

My Bossy CEO Husband Online Free - Chapter: 1

On a quiet, summer night in Wragos, Rosalynn Fuller sat on the sofa in her home, browsing through some news on her phone. ©

“Brian Hughes, CEO of Hughes Group, attended a social event with the famous actress, Eleanor Hilton. They later retired to a hotel and spent the night together. Intimate pictures of the two have been captured...”

This particular article was among the trending topics online, and it spread all over the Internet like wildfire.

Rosalynn pushed her black-framed glasses against the bridge of her nose and peered at the photos published with the article, her face devoid of any expression.

The pictures were blurry, but one could make out the silhouette of a man and a woman kissing by the window.

This man, Brian Hughes, was none other than her husband, and the heir to the wealthiest and most influential family in the city. ©

He was a powerful man who had control over the economic lifeline of the entire city.

As ridiculous as it would sound to most people, Brian had never set foot in their home since they got married two years ago.

In fact, he hadn't even shown up when their marriage was registered.

Instead, he had sent his lawyer to represent him, completing the entire process by proxy.

Rosalynn was aware from the start that Brian was against their union.

The only reason he had relented was because of his grandmother, Debora Hughes.

By some twist of fate, Rosalynn's grandfather had once saved Debora.

When she expressed her desire to repay him for the favor, he had boldly requested her grandson to marry his granddaughter in hopes of giving her a comfortable and carefree life.

At first, Rosalynn had harbored some hope for her marriage.

But over the last couple of years, Brian had constantly been seen dating various actresses. It was more than enough to disappoint her and shatter her naive illusions.

Rosalynn pursed her lips as she finished reading the article, then she went over to her contact list, searched for Brian's number, and called him.

This was the first time she had ever called Brian.

Soon, the call connected.

"Hello, this is Rosalynn."

"Rosalynn? Which Rosalynn?"

Brian's voice was deep and smooth. Although his tone was unmistakably cold, listening to him was quite a pleasant experience.

His words, however, were another matter entirely. Rosalynn sneered and clenched her fingers tightly around her phone.

Chapter 2

He didn't even remember his own wife's name.

"This is your wife. At least on paper, anyway."

"Ah. What do you want?"

Brian's tone became even colder.

"I want a divorce," Rosalynn answered as she jabbed her glasses against her face.

A moment of silence ensued.

"Have you made up your mind?" Brian finally asked.

"Of course."

"What do you want as alimony? Name it."

"There's no need for that. I don't care about your money. And I don't care to share my man with others, either. I've already prepared and signed the divorce agreement. I am walking away with nothing." ©

Rosalynn spoke in rapid succession without even pausing for breath. She immediately hung up after saying her piece.

They might be bound by law, but they were just like strangers.

Since the marriage was the only thing tying them, they might as well get rid of it. From now 'on, they had nothing to do with each other.

Rosalynn trudged upstairs and wrenched her glasses off her face, revealing her smooth, rosy cheeks and delicate features. @

She packed up her belongings in a single suitcase and stopped by the living room. She placed the divorce agreement on the coffee table, then walked out of the villa without another backward glance.

'At Hughes Group, the CEO's office was lit up in a warm, yellow light.

Brian sat behind the desk wearing a simple, white shirt and tailored black trousers.

He stared at his phone, his lips curling in disdain.

At last, his so-called wife could no longer take the insult of his absence and proposed divorce herself.

A knock came at the door, and his assistant, Edwin Byrd, entered the room.

"Mr. Hughes, it's almost time for your appointment with Mr. Foster."

Brian nodded and stood up, plucking his suit jacket from the back of his chair.

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“Edwin, remove all the trending topics online related to me. And ask my lawyer to retrieve the divorce agreement my wife left at the villa.”

Edwin perked up at his boss's orders.

He knew better than anyone that Brian had never actually dated any woman all this time.

All those scandals had been purposely made up to discredit him and force his wife to ask for a divorce. It seemed that he had finally achieved his goal.

Meanwhile, Rosalyn took a taxi to the apartment she had bought for herself.

It was located at a prime spot downtown, and her unit boasted of three bedrooms and two living areas. ©

The place was fully-furnished, and the building itself was equipped with the most advanced security system.

Rosalynn put her suitcase away and padded over to the French windows. She looked out into the night, the streets below peppered with bright city lights. She took out her phone and called her best friend.

“Karina, I'm getting divorced.”

“What? Is that true, Rosalynn? Finally! That's great news! You're single again, congratulations! We should go out and celebrate your newfound freedom!”

“Sure.”

Half an hour later, Rosalynn found herself stepping into Royarid Club. ©

It was touted as the most famous club in all of Wragos, and was a popular hangout for the rich and powerful.

A deafening music blasted on the first floor, where people danced their hearts out under dazzling lights, their sweaty bodies swaying to the thundering beats.

