

My Bossy CEO Husband  
Chapter 133: Good Luck, Wendy

At the Midnight Bar, the revelry had just begun. It was only half past ten, but the dazzling lights, the loud music and the joyous vibe in the air made everyone giddy. Sitting at the bar, Wendy had a bloody Mary in her hand, sipping it absentmindedly. "Boring" she thought, rolling her eyes at a group of over-excited girls nearby. And she truly meant it. When she lived abroad, she had her fair share of the wild nightlife those girls were after, but over the years she had lost all interest in it. Turning the chair around, she leaned against the bar counter, still holding her drink. She glanced at the entrance of the bar for the umpteenth time that night. She hadn't seen Luke and Ryan enter yet. "Perhaps they aren't coming? No way" She shook her head to disperse the shadow of doubt cloaking her mind. Luke had definitely seen her. And knowing him, Wendy was sure he would try everything to bring Ryan here. She raised a hand to her face. Maybe Luke didn't recognize her. She wore a lot of makeup after all. Then all her efforts would be in vain. She wondered if she should give up. 'No!' The show had begun. How can the lead actress get cold feet now? "Just be patient and wait a bit more" she soothed herself. When she had entered the bar, she had turned many heads. With her makeup and her figure it was hard not to. As Wendy was waiting, glancing at the door every now and then, a man came up at her. "Excuse me. Is this seat taken?" Wendy turned to the man and gave him a searching look. He was thin and wiry, wearing a black suit and a pair of rimless glasses. He had a general air of gentleness about him.

But she couldn't help comparing him to Ryan.

This man's body couldn't live up to Ryan's.

And neither could his face.

Even in an expensive, elegant suit, he still didn't look as sophisticated as Ryan.

Wendy was about to ask the man to leave when she noticed something on his hand.

As he brought the glass of wine to his lips, she saw a pretty obvious indentation made by a wedding ring.

"So," she thought, "he is one of those bastards that remove their ring to pick up girls. Huh! He had definitely chosen the wrong girl tonight. Wendy was in a really bad mood, and like every other time she was like that, she couldn't help but make anyone who bothered her pay dearly.

"No, it's not," Wendy answered, winking at him.

A simple lustful look his way and the man looked flustered, eyeing her hungrily.

He hastily sat down next to her.

Wendy's perfume reached his nostrils and he took a deep breath closing his eyes.

He leaned on the counter, his body turned to Wendy and flashed her a smile.

"Tell me, gorgeous. What's up with you? Why are you drinking all alone?"

"Oh, well." Wendy grinned at him.

"It's my husband. He is very...strict. Uptight. So, I snuck out to have some fun. When he proposed to me, he promised he would respect me, treat me like a queen. All I had to do was stay at home and be pretty, while he was in charge of making money to support me. But after the wedding, he changed. He won't even let me out of the house on my own. I can't even go out for a drink. I'm so pissed at him!"

"Uh..."

It probably all sounded so familiar to him.

Perhaps that was because he had promised the very same things to his own wife, only to keep her in the house like a prisoner a few years later.

He shook his head to get rid of that annoying thought.

He leaned over and whispered at Wendy in a conspiratorial tone.

"It sucks, I know. Marriage is where love goes to die. Once you put on the ring, you sign your freedom away."

Wendy squinted at him and playing with the man's tie, she asked in a low voice, "And have you signed your freedom away?"

"Of course not."

"Really?"

The man chuckled and moved closer to her, putting one arm around her waist.

He leaned closer still and whispered in her ear.

"If I am to settle for a life as a slave, I will first have to meet a queen worthy of my servitude."

As Wendy flirted with the obnoxious man, she was unaware that Ryan was sitting in a corner watching her every movement, every smile.

The air around him seemed to crackle with tension and if looks could kill, the man talking to her would have been dead minutes ago.

Luke took his brother's hand, afraid of what he might do.

"Ryan. Calm down, please. You are far handsomer than that man. And I know Wendy has really good taste."

His observation didn't seem to help things at all.

"Ryan, you are talking your anger on your drink. Just relax your fingers a bit. If you keep this up you're going to..."

Before he could even finish his sentence, the glass in Ryan's hand exploded.

"..crush it,"

Luke finished in a whisper.

Oh God! Luke took a couple of steps back and found a safer place in a corner, away from his brother's wrath.

He looked at Wendy and wondered, 'What the hell is wrong with you, Wendy? You're digging your own grave, I am not sure if even God can help you now. But for the sake of our friendship, I'll say a prayer for you'

But to Luke's surprise, Ryan didn't wreak havoc in the bar.

A frosty expression on his face, he kept his anger bottled up and didn't move a muscle.

But instead of relieved, Luke felt even more scared than before.

If Ryan kept it all inside, he would inevitably explode at some point, destroying anyone in his path.

Or even worse, he might be planning his revenge.

And if that was true, all hell was about to break loose.

"Good luck, Wendy. You are going to need it,"

Luke murmured to himself.

As Wendy finished yet another sweep of her eyes around the room, she swore in her head.

She had taken notice of every single person that had entered the bar, but Ryan and Luke didn't show.

She sighed in disappointment.

Perhaps Luke hadn't recognized her.

What now? How would she just give up? She had tried her best tonight to put Ray to sleep early as well as persuade Reese to let her go out with this makeup.

Would she be able to do it all over again the next day? She pondered her options for a while.

And then suddenly, she came up with an idea.

She took out her phone and took a few photos of the crowd on the dance floor.

Then, she took a photo of the counter she was sitting at.

As an afterthought, she took a selfie with the man sitting next to her.

A few minutes later, she created a collage with all that and posted it on her Moments.

She made sure to add the words 'Making new friends'.

Just to be on the safe side, she made the post visible to Ryan and Luke only.

She didn't want anyone else to get the wrong idea.

"Now that was genius!" she congratulated herself.

"Ryan will definitely know I am at the bar tonight. Well, that way she wouldn't have to wait here all night for him to show up. He would see her post and he would know where she had been to. That would be enough."

After three more drinks, the man next to her said, "Wow. There goes my drink. Want to get out of here?"

Wendy had also finished her drink, so she nodded.

The man paid their tab and walked her out of the bar, his hand resting on her slender waist.

It was almost two a.m. and in contrast to the hustle and bustle of the bar, the city seemed eerily empty and quiet.

The street lights above were bright, illuminating Wendy's perfect face.

The man by her side couldn't believe his luck.

He didn't expect he could land such a knockout today-or ever. He tightened his grip on her waist.

"Tell me, gorgeous. How would you like to see the Vienna?"

Vienna was a famous five-star hotel only a block away from the bar.

Wendy snorted and led him by the tie into a narrow alley.

It was narrow, wide enough for two people to walk in side by side.

The high walls blocked out the both the lights of the city and the moonlight.

It was nearly too dark to see anything.

Wendy winked at the man, which seemed to drive him insane with lust.

"Why even go to a hotel? It's a complete waste of money. We have the perfect spot...Right here!"