

Chapter 7 Her Husband Is A Real Charmer

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On the other end of the line, Sheila had just stepped out of the shower. Her face still wore a rosy glow from the steam, and the deep, alluring timbre of Shane's voice on the phone made her cheeks flush even more.

That man certainly knew how to wield his charm.

She couldn't help but wonder if he had used that silver tongue to charm wealthy women out of their money in the past.

Taking a deep breath to compose herself, Sheila got to the point. "I'm calling to inform you that my father wants to meet you. The meeting is scheduled for 7 P.M. tomorrow at the Lennox Hotel. Can you make it?"

With a hint of amusement in his voice, Shane replied, "How could I possibly decline, honey?"

"Enough with the flattery. This is serious."

Hearing him call her "honey" made her heart skip a beat.

It was probably a habit for him to address women in this way, but she was still adjusting to the new dynamics of their relationship. Her eyelashes fluttered involuntarily.

Shane, maintaining a casual tone, said, "I'm treating this as serious too."

Tomorrow at 7 P.M., correct? I'm available."

"Good. Just be aware, my father has ulterior motives. He may try to threaten or test you. Send me your bank account details, and I'll transfer an extra \$5,000 to you as a bonus. Put on your best performance tomorrow, will you? If you do well, there will be more bonuses."

Shane stifled a laugh.

He rose from his chair and walked toward the floor-to-ceiling window.

Outside, the sky had darkened, and the city below sparkled with life and lights.

"A bonus? Am I your gigolo now?"

"Don't frame it like that! It's a performance-based compensation plan!" Sheila said, her hand covering her flushed face.

She reasoned with herself; he worked as a sex worker; he was probably accustomed to receiving money from women, right?

"Very well."

"I'll see you tomorrow."

Not five minutes after hanging up, Shane saw a \$5,000 transfer notification from Sheila. He let out a low chuckle. Never before had a woman paid him like this, and he found the experience oddly refreshing.

The next evening came soon enough.

Rogelio had secured a private room at the Lennox Hotel in advance and arrived there with Paula, Rita, and Sheila.

After sending Shane a reminder message, Sheila put her phone back in her purse.

"So, Sheila, when is your husband showing up? I hope he's not getting cold feet," Rita asked, feigning concern. Paula chimed in, cautioning Sheila to be discerning in her choice of a partner. Acting as though they didn't exist, Sheila closed her eyes to rest.

Rogelio struggled to suppress his anger, but Paula pacified him with a glance.

He was eager to meet the man brave enough to marry Sheila, defying both the Jones and Green families.

However, what Rogelio hadn't anticipated was an uncomfortable interaction at the hotel entrance. The manager approached him, appearing somewhat embarrassed.

"Mr. Jones, I regret to inform you that the private room you reserved has been unexpectedly claimed by a VIP guest. Would a regular room on the first floor suffice?"

Rogelio's face darkened, clearly offended.

"What are you implying? While my family may not be as renowned as some,

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"What are you implying? While my family may not be as renowned as some, we still have our influence. I reserved that room first, and now you're giving it to a VIP? Are you saying that I'm less important than your VIP guest?"

"I didn't intend any offense, Mr. Jones. Please understand that we can't afford to upset this particular VIP guest."

"Are you saying you can afford to offend me, then?"

Just as he finished speaking, the sound of tires screeching filled the air. A Bentley pulled up to the hotel, smoothly stopping at the curb.

The car's sleek design attracted attention from passersby.

Then the car door opened, and a tall man stepped out.