

CHAPTER NINE

Stella POV

"Hey champion." I said smiling at Stacy who is lying on the sick bed.

"Hey." She replied faintly.

"You are nally awake." I said to her.

"Why? Have I been sleeping for too long?" she asked me.

"Yes. You've been sleeping for the past ve (5) hours." I said to her.

"Oh!!!" she exclaimed.

Yeah, I know it is really awkward between us right now. It's been eight (8) days now and she is pestering me on how I got the money that was used to pay for her surgery. I wanted to tell her everything but I couldn't. It is part of the deal of the contract that no one knows about it except both parties. I have been able to part away with telling her. I have been able to avoid the conversation but I don't know how long I can keep playing her dumb. Blake means business. If at all I breach the contract, I will have to instantly pay him ve (5) million dollars. Where the f**k will I get that huge amount from? To be more sincere, even if it wasn't a part of the contract that anyone must not know, I don't know how I will bring myself to tell Stacy that I am getting married to Blake because of her. First of all she will feel bad and second of all I can't have her thinking I already got laid by the playboy billionaire. One is everyone thinking that I am now a slut but it is a whole different thing when Stacy thinks about me like that.

It should have been trending by now anyways.

"What were you doing with Mr. Blake at the public restaurant?" Stacy asked me out of the blue.

Okay let's take a recap.

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Two days after Stacy's surgery, she came out of coma and things were doing ne. She asked me about the way I got the surgery money but I avoided answering that question of hers. I have denitely forgotten about the contract I signed with Blake. Seeing Stacy hale and hearty made my joy know no bound so I forgot about the fact that I can't be happy without someone's permission (that's a joke actually I mean I don't need his permission to be happy. It is just a marriage contract after all. I don't know why I have a very bad view of marriage). Contract or now contract, I am getting married. I don't know how I see the whole idea of marriage but anyways I am getting married.

Ring! Ring!! Ring!!! My phone was ringing. I reached out to take it from the side where Stacy laid. The ringtone was loud and I didn't want to disturb the sleeping beauty.

"Hello! Who am I speaking with?" I said into the phone because I don't know who is on the other side. The other side was silent for a while.

"We need to see." He said. Okay, I know who this is. There is only one person that I know of to be this arrogant.

"Okay. I will be in your oce in like an hour or two." I said.

"Your ride is outside." Blake said and hung up the phone.

I went outside and lo and behold, my ride was indeed outside.

"Miss Parlor?" the chauffeur asked conrming it is me.

"Yes?" I said more like a question in reply and conrmation that it is indeed me.

"I will be your chauffeur to the Kings building." He said opening the owner side of the car for me to sit in. He is a gentleman.

"Thank you." I said appreciating him. The ride to the Kings building was silent. We got there and he did the gentleman gesture again.

I got into Mr. Blake's oce and he pulled me inside and locked the oce door. I got scared.

"What the f\*\*k did you use ve hundred thousand dollars to do?" he asked me. Actually speaking, I do have an explanation to give him but then again didn't he tell me to use that card for whatever I want to use it for then why does he care now.

"I thought you said the card what unlimited and I could use it anyhow I want to." I said to him being myself. He looked at me weirdly and coughed up at the awkward situation he was in.

"This is the contract you signed. Why not carefully read it and strike out what you don't want before we nalize things." He said handling me the documents.

"Can't I back down from it?" I asked looking real anxious. Moreover I don't want to be tied down for ve years with an arrogant playboy billionaire.

"It states there that whichever party is to back down from the contract will have to pay a sum of ve million dollars to the other party involved so think carefully before you talk." He said obviously not buying the idea of me backing down. I checked the section that was written and exclaimed.

"Can I change the amount of money we are to give back to the party affected?" I asked.

"No. the only thing that you can change from it is the rules and regulation stated there." He said.

I looked through the rules and regulations and I was upset with one.

"Why do I have to use honorics for you and you don't do the same to me? Moreover in a make belief marriage, we should not use honorics for each other." I said through gritted teeth. He looked at me for a while again before he nodded in agreement to what I said. So I stroke out that rule.

"I don't buy the idea of an open relationship." I said completing forgetting that it is a contract marriage.

"I don't care what you think about that. I get to have an open relationship but you get to stay loyal." He said angrily. After checking and ruling out some rules and not cool with, we settled with everything and he asked his lawyer to draft out a new contract using the adjusted one. The lawyer did as told and after looking through the drafted one, we decided it is cool enough for us to use so he made a real contract and we signed it and made it ocial though we are not married yet but we are bonded by the contract already.

"We have two (2) months to act all lovey dovey for the world to believe we are very in love." He said to me.

"Okay. Wait. What!!!! Do we have to act like we are in love?" I asked him.

"I am pretty sure I said that few seconds ago." He replied me.

"How can I act like I am in love with you when I hate your guts? No woman in her right state of mind will be in love with you except she wants your money or your handsome face. No one can ever love you." I said to him. To be sincere, that was so harsh.

"No one can love me that's why you are in this contract with me right? How about you start loving me for starters." He said playing numb to the words I said to him. I kept mute and he did the same. After the right amount of the silent awkwardness between us, he talked.

"We should start making it public." He said. I didn't know what he meant by that but I followed him because he instructed me to do so. I sat near him in the car.

"Choose a restaurant." He said to me.

"Why should I choose a restaurant?" I asked him.

"We are going on a date." He said casually like it is nothing to him. I couldn't protest because I am guessing he is taking this action because of the harsh words I said to him. I wasn't ready but I would give it my all.

We got to the less expensive restaurant I chose. It was not to his liking. He didn't get down from the car and just signaled to the driver to move. We left the restaurant I chose and went to a pretty expensive store.

"What are we doing here?" I asked him.

"We need to get you dressed properly." He replied.

"I don't need it." I said.

"In case you don't know, it was part of the contract. If I offer you anything, you take it without complaining or protesting." He said.

"But I ruled that out." I said and he just smiled. What can I do? I already signed the contract. Let's go shopping. He picked out a red dress for me. Not too elaborate and not too dull. Just something simple and he picked out matching shoes and a matching purse. They did my makeup and you know how these things go right? We got into the car

"To Miranda restaurant." Blake ordered the chauffeur to drive. Really!!! Miranda restaurant? I still don't get what is up with rich people. Is it not the same thing that is eaten at Miranda restaurant which is sold expensively that we normal human eat at a very cheap restaurant? Rich people do love to show off. We arrived at the restaurant and as I was about stepping out of the car, Blake stopped me.

"Don't mess it up." He said to me.

"Who said anything about messing it up?" I asked him. It was a rhetorical question though.

"If you mess up, I will kill you and Stacy." He said with a straight face and our eyes locked for what seemed like forever. His eyes looked deadly. Like he meant killing me and Stacy.

"This is a joke right?" I asked him partially scared.

"Who said anything about a joke?" he said and looked at me like I am some prey.