

# **Marrying Her Enemy: Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire**

## **Chapter 13**

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Roxanne was in the spa, getting a pedicure while she scrolled through the news. She had a small smile on her face as she saw all the photos of her and Micheal together in Bora Bora.

“We look really good together,” she commented and showed her pedicure tech the article. The other looked at her with a distant smile. She had no idea who this celebrity was and she only wanted to do her job without the woman wriggling her foot while she looked at social media.

Her manager entered the private room, his expression pinched. “Your father is calling me, asking why we made such a big fuss,” he informed.

“Tell him that this was the only way to get him another high-profit actor.” Roxanne’s father had made a media company so that she didn’t need to suffer in someone else’s company and make a profit for others. But her father was also a businessman and wanted new talent so that the company had higher returns than he had put in initially.

Roxanne’s manager hummed. “I told him the same. With Micheal’s contract coming to an end, there is little chance that he will stay with his current company.”

Roxanne raised her brow. “Why are you so sure?”

Her manager turned the tablet to her. “The comments are overwhelmingly positive on your end. Our publicity team is painting you as the nice friend who is comforting Micheal after a messy breakup. There are several comments condemning Casandra for running away with someone else on the wedding day.” He paused. “But there are also some comments that are suspicious. Like they are insinuating Micheal had an affair with you.”

Roxanne clucked her tongue. “Micheal management company is going to play him dirty, is it?” She shook her head.

“Do you want me to stop it?” she questioned.

Roxanne scoffed. “Why do that and keep Micheal? If they threaten him to resign with them, they will push him away. I can swoop in and sign him with my company. That way, he will be in my hands.” The way she spoke made Micheal seem like her possession. There was a ruthlessness to Roxanne that her manager had forgotten about.

But it made sense. Roxanne was jealous of Casandra and she would go to great lengths to break Micheal’s fantasy of getting back together with the other.

And within a few hours, news did break out. There were pictures of Micheal and Roxanne holding hands and walking into their apartments late at night. There were moments when Micheal would come out in different clothes, looking disheveled.

The setup was perfect. The netizens could hunt down what clothes the two celebrities wore on which day and could guess that this relationship had predated Casandra’s marriage.

[Everyone acted like Micheal was the victim, but turns out he was the one going behind his fiancée’s back! Serves him right!]

Comments like this filled the comments section but supporters of Roxanne were firm in their defense of her. If the public had no idea that Micheal was in a relationship with someone, how could Roxanne have known? She must have been hoodwinked.

Roxanne hummed as she looked through the comments. “Their company doesn’t want to drag me into the mess, do they? That’s why they are supporting me.” She chuckled.

“I spoke to them, as well,” her manager said. Roxanne was so pleased that she decided to go against her diet and binge on junk food.

Micheal, on the other hand, was stumped for words. He had been on the phone for what seemed like hours, trying to get through to his management company. They either didn’t pick up or told him to come to the office to speak about this issue.

“Do they really think they can use me and throw me away?” he hissed.

Micheal’s assistant had been with him since he was a young man. Moreover, he was employed by the

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management company. “I’m sorry. They aren’t picking up my calls, either.”

Micheal sighed. “Don’t worry. I trust you. I know you won’t screw me over even if you are employed by

them.”

His assistant, Jamie, hung his head in shame. He didn’t mention the fact that he was the one who had drunkenly mentioned that Micheal was looking at hopping companies once his contract was over. “But we need to follow the golden rule of PR. You need to respond quickly or there is no use,” Micheal said calmly. “So, call all the media houses you know and give them incentives to spin the story in a way that looks better on me.” He looked at Jamie with a pointed look. “You’ve been around me for long enough to know what to do.”

Jamie nodded vehemently and then rushed out of the room with his phone to his ears.

“Yes, just write it like that,” Jamie told the paparazzi.

“And you’ll give me an inside scoop later, right?” the journalist questioned.

“Of course. We should also catch up for a meal.” This was how the media industry worked. You needed connections and benefits to do anything. If you didn’t have the backing of a company or the influence of a powerful person behind you, it was hard to make things work.

Micheal realized this acutely.

Casandra was appalled when she started receiving multiple messages from her father while she was having breakfast. In her country, it was the time of the day when a response couldn't be published. Everyone was off work and she needed to wait until the next day to do anything.

She read the explosive title and started laughing.

"What is it?" Ian asked, putting his fork down and peering over her shoulder. "What the hell is this?" he asked. He took the phone from her and read the title out loud. "Micheal Spencer's Fiance Cheated, Pushing Him to His Friend: Insider Says?"

Casandra couldn't help but laugh. "They really found a way to make it all my fault." She wiped the tears that escaped her eyes and shook her head.

"Are you crying?" Ian asked.

Casandra scoffed. "Why would I cry over him? I teared up laughing too hard."

Ian sighed with relief. For a second, he wondered if she still had feelings for her ex-fiance. He knew it was possible, but he hoped that would not be the case.

"You're not angry that he was chasing you until a few days ago and now he used you as a crutch?" Ian questioned.

Casandra shrugged. "I didn't think he was sincere, anyway. He has always looked at immediate profit and never at what would help him in the long run." She scrolled through the comments and hummed. "Look at the support in the comments, these are bots Roxanne and he bought to change the mind of the netizens. If he really believed it, he wouldn't have bought them, would he?"

Ian shrugged. "You underestimate how shameless people can be."

Casandra didn't get the time to respond. Her phone was ringing and her father's name was flashing on her screen. She picked up the phone and was greeted by her father's angry voice.

“Look at the man you were going to marry. Good thing you didn’t end up with him. He is using you to justify cheating!” Casandra was secretly gratified that her father was taking her side, but it quickly faded as he continued. “Do you know how many people have called me asking if you cheated first?” he grumbled. “You better fix this immediately!”

Casandra rubbed her brow in irritation. “What do you want me to do?”

“Use your brain and fix this!” her father hissed. “I have already booked return tickets for you and Ian. Come back right now.”

He hung up

immediately. Seconds later, two flight tickets were sent to her email. She looked through the information and looked at Ian helplessly.

“Sorry, it looks like we have to cut our vacation short.”

“No, this is more important.” He was already seething. He couldn’t wait to get his hands on these people who were cursing at Casandra and threatening bodily harm.