

Taming the Billionaire CEO (Daniel Monroe)

Chapter 21

21 A MAN CALLED GIOVANNI

After a while of running in different directions, Anna stopped. “Now that I’ve lost him, where the hell am I?” she wondered aloud, looking around the empty hall with nothing but paintings, plants and several rooms on both sides.

“This mansion doesn’t look like it from the outside, but it’s huge—way bigger than mine,” she muttered as she wandered around.

“Hello?” she yelled out. “Anybody here?”

There **was** no response.

“Should I just call Davis?” she muttered, before deciding against it. She doubted he was done being introduced to people and didn’t want to bother him.

“Are you lost?” She turned back to see a man approaching her. He had **on** a blue corporate jacket with nothing beneath it and so his toned chest was in view for all to ogle.

She remembered Davis’s warnings and held her purse tight. I didn’t bring pepper spray, but I’ll **use** my heels if it comes to it.

“Yes, please. Could you please **show** me the way back to the hallway leading to the party?” she asked, with a light smile.

“Not the party itself?” he tilted his head to the side a bit. “You’re Mrs. Solorante, vero?” he asked, a boyish grin on his face.

I don’t like that grin and what is Vero?

Although she didn’t understand the words he said, she knew he wanted to know if she was truly married to Davis. “**Yeah**. Why do you ask?” she asked.

He raised his **hand**, shaking his head slightly, “Oh, niente!”

She raised a brow, “I’m **sorry**, but I don’t understand...” she trailed off, not knowing the language he

was speaking.

“Italian,” he said with a raised brow. “I assumed you’d know a bit since your husband speaks it

rather well.”

“He **does?**” She was intrigued and didn’t realize when **she** dropped her **guard**.

“Si,” he replied and stretched out his hand. “I’m Giovanni by the way.

She **stared at** his hand for a while before taking it. “I’m-

“Anna,” he completed for **her**, **his** hazel eyes boring into hers as though he was searching her very **soul**

the war

She immediately withdrew her hand. “Could you please show me back?” she asked, her tone

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impatient.

He shrugged, his hands in his pocket. “We’re lost together, Tesoro,” he said with a heavy sigh. “This place is a maze.”

“How relieving,” she said, her shoulders dropping. “And what did you call **me?** Tesoro?” she **inquired**.

He burst into laughter. “Your pronunciation is hilarious, but the meaning **is a secret**,” he said with a wink and she turned away with an eye roll.

“I’ll **just** try retracing my steps,” she muttered in annoyance.

“I was just pulling your legs, **Tesoro**,” he chuckled as he walked toward the end of the hall. When he didn’t hear her walking, he turned back, “Are you coming or what?”

“I don’t know why he keeps calling me that,” she mumbled in annoyance. “It’s probably an insult or something.”

“I can’t hear you if you’re trying to talk to me,” he pointed out and continued walking.

“Well, I wasn’t trying to talk to **you**,” she snapped, following behind him.

After a very short while of walking, they arrived back in the hall she had run from. She could tell from the numerous paintings and plants she saw around.

"Thank you so much, Giovanni," she said, a look of gratitude on my face.

He stared at her for a while before his lips curved up in a mischievous smile. He took her hand and planted a kiss on her knuckles, "Prego, Tesoro,"

"I'll take that as you saying I'm welcome," she smiled, withdrawing her hand immediately. 1

"We'll **see** each other around," he said **as** he walked towards the exit.

"You aren't staying for the party?" she asked. Why did I ask?

He raised an inquisitive brow at her. "If you want me to stay, I could spare a few hours."

"Nah, do you," she said, picking up a plant on the table. She dropped it on the floor and sat on the table, sighing **in** relief. Heels are crazy. How do people walk in them for so long?

"You break my heart, Tesoro," he said in mock sadness, but she closed her eyes. "And I forgot to mention that you look ravishing in that dress of yours."

"Thank you," she said with a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "I thought you were leaving."

He chuckled, "Oh, Tesoro! Tutto di te mi fa venire voglia di fare cose con te."

"Okay, that's a long one," she said, her face curling down in a frown.

"I was saying goodbye," he grinned as he walked off, "When you see Davis, tell him Giovanni says Hi. He'll be thrilled."

"Sure," she said, watching **as** he went through the exit. "I thought no one had ever seen Davis, but

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why does this Italian guy know him? Are they friends?"

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After a while of sitting on the table, her phone vibrated in her purse. She had put it on silent before the party to avoid any attention, "Finally," she heaved **a** sigh of relief when she saw it was Davis. "Are you through? And are we leaving now?"

“Yes, where are you?” he asked.

“The hallway we came through,” she said and he hung up. “Rude,” she muttered as she dialled Lily.

“Send it now, Lily. We’re leaving,” she said as Lily picked up.

“What? It’s not even been an hour,” she said.

“Which is a **good** thing, since everyone is still here,” she looked at the exit, “Almost everyone.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll send it now,” Lily said and hung up.

Anna closed her eyes as she leaned against the wall, “I miss my bed,” she muttered. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Should I carry you?” she opened her eyes when she heard Davis’s voice.

She shook her head, a small smile on her face and she cupped his face. “I can walk on my own, love,” she said and with his help, got down from the table and returned the plant to its rightful place.

“You act well,” Davis whispered as he hugged her.

“I could say the same for you,” she said to him before pulling away. “By the way, I got lost a while po. I was walking around for nearly, if not **over**, thirty minutes. Anyway, I ran into this Italian guy. He said his name is Giovanni **and** said you

Speak Italian-”

Davis’s eyes darkened as he clenched his fist, but **Anna** was too busy talking to notice his change in expression.

IL

Really though, he made it sound as though I was stupid because I didn’t know you speak Italian and I don’t blame him because I’m supposed to be your wife, yet I don’t know that little detail. Who’ll believe I’m a wife you married out of love?” she said, whispering the question.

He fixed his expression. “I’m sorry, but I’ll let you know a little about me **soon**,” he told her and took her hand. “Let’s go now.”

“What’s Tesoro?” she asked when they got in the car.

“He called you that?” Davis said, a dark look **crossing** his eyes.

“Yeah, and said one long ass sentence but I can only remember the ending: di fare,” she paused for a while, “I think curse con te? I might have pronounced it wrong.”

“It’s nothing you should worry about,” he said through gritted teeth. Giovanni, you bastard.

“If you say **so**,” she shrugged. Her phone buzzed and she picked it up to see a link to an article from Lily. She clicked on it and a smile lit her face, “**You’ll** want to see this,” she told him with a light chuckle.

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Chapter 22

22 LET IT BE FAKE

“Where were you?” William snapped at Daniel, plastering a fake smile on his face when one of their investors passed by him. “I was going to introduce you to Mr. Yire, but now he’s been whisked away to meet Solorante.”

The deep frown on Daniel’s face further deepened as he rubbed his temples. “I was trying to talk to **Anna**,” he said, “but she r- left before I could ask her-”

“Since when did Anna get into our industry?” William questioned, his lips pressed together in a thin line. It had taken him twenty years before he could get an invite to attend the party they were at, but Anna who wasn’t in their industry was given access.

“That’s what I was trying to find out,” Daniel said, his tone dripping with bitterness. “**She** mentioned it was Davis who brought her here, which means he must have gotten her **an** invitation or perhaps he brought her here,”

“Either way, this is unfair-” William trembled with fury, “-unethical! Even **as** my son, you weren’t allowed to join us till you proved yourself worthy but she was let in just like **that**. Since when did Peterson start doing favours?” he lamented bitterly, realizing his standing compared to David and his hatred for both Anna and Davis doubled.

Daniel flashed a smile to someone passing them. “Let’s forget that, Dad, and focus on the party. We need to use this opportunity to get me further **acquainted** with the big names that are here tonight.”

