

One Night Stand with Ex's Uncle - Chapter 6 Chapter 6

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Chapter 6

Jack's POV:

The taste of failure was bitter in my mouth as I watched the mystery bidder claim the mansion for two hundred million. I'd lost, and worse, I'd failed to stop Anna from getting what she wanted. The thought of her smug satisfaction made my blood boil.

I stormed out of the auction house, Lucy trailing behind me in her ridiculous evening gown. The night air did nothing to cool my temper. When I spotted Anna's slim figure heading toward her car, I couldn't stop myself.

"Why?" I called out, my voice sharp in the evening air. "Why do you have to fight me on everything?"

Anna turned slowly, her expression cold and controlled. "That mansion belonged to my mother's family. But of course, you wouldn't remember that, would you? I told you about it when we were married."

The memory hit me like a slap. She had mentioned it, during one of our rare dinners together. I'd been checking emails on my phone, half-listening as she talked about her childhood visits there. Damn it.

"If it meant that much to you, you should have said something," I muttered, knowing how weak it sounded.

"Said something?" Her laugh was bitter. "Like I said something when you gave the Phoenix Project to Lucy? Like I said something when you missed our anniversary? Or perhaps like I said something when you didn't come home on our wedding night?"

Each accusation landed like a physical blow. I wanted to defend myself, explain that things weren't that simple, but the words wouldn't come.

"I'm done saying things to you, Jack," she continued, her voice steady but cold. "I'm done explaining, done hoping you'll understand, done having any expectations of you at all. We're divorced. Whatever game you're playing by bidding against me tonight, I'm not interested."

She turned to leave, but I grabbed her arm. The memory of that mark on her neck flashed through my mind, making my grip tighter than intended. "So you run off to Olympus Club instead? Is that your answer?"

"Let. Go." Each word was ice. "What I do, and who I do it with, is no longer any of your concern."

I released her, watching as she walked away, her heels clicking against the pavement. The sight of her leaving - again - twisted something inside me.

"Jack?" Lucy's voice pulled me back to reality. She studied my face with narrowed eyes. "Are you falling for her again?"

"Don't be ridiculous," I snapped, harder than necessary. "She's... she's shameless. Barely divorced and already sleeping around. Did you see that mark on her neck?"

Lucy's perfectly painted lips curved into a knowing smile. "If you say so, darling. Although I can't help but notice you seem awfully concerned about who she's sleeping with."

"I'm not concerned," I insisted, but the words felt hollow. "I just never thought she'd... I mean, Anna was always so..." I couldn't finish the sentence.

"So proper? So perfect?" Lucy's voice dripped with sarcasm. "Maybe you never really knew her at all."

I watched Anna's car disappear into the night traffic, something uncomfortable stirring in my chest. The image of her with another man kept replaying in my mind, along with the memory of her face when she talked about that mansion years ago. How many other things had I missed? How many times had I not really listened?

"Let's go," I said abruptly, turning away from the sight of her departing taillights. "We're done here."

After dropping Lucy off, my phone buzzed.

My investigator's message made my blood run cold: "Mr. Simpson, there's no record of Ms. Shaw spending nights with Sean Smith. They've never left Olympus Club together."

Something wasn't adding up. The hickey on Anna's neck, her smug attitude about sleeping with someone... if it wasn't Sean, then who? I had to know.

I tracked down Sean's address at Rosa Villa. The gates opened easily - too easily.

I found him in the garden, tending to some flowers like a peaceful gardener instead of the man who'd dared touch my wife. *Ex-wife*, I corrected myself, the thought bitter as poison.

"Mr. Simpson?" He stood, brushing dirt from his knees. "What brings you here?"

"Cut the act," I growled, advancing on him.

"Anna told everyone you slept together. Was it worth it? Did you enjoy yourself?"

His expression shifted, a slight smile playing at his lips. "Yes, we did. And yes, I did enjoy myself. Very much."

His voice was calm, almost taunting. "Ms. Shaw is quite... passionate."

The world went red. My fist connected with his jaw before I even realized I'd moved. He stumbled backward, crashing into a row of potted plants. "You son of a—"

"What's wrong, Mr. Simpson?" He wiped blood from his lip, that infuriating smile still there. "Jealous?"

I grabbed his collar, slamming him against the garden wall. "You think this is funny? You think—"

"JACK! What the hell are you doing?" Anna's voice cut through my rage.

She was running toward us, Rachel close behind. When she saw Sean's bloodied face, her expression hardened into something I'd never seen before.

"Get away from him," she commanded, her voice vibrating with fury. "NOW."

I released Sean, who slumped against the wall. "You're defending him? After he just admitted—"

Anna helped Sean to his feet, her gentle touch making my stomach turn. "Rachel, get Sean inside and call a doctor."

Once they were gone, she turned to me, her eyes blazing. "How dare you come to my property and assault my employee?"

"Your employee?" I laughed bitterly. "Is that what we're calling it now? He just admitted to sleeping with you!"

"And what if he did?" Her voice was ice. "It's none of your business who I sleep with anymore. You lost that right when you chose Lucy."

The words hit harder than I expected. "So you're just going to keep him here? Living in luxury while you—"

"While I what, Jack?" She stepped closer, her voice dropping dangerously. "While I do exactly what you did to me? Except I waited until after we were divorced. I didn't betray any vows. I didn't humiliate my spouse in front of the entire city. That was all you."

"Get rid of him," I demanded, trying to hold onto my anger as guilt crept in. "If you have any respect for what we had—"

"What we had?" She laughed, the sound sharp enough to cut. "What we had was a marriage where you couldn't even stay faithful for one night - our wedding night.

What we had was you giving my project to your mistress. What we had is over, Jack. I don't take orders from you anymore."

She turned toward the house, then paused. "Leave now, or I'll have security remove you. And Jack? If you ever touch Sean again, I'll bury you so deep in lawsuits."

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)