

## Chapter 26: Threat

At the edges of the site, Mason and Kane stood side by side as they watched the two actresses' performance.

Mason was rubbing his chin toward the end.

"Interesting. This really is quite interesting! Eris was defeated by the supporting actress just like that, and she wasn't even able to fight back even once. This newcomer, Wendy Finch, is quite a force to be reckoned."

He wasn't exaggerating; the leading actress had indeed been well and truly defeated.

This sort of thing only happened when two opposing talents acted together in a single scene.

It was sometimes caused by a discrepancy in the strength of the characters as written, but there were instances where the rift was due to the gap of skills between the actors or actresses.

Either way, it always left a bad impression on anyone watching.

From the onset, it was clear that Eris possessed the leading role, and her character was by no means a doormat.

With this recent series of bad takes, anyone could see that it was Eris the actress who failed to measure up to the role.

And that wasn't all.

In the process, Wendy had also been able to showcase her acting skills.

Eris' constant blunders weren't all her fault.

In fact, it could all be attributed to Wendy's eyes, her subtle movements, and the tone of her voice.

It had all messed up the other actress' momentum and toyed with Eris' psyche.

Mason smacked his lips, looking like he was enjoying every bit of what was unfolding.

"Do you think Wendy maybe has a grudge against Eris? Even I think this is a bit too much... Oh! Something even more interesting has been going through the crew's grapevine today. Do you want to hear it?"

Kane shot him a flat look.

At the moment, the actor was not only in demand within the industry, but he also held two percent of Glory Media's shares.

That might not sound like much to a lay person, but the annual revenue of the company was always astronomical.

Two percent of that was a hefty sum that Mason could live off of

comfortably for the rest of his life.

This of course meant that he was on good terms with Kane, and knew that the CEO had been born with a poker face.

Mason had never minded his cool and aloof expressions at all.

"I'll tell you anyway!"

Mason chuckled and told his story.

"One of the supporting actresses here got her face all red and swollen after applying the makeup. Director Williams asked someone to check on the cosmetics and investigated, and they found out that some harmful substance had been added to the stuff. The juicy part is that that same set of makeup was supposed to have been used by Wendy, too. Director Williams ordered the staff to keep this matter under wraps and they're all hush-hush about it."

Kane was not interested in such trifling gossip at all.

He took another long look at Wendy in the distance and then strode away.

"Wait, what? You're just going to leave like this?"

Mason hurried after him.

"Wait for me! I'm finished for the day. Let's go grab some drinks."

"No."

"Aww, why not? Is your wife forbidding you to go have some fun?"

At the mention of Rosie, Kane's blank expression immediately twisted into one of disgust.

"Don't even speak of the woman."

"Really? Did you two have another quarrel?"

Mason chased after him and the two both left.

It was already six in the evening when everyone started to pack up the filming site.

Wendy went to the dressing room to change her clothes and remove her makeup.

There were a lot of people inside, and the place was a mess.

But the moment she stepped inside, all the laughter and conversation instantly stopped.

Everyone looked at her curiously.

Wendy brushed their gazes aside and greeted them with modesty, to which they responded with polite smiles of their own.

She was aware of what was going on in their minds.

They had all seen her best Eris earlier, and she knew it must have been comparable to David beating Goliath.

After all, Eris was an A-lister while she was a mere newcomer.

Of course the others would be wary of her.

Not that Wendy cared about any of that.

She quickly changed her clothes and left.

"Miss Finch, Eris wants to see you!"

Ana had been waiting for Wendy from a dark corner outside the dressing room, and when the latter emerged, she rushed over.

"Miss Finch," the assistant whispered while keeping her head down.

"Please come with me."

Huh? Eris really couldn't hold herself back for too long, could she?

Wendy smiled and followed Ana.

Since the day she had learned that Eris was playing the heroine of the show, Wendy had always known that they would cross paths multiple times.

It was inevitable, so she had decided early on to welcome the encounters with open arms.

Eris probably had something to say, and so did Wendy.

Eris' van was parked close to the filming site, and when Ana opened the door, Wendy got inside without any hesitation.

The other actress hadn't changed from her costumes yet, and she was leaning against her seat with her eyes closed.

The sudden sound of the door opening jolted her upright, and Eris opened her eyes to the sight of Wendy.

She immediately glared with hatred.

Wendy just smiled.

How typical, Eris would only show her true face when nobody else was around.

Wendy settled comfortably on one of the vacant seats, not even bothering with greetings.

"What do you want?" she asked point blank.

Eris could only stare at her.

Three years ago, this girl hadn't even known how to dress up beautifully.

Wendy had been weak and easy to bully.

But she seemed to have completely changed.

Loathe was she to admit it, even Eris couldn't deny that Wendy had become exquisitely beautiful.

At the moment, she had on a simple red dress, but her class and grace somehow made it look like a luxury brand.

Her black curls tumbled over her shoulders and gave her an air of mystery, while her long and slender legs never failed to make people

turn their heads.

Her beauty and elegance were hard to ignore.

Wendy kept smiling, the look in her eyes clear and confident.

Eris' hands unconsciously clenched into fists.

What on earth had made Wendy change so much in just three years?

\* A sense of foreboding and desperation rose in her heart.

"How lucky you are, Wendy Finch!"

"Of course I am."

Wendy raised an eyebrow, her expression sharp.

"I have yet to deal with evil people like yourself and avenge the death of my mother."

"Stop dreaming, Wendy, you can never beat me!"

"Ha ha, if you say so. But then, if I truly am no threat to you, I wonder why you're going to such lengths to warn me off?"

"Three years must have really done a lot to you! I see you've become rather eloquent."

"I'm flattered."

It was like punching on air, and Eris' frustration only grew with each strike. She no longer wanted to play word games with Wendy.

"You! Quit from this show!"

Wendy scratched her ear, pretending not to hear.

"What did you say?"

"I said, quit from the cast of this show!"

Eris sneered with disdain.

"Don't think you can win against me just because of what happened today. You're still a hundred years too early to be fantasizing about that! Did you think the entertainment circle is some playground where all you do is run around and have fun? Ha ha, don't be ridiculous! If I expose what happened to you three years ago, your whole career will be over, just like that!"

"Okay then." Wendy nodded.

"That makes sense." Eris ground her teeth in anger.

Wendy was reacting differently from what she had imagined.

She should be in a panic now, kneeling and begging for her past to be kept hidden.

"Wendy Finch!" Eris shouted.

"You must think I'm joking, but I'm not! I'm telling you, you only have until tomorrow. If you don't quit by then, I will tell everyone that you kept the company of a gigolo when you were nineteen and gave birth to his child a year later!"

Then she leaned close to Wendy, her face twisted into an ugly expression.

"I think everyone will hate you after learning this information, don't you?"

Chapter 27: An Evil Couple Meant For Each Other

"I don't know if I will be the one that everybody hates, but I'm sure you will!"

Furrowing her brows in confusion, Eris asked, "What do you mean?"

Wendy stood up gracefully, opened her purse, and extracted a thick document.

She handed it to Eris while arching her right brow.

With a suspicious glance, the latter took it over, only to be surprised with the paper's content.

On it was several photos of her and Brian in intimate situations.

She looked younger in the photographs, much different from how she was now.

Each photo was marked with the time and date it was shot.

But what shocked Eris to the brim were Brian's intimate photos with Wendy and the mark of time and date on them! Even the clothes Brian wore were the same to what he was wearing dating Eris!

These photos were enough to prove that Brian cheated on Wendy with Eris.

If these photos were seen by others...situations.

She looked younger in the photographs, much different from how she was now.

Each photo was marked with the time and date it was shot.

But what shocked Eris to the brim were Brian's intimate photos with Wendy and the mark of time and date on them! Even the clothes Brian wore were the same to what he was wearing dating Eris! These photos were enough to prove that Brian cheated on Wendy with Eris.

If these photos were seen by others...

'Oh, God!' Eris thought, trembling in fear.

As a primary response to her frustration, she tore the paper into pieces.

"Go ahead.Tear them apart.I've got more copies."

Wendy grinned deviously.

Because of this, fury surged within Eris, making her turn utterly red.

"Wendy Finch!" she yelled, veins bulging out of her neck.

"Think again before you expose my past.Let's see which news is more sensational.The news about a nameless actress like me giving birth to

a child of a male prostitute years back or the news of an A-list actress shamelessly becoming the third party who stole her sister's boyfriend. I want to see which one the media will focus more on."

Looking at Wendy's confident face, Eris turned pale as a paper rumormongers to get rid of them online.

But, if the media persists and investigates further, what do you think will happen? They will find that Wendy Finch died three years ago, and the funeral was held at the same time her household registration was canceled.

Do you think the police will get interested and eventually start a thorough investigation? If that happens, I will tell them the truth...Even if they can't find evidence to incriminate you, I'll make sure it will be the end of your career."

Seeing how immensely affected Eris was, Wendy couldn't help but celebrate.

Chuckling to her heart's content, she continued, "By the way, how is your relationship with Brian Oliver?"

"What are you planning?" Eris glared at Wendy.

"Oh, look at your eyes! Don't worry. I won't tumble twice in the same place. I'm not interested in that scumbag at all! In fact, I think you two are a perfect match. You actually complement each other! As people say, a bitch is only right for a scumbag. You can't break up, you know. Only when you love each other can you do less harm to other people!"

"Wendy Finch!"

Eris looked like a predator ready to devour its prey.

"Are you furious now? I'm not done yet. You have dated Brian for three years, right? It's been a while. He is twenty-six years old now. Hmmm, I think it's time for you to get married.

The public won't be surprised anymore.

After all, you flaunt your relationship in the news almost every day.

You two seem really happy, but I have one question.

Did Brian ever take you home to meet his parents? As far as I know, his parents expect a lot from their future daughter-in-law.

They especially dislike women from the entertainment circle.

As those words escaped Wendy's mouth, she remembered the time she gave up the idea of majoring in acting all for Brian's sake.

Looking back now, it was the most regretful thing she had done.

"Oh, if only you could see your face right now! Ha-ha! His parents don't like you, do they?"

Wendy burst into another series of diabolic laughter.

Then, adding salt to the injury, she added, "Well, if they like you, it doesn't matter if the scandal is exposed to the public. But if they don't like you and this scandal was disclosed, do you think you could still marry into the Oliver family?"

Of course not! Eris knew clearly that Brian's parents looked down upon her! He was from a well-respected wealthy family, while she was just the daughter from her mother's first marriage.

In the past three years, Eris had tried her best to please Brian's parents, but they never gave her a chance.

In fact, she had only met them once yet! And although it was a short meeting, she couldn't forget the way they looked at her. Their eyes were full of disdain! It seemed as though she was very shameless and immoral.

If Brian's parents learned about this scandal...

Eris shivered with just the thought of that.

No! She would never let that happen! It took her a lot of effort to get together with Brian.

She couldn't lose him like this!

"Wendy Finch! How dare you!"

Wendy's face darkened.

She looked at Eris with eyes full of mockery as she retorted,

"Try me! Why do you think I have the guts to appear in front of you again after what you have done to me? I'm ready to deal with everything! Don't ever think you can do that to me again! I'm not the person I was three years ago. Let's fight head-on and see who will die more miserably in the end!"

"What do you want, Wendy Finch?"

"Stop pretending to be pitiful. I don't buy it."

Wendy patted her purse and reminded Eris, "And you'd better tell your mother when you go home. Only a few of us know what happened that year. If I see more gossip in any newspaper... No matter who was behind it, I will hand over these things to the media!"

Wendy's threat rendered Eris utterly speechless.

The fire of fury in the latter's eyes was so intense that she could burn Wendy with her glare.

"Well, I don't have anything else to discuss with you. Remember what I said today. Let's not involve other people in this fight."

After saying that, Wendy opened the door and got off the van.

The moment she stepped foot outside, a breeze of fresh air welcomed

her face.

Taking a deep breath, Wendy felt much better and lighter.

It was as if a heavy load was taken off of her shoulders.

When Roger told Wendy that the heroine of the series would be played by Eris, she knew this day would come soon.

And to come ready for the combat, she requested Roger to investigate the matter three years ago.

He was really capable, and it didn't take him long to find evidence to prove that Brian had cheated on her.

And today, she was finally able to use those pieces of evidence to her advantage.

Standing at the door of the van and listening to the sound of something smashed inside, Wendy smiled gently.

Huh! As someone who had been used to living a comfortable life with all her caprices, Eris could not bear such a light blow. 'This is just the beginning,' Wendy declared to herself.

"Ahi"

Eris smashed everything that she could get her hands on, but it was not enough to vent all her anger.

With eyes red out of extreme anger, she slumped on the seat and gasped for breath.

"Wendy Finch Ahhiiii" she yelled with all her might.

Since childhood, Wendy had always grabbed everyone's attention.

And for Eris, she was just "Wendy's sister".

Whenever Wendy was around, no one would see her.

Eris was the invisible sister to everyone.

Why?! Was it because Wendy was more beautiful? Wendy stole their father's love from her when she was a little girl and then went on to steal her boyfriend.

"Wendy Finch!"

Why wasn't she dead? Why wasn't she dead! ?

Eris's mother assured that Wendy had been thrown into the sea.

Why didn't she die just like her mother?! Die? Eris suddenly realized something.

Then, as the idea got more intense in her head, she snickered like a crazy person.

'That's right!' she thought.

As long as Wendy died, all her problems would be gone!

Chapter 28: The Astronomical Penalty

As soon Wendy walked out of the shooting place, someone blocked

her way.

"Are you Miss Finch?"

Wendy stopped and looked at the beautiful woman sporting a business suit.

"Who are you?" she asked, curiosity painted all over her face.

"I'm Miss Cotton, Mr. Evans's secretary. Do you have time right now, Miss Finch? Our CEO wants to talk to you."

Mr. Evans? Wendy's heart thumped upon hearing that name.

"Do you mean Kane Evans?"

Smiling gently, the secretary replied, "Yes, that's right."

"Oh, okay!"

Wendy followed the secretary out of Studio City.

It was already getting dark, and the neon lights had starting illuminating outside.

After a while, a luxury car halted by the gate.

And the next seconds, the window slowly lowered, revealing the person sitting on the back seat.

Much to Wendy's surprise, it was indeed Mr. Evans in a suit.

"Mr. Evans..." she called, still in slight awe.

"Get in."

The man cocked his head to invite her in.

As the CEO of Glory Media, Mr.

Evans was a respected man, and he certainly wouldn't do anything and to her, Thinking of that, Wendy calmly opened the door and settled on the back seat.

Meanwhile, his secretary boarded the car in the passenger seat.

As soon as they were all inside, the driver roared the engine to life and stepped steadily on the gas.

In just a few moments, the Studio City was soon out of their sight.

Kane Evans sat expressionlessly and rigid.

His all-black suit only highlighted the rigid aura emanating from him.

Beside him was Wendy, who sat still, utterly lost for words to utter.

Oddly enough, she could see Ryan in this man.

But unlike Kane, the former still held emotions within him, no matter how cold he might be at times. Kane never hinted at any emotions flashing in his eyes.

Even when he got married to Rosie four years ago, Wendy had never seen him smile.

And right now, the atmosphere in the car was a little tense and

strained.

None of them spoke, and the deafening silence only added to the thickness of the air inside.

After a while, Wendy moved uneasily, feeling slightly embarrassed. Coughing, she finally decided to break the uncomfortable silence and said, "Mr.Evans, where are we going?"

"Our company."

"Oh, I see..."

After that quick exchange, it quieted down in the car again.

Wendy kept mum and leaned against the window to appreciate the night scenery of Ywood.

It was a coastal city with wet air and ever-changing weather.

The sun had been high in the morning, making the air sultry, but now it was beginning to spritzing a little.

With her head against the glass, Wendy quietly gazed at the drizzle outside the window.

Suddenly, she felt a heavy glance falling on.

When she turned her head, she saw Kane's deep and mysterious eyes piercing at her.

Blinking, Wendy carefully returned his gaze again, only to find his usual cold eyes.

At this point, she was rendered utterly speechless and quite confused.

But Kane turned his head away and asked, "Are you not gonna say that you're actually related to me?"

Stunned, Wendy furrowed her brows and asked, "What?"

"You are Rosie's cousin.I remember you from the wedding."

Now, Wendy was really surprised.

She didn't expect that he would still remember her after only meeting her once four years ago.

"Mr.Evans, do you want to talk to me because I'm Rosie's cousin?"

"No."

"Okay," said Wendy, shrugging.

After a long silence, Kane finally said, "You are very different from your cousin."

"Everyone is different in their own way."

Hearing that, Mr.Evans was caught off guard for a moment.

"You are right!"he replied, nodding.

And although he relapsed to being cold again, Wendy felt that his aura was not stern.

Still, she did not know what to say.

After all, this was such an unexpected meeting.

And Kane was really a strange man! Thankfully, the car soon arrived at Glory Media's building.

The office area was in a luxurious building, which consisted thirty-two floors in total.

Outside was a huge sign flashing the brightly lit words, "Glory Media." It was almost seven o'clock in the evening, but the whole building was still brightly lit.

Wendy got off the car and walked inside along with Mr. Evans and his secretary.

The first floor, which was coated with several beige leather sofas, was undeniably too spacious.

As soon as they stepped foot on the front desk, the beautiful receptionist bowed and greeted them, "Good evening, Mr. Evans!"

Kane nodded expressionlessly without greeting her back.

Beside the reception desk was a shelf for entertainment magazines.

Meanwhile, photos of the company's stars blanketed the white wall.

With a quick scan, Wendy saw dozens of photographs arranged in accordance with the actors popularity.

Some were A-list stars, while others were less recognized in the industry yet still popular.

"Miss Cotton, please have the contract ready for Miss Finch to sign."

"Okay!"

The secretary ushered Wendy to the reception room.

"Miss Finch, please follow me," she invited with a smile. "Sign the contract?"

"Yes! Mr. Evans especially went to the set today to have a look at your acting. He felt that you possess such great potential, so he decided to sign you in his company. Miss Finch, I'm sure you already know about our company. In that case, I won't bother you with the introduction. The contract has been printed already. I'll go and get it. If there's no problem and you agree with the terms, we'll sign it pronto. Is that okay?"

Miss Cotton informed at once as if all these were not a big deal at all.

"Okay."

Wendy managed to reply casually, even though her heart was beating frantically.

She was slightly frenzied.

She knew it was all too sudden, but she was still very excited upon hearing what Miss Cotton said! After all, she knew how rare it was for a newcomer to sign a contract with Glory Media.

Yet even with that, the company still assured newcomers of a future in the entertainment industry.

And Wendy was not gonna lie - she liked Glory Media's reputation in the field.

Once she had signed up with the agency, she could focus on her acting career since her agency would take care of the rest for her! Soon enough, the secretary went back, with the contract printed out and ready in her hand.

And when Wendy thoroughly read the contract, she was lost for words.

The terms and conditions indicated were very much favorable to her! The company promised to help her get commercials, provide her with an assistant and a house to live in! What was more, she had the liberty to choose which project she wanted! Except for a TV series and a movie chosen by the company every year, she could act on any project at her own will! Even her income was so much agreeable, with sixty percent of her fees going to her pay while the agency got only forty percent! That was indeed a great deal! If it was another company, she was certain they'd offer her a fifty-fifty division of income.

Although the ten percent wasn't much of a big deal to famous stars, it was for a newcomer like Wendy!! Besides, the ratio was not permanently fixed.

If she were to win awards as she progressed with her career, Glory Media would consider upping her share! "Miss Cotton...Are you sure this contract is really for me?"

"Yes, this is the contract prepared especially for you. Is there anything wrong with it, Miss Finch?"

"No..."

Wendy answered, still bewildered at the seemingly too good to be true terms and conditions.

Yet still, there were some points she could not understand.

Normally, contracts like this would last for five years since there was no guarantee that a newcomer would eventually rise to fame.

If the actress couldn't get a break within five years, the company would have to let her go.

But according to Wendy's contract, she had ten years to make it.

More than that, the contract specifically prohibited her from dating or enter a romantic relationship.

Nowadays, the entertainment circle was different from how it was

during the 80s.

At that time, actors and actresses known to publicly date experienced a plummet in their popularity.

They didn't have the freedom to freely fall in love.

But now, fans were more accepting.

In fact, if two stars were known to be dating, that would even boost their popularity. It was a great thing for both the stars and the company and also the reason why some personalities would fake a relationship and fool the public just to soar high.

But Wendy's contract was binding in this aspect.

Third, the penalty was so unusual! Once Wendy signed the contract and broke one of its terms and conditions, she would be required to pay a billion.

One billion! That was a lot! She wouldn't make that much money even if she worked every day from dusk to dawn.

Tightly holding the pen, Wendy swallowed hard at the sight of the words 'one billion'.

After all, she had never heard any contract to entail such a massive penalty!

With this thought, the pen hung in waiting in her hand as Wendy hesitated to sign the papers.

Chapter 29: The Contract Was Signed

Wendy held on to the pen but did not sign her name on the contract.

"Miss Finch, is there any other problem?"

Secretary Cotton frowned, feeling a little nervous.

The CEO had told her to secure Wendy Finch's partnership with Glory Media no matter what the cost.

Although she was unaware of the reasons, she naturally needed to comply with her boss' orders.

"Miss Finch, is there anything you are not satisfied with?" she asked again, this time with a gentler voice.

"To be honest, this is the most favorable contract our company has drafted up for a beginner actress to date. No matter where you go, I'm afraid you'd never find an offer that would be more advantageous for you."

Wendy had already known that, of course.

She was hesitating exactly because the contract was much too favorable for her end.

She was the type who believed that all good things come with a price.

Wendy pondered some more before asking the secretary the most

pressing question in her mind.

"Miss Cotton, may I ask why your company is willing to sign me on under such good terms?"

The other woman breathed a sigh of relief.

If that was all that was bothering Wendy, then it wouldn't be a problem.

Nevertheless, she had to give the actress credit; if it had been someone else, the secretary was sure that they would have signed the contract immediately.

Miss Finch, on the other hand, kept her head cool and rational in the face of a very tempting offer.

"When you participated in the audition, our CEO had personally witnessed your performance. He thought then that you had great potential, and asked us to draft the contract right after he returned to the offices."

Was that so? Kane thought she had the qualifications, so he was willing to bet on her skills? But why was she still feeling uneasy about the whole arrangement? Wendy twisted the pen between her fingers.

"The penalty, though...It's a little too high, don't you think?"

It was, in fact, a massive amount of money.

But Secretary Cotton had already prepared a response for this question.

"Are you perhaps planning to break the terms of the contract at some point in the future?"

Of course not! For Wendy, there wasn't much of a difference between five years and ten years given that the rest of the terms were loose and considerate of her.

As for the stipulation forbidding her to fall in love, well, that was the very rule she would never be able to break.

She had long been disillusioned with the concept of romance, ever since Brian's betrayal.

Not to mention the fact that she now had Ray.

Her only wish in life was to see her son grow safely into a happy and healthy adult.

But there was still one more thing.

"Miss Cotton, this contract is really tempting and I am honestly very interested in this deal. But I have one condition."

The secretary frowned but said, "Go ahead."

"I have an agent, who has been helping all these years, especially during the most difficult times of my life. He is very competent and

reliable. As you may already know, the Story of Concubine Ivanka is the first project I've landed since my return. My agent helped me from getting a spot at the audition all the way to the filming stage. What I mean to say is, I hope that I can bring him with me and we can join Glory Media together. Simply put, I would like him to continue being my agent."

Secretary Cotton's frown deepened.

"I know this request may be a little unreasonable," Wendy added hurriedly.

"I'm willing to have my stipulated income lowered in exchange. Please consider it."

Roger was her friend and her savior.

Now that an opportunity for a better life had appeared, she couldn't just leave him and walk the path to success by herself.

If she couldn't take Roger with her, then she would rather not sign the contract.

"Miss Finch, please wait a moment. I can't decide on this matter on my own. I have to ask the CEO."

"That's all right."

Later in the CEO's office, Kane's hands clenched into fists as he listened to the secretary's report.

"Did she really say that?"

"Yes, sir."

Kane fell silent, an unreadable expression on his face.

He remained this way for a good while.

"Wow, just how good is she to Roger?"

Luke asked from his spot on the sofa, chuckling and shaking his legs. No sooner had he finished speaking than two pairs of icy eyes zeroed in on him.

One was Kane Evans's, and the other was his brother's.

"What? I didn't say anything wrong!"

"Just shut up!"

Luke pretended to sigh dejectedly.

"Ah, well. Very few people are brave enough to tell the truth these days."

He and Ryan had come to Glory Media after finishing their work for the day, and they did so for the sole purpose of receiving Wendy's signed contract.

Luke eyed his brother now, who was on the other side of the sofa, his eyes red-rimmed and his complexion pale.

"Brother, wouldn't you like to have a rest?"

"No."

Ryan turned to Secretary Cotton and didn't mince his words.

"Say yes to her demands."

"Yes, boss."

The woman left and closed the door behind her, leaving the room to stew in a tense atmosphere.

Kane stared at Ryan for one long moment before speaking.

"Ryan, is it true that you've taken a liking to this woman? Is that why you're going through such lengths to sigh her under the company?" Ryan didn't respond.

"Kane, are you seriously asking that at this point? Have you ever seen my brother spend so much time at the mere thought of a woman?"

Kane's face darkened.

And then he said what had to be the longest monologue he had ever spoken in recent memory.

"Ryan! Although Roger is our best friend, and we grew up together, he's never been so concerned about a woman before. For Wendy Finch's sake, he especially asked for a spot at the audition, arranged the apartment where she would be staying, and diligently bought all her living necessities. He has finally come home after being abroad alone for so many years. Ryan... Are you really going to compete with Roger for the affections of a woman?"

Ryan finally turned to Kane and pierced the other man with a sharp gaze.

"Ryan..."

"They are nothing more than just good friends."

"No, you're wrong. Roger admitted it to me himself. He loves Wendy." Ryan's eyes turned colder at that, and Kane felt an immense pressure that made him want to hide under his desk and away from Ryan's sight.

After a long while, Ryan let up and leaned back on the sofa.

"We all know who it is that Roger loves," he said in a flat and resigned voice.

Kane flushed with embarrassment at the words.

Wendy looked at the contract yet again and sighed.

She was painfully aware that her request was out of line.

Glory Media was no doubt sincere with their generous offer, so how could she still want more? Alas! If she had been the CEO of the company, she would definitely think the newcomer ungrateful and

ambitious.

But while she harbored her regrets, she didn't want to change her condition.

She was still lost in her thoughts when Miss Cotton returned.

"Miss Finch."

Wendy grabbed her purse, prepared to leave in the next instant.

"Our boss agrees with your request."

What?! Did he really agree? Wendy gaped at the secretary, who was smiling broadly.

"Our Boss holds you in high esteem, Miss Finch. He thinks you are loyal and admires you very much. He nodded readily when I told him your terms. More to the point, he will not be docking your stipulated income."

A wave of pleasure and surprise washed over Wendy.

Perhaps Kane was being so nice to her for the sake of her cousin?

She was too over the moon to realize that Miss Cotton had been saying "Boss" all this time instead of "CEO".

"Miss Finch, can we sign the contract now?"

"Oh! Right, okay. Of course!"

Without any further ado, Wendy signed her name on the document.

The secretary was overcome with relief.

'Hooray!' the secretary exclaimed in her mind.

She had finally completed her mission.

Miss Cotton produced the company seal and stamped it on the designated spot.

From that point on, the contract was in full effect.

As expected, there were two copies of the document, and the secretary carefully placed one set inside a file sleeve while handing the other set to Wendy.

"Now, Miss Finch, as I mentioned before, our boss thinks very highly of you. He has something he wants to tell you face to face. If you have nothing else to attend to next, please follow me to the CEO's office."

Chapter 30: He Became Her Boss

"Yes, I know the rules."

Even if she had something else to do, she still had to meet her future boss first anyway.

But Wendy started to feel strange again.

Hadn't she come to company in the same car with Kane? Couldn't he have said something back then? Or were there some things that could only be spoken once the contract was signed? This was getting a bit

confusing.

"Would you please lead the way for me?"

"Of course."

The secretary had only led her to the elevator banks.

With the folder in her arms, she nodded at the elevator.

"The CEO's office is on the 32nd floor. I can't take you all the way there since I have other things to take care of."

Wendy was speechless for a moment.

It was her first time in this building how could anyone expect her to just march into the CEO's office by herself?! "Is there any problem, Miss Finch?"

"...No."

Despite her answer, Wendy's lips were twitching.

She entered the elevator and pressed the button for the 32nd floor.

It carried her all the way to the top without stopping at any other floors.

The elevator dinged and the doors opened.

Wendy had thought that since Miss Cotton and the receptionist were still in the building, the other employees must still be working as well.

But the sight that greeted her was a surprise.

This floor was wide and brightly lit, but all the desks and chairs were empty.

Nobody else was there.

It was so quiet that the clack of her high heels against the floor tiles sounded louder than usual.

The air conditioner was still on, though, and the room's temperature was quite low.

This, in addition to her apprehension, caused goose bumps to appear on her arms.

It was like a scene from a horror movie.

Wendy quickly shook the absurd thoughts away from her head and made a beeline for the CEO's office at the other end of the hall.

She stopped at the door and knocked gently.

"Mr. Evans, it's Wendy Finch."

"Come in,"

A cold voice came from inside the office.

Wendy's heart skipped a beat.

That voice sounded familiar, but she was sure it wasn't Kane who had spoken.

Wendy pushed the door and took a peek.

She couldn't see anyone, so she slowly stepped into the room.

All of a sudden, a figure jumped out from behind a door and made a face at her.

"Ahi" Wendy screamed.

Luke burst into laughter.

"Dear Wendy, were you scared? You scaredy cat!"

"Luke? !"

She had a hand over her chest as she demanded, "What are you doing here?"

"Ha ha, it's not just me, you know. My brother is also here."

As he moved to the side, Wendy finally noticed the man lounging leisurely at the sofa in the middle of the office.

He was still in his signature black suit, and one hand was draped lightly over his forehead.

He sat quietly, but his piercing gaze was looking straight at her.

Wendy instantly felt her skin prickle, and her own temples began to throb.

Ryan and his daughter had stayed in her apartment for just one night, but so many humiliating things had happened in such a short span of time.

She felt justified at kicking them out the very next day.

Well, the father and child hadn't appeared in front of her in the days that followed, so she had foolishly believed that they would no longer have any contact in the future.

She suddenly flushed at the memory of that cursed day.

She took a couple of steps back before demanding, "Why are you here?"

She looked around the room again.

"Where is Mr. Evans?"

"It's way past his working hours,"

Ryan finally spoke, his voice hoarse.

He kept staring at Wendy like he was lost in his thoughts.

It was her first day of filming, and she had especially chosen a red dress for such a milestone.

It was not easy to look good in a bright red outfit, but she looked perfect in it, the crimson shade complimenting her clear and delicate skin.

Her skin was very fine, as white as jade, with a warm luster.

Dressed in such bright red, she looked as lovely as fresh cherry.

It was a camisole dress, the thin straps covering the barest skin and accentuating her collarbones and smooth shoulders.

The dress tapered down to fit her slim waist while hugging the rest of her curves in all the right places.

The hem stopped just ten centimeters above her knees, showcasing her long legs and a significant portion of her thighs.

The image was burning itself into Ryan's eyes.

Then he scowled.

Was she wearing this exact same dress while mingling with the film crew for an entire day? The hunger in his eyes was easy to read, and Wendy blushed even more beneath his hot gaze.

She clutched at the chain of her purse with unease and moved subtly in an attempt to cover herself.

"Why...Why are you here?" she asked again.

"Dear Wendy, don't you know which group Glory Media belongs to?" Luke teased.

"Of course I know."

