clamour as the vehicle is pulled away from the parking lot.

My heart is beating faster, so I relax for a while to stabilise my breathing. A few seconds pass by when I part my eyelids, breathing heavily just to get numb the next moment.

It’s not a normal vehicle. It’s not a damn taxi but a Lamborghini. What the hell! My eyes shoot up as I discover the area I’m sitting in. It’s a fucking expensive Lamborghini. Where am I? Who’s driving?

“Hey! Stop. You’re not a local driver. Stop,” I blurt out, trying to spot the person in the driving seat through the inner mirror. But all I can see is a pair of goggles in his eyes and his hand on the steering wheel.

I start sweating and trembling. My throat dries up and my entire body wobbles. I have gotten myself into another trouble.

“Hey, st— stop. I said stop,” I yell, tapping behind the driving seat but the stubborn man keeps driving. Who the hell is he?

Is he kidnapping me?

Jesus Christ! No!

“Hey, you pervert. I said stop,” I keep punching the seat.

I have to save myself. Anyhow! Anyhow!

“Do you know who I am?” I yell at the top of my lungs. “And who is my would-be husband? He’s gonna sue you. You bloody bastard. Stop!”

“Oh! Your would-be husband?” He finally speaks. His voice is hoarse and misty, mixed with taunt and humour as if he is finding it funny.

“He’s not the president of the region. Is he?”

“Huh! No. But he can slam your ass off. Get me down,” I try to open the door but it’s locked.

“Yes, you’re right. And do you think anyone can dare to get you in their vehicle except him?” I can sense him giggling.

His words echo inside my head and I part my lips in disbelief.

Is he— is he—

Oh my! No.

I freeze on the seat when he pushes the brake and pulls the goggles down. I gulp, watching his sharp eyes in the mirror. I have seen these eyes before.

Our eyes meet through the mirror and I feel shivers down to my spine, still sweating. He turns to me, making me numb on the spot. It’s none other than Christian himself.

His lips twitch into a smile at me.

“Nice to meet you, last-minute bride. Thanks for not making our first meeting a boring one,” he smirks.