

## Read Novel Married To A Cruel Billionaire Chapter 7

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#### Playing Cupid

Donna was serving everyone breakfast as I sat there awaiting my doom. My food was untouched, and my heart hammered in my chest. Any minute now I would be caught like a deer in the headlights. I could spot the sinister smirk dancing on Hunter's face since he appeared on the table.

That son of a bloody bachelor!

"Donna, my chocolate mousse," Julia spoke.

I gulped. Oh no!

"Yes, ma'am."

As if time slowed down, with every step Donna took, Hunter's smirk broadened, and my eyes widened. She placed the bowl in front of Julia and uncovered the lid.

Like the earth on a sunny day, Julia's face lit up as she shoved a spoonful of mousse in her mouth. "Mhm... Donna, did we change the cook or something? How did his boring mousse get so good today?"

I let out the breath I was holding. Phew! She liked my recipe.

I gazed at Hunter. This time I was the one smirking while the one on his face fell. I was vindicated, and I won. Right at your face, Hunter William King! What did he think? I would sit and cry? Ha! I learned from the very best. My mom made the most excellent desserts. No wonder the customers at her bakery shop called her the dessert queen.

Last night after he left, I made some mousse myself and kept the bowl in its previous place. It was hard finding the necessary stuff in that large kitchen with so many cupboards and supplies at first, but eventually, I did it. I didn't wanna face the wrath of Julia first thing in the morning. As Donna told me, Julia ate chocolate mousse every Friday and then spent the rest of the day in the gym.

The unfortunate life of the models.

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"You should have seen his face. It was a sight to behold." I cackled to Ana and Beth on the phone.

“Served him right!” Ana sneered.

“Don’t tell me you didn’t take a picture,” Beth whined.

I laughed. “I will next time.”

“I miss you girls.” Ana sighed.

“Me too. Wanna meet at our usual place?”

“Um... I won’t be able to come. I... I’m taking Lia to a date.”

At Beth’s revelation, I and Ana awed.

“You go enjoy your date. I and Em will enjoy ours.”

“Hey! Don’t enjoy too much without me, or I’ll fill your sinuses with dog pee.”

“Ew!”

I chuckled, shaking my head at their silliness. “Alright. Enjoy your day, Beth, and Ana, I’ll meet you there at 10:30.” I hung up the phone.

Putting on a blue sundress, I took my purse and descended down the stairs, shoes dangling from my fingers when my eyes fell on the slumped figure sitting on the sofa. “Matt?” I walked towards him.

“Sunshine!” Noticing me, he stood up, his bright smile was back on his face. Wow, this guy changed his mood fast.

“You alright? You look upset.”

“No, no. I’m fine.” He shot me a smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

Oh, that wasn’t fooling me. He certainly wasn’t fine. I narrowed my eyes.

He flopped back defeated, the smile falling off his face. “It’s just... Hunter was supposed to go to the pool club with me but,” a sigh left his mouth, “he ditched me to attend a meeting.”

Of course! Hunter and his bloody business!

An idea popped in my head. “Wanna go get some ice cream with me?”

This time a genuine smile appeared on his lips, stretching from ear to ear. He jumped up from the sofa in a flash and was already running to the main door. "Your treat! And I'm driving."

Power of the holy ice cream!

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"You mean the girl in pink dress with long hair from your wedding day?"

"Yup. Her. My bestie. She is coming too." We were sitting in my favorite ice cream parlor waiting for our order and for Ana who hadn't arrived yet.

His demeanor changed, and fingers fidgeted on his lap. What was wrong with him? I opened my mouth to ask, but the clinking of the bell seized my attention to the door, and there she was, in a red knee-length dress.

"Ana!" I got up from my seat and hugged her. I missed her so much. She returned the hug but in a bone crushing way.

"Em! Oh my Gosh! I have missed you! I know it's only been a week, but it felt like a year to me. I got so much to tell ymm phm mmph...!" She would have continued if I didn't clamp a hand over her mouth.

"You know we talk on the phone every day, Ana."

She giggled. "I know but I am just excit..." This time it wasn't me who stopped her. I looked at the direction of her gaze.

That was Matt.

He was staring at her.

She was staring at him.

I was staring at them. What were we all doing?

"Ahem! Ahem!" I coughed, breaking the staring contest. "Ah, Matt, that's Liliana, my bestie! And Ana, that's Matthew, Hunter's bestie!" I introduced them to each other.

"H-Hello!" Matt shot up from his seat and extended his hand to Ana.

Did he just stutter?