"Oh? And?"

"It's Oliver Group..."

Realization hit her even as she spoke, and Wendy's eyes widened in disbelief.

She looked back and forth between the brothers, aghast.

Oliver Group! Ryan Oliver? She felt like she had just been struck by lightning.

There had always been something familiar about his name ever since the first time she had heard it, but she had never figured it out all this time.

So he was connected with Oliver Group.

No, worse who was the current president of Oliver Group? It was Ryan Oliver! He was the big boss of Oliver Group himself! Wendy swallowed hard.

Unbidden, her hand lifted to point a trembling finger at the two men.

"You! You...You're..."

Second generation conglomerates from Oliver Group.

They came from an extremely wealthy family. And if Ryan was the big boss, then that would make Luke the famous playboy younger brother.

And the little girl, Precious, was definitely the princess of this esteemed family.

This much was rather well-known to the public.

Wendy put a hand over her head, feeling dizzy at this newfound information.

"Are you alright, Dear Wendy?"

She turned and stared at Luke.

Try as she might, she was finding it hard to reconcile this childish man with the libertine that had always made the headlines.

As for Ryan, there hadn't really been any rumors worth mentioning, but his brother was a different matter.

Luke was a regular subject among the members of the entertainment circle, despite not being a part of it himself.

It was mostly due to the fact that basically all of his ex-girlfriends were celebrities models, actresses, or up and coming talents.

Wendy suddenly felt the contract in her hands turn heavy.

She looked at the contract and finally came to her senses.

"So, then. Did you also prepare this contract for me?" Everything was starting to make sense now.

No wonder they were freely lounging inside Kane's office.

No wonder the stipulations of the agreement had been strangely skewed in her favor! This man was actually her boss.

After so much excitement, it was as though a basin of cold water had just been poured over Wendy's head, and the contract she held in her hand had turned into a hot potato.

She lowered her eyes and tried to calm herself down for a bit.

When she looked up again, her gaze had taken on a sharp glint. "Mr. Oliver, why did you go to such lengths to sign me under Glory Media? Just what exactly do you want from me? "

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone! Here

### **Chapter 31: Teach You How To Chase After Wendy**

"You saved Precious. Because of you, she's fine now."

To determine what he had intended, Wendy followed his terms to decipher them, attempting to comprehend, "Is this contract the payoff for my actions to save Precious?"

"Sort of. Let's make that assumption."

Wendy's long-awaited bout of stress eased up a little.

She was now relaxed after she heard him.

Well...It was certainly a relief.

She was actually afraid that Ryan wanted her to be his lover.

Or worse, take advantage of her.

Wait! She couldn't confidently go on.

Wendy abruptly remembered that the chairman of Oliver Group, Ryan, had been rumored.

He was surely powerful.

Yet he wasn't exempted with gossips.  
The CEO of Oliver Group had been widely speculated to be gay,  
some said.  
With that, Wendy was then reassured.  
At least she could now feel a bit safer.  
It appeared that she was crazy.  
To put it another way, that could be said when she found out what  
kind of individual Ryan was.  
He was the CEO of Oliver Group.  
Therefore, every decision that he made would have a significant  
outcome and changes in Ywood.  
Moreover, he had seen a great variety of ladies.  
It was hard to believe that he might be in love with someone as  
unworthy as her.  
She was a single mother after all! Rewarding her means having to pay  
back her heroic deed.  
Thus, it would clear her doubts.  
Hence, Wendy got it without hesitation.  
She took two steps back, bowed to the two, and said, "I will work hard  
in the future, boss."  
She actually meant what she said.  
Ryan was speechless.  
He didn't expect that from her, so he could not utter a phrase.  
Luke was speechless, too.  
It seemed that he was surprised by her acknowledgment.  
"Boss, what else can I do for you? I am willing to do anything you  
want. You just have to say it, and I'll do it."  
Wendy gave a faint smile, revealing a typical eight-toothed grin. Still,  
Ryan was speechless. This woman was really astonishing. When they  
were having barbecue in a garden near Wendy's apartment, it  
unexpectedly occurred to him to ask her if she was terrified of him.  
She strikingly replied, "No."  
"You have no authority over me. I don't work for you. There is nothing I  
should be scared of you, isn't there?"  
So, did she start to fear him now that he was her boss and paying her  
salary? His curiosity had aroused.  
Ryan immediately had the feeling of being set up, by himself this time.  
"Boss," she uttered.  
"Regarding with the contract..."  
Maybe, he is concerned that the deal would be made public. It will

cause dissatisfaction among other stars, 'Wendy reasoned.

"There is nothing you have to worry about."

Wendy quickly put her hand on her chest and made a vow to keep the contract secret.

"I swear that I will keep the contract confidential, and I won't tell other stars no matter what."

Ryan didn't say a word again.

He truly didn't know what to say.

He actually wanted everyone to know the contract and the fact that she was indeed special to him.

As time went by, he scrunched his brow and stated, "Our agreement is finalized, so there is no longer something we need to talk about Precious's safety."

All in Glory Media is in the hands of Kane, and I will refrain from being involved in future operations.

Now be wary and aware of all of the terms of the contract and keep them at the forefront of your mind.

If you breach the deal, I refuse to assist you further.

A ton of words came out of Ryan's mouth.

Wendy nodded as a sign of agreement.

"Okay, okay. Don't worry. I won't do any dating thing!"

The veins on Ryan's forehead were almost bulging with rage.

He brought his forehead into his side, squishing it in pain.

"Having signed the deal, you have become a creative part of the company. You are our artist now. Since you're our employee, you have to follow the company's policy. Because of your and Ray's current residence isn't that private and secure enough, there is a necessity for higher level confidentiality. A fine home has been located for you in another part of the city, and I have found a moving company to help you."

His glance at his watch revealed that it was time already.

"They must be there any minute now."

"Does it mean I have to move now?"

It was very dark outside as it was already getting on to be eight o'clock in the evening. Ray was the only one who was left at home.

There'd be a chaos if Ray discovered that too many people were showing up to move their luggage.

"Don't be concerned. I asked Precious to go with the moving company. Precious will explain to Ray about the moving so that he will be informed."

This time, Wendy was the one who was speechless.

He had been so considerate.

Was this how he recognized his employees' importance? What else was there for her to say? She couldn't have asked for anything more.

To show her gratitude, Wendy bowed again, "Thank you, boss!"

"That's all right then!"

Ryan felt uneasy as he observed her polite and distant voice.

"Okay, now you go back and move quickly." He pinched between his brows.

"All right. Bye, boss. Thank you for everything."

"Ha ha! Hahaha!"

Luke looked at his brother, who now had a cold face and was laughing hysterically while patting his thigh, as soon as Wendy had left

"Ha ha, Ryan, you've dug such a big trap for her and arranged such a contract in order to keep her from dating anyone. As a consequence, you were drawn into the situation too. Ha ha, it seems that pursuing a woman is a difficult task for you."

"Do you find it funny?" Ryan threw him a cold eye.

Luke's grin froze on his face when the amusement abruptly ceased.

"Emmm, in fact, it's not that funny..."

"Luke!"

"Yes!" he responded promptly.

"Haven't you been in love for many times? Haven't you dated so many girls? You must be experienced."

Fright was apparent in Luke's face.

He ran over in a flash, braced himself against the sofa's back, and sat next to Ryan as soon as he spun.

"Ryan, are you asking me to show you how to pursue Wendy?"

Ryan had no response.

But then, he seemed to concur with all that was said.

"Indeed, I've dated many girls, but..."

Luke raised his chin, obnoxiously combed his hair, and confidently proclaimed, "I am a handsome and elegant young man with a kind heart. Nobody could withstand my enticements. As a result, I do not pursue anybody. They, on the other hand, are the ones who do it. To know how to chase the girl of your dreams, my apologies for I don't have an idea. But if you would like to know how it feels to be pursued, I'm willing to talk about it. You just have to say the word."

"Stop joking around! Go serious and say something logical!"

Luke didn't utter a word.

"Fine!"

Shaking his legs, Luke analyzed to him, "In fact, I've never dated a girl like Wendy! Her uniqueness can't be seen with other ladies out there. But you should hear this. If you're that determined to chase after her, the difficulty level is extremely arduous."

"Why do you say that? What's your basis?"

"According to Roger, while she was in the US, she was underutilized and only appeared in minor roles. Additionally, she owed him a substantial sum of money."

He paused and looked at Ryan.

"If you can't figure out the answer quickly, think about it," Luke conveyed.

"There are not as many stunning ladies as her. Do you really think it's difficult for her to make money if she is determined enough to have some? You've been in the show business for a while. Those secret unspoken rules have their uses all over the world. This young lady has been away from home for quite some time and has yet to be introduced to the major leagues. Furthermore, she still owes Roger a great deal of money. It is to say that she doesn't use her sexuality for monetary gain. That is what I'm saying! So, Ryan, the fact is even if you have the wealth, it doesn't mean you have an edge already."

Ryan frowned.

Surely, he didn't like what he heard.

"Also, Wendy has been doing this kind of work for quite some time, so she's likely to have seen a variety of attractive men in this industry. Still, she has never had a romantic affair with anyone. It shows that she's not just concerned about looks. Therefore, even though you are handsome, you still have no edge."

Having heard that, Ryan furrowed his brows in displeasure.

Luke peeked at him and saw that he was very pale.

No matter how hard Ryan tried, he couldn't hide his irritation.

"Seriously, you don't often smile. If you go on like this, you'll only scare the girls away. That will only make competing with other men more difficult."

Ryan's eyebrows were almost twisted together in a knot. Finally, Luke concluded, "Thus, obtaining her would be extremely challenging for you!"

Ryan abruptly rose to his feet and strode forward.

"To be honest, buddy, I'm not done yet. However, there is always hope. There can still be a major shift."

Luke followed him with a stumbling stride.

"Get to the point!"

Ryan abruptly came to a halt, his face flushed with impatience.

"All right, all right. Allow me to get straight to the point! Given the situation, let's begin with the people surrounding her. Wendy clearly cares for Raymond, as I've noticed. You may regard this small child as the opening!"

Chapter 32: Like Father Like Daughter

Wendy took a taxi and hurried back home.

As soon as she got to her house, she immediately noticed a moving company's truck parked downstairs.

A few people were even already loading things into the vehicle.

It was dark and raining outside.

Wendy was confused as to why they were in such a rush? Quickly, she entered the elevator and headed upstairs.

The door was wide open when she arrived.

Workers from the moving company were working hard to get her things out of the house.

On the sofa in the living room, Raymond and Precious were sitting side by side.

The little boy had already packed a few things in his bag, which he placed near his feet.

The two children didn't notice her arrival, seemingly preoccupied with chatting with each other.

Wendy had no idea what they were talking about.

She saw Precious take out something from her backpack excitedly and showed it to Raymond.

It was a small box.

Her eyes shone brightly as she handed it to the little boy.

"What is that?" the young lad asked curiously as he looked at it.

"They're things that I love!" the little girl replied with a giggle.

The box seemed heavy.

Raymond accepted it in his hand and noticed that there was a small lock on it.

Before he could point it out, Precious took off the pendant from her neck, which turned out to be the key, and used it to open the box.

Something was sparkling inside.

The content of the box shone so brightly that Raymond thought he went blind for a second.

He quickly closed the lid, blinking a few times.

The little boy heard an excited squeal beside him.

"Raymond, these are birthday gifts that I've been collecting ever since I was a child. My uncle gave them to me. He may seem unreliable, but he is really good at finding things! All the items are from abroad! See if you like them!"

Raymond carefully opened the box again, slowly letting his eyes adjust.

He gasped when he saw that the container was filled with diamonds of different sizes! To say that was he was shocked would be an understatement.

The biggest one looked like it was the size of an egg, and the smallest was the size of a fingernail.

There were even some colored ones inside.

"Raymond, do you like them? These are my favorite things in the whole wide world. I don't even want to show them to others. But if you like them, then they're yours! The corners of Raymond's mouth twitched."

He slammed the lid shut and asked,

"What's in it for you?"

"It's nothing bad!"

She pouted and declared, "I have given my treasure to you. So, can you share Auntie Wendy with me?"

He looked at her with an open mouth.

"Why haven't you given up on that?" Shrugging, she exclaimed,

"I like her. I will never give up! Ever!"

The little girl shook her head and turned around.

Then, she noticed Wendy standing by the door with a smile on her face.

"Ah!" she gasped excitedly before jumping off the sofa.

"Auntie Wendy!"

She quickly rushed over to the older woman.

"When did you arrive? I've missed you!"

Afraid that the little girl would trip, Wendy quickly bent down and spread out her arms.

The little girl threw herself into Wendy's arms with a grin.

Then, she leaned on her and even sniffed the older woman's hair like she was a puppy.

She sighed happily as she smelled Wendy's familiar fragrance.

"Auntie! I've missed you so much. My daddy is so mean to me," she whined.

"I had to beg him repeatedly before he finally agreed to let me come here. I miss Auntie and Raymond so much these days..."

Wendy and her son met each other's eyes, thinking that this little girl was exaggerating.

She just couldn't believe this needy Precious was the same arrogant little princess of Oliver Group.

Looking at his mother, Raymond asked softly, "Mommy, are we really moving out today?"

Nodding, she answered,

"Yes."

Wendy walked over to the sofa with the little girl in her arms.

"Don't you want to leave this house?"

His eyes looked like he was contemplating for a second before he let out a soft hum.

"As long as you are with me, I don't care wherever we are going," he replied as he leaned against his mother.

"Good boy!"

It hadn't been long since they came back from abroad.

The mother and her son didn't have much stuff, so the moving company finished quickly.

After that, Wendy went back to her room to finish packing her personal belongings.

She only had a few things with her, so she finished everything in ten minutes.

"Alright! Let's go!"

After saying goodbye to Wendy, the man from the moving company drove away, leaving her stunned.

Gasping, she suddenly realized that she didn't get to ask Ryan for the new address! Wendy was frozen in place.

"Mommy, aren't we going to leave?"

"I'm sorry..." she suddenly whispered.

"I...I don't know where our new home is."

Wendy felt like weeping, but no tears were coming out.

'Maybe Precious knows,' she thought.

The young girl was about to tell the distraught mother the address, but suddenly, she had a better idea.

"Auntie, maybe you can call Daddy to ask?"

But Wendy didn't have his phone number, either.

With her hands on her back, Precious secretly felt around her backpack for her phone.

When she saw Wendy's expression, she shook her head and murmured bashfully, "Sorry, Auntie. Daddy doesn't allow me to use a phone because he thinks I'm too young."

Wendy's face fell when she heard those words.

"But I memorized his phone number! You can still call him!"

"Really? Alright, give it to me," Wendy replied with a heavy sigh.

'I guess I have no other choice,' she thought.

When Wendy took out her phone, Precious immediately uttered out a series of numbers.

She quickly dialed the number.

After a short greeting with Ryan, Wendy went straight to the point.

"Well, boss, here's the thing. The guys from the moving company left, and I didn't get the chance to ask for the address. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes, of course. Add me on my WeChat account, which is the same as this number that you're calling. I'll send the address to you," he stated in a low and monotonous voice.

How troublesome.

Why can't he just say the address directly?' Wendy fought the urge to complain. After all, she was the one asking a favor.

So, she chirped, "Okay, boss!"

After hanging up the phone, Wendy quickly opened the WeChat app and searched for Ryan's account.

It didn't take her long to find her boss's account since he was using his real name and his profile photo was also his face.

Wendy squinted at her phone, speechless.

What a boring person.' She shook her head disapprovingly. Then, Wendy sent him a request, and a few seconds later, he accepted it. After a few seconds, he sent her a message with her new home address.

Before Wendy could type out a reply, she received a voice message from him.

Promptly, she clicked on it, and Ryan's glacial voice came through as he said, "Precious misses you a lot. Can you also take her to your place? I'll pick her up later."

Wendy didn't know what to say. So, I have to see my boss again tonight?' Internally, she was screaming. She didn't want to see him on such short notice.

But still, she couldn't go against her boss! So, despite her objection, Wendy typed out, "Okay," and quickly sent it.

Witnessing that her beautiful Auntie Wendy and Daddy were messaging each other on We Chat, Precious couldn't hide the smile on her face.

Finally! He did what I expected him to do! Awesome! As soon as Wendy got his phone number, he didn't waste the opportunity to get her to add him as friend on WeChat.

Of course, the young girl liked to think that she was the one who made all of it happen.

After all, she was God's assistant when it came to her father pursuing a wife! It seemed she was as sly as her biological father.

Precious made no attempt to hide the complacent expression on her face.

However, when she met Raymond's eyes, her smile faltered.

"Raymond..."

With his hands behind his back, Raymond sauntered slowly past her and whispered in a low voice, "You know...the phone in your bag just vibrated a few seconds ago."

Speechless, Precious could only stare at him, mouth agape.

### **Chapter 33: No Objection**

Wendy took a taxi and told the driver their new address.

The driver was a kind middle-aged man.

He was surprised for a second when he saw the beautiful lady, but when he noticed the two cute kids beside her, his heart melted.

"Wow! Miss, are your children twins? They look like tiny models in a magazine. They are adorable."

'Twins? My children? What?' Before Wendy could object, Precious jumped happily in the back seat.

"Do we really look alike?"

"Yes," the driver answered without hesitation.

The little girl was clearly delighted.

"Sir, you have a great eye."

The driver burst out laughing, finding the little girl's smile contagious.

The driver was also great at conversations, it seemed.

As he drove, he talked to Wendy about everything in Ywood, from food prices, the housing prices, urban constructions, and even the financial crisis.

In the back seat, Precious glanced at Raymond with a devious grin.

The young boy, however, remained quiet.

"Raymond, be honest with me. Do you also like my daddy?"

She grabbed the little boy's hand and said, "If you don't, then,

shouldn't you have told your mom the truth just now?"

She let out a playful giggle.

"You also want your mom and my dad to be together, don't you?" she teased.

"No!" Raymond quickly answered.

"That's a lie!"

Precious retorted.

"Your father is the CEO of Oliver Group, so they can't be together."

The young girl gasped as if offended.

"Hey! That's not nice! Raymond, I thought you were different from the others. Why do you also have something against him? Yes, my father is a wealthy CEO. But it only proves that he is better than most men. Auntie Wendy is so beautiful and considerate. She deserves the best man!"

With a sour expression, he hissed, "A man with money is likely to become unfaithful."

"That's not true! It has nothing to do with money!"

The little girl huffed defensively.

"Just look at my Uncle Luke! He's just my daddy's employee and doesn't make as much as my father. Yet, he changes his girlfriend almost every month. My daddy is turning thirty years old this year, but I've never seen him flirt with any other woman."

Raymond thought about it before stating, "Well, the news says that...your daddy likes men!"

"Bah! Those are all false too! They just say that to get people interested. If my daddy liked men, then why am I here, hmm?"

"Artificial insemination?" he replied with a serious look.

"What?! Why would you even think that?"

She glared at him and crossed her arms.

"Why don't you just say that a stork delivered me to his house or something?"

Raymond didn't reply.

Honestly...

Precious was making valid points. Noticing that his expression had softened, she put her arms around his neck and explained,

"Raymond, don't you see? It would be a good thing if your mom and my dad got together. Think about it. If Daddy and Auntie Wendy got married, then we will become real siblings! We can play, eat, and go to school together. Isn't that neat?"

A dreamy sigh escaped her small lips.

She imagined how great her life would be in the future if that happened.

'Real siblings, huh?' Raymond had to admit, it didn't seem like such a bad idea.

In fact, it sounded great! She raised her pinky at him and asked, "Then, are we in agreement? You're not allowed to object to my daddy chasing after your mom?"

He shrugged nonchalantly.

"It depends on what he will do."

'Wait, does that mean that he agrees? Finally!' Precious fought the urge to squeal in excitement.

'Oh my, I can't wait! This is going to be awesome!' She grinned.

'Nobody is in Daddy's way anymore!' Precious felt good about herself.

She thought of herself as a clever, cute, and amazing little kid! 'Alas! Sometimes being too great is also troublesome because I always take care of things too smoothly.

It's not challenging at all!' she thought happily.

The taxi stopped at the gate of Wendy and Raymond's new home, the Ensfield.

The rain had finally stopped. A bewildered Wendy got out of the car and looked at the neon lights.

She was utterly stupefied at the sight of the luxurious area in front of her.

The house was a luxurious single garden villa at the center of the city!

'Is this a joke?' she thought with furrowed brows.

"Sir, are you sure that this is the right place?"

"There's only one Ensfield in the whole Ywood, Miss. How could it be wrong?"

Wendy was so perplexed, but still, she paid the fare and thanked the driver.

For a few minutes, she seemed to be frozen in front of the villa.

"Auntie?" the little girl tugged on the hem of the woman's dress, confused as to why she wasn't moving.

Blinking, Wendy looked down at the small girl and said, "Just wait a minute, Precious. I have to call your father."

"Okay!"

Wendy could feel her heart beating wildly in her chest.

She knew that the Glory Media was well-off and that her new house they arranged for her would definitely be better than her previous one,

but she wasn't expecting something like this! 'How ridiculous! This is too much!' The call was quickly answered.

"Boss, I'm sorry to bother you so late. I just wanted to ask... Well, about that address that you sent me... Are you sure that you didn't give me the wrong one?"

"It's the right address, I'm sure." Wendy's eyes widened, shocked.

Despite her naivety, Wendy knew that this wasn't normal.

She gulped and asked shakily, "Boss, is your company this nice to all new employees?"

"You saved my daughter, so of course, you are different," he replied calmly.

'So... Was this villa also some sort of an extra reward?' Wendy wondered idly if that was appropriate for a newcomer like her to live in such a luxurious place.

"Boss, is there any other place we can live in?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Finch. You already signed the agreement. It was very clear on the contract that you must accept all the work arrangements of the company. In return, the company shall provide accommodation for your convenience. If you don't accept it, then it can be considered as a breach of contract,"

Ryan explained in a serious tone.

Wendy felt a shiver up her spine as she listened to him.

'Breach of contract? That's absurd! If she broke the contract, she would have to pay a fine of one billion dollars as a penalty! She could not afford that, even if she sold all her organs! After a few minutes of not hearing her talk, Ryan cleared his throat.

"Do you still want to change your house, Miss Finch?"

Even though she knew he couldn't see her, she still shook her head.

"No, thanks. I think this place is great!" Wendy smiled awkwardly and added, "Ha-ha! I'm quite satisfied with this arrangement.

Thank you, Boss! After hanging up the phone, Wendy took out the contract from her bag to check if he was telling the truth.

She used the street lamp as a light source and read the material carefully.

There was indeed a sentence on the contract that said, "Accept all the work arrangements of the company."

Wendy was speechless.

"Auntie Wendy, what's wrong?"

Precious asked with a concerned expression.

"Nothing. It's fine!"

Wendy forced a smile and continued, "Why don't we go inside?"

"Okay, sure!"

Not wanting to worry them, Wendy led the two children into the villa district.

As soon as they entered the gate, several security guards immediately bowed to Precious.

"Welcome back, little princess!" they greeted.

Precious wasn't particularly fond of dealing with strangers, and she usually ignored the security guards.

But, this time, she flashed them her pearly whites and greeted them back, "Thank you!"

I can't make a mistake!' she told herself. She wanted her future Mommy to have a good impression of her.

Amidst the chaos of the security guards, Precious led Wendy and Raymond into the villa area.

Ryan had arranged a villa for Wendy at building two of the Enfield. The mother and son looked around in awe as they stood at the entrance of their new home.

Then, Wendy turned to Precious.

The little girl's familiarity with the his place was a little odd.

She couldn't shake off the bad feeling she suddenly felt.

"Precious..." she murmured, creasing her forehead.

"Where do you live?"

"Right there!"

Precious happily pointed to the gate with the words "No.1 Enfield" hanging on the gate.

"That is where I live with Daddy. Auntie Wendy, we will be neighbors from now on!" She grinned.

Chapter 34: Carnivorous Animal

There were a few things that set building two of the Enfield apart from the other buildings.

The gate had intimidating metal fences surrounding it.

Upon entering, what came to view was a cobblestone path winding all the way to the door of the living room.

On the left side was an open-air parking space, and on the right was a huge open space.

The open space had a garden that was filled with different kinds of roses, including red roses, white roses, champagne roses, and many more.

In fact, there was a handful of varieties that Wendy had never seen

before.

When the gentle breeze blew, the scent of flowers wafted through the air, making the scenery look even more beautiful.

Wendy couldn't help taking a deep breath to relish this moment.

Precious had already told her about it before, "Auntie Wendy, a penny-pinching man used to live here. And not only was he a penny-pincher, he was also very fickle. He has been with a lot of women, dating a couple of them at a time, and he would often send them flowers. However, since he didn't want to spend his own money on them, he decided to fill the yard with flowers. That way, whenever he wanted to send flowers to his girlfriends, all he had to do was cut some flowers from the garden and wrap them up, which made things a whole lot easier for him!"

This left Wendy at such a loss for words.

The corners of her mouth twitched in disgust.

When she saw this, Precious chuckled a bit.

After all, the penny-pincher and fickle man she just mentioned was none other than her uncle, Luke.

To make sure that Wendy wouldn't have any second thoughts about moving in, Luke moved to another building ahead of time.

Looking at the flowers in the yard and chewing on the story Precious just told her, Wendy suddenly came up with an idea.

She would have to get rid of all the flowers and plant vegetables instead, which were practical, safe, and sustainable! She walked along the path until she reached the door to the living room.

For some reason, the door was ajar.

With a gentle push, Wendy slowly opened it.

She stood at the door in amazement when she saw the interior of the room.

It wasn't the luxurious European style she was expecting to see, but a Mediterranean style, which was mainly blue and white.

The vividness of the living room took her by surprise.

The beige floor tiles were accented by a carpet that had a blue and white pattern, the sofa with blue and white stripes, and the white porcelain tea table.

The table was covered with a blue tablecloth, on top of which was a platter filled with fruits.

After making their way through the living room, they saw the spacious kitchen on the first floor.

There was a beautiful dining table and chairs, including a wine cabinet

right next to the kitchen.

And upon a closer look, they noticed that the shelves of the wine cabinet was full of many imported wines.

There was a spiral staircase leading to the second floor.

Above them was a wooden ceiling with an elegant white crystal chandelier hanging on it.

Wendy fell in love with this house the moment she saw it.

Once! When she fell in love with Brian, she dreamt of buying a spacious house for the two of them.

Its interior design must be in her favorite Mediterranean style.

If possible, she wanted to have a floating window in her bedroom.

And on her free time, she would sit there while reading a book and basking in the sun.

Unfortunately, life became harder and harder for her.

Because of that, she had no choice but to bury these dreams deep in her heart.

She never would've thought that her fantasy would come true one day.

However...

The easier things became for her, the more uneasy it made her feel.

That was because she believed everything came with a price.

""Goo"

With a growling noise, Precious covered her belly with her hands in embarrassment.

"Are you hungry?"

With her face red-flushed, she nodded her head and said, "I haven't had dinner yet, and Raymond also hadn't eaten either. We thought you would come back home right away..."

Wendy herself also hadn't had anything to eat.

She didn't even realize it before.

After hearing Precious 'stomach grumbling, she suddenly found herself feeling hungry as well.

"Wait!"

Wendy put down her luggage and rushed back into the kitchen.

She opened the fridge to see if she could whip up something for them to eat, but it was empty.

"How about I order some take-away food?"

"No, I don't think that's a good idea. Take-away is not good for your health."

Tilting her head sideways, the little girl asked, "Auntie Wendy, do you

know how to cook?"

"Of course!"

Before Wendy could say anything else, Raymond suddenly chimed in,

"My mommy cooks even better food than chefs at five-star hotels."

"Oh, I can't wait to taste her cooking. Auntie Wendy, wait a second."

The two saw the little girl scurry to the living room, pick up the telephone beside the sofa, and make a phone call.

It was a little far from the kitchen, so they couldn't really make out what she was saying.

All they heard was the part where she was urging the other person on the line, "Hurry up, you have to get here as soon as possible."

Just a moment later.

It had barely even been five minutes when they heard the doorbell rang.

The little girl excitedly ran toward the door and pressed the unlock button, and the door opened right away.

Then, Wendy saw over a dozen men and women in uniform walking in one by one, each of them holding a tray in their hand, which had all kinds of fresh vegetables, meat, seafood, eggs, rice...as well as all kinds of seasonings.

Apart from that, different kinds of cooking utensils and tableware seemed to have been prepared as well.

Wendy was left utterly dumbfounded.

"My lady..."

Waving her chubby little arm, the little girl said, "Send everything to the kitchen."

"Right away, miss!"

After receiving her instruction, all of them brought everything to the kitchen in an orderly manner.

In a matter of minutes, the fridge that was completely empty earlier was now full, and the kitchen had also been filled with cooking utensils.

The villa, which seemed so desolate just moments ago, was suddenly filled with the scent of life.

As soon as they were done putting everything in place, the little girl told the servants that they could go back to the No.1 villa.

Wendy looked as if she had been knocked for six.

If she had known that this was going to happen, she would have asked Precious to go back home for dinner.

Now that they had already gone through the trouble of bringing all

these things here, it would be rude to ask them to take everything back, wouldn't it? Feeling so helpless, Wendy had no choice but to look for an apron and start cooking.

Luckily for her, all the food they brought was processed, so it would save her a lot of trouble.

Wendy started with cooking a pot of rice.

"Precious, tell me, is there anything you would like to eat?"

Hearing this, the eyes of the little girl lit up in an instant, and she exclaimed, "Wow! Is it really okay for me to decide what we're going to eat for dinner?"

"Of course!"

Taking in a deep breath, the little girl thought about it and replied, "I'd like to have the fish with Chinese sauerkraut, fried pork slices, spicy boiled meat slices, Kung Pao chicken, and, mmm, what else? Oh! I also want some stewed pork with brown sauce and braised spareribs with brown sauce...Wait, is that too much?"

"It's perfectly fine. Besides, I haven't had dinner either, so I'm starving. I'll just prepare more dishes and eat with you."

Wendy skillfully prepared dinner and handled the food with finesse,

"So, do you like eating meat?"

All of the dishes she requested had meat in it.

"Yes! Yes, I do! I'm a carnivorous animal, and I also love spicy food!"

Her taste was very similar to that of Raymond and her.

Ray's favorite dish also happened to be braised spareribs with brown sauce.

"Just wait for a little while longer. The food will be ready soon."

"Okay!"

Wendy ended up being good at cooking because Raymond was a premature baby and had poor health since birth.

At that time, she had to work in a Chinese restaurant, and she learned a lot of things from the chefs there.

When he got a little older, she started cooking different dishes for him, and that was how her cooking skills improved little by little.

She cooked many dishes that Precious requested.

Because of this, the smell of good food filled the air in the living room.

"Wow! Wendy, what are you cooking? It smells so delicious!"

At the gate, Luke and Ryan were just walking in side by side.

The two of them hadn't had dinner yet.

Luke darted toward the kitchen in two steps, picked up a piece of braised pork that had just been taken out of the pot and put it in his

mouth.

Unfortunately for him, the food was so hot that his tongue got scalded, and he screamed in pain.

But, even though his tongue had gone numb, he still didn't want to spit it out and chose to bear the pain.

"Wow, it's so good! Super yummy! It's fat but not greasy, and it just melts in my mouth! Yummy! Yummy! I want more!"

Luke complimented the dish with a lisp.

"Ah, Uncle Luke! You can't just steal the food like that! Raymond and I haven't even had a bite yet!"

"You don't have to be so mean!"

Luke was then dragged out of the kitchen against his will by the little girl.

Since Luke suddenly showed up, then...

Ryan must be here, as well.

Wendy raised her head to check and saw that Ryan was also in the living room.

He didn't walk over to where they were.

