

## Chapter 9: The evil wife

Ivanna

"Ugh! Why are your men following us?" I scoff, looking at the mirror while riding.

"They don't leave me alone. That's their job to protect me from strangers and new people," Christian replies from behind.

It makes me frown and I purse my lips in anger. "What do you mean? They are protecting you from me?"

"Sort of. You have literally made me travel on an old stupid motorbike," he seethes.

This alien is enough to run anger through my veins. I twist the handlebar and stumble the bike upon. With a jerk, he shakes against me abruptly.

"What the—" he sniffs. "Are you crazy? If you can't ride, why do you even try?"

I turn around and see all the cars halting behind us.

"Sir, are you alright?" A blonde-haired man asks from the Mercedes.

"Yeah, I'm—" he can't comprehend as I speak.

"Yes. He is. I just needed to stop your boss's nonsense," I

say and ride again towards the boutique.

"You're insane. I never uttered nonsense as much as you did"

I smirk, sensing terror in his voice.

Mr Alien CEO, do you think it's so easy to stay in a marriage with Ivanna Rozario? Now handle this.

Christian

The evil woman finally stops near a shop. I can't believe she's here after I have already set up an entire lavishing boutique in the villa. Why is this girl so fucking choosy?

I ask my men to stop in a distance and follow Ivanna to the store, settling my cap and goggles well. I don't wanna get caught by any camera in such a place with such an appearance.

\*

"What kind of occasion is it?" An elderly woman asks Ivanna. "I think I can help you if you give me the details"

"It's my wedding reception," Ivanna says, seaming through the dresses and I have nothing to do but follow her like her bodyguard!

I can see my own bodyguard Colton standing outside the store and he can see me. He must be wondering if I'm actually his boss or not.

"Ah! Congratulations. Is that your husband?" The woman

smiles at me. Her smile is sweet and warm. I don't mind replying to her with the same smile, but making sure she can't recognise me properly.

"Yes. My fate!" Ivanna says, releasing a deep sigh. What the hell does she mean? I glare at her but I'm not sure if she can notice my reaction because of the goggles.

"You're funny," the woman laughs.

"I can't choose," Ivanna pouts, twitching her pink raspy lips. The only thing I like about her is her damn lips. As she can't see my eyes, I look down at her lips properly, the way she moves, the way her lips widens when she smiles.

"Why don't you ask your husband?" The woman says. "He may tell you what looks on you. Come on, young man. Help your wife to choose? Which one will make her look beautiful?"

My eyes are still on her as she peeks at me, her smile fading away as if she is nervous. I like her cheeks getting red and fluffy when she gets nervous or angry.

My lips widen into a smile at her. "The question should be which one will look good on her. She's already beautiful. She doesn't need a special dress to look beautiful"

Ivanna's lips part for a while and drive her eyes away. I'm sure this woman has never expected such a compliment from me. But I mean it.

"Aww!" The woman's eyes sparkle. "You're such a lucky girl,"

she touches Ivanna's chin as Ivanna half-smiles.

"I would like to try some," she says.

What the—

Why does she need to have a trial here? I check my wristwatch. There is a pile of work waiting for me in the office.

"Sure," the woman says.

"Ivanna," I whisper next to her. "Do you really need to try right now? Pick one and let's go. I'm being honest. You'll look good in all"

She shoots me a glare right away.

"I know why that compliment was for. You want me to make it fast so you can go back to your girlfriend," she grits her teeth.

"My girlfriend?" I blurt out.

"Your stupid work!" She shrugs.

I press my lips. This girl makes me laugh even when she's angry. I don't know what she is. Evil woman.

"Where do you work?" The woman is a good listener. I'm shocked. "I think you should make some time for your beautiful wife as well"

Ivanna smirks at me. How can a woman look so cute when

she acts to be evil? Nonetheless, now I shouldn't get melted by her cuteness. She's literally wasting my time.

"I do," I lie as she frowns at me.

It's true that I hardly talked to her in the last seven days. But that's how my life is and she doesn't even consider it a marriage. She doesn't want to see my face.

"Yes, he does," she rolls her eyes in sarcasm. "Stay here, okay? I'm just coming now"

"Do it fast," I shrug.

She immediately turns around and fires me a glare.

"Learn to wait, Mr Husband," she walks away, leaving me stunned.

As I roll my eyes, I see Colton roaming around, acting as a visitor and he can't stop his laughter at me.

Dang, this girl!

She's ordering me to wait!

Ivanna

The zipper of the dress is damaged.

Hell! I'm screwed. I have just worn it and it comes out to be a mess already. I try my best to pull it on but I can't. I will need help for sure.

The boutique is a small one with very few people in it. I have

known this lady from an online site. She's a self-employed senior citizen with fewer customers. That's why I have chosen this place. When I came to this dressing room, there was no one around. I can come out and call that lady to help.

Stepping out, I look for that lady but she's nowhere to be seen. I keep waiting for her when a voice comes.

"Do you need some help, young lady?" A man comes from somewhere as I squirm abruptly. I thought there was only us in the boutique.

