

MY WIFE IS AN ALOOF BEAUTY

Chapter 1481 Yes I Do (Part Three)



She had worked so hard on her homework and now it was gone. She was extremely furious. She had to hand in the homework on Monday. Now she had no choice but to draw a new picture. Even if she tried to remember all the details in her former painting, it wouldn't be the same as the original which was done by looking right at the scenery in person. She was in a fret because she couldn't have a good sleep tonight even though she was exhausted. But she really didn't want to move now. She only wanted to lie in bed and close her eyes.

Michelle pulled at her hair in despair. If Erin was right in front of her now, she would definitely punch her in the face and shave her bald. Then she would see how Erin could show off with her swollen face every day. She was doing her best not to show her true gangster colors but if a bitch like Erin would push her to the edge, she would gladly give her a taste of her fist.

"What are you doing? Are you hurting yourself now?" Luke crossed his arms and leaned against the door, smiling playfully as he watched her tear at her hairs and scream inwardly in frustration.

"Oh! Well, what are you doing here?" Michelle hurriedly smoothed her hair which was in a mess. She felt very embarrassed of being caught acting like she was possessed by the devil.

"Well, I just heard some strange noises coming from your room, so I came here to check if anything is wrong." Luke snorted and then turned around. He was about to leave.

"Luke, can you spare several minutes for me?" Michelle asked abruptly. She suddenly found a new subject that she wanted to paint for her homework. Forget the mountain scenery.

"What?" Luke stopped and said shortly, not willing to waste any words.

"Can you be my model?" Michelle pleaded while biting her nails.

"Pfft. What makes you think that I'd agree." Luke snorted and refused her without hesitation.

"Why not?" Michelle didn't want to give up. She had only one day left and she was desperate.

"You wil

. She didn't know why. He should have at least used classier examples.

"Okay, I say yes. Yes! I do!" Patricia said firmly, as if fearing that she would regret the next second. She spoke with curt finality and told herself that there was no going back. This was it!

"Yes? Yes! Great! There must be a wedding ceremony! You agree with this, right?" Tom looked at her. It was his mother's wish to have a wedding ceremony for her son, and he would finally be able to fulfill it.

"Yes of course, but can we wait until Leena comes back?" She couldn't imagine her wedding without Leena by her side. Leena was her BFF and her absence would be a big regret in her life. She would be happy in this marriage and surely she wanted Leena's blessings. In fact, she wanted Leena to be her maid of honor.

"I agree. She is my sister and I also want her to be there on the biggest day of our life." Tom used 'our' instead of "my" in his words. It clearly showed that from the moment Patricia said yes, he bound her to him and would never let her go.

A marriage was settled without a matchmaker's help or their parents' permission. What would await them? What would their married life be like? Were they going to be happy in this marriage or not? It would all depend on how hard they were willing to work for it, to fight for it.

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Chapter 1482 I Miss You But You Dont Know (Part One)



"Why did you steal my painting?" asked a woman's voice. It was Michelle. She found Erin in the restroom. Erin wanted to escape, but Michelle stopped her. After looking at her scathingly, Michelle put the "Cleaning, Do Not Disturb" sign at the door, to avoid having someone interrupt them.

"What are you talking about? Who stole your painting?" asked Erin innocently, taking a step back in fear. She never knew this side of Michelle. She had heard rumors, but it was her first time to see it with her own eyes.

"What? Just admit it, you are a bitch!" Michelle teased, using the very same words Erin had used on her in the past. She wasn't a weak woman, and she wasn't about to let anyone bully her as they wished. Michelle decided to take control and fight back.

"I don't know what you're talking about," snapped Erin, but couldn't meet Michelle's eyes. Determined, she continued to deny the accusation. There was no way she'd admit the truth. Michelle was right: she had something to do with the missing painting.

"Really? You really don't know?" mocked Michelle. "You never got along well with Hilda. But all of a sudden, you appeared in our room. And just when I

came back from outside, you seemed to be shaken by something. Are you still sure you don't know what I'm talking about? And, oh!" exclaimed Michelle, adding as an afterthought, "Don't tell me you felt sorry for Hilda, and that's why you went to our room." Michelle slapped her hand against the door to stop Erin from opening it. She wasn't going to let the woman get away before admitting the truth.

"What are you saying?" said Erin, her eye contact faltering. "I just - I just went to warn her about something." Michelle was getting closer to the truth, and it worried Erin. She didn't know what else to say, but she had to make a good excuse to divert Michelle's attention.

