

## NO ESCAPE FROM MR. CEO'S DANGEROUS LOVE

### Chapter 2 The Most Precious Thing

Lola had tried very hard but just could not wash the sexual marks off her body. Her eyes turned red with anger. Her most precious virginity, which she had kept even from Mike, was gone and she didn't know how! What's worse, that man may not use any protection.

"Lola, you are no longer a kid. You are already 22. See what you have done! What a mess."

How should she explain to Mike later? How should she tell her father that she had spent a whole night outside? She could not contact others as she couldn't find her handbag, which may have been taken by her steward. Poor girl! She just wanted to take a quick bath and leave here as soon as possible.

After bathing, she felt much better, wrapped a towel

around herself, opened the door of the bathroom, dried her hair quickly, and left the hotel with the dress prepared by that man.

A couple of minutes later, that man returned and only found an empty room waiting for him.

The opened box on the bedside table indicated that she had left. He looked around and noticed a piece of paper on the bedside table, reading "Hello, Mr. Escort. It was a mistake last night. I hope you can follow your professional ethics and pretend that you don't know me next time you see me. Actually, I don't want to see you again! One more thing, I owe you 250 dollars for your service last night. Remind me secretly next time! See ya!"

Escort? 250 dollars? Whoremaster? It was the first time that Harry had felt overwhelmed and turned angry. Squeezing the paper, he threw an eye on the

sofa outside. The bloodstain on the white sofa indicated that it was her first night.

However, she left very quickly. Was she planning something else in the future?

The blazing sun made Lola feel uncomfortable. She hailed a taxi on the street, and borrowed the driver's phone to call Zoe in the car.

Zoe Dawson, her bestie, was a 24-year-old international racing car champion. They got to know each other because of racing car too.

She had intended to turn to Mike. But as she had lost virginity, she had no idea how to face him.

"Hello." Zoe answered the phone, sounding not as free or easy as usual.

"It is me! Your elder sister! What's wrong with you?"

Though younger than him, Lola asked Zoe to call her elder sister. He was absent-minded when he heard the voice on the line, and checked the number soon and asked, "Is that Lola?"

"Yes, it's me! Emergency here. I lost my handbag. I'm on my way to you. Pay the fare for me later."

"Fare? Where are you?" It seemed that she hadn't learned what happened today.

"You sound strange today. I will arrive in ten minutes. Wait for me at the roadside. We will talk about it later."

After hanging up the phone and expressing thanks to the taxi driver, Lola told the driver the destination and leaned back on the seat to have a nap.

The driver turned on the radio. "... the president was

dismissed. All his shares were transferred to other people two months ago. That is to say, his glorious career has come to an end. The reporter is on the way. Stay tuned. Thanks."

Lola had her mind stuffed with what happened last night. Therefore, she didn't listen to the radio at all.

The taxi pulled over within a few minutes. Zoe, with red short hair, packed off his girlfriend and went downstairs alone after hanging up the phone. He paid the fare and carefully observed Lola's facial expression, finding nothing special but a little tired look.

Obviously, she didn't know the news. "Didn't you go home last night?"

"How do you know that?" Lola's overreaction

frightened Zoe, worrying that he may know something.

"You didn't go home, did you?" Zoe held her hand and ran to the elevator in a hurry. Lola was confused as Zoe behaved very strangely today."

"I have one thing to tell you. Ke...Keep calm, OK?" She would know the news sooner or later. It was important to pacify her right now.

"Lola, I will show you a video. Keep calm, OK?" Zoe repeated seriously after they entered the apartment.

"Zoe, what kind of video is it at all, making you so serious?" Zoe used to take things easy. He seldom behaved like this.

Did that man post a video of what they did last night online? What the heck! How poor she was!

"I don't know what happened last night. How come..."  
Lola looked at Zoe disconsolately. Her sleeping with a man may now become a hot topic all over the city. It was a shame! Imagination overwhelmed Lola's mind.

Zoe brought her to the computer directly and opened the video that he has watched many times. The video showed a crowd of reporters holding microphones in hand.

The video was taken in a place different from the hotel, which stopped her imagination. Well, well...it was a false alarm. No. Wait! That was her father's company. Did the reporters bother her dad with what happened last night?

"Hello, my dear netizens. I am Cherry Cullen from Dreles News. I have got a tip-off that Carl Nixon, the president of Nixon Group, committed bribery,

embezzlement of public funds, selling of shares and money laundering. Now follow me to check it out."

Dad? Bribery? Embezzlement of public funds? Selling of shares? Money laundering? "Nonsense. It is absolutely impossible." "My dad is honest, upright, frank and forthright. He will not do that!" Lola thought.

"Calm down. It has not finished." Zoe pacified her. But the following report was even worse.

"Hello, there! The senior management is having a meeting now. We can hear violent quarrel from the meeting room from time to time. It is obvious that things do not go well."

Then the video showed that the door of the meeting room was opened from inside and senior management who Lola had seen before and several major shareholders who she hadn't met before came



out, followed by Mike, general manager of Nixon Group, and Jacob Braxton, vice president. Carl Nixon was not among them.

"It is a pity that President Nixon has resigned. I will take over his job from this moment on. I would appreciate your help. Thank you!" Jacob, vice president of Nixon Group, informed the media with a ruddy complexion.

Then the media raised some questions. Lola went blank suddenly. For decades, her dad had devoted all his energies to the company. Then the company just belonged to Uncle Jacob? Jacob was her dad's best friend, and Mike, with whom she grew up together, was her boyfriend. At that moment, she could not help but think bad of them.

"Send me to the company." She said gently after a while.

Zoe turned off the computer without a word, went to the underground parking garage with his motorcycle key, and drove Lola to Nixon Group.

It was in hot mid-summer. When they arrived, Lola even felt that she got her skin burnt off. The hot weather made her very fretful.

After entering the hall of Nixon Group, she felt better as being surrounded by the cool air.

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