

Mr. CEO, Marry Me On Conditions [The CEO's Replaced Bride] Chapter 4

Ivanna

I can't find my voice to speak as his eyes dart directly on me. My breathing gets faster. He has caught me. He knows that I was about to ditch him too. What if he—

What will he do?

I don't know.

What if he kills me?

Jesus Christ!

I gulp down. "Who— who are you? What— what are— you saying?" I pretend not to know him, unsure about what to speak.

He raises his right eyebrow.

"You don't know me?"

"No," I stammer.

He smirks at me again and leans over his seat towards me. My body tenses and I try to lean back even though I don't have enough space to move away.

"Liar," he whispers in a husky tone. "I know you have already had long research on me"

His wry smile gives me chills as I strive to squirm, not paying attention to how well he dressed for the wedding. It's our wedding and dang!

This is not how we were supposed to meet for the first time. I realise that I was stupid to escape his eyes. How can I fool so many people and get out of the courtroom? Definitely, he let me come down and trapped me in his own shackles. I can't escape this rich brat.

“Well, I don't like to make a delay but since we have met far away from the wedding venue, we may talk a bit,” he scratches the temple of his broad forehead, his thick veins visible out of his caramel skin.

Why do such good looking as fuck guys have to be jerks all the time?

And venue? Is he serious?

“Venue?” I sneer, daring to peer into his brownish eyes. “It was a courtroom. Not a venue. You could give it some time to arrange a damn venue”

Gritting my teeth, I look away.

“Are you trying to say that you ran away because you didn't like the wedding venue?” He cracks up.

His laughter irks me as I shiver to speak.

“I don't even wanna marry you,” I speak in rage from nowhere and pause.

His smile fades away into a hard reaction, his gaze still on me, making me nervous. I realise the dangerous words coming out of my mouth. He's a rich brat monster. I don't know what he'll do after this. I directly rejected him on his face.

Jesus, Save me.

“Move,” he spoke after a second.

I gaped at him, confused.

“Get down the car and leave,” he says.

I ponder for a second and immediately open the door. How did it open now? God knows, but I have got a chance. As I step out and roll my eyes, my heart almost stops beating.

Where am I?

I scream into my head, crazily looking around the dark cave, the sunlight hardly passes through a tiny hole. I gasp and turn only to have a mini heart attack as his long arms cage me, clamping me against the vehicle. My eyes open wide and my body tenses. I can spot his cold gaze on me and his nerves shaking.

He is still a few inches away from me. According to the contract he signed, he hasn't even touched me, still, I'm in his control, completely.

“I don't like violating rules, Miss Rozario,” his voice delivers goosebumps all over me. In this darkness, I'm alone with him, in an unknown place. I can't escape, I have tricked him. I don't know what's going to happen now.

“If I have accepted your conditions, you should be honest enough to follow them. No?”

I shake my head automatically. He has been indeed honest, not me. It's my fault.

His lips twitch into a wry smile as he pulls his face close to mine. I tremble, clutching my gown tightly, afraid and drained. Is he gonna break the rules because I ditched the contract?

Is he gonna do something?

I close my eyes tightly as his warm breath fans my skin.

Soft touch makes me shiver as I sense his fingertips sliding from my forearm to my wrist. I pray hard while trembling as his hand reaches down to my palm, taking my knuckles in his grip. He lifts my hand and I feel him entering something in my ring finger. Surprised, I part my eyelids, gawking at my finger which is now owned with a gorgeous diamond ring.

My eyes open wide.

“The contract’s timeline starts from the moment of the wedding, so I can still touch you,” he grins and looks at my hand. “Hence I thought why not claim you properly so you stop having such stupid intentions to escape”

I’m left dumbfounded, unsure about how I should react at this moment.

“You mentioned that our marriage will be nothing but a business. And I hate disloyalty in business, Miss Fiancee. Hope, you’ll not repeat this mistake”

He pulls himself back, releasing me from the invisible cage and opens the door beside the driving seat.

“Get in. We’re already late,” he orders.

Just like an obedient kid, I jump inside the car, cursing myself for the stupidity.

What did you think, Ivanna?

It'll be easy?

I mock myself as he gets inside, securing the seatbelt.

“Yes, Kane. We'll be there in ten minutes,” I hear him speaking.

I sigh. There's no looking back now.

*

We reach the court building again after exactly ten minutes. Before I can open the door, Christian opens in for me. I look up at him, still unsure if he has actually taken it lightly. Some guys pretend to forget everything but eventually, they gradually take revenge. Will he do that to me?

“Are you going to complete all the procedures here in the vehicle? I won't be shocked if you do so since you like to make everything adventurous,” he squints his eyes at me.

I come out in no time as the butler along with a few guards surround us. He curves his elbow to me and husks, “do some formal things, Miss Fiancee. We shouldn't be walking like business rivals”

I scowl at him. God, I hate this man so much. Pervert!

Frustrated, I hold his forearm and fake a mockery smile at him.

Kane and others welcome us in the courtroom again. I wonder if anyone knew what I did. It'll be such a shameful thing.

“I hope you had a good meeting,” the woman near the centre table asks with a smile. And I’m confused as hell.

“Yeah. We indeed needed a conversation before the wedding and thanks to Miss Rozario for this offer,” he smirks at me.

I look over at everyone. They are normal but Kane can’t stop smiling. Did he know that I—

Damn! He had already noticed me and informed his boss. Hence proved that I’m a stupid bitch.

We were brought to complete the formalities. Dad and Janice signed somewhere in the paper as witnesses. Kane did the same. I wonder if there’s no one from Christian’s side. Why is his secretary doing this? I don’t bother asking since I don’t care.