Rosalynn went up to the second floor, her high heels clicking on the tiled floor. She walked over to a table overlooking the dance floor, and patted the woman who was already seated.

“Karina.”

Karina Glyn, her best friend, was a pretty girl with a cute face and an endearing demeanor.

“There you are, darling! Let me give you a kiss!”

Karina pulled Rosalyn into a warm hug and planted a sound kiss on the latter’s cheek.

Rosalynn laughed in amusement before pushing her friend away and pouring herself a glass of wine.

“Your husband must be a fool! How could he ignore such a gorgeous and talented woman like you and go out with all those cheap women whose faces all look the same?” Karina complained as she clinked glasses with Rosalynn.

Rosalynn took a sip of her drink and smiled. “He is an idiot, indeed.”

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For all she knew, Brian probably thought she was an ignorant and unpolished bumpkin.

He had no idea what he was missing.

“Humph! Let’s forget about the cad! It’s not like you have a shortage of admirers!”

Karina embraced Rosalyn again and giggled. “You’re a divorcee now, but you have yet to experience lying with a man. I’m sure people would laugh at you if they knew about this.

Now, count yourself lucky, because I have an entire roster of handsome men in my acquaintance.

What kind of guy do you fancy, hmm? I’ll introduce you to someone tonight.”

Rosalynn gaped at her friend, taken aback and speechless.

Why was Karina so concerned about her sex life?

“Sorry, but I’m not interested. From now on, I shall focus solely on my career, nothing else.

Come on, let’s just drink and enjoy the night.” ©

“Fine, fine, have it your way. They say career women are the most attractive these days. Don’t worry, Rosalynn. You and I can keep each other company until we’re old and wrinkly.”

“Oh, please spare me! I don’t want your inevitable string of lovers to target me!”

The two women looked at each other and burst out laughing

They spent the next hour or so drinking and catching up, and before they knew it, they had drunk well beyond their limit.

Karina persuaded Rosalynn to come with her to the dance floor, but Rosalynn needed to use the bathroom, so she let her friend go first.

To her disappointment, a sign hung on the bathroom door saying that the facilities were under repair.

Rosalynn had no choice but to head upstairs and try the bathroom on the third floor.

It was all private rooms on the third floor, particularly reserved for valued clients.

Sure enough, the place was more lavish than the rest of the club. The hardwood floor was covered with a thick and lush carpet that muted Rosalynn's footsteps.

Her head was already buzzing from the alcohol, and soon, her vision blurred. Before Rosalynn knew it, her legs were turning into jelly, and she was slowly falling to her side.

Rosalyn fell against the door of one of the private rooms, and her weight pushed it open.

She tumbled into the room. ©

It was dark and quiet inside, only the faint sound of running water could be heard. It was coming from the bedroom. ©

Mustering whatever wits she had left, Rosalynn pushed herself up from the floor and turned to the door.

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Right at that moment, the bedroom door creaked open, and a man darted out. He grabbed her from behind and pinned her against the wall.

“Who are you? How dare you try to set me up?”

He sounded furious, even through the thick hint of desire lacing his voice.

As Rosalynn made contact with the wall, some semblance of reason returned to her, and her senses instantly cleared up.

This man was Brian!

“I did no such thing!”

“If not, then how did you even get in here?”

Brian’s breathing sounded heavy and labored in the dark. It seemed like he was struggling to hold his emotions back.

“I... just stumbled into the wrong room. Let go of me... Hmm...”

The next thing Rosalynn knew, he was kissing her. Her eyes grew wide with shock. She tried to push him away, thrashing violently against his chest.

“Help me this once. I’ll be sure to repay you.”

Rosalynn slowly stopped fighting him back.

Of all the cruel pranks in the universe, never had she imagined that she would be sleeping with Brian on the same day they agreed to divorce.

Rosalynn woke up feeling sore all over. It was to be expected, considering the rough and crazy night she had just gone through. ©

The curtain billowed slightly as a gentle breeze blew through the window. A thin beam of early morning light streamed into the room and fell upon Brian's sleeping face. He looked so handsome and peaceful like this.

Rosalynn stared at him for two seconds before clambering out of bed, wincing every so often as her muscles came back to life.

She had sex with the man mere hours after demanding a divorce.

Given Brian's temperament, he was bound to presume that this was all part of a scheme to keep him tied to her.

She would never do something so disgusting, and she would hate for him to think of her this way.

Gritting her teeth through the pain, Rosalynn put her clothes back on as fast as she could, then quietly left the room.

A moment later, the door of the room across the corridor opened.

Eleanor Hilton looked up and down the hallway with a sullen expression, then tightened her coat around her as she hastily exited the room.

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In order to secure her part in an upcoming show, her agent had taken her out to have dinner with several big shots in the entertainment industry.

At some point during the meal, she had started to feel dizzy.

And by the time she woke up, she had found herself in the director's bed.

