

My Bossy CEO Husband Chapter 4 A Rear-end Collision by Symon Diller

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Eleanor reached out and took the jade pendant from Brian's hand.

"Yes, it's mine."

It didn't take a genius to know that the pendant belonged to the woman who had actually shared Brian's bed. And Eleanor was no idiot.

Who could it possibly be?

A vague feeling told her that the pendant looked somewhat familiar.

At the very least, she knew that she had seen it somewhere before.

"Is there anything else you need? If not, then you may go." Brian's voice interrupted her thoughts.

Eleanor hurriedly stashed the jade pendant into her pocket. She gave Brian one last look before exiting the room.

As soon as she left, Brian's assistant, Edwin, came in.

"Are you all right?"

Brian leaned back against the sofa and kneaded his throbbing temples.

"Have you found the one who tampered with my wine last night?"

"Yes, sir. The culprit is Eduardo Foster. He put some aphrodisiac in your drink in some foolish and misguided attempt to curry your favor."

Edwin glanced at the haggard state of Brian.

He couldn't exactly blame Eduardo for his presumptions. If Brian hadn't made himself out to be some sort of libertine, no one would have tried to pander to him through sex and women.

In a way, Brian had brought this upon himself.

"Tell Eduardo to leave the city. I don't ever want to see his face again," Brian ordered, his eyes flashing with unmistakable ruthlessness.

"Yes, sir."

The moment Rosalynn got home, the first thing she did was plug her phone to a charger. Then, she went to the bathroom and started to fill the tub. She didn't allow herself to relax until she was finally soaking in the warm water.

She leaned back and closed her eyes.

All at once, she heard the man's heavy pants against her ear, felt the hot, wet trail of his tongue as he kissed her all over her body.

Rosalynn sank deeper into the water, as if it would somehow hide her from her own embarrassment.

It wasn't until she had walked out of the bathroom and was about to change into something that she realized her jade pendant was missing.

It was something she had worn since she was a child. She must have left it in the room at the club last night.

Rosalynn sighed in annoyance and cursed Brian under her breath.

She grabbed her phone and turned it on, only to find several missed calls from Karina.

Rosalynn immediately called her friend back and recounted all that had transpired.

"What did you say? You had sex with Brian last night?"

Needless to say, Karina was shocked by the news.

Rosalynn had to hold her phone far from her ear as Karina tried to process the information.

"You don't have to sound so appalled. Didn't you say it was a pity that I had no sexual experience although I was married for two years? Well, I have experience now."

"How was it? Was he good in bed?"

Rosalynn closed her eyes, instantly regretting even mentioning the whole encounter.

"It wasn't so bad. Anyway, I have to go now."

Brian was a notorious playboy who changed women as often as one changed clothes. There was no way he would be bad at sex.

Once again, scenes from last night flashed in her mind, unbidden. Rosalynn took a deep breath and repeatedly patted her cheeks to keep the memories at bay.

After eating her breakfast and tidying up, she looked around her bare apartment and decided to make a trip to the flower market. She wanted to decorate her place with some colorful blooms.

Rosalynn headed out and drove to the flower market in the south of the city. It hadn't been that long since she got her driver's license, so she was especially careful on the road.

Unfortunately, when she took a turn into a street with a few vehicles up ahead, her car was rear-ended.

Rosalynn slammed on the brakes, but due to the sudden stop, her body was flung forward, and her chest hit the steering wheel.

What had just happened?

Was it a fellow rookie driver who had hit her?

Rosalynn touched her aching chest, knowing that it would end up bruised later. She calmed herself and got out of the car to assess the situation.

There was a huge dent on her bumper.

And it was a new car, too!

Dismayed, Rosalynn whirled around to confront the other driver.

When she noticed that they hadn't even alighted from their car, her distress turned into anger.

Rosalynn trudged over to the other vehicle and rapped on the window.

"Please get out of the car. You just rammed into my bumper."

The window slowly rolled down, revealing the sharp and handsome profile of a man.