

One Night Stand with Ex's Uncle

Chapter 5

"Rachel, give him some new outfits," I added. "If he goes out with me, he needs a formal suit."

I had other plans. I wasn't planning on staying the night. I thought that since I had Sean, I could not mistreat him, so I handed him a bank card: "Here is your living expenses, the password is written on the card, I have been busy recently, you are free to arrange your own schedule, but remember one thing, you need to be clean and not cause trouble, take this opportunity to learn social etiquette."

Then I left without stopping. I had an auction to attend. It was a very big one. It was said that there were several valuable collections.

The auction was a major event, drawing most of the city's elite. And I'd already seen a lot of luxury cars stopping and going in front of the auction house.

"Ms. Shaw, the auction starts in twenty minutes," Rachel reminded me, tablet in hand. "Your private box is ready."

I nodded, then froze. Coming down the steps were two people I had hoped to avoid - Jack and his mistress-turned-girlfriend, Lucy Taylor. I felt my mood darken at this unfortunate encounter, how did I run into them! She was draped in an ostentatious evening gown, a gaudy diamond necklace catching the light. *Trying too hard, as usual.*

"Well, what a surprise," Jack's voice dripped with sarcasm. "Shouldn't you be at Olympus Club?"

I looked at him coldly "Shouldn't you be dealing with Phoenix? And in the mood to care where I go?"

Jack suddenly became agitated, "You didn't deny it, you did go to Olympus Club and have sex with the men there! Who told you to go there? How can you go to that kind of place? Anna, I didn't realize that you are such a shameless woman!"

He gripped my arm so hard that I felt pain, I raised my foot and stepped hard on his instep, chiding, "It's not your turn to lecture me! Even if I go to have fun that is also after the divorce, unlike you guys, one cheated on his wife and the other seduced a married man as a mistress."

Come to participate in the auction a lot of people, I am not willing to public and Jack entanglement.

Leaving them sputtering, I glided into the auction house, Rachel close behind. *That felt good*, I admitted to myself. *Petty, but good*.

The VIP box offered a perfect view of the auction floor through one-way glass. I settled into the leather chair as Rachel reviewed the catalog with me.

"The sapphire bracelet comes up first," she noted. "Perfect for Margaret's birthday."

I nodded, but my attention was drawn to another item - Lot 47, a historic Cin Skylake District. My mother's childhood home. *Our family's legacy*.

The auction began with the usual parade of art and jewelry. Jack won a pearl necklace for Lucy at \$5 million, earning himself a very public kiss. *Tasteless display, both of them.* I came all the way back here for this mansion.

When the sapphire bracelet came up, I expected an easy win. Then Jack's paddle went up, again and again.

I realized that this was Jack's revenge on me, he could see that I was bound for the necklace and was working against me.

At \$15 million, Rachel looked at me questioningly.

"Twenty million," I said firmly. The room fell silent. Jack's paddle stayed down.

"Sold to Ms. Shaw!"

I allowed myself a small smile. Margaret would love it, and Jack's obvious attempt to spite me had failed.

But the real battle was yet to come. When Lot 47 appeared, my heart rate quickened. The historic mansion, a piece of my family's history, started at \$10 million.

I looked at the ancient mansion on the big screen and couldn't help but get excited.

Rachel glanced next door worriedly: "Ms. Shaw, what if Mr. Simpson messes up again?"

I rubbed my temples, “The price of this mansion won't be low, and it's useless to him, he'll weigh it even if he messes up, after all, it's not cheap.”

As soon as the words fell, Jack's voice suddenly sounded next door, “Fifty million dollars.”

I froze for a moment, randomly furious, I could not wait to rush over and beat him up!

My hands clenched as anxiety gripped my heart. Jack's voice was full of imperative, it seemed he was also interested in the mansion.

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Rachel was furious too, “Mr. Simpson is too much, why does he have to grab whatever you buy?”

“Don't panic.”

I calmed down and elegantly picked up the tea cup in front of me: “I can earn money again, but this mansion, I have to take it today.”

I raised my paddle again, “Seventy million dollars!”

Immediately after Jack raised his paddle as well, “\$80 million dollars!”

Rachel leaned in. “Ms. Shaw, that's well above our planned limit.”

“I know, but this is my mother's home.” I was about to raise my paddle when another voice cut through the tension.

“Two hundred million.” This unbelievable price came from the vip box next door to me, and no one knows the identity of the person in it.

As soon as that price came in I knew there was no way Jack or I would ever get another shot at the mansion. Sure enough Jack didn't bid again either.

As Jack stormed out with Lucy in tow, I felt a mix of disappointment and relief. Yes, I didn't get the mansion shot, but I took some comfort in watching Jack fail to do the same.

I was secretly happy while instructing Rachel: "Wait for the auction to end go and inquire about who is in the vip box next door, in the future when I have the chance, I'll have to find another way to buy the mansion back."

I was about to leave when another item from the collection was suddenly displayed on the big screen. The steps I was about to take to leave came to a halt.

As I listened to the host's introduction, the last addition to the auction of this collection is a temporary addition, belonging to a personal collection.

It was a very ordinary wood carving in the shape of a small rabbit. But its starting price is one million.

I gazed at the big screen for a while, and that wood carving inexplicably struck a chord of familiarity within me, but I just couldn't place where I had seen it before.

Here's the revised version in first-person perspective from a woman's point of view:

Three minutes went by without a single bid. The auctioneer was just about to wrap things up when I raised my paddle.

I bolted out the door the second the auction ended. I tried to catch up with whoever bought the house.

But when I got there, the box was empty, and all I caught was a glimpse of a tall figure disappearing around the corner.

I was about to go after them when I spotted Jack storming up, looking furious.

"Why?" he called out, his voice sharp in the evening air. "Why do you have to fight me on everything?"