"Did you? Hilda was so nice. She must've made you a cup of coffee. If I'm not mistaken, was that when you took

could not fight against her face to face. So she promised what Michelle wanted to hear. However, whether she would keep the promise? It was another story.

"If you're planning to have your revenge in the future, you'd better give it up. I'm a nobody, and I don't care about being alive or not. If you do something again to me, I'm not sure what kind of crazy things I'll do as a payback. Trust me, you wouldn't want to know. Am I clear enough?" Michelle shook her head. She was born and raised in a faction after all. If there was something she learned in a troubling environment, it was to stand up for herself. If needed, she knew how to be intimidating as well. And she was doing it extremely well towards Erin.

"I..." Erin swallowed hard once again. She could not help but shudder at the sight of Michelle's insidious eyes.

"Of course, if you do as you promised, I'll be nice to you. So... if I were you, I'd think about it carefully," Michelle said, and played with her curled hair. She

twirled Erin's hair playfully, as if she was a man flirting with her, and it almost looked evil and terrible.

"Okay. Can I leave now?" Now all Erin wanted was to escape from this place, from Michelle, as soon as she could. As for her other plans, she would think about them another time when she was safe.

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Chapter 1483 I Miss You But You Dont Know (Part Two)



"Yes, please," Michelle clapped her hands and took a step back. If she were still the old Michelle from the past, Erin would have already been hit by Michelle and would not have any opportunity to find fault with her.

Erin staggered away in haste. Before she walked out of the place, Michelle said from behind, "That guy, Bradley. It's your business if you like him. But please, don't consider me to be your rival. He's not my type." Obviously, Michelle was sneering. She had been busy handling Luke, and she didn't want to have to deal with other troubles on top of that.

Erin turned around to glance at her. Then, quickly, she walked away. Michelle was absolutely a crazy woman. And everyone would do well to steer clear of a crazy woman.

Michelle smiled coolly. Oh, God! Since when did she become so kind? She was nice enough to let her get away unharmed. This would never have happened with the old Michelle. Perhaps, the evil Michelle was in the process of becoming a kind Michelle.

Patricia felt like she was in a dream as she examined the red marriage certificate in her hand. Everything seemed to be unreal. She wasn't sure about how she felt. Happy? Worried? She was about to find it as soon as Tom and she lived together.

Her parents were ecstatic when she told them she was marrying Tom. They were beyond satisfied to have him as their son-in-law so that they wanted to send her to Tom's home in a heartbeat. In their opinion, Tom was an excellent man. She, on the other hand, had some reservations about him. Whether she liked it or not, she was tossed into Tom's house by her parents. And although she had been there before, she didn't get to take a close look at it then. When she stepped into the house, however, she felt like she was dreaming again.

"It's a new house. Of course, if you don't like the decoration, feel free to change the layout of the room as you like," Tom said with a gentle voice, his hands in his pockets. Although he was hurt by her when she lied to him, he couldn't bear to see

h anyone, leaving no clue where she went. Was she really going to give up on her marriage after everything? But, if she was considering it, shouldn't she at least listen to what Kevin had to say?

Meanwhile, Leena, who was on the other side of the world, couldn't help but sneeze a bit. She placed her pen brush down, and sniffed unknowingly. A family photo of Kevin and her could be seen in front of her. She had badgered him constantly to take this picture, not knowing that someday she would leave him, and have only the photo to remember his handsome face.

Her fingers rested on his eyebrows. She could not help but rub to ease the wrinkles on his forehead unconsciously. Thoughts ran through her mind as she stared at the picture. How was he? Was he eating well? Did he miss her?

No, no! She shouldn't ask him to miss her. After all, it was she who decided to leave. Now that she chose to let him go, she shouldn't expect him to wait for her. She didn't want to give any more false hopes. That was why she kept herself from all the news surrounding her family and him.

She knew her sudden disappearance must've upset many of her friends and family. But at the time, she felt it was the only choice she had. She just couldn't behave well and be honest with Kevin, especially during the times when he talked passionately about having kids.

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Chapter 1484 I Miss You But You Dont Know (Part Three)



Leena glanced at her watch. It was time for her to take her medicine. Although she had left Kevin, she still insisted on taking the medicine to treat her body. She was unintentionally making an effort, like she was still harboring some hope in her heart. The medicine was bitter, and more disgusting, than the last one she took. Yet she controlled her urge to vomit, and forced herself to take it all in.

