

Fated Marriage: Spoiled by My Ice Billionaire

Chapter 3 Want to Try Being My Wife

Three soft knocks echoed against the door.

"Come in."

Isabelle's stomach twisted as she reached for the handle and pushed the door open.

Damian was working at his computer, but he looked different from this morning. He'd taken off his suit jacket and was wearing a black dress shirt with two buttons undone at the top, and his tie was tossed to the side.

She could just barely make out the hickey she'd left on his neck last night...

He sat in his office chair at an angle, and the whole vibe he gave off was lazy and careless, like he was only pretending to be a gentleman.

She walked in slowly, and Brian casually closed the door behind her.

The sound was barely audible, but to Isabelle, it felt deafening.

"Mr. Cross, you wanted to see me?" Isabelle said.

"Mm-hmm." Damian glanced at her standing by the door, then his eyes went back to the computer screen.

That was it. Everything fell silent. Just one minute, but it felt like hours.

Then he stood up and walked toward her.

She had to admit. He was every girl's dream boyfriend brought to life.

He was ridiculously good-looking—all sharp angles and strong features, with intense eyes and that perfect jawline. Even Isabelle couldn't help staring a little longer than she should.

Standing next to him, the top of her head barely reached his chin.

His body was incredible—Isabelle couldn't deny that, because last night in the bathroom, her wandering hands had spent most of their time on his perfectly defined abs...

God, why am I thinking about last night's embarrassing activities again?

"Mr. Cross, did you need something?" Isabelle asked again.

She kept her expression calm and her words clear, showing impressive

self-control, but inside her thoughts were complete chaos.

"Sit." He turned and settled onto the couch.

Isabelle walked over and sat down about six feet away from him.

"Come closer." He patted the spot right next to him.

Isabelle hesitated for two seconds, then got up and moved over.

Damian stared at her and seemed to zone out completely.

Isabelle nervously twisted her hands together.

"Does it still hurt?" he asked.

Isabelle froze for a second, then shook her head. *Is he seriously trying to debrief what happened?*

"What are you thinking?" Damian said.

Isabelle glanced at him and caught sight of his perfect collarbones and the faint love bites still visible on his neck...

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cross. I had way too much to drink last night, and I honestly didn't know I'd do something so crazy to you..."

"Don't apologize." He sat up straight, cutting her off mid-sentence, then leaned back against the couch and looked at her perfect profile.

"Last night was my choice," he said casually. "Yeah, you were drunk and you kissed me, but everything after that was all me."

"Please stop talking—" She already felt humiliated enough without having to relive it face-to-face.

"We're both adults here. What happened happened, so let's just pretend it never did." Her face looked like someone had painted it bright red.

"What am I, your boy toy?"

Damian's cold expression made it look like he was about to interrogate Isabelle or something.

"You've got the wrong idea," Isabelle said, and her ears turned bright red.

What is he trying to do here? Is he trying to start some kind of

inappropriate relationship with me? But he seemed like such a gentleman this morning, so that doesn't make sense!

"Would you consider becoming my wife?"

"What?" Isabelle couldn't believe what she was hearing.

They locked eyes, and their gazes held for a long moment.

She couldn't read what he was thinking.

He continued, "We didn't use protection last night, so if there's a baby, we'll have it. And even if there isn't, I'll take responsibility for you."

He said it so casually, like he was telling some story that didn't really matter to him.

Isabelle stayed quiet, and she'd never felt more clearheaded than she did right now.

Damian came from this super cultured, distinguished family, and his upbringing was absolutely impeccable. He was probably pretty conservative too. Otherwise, he wouldn't still be single at 28 without ever getting married.

Now that they'd slept together, he probably couldn't get past his own moral standards about it.

But Isabelle knew she couldn't reach that high, because she knew exactly where she came from.

She was the illegitimate daughter of her mother and some businessman. She didn't even know who her father was. She'd dealt with gossip and whispers her whole life, and if she got involved with someone as pristine as Damian, she'd just drag him down.

