

MY BOSSY CEO HUSBAND BY SYMON DILLER

Chapter 31



“Argh! You bitch!”

The man screamed as he writhed on the floor. His face turned pale and it was obvious that he was in so much pain.

His companions looked at Rosalynn fiercely, as if they were ready to pounce on her at any time.

Nonetheless, Rosalynn kept her composure. She lightly patted Maggie on the back to calm her breathing and intended to leave the room with her.

“Bitch, how dare you hurt me? Don’t think that I will let you off that easily!”

The man was furious from being deeply embarrassed. As he stood up from the floor, he picked up a chair nearby and raised it, intending to beat Rosalynn with it.

Rosalynn clicked her tongue and was about to dodge when she noticed more people standing by the door.

Then, a man said in a lazy voice, “What the hell is going on in here? How dare you make trouble in my place?”

The man was dressed in a white casual attire. He leaned against the door with his arms crossed in front of his chest.

His beautiful eyes were half smiling, and his temperament seemed very dignified.

This man was Sanford Robles, a notorious playboy in Wragos.

And beside him stood Brian. ©

These two were good friends since childhood, so Brian would come to his restaurant from time to time.

It happened that the restaurant where Maggie worked was owned by Sanford. Seeing Brian alongside Sanford, Rosalynn narrowed her eyes.

This was the second time today that she came across her ex-husband. Did he put a tracker on her? ©

There wasn't much expression on Brian's face, but he couldn't help but take a few glances at Rosalynn.

He saw how she skillfully kicked the man just now.

"We're not the ones making trouble here, | swear! That woman suddenly barged in here and went too far! Look at my wrist. She twisted it so hard that it almost broke!"

The man then put down the chair and raised his sprained wrist for them to see.

Sanford just sneered and replied, "| allow people to get drunk in here, but don't ever try to cross your boundaries. You're actually lucky that she didn't hurt your penis." ©

The man realized that Sanford was siding with Rosalynn, so he didn't dare talk back anymore. He could just stare at Rosalynn with his vicious eyes.

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Rosalynn knew what this man was thinking. He wouldn't let this incident go. In fact, he must be already planning about how he would teach her a lesson next time.

Furrowing his brows, Brian finally spoke.

“Rosalynn, why are you still standing there? Come over here.”

Rosalynn was a bit stunned, staring blankly at Brian.

He called her by her name. It was as if he wanted everyone to know that they knew each other very well.

Moreover, his tone conveyed that he was backing her up. Hence, they better not plan to make trouble for her in the future, or else he would deal with them.

Shaking her head and not dwelling on the thought, Rosalynn regained her composure and quickly helped Maggie out of the room.

Maggie couldn't walk steadily and her vision was blurred due to the effects of the wine.

“Maggie, are you okay? How do you feel?”

Rosalynn continued to assist her, asking her with concern.

Maggie moved her lips as if she wanted to say something, but the expression on her face suddenly changed.

It seemed that she was about to vomit!

Rosalynn's eyes widened a bit, and she couldn't help but glance at Brian, who happened to be standing close to Maggie. As if

her whole body acted in reflex, she suddenly stood in front of him.

Then, as she suspected, Maggie did vomit.

Rosalynn patted Maggie's back and took out a tissue to wipe her mouth.

Meanwhile, Brian frowned a little.

He realized that if Rosalynn didn't stand in front of him, Maggie would have vomited on him.

“Maggie, talk to me. Are you okay?” Rosalynn asked again.

Maggie's eyes were watery, and her vision was a little blurred. But this time, she managed to utter, “Yes... I'm fine.”

“Okay, good. I’ll take you out of here.” Rosalynn helped her stand and assisted her out of the restaurant.

After being silent for a while, Brian said out of nowhere, “I’ll get my car ready and send her home.”

He wanted them to ride on his car?

Rosalynn couldn’t believe what she just heard. But seeing that he already strode forward without waiting for her answer, she didn’t refuse.

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Besides, she didn’t take her car with her, and it was still rush hour. It would be difficult to get a taxi, and she had to take care of Maggie as well.

