

Chapter 1 I Wanna Sleep with You, Make a Price

Sandra was hiding under the bed!

Above her were two lovebirds kissing and bouncing. The girl on the bed was breathless, so did the girl under...

Sandra secretly switched her shift and came a long way to Paris to surprise her ance. She was preparing everything in the room while hearing the door open and the groan of a couple.

She did not know what to do but hid under the bed.

"Mr. Captain, aren't you afraid that your sweet ancee will nd out?"

"No worries, She's just a stewardess and ying to Zambia today. How can she know?"

Sandra's tears fall silently. She's so familiar with the voice of both of them!

Two years ago, Sandra quit her job as a news host and became a stewardess, closer to Brian, her soon-to-be-husband. After leaving, her best friend Kim took her place and became the new popular host.

Sandra admired Brain as he promised her that their rst night would be at the wedding night. What a gentleman he was! But now that gentleman was cheated on her, sleeping with her bestie. She was entirely sure this was not the rst time!!!

Sandra clenched her st and squeezed her ngers ercely. She tried her best not to make a sound until the dirty cheaters nished and went to shower together. She stumbles out of the room and accidentally knocks over the vase...

"Who's there?" Brian rushed out of the bathroom.

At the same time, the next room's door was half-opened, and Sandra rushed in without second thoughts. She put her ear on the door and breathed a sigh of relief when Brian and Kim closed their door.

However, Sandra felt not at par. Her throat was suddenly dry, and heat rose from her stomach, burning every inch of her body...

She hadn't eaten anything since this morning except the water bottle in Brian's room...

Is it...drugged???

Suddenly, the bathroom door opened. A tall, muscular man walked out. He wrapped his lower body in a bath towel and looked at her with narrow eyes.

The woman had a hot, beautiful gure wrapped in a tight suspender skirt in front of him. Her face was in a pinky blush, and her eyes were deep sea-blue, making his heart skip a beat.

"It's you?"

The man said in a cold voice, trying to hide his feelings.

Sandra shook her head and tried to be sober, ensuring that she didn't know him at all. She stares at him, the dripping water from his hair, the bare chest and those abs...The alluring male hormones blow up her brain.

A dangerous thought hit Sandra: If Brian cheated on her, so could she! The man in front of her would be a perfect choice!

"Do me a favor, handsome?"

"Huh?" The man raised his eyebrows.

She icked her bag to the ground, kicked off her high heels, and walked over: "I want to sleep with you, offer a price."

She was riding the heat and became braver. Her hands went through his wet hair and kept going down to neck, chest, abs, and below...

"Stop it!" His hand stopped her tiny naughty one.

"Shhh..." She prevented his words from a nger on his lip.

"Let me taste it." Her soft lips were against his after the sentence nished.

The man's body stretched and his back stiffened: "Is it what you want?"

Sandra caresses his face softly: "Yeah... I'll be nice to..."

The man froze for a second, put his hand on her waist, and brought her on him.

"Let it be then."

He tore open her shirt mercilessly with his giant rough palms and moved up through her bra. His ngers pinched her n****e, and his mouth kissed her earlobe.

Sandra could not help herself to moan, it aroused the man's lust, he kissed her mouth and his hand tried to take off Sandra's dress. His other hand went into her underwear and touched the c****s.

"P...please..." A moan escaped from Sandra's mouth and her hand grasped his hand, trying to stop him.

The man stopped for a while, realizing something from her shy response.

He grinned and slowed his move.....

He still had a night to make love with her.

Two hours later, Sandra passed out from the crazy, non-stop sex...

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Sandra opened her eyes and memories ashed in her mind...

OMG!

What did she do?!

Did she sleep with a stranger?

Peeped the man next to her, Sandra is now regretful...or maybe not.

His gure was godly hot, and his face was cute and familiar. But Sandra couldn't remember where or when she had met him.

She had to leave before he woke up. She quietly got off the bed and dressed while bearing her lower body's pain.

She left something in Brian's room before, she needed to pick them up, or those dirty beaches would soon nd out she had been there.

She left a pile of bills on the nightstand and closed the door.

When the door closed, the man on the bed opened his eyes. His deep gaze fell on the bank notes on the bedside.

"How dare she..."

After she escaped the hotel, Sandra's phone rang, it was a call from her 'best friend' Kim:

"Hi Sanny, you told me to keep an eye on your dear Captain, right? Yesterday he went to the birthday party with his crew members and then he went back to his room, alone. He kept his integrity for you. "