

Marrying Her Enemy: Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire

Chapter 14

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Ian looked at the ticket and furrowed his brow. "The flight is in two hours. We have to hurry." He was also displeased that it was a commercial flight. If he had anything to do with it, he would have booked a private jet for them to return.

Casandra was busy talking to her team as Ian went packing. It was a good thing that Casandra never unpacked. It was a habit she had. When he asked her about it, she shrugged and commented that she wanted to be prepared for any emergency.

He really did understand. And now, he knew he should pick up the habit, too. It would come in handy.

Time flew and they were already boarding the plane. Ian saw a flash from the corner of his eye and turned in the direction. Casandra was blissfully unaware, possibly because she was not used to being photographed. She had no awareness of it.

"Can you handle the luggage? I need to use the washroom quickly," Ian said softly.

Casandra looked at him with a hint of confusion before nodding. "I'm not made of glass. I can handle some suitcases," she retorted before wheeling away.

Ian waited until she was out of sight before he walked over to the individual who had taken the picture. He pushed one hand into his pant pocket and extended the other to the woman.

"What?" she questioned. There was a hint of irritation in her voice.

"Hand your phone over before I force it from you," Ian warned. His demeanor was cool but there was anger hidden in his eyes. He had been furious since he saw the slanderous news online, but with people sneakily taking pictures of Casandra and invading her privacy, it was threatening to burst out.

The woman looked at the aviation staff. "Are you seeing this? This man is trying to steal my phone!" she complained.

The staff stepped forward but Ian raised his hand. "I am asking you nicely to hand the phone over before I call the police and report you for violating my wife's privacy. She is not a public figure and if her picture ends up online, I will sue you for everything you are worth."

The staff member stiffened. "Ma'am, what seems to be the problem?"

The woman explained calmly but stole glances at Ian.

Ian showed his ticket to the staff and then handed him his card. "As you can see, we husband and wife value our privacy. We don't want our schedule to be shown to the media. If she shows me her recently taken photos and my wife doesn't feature in it, I will apologize immediately," he said confidently.

The woman protested until she had no other option but to show the phone to the staff member. The first few pictures were of Ian and Casandra walking through the airport and boarding the plane. The woman hung her head until the staff scrolled further.

Ian burst out into an angry chuckle. "So, Micheal or Roxanne employed you." He leaned close to the woman threateningly. "You should tell your employer not to play around or they will find out what I can do to them."

The woman shrank away as Ian turned to the staff member. "Please delete the pictures of me and my wife from her cellphone. And make sure they are not recoverable," he said immediately.

The staff knew not to go against this man. The way he conducted himself screamed of authority and they dared not go against him.

Once Ian was satisfied, he walked back to first class and sat down next to Casandra. His wife wanted to ask what had taken him so long, but she was preoccupied with trying to figure out who was manipulating the narrative.

Time flew like this and they landed.

“We should go through the private exit. It’s not safe to go through the front,” Ian whispered but Casandra was already speaking on the phone. She didn’t pay him attention as she walked out of the communal exit. She didn’t notice the crowd waiting.

She assumed it was for someone else.

That was until the flashes of the cameras blinded her.

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“Why did you break your engagement with Mr. Spencer? Were you cheating on him since the beginning? Is that why you kept your relationship a secret?”

A barrage of questions was thrown her way.

Casandra stepped back, shocked by the intensity of the crowd. She could barely keep her eyes open because of the bright flashing blinding her. She raised her hand to block her eyes. She could only hear the screeches of Micheal’s fans accusing her of being a whore and a slut.

“You dare hurt our idol?”

“Rot in hell!”

“You deserve to be beaten to death.”

She smelled something strange and recoiled in disgust. She felt wetness drip down her collar to her pants. She opened her eyes wide and tried to see what it was. It was a strange green liquid that dripped from her expensive jumpsuit.

She froze in the spot, the questions becoming unbearable. She saw something coming at her from the corner of her eyes. She didn’t have the time to dodge. She waited for the

pain to come, but it never did. The flashing lights dimmed as she squeezed her eyes shut.

There was a sudden silence until chaos broke out again.

“Did he just take the hit for her?”

“Who is he? So handsome!”

“Is she with another man right after her marriage?”

Casandra shuddered as she opened her eyes slowly. She saw a strong chest in front of her. She looked up slowly and barely saw Ian’s chin.

“Are you okay?” Ian asked gruffly. He sounded so upset that Casandra didn’t know how to respond. She didn’t know if she should comfort him or herself. She heard sounds of splattering and her eyes widened in shock.

“Homewrecker!”

“Cheater!”

“Move away,” Casandra squeaked.

“No,” Ian barked. He turned around and shielded her with his body. Casandra stared at the stinky mess on his suit and felt tears prickle her eyes. She clutched at the corner of his jacket and wondered why he was being so protective of her.

“Move,” he growls.

No one else can speak. The darkness in his eyes made everyone recoil in fear. They remain still, their words and accusations caught in their throat.

“Move before I do something bad,” he threatened.

The sea of people parted, making way for Ian and Casandra. Ian grabbed Casandra’s wrist and dragged her toward the pickup area. Casandra hung her head, trying to keep the tears from spilling. She didn’t want to appear weak in front of Ian. And she despised

the idea of millions of people laughing at her while she cried. She bit her lip and followed him without a thought.

One reporter felt especially brave and stepped up. "Sir, who are you to take her away? We demand

answers."

Ian's head snapped in his direction. A sneer replaced the frown on his lips. "I am her husband."