

## Mr. CEO, Marry Me On Conditions [The CEO's Replaced Bride] Chapter 6

Ivanna

I roll on the super comfortable bed, smelling the scent of fresh sunrays brushing on my skin. Yawning and rubbing my eyes, I push my eyelids at the window and recall that I'm not at my tiny apartment in Texas.

I squirm with the thought of Christian beside me and immediately look down. There's no one. I peek at the washroom and then at the clock. It's ten and he may have left for the work.

Sigh!

I slip my legs down and collect my clothes. Morning means a warm shower for me. I stand under the shower and let my skin absorb the dampness and warmth.

With a new morning.

I'm a married woman now with all my expectations churning into pieces. Apart from loving someone, I always dreamt about a simple and sweet married life. A rich husband was never preferable to me, let alone a billionaire. I valued time in a relationship more than money. I believed a rich man could never give me something that I valued.

But the opposite happened to me. My rich alien husband is obsessed with making money that he— anyway I don't care.

I come out and inform Mrs Fisher that I'm awake. She prepares breakfast for me. Even though I want to ask her to let me do that, I need some rest today. I'll start my work regularly from tomorrow.

My entire day passes in the villa. It's huge enough to explore and kill the spare time.

Christian has come for the dinner today either. I ask Mrs Fisher to bring my dinner to my room but she insists on me sitting with Christian. She thinks he'll feel good if I have dinner with him. Nonetheless, I don't believe that he cares. He's again on the call tonight when I quietly munch the food.

I don't understand a single word of what he's saying but he's always so rude to his employees. Always yelling in a harsh tone. Even today, he finishes dinner and moves to leave. I have a million-dollar question.

If he will eventually leave, why does he even come home to eat a tiny portion of the meal? He can get it in his office anyway. Won't it save his time?

"The deadline doesn't bother me, Hayden," Christian takes his blazer and walks away.

"Christian!" I call him out abruptly and regret it right away.

He's on an important call and I don't think he'll find me important enough to ditch his call. But surprisingly, he stops and looks back at me.

"Hold on!" He says on the call, looking straight into my eyes. "Hmm"

My lips tremble because of his sudden attention on me. He's gazing at me so intensely that it makes me anxious.

"Speak up fast. I need to leave," he shrugs.

“Monster alien,” I curse him whispering and looking up confidently. “I know I shouldn’t be informing you but since it’s your house, I should say that. I need to go out regarding some work tomorrow. So—” I can’t even finish as he speaks.

“You can’t go out of this villa this week,” he says in a bossy tone.

Wait, what?

“What?” I blurt out, leaving my chair.

He has walked away again but he stops with my scream and look around again, gazing at me. “I’ll be there”

Cutting the call he moves to me, “you heard it right. You’re not going out this week”

“But why? You can’t cage me here”

“I’m not saying that I’ll be caging you or whatever. You can do whatever you want but after this week,” he groans.

“And why should I listen to you?” I cross my arms. He looks annoyed as he glances at his wristwatch.

“I can’t believe I’m wasting my time in fighting you. But hear me out. I’ll be busy this week”

“So?” I scoff.

“I don’t want any camera to capture you before I introduce you as my wife at the reception. Next week I have arranged the reception. So, just hold on,” he says.

“What’s the big deal ? What’s the problem if anyone sees me before—”

“There’s a problem. Major problem. And you’ll need to know this lifestyle. Now, you’re not a simple girl anymore, Ivanna. You’re the wife of Christian Scott and there will be indeed some changes,” his words leave me stunned.

“But I can’t change myself,” I exclaim.

“I’m not asking you to change but you should bother to adjust a bit. Enough of this. I’m getting late,” he storms out of the villa in a second, leaving me gritting my teeth.

“I’ll die in boredom, you Alien Scott,” I scream though I know he can’t hear me.

Slamming myself on the chair, I start stuffing my mouth again. As my eyes roll, I realise how much loud we were sounding while fighting. Mrs Fisher along with a few cleaners was staring at me.

I am so dang pissed at him.

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The Alien Scott sent a brand new phone and Macbook for me through Kane. Just after thirty minutes, Kane arrived in the villa and handed me the box and asked me not to get bored.

So, that alien actually heard me screaming. Better for him.

After dinner, I settled everything on my phone and MacBook finally. The first thing I did was to call Emily. She might be going crazy as I didn’t contact her ever since I landed in Dallas.

“Omg! Ivanna!” Emily screams after hearing the news of my wedding. Actually, not about my wedding. Her shock revolves around the fact that I’m married to Christian Scott. She goes silent completely.

I think she passed out.

“Emily, are you alive?” I roll my eyes and cut the call.

A few minutes later, I try to connect for a video conference. She appears right away with a devastated and shocked look. It seems like she’s sad more than happy for me. These girls!

“Are you alright?” I ask her.

“Can I be? Are you serious, Ivanna? Did you marry Christian Scott? I can’t believe it. I still can’t believe”

“Even I can’t,” I mumble.

“That’s why you were keeping a private relationship, ha?” She frowns at me. “You were secretly dating him and hiding this from me. I know Stella and Reina are jealous sometimes but what about me, Ivanna?” She starts shedding tears. Crazy girl!

“Hey, shut up. You know I would never date rich guys. He’s not the same guy and I hate him”

“Hate whom? Christian Scott?”

“Yes,” I gasp.

