

Read Novel Married To A Cruel Billionaire Chapter 3

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Getting ready for the big day

A month later~

White ribbons and fabrics hung from the trees. Red carpet covered the aisle I walked down, and soft music played in the background. The tail of my veil fluttered as a gentle breeze blew. At the end of the aisle stood the man of my dreams with a smile on his face. He took my hands and leaned in.

I leaned in.

Our lips almost met.

His face started turning into a swirl, everything else getting sucked into it. 'Oh, no, no, wait! What's going on?'

The gentle music in the background was replaced with 'The death of a bachelor... oh oh... letting the water fall... The death of...' and a distant voice called, 'Ember! Ember...'

My body joggled. "Wake up! Come on, Ember! It's your wedding day!"

"Mhm... I know. I'm getting married nowmm..." I turned around and pulled the blanket over my face.

"What? Get up now, or you'll be late for your wedding," came my mother's voice.

My eyes fluttered open. Wedding? Late? Realization hit me, and I jumped out of the bed in a swift motion. A gasp left my mouth as I flew through the air and landed face first on the floor, pain shooting through my forehead.

Ouch!

Looking up, I rubbed my forehead and frowned at my phone ringing, the 'Death of a bachelor' song set as the ringtone. Mom stood by the end of the bed, face hidden behind the wedding dress in her hands as the sound of laughing erupted from her.

"It was the blanket's fault!" I pouted.

Shaking her head, she placed the dress on the bed gently and glided her hand over the fabric, an adoring expression laced her face.

“Mom?” I called concerned when a single tear rolled down her cheek.

“Oh, I am fine,” she waved her hand dismissively, “Go, go, take a shower. Ana and Beth will be here in five minutes, and you should take the call, hon. They’re probably trying to wake you up,” saying that mom proceeded to leave the room.

“Mom,” I called, a knot started to form in the pit of my stomach and a tug at my heart.

She stopped and turned around to look at me. “Yes, darling?” A frown made its way into her forehead as she saw my expression, and her feet moved back towards me. She sat herself beside me on the floor and touched my cheek. “What’s wrong? Feeling nervous?”

I took in the warmth of her soft caring hand and nodded.

“It’s alright. Every girl feels like this on their big day. I did too,” her voice was like caramel, sweet and comforting.

“I don’t know if I can manage myself in there,” I breathed.

“Oh, I believe you can. You’re my strong daughter.”

A smile appeared on my face, but soon it was replaced with a frown as another question flooded my head. “Can you? Can you and Dad manage alone? What about my dreams and responsibilities?”

“A girl can always fulfill her dreams even after she’s married. And of course, we can, silly. We’re not that old, ye know,” mom said making me laugh.

Not all dreams though. “I hope I can be as strong as you, Mom.”

Gracing me with one of her angelic smiles, she planted a kiss on my forehead. “You already are.” But then the smile was replaced with a frown on her face. “Darling, is there something you want to share with me?”

I stared at her brown eyes. I wanted to tell her everything. “Mom…”

Thank the Lord, my phone rang again, breaking us apart. Averting away from mom, I grabbed the phone and held it against my ear. “I’m up, I’m up.”

I jumped to my feet, my heart still pounding. What was I gonna do? Tell her everything? How could I be so careless? “M-Mom, it’s getting late, I should go shower.”

She stood up as well, “Yeah, sure, darling.” and left.

Exhaling long, I looked at the nightstand to check why on earth my alarm clock didn't alert me.

It wasn't there.

Looking around, I spotted my beloved clock on the floor, accompanying it was a pillow.

Oops!

I ran to the bathroom taking off my clothes and turned the shower on; the warmth of the pouring water calmed the tension in my skin. It had been a month since I accepted the Kings' proposal, and a month since the threats stopped. No more emails from the IRS were sent, no more refusals obstructed dad's allowances, and most importantly, no more the dangerous man was seen.

I never told my parents about those blackmails. I had consented to this matrimony only to keep their worries at bay, not to push them back in another round. Even though a tiny, very tiny part of me danced in felicity, the others only loured.

Crush or what, how was I gonna live with a man who didn't respect my presence enough to listen? He even ruined my plan to find true love before marriage. In my nineteen years of life, I had tried many times to find the one for me, but the couple guys I dated left disappointed for I held onto my pride like Blackbeard's treasure. I was saving myself for the true one. It was no crime, right?

But now...

A loud bang on the door snapped me out of my thoughts.

"Em! Have you fallen asleep in the shower? Come on! Hurry up, girl! We don't have all day," shouted Liliana from outside the door.

"Coming! Coming!" Getting out of the shower, I blow dried my hair.

Stepping out of the bathroom, I found Liliana sitting on the bed examining her nails. The pink gown she wore fit her petite body in every curve, and her platinum blonde hair cascaded down her back in loose curls.

She looked up, and her cheery blue eyes brightened. Walking towards me, she sat me on a chair.

"Now don't move until I am done. I'm gonna make you look so sexy that Hunter King won't be able to take his eyes off your ass."

I glared at her but ended up chuckling. "Well, good to see you too."

Right then the door burst opened and dropped before us was my other girl, Bethany. Her pixie hair was a rat's nest, and crinkles decorated the matching gown she wore as Ana.

