

Sweet Addiction to his Spoiled Wife by Nancy D. Mincey

Chapter 5

chapter 5. The Fight

Jeff turned around and threw a right hook, landing a punch directly on the man's jaw with a loud crack.

The crowd descended into chaos. Some people backed up and ran away, while some started to scream.

"What the fuck is wrong with this guy?!"

An older man in an eccentric, painted outfit ran over to the crowd.

"What's going on here?!"

"Jim Harper, control your club members," Jeff said coldly. "I was trying to resolve a small matter, but some of these guys couldn't mind their own business."

After saying that, he leaned down and picked Maggie up bridal style. Then, he walked out of the room.

"Say, was that guy Jeff Falcone?"

"Like the Falcone Group's heir? No way! How could someone like him come to a place like this?"

"I saw him on Fortune News a few days ago! That was him!"

The crowd was livid. Jim looked at the unconscious man with blood caked onto his cheek.

"Joey!" he cried. "Look what Jeff did! I'm finished. How can I be the president of this club?"

"Damn. Jeff doesn't like to be messed with."

Joey Matthews made his way through the crowd with an amused smile.

"But what's it matter? He can beat up our club members if he wants. We're still part of the elite."

The Emperor Nightclub Top Floor Presidential Suite.

Maggie grunted as she was roughly thrown onto a large, soft bed.

"I did what you asked." Jeff took his jacket off of her.

"I don't want to see your tear-stained face anymore. At least pretend to be happy to be with me."

Maggie curled up into a ball, her eyes widening as she looked around the suite. It was the epitome of luxury. Large floor-to-ceiling windows framed a perfect view of the city skyline. She had calmed down already, so she tried to think of a way to escape again.

This man was the heir to the Falcone Group, Maggie thought. No

wonder he looked so familiar. But Jeff Falcone was known as a stable and mature heir to a multinational conglomerate. He didn't flirt with anybody, so why was he acting like this?

Shit. What if he was an imposter? Despite being silent, Jeff saw right through her.

He leaned down and cupped her chin.

"Don't even try to think about getting away," he whispered. "No one will let you out without my order."

"I don't want to do that," Maggie said innocently. "I'm not that naive."

Jeff let out a sarcastic laugh and pinched Maggie's cheek.

"You're such a smartass. I hope you make the right decisions. If you don't, I'll throw you out the window."

The man's eyes were as dark as ink, cold and intimidating as he approached her. He brought with him a strong and dangerous aura. Maggie had already witnessed the man's coldness and audacity twice before, and she was certain that he was a man of his word. So she nodded submissively.

"Okay, I understand."

Jeff studied Maggie's forlorn look and felt a little more at ease.

"Then prove it to me," he said softly.

Maggie fell into his arms. He smelled like a mixture of expensive cologne and tobacco. When she looked up, she saw his bronze skin from under his shirt collar. He seemed to be fit and muscular, and Maggie reached out to unbutton his shirt, forcing a smile.

It was over.

Given his muscular build, her chances of resistance or escape were slim. Her usual tactics of acting cute or pitiful wouldn't work on him. And she knew she couldn't fight him and win.

Was this truly the end for her? For her reputation and all she had built? No, she couldn't accept defeat. Maggie frantically thought about her options as she felt the grip on her wrist tighten. She knew that fighting back or running would be futile against this man, who was both physically and emotionally imposing. But she quickly shook off the thought, determined to find a way out of this situation. She had to think of a way out.

"What are you thinking about now?" Jeff sneered, seeing right through her.

He pulled her closer, placing her hand on his belt and yanking her.

"Stop stalling and move!"

"I'm not stalling!"

Maggie slipped back and fell to her knees. Her head collided with Jeff's belt, and she winced in pain.

"What's wrong with you? You're so clumsy," Jeff growled.

It suddenly dawned on Maggie what he was about to do. Her heart began to thunder in her chest, and she couldn't resist her fear any longer.

She needed to run.

"Where do you think you're going?!" Jeff bellowed as Maggie stood up. She was turning to run. "You dare disobey me?!"

"You're a pig! You threatened me in the first place!" Maggie threw her heels at Jeff and rushed out the door. She frantically tried to turn the handle, but the door wouldn't budge. Maggie made an exasperated sound and ran to the window.

"Damn, how many floors are in this building? If I jump, I'm as good as dead!" she thought.

Before she knew it, Jeff furiously picked her up and threw her back onto the bed. She met his furious gaze but got up again and rushed to the bathroom, locking the door.

“You’re such a scumbag! Try to come in and I’ll start screaming!”

Jeff stood in the doorway, silent and shaking with rage as he braced himself against the wall.

He was almost always surrounded by beautiful women who

wanted to fuck him. But why was this girl acting like this? He never bothered to be forceful with any of the women he was with, but this one had provoked him twice.

She made him angry, and now he wanted her to pay. He felt his rage spark and flare throughout his body, and he lost control.

“I will give you five seconds to open the door,” he said in a low, terrifying voice.

“Five!”

Maggie looked around the bathroom and couldn’t find a window.

“Four!”

She opened the drawers and dumped the contents out, trying to find something she could defend herself with.

“Three!”

Maggie pushed over the shelf and blocked the door.

“How dare you try to block the door!”

Jeff heard the sound and kicked the door open. Maggie fell to the ground and immediately fumbled for the objects she had gathered to fight back with.

A hairdryer, a razor, a bottle of shower gel, a comb, a toothbrush, a towel...

She threw all of them at Jeff, aiming for his head. It made him furious. He was done with her now. He didn’t even care about maintaining his dignity.

Jeff grabbed Maggie’s wrist, kicked away the bottles and razors, and flung her onto the carpet without a second thought!