Paris was a city she couldn't be more familiar with. Choosing to hide here didn't make her feel lonely. In fact, it helped as she had several things to keep her mind busy. And being busy kept her from becoming lazy. The only inconvenience was that she had to be under a disguise at all times to avoid being recognized. Aware of the likelihood that her family and friends hired some private detectives, she had to be very careful to avoid exposing herself. Although Edward's father sent some people to protect her, it couldn't hurt to take extra precaution.

Looking at the thick, black concoction, Leena bit her lower lip in deep thought. Finally, she mustered all the courage she had and drained all of it in a single gulp. The bitterness lingered in her tongue, just like the bitterness she had in her heart. It seemed like the taste wouldn't come off her tongue.

Kevin's stomach dropped all of a sudden, as if he felt Leena's experience and it made him worry. It had already been a month. He had assumed that Leena wouldn't be able to handle the pain of being apart from him. But no. After waiting for her to come back this whole time, nothing changed. He seemed to have gravely overestimated his importance in her heart for she was still nowhere to be found.

He tore up the divorce settlement in anger. The letter she left for him was stored in the locker of his desk. It recorded both her love and cruelty towards him. Every time he missed her, he would take it out and read it again. He would stare at it longingly, as if he could see her writi

t by the family!

"Bye!" said Kevin, neither admitting nor denying. He merely gave out a simple response, got into his car, and then drove away. He didn't want to waste much of his time on her at all, not for another second.

'Damn it!' she thought, stomping her foot. Louisa walked out of the army base swiftly, hoping that her presence wasn't reported to his father. Otherwise, there would be terrible consequences waiting for her at home.

Kevin had gotten used to days with warm dinner waiting for him at home. But now, with Leena gone, there was nothing but darkness welcoming him. Although it had been a month now, he still couldn't accept the reality. He always imagined that Leena would come out from somewhere in the house, look at him with a bright smile, and then leave a gentle kiss on his face. He would be extremely glad if that happened.

"Most of the time, I miss you, but you don't know it," he said quietly to himself, swallowing back what seemed to be lodged in his throat. Wherever he looked, he would see Leena. The cute her, the wronged her, or the lovely her. He missed all different versions of her. But whenever he reached out to touch her face, to hold her in his arms, she would disappear into the thin air. His heart hurt so much as if it was going to break at any time.

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Chapter 1485 Be Honest With Each Other (Part One)



"Are we going to sleep in the same room?" Patricia asked nervously as she bit her finger. She was sitting on the bed and God knew how fast her heart was beating just by gazing at the man before her.

"So what? We're married. What's wrong if we sleep in the same room?" said Tom as he unbuttoned his shirt one by one. It seemed that he didn't even care that Patricia was there at all. He was too casual as if stripping before her was the most natural thing to do.

"Oh! Okay! Are you going to change?" Patricia looked away. There was this mixture of awkwardness and warmth that was crawling her skin. Yes, she might be a straightforward person but that didn't mean that she was shameless enough to watch this handsome man undress before her. Thus, she said, "Let me walk out of here for a while. I'll go back into the room once you're done."

Those timid words made Tom frown for a second. He never thought of a person as bold as her to be this shy. "Seriously, Patricia? Is that even necessary? Haven't you seen me naked already?"

"Nonsense. I've never seen you naked, okay?" countered Patricia as her face blushed at once. She felt her neck went stiff as she dared not to look at Tom.

"You mean you want to see it again?" Smiling wickedly, Tom suddenly stepped closer to her and bent over to examine her beautiful face. He was obviously enjoying this. He couldn't even explain why her bashfulness was turning him on.

"Uh... No, I'm fine. I'll go downstairs and get some water." Patricia swallowed and then hurried out of the room as if a monster was chasing after her. Nevertheless, her steps automatically halted at the moment when she stepped out of the door. 'Wait! Haven't I been imagining him to do such long ago? Tom is now showing me his naked body for free! Why would I refuse? I'm such a fool, ' she thought.

Meanwhile, Tom smiled quietly and didn't mind that she just walked away. He then went into the bathroom. He was aware that it could take time for people to get used to something. Thus, he decided to give her time to adapt to him. Frankly, regardless of how much he loved that woman, he needed time to get used to her too. Suddenly living with someone was such a new phase to him as well anyway.

