

Read Novel Married To A Cruel Billionaire Chapter 2

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Meeting the arrogant Mr. King jr

Beady black eyes stared back as I tilted my head to inspect more. One eye briefly closed and opened back. Frowning I shook my head and looked again, but they were still. My cheeks puffed out a mouthful of air as I glanced out the glass window at the cafe. That's what happened when you stared at a teddy bear mug for half an hour.

Hunter fucking King was supposed to meet me in here, yet there was no sign of him. Two days ago, I called Mr. King senior to meet the junior before I finalized anything. I had to know if things would work between us. Now, with this conduct, I was afraid the conclusion would be in their favor.

Just when I stood up huffing from my seat, a shiny black Aston Martin Rapide pulled over right outside the cafe, and a tall, slender figure in a black Armani suit stepped out. In a matter of seconds he was swarmed by the passersby girls like a herd of female bees around their male queen, err... male king? Right then the door to the other side of the car opened and got down a woman, short and petite with gray hair pulled back in a tight bun. Two men stretched their hands in an attempt to block the crowd from getting to them, and another led them inside.

The elegant, powerful aura they emitted seized the customers' attention as half the cafe staff surrounded just to lead them to a table. The bald man, I assumed was the head bodyguard, drove his eyes around until they fell on me. He whispered something in the male king's ear, and his shaded eyes turned. Fixing his coat he strutted forward; his six feet three built looked down on my five feet five frame like an arrogant giraffe before a flabbergasted zebra.

I stared, the guy I had been secretly crushing on since the day I first saw him on a magazine cover, stood before me. Yes, that was true. You'd be wondering why I didn't say yes to the marriage then? Even though he had the looks of a Greek god, his attitude, according to some articles, was perfect to fit a movie villain, and I was certain he wouldn't be able to give me my dream love.

"Are you Ember? Ember Collins?" the woman asked, breaking me from my thoughts, and my cheeks reddened having realized I had been staring.

I'd be lying if I said their dominating vibes didn't make me nervous for my heart was racing, and my tongue felt heavy. I nodded, extending my hand to shake, but before I could blink she threw her hands around me pulling me in an embrace. I stood there stupefied. A King was hugging me despite all the news I keep hearing of them being the big bad wolves? Pulling back she tugged her slightly wrinkled lips in a hearty smile.

“Pardon me, I got carried away. I’m Karen King.”

“Hello.” I smiled, my mind boggling inside. She was the eldest member of the Kings, and she certainly didn’t seem like a bad wolf to me. What was all that news then? Mere rumours? My eyes drove to the male king who now was sitting across my table. Would that mean he was not the dark and dangerous devil he was called by?

“Here. Seat, darling. Talk to each other. I’ll be around.” She trotted away and found herself a table at the other corner.

Licking my lips I sat down and gazed at the man before me. He was as handsome as the magazines portrayed him to be, maybe even more with a square face, hard features and a sharp jawline, slight stubbles adorning it. The perpetual frown that latched between his brows no matter what made it seem as though he got his man period all hour round.

My heart pounded in my chest, and the script I prepared was long forgotten. I cleared my throat and stretched my lips into an awkward, toothy smile. “H-Hello! It’s a beautiful day, isn’t it?” I closed my eyes facepalming internally. Did I have to stutter? I couldn’t help it though since his eyes seemed to watch my every move from behind his tinted glasses.

He looked down at his wrist-watch. “Yes.”

The rich, velvety texture his voice held hitched my breath, and I gulped. Perhaps, I should stop beating about the bush and break the bone. “Well, I wanted to know your thoughts on... um, our marriage?” It came out more as a question for I still couldn’t believe I was gonna be the bride of the famous Hunter King, not to forget, forcefully. I wondered if he knew about the threats.

He didn’t move, neither did his mouth, only the eyes bored on me. Diverting my eyes elsewhere, I stirred in my seat. From the other corner of the cafe the granny’s eyes, illuminated with excitement, caught mine, and I smiled.

Was he gonna answer or not?

“Wil-“

A menu was placed on the table cutting me off. “Mr. King, what’d you like to have?” The waitress leaned over, her boobs almost falling out of her tight uniform and batted her eyelashes.

My jaw clenched in annoyance when Hunter’s hand raised and waved in dismissal without giving her a glance. The way the colors drained from her face, exalted my crush on him a level higher. Biting the laugh in, I glanced back at him.

Perhaps, the marriage wouldn't be a bad thing, after all.

"So, I had been having doubts about the proposition since the beginning, of course, the threats were a big red light-" I threw the quick hint in to observe his reaction.