After the three of them left, Sanford raised his eyebrows and a faint smile appeared on his lips. He thought that he had seen something very interesting. ©

Brian acted a little abnormal today, and it was pretty obvious.

Did he like this woman named Rosalynn?

“Who is that woman? Do you know her?” asked the man who was beaten. Sanford glanced at him and sighed. “Are you blind? Do you think Brian will personally take them to his car if they were strangers to him? | hope you’re smarter than that. Stay away from them from now on. Understand?”

The man looked sullen. Touching his injured wrist, he could only walk away and be disappointed at his bad luck.

He couldn't exact his revenge anymore since the girls were being backed by these powerful people.

Outside the restaurant, Rosalynn carefully helped Maggie get in Brian's car.

"Thank you."

Brian offered to drive them back personally, which made Rosalynn feel really grateful and flattered.

"Where will I drop you off?"

Brian had just called Sanford, telling him to go have dinner without him, and he would just catch up with them later.

Rosalynn patted Maggie's shoulder and asked, "Maggie, what's your address? We're going to take you home."

However, Maggie was so drunk that she couldn't say the address clearly. She tried to mutter something, but the words were incomprehensible.

"Please take us to Beauty Apartments..."

In the end, Rosalynn decided that she would take Maggie to where she stayed.

Given her condition, it would be better if she let Maggie stay with her for the night


"Who's living there?" Brian asked.

"Me..." Rosalynn replied hesitantly.

Raising his eyebrows, Brian didn't ask any more questions and just drove straight to Beauty Apartments.

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Soon enough, they arrived at the destination. As the car stopped, Rosalynn thanked Brian again and proceeded to help Maggie get out of the car.

Watching Rosalynn, Brian tapped the steering wheel with his slender fingers. But when he saw that she was having much difficulty, he eventually turned off the engine and got out to give a hand. When Rosalynn turned her head, she was quite surprised to see Brian there helping her.

It had gotten late, and the warm rays of the street lights illuminated his handsome face.

Surprisingly, Brian seemed to be very willing to help her.

“Thank you,” Rosalynn said sincerely as she punched the elevator button.

A few moments later, the elevator doors opened. Brian helped Maggie into the elevator.

Then, out of nowhere, he said, “Can’t you think of anything else to say besides thank you?”

Rosalynn froze for a while and uttered in a low voice, “I appreciate it. There. Are you satisfied?”

Brian could just blink a couple times, speechless.

While there was an awkward silence, the elevator went up and eventually stopped on the twenty-seventh floor.

They went out and assisted Maggie to Rosalynn’s unit.

“We’ll be fine from here,” Rosalynn said to Brian.

Subtle but clear, she implied that he could go back now.

Brian’s eyes narrowed slightly, and a trace of displeasure flashed across his handsome face.

After all, it was very rare of him to take the initiative to help others. If it was

someone else who received his help, they would be extremely grateful to him.

But not Rosalynn. As soon as she got the chance, she drove him away. Didn't she take him seriously? Or was she just playing hard to get?

Rosalynn slowly helped Maggie into the room. But seeing that Brian was still standing at the door unhappily, she tilted her head and furrowed her brows.

Why did he look so grumpy? What did he want?

"Mr. Hughes—"

As she called out to him, she suddenly heard what seemed like a stomach growling.

Rosalynn froze, instantly realizing that it was Brian's.

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Indeed, Brian should be hungry by now.

He must have not had dinner yet.

After all, as soon as he arrived at Atera Restaurant, he and Sanford caught a glimpse of the commotion in the private room.

Then, he offered to take the girls home.

Reminded of how big of a help Brian was tonight, Rosalynn couldn't help but smile faintly.

"If you don't mind, would you like to come in and have something to drink first?"

Brian scoffed and answered, "That's right. If you don't know how to thank me

through words, you should at least do something for me.”

The smile on Rosalynn’s face was wiped off the next second. She forgot how arrogant this man could be.

But because she owed him for all his help, Rosalynn restrained herself and didn’t argue with him.

