

Billionaire' s Wrong Bride By Stub Chapter 7

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Some feelings

Xavier' s pov.

After having breakfast, I was checking some mail and looking at some documents on my

laptop.

Mia hadn't come down. So I sent a maid to call her for breakfast. Because it was already

eleven in the morning.

I used to indulge in my work and I seemed to forget everything around me. But then a fresh scent of body wash and shampoo invaded my nose and made me look up from my laptop.

I saw Mia standing there, bowing her head down. She was looking more beautiful bare face without any makeup.

More attractive than last night. She looked so small and almost skinny but with perfect

curves. I would doubt that she was an adult if I hadn't seen her birth certificate at the time of

signing the contract.

I saw her lips trembling and her fingers shaking, which she was trying to hide by clenching

them in a fist.

I frowned. Taking a glance at her, I finally noticed that she hadn't dried her hair. What the hell was she trying to do? Was she willing to fall sick and blame me again for

that?

I pushed my chair back and stood up.

"Towel." I said and a maid came instantly with a towel in her hand and handed it to me.

Holding that towel, I stalked towards Mia. I saw her trembling lips parted and a gasp escaped her mouth. Why was she afraid? Did I look so scary with some burn marks on my face? This gave me a complex. I shook my head and reaching her I threw the towel at her head. She instantly clutched my hand with her small soft fingers. I gently started rubbing her hair.

"Why the hell did you not dry your hair? Are you trying to fall sick and put the blame on me like last night." I asked her while towel drying her hair.

"It's OK, Mr Leonardi. I won't fall sick. I am used to air drying my hair." She said as her voice was vibrating due to the shaking of her head under the towel.

"It's Xavier to you." I said, as I didn't like her calling me Mr Leonardi.

"Huh?" She asked.

"You heard me, right? Don't make me repeat it because I am not used to it." I said, and

suddenly my phone began buzzing.

number and cursed in my mind. It was my father. Why the hell was he calling me?

Unwillingly, I swapped the answer button.

"Xavier, you have to leave with Mia for Turin right now." He said more of an order.

"Hold on, dad. What happened?" I expected him to at least tell me the reason. "Mia's grandmother died this morning."

Oh no.

"... and her last wish was that Mia should be present at the funeral. I got a call from

Antonio this morning. He was at the airport with his family. So he said that you would bring Mia to Turin in our private jet. Now, hurry up." He said and switched off the call without giving me a chance to reply.

I took a deep breath and looked at her. She had removed the towel from her head and standing there with that messy hair, she was trying to smooth them with her hand. She was looking funny. I wanted to laugh but what I was going to tell her was contradictory.

"Mia!" I called her name, it sounded so sweet, but she shivered. Bowing her head down, she started fidgeting with her fingers.

I sighed and decided better not to tell her. I will tell her as soon as we land in Turin.

"Have your breakfast and pack some clothes and we are leaving in half an hour for Turin."

Her eyes snapped up at me and I was literally drawn into those blue doe eyes again. I

wasn't able to avert my eyes.

I shook my head and spun on my heel to go into my study to make some calls.

"Matteo!" He was my best friend and CEO of one of my companies. I can trust only him

when it comes to my business.

"Yes, Xavier. How was your wedding night?" He asked and I could feel the grin in his voice.

"Shut up, Matteo, it's time to work. I need to fly to Turin and you have to look after my business here for, I think, one or two days. I will be back soon." I barked my order and put the

phone down.

I made some calls to make some arrangements in Turin and asked my bodyguard Sam to

check on the arrangements.

I went to my room to pack some of my clothes. When I came down the hall, I saw Mia was

standing there with her bags and waiting for me.

She was still wearing the same floral dress.

her place. I rolled my eyes. She was a stubborn girl. I asked a house help to carry our luggage to the parking lot.

Theaded to the main door and went straight to the parking lot where my bodyguard Sam,

was waiting for us. He greeted me and opened the back seat door for me.

But I waited for Mia to settle in. I saw she was coming very slowly, taking a small step at a

time.

