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Chapter 4 I Can Go Back By Myself

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At that point, Franklin's gaze finally drifted over to Mary, sweeping over her appearance. The moment it landed on her face, he froze. It was her eyes, to be exact, that stunned him.

They were beautiful, bright and clear. They held hints of innocence, fear, and determination—a very alluring combination. It somehow reminded him of a certain person who had been buried deep in his memories. That person also had such beautiful eyes.

When he finally returned to his senses, Mary had already picked up the third glass and was in the process of drinking the wine it contained. Staring at her pure and beautiful face, he thought, 'It's not her after all. That woman won't come back.'

He took his own glass of wine and gulped it down. The burn in his throat momentarily blocked the pain from his past. It also prevented him from noticing Mary swaying on her feet after finishing the drinks.

Mary's world was tilting. Or was it just her body shaking and out of her control? 'I'm obviously drunk now. I have to talk to the manager and leave immediately.'

'Sir, I've done my part of the deal. I'm truly sorry for what happened earlier. I'll be careful in the future. May I please leave now?' A part of her was feeling lucky and assured. 'I might be dizzy, but I'm still coherent.'

'That's true. Of course you can leave. But you've drunk so much, and you're sure to run into bad guys. I just happen to be leaving as well anyway. I'll drive you home.' No sooner had Zeke finished speaking than he moved to help Mary walk to the door. He reached out and touched the small of her back gently.

'Thank you for your kindness, sir, but I can go back by myself. Thank you, really.' Mary felt a sense of humiliation coupled with disgust as soon as his hand tou

ched her. She struggled out of his sticky grasp. 'I may have never experienced such a thing in the past, but I still know that something is not right. My instincts are telling me not to go with him, otherwise there's no telling what might happen to me.'

But the alcohol had made her body pliant, and she couldn't even stand straight, let alone break free from the lecherous hands. Her uniform had a wide collar, and her struggle had already pulled it lower than was deemed proper. If this kept going, she might end up showing a lot more than just a little cleavage.

The extra skin that got revealed only fueled Zeke's lust, however. He now had a burning determination to enjoy this woman, and he could

hardly wait. He slid his other hand down to Mary's ass and slowly rubbed.

Mary screamed in fear. She had never expected to meet such a person. She felt ashamed and cornered. But she knew she couldn't get rid of Zeke easily, so she set her dignity aside and begged, 'Sir, please let go of me. I have work to do.'

'Don't worry. I'll talk to your manager. She'll spare you for the rest of the night. Besides, I'm sure your purpose of working here entails making money and finding a rich man to support you. I promise you I can satisfy you.' In his mind, Zeke's thoughts were just as aggressive. 'How can I let such a beauty slip away? The women working in this place are all the same anyway. All they want is money, regardless of how they get their hands on it. What a bunch of hypocrites!'

'Sir, please let go of me. I can go home by myself. I'm not the kind of person you think. I'm just an ordinary waitress.' Mary knew very well what this man must think of her. 'But he's gravely mistaken. I'm just here to save up money to help my parents.'

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[Next](#)