

# One Night Stand with Ex's Uncle - Chapter 8 Chapter 8

## Chapter 8

Anna's POV

I was enjoying a rare moment of peace during my spa treatment when my phone buzzed. The masseuse paused as I reached for it, seeing my mother's name on the screen.

"Anna, darling," my mother's voice held that familiar note of excitement. "William Murphy's youngest son Marcus has returned from Europe! They're having a family dinner tomorrow at the Murphy Estate."

I felt my muscles tense, undoing twenty minutes of massage work. "Mother, I hardly know Marcus Murphy. Besides, the Simpsons will be there." The thought of seeing Jack and his family made my stomach turn. "I don't think—"

"Anna," she cut in gently, "your grandmother and I are going to church to pray, but you should attend. William has always been so good to us."

She was right, of course. The debt we owed William Murphy went far beyond typical social obligations. My mind drifted back to that fateful day six years ago, before my marriage to Jack, before everything fell apart.

I had been leaving a coffee shop when I spotted an elderly man stumbling on the sidewalk, clutching his chest. Most people walked past, too absorbed in their phones to notice, but something made me stop. It was William Murphy, though I barely knew him then. The Murphys were Skyview City's premier family, and we moved in different social circles. Still, I didn't hesitate to rush him to the hospital.

It turned out to be a heart attack. The doctors said if he'd arrived even ten minutes later, the outcome might have been very different. After that, everything changed. William took a special interest in our family, especially after learning about my father's death. When he discovered my feelings for Jack, he personally arranged our introduction.

"I know, Mother," I sighed, remembering his kindness. "William has been wonderful to us."

"He treats you like his own daughter," she reminded me. "And now his favorite son has returned..."

I caught the hopeful note in her voice and had to suppress a laugh. "Mother, please. I've never even met Marcus Murphy. Catherine mentions him sometimes, but that's all I know."

That wasn't entirely true. Everyone knew about Marcus Murphy, the golden child of Skyview City's most prominent family. Harvard prodigy, business genius, sports star – his achievements were legendary. But he'd been in Europe for years, building his own empire. I had a vague memory of Catherine, my best friend and Marcus's niece, mentioning that he'd briefly returned six years ago because of some girl, but the details escaped me.

"Just come to dinner," my mother pleaded. "For William."

I closed my eyes, knowing I was going to regret this. "Fine. I'll be there."

After hanging up, I let my head fall back onto the massage table. Another evening of watching Jack and Lucy play the happy couple, of enduring Mary Simpson's thinly veiled insults. But William Murphy stood by me through my father's death I owed him this much.

"Rachel," I called out, knowing she'd be within earshot. "I need a new dress for tomorrow night."

As Rachel made the arrangements, I tried to remember what else Catherine had told me about her uncle Marcus. He was brilliant, she'd said, but intensely private. Cold in business but generous with family. And apparently, still single at thirty-two, despite being one of the most eligible bachelors in Europe.

Well, at least tomorrow's dinner would be interesting. I just hoped Jack would behave himself. The last thing I needed was another scene like the one at Rosa Villa.

The masseuse resumed her work, but my mind was already racing ahead to tomorrow. What kind of man could live up to the Marcus legend? And more importantly, how long would I have to stay at dinner before I could politely escape?

The next day, I timed my arrival at Murphy Estate perfectly - or so I thought. As I pulled up to the grand iron gates, I spotted Catherine Murphy hurrying toward the entrance, looking slightly disheveled and checking her phone anxiously.

"Anna!" She grabbed my arm, relief washing over her face. "Thank God you're here. I need a favor."

I raised an eyebrow at her flustered state. Catherine was usually the picture of composure, but right now her designer dress was slightly creased and her lipstick needed touching up. "What have you been up to?"

"If anyone asks, I've been with you these past few days," she whispered, quickly fixing her makeup using her phone's camera. "Shopping, spa days, whatever - just back me up."

I bit back a smile, recognizing the signs. "New boyfriend?"

Her blush told me everything. "Don't you dare tell anyone."

As we walked through the manicured gardens, I could see clusters of Skyview City's elite scattered across the lawn. The Murphy family gatherings always drew the city's most prominent figures - everyone wanted to maintain their connection to the family.

Then I saw them. Mary Simpson, Jack's mother, was standing near the rose garden with Lucy Taylor on her arm. They looked like mother and daughter, laughing intimately about something. My stomach turned at the sight.

"Can you believe that?" Catherine muttered under her breath. "My aunt practically adopting that woman. William will be furious when he sees this."

I watched as Lucy spotted me, her face lighting up with fake warmth. She started moving in our direction, dragging Mary along with her.

"Anna!" Lucy called out, her voice dripping with artificial sweetness. "It's so wonderful to see you! "

I could see her game clearly - trying to show everyone that she wasn't a homewrecker, that even Jack's ex-wife was friendly with her. It was a calculated move. She wanted to use my presence to legitimize her position in the family.

"I don't think so," I said coldly, turning away before she could reach me. I heard Catherine stifle a laugh beside me .

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)