Instead, he just sat on the sofa next to Raymond.

Although the two of them didn't really talk much, it was easy to see that things were not awkward between them whatsoever. After a while, Wendy saw that Ryan took out something from his pocket and handed it over to Raymond.

"What?"

Wendy's heart almost leapt out of her chest! The house he had arranged for her was right next to his.

And now, he even gave her son a gift.

What the hell could Ryan be planning to do?

Chapter 35: Love Me Love My Dog

The cozily furnished living room was deafeningly silent.

The sofa had always been relaxing.

Raymond felt good as he expanded his mouth with a cup of hot water.

When he saw the Rubik's cube that was given to him by Ryan, he raised his lips, appearing scornful.

"Child's play! Is this the most extreme challenge already?"

"Is that possible?"

Ryan was shocked, "You can fix it?"

The kind of cube that was commonly seen on the market was a third-order cube.

There were nine squares on each side, and each was colored

differently.

Most parents felt a strong affinity for buying this little stuff.

And they would render the design unusable before handing it to their children, which would challenge their spatial thinking abilities, and they would ask the children to redo the design to teach strategic coordination.

A third-order Rubik's cube was already very difficult for an ordinary child, let alone a sixth-order one.

Imagine the level of difficulty it could cause to the player.

Each side of the sixth-order one was made up of thirty-six pieces.

After being messed up, it would be extremely challenging for even an experienced adult to reconstruct it as well.

"Humph!"

Raymond didn't speak to him or make eye contact with him at all.

He stopped drinking his water and went to work on the magic cube.

When he held the magic cube, it spun quickly in his palm.

He was more flexible than if he tried to be, and he moved so quickly that no one could keep up with him.

This had all been completed in about five minutes, as soon as they put the magical cube back together.

As Raymond lobbed the reorganized cube casually at Ryan, the latter's countenance was still in shock.

"Easy peasy."

Ryan was completely flabbergasted and didn't know what to say to him, "You're absolutely brilliant."

Rather than talking, Raymond picked up the glass again and kept drinking.

"If you manage to solve the cube in no time, I'll let you solve the eleventh order Rubik's cube later."

"The first rule that my mother has taught me is everything comes with a price and strangers wouldn't just give things to you for free. She also teaches me that don't take anything that doesn't belong to me. I wouldn't accept anything from you if it came with the stipulation."

Ryan was impressed by Raymond's intelligence, even when the first time they met.

This boy was young and less talkative, but his eyes were bright and full of understanding.

The conversation went well than expected.

Raymond was more erudite than he had anticipated.

"I see your point. There is always a reason behind everything I do."

"It's my mommy who's you're after!"

"Definitely!"

Ryan mustered a measure of sincerity when he frankly admitted, "I wanted to pursue your mommy."

Raymond finally looked Ryan in the eyes and then said, "Are you clear headed now?"

"Crystal clear!"

The conversation between them was very serious like the one between two mature men.

Ryan didn't treated Raymond as an ignorant preschool boy at all. The eyes of the little man were as sharp as the beams, and his lips clenched.

"What exactly do you mean by pursuing my mother?" he started.

"Will you treat my mother as your girlfriend with sincerity and give her the love that she deserves? Or you'll just use her as a shameless mistress and utilize her for your selfish pleasure?!" "Neither! You don't understand."

Raymond altered his expression, "Then what exactly do you imply?"

"So long as she's okay with that, she will be my wife whenever she wants."

I Raymond had loosened up.

It was for a long time that he studied Ryan with his glass of water in his hand while he was staring at him.

It was apparent that the aroma from the kitchen was becoming more and more delicious.

In a way, he looked almost tender as he glanced at her.

"Is there any more questions?"

Raymond shrugged inexpressibly, "Have you really thought this through? My mom's career hasn't bloomed yet.

Right now, she's just a little-known actress.

You, on the other hand, are the CEO of Oliver Group.

You're at top of the pedestal.

Can't you see the gap?" Lovingly, Ryan rested his arm along the back of the couch and asked, "Are you saying she's not good enough for me?"

The little guy lost his temper and detonated in an instant.

He was as quickly dangerous as an angry hedgehog, getting ready to defend his territory at a moment's notice.

"My mommy is the best thing that ever happened to me! She's the best woman of all! She deserves everything the world could ever

offer!" Ryan burst into laughter.

Raymond was definitely still a little kid.

For a four-year-old, he was really confused now.

He didn't know why Ryan suddenly started laughing, and had to inquire, "What are you laughing?"

"You're the cutest boy I've ever seen!" As a direct result, the little boy was embarrassed and turned his face away.

"The word 'cute' should never be used to describe a man like me!"

Perhaps it was because of Wendy, who was very sweet, Ryan found it amusing to know this little guy.

He stroked the boy's hair for a while and withdrew his hand before the boy got upset.

"I'm an adult already. I have a clear understanding of what I'm doing."

The little guy gasped a soothing sound.

He lifted his throat and bumpily said, "You don't have to impress me then."

"It's certainly not flattering."

"What?"

"It is because you are special to her and she surely cares about you, so I just want to love you and care for you, for her sake." Wendy didn't take much time cooking.

She was able to finish in no time.

They were all dishes that Precious just purchased, including the fish with Chinese sauerkraut, fried pork slices, spicy boiled meat pieces, Kung Pao chicken, stewed pork with brown sauce and Spareribs with brown sauce.

Besides that, she also made a cucumber salad, lettuce with smashed garlic sauce and even a soup with tomato and egg.

The table was overfilled with tongue-licking foods.

Precious was watering when Luke tried the braised pork earlier.

She quickly washed her hands and ran over to see that the dishes were on the table.

She took up a slice of stewed pork and put it in her mouth.

It was braised.

"Ah! Yummy!"

The food had a mixture of sweetness and saltiness in taste.

The pork was so tender and the gravy was so rich.

"Take it slowly..."

Seeing that she was pleased, Wendy felt herself immediately come to life again.

Wendy set a bowl of rice in front of her and said, "Have some, and enjoy. There's no need to rush. Keep in mind that no one will take it away from you."

"Oh, wow, it's absolutely delectable! That really is wonderful, Auntie Wendy, the food you make is much better than the food our cook makes!"

"You're only too overwhelmed. You're just saying that because you're starving."

But by her deeds, Precious assured Wendy that her words were no exaggeration.

She did little other than eat the food, her mouth and hands full of grease.

She had time to say almost nothing. Luke and Ryan then invited themselves to sit down.

Wendy was speechless.

She could not believe it.

"Hey, Wendy. Because of your contract, Ryan and I didn't have dinner yet. Just the three of you can't finish them all now that you have done this much. If we got some, do you mind?" They had settled down already.

Could she still decline? In addition, these two people were also her superiors, technically accurate.

How dare she push them away? It was impertinent of her to do so.

Wendy grimaced forcefully, "Of course, I don't mind. Go ahead it's all right."

"I know you are the best. You really are!"

Without taking some time to collect his dishes, Luke simply sat down and retrieved the meals.

After trying all the dishes, he was eager to go on to describe the amazing flavors he noticed.

While eating, he quickly gained understanding.

How could these two people look like some refugees? They were so embarrassing.

Raymond and Ryan, in turn, were much milder.

The two gradually and eloquently picked up food.

Suddenly, Ryan turned his head.

What happened next was unexpected.

This time, Ryan and Wendy's eyes seemed to intertwine.

The ice in his cold eyes seemed to meet a volcanic eruption, with a noticeable pace that vanished and a hot one replacing it.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Her heart beat violently.  
There were butterflies in her stomach too.  
Wendy's hands trembled and almost dropped the bowl as they shook too much.

To avoid having to meet his burning eyes, she abruptly turned her head.

Ryan raised the corner of his mouth.

Wendy fidget in her sitting during the meal.

The dishes at the table were quickly swept clean, all thanks to Luke and Precious.

"Indeed! I am so full! You are such a good cook. All of the foods taste amazing!"

Luke placed his hand on his belly and felt extremely satisfied.

He was surely happy with the meals.

"I'm about to clean the table now," said Wendy, who had settled back into her former role.

"No! Sit down!"

Ryan gazed at Luke coldly, putting down his chopsticks and said,

"You're the visitor. Go ahead and do it!" Luke didn't utter a word.

The way he commended seemed in a way that he had married Wendy and was now the owner of the house.

Chapter 36: I Want You!

Luke was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

With all the wealth his family had, he never needed to do the housework, not even once in his life.

He looked at his flawless, slender fingers, and then looked at Ryan's cold, piercing eyes.

He sighed and began to gather the bowls and dishes on the table.

He had no idea how to properly wash dishes, but it seemed like he had no other choice at the moment.

Aye! He had already sacrificed so much.

How much more should he endure just for Ryan to chase after

Wendy? As soon as Luke left, Precious thought of something.

Immediately, she took Raymond by the hand and led him to the sofa in the living room.

Ryan and Wendy were left alone in the big dining room.

"Boss..."

"Please, Wendy. We're off duty."

Ryan was implying that Wendy didn't have to call him boss.

"Oh...Okay, then,"

Wendy responded quietly.

What came after this small exchange was silence filled with tension and awkwardness.

Wendy wriggled uncomfortably in her seat as she felt the uneasiness setting in.

Her eyes darted in every direction except where Ryan was.

Soon, Ryan broke the silence.

"So...ever since I became your boss, have...you been afraid of me?"

Wendy let out a nervous chuckle.

"What are you even saying, Mr.Oliver?"

"Every time you feel uncomfortable around me you call me 'Mr.Oliver,

" " Ryan explained nonchalantly.

"W-what?"

"You also stutter."

Wendy was rendered speechless.

'How did he even notice that?' she thought.

Ryan leaned against the table, his chin resting on the back of his hand.

He got closer to Wendy and changed the topic.

"Do you like it here?"

"I actually do! But I'm afraid I really don't deserve all this."

She was not stupid.

If Ryan just wanted to repay her for saving Precious, offering her a very lax contract would have been enough.

Anything beyond that in this case, an incredible house next to his was, to say the least, way too much.

After pondering on it for a few minutes, she decided that it was necessary for her to make thing clear between the two of them.

With a deep breath, she summoned up all her courage and looked up at Ryan.

"Mr.Oliver," she addressed confidently.

"I am an ordinary woman and I have very simple goals in life.I just want to make it in the entertainment industry and show how good of an actress I am on screen.I also want to make a lot of money.After all of that is over, after my contract ends, I will retire, marry an ordinary person, and live a peaceful life.It's hard for me to admit this but I am scared.I hate changes and I hate being heartbroken when that happens.I want a simple life where I know where I'm headed, and I won't face any drastic changes.Do you understand that?" This was her way of saying that she was rejecting whatever Ryan was offering

her.

'A guy as smart as him would be able to read between the lines and understand what I'm trying to say,' she said inwardly.

Ryan immediately nodded in agreement.

With that, Wendy breathed a huge sigh of relief.

"It seems like I haven't really made myself clear enough."

"What?"

Ryan stood up all of a sudden.

With how tall he was, he easily towered over Wendy, who was taken aback by what was happening.

Before she could properly react, however, he was already bending down, his face inching closer and closer to hers.

Soon enough, their faces became so close together that they could see each other's pores and feel each other's breaths.

"Mr....Mr.Oliver..."

"I like you, Wendy.I want you!"

Boom! Wendy felt her head explode and her mind instantly went blank.

'What...what the hell? Didn't he understand that I just rejected him?'

Wendy was dumbfounded.

Ryan interrupted her before she could come up with something cohesive.

"I will never let you be with some 'ordinary man'! Let alone marry them!"

"\_"

"I am Ryan Oliver! And let me tell you something more, Wendy: I will never, ever let anything bad or painful happen to you!"

His voice was firm, domineering and, honestly, arrogant!

"But why me?"

Wendy asked in a weak voice, "We literally just got in contact less than ten days ago! If this is because Precious likes me-"

"No, no, no, no! That's not it! I didn't like you because of Precious I liked you because you're you!"

Wendy didn't think she could be more stunned, but here she was.

After a long while, she pointed at Ryan with her trembling fingers and said, "I've...I've heard rumors, you know.They say you like men! You don't like me.You're just using me to try and hide your true sexual orientation!"

I Ryan's expression darkened immediately.

As his eyes narrowed, he whispered in a threatening voice, "It seems

that I have to prove my sexual orientation to you, huh."

"Okay, no,"

Wendy quickly backtracked.

"I just saw that on the news, heard it on the streets. If you have to prove anything, you have to prove it to them, not me."

She then pushed him away and rushed into the corner of the room.

"Hey, come back here!"

"No!"

Her speed, however, was no match against Ryan's long legs.

He easily caught up to her, effectively cornering her.

She, however, was not afraid anymore.

With a determined look on her face, she hissed, "And even if you like women, why me? Don't tell me that you've fallen in love with me at first sight! You know that's bullshit and eventually it's all just because of lust! You are Ryan Oliver, the CEO of Oliver Group. I'm sure you've seen, met, and—I don't know—had "interactions" with all kinds of exceedingly beautiful women! Why are you chasing after me? I'm not even that pretty!"

"Why are you so self-deprecating!"

"I am not! I'm just being real here, Ryan! You are the CEO of Oliver Group, one of the biggest and richest companies in the entire world! Everybody wants you! And you know what? You don't even need the CEO of Oliver Group—you are fit and handsome enough that the most beautiful women from Ywood to the US will fall to their knees just to beg you to be with them!"

"What about you?"

"Me?"

Ryan's previously intimidating stance became relaxed.

A smile spread across lips as he muttered, "Are you one of those girls? Do you...want to sleep with me?"

After everything Wendy said this was what running through Ryan's mind.

It was the first time Wendy saw Ryan smile that wasn't mocking or a sneer.

It was small, but it was sincere.

And though it wasn't much, it softened his cold and hard features a lot.

Ryan, in his normal state could already be considered as a man who could easily entrance anyone he came across with, but now that he was sporting this smile...

Wendy felt her throat drying up.

Ryan was doing something to her.

The sound of her swallowing came so suddenly and so loudly that Wendy was immediately shook back to her senses.

Ouch! 'This man is nothing but trouble! He's fascinating, but I'm definitely not into him!' "C'mon Wendy, don't be shy.

You don't even have to answer the expression on your face just now has revealed everything I needed to know."

Ryan was now donning a smile full of naughtiness and determination. "Shut up!"

Wendy was so ashamed that she wanted to slap herself twice! Ryan was now, once again, inching closer and closer to her.

He was moving in very, very slowly, but his moves were firm and powerful, as if he was a snake wrapping around her heart.

Wendy was so scared that her breathe started becoming shallow.

"Alright then, I will make it short and easy for you to understand, Mr.Oliver.It's impossible for us to be together.Regardless of our status, do you really know me? I'm a single mother with a child.Do you think your family can accept that?"

"A relationship does not mean everything goes right in one day.Wendy, it's a process! We'll get to know each other slowly and we'll fix issues along the way!"

He cupped her face and looked straight into her eyes.

"Never worry about my family.You don't have to think about whether they like you or not, whether they accept you or not.Let me handle all of those."

A certain tenderness colored his deep, luscious voice.

"Look, you're a single mother with a son, while I'm a single father with a daughter.We are meant to be together."

Wendy could not believe what was happening.

'What...is...happening...' She swallowed and said in a very silly way,

"You are quite open-minded about being a stepfather, ha ha..."

"No one can be your lovely son's stepfather but me."

Chapter 37: I Just Want To Be Your Son's Stepfather

"I want to marry you and become your son's step- father! I'm willing to accept both him and you in my life! Ryan spoke in one breath, emphasizing the severity of his determination through his words.

With minimal words to his name, Ryan was able to leave an everlasting impact on Wendy, who became visibly flustered.

Meanwhile, Luke, who was sneakily eavesdropping on their exchange while remaining hidden in the kitchen, couldn't help but smile to

himself, combusting with excitement. Brilliant! Who said that Ryan didn't know anything about flirting with women just because he never had girlfriends before? Whoever with that opinion should come and see for themselves! Watch the spectacle unfold as it tramples on the presumptuous ideals one once let limit them.

Every sentence he spoke would melt Wendy's heart and dye her cheeks red from delight.

If this wasn't proof enough that they shared the same biological parents, what else could it be? Both brothers had the same talent for sweet-talking, after all! Luke felt an odd sense of gratification watching Ryan break out of his shell and take matters into his own hands.

He was like a proud parent, watching their child achieve great heights from the sidelines.

Tearing up from being emotionally overwhelmed, Luke went back to wash the dishes, sighing with relief.

"I want you to be my girlfriend!"

"No! No, stop! I can't!"

Snapping back to reality, Wendy furiously shook her head, making it a point to prove how bizarre his wish was.

Taken aback, Ryan frowned and clenched his jaw.

"And why not? What's the reason?"

Wendy slightly trembled, not sure what excuse she could come up with.

Her eyes darted everywhere in the room, avoiding his gaze, searching for a good excuse.

"Uh. That's right! The contract! Falling in love and dating someone is clearly prohibited in the contract! If I do so, it'll be breaking the rules. Therefore, I can't!"

Taken by surprise, Ryan was rendered speechless.

: How could he have never thought of that before putting such a condition into effect? After all, it was he who suggested such terms in the first place.

Never did he think this would come to backfire on him someday.

Refusing to give up, Ryan clenched his fists and pressed further, "You don't have to worry about the restrictions of the contract. I'll deal with them."

"No way! Even if you somehow managed to change the terms and conditions of the contract, I'll still refuse to be with you!"

Ryan's persistence towards his desires was beginning to annoy

Wendy.

Every time she would bring up an excuse, he would shut it down with a solution of his own.

"I've already made it clear to you. This cannot happen. You and I can never be together!"

"Just give me a reason why. Don't I at least deserve to know that?"

Unbothered by her claims, Ryan continued to push for a reason for turning him down.

At his demand for an explanation, Wendy sighed to herself and forcefully adorned a bitter smile, struggling to lift the corners of her mouth.

Closing her eyes slowly, she retracted herself from reality and sunk into the unforgiving clutches of her past, something she thought she had escaped from.

Over the years, Wendy did her best to suppress her mind from trailing back into the past.

She had sworn never to touch this subject for as long as she lived.

After all, reminiscing all that unfolded brought nothing but pain and anguish, consuming her heart with unparalleled darkness and hatred.

Brian's unfaithfulness...

Eris's devious plotting...

Cacia's crime of murdering her mother...

And the mysterious man she lost her virginity to when she was set up after the wedding...

Subconsciously adding distance between herself and Ryan, she felt the unrelenting grips of her past strangle her, making it hard to breathe.

Naturally, Wendy felt the temperature around her drop, enveloping her in deep sadness.

"Wendy..."

"Ryan, do you have any idea what I've been through in the past? Do you think you know anything about the person that I used to be?"

As she questioned him, her tone was calm.

But her eyes shone with contradiction, a hue vouching for the darkness lying dormant within her.

"I don't care about your past. All I care about is your present and your future!"

'So, you don't care, do you?' For most people, this would have been a deal-breaker.

But for Wendy, it meant different.

Lowering her gaze, she smiled bitterly, masking her disappointment. After all, he only made those bold statements because he was unaware of the gravity of the situation.

If he were to find out everything, surely he'd change his mind.

Slumping her back to the wall, Wendy sighed to herself, her shoulders feeling burdened by the air growing dense around her.

The shadows of the wall swallowed her feeble figure, bearing the claws of darkness into her skin.

Her expression was indifferent yet lonely, closing herself off from anyone who dared approach.

"Maybe you don't, but I do!"

Ryan's eyes were piercing, flashing brilliantly under the light.

But Wendy didn't falter.

She returned his gaze and continued, "If you arranged for me to live here just so you could pursue me, then it's pointless. I already told you we cannot be together. With that being said, Ray and I will be moving out as soon as possible. I don't want to overstay my welcome."

With Wendy constantly throwing rejections his way, Ryan tightened his jaw and kept himself from acting up in response.

After voicing her concerns, Wendy remained quiet, waiting on a response from Ryan.

Within just a few moments, the atmosphere had taken a drastic turn for the worse.

Just a few seconds ago, the room was brewing with happiness, signaling hopes of newfound love before it was quickly shot down with cold arrows raining down on them from above.

As the lingering silence continued to weigh down on them, Luke suddenly showed up, making his way out of the kitchen.

He frantically shook his wet hands to dry them exaggeratingly and said, "Ah, I'm finally done with washing all the dishes. Wendy, I overheard you say you're planning on moving out?"

Faced with a concerned Luke, Wendy remained silent.

"Why would you want to do that? Especially after you just moved in today. Think of how good this is for both you and Ray. Our families are familiar with one another. Plus, Precious really likes you, and she wishes to see you every day. I'll be bringing her with me occasionally to have dinner with all of you. Moreover... You and Ray just came back from abroad. You don't know anyone here except for Roger, and even he is busy with his commitments these days. Later on, when you have to shoot for a film, you'll barely have any time to spare yourself. And

hypothetically, let's just suppose you do move out and find another place to stay. Can you guarantee that the security of that place will be any better than here? Who will look after Ray when you leave for work? He'll be left alone. You won't even be able to focus since you'll be worried about him all the time."

Lost for words, Wendy couldn't help but agree with everything he said. "Ray is only four years old. No matter how sensible or obedient you've raised him, he's still a child. And children need attention. Even if you were to find a nanny... Haven't you seen the news about all those mean nannies? Who's to say they won't abuse your son? Can you really trust some stranger treating with him with kindness and affection behind your back? You wouldn't have to worry about any of that if you lived here though. We're your friends. Besides, Precious and Ray get along well. They're like brother and sister. And when you head off to work, Precious and Ray could play together till you're back. Maybe with Precious keeping him occupied, Ray can be more active than he is now."

Stating all possibilities on the tip of his fingers, Luke continued, "Also, there are servants in our house. If you, at some point, can't make it in time for lunch, Ray can eat whatever is made here by our cook. You can't keep feeding take-away to a child. He needs proper nourishment. We also have a family doctor. If anything were to go wrong and he would require medical assistance, it will be swiftly taken care of."

Luke's silver-tongue was starting to work its magic.

Wendy could feel her determination faltering, one statement after another.

Usually, she couldn't care less about others, but Ray was an exception.

If it meant he would be in good hands, she would definitely consider it.

"So, you shouldn't move out. It is in your best interests that you stay here. You wouldn't have to worry about a thing."

Quickly, Luke wiped his damp hands with a napkin from the dining table and grabbed Ryan's hand in a rush to leave before Wendy could refuse the offer.

"Well then, it's getting late. We'll be heading off now. Let's call it a day. Please, make yourselves comfortable. See you later!"

Meanwhile, at the No. 1 villa of the Ensfield, Luke tucked Precious into bed, kissing her forehead goodnight before she dozed off and entered her dream world.

Then, he made his way towards the second floor to Ryan's room. The moment he opened the door, a whiff of burnt ash filled his lungs, choking him.

The room was enveloped in darkness as Luke ran his gaze, chasing shadows in the dark.

The only source of light was the vivid red flame in front of the French window.

Switching his gaze from Ryan to the French window, Luke walked up to it to take a look.

From the window that extended from the floor till it kissed the ceiling on the second floor, Wendy's room could be seen clearly.

Her room was brightly lit.

It was clear she hadn't fallen asleep yet.

"Ryan, why don't you go to bed?"

"I'm not tired."

Ryan's slender yet long fingers curled delicately around the cigarette, allowing the ash to fall uselessly on the floor, refusing to bring the tip near his lips.

"Are you having trouble sleeping again? You haven't had a good night's sleep for several days. I'm worried for you, you know?"

Hurriedly, Luke looked away, but not before Ryan noticed a flinch of pain across his face.

"Things can't go on like this. I'll call Leo first thing in the morning. He'll come and examine you."

"There's no need for that. I'm fine,"

Ryan protested, frantically waving his free hand in exasperation.

"Ryan, please..."

"If he was so good at his job, I would've been okay years ago. I don't want to waste my time with him. It's useless."

Luke opened his mouth, but no words come out.

Helplessly, he hung his head and sighed to himself. If that was how Ryan thought, then he couldn't convince him otherwise.

Luke felt somehow frustrated.

He just tried to help here.

Defeated, Luke put away his phone, focusing his gaze on Ryan after adapting to the darkness.

His expression was wistful, drained, eyes fixated on the window overlooking Wendy's room.

Blending acutely with the dull atmosphere of the room, Ryan looked like a harbinger of despair.

Unable to take in such an unpleasant sight, Luke sighed.

"Ryan! Snap out of it! It's not the end of the world. Look at it this way, you two barely know each other that well yet. She was probably caught off guard by your sudden confession and didn't know how to react. It doesn't matter. We have assigned her to Glory Media and made her move into our neighborhood. You'll have plenty of other chances to deal with this in the future. Trust the process, and don't lose hope!"

"I know that, okay?"

The only thing on his mind was the depth of emotion he witnessed in her eyes when she spoke of her past...

How bad could it possibly be? Whatever mysteries she harbored within her, it was clearly burdening her.

Eyes bright with interest, Ryan quickly put out his cigarette in the ashtray.

"Listen, Luke."

"What is it?"

"Find out about her past."

"Huh? Haven't you already run a background check before? Why do you want to do it again?"

On their first encounter with Wendy in the Riverside Restaurant, Ryan had suspected her of harboring ulterior motives.

Therefore, he had requested a thorough investigation before further proceedings. "This time, I want an in-depth report, from her childhood to adulthood. Spare no details, minor or major. I want to know everything."

With the previous rejection fresh in his mind, he was determined to get to the root of the cause.

"Alright, I'm on it!"

Chapter 38: Do You Want To Know Who Your Biological Father Is

"Hold on!"

Realizing that Luke was about to depart, Ryan stopped him immediately.

"Ryan?"

"Forget it!"

In that moment, he realized something.

With a gloomy expression, he pulled down the curtain.

The lights flickered out, plunging the room into total darkness.

To a lower-pitched tone, he said, "Forget it! Don't investigate any further!"

"What? Are you sure?"

"Just leave it."

Everybody had their personal history that he or she would rather people not know about.

Wendy had this one as well, and so did Ryan.

He had utilized his power so much.

His advantage to get too far into her personal life would show her lack of respect. Ryan said, rubbing his brows together, "It is rapidly approaching midnight. Now is the time to rest."

"Ryan, are you really okay? We can talk about this."

As it turned out, Luke had grounds for concern.

Though his elder brother was never so known for indecisiveness, in his heart, he had always been capable of being strong and decisive. He seldom found himself to be in such a state of uncertainty when he made a decision.

Well, now, Luke paused to think for a moment and said with some concern, "Ryan, I'm in favor of looking into that. When we know what she has really experienced, we will be capable of treating her accordingly."

"I beg to disagree. I don't think it's a great idea!"

"But Ryan..."

"I still have a long way to go before I will be able to enter her world. She doesn't believe me, so I'll have to show her how sincere I am."

"All right! It's your decision anyway. I hope you don't regret it."

It was almost midnight, and the neighborhood was serene and calm. Raymond and Wendy climbed the stairs and entered the second floor bedroom.

The bedroom was significantly wide, and it was decorated in the style of the Mediterranean.

The ambience was definitely relaxing.

All in the room was alive.

There were light blue wallpaper, dark blue curtains, a big white bed, and several oil paintings hanging on the head of the bed.

On both sides of the bed, two flowerpots were placed in two corners of the room, and two huge green plants were planted in the pot.

The whole room seemed to be full of vitality.

It was their first night in this new house.

Wendy was afraid that Ray would be too upset to sleep in his own bed, she asked her son to sleep with her instead.

The young boy went to bed after taking a shower.  
After washing up, when Wendy came to the bedroom, she saw the little boy leaning on the headboard while playing Ryan's Rubik cube. His fingers were capable of moving flexibly.  
He mixed up the cube, and then tried to reassemble it.  
"Are you having fun?"  
Wendy dried her hair and walked over.  
She witnessed the interest in his son's eyes.  
"Yes! I'm already hooked with this cube."  
The boy kept his head down and refused to look up.  
He was really concentrating on what he was doing.  
"Uncle Ryan is very considerate. I like his thoughtfulness."  
Well, he talked about Ryan now! The mere mention of this enraged Wendy! Ryan blocked her in the dining room after dinner, while Ray and Precious played in the living room.  
The distance between the two locations was not great.  
She assumed the young boy must have heard her when they argued. However...Ray didn't appear as if he hadn't heard it.  
And now he even seemed to defend Ryan! Wendy picked up the cube as she sat on the edge of the bed and asked, "Are you liking him because of this tiny thing?"  
"Of course not! I will not be bought by this for sure! I'm not that easy to win over," the little guy said with a curled lip.  
He certainly meant what he said.  
"You just said you like him."  
"Mommy, I really think you can consider Uncle Ryan. I can feel that he's a nice person."  
"Don't talk about nonsense!"  
"I'm not talking nonsense. I have a point."  
Ray lifted his head, solemnly said, "Mommy, for so many years, we two have been in the US and so many people have pursued you. You have never promised any of them. I know that it's all because of me. You're prioritizing me over the others. I guess you're already forgetting about your own happiness."  
"You know what, Ray..."  
"Mommy, listen to me, okay? I'm a grown-up now."  
On the bedside, Ray knelt down, took a towel, and wiped her long hair.  
His eyes slipped down and he said, "I'm sorry.  
I was very self-centered.

Because I've just got Mommy, I don't want you to have a boyfriend. I want to always be the most important man to you. There were a lot of people sending you love letters when we were in the US.

I was scared you'd see them, and then I deleted all of those mails. And...There were presents sent by them once in a while, but you never saw them because I threw them away." Raymond paused for a second.

"I regret everything now, Mommy. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have hidden those from you. They were for you from the first place."

Conversely, Wendy smiled.

"I once thought you wouldn't be telling me about it for the rest of our lives." Ray had been amazed.

"You know everything that I did?" She gave him a smile and a wink. Ray's cheeks flushed.

He averted his gaze and began drying her hair.

"Anyway, I didn't approve of your closeness to others at the time."

"How come you've changed your mind now?"

"It is because of Precious!"

"What?"

Ray's face grew darker.

"What she said previously is totally sensible. Mommy, I probably cannot accompany you for the rest of your life..."

"Nonsense!"

Wendy's heart was in agony.

She shifted her weight and embraced Raymond.

She felt even more depressed after kissing him.

Her Ray was far too thin.

She felt her hands clenching as she hugged him like this.

"Don't be silly! You shouldn't apologize. I have signed a contract with the company known as Glory Media. There will be a lot of work for me in the future. I will make a great deal of money, and then locate the best physician to assist me with your treatment."

"I believe you! Of course, I do!"

The small child was assumed to be at ease and stated, "However, even if I am successfully treated for my disease, I will mature. Maybe I will go out to study in the future, and then get married when I grow up. At that point, if my wife does not approve of you, we will have to live apart. And then, we must still be away from each other!"

Wendy was torn between crying and laughing.

She pricked his nose and snarled, "What a spoiled brat you are. You have not grown up yet, and now is not the time for you to consider your future wife. I'm warning you now. Even if you marry a woman, you cannot abandon your mother."

"Ha ha ha!"

The young boy kept going, "Ray will grow into a man and have his own family in the future. However, if Mommy does not find a boyfriend for yourself, how lonely will you be when you grow older?"

"I'll be considering getting myself a boyfriend when that day comes."

"The only problem is that you will get older by that time. As time goes by, your face will get more wrinkled, your hair will turn gray, and your teeth will fall out. How will men get attracted to you?"

Wendy remained dumbfounded.

At that moment, her facial expression became gloomy.

"Remember what the books say? Youth is the capital! You're just 23, Mommy. You are so gorgeous and young. Find a good man now so you have time to enjoy yourselves together. You will grow old alongside him. If you remain together in this way, you won't hate each other!"

