

Marrying Her Enemy – Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire By SunScar9 Chapter 4

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Chapter 4: Wiped The News

“You are the substitute husband she picked off the street?” Micheal sneered and asked. He aimed to hurt the other man, but the answer he received stunned him.

“Substitute? I am the only one she got married to,” Ian state calmly. “But you have me curious... Why did you call all of a sudden?” he questioned.

“Because I am her fiancé!” Micheal gritted out. He was already putting on his shoes and getting ready to go to the apartment Casandra lived in.

“You ceased to be that when you cheated on her with a movie star. Did you think she liked you so much that she would ignore that?” Ian hissed.

Ian was shocked when the phone was ripped from his hands. He turned around to find Casandra behind him, wrapped in a big towel. He gulped and looked elsewhere, thinking she would be offended by the rush of desire he felt.

But Casandra was too angry to remember what she was wearing.

“How did you know that?” she heard Micheal say and scoffed.

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“You don’t need to know that,” Casandra said nonchalantly. “I don’t want to waste a single second on scum like you,” she informed him.

“How can you be so cruel to me? When did I cheat on you? You have been lied to!” Micheal insisted. He had already thrown the door open and was making his way to the apartment. Of course, Casandra was not there but he didn’t know that.

“Don’t I suffocate you?” Casandra asked playfully. “you

seemed really liberated when you picked up the phone and let me listen in on your escapades with Roxanne. Any regard I had for you ended in that moment,” she declared. “So, your better stay away. And don’t open your mouth to the media. You won’t like the result,” she threatened.

She hung up and threw her phone on the bed.

Silence enveloped the room and she looked over her shoulder at Ian. “Who told you to answer?” she chided.

Ian gulped. “Casandra...” he started, not looking at her. “We might have a contract marriage, but I am a hot-blooded man.” He finally raised his eyes. They bore into her, making her conscious of her position. “If you run around naked to seduce me, I can’t guarantee that I will hold back.”

Casandra was startled. She clutched the towel and with wide eyes, retreated to the bathroom. Ian exhaled and dropped to the bed. He covered his eyes with his hand and took a few cleansing breath to calm the raging problem in his lower

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body.

“She will be the death of me,” he groaned.

The door to the bathroom opened once again. He heard her soft footsteps but didn’t remove his arm from over his eyes.

“Are you sleeping?” she whispered. She was about to touch him when he hummed.

“I wish I were. But I am protecting you right now...”

‘Protecting you from me,’ he added in his head.

Casandra furrowed her brow. “Are you a beast without a thought? You see a woman and you are aroused?” she snorted. “And I am already dressed.”

Finally, Ian opened his eyes. Indeed, she was dressed in a loose white shirt and comfortable pants.

“I’ll take a shower, then,” he said quickly before pushing himself off the bed. He rushed into the bathroom before Casandra could say anything further. The shower came on and she heard him hiss as the cold water hit his skin for the first time.

Ian didn’t emerge until half an hour later, looking relaxed and composed.

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In that time, Micheal had reached the two-bedroom apartment where Casandra lived. He knocked on the door and rang the bell, but no one responded for a long time. Finally, the lady who lived in the next unit peered out.

Micheal adjusted his mask and cap so that the woman didn’t recognize him.

“Are you looking for the girl next door?” she questioned.

“Yes. I don’t want to use the spare key she gave me,” Micheal said.

“Oh, the two of you fought?” the woman asked with a hint of amusement. She really thought it was a lover’s spat. “The girl left a couple days ago with her suitcase. She hasn’t come back since.”

The hope in Micheal’s heart was dashed. If she didn’t come back... where was she? Was she in a hotel with that other

man?

She must be!

If he knew Casandra well enough, he was sure that she would go to the honeymoon she planned for the two of them with her new husband. She was spiteful when she needed to be.

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He hopped into the car once again and made his way to the airport.

His phone rang insistently while he drove. Finally, he picked it up. It was his manager.

“Micheal, did you wipe the news from the internet?” the manager asked.

“What news?” Micheal grumbled as he tapped on the steering wheel. The traffic was terrible. He looked at the timing of his flight and grew restless.

“The news about your fiancé marrying someone else. It was trending on all social media platforms but suddenly it was wiped clean. Any keywords related to the topic is being flagged and deleted immediately. Our PR team wanted to use this to make your image better and control the damage. But –” he was cut off.

“I didn’t call anyone,” he said impatiently.

But then the thought struck him. If he didn’t do it, who had? Clearing up scandals was not as easy as people made it out to be. In return for deleting news stories, journalists asked for exclusive scoops and sumptuous meals. But to wipe everything from the internet?

That would take exorbitant amounts of money. Money that Casandra didn’t have.

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Chapter & Wiped **The New**

117 Vouchers

How could the girl who shied away from buying designer clothes and bags at the shopping mall spend what little money she had to clear her name? She was always wearing th

ose tailored clothes. Though she looked good in them and the material was great, it was nothing in front of those big brand names that had their logos plastered on their products.

Then, there was only one other person who would do **it**. Casandra's new husband.

"Find out who this husband is. He seems to be someone resourceful," Micheal insisted. Once he received agreement from his manager, he hung up. He was parked near the airport and had to run to the terminal.

But he received a terrible shock when he went up to the counter.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Spencer. Your flight has already been cancelled," the clerk said. She eyed the identification card, knowing this was a huge celebrity. He was unattended but she wouldn't fangirl when she was working.

"I never cancelled," he insisted.

The clerk checked her computer. "Our system says that your ticket was cancelled by the person who booked it."

"And what about the other ticket?" he asked.

The woman shook her head. "I can't give you information on that due to safety protocol. You should call your co-passenger in case there was a mistake in cancelling."

Micheal didn't have the time. The flight was already boarding and he needed to be on it immediately. He looked at the clock impatiently. "Look, she has already switched her phone off. I will take a first-class seat for this flight, then," he said after a moment of thought.

The clerk looked apologetic. "I'm sorry, Mr. Spencer, but first class is already booked out." She didn't even offer economy to him. Of course, he wouldn't want that.

"It's booked out?" he gasped. Either Casandra had cancelled his plane ticket in advance and never wanted to marry him, or Micheal was terribly unlucky.

