



Chapter 22

I did not like the idea. I wanted Julian all to myself. And now he was threatening to cast me aside because I was against it.

No.

I could not allow the dynamics of our relationship to become unfavorable for me. After six months, he had to feel something for me. I needed to put it to the test.

I got up. "If you don't want me anymore, then it would be better for me to leave." I began walking toward the room. "I'll go and pack my stuff." 1

My heart was pounding. I desperately hoped for him to stop me. I could not afford to lose Julian's funding. 4

"Wait."

I almost jumped for joy. But I controlled myself and turned to face him, feigning hurt. 1

He got up, walked close, and blew smoke into my face while I just stared at him. Then he reached out his thumb, rubbed my lower lip seductively, and kissed me. 2

"Check your phone," he said. "I just sent money into your account." 2

I rolled my eyes, unlocked my phone, and gasped. 3

I covered my mouth, unable to believe it. Two million dollars at once. This was the first time.



I screamed and jumped into his arms. 4

"There's more where that came from," he said. "You just need to be of good behavior." He paused. "I also got an invitation to a very important party. The richest man in the country. All the crème de la crème of society. I can take you as my plus one." 2

My eyes opened wide. 1

I had heard about that party but dismissed it because I knew people like me would not be invited. But that kind of party was my exact kind of playground. I loved mingling with the rich. Especially millionaires and billionaires. Who knows, I might meet someone even richer. Someone who could give me more than Julian did. 1

I could always keep both of them. As long as the money kept rolling in.

I hugged him again. "You are the best. You treat me so well."

He held my shoulders and pushed me back, the smile gone. "Taking you to that party depends on your performance. If Leslie outperforms you, I take her instead and you are out of my life." 9

The happiness on my face dimmed. Fear passed over it. 3

Then I smiled. "Of course I won't let you down." I pulled out my phone and showed him a picture. "As for the party, I already know exactly what I want to wear. This black dress. It's only seven hundred thousand dollars and it would be perfect." 6

He looked at the picture and nodded. "Indeed. That dress would suit you perfectly. Prove that you deserve it and I'll have it brought here



before the party begins." 3

"In that case," I said, "I'll go and get ready."

I went into the bedroom, my heart pounding in excitement at the thought of the money I had just received, the dress I would be wearing, and the party where I would make the right connections. 1

Whoever this Leslie girl was, I would show her she had nothing on me.

I began to get ready. 1

I stripped out of my clothes and stood before the full-length mirror, studying my body. I had kept myself fit for men like Julian. My waist was narrow, my hips wide, my breasts full and firm from the expensive workouts and treatments I invested in. I turned sideways, admiring the curve of my ass. Dominic had always loved that ass. Useless man. At least his appreciation of my body was one thing he got right. 5

I pulled open the drawer where Julian kept the lingerie he bought for me. I selected a set I had not worn yet. Black lace, nearly transparent, with a sheer push-up bra that left my nipples visible through the fabric. The matching panties were nothing more than a triangle of lace held together by thin strings at my hips. The garter belt was strappy and intricate, and I attached sheer black stockings to it, rolling them slowly up my thighs. 7

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