Nodding, William stood straight and forced a smile, “I can’t let that **Davis** get further than he already **has**,” he **said** before adding, “And you had better hasten with finding out everything you can about him from Anna. How’s that going?”

Daniel cleared his throat, “It’s going okay. Although I haven’t found out anything important, I’m certain she still has feelings for me and with the right push, she’ll give in and run back to me. Then we **can find** out **whatever** it is we want to.”

“I hope it is going well,” William said. “And don’t neglect Renee just because of your task. She’s carrying the heir of the Monroes in her and nothing must happen to the child in her.”

Daniel nodded, “Yes, **Dad**. I understand.” His lips curved up into a smile as his Dad turned to speak with someone. He **was** so grateful to Rence for her pregnancy. Because of it, his rank in the family had shot up exponentially.

“All I have to do now is find a way to win Anna back,” he muttered, his brow creasing with worry. After she ran from him, he wondered if it was possible to win her back.

I hope I haven’t completely lost her to Davis.

“Sir. Henry,” he said, walking toward a man with a champagne glass in hand.

AAA

It had been **an** hour and Daniel still hadn’t seen Anna come back into the party. “Did she get lost or

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get into trouble?” he muttered with concern.

“Peterson!” He heard William say and turned back to see them talking.

Williams **glanced** at him, and with his eyes, signalled for him to join them. It was Daniel’s first time Getting an invite to the party and so William wanted to familiarize him with everyone that was

somebody, which is all of them at the party.

“Peterson, this is my son, Daniel,” William beamed, a proud smile on his face as he gave Daniel a light tap on his back. “Thank you for inviting him this year.”

Peterson smiled at Daniel. “It’s a pleasure to finally meet you in person, Daniel-” he **turned** to Williams, “-and you don’t have to thank me for anything. He isn’t here

because I just let him, he's here because he earned it. You **see**, a lot of people have been calling him the upgraded version of you."

Williams let out a loud bellow, patting Daniel on the back even harder. "Well, isn't that amazing?" Not being able to resist his curiosity, he asked, "Speaking of which, I saw that Mr Solorante came along with a lady. I know everyone in this industry, but I've never heard of her or even seen her, so who's she for you to have invited her?" he inquired softly.

"Oh, you mean Anna Solorante?" Peterson chuckled as William nodded in affirmation. "As to what she does, I don't **know** about that. I only met her tonight through her husband, Mr. Davis Solorante who brought her along with him. Unfortunately, I wasn't opportuned to discuss with her."

Williams wanted to ask why he let someone like her in, but he decided against it and focused on discussing important matters.

Suddenly, the hall became incredibly noisy as whispers flew from one end of the room to the other, and the focus of their stares was Williams and Daniel, who were engrossed in their discussion with Peterson.

"Mr. Peterson!" His assistant called out to him as he raced towards him. "Mr. Williams, Mr. Daniel, I apologize for my interruption, but I need to speak with Mr. Peterson."

"What is it, Jake?" Peterson asked as they both stepped aside. Noticing the hall was not as silent or calm as it usually was, he asked, "What is happening? Why's everyone noisy?"

Jake handed him the tablet he was holding, "You should see this for sure."

"A FAKE PREGNANCY? WHAT ELSE ARE THE MONROES LYING ABOUT?" **was** the headline on the article Jake showed to Peterson.

"There's a recording circulating online about Renee Monroe, Mr. Daniel's wife lying about her pregnancy to the media. The public is infuriated by it and it's terrible. Although I don't think her husband or father-in-law knows about it," Jake said.

Mr. Peterson shook his head, a pitiful look on his face. "Thank you for informing me, Jake. You may leave now," he said, feeling pity for Daniel and **Williams**,

The internet wasn't friendly **and** although they weren't the ones who lied to the public, their association with her would cause them to take some of the heat as well.

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He went back to them.

“Excuse me, Mr. Peterson,” Williams said, a tone of urgency in his voice, “Thank you so much for inviting us to this party, but we’ll have to take our leave now.”

Peterson glanced at Daniel to see a pale look on his face and let out a sigh. “Thank you for showing up and I hope to see you next year.

“Thank you,” William said as they exchanged a handshake.

“It was a pleasure meeting you, Mr. Peterson,” Daniel said as they exchanged a handshake, although his mind looked like it was miles away.

“Likewise,” Peterson said and they hurried out of the hall, making the whispers in the room intensify.

“Where to, sir? Home or Office?” Their chauffeur asked.

“Home,” William said through gritted teeth. “And be as fast as you possibly can.”

“Yes, sir.” SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Dad, I-“Daniel started.

“You what?” William snapped, all the anger he had been trying to keep bottled up spilling. “Why didn’t you confirm her pregnancy when she told you about it?” he questioned.

“I trusted her,” he said in a bitter tone, before quickly adding, “This could all be a lie, Dad. Several people want to take us down and it’s not as though things like this can’t be faked nowadays.”

“How could you be so foolish as to believe her when she said she was pregnant? What trust are you talking about?” Williams yelled, before exhaling deeply. “We’ll know whether or not she’s lying when we get home.”

Daniel nodded, looking out the window as he desperately hoped it was fake news, but he knew... I had seen the signs, but I ignored them all and chose to trust her.

Regardless, he hoped it was fake.

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Chapter 23

23 CONTRACEPTIVES AND TEARS

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23 CONTRACEPTIVES AND TEARS

Rence was in the sitting room, watching SpongeBob Square Pants when Anna walked through the

front door.

She turned around, a scowl on her face when she saw it **was them**. “Oh, it’s you,” she rolled her eyes. and went back to watching the cartoon.

“I see you didn’t go to the party, which is odd considering I met your husband there,” Anna said in a mocking tone.

“What party? **Daniel** is with my father-in-law-“she emphasized ‘my’ before continuing, “-at the

I don’t know the name, but **it’s a** party you couldn’t possibly be invited to. You’re not even in their industry.”

Anna crossed her arms together, **a** smirk on her face. “I don’t know what you’re talking about because my husband took me there to get me acquainted with his partners as his wife,” she scoffed when the smirk on Renee’s face dropped.

“And where’s your h-“**Renee** started to say.

Just then, Davis walked through the door. He had waited outside to take a call which was why he didn’t enter with her. “Sorry for the delay, treasure,” Davis said, trying not to cringe at the pet name he **had given** her, especially when he got it from Giovanni.

His eyes darkened when he remembered him.

Anna wrapped her arms around his neck, “Baby,” she cooed. “What took you so long?”

He brushed a strand of her hair from her face and tucked it behind her **ear**. “I’m sorry to have kept **you** waiting,” he said softly and lifted her off the ground, making her yelp in surprise as he walked up the stairs with her in a bridal style.

Renée watched them with fury in her **eyes**. “You wait till I lay my hands on him. He’ll never look at **you** again,” she muttered.

“**You** didn’t **have** to carry me,” Anna said, heat rushing to her face as she avoided his eyes. “And what was **that**? Treasure. You upped your acting in a short time.”

"I'll take that as a compliment," he said, his voice cold and distant **as** usual.

She let out a sigh of disappointment. She had hoped they would be closer after that night, but it seemed she was wrong. Now am I supposed to get him to speak to me about himself?

They were right in front of their room when they heard someone barge through the front door." Seems like it's about to go down," Anna said, a gleeful smile **on** her face. "Please put me down," she said to Davis who obliged.

She tiptoed to the end of the hall, hiding behind the wall and peeping so she could see what was going on without them noticing her presence unless they came **up** to their floor.

23 CONTRACEPTIVES AND TEARS

'Baby!' Renee chirped as she ran to Daniel, but Williams stepped in before she could get to Daniel and gave her a thunderous slap across her cheek, sending her to the ground in a daze.