For the nth time, Wendy couldn't say a word.

"Because you and Uncle Roger hit it off, I assumed you'd get along very well. But when you told me that he already liked someone else, I thought you were not meant for each other. I also found that you didn't like him as a woman liking a man in a romantic way, so I had to give up that plan."

WOW!

She was exceedingly astonished. It seemed like he had put himself at considerable risk and sacrificed a lot for her! Wendy twitched her lips. She swiftly took the towel from the boy's hand and then began to dry her hair anxiously.

Ray leaned over and said, "Mommy, just give Uncle Ryan a chance. I think you should take a risk."

Wendy was bitter and started to feel jealousy.

"He's been around just in your presence a handful of times. Why do you like him so much?"

"That's exactly my point."

Wendy rose and a moment later the words slowly crept from Ray's mouth, "But I like you the most!! You're my most favorite after all."

"It had better be! You don't have any other mommies."

The mother and son smiled at each other.

The both of them knew that they were at each other's side no matter

what.

"Mommy, I just don't want you to refuse Uncle Ryan because of me. I don't want to be a hindrance to your lifetime happiness."

Wendy remained silent.

She didn't know how to respond.

She had to admit that Ray played a role in this decision.

But that was not the only reason.

There were still several factors that she had to consider.

Wendy eventually posed a question that had been weighing on her mind for a long time while holding her little one's hand.

"Ray, do you want to know who your biological father is?"

Chapter 39: Admirers

Ray would turn four years old this year, but he was only three at the time.

In the previous three years, he had never inquired about his father, nor had he even mentioned it.

Wendy wondered why he didn't seem to be interested in him.

But she was afraid he'd be disheartened, so she kept her doubts to herself.

No, she had the guts and finally spoken up.

"Ray, do you want to know who your biological father is?"

His biological father! She was trembling as she mumbled those words.

The little boy's smile abruptly vanished at the mention of these words, and his little face turned cold.

He responded callously, "No!"

"Uh..."

For some reason, she was sure he wasn't pleased with what he heard.

"My dearest Ray..."

"I don't have a father! There's only the two of us!"

The young boy's face was uninviting, and it was tough for his mom to persuade with this question.

"Ray..."

"Despite the fact that I desperately want him to die, he didn't, did he?"

The little guy's rationale was very apparent.

"Because you would actually mention him to me if he really died and that was why he was unable to take care for us. So...I suppose he's an irresponsible man who abandoned us."

Wendy was dumbfounded.

She didn't know how to react.

"He's responsible for all the pain and suffering you've encountered back in the US. I despise him. Even if he crawls to my feet, I will never feel forgiving towards him, even if he begs for his life on his hands and knees! "

The next day finally arrived.

Wendy went to the taping set and joined the filming.

The director decided to skip this scene and shoot the others first because he knew that it could work out well with Eris.

Eris didn't hassle Wendy anymore though.

Wendy was always the first actress to come to the shooting site every day.

Although she was not talkative, she was humble and polite.

When filming, she was serious and responsible.

And her scene was never reshot.

Furthermore, she never protested when she was asked to reshoot a scene several times due to her co-worker's mistakes.

Therefore, in a few days, the cast members of the same crew had a better impression of her.

Wendy had been living every day on the precipice between the crew and home.

She had to play the role of both an actress and a mother.

Ray had a soft spot for Precious, as well as Luke and Ryan.

So Wendy stopped thinking about moving out of the Ensfield.

Luke was absolutely right.

With them as neighbors, she would certainly alleviate some of her stress.

At the very least, Ray no longer needed to eat takeout for lunch.

Ray could eat lunch with Precious on a daily basis.

The Oliver family's food materials were special and nutritious.

She felt so grateful that she thought she should do something in return.

Every evening after work, she would go to the market to buy groceries and served up a big dinners to help her neighbors with their day's dinner.

Precious made her expected to turn up on time for dinner every day prior to Ray's call.

As long as Luke or Ryan were at home, the two of them would come together to join the meal.

They were really a great help to her.

Wendy didn't say anything about that.

Fortunately, Ryan made no further mentions of wanting her to be his girlfriend during those nights, which relieved Wendy.

Wendy initially believed Precious's reliance on her was only short-term. However, she discovered that Precious became more reliant on her during these days than she had been previously.

Precious would spend some time with her while she was at home and then play with Ray.

Wendy's admiration for her had flourished.

This child was adorable, vibrant, and outgoing.

She was such a delight.

Ray and Precious's relationship was improving all the time.

Except for sleeping time, the two of them spent the majority of their time playing together.

Apart from that, there was something to celebrate.

They released the makeup photos of the main actors and actresses for promotion.

Fans of the Story of Concubine Ivanka were taken aback by Wendy's appearance after the photo was posted online.

They examined Wendy's demeanor, eyes, and movements.

It was identical to Faye's appearance in the original book.

This was precisely the actress they desired for the role! Wendy was getting more and more popular due to this photograph.

Everything was moving in a good direction.

Nothing seemed to be a problem. One morning on the shooting site, she heard the director calling on her.

"Hi, Wendy! Come here!"

"Good day, Director..."

"Hurry up!"

Wendy discovered that there were lots of boxes, piling up on the ground of the palace they were going to film later.

"Director, what's this?" Wendy asked curiously.

"It should be me to ask this question!" the director responded.

Carter pointed at the packages and said, "Don't you know that all of this stuff is for you?"

Wendy was surprised! She was so embarrassed with the fact that those were for her.

But she didn't remember buying anything and mailing to the filming site! She bent over and discovered that there were more than ten boxes in all, and everything was dedicated for her!

"Are...are these packages sent to the wrong person? I guess these

were just delivered mistakenly."

"How is it possible?! Your name and phone number were on that. And it was sent to the crew directly.

How could it be wrong! You have an admirer, don't you? Perhaps, these were sent by him."

Carter joked teasingly, "Are you in love?"

Wendy was caught completely off guard! Fall in love!? No way! She had to pay a sky high penalty of one billion! She signed an agreement and one of the treaty was not to fall in love! "Stop kidding, director! You're making me nervous."

When they conversed, the crew's actors and actresses arrived in succession.

They cheered upon seeing these boxes.

"Wow! You are really awesome! There are plenty of boxes. They must be sent by your admirer. Wendy, hurry up and open them!"

"Exactly. Open it quickly and let's see what's in it!"

Wendy was upset.

She didn't expect that her day would start with such embarrassment. She feared it would be troublesome if it was sent to her by mistake, which she was pretty sure, and she had to return them.

How could she open someone else's boxes? That would be rude! Now the discussion had fallen into disarray, a disharmonious voice from the crowd then proceeded

"Maybe it is something so far beyond acceptable that it could not be revealed. Opening them in public would only be a disgrace!"

Everybody followed the voice and saw Evie dressed in a stylish outfit. Evie was a B-list actress and also iconic for her sexy body and beautiful face in the circle.

She looked fabulous as she wore a sexy black flattering dress and with full makeup. Everyone kept silent. No one dared to utter a word. Wendy had a gorgeous face and a sexy figure, like Evie's aesthetic. Because Wendy never showed off deliberately, Evie conveyed her image of being far more as a possible temptation than she actually was.

Therefore, since Evie and Wendy were not on very good terms, she would never fail to get the chance to insult her.

"Somebody was so extremely envious, I thought. I guess nobody pursues her because she's ill-famed in the circle. No wonder when other people receive presents, she's annoyed and jealous!"

Daisy joined the conversation.

She was the one who cut the tension.

She played the role of the queen in the Story of Concubine Ivanka, as the second heroine.

Daisy was a Glory Media-signed artist.

She was a pillar of stability and strength in the circle.

She adored Wendy a lot after playing with her these days because Syfd Im bas: she had great acting skills and was modest.

In addition, Wendy had signed a contract with Glory Media too.

Naturally, Daisy wanted to take better care of her junior. Frustrated with Evie's sarcastic comment, she snapped back.

"Ha ha ha...Those are just probably a few bottles of wine or maybe a case of beer. Such a low-quality gift doesn't even deserve my attention!"

"Wendy, open it and take a look."

Wendy knew Daisy was trying to help her.

At this time, how could she refuse her? Bending down, she found a pointy object that could be used to cut the tape on the box.

When the package was opened, it was full of various small palm-sized boxes.

What were they? She literally didn't have an idea.

Wendy was about to pick it up, but she immediately lurched forward when she steadied the box.

She swung the small boxes with such force that it knocked them down, and then they rolled across the floor.

The boxes were knocked open, and the things inside were scattered all over the ground.

All of the intrigued people were able to see for themselves.

Fancy gold necklace! Expensive earrings! High end gold ring!

Precious gold bracelet! The bright yellow color spread all over the ground.

It seemed like it had rained gold all over the place! Seeing this, everyone's eyes widened in shock, and their mouths all opened into the shape of "O"! Of course, no one was expecting to witness those exorbitant presents at all! There was a box full of gold jewelries! And they were all at high-cost! God! What a generous and astounding gift indeed!

Chapter 40: Your Wife Is Being Taken Away

"WOW!"

"What the "

"Amazing!"

Wendy gasped, and the entire crowd held their breath as well.

Everyone was in shock.

Dazed, she was in a state of total amazement when she saw the sparkling gold jewelries all over the ground.

She inquisitively checked each of the other boxes, which were all full of little boxes and contained the same objects inside them as well.

They were all gold ornaments.

All of them were extravagant and dashing.

Wendy swallowed hard as she carefully examined the high-priced boxes.

Each big-box contained more than a hundred small boxes, resulting in a total of over a hundred gold ornaments.

Each gold accessory weighed a substantial amount of gold, with an average weight of twenty grams.

Assume there were one hundred small boxes in a big box, and there were a dozen of big boxes...

With the gold price on the market nowadays...

The sum of these boxes of gold ornaments was certainly sky-high.

Imagine, the total cost of everything was easily more than seven million! "This is..."

Wendy swallowed even harder.

"Wen...Wendy, do you have a clue who sent these things?"

Even Daisy, the first-rank celebrity as an actress, was shocked by those presents.

She didn't anticipate the exquisiteness and pricelessness of those boxes.

"I don't know..."

Everyone was astounded and began to discuss.

Each of them had their own speculations about the expensive gifts.

"God, how much are they in total?"

"It's unsurprising that these boxes appear to be so heavy. The inside is full of gold. Just now, Evie stated that they were simply inexpensive beverages... Now she is certainly humiliated!"

"Yes, you are absolutely correct.

No doubt that the admirers who send those boxes must be mega-rich!"

The smile faded from Evie's face.

For no good measure, she clenched her fists and began to sneer.

"Maybe each one of them is a fake," she said.

At this moment, the prop man carefully picked up and examined one of the pieces of jewelry.

Afterwards, he firmly validated and concluded.  
"It's absolutely authentic. They're all real gold."  
Evie was upset for she was quite literally, slapped in the face. In the crowd, someone suddenly pointed at one of the boxes and said, "Hey! There seems to be a note as well over there."  
Wendy glanced at the person who had indicated the note and saw it on the floor under the box.  
There were two words inscribed on the paper -- Bride Gold! Wendy had no words to say.  
She didn't know how to react with the speculations of her colleagues. They are indeed "gold"! For real! She meticulously looked at the two familiar words on the note.  
In a while, she twitched the corners of her mouth. She...She seemed to have a theory about who sent these gifts. The style of that jerk was always unpredictable.  
She was very used to get surprised.  
Surely, this was something he could do! She was fully aware of his capabilities.  
"It looks like those are exactly sent by your suitor!"  
Daisy couldn't help but smile as she read the note as well.  
She was amused at Evie's confusion.  
What an irony for a villain like her! It was apparent to everyone in the showbiz that the two companies, Glory Media and Starlight Media, were mortal enemies.  
The artists of the two companies had an intense rivalry and competition for everything.  
Resources, activities, sponsors and everything else are being contested by them.  
No matter how long the artists of these two firms are working together, they would always have a conflict with each other overtly and covertly. To what degree did the feud extend was it? Ha ha  
Even a playboy like Luke wouldn't chase an artist of Starlight Media. No matter how gorgeous nor attractive she might be.  
He would never court her because of their companies' rivalry.  
It was clear that their relationship was in shambles.  
Evie was enraged with Daisy and gritted her teeth and irritably retorted, "Only middle-aged women nowadays wear such tacky gold jewelries! Her suitor must be a scrawny, balding egotist with no discernible taste! Being chased by a nouveau riche shouldn't make you feel proud! You should be ashamed instead!"

"Sour grapes! She was definitely bitter!"

"You!"

Carter, who had been silent all the time stopped the commotion. He frowned and said, "All right, that's enough! What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to prepare for the shoot? Now, all of you must go, change your clothes and fix your make up.! Cut the crap and back to work right away!"

With that, the crowd dispersed. Gossipers had later on vanished.

Carter stopped Wendy and said, "You stay!"

"Director?" she replied with confusion.

The golden light pricked Carter's eyes. He drew Wendy aside and said, "All of these things are valuable. How can you include them in the shooting site in this manner? The crew consists of a large number of people. You will suffer a significant loss if you lose one or two of them. I'm going to give you a half-day off. You must prioritize bringing these items home first."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Go ahead!"

In much the same way as the schoolteachers did, the director favored those with the greater grade.

After being in the group for so many days, Wendy never delayed the shooting progress.

It actually took much less time for her to film than anticipated, but she usually completed every scene beautifully.

Thus, Carter tolerated Wendy very leniently.

There was a bunch of people outside. After watching the farce quietly, Eris's eyes gradually darkened.

Wendy borrowed the tape from the stage crew, sealed all the paper boxes, and called in a taxi.

Carter also asked someone to help Wendy move all the boxes to the trunk.

He asked Wendy again and again whether he should send someone to escort her home. He was truly concerned of her situation. He knew that it would be tough if she would do it alone.

After all, they were multimillion-dollar-worth boxes.

She could not possibly be careless.

Wendy declined Carter's kindness politely. She appreciated his consideration though. She was a resident of the luxurious Ensfield.

If others were to find out about this, there might be unnecessary rumors about her.

Wendy quickly brought all the boxes home.

She intended to keep them for the time being and to return them to that bastard the next time she saw him.

Luke was about to take the two children to the amusement park when Wendy returned home.

Upon seeing Wendy return with a large box and several security guards assisting her in carrying more, he immediately came to a halt and took the box from Wendy.

"Didn't you go to the set? I thought you have a work today? Why did you come back now?"

"I'm coming back to put those things away. Something happened in the set. After settling those down, I'll leave immediately."

Luke gave the security guards instructions to stack the boxes in the living room.

"Thank you," said Wendy sincerely to the security guards.

"You're welcome, Miss. Finch. It's what we should do."

The security guards departed immediately after they transferred all of the boxes to the living room.

Luke's eyes were drawn to the delivery message on the box, and he lifted his brows instantly.

"Wendy, you've just recently joined this circle, and you're already getting gifts from your fans! You're so great!"

Wendy threw him a bitter smile.

If they were gifts from her fans, she wouldn't be that bothered. However, that wasn't the case.

"They're not from my fans."

"Who sent them then?"

Wendy remained silent in response to his question.

She simply instructed Raymond not to touch these items and then rushed away.

The amusement park instantly seemed less appealing! Luke then curiously observed those boxes.

"If they weren't gifts from a fan, it must be from an admirer!" he speculated.

After a while, Luke approached a box and was on the verge of opening it.

Ray immediately took a position in front of him and declared vigorously, "No way!"

"Uh..."

"Mommy said no one touches any of these boxes!" Luke was struck

dumb.

Luke pulled Precious to the balcony quietly, "What are you doing, Uncle Luke?" Luke was really intrigued.

He pointed at the boxes in the living room and said, "Honey, listen to me. Open one and see what's inside."

"No! Auntie Wendy has stated that no boxes can be touched. I want to be a nice and obedient kid in order to boost her affection for me."

That again left him speechless. He was forced to use his trump card.

"But those are gifts from an admirer of Wendy's. If she accepts, she will become another person's girlfriend and, in the future, someone else's wife. You will never ever see her again. Do you like that?"

Precious was shocked and shook her head desperately.

"Of course not!"

"If so, you have to open the package!"

She dashed to the living room and pretended to accidentally walk by the package.

And, by chance, she pounced on it.

Her chubby little body acted like a massive weight, crushing a box instantly.

Raymond was lost for words. Luke was stunned into silence.

Nevertheless, he saw the contents of the box in the manner he desired, and they were all gold ornaments! Aside from those, there were also notes in each box! ! ! OMG! He was right after all! There was really someone chasing after her! Luke rushed to the balcony and dialed Ryan's phone number.

"Ryan!" he exclaimed obnoxiously.

"Bad news! Listen carefully! Your wife is going to be taken away!"

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone! Here

Chapter 41: Bitch, I'll Tear You Apart

An hour and a half had passed.

Ryan postponed the meeting and headed straight back to the Ensfield.

It was a bright summer day, but Ryan entered the living room with a ferocious cold look.

The moment his eyes glanced towards the twelve paper boxes, his face turned ice cold.

As he skimmed through the delivery information of each box, he scowled all of a sudden.

"Ryan, is it because Wendy's heart belongs to someone else that she rejected you?"

Luke assumed.

When he finished speaking, Ryan shifted his eyes towards him.

His gaze was comparable to that of a cold, piercing arrow that shot a chill straight into his heart.

He quickly waved his hand, "Well...What I said earlier was balderdash.You're so attractive, but Wendy turned you down.How could she fall in love with some ordinary person instead of you?"

Luke's words didn't console him at all.

Instead, it made his face grimmer.

He recalled...

Previously, Wendy mentioned that she planned to marry an ordinary man after her contract with the company was over! Remembering this, his eyes blackened.

He then puckered his lips, turned around, and walked away.

Luke, trying to catch up, raced towards him.

"Alas Ryan, where are you headed?"

"The shooting site!"

Wendy returned to the set as soon as she brought all the boxes home.

When she arrived, filming was in progress.

She paced straight towards the dressing room to put on a different outfit then do her makeup afterwards.

Inside the dressing room, there were four seats overall and three of the seats had already been taken.

Two makeup artists groomed the actor, as another cast member waited for her turn after she changed her clothes.

After taking in her surroundings, she walked towards the only available seat and was about to sit down.

"Stop right there!"

The dressing room door swung open.

Emerging from the door was Evie and her assistant.

She wore a tight black an ordinary man after her contract with the company was over! Remembering this, his eyes blackened.

He then puckered his lips, turned around, and walked away.

Luke, trying to catch up, raced towards him.

"Alas Ryan, where are you headed?"

"The shooting site!"

Wendy returned to the set as soon as she brought all the boxes home.

When she arrived, filming was in progress.

She paced straight towards the dressing room to put on a different outfit then do her makeup afterwards.

Inside the dressing room, there were four seats overall and three of the seats had already been taken.

Two makeup artists groomed the actor, as another cast member waited for her turn after she changed her clothes.

After taking in her surroundings, she walked towards the only available seat and was about to sit down.

"Stop right there!"

The dressing room door swung open.

Emerging from the door was Evie and her assistant.

She wore a tight black skirt and three inch heels.

Before Wendy was able to take a seat, she took it from her.

A moment after sitting down, she crossed her legs and shifted her gaze in Wendy's direction, who was still standing in the exact same spot she was earlier.

She then raised her eyebrows and said, "I'll teach you a lesson today. I've been in the entertainment industry for five long years. This means I'm your senior. I'm going first for makeup and you will wait for me, understand?"

Evie was the most well-known among all the artists in the room.

No one dared to tell her off like Daisy did.

As they all heard this, they gave each other shaken looks.

No one had the guts to speak out after that.

Even the two makeup artists didn't dare utter a single word.

Wendy remained frozen, and stood there in complete silence.

"Why are you still standing there?"

Evie glared at her, "You're blocking my view. Get out of my sight at once!"

Wendy had witnessed a lot of drama unfold among the cast.

Even if she couldn't recall any instance wherein she had purposely offended Evie, she constantly bullied her nevertheless.

This time, Wendy decided to stand up for herself. She was the type of person who could be dealt with using reason but not easily swayed by force.

Hearing Evie's remark, she looked at her indifferently, "Excuse me, but get out? I will not! Or maybe you can teach me how to get out as well, since you're my senior."

Evie was infuriated.

She struck the palm of her hand on the table and cursed at Wendy.

"Go to hell, Wendy Finch! Who on earth do you think you are and how dare you speak to me that way? Do you think you belong here

because of your good looks? Just to let you know, there are many stunning women out there. You may be in today, but you're also dispensable! Surely, someone will take your place soon."

With her costume on, Wendy smiled elegantly and remarked, "Thank you for further emphasizing my beauty! Anyways...If someone does that they aren't considered a true actress. Also, I never liked them either. Thank you!"

Evie was speechless.

She became angrier the more calm and collected Wendy was! The little bitch had the audacity to steal her role and dared to raise her voice at her.

In Evie's perspective, Wendy's behavior provoked her to do the same! She rose from her seat and glared at her, "Bitch, how dare you answer back to me?!"

Wendy extended her hands and fluttered her eyelashes in an innocent manner.

"I honestly don't know what I did to enrage you like this."

"Evie, please don't be so upset. Girls tend to age faster when they get angry. The wrinkles at the edges of your eyes have become so deep; it makes it seem as if you are angry often. I wouldn't worry though, you can still do something with those wrinkles. I can recommend you an effective eye cream if you want! It will surely bring back your youthful self,"

Wendy said as she smiled.

The mention of wrinkles! As well as returning back to her youth! It became so obvious that Wendy was poking fun at how old Evie looked.

No woman could tolerate such embarrassment.

As soon as Evie was about to lose her cool, Wendy continued, "I noticed that your wrinkles are hideous, and that the condition of your skin is worsening as well. Take a good look at the pores on your face and the endless blackheads on your nose. Tut, tut, if you go on like this, your once pretty face will be ruined!"

She let out a sigh then resumed speaking, "You are still in your thirties, am I correct? Then why do you look like you're forty years old already?"

Evie was raging at this point! "Stupid bitch! How can you think I'm more than thirty years old?"

"I'm only twenty-nine years old for crying out loud!"

"Oh"

Wendy widened her eyes in an exaggerated manner.

"Are you actually more than forty years old? Oh gosh, I'm truly so sorry. Then you really take good care of yourself! My apologies again. You look stunning for a woman in her forties!"

"Haha..."

All the artists inside the dressing room couldn't hold their laughter in any longer. Evie was twitching with rage.

"You bitch, I'll tear you apart!"

All of a sudden, she pounced on Wendy angrily.

She then raised her hand and clawed her opponent's face with her sharp nails.

Luckily, Wendy had prepared herself for the attack.

When Evie was just about to jump at her, Wendy was able to dodge which caused Evie to trip and fall.

"Ah"

Evie screamed as she fell knees first on the ground, spraining herself.

Her knees experienced some heavy impact from the floor tiles.

With a muffled sound, she cried out in agony.

"Oh my god, Evie!"

With a shocked expression on her face, her assistant

bet fnt hurried to help her get back up.

Her knees ended up scraped and very swollen.

Immediately after, dark red blood gushed out of her knees. "Wendy

Finch! You did this on purpose! I'm sure you did!" Evie exclaimed.

"Now, what did I do?"

"You purposely tripped me up!"

"Evie, please don't take this the wrong way. It was you who

accidentally fell down because of your exceedingly high heels. How

could you possibly blame that on me?"

Wendy looked quite distressed, "Even if you aren't fond of me, you do not have the right to treat me this way."

All the people in the dressing room lowered their heads and didn't dare to glance at them.

Everyone in the room could attest that Wendy did not trip her on purpose.

"You tripped her on purpose. I saw it with my very own eyes!"

Evie's assistant started to defend her employer.

"Why am I not surprised? You're her assistant. Of course you're on her side," said Wendy, shrugging her shoulders.

The assistant became infuriated as well.

Evie's lungs were about to burst in anger.

Her two legs were burning in pain.

She grasped onto her assistant's arm and was just about ready to slap Wendy in the face without hesitation.

"Bitch, how dare you do this to me? I'll slap you right in the face!"

Before she was able to, Wendy got a hold of her wrist.

She said in a cold tone, "Evie! Has anyone ever told you that you can never to slap a person across the face? Surely, it will be wiser for you to think twice before you do anything! I still have my part to play today. If you slap me and delay the progress of the shooting, the director will hold me accountable for wasting time...Sure, he will then find out about why.Can you afford for that to happen? !"

Chapter 42: Wendy Finch, I'll Kill You

Carter was a determined and devoted man when it came to work.

The Story of Concubine Ivanka was a harem story and featured a greater number of female actresses.

Without a doubt, the most precious thing during the shooting would be peace.

The fights in the crew were no less than those in the play.

The crew clashes were just as intense as those in the show.

Carter, on the other hand, was unconcerned about these conflicts as long as the shooting didn't get delayed.

If anything went wrong as a result of her inadequate attitude...

Evie looked upset and withdrew her hand as if she had been bitten.

She hissed.

"Wendy, wait and see!"

"Anytime!"

Evie left with her assistant to have the wound on her knee treated.

In the lounge, the assistant knelt on the ground, handling Evie's knees carefully, with an ice bag on one knee to prevent the blood from pooling, she wiped the other with a cotton swab to reduce the swelling.

"Ouch..."

As Evie eased herself, she took a deep breath.

"Evie, please wait.It's almost done."

In hushed tones, the assistant stated, "Wendy is not an easy person to deal with, Evie.She is the protagonist of this drama.She may become extremely popular if this play is televised.It would be irrational of you to offend her at this point.It would be preferable if we let it go."

"Do you mean I should let this go? No way! Over my dead body!"

Evie would not be so enraged if the assistant had not brought it up! She just learned from Eris that Wendy had signed a contract with the Glory Media! Could you imagine that?! That was Glory Media! The mogul of the entertainment industry! And she should have been cast in the role of Faye, as her contract with Starlight Media was about to expire.

Wendy might not have signed the contract with Glory Media now if she hadn't stolen her role! Wendy snatched away from her shot at being a well-known celebrity.

How could she have so instantly let Wendy go? How could it be possible!

"Evie...However, if we cause her public embarrassment and blatantly put her in trouble, she will inform the director..." Evie sneered.

"Evie..."

"I have a plan! It's a very great idea!"

Evie portrayed another favorite concubine called Emma in this play. She arrived at the royal palace half a month earlier than Faye, but in a different manner.

She was the daughter of an aristocrat, and her beauty drew the emperor's attention.

She was directly appointed as a concubine.

During her time as a royal concubine, she had the privilege of serving the emperor on the bed for two weeks in a row.

A woman who started as the daughter of a noble man eventually became a much favored royal concubine.

It was truly amazing.

In the script, Emma, was a bimbo, which was in line with Evie's image. Hence, she was the perfect choice for this role.

Emma's glory, on the other hand, came and went quickly.

Faye entered the palace immediately after being given the title of concubine.

Faye astounded the emperor so much that she was the only one who was favored in the imperial household during the subsequent period.

Emma couldn't bear the discrepancy, believing that Faye had bewitched the emperor.

She quickly rushed to Faye's palace to cause her trouble only a few days after her arrival.

This was the exact scene that they were going to shoot that afternoon.

All the staff together with the actors and actresses were ready.

"Action!" The scene was in Emma's household.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Splash!"

Emma, dressed in the fuchsia palace costume, went insane after learning that the emperor had spent another night with Faye again. She smashed and shattered everything in the room to bits.

"Your Majesty! Your Majesty, please don't break them. They're all gifts from His Majesty..."

"His Majesty...His Majesty!"

The camera had been zoomed in.

Emma dropped her head dejectedly, tears welling up in her eyes.

"That stupid bitch has already seduced His Majesty. I'm sure he's forgotten all about me!"

"No, Your Majesty. I don't think so. For the time being, His Majesty is just interested in Lady Faye because she is new here. When his enthusiasm fades, he will come back to you. His affection for you has always been one-of-a-kind, and His Majesty will always think of you..."

"Of course! His Majesty has me in his heart! I have always been!"

Emma's eyes were full of hope.

She was infused with optimism.

"Bitch! His Majesty has always asked that slut to serve him lately. She must have deceived His Majesty with evil enchantments! No way! I will not allow this bitch to harm His Majesty! Bring the guards, Sheri, and we'll go find the bitch!"

"Let's go!"

Carter was very satisfied with the take.

It was extremely spectacular! He had previously watched television series that were starred by Evie, but her expression and acting skills were not as vibrant and vivid as it was today.

How could he have known Evie was truly envious of Wendy? Her reaction was entirely in keeping with her true color.

"Get ready for the next shot."

The next scene would focus on the plot where Emma would be furiously barging into Faye's palace with the guards and giving them the order to control her, which they would follow without hesitation.

To make the scene more intense, Emma would even slap Faye.

Slap her! Evie trembled with excitement.

This was the moment that she had been waiting for.

"Be ready now, Wendy. You're done for!" Evie pondered.

"Action!"

Emma managed to get into Faye's place with a group of minions. Faye's servants were frightened by the invasion from their peculiar new adversaries.

They quickly dropped to their knees and yelled, "Your Majesty!" Without even taking her eyes off them, Emma walked into the chamber while she was glancing at Faye's bedroom with a cold face. Without an idea, Faye sat comfortably on a round stool in her chamber, arranging flowers while dressed in a pure white dress embroidered with red plum blossoms.

She moved slowly with grace, dignity and elegance.

Every now and then, when she was arranging the flowers, her gorgeous long sleeves would slip down revealing a jade-like wrist.

She was the perfect combination of elegance and seduction.

The round table in the hall was covered with a variety of valuable gifts presented by His Majesty, which was almost too pretty for Emma to look at.

Definitely, she didn't like what she beheld.

Emma and the others made an excessive amount of noise.

Faye raised her head contemptuously, then lowered it again to fiddle with her flowers.

Emma was enraged by her calm demeanor! "Why don't you get down on your knees when you see me, Faye? Aren't you being disrespectful?"

Faye stated flatly, "As far as I know, we are of the same level. Why should I kneel before you?"

"What a sharp tongue! You have won His Majesty's heart with your seductive manner every night. A report was released from the courtroom stating that His Majesty had been dozing off in the meeting this morning. You should have expressed gratitude for his affection for you and urged His Majesty to take good care of his body, but instead, you trampled it. Today, I'm here to teach you a lesson!"

After that, she fiercely screamed.

"Get in!"

The servants rushed over and bowed their heads.

"Make sure to hold her tightly. I'm going to slap this bitch to death!"

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

They immediately pressed Faye's shoulder, without hesitation.

Emma quickly strode over. Her face was glowing with rage.

She raised her hand, and a slap with a gust of wind came over.

"Clap-"

There were no fake actions! Her portrayal was with authenticity! And she didn't control the strength! She slapped Wendy forcefully and sharply! Everything was real! The director had previously instructed Evie not to slap Wendy's face for real.

Evie was going to get back at Wendy in front of everyone though. She didn't care if there were a lot of people witnessing her avenge! Wendy's mind raced with these thoughts.

She subconsciously averted her face to the side.

Nonetheless, she underestimated Evie's contempt for her.

The slap landed squarely on her face.

The headgear was strewn about the floor, and a strand of hair drooped.

Her head buzzed, and her teeth pierced her lips.

Instantaneously, a smear of blood leaked from the corner of her mouth!

Chapter 43: Avenge His Future Wife

Everyone was shocked! No one expected the intensity and truthfulness of the scene! Carter, on the other hand, did not intervene. That was how the story unfolded.

Evie could have continued, but she abruptly regained her composure and halted all her movements.

"Cut!"

Director Carter! Sorry! I was so immersed in the story. That was not intentional! I didn't mean to slap her for real! Carter frowned.

"Film it again!"

