

Sweet Addiction to his Spoiled Wife by Nancy D. Mincey

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Party at the Emperor Nightclub

Maggie was stunned, yet she eagerly nodded her head.

“Oh, I enjoy submission...”

The man’s smirk grew wider as he approached Maggie and suddenly held the back of her head. His fingers wove through her hair as he tilted her head and kissed her aggressively.

“You’re a beautiful girl, so it’s easy for me to do that,” he said as he broke away. “You don’t have to keep flirting with me.”

“Mmph-”

His kiss was so abrupt that Maggie clutched at the sheets to resist him away, though the urge to punch This book had been added on your bookshelf

she still maintained a seductive gaze.

“Really? So you’re an expert playboy?” she asked, rolling her eyes.

A cold glint flashed in the man’s eyes as he held Maggie’s chin.

“So I guessed it right. I doubt you can last very long in bed...”

Bitch, I bet you won’t last more than a few seconds with me!

Maggie cursed at him in her head but kept a smile on her face. She pulled the man down and let him sit on the edge of the bed.

“Nope, my mileage is rather high,” she replied with a wink.

The man laughed flirtatiously.

“Then don’t let me down.”

“Of course.”

Maggie reached out to caress the man’s dimpled cheeks and saw him finally close his eyes. She grinned, finally having an opening.

“But I would never hook up with a gay guy like you!”

“Bzzzt-”

A jet of concentrated pepper spray shot against his face, and the man instinctively covered his eyes. Then, Maggie dragged out the red wine bottle she had hidden under the pillow and smashed it against the man’s dick.

“Have a taste of this pepper spray from the presidential suite, perv!”

The man let out a loud roar of pain.

“Help! Help!” Maggie hurriedly jumped off the bed and pulled open the door, pretending to straighten her bathrobe while screaming in horror at the bodyguards. “There’s an emergency! He’s bleeding! He needs a doctor right now!”

“What?! Has something happened to the young master?!”

Hearing the man’s pained groans, several bodyguards immediately rushed into the room to check. Maggie smiled triumphantly, pulled open the door, and quickly slipped away.

Inside, the man pushed away the bodyguards and bared his teeth.

“Where is that woman?”

“The woman?” The bodyguards looked around with wide eyes. “She escaped!”

“Are you kidding me? Why didn’t you stop her?” The man roared

angrily as he covered his stomach, his face blue and purple. “I want you to find where she is! I want you to turn all of Boston upside down! I’m Jeff Falcone, I will make her pay!”

Maggie hid in the corner of the stairwell, smiling smugly as she watched the bodyguards scatter. Then, when the coast was clear, she went to the woman’s bathroom to change her clothes before leaving the Perfecto Bar.

Maggie rushed back to the Rhee mansion, managing to return a little after 11 PM. She pushed open the rusted iron gate and tiptoed through the front lawn.

“Oh, Richard...” a woman moaned from behind a large swath of

trees.

Maggie turned her head to look. Two figures were entwined and kissing each other like no tomorrow. The man was incredibly handsome as he wound his hands around Maggie’s sister, Emily Rhee.

The two of them noticed her looking, and the man chuckled.

“Look who’s back.” Richard let Emily go and smoothed out the wrinkles in his suit. Emily, on the other hand, didn’t care about her messy appearance. “Did you enjoy watching, Maggie?”

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to interrupt.” Maggie composed herself and took two awkward steps back. “You guys can continue what you’re doing. I’ll leave now.”

“Wait,” Richard demanded. He walked over and touched Maggie’s hair.

“Why is your hair wet?”

“I was at a dinner with my drama group today, and I got a little water splashed at me while we were playing a game,” Maggie lied casually, looking at Richard’s long, slender fingers out of the corner of her eye.

“Then go home and dry yourself. Wouldn’t want to catch a cold,” Richard said as he patted Maggie’s shoulder. “Also, your dad wants to talk to you.”

“Good,” Maggie replied, turning to leave.

“Wait, Maggie!” Emily called out.

“Hmm?” Maggie turned around suspiciously. “What?”

“Richard and I are getting engaged next month!”

Emily leaned into Richard’s arms as she eyed Maggie cautiously.

“So you’d better restrain yourself and not cause any trouble for the family.”

“I know,” Maggie sighed. Before she turned around, Maggie

noticed that Richard was holding Emily in his arms and looking at her affectionately. Lowering her gaze, Maggie quickly ran into the house.

John Rhee and Alison Rhee were sitting on the sofa in the foyer drinking coffee when Maggie opened the door. They heard the sound of her footsteps and could pick up on the caution in her tone.

“Hi, Dad. Hi, Mom. You’re both still awake.”

“Where have you been?” John sat on the sofa, his eyes still on the TV. His voice was as cold as ice.

Alison glanced at Maggie apprehensively.

“My improv group had dinner, and it got a little late,” Maggie whispered, “Sorry, Dad. I’ll come home earlier next time.”

“Come over and sit down. There’s something I need to tell you.”

Maggie was stunned, but she carefully crept forward and sat beside her mother.

“There’s a party tomorrow night at 8 PM. It’s in the Emperor Nightclub, room 608.”

Her father took a box from the side table and threw it to Maggie.

“Wear this and make the most of it.”

Maggie gingerly opened the box and found an extremely short black lace dress that almost looked like a piece of lingerie. Maggie stiffened.

“Dad, what kind of party would I wear this to?”

“Don’t you young women like these kinds of dresses?” Her dad narrowed his eyes. “Do you not like the clothes that I bought for you?”

“No, I like it.” Maggie bit the inside of her cheek to refrain from talking back. “Thanks, Dad,” she said through gritted teeth. “I’ll be at the party tomorrow.”

“Good,” her father said smugly.

“No! John, how could you?” Her mother suddenly blurted out. She knelt to the ground and grabbed John’s pant leg, “John, please. Don’t let Maggie go to that kind of party. You’re putting her in danger!”

“What are you talking about? Crazy bitch!”

John, who had been calm and composed just moments ago, instantly became furious and grabbed Alison’s hair.

“Dad!” Maggie screamed. She didn’t want to see this unfold, so she grabbed her father’s wrist. “I’m going to the party! Don’t hit her!”

“No!”

Alison had suffered from domestic violence for years. John was a ruthless husband and took any opportunity to belittle and beat his wife. But this time, Maggie’s mother was determined to fight back.

“You’re leading her into a trap! It’s an orgy, John! Maggie absolutely cannot go! That party is filled with rich men who want to do horrible things to her!”

“Shut up!” John slapped Allison across the face. “You’re just a parasite. I don’t kill you today, I’ll-”

“Dad! No!”

Maggie rushed to protect her mother, her body trembling with fear. But even then, she still met her father’s furious gaze.

“Dad, if you’re angry, hit me. Don’t hit Mom!”

