

## Husband With Benefits Chapter 10 - Wedding Night With The Demon

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"Mr. Frost, I cannot move in with you tonight."

As Nora uttered those words, the temperature in the room seemed to drop a few degrees, and Nora gulped. This man was too intimidating. Hurriedly, she raised her hands to clarify as she said, "I am not trying to be difficult or playing games. My things are in storage. I did not move them to Antonio's house, and I had hoped to be able to escape after the wedding. I really did not expect them to be so shameless as to insist that I attend the entire reception."

Finishing in a small voice with a shrug of her shoulders, she couldn't help but wince. Sara looked dainty, but the girl really had mean claws!

"Collect them tomorrow."

Nora wanted to protest, but then simply sighed. She hated arguments, and there was no need to argue. She could simply sleep in the dress.

Nora tried to hide her curiosity, but she was sure she had failed. She had not expected the man's house to be so... warm and welcoming. But it was just that. Even though the house had minimal furniture and almost no artifacts or decorations, the muted palette of the walls gave it an open look. The absence of excess seemed to create a sense of peacefulness, like a garden of tranquility.

It was vastly different from her own home, where taking a wrong turn could lead to accidentally breaking something. She liked this place. She was about to compliment him, but the man had already walked away, leaving her standing in the foyer.

Was she supposed to settle on that comfortable-looking couch? Or should she explore this mansion and choose a room for herself? Before she could think much, however, the man returned with a small bag in his hand and motioned for her to follow him.

Blinking curiously, she followed him as he led her up a winding staircase. As she entered the room, she almost walked into his back, realizing too late that

he had stopped. "Your room. And this bag has things you may need for tonight."

Nora accepted the bag and carefully peered inside. The bag seemed to contain basic toiletries and a t-shirt. "Thank you, Mr. Frost."

The man looked at her intently for a moment, and Nora could only blink up at him uncomfortably. Did he want something?

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, he spoke, "People who know me call me Demon."

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Nora blinked as he walked away after dropping that line. People who knew him called him Demon? Just how intimidating was this man? And why did he tell her that? Did he want to scare her? Nora frowned and wondered if that was the case. Well, she was already apprehensive about him. The only thing stopping her from cowering was her determination not to revert to her old self.

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As she arranged her toothbrush and other items, Nora finally concluded that maybe he wanted her to address him as Demon. After all, soon she would have to portray a woman who was deeply in love with him.

Slowly, she slipped out of her dress and winced at the marks on her shoulders. There was a clear imprint of fingers, and her skin had been scratched by Sara's nails. Wincing, she carefully removed the dress and put on the t-shirt and the large drawstring shorts from the bag. With everything settled, the last thing she noticed was a small brown package.

Her eyes widened as she saw the ointment. Did he know that she was hurt?

Embarrassed by her own vulnerability, Nora quickly shook her head to dismiss the thoughts. It had never been her fault that they had hurt her. Over the past few weeks, while pretending to be on vacation and preparing for today's events, this was the mantra Grandma Dorothy had made her repeat several times. The affection that the couple had showered on her in these few days had surpassed what she had received in all her nineteen years.

Applying the ointment, she settled into the softest bed she had ever felt and closed her eyes, ready to face the new challenges of tomorrow. Finally, all the preparation she had done would come to fruition tomorrow.

However, she had barely closed her eyes when her phone started to ring. It was her best friend. She'd barely pressed the phone to her ear when she heard her best friend squeal, "Where are you? I hope you didn't go back to the witch's house. And what's going on? Are you going to keep secrets from me now? The next time I get a suspense thriller book, I won't tell you the ending!"

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Nora grinned at her best friend's rapid-fire questions. She and Isabella had bonded over their love for fiction novels, and if there was one person her best friend despised, it was Nora's mother, whom she called a witch.

"I'll tell you everything tomorrow. Let's meet up for lunch."

"You want me to endure the night with the agony of being kept in suspense? Fine. I'll do that too for you." Isabella sighed dramatically. However, she became serious the next moment as she said, "Nora, I really hope you're okay..."

"Yes, Bella... and if I'm not, I will be."