

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

Chapter 7

Chapter 7 Possessiveness

Lexie together with other C&J Advertising personnel enters the huge hall where the victory party of Wright Pharmaceutical was held. As the advertising company that handles the new business venture of Wright Group of Companies, they were all invited. Elegant and sophisticated guests grazed the event as the group quietly joins.

Donned in a black jumpsuit gown, highlighting her slender figure and long legs, paired with strappy four inches heels, Lexie looks like a Barbie doll came to life. With a messy bun of her brown hair, her bare back was fully exposed. And a glimpse of her flawless supple mounts, taunting every man's imagination.

Even Chris did not hide his admiration towards the girl, together with the rest of the men in the party.

Lexie may not have realized her effect on those men, but she was fully aware of the drilling gaze set on her. She need not turn to find whose eyes it was.

She sticks beside Trina and Cathy while Chris sticks to her side. Not able to find a way to avoid Chris, she makes sure to maintain her distance from the man.

CEO Lucien Wright may look busy talking with other guests, but she was aware his eyes were on her. Trouble is not something she wanted to brew with the cold CEO.

While enjoying her glass of champagne, talking with Trina, she was approached by a very familiar handsome man. The face of Wright Pharmaceutical, one of the famous male models of the country.

"Hello, Justin Trevor" he extended her hand to Lexie who hesitantly accepted.

"Lexie..." she politely smiles as they shook hands.

He also shook hands with the rest of her colleagues but his admiring eyes returned to her.

"I saw you during the shoot, but we're not able to be acquainted" he exclaims with a smile.

"Yes, we were handling the promotion of Wright Pharmaceutical. I had visited the shoot a few times" she politely replies.

"Ahm... wanna hang out if you have free time?" he added with an expectant smile.

"Excuse me..."

Before she could respond, a man she was familiar with interrupted their conversation.

"Miss Alexzia Montes, someone wants to talk to you, can you please follow" the man casually announces.

Several pairs of curious eyes turn to her which she did not dare meet.

"Excuse me for a moment" she mumbles before turning away. Leaving everyone curious.

Eyes follow her as she enters the door where the man had gestures for her. Continuing to walk, she recalled if he was still in the venue but her thoughts were interrupted when they arrive at another door.

Opening the door for her, the man gestures for her to enter, which she readily did.

It's an office she enters with and a man is sitting on the couch with his piercing eyes on her.

Without being told, she approaches but stops a few feet from him.

“Closer” he mutters.

Closing their gap, she stood in front of him. Close enough for her gown touching his knee. She remains standing under his scrutiny but making no move.

Silence ruled before his movement rustled against the leather couch.

Two huge hands cup her hips while he buried his face at her crotch.

“Mr. Wright...” she was quite alarmed when he bit her there from the outside of her gown.

“Everybody is feasting on you” he grimly muttered, tightening his hold on her hips.

Without anything to counter, she remains quiet, enduring his painful hold. She was aware it was a bold choice she took, wearing the gown she had now. However, she fell in love with it, the instant she saw it.

“You really had a great choice with dresses. It’s making every man crazy” he added as he continues to nibble, inhaling her on that part.

“I love your sweet scent...” he mumbles while his hand was busy finding the zipper, which he found at the sides.

Sliding it down, he snaked his hand inside to find what he has been smelling.

“Arghh... Mr. Wright...the party has just started...please don’t” she tried to make him stop but he seems deaf. He continues to rub her there.

“Ahhhhh...” to keep steady, she grabs his shoulder and clung to him. There’s no indication he will stop his assault on her body.

“Ahhhhhn...” she keeps on moaning while he enjoys her wetness. His fingers were getting faster, bringing her to her peak.

“Arghhh...I’m coming...ah shit...” her body convulsed as her nails dug on his shoulder. Huffing at her euphoria.

“Hmmm...” she whimpers after he plunges in his middle finger inside.

