

Spoiled By Her CEO Husband

Lala

Chapter 2 A Passionate Night

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Alexander Adam's apple bobbed up and down. Seeing that she started to undo her bra, he quickly took off his own bathrobe and walked over to her.

Just when he was about to intend to wrap her in the bathrobe and then take her to the hospital, Ember, who had already turned into a hungry wolf, guided by her physical instincts, directly pounced on the man next to her who appeared to be able to relieve her pain.

As soon as she got close to him, she began to use her soft body to rub against his hard muscles constantly.

At the same time, in another room of the hotel, another pair of men and women were entangled with each other. On the contrary, the woman was sober while the man had lost his sanity. They tangled until midnight when the man finally fell asleep in satisfaction.

The woman made sure he was asleep and then sneakily got up, put on her clothes, and dragged her tired body to the next room. She knocked on the door, and less than a minute later, the door opened.

"How did things go?" she asked anxiously as soon as she walked in. "Give me the video quickly."

"We didn't get video," the person across from her replied.

"What? What do you mean 'didn't get'?" the woman asked, surprised.

'Weren't they supposed to have everything arranged perfectly?'

"I waited for a long time, but they never came with the person. After I called to ask, I found out they delivered the person to the wrong room."

"Your people are so unreliable that they can't even deliver a person to the right room?" the woman's tone was filled with cold sarcasm and blame. "Where did they deliver the person to? Can't you retrieve the person?"

"We can't find them. We only know the room number they were delivered to. We tried all kinds of ways to find out who was in the room and where they came from, but we have no clue."

"How can you not know anything?" the woman stirred her hands, trying to suppress the burning anger in her heart. "How could this happen?"

This one mistake could mean that all of her schemes might be in vain.

No, she couldn't just give up like this.

"Do you have any good remedies for this?" she asked anxiously.

"We do. But in order to make it more realistic, we can only replace the video with a photo."

The woman thought for a moment. She had to take desperate measures to achieve her goal.

"A photo will do. But the photo must be in my hands before dawn."

"Don't worry, we will make sure to get the photo to you."

"Whether you can do it or not, just know that if you can't, you won't get a penny from me." She finishes speaking harsh words and quietly returns to the room where she was before.

The man in the bed was still sleeping.

She walks over, takes off all of her clothes, and lay naked on top of him. Her hands linger on his muscular chest, almost laughing out loud in her heart.

She cup his face with her hands, and said, "David, I have loved you for so many years, and today I finally took you away from Ember. You are finally mine. Not just today, I will make sure you are mine for the rest of your life. No one can take you away from me."

**The next day, Ember woke up in the king-size bed in the presidential suite, and the sun was already high in the sky.

Bruises all over her body, the soreness and pain in her lower body, and the bloodstains on the white sheets make it clear that she has given her precious virginity to her boyfriend of eight years.

As she got out of bed and looks around, she realized that the room she is in is very luxurious.

Her usually frugal boyfriend was very generous this time.

Feeling a tinge of sweetness in her heart, she thought that her boyfriend must cherish her first time with him so much that he booked such a luxury hotel room.

'But where is he?'

Oh right, she remembered that he told her last night that he would be on a business trip today, so he must have left early to make it.

Ember then saw a neatly folded set of Chanel clothes on the bedside table, tailored to her size and style. Her lips curved into a sweet and happy smile.

Although he's gone, his thoughtfulness remains.

She seems to be able to imagine her boyfriend specially preparing the clothes for her, leaving them on the bedside table, and giving her a light kiss before he left.

Her beating heart was once again filled with sweet satisfaction, as if she has been stuffed with cotton sugar.