

## Chapter 10 : Wedding Reception

Ivanna

Christian has headed back to the office right after we came back to the villa. I wonder if he's gonna be the same in the reception, how many people will be there, will I be able to handle the situation well, if he has invited my parents at least.

So many questions but not a single answer.

As the sun sets over the horizon, I come back to my room to get dressed for the function. Mrs Fisher comes following me right away.

"It's time to get dressed. I have brought your outfit," she passes me a warm smile.

"Well, I already got my outfit today"

"But Mr Scott said you will wear this," she rolls her green eyes at me. I shrug at the bag in her hands, wondering why that alien has to send another one when I have already brought my outfit. He's not gonna keep calm until he makes me do what he wants.

"I'm not gonna wear this. He knows that well, doesn't he?"

"At least, have a look," Mrs Fisher starts unpacking it while I don't have any interest to look at the stupid expensive dress

he may have bought. "Here, you're gonna love it. Just look at it"

Now it irks me. "I said I don't—" my voice dissolves inside my throat as I discover the dress in front of me, the same one I liked earlier.

It looks prettier now, more gorgeous. My eyes sparkle as I immediately touch it and my lips widen into a massive smile.

"Oh my! This one," I beam.

"Yes. I told you," she smiles at me.

I immediately check the zipper and the fabric. Everything is fine, so damn fine. In fact, it looks like it's made just now.

"It's— it looks better than that one. But it's the same dress," I mumble.

"I don't know what you are talking about but Mr Scott gave me the old dress a few hours ago and asked me to arrange the same one like this, that too from the same local shop," she says.

My jaw drops.

"Sandra?"

"Yeah. Mrs Sandra guided ten workers to get it done in two hours since she's the actual designer. Mr Scott asked me to arrange the workers for Sandra," she adds.

I can't believe it. Why will he even bother to do all this for

me? It's just a dress! Still, I smile, wider and warmer. I like the design so much and I can't wait to wear it.

"Thanks," I tell Mr Fisher as she smiles at me.

"You should say that to Mr Scott. I have never seen him paying attention to something in so much detail if it's not related to his work," she says and leaves the room.

I nibble my lip, pondering about Christian. He's not that bad, well a bit. He's not bad, he's just arrogant, grumpy and too materialistic. It doesn't make him bad. I should thank him.

Christian

"Are you done?" I ask the ninth time, standing outside my own room. She's such a lazy girl. Who spends an entire hour getting dressed? I've been waiting for her for almost an hour.

"Wait, please. I need some more touch up," she replies from inside. Dang!

"Just stop now. You have taken enough time. The guests are waiting for us. I'm coming in," saying I twist the knob and get inside.

My eyes find their way to her, near the mirror, her back facing me. I can see her long wavy hair touching her hips. I think I like her hair too. Why does she keep tying them up? She finally turns to me as I take a complete glance at her appearance. Her creamy skin makes her look even more beautiful in the rose gold gown. Undoubtedly, she looks the best in it. My eyes keep roaming across her face. Her icy

blue eyes with a light stroke of kohl stand out in everything, beating her lips in beauty. I like her eyes too. Her pink lips look juicier in the gloss she has applied and I feel thirsty suddenly to squeeze the moisture out of her lips. I can't decide between her lips and her eyes.

Her gaze comes down as I realise I have been staring at her for so long. But I can't stop doing it. She's beautiful as heaven.

"I told you I would need some more touch up," she fluffs her cheeks. I don't know what to reply to. If she has something else to look even more beautiful than this, I don't think I will be able to handle myself.

"Don't," I shrug. "It's better"

"You're not telling me what I should do with my appearance," she frowns.

"You don't want me to break the first rule and touch the hell out of you, do you?" The words come harsh out of my mouth but I know how softly I want to touch and caress her.

She flushes as her cheeks turn red like a tomato. I smile at her rosy cheeks.

"What do you mean?" She groans, trying to hide the discomfort.

"I meant you don't need to look more beautiful than this. I won't mind getting behind bars after breaking the rules if you keep looking so terrific," I scoff at her.

She parts her lips wider in shock and the next moment she seals them, frowning at me.

