

The CEO's Hidden Love Midnight Temptations and Deep Desires #Chapter 551 - Read The CEO's Hidden Love Midnight Temptations and Deep Desires Chapter 551

Chapter 551

"Before my mom would ever lay a finger on me, she'd take you sleazebag, who was trying to take advantage of her daughter down! Let go of me!"

Karen was genuinely struggling now, putting every ounce of fight she had into her efforts.

They were right on her doorstep; if her folks saw this, she didn't even want to think about the consequences.

Watching her thrash about with hands and feet, Jeffrey was caught off guard by her strength; he had to be careful not to use too much force himself, fearing he might actually hurt the poor nutcase.

Finally, Karen managed to yank her hand back and, in the next second, took off running in the opposite direction of her house!

She knew Jeffrey would give chase, but at least she'd put some distance between them and her parents' prying eyes.

She'd hoped to make it out of the neighborhood, but Jeffrey grabbed her by the scruff of her neck after only sprinting past two houses.

"Karen, come on now. I'm at least 20 cm taller than you. Did you really think those little legs could outrun me?" Jeffrey teased as

he cornered her at the entrance of the building, barely breaking a sweat.

Meanwhile, Karen was panting like she'd just run a marathon.

Please, she was the epitome of a homebody who never exercised.

When she was suddenly sprinting for her life - it was exhausting! "Are you okay?"

Jeffrey asked, patting her back out of concern upon seeing her pant so heavily.

Karen swatted his hand away, "Don't touch me! Just spit it out, what do you want? If it's about me cussing you out before and you're upset, here, I'm bowing and apologizing and expressing my sincerest regrets. Happy now? Just go!"

"I've been clear; I want you to be responsible for me!" "You've got to be kidding me—"

Karen was on the verge of losing it, "Jeffrey, count on your fingers. How many women have you been with? Don't you think that's a bit cheeky by talking about responsibilities?"

Jeffrey had no intention of counting, mainly because ten fingers wouldn't be enough for him to count.

"That's all in the past. From now on, I won't be with anyone else, just you. Isn't that enough?"

"Get lost!" Karen was so close to spitting in his face, "You're insufferable. Don't make me call Dorothy!" "Hey, no need for that!"

Jeffrey quickly stepped in to prevent her from grabbing her phone, "Look at how sincere I am. I've been waiting outside your parents' place since last night, sleeping in my car and all!" He'd driven home the previous night. He tossed and turned in bed so he ended up coming along.

But this time, it wasn't about his need for women.

Well, it was about a woman, not one to satisfy carnal needs, but one whose face kept haunting him.

Karen wasn't exactly a knockout beauty.

She had pretty average features and was not so tall, but her fair-skin with a hint of baby fat made her look like a freshly baked biscuit.

Yet her expressions were so vivid.

Every emotion could reach her eyes with clarity! Like right now, how adorably thorough her eye-rolling was! 'All this just to tell me, you want me to take responsibility?"

"Exactly!" "Fine then, let me tell you that I never take responsibility for the men I sleep with. Happy? Now you can get lost!"

Karen had seen enough; this guy didn't respond to soft or hard tactics so she had to confront him head-on! "That won't do. You initiated this, but I get to say when it's over. Otherwise, wouldn't you be getting all the benefits?"

Karen frowned.

Jeffrey tilted his head back, not waiting for her consent, "I declare, as of this moment, I'm your boyfriend!" Karen clenched her teeth so hard they made a grinding noise, her brain whirring at full speed, then suddenly, she smiled, "Okay! You started this, right? Well, I now declare, as of this moment, we're broken up!"

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"Try me!"

Jeffrey pinned Karen against the wall, his knee wedging between her thighs to make sure she couldn't escape.

Their eyes met, and something electric, something that seemed to come alive without warning, sparked between them.

He held both her wrists in one hand, while his other hand grasped her chin, pulling her into a kiss that she found both infuriating and irresistible.

He both loved and hated those lips! His masculine scent overwhelmed her; before Karen could even process what was happening, Jeffrey had already broken through her defenses, claiming her mouth in a kiss that left her reeling.

By the time she gathered her senses to push him away, he was already pulling back and licking his lips as if savoring the taste.

"Do you believe I'll call the cops for public indecency, Jeffrey?"

"And do you believe I'll spread the word around your neighborhood that Karen's a hit-and-run lover?" he retorted with a roguish grin.

"You-"

"If your mom finds out, think she'd let you live it down?" Jeffrey teased, his smile devilish.

"Just let go of me! Can we talk like civilized people? I'm really uncomfortable in this position!"

Pressed against the wall, the uneven surface dug into her back painfully. Jeffrey didn't realize that until she said.

He eased his grip, though his hand remained on her clothes, ready to prevent any attempt at escape.

"I'm at my wit's end with you,"

Karen grumbled, rubbing her sore back and grimacing.

"Seriously, are you here because you genuinely want me to be your girlfriend?" He nodded, "Yes."

"Well, let me give it to you straight—I really can't accept you as my boyfriend!"

Karen's face took on a serious expression, 'I told you before, I can't stomach the fact you chased after Heather Garcia.'

She couldn't be with someone who went after her friend's rival.

Especially not Heather.

Jeffrey, irritated, instinctively reached for the cigarettes in his pocket, only to remember he'd left them in the car.

"To be clear, I never really chased her. It was just a bit of a crush because we've known each other for so long. But nothing happened between us, not even hand-holding!"

Karen eyed him skeptically, "You never slept with Heather?"

"Never, I swear"® Jeffrey raised his hands as if taking an oath.

"That's only because Heather had eyes for Everett, not you. You didn't get a chance with her" Jeffrey had nothing to say.

"What if Heather had made a move on you? Think you would have resisted?" Karen scoffed, stepping back from him, "Jeffrey, I don't know what you're trying to pull here, but dating you is out of the question!"

She couldn't accept a man who had once fancied Heather.

"So, if it weren't for this, you'd consider it?" Jeffrey pressed.

"It's not that simple; I don't want a boyfriend cramping my style right now!"

She squinted and grinned, "Plus, I'm not interested in Heather's leftovers."

Jeffrey fought to keep his temper in check by taking a deep breath.

"Let me repeat myself: nothing happened between Heather and me. I'm not her leftover!"

Karen shrugged indifferently.

Jeffrey could now imagine how those heartbreakers looked and acted when they dumped someone. She must be no different.

He rolled his tongue in his cheek, smacking his lips thoughtfully, "How about this: when we were at Swevia Country, we hooked up three times, all at your initiation. If I call you out three times, we're even. In that case, I promise I won't bother you again, and we can act like strangers. Deal?"