Long minutes had passed but Patricia still hadn't come back to their room. She said she would just drink water. Tom found it weird but then ignored it. Instead, he went straight into the study room. He simply didn't have time to spend with her since he got a lot of difficult cases to study.

Moreover, Tom was afraid that his friends might play a trick on him once they found out that he go

irs before deciding to go back to their room. A long sigh escaped her chest upon seeing that Tom wasn't in the room. She trudged towards their bed in relief and started to relax. Although she was not familiar with the place, the

smell of Tom in bed gave her a certain peace of mind. Who could have thought that they would marry? Nonetheless, she was positive that things would be alright. She didn't know how many difficulties would be ahead of them but she knew that they would be able to solve them as long as they loved each other.

Unlike other men's bedrooms, Tom's room was exuding simple luxury. Every inch of it was highlighting his personal taste and fashion sense. However, Patricia thought that his room was dominated by cold tones with no warmth. The warmth of a particular place was the most important thing that women cared about. Tom's place was simply lacking it. Thus, it made Patricia a little uncomfortable.

There were a lot of things going through Patricia's head as she lay wide awake. She was getting jitters with the thought that she and Tom were going to sleep in the same bed. The feelings he stirred in her were still lingering all over her body. She didn't know if they would have the same passion tonight but she hoped that they would. She missed how his lips made trails against her skin. How he kissed every inch of her and how he claimed every part of her body.

Patricia's face instantly turned red upon realizing her train of thoughts. Thus, she looked even lovelier.

She was still stuck on the bed when Tom came in. His eyes landed on the stunning woman on his bed. Her white skin and long legs immediately had his heart skipping a beat. However, he soon recovered and approached her with fake composure.

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"What took you so long to get up here? What were you doing downstairs?" asked Tom with a playful smile. He then walked towards their bed and sat next to Patricia.

"Uh... When did you come in?" Patricia sat up straight and thought, 'Damn it! Does he know what I was imagining about? Shoot!'

"When? Just in time to see how you were clutching my pillow and smelling it." Tom joked out as he leaned against the headboard casually. He looked very seductive when he crossed his long legs and turned to his wife. Then he added, "Ah? Are you seriously that crazy about me? That's how you look like while you're sniffing my pillow."

"No, I am not. I just sniffed your pillow to check if there's any sweat on it. Didn't they say that men's pillows are the most smelly in addition to the socks?" Patricia fancied out the message she had heard when she was a student.

"It could be true for other men but then I'm a doctor. Do you think I'm that messy? For a man like me, I would never let my pillow to stink." Tom felt a surge of comfort while talking with Patricia. It seemed that marriage didn't really bother him at all. Actually, he felt great. 'I guess it is nice to have someone around and talk about trivial things every day. This is perhaps how simple and sweet life should be,' he thought.

"For your information, I don't have any clue about doctor's hygiene. I must do that sniff-test to make sure that your sweat smell won't wake me up just in case I cross over your pillow." After hearing his explanation, Patricia did not know what to say, so she began to quibble.

"You're being unreasonable. Come over," commanded Tom. He was looking at her as if he was a king who was waiting for Patricia to answer back.

"What are you doing?" Patricia unconsciously tugged at the collar of her nightgown as if she wanted to protect herself.

"Tell me. What should a newly married couple do in the same bed?" Although Tom did not intend to do so, he couldn't help but tease the beauty who was lying next to him.

"Er... But... I'm hungry..." Patricia immediately regretted what she said as soon as it came out of her mouth. She thought, 'How could I say that under such circumstances? Oh my God! He is sure to misunderstand me. How could I be so stupid?'

"Girl, you're so passionate. Are you sure you're hungry? Well, okay. I don't really mind if you want to taste me that much," said Tom viciously. He was just like any other men. He might look like a gentleman outside, but he got his need

romantic relationships, being married was not only about love. It was also about protection, responsibility and encouragement.

"Then why did you leave me the other day?" Patricia pouted with red eyes.

"I'll make it up to you now, okay?" Tom moved closer to her until his lips was next to hers. He could feel her clean warm breath against his lips and it was turning him on uncontrollably.

"Can I say no?" Patricia swallowed. Such a provocative gesture woke up the woman inside her and made her whole body soft.

"What do you think?" Tom said and kissed her. His kiss was so delicate and fascinating. Tom was all excited at the taste of her sweetness. This was their

wedding night and they didn't need a lot of things as long as they loved each other.