When she finally reached near the car, I gestured to her to step inside. She slowly stepped inside the backseat and shifted to make some space for me. I sat beside her and Sam closed the door and took the passenger seat. Driver started the ignition and the car ran towards the airport.

Sitting beside her was getting on my nerves. Her sweet smell invading my senses erupted

some tingles in my heart.

Topened my laptop to check some mail but was not able to focus on my work as I was taking some glances at her in between checking the mail from the corner of my eyes. She was watching outside the window and was looking somewhat lost.

I didn't realise that we had reached the airport. I was so busy stealing some glances at

her.

Sam looked at me in the rear-view mirror and I motioned my eyes to open the door for her

first.

She stepped down and stood there waiting for me. I opened the door and slid out. I rounded the car and went near her.

"Let's go." I said, putting on my Ray-Ban shades and strode towards the security check. Sam was carrying our luggage.

When we reached near my private jet, I heard a whisper. *"O my God."*

I turned my head and looked over my shoulder to find Mia was gaping to see my private jet.

"Are we... are we... flying in this jet plane?" I heard her voice for the first time after our

little conversation in the dining room.

"Yeah!" I stated, casually taking off my shades.

I heard another whisper. "Wow."

I could not help but smile.

Why the hell was I smiling?

I reached over and took her hand, leading her towards the plane. I helped her to step up to

the plane and followed her behind.

Crew members greeted Mia and me. I watched in awe as she was gaping like a child to observe every corner of the plane.

Was she flying for the first time?

And when she turned around and found me staring at her, she went still again, bowing her head down. And that really made me frown. Sighing, I gestured her to a seat near the window. I thought she would like to sit in the window seat. I settled in my seat and fastened my seat

belt.

She was still fumbling with her seat belt. I bent over and covered her hand with mine. I

fastened the seat belt for her.

She pulled away her hand instantly and turned her face to look through the window.

I moved away. Leaning back in my seat, I closed my eyes.

When the plane started taking off and it was slightly tilted to fly. I heard a squeal and opened my eyes to find Mia was squeezing her eyes and clenching her hands on the seat.

"Relax. It will be over and the plane will be settled in a few minutes." I touched her shoulder and felt her muscles relaxing under my touch.

Her hand flew up to hold my hand on her shoulder and she pulled it down on her lap. Now |

was sure that this was her first flight.

She was gripping my hand so tightly. I must feel some pain but all I was feeling was satisfaction and joy that my touch made her relax.

When the plane settled in the sky and she realised that she was holding my hand, her eyes widened in horror and she threw my hand away.

Oh fu.ck.

Now it really hurts.

We remained silent throughout the whole flight and when it was time for landing, I took her seat belt and fastened it before she struggled with it.

And offered her my hand so that she could grip it again. She looked at me with her confused blue doe eyes.

I couldn't help but chuckle.

Finally, we landed at Turin. I called Mr. Antonio and he said that we should come directly

to the funeral. He texted me the address.

I gave that address to Sam. Exiting the airport, our ride was waiting outside. Two more cars, having my men, were there to follow us.

As soon as we settled in our seats, the car started running on the road towards the

place for which Sam had already instructed the driver.

"Ummm. Mia, I ... didn't tell you why we came here. Actually, your grandmother passed away this morning." I said in an apologetic voice.

She covered her mouth as she whimpered and tears began flooding her innocent eyes and rolling down her cheek.

She averted her face and started crying. I wanted to reach over and hold her in my arms to soothe her to some extent.

But I decided against my heart and sat there holding myself back. When the car stopped, Mia yanked open the door and ran outside.

I hurried to step off the car and raced, my steps following her behind. Sam and my men

were on my heels.

I saw some people crowding over a place. I guessed the funeral was being performed

there.

Reaching there, I saw Mia was crying and literally drowning herself in tears, covering her mouth, watching the funeral.

My heart ached for her. I put my shades back on. I didn't want anyone to see my eyes

having concern for her.

I was standing behind her after some distance. My eyes shot towards the red light on the side of her head. I didn't have time to think. I launched myself forward, taking her with me, falling on the ground. I heard a snapping sound. I moved my head up towards the direction to see a bullet had pierced a tree trunk. All my men instantly covered us around.