Wendy's hair was quickly cleaned up, and an ice bag was taken to minimize the swelling on her face by the make-up artist.

But the swelling on her face couldn't be healed in a short time.

So, the make-up artist added a coat of powder to her face and shadowed it to make her appear less terrifying.

"Are you okay? How do you feel?" Carter walked over.

"Don't worry. It's not a big deal!" Evie also came over.

She apologized to Wendy, "Wendy! I'm really sorry.

I was so engaged in the moment that I couldn't control my strength!"

Wendy gave her a disinterested look and kept her mouth shut.

The shooting continued.

"Clap-"

"Clap-"

"Clap-"

After a quick succession of eight consecutive shots, they were all stuck in the "slap" scene.

With an apologetic look on Evie's face, she came to talk to Carter, "Director! It's always not good enough to fake it, and we've stuck here for quite some time, which will delay the progress. How about if I do it for real? It'd be better when we really fight. What do you think?"

Carter looked hesitant.

He didn't seem to agree with her idea.

At this point, if he didn't notice that Evie was purposefully causing trouble for Wendy, all of his time and effort in the circle would be for naught.

Meanwhile, in an office of the Studio City.

Luke quickly ran to a far corner, hiding from Ryan's malicious aura.

'Damn it!' Ryan's face had progressively become gloomy after he saw the slap on Wendy's face on the monitor.

And now his whole face was getting even colder.

"Luke!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

Luke replied immediately.

"Call Carter. Now. You know what to do!"

"Of course, I do. Rest assured that I'll do it well for you!"

Ryan just wanted to get even with the person who bullied his future wife.

Luke knew what to do.

He was very adept at it.

Carter got a call from Luke just as he was about to make a decision.

He went aside to pick up.

His face seemed less gloomy as he listened.

"All right! All right. I understand!" A moment later.

The director returned to the set.

"Director, can we continue shooting now?"

Expectantly, Evie looked forward to his response.

"Yes, sure!"

Wendy and Evie were summoned in front of the director.

"Wendy, you graduated from the New York Acting College and are an accomplished actress with notable experiences,"

he said with a straight face.

"Given Evie's inability to find her role in this scene, I propose that you two switch roles. Show Evie how to do this!" Wendy looked up in surprise.

She didn't expect what she heard.

Evie's face changed instantly.

"Director..." Carter made no attempt to look at Evie.

He looked Wendy in the eye and uttered, "Shooting a movie demands a sense of reality; only then will the audience fit into the action. Therefore, you must really slap her cheek, do you understand?"

"I got that, Director Carter!"

Apparently, Evie was displeased.

"Director...How can you do this? When we filmed the scene just now, you asked me not to slap for real..."

Carter gave her a skeptical stare before she completed her sentence. After enduring for a long period of time, he eventually erupted in frustration.

"Are you the director or me!" he yelled, clutching the script in his hand.

"If you can't do it and you don't want to learn, then get out!" Evie bit her lips in humiliation.

She surely didn't anticipate this plot twist. "Are you going to take the shot or not? !"

"I...will do that!"

Evie wasn't convinced, but she didn't dare to lose her temper.

Carter was a famous director.

Numerous artists vied for the roles in the films directed by him.

The intensive shooting continued.

Wendy's face was more endearing than Evie's.

Her blue veins protruded from her brow, and she lifted her hand,

"Clap-"

"Clap-"

"Clap-"

"Clap-"

Evie had only shot eight times, so did Wendy, as Carter demanded!

The distinction was that only Evie's first slap was genuine.

For the next few slaps, Wendy was on guard and they didn't really land on her cheek.

Wendy, of course, would be obnoxious to her.

She hit her across the face with all her might.

Her hands were numb after eight slaps, and Evie had been slapped eight times solidly.

As a result, her left cheek was already red and swollen after the last slap, and no amount of powder could conceal it.

"Cut!"

Carter then stopped.

"Evie, do you know now how to accurately play the role?"

Evie shivered and nodded hurriedly.

She was petrified that the director would ask Wendy to continue.

"Yes! I learned my lesson now!"

"Okay!"

Carter scorned as he carefully examined her swollen face.

"You can't do anything today with that face. Your countenance will not fit in the scene. We'll film it another time."

Evie was at a loss for words. She gnashed her teeth in hatred.

At this time, in the office. That was the moment when the chill in the atmosphere around Ryan eventually faded.

Problem solved! Good thing the conflict had been worked out immediately. Luke ran over cheerfully. He couldn't contain his happiness.

"Luke!"

"What?"

"Before this drama is officially released, cut off all the scenes of that woman!"

Luke was stunned into silence.

Absolutely! That was so cruel! And so heartless! But he enjoyed it! He admired Ryan's vengeance.

Ha-ha! After the TV drama was broadcast, Evie couldn't see any of her scenes any longer.

She would definitely be furious if she found that she had been slapped all for nothing today! Anyway, she deserved it! She picked up the wrong guy.

Especially, she messed up with the one his brother cherished so much.

At this time, the shooting was suspended and everyone was resting.

They needed that time out after that intense scene.

All of a sudden, a familiar figure appeared in the monitor out of nowhere.

"Ryan, take a look at who's approaching. He's our nephew, isn't he?"

Ryan shifted his gaze to the screen.

Sure enough, he saw Brian at the scene.

In the shooting site.

Brian paid a visit to Eris.

"Ah...Brian, what are you doing here?"

"The weather is just too hot. I was concerned you might suffer from

sunstroke. I happened to work nearby, so I didn't think twice to come and see you."

He smiled as he pulled out a box of ice cream and handed it to her.

"It's your favorite Haagen Dazs ice cream," he conveyed with enthusiasm.

"Brian, you are so kind!" Eris exclaimed, her face beaming.

"Silly girl!" He ran his fingers affectionately through her hair and said, "Hurry, or it will melt."

"Sure! Of course!"

Wendy noticed him the moment Brian arrived on the scene.

They hadn't seen each other in three years.

He was now dressed in a sky blue suit and seemed to be at ease.

She clutched her hand tightly, restraining herself from the urge to rip him apart! She despised Brian more than she hated Eris! What a horrible man he was! If it weren't for his wild, reckless, and despicable kick, her daughter would have lived and Ray wouldn't have been tormented since his birth! However, there was nothing she could do but grit her teeth and suppress her rage for now.

Brian asked the staff to fetch a few cartons of cold mineral water for the artists and staff and then dispersed them to all.

With a smile on his face, he said, "Thank you all. You've always taken such good care of Eris."

Everyone was envious of her.

"Wow! Eris and Mr. Oliver adore one another. According to what I've read, they never quarrel. The media often captures them traveling together. Gosh, I feel as if I've regained my faith in love."

"Mr. Oliver is a handsome man from a wealthy family. As far as what I've learned, his family owns lots of hotels and is very influential!"

"Eris is very fortunate to have found such a wonderful boyfriend."

Eris hugged Brian's arm and grinned even sweeter as she heard the envious voice in her ear.

Brian gave her a gentle smile.

When he turned his head, his eyes fell on a woman nearby, and they froze instantly! 'That is...

Wendy?' He was shocked.

Chapter 44: Showing Off Wendy?!

But, how is that possible? Wasn't she already...

Dead?! Brian looked at Wendy in disbelief, unable to regain his composure.

The more he examined her, the more uncertain he became.

Wendy was still dressed in her stunning costume, complete with exquisite hair and makeup.

She leaned against a wooden armchair and radiated an aura of elegance and magnificence.

Apparently, this temperament...was not something the Wendy he knew of was capable of doing.

"Brian? Brian!"

Eris became enraged when she noticed Brian's gaze was fixed on Wendy for an extended period of time.

She squeezed her palms tightly, and her body suddenly staggered. Brian snatched her up quickly.

"Is something bothering you? Are you not feeling well?"

"Yes, I am!"

Erin pretended to be so exhausted and light-headed; she rested her head on his shoulder and sighed.

"I suddenly feel a little dizzy."

"Did you get sunstroke? Those are the obvious symptoms."

"Perhaps, it is."

Brian rushed to assist Eris in walking to the shade of a tree without much thought.

Her assistant Ana reached for a deck chair and a fan as soon as she noticed this.

The fan started spinning after she plugged in the power.

Afterwards, Brian carefully assisted her by putting a bottle of ice water on her forehead and asked with concern.

"Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, much better. Thank you so much!"

The two of them were a couple.

Therefore, the staff and artists were very insightful that they were keeping a distance from them to give them privacy.

Brian felt sorry for Eris upon seeing her red cheeks and said, "You are not well. Why are you required to perform such a difficult task?"

"Well, it's all right. In fact, I like being an actress!"

Brian couldn't think of a reason to resist her.

He mindfully assisted her by unscrewing the lid of the bottle and handed it to her.

"Drink this to help you cool down."

Eris didn't refuse and took a few sips obediently.

The two conversed under the shade of the tree about what had occurred in the crew and then talked about Wendy.

"Brian, I have something to tell you, but I don't know how to explain this whole thing. However, the longer it takes, the more apprehensive I will become."

"What's the matter? What are you talking about?"

"The actress you just saw is really my sister!" Brian was astonished to hear what she said.

"What did you say?"

Was that woman really Wendy?! But, how could it be?

"My sister auditioned for the this role. I was initially perplexed when I saw her on the site. I simply had a feeling this woman resembled my sister, but I wasn't certain, so I called Mr. Davies specifically. Mr. Davies told me that the girl's name was Wendy Finch during the audition, and thus I was certain that she was my sister."

Eris lowered her head and uttered with a bitter smile.

"I really don't understand... Despite her having still been alive, why did she not return to us? The harsh fact was that she was making us believe she was dead. To be honest, Brian, I've been very guilty to my sister all these years. You wouldn't have treated her that way if it hadn't been for me. I guess I was the one who caused her all her sufferings back then. Several things would not have happened later if I did the right thing..."

"No, Eris, it's not your fault. Stop blaming yourself."

It was Wendy who made the first move by using a fruit knife and stabbing Eris.

She didn't even complain.

How could she be blamed for that? "However, Wendy must despise me."

Eris snorted, her eyes welling with tears.

She clutched Brian's hand tightly and expressed her concern.

"I've heard that my sister has been in M country during the last few years. She returned from a trip abroad less than a month ago. However, as soon as she came back, she remained stationary. Rather than that, she came straight here as the crew of the Story of Concubine Ivanka. I'm just so worried, that... I am aware of the debt I owe my sister. I will accept her need for vengeance against me. But, but..."

Eris's face flushed with tears.

"We have overcome many obstacles in order to be together, Brian. I truly hate so many changes. Now all what I want is to spend my life with you..." Brian's expression shifted.

"Did Wendy cause you any trouble?"

"No, no..." Eris said without looking Brian directly in the eye.

"Look, Eris, can you tell me the truth?"

Eris bit her lips awkwardly as if she were trying to prevent the words from spilling out of her mouth.

"That is totally insignificant. It doesn't matter to me."

"Tell me! Now!"

Eris sighed bitterly and said desperately.

"I'd be interacting with her a lot in this show. And actually, sometimes, she'll cause me difficulties when we're filming... But it makes no difference. My sister dislikes me. It's also a positive thing if it makes her feel better."

While she had no idea why she had forgotten her lines when she was filming with Wendy on that day, she felt sure Wendy had done something behind her back.

"Silly girl, why are you so stupid?"

He heard what Eris had to say, and felt absolutely devastated.

"Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"No worries. It is no big deal, really."

"No. No. You matter a lot to me every little thing!"

Brian interjected in hushed tones.

"Moreover, haven't you forgotten what she did to you? Your kindness had allowed her to become more and more arrogant, so her misdeeds were too much and she stepped over the line with her overbearing behavior.

At the end of the day, she even stabbed you!"

"That's all I owe her..." "For God's sake, don't speak nonsense!"

Eris peered anxiously and declared.

"Brian, I'm more concerned about my sister than ever now."

"Why are you worried about her? What's the matter?"

"I heard from Mr. Davies that Faye, that role she's now playing, belonged to Evie. But then, for some reason, this role was assigned to Wendy instead... Aside from that, a mysterious man sent a slew of items to the crew this morning. There are a total of twelve boxes, all of which contain gold jewelry... And they are all for Wendy..."

Eris purposely slowed down, allowing him to fill in the story on his own. Brian's face was already ghastly pale. She attentively noticed it as she turned her head.

"Brian, as you are aware, the entertainment industry attracts a diverse range of people. This circle resembles a large can and encompasses

all. I will progress smoothly in this circle because you help me, and no one dares to exploit me. However, Wendy is new to the circle, knows little, and is also very gorgeous. I'm afraid she'll take the wrong path." With that sigh, Brian pressed one finger on her forehead and breathed deeply.

"Take better care of yourself instead of worrying about her, alright?"

"Dad has always been good to me; although she is my half-sister, she's still dad's daughter after all, so that's why. I have a personal obligation to support her. I cannot stand by and watch my elder sister doomed."

Brian let out a sigh of frustration.

"If only she could think the same as you."

"Brian..."

"Don't concern yourself with it. There's nothing you can do to prevent her from living out her depraved desire, so you might as well give in to it."

Eris looked nervous. She undeniably didn't like the idea.

"But..."

"Well, don't 'but'. Every person is accountable for their choices and behaviors. Naturally, she is the same!"

Brian cut Eris off.

If Wendy died, he would still feel guilty about her, but his remorse would be gone because she was still alive.

Brian was still shaking with terror as he recalled the scene in which Eris was soaked in blood three years ago.

He would never let such an act to occur a second time! He had to assure Eris.

Thinking of this, he suddenly stood up and told her, "Have a good rest here. I'll find an opportunity to talk to Wendy!"

"...Okay then."

Chapter 45: My Taste In Women Is Impeccable

In the office, Luke and Ryan sat alongside each other with their eyes glued to the monitor, scrutinizing the scene with unwavering attention. All eyes critically scanned the monitor.

Ever since Brian entered the scene, Wendy's expression changed drastically.

She appeared cautious, eyeing him like a hawk.

Luke eyeballed Ryan, then after a short pause, said, "Ryan..."

"Get to the point!"

"Did Wendy refuse you because of Brian? Let's look at this

logically. You can determine whether my analysis has any merit or not. Wendy was a naive sixteen-year-old teenager when she started dating our nephew. The relationship lasted three solid years before they parted ways. Our nephew was her first love and you know the old saying about one never forgetting their first love. Furthermore, they both matured and grew in many ways during those three years."

Ryan silently imbibed every word, unable to refute anything.

Secretly, Ryan's silence had boosted his confidence so Luke continued like a great psychologist. "According to the information I gathered, Brian got together with Eris just after Wendy's 'death'.

Do you think she fled Ywood and moved to the US because she was heartbroken when she discovered that Brian had been unfaithful to her? Did his infidelity drive her to transform herself and achieve Nirvana so that she could emerge as a better version of herself? No doubt she returned a more beautiful person both inside and out. Nobody is in her league. I reckon she has come back well-armed to reclaim her lost love with her newfound charm and allure. Her game is to make Brian regret choosing Eris over her."

If Wendy were to somehow overhear Luke's nonsensical theory, she would roll her eyes in disbelief. Each word that escaped his mouth sounded more absurd than the last.

However, in Luke's mind, he had finally deciphered the mystery.

He had even fathomed the reason that Wendy had joined the cast of this TV drama.

Why else would she choose to play a supporting role in the "Story of Concubine Ivanka"

where Eris is the lead character? With her eternal beauty and sexy hour glass figure, she could have delivered a stellar performance in any other drama. Her decision to play her role to perfection here had a hidden agenda. See? She must want revenge!

The more Luke speculated, the more confident he became.

As he connected the dots and wove his elaborate web of perception, his voice became high-pitched in uncontrollable excitement.

"To be honest, Brian is a little shortsighted and reckless. He has inherited the attractive genes of the Oliver family and has an amazing body and a handsome face. He can make any girl swoon. It's understandable that Wendy still has deep feelings for him."

Resting his case, Luke gazed at Ryan, seeking a reaction.

To his surprise, he was greeted by a calm, serene countenance.

"Aren't you going to say anything, Ryan?"

Was he too annoyed to string up the right words to say? "No!"

"Huh?"

"It can't be Brian!"

Did he just render Luke's entire elaborate conjecture meaningless with just one sentence? Did Wendy cocoon someone else in her heart?

Taken aback by his sudden rebuttal, Luke asked, "How can you be so sure it's not him?"

"It's simple. The woman I fall in love with would have great taste and would never settle for something as miniscule as Brian!"

Luke was speechless.

In the casting group, as proposed, they would started with Wendy's part that afternoon, but because her face was still swollen, Carter temporarily suspended shooting her part and focused on filming Eris's part.

After removing her makeup and changing into more comfortable attire, she remained with the rest of the cast and crew.

The red swelling on her face was still noticeable.

If she went back home and Ray saw the bruise, he would worry unnecessarily.

Hence she decided to stay and watch Eris's shoot.

In that afternoon, Wendy realized a problem.

As long as shooting for the first half of the story lasted, Eris would manage comfortably.

But as the story went on, it became more and more difficult for her to handle her role.

Wendy thought for a while and figured that out.

Although Eris was a popular actress, she had only shot a few youth idol dramas previously.

These dramas did not even require any acting skills.

Her popularity was not based on her acting talent but rather on being cast in popular, well scripted dramas.

She was seriously falling short in the skills department when it came to this esteemed drama.

Eris had just turned twenty two so she could easily play the role of an innocent young girl.

After all, she could just be herself.

But later on, the script called for a mature, experienced actress who could portray the emotions of one who had suffered tremendously at the hands of the imperial household.

Lady Ivanka had been bitterly betrayed by her sisters, framed by the

envious concubines, sold out by the deceptive maids and saddened by the deaths of her trusted subordinates.

This portrayal demanded an array of explosive emotions and refined acting skills.

She had become a cunning woman, but she would still exude purity and tenderness on the exterior.

To encapsulate Ivanka's later life, the actress would have to work extra hard to carry off the gravity of her personal character.

The depth of this character could only be pulled off by an experienced, flawless actress.

However, Eris did not fit the bill.

Her performance was superficial and mediocre.

As hard as she tried, she could not capture the spirit and maturity of Lady Ivanka at all.

If the rest of the cast was as average in their acting abilities as she was, then it would have been difficult to notice her incompetence.

But she was pitted against the expertise of Daisy and Mason, who were exemplary in their acting.

They were awarding winning, household names.

When Daisy and Mason featured in the same play, the audience would focus on each of them as their roles unfolded, because their performances were equally matched.

When Daisy or Mason acted with others, the audiences automatically drew their attention to them as they were always so captivating.

On the contrary, Eris, who was the leading lady, was seriously wanting.

Her aura was suppressed by her two powerful co-stars.

Consequently, the afternoon shoot was anything but smooth.

The whole set echoed with Carter's ferocious roar.

"Damn it! Cut! Cut! Eris! Have you read the script? Do you know how to act? Eris! Do you have no other expressions except frowning and staring? How did you secure such a prestigious role when you can't act to save your life? Eris! Eris! Eris!! ...!"

At the end of the shooting, Carter's eyes were bloodshot from watching the rushes.

He kicked the equipment and gasped for breath.

He became a good candidate for a heart attack.

The more he viewed the recording, the angrier he became.

He had only managed to shoot two scenes thus far and they were far from done for the day.

They had made no progress at all! The cast held their breath, afraid that the director would vent his anger on them.

After a while, Mason was brave enough to step forward and try to resolve the crisis.

He had cooperated with Carter on several movies and they were personal friends.

He slowly walked over to Carter and patted him on his shoulder.

"Try to control your anger. The poor girl is going to burst into tears if you continue to humiliate her."

Carter loosened his shirt button and shouted angrily, "If her mental endurance is so weak, it would be better if she just left the set!"

"All right, all right. She is a popular actress and everyone is adoring and trying to encourage her. But she made every effort and had had a very tough time all afternoon. Yet she didn't get angry. You must acknowledge her dedication to her work. So please take a step back and stop being so hard on her."

Carter's anger finally subsided.

He took a deep breath and waved at Eris.

"Sir..."

"Eris, I'm not angry with you! You are trying hard...but not hard enough. When you retire for the night, I want you to think carefully about what the script requires. Consider how Lady Ivanka's emotional expressions will deepen. Then we will continue to shoot tomorrow." Eris bit her lips.

"I'm sorry, sir."

Carter waved his hand and said, "Don't ever use that word. Just go now."

Although it was getting dark, Carter was a tough taskmaster and instructed the rest of the cast to continue shooting.

Just then Carter's assistant ran over to him and whispered in his ear. His eyes lit up like a gigantic light bulb.

"Really?"

"Really!"

Finally he had received a glimmer of good news in a day soiled by ineptness.

Carter clapped his hands indicating that shooting for the day had been suspended.

Then he summoned the main characters, especially Wendy.

"Wendy, come here. I want to introduce you to someone!"

Wendy walked over suspiciously.

From afar, she observed the figure of a tall man wearing a black mask, approaching them.

He wore a matching black sweater with a skull emblazoned on it, silver harem pants and his assistant followed close behind.

His disheveled hair dyed green was especially eye-catching! Wendy's eyes widened.

While they were all chirping in excited whispers, the man came before them.

Carter could hardly contain his excitement as he introduced Wendy to him.

"Wendy, meet the supporting actor in our drama. This is Jeffrey!"

As soon as Carter concluded his introduction, Jeffrey removed his mask and grinned at Wendy, flashing his pearly whites. Wendy wanted to puke.

What the hell! This jerk! The only thought that weighed on Wendy's mind now was that she was doomed!

Chapter 46: Ex-boyfriend

'It's Jeffrey! Why would he be here, of all places?' As Wendy pondered on this thought, the corners of her mouth quivered.

The two met each other when they were acting for the same movie in M country.

At that time, he was the main character of the film.

On the other hand, she was merely a stand-in who wasn't even featured in the movie itself.

How it really started didn't matter anymore.

The fact was, they started dating but the romance lasted for only three short days.

Afterwards, they went their separate ways.

Even though the relationship ended fast, she still considered him to be her ex-boyfriend.

While Carter was busy introducing them to each other, Jeffrey gave her a wink.

Looking at his bright green hair, Wendy's lips twitched as she immediately shifted her gaze away from him.

The instant he took off his mask, lots of girls started screaming.

"Oh my! Can it be? It's really Jeffrey!"

"I couldn't believe it! He's acting in the Story of Concubine Ivanka!

Thank God! I'll have the rare chance of seeing him in the set every single day. How lucky of me! Is this a dream? People say that he only takes up leading roles. Why on earth would he act in this one where

the main male role has already been taken? That doesn't matter though! I love him!"

"I love you too, Jeffrey!"

All of a sudden, the set transformed into a fan meet and greet of Jeffrey.

Almost all the women present, regardless of their ages, were screaming like teenage girls.

Their faces were flushed with exhilaration.

They could not be blamed for their indiscretion though.

After all, it was Jeffrey! It was a well-known fact that he was the most popular male artist in the nation by far.

When he was just sixteen years old, he made his debut as a singer, and had taken home prestigious music awards in the country since then.

Afterwards, he pursued a career as an actor.

His good looks and charming demeanor attracted a lot of adoring fans. In all the movies and TV series he took part in, he always had the leading role.

As of the present day, he had entered and planned to dominate the international stage.

Considering this, it was a surprise that he was willing to play in the Story of Concubine Ivanka as a supporting actor! Truly, everyone was aghast by this news! A grin stretched across Carter's face as he explained it to Wendy, "Jeffrey will be playing the role of Weston Taylor!"

"Seriously? Is that true?"

She couldn't believe what she heard.

'What the hell! He's really going to play Weston Taylor!' She was shocked.

Who was he in the film, then? He was Faye's previous fiancé before she entered the imperial palace! Her father and brother had rejected the emperor's offer to have her as his concubine at first.

Fearing that the emperor would eventually force them, they quickly arranged a marriage for her.

During those times, people put more importance on literature than martial arts.

They held the belief that scholars had a higher regard than any other occupation.

Therefore, in order to improve the reputation of their family, which was a military clan, her father chose a scholar, the son of a civil official, to

be his son-in-law.

The chosen scholar was none other than Weston.

Faye was only a young spoiled lady then.

This arranged marriage wasn't favorable for her, but her father and brother looked up to Weston a lot.

She then became curious about what they saw in him, so she sneaked into the Taylor's Palace in the middle of the night and broke into his room.

He turned out to be a handsome and gentle person, which was completely different from the boring bookworm she had imagined he was.

She fell in love with him at first sight.

Contrary to this, he wasn't fond of this rude daughter of the general's at first.

Although, as she pursued him ever so passionately, he fell for her later on.

Wendy then realized that she was going to play a couple in this play with her ex-boyfriend! Now, wasn't this a dramatic coincidence?

"I sincerely apologize that I've not informed you about this until now. Jeffrey's schedule was very uncertain at the time, so I ended up announcing his role in the play last minute. Now it's settled," Carter added.

She was in a trance and speechless to say the least.

Carter only thought that she too was a big fan of Jeffrey and was too excited to utter a word.

With his involvement in the show, there was no need to worry about the popularity and ratings of the TV series. Obviously, Carter was very glad about this.

Looking at the exhilaration of the crew that had reached breaking point, he knew that they couldn't calm down and resume shooting.

Carter then waved his hand and announced in a joyful mood, "Well, let's wrap up for today. We'll continue this tomorrow morning!"

After Carter's announcement, the women in the crew quickly rushed over to Jeffrey.

"Everyone, please stop!"

He motioned with his hand and everybody halted in their tracks.

Flashing a warm smile, he said, "It's getting quite late now, guys. I just returned from abroad and I'm in need of some rest. If you want my autograph, I'm very willing to entertain you all tomorrow, okay?"

The entire crew nodded in unison. Jeffrey took the opportunity to

escape from his die-hard fans.

"Wait! Wendy, where are you headed?"

As soon as the crew left, he moved forward to block her path.

He had delicate features, and fair skin.

His jet black eyebrows extended to his temples, adding much to his already masculine frame.

As he struck a pose, he placed one hand on the wall.

He eyed her as he asked, "Hey beautiful, would you like to have dinner with me?"

"No, thank you. I'm busy!"

She walked by without even looking at him.

Jeffrey strode to catch up to her and said, "I don't accept that answer, Wendy. How could you act like this? I'm your boyfriend! We can't even have dinner together now?"

She suddenly halted, and he almost hit her back.

"Excuse me, you are my ex-boyfriend!" She exclaimed.

"I didn't even agree to call it quits with you."

"Go screw yourself!"

Soon after, Wendy felt a shot of pain go through her head.

She then grabbed his wrist and said, "Come to my place!"

"Your place?"

He raised an eyebrow and leaned towards her.

"Since when have you become so straightforward?"

She couldn't resist the urge to slap him across his face.

"Take back all your dirty thoughts! I'm just asking you to pass by my home and take back your gold!"

Jeffrey wasn't angered by her harsh actions.

Instead, his eyes brightened and he looked genuinely happy.

"Wendy, how did you know that those gifts were sent by me? It looks like you know me way better than I thought you did. Without looking back at him, she continued to walk forward. Upon hearing what he had said, she rolled her eyes and teased him mercilessly,

"I mean, it's quite hard to forget about your terrible handwriting!"

He immediately guffawed.

She immediately covered his mouth in a rush and pulled him to a corner.

She then checked her surroundings and felt relieved when she saw that no one else was around.

He suddenly stuck out his tongue and gently licked her palm.

She was taken aback by the warm sensation it left.

Wendy swiftly withdrew her hand and continuously rubbed her palm against her dress until he felt ashamed.

"Tell me, Jeffrey, and answer honestly! Why have you come here? Why would you even consider a role in the Story of Concubine Ivanka? No more nonsense. Tell me the truth!"

"I did this because I'm going after you, of course!"

"Should I punch you right here and now?" Slightly flinching because of her threat, he muttered in a low voice, "Other women are just like bees seeing honey when they catch sight of me, while you always treated me so harshly.

Not once have you shown me any tenderness! She sneered at him and said, "You know you can enjoy the tenderness of many women if you want."

"Well, I don't want to. Maybe I have some masochistic tendencies, and that's why I like you so much!"

Jeffrey rested one hand on Wendy's shoulder.

He squinted his eyes at her and said, "Tell me, and be honest as well! Did you ever cheat on me when I was abroad?"

Chapter 47: Uncles

"Be honest, did you cheat on me while I was abroad?" Wendy's beautiful face crumpled into a sneer.

"Look at yourself getting all worked up. I do believe there's no need for me to answer your question."

Jeffrey was struck dumb by her response.

While the two were talking, the artists and staff all came out of the set and began heading towards their direction.

Seeing this, Wendy quickly pulled Jeffrey by the collar and dragged him to hide in a shadowy corner. The last thing she wanted was for others to know about her involvement with Jeffrey! Their hiding place was quite small and cramped, so both were forced to hunker down. Jeffrey's height and their position made it so that Wendy naturally fits in his arms.

With them squeezed so tightly together, he couldn't help but take in her scent.

She smelled of sweat.

The salt of her labor intermixed with her choice of perfume and blended into an olfactory cocktail that was uniquely her own.

Their proximity made Wendy acutely aware that she had been sweating profusely the whole day.

Well, the weather was particularly warm.

It also didn't help that her costume was quite stifling.

She probably smelled atrocious.

Jeffrey inhaled deeply, much to Wendy's chagrin.

She felt her temper rise.

Scowling, Wendy pushed Jeffrey away from her and nearly snarled,

"Jeffrey! Why are you being disgusting?"

Jeffrey humored her tantrum for a while, but then suddenly snapped to attention.

"Don't move. Be quiet or we will be discovered."

Both held their breath as a staff came out from the door to check out the noise they made.

They stiffened as he began walking towards them.

Wendy was so nervous that she didn't dare move.

To their relief, the staff seemed to change his mind and didn't proceed further in their direction.

Wendy began to relax.

As the tension left her body, she noticed that Jeffrey had draped his arms over her shoulders and was holding her securely within a protective embrace.

Wendy was furious! Without thinking, she brought her heel down hard on Jeffrey's unsuspecting foot.

"Owww!"

Jeffrey screamed in pain and jumped around while holding his injured limb.

That put an effective stop to his annoying flirting.

Fortunately, no one was around to witness his humiliation.

"Wendy, is this how you treat your boyfriend?"

"Ex-boyfriend!"

Wendy angrily retorted.

Jeffrey wouldn't budge.

"I didn't agree to break up anyway!"

Wendy was so angry that she was speechless.

If only his fans knew that the man who seemed so perfect in front of the camera was so shameless behind it, they might get shocked.

Wendy pointedly ignored the infuriating man, took her bag, and began briskly walking away.

Still nursing his abused appendage, Jeffrey followed in her wake while hopping on one foot.

"Wendy, wait for me!"

"Fuck off!"

Jeffrey's voice took on a wheedling tone.

"Don't be like this. We loved each other once!"

"Just fuck off!"

"I came back as soon as possible for you after I finished the movie in M country. When I heard that you had a role in this drama, I did everything in my power to get me to join the cast and play the male supporting role. That is how much I like you. Why can't you see it?"

"I said fuck off!"

With the street lamp as their spotlight, Jeffrey chased after Wendy like a one-legged frog.

It was a scene straight from a comedy show.

As luck would have it, Wendy was familiar with Studio City and had chosen a path few people use.

This ensured that they had no audience for the absurd tableau they exhibited.

As soon as they walked out of Studio City, they were greeted by the sight of Jeffrey's limousine parked on the side of the road.

There were currently people milling about, so to prevent being recognized and the unnecessary commotion it will cause, Jeffrey immediately put on his hat and mask.

"Wendy..."

Wendy raised her hand to interrupt him.

