

Chapter 11: The End Of Discussion

Early in the morning, Nora woke up with a jerk, looking around askance at the new surroundings. It took her a moment to recall that she was not in her mother's home now but her new husband's.

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As she stared at the ceiling, she could not help but sigh. A month ago, the word 'husband' would have evoked butterflies in her stomach and Antonio's smiling face and now, she felt nothing... No, not nothing. She felt intimidation as she thought of her new husband. It wasn't as if she was scared that he would be violent or harm her in some way. Just an instinct that she could never afford to offend him.

She wondered if he would now let her know why he had married her and how he wanted to proceed for her to 'show' her love for him. It was always better to have a script beforehand. Maybe now would be a good time to ask. What if he was a morning person and might be approachable? Jumping out of bed, she quickly raced to the bathroom to freshen up so that she could have a discussion with him.

He was NOT a morning person. As Nora sat on the small breakfast table across from him, staring at his face as he read some papers, Nora came to this conclusion. If anything, the man looked even more harsh with the sunlight over him.

She cocked her head and looked at him objectively. If Demetri Frost was a character from a novel, the author would describe him as brooding, enigmatic, etc etc. He would possibly be a serial killer posing as a detective or if it was a romance novel then the dynamic anti-hero who would steal the female lead.

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"Ahem ahem." Nora was brought out of her thoughts by the sound of him clearing his throat. Realising that she had probably been staring, she quickly

looked away and then her gaze fell on the thing that had been pushed in her direction.

It was totally a step out of a novel and she could not help but giggle. His eyebrows raised at her unprecedented reaction and she blurted out truthfully, "I was just thinking that you look like someone who has stepped out of those online web novels and then you do this classic novel move of giving your wife a Black Card."

Demetri stared at her while Nora could not help but curse in her heart. Why did she have to open her mouth and talk about reading novels? Antonio used to hate it and called it a waste of time. She sighed and was expecting something derogatory when he spoke, "And then?"

The two words caused her to blink in confusion. What then? Did he want her to tell him what happened after that?

Hesitantly, she spoke, "She will try to refuse but in vain."

That earned her a nod as the man returned to sipping his coffee.

Utterly bewildered, Nora sipped her own coffee before sighing, "I know we agreed that you will bear all the expenses but I really do not need your money. I agreed because I wanted to avoid arguments. My tuition fee is covered by the trust fund that my grandparents left me and I do get an allowance from that. I will also be working part-time so... you can just take your card back."

Demetri, however, finished his coffee and stood up with a glib remark, "You need to re-read your novels."

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By the time Nora had gathered her wits the man was already out of the door with the discussion at an end. And she realized she had once again forgotten two important tasks. One, she'd needed to get her husband's phone number and second-the script for their task...

Grabbing the card from the table, she stood up and threw the rest of her horrible coffee into the sink. She hated black coffee! As she looked around the bare kitchen, with all the appliances but no groceries, she wondered if the man lived on takeout...

But that was none of her concern. Since she was moving in, she had already decided that she would treat this situation as if she was living with a roommate. And so she would simply take care of her own groceries from today. But now, she had to take care of an immediate problem... She had no clothes to wear...

Just then, her own phone vibrated and she looked at the message from an unknown number that said- "Bag on the couch. Help yourself."

As Nora stared at herself in the mirror, she could not help but wonder if the man had a personal shopper. The few times she had met him, his own clothing had been impeccably tailored to fit him. But now, even her clothing was perfectly fitting.

Well, whether the clothing had been chosen by him or the shopper, it made no difference since it would be perfect for the meeting now. And once that was done, she could even enjoy her time with Isabella before going to collect her things. Also, she now had the man's number. Thinking carefully, she saved his number as Mr Frost but then frowned. And quickly changed it again. Better to name him, 'Mr Hubby.'

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She could not help but wonder if the dress was his way of paying her... Grandpa William had given her the bare basics that Demetri Frost had asked him to look for a contract wife.

In the next moment, she shrugged her shoulders. It should make no difference to her. She would simply find a way to return what he spent on her when she had access to her own money...

With a last glance at herself in the mirror, Nora took a deep breath and practised her uncaring smile. Today was going to be the toughest and most painful performance of her life.

CREATORS' THOUGHTS



har_k

Hello everyone. How are you all doing? What do you think of our Demon? Are you as frustrated as me that he speaks so less? I want to know what is on the guy's mind but he is so stingy with his words and thoughts!

Author: "Sigh, Demon you need to talk more!"

Demon: "Pay up and I will talk."

Author: "Uhhh... you are already a billionaire."

Demon shrugs shoulders

Demon: "I need to spoil my new wife. So all the money in the world is not enough. She is too young."

Author: *facepalm* "I've created a demon."