

Read The Revenge Of CEO's Wife online -

Chapter 1

Jillian Ramos was busy reviewing the inventory report when the phone rang. She looked at the clock, it was already late and she wanted to rest but she didn't want to ignore the call because it might be a big customer.

"Hello? Sweet love Inc. May I help you?"

"Yes hello, can I order a box of condoms? Durex brand please."

"Okay, what else sir?"

"Plus the adult toys set combo. Could you deliver it now?"

Deliver now? Jillian patted her forehead.

"S-Sure, no problem, may I know your address?"

"22nd floor on Room 2202 at Berlington Hotel. Be hurry."

"Okay. Please wait for me."

Jillian sigh, Berlington Hotel is not far from her place but she needs to travel in the middle of the night.

"Oh I forgot to ask the name of the customer." Jillian scratched her head but continued to pack the parcel.

It was already 12:00 midnight when she arrived at Berlington Hotel.

At this time, it's not really safe for someone to deliver an adult toy in person. Especially since she was a pretty young woman.

But there's nothing she can do, life is not easy, she needs money to buy food, clothing, shelter and transportation, not to mention that Ronan will be back soon.

Ronan Smith is her long-time fiancée for six years, he spends most of his time in a different place because he has to take care of his business abroad, so they can be together as she wishes.

But the good thing is that they have maintained their good relationship over the past years. She runs a small business in addition to her day job, so she will be able to surprise him on his birthday in a few days.

Thinking of this, Jillian blushed and smiled.

Lowering the black hat on her head a bit, she carried the delivery box inside the hotel.

Berlington Hotel is a famous hotel in the city. Most of the customers who usually come here to spend money are either rich or well-known people.

Needless to say the magnificent lobby is gold-plated, even the elevator. However, Jillian just held the box and did not look away.

Her beautiful face was mostly covered by her face mask and hat, revealing only those calm, cool eyes.

The elevator stopped on the 22nd floor and she walked out, quickly finding room 2202 and ringing the doorbell.

Before the door opened, there were the malicious moans of men and women inside.

"Ohhhh naughty boy stop for a while, I think someone is knocking. Are you ordering room service?"

"Yes, a toy."

"Huh? What toy?"

"For adults."

"You are so naughty! Hihi!"

"I'll go check it. "

Jillian stood in the doorway and couldn't help but bit her lower lip. She just held the box tightly and did not look away.

The door quickly opened and a man in a bathrobe appeared in the doorway.

Jillian didn't look at him and handed the box over, "\$850 is the total, Tax included. Are you paying Cash, Check or Card?"

The person on the other side did not move.

"J-Jillian?"

Jillian was shocked and raised her head instantly.

The man standing in the doorway was tall, with short, wet hair, wearing only a hotel white bathrobe, and under the warm light, his handsome face was filled with surprise, dismay, and... a hint of panic.

Jillian's face instantly froze.

"Ronan, who is it?"

"N-No one, just the delivery."

Ronan snatched the box before Jillian could speak in a hurry, then he quickly pulled out a pile of cash from his wallet and shoved them into her hand.

The door slammed shut after.

Jillian stood there blankly, her body trembling and her face pale.

After a while, she suddenly sneered.

Looking at the stack of notes in her hand, it was as if she had seen a big joke that mocked her ignorance and stupidity.

The sounds of male and female lovemaking from inside continued. She took a deep breath, trying to push back the tears in her eyes.

She turned around and pulled out her phone as she walked to the elevator.

"Hello, this is the city police department? I'd like to report that I saw Ronan Smith using drugs to harass women at the Berlington Hotel, and the room number is..."

Twenty minutes later.

A mobile car was parked in front of the Berlington Hotel, the police got out the car carrying long guns along with a media reporters.

The people in the hotel were escorted out, and reporters rushed forward.

“Mr. Smith, someone reported that you were using drugs to harass women at the hotel, is this true?”

