

Forced Marriage with CEO

7 # CONTRACT MARRIAGE

Myra's POV

"Umm, can we go shopping? As I don't know anything about Indian culture. So I need help and I will call Nate also. Can you come?" Mrs. Black asked me, which I don't prefer. I want some time alone and also I need to visit my mother.

I stammered, "Ummm... Actually, Mrs. Black..."

"Ohh, call me, Grandma," She smiled caressing my cheeks with her soft creamy palms.

"Grandma, I'm just...," I couldn't deny her and I nodded in Yes.

Mrs black hugged me and we came out of the restaurant. Aaron was not leaving me for a second. He is walking and sitting holding my one hand with his, that not bothered me, however, I love his company.

I was thinking that we are going to the shopping mall, but I was wrong as the car entered the giant villa.

Whose mansion is this? Why are we here?

"This is our new house. Dad purchased it for us," Aaron answered my unasked question.

Huh! Mr. Richie.

"Please, God, save me," My heart plummeted with our entry.

We immigrated in the enormous wooden door, which is opened by the guards. The villa was beautifully giving an elegant peek and if I'm not wrong, it must be sold in billions. I was stunned looking at the beauty of the villa, it is no less than a Palace of any King.

Aaron directly pulled me with him, "Come with me, I will show you my room."

"But Aaron..."

"Go with him, I will call you when the designer will be here," Mrs. Black asserted with a broad smile.

Climbing the luxurious stairs made with white crystal-type marbles, we reached the first floor. Every little piece was showing that the villa is owned by a multi-billionaire. Who spends a lot of money on the house, the place where he or his family will live only for a few days or weeks.

After a few steps, Aaron opened the blue-colored door where the painting of the seven dwarfs was made on. As I emerged behind him, my mouth parted in a gap, this room must be bigger than the living room of my uncle's house. Everywhere toys are spread and the room was completely messy. My head spins for a while.

"Aa- Aaron... What is this?" I asked with a shock.

"We are sorry, madame, but Master Aaron doesn't allow us to touch his single thing and in case we adjusted his room and if doesn't find any of his toys, he cried for the whole day and Austin sir scolded us a lot and ordered that we will do as Master Aaron wishes," The maid in a white shirt and black mini skirt asserted. Huh! They have a uniform. Her hair is tied up in a tight bun pulling her hair back.

"Ok, you may leave," I dismissed her and led Aaron towards the sofa placed in his room, which is already filled with his comic books. I picked them up and placed them on the desk.

"Aaron, sit here," I pulled him on my lap.

"Do you like my toys and comic books?" He asked me and I nodded, "I like them but don't you think it is hard to find if particularly we want anything?"

"Yes, but maids stole my toys," He pouted.

"No, why would they steal?" I asked and he thought for a while.

"If they don't steal, Then how I do lose my toys?" he asked thinking for a while.

"Hmmm... Let's investigate," I put an idea. He nodded with happiness on his red white face, "How?"

"Let's arrange the room first. I'm not going to live here tonight, so you have to remember which toy, which book, you have kept and where it was placed, okay?" I asked and he nodded. He is an obedient child, I don't know why his parents are spoiling him.

Both of us arranged the books first and then his toys. We packed them in their respective boxes and finally, we are tired.

"Aaron, now you have to promise me that whenever you will play, you will keep all your toys in their place, promise me?" I handed him my hand as he kept his little soft hands in mine.

A maid came with some snacks for us, and we attacked the food. He grabbed the vegetable sandwich and took a bite of it. Before I could bite the piece of my sandwich, he shouted, "This is not tasty and the cheese is not stuffed well, take it away."

Aaron angrily threw the piece of sandwich on the face of the maid. I was startled by his behavior. He is an absolutely spoiled brat. For a moment I was thinking in my mind that he is good and obedient but he changed my positive view immediately.

I gestured maid to leave. I gave him a juice and fed him cheese balls. He is addicted to cheese, I thought. He was looking tired because he adjusted his stuff for the first time in his life. I made him sleep on the bed and told him a story of A Shepherd and a tiger.

Once he slept, I covered him with a duvet and got up from my place. Who are actually his parents? I haven't met them yet.

Third Person's POV

When Myra was taking care of Aaron, someone was peeking at her from the entrance. But he couldn't see her face as her back was seen from there.

He asked the maid, "Who is with Aaron?"

"Myra Madame," The maid answered while her gaze was lowered.

Hearing the name Myra, he gritted his teeth and ordered, "Send her to the study."

"Yes, sir," The maid retorted but he has left the place before she could finish.

When Myra came out of Aaron's room, another maid came and said to her, "Mrs. Balck is calling for you madam. The designers are waiting for you."

"Yeah, I'm coming," Myra retorted when another maid stopped her, "Madam, sir Austin is calling for you in the study."

Myra was confused and her heart started throbbing hearing the name Austin. The first maid suggested, "Madam, you should meet Mr. Black for the first."

