

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

## Chapter 3

### Chapter 3 Proposal

Stirring from sleep, she instantly feels all her aching limbs. She feels battered. Her lids were too heavy, she stops trying to open them. Failing to wake up, she drifted to slumber again.

The second time she stirs from sleep, she took several deep breaths as she tried to recall her last night's activity. She wanted to understand the excruciating pain in her body.

Recalling some bits and pieces of what happened, she groaned and buried her face in the soft pillow. But grimaced from the pain that shoots up from between her legs.

"What have you done, Lexie" she spat on herself.

Remained unmoving from her spot, she tried to recall everything but only got some vague memories of last night. She was so engrossed mulling with her predicament, not realizing someone else's presence inside the room.

"You slept the whole day away" a deep voice interrupted her contemplation.

Slowly, she raised her face and turned towards the direction of the voice. Reaching the spot, her eyes met the same piercing eyes she stared at the whole night.

Silence filled the room as they continue staring at each other. Her mind suddenly went blank, unable to find words to say to him.

"If you are hungry, there is food here" he added casually.

The man was already dressed in a long white shirt rolled before his elbows, black pants, and black loafers. While here she was, still naked. Only a blanket covering her nakedness.

"Ahm, what time...is it?" she found her voice, though hoarse.

"Already seven in the evening" he briefly replies after checking his watch.

Seven in the evening? She groans frustratedly. Indeed, she slept the day away. That is how exhausted she was.

She stayed still, staring at the ceiling. A lot crossing her mind. What now?

"You need to go home?" her mind answered.

Heaving a sigh, she slowly turn towards the bathroom, assessing it's distance from the bed. She needs a warm shower to ease her aching body, but she's still trying to figure out how she can walk towards it with the throbbing pain she has.

Ever so slowly, she tried to sit up. It's been a dreadful undertaking even to just move. She still cannot feel her lower part. The unfortunate fruit of her boldness last night.

Painfully, she dragged herself to the bathroom to take her much-needed shower. Ignoring the man watching her slow movement.

Taking her time to relieve all the aches in her limbs, she stood under the steaming water. The cubicle is fogging but she doesn't seem to mind. She was too lost in her thoughts. Not only the pain she wanted to be relieved but all the confusing emotions burdening her already heavy chest.

She was always been calculated and responsible for her actions. But last night was an exception. She was so irresponsible.

"What is done is done..." she whispers to herself, staring blankly at the wall.

"Let's forget it and move on..." she added, heaving a sigh.

After Coby breaking up with her and what happened last night, she doesn't think she will be interested in having a relationship soon. She had enough mistakes for a day. She needs to focus on raising the ten million or she will lose her inheritance from her parents.

"At least, you had experienced this kind of thing..." she scoffs, mocking herself.

Setting aside all the troubling thoughts behind her mind, she continued to shower. She cannot turn back time and she doesn't want to turn it back. She had a great memory of last night. She unexpectedly enjoyed it.

Stepping out of the bathroom with just a robe, she found the man still seated on the same spot earlier. Their gazes met before she turned away to find her dress, which she found draped on the chair across from him.

If she was embarrassed she tried not to show it upon seeing her black lingerie atop her black dress. Knowing he tidy her things made her blush. She could feel the heat creeping her face.

It's been a while after she slowly step towards the chair to get her discarded clothes.

Ignoring his intense gaze she turns around towards the bathroom door.

"I've seen it all, smelled and tasted your body. Why the shyness now?" his words made her stop midstep.

Not knowing what to reply, she remained nailed on the floor, tightly holding her things. Yes, he was right. No part of her body remains untouched by his hands and lips. What could she be shy about anymore? He had reached the part of her body she haven't even touched. He had scorched her depth while giving her immeasurable pleasure. Dressing in front of him is no big deal.

Slowly, she went towards the bed and place her things. She took her time wearing her undies before taking off her robe to wear her brassiere. Trying to act calm despite the drilling gaze fixed on her, she slipped her dress over her head.

"Eat" his next word made her turn to him.

Food was on the table and as a queue, her stomach rumbles. She was hungry. She hadn't had any food the whole day.

Still, in silence, she took her seat across from him and quietly ate. Hungry is an understatement, she was famished. Not long, she devoured everything on her plate with him watching her in silence.

"Thank you for the food," she said after a while of awkward silence.

"What about my performance last night, won't you thank me too?" he seriously ask, which made her look at him, gauging his mood. She can't tell if it's a joke or he was serious. Does she have to thank him? How would she know he did great? She felt great with what he did though.

"Ahm, well...thank you" she mumbles but avoided his gaze. She could feel the heat creeping her face again. It's absolutely awkward.

"You're welcome" he replied, to her aghast. Her head snapped towards him in time to see his smirk. Clenching her jaw, she sharply looks at him while his eyes reflect his humor. She battles with his penetrating gaze, too stubborn to back down. How dare he, making fun of her.

"Alright, let's get down to business" he announced after a while of their silent duel.

Raising her brows, she stares at him, her eyes questioning. Does she need to pay him?

"Do I need to pay you? How much?" she outright asked.

With her words, his amused face turns grim and dark. His piercing sharp eyes narrowed as he stared directly at her.

“Can you afford me?” he snickers.

“Just tell me how much” she stubbornly retorted. She is getting pissed by his arrogance.

“500 billion dollars” he briefly replies with raised challenging brows. But she was taken aback not by his imposing look or the amount he said, it’s the revelation that shock her.

“What?” she mumbles in disbelief.

“My present net worth is more or less 500 billion dollars” he unconcernedly replied.

Too stunned to talk, she continues gaping at him while he waited for her to come around.

“That’s why you look familiar...” she frustratedly whispers, facepalming herself. The man she often sees on tv and in newspapers but hasn’t met in person.

The only person in the country who has a five hundred billion net worth. A business tycoon.

“CEO Lucien Wright...” she whispers in despair, almost indistinct. She can’t believe she messed up big time. Of all the men she would approach, it’s the richest man in the country. The cold and ruthless CEO of Wright Group of Companies.

The man across her remained quiet while watching her mentally scolding herself. Her expression divulge everything in her mind and unexpectedly, she was so easy to read.

“You got to be kidding me, Lexie” she mentally whined.

“Of all people...” she continued.

“You could have stopped Coby from leaving you. You could have changed his mind if you offered what he has been asking you for a long time” she groaned in frustration.

“It’s just sex, you could have given it to him than to a random man” she massaged her tensed nape.

“It could have been Coby you had sex with if not for your pride!” she clenched her jaw.

“What did I tell you!”

She was too engrossed with her thoughts when she was suddenly startled by the man’s hard voice. Looking up to him, her brows knotted seeing his angry face.

Not knowing where his outburst coming from, she continues to stare at him, lost from the sudden change of his mood.

“I forbid you to say any man’s name in my presence” he warns angrily, his already sharp eyes glaring coldly at her.

Not understanding what he meant, she remained dumbfounded. She continue to stare at him until she realized something, making her eyes grow wide. Has she spoken her thoughts? He heard her talking about Coby.

Despite realizing what she did, she is still in confusion about how it affects the man’s mood. And when did she was prohibited to say any man’s name? Did she miss something? Is this what CEO Wright’s rule with his one-night stand?

“Pardon me, it was not meant to be heard” she mutters. She sounded confused more than being apologetic.

Still, with his sharp gaze, he turn sideways and took a piece of paper.

Casually, he placed it in front of her.

With furrowed brows, she read the heading before raising her confused eyes to him.

“I need a wife, name your price” he casually announces.

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