

Marrying Her Enemy – Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire By SunScar9 Chapter 5

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Chapter 5: Gold Digger

“Give me your luggage,” Ian insisted, practically snatching her suitcase from her. She let it go gingerly, not bothered that he was pretending to be a gentleman. She was escorted into first class long before the rest of the economy class people were allowed on.

Cassandra looked around in confusion. “Is no one else going?” she questioned.

“Maybe your choice for honeymoon was too different from others. No one goes there,” Ian joked.

Cassandra glared at him. “Bora Bora is a premium location and around this time of the year, all the flights are booked out. I had to make the schedule months in advance!” she gritted out. She refused to believe that her choice was bad.

Ian leaned in, his face inches from hers. “Then you are in luck,” Ian whispered.

Cassandra rolled her eyes and accepted his lie quickly. She discarded her jacket and sauntered to the washroom.

Ian’s executive assistant, Brian, walked in shortly after.

“Did Micheal make a fuss?” Ian asked casually, crossing his

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“He was shocked that there were no first-class tickets. He proceeded to buy economy tickets instead,” Brian informed. “The seat i

s towards the back and in the middle of the row. But he has been asking the flight attendant to come up for a while now.”

Ian raised a brow. “Very well. Let him come, then.”

Brian was startled. “President, aren’t you afraid that Miss Naese will go back to Mr. Spencer?” he asked. The breakup was fresh and women were known to waver when someone

coaxed them.

“She is now Mrs. Lane,” Ian corrected with a hint of danger. “Casandra has always been resolute. Once she makes a

decision, she stands firm. She thinks about the pros and cons. deeply and knows that once water is spilled, there is no way of taking it back.”

In short, he trusted her to be disgusted with Micheal. Ian was sure that she wouldn’t go back or regret her decision to marry

him.

Brian felt differently, but seeing the confident look on his Boss’ face, he didn’t comment further. He saw Casandra coming back and quickly retreated. Once outside, he instructed the flight attendant to allow Micheal Spencer through for a couple of minutes.

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“I will leave the rest to you, Boss,” Brian whispered to himself. He hoped Ian wouldn’t regret his decision.

Casandra looked at the empty first class** and felt odd that she sat down beside Ian. She noticed that he was looking through some work material and realized he was working hard to build his business up from the ground.

“Give it to me,” she said and extended her palm. He looked up from the screen and at her. “Give me the document you are looking through. I should be able to help you with it,” she added when she noticed his inquisitive look.

Ian closed the tab and turned his body to her. “It’s nothing important. Do you want to work on your honeymoon?” he teased. He placed his chin on the back of his hand and watched her roll her eyes.

“Honeymoon? What honeymoon?” she retorted. “We’re not going on a honeymoon... I am going on a trip and you are joining me.”

Ian nodded. “No working on vacation, then. I am here to accompany you and make sure you have fun. And my work is not fun.”

Cassandra smirked. “Work is my idea of fun,” she bit back.

Ian chuckled. “If work is your idea of fun, I have a lot of work ahead of me.”

Cassandra raised a brow. “Why, are you embarrassed to show me what you are working on? Don’t worry, I build CN Entertainment with my own two hands. I have had my share of failures... I won’t laugh at you, so don’t try to distract me.”

Ian hummed. “Is it working?” he started. “The distraction?” He inched forward to say more when he heard commotion coming from the back. They looked up and Ian’s eyes cooled with displeasure.

Brian was right, he shouldn’t have allowed Micheal to come and ruin his teasing.

“I should have known... you were cheating on me!” Micheal hissed as he rushed into first class. He had seen how close Ian and Cassandra were. The twinkle of interest in both their eyes was unmistakable. He had never noticed Cassandra look at him like that.

He felt rage as he turned to Ian. “You look ecstatic to steal someone else’s bride!” Micheal exclaimed. His fists were clenched at his sides. He was ready to throw fists when Ian stood up and fixed the lapel of his suit.

“Do you want me to take care of him for you?” Ian asked. He kept his eyes on Micheal, fearing that he would do something untoward to Casandra. He wouldn’t allow this vile man to touch a single strand of her hair.

“I am the one he was in a relationship with and hurt. I should

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have the honor of humiliating him,” she replied scathingly.

“There is more humiliation left?” Micheal questioned. sarcastically. “You found a man who is wealthier than me and dumped me immediately.” He shook his head as if disappointed in her.

“Is he wealthier than you? I didn’t ask because I was too busy trying to find someone who would save me the

embarrassment of calling my wedding off,” Casandra commented. She crossed her hands over her chest and

looked Micheal up and down.

“You dare to tell me that he wasn’t the one who wiped all the news about you from the internet? Do you dare to tell me that he didn’t book first class out for you? A man with such power... there is no way you didn’t know he was rich.”

Casandra furrowed her brows and glanced at Ian for a second before shaking her head. Ian didn’t have the resources to do all of that. But she wouldn’t embarrass Ian by correcting Micheal.

“How does that concern you?” she questioned. “No matter how much money he has, he is the one I chose. If I looked at money when I chose a partner, would I have picked you up from the street and made you into a superstar?”

Her words were stinging. “How dare you... I crawled my way up to the top. Just because you allowed me to stay at that small rented apartment... I don’t owe you anything.”

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“Yes, you don’t. I was a fool for doing that. I didn’t want to hurt your pride and treat you like a gigolo. So, I bought an old apartment and put you there. Think about it seriously, have I ever asked you for anything?” The look in her eyes were a challenge. She really wanted to know if he thought she was after something. “You can’t come up with a single thing. Because you have nothing to offer me that I don’t have the money and connections to get for myself.”

“No way! Why would you hide that you are wealthy and risk me straying?”

Cassandra shrugged. “You never asked, so I thought you knew. How many people in the country have the surname Naese?” she questioned.

It didn’t take people too much intelligence to make the connection. It was just that Micheal didn’t have the depth of mind to recognize how expensive and subtly luxurious everything around Cassandra was.

“You’re Leonard Naese’s family member?” he questioned.

“More accurately... his only daughter. You’ve met him as my father before but you failed to recognize him.”

Micheal stared. He refused to believe a word that came from her mouth. She was just saying all of it to make him regret. And she was doing a good job at it.

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“It would be a lot different if you told me. Our relationship would have been successful. I wouldn’t have looked at

another woman...” This was said after he allowed himself a

moment to consider. He still didn't believe she was rich, but he was open to the possibility.

"Maybe she didn't want a gold digger latched onto her," Ian snorted. He had long been waiting to interject and pull Casandra away from Micheal.

Micheal glared at Ian. "If what she said is right, what does that make you?" he hissed. "You are nothing but a cowardly man who doesn't face his love rival and allows his 'wife' to do it for him." He looked the man over and sneered.

"You should stop," Casandra warned. Ian was a laid back man for the most part. But when he was angry, he was known to destroy those in front of him. She recalled a time in high school when he got into a fight and the other guy had to stay in the hospital for a couple of weeks.

"See? He stole you because you were vulnerable. He saw the opportunity and knew your family background so he used you. But me? I was sincere."

He was so indignant that he forgot all about the reserved first-class seats and the scrubbed internet searches. In his eyes, Ian Lane was a nobody. At least, he was not of the same standard as Micheal.