

# Marrying Her Enemy – Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire By SunScar9 Chapter 2

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## Chapter 2: Marrying Her Enemy

Those that had expected to see Micheal Spencer, looked at the face of the groom and were confused. They had been scammed! But when they took a closer look, this mysterious man was no less handsome than the superstar. Actually, the women were pretty sure this man was better looking. They even shamelessly stared at the man's refined features, some getting nudges from their husbands to stop looking.

The man was beautiful. Black hair that was slicked back, the burgundy suit fit him like a glove, accentuating the color of his skin and his dark, unfathomable eyes.

Some of the gossipers didn't allow the matter of the substitute groom to pass, though. "Who is this random man?" someone whispered. "Do you think Casandra Naese has some... problem? That's why the groom was changed last minute?"

These words entered Leonard's ears and he scowled. "Who is that?" Leonard asked his wife. She was the one who knew all of Casandra's friends. He found Anna equally confused. "You don't know? Did she pick someone up from the street?"

Anna pinched her husband's hand. "Hush," she shushed him.

Unable to hide his displeasure, he turned to the people who had made crude remarks and glared at them. 'My daughter

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has no issue!' his eyes conveyed and they meekly looked away.

As the couple walked up the aisle and stood on the raised part of the room, Anna got a good look at the face of the man.

He had been a teenager when she last saw him, but she had heard enough from her daughter to know everything. He was the source of motivation and frustration for Casandra throughout her life. The orphan boy who had gotten a scholarship and entered Casandra's school. He had consistently ranked first, beating Casandra, much to her chagrin.

He had disappeared one day. Everyone had assumed that his lack of background had pushed him into working jobs to afford his tuition fees. And no one bothered to look for him. He had been on Casandra's mind ever since. She excelled in everything but a part of her liked to be challenged. She missed it.

And so, seeing him **all** grown up and walking down the aisle with her daughter... Anna was shocked.

"It's Ian Lane!" she exclaimed softly.

What a turn of events! Her daughter was marrying her mortal enemy.

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## **Chapter** Manying Her Enemy

30 Minutes Earlier-

1768 Wouchers

Ian walked down the hallway with the phone in placed against his ear. "Has he been detained?" he asked seriously.

“President Lane, the associate is filing a report right now. Mr. Faulkner won’t be able released before the ceremony begins,” Ian’s executive assistant informed calmly.

“Good job. Make sure our lawyer is on standby and the employee doesn’t have a record of delinquency,” Ian commanded before hanging up.

He noticed a banner that introduced the bride and groom. ‘Casandra Naese Weds Michael Spencer’ it said. He knocked on it once before walking again. Casandra’s mother brushed past him in a hurry and he sped up, knowing he had little time. to speak to Casandra.

He knocked on the dressing room thrice and heard the sweet voice say, “Come in.”

He opened the door a little and peered in. His eyes wavered and he stilled for a moment as he looked at her impeccable figure. This was the first time he had seen her in years. The pictures of her did her no justice. Especially those of her going about her daily life.

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Chapter Maming Her Enemy

Vouchers

Casandra furrowed her brow and looked at the door. “Mom?” she called, thinking her mother was back but not coming inside.

Finally, Ian pushed the door and walked inside. Casandra’s eyes widened and her ability to speak... gone. Ian Lane had changed a lot since she last saw him. Knowing what her competition was up to was the basic practice of a businessman. So, she had searched high and low for news about him and heard that he had started a business. But upon hearing nothing further, she had thought he had failed. miserably.

“What are you doing here?” she asked when she composed herself.

“Can’t I come to my school friend’s wedding?” he asked. “You didn’t invite me, but I thought we were close enough. I wanted to see the joker you married.” He pushed his hands into his pockets and leaned on the door, blocking anyone from coming in until he was done.

“You could have checked the news instead of crashing my wedding,” she taunted and crossed her arms over her chest.

“What? The news of your fiancé leaving you alone at the altar?” Ian snapped back.

Cassandra gritted her teeth. She didn’t want to be defeated or humiliated in front of Ian Lane. Anyone but Ian Lane. “None of your business,” she hissed.