"W-what..." she trailed off in confusion, tears pooling in her eyes as she looked from Daniel to his father.

Daniel looked away, hurt in his eyes. "Sheila!" he yelled and a maid came scurrying to the sitting

TOOM.

"You called for me, sir," she said, her head bowed respectfully.

"Go to my room and bring me Renee's bag," Daniel instructed.

At the mention of her bag, Renee shot up from the floor. "Since when did you start checking my bag? What is this Daniel?" she yelled when he didn't answer her bag.

Sheila was about to go when Renee yelled. "Don't you dare move an inch!" She turned to Daniel." Your father just hit me and rather than say anything, you're asking her to bring my bag. What for?"

He couldn't possibly have found out the truth.

"What are you waiting for, Sheila? Go get the bag!" Daniel yelled and she immediately ran up the

stairs to the room. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The shouts in the house brought Mary and Kyra out of their rooms. “Why the hell must y’all disturb my rest?”

Kyra complained, a frown on her face, but both Williams and Daniel ignored her.

“Honey,” Mary went to Williams who was almost breathing out flames. “what happened? Why do

look so mad?” she inquired.

you

“You’ll find out soon enough,” Williams said, throwing a **glare** at Renee who had **a** pale look on her

face.

“Daniel, come on—” Renee started, walking toward Daniel.

“I swear if you touch me, **you’ll** experience something much worse than the slap my Dad gave you. So

up and let us find out who you really are,” he **said**.

shut

Anna, who was still watching what was going on, dashed into her room and began undressing, not caring **that** Davis was in there as well.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he questioned, puzzled by her actions, especially when she began taking off her panties. He immediately looked away.

She raised a brow at him, “I can’t possibly join them down there looking like I haven’t been back from the party for a while now. They might suspect something,” she said as she cleaned off the make-up on her face and threw one of her nightgowns that wasn’t transparent.

She sucked on her lips as she ran her hand through her hair.

“Why **does** your hair need to be rough?” he questioned, genuinely puzzled. “And what are you doing to your lips?”

23 CONTRACEPTIVES AND TEARS

She raised a brow. "We were just having a hot time together," she said. "Which is why I'm naked under this gown, have swollen lips, messy hair and I'm dripping with sweat. I think **that's** all the necessary details."

He wanted to ask more questions but decided against it.

She immediately shot out of the room and thankfully, Sheila **was** just going down the stairs with the bag. "I haven't missed anything."

She made her way down the stairs as fast as she could while trying to look **calm**. "What is all the ruckus about? My hu..." she trailed off as though she didn't know what was happening. "What **is** going on?" She questioned looking from Daniel who had a frown on his face, to Kyra who was shocked, both reactions because of her appearance.

Williams ignored her and grabbed the bag from Sheila. Renee immediately lunged for the bag, but Williams pushed her to the ground and dumped the contents of the bag on the floor.

There was money, and her phone, but what caught their attention was the bottle of medication that rolled down to Anna's feet. She picked it up and her eyes widened in shock. I hope that was believable.

"Contraceptives?" she said in disbelief, looking at Renee with a raised brow. "Why does a pregnant woman have a contraceptive in her bag?"

'Because she's **not** one and the entire world knows. I don't even want to imagine the damage that has been done to our untainted image," Williams yelled, running hand through his hair. He turned to Daniel, "You had better fix this," he told him before storming off, with Mary running after him.

"It's not true, I swear. It's not-" Renee trailed off when she heard the recording playing. She turned to see Kyra glaring at her.

"This is your voice or am I wrong?" she questioned before turning around with a scoff. "Gold digger."

"Sheila, you and everyone should go back to your rooms. And I don't want to hear any gossip," he turned to the trembling maid, "Am I clear?"

She nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Renee, come with me. You need to calm down," Daniel said softly, helping her up and carrying her bridal style as she buried her face in his clothes, soaking it with her tears and apologies.

"That was... Interesting," she said as he left through the front door.

She walked into the kitchen. "Let's celebrate," she muttered as she grabbed a bottle of alcohol and uncorked it.

"Can I join you?" She turned around to see Daniel.

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Chapter 24

24 COSTLY MISTAKE

"How did you get here so quickly? Weren't you just with Renee?" She questioned.

A frown settled on his face. "I sent her home. After telling her I wouldn't let her into the house tonight, she won't be coming back till morning. I just need some time from her right now."

"Oh," Anna nodded and downed the shot of whiskey in her hand. She turned to him with a smile, "Enjoy your alone time, I'll be up with my-"

"Please stay," **he** said, his voice breaking.

She was about to give in, but knowing full well it couldn't lead to anything good, she decided against it. "I'm sorry, but Davis is waiting for me upstairs. I only came down to tell you guys to keep your voices down, not get involved in the chaos."

He held her arm as **she** stood up from the bar stool. "Please, Anna. Just give **me** five minutes of your time. In **one** night, I've lost my **child**, my father's trust, my position in this house **and** who knows what else, so please-

-Just keep me company for five minutes and you don't need to say anything. I just need someone **to** listen to me," he pleaded, before looking away when the tears in his eyes were about to fall.

She sighed and sat back down, "I'm counting," she said. I

"**Thank** you," he gave her **a** grateful smile and poured them both a glass of whiskey.

This is not how I planned for this to go. **Perhaps** I should have **just** stayed upstairs. She thought as she pushed her glass away from her.

"**Woah!** Easy," she told him when he gulped down the entire **glass** of whiskey.

Although she was happy about the turn of events and was glad to see him brokenhearted like he had left her on multiple occasions, she still felt bad for him.

"It's not the **end** of the world, Daniel," she said when he grabbed her glass as well and drank half of the content.

She picked up

the bottle and placed it far **away** from him. "**You** know you get drunk easily and you're drinking this much?" she said with an irritated tone.

"I don't want to be **sober**," he said, **his** words slurred. **Great**, he's **drunk**.

"When she first told me about her **pregnancy**, I was sceptical and it made her mad. And then she took

a test behind my back and brought me the test results, making me feel guilty," he scoffed, "I couldn't have imagined it was fake-"

I felt so bad **that** I had doubted her only for it to turn out it was true that I gave her all she asked for. My time, **money**, everything! I even promised to make her my wife-" Anna rolled her eyes. and now, it turns **out** she's been playing me all this while-"

24 COSTLY MISTAKE Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I mean, for a long time, she had said she didn't want any kids so I should have known it was too good to be true, but I trusted her and yet-" he let out a burp, "-she betrayed my trust and now my company, my father's and this family is also going to take a fall for it."

"Too bad," Anna said robotically, pouring herself a shot.

When she looked back at him, she saw he had emptied the second glass of whiskey. "Okay, that's enough and five minutes have passed already," she said.

"I understand you love her, but I'd advise you to cut ties with her," Anna said as **she** stood up from the stool.

Daniel also stood up, "That's the problem," he said, his face blank.

"You're completely wasted," she clicked her tongue distastefully. While others went crazy when drunk, he was calm although every bit as destructive as the others

"I can't cut ties with her yet. Apart from the fact that I still care about her, she could tell the press we aren't married and reveal everything. Now that her career is more or less

over, she has nothing to lose and will do whatever it takes to keep herself in this family.”

Anna nodded, “That does sound like Renee. Well, Daniel, that’s nothing I can help you with. Your lies and past actions are coming back to bite you in the ass, and you’ll have to deal with it.”

“I’m sorry, Anna,” he said softly resting his head on her shoulder.

Common sense told her to push him off and leave, but she stood there unable to **move**. It was the first time they had an actual conversation **since** they got married.

Her eyes widened when she felt one of his hands under her gown, caressing her thighs as he wrapped his other hand around her waist. “Don’t even think about it,” she said, slapping his hands off her.

