

Marrying Her Enemy – Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire By SunScar9 Chapter 11

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Chapter 11: Show Him Who's The Boss

“Are you sure you won't regret it in the morning?” he leaned in and asked. Their faces were mere inches from one another.

“I suppose pretending to be a good man is part of your game. Why don't you join the clergy then?” she questioned, ignoring his comment. Her hand lingered on the fabric of his shirt and she rubbed the smooth material between her fingers.

“Who said I am a good man? I just don't want you to be intoxicated when I touch you. I want you willing and begging for me. But the sober you is very conservative, is she not?” he

taunted.

Her eyes narrowed and she slumped back into the chair, his words flowing over her, making her immobile. “First of all, you've never seen what I am like when sober and with someone I want. As for being willing to beg you to touch me? Don't hold your breath on that.” She glared at him.

“Is that so?” he challenged.

She pretended not to hear him. Still, she watched as his hand slowly moved down her arm, caressing and scorching her until he reached the cufflink and expertly flicked it open. His finger slid under the fabric at her wrist.

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As quickly as he had touched her skin, he retreated and undid the buttons on his own hand. He folded the sleeve up, his hand deft. Casandra surreptitiously gulped as she eyed his forearm.

“Better now. I don’t want to hold my breath. So, continue drinking. I am prepared to carry you out when you pass out,” he commented.

“Coming from someone who barely touched their drink because they are a lightweight... I’ll have to pass on your judgement on my capabilities.”

The room quietened, even the waiter who was standing behind them, his mouth hanging open at the sensual flirting of the two was forgotten. Everything was lost in a blur of muffled thoughts. Casandra seemed to have tunnel vision.

“Moreover, I am not someone you can tease so easily.” She rose up from her seat, finally snapping out of it. “I will regret my decision, you say?” she smirked. At full height, Ian had to look up at her.

He waited for what she had to offer.

The arm he had touched so sensually darted forward and grabbed his shirt. She twisted it in her fist and pulled him forward. Leaning her face in as close as possible, with just a hair of space between their lips, she muttered her final words with a grin.

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“I tried out this new lipstick today. It is supposed to be smudge proof; let’s test it out, shall we?”

Ian felt her mouth cover his hungrily before he had even sensed the danger. His body betrayed him and he reached up to grasp her waist, pulling her to him and kissing her ferociously. He pulled her into his lap, allowing better access. They devoured one another, the animosity and attraction mixing together to form a tantalizing current to run through them.

Unwilling to lose, she pressed his chest down and hovered on top of him. The force of her hands made him lean back. Their mouths never separated. He felt her nudge him to open his legs so that she could nestle between them more.

comfortably. He eased her in, letting her have her way. Her other hand twisted his shirt tighter, leaving a stark wrinkle. She pressed into him, her mouth, lips and teeth consuming him.

He felt her hot breath fan over his cheeks. No sooner had he **was** about to lose all control than she pulled her mouth away from his.

“See?” she whispered.

Ian was about to retort when he felt her body grow limp. He had to react quickly so that he could catch her before she hurt herself. His breath rushed out of his lungs and he shuddered as he tried to regain control. He patted her back in hopes that she wouldn't puke on him once she awoke, but this

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was only in the back of her mind.

He looked over his shoulder as best as he could and ushered the waiter over. “Could you pack this food and deliver to our resort room? I will speak to the Chef as well,” he informed.

With that, he gently cradled her in his arms and stood up.

“Sir,” the waiter interrupted. When Ian looked over, the waiter pointed at his lips, embarrassed to say any more.

Ian looked down at the woman in his arms and felt the need to spank her butt. “Looks like the lipstick isn't smudge-proof.” A small smile formed on his lips. “Unfortunately, my hands are preoccupied.”

Ian shrugged and carried her out. The people in the restaurant gaped at the handsome man, who carried an unconscious woman out. There were a few who couldn't help but swoon and look at their partners with thinly veiled

contempt.

One of the onlookers rushed forward. "What did you do to her?" Micheal hissed.

Ian looked at the other with a bored expression. "I'm her husband, what could I possibly do to her?"

Micheal **stiffened**. He looked closely at Casandra's flushed face and his anger rose. He was about to reach for her and

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The Boss

1300 Vouchers

snatch her away, but Ian turned his body slightly. Only then did he notice, the firm grasp Casandra had on Ian's shirt. His shirt was wrinkled and there was hints of lipstick on his face. It was the exact shade Casandra had on.

Micheal balled his hands into fists. "You shouldn't take advantage of a drunk girl."

Ian snorted. "I wish I was the one taking advantage." His eyes cooled. "To think she behaved like this with other men when she drank." The thought really made him angry.

But Micheal was stunned. 'What is he talking about? Casandra is a silent drunk. She sits in a corner and doesn't make a noise

when she has alcohol!'

He looked at Ian with a hint of jealousy. If what this man was saying was correct, Casandra had made the first move. She had never done that with him. He had always been the one to be affectionate. This was one of the reasons he had sought out Roxanne who was more proactive.

Ian took advantage of him being lost in thought and left the restaurant. As he sat in the car and brushed the strands of hair away from her face, he couldn't help but wonder.

'How should I punish you?'

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Casandra looked peaceful as she slept. She groaned as she awoke. She blinked at the lack of light in the room but soon memories from that morning flashed in her mind. She grabbed at her phone and turned the front camera on.

Her lipstick completely gone. She patted her chest in comfort. She must have come back from the restaurant and taken her makeup off before falling asleep. There was no way she would savagely kiss Ian like that. Even if she wanted to prove a point...

She felt like laughing.

But then it melted away. She had dreamed of groping and kissing Ian Lane. No matter if he was the husband she had chosen. He was her enemy! But he didn't refuse his touch. She hadn't disliked it. The man had played her like an instrument in her dream and she had allowed it like she wanted all his

attention.

Her dream self had only wanted to show him who was the

boss!

Despite her conviction, she found herself pulling at her hair without a word.