

Chapter 8: The tantrum queen

Ivanna

He's gone before I wake up. And I'm glad my day hasn't started with watching his face next to me. Wriggling on the comfortable bed, I take some time and close my eyes shut.

The kiss.

Last night, he kissed me.

My eyes shoot up and I jump off the bed, covering my mouth. Darn! It was real. It happened.

That jerk kissed me. Argh!

He is so smart with words that I can't keep up with him. Why not? He'll be good at all this since he's a businessman. Such people love to find their benefits in everything.

However, shoving his thoughts aside, I grab my phone as usual. It's my bad habit of checking my phone every morning.

My eyes pop out as I discover a text written on the screen.

"Good morning, Mrs Scott. I hope you will remember the clauses of the contract and won't try to do anything prohibited. You're an honest girl, right?"

"Bloody creep!" I seethe at the phone. Has he sworn to ruin my day? And can't he just call me by my name? Each time

he calls me Mrs Scott, he reminds me that I'm his wife.
Unfortunately.

Tossing the phone aside, I get up and walk towards the washroom. Mrs Fisher has asked me about the breakfast but I told her that from now on I would make my own food.

I have always been a busy girl and I love to do all my work. Here, I don't even need to clean the room or wash my clothes. A week, only staying in this damn villa lazily will make me freak out for sure.

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A week passed like air.

I don't keep any contact with my family as it's written in the contract. Often I have such thoughts about why Christian added such a clause. Is he being too cruel to them for the debt? He may not want me to get to know about this.

He hardly stays in the villa and only comes to have dinner, although he's on the phone even while eating. He leaves after dinner again and comes back until midnight. Sometimes I'm awake, sometimes I'm not.

He's nothing but a machine for me, and obviously an alien.

It's the day of the wedding reception and Mrs Fisher is in my room with an entire boutique. My room is filled with hundreds of clothes which don't go well with me. I don't like any of them. My preference has always been simple and comfy.

"These gowns are too heavy for me. I can't even walk," I frown at Mrs Fisher.

"We have brought the best for you. I don't think you will need to check out more options," she says.

"I think I should buy my own outfit from the local store," I tell her.

Mrs Fisher passes me a nervous look. "Ivanna, you can't go out right now. You know that"

"And I can't wear all this. I'll come back in an hour," I pout, wishing Mrs Fisher to be considerate.

"In that case, you may seek permission from Mr Scott," she blasts a big bomb on my face.

I don't wanna talk to that alien. He'll never let me go.

"If you trust me a bit, I'll make sure to come early and he'll not get to know"

Mrs Fisher pulls a smile on her face. "It's not a college campus or dorms, Ivanna. Anyway, I'm really sorry but I can't lie to Mr Scott, nor I'll be able to hide it from him. Please talk to him.

Darn it!

I don't want to talk and also I don't want to wear these stupid clothes at all.

Christian

"Are you serious that I needed to wait for an entire hour only to talk to my husband?" Ivanna screams from the other end, literally causing me a headache. Why does this girl scream so much?

"I'm hearing. You don't need to scream," I scoff.

"Bullshit! I can't believe that I need permission from some stupid chick to talk to you? What are you? A celebrity? You are, for sure. But you may be a celebrity to the entire world. I fucking don't care. How the hell can you make me wait for an hour just for a phone call?" She sounds pissed and I feel like sealing her mouth again with a wild kiss.

But she's not here.

"Mrs Scott, will you please stop screaming?"

"Mrs Scott, my foot! After this experience, I don't feel like Mrs Scott anymore," she shouts at the top of her lungs.

This girl is super egoistic. Even when she doesn't like to be my wife, it freaks her out that she's not treated like a typical wife. It makes me laugh but I control.

When she called, I was at an important conference and Nicole might have attended the call.

Is my conditional wife jealous about that?

"You have got only three minutes to tell me what's the

matter. I need to hang up," I tell her.

"You can't be serious," her sharp voice chimed, disappointed.

"Say it. Come on"

"No time limitations. Otherwise, I'm not talking to you," she screeches. Such a tantrum queen she is!

"Fine. Then don't talk. You needed to talk to me. I didn't," I husked, about to cut the call.

"You're so mean," she sniffs.

"I'm proving you right, Mrs Scott. I don't want my wife to be proven wrong, huh? As you already said, I'm mean, rude and blah blah blah!"

"I want to get a dress for myself. For this evening," she says.

"So? Didn't I already arrange enough options for you?" I say and get back to my work at the computer since I'm pretty sure she is not gonna leave it in three minutes.

I pass Nicole the document and type it on the computer.

"Yeah, but I don't like any of them"

"Then order something online. Why are you calling me?"