His presence makes me uncomfortable as I realise the condition of my dress behind.

"No. I'm good," I mumble.

"You don't look like," his gaze scans me from head to toe as my cheeks burn. "I think you need some help. Tell me if I can "

"No, seriously. I'm fine and I have my husband to help. Thanks," I say, giving a tight-lipped smile.

I can't even turn to get inside because my back will be visible to him then. He's not moving either.

"Your husband? But I didn't see anyone when I entered. Where's he?"

Really?

Did Christian already leave?

What can I even expect from him? He couldn't even wait for me for a while and I don't get good vibes from this man. I try to peek near the counter.

"He must be around," I stammer. "Please carry on with your work"

"I was doing my work until my eyes landed on you. Don't be nervous and tell me if I can help," he grins.

"No— I"

"I'm here for her to help," Christian's voice comes from somewhere, giving me the final essence of relief.

I look up and discover him coming towards us and he stands between me and the man.

"Thanks for your concern. But I'm her husband," he says.

"Ah! She was looking for you. Carry on," the man leaves after giving me a weird smile.

I sigh in relief.

When did I start feeling so safe with this alien? Obviously, we share the same bed. I'm kinda used to feeling safe around him.

But right now, I don't know how he's gonna react. I gulp down as he turns to me. I can't see his eyes but his voice seems to be cold enough.

"I— actually the dress—"

"Get inside," he says in a harsh tone.

"Huh!"

"Get inside the damn room, Iv," he says again.

Nervous enough, I push the door and go back inside the room and he follows me, slamming the door behind him. He pulls out the goggles finally and gazes at me with his cold grey eyes.

"What's the problem?"

"I was looking for the woman," I stammer.

"It was not my question. What's the problem?"

"The zipper isn't working," I spit out, landing my gaze on the floor. "Can you call her, please?"

"She's not around," he decreases the gap between us. My heartbeats rise. "Turn around"

"Huh?" My eyes shoot up as I clutch the gown tightly.

"Turn around, Mrs Scott. You might not want me to drag you out of here after what happened," his eyes burn like fire and I have never heard his sound so rough.

I immediately turn around as he says, revealing my bare back to him. He comes closer to me and tries to pull it up. But he can't either.



"Damn! What kind of pathetic shit is this? It doesn't even seem like a new dress. You ditched my arrangements to pick this one?" He shrugs.

"Don't say that. That woman hardly has sales. She makes all these alone and this dress may be an old one," I tell him.

"Leave this trash then. We can help her with donations. You don't need to wear this one"

This man sucks!

What does he think of himself?

"Not everyone wants a donation. If she wanted it, she would never work her ass off. Have a heart, Mr Alien"

"You're impossible," he tries to pull it with full force but I heard a sharp sound.

The zipper has been broken and the dress is torn.

"Bullshit," he scoffs.

My jaw drops as I touch the dress behind me.

"You monster," I shrug. "Can't you be gentle?"

"The fabric is old enough. Stop blaming me for everything," he spits.

"But now I have to pay for this"

"So? Do you think I can't pay for this stupid dress?" His

arrogance has its own peak. I hate him so much.

"But I really liked this one," I murmur.

"I didn't hear you," he says.

"I didn't say anything to you. Leave now. I wanna change," I gasp.

Christian leaves the room while ranting and I put on my dress. I find him near the door. Is he guarding me? As he should.

We come to meet the lady and she apologises for the hundredth time.

"I'm sorry you had this experience. I made it a long time ago but no one purchased it," she looks sad.

"Because it's an underrated masterpiece. Not everyone can see it, Mrs Sandra," I give a light squeeze on her hand as she smiles warmly.

Christian tosses his card in my hand. And I insanely hate it. When will I get my own card to pay? Obviously, after I start working on my plan.

"Do it fast, please," Christian tells the lady.

"You're a busy man. Do you work in a firm?" She asks.

"No. He's a driver," I interrupt, making his eyes open wide.

He gawks at me in disbelief. "What the—" I hear him

whispering in wrath.

"Driver?"

"Yeah. You know the Christian Scott," I enlarge my eyes and wink at him.

"Yeah, the richest businessman," Sandra says.

"He's Christian Scott's driver. That's why he has gotten the card from his generous boss," I giggle, pointing at it.

Sandra laughs. I look at Christian's curled up blank. Undoubtedly, it pissed him when I tagged him as the driver. Better for his arrogance.

I have purchased another dress from the boutique since I don't want Christian to taunt me that I have wasted his time and haven't bought anything. I leave the wasted dress to Sandra, hoping she can fix it someday or recycle it despite loving the dress a lot.

"I'm a driver, really?" Christian lashes out at me as we get onto the motorbike.

"You should be thankful that I saved you, Mr Scott. You have her the card. And you're so dumb that you think she wouldn't recognise you after that?" I scream at him as he seals his lips. "Now, thank me"

"What?" He blurts out.

"Thank me, you ungrateful fellow"

★ +15 BONUS

"Thank you," he grits his teeth and I can hear his bodyguard along with other men laughing in behind.

Poor monster!

 Comments

 Vote (6.5k)