I frowned. "What happened to you?"

"You know, the usual," Ana answered for Beth as she slapped some creamy substance on my cheeks.

I gasped. "Brittany cheated on you again?"

"This time with a man." Ana pointed a brush in the air for exaggeration.

Beth groaned from her sprawled position on the floor.

"What! Girl, I told you this bitch was no good. She doesn't deserve you."

"Then who deserves me, Em?"

"Well, remember Lia?"

"Ooh, she definitely digs you," Ana commented.

"How are you so sure she won't do the same?"

"I have seen that girl gawking at you more than I have seen this idiot drool in her sleep." I pointed at Ana who deliberately pulled at my hair as revenge.

The room fell silent as I sat there, and Liliana continued her magic on me. After what felt like hours did she finally move from my face, her demeanor replete with boast. "Done!"

Even Beth's jaw hung open actually touching the ground.

I glanced at the mirror, and my eyes widened. Was that really me? I looked so... beautiful. My brown hair was pulled back in an updo with some curls freely falling around my round face. The smokey eyeshadow made the sea colored orbs in my eyes pop.

"Fishticks, Ana! You are so damn good at it."

"Here," she extended her hand to me.

"What?" I eyed it, flabbergasted.

"Kiss my hand, bish!"

“Yeah, in your dreams.” I playfully raised my middle finger up.

Chuckling, she took the wedding dress from bed and shoved it to my face. “Go, put it on.”

Entering the bathroom, I put the dress on. The off shoulder pure white gown was covered with laces from top to bottom and flowed down from the waistline. I looked at my reflection in the mirror. A smile occupied my red lips, but soon faded as another thought popped in my head.

Was I ready? Was I ready to give up my dream of finding true love and be with such a man of ignorance?

I had been spending the past month battling between yes and no. Surely I had a crush on him, still he was a complete stranger to me. Was I ready to sacrifice my life like that? I gazed at my reflection for an answer, and got it.

Yes, I was. For my parents, I was. I was more than ready to do anything for them.

Putting a smile on my face, I came out to see Lilana doing Beth’s hair. She turned to look at me and frowned. “I still can’t believe you’re getting married to Hunter King.”

“So can’t I.” Mom barged in my room. Her eyes glistened with tears as she observed me in my wedding dress. “My baby, you look so gorgeous.” Her arms encircled me in a hug.

“Thanks Mom.” I hugged her back, feeling my heart squeeze remembering I would have to leave my parents and this house.

Mom pulled out of the hug and cupped my face. “Darling, there’s still time. Are you sure about your decision? We both know about that man’s reputation.”

If only I could tell her. I stretched my lips into a smile. “Yes, mum, I am. I told you those are just gossips. I met him. He was nothing but a gentleman,” I lied hoping she’d buy it.

She held my gaze for a moment as if she could see through my lies, then nodded and clipped the veil on my head.

“Let’s go, hon! Your dad’s waiting downstairs.”

I nodded and took a look around my room for one last time. The small bed, my study table and the band posters on the wall seemed to scream for me to stay, but I must go since I made my decision.

With a heavy heart, I came downstairs, and dad engulfed me in a hug, his eyes glossy. “You know we can call this off if you-“

“Dad, I can handle it. After all, I’m a Collins,” I gave a giggle.

As he kissed my forehead, dad cried, “My little princess has grown up so much. I am so proud of you, my Koala bear.”

“Thanks, Dad. I will miss you so much!” By now the tug at my heart deepened. I bit the inner cheeks to not cry and spoil Liliana’s hard work.

“You know how much I will miss you, my little princess.” This time a tear did roll down his cheek.

“Joseph! Don’t make my baby cry now. You’ll ruin her makeup,” mom scolded dad while wiping the tear from his face with her fingers.

Chuckling through my own tears, I threw my hands around them, “I love you, mom and dad!”

“We love you too!” they cried as their hands circled around me.

Oh God! I was so not ready to leave them yet.

After a long drive full of anticipation, we stood in front of the hotel the Kings owned and insisted it be the venue for the wedding. I was left awestruck as I stepped on the marbled floor of the hotel. The magnificent interior of white with golden intricate designs made it look exactly like something a king owned.

“That’s why they are one of the world’s top architectural and builder companies,” Beth whispered from beside me, her and Ana’s expressions matching mine perfectly. I nodded not being able to form words.

After a wait of half an hour, a knock sounded at the door of my bridal suite. “Come on, darling! It’s time,” dad called.

“Oh my God! What if I mess up?” I shot to my feet and marched around the room, my heart pounding like a mad horse’s hooves.

“Chill, girly! Take a deep breath and relax.” Ana’s firm grip held me in one place, and I did as instructed.

“Now, lemme check.” Ana swirled me around and examined. “Hair check. Makeup check. Dress check.” Her expression turned into an adoring one. “You look so beautiful, Em!” she gushed.

“All your magic.”

“Well, thank you!” Holding her dress, she bowed like a princess.

“Oh, Ana, what would I ever do without you?” I threw my hands around her.

“Just remember me when you meet another hottie like Hunter.” She pulled out of the hug and winked.

“What about me?” Beth whined, joining the hugging session.

“Sure, I will remember you both oompa-loompas.” I chuckled.