

Mr. CEO, Marry Me On Conditions [The CEO's Replaced Bride] Chapter 5

Christian

I don't know if she's too innocent or too stupid to cover her face when I can see almost half of her revealed body. But whatever she is, she is heavenly cute. My lips automatically stretch into a smile.

"How am I gonna follow the rules if you keep running and falling?" I smirk as she slowly uncovers her eyes, still covering half of her face.

Her ebony black eyes flinch at me along with her delicate body, hurrying to part me away. Nudging me away she stands up properly and squeezes her arms over her chest. My shameless gaze can't help scanning each detail of her. Honestly, I never expected to witness this when I came inside.

"Huh! Stop finding excuses to touch me, okay?" She scoffs, gazing at me.

"What?" I wiggle my eyebrows in shock. "I hope you remember that you were about to fall"

"Then you could have let me fall," she groans, avoiding eye contact with me.

"Wow!"

She gapes at me in disbelief, parting her lips.

"Relax, I wasn't praising you," taking a glance at her from head to toe, I pass a wry smile. "I was praising your stupidity level"

She tries her best to use her hands over her chest for no reason.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean if you slipped here and broke your bones, who would be in a mess? Of course, me,” I point at myself, nearly yelling

She seals her mouth for a while and peeks at me. She doesn't move, nor do I. Should I move?

“Mrs Fisher said you would come late. Why did you come so soon?” She mutters annoyingly.

“It's my house,” I remind her. “You should have taken your damn clothes inside the washroom”

“Okay, that's my fault,” she screams. “But will you please bother to leave and give me some privacy?”

Her face turned red in embarrassment and there's no way I like to make women uncomfortable. Shrugging, I leave the room immediately.

Ivanna

“Perv!” I seeth, gawking at the door and letting out a deep sigh.

God! I thought I would die on the spot in embarrassment if he was there for a little longer. The moment I realise how close we were and how intimately he held me, I feel goosebumps all over me. I bet if I didn't set the conditions he would have taken enough advantage of the situation.

Cursing him under my breath, I collect my clothes and lock the door well.

After putting the clothes on, I comb my hair when someone knocks at the door.

“Ivanna, the dinner is ready,” Mrs Fisher says. “Please join master”

I roll my eyes in frustration. I don’t think I can swallow a single grain sitting with him. Why did he need to come so soon tonight ?

“I’m coming,” I scoff and slam the comb aside.

To the heck of him.

I’ll focus on my food, not on him. After all, this is my house too. Yeah, I’ll have to accept it, even if it’s temporary.

Taking lazy steps, I climb down the stairs, discovering Christian already at the dining table but he’s talking. To whom ? I can’t see anyone around the table. I know he’s weird but is he an alien or what ?

God knows.

As I come closer to the table, I see the wireless Bluetooth in his ear.

“Pass it,” he says, staying on the call and munching the food. “I said pass it, Nicole. Yeah, what did he say ?”

Throwing a blank reaction, I sit near him. He glances at me for less than a second and again focuses on the call.

“Why the hell can’t you convince him to change the amount ? That’s crazy,” he blurts out.

Mrs Fisher comes to serve my dinner. A few minutes pass by but he's still on the call, talking about work. I wonder if Irene ever dated him. How can someone date such a person who's always busy with his damn corporate world? Even while eating.

"Do you need something else?" Mrs Fisher smiles.

"No. I don't eat much for dinner," I whisper so I don't disturb him. Manners. I have manners, not because I care about his fucking work.

"And the food is awesome," I tell Mrs Fisher. "How do you know what I prefer for dinner?"

I have seen Christian having something else and it turned me off to anything because I can't eat the same thing at dinner. But Mrs Fisher surprised me with the food that I have in my daily diet.

"Well," she smiles and raises her eyebrows at Christian.

My jaw drops. But the moment I turn back to look at him, he leaves the chair, still talking on the call and grabs his blazer.

"Stay in touch with him. I'm just coming"

In no time, he walks out of the villa again.

I just keep staring at him for no reason. He's an alien, really. It's proven now. How does he know so much about me?

"He just came home," I speak from nowhere.

"At least, he came home," Mrs Fisher says and I don't understand what she means. "Let me know if you want something else"

I shake my head and focus back on the meals. I shouldn't care about him too much. After all, I never wanted this marriage.

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“Promise me, you'll be mine”

“I'll be yours”

“You'll wait for me”

“I'll wait for you. I promise”

I jump off the bed, wheezing and shivering. With my eyes burning, I look around, rubbing my throat full of sweat. I'm in the villa. I was sleeping and— the dream!

