

# **My Bossy CEO Husband Chapter 2 Sex After Divorce by Symon Diller**

## Chapter 2 Sex After Divorce

Half an hour later, Rosalynn found herself stepping into Royarid Club.

It was touted as the most famous club in all of Wragos, and was a popular hangout for the rich and powerful.

A deafening music blasted on the first floor, where people danced their hearts out under dazzling lights, their sweaty bodies swaying to the thundering beats.

Rosalynn went up to the second floor, her high heels clicking on the tiled floor. She walked over to a table overlooking the dance floor, and patted the woman who was already seated.

"Karina."

Karina Glyn, her best friend, was a pretty girl with a cute face and an endearing demeanor.

"There you are, darling! Let me give you a kiss!"

Karina pulled Rosalynn into a warm hug and planted a sound kiss on the latter's cheek.

Rosalynn laughed in amusement before pushing her friend away and pouring herself a glass of wine.

"Your husband must be a fool! How could he ignore such a gorgeous and talented woman like you and go out with all those cheap women whose faces all look the same?" Karina complained as she clinked glasses with Rosalynn.

Rosalynn took a sip of her drink and smiled. "He is an idiot, indeed."

For all she knew, Brian probably thought she was an ignorant and unpolished bumpkin.

He had no idea what he was missing.

"Humph! Let's forget about the cad! It's not like you have a shortage of admirers!"

Karina embraced Rosalynn again and giggled. "You're a divorcee now, but you have yet to experience lying with a man. I'm sure people would laugh at you if they knew about this. Now, count yourself lucky, because I have an entire roster of handsome men in my acquaintance. What kind of guy do you fancy, hmm? I'll introduce you to someone tonight."

Rosalynn gaped at her friend, taken aback and speechless.

Why was Karina so concerned about her sex life?

"Sorry, but I'm not interested. From now on, I shall focus solely on my career, nothing else. Come on, let's just drink and enjoy the night."

"Fine, fine, have it your way. They say career women are the most attractive these days. Don't worry, Rosalynn. You and I can keep each other company until we're old and wrinkly."

"Oh, please spare me! I don't want your inevitable string of lovers to target me!"

The two women looked at each other and burst out laughing.

They spent the next hour or so drinking and catching up, and before they knew it, they had drunk well beyond their limit.

Karina persuaded Rosalynn to come with her to the dance floor, but Rosalynn needed to use the bathroom, so she let her friend go first.

To her disappointment, a sign hung on the bathroom door saying that the facilities were under repair. Rosalynn had no choice but to head upstairs and try the bathroom on the third floor.

It was all private rooms on the third floor, particularly reserved for valued clients.

Sure enough, the place was more lavish than the rest of the club. The hardwood floor was covered with a thick and lush carpet that muted Rosalynn's footsteps.

Her head was already buzzing from the alcohol, and soon, her vision blurred. Before Rosalynn knew it, her legs were turning into jelly, and she was slowly falling to her side.

Rosalynn fell against the door of one of the private rooms, and her weight pushed it open. She tumbled into the room.

It was dark and quiet inside, only the faint sound of running water could be heard. It was coming from the bedroom.

Mustering whatever wits she had left, Rosalynn pushed herself up from the floor and turned to the door.

Right at that moment, the bedroom door creaked open, and a man darted out. He grabbed her from behind and pinned her against the wall.

"Who are you? How dare you try to set me up?"

He sounded furious, even through the thick hint of desire lacing his voice.

As Rosalynn made contact with the wall, some semblance of reason returned to her, and her senses instantly cleared up.

This man was Brian!

"I did no such thing!"

"If not, then how did you even get in here?"

Brian's breathing sounded heavy and labored in the dark. It seemed like he was struggling to hold his emotions back.

"I...I just stumbled into the wrong room. Let go of me... Hmm..."

The next thing Rosalynn knew, he was kissing her. Her eyes grew wide with shock. She tried to push him away, thrashing violently against his chest.

"Help me this once. I'll be sure to repay you."

Rosalynn slowly stopped fighting him back.

Of all the cruel pranks in the universe, never had she imagined that she would be sleeping with Brian on the same day they agreed to divorce.

Rosalynn woke up feeling sore all over. It was to be expected, considering the rough and crazy night she had just gone through.

The curtain billowed slightly as a gentle breeze blew through the window. A thin beam of early morning light streamed into the room and fell upon Brian's sleeping face. He looked so handsome and peaceful like this.

Rosalynn stared at him for two seconds before clambering out of bed, wincing every so often as her muscles came back to life.

She had sex with the man mere hours after demanding a divorce.

Given Brian's temperament, he was bound to presume that this was all part of a scheme to keep him tied to her.

She would never do something so disgusting, and she would hate for him to think of her this way.

Gritting her teeth through the pain, Rosalynn put her clothes back on as fast as she could, then quietly left the room.

A moment later, the door of the room across the corridor opened.