

Read Novel Married To A Cruel Billionaire Chapter 6

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Chocolate Mousse

“Julia ma’am doesn’t like the name Julie, yet Karen ma’am keeps calling her that,” Bella said, her dainty build shaking from laughter along with mine as she shared the two women’s battle tale.

“Karen’s a savage!” I commented, somewhat proud at her boldness even at this age.

“They’re always ripping each other’s hair, and poor Mr. King, sir gets crushed between them. It’s so funny to watch.”

My smile tightened at the mention of Mr. King. “Yeah.” Poor, my foot!

Bella was helping me unload my suitcases and arrange the clothes in the closet. The war between Julia and Karen was certainly hilarious to watch as per Bella stated. I shouldn’t be praying so, but I very much looked forward to witnessing more of that comedy war. My eyes darted to her as something else crossed my mind.

“Tell me about Hunter.”

The weather of the room dropped, and Bella’s face paled as her hand tightened around my folded shirt. “H-he is so scary, I hide everytime I see him.”

Putting the last dress in the closet, I closed the door and looked at her, my brows knitting.

She continued, “One day he almost killed a maid who accidentally spilled coffee on him.”

My eyes rounded. “What?”

“Yeah! If it wasn’t for Matthew sir, he’d have killed the poor girl,” she said, horror filled her eyes, perhaps recalling the scene.

Goosebumps rose in the back of my neck. What did I sign up for?

The next morning I woke up early and decided to go to the gym to release some of the stress. Putting on a black sports bra and a pair of yoga pants, I tied my hair into a ponytail and jogged to the gym room. As soon as I stepped inside, a deep masculine voice reached my ears, halting me in my heels.

“...256, 257, 258...”

My eyes landed on the lean figure down on the floor, his pressed palms raising his bare body up and down. The muscles in his arms contracted with each movement as the veins popped under his silky smooth skin. My jaw almost dropped to the floor as the numbers being counted registered in my mind. He didn't even sound out of breath.

Lately my mouth's been hanging open a lot. Hopefully it'll stay in shape.

"Enjoying the view?" a hushed voice whispered from behind.

I jumped, a gasp leaving my mouth and turned around. Karen stood there, her lips quirked up in a smirk and brows wagging. My cheeks heated up. "N-no I-I was just err... going to exercise!"

She let out a chuckle. "Suure! Come on!" She trudged forward, and sheepishly, I followed behind.

Hunter tilted his head, regarding us and straightened back to his feet. If my heart was riding on a merry-go-round before, now it boarded a rollercoaster. I watched as sweat trickled down his sculpted face, down his chiseled chest to his perfectly toned six pack torso and disappeared into his pants along with the dark line of hair. I sucked in a sharp breath, so tempted to run my hand over each inch of that skin.

Certain thoughts invaded my mind, heating me up from inside. My gaze moved back up to his brooding sea-green ones only to find them staring right at my blue ones. My eyes widened and cheeks flared up.

Darn you, Ember! Get a grip on your raging hormones!

I darted my eyes anywhere but him and nipped on my lip. Throwing a towel around his neck, he started walking towards me. Oh Gosh! I could hear my heart pounding in my ears as well the battle between my hormones and conscious mind.

"Morning," he spoke in his deep voice, passing by me towards the exit, and my heart skipped a beat.

"Good morning!" I swirled around, but he was already gone.

"...47, 48, 49, 50. I win!" Karen sat up from her plopped position. We had a challenge on who could do the most push-ups. As you already know, she won by fifty. And for me? Well, I was on the floor with my tongue out, panting like a dog after doing ten. She was too damn strong for an old lady. No wonder she had a body fitter than a woman in her forties.

"Wh-what do you eat?"

“Sunshine and rainbows.” She put a pointed finger on her head posing like a unicorn, and I bursted out laughing.

I stood in front of Hunter’s room, my mind battling on whether to go in or not. Donna was taking some files to keep in Hunter’s study, but Karen stopped her and handed me the task. Instead, so here I was. He wasn’t home yet. I could go in, keep the files in their place and get out without him knowing that, right? Right.

Turning the knob, I opened the door and stepped in. A powerful woodsy scent with hints of fresh mint drifted to my nostrils. My eyes drove around the stupendous room, and it felt like I had landed entirely in another world. Unlike the other rooms in the mansion, it was elegantly dark from the ceiling to the floor with matching furniture. Sophisticated paintings adorned the walls, golden chandelier hung from the roofing and a posh rug covered the floor. In the center, sat a four-poster king sized bed with a sleek leather bench at the end, and across it, hung a huge screen TV.

I ran my finger over the intricate design on the fireplace. Not a trace of dirt could be found. I looked to the other half of the room, enclosed with glass doors. Inside sat a table with shelves around, occupying books and folders. That must be his study. Sliding the door, I trotted towards the desk and placed the files on it.

This room looked like the perfect den to the devil. It was obvious black was his favorite color, but did he have to go that far to elucidate it?

I turned around to leave when something caught my eyes. I walked to the shelf in the corner, something white was stuck out from behind it as if calling me to uncover their truth. I turned my eyes to the door. He wasn’t home. Perhaps I could check it out and slip away unnoticed. Besides, I had yet to find out the true reason behind this sudden matrimony.