Why did I have this dream today? Why?

I look for a glass of water but I can't find it anywhere near, my throat drying up. A hand with a glass of water appears in front of me. I lift my head. Christian is holding the glass for me. I grab it and drink the whole of it, cleaning my mouth.

“Are you alright?” His heavy voice comes with a bit of concern. I shake my head.

“Thanks. You—” my eyes pop out at him. When did he come? He was inside the room? From when?

I remember he was not in the villa when I went to sleep.

“I have just arrived a few minutes ago,” he scoffs. “Did you have a nightmare?”

“None of your business,” I groan. I’m so pissed at him. No matter how good he behaves but he literally ruined my life. Because of him, I feel like a cheater.

“You’re at my place. And unfortunately, you’re my wife now. So, if you’re having issues, it’s definitely my business, Ivanna,” his voice becomes rough.

“Unfortunately, yes, unfortunately. You’re my husband,” I grit my teeth and look away. “I hate you so much”

“I know,” he says.

“You know nothing. Nothing,” I cover my face and try not to cry. Until the dream came, I was fine. I didn’t shed a single drop of tear. But my heart aches now. I can’t help it.

Why did I come here? I was fine in Texas, happy and full of hopes.

“Ivanna,” he whispers but I don’t look at him. “I hope you remember that I didn’t force you for this marriage. You had placed some conditions and I accepted them. What happened to you suddenly?”

“Please go. I don’t wanna see your face. Go!”

I scream my heart out and sob for a while. A few minutes pass and I squirm, handling myself. He may have left since he didn’t speak for a long time. I lift my head only to get shocked to see him near me, on the couch.

He is still dressed in the same clothes, taking a laptop on his lap. I thought we had a serious heated moment but this guy only cares about work.

He doesn't care if I've lost anything because of him.

"I'm not a virgin," I speak abruptly in a heavy voice, not knowing why I exactly said this.

He swirls his head with a frown and rolls his eyes, "nor am I. So what?"

I don't speak after that and look down. Am I looking for an excuse so he just kicks me out of this marriage?

"Do you think I'm the kind of guy who kicks his wife out if she's not a virgin? Nice move to escape, by the way," he chuckles.

"Almost 90% of men are like that," I spit out of frustration.

"What if I'm among the 10% of men who don't care?" He leans back to the couch with a smirk.

"That doesn't make you a Saint"

"I don't wanna be a saint," he grins.

He leaves the couch and opens the closet.

"I hope you're alright now. So, make some space for me before I freshen up"

My heart skips. Is he gonna sleep on this bed? Near me?

That'll be the height of discomfort for me. I don't want him close to me.

He turns to me, curling up his face, "why are you gazing at me? I need space to sleep. My head is aching"

“You’ll sleep here?” I ask like a stupid.

“Was there a condition in the contract that I can’t sleep on my bed?” He sounds annoyed, obviously because I asked such a stupid question to a tired man.

“No. Okay. I can sleep on the couch,” I strive to get down.

“If I have signed a contract, I’m honest enough to follow it, Miss— Mrs Wife,” he clenches his jaw. I can sense the building anger in his voice. “I’m not interested in touching you. If you don’t trust yourself, you can sleep anywhere you want. I don’t want this drama every day”

Slamming the door of the closet, he stormed into the washroom.

I sat numbly on the spot, glaring at him. What does he think of himself? I don’t trust myself? I’m not dying to touch him. Whatever! I don’t care if he sleeps beside me or not.

Gathering myself at the right side of the bed, I wrap around the blanket and close my eyes to sleep again.

A few minutes pass but my sleep is gone. I hear the sound of the washroom’s door and I gulp down. My eyes straight go to the mirror in front of me through which I can see him behind me, uncovering my eyes from the blanket. He’s only in his boxers.

He’s tall, like next to six feet. I realise I look like an ant next to this monster. His perfectly structured body depicts why he’s almost on every page of the magazine, for no reason. I should be slapped to stare at him this way.

He sits next to me while wiping his hair, water droplets scattered all over his hard back and here I'm being— ridiculous.

As I squeeze my eyes shut, I feel the blanket slipping away. He literally takes half of the blanket.

What kind of billionaire is he? Can't afford another blanket!

Shoving all the stupid thoughts aside, I close my eyes again, hoping not to have the same dream again.

"I'm sorry," I whisper, closing my eyes.