

Billionaire's Regret

Billionaire's Regret — by Belle Scarlet —

Chapter 1

“Didn’t I tell you to wash my dirty clothes?” Eva Reed asserted while looking at Ivy, who was busy mopping the floor. She tried to ignore Eva but the latter pulled her hair, making her groan in pain.

“If I am talking to you, you should look at me, you useless bitch!”

Ivy closes her eyes as she stood up and met Eva’s gaze. “I... I already washed your—”

“No! You didn’t!” Eva shouted, and tightened her grip on Ivy’s hair.

Ivy wanted to cry, but she can’t. She doesn’t want to show that she feels pain in front of her mother-in-law.

“You can ask the maid... I really washed—”

“Yes, you washed it but you used the machine. I want it handwash!” Eva gritted and pulled Ivy’s hair, making the latter whimper after that, she let go of her.

Ivy fixed her disheveled hair and sighed. “I will wash it again,” she said. It’s the only way to make the witch stop from getting mad.

Eva smirked. “Good. After you mop the floor, clean the windows and change the curtains. You get me?”

Ivy nodded and after that Eva left.

She heaved a deep sigh. It’s been a year since she married Wyatt Reed, the son of Clint and Eva Reed. She’s so much in love with Wyatt—it was love at first sight from that night.

She was elated when Wyatt agreed to wed her, although there are conditions, still, she feels like she achieved what she ever wanted from the start. But with

these abrupt decisions, she abandoned her true self. She left what was meant for her.

“Hey, bitch!”

Ivy frowned when she heard that voice. ‘Here we go again,’ she thought as she put down the rug and turned to her sister-in-law.

“Piper.”

Piper arched her brow and crossed her arms in front of her chest as she stopped in front of her.

“My friends will visit the mansion and I want you to cook for us.”

Cook?

They have maids. She’s not even a maid from the start. She’s part of their family. She’s Wyatt Reed’s wife!

“B-But we have maids—”

“We?” Piper scoffed, feeling disgusted, “dream on, bitch. You will never be part of our circle and family. Goodness, I even don’t know where you came from. Wyatt just picked you at the dumpsite!” she uttered.

Dumpsite?

So, they’re considering her as trash?

Is that it?

Ivy took a deep breath and exhaled it gently to calm herself. “Snacks or lunch?”

“Both.”

“What do you want me to cook then?”

Piper arched her brow. “Seriously? Do I look like I know how to cook?”

Ivy pressed her lips together to suppress her smile. Since day 1, she knew that Piper has a coco brain. She’s slow and stupid, unlike Wyatt.

“All right. I will finish this first—”

“What? You will make us wait—”

“Miss Piper, your mother gives me tasks to do. And I only have one body. I can't cut it in a half and do what you want as I do what she wants. It's still early and I promise, I will make it on time,” she cut off, feeling a little bit irritated.

Piper's eyes widened and glared at her. “One thing I dislike is when I am talking and you dared to cut me off!”

Ivy slightly bowed her head and apologized but she didn't expect that Piper will smack her head. She clenched her fist and never dared to lift her head. She stared at the floor, particularly at Piper's feet. She waited for the daughter of the witch to leave.

A tear fell from her left eye and when Piper's aura was gone, she lifted her head and try to forget what had happened.

Every time Wyatt is not in the house, the two treated her like their maid. The Reeds are rich. They have many maids. But those two witches let her do all the chores when Wyatt is not around. And when Wyatt is present, they act as if they were angels, but truth is, they're demons!

To be productive and finish all her duties, Ivy tried her best to forget every negative vibe that Eva and Piper gave this morning. She continues mopping the floor and after an hour, she removed all the big curtains—they're long and heavy and the Reeds usually asked for a cleaning service to clean those.

After a couple of hours, when Ivy glanced at the huge clock near the grand staircase of the mansion, she sighed and walked her way to the kitchen. She was glad that Piper didn't get back yet. She bet she went to pick her friends up.

Ivy knew that Piper's circle will never initiate visiting her. She's just assuming it. When in fact, her so-called friends are just using her as she was a Reed.

“Visit, my foot,” she whispered as she was making some snacks and preparing the course for their lunch.

When Piper says snack, she meant that it will be served with their lunch.