The time comes when we have to tie the knot. Christian signs the legal documents and I do the same.

This is it.

So, this is how I got married in a courtroom, far away from my dreams to have a fairytale marriage. I will never forgive this jerk for killing off my beautiful dreams like this.

“Welcome abroad, Mrs Scott,” he says.

“Welcome to hell, Mr Scott,” I shrug off.

*

The enormous villa decorated with millions of lights and flowers stands in the middle of the valley. My eyes sparkle at its beauty. I remember passing through this villa more often when I was in school. It used to be empty. But I liked to watch it since it was the biggest residence in the city. I never knew one day I'll be here like this.

"I guess you fell in love with the villa before falling for the person living in the villa," Christian's voice brings me back to reality.

"Ha?" I gasp at him, realising what he just said.

He looks away as if he doesn't care about the words he said and he was being savage.

The butler pulled the car into the villa as I can hear a lot of noise outside and flashes of the cameras. People are trying their best to get a photograph. Thankfully, the windows are locked.

Kane welcomes us in the villa with a bunch of caretakers, surrounding the entrance, bowing down and smiling.

"Welcome, Miss Rozario," Kane smiles and bites his tongue immediately.
"Sorry, ma'am"

"I hope it's not an obligation for all of you to call me ma'am," I gaze at Christian. His eyebrows drew together into a frown.

"Why are you passing me looks? I don't care what they call you or you call them," he shrugs and pulls out his buzzing phone.

"Yes, Mr Michael, I'm just coming in twenty-five minutes. We're definitely finishing the presentation today," he walked back to the door, leaving me there.

What ?

What was that ?

Is he serious ?

I'm left stunned at the position. Which man leaves for work in just an hour of marriage ? That too leaving his wife like this at the door!

Such a humiliation.

"I hope you'll change this," Kane chuckles.

"Change what ?"

"Change his workaholic attitude," he giggles.

"I'm not here to change anyone and I don't care what he's doing," I shrug off, even though I feel so pissed at him.

Contracted!

Arranged!

Forced or whatever.

Whatever it is, I'm his legally married wife. This is not how he should treat me in front of a bunch of people.

"Well, don't call me ma'am. I'll prefer it if you all call me by my name," I smile at everyone.

“Sure,” Kane smiles. “Let me introduce you to the team. This is Mrs Fisher, she holds the responsibility of the entire villa and manages everything”

The middle-aged woman smiles at me, “Welcome to your home. I’ll be there for anything you need”

I smile at her.

“This is Flora. She takes care of the cleaning and arrangements”

The young girl grins at me while waving. She looks bubbly.

“This is the chief chef, Robert. You can find him anytime in the kitchen,” Kane adds.

Robert passes me a warm smile. Kane introduces me to everyone and leaves for the office after Christian’s repeated calls, then Mrs Fisher guides me to the room.

The villa looks bigger than it looked from outside. There were three times more rooms than necessary.

Mrs Fisher pushes the door of a room and leads me inside. It’s tremendously beautiful but it doesn’t give me the happy vibes. Everything looks too materialistic and expensive. I always loved to arrange my room with little cheap things which looked more natural than this one.

However, it’s his room and I’m no one to judge.

“Oh! Damn,” I shrug.

“What happened?” Mrs Fisher exclaims. “You didn’t like the room?”

“Ah, no actually, I didn’t bring my luggage,” I hit my head. How can I be so absent-minded? I have brought nothing with me.

“Relax,” Mrs Fisher laughs. “Do you think master Scott hasn’t arranged everything his wife will need?”

She reaches the enormous closet and opens it for me, revealing tonnes of clothes inside. It’s ten times bigger than my wardrobe.

But— he might have arranged all this for Irene, right?

“I don’t think I can fit into them. All this might be arranged for my sister and we don’t have the same measurement”

“It’s not the case. These are for you,” she says.

I frown. Doesn’t she know about the brides exchanging? Maybe, she does not.

“Master Scott has asked me to arrange this closet for you just an hour ago,” she says.

My eyes open wide. He’s insane.

“Oh!” I mutter and walk to the closet.

My vision gets blurred because of the number of clothes. I can’t even choose which one to wear. And I’m embarrassed to ask anything.

“Which one do you want to wear?” She asks.

“Maybe, something comfy,” I mumble.

“Okay,” she takes out a night suit for me and puts it on the bed, giving me a towel. “There’s the washroom. Go and get a bath. I’m getting your dinner ready”

I shake my head.

“Are you going to wait for Master Scott?” She asks.

“No,” I say straight. Why should I wait for the person who literally left me like this? If he doesn’t care, I don’t even.

“Okay,” she chuckles. “That’ll be good since Master Scotts comes back late”

That’ll be better. I can sleep before he comes. It won’t ruin my mood.

*

I take a long shower. It has been a long day. I never thought so many things would happen and eventually change my life forever. I had some different plans and now I don’t even know what to do next.

I left my phone and purse at dad’s place. My friends will go crazy not finding me. I’ll have to contact them too. Keeping a tonne of thoughts inside my head, I wrapped the towel around my torso and came out.

My body freezes the moment I discover a man in my room. He turns to me, the owner of this room, Christian Scott reminding me where I am. In his room! Only in a damn towel.

He has no reaction on his face but I’m definitely screwed. I panic to get into the bathroom again but my feet brush against the floor as I slip down.

A long arm spirals around my waist before I land on my ass.

God! I'm so embarrassed. I immediately cover my face with my palms even though he can still see me in a towel in his arms.