“Mr. Smith, as the heir to the Smith Group, do you think this is the right thing to do?”

“Mr. Smith, may I ask who that woman with you is? Rumors that she is an Actress? Some say she is a student? Some say she just a prostitute.”

“Mr. Smith, please answer us, is the accusation true or not?”

Ronan was so surrounded by reporters that not even the police could stop them.

“Stop that nonsense!” Ronan yelled.

The reporters were shocked and really backed off a bit.

Ronan stared through the crowd, and saw Jillian. His eyes filled with madness and ruthlessness. “Is this what you want?”

Jillian coldly hooked her lips, a touch of mockery flashing across her eyes.

“You’ll never get me again if you do this!”

Jillian suddenly stepped forward and raised her hand in front of all the media and police –

“Pak!”

A heavy slap was thrown down at Ronan’s face.

There was sudden silence.

The cop was shocked, “Miss...”

She laughed lightly, rubbing her wrist and looking at the resentful-looking Ronan, her voice clear and cold. “I’m sorry, I couldn’t resist. This slap just now

is considered an interest, and for the rest of the principal, I want you to return it in full within three days!"

Ronan's eyes flashed with panic, "W-What principal?"

Jillian raised an eyebrow, "Do you want me to remind you?"

Ronan's face instantly went pale.

She smiled calmly, a smile full of sarcasm and contempt.

The policeman saw that they had nothing more to say, and with a wave of his hand, they brought Ronan to the car.

The people had been taken away, and the reporters naturally had no reason to stay and hailed their departure.

The entrance of the hotel, which had been blocked off, was suddenly empty.

Jillian stood for a moment until she felt her chest breathing a little easier, and then she was ready to leave.

But then, unexpectedly, as she turned her head, she met a pair of deep, searching eyes.

It was a man in a dark suit, long and upright, with eyes as deep as a sea of stars beneath his short, sharp hair, making him invisible.

The handsome features of the man under the cover of the night, is clear and refined nobility, and does not blend in with the surrounding lights and greenery.

Jillian's mind was in a whirl.

Her subconscious felt the man is familiar.

But then his eyes turned to his secretary who followed him carefully, with the silver Porsche beside them, Jillian felt that she should not know such an eye-catching person.

She didn't think much of him and turned to leave.

Until the petite figure blended into the traffic, Shane Lincoln withdrew his gaze and asked in a weak voice, "Who was that person just now?"

Leo Sandoval behind him replied, "Are you asking sir about the one who was just taken away by the police? It seems to be the son of the Smith Group Inc., who just returned from overseas a few days ago."

Shane frowned slightly, "I'm asking about woman."

"Sir?" Leo was confused, "Which woman?"

Noticing that Mr. Lincoln's appearance had turned unpleasant, Leo immediately reacted, "I-I'm sorry sir, I'll go check it out right away..."

"No need."

Shane interrupted him and thought about it for a few seconds, he suddenly remembered something.

With a flash of surprise under his eyes, he looked again in the direction the girl had left and flashed a smile.

As the one who reported, Jillian followed along to the police station.

As soon as the statement was taken, a group of people stormed outside.

The head of the group was Cathy, the old madam of the Ramos family, who rushed in and slapped Jillian in the face.

Jillian frowned, the bitter taste of blood spreading from the corners of her mouth, and she looked up coldly at the group of people standing across from her.

"You evil bitch!"

Cathy was trembling with anger, "You knew it was your sister and you still dared to call the police? Are you trying to piss me off?"

Jillian wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth and looked up at the old woman in front of her with mocking eyes.

“Sister? You mean Amber?”

“What’s the point of acting stupid? The news outside is flying all over the place, saying that the second daughter of the Ramos family seduced someone else’s fiancé!”

Jillian lowered her eyes and laughed lightly.

“So that woman is her! I thought it was a prostitute running away from somewhere, but it turned out to be my own sister?”