“Anna,” he said softly, raising her chin so her eyes met his.

Look away and leave. Logic told her to leave, but her heart wanted her to stay.

“We can’t do this,” she whispered, her tone barely audible, but didn’t attempt to leave.

“You have the option to decide what you can and can’t do,” he said, bringing his lips close to hers.

She closed her **eyes**, her heartbeat doubling as she waited, anticipating his lips on hers, but instead, she heard a loud **thud**. Her eyes snapped open to see Daniel on the floor, his hand on his cheeks with Davis towering above him.

Shit! How do I get out of this?

Davis turned to her and she swallowed. “It’s not what it looks like‘ didn’t seem like an excuse she could use considering he caught her red-handed.

“Come with me,” he said, dragging her off by her arm.

“And where do you think you’re going with her?” Daniel said, getting up from the floor.

24 COSTLY MISTAKE

3/3

Davis raised his brow, “It seems the alcohol has made you forget she’s my wife and not yours,” he said, shutting Daniel up.

“That doesn’t-” Daniel started.

“Just shut up, Daniel!” Anna said with a glare. If he hadn’t made a move on her, she wouldn’t have fallen into his trap. Although she blamed him, she knew she was equally responsible. He didn’t force her to do anything.

Davis let go of her arm and walked to their room with Anna following behind him, her heart pounding in her chest as she wondered what he was going to do or say.

“I’m sorry,” she said as they entered their room. “I... I don’t have-”

“Take it off,” He commanded as he turned to her while unbuckling his pants.

She stared at him with a blank look. “It won’t happen again, Davis. I swear it,” she promised.

“I don’t need your explanations, I need you to take your clothes off before I rip it off **you**,” he threatened, throwing his belt to the floor and proceeding to unbutton his shirt.

“I don’t want to,” she said, her voice quivering.

He stalked towards her, his gaze filled with anger and disgust. “You might be forgetting you’re my wife and that means your body belongs to me as well,” he said with a chuckle that made the hairs of her hands stand.

She took a step back as he approached her.

“Even if this is a fake marriage, only you, your friend, I and Paul know about this. Everyone else believes we’re married so don’t you feel an ounce of shame when you willingly let another man claim your body? It’s even more disgusting when it’s someone who discarded you,” He said.

“-I don’t have a problem with that, except that can’t happen when we’re supposed to be married. I’ve concluded that you’re nothing but an idiot driven by your hormones. So, take off your clothes,” he said, now in front of her.

She looked up at him with tears streaming down her face, and without a word, drew the straps of her gown down. Her gown fell to her feet, leaving her completely naked.

“Do what you want.”

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Chapter 25

25 A CHANGE OF HEART

Davis stared at her **as** she trembled, tears streaming down her face. He looked away with a dejected **sigh**. "What was I thinking?" he muttered. He had been foolish. Everything he had done was foolish.

"I shouldn't have hired you," he said after a while.

She looked up at him so **fast**, it was a wonder her neck didn't break. "W-

"I should have taken into consideration your feelings for that piece of trash," he continued. "I shouldn't have put you under the same roof as him. I should have taken into consideration the fact that he'll try to make a move on you."

Anna shook her head. He has given her the chance and opportunity to take revenge on the family that made her suffer. True, she had been a total idiot by giving Daniel the chance to use her feelings against her, but she couldn't lose the only chance she **had** at revenge.

"Wear your clothes," he said, looking away from her.

"No," she said. "You can take me if you want, but please-"

"I don't and can't trust you, Anna Merdibuth. All you've done is make me further doubt you. I won't let you become a weakness the Monroes can **use** against me. I didn't have all these problems when I was working on my own, but I brought you in and I keep worrying about whether or not you'll ruin everything."

He walked to the bed and removed the duvet. Walking back to her, he wrapped it around her body. "As from now on, you're fired," he **said** and with a frown, added, "And I don't want you."

He picked up his briefcase and phone. "I expect you to be out of this house in the next three days. You can keep the money I paid you for this month," he told her and left the room.

Anna fell to the floor. What do I do now?

AAA

"Wait, **wait, wait!** Slow down, Anna," Lily said, handing a panicked Anna **a** glass of water.

Anna took the glass of chilled water from her with a grateful smile and heaved a sigh of relief as the cold liquid streamed down her throat. "He fired me, Lily. What do I do now?"

Lily shrugged, "Accept it, forget about the revenge and move on with your life," she said plainly.

"That's what you're going to say to me?" Anna questioned with a scoff and continued in a raised voice. "You know how much I want this-"

"No, Anna. I don't," Lily **snapped**. "And you know me **too** well to know I always call you out on your bullshit. I don't sugarcoat things just because you're my best friend and I'm not going to start now-

You claim you **want** revenge against Daniel and **yet** you nearly kiss him? I get it's hard for you because you love him and whatnot, but you can't blame Davis for not being able to trust you when you

25 A CHANGE OF HEART

can't even control your feelings," She paused, pacing around the living room in frustration.

I want to hit you, Anna, but that won't knock out your feelings for Daniel. Look, I completely agree with Davis's decision to fire you. You said he's been planning the revenge for a long time and just when he decides to bring you in to assist him, you start to cause problems for him

"-so what do you think he'll do?" she asked.

Anna dropped her head in defeat, "Cut me off," she answered like a child who was being scolded for eating a bar soap.

Lily sighed and sat next to her. "Perhaps it's better for you to be far away from all this mess. I mean, for all we know, Davis could be a baggage of trouble..." she trailed off before adding, "I mean, he has been a gentleman for the most part, but the point is you don't know him enough

For all we know, he could have a dangerous background and your title as his wife might have **exposed you** to danger already so let's just let this go, alright? Besides, you could use the money he gave to you to start a business."

Anna shook her head, "I admit I've been an idiot, but I won't make the mistake the third time. Daniel is not going to ruin my life completely."

Lily sighed, "Fine, what do you want to do? And how are you going to get Davis to take you back?"

Anna massaged her forehead, "I'll have to beg him and put my life on the line or something. I don't know how but when I do get to that bridge, I'll cross it."

“And how exactly do you intend to get to the bridge when you don’t know where it is?”
with a raised brow.

Lily asked

“I don’t know,” Anna admitted. “I doubt he’ll be at the house today now that he’s kicked me out, but I don’t **know** where he lives. I would have gone to his company, but because no one had ever seen him till last **week**, he probably never went to his company.”

“Which means his home is where we have a high chance of finding him,” Lily said with a deep frown. “Finding where he lives might not be that easy though. Reporters should have flocked to his place. countless times to get his pictures if they knew where he lives.”

“I’ll try to find where he lives,” Lily **assured**. “**You just** focus on what to say when you see him.”

Anna nodded as she fell back to the bed, hoping Davis had a change of mind.

AAA

“I should have listened to you, Paul,” Davis said with a frown etched on his face. “Hiring **Anna was** a mistake just like you said. She and her feelings are nothing but trouble and weakness the Monroes are already trying to explore.”

“And so you fired her?” **Paul** said with **his** usual stolid expression.

Davis nodded, “Yes and I’ve given her three days to leave the house,” he leaned back in his chair, letting out an exasperated sigh. “I hate making mistakes, especially when it’s about people. But I have

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no choice but to admit it. If I don’t, it’s going to come back to bite me in the ass.”

Paul nodded. “Would you like my input on this?” he asked, politely.

Davis let out a groan of frustration, “Why do you keep asking when you know what I’m going to say?”

Paul didn’t say anything and waited. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Yes, you can go ahead with what you want to say, I’m listening,” Davis said.

“I think you should take her back,” Paul said. At his words, Davis turned to him, his eyebrows raised, a puzzled expression on his face.

“But you were against working with her.”

