

Marrying Her Enemy – Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire By SunScar9 Chapter 9

Marrying Her Enemy – Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire By SunScar9 Chapter 9

Chapter 9: The Tent In His Pants

Cassandra awoke naturally the next morning. She furrowed her brow when she felt the hard pillow under her head. She patted on the surface to find a more comfortable spot, but soon realized that she was touching a man's abdomen instead.

She could feel his strong muscles under the tips of her fingers. Ian's shirt had ridden up during the night, and she naturally touched it because of the coldness of his skin. The weather was humid and the morning sun made it hard for her to find a cold spot on the pillow. So, she had gravitated towards him.

Still groggy from sleep, her fingers took a minute to catch up. They wandered a little lower when she felt a hand clasp her

wrist.

"Stop right there," Ian warned gruffly.

Cassandra snapped out of her daze. Her head moved up to look at his face, but she was so quick that it hit his chin. Ian grunted but didn't complain.

Cassandra on the other hand, felt a sharp pain on her head and sat up slowly. She rubbed the sore spot and looked at Ian petulantly. Ian sat up leisurely and extended his hand to her head. She was about to duck away from his touch but felt him

<

Chapter 9. The Ten in **His** Pants

788 Vouchers

rub the spot. His cold fingers felt soothing on her heated skin.

“Don’t rush about,” he commented dotingly.

“Why were we sleeping together?” Casandra asked accusingly.

“Did you forget the decision we came to last night?” Ian questioned.

Casandra glared. “No. Why are we hugging on the bed?” she hissed.

Ian lifted his hand over his head in retreat. “Hey, don’t blame me. I am on my side of the line of control. You are the one who kicked all the pillows out and snuggled into me.” He gave a pointed look at where she was seated.

Casandra realized belatedly that she was on his side of the bed. He was unmoved throughout the night. She gulped and looked down only to see the prominent tent in his pajama pants. Her jaw slacked for a second before she gritted her teeth and pointed at it.

“And how do you explain that?” she interrogated.

.....

Ian followed where she was pointing and scratched his chin. “I am sure it had nothing to do with your errant hand trying to find it. Morning wood is a natural phenomenon, don’t think too much about it,” he tried to appease her.

Chapter 3: The Tent in His Pants

He didn’t need to tell her about her hand making the situation worse.

Casandra wanted to say something more, but she shook her head. The topic was too scandalous right in the morning. She huffed and slid out of bed. As she dressed, she received a call from the restaurant she had booked for them.

“Miss Naese, Chef Kit Somerset will be a guest at our establishment for the day. I just wanted to inform you before other patrons because you are our VIP,” the person on the other end said.

Cassandra’s eyes widened in delight and shock. Kit Somerset was a three Michelin Star chef who was known for his fickle nature. He liked to travel the world to learn new cooking techniques. He only cooked one order a day when he felt like

1. it.

It just so happened that she was lucky to be in the same place. as him this time around.

“Take my reservation then.” She looked at the time and gave them a slot, “I will be coming with my husband to your establishment. I can order in advance as well,” she said excitedly.

“**Sorry**, we are not taking reservations for this. Chef Somerset is strict about his rules. Please come to the restaurant when you can.” The meaning of this was: if you don’t come quickly, someone else will reap the benefits of Chef Somerset being in

Chapter The Tent in His Pants

Bora Bora.

88 vouchers

Cassandra stumbled out of the bathroom. “Ian, get dressed. We need to get moving. A chef I have been dying to eat the food of is in town. But he only cooks one order a day. If we don’t go quickly, we will miss out.”

Ian raised a brow. “You go ahead. I need some time to get changed,” he said and slyly looked at the tent he was pitching.

Cassandra cleared her throat before nodding. She had grabbed her bag and purse before Ian could blink. He chuckled as he saw her rush out of the hut and shook his

head.

Casandra was impatient as she made the car ride from the resort to the restaurant. She was surprised by the number of people queued outside the establishment. For a second, she was sure that she was late and someone else had gotten the opportunity to eat Chef Somerset's food. But then, the owner of the store came out personally and ushered her in.

"Miss Naese, you came alone?" the owner asked.

"My husband is running late, but he will be here shortly. I didn't want to miss out on the guest Chef's menu because of it," she chuckled.

The owner nodded in understanding. "Men always complain about how long it takes us women to get ready, but in reality

45.93%

Chapter The Tennis Paris

728 Vouchers

they are the ones who take the most time and make us late," the owner said conspiratorially.

Casandra chuckled awkwardly as she was let inside. She noticed a familiar figure seated in the table next to her. Roxanne was cutting into her steak. She looked at Casandra with provocation.

"Oh, you made your way into this place, too?" she questioned. She took a small bite of her food and hummed in satisfaction. "Oh no, I feel so bad for you. You probably came for Chef Somerset's menu but he already cooked his order of the day."

The saccharine smile on her lips made Casandra feel like throwing up. She balled her hands into fists in

disappointment. No matter how much she wanted to snatch the plates of food placed in front of Roxanne, she was a woman of etiquette.

“You’re lucky. You should enjoy the food and stop thinking about one—
pping me,” Casandra said in a hard tone. She didn’t miss the look of guilt in Roxanne’s
manager’s face. She didn’t pay it much attention, not wanting to waste her time on irrel
evant people.

“I don’t need to one—
up you in anything. I was born superior to **you**,” Roxanne taunted. “See? No matter
how much money you have, you don’t have enough in front of me.” She snickered. “Loo
k, money can’t buy influence and the experience of finer things in life.”

\$1.48%

Chaper. **The** Tent in His Pants

Whuchers

Her manager leaned forward. “Roxanne, not many people know you here but you shoul
dn’t speak like this. If word gets out, your image will suffer!” he warned.

Roxanne glared at him. “So what? Just use the PR team properly. My dad asked me to
enjoy life and not be stepped on in this difficult industry.”

Casandra sighed. She waved at the waiter to come over. “Cant I get another seat? Ther
e is something stinking around here,” she commented promptly.

The waiter sniffed but couldn’t find this phantom smell Casandra had mentioned. Still, h
e was about to take her away to another location when Ian stepped in front of her eyes.

Roxanne’s eyes flashed when she saw the handsome man. For a second, she wondere
d what spell Casandra used to bewitch all these beautiful men. In her eyes, this man wa
s the source of her money and influence. She
scoffed at Casandra for being a gold digger.

“Your rich husband is here. You should sit here and let him treat you well,” Roxanne sang and took another bite of her meal.

The owner came out from the back. “Miss Naese, Chef Somerset has asked us to seat you in the private section. He is preparing your meal and will be presenting it to you personally,” the owner said with a hint of awe.

78.50%

Chapter: The Tent in His Pants

Cassandra blinked in surprise. “He is cooking two orders today?” she questioned.

1 get Mouchers

The owner was confused. “No, as per his rules, he is only cooking one order. Why do you ask?”

Cassandra turned in Roxanne’s direction before realizing something. The manager was feeling guilty about something. It looked like he had lied about who had cooked the meal.

“Oh, Chef Somerset didn’t cook their meal.”