

## Chapter 82

"Oh! Oh!" The moans came in successive streams. Her smooth, straight hair was now sprawled on the quaking bed as the largest shaft she'd ever had filled her in ways that sent her to her climax quick, and the most gorgeous man she'd ever seen pumped into her like a deranged animal, his blue eyes carried the primitive glint - a hunger, a yearning, a desire - one that she hadn't seen in her own husband's eyes in decades.

The moment her body arched and her walls clenched around him with a scream, his own body stilled as he grunted, cumming inside her, shooting deep.

Without a condom.

She insisted.

And although Patterson's standard practice was to never fuck without one, Larissa Ferdinand took the trouble to show him her successful tubal ligation procedure that Patterson himself had confirmed with his own resources. And besides, if the report was fake and the woman got pregnant, it'd only get more amusing.

For him, that is. Definitely not for the minister.

Her slender fingers trailed from his broad shoulders down to his six-pack, taking her time tracing each hard, distinct block, licking her lips as Patterson pulled out of her. He was about to get off when her hands reached for his nape, pulling him down for their lips to crash, her perfectly-manicured fingernails dug into his skin to hold him in place. This part, he didn't really enjoy. With anyone, really. But it was, unfortunately, necessary in any... assignments of this nature, even this particular unauthorized assignment that he gave himself the greenlight to execute.

Rage and pettiness combined was capable of motivating one to follow through on some of the most... innovative things, he deduced.

While waiting for the ordeal of her tongue ransacking his mouth to pass, Patterson wondered whether that was why Sush had a reputation of raging and - when it came to the hunters - she seemed to be obsessed about the most minute details that it often came off as being petty, until it didn't, of course - when the dismissal of details resulted in failed experiments, delayed success in devices, and - more recently - death.

Perhaps it was time to take a leaf out of his colleague's book, and embrace the rage and pettiness within himself. Pettiness, he could master. Rage would be challenging. Patterson didn't have the preference or fuel for that much anger.

When the very obviously sexually-deprived woman below him finally released her hold over his mouth, he tried to slip off but her hand on her nape wasn't letting him go.

Good God, what now?

"What's the rush, handsome?"

Mental muscle memory built from seduction assignments got him answering, "Well, for one, it's almost eight, so the nannies are probably coming back soon with your kids."

She rolled her eyes. "Those two are on my payroll. And they signed an NDA. With me, not my husband, so they can't say a word."

Displaying the smirk that made ladies swoon, he praised, "Perks of being a lawyer."

"Partner, handsome." Her finger ran along his bare chest when she added, "I run my own firm, let's not forget."

As if he could. As if anyone in society could. The Ferdinands were

known to the public as the power couple that many aspire to emulate. It was the main factor that kept Ferdinand in office for so long, and kept Larissa's firm business and book sales as lucrative as it had become. The passion between them died an eternity ago. Their children, aged eight and ten, were supposed to be the ember that rekindled the spark, but they only came with more problems than being a solution - the solution.

Even so, the Ferdinands still seemed to be going strong in the eyes of anyone who couldn't see through the walls of their house. Because if there was one thing the couple was good at, it was keeping up appearances. The marriage was kept in existence for the benefit themselves if not for their children - who knew Daddy as a man they see once a day at the breakfast table, and recognized Mommy as the pretty woman who spends the morning getting dressed, telling the maids whichever food needs tweaking and how they didn't clean a particular corner of their house, and was the one who reminded them - even as children - to always smile because outward appearances mattered.

"How could I ever forget?" Patterson mused, and tried to get off, but was pulled back. Again.

She stole another kiss, then another, and another.

This was getting exhausting, he thought.

Hand threading through her hair before cupping her cheek, he pulled away and held her face at a distance as she took bated breaths, using that time to utter, "Nannies and kids aside, your husband should be back in less than an hour. I don't want to have to climb out of the window to make an escape."

As he finally got off and began gathering his clothes then pulling up his pants, Larissa scoffed. Darkly. Scornfully. "He wouldn't do anything. We came to terms that we'd be stuck with each other for all eternity no

matter what.”

“For better or worse,” he chimed, which elicited another scoff from her. As Patterson zipped himself up, getting his shirt, he remarked sardonically, “You definitely sound happy about it.”

Pushing herself off the bed, her gray eyes stared into space, and she released another scoff, mindlessly grabbing her silk robe and fastening the cincture, and right before Patterson was about to take his leave, she said, “I want to show you something.”

It took everything in him not to groan when she looped her hand under his arm. If this was another piece of see-through lingerie that another woman wanted to show him because they bought it for him, he’d be requesting a few days off work, though he doubted Valor and Sush would approve it, given their current circumstances.

Why was it said to be bought for him when they were the ones who’d eventually be wearing it? When he fucked, he liked his women fully bare, so he truly didn’t see the point in all the lace and thin fabrics that had less material but was more expensive than a handkerchief. Honestly, just use two handkerchiefs - one for the top, one for the bottom. It wouldn’t make a difference to him once they were scattered on the floor.

To his surprise, she wasn’t leading him to her wardrobe. They exited the bedroom, sauntered down the corridor, and came to the room right at the end, opening up to her pale green-themed home office with a large desk and high bookshelves, a round Mandela carpet in the middle, and two large windows where light spilled in.

Larissa went to her desk, reached for her over-congested pencil holder and poured everything out before her fingers parted the stationery and finally found a silver key. Pulling out the second drawer on her right, she took out a small, wooden box, then slipped the key into the keyhole, twisting as the lid opened with a click, then handing Patterson the whole

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box.

Brows furrowed, confusion marring his face, Patterson warily accepted the wooden thing and found not used underwear - thank God - but stacks of folded papers. Some had been crunched up and subsequently smoothed out before being folded methodically like the rest.

He selected one at random, picking a white sheet from the middle, not knowing what he was looking for at first as he skimmed down the tiny, faded blue ink words, but when one particular line caught his attention, his breathing hitched. He should have known. In fact, some part of him already knew, despite the lack of proof... until now.

He dug a second sheet and found another line that he recognized. On the third sheet, there were three such lines.


"He won't touch you or me," Larissa said softly, eyes amplifying certainty and defeat as she leaned into her swivel chair. "He won't touch us, even if he sees you here. Because I have evidence. And those are only the physical copies."



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