"Argh!" She groans. "I don't do online shopping. I need to have the material in front of me. So, I want to go to the store"

"You can't," I say calmly. "Not before the reception. Wear

something from the clothes you have"

"Why do you always try to impose your fucking decisions on me? I told you I don't want to. And I read the contract well. There's no such clause about it. You can't stop me," she screams.

I avoid it and discuss it with Nicole about the reports.

"Make sure you finish this in a while and give me the full reports," I tell Nicole.

"Will you please focus on me now? I hardly disturb you. Sue your fucking work or else—" she goes breathless as I interrupt.

"Yes. Yes. I'm focused now. Please finish it fast"

"I wanna go out. I don't know about your damn privacy. It sucks. I didn't even get the chance to choose my wedding dress. Not even the groom. Now, you want me to wear a stupid dress again?" Her voice echoes inside my head.

And I find it annoying.

Wives are annoying. For sure. Proven.

"You can come with me if you don't trust me," she scoffs. "If you send your guards, people will doubt my identity, no?"

"So intelligent you are!" I mocked. "People will doubt if you take the guards and they won't doubt if you literally take me with yourself. The Christian Scott"

"You won't be Christian Scott anymore," I hear her giggle.

"What?"

"You have ten minutes to arrive here, Mr Scott. Otherwise, I'm gonna make a public post now and make it viral"

"You're such an evil woman," I shrug. "I'm coming"

Ivanna

"No cheap vehicles?" I grab my waist, rolling my eyes inside the basement and turning back to Kane.

"Sorry, Mrs Scott," he says as I frown. He understands my reaction. "I don't think I'll be able to call you by your name. But Mrs Scott sounds better than ma'am, right?"

"Huh! It sounds the worst. I hate this"

He giggles, "why so? You don't like to be called Mrs Scott?" 1

"Your boss has mocked me with that so many times that it irks me now. But no problem. I can tolerate the name since I'm tolerating your alien boss"

I don't know why it seems to be so funny to Kane. He can't stop giggling.

"Leave that. I want a motorbike now. A bit old may work," I say.

"Sure," Kane leaves the basement as I follow him.

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Christian comes out of his Lamborghini and walks towards me. My gaze stuck on his for a while as I scan him from head to toe. I don't blame Emily for having a crush on him. He's indeed a crush material.

Only— only if no one knows what he is.

"What are you doing here already?" He reaches me and glances at Kane.

"I was waiting for you obviously," I say.

He wriggles his face, looking at the old motorbike near us.

"What's this? Who came to this Villa?" He shrugs.

"No one. I brought it through Kane"

He rolls his eyes. "For what?"

"You'll get to know soon," I twitch my lips at Christian and stare at him.

He throws me a blank look as he finds me staring at him.

"What?"

"Put off your coat," I say.

"For what?" He scoffs.

"Do what I say right now," she screams.

Christian

I immediately remove my coat as she says, finding Kane gawking at me in disbelief. As I roll my eyes, I discover the security guard, the gardener, the driver, a few guards staring at me.

Why won't they?

I'm literally obeying this tantrum queen and she's screaming at me. Nobody ever dared to shout at me or throw orders.

"Fold the sleeves," she adds, crossing her arms.

"You—"

"Do it fast, Mr Husband. You don't wanna get late, do you?"

Irritated, I do the same.

"Pull out the shirt from your belt"

I do it without arguing since I want to save the damn time. Then she comes close to me. I take a step back, frowning.

She puts her fingers in my hair and messes my hair up, jerking them.

"What the—" I scoff, glaring at her. But she's not paying attention to anything. She takes a cap from Kane and puts it on my head, then she puts a pair of goggles on my eyes. 1

What's this crazy girl up to?

"Perfect?" She scans me from head to toe while giggling. "Look at him," she looks at Kane. "Is he looking like your boss anymore? Can you recognise him?" She asked excitedly as if she conquered Everest.

Kane mumbles, nervously peeking at me as I shoot him a strong glare.

"Well, Mr Scott, how can I not recognise him?" He smiles.

"No," she slams her hand on her forehead. "Don't look at him as a loyal employee. Just look at him as a stranger"

Kane! Poor Kane looks confused and I should save him from this dumbhead girl.

"Are you done?" I shrug.

"Yes," she beams and immediately gets on the motorbike, leaving me stunned. She wears a helmet too.


"Get on, Mister," she makes huge noise, twisting the handlebars.

Kane gives me another helmet and I unwillingly take it, getting on behind her.

"Get set go," she giggles.

"I can't believe I left all my important work just to carry your stupid shopping bags, Ivanna," I sneer.


"Well, if you can add stupid demands out of the contract, I

 +15 BONUS

thought to make it equal," she mutters and rides out of the villa.

I hope she doesn't mess up things for me in public.

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