

One Night Stand with Ex's Uncle - Chapter 9 Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Anna's POV

As we entered the main hall, William Murphy's voice rose above the general murmur. "Come, come! You must meet Marcus."

The crowd parted, and a man turned to face us. The air seemed to thicken as his gaze fell on me. He couldn't have been more than thirty-two, but his presence dominated the room. Dark eyes assessed me for a fraction of a second before turning back to his father, dismissing me as easily as one might brush away a leaf.

I found myself studying him, surprised by his youth. Marcus cut an imposing figure - tall and athletic, with sharp features that spoke of his European heritage. His tailored suit probably cost more than most people's cars, but he wore it with the casual ease of someone who'd grown up in wealth. Unlike Jack's careful polish, Marcus exuded a natural authority that made everyone else in the room feel somehow smaller.

"Anna, my dear!" William's warm greeting drew my attention. He took my hand in both of his, his eyes crinkling with genuine affection. "Marcus, this is Anna Shaw. She's the one who saved my life, remember? Brilliant businesswoman - she's done amazing things with Shaw Corp."

I felt a rush of gratitude toward the old man. He was making it clear to everyone - especially the Simpsons - that my divorce hadn't changed my standing with him.

"You must call him Uncle Marcus," William continued, "just like Catherine does. You're still family to us."

Marcus's mouth quirked slightly. "Indeed. Very impressive," he said, his voice deep and controlled. The words could have been condescending, but something in his tone made them feel like a genuine assessment.

"Your reputation precedes you as well," I replied smoothly. "Catherine speaks highly of your achievements in Europe."

The evening progressed with the usual social niceties, but I couldn't shake the weight of Marcus's occasional glances. There was something unnerving about the way he observed everything while revealing nothing himself.

As soon as it was polite to leave, I made my excuses to William. He pulled me into a warm embrace, whispering, "Don't be a stranger, my dear."

On my way out, I nearly collided with Jack. Our eyes met for a moment, but I kept walking. To my surprise, he didn't try to stop me or make a scene. *Maybe he's finally moving on*, I thought, feeling a strange mixture of relief and something else I couldn't quite name.

"To Rosa Villa," I told my driver as I settled into the car's leather seats. Sean had been patient, and I felt a twinge of guilt for neglecting him. He was proving to be a worthwhile investment - quiet, well-mannered, and most importantly, discreet.

Marcus's POV

I watched her face as she entered the hall, searching for any flicker of recognition. There was none. My presence seemed to unsettle her, but not because she remembered that night. No, Anna Shaw had no idea that the stranger who'd brought her such pleasure at Olympus Club was standing right in front of her.

Her scent was exactly as I remembered - subtle jasmine with a hint of vanilla. That night, it had driven me wild. I'd recognized her immediately at the club, even in her slightly intoxicated state. How could I not? I'd been watching her from afar for years.

The irony wasn't lost on me. The woman I'd spent years thinking about, the reason I'd returned to Skyview City six years ago, had finally been in my arms - and she didn't even know it was me.

I'd been at Olympus Club that night on business, discussing a potential acquisition with the owner. Then she'd walked in with Catherine, radiant even in her obvious distress over the divorce. When I overheard her friend arranging for "company," I couldn't resist. It was impulsive, reckless even, but the opportunity to be with her, even anonymously...

I'd hoped she might recognize my touch today, that something about my presence would trigger her memory. Instead, she'd looked right through me, more concerned with navigating the social dynamics of my family's gathering.

"Mr. Murphy," Peter Reed's voice pulled me from my thoughts as the last guests departed. "Ms. Shaw's car was just spotted heading toward Rosa Villa."

Something dark and possessive stirred in my chest. Rosa Villa - where she kept that boy from Olympus Club. The one who'd taken credit for my night with her.

"Is that so?" I kept my voice neutral, but my hands clenched involuntarily.

She hadn't recognized me. Worse, she was running to another man - one who hadn't even been with her. The thought of her touching someone else, someone who couldn't possibly know how to please her the way I had...

"Keep monitoring the situation," I ordered, already formulating a plan. If Anna Shaw needed a reminder of that night's passion, I would be happy to provide it. And this time, she would know exactly who was making her scream in pleasure.

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