

# Taming A Billionaire

*Chapter Four : I Hate Guys Who Make Pretty Girls Cry*

Maya's POV

My heart shredded to pieces when Andrew called me nothing. I couldn't believe it, Andrew was cheating on me all this time and I just fell for him stupidly. Andrew called me special but now I'm nothing, how could he change so soon?

Tears welled in my eyes and I lifted a trembling hand to my mouth fleeing the scene. I felt so cheated on and stupid, I couldn't even defend myself

I headed to the car as tears blinded my eyes, I tried opening the car door but someone did before I could. I barely sat down before I broke down into tears. How could Andrew do that to me? I trusted him so much. How could he turn me into trash for everyone to step on?

I clenched my fist, he even compared me to my sister. The worst sin you could commit against me was comparing me to my sister which he did with all pleasure.

"You should stop crying," Mr. Ice said, making my heart ache more. How could he say that?

Am I not permitted to cry too?

"How could you be so heartless?" I retorted wondering if that was the right way to comfort a girl in pain

He frowned " Alright then cry and tell me what it solved " I stared at him hard before looking away. He was right, I shouldn't cry but how can I relieve my heart of the pain it's feeling

"You should stay strong and pay him back in his own coins.you should make him regret leaving you," he said as I stared at him in disbelief. How could I pay Andrew back when I literally have nothing.

"How?" I snapped flinging my hands in frustration "I'm nothing, I don't have anything, I'm broke, I'm not pretty and I don't even have a job. So tell me how?" I croaked trying to subdue the tears threatening to spill further

"Then stick by me and I'll make your dream come true" came his reply. Was he kidding me? How? Who is he? a President? Jesus?

I stared at him, did he really mean what he just said, or was he another Andrew in disguise.

My mouth dropped open,

"A hundred thousand dollars just to be your date for the night?" He's got to be kidding me

"???????To be precise, a fake date" he specified, reminding me all this was business and nothing else.

He filled me in with details of his girlfriend and his father. Thanks to that, I came to know his name's Nik Spencer, and trust me, I couldn't handle the shock

"You're n-Nik s-spe.....?"

"Yeah" he cut me short quickly before I could finish my question. I took a deep breath trying to steady my beating heart which was thudding hard against my chest.

Nik Spencer? One of the most notorious players in world history. How could I not recognize him? He was always featured in magazines as one of the most successful young entrepreneurs around the globe alongside news of model-like women gracing his arms.

How in the world did I get involved with someone like that?

"So you want me to impersonate your girlfriend, is that what you're trying to say?" I asked and he nodded casually. OK, things just got messy and interesting.

"You do know you're asking me to lie to your father" I reminded in case he has forgotten it's his father we're talking here

"So?" He asked nonchalantly, not even slightly bothered he's asking a stranger to fool his dad

"Don't you feel it isn't right and I can't even get rid of the gory image of your girlfriend tormenting me for impersonating her on a night she's supposed to impress your father with her charms"

Nik stared at me with a blank expression on his face before bursting into laughter. He laughed so much that a few tears escaped the brim of his eyes "seriously?" He laughed "Are you an author?"

I cast him a deadpanned glare retorting "I do the acting not the writing"

Nik murmured "figures"

"I'm serious here Nik, how do you think your father will feel when he finds out you lied to him?" I asked him and he went silent probably reflecting on the mistake he's about to make

He suddenly shifted towards me, placed a hand on my shoulder, and tilted his head to my side, whispering in my ears "My father, my problem. So in or out?"

I stared at his face for a while confused about what to do. Did he really mean he was going to help me have my revenge on Andrew moreover I'm about to lie to his father, would there be consequences?

"Why?" I gulped nervously as he murmured

"What?"

"Why do you want to help me?" I asked knowing his reply would determine if I was going to take the offer or not.

He smiled and took my hand saying "I hate guys who make pretty girls cry"

Was he for real?

I scoffed "Seriously, that's all?"

He gave me a fake innocent face "Yeah, why? Is there anything else you want me to say?"

"No" came my reply.

Nik might be a player and all that but he's a smart ass. Right now he's playing with me, a test. Why is he testing me? Does he think I'm going to chicken out of the deal or expect romance with him?

No way, he's way out of my league and totally wrong for me. Bad boys and players are the banes of my life, I go for the good guys

"No" I replied to him and he smiled once more. Would his smiling ever stop? It makes me unable to guess what he's thinking. Suddenly, I wished for the previous grim, grumpy side of him. He was angry then and wanted me out of his life. Now, I can't tell what he's actually thinking

"fine, I'm in"

"Well said," he said and stretched out his hand for a handshake. I eyed his outstretched hand alarmingly. The last time I took his, something weird happened which I won't repeat again

"Deal then and for the record, I think we should keep our hands to ourselves," I remarked, giving him a fake relaxed smile. I can't let him see I'm nervous and stricken with fear.

What if I fail to impress his father?

"fine by me" He returned his hand to the pocket of his designer suit

" Since we're all done, let's go," I said signaling his chauffeur to drive to the intended destination but the look on Nik's face said otherwise

"What?" I asked not liking the look he's giving me

He arched his brow "Do you really think you're going there looking like that?" He asked pointing at my clothes like it was some piece of trash. I looked down examining my dress to know whether I wore it wrong or there was some dirt on it which I could not find

Blinking, I asked innocently " what's wrong with it?"

He scoffed irritably "Your dressing is a straight giveaway, my father doesn't even need to guess if you're Christina or not cause my girlfriend is a fashionista and my dad knows I don't date girls who dress shab-.... "

"Shabbily?" I completed for him and I saw his eyes soften

"I didn't mean it that way Maya, I just wanted to-" He tried explaining remorsefully

" I know, " I said, giving him a fake smile, " So what do you have in mind?" I changed the topic trying to ease the awkward tension in the car and thankfully he played along.

Smiling he said, "Transform you from head to toe"

Rubbing my hands together in gleeful anticipation, I said to Nik

"Can't wait to see that"