Paul nodded. “Till she started bringing results.,” he said, “Before she came, all we’ve done is plan and while that is a good thing, we can’t deny she’s done considerable damage to the Monroes-”

“-As we currently speak, their stocks have plummeted. Although they’ll recover from this, the reputation they’ve been building has been tainted. It’s little, but she did this in less than a week. It shows how capable she is, albeit foolish,” He paused, waiting for Davis to take it in.

“In addition, you already introduced her as your wife to everyone considered important, it wouldn’t be good for **you** to divorce her after being married to her for less than a month. Not to mention, you said Giovanni is in New York. Knowing him, he already has his eyes set on her

“This isn’t the time to fire her,” Paul said. “We should also get her to use Daniel just the way he wants to **use** her.”

Davis sunk into his seat. “I already fired her and I won’t go back on my decision.”

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Chapter 26

26 THE ROMANCE EXPERT

“If you say so,” Paul said with a nod.

“Is there anything else I need to know?” Davis asked with a tired sigh.

Paul nodded. “I don’t know if you’ve heard of ‘Il Destino Crudele’?” he asked.

Davis thought for a while, “The name doesn’t ring a bell. Who are they? Or what is it about?” he asked.

“They’re one of the Mafia gangs in Italy. For a very long time, they’ve laid low, but now they’ve expanded their chain of operations to New York and have been attacking our men and trying to take over our operations-”

-We caught one of the men a few days **ago** and after torturing him for days, he finally spoke but it turns out he's just one of the underlings and doesn't know much, although he did mention their target is us-

-I already deployed some of our men both here and in Italy to find out what they can about this gang, and why they're after us," he said, hesitating before finally adding. "I'm not a fan of assumptions, but I believe Giovanni might have a hand in this."

Davis closed his eyes, massaging his temples. He slowly opened them, anger swirling within his pupils. "I wouldn't be surprised if he's the one behind this. This can't be a coincidence."

"Which is why I think it's risky for you to abandon Miss. Anna when her life is in danger. You might not care for her, but would you be able to handle the guilt that comes with being responsible for whatever bad thing happens to her?" Paul **asked**.

Davis turned to Paul again, a frustrated look on his face. "I'm puzzled by your sudden concern for her. Since when were you worried about her?" he questioned.

"Since you announced her to be your wife, sir," Paul said, his expression unchanging. "You came out of the shadows and as though that alone isn't a big deal, you also revealed your wife who you claim to love. I've known you long enough to know if she's in danger, you won't sit back.

Davis leaned back in his seat. "Of course, I took all these into consideration, but he let out a groan of frustration.

"According to the movies I've been watching, things will **be** easier if **you** treat her a bit better when **you** don't need to act," Paul said, pausing as he tried to recall the lessons he had learnt from the romance drama he watched the night before.

"As someone who hasn't received love for a very long time in her life, it'll be hard for her to resist her first and only love when he's trying everything he can to make her come back to him. I can't ask you to love her since you strike me as one incapable of romantic love-

"I just can't waste my time on something so insignificant to my goals," Davis snapped, shooting daggers at Paul.

Paul nodded, his expression unchanging, "Of course," he cleared his throat and continued speaking, "The conclusion of all I've been saying is to give her a second chance and treat her like a friend."

A deep frown settled on her face. "I'll just leave it at not being cold to her. I can't be friends with someone so desperate for love."

“Every human craves love,” Paul stated.

“I think it’s time you stop watching those dramas of yours. I don’t know what they’re doing to you, but it’s not good,” Davis said, turning off his laptop.

“I still have six episodes to watch,” Paul said firmly.

Davis was about to pick up his phone to dial Anna’s number when his screen lit up with her name. “Perfect timing.”

AAA

“Seriously?” Anna exclaimed, disbelief etched on her face as she dropped down. on the couch. “Even with all your connections, you couldn’t get his address?”

Lily let out a defeated sigh. “A few months ago, some reporters went to his house. to get his picture. Not only were their equipment destroyed, but they spent two weeks in prison and the companies that sent them were shut down.”

Anna’s eyes almost fell out of her socket, “That’s wild!”

“Tell me about it. Since then, no one has tried getting a picture of him. If you try to and your company finds out, you’ll be fired instantly and I doubt you’d be able to get a job when people discover the reason why,” Lily shuddered. “Are you sure you want to get yourself involved with someone like this again? It’s a surprise you weren’t hanged for breaching the contract.”

Anna’s lips curled downwards in a frown. “Sometimes I wonder if you’re trying to make me feel better or worse.”

Lily threw herself at Her, wrapping her arms around her waist, “You know I love you,” she chirped.

Suppressing the smile making its way to her face, Anna rolled her eyes,

“I’m

starting to wonder if it’s real.”

“Think whatever, but my love for you is greater than whatever Daniel could ever have for you,” Lily said with a grin.

“Now that was you insulting me,” Anna said, but couldn’t help laughing.

“Now that you’re smiling, what are you going to do now?” Lily questioned, her tone serious.

"I'll have to call him. I hoped I'd be able to see him in person since that would give me a better chance of convincing him," she picked up her phone. "He'll probably hang up on me, but it's worth a try. I'll just call him till he gets tired and blocks my number. If that happens, I'll use the wife card."

"The wife card?" Lily asked, confusion plastered on her face.

"I'll cause a scene as his wife-" Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"And that's a very bad idea and also inconsiderate," Lily cut her off, making Anna roll her eyes. "Just call him and then we'll decide what to do if he doesn't take the call."

Anna nodded, her heart pounding against her chest as she dialled his number. Please pick it up. "I-"

"I'll be at your mansion in thirty minutes. I expect you not to keep me waiting and come in whatever you're wearing now," he said and hung up.

"And?" Lily asked expectantly, her fingers intertwined as she hoped it was good.

news.

"He said 'your mansion'," Anna squealed.

Lily crossed her arms and tilted her head to the side, "And what does that have to do with what is going on?"

Anna bounced from one foot to the other, her eyes sparkling and gleaming. She stopped in front of Lily, a wide grin on her face. "Darling, it means I have a chance at a second chance-"

"That shouldn't make sense but it does," Lily commented.

Ignoring her, Anna continued, "He told me to move out of the house but now he addressed it as mine, which means he probably wants to give me a second chance."

Lily pursed her lips in thought, fiddling with the bracelet on her wrists, "What if you're just overthinking his words? I mean, who-"

Glancing at the wall clock, Anna cut her off, "Lily, I'll just go now and find out.

25 THE ROMANCE EXPERT

He said I shouldn't be late and I don't want to find out what will happen if I'm late."

Lily raised her hand in surrender, "Fine then. What's the worst that could happen anyway," she said, drawing a long, heavy sigh as she handed Anna her bag.

"See ya!" Anna dashed out of the house without waiting for a response. "Hey, baby," She said to her Porsche, a proud smile on her face as she got into it. "At least he didn't say anything about taking you away from me.

"Keep me updated!" Lily yelled as she ran out of the house.

Anna nodded as she drove her car to the road and headed for her mansion. "She worries too much," she said with a smile.

She suddenly heard a loud pop and lost control of her car.

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Chapter 27

27 AN ANGEL AND A BLUE SPORTS CAR.

"Oh, come on!" Anna yelled, kicking the tyre that burst. She had managed to control her car enough to get it off the road without crashing into another car.

She bent down to check the tire and saw it had a hole in it. "Did I drive over something or did someone intentionally stab you?" she muttered as she poked her finger in the hole.

I probably shouldn't do that.

She stood up, pacing around as she grabbed her hair in clumps. She looked up to the sky, "I doubt he's the type to understand situations like this," **she** let out a groan, "What do I do now?"

She could easily take a taxi to the mansion, but she couldn't bear to leave her car unattended. "Right, I could call Lily."