After helping Maggie to the bed, Rosalynn finally took off her stained blouse, changed into her pajamas, and walked out of the bedroom.

At the same time, Brian stood in the center of the big living room and looked around while waiting for Rosalynn.

Rosalynn poured Brian a glass of water. Pursing her lips, she said, “Please have a seat.”

She didn’t want to have any contact with him, but never did she expect that she would take him back to her residence.

Brian then took a sip from the glass and sat on the sofa.

The room was spacious and bright. There were fresh flowers placed on the tea table, and the circulating air was fragrant.

The overall layout was stylish, and it would be very relaxing to come home to such a place after work.

It just showed that she was knowledgeable when it came to architectural and interior designs.

“Please have some of the biscuits I made. You can eat while you’re on your way back.”

With due courtesy, Rosalynn took out a box of biscuits and handed them to Brian.

Again, she was straightforwardly implying that he could leave with the biscuits after drinking the water.

Brian couldn’t take it anymore. Glancing at her, he asked, “What is it? Do you

dislike being with me that much?" ©

He was right. She was going to divorce him. Why would she want to spend time with him?

Of course, Rosalynn couldn't tell him that.

Chapter 36



"No. It's just that you are my superior. You know how fast rumors can spread, especially in workplaces. I'm afraid that if I get too close to you, it will just cause trouble for the both of us."

Staring at her for a couple of seconds, Brian sneered and shook his head lightly. "Should I call you considerate?"

"I just want to make money without unnecessary troubles."

Her answer was simple and reasonable.

Looking at her beautiful face, Brian felt a little uneasy.

It was as if he couldn't clearly see through her.

And the more he realized how mysterious she was, the more he wanted to discover everything.

"You know how hungry I am already. Go cook something for me," Brian said in a firm tone.

Hearing this, Rosalynn was stunned and speechless. The audacity of this guy befuddled her.

If he was so hungry, he could eat the biscuits she gave him for now. Then, he could proceed and have a big and proper meal with his friends.

Why did she need to cook for him in the first place?

But again, since she owed him big time tonight, she decided to do what she was told.

“Unfortunately, I didn’t go grocery shopping today. How about spaghetti? Is that okay?”

“Yeah. That will do.”

Brian then watched Rosalyn tie up her long silky hair as she went into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, Rosalyn put on an apron and seemed to be very busy in her preparation.

Brian couldn’t help but let out a faint smile, feeling inexplicable warmth in his heart.

Then, his gaze fell on the biscuits on top of the tea table.

Just from their appearance, one would think that they were very exquisite.

Brian wasn’t really fond of sweets, but he still picked one up and ate it.

From his first bite, the biscuit tasted delicious and crispy. He wasn’t able to stop himself from getting another one. ©

Perhaps it was because he was already very hungry that it seemed like the biscuits were irresistible.

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“Your spaghetti ready.”

Not long after, Rosalynn came out of the kitchen, carrying a plate of spaghetti. In an instant, the room was filled with the pleasing aroma of the food. It was only then that Brian stopped getting biscuits from the

box, which was already half empty. Then, he quickly stood up and walked to the dining room

He thought that if the biscuits were that nice, then the spaghetti should be incredibly delicious as well.

Excited and a bit absent-minded, he accidentally bumped into the tea table. On top of it was Rosalynn's bag.

But when he bumped the table, it fell to the floor.

A bit surprised, he subconsciously looked at the bag on the floor.

It seemed that the bag wasn't closed, so the stuff inside it scattered all over the floor when it fell.

At the same time, the corner of the jade pendant was exposed.

Brian was about to crouch down to collect the scattered items.

With her keen eyes, Rosalynn spotted the jade pendant. ©

She said quickly, "Mr. Hughes, please go ahead and have the spaghetti. I can pick these up myself."

Brian looked at her and saw her rushing over. She swiftly crouched down and gathered the items into her bag

Her speed was impressive.

"You used to be a sprinter?" Brian joked.

Rosalynn set her bag aside and replied, "I grew up in the countryside and was quite a mischievous child. I did participate in numerous track and field events at school."

Mischievous as a child?

