

Taming A Billionaire

Chapter Two : I'll Drag Them Straight To Hell.

Maya's Pov

With my chin raised in a show of defiance, I glared at him " No apology after hitting me?" I asked boldly, trying hard to show how pissed off I was but this man didn't budge at all

"Correction," he said sternly " I didn't hit you, my driver almost did. So now, get in the car " He commanded gesturing towards the car but I stood my ground.

God damn him, so much nerve.

"I've told you I'm fine, no need taking me to the hospital !" I snapped distressed by his nagging.

There was no injury on me, why wouldn't he just accept that, though I? suspected he didn't take no for an answer. Well, his bad.

"No sweetheart " he drawled " I need a confirmation you won't come bothering and blackmailing me with fake injuries sooner or later"

"Why would I do that? I don't even know you" I? questioned before something clicked in my head.

I stared up at him, not minding his icy eyes boring into mine and asked softly "Were you deceived your whole life?"

I swore I saw a strange emotion flicker in his eyes but it was gone as soon as it came leaving me wondering if this man's wall was penetrable. He hid his emotions perfectly well, inwardly I gave him thumbs up for that unlike me whose emotions always got the best of.

"Still doesn't stop the fact we're paying a special visit to the hospital" he stood his ground earning a groan from me. I had already planned to have a full-time argument with him before I went pale and gasped "Oh no"

The sudden change of my mood seemed to have caught? his attention cause he asked " what's wrong?"

I couldn't decipher if he really cared or rather was faking it in an attempt to please me and lure me to a hospital. Though his face wasn't showing concern, his voice seems to say it all, which should I trust?

"I'm late for my boyfriend's birthday celebration " I revealed, realizing there was no use hiding it from him since he'll force the truth out of my mouth eventually with his cold stares and glares.

Moreover, exposing that gave me a new form of confidence: he'll be cautious handling someone's girlfriend since he won't want his, being treated the same way but I was totally wrong, his attitude was crap.

"So?" He questioned.

"So?" I shot back while flinging my hands in utter dismay "You're the reason I'm this late and trust me" I breathed fire "You're gonna have to take responsibility "

A short silence fell on us as we mediated deeply, keeping our thoughts to ourselves but his careful eyes didn't leave me even for a sec.

There was just something that didn't add up with him, he definitely had a problem with trust. It was boldly written over his face and I couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

"So what do you want me to do?" He asked, staring at me in a way that sent chills down my body.

I looked away not liking the effect his gaze was having on me, it definitely didn't feel right especially when he stares at you like you're something to eat

"For a start, just drive me to the hotel," I said but the look on his face caught my attention.

Oh no.

"My boyfriend works there. I intend to give him a surprise birthday visit" I said grinning sheepishly and slapping every perv thought off my mind

"What's in for me?" he asked destroying my expectation of him doing a few charitable favors for once without demanding for reward

"Seriously? Can't you help those in need?" I batted my eyelids and pouted my lips a bit, giving off that sympathetic expression.

"Darling, it's give and take," he answered coldly as I sighed in disappointment.

Getting a taxi by this time of the night was going to prove hard plus Mr cold and heartless wouldn't let me go until he has evidence I won't come threatening him with fake injuries.

Like he's some celebrity, I snorted.

"Fine" I gave up at last "I'll write a statement stating? I'm hale and hearty which you can use against me in the court of law. So, how does that sound?" I said confidently, throwing the ball in his court. It's all up to him now

A spasmodic frown made its presence known on his features as he murmured a few incomprehensible words before giving me an answer

"Fine," he agreed, giving me a smile that didn't reach his cheek and thrust his hand forward for a handshake "Deal?"

I stared at his outstretched hand wondering if it was wise striking a deal with Mr danger. Knowing I wasn't a chicken, I enveloped his big calloused hand in a handshake

"Deal then," I said, giving him a heartwarming smile which didn't go halfway warming his frozen heart.

I couldn't help admiring his long lean fingers decorated with exquisite and obviously expensive rings. He was obviously rich, no wonder he needed evidence from me cause blackmailing usually means loss of money and he doesn't intend to lose any.

Wow, a good economist.

I would've explored further if electricity hadn't zinged through my body and? I withdrew my hand at once.

He stared at me awkwardly and I wondered if he felt that too. If he surely felt that, he was absolutely good at hiding it cause he resumed his normal cold expression.

"What are you still waiting for?" He asked "Get into the car "

I walked towards his car and thankfully he opened the car door for me. Well, he still remembers what being a gentleman is

"Thank you?" I more like questions but either way, he didn't reply.

Lesson learned Maya, keep your thanks to yourself.

He sat beside me and his chauffeur drove to the hotel. We sat in silence, more than a few minutes passed with no one willing to start a conversation until I decided enough was enough

"So, what do you do for a living?" I started, trying to indulge in whatever sparks his interest but his response wasn't encouraging at all

"None of your business" he shot at me with no ounce of emotion in his voice

The second lesson learned, no conversation with him

Left with no other choice, I started humming a song to myself and noticed his grim face and clenched fist

"God damn you" he sworn loudly at me out of nowhere

"And damn you too" I retorted deciding enough was enough.

What the hell was wrong with him?

Can't he recognize and acknowledge my right to speech? I was so angry I cast a six hundred thousand wattage glare at him - if that was possible.

I knew at once if we didn't tear each other apart before reaching our destination, then, there was no way we would avoid a crash, and trust me when I say there won't be a survivor. Not even his chauffeur cause I'll drag them straight to hell