"Let me make this clear. I couldn't care less why you came back, nor why you joined the cast of the Story of Concubine Ivanka. We must pretend that we have never seen each other before. Understood?" Jeffrey just blinked innocently at Wendy's words, his incomprehension evident.

"Wendy, don't you need money? If you hype up with me, your status will soar. Then you will have a lot of money. Isn't that a good thing?"

Wendy could only look at Jeffrey incredulously.

"Status? I fear I'll be harassed to death by your stupid fans even before my status had a chance to improve! Haven't you the faintest idea of how popular you are? Let me jog your memory. The few actresses you were involved in scandals with had all been persecuted by your fans!"

In the current showbiz climate, being rumored as lovers could do wonders for the careers of a male and female celebrity.

However, this was not the case when there was a significant gap in their levels of popularity.

No female star could come close to Jeffrey when it came to popularity.

Therefore, any actress romantically linked with him was bound to suffer endless criticism.

This was a harsh lesson for Wendy to learn when she dug up Jeffrey's romantic history.

Jeffrey could not deny the truth in Wendy's tirade and chose to remain silent.

She had a point.

Indeed, the actresses rumored to be his paramour since his debut were all mercilessly tormented by the public.

Nonetheless, this didn't stop him from trying to reason with Wendy.

"Wendy..."

Wendy would have none of it.

"Cut the crap! I'm warning you, I've had enough trouble with the crew as it is. If you'll insist on making my life more difficult, I swear I'll beat you to death!"

"Sure, I can pretend that we're strangers to one another. Be that as it may, I'll be expecting certain...benefits, in return."

Jeffrey winked at her.

Wendy's response was to ground her teeth and crack her knuckles.

Her smile was deceptively calm as she slowly approached Jeffrey.

"What benefits, pray tell?"

Jeffrey began backing away while holding up his arms to ward her off.

"Relax, I was just kidding! I know my place. Our relationship is such that I can't assume any form of benefit from you."

"So you do understand!" Wendy snorted derisively.

"Well, it's getting late. I have to go home soon. My son is waiting for me."

"Don't go home yet. Tell Ray to meet us outside. I'll treat you both to dinner."

Wendy threw him a skeptical look.

"What for? He doesn't even like you."

Jeffrey was rendered speechless.

His ego just took another critical hit.

He couldn't understand why his charm was ineffective against the mother and son.

Jeffrey sighed heavily.

"Well, I'm leaving now. You should head home early as well."

Wendy motioned to leave but paused.

"By the way, give me your address. I'll return the gold you gave me one of these days."

"What? No! Those were my betrothal present for you. How can I take those back?"

Jeffrey gaped at Wendy as if she was going crazy.

Wendy grabbed on one of his shoulders and gripped tightly.

She then forced him to meet her serious, penetrating gaze.

"Jeffrey! Let me hammer into that hard head of yours. We have broken up! No self-respecting woman would return to the embrace of an ex-lover who treated her terribly. Not to mention, from what I see right now, you didn't change enough to earn my reconsideration."

Jeffrey looked at her with pleading eyes.

"I'm not the same man I was before, truly. Why won't you give me another chance? I promise it will be different. I will do everything in my power to avoid repeating my mistakes. I will make you happy this time!"

Wendy was astounded by his show of stubbornness.

In her frustration, she felt a headache coming and began massaging her temples.

First in the list of her most regrettable life decisions was staying in love with Brian for three years.

Getting to know Jeffrey was a close second! Had she known that he was this annoying to get rid of, she would have turned around and run in the opposite direction the first time she saw him! The two stood face to face on the side of the road.

As Wendy racked her brains for more ways to convince Jeffrey to give up on her, a Rolls-Royce Phantom rolled up beside them.

Once the car engine died, the driver got off and opened the door to the backseat of the car.

Seated side by side within the confines of the luxury vehicle were Ryan and Luke.

The former had on a custom -tailored suit from a famous Italian designer brand.

He was leaning back on the leather seats in a seemingly relaxed manner, his face cold and hard as stone yet his eyes glinting with the fire of anger.

Anger?! Why was he angry? Wendy observed the gentleman in confusion.

As she was about to speak, she saw Jeffrey turn beside her and regarded the people inside the car with surprise.

"Uncle Ryan and Uncle Luke?"

Chapter 48: Being Cuckolded

"Uncle Ryan and Uncle Luke? What are you doing here?!"

Jeffrey took off the mask and asked, feeling a little flattered.

"Oh! You must have heard that I'm back! That's why you came to the crew of the Story of Concubine Ivanka to pick me up today, isn't that right? It's probably hard to recognize me right away when I'm dressed like this!"

Neither Luke nor Ryan said a word.

As for Wendy, she was simply bowled over.

Without even noticing the awkwardness in the air, Jeffrey happily held Wendy by the waist and took two steps forward to introduce them,

"Wendy, these are Uncle Ryan and Uncle Luke. Why don't you say hello!"

"What?"

"Greet Uncle Ryan and Uncle Luke! Do it quickly!"

Jeffrey chuckled and then turned to Ryan and Luke.

"Uncles, I would like you to meet my girlfriend, Wendy. She's a bit shy. Please forgive her bad manners," he introduced Wendy to the two men.

With a piercing gaze that was as sharp as a knife, Ryan's eyes darkened little by little as he stared at Jeffrey's hand on Wendy's waist.

A moment later, he repeated Jeffrey's words, "Girlfriend?"

Every fiber of Wendy's being shivered at once! Her contract! She had to pay a considerable amount of liquidated damages! At the thought of this, she hurriedly pushed Jeffrey away and kept him at arm's length. Then, she waved her hands and cleared things up with Ryan, "No, no! It's not like that! I'm not his girlfriend.

I don't have anything to do with him...

Well, we used to date, but he's now my ex-boyfriend, just an ex! He's really just my ex-boyfriend! I swear! I was definitely single when I signed the contract with the company, and I'm still single now! Believe me!"

A bit confused, Jeffrey had to ask, "Wendy, when did you sign the contract with Glory Media?"

"Just shut up!"

Wendy shushed him at once, afraid that he might say something that would put her in hot water.

Jeffrey hesitantly closed his mouth, feeling so aggrieved.

"Ex?"

"Yes, that's right! He's my ex!" The corners of Luke's mouth twitched

in displeasure.

Then, he looked at Jeffrey and Wendy in a weird way, as though he wasn't completely buying it.

The longer he stared at them, the weirder his gaze became.

Was fate playing tricks on his family? How could they both fall for Wendy?! Both of his nephews had gotten involved with her. Beset by doubt at this point, Luke subconsciously shifted his gaze toward his brother.

There was a good chance that there was also something going on between him and Wendy! His brother's face had turned as dark as ink upon hearing the word "ex".

All of a sudden, the atmosphere in the car became so depressing, awkward, and off-kilter.

After a long while, Ryan, who had stayed silent the whole time, opened his mouth and broke the silence, "Get in the car!"

"Yes!"

Jeffrey quickly replied.

Then, he lifted his leg and was just about to get in the car. However, a little figure beside him hopped into the backseat in the blink of an eye before he could get in. Then before he could react, the door was closed with a "bang".

The next moment the engine was started and the car instantly drove away.

Jeffrey was caught off guard! Having no idea what was going on, he got so startled that he froze completely! When he finally came to his senses, he found himself enveloped by the smoke from the car's tailpipe.

"What the fuck..."

Why did he feel as though he had just been cuckolded?! By his own uncles?! While his head was in the clouds, someone recognized him and came running toward him while screaming.

Hearing this, he trembled all over.

So, without having the time to think twice, he hurriedly got on his own vehicle and ran away.

On the way back, the atmosphere in the car felt so depressing the entire time.

The three of them sat side by side in the back seats.

It was a good thing that the car was spacious, so it didn't feel cramped at all.

However, the cold aura emanating from the man next to Wendy was

more than enough to make her shiver.

It was so nerve-wracking that she wished she could just disappear right then and there.

With his curiosity piqued, Luke craned his neck and asked Wendy, "Wendy, you and Jeffrey know each other?"

"Yes!"

Without missing a beat, Wendy explained, "We met in the crew back in the US when we were shooting a movie. It's a bit complicated, but we ended up getting together in the spur of the moment. But, we had already broken up way before I came back!"

intense his method of courting her became.

At that time, she was beginning to think that he must be a masochist.

He could've hooked up with any one of the gorgeous blondes or brunettes who were chasing after him, but for some reason, he chose to pursue someone like Wendy who was a violent maniac.

In order to make him drop his bundle, she even went so far as to bring her son along with her to the shoot to let him know that she already had a kid.

Needless to be said, she wanted him to give up as soon as possible.

However, even after he found out about this, he was down in the dumps for just a single day.

The following day, he went back to courting her as if nothing had happened.

Later, Wendy found out from other people that he was the type of person who wouldn't give up until he got what he wanted.

Moreover, he got tired of being in a relationship very quickly, and none of his relationships had lasted for more than a week.

At that time, she had no way to avoid him since they were part of the same crew.

In the end, she had no choice but to give in and agree to be his girlfriend.

The two of them went on dates, watched movies and had dinner together intense his method of courting her became.

At that time, she was beginning to think that he must be a masochist.

He could've hooked up with any one of the gorgeous blondes or brunettes who were chasing after him, but for some reason, he chose to pursue someone like Wendy who was a violent maniac.

In order to make him drop his bundle, she even went so far as to bring her son along with her to the shoot to let him know that she already had a kid.

Needless to be said, she wanted him to give up as soon as possible. However, even after he found out about this, he was down in the dumps for just a single day.

The following day, he went back to courting her as if nothing had happened.

Later, Wendy found out from other people that he was the type of person who wouldn't give up until he got what he wanted.

Moreover, he got tired of being in a relationship very quickly, and none of his relationships had lasted for more than a week.

At that time, she had no way to avoid him since they were part of the same crew.

In the end, she had no choice but to give in and agree to be his girlfriend.

The two of them went on dates, watched movies and had dinner together.

After trying to go along with it for three days, Wendy couldn't keep pretending any longer, so she decided to come clean with him and broke up with him.

As soon as the shoot was wrapped up, she left the crew.

Honestly speaking, she actually got along well with Jeffrey, but she didn't want to be anything more than friends with him, and she couldn't see herself getting romantically involved with him.

"Wendy? Hey, Wendy!"

"What?"

When she finally came to her senses, she realized that the atmosphere inside the car became even colder than it was earlier.

"Well, Wendy, you still haven't answered my question."

The question Luke asked just now...

Did she still have feelings for Jeffrey? Afraid that Ryan would bring up her contract, she shook her head violently and replied, "It's all in the past, so it doesn't really matter whether I like him or not." 'It's all in the past...Ryan thought in his heart, tightly pressing his lips.

That meant she did once have feelings for Jeffrey! While she was talking, her phone suddenly rang.

She quickly took it out to see what it was.

As it turned out, Jeffrey sent her a request to add her WeChat account.

She accepted it.

Moments later, she received a voice message from him.

"Wendy! Why did you get in Uncle Ryan's car? Do you two know each

other? What is your relationship with him?"

He sounded like a boyfriend who suspected his girlfriend of two-timing him! Wendy screwed her face in annoyance.

As soon as the recorded message ended, Luke and Ryan turned their gaze toward her at the same time.

Crap! What kind of look did they have in their eyes?! Wendy was flipping out at this point, so she just pretended not to notice their gaze.

Then, she quickly lowered her head and replied to him with a message, "I swear I will flay you alive if you dare to spout such nonsense again!"

"Wendy, you'll never find a husband if you continue being this violent!"

"That's none of your business!"

"Of course it is my business! Because I'm going to make you my wife!"

'Make you my wife...' It was another voice message.

Although Wendy made sure to lower the volume before playing it, Jeffrey's voice still sounded so clear inside the quiet car.

Even without raising her head, Wendy could feel Ryan cold gaze piercing right through her, as though the ice on the glacier had spilled on her neck, sending chills down her spine.

Wendy was now trembling all over.

To save her skin, she tried to prove her loyalty to Ryan by saying,

"Boss, please don't worry! I will never breach the contract!"

Chapter 49: More Powerful Move

"Do not be concerned, boss. I most emphatically would not breach the contract."

What? She was just concerned with the contract?! Wendy realized that after she expressed her loyalty and commitment, Ryan's face became only gloomier.

She couldn't utter a word.

Shit! Women were said to be unpredictable.

But why was this man's mind even more difficult to decipher?! She felt so frustrated.

It was an impossible situation for her to untangle.

She drooped her head and tried to pretend that she wasn't there at all.

They remained quiet throughout.

She was driven insane by the oppressive climate.

They eventually arrived at the Ensfield.

Wendy rushed to open the door and exit the vehicle.

All of a sudden...She dashed like a rabbit to the second villa.

'Oh my God! Ryan is atrocious today! For me, the most crucial part is to save my life.Run!' She exclaimed in her mind.

Wendy was rushing back home, and she sensed Ryan's gaze was focused on her, which made her tense.

Eventually, she changed course, and the sensation dissipated.

She needed a help.

Hiding in the vegetable field, Wendy sent a voice message to Jeffrey.

"Jeffrey! How do you know Luke and Ryan?"

"We are related.Ryan and Luke are my uncles."

Jeffrey responded as quickly as possible.

"They are half-brothers of my father, which naturally makes me their nephew.Understood?" Wendy was taken aback.

"Isn't your name Jeffrey?" She inquired.

Jeffrey became enraged and screamed.

"Wendy! Do you seriously know nothing about me? Everybody knows I go by the name Jeffrey on stage.Do I have to explain to you what a stage name means?"

"Then what's your surname?"

"My two uncles and my father share the same surname Oliver.What do you think is my surname?" Jeffrey hollered loudly.

Again, she didn't utter a word.

She remained squatting in the vegetable field.

It seemed she was completely at a loss as to what to say.

"What prompted your inquiry? I have yet to question you.How did you know my uncles? Especially Uncle Ryan; he has never allowed a woman to be within a foot of him.And the way he looked at you back then was a little strange.What's going on here, huh?"

"He's my boss and I work for him!"

"That's all?"

"What do you mean? There's nothing else going on between us!"

Wendy asked rhetorically.

"There must be a logical reason why is he acting so strangely."

"I've signed an exclusive agreement with Glory Media.I'm prohibited from dating anyone.If I do, I will be penalized.It is one billion dollars, not a penny less!"

"Fuck! Certainly not! How is it possible that the contract in Glory Media is so irrational? It's not like fifty years back and no love affairs of a celebrity should be made public.It's a modern society now! How does such a heinous deal exist in the twenty-first century?!" Wendy was stunned into silence.

Damn it! 'It serves no purpose to scream at me in that manner! If you dare, shout at Ryan, ' she reasoned! Wendy sent an angry emoji.

Jeffrey was baffled and immediately replied with a question mark.

"A bit of warning; I am telling you, don't hassle me. If the company's senior executives take the wrong idea and believe I'm in love, I will be doomed. I'll pay a billion dollars to terminate the deal. Is it clear?"

Jeffrey, in this case, chose not to give an answer.

'Perhaps I had made my point clear enough.

Thus, Jeffrey should have understood it, right? Wendy thought.

She exhaled with a deep breath of relief, put her cell phone in her pocket, and entered the house.

Ryan's face darkened immediately upon Wendy's departure.

In a cautious voice, Luke glanced at him and whispered, "Ryan, I had no intention of complaining, but you always maintain a poker face. Even though I'm your brother and I know you well, you still scare me sometimes. I'm sure Wendy will be even more terrified when she sees you like this. It will never work if you pursue women in such a manner. We're going to have to figure out a strategy!"

'Strategy?! Ryan tapped his fingertips on the seat and kept his thoughts to himself.

"Since she is extremely attractive, it is to be expected that she will have more admirers in the future. It has just happened that she has started in this industry. Given her beauty, she will undoubtedly become popular. It will be detrimental to other girls' self-esteem if others view her as merely someone who attracts a crowd of admirers. Even though we have a contract that forbids Wendy from dating anyone, it doesn't prevent her from liking others. Do you get the point?"

Luke declared earnestly, "Thus, we must win her as soon as possible. We can't just wait for her to turn around anymore."

Ryan's expression clouded over.

With Wendy turning him down, he considered a less strenuous approach.

They had only met each other for a short time, so it made sense that they didn't know each other so well.

He thought maybe it was better to go slow.

Unfortunately, he could not wait any longer this time.

Suddenly, something occurred to him.

He remembered something significant, and so he asked, "Did Bruce send the gold to her?"

Actually, the real name of Jeffrey was Bruce Oliver.

"Uh...I almost forgot about that.No wonder that the handwriting looks familiar.It's Bruce's.He was always harshly criticized by his dad for his indecipherable writing as a child."

Anson Oliver was Ryan and Luke's father.

The old man would turn seventy years old this year.

He had three sons.

His eldest son, Jaylen Oliver, was the son of him and his ex-wife.

As a youngster, Anson was full of ambition and decided to join the military, and he married his ex-wife when he was only twenty.

His wife subsequently passed away when he was thirty, leaving Jaylen behind, who was eight.

He went on to work in the business after his military career was over.

Sixteen-year-old Josie Trebor became his girlfriend.

They had a wedding banquet after falling in love and dating for two years.

Josie had her first child when she was twenty and another two years later.

They were Ryan and Luke.

Jaylen was married and had his own children at that particular time.

Brian, his eldest son, was just four years younger than Ryan, and

Bruce, his youngest son, was just six years younger.

Even though they were nephews and uncles, the boys were almost of the same age; and they actually grew up together like brothers.

And for some reason, Ryan didn't have the best relationship with Jaylen, his wife or his eldest son Brian.

However, he somehow had a satisfying relationship with their younger son, Bruce.

"Isn't Bruce currently starring in a film in M country? How come he returned and joined the crew of the Story of Concubine Ivanka so abruptly?"

Bruce also signed a contract with the Glory Media, using the stage name of "Jeffrey" of course.

However, even as the boss of Glory Media, Ryan had no idea Bruce was coming back home.

"Hold on a second, Ryan.I'll find it out for you."

As soon as Luke stepped out of the vehicle, he dialed a phone number to ascertain the situation.

He seemed startled with his discovery.

He then slowly got back into the car, and reluctantly looked at Ryan.

"What are you waiting for? Tell me!"

"When I inquired with Bruce's assistant, he said...the shooting was nearly finished when the girl Bruce liked suddenly came back home here. He rushed through the remaining scenes and then returned too." Needless to say, the "girl" mentioned by the assistant must be Wendy. He turned down an excessive number of offerings and went to play a supporting role in "the Story of Concubine Ivanka".

His objective was straightforward.

Compared to his nephew, Luke preferred his elder brother much better.

Bruce was just like Luke himself.

He was also a playboy who had a long list of ex-girlfriends.

And yet, Ryan was dissimilar! For the first time in decades, he developed feelings for someone.

Luke had never seen his brother so enthused about anyone or anything other than work, and he felt compelled to assist him.

He had to be on Ryan's side as he stepped up to the next level of his life.

"You know, Ryan, I would like to suggest something. How about I ask Kane to arrange another job for Bruce?"

"No need."

"Uh..."

Without breaking his stride and wearing his poker face all throughout, Ryan opened the door with determination, got out of the car and headed straight to the second building.

"Well...Ryan, what are you thinking? What are you going to do?"

Ryan exclaimed with great enthusiasm.

"I'm going to accomplish something spectacular!"

Chapter 50: Revenge For Mommy

"Mommy's here! She's back!"

"Ah! Aunt Wendy!"

The two kids were sitting on the living room floor, playing with some building blocks.

Their eyes shone when they caught sight of Wendy, and they instantly stood up and excitedly rushed over to her side.

Upon seeing the two tiny kids running towards her, the woman quickly squatted down to hug them.

A warm feeling washed over her as she embraced the children.

"Were you two being naughty while I was away?"

Quickly, the little girl answered, "No! I listened to Raymond and I've been a good girl."

Precious pursed her lips and leaned forward to kiss Wendy's cheek, but her expression suddenly changed when she noticed something.

"Aunt Wendy, what's wrong with your face?" she asked with a frown.

Raymond quickly turned his head to study his mother's face. Quickly, Wendy covered her face and answered, "I-It's nothing..."

"But your face is all red and swollen! It can't be okay!"

A wave of anger washed over Precious when she thought that someone hurt her precious aunt.

"What's going on? Is someone bullying you at workplace?"

"No..."

Wendy felt helpless.

Before she went home, she made sure to ice her face to lessen the swelling.

She didn't want to return to the house until her injury was less visible.

However, she didn't expect that Precious's vision would be so sharp.

Although, Wendy felt quite touched that the little girl was so worried about her.

It meant that Precious really cared about her and quickly noticed subtle differences on her face.

"Aunt Wendy..."

The little girl started to say, but Raymond quickly tugged on her sleeve and shook his head.

Precious didn't really know why, but she had used to following Raymond's lead over the last few days.

So, despite her objection, she bit her tongue and didn't ask any more questions.

Instead, the female toddler jogged to the kitchen with her short, chubby legs to get a bottle of cold water for Wendy.

"Drink some water, Auntie Wendy," she said as she handed the older woman the drink.

"Thank you, Precious!" Wendy twisted the bottle cap open before taking two generous sips of water.

"Have you had dinner yet?" she asked after she finished drinking.

"Not yet!"

"Alright. I'll cook some food for you, then. What would you like to eat?"

"Whatever you cook, I'll eat them all, Auntie Wendy!" Precious exclaimed with a toothy grin.

'Oh, wow! That's adorable! How heartwarming!' Wendy thought with a smile. Her son was a good boy, but he wasn't good at expressing himself. Therefore, when Wendy would hear such sweet words, she

would immediately feel happy.

While softly humming a song, she sauntered to the kitchen.

"Raymond, why did you stop me earlier?"

Precious asked in a sharp tone as she pulled the boy into a room.

Then she added, "Auntie Wendy went to the film studio today, and she came back with a swollen face. Someone must have hit her on set!"

Sighing, the boy stated, "Well, she won't tell us anything she doesn't want us to know."

"Well, what should we do, then? Just let it go? There's no way I can do that! No one can hit Aunt Wendy and get away with it!"

"No! Of course, we're not going to just let it go!"

'Humph! Does she think I'm a wimp or something?!' Raymond thought with a huff.

Precious's eyes were still seething with anger as she asked, "What do you want to do?"

Raymond waved the phone in his hand.

"Eh? That is Auntie's phone! Why did you take it?" She tilted her head.

"To find out who did that to my mom, of course!"

No one was more familiar with Wendy's phone password than Raymond.

Effortlessly, he unlocked the mobile device and clicked the WeChat app.

The older woman didn't have many contacts, so it wasn't hard to find Director Williams' number.

Then, the young boy skillfully sent a message in the same tone that his mother usually did.

"Director Williams, I'm so sorry. The film shooting was delayed today because of me."

It didn't take long for Carter Williams to reply to the message.

Judging from the background noise in the voice message he sent, he must be busy.

"It wasn't your fault. It was Evie who did it on purpose. I've been working in this industry for many years. I know the truth when I see it. Wendy, you are young and have great potential as an actress. You have a promising career ahead of you. Don't overthink. Just focus on your performance."

"Okay, thank you so much. Director Williams."

After sending the last message, the two kids looked at each other and called out a name together, "Evie!"

Precious's eyes were full of excitement and admiration.

Then, she clasped her hands together and exclaimed, "Raymond, you are so clever!"

The little boy just sent a message and found out the culprit without even breaking a sweat.

Casually, he deleted the chatting history.

"Raymond, what should we do now?"

"Wait!"

Raymond quickly looked up Evie's personal information on the Internet.

His face fell as he started reading about the woman.

'She's an actress of Starlight Media! She's not even in the same company as Mommy.

This is going to be a little tricky.'

"Oh! I know that woman!"

When she saw the photo, Precious immediately pointed at it and hollered, "Raymond! Raymond! I know her! She often plays the villain on TV. Uncle Luke also told me that she also seduced him before!"

Upon hearing her last sentence, the boy raised his eyebrows.

"Hmm. Well, Uncle Luke has good taste. I just heard him talking with Uncle Kane about it."

With her face in her hands, Precious furrowed her brows and continued, "Uncle Luke said that she's a sloth. He also said that he wouldn't take her even if she ever threw herself at him."

"Sloth? Are you sure? Or did he say slut?" She nodded.

"Yeah, that's it! Raymond, what does slut mean?"

"It means something that isn't appropriate for children to know!"

Speechless, Precious just stared at him.

While it was true that she still a child, Raymond was a child too! In fact, they were born on the same day! Yet, he was so intelligent.

He knew so many words that Precious didn't.

'Amazing!' She couldn't help but look up at him in admiration.

The boy put away the phone and then curled his finger, signaling her to come closer.

The young girl immediately leaned over and whispered, "What is it, Raymond?"

"Precious, you have bodyguards, right?"

Nodding, she answered, "Yes, I have several of them. Whenever I go out, they will follow me secretly. But when I was almost kicked by a horse last time and fortunately Aunt Wendy saved me, my dad said that my bodyguards were incompetent. He replaced some of them."

"Can you command them?" he asked.

"Of course!" She nodded her head and proudly stated, "My dad told me that they should all obey my orders. Whether it's reasonable or not, they should obey it."

Raymond's lips curved into a conniving smirk.

She pointed out, "You have a scheming smile on your face. Bah! Whatever. Just as long as you have a clever plan."

As she held on to Raymond's small arm, she asked excitedly, "So, have you come up with a good idea?"

"Do you want to avenge Mommy?"

"Yes! Of course! If this woman dares to bully Aunt Wendy, then she should be prepared for the consequences!"

"Then, lend me two of your bodyguards for a few days."

Without hesitation, she patted her chest and gave a thumbs up.

"No problem!" she said with a grin.

"But Raymond... What are you planning to do?"

The little boy leaned closer to whisper his plan to Precious.

Her eyes beamed with glee and excitement as she listened.

By the time he finished talking, the young girl was looking at him with the utmost respect.

"Raymond, you are so smart!" she praised while clapping her tiny hands.

"Of course!"

The two kids looked at each other with cunning smiles painted on their faces.

Chapter 51: Severe Insomnia

Wendy was preparing a meal in the kitchen.

She was unaware that the two children had already devised a plot of vengeance for her.

To give back her a sense of shape, she loosened her apron and started bringing the dishes to the dining table when a man from behind took over.

His fingers were long, healthy-looking, with properly shaped bones, and their ends were cut and well-kept, looking like sculpted digits.

Without speaking, he put the dishes on the table one by one.

"What are you doing here? When did you come?"

Nervousness overtook her again upon seeing Ryan.

He responded, "You don't want me in this house?"

Wendy could not rebut because she had no idea what to say.

How dared she say that she didn't welcome him?! She was just his

employee! Wendy forced a smile to conceal her embarrassment.

"Of course you are welcome here! Very much welcome!"

"That's all right then! It's good to hear from you."

Dishes clutched in her lap, Wendy attentively followed behind him to the dining table and set the plates down.

Ryan and Luke were already in place, as earlier they both sat on the seats.

Wendy was at a loss for words when she initially witnessed this scene. It was as if they were considering it as their own home.

"I'll fetch the children so they can also have dinner."

Fetch the kids for dinner...There was a distinct impression as if he was listening to a wife speaking to her husband.

Having to hear this, Ryan brightened up instantly.

He nodded and said, "All right.Go ahead!"

Wendy bolted from the room as soon as he finished responding.

'Oh my goodness!' She was absolutely terrified that her heart would stop when she was with Ryan, who was constantly having a cold aura.

It was extremely uneasy and challenging! She reached the area where the children were and told them to join her and Ryan for dinner.

Wendy made an effort to eat quietly, lowering her head over her plate and not saying anything until the food was finished.

She knew that Ryan's eyes were always piercing into her, and each time they landed on her, she got too scared to even chew her food.

This meal was an utter agony for her.

After they had finished eating, Luke started his nightly duties of cleaning automatically, against his will.

"Daddy, you look worn out.Are you feeling under the weather?"

Upon hearing Precious' voice, Wendy looked up and noticed Ryan with a bad complexion that looked as though he was in poor health.

When they returned, it was almost completely dark.

As it was light outside, the car's headlights did not come across until it was fully backed into the garage.

Moreover, his aura was so overwhelming that she couldn't dare even to turn her head in his direction.

As a result, she was surprised to find that he really didn't look well.

Though his face still showed no emotion, his eyes were bloodshot.

His under-eye circles were noticeable, and his face was still a little pale.

He appeared to be a bit distressed.He furrowed his brow and rubbed his temple with his hand.

"Boss....."

"Since you are off duty, you need not call and treat me as boss!"

"Okay then if that's what you want.What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing!"

He was as icy in his speech as he typically was.

When Wendy was astounded by such a reply, she remained silent.

"Daddy, you didn't get enough rest last night again?"

He couldn't conceal his discomfort with Precious as she knew him very well.

Thus, she poured him a glass of water and gave him an anxious expression Ryan's hands moved on Precious' head and his eyes softened a little.

"I'm fine, no need to worry about me!"

"You're such a liar! Take a look at your face! Your skin is ghostly pale!"

The little girl loudly yelled at the kitchen.

"Uncle Luke, how many nights has my dad not been able to sleep soundly?"

"You know what, dear, it has been for several days already!"

Luke craned his neck to glance at Wendy.

And he finished the discussion by saying, "As far as I'm aware, he's been having more frequent problems with his sleep ever since he slept for twelve hours in one stretch last time.That has been difficult for him, as he has only slept for two hours over the past few days."

Immediately upon hearing his uncle's revelation, tears poured down Precious's cheek.

"There is no need to worry, dear.Daddy is feeling okay."

"I am not three years old, dad.You can't hide the truth from me anymore.I am not that naive!"

Precious frowned and ran away, shedding tears in her eyes.

Raymond immediately ran after her.

Wendy followed them as well to see where they were going.

Precious bolted up the steps and onto the balcony.

She crouched in a dark corner, brushing away her flowing tears.

"The tears won't help.Stop crying! Whining makes you look unlovely."

As soon as Raymond finished his words, Precious couldn't help but burst into tears loudly.

She sat on the ground and kept wiping her tears.

"My daddy is dying! What will happen to me?! Ooh...Without my mommy, I am already pitiful.What's worse is if my daddy passes

away, I will become an orphan.Ooh..."

Dying?! What did she mean by "dying"?! Wendy was taken aback. She knelt and inquired, "What are you on to, Precious? How could your father die? He is in good health..."

Precious attempted to calm herself with a pitiful expression and red eyes.

She was sobbing as she had to recount the whole story to Wendy. It was during her less-than-voluminous narration that Wendy learned what had happened.

After visiting a psychiatrist, they discovered that Ryan was suffering from chronic insomnia.

It had been fifteen years since he was diagnosed as having this illness when he was fifteen.

It initially required the use of a sleeping pill or alcohol to get him to fall asleep, for a moment.

But over time, his body's tolerance for both alcohol and sleeping pills increased.

And by that time, the effects of these lost their grip on him.

Afterwards, he turned to rely on hypnosis to help him rest.

However, Ryan mounted a formidable psychological defense.

Ordinary hypnotists were unable to gain his trust, making hypnosis tough.

Leo, who grew up alongside him, learned hypnosis specifically to cure his insomnia.

Initially, his hypnosis did assist Ryan in falling asleep, but the effect of hypnosis gradually weakened.

Due to his insomnia, Ryan's level of sleep problems increased over the years.

In the recent past several years, he was able to sleep for no more than four hours a night.

Because he didn't get enough sleep, he quickly became increasingly frustrated, to the point where he developed a blue demeanor.

To put it mildly, this was not the most urgent matter.

In addition to that, the most serious concern was that insomnia had caused his ill health.

His nerves were on edge because of the long-term insomnia and the intense work schedule had been taking its toll.