Patricia closed her eyes. It turned out that such a moment was not as awkward as she thought. Although this was not the first time between them, there was a big difference between a 'drunk Tom' and a 'sober Tom'. Thus, it was natural for Patricia to be nervous. Patricia did not think that Tom was a great flirt. His emotional words made her swallow her pride. She gave up all her inhibitions before him. She was willing to share the wonderful love and become one with him. She wanted to be the enchanting woman under his body over and over again.

The night was late but their love was just beginning. Scent of lust was suddenly occupying the four corners of the room as the two burned in heat. There was no word to explain the peace they shared as their bodies became one. If they wanted to be with each other forever, they had to work harder. This night belonged to them. No one could get involved.



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Chapter 1487 Mingling With The Elites (Part One)



When Patricia woke up the next morning, there was no sign of Tom anywhere. In her mind, the crazy night seemed unreal, but her aching body was telling her it had not been a dream and they had gratifying sex on this soft bed.

She got up and walked downstairs. The morning sun came through the glass windows. Patricia was in a happy mood because Tom didn't get angry even after she deceived him. "What am I going to do today? It's so boring to be staying home alone," she mumbled to herself. They still hadn't seen Leena, and Michelle had to go to school. So, Patricia was really bored.

"Mrs. Qin, what do you want for breakfast?" Zanna, the housekeeper, asked when she saw Patricia. The housekeeper was sent by Tom's mother to take care of her son. Zanna was good at reading people's minds, and Tom's mother trusted her very much.

"Don't bother, Zanna. I'll eat whatever is available." Patricia gave her an awkward smile for waking up late. With a secret smile, she thought, 'This is all Tom's fault. If not for him, I wouldn't have gotten up so late.'

"All right then. I'll serve you the same breakfast Mr. Qin had this morning." Zanna was in her forties. She looked pleasant and amiable, and not the kind who would make trouble.

"All right. Thank you, Zanna." She smiled at the housekeeper. Perhaps it was because she came from a family of equal social rank, so she didn't feel uncomfortable living in such an enormous villa. Neither did she feel awkward having a servant attend to her needs.

After breakfast, she drove to a market selling home decorations. Patricia wasn't very fond of their bedroom design and wanted to buy fashionable items to enhance the space. Tom had told her she could replace everything in the house as she wanted. Patricia decided not to redecorate the entire room, but only to add colorful ornaments.

She was in the middle of bargaining for a porcelain vase when she got the call from Tom's mother, Pamela. Her mother-in-law requested to see her, so Patricia laid down the vase and turned to leave. But the storekeeper suddenly

stopped her as she decided to accept the price Patricia wanted. Unfortunately, the customer had changed her mind because of more important things that needed her attention.

Pamela, a well-educated woman, had graduated from a distinguished university in S City. She was beautiful and came from a wealthy family. It was love at first sight for Tom's father, but he had courted her for a long time before they became a pair.

"Patricia! Over here!" Pamela called out. Patricia arrived shortly at the restaurant and searched for Tom'

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses."

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his astonishment.

ward smile. In the eyes of the nouveau rich, painting was considered a refined art form, and only the well-educated knew how to appreciate and enjoy it. She herself knew nothing about the arts, so she was forced to change her opinion of Patricia after Pamela's revelation.

The young woman only smiled but said nothing. She didn't understand why her mother-in-law told them the truth, because it embarrassed her to be somewhat bragging about her family. "I guess Mrs. Qin means the kind of store selling cheap paintings. That's why Patricia was embarrassed to

disclose this." The woman with a diamond ring blew on her fingers before casting a mocking glance at Patricia.

Slightly angered by the remark, Patricia said nothing. She was unsure whether these women were Pamela's friends or not, so she refrained from speaking harshly.

"I don't know when Rarity Gallery started selling cheap paintings," Pamela spoke up, as she sipped lemonade. Although everyone in the table was rich woman who wore fashionable clothes and expensive jewelry, Pamela was more graceful and elegant than any of her companions.

"What? Rarity Gallery? The one run by Concordia Pei, the well-known painter? So, Patricia is Concordia Pei's daughter?" one woman exclaimed. Almost everyone in the city knew who Concordia Pei was.