Myra nodded and followed the maid who led her toward the study. Leaving her at the entrance of the study, the maid shoved away herself. Myra's heart was drumming, she could hear the throbbing sound of her heart. She knocked on the door hesitantly.

"Come in," He heard a loud voice of a man, the sound seems that he is angry and ruthless.

She stepped in and he acknowledged her without looking at her, "There is a switch outside, you need not knock on the door, foolish Indian slut."

That last three words stab thrice in her heart. Her face was covered with anger but she gulped her anger and stood next to the table he was working on.

She felt disgusted standing in front of him, so she averted her gaze from him. No matter how handsome he is, he insulted her by calling her such a cheap word.

"Sit," He gestured to her and ordered.

"I'm okay," She answered. None of them is looking at each other.

He thrashed a bunch of two papers towards her. He slid a pen too and coldly ordered her, "Sign them."

"What?" She screeched incoherently.

Her hands were quivering with fear. She grabbed the papers and started looking at them.

"CONTRACT MARRIAGE," She gasped for fresh air and coughed. She never thinks of this aspect.

"I don't like to explain myself, sign them and leave," Austin yelled at her and peeked at her face. She was normal yet attractive but not affecting him a single bit. He removed his gaze shortly.

He lowered his gaze again and dug into his laptop. Myra hesitantly uttered, "Pre- nuptial a... Agreement..."

She stuttered and Austin nodded casually. He deciphered but his tone was harsh and cold, "I don't want to marry you at all. Neither I know you, nor I like you, the marriage is a far act to do. My grandpa wants me to marry you before this Christmas, so I'm doing this. After a year, our ways will be separated. Now, don't waste my time and sign those papers."

He explained everything and there is nothing to explain more. Myra thought for a while and stuttered, "Why don't you say No to your grandpa? Or you can marry any girl in this world, then why me?"

That increased his anger and he squealed, "Because my fucking grandpa wants you as my bride. Now understand, sign the papers bloody, Indian gold digger."

"Mind your language, Mr. Austin Black," Myra shouted back at him. There is a limit to her tolerance. Austin furrowed his eyebrows angrily and fixed on her.

Their angry gazes fixed on each other and bored each other's orbs. Wearing a black three-piece suit, Austin was radiating power and Myra was looking like an angel in front of him. Austin gulped his anger as he knows that his grandma is in this villa. He doesn't want to create any scene.

Her mind was completely exhausted, she closed her eyes and lowered her face. Her mother's face appeared in front of her eyes. She felt helpless and opened her teary eyes. She thinks deeply and took a quick decision.

Myra took the pen in her hand and started reading the papers. Austin glanced at her and muttered incoherently, "All Indians are a gold digger, bloody Indian slut."

Unaware of Myra's activity, he started doing his work on his laptop. Austin smiled and felt that he won the battle and he will be free after a year.

Myra was stunned and her facial gestures are changing while reading each term and condition. She was using a pen and her hand is moving. Austin was smirking looking down.

He texted his friend Peter, "I have done it. She is signing the papers."

He received an instant reply, "Great."

"Here are your papers," Myra contended sliding the papers on the desk and forwarding them towards him.

Austin kept them back into the drawer and smiled as he won.

"I want clauses two, four, five, and seven to be updated as I want. If you want to sign me this, you have to replace these clauses and need to add an extra clause written by me," She paused saying this with courage, and gulped hard.

"Bring the updated contract papers and I will sign them and if you do not agree on my terms then you can back out from this arranged marriage," Myra collected all the courage from her body and sternly asserted. Then she left the place immediately giving him the last angry peek.

Austin was flabbergasted listening to her stern and confident words, his eyes went wide and gawked at her disappearing figure. He was hell angry that the girl who is not eligible to be his maid has challenged him and asked him to change the terms. How dares she? He slammed the desk very hard.

He pulled out the papers and looked at the papers. He was stunned and looked at the marriage contract papers gulping hard. This girl was out of his understanding as he swallowed the lump that formed in his throat.

After a few minutes, Peter entered the study room. Seeing his friend frozen at his place, he asked, "What happened? You were so happy for a while, then what now?"

Austin moved papers towards him. Peter asked wearing his specs, "Why did she make big circles on the papers?"

"You said she signed the papers," Peter continued and started checking the papers.

Peter read all the changes and flipped pages. It was hard for him to control his laugh. He held his stomach and laughed freely at Austin.

"Fuck, you are fastened by her," Peter mocked him and laughed at him.

"What do you mean? Why the fuck you are laughing you asshole?" Austin was irritated and asked him as before he could read all the terms, Peter came and slid papers towards him.

8 # The biggest secret

Third Person's POV

"What do you mean? Why the fuck you are laughing you asshole?" Austin irritated and asked him as before he could read all the terms, Peter came and slid papers towards him.