

# Marrying Her Enemy – Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire By SunScar9 Chapter 7

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## Chapter 7: Broke and Desperate Couple

Casandra woke up shortly after they reached Bora Bora. She awoke with a jolt, the first thing she noticed was the piercing pain in her neck. She rubbed her eyes, opening and shutting them a few times to clear them. She moved one hand to rub the back of her neck.

“Sore?” Ian asked, looking over at her.

“Yes,” she said, tilting her head from one side to the other.

“I thought you would be. You slept with your head on my shoulder the entire time. You even drooled a little on my shirt,” he commented and pretended to furrow his eyes.

“Nice try,” Casandra snorted, smacking his shoulder. “I must have been really exhausted all this time.” She rubbed her shoulder. “Or was it your shoulder? So soft...”

Ian froze for the fraction of a second. “Did you call my shoulder soft?” he asked, his voice lower than usual.

Casandra blinked innocently. “Mm. Does your arm feel numb?”

“No. I was working for most of the flight. I wanted to carry you out but I thought you would wake up if I tried. So, I didn’t

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move you an inch.”

Casandra finally looked around and saw that they had landed. “We landed already? Why didn’t

you wake me up? The airport is so small..." And to think they had waited for God knows how long for her to awake.

"It has only been ten minutes. The economy passengers have just departed. Don't worry. We are not holding anyone up," he assured.

Casandra nodded. "I am starving," she announced, feeling her stomach growl. "We can order room service once we are at the hotel. I have already booked the restaurants and deliveries. to enjoy the Bora Bora experience."

Ian was shocked by how excited she was. She looked like a normal tourist.

"You did all that? Were you coming on your honeymoon or an eating spree?" he questioned.

Casandra rolled her eyes. "I wasn't going to have a boring honeymoon. I was going to eat, sleep and indulge in some naughty business." She looked at him and then **clucked** her tongue. "Unfortunately, the last is not possible." She smiled so angelically that Ian choked on his breath.

"I am sorry to disappoint," Ian said frankly but there was a gleam in his eyes. On the way to the resort, Casandra was very much awake. Not only was she awake, she was looking behind the car and sighing.

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"He is following us," she groaned.

Ian glanced

in the same direction and didn't react. "Don't worry about him. We have already reached the resort," Ian whispered.

The car stopped and he hastily slid out and to the other side of the car. He had already opened her door and was leading her out when Micheal ran to their side. He tried to push past Ian, but he stood like a stone wall.

Ian grabbed Micheal's wrist and the other hissed in pain.

“Don’t ruin my honeymoon because of your silly regret,” Ian said in a low voice. He pushed Micheal back and made sure to block the view of him. Casandra took Ian’s extended hand and slid out.

“I’m sorry for the noise,” Ian said lightly, treating Micheal like a buzzing fly.

Casandra did the same. She called the security guard over and spoke to him in hushed tone. “That man has been following us for a while. If he tries to get inside, just throw him out.” In another country, Micheal wasn’t as easily recognized as he was back home.

So, it was easier to push him around.

Micheal waved his hand, and the security personnel came

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suckers

forward immediately. They seemed to know and respect him.

Casandra didn’t notice this. She was busy.

Casandra looked at the scenery, stunned. There were huts looming over the water, the lighting underneath making everything surreal. She couldn’t breathe for a moment.

Ian took the moment to pull his cellphone out and text his executive secretary, Brian.

[Make sure Micheal Spencer doesn’t take a room anywhere near us.]

Brian’s response was prompt. <Already took care of it.>

This simple message made ripples through the little island. Lord knows what strings Brian pulled, but there really were no rooms available on the island. All except for one in a

down trodden little hotel.

Ian shoved the phone back into his pocket and touched the small of Casandra's back. The look of sheer awe on her face

made *his*

heart beat double time.

"Let's go in, shall we?" he whispered, snapping her out of her

amazement.

They walked to the front desk and Casandra was surprised to

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find that Ian spoke to the staff with complete ease.

He had a charming smile on his face, making the woman behind the counter smile and giggle. She didn't know what Ian said, but the woman rapidly typed into the computer and nodded at whatever Ian was telling her.

"I managed to upgrade our room. We now have the biggest and the farthest hut all to ourselves. You can sunbathe, swim in the ocean and eat on your private boat if you want. They are at your disposal," he informed her.

Casandra raised her brow. "All in a few minutes of flirting? I underestimated your talents," she commented with a hint of jealousy in her voice.

No matter how little she regarded him as her real husband, he was still hers legally. She didn't like that he spoke nicely to other women.

Ian didn't get the time to answer. The sound of clicking heels stopped right behind them.

"My god, you really splurged for your honeymoon, didn't you?" Roxanne's nasally voice came. It seemed to hurt their ears like chalk scraping on a blackboard.

Ian wasn't subtle as he put one finger **to** his ear and scratched it, irritation clear on his face. "Did you hear something?" he joked to Casandra.

### Choke and Despent Couple

His childish comment made her chuckle. "I didn't hear anything," Casandra played along

Roxanne's face reddened at their conversation. They were treating her like air! "It's better than you don't hear anything. This is not the world you belong in. How long will you wait out here? This is not a place you can book just with money..." Roxanne scoffed.

She turned to the receptionist. "Does your establishment allow broke and desperate couples to hang around the lobby? They are really lowering the standard that you have been upholding for all these years." She clucked her tongue.

Casandra sighed. "Just give us the room," she said.

She wanted to visit Bora Bora for a vacation. She hadn't thought all these troublesome people would run after her. She just wanted a few days of peace, but no one would allow it!

Roxanne chuckled and spoke to the receptionist. "Don't mind her. I'll take the room she has booked and pay twice for it." She flipped her **hair** over her shoulder. "While I am at it..." she took out her purse and retrieved a few bills from **it**.

"Casandra, love, take this money and go book a hotel room. within your means. Use this money to have some good food," she taunted.

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### Chake and Desperate Couple

128 vouchers

Casandra

looked at the money that was being shoved in her face and started to laugh. She took the money and started to count the bills.

Ian raised his brow as Roxanne's smirk widened. She felt triumphant at her small win. She couldn't reconcile with the fact that Micheal wanted to marry this wretched woman and even funded such a grand wedding for her. He had always treated her like a little secret. But that was not the case with this Casandra Naese.

"Only this much?" Casandra asked.

Roxanne's smile fell. "You want more, you greedy bitch?" she asked. She snatched all the bills from her purse and shoved it into Casandra jeans pocket. Casandra pulled them out and stacked them neatly.

"How uncouth," she sighed. She threw the bills up into the air. It rained down on them, making Roxanne's eyes widen in

shock. "I am sure the resort staff will love to clean this mess up."

"You-"

Casandra looked over her shoulder at Ian. "Let's go. If this place caters to such low class people like her, I would rather not stay here."

The receptionist had long called the manager. The older

Check and people

1728 Vouchers

gentlemen ran in their direction and blocked the couple's way. "I apologize for the disturbance, ma'am, sir," he started. politely. "Your luggage has already been taken to the room," he said.

"I already bought the room off them," Roxanne said through her teeth.

The manager turned to Roxanne with a cold expression. "Ma' am, the room they have booked is for VIP's only. It is booked weeks in advance and cannot be accessed with money.