

# The CEO's Ten Million Dollar Wife by R.C.BRIE Chapter 1

## Chapter 1 Dumped

Drunk...? No.

Tipsy...? Yes.

Only had four glasses of wine but I already feel intoxicated.

I want to get drunk...

I want to get drowned...

My heart is fucking painful. Or is it my pride? Whatsoever, I am pissed.

It's Valentine, but I was dumped. My two-year relationship ended exactly on hearts day.

We are supposed to be celebrating, but here I am, left alone in an almost empty restaurant. Contemplating my broken heart.

"I am not frigid, I am not a prude..." I kept on convincing myself.

"He is just an asshole, wanting to score on me" I whisper, gulping straight the remaining liquid in my glass.

“Is 25 years old must be devirginized?” I ask at no one. Of course, no one would answer me...I’m alone.

“Is it a requirement to put a dick in your cunt once you turn this age?” I ask the woman reflecting on my glass. She had a crazy smile on her face.

“Is it?” I raise the glass and talk to her but she just smiles at me.

I squinted my eyes closer to the glass, the woman did the same. She is playing with me.

“You know, you should answer me. I need an answer” I persisted but she just stares back.

“Do I need to have a dick at this age?” I ask her again, raising the glass close to my face. I’m afraid she will disappear without answering my question.

The stubborn woman just smiles at me. I don’t know what her smile meant and I’m losing my patience.

“Well then, maybe I should need one. Maybe that’s what your smile means. Yes?” I ask but she just, again, smiles.

“Fine, here I go. Let’s see who we have here...” with a hazy vision, I look around the almost empty restaurant. All were couples, no one was alone aside from the grim-looking man on the corner. He was holding a glass, staring sharply at the empty chair across from him.

“Nah...erase...he looks scary” I made an x in the air with my index, eliminating the man.

I look around again, only to see all the sweetness of the couples, like salt to my wound.

“You got to be kidding me...” I frustratedly mutter to myself. I massage my aching temple, I’m so messed up.

I had Coby for two years and I thought we were quite good. I thought he understood me for not taking our relationship to the next level. I had a ten million dollar weight on my shoulder. I have to buy back my inheritance, my parents’ love nest.

I’m saving for it, but working on a 9 – 5 job is quite taking long. On the sideline, I had modeled in a few local shows but still not enough. Too preoccupied gathering the ten million dollars and believing my boyfriend understood my plight, here I am now, alone and miserable on valentines day. He left earlier after dropping a bomb of him seeing someone new. What an asshole.

“Well, it’s a shame to put this outfit to waste. I spent several hundred dollars on this” whispering to myself, I keep on looking around but got no possible prospect. Just the same grim-looking man, alone on the corner.

Barging into someone’s table is not on my plan, I don’t want to face an angry girlfriend or wife tonight.

Squinting at the man afar, I stare at his face. He looks handsome. Maybe. I shook my head to clear my vision, just to be sure. Yes, he is handsome.

“This is it. Now or never” I took a deep breath and released it in a huff. Mustering all the courage I have, I stand up. I wobbled but got myself steady on time. I don’t want to create more attention than I need.

“I am not frigid...not a prude” I kept on convincing myself. The two words Coby said kept on ringing in my head.

“I am not just for display. I could be more than a pretty face” I mutter with a clenched jaw.

“It’s your loss, not mine” I scoff at the thought of my nerve of a boyfriend...no ex-boyfriend.

“I will enjoy this Valentine...I will not sulk in one corner...” I continue to whisper, not realizing I reached the table I intend to go to.

Startled, I stared at the cold gaze meeting mine. I literally froze at the chilling coldness reflecting in his eyes.

“Ahm... ”

I lost the words. His eyes were distracting me. It’s dangerously void yet intimidating.

I stood rigidly under his criticizing gaze, unable to move, more so speak. I haven’t felt this much intimidated until now. All the alcohol in my system seems to have dissipated while enduring his chilling cold gaze.

“No turning back, Lexie” I heard a voice in my head, reminding me of my purpose.

“Yeah, no turning back” I whisper before gathering all the courage left in me.

Unconcerned by his penetrating gaze, I sat across him, meeting his eyes though my vision is quite blurry. I can't clearly see his face but I assume he is handsome.