"Ah, no wonder you look so educated and sensible, Patricia. Your parents are both well-known scholars. I heard your father is a professor in C University and is a famous calligrapher. His works are priceless, right?" Then came a series of questions that had Patricia confused and unable to withstand the interrogation. She wasn't expecting her family's exposure so quickly, and all she could give them was an awkward smile.

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Chapter 1488 Mingling With The Elites (Part Two)



"Uhhh, I appreciate that people love my father's works," Patricia acknowledged. It felt uncomfortable to speak about her family's accomplishments. She was thinking that she looked like a fool, and was still

wondering why Pamela exposed her family background. Patricia didn't know what to do or what to say. She finally cast a pleading look at her mother-in-law to ask for help.

"Patricia, you are so modest!" The complete turn-around in attitude was so abrupt and caught Patricia off-guard.

Her situation now made Patricia realize that what she had learned in school over the years never prepared her to cope in these kinds of circumstances. Not only did she feel too young, but also naive to be dealing with them. She was still in shock long after lunch was over.

After Pamela and Patricia bid the ladies goodbye, Tom's mother smiled at her daughter-in-law. "You aren't accustomed to all this yet, are you?" she asked. Pamela knew Patricia was thinking about what just happened because she had been in a similar situation when she had been the girl's age. But after so many years, Pamela had gotten used to the pretentious ways of the elite.

"No, I'm not," Patricia admitted sheepishly. "I feel like a hypocrite!" she told her mother-in-law. The young woman was overwhelmed by her experience and didn't want to lie to Pamela.

"You'll get used to it, don't worry. To remain among the upper-class, you have to keep a high profile in front of them. I believe you want to support Tom, and be a good wife, right? So, you must learn all this," Pamela explained patiently. While she barely knew Patricia, Pamela decided to accept her as a daughter-in-law as long as Tom loved her. And being the future hostess of the Qin family, Patricia still had a lot to learn. Pamela vowed to do her best in training Patricia to become a qualified hostess. Being in this strata of society required doing certain things even those they were not willing to do.

Eyes wide, Patricia cried in disbelief, "What?? You mean I still have to dine with them in the future?" Being surrounded by such kind of women made her lose her appetite. And after being grilled by them, she felt dejected.

"Unfortunately, that's unavoidable. But cheer up! Why don't we go shopping? I'd like to buy some clothes for you," Pamela offered. She grabbed her daughter-in-law's hand and dragged her to the car. Most people had the impression that wives of rich men lived an easy life, but they had no idea that these women also had troubles of their own.

Blowing out a breath, Patricia beamed and said, "All right. Thank you, Mom!

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ded like she had no strength left to talk. She finally understood why men disliked going shopping with women. It could indeed be exhausting! She was a woman but couldn't bear it herself. Patricia wondered why Pamela didn't feel tired at all. 'Did she give herself a shot in the arm?' she thought to herself. 'That's probably the reason! After all, Tom comes from a family of doctors. Maybe Pamela has analeptic at home.'

"Did you go climbing a mountain? Or did you swim a whole ten kilometers?" he asked, as he loosened his necktie. Tom looked at his wife worriedly. For

someone always so full of energy, this was the first time he had seen her this way.

"Mom and I went shopping." Patricia sat up and began massaging her aching muscles. She had just recuperated from the accident and felt uncomfortable after having walked for a long time during their shopping spree.

"I told you not to walk for so long because you've just recovered. Do your legs hurt? Let me check." He couldn't help but be anxious. Taking off his coat, Tom sat next to Patricia and laid her legs on top of his to examine them.

"They hurt a little. I didn't want to go shopping, but your mother said she was changing my style of dressing. When you go upstairs to our room, don't be shocked by the number of shopping bags you'll see," she warned her husband. Even though Patricia was exhausted, her face flushed crimson as she felt somewhat shy while Tom held her legs.

"Mom asked you out? She didn't tell me," Tom said, slightly annoyed. He hadn't informed his mother that Patricia had just recovered from a car accident. Tom decided to call Pamela later and tell her about this. He only wanted to prevent something similar happening in the future.

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Chapter 1489 Playing Hard To Get (Part One)



"Why?" asked Patricia in confusion. "What would you have done if she told you?" Tom didn't answer while Patricia continued. "Would you have joined us for shopping? Is that it?" Her brows creased into a beautiful frown. She didn't understand why Tom was serious about it. After all, it was the first time she

saw him act in such a way. A consistent frown on his face made him appear more intimidating than usual.

