

## Marrying Her Enemy – Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire By SunScar9 Chapter 10

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### Chapter 10: Bewitched The Men

“The chef decided to let his apprentice cook their meal as he was sorry he couldn’t follow his rule today. He took a reservation this time around,” she said with a hint of jealousy.

It was the good kind of jealousy. Though she was the owner of the restaurant, she had not had the fortune of tasting the food Chef Somerset had cooked. She had thought he followed his rule religiously, but surprisingly he had made an exception for Miss Naese and her husband.

“Excuse me, I don’t understand. I was told he cooked this,” Roxanne complained. She had come later than her manager. He had been the one standing outside the restaurant to book the chef.

“I am not sure who told you this, but the Chef has decided to cook for Miss Naese,” the owner said simply before ushering the couple away to a better table.

Roxanne turned to her manager, fuming. “How dare you lie to me!”

The manager ducked his head. “You couldn’t tell the difference any way. You said that you wanted to eat here because you found out Casandra would come here.” He shrugged. “I didn’t think she would come after and get a meal.”

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“But how is she getting the meal even though she came after you?”

The manager looked pensive. “When I came here, I was told that Chef Somerset had made an exception to his rule and would be catering to another guest. I didn’t

think..." How much influence did someone need to have to get such a fickle man to do their bidding?

"I don't care. I want him to cook for me and that is final."

The manager pinched the bridge of his nose. "Do you think I didn't try? He just wouldn't listen. He refused to meet me despite knowing you were a celebrity." This chef really didn't care about fame.

"You didn't try hard enough." She slapped her hand on the table and was about to stand up and make a scene when the manager dropped a bombshell.

"I called Micheal Spencer here. He will arrive any moment. If you want him to see you like this and realize that you planned on breaking up his marriage... It won't be good."

Roxanne's head snapped in his direction. "You told him I am here?" she whispered. She looked around wildly to see if Micheal had arrived. "Why would you do that without asking me?"

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"I already had the paparazzi sitting outside. When the two of you leave, they will take pictures of you. Didn't you want to make your relationship with him public?"

Roxanne was finally appeased. But she still couldn't reconcile with the fact that Casandra could eat a meal she couldn't. She huffed but poised herself, patiently waiting for Micheal to

come.

Micheal looked exhausted and irritated when he entered. He

was wearing a mask and a cap unlike Roxanne who had her face exposed for all to see.

“What are you doing in Bora Bora?” Micheal hissed.

Roxanne’s manager took the opportunity to stand up. “I will leave the two of you alone,” he said calmly. He didn’t wait for the two celebrities to answer. He was seated at the far end of the restaurant.

The paparazzi was an unassuming girl who was eating with her ‘family.’ She clicked pictures of Roxanne and Micheal. If an outsider looked at it, Roxanne and Micheal were having an intimate meal together. Roxanne must have come before because people already knew that Micheal had come in economy class. They could make a romantic story of one celebrity chasing the other in this way.

“I came here for a vacation. I saw that you came and didn’t want you to wallow alone while Casandra spends her romantic honeymoon with her new husband,” Roxanne pretended to be

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worried.

**738** Vouchers

“I don’t need you to pity me, Roxanne.” He looked around in realization. “Where is she?” He knew she had to be here if Roxanne was eating there.

“Her new husband managed to get a world-renowned chef to cook for her.” She looked at the sad plate of food in front of her and pouted. “I came before her but she took the spot.”

Micheal’s eyes flashed. “Her husband is a nobody.”

Roxanne rolled her eyes. “What? You want me to believe she is just that lucky?”

Micheal shook his head. "She is Casandra Naese, the heir to the Naese dynasty."

Roxanne bit her tongue. She refused to believe it. The Naese were much higher in the society than her family. And Casandra who was rarely wearing good clothes and needed to rely on a man to do anything in life. How could she be al Naese?

"Oh, she is?" Roxanne responded. Micheal could tell she didn't believe him. "That's why you are paying her attention?"

Micheal sighed. "Jealousy doesn't suit you," he said calmly. "I still love you, you don't need to worry about me going to **her**."

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Roxanne nodded. 'Casandra has Micheal and this new husband wrapped around her fingers. She even made them believe that she is a rich heiress. I have to rip her pretense and show them who she really is!'

Inside the private room, Ian pulled a chair out **for** Casandra. She smiled **at** him appreciatively and sat down. He pushed the seat forward before walking over to his own seat. He was barely seated when the door opened and a potbellied man in a chef uniform entered. He pushed a trolley into the room and stopped in the middle.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lane, I congratulate you on your nuptials," he started. He was about to show extra respect to Ian but he shook his head lightly.

He didn't want to give his identity away in case Casandra protested and wanted to break up with him. If she was comfortable with him being a struggling businessman, he would be that for the rest of his life.

Chef Somerset was confused but didn't greet him personally.

Cassandra raised her brow, not missing that she was called Mrs. Lane. She had made the reservation under her maiden name and there was no way the chef would know her, so she figured Ian had something to do with the skipped line.

She didn't comment, but kept the information tucked at the

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back of her mind.

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Chef Somerset introduced each dish and explained the best way to enjoy the food. Cassandra was delighted as she took a bite of each dish. She moaned in happiness, making Ian chuckle.

"What?"

"You've always been a foodie. I am glad you are enjoying the food," he responded. He had barely touched his food, instead, taking pleasure in seeing her enjoy her meal thoroughly.

"And you have only ever seen food as a way to sustain yourself," she retorted lightly. She **was** about to reach for the meat dish, when Ian took it from her and started to cut it into small pieces.

Cassandra was flabbergasted that he was taking the whole plate, so she filled the silence with her question. "Do you know Kit Somerset?"

Ian perked up. He had forgotten Kit's slip up.

Ian hummed and came up with the most plausible **story**. "A friend of a friend pulled some strings on my behalf. You really wanted to have his food, so I begged people to convince Chef Somerset." His smile was modest, making Cassandra believe

his words.

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“Mm. You’ve been in business for a long time. Even though you haven’t succeeded yet, you must have made

connections,” she analyzed. “But business is about good connections. You have those, so you will succeed in no time,” she consoled. She thought she sounded condescending the first time around. No matter how much she competed with him in the past, she never brought up his sore spot.

She had wanted to fight with him fair and square. It was the same this time.

“I’ll be using your wisdom in the **future then**, Mrs. Lane.” He raised the gla\*\* of red wine to toast to her. “To our happy marriage and bright future.”

Casandra picked up her gla\*\* and clinked it with his. “To our happy marriage and brilliant future,” she whispered **before** taking a sip.

The food was good and the alcohol even better. Casandra was so happy that she forgot her capacity. Her cheek was pink by the time Ian pulled the gla\*\* of wine out of her grasp.

“I’m cutting you off,” he said firmly. But her fingers curled around his wrist. The warmth of her hand made her stiffen.

“You are not allowed to dominate me. I am the master of my own will,” she blurted out. Her words were tangled but Ian could make out the gist of it.

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Ian smirked. “I am doing this for your own good,” he

whispered. “If you drink too much, you might make a terrible mistake.”

Casandra’s eyes were gla\*\*y but mischievous. “Who said it would be a mistake?” her tone was filled with promise and dangerous insinuations.