

Chapter 7: How dare you kiss me?

Ivanna

"This is ridiculous," I clamour, shoving my eyes from the stupid document. "How can you do this?"

"I did this, Mrs Wife. You just said what I am. Here's the proof. You were not at all wrong about me," his lips twitch. I hate this smirk, I hate him. "But you should have been more conscious while signing a document"

I feel like stupid; I'm indeed stupid. How can I miss such clauses? But who can ever imagine such clauses?

I don't know how to react. Crumpling the documents into my fists, I slam them on the ground.

"I have never thought you would add such ridiculous clauses, " I scream out in frustration. 1

"Why? Didn't you know I'm a monster, alien, rude, arrogant, rich brat?" He repeats my words and I feel like punching across his face right now.

My nerves start shaking as I watch him laugh. Anger runs through my veins and I push him with full force.

"You brute, what do you think of yourself? Who gave you the right to make decisions in my life?" I yelled.

He gazes at me with cold eyes, clenching his jaw but he

doesn't react.

"As if I told you to sign it without reading," his voice is hoarse.

"That doesn't make you any less. You're the worst man I have ever come across," I keep yelling at the peak of my voice. "You only care about yourself, not about others. You forced me to marry you when I clearly said I love someone else. You still got married to me. Do you even have a heart? How would you? Have you ever loved someone? I bet you didn't. But you were not satisfied with this either. You're separating me from my parents too. Who gave you the damn right?"

Tears burnt down my eyes even though I didn't want to break down in front of him. He stares at me with his cold gaze and I hate it. I hate everything he does.

"Are you done ranting?" He scoffs and that's what I expect from him. It doesn't matter to him anyway. He can't feel someone's pain. "Why do I need to be reminded of this repeatedly? We agreed to a contract. Stop making me a villain all the fucking time"

He steps closer to me, giving me a rise to my heartbeats. I take my step back. More back. He has only two reactions. One which makes me annoyed and I feel like punching him. Then this one makes me nervous and I want to stay away. I stumble upon something behind and fall on the couch abruptly, his face reaches me down there and I gulp.

His hand's rest on the surface of the couch, keeping me in between. I squabble on it.

"You're not a victim, Ivanna. Nor am I a culprit," he hisses. "Let's do the business properly"

I ogle at him, sniffing in wrath, anger burning inside me. He only knows the business.

"Yes. Everything is a business for you," I push him again with all my strength and stand up. "And I don't wanna see your damn face anymore"

Enraged and frustrated, I storm out of the room. I don't wanna stay near him anymore. I don't wanna stay with such a person. I miss my life in Texas. I miss my own conditions. I miss those nights when I only thought about him.

From the day I got married to this jerk, I couldn't even think of the guy I love. What's wrong with me? I promised him and I'll keep my promise. I'll only love him and I'll wait for him till my last breath, no matter how many Christians come and go.

Christian

She is stubborn as hell. I sneered, gawking at the door. I wonder why she's playing this victim card with me. There was no obligation to marry me. I simply told her father to fix this issue. She could have turned her father down. She could have said NO. But she made the decision. After doing all this, she's repeatedly blaming me.

Why does such beautiful as heaven girls need to be so annoying?

I shrug off her thoughts and get my laptop to work for an hour before I get back to sleep. The wedding reception will take place in a few days. I just hope Ivanna keeps her stupid tantrums aside and stop being so loud.

I hate noise.

But she screams all the time.

I believe in business.

But she loves to bring all the emotional stuff.

I like to dismiss things.

But she likes to be a rebel.

In short, she will keep fighting with me every single day and I have to tolerate her.

And why the hell was I thinking about her? I can make millions in seconds if I stop thinking about her and do some work.

Just an hour later, I turn off the laptop and prepare for sleeping when I realise she hasn't come back yet. Where's this girl? I can't stop myself from walking out of the room to look for her.

As I reach the corridor, I find Mrs Fisher still awake.

"Mrs Fisher, it's time to sleep," I tell her.

She looks worried as she glances at me.

"What happened? And did you see Ivanna?" I ask her.

"I'm here for her. Actually, she went outside angrily and hasn't come back yet," she says nervously.

What's she doing outside for so long? I'm assured that she can't go out because of the security so she may be roaming around. I should be on my bed until now. She's enough to ruin my timetable.

I rush outside. Light snow makes the weather colder than any other day. It bothers me when I remember Ivanna wearing a sleeveless light tank top. I dislike such careless people.

My eyes find their way to her, at the bench exactly in the middle of the yard. She's sitting in the snow. Later on, she'll catch a cold, sneeze near me and make me ill with herself.

I walk faster towards her and stop beside the bench, discovering her ruddy eyes glued to the sky.

"Ivanna, come inside. Right now," I groan.

She doesn't reply. Tantrum Queen!