Leo told him many times that he would be dead at any moment if he didn't make some changes.

"Ooh...I do not want to be alone.I do not wish for my dad's death..."

Wendy was astounded and dismayed upon hearing this. Despite the fact that she noticed that Ryan was experiencing insomnia, she had not anticipated his condition being so perilous! It took a long time for Wendy to voice out her thoughts.

"I wonder if there is no other treatment?"

Still sobbing and burping, Precious replied, "Uncle Leo has been attempting to hypnotize daddy, but he does not always succeed."

"Then bring him over! We'll wait for him over here!"

Before Wendy had said a word, Luke had already contacted Leo. Fortunately, it only took him less than twenty minutes to get there.

"Come and see Ryan, Leo! Make it quick!"

Leo dashed across the room.

When he saw Ryan was expressionless, his manifestation turned gloomy.

"How many nights have you not been sleeping?"

"Three..."

Ryan glanced at Wendy.

"What?! Damn! Are you unaware of your own physical state?"

"I just can't fall asleep."

Leo had no words to utter. What else could he say?

"Leo, why are you just standing? Hypnotize Ryan! Now!"

"Where? Here?"

"To our villa!" said Luke, dragging the other two men with him.

Raymond, too, seemed concerned after they left.

Wendy took his little hand and walked out.

"Let's go together!" she exclaimed.

"Okay! Let's go!" They went directly to Ryan's room without wasting a second.

This was the first time Wendy had been there.

The room's furnishings were depressing, and the color was all dark. They could hear soft music coming from the stereo, which caused pleasant background sounds to reach the area of soothing, hypnotic tones as the sleeper was slowly relaxed.

They'd arranged the curtains over his window, preventing any light from entering the room.

After a while, Ryan and Leo were ready.

Everyone stayed out as they waited.

Luke explained, "They are impervious to outside influences during hypnosis."

Wendy gave a small gesture to demonstrate her understanding.

Outside the room, all of them were anxiously waiting. They couldn't do anything else now but wait.

After a half-hour wait, the door opened, and Leo exited with a bitter smile.

He regarded the crowd's expectant eyes and shook his head forlornly.

"I have failed once again! I'm really sorry."

When Leo was done speaking, Precious began to sob uncontrollably.

The young girl felt miserable again.

Chapter 52: Sleep With My Brother For One Night

"Daddy, Daddy..."

Precious rushed into the room and wrapped her arms around Ryan, with tears rolling down her cheeks.

Those who were at the door who heard this couldn't help feeling sorry for the little girl. Even Wendy herself felt sad.

Ryan might give off a rather intimidating aura, but in truth, he never really caused any trouble for her.

As a matter of fact, he had been of great help to her.

Even though she was afraid of him, deep inside, she still hoped that nothing bad was going to happen to him. At the end of the day, he was still Precious' dearest daddy.

"Wendy!"

"What?"

Luke suddenly stepped forward and called out to her, wearing an unusual somber look on his face.

Then, he grabbed her hand and pleaded, "Please sleep with my brother just for one night, Wendy!"

"What?!"

Wendy couldn't believe her ears and got furious.

"Bah, bah, bah! Wait, let me explain. I mean... The last time my brother stayed at your place, he slept for twelve hours, something which had never happened in so many years. So, I thought that perhaps there must have been something about your scent or whatever that is that helped him sleep at ease.

"No way!"

Wendy wasn't buying it whatsoever. Such a thing couldn't possibly be true.

"Wendy, I beg you. Please, let's just give it a try. If it doesn't work, then I give you my word! I won't ever make such unreasonable requests in the future!"

So, he was aware that he was making such an unreasonable

request?! "No, no...It was probably just a coincidence.He just happened to be dead on his feet last time, and that must have been why he ended up sleeping like a log."

"Leo, say something!"

Luke nudged Leo, who adjusted his glasses and said with a bitter smile, "Miss Finch, if he can fall into deep sleep just by overworking, we wouldn't have spent so much time trying to help him fall asleep.Last time, he actually slept for twelve hours straight at your place.If I'm completely being honest, I probably wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my very own eyes!"

Hearing this, Wendy stood there, completely lost for words.

"But...But..."

"Miss Finch, Ryan's condition is really bad right now!"

After gently closing the door, Leo said in a low voice, "Because he had been suffering from insomnia for so long, the health of his internal organs has constantly been deteriorating...If he doesn't find a way to treat it soon, even if he's lucky enough not to kick the bucket right away, I don't think he's going to last any longer than three years!" Wendy's heart almost leaped out of her chest! Her face suddenly lost its color.

Could it really be that serious?!

"Over the years, all of us have tried to find ways to help him.At this point, we don't care anymore what kind of method it is.Even if there's just a one-in-a-million chance, we're willing to give it a try.Miss Finch, I understand how you feel...It would be difficult for a woman to sleep on the same bed with a man she doesn't really know so well, but above all else, saving someone's life should be what's most important.We're not asking you to give us an answer right away, but please take some time to think it through.And...If you have any conditions, just let me know, and I will take care of everything."

Leo and Luke begged and pleaded, almost kneeling down in front of Wendy.

Her thoughts were all over the place.

In front of her were two men sincerely asking for help, and she could hear Precious' heart-rending cries as though her father had died...If at all possible, she wanted to avoid having anything to do with someone like Ryan.

This was such a difficult position for her to be in.

However! They might not get along well, but they could still be considered as friends.

And not only was he her boss, he was also the father of the girl she adored...

There was no way she could just sit around and watch him die.

Looking back on what happened last time, when Ryan fell asleep on her legs, he didn't do anything funny.

Wendy was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

"Wendy..."

"All right! I'll agree!"

Luke screamed in surprise.

Over the moon, he embraced Wendy and said, "I knew you wouldn't let me down!" It should go without saying that Wendy wasn't as thrilled about it as Luke was. So, she pushed him away and said, "On one condition."

"Just say the word!"

Looking Leo straight in the eye, "Wendy said, "Doctor Roberts, I'm going to ask you to do something, but you have to give me your word that you're not going to tell anyone about it!"

"Anyone?"

"That's right! you can't tell anyone about it! Don't worry. It shouldn't be something difficult for you to do."

"All right!"

Leo nodded without a hint of hesitation. That night, Wendy stayed at villa No.1 in Enfield.

Leo, on the other hand, didn't leave and stayed in the guest room of the villa.

Wendy was a bit worried about Ray.

To make her feel at ease, Luke quickly waved his hand and asked a servant to go to villa No.2 to get Wendy and Ray's clothes, and then sent them to villa No.1 at once.

Ray and Precious would sleep in the same room.

After taking a shower in the guest room, Wendy changed into a pair of pajamas before going to bed.

In order to avoid Ryan getting the wrong idea, she even put on a bra. Despite having qualms about it, she slowly walked toward the door to Ryan's room.

Wendy stood at the door for a while, trying to pull herself together.

At that moment, she felt like an ancient concubine who had just washed herself and was about to serve her master in bed.

Wendy shivered at the thought of this.

But, thinking about those things wouldn't help, so she shook her head

violently to get rid of these unnecessary thoughts.

Taking in a deep breath to prepare herself, she finally knocked on the door.

"Rat-a-tat!"

"Come in!" a voice said.

She reached for the doorknob, turned it, and slowly walked into the room.

The lights were off, and the curtains were tightly drawn.

It was pitch-dark inside the room.

As she walked from the light into the darkness, Wendy's eyes took a little while to adapt to the darkness, so she had to move forward as though she was blind.

Unable to see a thing, she stumbled.

"Ah!"

She stumbled over the sofa and fell forward. Wendy screamed, but the pain she was expecting didn't come at all.

As it turned out, she had just thrown herself into the soft king-sized bed.

"Click!"

Ryan turned on the bedside lamp. Now, the room was lit up.

Wendy hurriedly straightened herself up.

The moment she raised her head, she saw Ryan sitting on the bed with his eyes half-closed and a tired look on his face.

He was wearing a grey silk pajama and was covered in quilt.

Wendy was caught off guard.

This was the very first time she had ever seen Ryan without his suit.

Be that as it might, he was wearing a luxurious grey pajama with a wide collar, which revealed his bronze skin.

When he raised his head a little, she got a good view of his Adam's apple.

Now that he was in his pajamas, the cold and intimidating aura he usually gave off seemed to have dissipated a little.

He must have just taken a shower, and his messy hair was a bit damp, flowing naturally into his face, looking so laid-back and somewhat unruly.

There was no denying the fact that Ryan was a handsome man.

Now that he was in his sleepwear, his aura had become weak.

In fact, he looked so weak that she felt an urge to take pity on him.

At this moment Ryan suddenly opened his eyes fully.

When he saw Wendy, his eyes seemed as cold as ice.

Wendy was trembling all over, and all the weird thoughts she had earlier disappeared in an instant! 'Oh, my God! She really wanted to pity this devil just now! She must be out of her mind.

However, one thing was for certain.

Even if the devil had grown weak, he was still the devil!

"What are you doing here?" asked Ryan, looking deep into her eyes.

"To sleep...with you...No, no, no.I mean, they said that I might be able help you get rid of your insomnia.To be honest, I think that it's a little ridiculous, but they insisted that it should still be worth a try..."

"You don't have to force yourself to do this!"

"No, no, no..."

A faint smile flashed across Ryan's eyes, but it lasted for just a fleeting moment, so Wendy didn't even notice it.

"I'm glad that you're willing to help."

Wendy pursed her lips hard.He was the one who needed help, but why did it feel like she was the one who couldn't wait? God damn it! Without giving her a chance to respond, Ryan gently patted the empty side of the bed next to him.

"Come here!"

### **Chapter 53: I Have Fallen In Love With Someone**

"Come over here!"

"Oh, okay!"

Wendy took a long time to make her way to the bed, one move at a time.

In a while, she was able to reach the edge of the bed.

Then she slowly and awkwardly pulled off her shoes, and then set the quilt over the bed before sitting down on it.The bed was very large and accommodating.

However, their world seemed so small.

She tried to sit apart from Ryan as best she could, and to do so created a lot of discomfort for her.

What does she need to do? The atmosphere was indeed awkward.

She, herself, didn't know how to interact with him.

Having considered the idea again, she now regretted agreeing to Luke's ridiculous request.

Wendy felt tears started to well up in her eyes She placed her weight on the bedstead and rocked from side to side.

She looked all around, but she couldn't even look at Ryan in the eye.

The bedroom was generous in size.

Not only had it a lavatory, but it also a cloakroom.

Even so, he had plenty of space to stretch out in his room. His bedroom was much more tastefully done than the second villa, which was decorated in a Mediterranean style.

The windows are tinted a dark shade of grey, and there were pure black sheets and curtains.

All was black, gray and white.

The entire room was desolate and gloomy.

The whole room was so cold, and the air felt like an icy draft.

Wendy had an awkward experience and turned to Ryan to hide her discomfort. She said, "Well, are you still awake? How do you feel?"

"I'm not sleepy at all."

Yeah, that was right!

He was having trouble sleeping. His insomnia had been agonizing him. He was unable to nod off quickly. She searched her mind for memories and tried to recall how he had previously fallen asleep at her house. During that time, he seemed to be nodding and falling asleep while engaged in conversation with her.

"Would you like to engage in conversation?"

"Yeah, sure."

The both of them paused again, causing a significant amount of awkwardness and uncomfortable silence. She cocked her head to one side. And then, she was trying to strike up a conversation, "How on earth did you get insomnia?"

And after she'd asked, his eyes had begun to cloud over.

"Oh, it's okay. I'm just asking. You don't have to say anything if you don't want to."

"A devastating blow was dealt fifteen years ago, which affected me greatly. I have had a sleeping disorder for many years since that date."

Ryan revealed after a moment of silence.

"Oh! I see. Thank you for letting me know." Yet another moment of silence ensued.

Wendy didn't dare to throw questions any longer.

Apparently, their family was certainly wealthy!

'I'm sure that wealthy families never lack of dramas. I better stop asking for more details.'

"Precious said that no one had set you up any blind dates lately?"

Upon hearing that, Ryan craned his neck to look at her and regarded her with fathomless eyes. Wendy was terrified by his appearance. In an effort to put her at ease, he began smiling as well.

"No, I'm not going to engage in blind dates anymore."

Wendy was floundered like a bit, inarticulately, while trying to reply. With much effort, she eventually managed to inquire, "Why?"

"I have found a person with whom I can share my entire life."

As soon as he said that, Ryan fixed his eyes on her.

Wendy could not speak.

Somehow, she was astonished with what he said and did.

Was she the one he was talking about? Was that even possible? In their previous discussion, she had made things very clear to him. But had he really given up? Probably not.

Wendy's heart was pounding at a quick pace.

She moved further away from Ryan and said like an innocent yet caring friend, "Actually, I believe blind dates are enjoyable. Through blind dates, women and men find out if they click with each other. You are not getting any younger. Your parents must be concerned about your marriage, aren't they?"

"Do you mind that I'm old? Is it a big deal to you?"

Ryan's face darkened.

His aura seemed dismal.

"No, no, no. That's not what I meant. You're only thirty, boss. Best age of a man! At this point in your life, you are at your most desirable. It's a shame that you're not an artist. If you are, the title of 'national husband' would have nothing to do with Jeffrey. It'll all be yours to take,"

Wendy lavished him with compliments.

Everyone was attracted to flattery.

The appropriate action was certainly to please one's boss.

"Am I a 'national husband' material?"

"Yes, of course! You're just the kind of man every girl will want to make her husband to be."

"What about you?"

"Me? What do you mean?"

"Do you want to marry me? Have you ever thought about it?"

Ryan's expression conveyed the depth of his eagerness.

Since Wendy had entered the room, he had kept himself under control. The risk was great, and he was afraid he would terrify her.

Now that he was able to see her in her entirety, his eyes finally focused on her body. She was wearing grey pajamas with long sleeves and trousers. There was a lovely bunny head pattern in the front of her top.

With its ears perched at attention-getting height, the bunny looked cuddly and adorable.

Her pajamas were loose on her, for that matter.  
As she adjusted her posture to appear carefree, her shape was compromised in part by the distortion of her clothing.  
Because she had just gotten out of the shower, her cheeks were red, and her black curly hair was falling all over her shoulders.  
Her aura looked fresh and relaxed.  
Even though she was dressed in very modest clothing, she looked attractive.  
Ryan's Adam's apple bobbed a few times.  
He didn't know if he was liking what he was seeing or not.  
"Boss..."  
"Hold on. You haven't yet answered my question."  
Ryan's voice was filled with barely contained desire, and he gazed upon her with feverish intensity, asking again, "Do you want to be my wife?"  
Bang! Bang! Bang!  
Wendy's heart was on the verge of leaping to her throat.  
'Oh my God! How should I respond to this?' If she said yes...It seemed that she had a crush on him.  
He might misinterpret it!  
On the other side of the coin, if she said no...That was to deny her own boss's allure. All of her flattery up to this point would be in vain. Everything would be useless!  
Wendy was caught in a bind, but Ryan would not let her go. He fixed his gaze on her, anticipating her truthful answer.  
One second!  
Two seconds!  
Five seconds passed.  
Then a brilliant idea hit her.  
She threw her arms up in the air and got up on it.  
"Ah. I'm so sleepy. I guess we should take a rest now!"  
Closing her eyes and covering her head, Wendy gave an exaggerated yawn.  
"For the past 12 hours, I've been working like crazy. I am worn out. I'd better sleep now."  
Wendy lay flat on her back, wrapped in the quilt, hoping the tension would die down.  
She was holding her breath and listening to the outside.  
Ryan had been in the same position for quite some time.  
Wendy's heart was unusually heavy.

The girl was apprehensive that he would raise the blanket and keep asking.

Luckily, he didn't. After a moment, he shifted his body and switched off the bedside lamp.

Then he also lay down.

He was trying to sleep, yet he was still thinking of his unanswered question.

After all had fallen silent, the room plunged into complete and utter darkness.

It seemed to Wendy as though she could even hear her own heart pounding.

As she was digging her memory, that was the first time she'd have had slept with a man in the same bed in a long time.

It was almost difficult and impossible for her to not to be anxious.

Wendy's physique was compact. She was concerned that Ryan was about to cross the line. Thank goodness he stayed in the same position in which he was lying his back, so he and did not move at all.

It was with great effort that she finally relaxed her tight muscles.

Once the precaution was removed, her fatigue rushed in to meet her.

Not only was the bed was large, but also the mattress was very comfortable and soft. After she had her eyes closed, she soon fell asleep.

Despite of Ryan's effort, he didn't fall asleep.

He closed his eyes and waited for a moment until he was certain that she was fully asleep before opening them again.

He rolled the quilt from her face, allowing her to breathe freely.

She curled up and placed her hand under her chin, her arms close to her torso and her arms covering her face.

Her posture seemed defensive! She was defensive against him even when she was sleeping! : A sudden rage welled up in his eyes as he recalled her intimate behavior with Jeffrey tonight! Actually, she was at ease and comfortable when she was with Jeffrey.

When it came to him, on the other hand, she viewed him as a villain! : With his gritty fingertips, he reached out and softly brushed her brows, eyes, cheeks, and eventually her lips.

It seemed like she was giving him a quiet, yet meaningful, invitation with her soft lips.

Finally, he yielded to his instincts, and his Adam's apple bobbed.

She became irresistible to him, and he couldn't control himself any longer.

He slowly lowered his head.

Finally, his lips reached hers and they kissed!

Chapter 54: She Is His Medicine

Wendy tossed around on the bed, an unexplainable heat spreading through her body.

She was just as wonderful as he thought.

In the last thirty years, he had never imagined that he would ever fall for a woman like this.

She once said that she didn't believe in falling in love at first sight.

In fact, she thought that was purely an excuse and eventually the real purpose was always sex.

Admittedly, he used to feel the same way before they met.

For the past thirty years, he had never fallen in love with any woman or had romantic relationships with them.

Truth be told, he had initially found being intimate with women to be repugnant.

He knew that he was mentally ill.

His parents had a psychologist check him out, but they didn't know what to do with him.

Due to that, a rumor was spread around saying that he didn't like women.

He made no effort to reject those rumors.

At least, fewer women would approach him now.

Then, Precious came into his life.

After he was blessed with a child, she was all that mattered.

He thought he didn't need the love of any other woman.

Never had he considered that he would ever fall in love with a woman the moment he first laid eyes on her.

When he met her for the first time, his once black and white world suddenly turned bright and colorful.

He felt as if there was a reason for him to get out of bed in the morning.

He was a new man because of her.

At the same time, loving her came with all kinds of intense emotions.

Jealousy! Fury! Desire! Recalling her interaction with Jeffrey earlier, Ryan's eyes darkened as he bit her lips.

In the next second, he could taste a tinge of blood on his tongue.

"Hmm..."

Wendy moaned, her eyebrows furrowing.

Ryan froze, and carefully studied her reaction.

She waved her arms like she was trying to get rid of mosquitoes, then she rolled over and fell asleep again.

"Uhh..."

'This carefree woman would be the death of me!' he screamed in his head. The next morning, Wendy woke up in pain. Her arms and legs were sore all over.

When she opened her eyes, she was shocked because she was clinging to him like a koala.

She had both her arms and legs wrapped around him tightly as if she was scared that he was going to run away somehow.

The position was quite intimate, actually.

On the other hand, Ryan slept in the same position all night.

His eyes were closed and his chest rose and fell peacefully.

'God! What the hell did I do?!' she thought.

Carefully, Wendy loosened her grip on his body as quick as she could, then rolled over to the edge of the bed.

She sat up, then looked back at the sleeping Ryan, and awkwardly rubbed the back of her head.

Regret immediately washed over her.

'Ah! What was I thinking? Am I crazy?!' she scolded herself.

It wasn't a secret that she was a restless sleeper, but this was the last thing she expected herself to do! She couldn't believe that she just embraced his body like that! Although, Ryan still managed to fall asleep somewhat.

'Wait! He actually fell asleep? Did it really work?' Wendy quickly got out of bed and put on her slippers.

She quietly opened the door and was about to call for someone but stopped when she saw two men outside the room.

Luke and Leo had been sitting on the chairs and waiting for a long time.

When they heard the sound of the door opening, they quickly stood up as if they both got suddenly electrocuted.

Upon seeing Wendy on the other side of the door, Luke had an odd expression painted on his face.

'Geez! Someone bit her lips! 'Way to go, Ryan!' Pointing at her mouth, Luke questioned, "What's happened to your lips?"

'Uh? What? My lips?' Instinctively, Wendy's hand touched her lips.

It was only then she realized that there was a stinging pain in her mouth, but she didn't give it much thought.

"Maybe I bit myself while I was asleep," Wendy answered, unsure.

Something flashed through Luke's eyes.

"Where's Ryan, by the way?"

"He's still asleep." Luke was surprised.

"What? Really?" She nodded.

"Thank god," he murmured, relieved.

"How many hours has he been asleep?" he asked.

Shaking her head, she answered, "I have no idea. I fell asleep before he did."

They sneaked into the room quietly and found Ryan on the bed. His face was scrunched up as if he was just about to wake up.

"Wendy, go to him."

"Alright!"

Admittedly, Wendy still felt a little guilty about practically using him as a pillow for the whole night.

Quietly, she sat beside him on the bed, and his hand automatically held hers.

His expression softened.

He rolled over a bit so that he was lying on his side.

After a few minutes, he was snoring softly again.

Wendy was speechless.

Luke and Leo looked at each other with a surprised look on their faces.

In the beginning, they had their doubts.

Now, they were absolutely sure that Wendy was the reason why Ryan could fall into a deep slumber.

Luke almost cried with joy.

After searching for so many years, he finally found a way to cure Ryan's insomnia.

"Luke..."

"Wendy, please, let him sleep a little longer."

But she still had work to do.

With a timid expression on her face, Wendy lowered her voice as she said, "He's asleep now. How about I sneak away quietly?"

"No." He shook his head.

"If you leave now, he's going to wake up."

Luke grabbed a chair and put it closer to the bed.

He sat on it and clasped his hands together and begged, "Wendy, you are Ryan's cure. His life is up to you now. Please don't just leave him alone..."

"Too dramatic! He is over-exaggerating!" Wendy thought. Leo also

sauntered over next to Luke and added, "Miss Finch, we are sure that you're the only person that can make Ryan fall asleep."

"I still have work," countered Wendy.

"I'll help you ask Carter for a leave!" Wendy was shocked.

"No way!" she protested.

If Luke helped her to ask for a leave, then Carter would definitely misunderstand her relationship with him.

It drove Wendy crazy.

The only reason she agreed to Luke's absurd request last night was to prove him wrong.

She wanted him to realize how insane he sounded.

If she had failed, then Luke wouldn't have bothered her about it anymore.

Unfortunately, the opposite happened.

Wendy never thought that she could really affect Ryan's sleep! 'What the hell is going on?' Feeling like she was trapped, Wendy's head started to throb painfully.

Sighing, she massaged her temples gently before giving Luke an icy glare.

"Luke, we had an agreement. I said that I will only stay with him for one night." Luke felt embarrassed.

"Wendy, please..."

"No! We're not even married yet. This is not right!" she hissed. Luke's eyes lit up as if he just had an idea.

"Oh, is that what you're worried about? Easy fix! Just marry my brother, then!" Wendy stared at the man like he had just grown a second head.

"Are you crazy? No way!"

"But" She cut him off.

"No! No! That's not happening!"

"Wendy!"

However, she remained firm with her stance.

At this moment, Ryan loosened his grip on her a little, and then his cold hoarse voice echoed in the quiet room as he spoke, "I'm sorry for the trouble, Miss Finch."

"Boss..."

Having finally woken up, Ryan let go of her hand and quickly sat up from the bed. After a good night's sleep, he looked pretty refreshed.

He rubbed his head and uttered in a deep voice, "You may leave now!"

"Ryan..."

"Shut up!"

Luke shot the woman a disgruntled stare but didn't say anything else. She felt a little guilty, but she couldn't just lie beside him every night! Wendy got out of bed quickly, bowed her head, and muttered out a soft, "Sorry."

Then, she hurriedly left the room.

As soon as she was gone, it felt as if the temperature in the room became ice cold.

Chapter 55: Waiting Until She Falls In Love With Me

Luke stamped his feet anxiously.

He couldn't help but be frustrated.

"What are you thinking, Ryan?! Why did you allow her to leave! As you are attracted to her, you should use this time to impress and deepen her feelings for you. And after that, you should do everything to win her heart. You'll know what I mean when I'm talking about endless courtship that no woman can resist for long. Men indeed are bold, careful, and thick-skinned. As long as you persistently continue to do this, I'm sure Wendy will fall in love with you."

"A forced love does not have a happy ending. It usually fails," Ryan said.

"So are you really going to give her up? Aren't you going to fight for her?"

"Of course not!"

Ryan got out of bed and put on his slippers.

One step at a time, he slowly made his way to the French window and pulled the curtain open.

The sunlight shone through. Through the window, he saw Wendy rushing into the No.2 Villa with Raymond in her arms.

"Ryan!"

"Since the affection is only one-sided and forced love does not last, then...I will just wait until she realizes that she has also fallen in love with me!"

In the shooting site, most of the crew had arrived, and Wendy came along just as it was crowded.

Everyone was astonished by the arrival of the crowd, which was evidenced by cheers and hoots of women coming from all around them.

What an impressive scene! It was definitely a picturesque view to look at! Wendy pushed her way into the crowd and everything turned out

just as she expected.

The person with green hair standing next to the director was impossible to overlook.

The aura was indeed enticing.

Jeffrey stood beside Carter, dressed in hip-hop style and with his hands in his pockets, conversing and joking with him.

Carter was no longer as grim as he used to be.

Jeffrey showed up at the site yesterday.

His fans couldn't contain their excitement, and they all went crazy when they saw him again today.

He not only gained the affections of his fans but some actresses and stuff as well.

Some brought his photos and his collector's edition albums that were released a long time ago.

Most of them took an effort to scramble with others just to have his autograph and a picture with him.

"Ahhh! My husband is the most attractive person I've ever seen! He's a better looking guy in person than he is in the video!"

"What are you saying? Your husband? Certainly not! Jeffrey is only mine!"

"Bah, bah, bah! All of you, just get out of my way! Stop daydreaming! Jeff doesn't belong to any one of you! He is mine!"

Wendy had seen it coming already and she could totally understand.

She could still recall her first encounter with Jeffrey in person.

Upon seeing him, she quivered and felt thrilled as well.

It used to be that she looked up to Jeffrey as an idol.

But...This had happened a while before.

It wasn't the same in the present.

After working with him, Wendy realized that he was not quite as perfect as she previously believed, so she pulled back.

For this reason, she no longer had any strong emotions on his handsome face.

His fans' craziness rose to start, bringing the audience to a boil in an instant, then more and more people began to flock to Jeffrey.

Carter had already gone to extreme lengths to appease these overly demanding women.

Given that Jeffrey had a rather tight schedule, which meant that he wouldn't be able to stay here for long, Carter decided to shoot his scenes first.

They would therefore film the scenes of Jeffrey and Wendy over the

following days.

"Wendy? Where is Wendy?"

"I'm here..."

Wendy quickly pushed her way through the crowd and trotted to Carter.

Like a warthog's snout, Evie's was grossly distended.

When she saw Wendy, she made a scornful face.

"You are just a newbie, Wendy. How dare you make so many A-listers and the director waiting for you? Do you believe you're a VIP? Do you think you're a big deal?"

Wendy ignored her and didn't mind those disrespectful statements. Actually, she was always the first member of the crew to arrive! It was true that she was a little later than usual, but given the standard starting time, she was not tardy.

Evie was in-purpose-trouble no one gave her credit for anything, and so she felt justified in her defiance.

She grinned at Wendy in disdain and, but she cursed and growled in rage.

She had been uncharacteristically silent because her face was still swollen from being slapped hard yesterday.

But when she learned that Jeffrey would play the part of Weston, she almost lost her mind! She was a huge fan! She had collected all of the albums that Jeffrey had done, and she had kept a detailed record of every one of his movies and TV series she had seen.

It had never occurred to her that she might ever be part of the same squad he was in.

Her wildest dreams could not have been further from the reality! But now, here came Jeffrey! For real! He would even play the role of Weston! That was Weston! Had it not been for the fact that Wendy replaced her, she would have had been the one who was acting with the man of her dreams, Jeffrey. By associating with Jeffrey, even though she didn't perform well, her career prospects would be excellent.

There would be endless stories to tell.

She would be the most talked-about actress in town! A hot topic indeed! 'But now...

It is all over! It's now far from reality! Everything is ruined! And everything was Wendy's fault! She must be the one to blame!' : Evie's hatred had intensified as she glared at Wendy viciously.

She vowed that she would not be let off the hook.

And since Evie didn't want to linger, she left the crowd. Away from the rest of the other people, Eris found a quiet place where she could stay in solitude under the shade of a tree. Her assistant, Ana, comforted her by fanning her. Evie strode over.

"Eris!"

"What?"

Eris was wise and talented enough in understanding and taking advantage of her image as sweet and innocent as a lily. Her white dress and very light makeup now make her appear just pure and fragile.

She scanned the crowd, looking admiringly at Jeffrey, and said, "Jeffrey is exceptionally well-liked among the people."

"Indeed, Jeff is the people's darling. I don't believe there is any woman in this country who doesn't like him. From young to old, each one admires him."

"It's such a pity...Really a shame..."

"What's shameful in it?"

Eris heaved a big dramatic sigh and took Evie's hand, and stated, "Supposedly, you and Jeff would play the roles as lovers in this scene."

Evie mouthed another curse.

All she felt now was hatred.

"As far as I'm concerned, I should be the one to blame. I shouldn't have told you about the casting, and it was inappropriate of me to do so. If I hadn't said anything, maybe none of these things would ever have happened. And your face...It wouldn't have been ruined such as this."

"You're wrong, Eris! I see that you are doing this for my interest. Finally, I know that I wouldn't have any hope of finding out how I miss the opportunity without you."

Evie asserted in annoyance, "You know what? I think there's definitely something going on between Wendy and the director."

Eris had quickly covered Evie's mouth to prevent her from being heard by others.

"Please, there's no need to speak nonsense, my dear."

"What are you saying? I'm not talking nonsense!"

Evie yanked Eris's hand away and declared angrily, "Had Carter not been having an affair with Wendy, he would not have allowed Wendy to slap me so many times on purpose. Evidently, he did it for Wendy's

sake! Carter struck me as a competent director of the entertainment sphere. He is, in reality, entirely phony and hypocritical! What's more heinous is that Wendy has robbed me of so much. I will not give her a fighting chance!"

"Is there something you are planning to do in particular, Evie?"

"I, I Haven't figured it out yet."

'What an idiot! She was unable to deal with even the slightest degree of diversion!' Eris wasn't visibly upset, but she was furious, nonetheless.

She pretended to be hesitant and quite upset about this.

"Well, Eris, do you have any idea?"

"Not at all! Kindly do not look at me that way...Well, never mind. Just forget about it. For the sake of our friendship, I urge you to refrain from offending her. Behave well, okay?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake! Only one of us can survive in this circle!"

"Why are you so set in your ways? You're so stubborn!"

Eris blinked and softly whispered, "You struck her yesterday under the guise of acting, which was all too blatant. Additionally, even the cinematographer frowned when filming."

'What! The cinematographer?!'

In a while, Evie had devised a plan to eliminate Wendy from show business!

Chapter 56: Matching Clothes

In the shooting site...

Faye's full name was Faye Miller, and she was General Miller's daughter.

She was a joyful, rambunctious, and domineering young lady before becoming a royal concubine.

After entering the royal palace, she developed a deep and seductive personality that was diametrically opposed to her previous persona. Because of this, Carter expressed concern about Wendy's acting abilities.

Wendy's scenes as Concubine Faye were a near-unicorn success.