Although it wouldn't take Lily up to ten minutes to drive to her location, she hadn't bathed yet and her best friend would never leave her house without bathing.

She tucked her phone back in her pocket, looking from her car to the taxi driving across the road. I really can't leave my car, but will Davis understand?

"Anna?" She whipped her head in the direction of the house to see a man walking

towards her.

Why does he look familiar? She wondered as she peered into his hazel eyes.

"I feel as though I've met you before," Her focused gaze rested on him as her brows knitted together.

He raised a brow, a grin on his face. "I didn't realize even women flirted with men using this trick."

Her lips curled in a scowl as she stood up straight. "I'm not flirting. I'm just curious as to why you look so familiar and called me in such a familiar way."

"I pride myself in leaving an indelible impression on people and it's rather disappointing knowing you don't remember me, Tesoro," he emphasized 'Tesoro ' and her eyes widened in realization.

"It's you!" she exclaimed. "The guy who speaks Italian."

He winced. "If I recall correctly, I go by the name Giovanni," he said with his arms outstretched. "It's rather interesting meeting you here by the side of **the** road acting as though you're going through a monthly crisis."

She snorted. "I'm afraid I won't be able to entertain you because I'm in a hurry." "Too bad," he said with a slight pout making her roll her eyes, "Is it something I can help you with?"

"N-" she started to say but swallowed her pride. It had been ten minutes since she'd been stuck there and if she didn't get to her mansion in twenty, Davis would eat her raw. "Yeah, I do. I need to fix my tire in at most five minutes. Can you do it?"

"Yes" her eyes sparkled, case washing over her. "—if I was sorcerer," he smug grin.

completed with a smug grin.

She clenched and unclenched her fists, a tight-lipped smile on her face. "Wow, you've helped me," she said through gritted teeth..

He threw his keys at her, chuckling loudly when she struggled to catch it only for it to still land on the floor. "I see you're clumsy, Tesoro."

She shot him a glare as she raised the keys. "Why are you giving this to me?"

"You must have somewhere very important to be for you to ask me for such a ridiculous request. You can take my car-" he pointed at the blue sports car a few distance from hers, "-while I get your car fixed," he said.

Her frown instantly dissipated as she stared at his car. "You'll let me drive that?" she questioned.

"Why not?" he shrugged before pausing. "

"What if I run off with it?" she asked, squinting her eyes. "Or what if I wreck it?"

"I know you won't run with it and if you do wreck it, Davis will get me another," he said. But you won't wreck it, because you've gone sports car racing with your friend multiple times.

He looked at his watch, "It's been five minutes, Tesoro. You might want to leave now," he told her..

She handed him her keys, "Thank you so much, Giovanni. I owe you one," she said and rushed into his car.

Wait! How will he contact me to get back his car?

Grabbing her phone from her bag, she ran out of the car and handed him her phone. "You aren't that smart, y'know?" she told him. "Give me your number so I can text you to pick up your car."

He collected her phone, typed in his number and handed it back. "And yet you're saying you aren't flirting with me," he grinned.

She rolled her eyes and briskly walked to his car as she sent him a text immediately: "What the hell does Tesoro mean?"

She shut the door of the car and drove off to her mansion, glad there weren't too many cars on the road.

Giovanni's an Angel.

AA\

Davis turned off his car engine and came down from **his** car. He looked around the compound, his lips stretching into a thin line when he discovered Annal hadn't arrived.

"Davis," be the direction of the voice to see Kyra.

"How does she always show up when I arrive?" he muttered in irritation, his cheeks reddening in anger. "We're not close enough for you to address me informally," he stated when she was close enough to hear him.

She crossed her arms, rolling her eyes. "Are you and Anna finally over-?" he raised his brow, "I went to the living room yesterday to check on my brother because he wasn't in his room and saw her following behind you and boy did you look pissed-"

Although Daniel didn't say anything about what happened, I'm pretty sure something serious happened so-

"Even if something did happen, what gives you the assurance that I'll tell you about it?" he questioned and without waiting for her to answer, continued. "And I'd appreciate it if you refrain from interfering in my matters. This is my last warning to you, Miss Monroe."

Just then, a blue sports car pulled up in front of the house and Anna dashed out of it, stopping in her tracks when she saw Kyra with Davis.

This can't be good. She thought when she saw him glaring at her.

"Did he get you this sports car?" Kyra asked, her jaw falling to the floor as she stared at the sports car.

Anna glanced at Davis who was staring at her with a raised brow. What should I say?

"I got it as a wedding gift from his friend," Anna finally said, crossing her arm across her chest. "I brought it here to test it out, but I'll have to return it since it's not my style," she said with a dramatic sigh before turning to Davis with a bright smile. "I'm so sorry I'm late, baby." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

ANGEL AND A BENE SPORTS CAR

Davis walked towards her and wrapped his arms around her waist. "I just got here myself," he told her, making Kyra roll her eyes before turning to look at the car, jealousy oozing from her.

If she wanted, she could get a sports car, but she had never received one before. Although she was her father's favourite, she still had to prove her worth to earn whatever she got.

"What is going on?" Davis whispered as he hugged Anna, who giggled as though he had complimented her.

"I'll explain all that happened later, but the car belongs to Giovanni," she said to him, and he stiffened at the mention of Giovanni.

“Giovanni?” he asked again, wondering if he heard her wrong.

She nodded, “Yup! I was stunned when he offered me his car. You two must be really good friends.”

“We should go now,” he said with urgency.

There’s no way their meeting is a coincidence. What the hell are you planning, Giovanni?

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Chapter 28

28 A CONTRACT AND CLAUSES

“The tire **of** my car burst on the road and Giovanni showed up. Long story short, he gave me his **car**,” Anna summarized, glancing at the sports car through the restaurant’s window. She looked away, turning her attention to the empty

restaurant. “By the way, was it really necessary for you to rent out the entire restaurant?”

“—We could have easily gotten a private room,” she told him. If it was someone else, she’d have assumed they were trying to impress her and unless she was in a parallel universe, that wasn’t his intention.

“I don’t want to be in the same room as you.” His words caught her off guard, his cold tone freezing the hair on her body.

“So you’re saying being in the same room as me is tempting,” she muttered under her breath as she took a sip of the cup of coffee in front of her. She looked up to see his lips pressed together in a thin line as he squinted at her.

Shit! He heard me.

“I would ignore you, but it’s rather dangerous to have you carrying around such ridiculous ideas in your head,” he paused, leaning back in his seat comfortably. Do not be mistaken by my words, but I simply find being in the same room as you extremely repulsive and foolish women, like you, who can’t think for themselves turn me off.”

Although she didn’t consider him her type of man, his words still stung worse than the pain one felt from slamming the door on one finger. “That was unnecessary, but if you must know, you’re not my type either.”

He tilted his head to the side slightly. "Considering your type is the likes of Daniel Monroe, I'll take your words as a compliment."

She let out a light chuckle, plastering a smile that was as fake as their marriage on her face. "Did you bring me here to insult me or talk to me?"

He sat up in his seat, narrowing his eyes as he stared straight into her soul. "You haven't explained to me what happened between you and Giovanni when you met. What exactly did you discuss with him? Since when were you two so close that he would give you his car?"

She let out an exasperated sigh. "We didn't discuss anything of importance. He just happened to be there at the right time to help me, and gave me his car because I'm your wife."

"I see," He said, leaning further back in his seat as he looked out the window at the blue sports car.

Paul is right, I can't leave her just yet. I need to ensure I get rid of those who could harm her.

Anna watched him as he looked out the window, occupied by his thoughts. I wonder what he's thinking of. She wondered as she admired how calm and otherworldly he looked while thinking.

"Are you going to keep staring?" His sharp tone cut through her trance like a knife and she immediately cleared her throat.