“You’re kidding me, right?” She passes me a dirty look. “Anyway, you saw him from so close, right?” Her eyes sparkle.

Yes, closer. I have seen him from so close and it was embarrassing as hell.

“Yeah,” I mutter.

“God!” She covers her mouth. “I have never seen him like that. He must be hotter in person. Right? Tell me. Is he hot?”

With her words, my sanity drags me back to the last night. His perfectly formed masculine body, covered with droplets, his muscles moved as he wiped his hair, his thick veins almost tearing his skin and his intense eyes which could beat all of them right away.

“He is” the words slip from my mouth and my eyes abruptly move to the door, finding Christian right there. “He is not”

I complete gaze at him as he frowns at me.

“What?” Emily exclaims. “Are you blind, Ivanna? I think you haven’t seen him properly yet. You should explore your husband, girl. Just go for it. Strip him, touch him, suck him”

My cheeks turn hot and I can’t dare to look at Christian after my shameless friend’s statement. He can hear everything.

“You’re impossible, Emily,” I shut down the MacBook and slam it on the bed.

Gosh! I don’t know from when this alien is here. What will he think? That I’m fantasising about with my friend? Ridiculous.

“The ‘not’ was added later you saw me,” I heard him chuckling and look up, still embarrassed as hell.

“Huh!” I try to understand what he wants to say.

Indeed, I wanted to say he is hot.

But he’s a hot mess and I don’t want to give a rise to his attitude by praising him.

“If you’re fond of lying, I can’t help it,” he reaches the closet and opens it to collect clothes. “I hope you’re not bored now”

“Not exactly,” I mumble. “But I didn’t need such expensive things. You could get something cheaper”

“The seller would laugh at me for buying cheap things,” he scoffs.

Such an arrogant man! What’s the problem with buying cheap things?  
But no. He wants to show off.

However, I find it better to clear the misunderstanding about Emily’s statement.

“My friend thinks the marriage is a typical one. That’s why she was uttering rubbish,” I say.

“I know. And I could see your friend is more excited than you,” he turns and leans against the closet with a smirk.

“She’s like that. If she knew how you are in a person, you would never—” I pause and gulp the rest of the sentence down to my throat.

He walks towards me, settling his hands in his pockets. With each of his steps toward me, I move back, squirming on the bed.

“How am I?” He asks in a low tone, his voice is raspy and soft but it’s enough to give me goosebumps. Leaning down to me, his face stops just an inch away from mine. I shrug and sneer at him.

“Tell me how I am”

“I— no. That’s not— I don’t think it will matter to you,” finding no accurate word, I speak nervously.

“That’s crazy. It definitely matters and I’m eager to know what my wife thinks about me,” he says.

Our eyes come upon each other and I gasp.

“Come on. Don’t be shy to say that you’re lurking over me and you regret placing such stupid conditions,” he grins. It makes my blood boil.

I clench my jaw, gazing at him. He thinks I’m lurking over him? It’s all because of that stupid Emily.

“You’re mistaken,” I shrug. He purses his lips into a smile.

“No. This is the thing and you’re shy to say this”

“A fucking NO. You wanna know what I think about you, right? So, just hear me out. You’re a bloody rich brat, an alien, a monster, an arrogant jerk. I hate you,” I scream my heart out, almost squeezing my eyes shut.

A blink of my eyes and I regret lashing out this way. His eyes were calm at me, making my throat dry up. He says nothing and leans closer to me. I should have kept my fucking mouth shut.



He leans more down, almost next to my neck as I clench my eyelids tightly. Anxiety fills me with abrupt closeness. What's he going to do?

I feel the presence not there anymore and open my eyes wide, finding him straight near the bed, holding the remote control. It was behind me. Was he taking that?

Jeez!

I was wondering something else. But he didn't react to my statement. Suddenly, I start feeling too cold. He has just decreased the temperature of the air condition.

"What the—" I wrap myself with my arms. "It's too cold. I'm gonna freeze"

"Well, I think you needed this to decrease your temper. Otherwise, your head will burst like a pressure cooker," he walks into the washroom, leaving my jaw dropped.

"Alien!" I seethe at him and grab the remote control to set the temperature back to normal again.

It has been more than 48 hours since our marriage. I haven't talked to dad and Janice since the wedding day. It feels a bit awkward. I don't even know the equations between my family and Christian.

Dad had told me that he's very dangerous. He has threatened to destroy our family. But I can't find him that cruel. Yes, he's indeed a brat but I can't picture him threatening someone.

I have saved dad's number on my new phone. I climbed down the bed and dialled his number.

“Dad,” I whisper happily.

“Ivanna,” dad speaks from the other end. “How’re you?”

“I’m—”

Something like a storm runs over me. When I realise what just happened, my eyes widen at Christian. He has snatched my phone abruptly and cut the call.

What the heck is this?

“I was talking to dad,” I exclaim. “Why did you—”

“I thought you read the contract well,” he sneers.

He has nothing on his upper body, water droplets almost covering him, dripping down from his wet hairs and his eyes are dark. And it’s not the time to notice him.

“I didn’t get you,” I scoff. “What’s the connection between the contract and my family?”

“Is this how you were going to do business with me?” He mocks and bangs towards the closet, pulling out the copy of that contract paper and slamming it in my hand. “Read it. I also had a condition that you won’t keep any contact with your family until I want you to”

I can’t believe this. Gawking at the papers, I am left stunned on the spot.