

Marrying Her Enemy – Her Poor Husband Is A Billionaire By SunScar9 Chapter 8

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Chapter 8: Sleep In The Same Bed

“We do have a room available that might interest you, though.” The waiter continued.

Roxanne couldn't believe her ears. “How can they book it but I can't?” she questioned. She was a step away from stomping her foot and throwing a tantrum.

“We are just following protocol, ma'am.”

“Come,” Ian said softly, ignoring the heated conversation. happening just a few feet from them. He guided Casandra in the direction of the walkway under the open sky and above the waters. “Don't worry about her. Our room is already set up. No one will bother us for the next few days,” he assured.

As they walked towards the room, Casandra became nervous. This was the first time she would be truly alone with him as his wife. She wondered if their interaction would be any different from the past. Would Ian look at her differently? Would he expect her to treat him differently?

As she thought about the different situations that could take place, her mind turned to sex. She hadn't thought about it until the comment she made on the plane. She had only kissed Micheal before this but she had only married Ian to save her reputation.

III

Chapter 8. Sleep in The Same Bed

11740 Mouchers

They hadn't discussed the physical aspect of their marriage.

Casandra gasped as they walked to the 'hut.' It was more like a villa that could house a small army.

“We may not be a traditional couple, but I would like to follow at least one,” Ian claimed. He crouched down in front of her before she could protest. His hands were under her knees and she was in the air. She squeaked and circled her arms around his neck.

He walked over the threshold with her in his arms and a broad

smile on his lips. After one step, he put her down. “After you, my bride,” he whispered, gesturing to the bigger door that really opened into their hut.

“Good god, I picked the right resort,” she praised under her breath.

“The luggage is all in here,” Ian responded, gesturing to their bags sitting in the corner of the bedroom. “If you want to change clothes and freshen up, go ahead.”

“Please. A shower sounds amazing...” she groaned.

A strange thing happened in the shower. She found herself appraising her body in front of the mirror. While she judged herself for her physical beauty, she remembered that she had forgotten to bring her clothes with her into the bathroom.

Chapter & Sleep In The Same Bed

She cursed under her breath.

Mouchers

‘How did I forget my clothes?’

She stayed alone for the most part, so she needed time to get into the habit of bringing clothes with her when she showered. No more running around the house naked.

She wrapped the towel around herself and tucked it in. She decided it was time to leave the bathroom. He had already

seen her in a towel before... he wouldn't mind.

Contrary to what she thought, when she exited the bathroom, she found Ian in the bedroom. He was sitting at the desk with an empty plate and a flute of champagne at his side. In front of him was a piece of paper that he was absorbed in.

He didn't notice Casandra enter.

"Hi," she murmured softly.

"Hey," he replied, glancing up at her briefly before he looked back down at whatever he was doing. He did a double-take, looking back up, taken aback. "Did you... forget your clothes?" he asked.

"I am not trying to seduce you," she **warned**, wagging a finger at him to hide her nervousness. "You shouldn't be working on your vacation."

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Chapter & Sleep In The Same Bed

748 Vouchers

Ian blinked. "You were in the shower so long that I had to do something." He pushed the paperwork aside and put his attention fully on her. "I put your food on the table. You can microwave it first," he told her gently so that she wasn't too embarrassed.

"You won't sit with me?" Casandra asked in confusion.

"You should enjoy a full meal," he said, his eyes glowing dangerously. "I'll take a shower myself. I promise not to take as long as you, so don't miss me too much."

"Shut up!" she muttered, rolling her eyes.

Casandra first put on clothes and then finished her food. She looked at the clock and realized it was late in the night. Perfect for sleep. But there was one issue. There was one bed and two of them. The rooms were big, but there was only one bed.

That was where Ian found her: with her arms crossed over her chest and staring at the bed like she was strategizing a war. Ian could barely hide his amusement.

“Are you planning on making me sleep on the floor?” he asked casually.

Cassandra’s eyes lit up. She clearly liked the idea. “I didn’t think that was an option. Thank you!” she said, genuinely thankful.

Chapter : Sleep In The Same Bed

“It isn’t an option,” he retorted coldly.

1788 Vouchers

Cassandra glared at him. “Then what do you propose? I am not sleeping on the floor, so don’t even bring that up.”

Ian shrugged. “What bothers you about both of us sleeping on the bed?” he asked. “We could fit a couple more people on it and have a sleepover if you wanted.”

Cassandra huffed. “But it is one bed!” she protested. “I am a conservative girl.”

Ian scoffed. “I’ve known you for a long time. If you are considered conservative, I wonder that the liberal generation are up to,” he grumbled.

“Men and women should keep distance. Even if they are married like us.”

“Good thing you brought this up. We never discussed our sleeping arrangements. I have no problem sharing a bed so that people believe that we are truly a couple. A couple that sleeps apart? I would say that is a bad idea.”

Indeed, it was. And Cassandra didn’t want the façade to slip away:

“We can sleep separately here,” she compromised.

Chapter Sleep in The Same Bed

188 Vouchers

Ian rolled his eyes. "Are you worried I will take advantage of you if we are on the same bed?" he questioned. "And that won't be the case if I slept on the floor? Does the bed have some supernatural powers to make me horny?"

His logic was skewed but it also made sense. "Cramped. spaces with two people of the opposite sex often **leads** to bad situations. Hormones never listen to logic," Casandra stated sagely.

"I am in full control of my 'hormones.' If you are not so confident yourself... I understand."

Casandra narrowed her eyes at the blatant challenge. "You're right. Both of us are adults. I know I won't be jumping you in the middle of the night," she stated.

Ian sighed in relief, feeling proud of his mental gymnastics. He had fulfilled his mission to sleep on the same bed as her on their wedding night. "But no arrangement should be made without rules."

Ian had a sinking feeling in his stomach. His face darkened when he saw the majority of cushions and pillows in the hut put at the center of the bed. The space left was just enough for one person on each side of the **bed**.

"Are the pillows sleeping on the bed or us?" Ian questioned.

"That is the line of control. If you cross it, you lose a precious."

Chip: Sleep In The Same Bed

738 Vouchers

limb," Casandra threatened before jumping under the covers.

Ian shook his head and sighed. He didn't move around much in his sleep. But with her on the same bed, he would barely get any in the first place. But to his surprise, he fell asleep within a few minutes of his head hitting the pillow.

It was the best sleep he had in years.

