

Sweet Addiction to his Spoiled Wife by Nancy D. Mincey

Chapter 1

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Perfecto Bar, 10 PM.

“Haha, it’s finally my turn! Listen up, Maggie: out of all the men in this bar, who would you want to pounce on?”

Maggie Rhee took a long sip from her beer, squinting at the bottom of the glass. She squeezed out a burp before responding with a hint of boredom in her voice.

“Lame question. I choose dare.”

“Oh, come on!” Rosita Espinosa yelled. “We’re all adults here, Maggie. What are you so afraid of?”

Maggie slammed her pint glass on the table.

“Just give me a dare, Rosita!”

“Ugh! Okay, okay. In that case, I’ll give you an exciting one.”

Rosita’s eyes roamed around the bar until she pointed to a man sitting a few seats away.

“I heard that nowadays, all the handsome and muscular guys are gay. Go ask him if he is.”

Maggie followed Rosita’s gaze and saw a stylish man with a handsome side profile sitting in the middle of the chaotic bar.

He had broad shoulders, a sharp, chiseled jaw, and a narrow waist. In one hand, he had a glass of dark amber liquor that he swirled as he lifted his glass. He had one hand on his cheek as he drank, and Maggie looked closely, noticing a ruby ring on his pinky finger.

She could instantly tell that he was rich and high-class, likely from some esteemed family. Maggie knew he’d be uncomfortable with her if she asked him if he was gay.

But in any case, she was definitely done drinking tonight.

Maggie snuck another glance at the man. He sat upright and looked as if he was royalty. Despite the chaos around him, he still managed to look elegant. She thought that he was a wealthy man that came from a well-educated background.

Even if he got annoyed with her, he didn't seem like the type to make a scene.

Maggie sat up straighter and nodded.

"This shouldn't be too hard."

"Hey! Wait."

Maggie stood up and turned to one of her airheaded friends with a raised eyebrow.

"What?"

"If you manage to get his number, food's on us for the next few days."

"Really?" Maggie asked, a playful smile forming on her lips. "How about you guys pay for my food for a whole week?"

"Deal..."

Her friends cheered her on as Maggie held her head up high and picked up her glass of beer, heading toward the man.

"Hey, handsome."

Maggie sat on the barstool next to him and flashed a charming smile.

"Drinking alone? Do you mind if I join you?"

The man dropped his hand on his cheek and faced Maggie, revealing his entire face.

"I—" Maggie was so stunned that she almost bit her own tongue. He was the most handsome man she had ever met. A pair of deep-set eyebrows framed his eyes that were as dark as night. He seemed to have a cold demeanor but not so much as to deter people.

Maggie thought he looked familiar. He made her feel like she was in the presence of someone much more important than anyone else in the bar.

The man gave Maggie an indifferent look and studied her.

"What do you want?" His voice was deep and velvety, and Maggie tried her best to hide how smitten she was. Instead, she fluttered her lashes and composed herself.

"Oh, don't be so mean. I just wanted to ask you a question and have a minute of your time."

"A minute of my time?" The man smirked. "What makes you think you deserve a minute?"

Goddamn. He was truly a cold-hearted bastard.

Maggie smiled ingratiatingly.

“If you’re willing to help me, I can have my friends buy you a drink.”

If the man accepted her invitation, her friends would be squealing with delight! The man smiled and looked squarely into Maggie’s eyes. His dark, deep irises bore into hers before he looked away and downed the last of his liquor.

“Alright.”

Maggie smiled genuinely. She wouldn’t have to pay for dinner tonight and for the rest of the week. She looked at his sexy throat and swallowed.

“Then it’s settled...”

“What’s your question?” the man asked.

She cleared her throat, leaning forward a little.

“Are you... What’s your sexual orientation?”

The man frowned, not hearing what she had said over the noise.

“What did you say?”

“Are you gay?!”

Before she could hear an answer, the music stopped, and the bar was completely silent. Her voice echoed throughout the walls, and everyone’s eyes were fixed on the two of them.

“Hm.” The man set down his glass, his mouth curving into a smirk.

Suddenly, men in all-black suits stood up from their barstools and surrounded the two of them. Some had scars on their faces, and others had tattoos of dragons and tigers curving up their neck. Their arms were as thick as Maggie’s waist.

Maggie looked around, confused. She was sure that all these men were looking at her, and it made her uncomfortable.

“I think I’ll be on my way now,” she said, standing up.

A man suddenly took her arm and started to drag her.

“Let go of me! Help! Someone!”

They took her upstairs, and Maggie's deafening screams rang down the corridor of the presidential suite on the ninth floor of the Perfecto Bar. A big man opened a door, pushed her in, and then slammed it shut.

Maggie was thrown to the ground and started to pound on the door.

"Who are you people? How could you kidnap me in broad daylight? What do you want? Let me out!"

A few derisive laughs came from outside.

"You asked the young master a stupid question just to get his attention. But don't worry, he'll come over later to give you your answer."

"What?!" Maggie kicked the door furiously. "I didn't mean it like that! This is a misunderstanding!"

"We all saw you trying to hit on our boss," another man said with a chuckle.

"It was a dare!"

But arguing didn't help at all since the men were most likely part of a gang. Maggie stopped screaming and sank to the floor, surveying the room. She had to find another way to get out.

Maybe she could use a bedsheet as a rope?

Oh my god, I'm on the ninth floor!

Falling to her death wasn't an option, nor was getting caught after trying to escape!

There were bottles of wine in the liquor cabinet, and there was a chance she could sneak up on them and hit them on the back of the head. Maggie shook her head. She couldn't do that. They would choke her to death before she had the time to raise the bottle.

This night had turned into an absolute disaster. It was the first time she had seen a man that handsome, but now she was trapped in a room with his henchmen. A room that was an upper-class presidential suite.

Fifteen minutes passed, and the door suddenly opened.

The young man stood in the doorway, silhouetted by the lamplight. Maggie had changed into a bathrobe and sat on the bed with crossed legs.

"You're finally here," she said.

The man was extremely tall and wore a slim black suit without a tie. His collar was unbuttoned, making him look a little rebellious.

He stepped into the light, which illuminated his handsome face. He took Maggie's breath away. In terms of image, he was truly the most beautiful man alive. But he ruined his image as soon as he opened his mouth.

Because he asked immediately, "Would you prefer dominating or submitting?"

