

# One Night Stand with Ex's Uncle

## Chapter 1

Anna's POV

I tilted my neck back, giving in to the delicious feeling of weightlessness as my body was lifted and dropped in a rhythm so fierce it almost felt violent. Amid the haze of pleasure, a sobering thought sliced through my mind: I, Anna Shaw, who once swore Jack Simpson would be my first and only man, was now tangled in the hotel with a total stranger.

What shocked me even more? I fucking loved every second of it.

His technique was flawless—skilled, confident. His cock thrust into me, each stroke carrying a raw power, hard and thick like he was trying to break me apart and piece me back together as someone new. My mind started to blur, but one thought stayed sharp: next time, I'd pick someone gentler to fuck me.

My nails dug into his shoulders, muscles shifting under my fingertips like colliding plates. The room spun as I closed my eyes, letting myself drown in the tidal wave of pleasure I'd denied myself for too long. His dick pounded me deep and fast, my pussy clenching tight around him, every thrust making my stomach spasm as my juices dripped down my thighs.

This is what freedom tastes like, I thought, right before the orgasm hit me so hard I blacked out.

The shrill ring of my phone pierced through my dreams, dragging me reluctantly back to reality. I opened my eyes, momentarily disoriented by the unfamiliar ceiling above me.

"Ms. Shaw, don't forget about the wine tasting this afternoon at three. The social committee will be expecting you." Rachel's crisp, professional voice came through the speaker with unwelcome clarity.

I frowned slightly. Of course they would organize something right after my divorce was finalized. Those vultures weren't gathering to support me—they wanted front-row seats to the spectacle of Anna Shaw falling apart without a man. How disappointingly predictable.

"Got it," I replied, ending the call before glancing at the time. One o'clock already. I'd slept far longer than intended.

As I moved to sit up, a strong arm tightened around my waist, pulling me back against a warm chest.

I froze, momentarily stunned by the intimate contact. The unfamiliar feeling of skin against skin during daylight hours felt oddly invasive in a way that last night's activities hadn't.

"Let go," I said, pushing against the arm that held me.

My fingers traced the definition of his muscles involuntarily, triggering flashbacks from the night before—those same arms hoisting me effortlessly, suspending me in air as gravity temporarily lost its hold on me.

Heat flooded my cheeks as I finally broke free and slipped out of bed.

The man remained asleep, half his face buried in the pillow.

All I could see was the strong arch of his eyebrows and the aristocratic line of his nose. I hurried to the bathroom, eager to wash away the evidence of my indulgence.

When I emerged freshly showered and dressed, he was awake, standing by the window with just a towel wrapped around his waist.

Smoke curled from the cigarette between his fingers as he gazed out at the Skyview City skyline. I allowed myself a moment to appreciate the view—broad shoulders tapering to a narrow waist and firm, sculpted buttocks. The Olympus Club certainly hadn't exaggerated his physical assets.

I quickly scribbled out a check and placed it on the table. "Last night was satisfying. I'll give you five stars."

After a brief pause, I added, "And next time, don't smoke in front of me." I didn't wait for his response, heading straight for the door.

Rachel was already waiting with the car when I stepped out of the hotel. Her eyes widened comically as they landed on my neck.

"Ms. Shaw, your neck..."

I knew exactly what I looked like. It wasn't just my neck—my entire body was a canvas of red marks and subtle bruises. He had certainly been thorough in his attentions. Note to self: explicitly prohibit marking next time. My skin was always so prone to showing every little touch.

"What's the big deal? Did you bring the clothes?" I asked, maintaining my composure.

Rachel quickly handed me the paper bag from the passenger seat. I changed into my outfit right there in the car, then expertly applied a flawless face of makeup.

As I fastened the diamond tassel earrings, I felt my power returning, crystallizing around me like armor.

I caught Rachel watching me with concern in the rearview mirror. I'd been fighting to keep my eyes open, the fatigue of last night's exertions finally catching up to me.

"Ms. Shaw, maybe you should skip this," she suggested carefully. "Those women are just waiting to gossip about you anyway."

I closed my eyes momentarily, but my voice remained firm and clear. "Go? Of course I'm going. They're the ones who can't survive without a man. I'm going to educate them a little."

A small smile played at the corners of my mouth. Let them see me not just surviving, but thriving. The newly single Anna Shaw wasn't broken—she was liberated.

An hour later, I stepped out of the car in front of the private club. My strappy black dress hugged every curve of my body, with a tailored black blazer draped casually over my shoulders.

The moment I entered the venue, the buzz of conversation dimmed noticeably. Several pairs of eyes scanned me from head to toe, filled with undisguised scrutiny and speculation.

"Anna Shaw? How did she have the nerve to show up? Isn't she just divorced?" a woman with ostentatious pearl earrings whispered, her voice carefully calibrated to reach my ears.

"The beauty queen of Skyview City? So what? She still got dumped by her husband. I don't know what she's so proud of," her companion replied with a disdainful wrinkle of her nose.

I pretended not to hear as they continued their whispered assessment of my life.

"I heard Jack Simpson left her for that project manager... what's her name? Lucy something? Apparently, he'd been seeing her for months before filing for divorce."

"Well, what did she expect? All work and no play. I always said she was too ambitious for her own good. Men don't like women who are always buried in their work."

A middle-aged woman with an expensive fan partially covering her mouth spoke with deliberate volume: "I heard she couldn't satisfy him in bed. That's why he had to look elsewhere."

This prompted titters from the surrounding women, their laughter like breaking glass in my ears.

Internally, I laughed coldly at their pathetic attempts to wound me, but my expression remained unchanged. I picked up a champagne flute and made my way through the room, commanding attention wherever I went.

"I'm in a good mood today," I announced. "This round is on me, ladies. Enjoy yourselves."

Another voice chimed in: "Ms. Shaw, what's the occasion? Why so happy?"

A slow, satisfied smile spread across my face as I raised my glass. "Freedom regained. Isn't that worth celebrating? Some of you might want to try it sometime."

These women stood on their moral high ground judging me while ignoring the reality of their own marriages crumbling beneath the weight of infidelity and indifference.

As I was navigating through another round of barbed pleasantries, Rachel approached with my phone in hand.

"Ms. Shaw, Mr. Simpson is calling."