Just thinking about the whole ordeal had her trembling with outrage. She had been careless and ended up falling for one of the deadliest traps in the industry. ©

Eleanor closed her eyes and inhaled deeply. She took solace in the knowledge that this was common scenario in the world of show business.

If she wanted that lead role, then she would have to swallow her dignity and endure humiliation.

Deep inside, Eleanor was still in a turmoil. The director had tortured her through the night, and she was sore all over. Sure enough, she lost her balance just a few seconds later, and failed to grab onto anything before it was too late.

Bang! She crashed into the door of the room opposite the director's.

Eleanor took a deep, fortifying breath and gingerly got back to her feet. She tidied her clothes as best as she could, and was just about to leave when the very door she had just bumped into opened.

Brian stood there, wearing nothing but a fluffy, white bathrobe. His cold eyes flashed.

Eleanor's heart skipped a bit at his sharp gaze, and for some inexplicable reason, she felt a twinge of guilt.

"Good morning, Mr. Hughes."

It hadn't even been a week since news of her and Brian had been trending all over the Internet.

There were countless speculations about their relationship, with the consensus being that she was
Brian's new girlfriend.

But Eleanor knew that this was all thanks to her agent, who had been diligently releasing fake news
to the tabloids to hype up her popularity.

In truth, Brian had always been cold and distant to her.

And yet, for some unknown reason, he had made no move to issue an official statement to clarify the
rumors.

"Were you in my room last night?"

Brian peered at the woman before him. His eyes narrowed as they drifted over to the hickeys on her
neck.

As a matter of fact, he was already awake when the woman left his bed. ©

But she was so quick and resolute in her movements that he barely had time to register her
intention, let alone stop her. ©

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By the time Brian snapped back to his senses, she had been gone. Now, there was nobody else in
the corridor except for this actress.

It must have been her, right?

Eleanor was rooted to the spot. She blinked at Brian's handsome face, her mind racing.

Perhaps Brian had slept with someone last night, but he had no idea who it was.

“Get back inside first.”

Brian thought back to the distinct bloodstain on his sheets, and he softened his tone.

It was all Eleanor could do not to jump up and down in joy. But she stifled her true feelings and timidly followed him into the room.

“Last night, you said that you came to the wrong room.”

Brian sat back on the sofa and cast a casual glance at Eleanor.

His memory of the previous night was a little hazy, but what he did remember clearly was that the woman was a virgin.

If she wasn't the one drugging him, then that meant that she was as much of the victim in the setup as he was.

“That's right. I had an appointment with the director, John Cohen, for an audition. It was just by accident that I came into your room.” ©

Eleanor lowered her eyes to conceal her excitement.

Brian was silent for a while before asking, “What kind of compensation do you want?”

Eleanor's head jerked up. “No, thank you. We are both adults. I don't plan to take last night's incident to heart.”

Brian was practically most powerful man in the city.

He was the type of person who could get whatever he wanted.

For someone like him, who had no doubt slept with a horde of women, did one night with a stranger really count for something?

If she asked for any form of compensation, he would likely think less of her.

“You’re from Starine Entertainment, right? How about this? | will make arrangements so that you’ll be given the best resources and the most promising projects. | will make you an A-list celebrity within a year,” Brian offered nonchalantly.

This time, Eleanor was unable to hide the sparkle in her eyes.

Still, she maintained her composure. “Thank you, sir.”

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“You can go now.”

She had remained calm all this time. Brian couldn’t help but admire her for that.

“I understand.”

Eleanor pressed her lips together to stop herself from grinning ear to ear. She turned around and made for the door.

“Wait!” Brian called out to her, and Eleanor almost stopped breathing.

She slowly turned around and found Brian holding up a beautiful jade pendant. He had found it on the floor earlier, on the other side of the bed.

“Is this yours?”

Eleanor reached out and took the jade pendant from Brian's hand.

"Yes, it's mine."

It didn't take a genius to know that the pendant belonged to the woman who had actually shared Brian's bed. And Eleanor was no idiot.

Who could it possibly be?

A vague feeling told her that the pendant looked somewhat familiar.

At the very least, she knew that she had seen it somewhere before.

"Is there anything else you need? If not, then you may go." Brian's voice interrupted her thoughts.

Eleanor hurriedly stashed the jade pendant into her pocket. She gave Brian one last look before exiting the room.

As soon as she left, Brian's assistant, Edwin, came in.

"Are you all right?"

Brian leaned back against the sofa and kneaded his throbbing temples.

"Have you found the one who tampered with my wine last night?"

"Yes, sir. The culprit is Eduardo Foster. He put some aphrodisiac in your drink in some foolish and misguided attempt to curry your favor."

Edwin glanced at the haggard state of Brian.

He couldn't exactly blame Eduardo for his presumptions. If Brian hadn't made himself out to be some sort of libertine, no one would have tried to pander to him through sex and women.