“So warm and tight...” he huskily whispers before taking out his finger and bringing it in his mouth.

Intently staring at her drunk gaze, he licks his fingers that touch her. Not surprised by what he did, she dazedly watches him. She was used to him licking her or his fingers after playing with her.

“I’m leaking...” she whines. Her pantyliner has detached and there’s no way she would wear a full liner. Her cum soaked in.

“Here...” he handed her his white handkerchief from his pocket.

Incredulous, she glares at him.

“Better than nothing, unless you want me to ask Ben to get you a liner” he casually said.

“This will be fine” snatching the cloth from him, she fold it and arranged it inside.

“Give me my handkerchief back later” he added to her aghast. His fetish is still making her flustered most of the time.

“You want my liner?” she teased. “Sure, give it to me” he casually responded while opening his palm to her.

Taken aback, she froze. She hasn’t expected he will take her joke seriously.

“You are joking?” she asks.

“No, give it to me...” he seriously responds, urging her.

“Mr. Wright!” she stomps her feet as she glares at him. She was scandalized by his bluntness.

“What?” he glares back at her.

“You are shameless” she met his gaze but balled her hand around her used liner. She has no intention of giving it to him.

“I will find a trashcan” she turns away but he caught her waist.

“I told you give it to me. I will dispose of it for you” he mutters while prying her fingers to get the small pad.

“Mr. Wright” she exclaims incredulously. What she didn’t expect is for him to chuckle.

“I will dispose of it for you. I don’t want your thing scattering around here, that’s too risky. Don’t worry, I will have my handkerchief later, so, promise I will dispose of this” he assures her with an amused smile.

The first time he saw him. 1

She continues to stare at him before a smile grazed her face. His smile is contagious and though she was surprised he was capable of such, it has a different effect on her.

“I will return to the party...” she mumbled.

“Remember, no engagements with any man” he pulled her by the waist and sharply glare at her.

“It would be difficult” she retorted.

” Then, I don’t want seeing interest in these clear eyes” he added before placing a kiss on her lids.

“No one interests me...” she whispers while his lips trail her face until it reaches her lips.

“Good...”

Ravishing her lips, he sucks and nibbles, taking her breath away. Only let her go when they can no longer breathe. With panting breaths, their forehead pressed together.

“I need to retouch my lipstick” she whispers as they snuggle to each other’s faces.

“I will wait...” he let her go.

Not long she was back at the party, welcomed by the questioning eyes of her colleagues.

“Just a previous acquaintance” she readily explains but did not convince them. Despite their obvious curiosity, no one asks as they enjoy their champagne.

After a while she had settled, CEO Lucien Wright entered the hall again, followed by his security. Wherever he went after he just disappeared, no one dares to ask.

The head of security following behind the CEO was the one who approached her earlier and she could guess her colleagues’ confusion.

“Are you, in any way acquainted with the CEO?” Trina whispers

“The last time I brought him the proposal was the only thing I can remember” she responded dismissingly. She doesn’t want to lie.

If they have other questions, she acted unconcerned and engrossed with looking around the other guests. Chris never averted his gaze from her but she acted she doesn’t notice.

What’s more puzzling was the security from the CEO’s entourage, standing near wherever she go. If they intend to guard the party, why tail a certain person.

Sharing meaningful glances, her colleagues altogether turn to look at her, waiting for her reaction but they got none.

With the scary and intimidating men near their table, no one had dared to approach.

Even Chris sat one seat apart from her with Trina between them while Cathy was on her other side. Unknown to her, a lot had tried to approach her but glares from two scary security meet the men first even before they could get near. No matter what the status of her marriage to the CEO, she is still his woman. And no man could equal CEO Lucien Wright when it comes to guarding what is his. He may look busy with his guests but he made sure, his gaze would constantly check the gorgeous woman in black across the room. Possessiveness overflows his veins when it comes to his lovely contracted wife.