

# **Sweet Addiction to his Spoiled Wife by Nancy D. Mincey**

## **Chapter 3**

chapter 3. An Unbearable Gaze

“You have to go to a party for me tomorrow with that face, Maggie. Now get the hell out of my way!”

“No! Dad, if you hit my mom, I’ll scratch your fucking face off!”

“You little-”

“Oh my god, what is going on here?”

The front doors slammed open, and Emily walked in with an annoyed look on her face.

“What’s with all this noise? You guys bicker all the time, and I’m sick of it!”

When John saw Emily enter, his mood changed entirely.

“Emily, honey,” he said softly. “Did Richard leave? Have you two finalized the engagement next month?”

“Of course.” Emily glared at Maggie and their mother with disgust. “Dad, if you want to discipline the family, go to the basement. I want to be able to sleep.”

“Okay.” John smiled. “My princess is going to marry a big star! I promise not to disturb your beauty sleep.”

“No, no, no! Not the basement!” Maggie screamed in horror. “Dad, please. Don’t make us go down there!”

John shot Maggie a menacing look and clenched his fists.

“I won’t take you to the basement if you listen to my goddamn instructions. You’re going to the Emperor Nightclub tomorrow.”

“Yes, yes, yes! I promise! I promise!” she cried. A few moments passed, and John nodded, a cold look in his eyes. Then, he dragged her mother upstairs and into their master bedroom.

Maggie stared at his back as he left, biting her lip so hard that she tasted blood.

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The next day, Emperor Nightclub, 7:40 PM.

A black Audi Q7 was parked between a garden and a streetlight. Two figures sat in the front. Inside the car, John pointed a menacing finger at his daughter.

“Maggie, I know you disobey me all the time at home, but you can’t afford to mess with anybody at this party. If you screw this up...” Her father narrowed his eyes as Maggie obediently nodded.

“I know. I’ll be good.”

“Good.” John smiled. “You’re just like your mother. Although you’re stubborn, you’re pretty enough. I wanted to give you an opportunity to get with someone rich and powerful. If you’re competent enough to get a man, then you’ll be part of the elite. That’s what your mother did. If it wasn’t for me, she’d be drowning in debt.”

Maggie tried not to grimace. Her mother had been forced to marry John, and now she was covered in scars. Was it truly worth it? Was it better to be beaten and scolded by a rich husband than to be in immense debt?

“I understand, Dad,” Maggie said with a forced smile. “Thank you for this opportunity.”

No matter what she thought, Maggie had no choice but to agree.

“Behave yourself. You don’t have to come home tonight.” John unlocked the car doors, and Maggie stepped out of the vehicle, feeling the cold wind bite her cheeks.

“Okay.”

The Audi left the parking lot, leaving Maggie standing under a streetlight in her extremely short lace dress. She looked up at the towering skyscraper and the multicolored spotlights at its highest point. The Emperor Nightclub was exclusively for the filthy rich and their sinful activities. Maggie forced a smile on her face, sighing.

She figured she may as well enjoy the party.

The second daughter of the Rhee family had never been to such a luxurious place, so Maggie was determined to make the most of it.

Emperor Nightclub 608.

After showing her invitation to the bouncer, Maggie stepped into a world filled with lights, laughter, and music. There were plenty of scantily-dressed women, and she couldn’t help but stare in awe.

It truly was a party for the filthy rich.

“Is that a single hottie I see?”

“Damn, she’s gorgeous.”

Two men, one in a black suit and the other in a white suit, came over with glasses of wine. The man in the white suit placed a hand on Maggie’s back.

“What’s your name, beautiful?”

“I’m Maggie, John Rhee’s daughter. He’s head of Rhee Design.”

She repeated the introduction that she’d rehearsed that morning, as she focused on the man in the white suit. His hand was still on her back. Finally, he pulled away and laughed.

“I see. You’re some bigwig’s daughter,” he said with a grin. “It’s getting a little hot in here, don’t you think?”

“Not really,” Maggie said, shaking her head.

“Since you’re wearing such a pretty little dress, you’re probably not sweating at all!” the man in the black suit exclaimed. He couldn’t get his eyes off of Maggie. “Why don’t we head to the empty rooms next door? We can relax there.”

“No, thank you,” Maggie replied politely. “I just got here, so I don’t want to go now.”

“Okay, gotcha. Then let’s get you a drink, honey.”

“Thanks, then.”

Maggie knew that refusing their advances would result in punishment from her father. She decided to go along with it for now and find a way out later. As she stepped forward, she witnessed a punk-dressed man and a woman crashing into the bar counter in front of her, locked in a passionate kiss.

Maggie scowled as she watched the couple surrounded by a cheering crowd. The woman had a smile on her lips, and her dress was loosening around her shoulders. Yet she was seemingly unbothered by the attention.

Maggie tried to sidestep away and avoid everyone. This party was suddenly beginning to be all too much.

The white-suited man grabbed her waist and laughed.

“See?! They’re having fun! Why not have more fun with me and my buddy?”

Maggie knew this club wouldn’t be filled with polite men, but she didn’t expect them to be so crude. The couple’s embrace became

more heated, and Maggie remembered her mother trying to plead with John. She didn't want Maggie to go to the party, but he'd cut her off with a beating.

It was just a nightclub, but didn't she say something else about it? Maggie's eyes widened as she finally realized that there was something more to this place, so she turned around and tried to excuse herself.

"I'm going to the bathroom. I'll look for you guys later."

"Wait!"

The man in the black suit immediately stopped Maggie, looking at her displeasingly.

"Why didn't you go to the bathroom beforehand? Do you not want to hang out with us, honey?"

Maggie's heart raced as she tried to form a reply. She smiled calmly and laughed.

"Oh, you. I think I just had too much for dinner, so my stomach hurts a little. You guys go gambling or something first. I'll find you after."

"But we need a third person. Who are we going to play with if you leave?" The man in the white suit squeezed Maggie's wrist. "You can leave if you want to, but you can't just leave us alone. Help us fix that problem."

"Help you fix it?"

The man in the white suit smirked evilly, and Maggie felt her legs.

weaken.

"How?"

"Ask the guy in the corner for me." The man nodded toward the minibar. "Ask him if he wants to join our table."

Maggie froze as she followed the man's gaze.

Only one person was drinking alone in the corner.

He had one hand propped up on his cheek, and although his face was shrouded in darkness, he had extremely handsome features. His sharp eyes stared at the bottles of expensive wine and liquor sitting on the shelves. Despite the chaos, the man just looked bored. A beautiful woman raised a glass at him, but he didn't react.

It was as if he was an outsider watching on as everyone made a fool of themselves.

“You mean...” Maggie swallowed. “That man over there?”

The black suit frowned and pulled his buddy away.

“Forget it. He’s a friend of the president. No one really knows anything about him, so we shouldn’t cause any trouble.”