Plus, after everything Gary had put her through, she couldn't just jump into something new with someone else.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cross, but I didn't mean anything like that. I already took the pill this morning, so you don't need to worry about it. I don't want to be Mrs. Cross or anything. Since you feel like you wronged me last night, and I'm the person it happened to and I'm not making an issue of it, let's

just say we're done here. Let's not bring this up again."

Damian's eyes darkened behind his rimless glasses, and they looked completely bottomless.

Isabelle got through that whole speech in one breath, and then she turned to walk out of the CEO's office.

"Wait." He slowly stood up, and for just a moment, her words had actually stunned him.

He was one of Aldoria's most powerful business magnates, and countless women tried to get close to him, but this was the first time he'd ever seen a woman actually turn him down.

Isabelle took a deep breath, turned around, and looked at him.

"Is there something else, Mr. Cross?"

"Add me on WhatsApp."

His expression stayed calm, and he held out his phone to show his ID.

Damian continued, "Next month there's a fashion week happening in Solvenia, and the company's planning to send you and Mr. Osman. If you don't want to go, just pretend I didn't say anything."

"Also," he added, "you don't need to answer that other question right away. I'll give you time to think about it."

Ugh! Typical businessman! Just a few words and he'd already pushed Isabelle exactly where he wanted her to go.

Not everyone got to attend Solvenia's fashion week, and she couldn't pass up an opportunity like that.

Besides, it wasn't like she was losing anything.

She pulled out her phone and added him on WhatsApp.

As for that other question, she'd just ignore it.

When she got back to her desk, Eleanor immediately came over looking for gossip. "So? Is the CEO's office totally incredible?"

Honestly, she barely looked at anything because Damian's rapid-fire

questions kept pulling her along the whole time.

"It's one of those things you just have to experience yourself," Isabelle said, pressing her lips together and giving her a playful wink. "Next time I'll put in a request so you can go see it in person."

"Girl, I was so scared. I thought they were gonna carry you out on a stretcher," Eleanor said while checking data on her computer and glancing over at Isabelle.

"Ms. Foster!" Harrison came jogging over, practically bouncing with excitement.

Everyone turned to look at him, and his over-the-top happy expression caught the attention of the entire department.

"Mr. Osman," Isabelle responded quickly, getting to her feet.

Last night, when Damian had grabbed her chin and looked down at her, demanding to know if she liked it, she'd developed a fear of that whole power-trip thing.

"They just sent down a memo from upstairs. You and I both made the list for Solvenia Fashion Week!" Harrison smiled.

"I know," Isabelle said, not sounding surprised at all.

The company was full of people who'd been there way longer than her, and for someone who'd only been working there a year, this was going to paint a huge target on her back.

Damian was probably only giving her this spot to make up for what happened last night anyway.

As soon as the news got out, the whole department exploded. Some people were thrilled and others were pissed, but the younger employees who'd just started felt even more motivated now.

The veterans at the company thought it was totally unfair though.

They'd been working there forever and some of them hadn't even gotten to go to the city's fashion week, let alone an international one.

Isabelle didn't care. She just kept her head down and did her work.

A message from Gary popped up on her screen, "Isabelle, you free tonight? Wanna catch a movie?"

Isabelle pressed her lips together. Shameless people really were unbeatable. He was sweet-talking the side piece while putting the actual girlfriend on a pedestal.

She replied, "Sure!"

She took a screenshot and posted it to Instagram, setting it so only her best friend, Nicole Gale, could see it, and added the caption, "Five years strong."

Nicole couldn't help herself and immediately sent a message, "Babe, my friend and I are going to see a movie tonight too. Which one are you guys seeing? What time?"

She was so dedicated to this whole thing that Isabelle almost felt bad for not giving her an award.

Isabelle didn't respond. She just locked her phone screen, and as she looked up, she chanced to glance downstairs—Gary was already standing outside the company's main entrance, a bouquet of flowers in his hand.