

# One Night Stand with Ex's Uncle

## Chapter 2

Anna's POV

I stumbled into what used to be "home," kicking off my heels and collapsing onto the sofa still wrapped in my coat. My head was swimming from the champagne, but I was sober enough to deal with my ex-husband.

Jack stood in the kitchen doorway, brows furrowed. "Have you been drinking?"

I didn't bother responding. Once, I would have craved that concern in his eyes; now, it just seemed pathetic. Our divorce was final—who was this performance for?

"What do you want? Just say it," I said without looking at him, wanting this conversation over with.

I felt his gaze linger on my flawless makeup, and I laughed inwardly. Had he expected to find me wasting away after our divorce, instead of looking more radiant than ever?

"There are issues with the joint project between our companies that need your attention..." he said evenly, as if assigning me some routine task.

I burst out laughing. "You want me to fix it? Are you fucking insane, Mr. Simpson?" My voice dripped with sarcasm. "Your girlfriend is the project manager. How appropriate would it be to have your ex-wife clean up your mess?"

Mentioning it reopened the wound. That project had been secured through countless sleepless nights by me and my team, only for him to hand it over to his new flame with a single word. In that moment, I finally understood that all the love I had poured into our marriage was like water thrown into the ocean—met with nothing in return.

"I have no obligation to help," I said coldly, turning to leave.

Just then, the door opened and several strangers walked in, followed by a wealthy-looking middle-aged couple.

Jack's expression darkened. "Who are you? How do you have keys to my house?"

"Oh, I forgot to mention," I smiled slightly. "They're real estate agents. I've listed the house for sale."

Jack stared at me, stunned. "Anna, you're selling our marital home?"

"What else?" I met his gaze unflinchingly. "We're divorced. Why would I keep this place that only reminds me of all my mistakes?"

My tone was light, but inside I was exhausted. This so-called home had housed too many broken hopes and endless waiting. I couldn't bear to stay a moment longer.

"The new owners seem nice," I added, nodding toward the couple who were already inspecting the living room with analytical eyes. "I'm sure they'll appreciate all those renovations you never got around to doing."

Jack's face reddened. "You can't just—"

"I can and I did," I cut him off.

I turned to leave, then paused at the door. "Oh, and Jack? About the Phoenix Project? Ask your darling Lucy to handle it. "

After leaving the house, I instructed Rachel to take me to Goldenleaf Manor. I couldn't face returning to Shaw Estate and seeing the disappointed tears in my mother's eyes.

The elderly butler welcomed me warmly at the entrance. "Welcome back, Miss Annie." He took my coat, his voice filled with genuine care I hadn't heard in a long time.

"I'm exhausted. Have someone come up for a massage," I said as I climbed the stairs, removing my earrings and handing them to Rachel who followed closely behind.

"Of course, Ms. Shaw. I'll also have soup sent up," Rachel replied respectfully, accepting the jewelry with both hands.

Immersed in the warm bathtub, I felt the tension gradually leave my body. The masseuse's skilled hands were so comfortable that I nearly fell asleep.

When her fingers brushed over the intimate marks on my body, there was only a momentary pause—she said nothing. This was exactly why I preferred Goldenleaf Manor—the staff here knew what to notice and what to ignore.

"The water temperature is good?" the masseuse asked softly.

"Perfect," I murmured, closing my eyes.

Rachel entered with a tray soup . "Ms. Shaw, shall I arrange your schedule for tomorrow?"

"Clear everything before noon," I said, lifting myself from the bath and wrapping a plush towel around my body. "I need to sleep in."

I settling into a plush chair as the masseuse began working on my shoulders. A soft moan escaped my lips as her thumbs dug into a particularly tight knot.

Just as I was about to fall asleep, my phone chimed with a notification.

[Five-star review?] A message from an unknown number.

I tapped my phone screen, mumbling in confusion: "Five-star review?"

Suddenly, an image flashed through my mind—strong arms, a clean-cut face.

"What was his name again? Sean...?" I turned to Rachel.

"Sean Smith, Ms. Shaw. You also commented that his name was nice," Rachel reminded me.

I narrowed my eyes. "Did I? I don't remember."

Last night, Catherine Murphy had taken me to Olympus Club to celebrate my divorce, where they had presented us with a lineup of handsome young men. I chose Sean, reportedly a recent college graduate, clean as if untouched by the world.

Later, intoxicated, I spent the night with him. I had no regrets. Jack Simpson had destroyed all my illusions about love and marriage. If that was the case, why not seek pleasure on my own terms?

"Rachel," I called out, "contact Sean Smith tomorrow. Tell him I'm interested in retaining his services long-term. Have him undergo a full medical examination, and tell him he must quit smoking."