"I'll kick your balls if you try to do such a thing," she makes me laugh and I love her guts to say that to me even though she just can't do it.

"Well, come on. You're already late for the function," I say and spread my palm before her. "We should be holding hands for our first appearance after the wedding"

She purses her lips and lifts her hand, sliding it into my grip. Her skin is so damn soft that I want to squeeze it without any mercy.

Damn, God! Christian!

Stop. Stop imagining such things.

We walk out of the room, holding hands. Her eyes turn bigger and bigger as she gawks down to the stairs.

"So many people," she exclaims. "Do I need to greet everyone? I'm terrible at it"

I laugh. "Not exactly. Relax"

I give a light squeeze in her hand as she looks up at me, tense and astonished.

"What happened? Anything wrong?" I ask her as I see the glow on her face fading away.

"I'm not used to all this. They are all staring at me," she says uncomfortably. "I don't like cameras"

I look over and see the reporters darting their cameras on us.

"But you need to get used to this. Right?" I tell her. She glances at me with a disappointed gaze as if she has expected me to get things comfortable for her.

"Yeah," dissatisfaction cramps in her voice.

Ivanna

I don't know why I'm expecting so much from him. He has been good to me quite a few times. That doesn't mean he'll keep doing everything for me.

This is a conditional marriage, I love someone else. I'll pay the debts and leave soon.

I repeat things into my mind as we come downstairs. The sudden attention makes me restless as I come among the crowd. The unfamiliar faces welcome me with warm smiles and I smile back.

The most annoying thing is the cameras. I don't like glamour. At all. I keep my eyes down the entire time, waiting for the stupid function to finish soon.

"Christian, you called me?" I hear the familiar voice. It is Kane. I look up at him in disbelief. Did he just call Christian

by his name? I never heard him saying that. Were they friends or what?

"Ask the reporters to leave," Christian says, leaving me stunned on the spot. I gape at him.

"But—" Kane rolls his eyes. "This function is actually for media coverage. Isn't it?"

"I'm telling you, right? Ask them to leave and take half of the guests to the dining area," he shrugs.

Kane shakes his head and immediately moves. In just a single minute all the cameras are gone and the hall area looks peaceful. A smile curves on my face as I stare at him.

"Why did you do that?" I ask.

He just glances at me and doesn't speak a single word. But I know the reason.

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I roam around the function area and get into a chat with a few people as they approach me. Almost all of them tell me how lucky I'm to have him as my husband. Well, I can't really say that since marriage was never in my plans. Christian is talking to some men, dressed in formal wear and he stands out among them. I can see the rose gold tie he has worn to match with my dress. Is this a coincidence or organised? Am I thinking too much?

He doesn't have the time to notice such details. I spend

nearly half of the time peeking at him with a chick following him all the time. She is Nicole, his assistant. Seeing her after him all the time, makes me wonder if it's a business party or our wedding reception. The next moment, I realise business and marriage, both are equal in our case.

Still, I'm the newlywed bride, for god's sake. If the wedding was actually well arranged, I would have slammed this girl out of my reception for sticking with my husband all the damn time.

I shrug and look away with my eyes aching to see them. Seconds later, I turn back.

Where's he?

I can't find Christian around. He was there a while ago. Not even Nicole is there. My curious soul drags me to look for them and I come out of the villa. Mrs Fisher has said she has seen Christian outside.

As I come towards the exit, Colton blocks my path, looking down.

"I'm sorry, Mrs Scott. You can't go after, Master Scott"

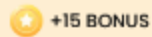
What?

"But why? I'm not going out of the villa. Then—"

My eyes freeze on the sight.

My dad. Dad is standing a few feet away, Christian there





with him. They are talking and dad looks disturbed.

"Dad!" I clamour. "That's my dad"

"Mrs Scott, please go inside. It's Master Scott's order"

"Are you really telling me that I can't meet my dad?" I look over there again only to see some guards dragging my dad out of the villa.

I have never expected to see this.

My eyes burn as Christian turns around and halts, looking straight at me. He takes slow steps to reach me but before he can do it, I shove Colton's hand and rush towards the gate, walking past Christian, calling my father again.

"Dad!"

"Iv," Christian's strong grip around my wrist makes me freeze.

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