

# One Night Stand with Ex's Uncle

## Chapter 3

Anna's POV:

I was still in bed when Rachel's voice cut through my morning haze. "Ms. Shaw, your mother requests your immediate presence at home." She paused, then added with careful neutrality, "Mr. Simpson is there."

My good mood evaporated instantly. "Jack?" I pushed myself up, irritation creeping into my voice. "Let me guess – he's there to dump his mess on my doorstep?"

"Should I arrange the car?"

"Yes." I swung my legs over the side of the bed. "And Rachel? Clear my afternoon schedule. I have a feeling this won't be quick."

It makes me angry. When Jack and I were still married, he hardly ever visited my mother. Now that I'm divorced, he deigns to go to my house for his lover.

The drive to my family home gave me time to compose myself. I reminded myself that no matter what Jack wanted, I wasn't his cleanup crew anymore.

My mother was waiting in the foyer when I arrived, her expression a mix of hope and worry that I knew all too well. "Anna, darling—"

My mother and grandmother were visibly relieved when I entered the door. There was no man in our family. My grandfather had died shortly after I was born, and my father had died in a car accident when I was 18. This family is supported by me, and my mother and grandmother see that and have something to rely on.

My mother was a gentle, soft-spoken person who was doted on by her parents before she married, by her husband and in-laws after she married, and by me after my father died. So she has a weak personality, and I have to bear it even if I am angry in front of my mother. That's what Jack saw, and that's why he came to my house to make me.

I changed into the slippers the maid handed me, took off my jacket, and took a deep breath, ready to be polite to him. Who knew that without waiting for me to say anything, Jack suddenly came over and grabbed me by the arm.

His eyes landed on my neck, his eyes wide, his voice low and dangerous, "What's that on your neck?"

The hickey on my neck hadn't gone away after a day and it was a little purple.

I couldn't help but laugh. "Really, Jack? That's what you came here to discuss?"

He grabbed my arm. "Who was it? Who dared to—"

I yanked free of his grip. "Who dared? That's rich, coming from you. Need I remind you who spent our wedding night with his 'sweetheart' while I waited alone?"

"Anna!" My mother hurried in, ever the peacemaker. "Jack came to visit your grandmother and me. He's a guest in our home."

I took a deep breath, counting to ten silently. "Fine. Then let's discuss why you're really here, Jack. The Phoenix Project, I assume?"

His jaw worked silently for a moment. "You..." He gestured vaguely at my neck again. "How could you do this to me?"

"To you?" I arched an eyebrow. "I'm curious – exactly what do you think I owe you?"

"Anna, You'd better not let me find that man, otherwise, I'll make him regret touching you."

After saying that he left angrily. He actually didn't mention a word about the project.

After Jack stormed out, I joined my mother and grandmother for lunch. The tension slowly bled from my shoulders as our housekeeper served my favorite soup.

"Anna..." My mother set down her spoon. "Do you have a new boyfriend?"

"Boyfriend?" I smiled into my wine glass. "Not exactly."

"You and Jack... there's really no chance?"

My grandmother interrupted my mother. . "Elizabeth, enough. The world is full of men better than that one. Our Anna deserves happiness, not leftovers."

I leaned over to kiss her cheek. "Thank you, Grandmother. You always know exactly what to say."

I finished lunch with my grandma and mom and went to the office with a fresh set of clothes. There was a video conference in the afternoon, and there was a problem with one of Shaw Crop's investment companies. The video conference quickly went into overdrive.

"Ms. Shaw," one of the managers stammered, "we tried our best to—"

"Clearly your best isn't good enough," I cut in. "If you can't handle this level of responsibility, perhaps it's time to reconsider your position. Resign now, and I'll ensure six months' severance plus your contractual penalty payment."

My assistant Daniel Davis buzzed in. "Ms. Shaw, the Phoenix Project lead is requesting ten minutes of your time."

"No." I didn't even look up from my screen. "Tell them if it's our fault, heads will roll. If it's their mess, they can clean it up themselves. And if Lucy's incompetence costs us money, Jack will be paying every penny back."

Later, Rachel reported in. "Ms. Shaw, Sean Smith's medical examination is complete. Should we prepare the Goldenleaf Manor or...?"

"So soon?" I was a little surprised.

"Put him in the Rosa Villa." I paused, The Goldenleaf Manor is my own place and don't really like to bring outsiders back

"Yes. The entire Olympus Club is buzzing about it. When people heard you were going to adopt Sean, the whole Olympus Club was envious. You're so young, beautiful, rich and newly divorced. If Sean falls in love with you, he'll have money to spend for the rest of his life."

I laughed and didn't take the words to heart.

Three days later, after returning from a business trip, I found myself thinking about Sean while in the shower. I decided to drive out to the villa.

I found him tending to the garden, his slim frame bent over the flower beds. Watching him, doubt crept in. His build seemed... different from what I remembered that night. Was he really the same man who had made love to me? His frame looked a little thin, and his wrists weren't much thicker than mine. Could he really throw me up during sex with this body?