

# Spoiled By My Bossy CEO Husband - Chapter 18 You Can Count on Me

Ralph's kisses rendered Lottie completely irresistible.

She endured his kisses passively, until...

"Hiss!"

Lottie couldn't help but gasp when Ralph grabbed her shoulders with his hands.

The sexy atmosphere instantly dissipated. Ralph got up and frowned at her, "What's wrong?"

Although what he just did was spontaneous, Ralph was still thoughtful enough not to touch her injured wrist.

How could she be in such pain as he was just holding her shoulders?

"Nothing."

It was very painful that Lottie couldn't get up from the bed.

Just now, Ralph's hand happened to touch on her wound!

Ralph felt something was wrong. He reached out and pulled down her shirt.

Lottie's shoulder was bandaged with gauze. The blood that seeped from her wound had stained her gauze.

Ralph was shocked!

“Miller caused this?”

“No.”

“It was accidentally injured in work.”

With her entire left shoulder was exposed in the air, Lottie felt a little uncomfortable. She wanted to get up, but Ralph pressed her down.

Ralph carefully untied her gauze.

Although it was a small cut, her flesh was exposed. This made him look serious.

He took out the medicine from her bag. He helped her apply for the medicine while frowning, “Quit your job.”

He softly applied for the medicine on her wound with his slender fingers, “I’m not Luke Berry.”

“There’s no need for you to work so hard to earn money.”

“You can take care of Elijah and Fabian at home comfortably after you resign. The kids will be happy, and you won’t get hurt.” After applying for the medicine, he indifferently put the lid back on,

“You can count on me.”

Lottie hurriedly shook her head, “I’m quite happy doing this job.”

Ralph squinted and said ironically, “So you’re also happy to get hurt like this, huh?”

“It was an accident.”

Lottie smiled with a little embarrassment, “I usually don’t get hurt like this.”

She lifted her face and looked at Ralph seriously, "Taking care of Elijah and Fabian doesn't conflict with my job."

Her clear and pure eyes flickered a light, "I like this job, and I love the feeling of fighting for the future."

Ralph glanced at her and didn't say anything.

Women wanted to marry him because he was rich. Every one of them expected to live a rich life without working hard.

But Lottie was different from them.

"Sleep!"

When Lottie saw Ralph not saying anything, she took a deep breath and then got out of the bed with her pillow and blanket.

She squatted down and put the blanket on the floor. Then, her hand was violently grabbed by him.

Ralph pulled her onto the bed.

Lottie pursed her lips, "I'd better sleep on the floor..."

"You're injured."

Ralph's voice was low, "If you just don't want to sleep in the same bed with me."

He got off the bed, "I can sleep on the floor."

"No, no, no!"

Lottie hurriedly grabbed his hand, "You can't sleep on the floor."

He was the owner, and this was his house.

She was the outsider to this house.

How could she sleep on the bed while he slept on the floor?

After a moment of hesitation, she pursed her lips, "Okay."

They were husband and wife. It might be okay for them to sleep in the same bed.

Only that...

Her face couldn't help but start to flush as she thought about the way he had just kissed her and the other night before.

Ralph went back to the bed and laid down.

The lights were off.

The bed in the bedroom was huge. Lottie laid on one end of the bed and Ralph on the other.

The gap between them was large enough to let two more people sleep there...

But even so, she could feel Ralph's every breathing in the silence of the night.

She felt hotter and hotter, and her heart started to beat faster.

She clutched her blanket tightly. Her face blushed and she couldn't fall asleep.

As the sky began to brighten, Lottie started to feel drowsy. Then she yawned and fell asleep.

The alarm clock went off at seven o'clock in the morning.

Lottie yawned as she got up from the bed. She went downstairs to prepare breakfast for the kids.

When the meal was ready, Ralph had just come downstairs to get ready to go out.

Lottie warmly invited him to have breakfast together.

“You made this?”

Ralph sat down at the dining table. He frowned and asked coldly.

Lottie nodded, “Yes.”

Ralph looked around at her face with his deep eyes.

“So your hand doesn’t hurt anymore, huh?”

“And your shoulder also doesn’t hurt.”

Lottie looked a little embarrassed by him, “They don’t hurt anymore.”

Ralph snorted and turned his head to look at the kids who were having their breakfast at the dining table, “Can’t the maid’s cooking satisfy you guys?”

Elijah and Fabian were stunned for a moment, and then they looked at each other.

“Daddy.”

Fabian’s watery eyes widened, “Are you... worried about Lottie’s wounds?” Fabian’s words made

Ralph shocked.

A moment later, he turned to walk out of the door.

“Wait a minute.”

Elijah, who was behind him put down his cutlery, "Lottie is injured."

"Send her to work."

Ralph slightly frowned.

Elijah rarely asked him to do anything, so he certainly wouldn't refuse him.

Ralph glanced at Lottie, "Go with me."

"Don't bother."

Lottie hurriedly waved her hands, "It's not good. I can just take the bus by myself." Elijah held the milk and took a sip. Then he said, "Lottie, do you dislike my daddy?" Lottie shook her head hastily,

"No, I just... don't want to be so flashy."

'I see."

Elijah turned his head to look at Mario who was afar, "Mario, go to the garage, and find the cheapest and worst car. Let daddy drive Lottie to work with it!"

Lottie was speechless.

Ralph was speechless as well.

Ten minutes later.

Lottie looked at the BMW car parked in front of the villa and was stunned.

Mario wiped the sweat on his forehead, "Sir, madam, this is really the worst car we have." Ralph was fine with it. He opened the door and got into the car.

Lottie had no choice but to get into the car.

The air in the car was a little dull.

Ralph, who looked noble and arrogant, held the steering wheel and looked ahead indifferently, "Do you want to be the leading actress?"

Lottie almost dropped her phone.

She turned her head to look at him in amazement, "What leading actress?"

"You work so hard as a stunt double. Isn't it because you don't have an opportunity to become an actress?" Ralph said faintly, "I can just let you be the leading actress."

"If you want to be an actress, I can make you famous."

Since she didn't want to resign, he could help her to skyrocket her career.

That wouldn't be hard for him.

Lottie was shocked and speechless.

After a while, she said, "You probably... misunderstood."

"I don't want to be the leading actress or even an actress."

"I'm quite happy being a stunt double."

Ralph's black eyebrows frowned fiercely, "You're happy with this kind of work?"

He could only see her bruises and pain.

Lottie frowned and then she smiled, "You don't understand."

In fact, she had thought about becoming an actress. She wanted to be the most beautiful leading actress under the camera.

But in these years, she watched the way Luke Berry and Isobel Mitchell get successful in their career. Due to that, she had a fear of the entertainment industry.

She was a mother who once gave birth to a stillborn child.

Whenever someone turned up her dark history, it would ruin her.

Instead of being scared and suffering undeserved ill will, she should remain to be a simple stunt double.

She could be financially secure and have no worries.

Soon after, the car arrived at the entrance of the Filming Town.

Despite Lottie's great care, some sharp-eyed colleagues still noticed her.

'Lottie, you've got a sugar daddy?'

Her colleagues teased her.

"No."

Lottie said with a helpless smile while changing her costumes, "He was just kind enough to give me a ride." "Lottie, the director is looking for you!"

Before she could finish changing her costume, the voice of a working staff rang out from the distance.

Lottie frowned and followed the working staff to the director.



“You’re fired.”

The director frowned and glanced at her, “From now on, you are no longer a stunt double in my crew.”