

## Her Fake Husband

### Chapter 4

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"Care to share with your husband what's going on in your mind right now?"

I snapped out of my thoughts when I heard Wade's voice. I didn't notice him going near me. I must be so into my thoughts of reminiscing the past when he did.

"Nah, I'd rather not," I said. "I don't wanna ruin your day."

"Oh, why is that? Are you, by any means, murdering me in your head?" He said with a smirk on his face.

"Oh, you have no idea." I said.

"Isn't it too early to be hanging by the pool?" He said after a moment of silence.

"Actually, you're right, it is, and that made me remember why I am here in the first place." I said.

"What?" He said feeling as clueless as ever.

"Why am I not allowed to go outside?" I said feeling the emotions burning up inside of me.

"Oh, about that-" He said by I cut him off.

"Yes, about that, I wanted to go for a jog Wade, just like a normal person but why can't I do that?" I said.

"It's for your safety, Cami, wherever you go, you need to have someone to accompany you." He said.

"What?! That is insane!" I said. "What could happen to me out there?"

"It's just a precautionary measure because I don't want to risk your safety." He said.

"But you're taking my freedom away from me," I said. "I didn't agree to any of this!"

"Listen, will you?" He said. "That old man is still trying to take you, okay? He tried to kidnap you last time and I am not gonna give him the chance to do it again."

"So, what now? I'm just staying here all day? You know, I can't do that, right? I have work and friends." I said.

"I know, okay? So, for the meantime, I am assigning one of my men as your bodyguard." He said.

"What? That is a hundred percent invasion of privacy! I don't want to be followed and I definitely don't want a babysitter." I said.

"It's that or you're staying at home, your choice." He said with a stern look.

"I cannot believe this," I mutter softly that I didn't think he heard it.

"So, what do you say?" He said.

"Alright! Alright! You won!" I said.

"Good." He said.

"But I-" I said but I was cut off when his phone rang.

He looked at me before he took his phone out of his pocket. He then turned to his phone to see who it was.

"It's your father," He said before answering the call. "Hello?"

"Yes, she's with me, of course. We'll visit soon, don't worry." I hear him over the phone. He ended their conversation and turned to me.

"What did he say?" I asked him.

"He said that you're not taking his calls. He wants us to visit him." He said.

"I'm guessing you said yes," I said. "That won't happen anytime soon."

"Oh, come on, he's your father." He said. "Plus, we are going to talk about my possible investment in your company."

"I don't think he actually wants to see me. I think he just wants to seal that deal you have with him." I said. "Just go without me."

"Alright, I won't force you into doing anything you don't like." He said.

"Thank you." I said and turned to my feet on the pool.

"Aren't you cold?" He said.

"No, not much," I said. "It's kinda relaxing, actually."

"Really?" He said.

"Yes, try it." I said.

He did as I said and sat beside me on the edge of the pool hanging his feet on the water.

"You're right," He said. "It's kinda cool."

"I told you," I said. "This pool is nice, by the way."

"Well, I am glad you liked it." He said. "Do you know how to swim?"

"No, I am not good at that department. I totally suck at that!" I said and laughed to myself.

"Then, you must be careful here. There's a part of this pool that's kinda deep."

"Oh, thank God you told me. I wouldn't want to be on that part." I said.

"You really shouldn't be." He said and laughed. This isn't the first time that I saw him laugh but it is one of the few times.

"So, tomorrow, if ever you still want to go for a jog, I will join you." He said.

"I'll think about that first; I don't want to be a burden to you." I said.

"You are my wife now, so you will never be a burden to me." He said as he looked me straight in the eyes.

I cleared my throat and nodded at him. I felt a bit uneasy. He was too close to me and he was staring at me like I am someone special to him. I didn't dare talk and he was silent either.

"How about we go for a swim?" He said and broke the awkwardness between us.

"I don't think that's a good idea. It's still too early for that." I said.

"Plus, I am not really dressed for a swimming session."

"How about we go eat breakfast, get dressed for swimming as you say, and then come back here?" He said.

