

# Marrying Her Enemy – Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire By SunScar9 Chapter 12

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## Chapter 12: Dream Of Him

She looked around, sure that she would find Ian lounging somewhere, but she was baffled when he was nowhere to be found. She walked out of the bedroom and sighed in relief when she found him sitting on the work table, looking at a presentation.

“Are you working again?” she asked.

Ian had been so preoccupied with work that he hadn’t heard her walk in. He looked up and stared at her curiously. “I had to work after the stunt you pulled.”

Cassandra scoffed. “Drinking too much is not a problem when done once in a while.”

Ian raised his brow. He realized that she didn’t remember anything. He smirked and put his work away. “Who promise not to forget what happened after drinking?” he teased. “Looks like I was right.”

Cassandra froze. “What do you mean? Did I forget something?”

Seeing her resistance, Ian shook his head.

“You really wanted it to happen, but I pushed you away. Why? Did you dream of doing something with me?” he asked in a tantalizing voice.

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“Keep dreaming,” she scoffed, feeling another wave of confidence. If she had done something

as barbaric as kissing him silly, he would have surely brought it up and used it as black mail material. “If I removed my makeup, I was in pristine mental state.”

Ian scoffed. "I was the one who removed your makeup for you. You looked uncomfortable with it and kept rubbing your face."

Cassandra's eyes opened in panic. "Tell me what you used. I have really sensitive skin. I am going to kill you if I break out because you used the soap the resort gave us."

Ian rolled his eyes. "I don't have a death wish. I used what you had in your bag," he said calmly before pointing at the bathroom.

Cassandra sighed in relief as she went to the bathroom to freshen up. Moreover, her mouth was dry from the alcohol. She needed some food and water to feel completely like herself. She opened her bag of toiletries and started to do her skincare routine when she noticed something strange.

Cassandra blushed a deep shade of red when she noticed the packets of condoms and tampon she had shoved inside long before. She had not done it for Ian but he had seen it regardless. No wonder he acted like she wanted to jump him when she questioned him on what happened. He must have seen the condoms and thought she got them to be with him!

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She groaned and shook her head. Leave it to Ian to see her in the most embarrassing moments of her life. First it was her wedding and now this. But then she remembered the first time she had met him.

It seemed that they had been doomed from the moment they met.

The teacher walked in with a thin boy. He kept his eyes on his shoes and his expression was stoic. It reminded Cassandra of her father. Curiosity gripped her as she stared at the cute boy who looked like he was older than he actually was.

“Kids, this is Ian Lane. He has shown exemplary talent in both sports and academics. He has ranked first in several science competitions and was especially scouted by the government and our school. He will be studying with you from now on.” He stopped and turned to Ian. “Ian, go on, introduce yourself.”

Ian hesitated for a moment before speaking. “My name is Ian Lane. It is a pleasure to meet all of you.” All this time, he refused to look at anyone in particular.

Cassandra, who was seated at the very front could see his face. very well. ‘Such a pretty face,’ she thought.

“That’s it?” the teacher asked, flabbergasted by the length of the introduction. He scratched his chin. “Does anyone have any questions for him?”

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Cassandra found herself raising her hand.

“Class President, go ahead.”

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Cassandra smiled sweetly, willing for Ian to look up. “What do you do in your free time?” she asked.

Ian looked stunned by the question. He thought about it for a minute before answering. “I study. Or I play table tennis.”

The crowd was buzzing with excitement. Mostly because they had long known a student on scholarship would come. But to see him receive so much favor was a cause of jealousy in them. Some of the girls snuck glances at him, but none of them could be as courageous as Cassandra.

“Anyone else?” the teacher asked. When no one spoke up, he nodded. “Ian, take the empty seat towards the back of the class. Class President. You will help him to get acquainted with the school and his classmates, understood?”

“Yes, sir!” Casandra said enthusiastically. When the teacher was gone, she got up from her seat and went to stand beside him. He was quietly going through his notes. She tilted her head to the side and waited for him to take notice of her.

After a few minutes, she realized he wouldn’t speak until he was directly asked a question. “Hi, Ian,” she said.

But she was grossly mistaken. He didn’t respond. She cleared

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her throat awkwardly. “So you’re an introvert. No worries. You can ask me if you have any question.”

Ian hummed but didn’t respond after that. She turned around with a pinched expression and walked back to her seat. “Aren’t you worried he will surpass you in scores?” someone questioned her.

Casandra shrugged. “It’s hard being at the top all the time. Would be nice to share the burden with someone else,” she joked.

“If only he took your extended hand seriously,” one boy sighed. “Don’t worry. Your little crush will be gone quickly. He didn’t even look at you,” a girl said snidely.

Casandra glared at the girl in question. “It’s not good to fantasize in class. Get some help.”

But the girl

was right. No matter how much she tried to help Ian, he never even looked at her. The one time she stepped in while he was being bullied, he treated her coldly. That day, Casa

ndra decided that it was better not to try to be his friend. He wanted a competitor?  
She would give him a formidable  
one.

Even though she was embarra\*\*ed, Ian and Casandra fell into an exciting routine. They often swam **in** the ocean, ate local

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delicacies, and did little work in the days that followed.

Casandra even stopped moaning and groaning about their sleeping arrangement. They slept without the pillows between them and she found that she didn't crawl around when she had the space.

What she didn't know was that Ian would wake up earlier than her and roll her over to the side so that she thought she was a good girl while she slept. He awoke regularly during the night to find her either at the edge of her side of the bed or snuggled with him in his pillow. He didn't mind either way. He didn't want to startle her into sleeping separately again.

But their time together was cut short when one morning, Casandra's phone kept ringing insistently. She groggily awoke and didn't notice that she was curled around Ian like an octopus around its prey. She saw her executive a\*\*istant's name on the screen and furrowed her brow in confusion.

"Ma'am, there is some pressing news circulating on the internet. If it isn't monitored closely, I fear it will reflect badly on you."

Hearing this, Casandra was confused to say the least. She hadn't done anything newsworthy and had simply enjoyed her vacation. What news could there be that could affect her poorly?

Casandra hung up and scrolled through social media to find the explosive news.

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[Breaking News: Micheal and Roxanne Were Caught on a Sweet Date in Bora Bora]