

Billionaire' s Wrong Bride By Stub

Chapter 6

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Temptation

Xavier' s pov.

I was shocked that she called me a rapist. I could be anything but I would never force myself on a girl.

What the hell did she think of herself? How dare she blame me? I was so angry, I moved up

and shouted at her.

She was not as ugly as I had heard of her, she was Beautiful. But she was good at seducing men and I found this rumour to be true. Because the first time I saw her, I felt a pull

towards her. When I held her shaking hand, I felt like I kept holding her hand until she stopped

trembling.

When I lifted up her veil and saw her innocent face, those two mesmerizing blue eyes and

full pink lips, I was drawn to kiss her.

When my lips touched her lips , though only for a fraction of a second, I felt the spark, the desire arising between us. I was scared to death as I never felt like that. I was heartless and emotionless, just like my father. I was not brought up to feel any emotion. Then why was I feeling something towards her?

That's because I was convinced that she used some kind of magic to seduce men and I was not an exception.

I got a call from a client and made it as an excuse to leave the reception of my own marriage. I went to a bar and drank till my fill. But then I got a call from my father. He forced me to return home because my newly married wife would be waiting for me.

I was so frustrated by my father's instructions and him telling me what I should do. He was fond of making me dance on his fingers. When I returned home, I never expected her to sleep on my bed. How dare she enter my room?

Seeing her there on my bed sleeping so peacefully that a strange feeling arose in my heart again. I was clueless about what's wrong with me. I had to do something with this feeling.

I thought having her would reduce her craving in my heart and maybe this was all physical

and she also wanted this. That's why she casted this spell on me.

But when she accused and blamed me, I was lost. I never thought of any girl calling me a rapist.

The girls were ready to throw themselves at me. I didn't need to force myself on a girl or hell, I didn't need to get a girl forcefully and here my wedded wife accused me of forcing myself on her.

I could not sleep. Her words were haunting me in my mind. I needed something to drink, so

I strolled down the hall to find a beer.

I saw a small body curled into a ball in a corner of the kitchen. I went near and saw that Mia was sleeping on the cold floor. I could see she was shivering due to the cold floor. My heart ached seeing her sleeping like this. I closed my eyes and cursed myself in my heart. Maybe I was responsible for making her sleep on the cold floor of the kitchen. I felt like a s**t.

Without thinking more, I bent down and picked her up in my arms. She snuggled at me and threw her arms around my neck.

I carried her to our guest room. Making her lie on the bed, I covered her with a blanket. I looked at her face. Her eyes were swollen and tears had dried on her cheeks. Her black eyeliner smudged all over her face, indicating that she was crying until she slept. Why did my heart sting seeing her like this? s**t.

It's going to be really difficult.

Mia's pov.

I was dreaming like I was floating on the soft clouds and a layer of warmth was wrapped

around me.

I clutched the warm cover and snuggled up to that soft cloud. I wanted this dream to never

end.

I felt someone was shaking me and calling for me.

I slowly fluttered my lashes and opened my eyes. I squinted as the light was too bright for my eyes. I blinked two-three times to get adjusted to the bright light. When my eyes were fully

open, I saw a girl standing in front of me watching with a bored expression on her face.

I quickly got up and sat on the bed. God I slept so late. I had to make breakfast. I had to do household chores. God. There would be consequences of sleeping till so late and not making a meal on time for the whole family. I removed the cover and realised I slept on a soft mattress covered with a warm silk blanket.

The events of last night rewinded in my head and last time I remembered I slept on the floor near the kitchen. Then how did I come here and the question was who carried me to this

cottony soft bed and tucked me into this warm silk blanket?

he again found out that I slept on one of his expensive beds and mattress, he would be very

angry. I quickly got off the bed and stood in front of that girl.

"Your clothes are kept in the wardrobe. You can change and take a shower because it is past eleven and breakfast is about to be over." That girl said gently, but her face was emotionless and expressionless .

"Thank you," I muttered in my mouth.

I went to the walk-in closet. When I entered inside, I saw lots of dresses and clothes for

women hanging there. All looked so expensive. I was scared to touch them.

I looked down at my dress. I was still wearing my wedding gown, which was now crushed and dirty. I looked at the pretty dresses hanging neatly in the closet and looked for a simple

one. I found a simple floral dress and walked into the bathroom.

My mouth fell open to see a huge bathroom with a Jacuzzi and all the expensive bath products available there.

I was not sure that I was allowed to bathe there. Everything was so perfect, from the Italian fittings to marble flooring and expensive tiles and slabs.

With a fear filled heart-I took a bottle of imported body wash and walked into the shower. I quickly washed myself and took the fluffy towel from the slab and patted and dried my body. I took the floral dress and slipped it off my head. I left my wet hair open. I was used to air dry my hair as I never had the luxury of having a hair dryer.

I walked into the room again and went near dressing. I looked at my reflection in the wall-size mirror. I was looking so miserable. My eyes became puffy because of my crying the whole night and my face was dull and gloomy. I was not looking like a newly wedded woman.

I looked at the dressing table and saw so many expensive cosmetic products there. I wondered to whom they all belonged.

There were so many body lotions of different famous brands. My hand reached to pick a bottle up. When I opened the bottle, it's fragrance left me enchanted. I was so tempted to pour

some on my palm and apply it on my body.

I decided to take a few drops and applied it on my bare arms and my dry skin became silky smooth instantly.

There were so many products I wanted to try. But I was afraid of the consequences. I decided not to give in and left the room quickly. something on his laptop.

I froze in my place and forgot to breathe when I remembered last night.