"Hi." Ana shook his hand, blushing.

Did she just blush?

Matt pulled a chair out for Ana. She sat down, thanking him with the blush still painting her pale face. I decided to cough again, but the waiter beat me to it.

“Your orders, sir, madam.” As soon as he served the delicious looking ice cream on the table, I dug in. All my worries, thoughts flew out the window as I took a spoonful of the ice-holy-cream in my mouth, moaning from the heavenly taste. Whoever made ice cream, deserved all the awards known to mankind. I would have kissed their hand if I met him or her.

I was so engrossed in enjoying the sauve taste flooding my mouth when sounds of laughter reached my ears, and I turned my attention to the direction. Three guys sat at a corner table, watching us and making gestures. Matt was cracking jokes, and Ana was a giggly mess, not aware of what was going on around them.

One of the guys with shoulder-length hair, puckered his lips at me. That little bastard! My blood boiled. I'd teach him a good fucking lesson if I wasn't having an intimate date with my newly ordered ice cream. It was my third bowl now whereas Matt and Ana were still on their first bowls which had already melted back to chocolate milk. I glanced at the two again, and the wheels in my head began turning, a smile appearing on my face.

My, my! Did I just make a match?

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“No, I will pay! It was my treat.”

“No, I am paying, Ember! Let this gentleman do at least this for you lovely ladies.”

“But I want to pay for mine...” Ana spoke.

“Uh, no! That would be very ungentlemanly of me if I let you pay in my presence,” saying that he got up and walked away to the cash counter.

I wasn't going to let him pay for mine. I ate most of it anyway. I got up and ran after Matt, telling Ana to stay at the table.

After arguing some more in front of the cashier who started shooting us glares, we settled on paying half each. Matt insisted on paying for Ana, and I insisted on paying for mine.

Coming back to our table, we halted in our steps as our eyes fell on the scene before us. Those three guys from earlier were sitting there, the one with the shoulder-length hair hovered over Ana, and she looked like she was about to cry.

Those bloody bastards! I will kill them!

Before I could go and kick them in the nuts, Matt marched towards them. He took the one over Ana by the collar and threw him across the room. The other two got up and launched towards him, but he caught one and punched. The other one's fist landed on his face making him stumble back.

"Matt!" Ana cried.

Spitting blood, Matt straightened up and advanced towards them, throwing punches and kicks at all the three men, earning some back. I spotted a broken plank and debated on whether to go and help him or not, but Matt was doing a fine job without any help.

I jumped back as one of the guys fell right in front of my feet. Oh, would you look at that? It was the same guy who made a kissy face at me earlier and had the nerve to tease Ana.

Hmm, time for sweet revenge.

When he sat up, swinging my fist back, I launched it forward with all the might I could master. My fist collided with his nose, and a crunching sound echoed throughout the shop, yielding a satisfying smile on my face. The guy let out a loud grunt and went back to kiss the floor. Bringing my fist up to my mouth, I blew on it in style, but my smile vanished as pain shot through the bones of my fingers.

Oh my God! I just broke my fingers!

At one point, the guys retreated and ran out of the parlor with their tails between their legs.

I rushed to Matt. "Oh God, you're hurt."

"No, I am fine!" He flashed me his broadest smile through his busted lips and wiped the blood flowing from a cut on his left brow. His eyes darted to Ana, and he hurried to her, me following behind.

"Are you okay? They didn't do anything, did they?" Matt asked, his voice softer than I ever heard.

"I-I'm sorry. Y-You got hurt because of me." Ana sniffled.

I knew it wasn't the right time, but I just wanted to get some pom poms and fangirl the newly-formed couple in front of me. They were the perfect match for each other. Without warning, my mind wandered to the holder of those magnificent sea-green eyes, and a sigh left my mouth.

I hugged Ana tight. "Shh... it's ok, Ana. They're gone. Please, tell me they didn't do anything to you." I wanted to go after those bastards and bury them alive for making Ana cry, but Matt did a damn good job.

"N-no, they didn't," she whispered and pulled out of the hug, calming down a little.

The manager of the parlor came rushing to us. "I am truly, utterly sorry for this inconvenience, sir, madam! I am really sorr-"

"It's fine!" Matt cut him off. His eyes scanned around the room. It was a mess with broken tables and chairs everywhere. "I will pay for it," he announced, looking back at the man.

The man's eyes widened, and he curtsied. "Thank you! Thank you very much, sir! You're very generous, sir!"

Matt nodded at him, then looked back at us. "Let's go! I will drop you both home first."