Silence ruled while I scan my head for words to say.

“Do you have a date?” I ask at last.

I smile, but don't know if it came out, right. I feel like losing control even of my muscles.

No, I need to get hold of myself. I'm not pathetic. Yes, I was dumped but I won't be miserable.

Even after several moments, I got no reply. Unable to guess what he was thinking, he continues to stare at me. The silence is slowly destroying my self-confidence but I need to try.

“Okay, let's make this straight. I want a dick tonight. Will, you be available?” I boldly ask. It's now or never. Thanks to the alcohol, I had the courage I need.

I won't mope in one corner for a turndown. I know my worth. If he won't take me, then I will find someone else.

I modeled several brands of lingerie, even make-up, and clothes. Though, not the big names in the market, I'm always on print ads and brochures.

I waited while our gazes locked. I'm starting to feel weary, if he doesn't want me then I need to move on beautifully.

"Okay, it's a no...thanks" I stood and turned away, not sparing another glance at the man. My feet slightly wobble but I was able to grasp the chair.

Looking around, I noticed some men in the corner, standing. I could choose from one of them. Swaying my way back to my table, I felt dizzy.

"This is great, Lexie. You are making a total mess with your life" I scoff before slumping on my chair.

In one go, I finish a glass of water. Trying to have focus, I shook my head. This night will not end with me being alone.

"Damn...I feel desperate" I frustratedly comb my unbound hair, but I don't want to back down. Grabbing my purse, I stand up and went straight to the man standing not far from the door.

"At least he is wearing a business suit" I squinted towards him. Like the first man I approached, this looks intimidating too.

"Hey..." I stopped a few feet from him.

"I will bring you to the room" he mutters without letting me speak. He gestures his hand for me to lead the way. I feel like raising my brows. Is he this eager to have me?

"To the elevator" he added when I remained unmoving from my spot. I narrowed my eyes, gauging his looks. My vision is not cooperating, though.

“You are not a serial killer, right? I just need fun tonight. I don’t plan on being the headline the next morning being murdered and all” I look at him and saw his amused face. I’m tipsy but I’m still sane.

I’m starting to fear the unknown. However, thinking the place we are in is prestigious with reputable and rich clients quite appease my mind. One needs to have at least a month of appointment to secure a seat. I don’t think someone would be interested to hurt me if all I need is fun. They won’t be getting any valuables aside from my earrings, an heirloom from my mom.

I just realized, my stupid ex-boyfriend brought me to high-class dining just to dump me. I grit my teeth. By the mere thought, I want to poke his eyes. At least he honors me first with this magnificent place before kicking me out.

“No. There will be no such thing as that” he briefly replied while I earnestly stare at him. My blurry vision seems to have cleared.

“Okay” I shrugged before swaying my way towards the elevator.

There were other men outside just like how the man I’m with was attired. They were scattered around. I think I will have a lot of choices if this man declined me too.

I stepped inside and the man followed. The whole time after he pinned the floor, we both become quiet. I can’t find an appropriate conversation. This man is about to pick my precious flower, will I ask his name first? No, I won’t. That would be a complication. I’m stupid, yes maybe I am. After this night, I will be back to reality. Striving for the 10 million I need to raise. I will not have

this chance and I will not be this brave. I might just die trying to raise the amount without experiencing this kind of boldness, so better enjoy it now.

The sound of the elevator door opening brought me back to the present. After turning to him, he gestured for me to step out while he holds the door.

My not-so-high heels echoed at the empty hallway as we walk. It's been a drill with Coby not to wear more than three inches heels. With my 5'7" height and Coby's 5'10, I need to preserve his ego, but the moron still thinks I'm not enough.

I could not see any door but the huge one not far from us. Remained quiet, the man walk just a step behind me. I wonder what kind of person I had picked. He seems to be occupying the entire floor and I could see several men scattered.

Using a key card, he opened the door. Stepping inside, my eyes immediately wander. The whole place screams elegance and grandeur. The man is fucking rich.

My eyes were busy checking the whole place when I noticed him heading towards the door.

“Where are you going?” I ask before he could leave.

“Make yourself comfortable. The boss will be here in a moment” the man announced before closing the door. Not giving me the chance to ask.

“Boss?”



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