

Fiona called after her, "Hey, Celine!"

However, Celine had already disappeared from sight.

Nigel looked at Fiona. "What now?"

"I'll find a woman for you!" Fiona snapped.

Nigel stood up. "Fiona, we're still married, and you're going to find me your husband-another woman?"

Fiona gave him a sharp look. "You're thrilled about this, aren't you?"

Nigel was at a loss for words. He gritted his teeth. "Fine. Go ahead, find one."

"What's your type?" she asked.

"Someone like you."

"And what exactly am I like?"

"Do you really need me to spell it out? The kind who's bold, passionate, and loves climbing on top of me every night demanding I pay my 'husband tax'!"

Fiona fell silent for a moment, then said, "Alright. I'll make a call and get you the most expensive one I can find."

"Gee, thanks a lot!"

Fiona picked up her phone and made the call. "Send a woman over. Right now!" After hanging up, she looked at Nigel. "Wait here. She'll be here in five minutes." Nigel replied coolly, "Great. Then you can leave."

Fiona blinked. "Why should I leave?"

"I'm going to use your room and do it on your bed. You don't mind, right?"

What the hell was he saying?

Fiona grabbed a pillow and chucked it at him. "Are you insane? This is my room, and that's my bed! Why would I let you roll around with another woman in here?"

Nigel sneered. "Mrs. Hampton, you were kind enough to call a hooker for me why not go the extra mile and Offer up your bed too? Show everyone just how generous you are."

What a crazy bastard!

Fiona began pushing him toward the door. "Get out, Mr. Hampton. You're not welcome in my room!"

Nigel retorted, "Do you not understand basic logic? We're still married. Your room is also my room. I have every right to be here! What gives you the right to kick me out?"

Fiona laughed out of incredulity, then reached out to shove him again.

However, Nigel grabbed her wrist and yanked her into his arms, settling her on his lap.

Fiona struggled. "What are you doing?"

He cupped her jaw and kissed her hard.

His kiss was forceful, burning with masculine dominance. The more Fiona resisted, the more fiercely he claimed her. The buttons popped off her shirt as his hands slipped underneath.

Fiona felt her body turning jelly. "Nigel, no..."

"But your body says it wants to," he murmured.

Fiona was left speechless.

Just then, a knock came at the door, followed by a sweet female voice. "Ms. Jakeman, I'm here."

The woman Fiona called had arrived.

In her disheveled state, Fiona shouted, "Wait a minute!"

She shoved Nigel off. "Your hooker is here. Let me go!"

Nigel looked at her passionately. "Fiona, are you really going to let me sleep with another woman?"

"I..."

"Think very carefully before you answer," he warned. "This is the last time I'll ask. If you say yes, I'll take her and leave right now."

Fiona stared at Nigel's handsome face. After a few seconds of silence, she said, "Go."

Nigel felt himself cool down in an instant. He shoved Fiona aside and strode out of the room.