## Chapter 2 Laying Her Enemy

“From your reaction, I can assume that he really didn’t show up.” He shook his head as he chuckled. “So, what is your plan?” he questioned. “Don’t tell me, you plan on going out alone and marrying yourself in a shocking turn of **events**.”

The thought had crossed Cassandra’s mind, but she wasn’t going to give Ian the pleasure of knowing he was right. As if the universe was playing a joke on her, her phone rang. She picked it up and put it to her ears.

“I’m so sorry, Cassandra. I can’t come,” the person on the other side said.

“I understand. It was an outlandish ask, anyway,” she sighed. She hung up and looked at Ian. “If you are done - congratulating me, you should get going.”

“So, you found a substitute groom?” he pressed.

“None of your business,” she hissed. That was enough of a confirmation. Cassandra stared at Ian for a long time before she noticed what he was wearing. Oddly enough, Ian was dressed in a burgundy suit, just the shade the groom should have worn.

It was an impossible coincidence but Casandra hadn't publicized the color to anyone. And it was a particularly hard color to carry. The fact Ian could wear this color without prompt even though Micheal had cribbed about it during the planning of the wedding was a tell-tale sign. According to

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Chapter: Marrying Her Enemy

288 Vouchers

Micheal, this shade was only good to look at in magazines. The post-production editing done by the photographers could salvage this color.

Now that Casandra appraised Ian, she wanted to laugh at Micheal's face. Hard color to carry? This man does it so well that the editor would have to struggle to find a place to photoshop!

Ian followed her gaze. "I know I look good in this color. Don't you think so?" He waited for her to say something. He wanted her to make the choice and think that she made the choice. He was conniving that way.

He could see the gears in her mind turning.

"How is your business doing?" she questioned. The proud way she said it made Ian smirk.

"It's okay," he replied vaguely.

Casandra scoffed. "No need to pretend in front of me. You know I don't have a groom for the wedding, so you can tell me that you need help starting up in this country."

"I do?" Ian had no intention of hiding his success, but if being poor got him perks, he didn't mind.

"Say what, I will use all my contacts and resources to help you. In turn, you walk down the aisle with me right now," she

said.

“Am I not the one winning in this? And what will you do next? Pretend I ran away and face the humiliation alone? You should be thinking about the bigger picture and squeeze benefits from me,” he prompted.

Cassandra raised a brow. “So, you have already agreed to walk down the aisle with me.” It felt too easy but she didn’t have an option right then. “As for the rest, once everyone knows we got married, we will have enough time to iron the terms out.” She looked at the clock. “I don’t have time to sign a contract, as you can tell.”

Ian pushed off the door and extended his hand to her. “Let’s go, then.”

They were rushed to the site. Cassandra looked around and knew everyone was seated inside. Including her parents. She could imagine how nervous they must be. Her hands had gotten a little cold.

“Breathe,” Ian instructed. “Give these people the show of a lifetime.”

She glared at him, but his words helped. The door opened in front of them and the couple walked in, their heads held high. Like nothing was amiss. Cassandra ignored the hushed conversations all around her and walked to the podium.

## Chapter Marging Her Enemy

She arched a brow when Ian didn’t allow her hand to go. He held her hand as the priest started the wedding.

“Dearly beloved. We are gathered here today to join this man,” he said looking at Ian. “And this woman...” He turned to Cassandra. “in holy matrimony.”

The vows were short and impromptu.

The priest started, “Micheal-“

“Ian,” he corrected quickly. The priest looked confused. “My name is Ian.”

The priest corrected despite his shock. “Ian, do you take this woman to be your wife, to live together in matrimony, to love her, to honor her, to comfort her, and to keep her in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, for as long as you both shall live?”

Ian didn’t hesitate. “I do.”

The wedding continued, the rings were exchanged, binding them together in front of the world. When the priest asked the couple to join their hands and declared them husband and wife, Casandra finally relaxed.

“You may kiss the bride,” the priest told Ian.

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Ian leaned over. Casandra was about to jump away, but he held her in place. “We may not have had the time to sign a contract, but this shall be our seal of partnership.” He cradled her face and stared into her surprised eyes. “Happy

cooperation, Mrs. Lane,” he whispered before crushing his lips to her.