Kneeling down, I carefully pulled them out. To my surprise, a couple of canvases dropped on the floor, and the smell of dust hit my nose causing a fit of coughs to leave my mouth. Huh? Paintings? Seemed like they hadn’t been touched for a long time.

I picked up the first one. It was a portrait of Boomer, drawn as if it was not an artwork but a real picture. The colors blended with each other so well like some professional artist put their heart and soul in it. The second one was of Doser... then another of the boys together... and one of Karen. At the end of the canvases there were written the letters ‘H. K.’.

H. K.

Hunter King.

Hunter drew all these? Admiration filled my heart.

I pulled the last one out. It had a portrait of a beautiful girl with big hazel eyes. At the bottom of the paper the letter 'V' was written. V? Who could she be? A sinking feeling rose in my chest. I looked back at the shelf. There was another one, stuffed in the far corner. I slid my fingers in but failed to reach. Taking another cautious glance at the door, I tugged at the shelf.

It didn't move an inch.

Argh! Putting more effort, I was finally able to move it a bit and fell on my butt, panting. Gosh! What the heck was he hiding? A naked painting of the girl? Drawing it out, I took a look at it, and sea-green eyes popped in front of me. Letting out a squeak, I let go of the canvas, and it fell down with a thud. My hand immediately reached my throbbing heart. I peered around again and met with emptiness. Ah! He could give me heart attacks without even being present at the spot. My eyes went back to the sea-green eyes in the painting lying on the floor.

It wasn't Hunter, but a middle-aged woman with his eyes. Unlike his, her eyes were warm like the soft sunny mornings. Raven black hair cascaded down her broad shoulders, and the blue dress she wore perfectly complemented her sharp features. My head tilted in confusion. Who could she be...

The canvas was snatched from my hands as someone grabbed my arm in a vice-like grip and pulled me to my feet. My eyes widened at those cold sea-green ones fixed on me with a murderous glare causing a dreadful tremor running down my back.

"What. Are. You. Doing. In my room?" he asked slowly, his jaw clenched.

"I-I..." My throat felt dry suddenly. I couldn't form a decent word.

"Get. Out." His voice lowered dangerously.

"Hu-Hunter, I..."

"Get the fuck out of my room right now!" he growled, making me jump in fear.

I nodded taking a shaky breath and ran outta the room to mine. Closing the door, I slid down letting the tears fall. I know I was wrong, but how could he behave like this with me? I was his wife for God's sake.

I had been tossing and turning in my bed not being able to sleep for hours. He had no right to treat me like this.

'He is your husband,' said my inner voice.

Husband, my foot! He never acted like one. Thus, he got no right. Why did he even marry me? I rubbed my temples in frustration as something else registered in my mind. Could it be that he was forced into it as well? Did Mr. King force Hunter to get married to me? But why would he? I was no princess with a fortune, and Hunter certainly wasn't one to be forced but force. The suspicious feeling I tried to shove in the back of my head was coming back.

There was something else, something I didn't know.

Groaning, I got up. My head hurt like someone was drilling holes in it. I decided to go to the kitchen and find some chocolate for it was my salvation from mulligrubs. Tiptoeing to the kitchen, I opened the fridge and scanned my eyes about. My downward lips changed direction into a cheshire grin as I discovered the heavenly bowl of chocolate mousse.

Taking the bowl, I turned around and a scream almost left my mouth as two blue eyes stared at me from the kitchen counter.

"Seraphina! You evil cat! Shoo shoo! Go away!"

The feline jumped from the counter and padded away like it owned the place. Before she was out of the kitchen, she stopped and looked back at me, those piercing blue eyes clearly threatening- 'I'm watching you.'

I rolled my eyes. Like owner, like cat eh.

I made myself comfortable on the kitchen counter, my legs dangling happily and placed the bowl in my lap. Dipping a finger in the silky smooth chocolate, I put it in my mouth, and the foamy flavor hit my taste buds eliciting a moan out of me.

I had no idea how long it had been when someone cleared their throat, breaking chocolate and my intimate session. Irritated, I looked up, and the cause of my bad mood stood before me, a smirk evident on his insufferably handsome face. My eyes widened, and I hid the bowl behind, sitting straight in the spot.

He started walking towards me until he was so close, his warm breath fanned my face. My breathing quickened and heartbeat rose. Placing a hand beside me on the counter, he grabbed a kitchen towel and rubbed the corner of my lips. His mouth slowly moved to my ear. "No one shall know about what you saw today," he whispered, warning laced his voice.

I stayed frozen in my spot. He was too damn near for my brain to work.

What did I see today?

Oh, The paintings.

But was he referring to the fact that he could draw, or did he mean the woman in that painting?

Straightening up, he gazed at me intensely. "Understood?"

I nodded my head in a rapid manner, afraid he would snap again.

"Good." The corners of his lips curved into a tiny smile, so tiny I almost didn't notice.

Then he turned around and strode away, leaving me a mess.

What just happened?

"Oh and Ember..." He appeared back at the kitchen entrance. That was the first time he called me by my name, making my heart skip several bits. "That chocolate mousse was for Mom's breakfast," saying that he disappeared again, but I didn't miss the evil smirk on his face.

Jerk!

I looked back at the almost empty bowl.

Crap! I am fudged...