"I wasn't starting," she hedged, "I was just... wondering if interrupting your thinking was a great idea."

you He looked away from the window. "So, why did you call me? What is it want?"

She cleared her throat as she sat up straight. "Well..." she started, trying to arrange her words convincingly, "...I'd like to ask you for a second chance." "-I've been foolish, I admit. But you also can't deny the results I've produced in such a short period-"

He cut her off sharply, "All you did was to dent their reputation a little. Don't make it sound like you did something so grand."

She snorted. "It's not difficult yet you couldn't do it," she muttered beneath her breath, finding sudden interest in the watch on her wrist.

wwwwhat

was that?" he asked.

"I said you're right," she said with a fake smile. "So, did you call me out here just so you could talk down to me and my efforts? Or is there something else you need to say?"

He stared at her for a while, his lips pursed in a thin line with his lips slightly curled downwards. "I'll give you a second chance as my partner," he said with a deep frown.

Her eyes lit up like lights on a Christmas tree and a wide smile spread across her face. "And why is that?" she raised a brow, a grin on her face as she leaned in. "You realized how indispensable I am to you, didn't you?"

His face hardened. "Don't fool yourself with your delusions because I hate that I have to work with you," but I have to risk your life being cut short because of me.

She shrugged. "Your reasons aren't important, I'm just glad **you** gave me another chance and I promise not to disappoint you."

"I hope so," he said slowly, staring straight into her eyes as he opened his

CONTRACHARDCIA

briefcase and brought out a document.

"What is this for?" she asked, collecting the document from him and going through it. "A new contract?"

He nodded. "It's the same as the last, except I made a few changes to it."

She placed the contract on the table. "Like what?" she asked.

He rubbed his eyelid. "The contract is right in front of you. Check it yourself."

"I didn't read it the last time so I wouldn't know what the difference is."

"Then read it now," he said through gritted teeth. "I don't have all day, Miss Anna."

"I believe you should endearingly address me, but I'll let this pass," she said and pushed the contract to his side of the table. "I trust my husband so I don't need to read it."

"Even if it says you have **to** perform your bedroom duties **as** a wife whenever I ask you to?" he raised a brow. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She let out a snort and rolled her eyes, "While I'm pretty sure that's not included in the contract, I'm certain you wouldn't ask for something like that."

"Then why would I include it in the contract?"

"Hence my reason for saying it's not in it. I'm not your type, remember?" she said with a smile, finding his frustration and annoyance satisfying.

He leaned in with a smile that made butterflies flutter in her stomach on his face. "You might not be my type, but you're still a woman and I'm a man."

She glanced at the contract and slowly brought it to her side. With a light chuckle, she picked it up, "Yeah, I think I'll go through it." He couldn't possibly have put that there, could he?

"Why do I need to take self-defence classes during the weekends?" she questioned with a raised brow, her eyes not leaving the document.

"Because you're my weakness," he stated. She raised a brow at him and he continued. "Someone as successful as I am has enemies "Especially when he runs one of the deadliest Mafia gangs in Italy. "-which is why as my wife, you need to be able to protect yourself if you happen to be attacked."

"My life is in danger?" she exclaimed, her eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.

"What did you think you'd be in when you decided to take revenge on the Monroes and join hands with a total stranger?"

28 A CONTRACT AND CLADSE

The frown on her face deepened. "It's not my fault you've refused to give off any sort of information about yourself, is it?" she rolled her eyes as she dropped the contract. "I didn't find anything about bedroom duties so I'm fine with whatever **is** in it."

"Good," he got up from his seat.

"I do want something though," she looked up at him.

"And what might that be?" he asked with a frown.

"Daniel's company."

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Chapter 29

29 A PECULIAR RELATIONSHIP

He sat back in his seat, intrigued by her request. "I wonder if you're making this request so he has no choice but to be with you when the contract is over," he said with a raised brow.

"I'm not that desperate and I know my worth, thank you," she snapped, glaring at him. "Taking that company is something I've wanted since he threw me out of his house."

"And why is that?" he asked.

She rested her elbows on the table, interlocked her fingers and placed her chin on it. With a smirk, she answered, "I'm sorry, but that's on a need-to-know basis." His lips curled downwards in a frown, annoyed she had used his words against him. Why does it feel as though she gets gutsier every time we meet?

Satisfied with the reaction she got from him, she leaned back in her seat. "So, do we have a deal?" she stretched her hand out to him.

Instead of taking her hand, he took a pen from his pocket and added the condition she included to it. "Deal," he said without taking her hand.

She swiped her tongue across her lips **as** she folded her palm into a fist and pulled it backwards. "If that's all, I'll be leaving now," he said..

"I'd also love to know where you spend your day... your house," she said, her heart pounding in her chest as she placed her sweaty palms beneath the table so he didn't see them tremble.

She had expected him to refuse, snap at her, say something incredibly nasty and offensive, but nothing could have prepared her for his calm, nonchalant 'Sure'. She blinked rapidly, tilting her head to the side as she tried to figure out if she heard him wrong "Did you say 'sure'?"

"It's only normal for my wife to know where I work, right?" he said nonchalantly as he put back the contract in his briefcase. "I'll invite you over to my apartment to sign this and I expect you to come alone-"

Alone?

"-which means I don't want your friend coming with you."

Just he and I alone in the same house. She felt heat rush to her cheeks at the thought of what could happen.

"No, we aren't going to be alone," he said as though reading her thoughts, making her look down at her palms in embarrassment.

"I wasn't thinking that," she lied.

"I didn't say you were thinking anything," he said as he got up.

She opened her mouth to speak when her phone began ringing. She pulled out of her purse to see it was Giovanni calling her.

"Excuse me, I have to take this," she said to Davis.

"You can take the call as we leave," he said as he walked toward the exit of the restaurant.

She picked up her purse, swiped the call button to the right and placed her phone to her ears. "Tesoro," Giovanni said. "I'm starting to wonder if you plan to ruri with my car."

She rolled her eyes, "It hasn't even been two hours and you still haven't answered my question as to what Tesoro means," At the mention of "Tesoro", Davis halted in his steps and Anna walked right past him.

"When did he get her number?" he muttered. His eyes fell on the sportscar. "That bastard must have done all this just so he can keep in contact with her."

He wanted to include a clause stating she should avoid Giovanni in the contract, but he'd need to give a reason for that and if he lied about it, Giovanni would tell her everything.

Not that he cared about what she thought, but he couldn't afford for her to know when he wasn't entirely sure he could trust her emotions.

"It means 'treasure'," he answered, making a smile spread across her face. No one had ever called her something like that before. Davis had, but it was for their goal. "Isn't that something odd to call someone the first time you meet them?" "It was what came to mind when I saw you that night," he told her.

"I'm married, **in** case you forgot," she said.

"Are you through with whatever it is you wanted to do urgently?" He asked as though he hadn't heard what she said.

She turned to look at Davis to find him staring right at her with a deep frown on his face. "Uh... yeah, I'm through," she looked away from him, "Why do you ask?"

"I'd like to treat you to dinner and we can exchange our cars afterwards. I already got yours fixed and I'm hoping mine is in the condition I left it," he said. "Yeah, it's in perfect condition and no, I won't be accepting your offer to treat me

to dinner but we can meet to exchange our cars," she said sternly. "And I won't agree no matter how much you insist, even if you use my Porsche against me."

"You got me," he said with a chuckle. "Fine, I'll come to drop it off at **your** home."

She was about to ask how he knew where she lived, but he hung up before she could say anything. "At least rudeness is something you and Davis both have in common," she muttered under her breath.

"You should stay away from him," Davis said, unable to hold back anymore.

Anna turned around to find him directly behind her and distanced herself from him. "Aren't you two friends?" she raised a brow.