"You're really pushing this," I said while suppressing a smile.

"Alright, I'm in."

"Alright, let's go." He said as he stood up and offered a hand for me. I accepted his hand and stood. We were standing side by side now. He led the way and walked first to the kitchen. I was behind him and following his every step.

We reached the kitchen but I saw no one in there. I just thought that there would be someone cooking breakfast for him or us.

"So, what do you want for breakfast?" He said as he made his way towards the kitchen counter and put on an apron.

"For real?" I said, well it was almost a scream. "You cook?"

"Yes," He said while laughing. "Is it that hard to believe?"

"No," I said. "It's just that I never thought you could cook."

"Ouch! You are hurting me. I didn't know you were underestimating me like that."

"No, no, of course not!" I said. "That was not what I meant," I said while laughing a bit. I was sure that he was just faking a hurt expression and it was hilarious.

"So, what exactly do you mean?" He said.

"I mean, you're rich and I just thought that you have maids who do everything for you, you know," I said. "I just thought that you know nothing but being a palyboy."

"Oh, really?" He said and I burst into laughter. "I'm a playboy?"

He made his way towards me and threatened to tickle me.

"Stop! I'm just messing with you, okay?" I said while forcing myself to stop laughing.

"You are messing with the wrong man, Cami." He said and winked at me.

"Am I?" I said. "I'm not so sure you know since you did the winking thing which only playboys do."

"Really? Do playboys wink to one woman alone?" He said and I was caught off guard. What does he mean by that? Is it that he was just winking at me alone?

"Whatever, Wade. Can you just cook? I'm starving." I said just to change the topic.

"Alright, so how do eggs and bacon sound?" He said.

"Sounds good." I said. I didn't add any more remarks since I don't want to be in a situation that would backfire on me.

I watched him as he cooked some eggs and bacon. He looked good. It felt like he has been doing this for a while now and I enjoyed watching him cook.

"Do you know how to cook?" He asked all of a sudden.

"No, I have no idea when it comes to cooking." I said.

"That's fine. I can cook for us anyway." He said and smile at me. It was a very sincere kind of smile and I liked it. I like how he takes care of me as if we were really into each other. I smiled as well.

"Are you almost done? I'll prepare the plates." I said. I really wanted to contribute something since he already did the cooking. I'm the wife so I am supposed to be the one cooking for him and not the other way around.

"Yes, I am," He said. "As a matter of fact, I'm done."

He turned off the electric stove and put the foods that he cooked on the table. I also prepared the utensils that we'll use and set them on the table as well.

"Let's eat." He said as we were seated right in front of each other.

"Oh, wait, I'll just get some ketchup," I said. "I really like ketchup."

"No, I'll go get it." He said and stood up. He took the ketchup from the counter behind him.

"I'll put some on your plate, okay?" He said and I nodded in agreement.

He opened the bottle and just as he said, he put some on my plate.

"Thanks." I said.

"You're welcome." He said. "Now, let's eat."

We started eating or more like I started eating because when I looked at him, he was just staring at me.

"What?" I said feeling a bit conscious.

"How is it?" He said.

Oh, he was waiting to see my reaction to the foods that he cooked. I wasn't expecting that.

"It's not that bad," I said. "Actually, it tastes good."

"Good." He said and then he started digging into his foods.

I was halfway through my foods when he motioned something to me that I didn't quite get.

"What?" I said.

"You have ketchup on your face." He said.

"Oh," I said as I touched my face. "Where?"

"Come here, let me get it for you." He said as he took some tissue.

"Come closer."

I moved my face closer to him just like what he said. I bent on the table just so I could get my face closer to him. He was wiping the ketchup on my face when I saw him staring at my face or more on my lips. I was also staring at him the same way that he was at me. I felt something. I moved backward and cleared my throat. I knew that he felt it too.

"You know what; I think I'll just do it myself. Excuse me," I said and went straight to the restroom.

I walked as fast as I could to get away from him. I opened the door to the restroom and locked it. Oh my GOD!

What is happening to me?