

My Bossy CEO Husband Chapter 1 She Wants A Divorce

by Symon Diller

Chapter 1 She Wants A Divorce

On a quiet, summer night in Wragos, Rosalynn Fuller sat on the sofa in her home, browsing through some news on her phone.

"Brian Hughes, CEO of Hughes Group, attended a social event with the famous actress, Eleanor Hilton. They later retired to a hotel and spent the night together. Intimate pictures of the two have been captured..."

This particular article was among the trending topics online, and it spread all over the Internet like wildfire.

Rosalynn pushed her black-framed glasses against the bridge of her nose and peered at the photos published with the article, her face devoid of any expression.

The pictures were blurry, but one could make out the silhouette of a man and a woman kissing by the window.

This man, Brian Hughes, was none other than her husband, and the heir to the wealthiest and most influential family in the city.

He was a powerful man who had control over the economic lifeline of the entire city.

As ridiculous as it would sound to most people, Brian had never set foot in their home since they got married two years ago.

In fact, he hadn't even shown up when their marriage was registered.

Instead, he had sent his lawyer to represent him, completing the entire process by proxy.

Rosalynn was aware from the start that Brian was against their union.

The only reason he had relented was because of his grandmother, Debora Hughes.

By some twist of fate, Rosalynn's grandfather had once saved Debora. When she expressed her desire to repay him for the favor, he had boldly requested her grandson to marry his granddaughter in hopes of giving her a comfortable and carefree life.

At first, Rosalynn had harbored some hope for her marriage.

But over the last couple of years, Brian had constantly seen dating various actresses. It was more than enough to disappoint her and shatter her naive illusions.

Rosalynn pursed her lips as she finished reading the article, then she went over to her contact list, searched for Brian's number, and called him.

This was the first time she had ever called Brian.

Soon, the call connected.

"Hello, this is Rosalynn."

"Rosalynn? Which Rosalynn?"

Brian's voice was deep and smooth. Although his tone was unmistakably cold, listening to him was quite a pleasant experience.

His words, however, were another matter entirely. Rosalynn sneered and clenched her fingers tightly around her phone.

He didn't even remember his own wife's name.

"This is your wife. At least on paper, anyway."

"Ah. What do you want?"

Brian's tone became even colder.

"I want a divorce," Rosalynn answered as she jabbed her glasses against her face.

A moment of silence ensued.

"Have you made up your mind?" Brian finally asked.

"Of course."

"What do you want as alimony? Name it."

"There's no need for that. I don't care about your money. And I don't care to share my man with others, either. I've already prepared and signed the divorce agreement. I am walking away with nothing."

Rosalynn spoke in rapid succession without even pausing for breath. She immediately hung up after saying her piece.

They might be bound by law, but they were just like strangers.

Since the marriage was the only thing tying them, they might as well get rid of it. From now on, they had nothing to do with each other.

Rosalynn trudged upstairs and wrenched her glasses off her face, revealing her smooth, rosy cheeks and delicate features.

She packed up her belongings in a single suitcase and stopped by the living room. She placed the divorce agreement on the coffee table, then walked out of the villa without another backward glance.

At Hughes Group, the CEO's office was lit up in a warm, yellow light.

Brian sat behind the desk wearing a simple, white shirt and tailored black trousers.

He stared at his phone, his lips curling in disdain.

At last, his so-called wife could no longer take the insult of his absence and proposed divorce herself.

A knock came at the door, and his assistant, Edwin Byrd, entered the room.

"Mr. Hughes, it's almost time for your appointment with Mr. Foster."

Brian nodded and stood up, plucking his suit jacket from the back of his chair.

"Edwin, remove all the trending topics online related to me. And ask my lawyer to retrieve the divorce agreement my wife left at the villa."

Edwin perked up at his boss's orders.

He knew better than anyone that Brian had never actually dated any woman all this time. All those scandals had been purposely made up to discredit him and force his wife to ask for a divorce. It seemed that he had finally achieved his goal.

Meanwhile, Rosalynn took a taxi to the apartment she had bought for herself.

It was located at a prime spot downtown, and her unit boasted of three bedrooms and two living areas.

The place was fully-furnished, and the building itself was equipped with the most advanced security system.

Rosalynn put her suitcase away and padded over to the French windows. She looked out into the night, the streets below peppered with bright city lights. She took out her phone and called her best friend.

"Karina, I'm getting divorced."

"What? Is that true, Rosalynn? Finally! That's great news! You're single again, congratulations! We should go out and celebrate your newfound freedom!"

"Sure."