He nodded slowly, "I guess you could call us that, but you're my wife," he paused, thinking of a believable lie, "and he's infamous for going after women that don't belong to him." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Well, I can handle this myself," she told him, her nose scrunched **up** in

annoyance. "Apart from being a cool guy to be around, he's probably the only one that can tell me about you."

He stared at her for a while before shaking his head and walking toward his car with a frown on his face. "Expect my call," he said as he got into his car.

She watched as he drove off. "Are they friends?" she wondered as she entered the sportscar. "If they're friends, their relationship is rather peculiar."

After thirty minutes of driving, she arrived at her mansion to find her Porsche in front of the house. She got down from the sportscar, looking around to see Giovanni was nowhere to be found.

"You're finally here," She turned to her left to see him coming out from the side. of the car.

She stretched out her palm. "My keys, please," she said politely and quickly added, "Also, thank you for your help today."

He gave her a boyish grin, "You're welcome," he said as he dropped her keys in her hand and took them from her other palm.

"Are you declining dinner with me?" he asked with a pout.

With a smile, she nodded, "Yes, Giovanni. In case you've forgotten, I'm married so I won't be going out to dinner with you, especially when we just met each other. What would happen if the media caught us together?"

He tucked his hands in his pocket and shrugged. "I don't know. I'll just tell them I took you out to dinner on behalf of your husband who's too busy to do it."

Her brows furrowed together in annoyance, "And who told you he doesn't take me out to dinner?"

He stepped closer to her and brushed a strand of hair out of her *face*. "Since the problem is friendship, I'd like to be your friend, Tesoro," he said with a serious look on his face.

She stared at him for a while. "I'm still not going out to dinner with you.

He let out a sigh of defeat as he walked toward his car. "Fine then," he stopped behind her. "If I didn't know better, your acting would make me believe you and Davis are truly married. You should take up acting

She froze at his words. How does he know?

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Chapter 30

30 LINGERIES AND CHAMPAGNE

Renee paced around her living room, running her free hand through her curly brown hair that looked like it hadn't been washed or brushed for days.

"Pick the damn phone, Daniel," she cried as the call disconnected again. She had been calling him since the sun rose, but he hadn't taken her calls nor did he call

her back.

She called his number again, "You can't abandon me, you asshole, I won't let you," she muttered as the phone rang, but it didn't go through.

She knew going to his house was pointless, especially if Kyra was there. She'd be thrown out like a dog and her pride wouldn't let that happen. She wouldn't let Anna see her be humiliated.

"Think, Renee. Think," she muttered, giving up on calling Daniel.

Right!

She picked up her phone and dialed a friend who worked at a popular TV station. "Thank God you picked the call," she said with a sigh of relief.

"I'm busy, Renee. Perhaps we should talk another time," a male voice that didn't sound the slightest bit happy to see her said from the other end.

Her fingers dug into her palm as she clenched her fists. "It is true what they say about knowing who your true friends are during tough times," she laughed, a bitter edge to her tone. "Before this, you'd be elated to hear from me, but now that I'm in a scandal, you suddenly don't have time for me."

"I'm sorry if I made you feel that way, but I have to go now, Renee. I'm truly busy," he said.

"Wait!" she exclaimed before he could hang up, biting down on her lips, embarrassed by how desperate she was.

"What?"

"I'd like for you to help me arrange for an interview on your show tomorrow," she said and quickly added. "It's regarding this scandal so you know it's going to benefit your company."

No response came from him so she added. "I want to reveal the reason behind my lies and the role of the Monroes in this."

The silence was starting to get **to** her when she heard the sound of shuffling on the other end. After a while, she heard his voice, this time, **it** had more life and

excitement. "I'll get back to you **on** this, **but don't** worry, it'll surely happen

tomorrow.

She heaved a sigh of relief, "Thank you, I'll be expecting the good news." She dropped her phone from her ears as he hung up.

If he wasn't going to take her calls, then she'd have to use another way to bring

him to her.

“Now, what do I wear to see him?” she chirped in a singsong tone as she put her phone on silent and walked to her room to freshen up.

After spending an hour bathing and getting dressed, she picked up her phone to see she had a text from her friend whom she had earlier spoken with and several missed calls from different people.

She scrolled through the missed calls to see ten missed calls from Daniel. “I thought you didn’t want to speak with me,” she muttered, a gleeful expression on her face. Kyra and the rest of the Monroes had also called her while she was getting dressed.

“Good thing I put my phone on silent,” she said as she opened the text she got from her friend, whom she had spoken with.

The interview is by 2 pm. Be here by 1 pm.

Attached to the text was a link to an article online. She clicked on it and just as she had suspected, it was the article regarding the interview she was giving the next day.

“They’re probably terrified I’m going to expose the truth about our supposed marriage,” she scoffed and just as she closed the article, a call came in from Daniel. “I called you over twenty times, so do better,” she threw her phone to the bed and made her way to her living room.

She branched into the kitchen and took out a bottle of champagne and two champagne glasses. “I doubt he’ll be in the mood to eat,” she muttered as she wondered what else she needed to prepare for the visit she knew he’d make to her house.

After about ten minutes of scrolling through Netflix, she heard the sound of a car pulling up in front of her house.

“He’s here,” she squealed excitedly as she combed through her hair with her fingers and adjusted the red lingerie she was in.

“Renee!” she heard him shout as she knocked on the door. She slowly walked to the door as though she was a ninja but in stilettos,

“I know you’re in there, Renee. Stop this game and come out, right now!” **he** said, his voice getting louder.

Daniel paced back and forth on the **front** porch, several thoughts running

through his head. He was in a meeting when his father called him and told him to ensure Renee didn’t say anything stupid.

“Okay, I’m sorry, baby,” he said softly, clenching his fist to suppress his anger. I shouldn’t have chased you away that night or ignored your calls. I should have. listened to **you**. Now, open the door-”

“-I know you’re in here because none of your three cars are missing and you don’t like Taxis,” he said, knocking gently on the door.

After waiting for a while and wondering if she had gone out, he heard the soft click–clack of heels.

He heaved a sigh of relief, believing she was going to open the door, but after waiting for three minutes, he went livid. “Open this damned door, Renee!” He repeatedly slammed his fist against Renee’s door. “I swear I’m going to break it down if you don’t open it now.”

Renee stood in front of the door, a smug grin on her face. “His desperation is like music to my ears,” she said with a satisfactory sigh, as she admired her nails.

When the knocking got louder and more violent, she knew he was serious about breaking the door down. “Break my door and I’ll add that to what I’m saying on the show tomorrow,” she threatened.

“Just please open the door, okay?”

She snickered. “And why exactly should I open my door for you when you shut yours in my face? You claim you love me and yet didn’t try to hear my side of the story regarding all of this,” she crossed her arms. “That’s one way to show love.”

“And you lied to me about your pregnancy, Renee. For fuck’s sake, I’ve been waiting and hoping you’d finally agree to have a child with me even before you ran away from the altar-”

“Because I loved you so much, I didn’t have one with Anna who was more than ready to give me a child and yet you lied to me about the one thing I wanted. How do

you expect me **to** react when I found out you lied about it?” he said, raising his voice at the last sentence.

She felt a pang of guilt hit her, but shook it off. It wasn’t her fault she had to lie to get rid of Anna for good. “Oh, come on! You knew I wasn’t ready and yet kept imposing your wants on me. How was that fair to me? It’s not my fault I lied to you because I was scared of losing you.”

“Scared of losing me?” he scoffed, “Why would you even- let me in so we can discuss this better, okay?” he pleaded. S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

For fuck's sake, just

"And what about watching your father hit me?" she questioned, anger coursing through her veins like adrenaline. Whenever she recalled how he didn't do

anything, she felt like running both him and his father with her car.

"Renee, let's talk inside."

"Fine," she said, opening the door.

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