

Fated Marriage: Spoiled by My Ice Billionaire

Chapter 5 Trash

This was Isabelle's second time in the CEO's office.

The space was huge and open, with a massive desk, a sofa set, and beyond the sofas there was even a coffee area.

"If you're tired, go sleep in there." He walked toward his desk and lifted his chin toward something.

Isabelle followed his gesture and spotted the small suite next to his desk. It actually looked kind of homey, nothing like that place from the other night.

Wait, why am I even thinking about that?

"I'll just sit on the sofa out here," she said, taking a step back.

"Suit yourself." Damian sat down at his desk and started going through his documents.

Isabelle didn't go inside, and instead she chose to sit on the couch and wait.

She didn't know how long had passed, but eventually, she dozed off on that couch since she'd barely slept the night before.

Meanwhile, Damian sat at his desk and just kept working through documents and handling business like he had endless energy.

They'd done the exact same thing last night, and he'd been the one doing all the heavy lifting, so how the hell did he still have so much stamina?

When she woke up, it was already one in the morning.

Damian was standing by the floor-to-ceiling windows and looking down at the city's nightscape below.

She could tell he had worked out. He had broad shoulders and a narrow waist, and his sleeves were casually rolled up so she could see the veins standing out on his forearms.

She touched her stiff neck and let out a small pained sound, and the black suit jacket that had been draped over her slid off as she sat up.

"You're not gonna sleep?" Isabelle asked.

She'd figured he'd go into the back room once he finished working.

"The elevator's fixed," he said.

"Oh."

"I'll take you down." He slowly turned around.

"No need, I can just grab a cab downstairs." Isabelle picked up her bag.

But Damian grabbed his jacket and followed right behind her anyway.

Isabelle felt uncomfortable. He was like a puppy she couldn't shake off.

She headed outside, and she hadn't even made it out of the parking garage when she heard a horn honking behind her. She moved to the side, but the black car just kept honking.

She looked back toward the sound.

"Get in." Damian's voice was low and magnetic, and his deep eyes behind those frameless glasses looked cold.

Isabelle clutched her bag tighter and hesitated for a second, but then she got in the car.

Right then, a BMW with the license plate 290 took a sharp turn and sped out of the underground garage.

The sound of tires sliding echoed through the parking structure.

Both of them looked over at the same time and watched until the car disappeared into the garage.

When Isabelle snapped back to attention, she was frantically tugging at her skirt because it kept riding up every time she sat down, and now it had almost reached the top of her thighs.

She had no idea who he'd bought this outfit from, but it was seriously uncomfortable to wear. Just as she was shifting around trying to adjust it, one of the buttons on her chest popped open.

Damian was speechless. He glanced over and then immediately looked away, but his throat worked involuntarily.

Isabelle quickly covered herself, and her face turned red.

Everyone knew she had a great figure, but still... this was way too

awkward.

Neither of them said anything, and the cramped space filled with uncomfortable silence.

Damian grabbed the black suit jacket from the back seat and tossed it to her.

Isabelle understood what he meant and put it on.

On the way, he pulled over at a corner shop and bought a brown butter latte from this place called Sweet Dreams Café.

The scent was subtle, but she recognized it right away because it was Isabelle's favorite drink.

She figured he'd bought it for some woman at home, but when they got out of the car, he just handed it straight to Isabelle.

"Here." His tone was flat and casual.

Isabelle froze for a second before taking it. "Thanks."

Sweet Dreams Café made these brown butter lattes with real butter, Madagascar vanilla, and this touch of cinnamon that made them taste incredible, and every time she went shopping, she'd stop by for one. The place stayed open until three in the morning and still had people lining up outside.

How did he even know that?

She rented an apartment at Magnolia Gardens, which wasn't far from the office, and by now it was late at night. Damian parked downstairs and watched her walk into the elevator.

He tilted his head back and looked up, and less than a minute later, the lights on the 16th floor flickered on. Only then did he start the car and head back to the office.

When Isabelle stepped out of the elevator, she spotted a bunch of yellow tulips lying on the ground along with a cup of coffee that had gone completely cold.

The whole setup looked like something you'd bring to a funeral. Damn it! Her mood, which had just started to improve, crashed right back down into darkness.

She remembered something her friend always said, "Trash belongs in the trash can."

Her brows furrowed and she bent down to pick up the coffee, then tossed it straight into the garbage bin nearby.

Isabelle glanced back at the tulips, and her hand clenched tight. She lifted her black heel and kicked the flowers over next to the trash can. She unlocked her door with her fingerprint and walked into the little place she'd been missing all day.

She peeled off the oversized coat that didn't fit her and slipped on her house shoes before heading into the bathroom.

It took Isabelle forever to finally come back out. She felt so much lighter now.

By the time she was ready for bed, it was already two in the morning, and she powered her phone back on.

Thank God—the phone still worked.

As soon as it booted up, she heard this constant stream of notification sounds, and dozens of messages flooded her screen.

She didn't even bother reading them and just marked them all as read without responding, but then...

Gary had texted, "Tried calling but you didn't pick up. Sent messages but you didn't reply. I'm so worried about you. The flowers were freshly picked today. Hope you like them."

They'd been together for years, and he was still this romantic, but his romance was too indiscriminate and way too easy to get caught up in. He really lived up to his reputation as a master at this, offering his services to women free of charge.

Isabelle came from a single-parent home, but her mother had incredibly

strong values, and growing up under that influence, she'd learned self-discipline and proper boundaries. Even though she and Gary had reached the point where marriage was on the table, they'd still only ever held hands.

On the day of the National Day fashion expo, when they were clearing out and closing up, she ran into Gary, who almost never went shopping. She'd known about his relationship with Nicole for a while, but actually seeing the two of them out on the street together, all touchy and affectionate with each other—that felt like a knife straight to her heart. And Damian and Brian had witnessed that exact moment too.

Her expression must have given her away, because that was when Brian and Damian started talking about the whole situation.

Which was why she'd ended up drinking too much at the celebration banquet...

Thinking about it now, she pulled up Damian's WhatsApp without really meaning to.

She stared at his profile for a long time, and then her eyes drifted over to the suit jacket he'd lent her and the latte sitting beside it. She remembered that ridiculous thing he'd said that day.

"Would you consider becoming my wife?"

She felt completely dazed.

No matter how desperate she was for a man, she couldn't just grab one like this!

Why would a CEO ever fall for some low-level employee like me?

He wasn't running a charity. Why would he zero in on her so specifically? Had he lost his mind?

She checked Instagram next, and people were going crazy on there, with everyone commenting about how hardworking Isabelle was for staying late at the office.

That was when she spotted a familiar profile picture.

Damian had liked her post.

Wait, did he come downstairs because he saw my Instagram story? No, no way. That was impossible.

She pulled her phone back and tossed it aside, then took a sip of her brown butter latte.

God, it's sweet.