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“What the hell?! Seriously, Piper? You will make us eat those things?” a girl with blonde hair asserted the moment the food was served and the maids opened the cover one by one.

Ivy, who was listening behind the wall giggled.

“There’s no hell way that we are going to eat those. What kind of food are these? Eels? Baby crabs, overcooked spinach—what the fucking hell, Cath. You should’ve informed us that you will want us to eat trash!”

Piper was speechless, she was humiliated in front of the others. Then there she roamed her gaze and looked for that person.

But Ivy knew that Piper will look for her, so, she rushed upstairs, and went inside her room.

She threw herself on her bed and smiled widely as she stared at the ceiling. She feels great. But of course, there are always consequences.

Well, what’s new?

She will do her best to endure everything... for Wyatt.

IVY’s tears streamed down her cheeks as she was staring at herself in front of the mirror. She could see the scratches that came from the wicked Piper in her arms. Two were deep cuts.

This is not new to her. Every time she goes against the two, they will harm her. But that was not her concern at the moment. Wyatt called last night and informed her that he will go back home.

Yes, her husband will be back and she was supposed to be happy—she’s happy but nervous at the same time. She doesn’t want him to see those scratches. She needs to hide them. Although it has only five, the two were deep and she needed to put tape on them.

She heaved a deep sigh and wiped her tears away. Guess, she needs to wear long sleeves and put concealer to hide her wound.

Ivy knew that even though Wyatt will go home after his trip abroad, after two days, he will leave her again.

She already knew her husband's schedule. He's a busy man, but as his wife, she understands. He's doing it for his family.

'But never for you,' shouted the other corner of her mind.

She shook her head and fixed herself. She needs to get down and prepare to get crash with those witches.

Eva instructed her to buy groceries today and even if her body hurt as she didn't have proper rest, she will still obey.

'Those people are unbelievable. I cleaned the house until the evening, wearing those scratches from Piper, yet they don't want me to get proper rest?' she pondered as she stepped out of the bathroom.

Even though Wyatt doesn't seem to be much in love with her, he never treated her like trash, unlike his mother and sister. But even if she's experiencing these sufferings, she can still endure everything and as much as possible, she doesn't want to tell Wyatt about her hardships.

When Wyatt is around, she always gives her cheerful smile as if everything is fine.

She vowed to be his wife, after all.

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"Dude, the stocks in the market for the new business are getting higher. You're indeed a genius," Duke Elrod asserted with glee while walking down Reed's private plane.

Wyatt smiled. "In business, it's all about taking risks," he replied.

Duke smiled. "Yeah, right. I wonder how many zeros are there in your bank account."

"Lots."

"Arrogant. Anyway, how was your married life? I know as much as possible you're trying to make it lowkey, but you don't know how the media swarm into this kind of scoop."

Wyatt frowned and glanced at Duke. “I can control it. No need to worry. Anyway, call Alice for me and check if she’s taking her meds—”

“I’m not your assistant, dude. Why not tell Ken?”

“He has tasks to do. Just do it a favor. I will compensate,” Wyatt said, making Duke grin.

“Sure, then. And you know what I want,” Duke replied and after that, he entered the car that was parked near the plane.

When Wyatt is on a trip, Alice’s doctor called him about her status and he’s a little bit anxious about it. But he felt relief when he asked his wife about the procedure that they agreed to have been fulfilled and never gets delayed.

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“I’m fine, Ken. I can manage,” Ivy said to Wyatt’s assistant who was trying to help her with the groceries. As per Eva’s request, she must do the grocery alone. But when she’s stepping out of the mansion, Ken happened to see her and asked her for a ride.

“But Miss. Mr. Reed might get—”

“I am fine. I will take a cab and get back immediately. Just please, don’t make this hard for me. Eva’s eyes are everywhere, Ken, I need to be careful. Wyatt will be here in an hour and I don’t want to cause any trouble,” she smiled, “if he gets back and I didn’t arrive yet, just inform him that I went to buy some goods—that I presented to do it alone.”

Ken heaved a deep sigh, surrendering. He knew that he can’t insist on what he wanted so he nodded. “Yes, Miss. Be careful.”

Ivy smiled widely, “I will. Thanks,” and walked away.