Silence and an impassive expression were all I met with.

"-but... Now I am thinking about giving it a positive consent. I mean, you guys are good people. What bad could happen, right?"

Again, silence.

At this point, I wondered if he could actually talk, or was the first response a mere hallucination of mine?

Just when I was almost convinced that the great Hunter King was dumb, his hand lifted to his right ear. "Adequate. Finalize it, Denver."

"What?" My brows knitted together.

"Yes, I'm coming." He pressed on the dark device aka Bluetooth attached to his ear. "You were saying?"

I sat there, my mouth agape. That son of a bloody tampon! He was having a darn meeting while I kept blabbering in vain?

He lifted his hand glancing at the watch once again. "Good talk." Then he got up and walked away like he regretted nothing.

The granny rushed to me, "Hope to meet you soon, darling." and followed behind her jerk of a grandson.

I'd hate to disappoint the fair lady for I would never marry this bastard.

Drawing out my phone I dialed a number and held it against my ear. After five rings, the call was answered.

"Hello, Ember."

I inhaled deep. "We need to meet."

"Come to the office. Fifteenth floor, chief conference hall."

Cutting the call, I started for the Kings' office in Midtown Manhattan and reached in no time. I craned my neck in a ninety-degree angle until I could see the end of the

skyscraper before me. 'THE KING'S CORP' was emblazoned in bold golden letters on a black board.

My jaw tightened. Filthy money. It corrupted people, making them feel they could do whatever they wanted, but I wouldn't give in to them. Never.

On ascending the stairs, a man in a black uniform opened the door for me. Thanking him, I hopped in the elevator to the said direction and waited outside the conference hall till the last employee walked out, then barged into the room, too angry to maintain decorum.

The offense on Mr. King's face vaporized as soon as it came. "Welcome, Ember. Liked my son? Of course, you did. Who doesn't?" He laughed.

"No."

His laughter was cut short, and eyes narrowed. "What do you mean, girl?"

"I say no to your proposition. Your son is a jerk, and I'm not wasting my life with him."

His lips thinned. "Oh, silly girl. I'm sure you want a job real bad."

I frowned. "Are you threatening me, Mr. King?"

"No, of course, not. I'm only pushing you to the right direction."

"Right direction? Oh, please! Your son didn't even act like he is interested."

"Of course, he is interested. He is just a tough man."

I closed my eyes and asked the question that had been bothering the most. "Why? Why me?"

Diverting his gaze, Mr. King stirred in his seat. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Why so desperate to make me marry your son?"

"Can't a father want a good wife for his son?"

"There's a thousand more girls like me."

"You never know who's planning what." He stood up from his seat and rounded the desk, a smile taking over his lips. "I have known you since childhood, my girl, and I trust you."

If anything, the crease between my brows only deepened. Was he really a concerned father, or was there another motive?

“Still, Mr. King. I can’t, I’m sorry. I’ll request you to stop bothering me and my family.” I turned on my heels.

“Do think again, Ember. I can help you get a job.”

My movement ceased. As alluring an offer it was, I was not giving in, the uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach wouldn’t let me anyway. Shaking my head, I walked out of King’s Corp. hoping to never set foot in here again.

Getting in a cab, I let out a long sigh, an arrowy pain penetrating my chest. Turning my phone back on, I tapped on the search bar and typed.

How to hate your crush?

Till reaching home, my mind was fully motivated and buzzing with ideas for the future. You gotta love the internet for it, always there for when we need. Biting on the ice-cream of self-pamper, I stretched my hand to reach the knob when voices halted me.

“They emailed again from the IRS. This was the last warning. If we don’t pay the taxes, we’ll lose our house. You might even have to go to prison, Joseph,” mom spoke, her voice thick with worry. “Do you still think it’s a prank? Maybe there has been some misunderstanding?”

“Don’t worry. I’ll go talk to the officials tomorrow,” dad’s voice, however, sounded dead.

“What’s wrong? Are you okay, Joseph?”

“I don’t know what’s going on, Sof. They refused to give me my allowance for the month.”

“What? Why?”

A thump snatched my attention, and I looked down; splashes of the melting cream painted the wooden porch like all the enthusiasm that melted in my bones. I took two steps back as the air felt too heavy to inhale, and the world was closing in on me.

‘You’re trapped, Ember,’ Mr. King’s voice mocked me in my head, ‘There’s only one way out of it.’

My hand shook as I drew my phone out and dialed the same number for the second time that day.

“Listening.”

“Yes. I say yes.”