

Read Novel Married To A Cruel Billionaire Chapter 9

Married To A Cruel Billionaire Chapter 9

His Facade

Knock knock.

Dragging my eyes from the pages of another book I found in that old shelf, I glanced at the clock.

11:30 pm.

Who the heck had the nerve to disturb my reading time at this late at night?

Grumbling, I dragged myself out of the comfort of the bed and headed to the door. Swinging the door open, I opened my mouth to give the miserable person a piece of my mind but stopped, my eyes widening and mouth hanging open as wide as was my door. Outside my room stood Hunter in a dark blue, silk pajama set.

Was I seeing right, or did the book fall on my face too hard earlier?

Bringing my hands behind my back, I pinched on one and winced from the unpleasant pain. He was really there. But why? Could it be, at last, he had come to his senses that I was his wife, and he should be interacting more with me than just passing 'hellos' and cold glares?

"Hi," he spoke in his calm, calculated voice.

"H-hi," I stuttered and inwardly face palmed myself. I needed to teach my tongue a lesson first.

"Tomorrow we are going to a party. Be ready by 6."

I blinked. Cheesecakes! Did he just say he was taking me to a party? I pinched myself once again rather glad over the pain. "Okay..." I nodded like a bewitched puppy, a smile creeping up my face.

Wait...What the heck was I doing? I was supposed to be mad at him.

Curse those crush hormones!

He turned around to leave but stopped and glanced sideways. "Don't be late. I don't like tardiness." Then walked away.

I scowled, suppressing the urge to yell 'Yes, sir!' at his retreating back. Demanding son of a gun! Closing the door, I sighed. I didn't understand his bipolarity. One day yelling at me and the next wanting to take me to a party. Nevertheless, I was happy he was making progress.

I couldn't wait for tomorrow.

I sat in front of the mirror as a maid did my make up. Karen stood beside like a cop waiting for one to make a mistake and she would pounce. My legs and arms hurt from trying at least thirty dresses since Karen kept making faces at each of them until I came out wearing a red velvet high slit maxi dress with an open back and a silver belt around the waist. This time I was the one making faces at it being too open. Of course, she paid no heed because according to her, this was our first time going out together, and I had to look stunning.

An involuntary smile tugged at my lips. Perhaps he was trying finally, trying to make our relationship work. The red light of suspicion hadn't turned off yet, but I shoved it aside for now.

"Perfect!" Karen's voice snapped me back from my thoughts.

I looked at her beaming face, then back at the mirror. Whoa! She did a damn good job. My brown hair was styled in waves, the smokey eyeshadow grazed my eyelids, and the red lipstick matched my dress.

"Now off you go, before Hunter comes up and throws a fit," Karen said, taking a pair of heels, my handbag and handing them to me.

I thanked the girl and hurried down the stairs. Hunter stood at the foyer in a gray custom suit that pressed perfectly over his fit physique and glared at his watch. His thick, long lashes casted a shadow over his high cheekbones. He looked out-of-the-world gorgeous, so much it should have been illegal. He could manipulate anyone simply with his looks without even uttering a single word.

I was so immersed in checking him out until my foot missed a step, and I toppled over, a squeak leaving my mouth. My hand shot up and grabbed the railing before my nose flattened against the floor. He looked up and directed his glare at me. My cheeks turned a deep crimson. Absolutely splendid!

"You are forty seven seconds late."

Oh, I was la... wait! Who the heck counted seconds?

Without sparing me another glance, he walked out of the house. I ran behind him, of course, my little legs weren't capable of matching his long strides.

When I came out, he was not there. I looked around but no sign of him. My heart sank. Did he seriously leave me because I was forty seconds late? And here I was thinking...

I turned around, and a sudden ray of bright lights hit me in the eyes, my hand shooting up shielding them. Till I could adjust my vision, the sound of engine roaring froze me, and I glanced ahead, my eyes widening. The car was coming right at me. Shielding my face back, I screamed.

The tires screeched, and a round of impatient horns startled me. Slowly, breathing heavy, I looked back. Hunter's Aston Martin Rapide was halted a feet away from me, and he was glowering through the windshield.

I held my pounding heart. Was he out of his mind?

He honked again. Walking around in wobbly feet, I got in, fastened my seatbelt and glared at him. His jaw was clenching and unclenching. Jerk! I wondered how his jaw stayed at a perfect shape after suffering from such torture all day.

I stayed silent for a while until I couldn't anymore. I needed to know if he was actually taking me to a party or some underworld auction to sell me off. "Where are we going?" I asked.

