

Overwhelmed By The Billionaire's Persistent Pursuits

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Chapter 1 The Bridegroom Didn't Show Up

It was Candice Blake's wedding night.

She finally married Greyson Harman.

It was a milestone moment, a day she'd been expecting for a decade.

Yet, as night fell, her husband still didn't come to her.

As Candice sat in the exquisitely decorated suite that had been thoughtfully arranged by the Harman family, her heart fluttered with nervous anticipation.

Surely he was mingling with the guests below, but it was getting late. When would he appear?

Candice was uncertain.

Greyson didn't love her. He had another woman in his heart. He married her just because his family forced him to do so. Candice held on to the fantasy that matrimony and shared time would eventually kindle love in his heart.

While she was thinking, a rush of heat coursed through her. Something was wrong with her...

"Bang!"

The door burst open and a towering figure stormed in. An ecstatic Candice turned to the man. "You're here..."

Before she could properly see him, he pounced on her, a predator catching its prey, pinning her to the bed. He pressed his head against her neck, his teeth sinking into her flesh with primal ferocity, sending a shiver of fear through Candice.

"Stop... Release me..."

Her pleas fell on deaf ears. His overpowering grip rendered her helpless. His dominance left her cornered.

This man was not Greyson!

"No... Don't touch me, don't... Ah!"

Hot, it was so hot...

The man's impassioned kisses and assertive movements overwhelmed her. Pinned beneath him, she was left to endure until she lost consciousness.

"You've got some nerve, plotting against me. Here's ten million. Take it and vanish."

A unfamiliar, deep voice echoed in her ears just when she came to her senses. Then, a checkbook, thrown like a knife, struck her face.

His words were icy, his tone condescending. "Administer the morning-after pill yourself and leave Ploville. Cross me and you'll regret you were ever born."

She was suddenly wide awake.

Lifting her heavy lids, she glimpsed the man's cold, dismissive silhouette.

She held the checkbook in her hand, the weight of ten checks, each one worth one million dollars, feeling heavy like a burden, as if they were pressing down on her heart, suffocating her.

A hefty ten million for her departure? It was a man of considerable wealth.

But his money held no allure.

His unexpected intrusion had destroyed her world and now he dared to dismiss her with a cash offering.

Who did he think he was?

Candice's voice failed her. She struggled to her feet, ripped the checks into shreds, and hurled them at the retreating man.

Unfortunately, the door was firmly shut, and he failed to notice it.

Only fragments of checks fell like snowflakes.

As she wrapped herself in the quilt, an attempt to rise was met with searing pain, her body void of strength.

The man's identity was a mystery. She'd only caught a glimpse of his back.

Even she herself didn't know what was wrong.

Why had a stranger intruded on her wedding night?

Why did this happen?

The confusion spiraled, her mind racing to understand.

Suddenly, the suite's door was flung open once again.

The sudden illumination from the bedroom lights made her involuntarily recoil, shielding her eyes from the intense glare.

Before Candice could react, a sharp slap landed on her face.

A tirade of insults ensued.

"You bitch! Last night was your wedding night, but you were having sex with another man in the suite? You have disgraced the Harman family!"