"Ivanna, stop this drama and get inside right now. It's cold out here and I don't want you to spread disease inside my villa," I shrug off.

"It was written nowhere in the contract that I need to obey you all the time," she fires back at me. I don't even expect her to obey me. That'll be an impossible dream.

"Ivanna, don't test my patience. I'm already good enough for you," gulping down the anger, I scoff.

"Huh," she throws a wry smile at me. "Good. You can't be worse than this, Mr Christian Scott. Just go and leave me alone"

I say nothing and glare at her for a while. And this is it.

Sliding my hands under her timid torso, I lift her in my arms. Her eyes pop out and her lips part in shock.

"Hey, leave me. Get me down now," she screams again. I will press her throat someday for sure.

"If you scream again, I swear I'm gonna cut your throat off," I grit my teeth. "You already said I can't be worse than this. But I'll show you how much worse I can be"

Darkness fills her delightful face as she fluffs her cheeks in terror. That's better. But has she really believed that I will actually cut her throat? I hope she doesn't think I'm a criminal. God!

She indeed seals her pretty mouth but her hands are not off to work. She keeps slapping my chest, shoving me away and throwing her legs to get down but I walk inside, carrying her. She doesn't scream now but whispers.

"You can't break the rules. You can't touch me. I'll sue you, you brute," she curses but surprisingly it makes me laugh.

How can a curse sound so cute?

I take her to the room and put her on the bed finally.

"I don't want your damn bed. I will sleep on the couch or the ground. I don't want you near me," she screams again but as soon as I glare at her, she swallows down.

"I hope you're tired after working hard on screaming at me. Give your throat some rest. You can scream later," I yawn.

"Do you think it's nothing? How can you act as nothing happened? You added a stupid clause and then you broke the rule. You touched me when I asked you not to. And you want me to act normal?"

Now, that's going out of my head.

"One second. Have you thought that I would take the contract lightly and you would do anything you want? You're wrong. I'm not gon—"

Her words melt inside as I press my lips with hers. My eyes dart straight into her popped out eyes. She looks in shock, her eyes are almost coming out. The moment stops for me right there. She tries to pull away and push me but I take her lips into a gentle suck and release her immediately. 1

Her ravaged eyes slam on me like fire as she sits numb on

her spot.

"Not a single word now," I point at her.

Seconds later, her stunned face turns into a furious one.

"How dare you? How dare you kiss me, you fucking jerk?"
She yells, trying to push me again.

"I think you want me to seal your mouth again," I gasp. ¹

Terror fills her ebony black eyes. In a blink of an eye, she switches into a helpless, innocent one. I can see her eyes crammed with hatred for me.

"You're really breaking all the rules. I trusted your contract," her voice is disappointing. And I have gotten the most stupid girl on this earth.

"Will you even bother to read the contract?" I seethe. "I bet you haven't read it fully"

"I don't wanna. It's ridiculous," she whines. "You're already breaking the rules in just two days of the marriage"

"I didn't. I'm not dishonest in business, Mrs Scott," I tell her. She looked up at me, surprised by the way I addressed her.

But it suits her.

The name suits her so well.

"You did"

"You're impossible," I grab the contract paper from the

drawer again and place it in front of her. "It's clearly written that I can touch you if it's for your betterment if you're about to harm yourself or anyone else"

She gulps down, looking at the paper.

"And you were sitting under the snow. I don't think I broke the rule by taking you inside. Then—" I laugh. "You should have chosen your words properly, Mrs Scott. The contract says I can't touch you. But it doesn't say I can't kiss you" 1

Her jaw drops at me in disbelief. But she can't speak. Poor girl! I feel bad for her when she makes such a helpless and innocent face. She's still new to the business that's why she doesn't know how to choose and twist words.

She hangs her head. "But I didn't want you to kiss me"


"That's not a big deal. People keep kissing all the time. And you're not even a virgin. That shouldn't be a big deal for you," I say and immediately regret.

Now, she's gonna burst out again like lava and my attempt to sleep will go in the drain.

Her ruddy eyes shower fire at me.

"I'm not like you. You might have kissed any random one. That's not a big deal for you. But I only kiss the man I love. And you're not the man," she sneers.

"You don't need to remind me that every time. I don't care if you consider me or not. Now, will you please bother to

 +15 BONUS

sleep? I have plenty of work to do, unlike the jobless you," I shrug and lie down at my side, expecting a bunch of curses from her.

However, seconds pass.


She doesn't speak. It makes me confused.

Moments later, I feel my blanket roughly sliding away from me.

"I'm not gonna share this blanket for you. Go and get your own blanket, you Mr. rich CEO," she rants, tucking the entire blanket around her. Her angry face looks chubbier than before now.

Her tiny revenge makes me laugh as I get up to grab another blanket so I can finally have my perfect sleep.

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