Silence...

"How long is it going to take?"

Silence...

Five, four, three, two, one... I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. Keep calm, Ember. Vengeance shall come soon.

He kept driving in silence, completely ignoring me. Not even a muscle in his face twitched except... his stormy eyes. They changed shades. With every emotion, his sea-green eyes became a shade darker. How was this even possible?

I took out my phone and checked myself on the screen. I changed my face from annoyed to grumpy to angry but nay, my usual blue eyes still looked the same. I tried some more but no change. What the hell?

"Do you have any problem with your face?"

I turned my head to the source of the icy voice. "Um... no?"

“Then stop doing this. You look ridiculous!”

Ah! He thought my face was ridiculous? Alright then. Time for sweet revenge.

The car came to a stop on a traffic signal, and I turned to the car beside ours. An old man sat at the driver’s seat. My mouth curved into a big smile. As the man smiled back, I changed the features of my face. Crossing my eyes, I stuck out my tongue. The man was taken aback, his brows knitted and lips parted. From beside me, I heard the sound of teeth grinding into each other, and the car started at a higher speed this time.

“Ah!” Pressing back, I gripped my seat tight and looked at him. His left eye was twitching abnormally.

Uh oh!

After a dreadful while, the car came to a halt. Not wanting to stay inside for another moment, I unfastened my seatbelt and opened the door when one strong arm reached forward closing the door back. I turned my head, and my breath hitched in my throat. His face was inches away from mine, his hand around trapping me between him and the seat.

“This is very important for me. If anything goes wrong because of you-” he paused, his already icy gaze dropped down some degrees, “-you will not like the consequences.” Then he got out of the car, came around, opened the door for me and offered his hand like a true gentleman.

I sat there staring at him. He just threatened me and now acting all chivalrously? Seeing me not move, he gave me a smile, the world’s tiniest smile but still a smile and nodded encouragingly. I took a glance around us. Suited people were rushing out of their posh cars and throwing money at the valets.

Lately but lastly, the pieces began to fall in places in my head.

It was, after all, an act.

Biting the pain inside, I put my hand in his awaiting one and stepped out of the car as electricity shot through me. This was the first time I held his hand. His skin felt warm and soft against mine yet strong. I looked up. We stood in front of a palatial hotel. It was decorated with tons of lights, and a red carpet on the steps led the way. Hunter tossed the car keys to a red uniformed staff, and we walked inside. Like bees people surrounded us and lights started flashing, making my heart clench in my ribcage.

Paparazzi...

I gulped.

This much attention was not good for my mental health. Not good at all.

Hunter's hand squeezed around mine in a reassuring manner, pulling me closer. I refused to feel anything for it was nothing but a part of his act. A lot of questions were being thrown at him, and he answered them all with wit and confidence.

From behind the crowd appeared a man in an all white suit and beside him stood a woman in a stunning blue dress. They looked like they were in their fifties with matching gray hair and slightly wrinkled skin.

"Mr. King Jr! So glad to welcome you here finally!" Beaming, he shook Hunter's hand. Then his eyes turned to me. "You must be the new Mrs. King. How lovely!" Taking my hand, he placed a kiss on the back of my palm. "Pleasure to meet you!"

I nodded at him, returning the smile.

"I'm Jonathan David Arthur, the host of this party, and this is Madeline David Arthur, my beloved wife." He gazed at her lovingly. Awe!

"Hello, darling. You are very beautiful." She extended her hand to me.

"Thank you!" I smiled and shook her hand.

"Ah! How silly of me keeping our guest standing at the door. Please, come in!"

Walking in, I took a moment to look around. It was all golden inside. The walls, the lights, the decorations, except the tables and chairs which were wrapped in red velvet, giving the place a royal view. The hall was packed with celebrities and corporate sharks. Women looked like they were just escorted from the Buckingham palace. Suddenly I felt so... puny. My breathing accelerated, and palms turned sweaty. I just wished to escape from this place.

Stopping in front of a table, Hunter pulled out a chair and gently sat me down. On his signal, a waiter approached us with a tray full of drinks, and he grabbed the orange juice one, handing it to me.

I took two big gulps and breathed through my nose, calming my nerves a bit.

I looked up as he loomed closer. "Are you ok?" His eyes observed me, concern visible in them.

For a second, I was tempted to believe it as an act of care, but at the end I knew better for it was indeed only an act, a facade he put on before the world. So I nodded. "Yes. Yes, I am."