But now, she appeared quite elegant.

As the saying went, "One shouldn't judge a book by its cover."

Recalling what the director of the orphanage had said, Brian asked, "Are you an orphan?"

Rosalynn glanced at him before looking away.

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“Yes, I ran away from the orphanage when I was a child and met an old man who adopted me as his granddaughter.”

Brian decided not to probe any further.

If he kept asking, he might discover that he knew Rosalynn’s grandfather. ©

Brian sat at the table and looked at the spaghetti Rosalynn made.

A piece of steak accompanied the spaghetti.

He picked up the fork and took a bite.

The aroma...

Brian’s eyes sparkled as he ate the spaghetti.

Satisfied, he glanced at Rosalynn and asked, “Have you learned cooking?”

In the eastern suburbs of Wragos, there was a renowned private dining establishment.

Leandro White was the head chef at that establishment. His ancestors had once been cooks for royalty.

Leandro inherited his ancestors’ exceptional culinary skills, making him unmatched in the kitchen.

The taste of the spaghetti prepared by him was truly unforgettable.

Rosalynn’s spaghetti had a strikingly similar taste to Leandro’s.

“No,” Rosalynn replied.

She had never received any formal culinary training.

She had simply learned how to cook after observing the cooking process and tasting the dish numerous times.

Brian looked at her and refrained from asking any more questions. He concentrated on enjoying his meal.

He finished the spaghetti and the steak, then took out a napkin and elegantly wiped his mouth.

“Rosalynn, if you ever lose your job in the future, you could consider pursuing a career in cooking.”

He was indirectly praising her for being good at cooking.

Rosalyn smiled, feeling inexplicably elated.

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She was still so easily pleased.

His praise made her incredibly happy.

Brian was about to speak when his phone rang.

It was an unfamiliar call.

“Who is this?” Brian inquired.

“Mr. Hughes, I’m Eleanor’s agent. She got injured while filming.”

Hearing this, Brian frowned. “Eleanor is injured? What happened? Is it serious? Has she been taken to the hospital?”

Hearing Brian’s words, Rosalynn stopped cleaning the table.

Eleanor was hurt?

He appeared quite concerned about her.

After all, Eleanor was his current girlfriend.

“Understood. I’ll arrange for John’s replacement. Let Eleanor rest at home for a couple of days,” Brian stated before hanging up

the phone.

It seemed that Eleanor had argued with the director and accidentally twisted her ankle.

Eleanor desired a different director.

Since Brian had vowed to make her famous, he intended to keep his word.

‘As long as her requests weren’t unreasonable, he would oblige.

After all, he had taken her virginity.

“Mr. Hughes, it’s getting late. You should leave now,” Rosalynn said coldly and indifferently.

Brian narrowed his eyes at her.

Was she driving him out again?

Why was she in such a rush?

“Why are you so eager to send me away? Are you worried that your boyfriend will arrive and misunderstand the situation?”

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Rosalynn glanced at him and replied, “Indeed. Staying in the same room together could lead others to misunderstand us.” ©

Wasn’t he concerned that his new girlfriend might misinterpret the situation?

Brian’s expression darkened, and his mood soured.

She didn’t deny it. ©

So, she did have a boyfriend. ©

The door behind him slammed shut, and Brian left.

Rosalynn took a deep breath, turned around and sat on the sofa.

She found the half empty box of biscuits on the table, picked up one, and put it into her mouth.

She shouldn’t have let him in and cooked for him. It was all a mistake.

Now that he got what he wanted, he could now go to his new girlfriend.
At this time, there was a new message on her phone.

“Someone is investigating you,” the text said.

Someone was investigating her?

“Who is i

” Rosalynn asked.

“Eleanor Hilton.”

Eleanor?

Rosalynn wasn’t surprised.

If Eleanor somehow learned that Rosalynn was the one in Brian’s room that night, she would definitely do some digging up.

She would want to know who her competition was.

Unfortunately, Eleanor wouldn’t find any useful information.

‘She would only learn that Rosalynn was from an orphanage and was adopted later on.