"Did you really think I'd want to join you? That's ridiculous," huffed Tom, looking at her weirdly. Patricia merely shrugged. "You silly girl. Why didn't you tell mom that your leg was hurting? She would have understood," scolded Tom as he massaged her leg with a gentle hand. He didn't like the idea of her leg hurting.

"I just couldn't tell her at the time. Do you have any idea how excited she was?" asked Patricia, glancing at him. "She really enjoyed shopping with me. I just didn't have the heart to let her down, that's all. I was trying to get on her good side." She sighed in delight. "If I could just make her like me, I guess we won't have a difficult daughter-and-mother-in-law relationship in the future," Patricia reasoned with Tom, who had been silent this entire time. She recounted all the times her leg hurt, and why she felt it was best to keep it to herself. While she knew deep in her heart that Tom's mother wasn't unreasonable like other mothers-in-law, she still couldn't help it. Even though her mother-in-law would have understood, she just didn't want to cause any friction between them. It was better to be cautious.

"You make it sound like my mom's unreasonable. Can you stop worrying? She is very kind and considerate. She is easy to get along with. She would never give you a hard time." Tom was really c

. It wasn't a big deal, so she might as well come out with the truth.

"Ha ha," chuckled Tom, relaxing upon hearing her explanation. "I think I know what you mean. Were they mom's so-called friends? They're not her real friends, to be honest. Somehow, she just has to socialize with them." Tom explained to Patricia and felt amused by her reaction. Though he didn't like the old ladies himself, he knew how to ignore them. Patricia, on the other hand, was easily fazed by such type of people.

"You know about this?" Patricia asked in surprise. "To be honest, I'm really impressed by your mother. I just can't understand how a nice and kind person like her can be friends with those pretentious and obnoxious women." Patricia was amazed by her mother-in-law's tenacity around such a difficult group of women. She could stand being friends with them despite their nosiness and, in her books, that was truly impressive. If it were Patricia who had to socialize with them, she would have given up a long time ago and run away as soon as possible. She wasn't the kind of woman who could easily deal with people she didn't like, and quite frankly, she was fine by that.

MY WIFE IS AN ALOOF BEAUTY

Chapter 1490 Playing Hard To Get (Part Two)



"Well, she has to. There are all kinds of people you won't find yourself liking in this world. But sometimes, you'll still have to socialize with them. It is what it is. I know it's not ideal at all," he said, noticing the look on her face. "But to be frank, we can't really do much about it. It's simply out of our control." The corners of Tom's lips lifted up in a bitter and helpless smile. In his opinion, Patricia was still too young and had a long way to go before she could understand the way things worked in the real world. It was understandable though, as she had been sheltered by her family her entire life. It was why she lost her appetite when she had lunch with some less desirable people. Much to Tom's surprise, Patricia could be really naive sometimes.

"I know. I really understand what you mean. I just can't help but feel that living that way could be tiring. Maybe I just need some time to adjust to it." Patricia concluded, silently letting out a sigh. Whenever she thought about the

likelihood of having to socialize with those people in the future, whether she liked it or not, she felt sad. Honestly, it wasn't the kind of life she pictured for herself.

"What? Are you afraid? It's not like there's anything you can do about it right now." Tom didn't mean it, even after saying those words. He was only trying to scare her a little. In fact, if she really didn't want to spend time with any of those pretentious people, she wouldn't have to do that and he would never force his wife either. After all, he wasn't the kind of man who needed his wife to suffer in these types of situation. More so since he, too, did not I

nwardly, she decided to accept her fate. She couldn't get away from it anyway, so she might as well embrace and prepare for it. Patricia made up her mind: she would learn to socialize with people, even those whom she didn't like.

It was a chilly morning in S City. Michelle, who had short hair and dressed in gender-neutral clothes, walked towards the bus stop. Everyone who noticed her would presume she was a lively and vivacious young lady when in reality, she was really just running late for school.

"Get in the car," said a demanding voice. A sleek black car stopped by her side. The window rolled down, showing Luke's emotionless handsome face.

Michelle looked at him with uncertainty. "Don't you have to go to the company with Edward?" She asked in a perplexed tone. She thought Luke already left with Edward. Instead of leaving, however, he came to find her.

"Someone else is following him. Hurry up! Aren't you about to be late?" Luke asked, his eyebrows knitted into a serious frown. It was clear that he was an impatient man, and wanted to be back on the road immediately.