

My Bossy CEO Husband Chapter 3 Was It You by Symon Diller

Chapter 3 Was It You

Eleanor Hilton looked up and down the hallway with a sullen expression, then tightened her coat around her as she hastily exited the room.

In order to secure her part in an upcoming show, her agent had taken her out to have dinner with several big shots in the entertainment industry.

At some point during the meal, she had started to feel dizzy.

And by the time she woke up, she had found herself in the director's bed.

Just thinking about the whole ordeal had her trembling with outrage. She had been careless and ended up falling for one of the deadliest traps in the industry.

Eleanor closed her eyes and inhaled deeply. She took solace in the knowledge that this was a common scenario in the world of show business.

If she wanted that lead role, then she would have to swallow her dignity and endure humiliation.

Deep inside, Eleanor was still in a turmoil. The director had tortured her through the night, and she was sore all over. Sure enough, she lost her balance just a few seconds later, and failed to grab onto anything before it was too late.

Bang! She crashed into the door of the room opposite the director's.

Eleanor took a deep, fortifying breath and gingerly got back to her feet. She tidied her clothes as best as she could, and was just about to leave when the very door she had just bumped into opened.

Brian stood there, wearing nothing but a fluffy, white bathrobe. His cold eyes flashed.

Eleanor's heart skipped a bit at his sharp gaze, and for some inexplicable reason, she felt a twinge of guilt.

"Good morning, Mr. Hughes."

It hadn't even been a week since news of her and Brian had been trending all over the Internet.

There were countless speculations about their relationship, with the consensus being that she was Brian's new girlfriend.

But Eleanor knew that this was all thanks to her agent, who had been diligently releasing fake news to the tabloids to hype up her popularity.

In truth, Brian had always been cold and distant to her.

And yet, for some unknown reason, he had made no move to issue an official statement to clarify the rumors.

"Were you in my room last night?"

Brian peered at the woman before him. His eyes narrowed as they drifted over to the hickeys on her neck.

As a matter of fact, he was already awake when the woman left his bed.

But she was so quick and resolute in her movements that he barely had time to register her intention, let alone stop her.

By the time Brian snapped back to his senses, she had been gone. Now, there was nobody else in the corridor except for this actress.

It must have been her, right?

Eleanor was rooted to the spot. She blinked at Brian's handsome face, her mind racing.

Perhaps Brian had slept with someone last night, but he had no idea who it was.

"I..."

"Get back inside first."

Brian thought back to the distinct bloodstain on his sheets, and he softened his tone.

It was all Eleanor could do not to jump up and down in joy. But she stifled her true feelings and timidly followed him into the room.

"Last night, you said that you came to the wrong room."

Brian sat back on the sofa and cast a casual glance at Eleanor.

His memory of the previous night was a little hazy, but what he did remember clearly was that the woman was a virgin.

If she wasn't the one drugging him, then that meant that she was as much of the victim in the setup as he was.

"That's right. I had an appointment with the director, John Cohen, for an audition. It was just by accident that I came into your room."

Eleanor lowered her eyes to conceal her excitement.

Brian was silent for a while before asking, "What kind of compensation do you want?"

Eleanor's head jerked up. "No, thank you. We are both adults. I don't plan to take last night's incident to heart."

Brian was practically most powerful man in the city.

He was the type of person who could get whatever he wanted.

For someone like him, who had no doubt slept with a horde of women, did one night with a stranger really count for something?

If she asked for any form of compensation, he would likely think less of her.

"You're from Starine Entertainment, right? How about this? I will make arrangements so that you'll be given the best resources and the most promising projects. I will make you an A-list celebrity within a year," Brian offered nonchalantly.

This time, Eleanor was unable to hide the sparkle in her eyes.

Still, she maintained her composure. "Thank you, sir."

"You can go now."

She had remained calm all this time. Brian couldn't help but admire her for that.

"I understand."

Eleanor pressed her lips together to stop herself from grinning ear to ear. She turned around and made for the door.

"Wait!" Brian called out to her, and Eleanor almost stopped breathing.

She slowly turned around and found Brian holding up a beautiful jade pendant. He had found it on the floor earlier, on the other side of the bed.

"Is this yours?"