



Chapter 33 Exposed to the Core

Though only a few minutes had gone, he felt like a lot of time had passed as the minutes passed one after the other.

He was usually a very patient man, but today he lost it.

He wished he could simply go over, slam the door in her face, and act like a thug.

He kept checking the time as the minutes passed while pacing back and forth in the room. He didn't keep track of how many times he had done this.

Five, six, ten, fifteen, twenty, and thirty seconds...

They assert that women spend their time getting ready and pay close attention to every detail. He had had enough, but he chose to hold out a bit longer.

Forty minutes.

Sixty minutes.

The time restriction had already been reached after one hour.

"Ember, are you done showering?" he quietly coughed twice as he approached the bathroom door, unable to wait any longer.

Hearing his voice, Ember, who had been loitering inside, was instantly tense.

She was very terrified to say anything.

" Ember, Ember. "

She remained unresponsive despite his repeated outside calls for her.

She reasoned that he would inevitably go if she didn't respond. But she didn't anticipate...

A minute later, Ember, pale with panic, grabbed a towel and immediately covered her most vulnerable regions after shouting a scream. She kept a close eye on the man as he abruptly barged in.

Her rose complexion was hardly discernible in the steam and damp, tangled black hair around her. Her fair toes curled firmly, grasping the earth out of dread.

Alexander was immediately brought back to the night she offered herself to him for the first time when he noticed a set of straight, thin, and fair legs above.

Everything wonderful and youthful about her was laid bare before him without reservation.

All of the blood flowed to Alexander's lower abdomen as his gaze became more intense.

His burning glare grew more intense as he watched her.

Ember, who was resting against the wall, used the towel to cover herself since she thought his focused gaze was burning her. She turned her face away helplessly.

His gorgeous Adam's apple slid a little, finally changing into concern, "I thought something happened to you because you took so long to shower," he tried to explain.

Ember took a while to find her voice before saying, "I'm fine," since she was too ashamed to turn to face him.

Alexander remarked in a raspy voice, "Well, if you're alright, then I'll go outside first. Come out when you're finished showering." His speech was so seductive in this circumstance that Ember was unsure of what to do.

As Alexander's tall, straight form was ready to go, he heard Ember yell out to him, "Alex-Alexander,"

He once again pushed the door open, "What is it?"

She stared at the heap of drenched apparel on the floor and said, "My clothes got wet. Can you bring me a piece of clothing?"

Ember seemed increasingly timid and uneasy as she spoke. She continuously curled and uncurled the toes on each foot.

This minor action caught his attention, and his gaze slightly narrowed. He appeared to be breathing more heavily. He said, "Wait a minute."

He handed Ember a white shirt and motioned for a while.

Ember was mortified that she couldn't put on her panties or trousers when Alexander offered her the shirt. She couldn't go in such a manner. "Do you have any pants?" she inquired.

Alexander waited for her to exit the restroom while he worked on his phone while sitting outdoors.

He heard the sound of the door open and his gaze automatically landed on the figure of Ember. As Alexander

caught sight of the woman who emerged hesitantly and fidgeted from the bathroom, he was tempted to burst out laughing.

Wearing their husband's white shirt might be extremely seductive for other ladies.

But for Ember, it wasn't.

She was dressed in a large white shirt that she had knotted with a rope from someplace, tucked into an oversized pair of trousers. In any event, she appeared to be no more sophisticated than a kindergartener in her current attire.

In the bathroom mirror, Ember had already noticed her own absurd look.

She wished she could dig a hole and hide herself in it as soon as she walked out and saw his look.

She would just be made fun of by him if she remained there. She hurried over to the side table next to it, leaned against it, and did her best to hide her humiliating look. She hesitantly answered, "Um, I'm tired. I'm going to sleep," as her earlier actions caused his attention to be slightly curious.

She opened the door and saw nothing but a study room with a desk, seats, and books inside.

Shouldn't there be another bedroom inside with a bed and blankets so she may sleep there instead?

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