

My Bossy CEO Husband Chapter 5 Rose by Symon Diller

It was none other than Brian!

For one brief moment, Rosalynn just stared at him, rooted to the spot. Then, she swiftly whirled around to hide her face.

But then, it occurred to her that this man didn't know her face at all. There was no reason for her to hide.

With that in mind, she turned to face him again, her shoulders squared and her chin held high.

"Sir, you seem to have very poor driving skills. How could you rear-end me on a road as wide as this?"

Brian glanced at her and raised an eyebrow, his voice dripping with sarcasm when he retorted, "Were you driving or strolling down a park? Even a snail could have overtaken you at the pace you were going."

Rosalynn scoffed in disbelief.

"Excuse me, but the speed limit in this area is 20 mph. Aren't you paying attention to the road signs at all? If you have problems with your eyesight, then I suggest that you get yourself a pair of glasses before you get behind the wheel again."

What a sharp tongue she had!

Brian narrowed his eyes at her.

Rosalynn felt the air around her grew heavy and oppressive.

Her instincts told her to step away and retreat, but she stood her ground.

She opened her mouth to try and reason with him, but Brian glanced at his watch and then tossed his business card at her.

"I'm a very busy man. Once you get your car repaired, bring the receipt to Hughes Group and look for my assistant. You will be reimbursed for the expenses."

With that, he rolled up his window and started his engine back.

Rosalynn stared at the gilded business card on the asphalt and sneered.

She might have been able to bear his arrogance and unreasonable tendencies when they were still married, but they were just strangers now.

There was no reason for her to put up with his horrid behavior anymore.

Rosalynn quickly got back inside her car, slammed the door, and revved up her engine. Then, she stepped on her gas and followed close behind Brian's car.

Brian was on the phone as he drove, when his car suddenly jolted forward.

His body was flung along with the inertia, and his phone slipped from his hand.

He slammed on his brakes and looked out his window.

Rosalynn's car cruised beside his. She slowly rolled her window down and flashed him a smile.

Much as he had done earlier, she threw her business card at him, which landed on the ground.

"I am a busy person as well. You may contact me after your car is repaired."

Brian watched the other car speed away, his handsome face darkening by the second.

Did that woman have any idea who he was?

How could she speak to him like that?

How dare she?

His train of thought was broken by the ringing of his phone. He leaned over and fished it from under the driver's seat.

"Brian! Did something happen? Why did you hang up all of a sudden?"

"Nothing. I happened to run into a little, wild cat just now." Brian's upper lip curled.

"Oh. I see. All right, are you arriving soon? The gamble on stones is about to start."

"I'll be there in a minute."

Meanwhile, Rosalynn was feeling giddy after her encounter with her dreaded ex-husband. It was freeing to finally let out all of her pent-up frustrations in the last two years.

She was in high spirits as she looked around the flower market, and ended up buying several potted plants on top of the flowers she had originally come for. It was a lot more than she was expecting, so she had them delivered to her residence.

Then she headed to a nearby shopping mall to buy some groceries.

Rosalynn enjoyed her time decorating her new home, so much so that she hummed an upbeat melody the entire time.

Her apartment's new look provided a fresh perspective, and she felt as though she had been reborn into a new and better life.

Soon, dusk fell.

At Royarid Club, Brian sat on a massive, leather sofa and skimmed through the purchase contract in his hand.

A young and attractive man stood in front of him, looking distressed.

"Mr. Hughes, I lost in the gamble. I hope that you will take care of the employees in my studio."

Brian pursed his lips as he stared at one of the documents. He was holding an employee evaluation record.

"Is this really Rose, the world-renowned designer?"

The other man nodded, his brows furrowed slightly. "Yes, of course. Rose prefers to keep a low profile. I hope that you will respect her privacy and treat her well in the future."

It was the very same woman that rear-ended him.

Brian's eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Rest assured. I will treat the employees in accordance to their value. You may go now."

The young man paused and looked like he wanted to say something else, but decided against it in the end.

He pressed his lips together and let himself out.

Silence descended in the room as Brian continued to stare at the smiling woman on the file. Slowly, his lips stretched to a wild smile.