

11; Christian Who??

Chapter Eleven- "Christian Who?".

Isabella Montague.

"What are you making? It smells nice." I announced, as I entered the kitchen where Amy is, by the cooker making whatever it is that's making me salivate.

She didn't turn around, her attention on the pot in front of her. "Chicken noodle soup for your hangover." She declared. I parted my lips to offer an excuse out of eat the soup, but before I could, she added. "Forget about weight gain for once. You need to eat more, you look skinny."

I folded my lips in, swallowing back my complain since it appears she knows me quite a lot and knows that I would've used that to get out of eating this no doubt. I've been really strict on my meals. I've nally reached the exact body I want, or need to survive in this world anyway, so, I want to maintain it.

Eating stuff like noodle soup just means more calories for me which is what I'm trying to avoid. However, her tone showed she wouldn't take any excuse from me, so I gave up.

"Aye aye captain." I offered her a mock salute, to which I can practically see her rolling her eyes to.

"I've made chamomile tea for you, take it rst. The soup will be done any minute now. I'll bring it to you." She turned around, and gestured to the ask on the center table in the living room. She then met my gaze. "Why don't you settle down, you still have a headache, don't you?" Her brows drew in worry.

I pressed my lips together, then shook my head slightly. "It's better now, I'll be back to normal after the soup. Don't worry." I offered her a small smile.

She narrowed her eyes at me, as if she would see whether I'm lying on my features. The look had me chuckling slightly.

"What?" I asked, "Do I look especially pretty after taking a shower that you can't help but look at me?" I teased.

She scoffed, rolling her eyes in the process. "Nona looks better. And that's something." She said, referring to her sweet grandmother. Oh, how I love the woman. She's the most fun to be around...if she likes you that is.

"Nona was stunning back in the day."

She hummed, in way that showed she doesn't agree with me. "That's one way to put it."

"Is there anything I can help you with?" I asked, trying to fold the sleeve of my oversized hoodie which I had paired with joggers, perfect for a stay and slack at home before I leave tonight.

"I'm done." She turned off the cooker. "Pass me the bowls, will you?"

I nodded, then made my way to the counter where the two bowls she had brought out earlier are, before passing them to her, along with a tray to place them on. She poured equal amount into each of the bowls, and the minute she was done, I picked it up and took it to the living room.

She followed with the four chopsticks—two for each of us, before settling on the oor just like I did. I don't know if it's just me, but there's just something about sitting on the oor, watching TV and enjoying a warm bowl of noodles. It's like heaven on earth.

She passed my chopsticks to me, while I did the same with her bowl. "Thank you for the meal." I said to her, before I used the chopsticks to get the noodles, bringing it to my mouth and eating it.

The moment it was on my taste buds, I had to close my eyes and let out a small moan, the avors busting on my tongue. "Ah, that's the taste that I know." I grinned, then settled my gaze on her. "Do you know what would be good with this? Cold beer."

She gave me a deadpanned look, silently asking if I really just said that while nursing a hangover. I ashed her a sheepish smile. "Right..."

She sighed, "Well, you seem to be doing well." She commented, "After the mess you made last night." She gave me a pointed look, and I just know there's a scold to follow, but I'm in no mood for it.

I waved her off. "Don't remind me." I gave her the best puppy look I could muster. "I'm just glad you handled the press for me. I don't know what I would do without you."

She hummed, "Yeah, about that." She reached her hand out and picked up the remote. "He beat me to it." She turned on the TV.

Confused, I moved my gaze from her to stare at the TV, my gaze instantly falling on my face bold on the screen, along with that of the man I literally just made a promise fteen minutes ago not to get entangled with ever. Amy increased the volume, as if I couldn't hear it well.

The reporter's voice, lling the living room.

"And the news that has been making headlines, the newly announced relationship between the hidden heiress of Montague Group and the CEO of King Enterprises;

Lady Isabella Vivien Montague and America's most eligible bachelor and heartthrob, Christian Kingston has swept the media and stirred the business world as a whole.

I chocked on the noodles, hastily dropping the bowl and chopsticks on the tray and hunching over as I coughed, my eyes burning with unshed tears. Amy moved closer to me, patting my back as she got out a few tissue papers and handed it to me, holding my hair over my shoulder so it wouldn't bother me.

I took the tissue from her and covered my mouth it, coughing a couple of times more before I nally returned back to normal. "I'm okay..." I whispered, sitting up again, blinking to get rid of my blurry gaze.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm good now..." I waved it away, my gaze slanting back to the news on TV, my eyes dilated as our earlier individual pictures were now replaced with a clip of us kissing at the bowl. It even zoomed in on our faces. "The actual f**k..."

The headline was, 'CHRISTIAN KINGSTON'S WOMAN REVEALED'.

"Christian who?" I found myself asking, my mind a mess.

"You know, Christian Kingston." Amy repeated, in a tone that showed I'm supposed to know who he is. "The Christian Kingston, youngest billionaire in America and a ruthless businessman might I add. Even Sebastian couldn't strike a deal with him. He's picky for someone approached by a higher business owner." I mean, I've heard of him, sure, but I didn't know his face.

Wait, did she just say, Sebastian? Even my trophy holding step brother couldn't sign a deal with him? That's something. But seriously, I did not just get involved with someone like him.

"Oh, yes you did." Amy answered my inner thoughts. I must've said that out loud. She leaned back, then went on to explain further. "And he must've taken interest in you because he promoted this news before I could block it." Why does it seem she's enjoying this? "I mean; why else would he take you to his house even? He has a clean record. He doesn't have a single scandal with women. And then, there's you that he even took home and you two did whatever naughty stuff you wanted to. What do you think that meant?"

I felt as though cold water was being dumped on me. My mouth fell open. "f**k my life..."