

# Marrying Her Enemy: Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire

## Chapter 15

### Marrying Her Enemy: Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 15

#### Chapter 15

Gasps filled the crowd. The brave paparazzi wanted to ask another question but Ian had already ushered Casandra away.

They were already seated in the awaiting car when Casandra recovered. Her eyes were red with unshed tears and Ian gritted his teeth together. "Are you crying?" he barked.

She looked up, shocked at his tone. "Why are you yelling at me? I just got bombarded, how do you think I would respond?" she hissed.

Ian felt uncomfortable. "You can talk back to me so easily but you couldn't do a thing in front of those inconsequential people!"

Casandra's eyes widened. The fear she felt was replaced by anger. "Should I have screamed at them and broken their cameras? I didn't need you to protect me, Ian. I didn't need you to step in and take the blows for me."

Ian balled his fists together. "You dare say you can protect yourself?"

"If I hadn't stepped in, you would have been hit with rocks next. Did you want to go to the hospital and stay there to be treated?" he interrogated. "Did you think that taking the blows would make you look like the victim?"

"It will. It is!" she yelled. "If I was hurt in the altercation, people would have looked at me as the one who had been wronged. I have a successful business and I know how to work the media. You don't need to teach me how to do my job."

Ian swallowed his anger, sensing that he had crossed the line. He lifted his hand and picked out a piece of eggshell on her throat. There was an angry red mark on the area and he needed to look away before he stormed out of the car and found out the psychopathic fan who had thrown the egg at her.

All the fight in Casandra left her body. "Don't touch me. I can handle it myself." She started to pull out wet tissues and wipe at her clothes. Belatedly, she remembered that Ian had taken most of the blows on her behalf.

She sighed. "I'm sorry for dragging you into this. But I really don't need your protection. It's just a little garbage being dumped on me. I could have used it to my advantage." But she felt upset that Ian had to see her in such an embarrassing state. She was embarrassed that he had protected her like a damsel in distress.

"Why would you trouble yourself like this?" he asked helplessly. "You can solve this with just a snap of your finger, but you chose the hard way."

"I didn't choose the hard way. I wasn't given the time to think about it," she confessed. "Stop worrying about me. Tell me where I should drop you off," she said gruffly.

"Aren't we going to your place?" he questioned, shocked.

Casandra chuckled. "Why would I take you to my place? We got married so that I didn't have to cancel the wedding. Did you think we would live together after that?"

Ian tilted his head, calculating his next words. "I thought getting business benefits was part of the deal. I don't have a place to stay right now. I thought I would get a home."

Casandra's smile fell. "We are not going to live together," she stated firmly.

"Are you going to leave me homeless?" he questioned. "What would people think? Casandra Naese, billionaire and heir to the Naese Empire allowed her recently wedded husband to sleep on the streets?" "Your suit costs quite a bit. You might not be loaded, but you have the money to stay in a hotel until you can rent a place," she explained calmly, waving her hand at his soiled clothing. She felt a tinge of guilt. "You married me to keep your dignity but I will sleep in a hotel?" he reasoned. "Imagine what the paparazzi from earlier would say..." he clucked his tongue.

Casandra blushed when she remembered how Ian had declared that he was her husband. She pressed her lips together.

“Send us to my new home,” Casandra ordered. The driver, who had remained silent hummed and started the car.

1/8

10:60

“You bought a new home?” Ian questioned.

Casandra nodded. “It is in a gated community. I had it purchased long ago and wanted to use it as a wedding home,” she informed calmly. “I already sold the apartment I was living in previously, thinking that there was no need to stay in such a low-key place.”

Ian gulped. “You fully planned on helping Micheal Spencer become the most wanted actor in the industry,” he whispered.

“I invested a lot of time and money into his talent. I planned on signing him to CN Entertainment when his contract ended but he played the wrong game.” She shook her head. “He contacted the lawyers on my end to say he wanted to negotiate terms.”

Ian narrowed his eyes suspiciously. “And will you sign him after everything he has done?”

Casandra glanced at him and shrugged. “I don’t plan on signing him on anymore. No doubt he would have been a good business expense. Why throw away something I have built with my own hands? But he has touched my bottom line. His reputation will suffer and he will lose out on a lot of work. He is of no use to me any longer.”

Ian sighed in relief. “You’re a decisive woman. You can keep business and your private life commend that.”

separate. I

Casandra didn’t know if Ian was correct. It seemed she had invested her time into Ian. But here she was, mixing her private life with him. Earlier, she had liked Micheal and thought that helping him was not an issue. She didn’t do it for her benefit. But this time? It was different. She married one of the people she invested in.

When they entered the new house, Casandra was quick to point in the opposite direction of where she was headed. "You will be staying in the guest bedroom."

Ian raised a brow. "And where is your bedroom, might I ask?"

Casandra pointed to the other wing of the house. "You will have your privacy and tons of space to conduct business if I am in the house or not. Let's not interfere with each other unless it is completely necessary."

And just like that, Casandra drew a line.

There was no amount of manipulation Ian could use at that point to sleep in the same room as her. He would give away his real thoughts if he tried. And Casandra was not ready to face those thoughts.

They parted ways and Ian pulled out his phone to call Brian. "Did you find out the name of the paparazzi who boarded the same plane as us?" he asked.

"Yes, the woman is called Emily. She is notorious for sneaking into celebrities' houses and taking scandalous pictures of them," Brian stated. "She was definitely the one who leaked the flight details to the other media personnel but it went through Roxanne's hand."

Ian sighed. "What a bunch of idiots. Did they think they wouldn't be found?" he mumbled under his breath.

"Boss, what do you want me to do about her?" Brian questioned.

"Take care of her," he said immediately.

Brian was silent for a moment. "Actually, I also found out that Mrs. Lane, your wife was digging about Emily as well. I think she has a plan up her sleeve."

This information changed everything. "Alright. Let's wait for a day before sealing her fate. Make sure to keep an eye on Casandra's whereabouts. I don't want her to be hounded like today." He had already asked Brian to employ a group of shadow bodyguards.

He couldn't afford it if a single strand of his wife's hair was touched. The scrape on her neck had made him feel pain.... what if something else happened after that? He couldn't stand it.

"The team has already been stationed around the community. Your house in the community is also prepared."

"No need. I will be staying with Casandra from now on." He hung up the phone, feeling relieved.