

Fated Marriage: Spoiled by My Ice Billionaire

Chapter 1 Her Boss

Isabelle Foster woke up in a bed she didn't recognize.

She looked around groggily at the unfamiliar room and tried to piece together what had happened. Yesterday was the department dinner, and she'd accidentally had way too much to drink.

After that...

Her mind suddenly snapped into sharp focus as the memory hit her. His deep groans still echoed in her ears like they were haunting her.

She cut off that train of thought right there and just wanted to get the hell out of this mess.

She picked up her torn white shirt from the floor, but there was no way she could wear it out like this. Her hands shook as she tossed the ruined fabric aside, and then she spotted a clean outfit laid out on the bed.

He'd obviously left it there for her—a professional skirt suit.

She threw it on as fast as she could. The clothes weren't her usual style, so he'd probably just grabbed something random to deal with the situation.

When she checked herself in the mirror, she noticed her neck was completely clear, but everything below her collarbone was covered in marks.

Ha! Am I supposed to thank him for being a gentleman or something? Like he was so worried about people knowing he'd slept with someone!

Isabelle sighed and walked out of the bathroom, taking in her surroundings.

This was a massive suite, but it felt completely lifeless, like no one actually lived here. It didn't quite feel like a hotel, but it also kind of did. She grabbed her purse from the nightstand and headed for the door. Turns out it definitely wasn't a hotel.

When she opened the bedroom door, a huge living room stretched out in front of her, and a familiar figure immediately caught her eye.

He was sitting on the couch wearing headphones, with a pillow balanced on his lap and a laptop resting on top of it. He was wearing black loungewear and looked totally relaxed and casual.

When he heard the bedroom door open, he looked up with those intense eyes of his.

The man sitting there was her boss, Damian Cross.

Wasn't he supposed to be this legendary CEO who never got involved with anyone?

Based on last night's performance, he definitely wasn't holding anything back. He'd acted more like a starving wolf who'd been locked up for decades.

She stood there completely stunned and was about to say something when Damian spoke first.

"I'm in a meeting." His voice came out low and rough.

Isabelle shut her mouth immediately because she knew exactly what he meant.

"Come here and eat breakfast." He leaned forward slightly and used his fingers to push a glass of milk across the coffee table, sliding it in front of another plate of food.

But he didn't notice that when he leaned forward, the hickeys all over his neck pressed right up against the camera, and every single executive in that meeting got a crystal-clear view.

Isabelle's face turned bright red with embarrassment. Those were probably hers—she hadn't realized her, uh, suction skills were that intense.

She really wished this was just some hotel room where she could walk out the door and go straight home.

She sat down with shaky hands and kept her eyes wandering

everywhere except at him. All she could do was obediently sip her milk and eat the sandwich that looked exactly like his.

Damian had a reputation for being cold—cold personality, cold temper, just cold in every possible way. So yeah, Isabelle had basically messed with the wrong guy. She must've gotten in the wrong car last night.

But even if I got in the wrong car, why wouldn't this ice-cold boss realize I was the wrong person? He'd just slept with an employee. Didn't he care about his reputation at all?

Fifteen minutes later, he wrapped up the meeting and closed his laptop. Then he finally started eating his breakfast at this leisurely pace.

"Sorry, I didn't know it was your first time. I was a little rough." His tone stayed just as cold as it had been during the meeting, and his face showed absolutely zero expression while he said it.

Isabelle had just gotten her emotions under control, but now her face flushed red all over again.

What happened happened. Could you please just stop bringing it up?

"The family doctor will be here soon. Wait until after you see him before you go." His voice was completely matter-of-fact.

Please, is he worried I'll get pregnant with his kid and try to claim his fortune or something?

Isabelle finished the milk and picked up the glass of water next to her. She drank it slowly, one sip at a time, because she had no idea what to say to him.

He ate really fast and finished everything in no time.

"Just wait here. I still have to go into the office today, so I'll have my assistant drive you home."

Isabelle quickly tried to stop him. "Mr. Cross, I can get home by myself. It's no trouble at all."

"Are you saying I didn't perform well enough last night?" He looked up slightly, and something in his expression almost seemed hurt.

"What?" For some reason, Isabelle's heart started pounding like crazy. *How could I possibly dare say that?* She was completely speechless and had no idea how to argue with what he'd just said. This was the first time in her life someone had verbally steamrolled her like this. If he wasn't her boss, she would've already lost her temper and told him off.

"Mr. Cross, Dr. Morgan is here." An older maid appeared nearby. He didn't say anything. He just kept watching Isabelle quietly. Isabelle was gorgeous—smooth, sun-kissed skin and beautiful golden hair. She was mixed race, and absolutely stunning. Her body was incredible too, the kind that made other guys jealous of whoever was dating her.

All the staring made her uncomfortable, and her cheeks were already red before her whole body started heating up.

"Come with me." Damian's voice cut through the tension, and he let out this barely audible sigh through his nose.

Isabelle obediently followed him because what else was she going to do? She'd somehow managed to piss off one of the biggest names in fashion.

When they got back to the bedroom where they'd gone at it all night, her heart started pounding and her palms got sweaty just looking at that bed.

At least the maids had already cleaned everything up and made it spotless.

A female doctor walked in, and then Damian walked out and closed the door behind him.

Isabelle thought maybe she was getting the morning-after pill or a shot or something, but no. The doctor was there to examine her down there and apply medication.

It was absolutely mortifying having someone else inspect last night's

damage like that.

Though she had to admit, the ointment really did help with the soreness.

She kept her hands covering her face the whole time because she wanted to die of embarrassment.

When she finally came out, Damian was already gone.

The only person waiting for her was Brian Hughes, Damian's assistant. Brian was her age—they were both 22—and they'd graduated from the same university, interviewed at the same time, and started working on the same day. The only difference was their positions.

He was Damian's only assistant and pretty much his right-hand man. Isabelle stood next to the car and looked at Brian sitting in the driver's seat with that stupid grin on his face, and she felt like her dignity was scattered all over the ground with no way to pick it up.

She got in the car and stared out the window, mumbling, "I got in the wrong car last night, didn't I?"

"Yep, future Mrs. Cross." Brian was clearly enjoying himself, and then he launched into this dramatic play-by-play.

"I've known you for a while now, and I've never seen you drink that much. You got in the wrong car, stumbled in, threw your arms around Mr. Cross, called him Baymax, and then just went to town kissing him. It was aggressive!

"Last night, Mr. Cross had been drinking a little too, but he didn't even dare move. You know he's got that whole germaphobe thing going on, right? Well, you ripped his shirt. Buttons went flying everywhere."

She hung her head and tried not to picture it too vividly.

Brian added, "We were gonna take you home, but since you live alone, Mr. Cross was worried you'd be a mess by yourself, so he brought you to his place instead."

"Ha." She forced out a laugh.

"So, you and Mr. Cross..." Brian looked her up and down.

She had to hand it to Damian—he'd been smart about it. There wasn't a single mark on her neck.

"Exactly what you're thinking." She pointed at her unmarked neck.

Brian raised an eyebrow. "Guess Mr. Cross was being a gentleman after all."

"Sure was." She drew out the words sarcastically. A gentleman. More like a fake gentleman.