Although Faye Miller and Concubine Faye were the same women, their characters were totally opposite.

"Wendy, what do you say? Can you do this?"

"Yes, I can. No need to worry about."

There was a moment of silence, during which Carter relaxed.

That was definitely awesome to know! Carter got familiar with Wendy during the time they got together.

She never boasted about herself.

Since she said that she could do it, there was nothing to worry.

They had been in line for some time, and then Jeffrey came walking along.

He dressed in a dark blue robe and sporting a taped-on wig.

His long hair was tied back in a piece of blue fabric, and his makeup softened his brows and eyes, giving him a very soft aesthetics.

He held an ancient book in his hands as he walked, occasionally looking down at the book.

His face countenance was as handsome as jade, and he was brimming with intellectualism.

Upon seeing him, Wendy was taken aback! Truth be told, in spite of the fact that Jeffrey was carrying old-fashioned clothing, it was phenomenal for him to wear them.

Even when Carter saw him, his looks became astounded in an instant! That was exactly the Weston he had been picturing when reading the original novel! "There is no doubt that you are unparalleled!"

"Ha, ha, ha. Exactly, yes, of course. I just don't want to brag. If I had been born in the times of antiquity, I would have been well known for my demeanor!"

After that, Jeffrey walked up to Wendy and winked at her.

Only after that did he ask, "Do I look gorgeous?" Wendy didn't utter a word.

Damn it! The moment he spoke, he lost the bookishness he had put on for effect.

With a frivolous tone, he sounded like a narcissistic and dissolute man.

Wendy fidgeted with her mouth as if she were twitching her lips.

When the director went to speak with the staff, Jeffrey approached Wendy immediately, which surprised her.

She immediately glanced about and moved away from him.

Then, in hushed tones, she warned him, "Don't you dare get so close to me! Keep your distance!"

"Tut! You have nothing to be afraid of. It's what we ought to do since we are going to play a couple in this drama!"

Jeffrey gazed back at Wendy with her affectionate eyes.

Wendy wore her hair to her mid-back, letting it flow to her waist.

Her smoky blue dress suited her very much as it looked clean and tidy to her.

It highlighted as well the perfection of her physique.

Pulling his clothes, Jeffrey walked up to her teasingly and said, "Wendy, do you think our outfits make us look like a couple?" Even as a young person, Jeffrey used to be the center of attention everywhere he went.

He was always tagged as "a shining star."

At that point, several actresses secretly stole glances at Wendy because of their envy.

Using all of her might, Wendy hollered at him, "Stay away from me! Get lost!"

"Wendy..."

"Cut the crap! Jeffrey, if you dare to let others know that we used to know each other, I will definitely show no mercy to you later! Mark my word!"

Wendy had just received the script from the director, and she was about to begin filming the play with Weston.

Since their first meeting occurred during Faye's nighttime visit to the Taylor's Palace, they were unable to shoot until after dark.

The play was then rescheduled for the evening, and they began filming the scene in which they met for the second time.

It seemed as though the two families were on the verge of reaching an agreement on the marriage of Weston and Faye.

On this day, he took his sister for a spring outing, and his younger cousin volunteered to go with them.

Weston's cousin had a major crush on him.

So sad when she found out that Weston was about to get married, she thought they would never see each other again.

Afterward, she came right out and admitted her love to him when no one was around.

This unfortunate event was coincidentally witnessed by Faye.

And that only made it worse.

Faye flew into a rage.

She grabbed Weston and went to the depths of the mountain with him on horseback.

And then, after finding a quiet place and brutally throwing him on the ground, she proceeded to beat him up.

The fidgeting fingers of Wendy signified the hint of a threat.

Jeffrey smiled, seemingly boldly, with his eyebrows raised, and stated, "Anyway, I've already gotten used to being crushed by you. It doesn't matter if you beat me again in this play. However, Wendy, you also need to remember that in this play, we have intimate scenes of

kissing. You know what, I can't contain my excitement anymore. I'm looking forward to it!"

Wendy had nothing to say at that point, so she remained silent.

Damn! How on earth did she ever forget that! When Wendy was about to say something, Jeffrey stopped her.

He said, "I spoke with the director. Since it's important to make our intimate scenes in the play authentic, we'll be kissing for real, instead of faking it. All intimate scenes! For real! Of course!"

Without saying another word, Jeffrey slapped his buttocks and strolled away with a satisfied look on his face.

Still teasing Wendy, he even stopped halfway and flashed her a grin revealing his snow-white teeth as a result.

Wendy was at a loss for words.

What did she have to do? She was losing control of her temper, and she wanted to dole out harsh punishment to Jeffrey.

The shooting commenced in earnest.

The setting was under the willow tree by the riverbank.

Weston's cousin admitted her affection towards him demurely.

He was very startled and defenselessly embraced by his cousin.

"Weston, I'm aware that you're about to get married. I fully understand that I am unworthy of you, but I adore you from the bottom of my heart. I don't demand anything else. I just hope I can stay by your side after you marry, and I'm willing to be your maid..."

To behold, the scene was definitely picturesque.

When the cousins hugged one another, the willow tree became very touching.

Their affection was boundless.

The scene shifted.

Not far away, Faye was there.

She was beautifully dressed in smoky blue.

With anger in her heart, she sat on the horse's back and gazed at them.

At this stage, her eyes glistened with rage! All of a sudden...

She got off the horse and proceeded towards the both of them, forcefully pulling them apart.

"Miss...Miss Miller? Don't get us wrong. I...I will explain..."

Weston shuddered in terror.

"Shut up!"

Faye whistled, and the horse swiftly approached. She grabbed Weston's collar, and mounted the horse.

"Ah..."

As he lay on the horse's back, Weston turned pale with great fear and inquired, "Miss Miller, what do you wish to do?"

"You have engaged to me, and you even dare to trust with others. How dare you do this to me! I'll not allow this betrayal! I'll beat you to death!"

She just ignored Weston's cousin's plea.

Her mindset was determined enough that that woman was his mistress.

Thus, she clamped the horse's belly with her legs and galloped away.

She didn't want to witness much more disloyalty.

"Cut!"

Carter found the whole take so much to his liking.

He was pleasantly surprised with what the artists did.

"All right. That was a good one! Get ready for the next shot."

Afterwards, the shot ricocheted off course.

Weston had suffered a lot on the back of a galloping horse and was now thrown to the ground by Faye.

The summer months had arrived.

Even at the top of the range, the emerald meadows and prairies were green and abundant.

Having a pallid complexion, Weston found himself looking severely unwell and collapsed on the ground.

Faye's disdain was apparent as she rolled up her sleeves and angrily glared at Weston.

With the long sleeves rolled up, her fair skin was revealed.

Embarrassed, wincing, as he did so, he hurriedly turned his head and blushed.

"Miss Miller, please let down your sleeves and cover your arms. How can you do this in broad daylight? You're a young lady, and this is quite inappropriate."

Faye rolled her eye.

Apparently, she didn't like what he said.

He had been disloyal to his future wife.

Why would he even command her to do so? Thus, she furiously exclaimed, "You mean we can't do it in daylight and can do it in secrecy at night?"

Weston blushed further and said, "I...I didn't mean it that way..."

"Then what do you mean? Enlighten me!"

Faye fixed him with a glare and shrieked, "We are already engaged,

Weston! Therefore, you are mine! How dare you tryst with others without telling me? I am going to teach you a lesson!"

Because he was fearful already, Weston cautiously asked her, "What are you going to do, Miss Miller?"

"What am I going to do?"

Faye deftly turned Weston over while gritting her teeth. She guzzled harshly and repeatedly slapped his buttocks.

"Ah..."

Weston was blushing from head to toe with guilt and fury. He looked as red as a ripe tomato now.

"Faye Miller! This is insulting! You...you...you are immoral!" Faye chuckled and uttered, "Certainly not! It is not unethical for a wife to lecture her own husband."

Even the roots of his hair were as red as fire now.

"As far as I know, our wedding is not yet fulfilled. Technically, we are still unmarried...I'm not your husband yet!"

Faye made a skeptical expression.

With her eyes firmly set on Weston, she then lowered her gaze and leaned closer to him.

They were so close, they could even feel each other's breathing. The atmosphere in the shot suddenly became hot.

All was muddled up as the ambiance refined in an instance.

Thump! Thump! Thump! When the staff and other artists witnessed this scene, their faces flushed, and their hearts raced.

Having one hand support his neck, Faye softly caressing his lips with another, and then she got closer to his ear, gently blowing at it.

Rather abruptly, Weston quivered.

Faye grinned satisfactorily with her tone lowered, which seemed to be quite seductive.

"You mean, right here, right now...you want us to become a real couple?"

### **Chapter 57: Father**

Weston's eyes widened in shock.

It seemed as though he wasn't expecting to hear such bold words coming from a lady like Faye.

After a long while, he stumbled over his words with his fingers trembling, "Miss Miller, you're a lady. How can you say such a thing? Have you no shame?"

"Are you saying that I'm shameless?"

"That's...That's not what I..."

He couldn't look her in the eye, so he averted his gaze.

When she rested the palm of her hand on his chest, Weston trembled all over once again.

"I don't care what you think. Anyway, you are the man that I like. If anyone dares to get in my way, I will get rid of her first!"

"You, you..."

"And! You have to behave yourself at all times. If I find you seeing other girls behind my back like this again, I'll tie you up and drag you with me to my home so we can instantly get married."

"Faye, why are you being so unreasonable?"

"Unreasonable?"

Faye jutted her chin asked.

It was easy to tell from the look in her eyes that she wanted to keep him all to herself.

"Being reasonable isn't going to make me full or rich, is it? Either way, if you dare to cheat on me, I'm going to kill you!"

"Cut!"

Carter was really satisfied with this take.

After watching the playback over and over again, he had no doubt that their actions, facial expressions, and pace were perfect.

They were expecting the shoot to take an entire day, but they managed to finish it in just two hours.

Needless to be said, Carter was over the moon.

The stellar performance of Wendy and Jeffrey took his breath away. The characters that Jeffrey usually played in TV series or movies were very similar, domineering and possessive! For this reason, Carter didn't think he would be able to pull off being such a feeble scholar.

But, to his surprise, Jeffrey's acting was first rate.

And so was Wendy's.

Wendy was an exceptional beauty.

And her good looks were her main asset.

Be that as it might, this had caused her some problems as well, because when people looked at her face, they had this stereotype that she would be better suited for roles like a girl with exceptional beauty like no other or a femme fatale who would wreak havoc and spell ruin for the people around her.

But today, Wendy had shown him her true potential.

Wendy stayed with the crew all day long and had to send Raymond a message, because she had to shoot a night scene.

And they didn't finish shooting until the following morning. Everything went smoothly for the shoot, and they had done a lot after a day and night.

So, as soon as they were done shooting the night scene, Carter decided to give them a well-deserved two days off so they could get some rest.

It was already the break of day.

The artists who were shooting a morning scene came.

Wendy yawned, feeling so tired.

However, she turned down Jeffrey's offer to send her home and was about to leave on her own.

The moment she walked out of the set, she saw Eris and Brian walking side by side.

Suddenly, all of the tiredness Wendy felt had disappeared.

"Wendy..."

Pretending not to see them, Wendy walked past the two and ignored them.

Brian gripped her wrist really hard after calling out to her.

"Wendy, Eris wants to say hello to you."

Acting as though she just touched something awful, Wendy quickly shook off his hand and said, "Get your hands off me! It's disgusting!"

"Wendy!"

Brian gritted his teeth, fuming with anger.

Wendy glanced at them and sneered.

As usual, Eris was still wearing a white knee-length dress, with her long and straight black hair hanging over her shoulders.

With her light makeup, she looked so delicate and charming, which could probably make men grow protective of her.

On the other hand, Brian, who had a black suit on, intimately wrapped his arm around Eris' waist and looked at her so tenderly just like he always did.

Thinking of how he also held her in his arms once, Wendy felt sick to her stomach.

So, she took two steps back to keep a distance between them, as though she would throw up if she got any closer.

"Wendy!!!

"What? Did I say something wrong?"

Eris bit her lip and walked over.

Then, she said, "Wendy...I know you hate me.If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have suffered so much these past couple of years.I have told

dad that you are still alive, and he was so happy when he found out. He asked me to tell you that our family will always welcome you."  
"Huh?"

How could Ruben possibly say such a thing to her? How ridiculous! As far as Wendy could remember, he had never been a good man, nor was he a good father to her.

Wendy lost her mother at the age of six.

When she was a child, she had pleasant memories with her mother and sister, but as for Ruben, all she knew about him was his name.

He left early and came back late every day.

And as soon as he got back, he would start drinking and the house would be filled with the smell of alcohol.

After getting drunk, he would go up the wall and beat and scold the three of them.

At some point, he started coming home less often.

They were much happier without Ruben.

Unfortunately, their mother passed away when Wendy was only six years old.

Wendy's mother was a local in Ywood, and her father was the one who moved in with her as a live-in husband.

After his wife's death, he naturally inherited all the properties.

At the time, they owned a total of three houses, and he didn't waste any time selling two of them to fritter away, and use the rest to support himself.

Soon after the funeral, Ruben threw his two daughters to the countryside.

Their grandfather died early, leaving only their grandmother to look after them in their hometown.

Since their grandmother was already old and in poor health, she often got sick.

In spite of this, their grandma still did her best to shower Wendy and her sister with so much love.

No matter how difficult it was, she did everything she could to support the two of them and send them to school, even if she had to pick up trash.

They stayed in the countryside for five years until their grandmother passed away.

Ruben had to take Wendy and her sister back to Ywood.

At that time, he was already remarried to a woman named Cacia and had already ran through all the money he got from selling the houses.

As if that wasn't bad enough, Ruben thought it would be a good idea to make use of his eldest daughter, so he married her to a middle-aged man! Now...

Eris told her that Ruben was happy to hear that she was alive and even wanted her to go home! : Home? That was Eris' home, not hers!

"Wendy..."

"Shut up!"

Eris wanted to play affectionate sisters with her, but Wendy had no intention to play along with her whatsoever.

Instead, she yelled at her, and Eris trembled with fear.

Standing in front of Eris to comfort her, Brian glared at Wendy in disgust and said, "You've become even more heartless than you were three years ago! Three years ago, you stabbed Eris, but she has already forgiven you.

Even now, she still treats you as her own sister and worries about you all the time.

Why do you have to be so ungrateful?!"

Wendy was left at such a loss for words.

It was clear as day that he had completely been brain-washed by Eris. Without giving him any response, she snorted, walked past the two, and was about to leave.

"Stop! We need to talk!"

Without turning back, Wendy yawned lazily and replied, "I've been working all night. I'm very tired and not in the mood to talk right now! Do you really think it's a good idea to talk to me right now?"

"Yes!"

"I don't have time!"

Hearing this, Brian strode toward her and stopped her from leaving.

"We need to talk today!"

Slowly raising her eyebrows, Wendy sneered, "Brian! Do you think I'm still the same idiot from three years ago who would listen to everything you say? Or do you think that even if you were two-timing me and kept hurting me, I would still love you after three years?"

Brian opened his mouth and looked like he wanted to say something but didn't say anything in the end.

With her eyebrows deeply knit, Wendy went on and added, "Or do you perhaps think that I came back for you and joined the crew of the "Story of Concubine Ivanka" on purpose? You think I just want to get back together with you again, don't you?"

**Chapter 58: The Lowest Of Scumbags**

Embarrassment was written all over Brian's face.

"What? Really?"

Wendy's eyes widened exaggeratedly.

"You really think so? Oh my! Brian, I think it's time that you deal with your hypochondriasis! Honestly, whenever I thought about the fact that I was in love with you, I get the urge to poke my own eyes out! I really didn't know what I saw in you back then," she admitted.

"Wendy! Stop it!"

"Why?" She tilted her head.

"Are you embarrassed? I'm not done yet. Where was I? Oh right! In the last few years, whenever I thought of you, I couldn't help thinking that I was really blind! The saying "love is blind" has never been more true. But you know what? I bet every girl has met a scum or two when they were young and ignorant. I had terrible luck and just happened to have met you, the lowest of all scumbags!" she screamed.

Brian was furious! He had lived for more than 20 years, and he had never been humiliated like this! In an attempt to calm himself down, he took a deep breath and said, "Wendy, we haven't seen each other for three years. When did you become so sharp-tongued?"

As she leaned against the wall behind her, she covered her mouth and yawned.

"A lot can change in just a few years. Anyway, don't beat around the bush! I don't have time to waste with you!"

While they were talking, numerous people were entering and exiting the Studio City.

Since Eris was a known TV star, several people glanced at her and did a double-take.

Seeing this, Brian quickly handed Eris' bag to her and gently kissed her hair, "Eris, go to the film set first."

"Brian..."

"It's fine. I'll handle it."

Eris was still worried! Now that Wendy had changed into a different person, Eris couldn't figure out what this woman was. thinking anymore.

Even though she said that she didn't care about Brian anymore, Eris couldn't help but be suspicious.

After all, how could one tell that Wendy was telling the truth anyway? Brian was a wonderful man, and Wendy, the little bitch, had become so beautiful and had so many tricks hidden up her sleeves. Eris believed she had to stay alert just in case Wendy tried something.

"Brian, I'm just worried about you..."

"Silly girl, what do you have to be worried about, hmm?"

Gently, Brian ran his hand through her hair and continued, "Hurry up. If people recognized you, it'd be hard to leave this area. I'll just clear up things with her and then go meet you, okay?"

A relieved exhale escaped her mouth.

Nodding, Eris said, "Alright. I'll go first then. You... Just don't hurt her, okay?"

"I got this. Don't worry."

Wendy watched the couple act lovey-dovey with each other.

Now, she really couldn't deny how perfect they were for each other.

One was a despicable waste of a human being, while the other was an evil witch who pretended to be kind and loving. A scumbag together with a two-faced bitch! Brian watched Eris walk away.

Then, once she was out of the premises, he turned to Wendy with a disgusted glare.

Rolling her eyes, she spat out, "Don't give me that look. Since we've already established that we can't stand each other, we have nothing else to talk about."

Then, Wendy turned on her heel and started to leave.

In fact, she already knew what Brian was going to say to her.

"Wait a minute. We have to talk!"

Before she could object, Brian already grabbed Wendy's wrist and got into his car.

She decided not to complain, figuring that if she didn't talk to him now, then he would find a way to harass her again in the future.

Without hiding her annoyance, she got into the car with him.

They sat in the back seat. As soon as they got in the vehicle, she shook off his hand.

For the first few minutes, awkward silence echoed inside the car.

Neither knew what to say to each other.

However, Wendy was getting sleepy.

After a yawn, she hissed, "Say whatever you want now! Quickly!"

"Wendy, about three years ago... What Eris and I did to you was indeed wrong. She was young at that time, and she was impulsive. Your anger towards what happened is valid, but she has been punished enough. You stabbed her and almost killed her. Shouldn't you have forgiven each other by now?"

'Forgive? Ha! You wish! "You dragged me here just to say that, or is there something else you want to say?"

Wendy asked coldly. Sighing, he continued, "Well, since we've cleared up the animosity between you and Eris, I want to apologize for what I did to you. I admit that Eris and I were together while I was still dating you. I know I should've broken up with you instead of letting things escalate. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have kicked you either. I'm sorry for all the physical injuries that I caused!"

'Sorry? As if forgiving him would be so easy! He's delusional! One of my children died and the other got seriously injured even before he was born all because of this man! Does he think that a measly apology was enough?' Wendy gritted her teeth and clenched her fist before giving him a sharp glare.

Suddenly, Brian handed her a check.

Her face darkened as she stared at the piece of paper in his hand.

She squinted at him and asked, "What the hell is that?"

"This is five million! This is enough to get you a small place and live there for the rest of your life. It's my compensation for what I did, Wendy," he answered casually.

"Compensation?" Wendy repeated but didn't take the check. She was shocked at his audacity.

"What? I know that you need money right now..."

"Yes, I do lack cash!"

Quickly, he pushed the check into her hand.

"Wendy, I hope you can leave this city after you take this money. Start a new life at a place where nobody knows you. Ever since you came back, Eris has been a mess. In the past few years that you weren't here, we have lived in peace! We don't want you to disturb our life ever again!"

With an offended scoff, she grabbed the check and tore it into tiny pieces right in front of him. Then, she threw it at his face like confetti.

"What do you think you're doing?" Brian asked with furrowed brows.

"Yes, I don't have a lot of money right now, but no matter how short I am of cash, I will never take your money. I feel sick just by looking at anything that belongs to you!"

Wendy felt as if the air inside the car was disgusting.

So, she suddenly opened the door and strode out of the vehicle.

"Brian, money can't solve all your problems. I won't forget what you and Eris have done to me!"

"So, you really came back for revenge!"

With a smirk, she answered, "Yes, I did. I will make you pay for all the pain that you have caused me!"

Without waiting for his reply, Wendy slammed the door on him. Brian quickly pressed a button to roll down the window and called out, "Wendy! If you dare lay a finger on Eris, I will make sure you regret it! We were together for three years and you know what I'm capable of! Don't forget who you're going up against. You're just a powerless woman. Killing you will be as easy as squashing a bug! Don't test me!" Since Wendy appeared in front of Eris again, she had mentally prepared herself to handle anything.

With a smirk, she turned to glance at him and give him the finger. The hatred and arrogance on her face were unmistakable. Brian seethed with anger.

"You will regret this, Wendy!"

"Are you threatening me now?" she asked, raising a brow.

"Yes!" he screamed.

A mocking chuckle came out of Wendy's throat.

Brian clenched his jaw.

It seemed that Wendy really had changed, not only in appearance but also in personality.

Three years ago, she was like an open book.

Anyone could instantly read what she was thinking.

Before, Brian could guess what was on her mind with just one look.

Now, however, she was unpredictable and acting off the wall.

Brian didn't like this feeling.

"Wendy, we've known each other for a long time. Don't force me to hurt you!"

"Bring it on, then!" she challenged.

### **Chapter 59: Sister-In-Law, Help Us!**

After buying breakfast, Wendy took a taxi home.

She showered as soon as she returned.

Once she came out of the bathroom, she saw that Raymond was stepping on a small stool, heating the steamed stuffed buns and preserved egg and pork porridge in the microwave. "Mommy, breakfast is ready!"

Raymond proudly said.

"Raymond, you're so amazing!" Wendy exclaimed.

Now that Wendy had taken a shower, she felt refreshed.

In appreciation of what her son had done, she bent over and gave him a kiss.

Then, she went to the kitchen to get some smaller bowls.

When she came back, she poured the porridge into the bowls and put

the steamed buns on the plate.

Once the food was ready to be served, she put them on the dining table for them to eat.

Wendy bought breakfast for three people.

But looking around, Precious was surprisingly nowhere in sight.

"Ray, where's Precious?"

Raymond's face fell upon hearing her question.

He shook his head in response and answered, "I don't know."

"Oh."

Wendy was taken aback.

Whenever she woke up every morning, Precious would come to their house as soon as she got dressed.

The two kids were together all the time, except, of course, when it was bedtime.

Wendy was used to that setup that she was surprised when she did not see Precious, even for a day.

Raymond took a nibble of a steamed bun and said in dismay,

"Mommy, Precious hasn't been here since yesterday."

Wendy was stunned.

'Could it be that Ryan did not allow Precious to be with Ray because I refused to help him?' she mused.

She could not help but frown at the thought of that possibility.

If that was true, Ryan was immature and a jerk! As if he had guessed what she was thinking, Raymond put the rest of the bun into his mouth and said, "Something happened to Precious's family yesterday. An ambulance even came to their house. Precious hasn't shown up since."

Was Precious sick? Wendy was shocked.

She slowly put down her bowl and asked, "Did you ask what happened? Is your friend sick?"

"Well, when a servant in Precious's home delivered lunch to me, I asked what had happened. He told me that Uncle Oliver fainted and was seriously ill. He's in the hospital now. Since there was nobody to take care of Precious, she was sent to her grandparents' house."

Wendy's heart skipped a beat upon hearing what had happened.

"Uncle Oliver?"

'Was it Ryan or Luke?' she wondered. The little boy raised his head and said, "It's Uncle Ryan!"

Ryan had been hospitalized after fainting.

To make things more worrisome, an ambulance came and took him

away! 'Was it because he couldn't fall asleep?' Wendy pondered. At the thought of this, she became anxious and even lost her appetite.

She put down the bowl, and it seemed as though she got lost in a daze.

"Mommy, are we going to the hospital to see Uncle Ryan?"

"Uh..."

Wendy had no idea how to respond.

Before, she insisted on refusing to help Ryan regardless of Luke's pleas.

If she were to go there to see Ryan now...Well, it would definitely be awkward.

"Ray, Uncle Ryan will be fine soon. We'd better go to his house when he returns from the hospital,"

Wendy said with a smile.

However, that was not what Ray was expecting.

He lowered his head in disappointment and replied sadly, "Okay."

A few days had passed since that incident, but nobody came back to the No.1 villa.

The servant still brought food to Raymond every lunchtime, but Ryan had not returned yet.

Even Luke and Precious had not shown up.

'Is Ryan so seriously ill that he still can't be discharged from the hospital?' Wendy mused.

Her mind was in a mess. She even forgot her lines several times when she was filming! She had been working at night shift for the past few days.

She must admit, it was not easy to stay up until the morning.

One morning, when she returned home, she immediately took a shower and then lay on the bed afterwards.

She picked up her phone and stared at it for a long time.

'Wendy, you and Ryan are friends now. Even if you two aren't, he's still your boss. You care about your boss, don't you? Well, that made sense,' she thought.

I Besides, she could not shrug off the melancholy in Ray's eyes these past few days since he could not see his only friend.

She figured that she should ask about Ryan's condition, even just for the sake of her son.

After pondering for a moment, Wendy finally convinced herself to send Ryan a message.

She found Ryan's We Chat account soon and finally sent him a message.

"Boss, I heard that you're sick. Are you feeling better now?"

After sending that, Wendy waited for his reply, but she did not receive any.

Meanwhile...In Hopewell Hospital.

Ryan was wearing a blue and white striped hospital gown.

Although he was only wearing that, he still had an intimidating aura around him that could not be concealed.

He had been on bed rest for five days, and his face had gotten colder as time went by.

Outside the ward.

The senior executives of the Oliver Group were gathered, each with documents and reports in their hands.

Everyone was exchanging a look as though pointing fingers at who should come in as nobody dared to do so.

At that moment, Luke came over.

Those who were outside felt relieved at the sight of him.

They then trotted towards him while calling out his name.

"Mr. Luke, help us!" cried one man.

"Mr. Luke, could you help us and send these documents to Mr. Ryan? If you do, I'll do everything you want me to do," said another.

"Mr. Luke, please help me, even just for the sake of our friendship," bargained one man.

As they spoke, they stuffed the documents into Luke's arms, which did nothing but only made Luke furious.

"Shit! You bastards! You never think of me when something good happens to you. But now, how dare you to come to me because you think you're going to be reprimanded?! Sorry to say, but I won't do it!"

"Mr. Luke, you're the president's brother. He must treat you warmly, like the spring breeze"

"Bullshit! No, he doesn't treat me like that. Spring breeze? To me, he's as cruel as the winter blizzard."

At the thought of the cold look on his brother's face, Luke shuddered in disdain.

Then, he quickly returned the documents to everyone.

Oh my God! In the past few days, Ryan seemed as though he had come back from being frozen in a glazier.

His gaze was so cold that it was enough to send a chill down someone's spine. Even Luke, who was his own brother, was afraid that

Ryan would tear him apart.

"Mr.Luke..." said one man whose voice trailed off.

"Cut the crap.Either we're in this together, or I walk away ! Let's all go inside at the same time!" urged Luke.

Although that was probably the best course of action, everyone's face still turned pale.

At that moment, Luke opened the door and walked in first.

The senior executives followed shortly after.

"Ryan"

Swish! Ryan threw a folder to Luke and said sharply, "What kind of primary school level planning is this, Luke?! You have two hours to redo this!"

Luke clutched the folder tightly.

He almost burst into tears upon hearing Ryan's words.

Meanwhile, everyone fell silent, not wanting to get in the way of Ryan's wrath.

Oh my God!

'Mr.Ryan did not even go easy on Mr.Luke.We would most probably suffer the same fate, ' everyone thought at the same time.

The senior executives exchanged a worried glance.

Some of them even felt an urge to cry in fear of humiliation.

Thirty minutes later, the executives had all been tortured to death.

Well, at least not literally, right? Fortunately, they did not suffer the same fate as Luke.

Ryan did not reprimand them but instead looked at everyone with a frightful gaze and coldly ordered, "Redo it! "Redo it!"

"Redo it!"

Another thirty minutes had passed.

The senior executives were still sweating in fear.

After reading all the reports, Ryan's expression turned as cold as a glacier.

A deafening silence befell in the ward, and it made the tensed atmosphere even tenser.

Everyone lowered their heads as they did not want to meet Ryan's eyes.

They even seemed as though they were holding their breaths.

At that moment...

Ryan's phone beside his bed suddenly buzzed.

Ryan subconsciously glanced at it to see who it was.

But when he saw the message on WeChat, his cold face was

immediately replaced by a warm smile.

It was as though the first snow had met the warm sun.

Everyone in the room exchanged a confused glance.

Luke happened to be near Ryan, so he craned his neck to see the message.

It turned out that it was a message from Wendy.

Seeing this, grateful tears almost streamed down Luke's face.

'Sister-in-law, help us!'

Chapter 60: Get Out

Ryan's mood only improved for a brief moment.

However, it seemed as though something else occurred to him.

He pursed his lips in disdain, and his face turned even colder.

Everyone was terrified.

'Help us!' Without anyone noticing, Luke ran out of the ward and gave Wendy a call when he reached the corridor.

"I'm an apple, an apple, an apple. I'm a banana, a banana, a banana..."

Meanwhile, Wendy's phone suddenly rang.

She was startled upon hearing the joyful ringtone.

She was expecting a call from a specific person that she did not even bother to look who it was when she answered it.

"Hello?"

"Wendy, Help!"

Help?! Could it be that Ryan...Wendy's face turned pale at once.

With her one hand clutching the phone tightly, she hurriedly put on her slippers and then got out of bed.

"Luke, tell me what's going on. Is Ryan..." she trailed off.

Luke rolled his eyes upon hearing the anxiousness in her voice.

All of a sudden, an idea occurred to him.

He feigned a sad voice and said, "Wendy, Ryan is not in good condition. He fainted at home a few days ago and was then sent to the hospital. He has woken up from the coma, but he hasn't slept since. Sad to say, but his insomnia is getting worse. I wanted to call you for help, but Ryan said...he said that you're busy with your work and life and that he shouldn't bother you all the time, so I decided not to call you."

Wendy felt touched, at the same time, sad upon hearing this.

There was also a tinge of guilt in her heart.

Ever since her return, Ryan had been helping her a lot.

Even when he was currently admitted to the hospital, he still ordered

his servants to bring Ray lunch every day.

Ryan had been hospitalized for days, yet Wendy had not asked about his condition until now.

"Luke, is Ryan getting better now?"

"Truth be told, he isn't,"

Luke answered with a stifled sob and continued, "Wendy, I really had no choice, so I called you without Ryan's knowledge. He's crazy! He's seriously ill, but he's still working in the hospital. If he goes on like this, this might be the end of him."

"Nonsense!"

Wendy exclaimed.

She strode out of the room and fetched her son.

She then ran across the living room and quickly changed her shoes.

"Which hospital is he in? Ray and I will go there to see him," she said over the phone.

"He's on the 32nd floor of Hopewell Hospital in the inpatient department."

"I'll be right there."

With that, Wendy hung up the phone.

She did not even bother to change her clothes.

She just wore her baggy white T-shirt, a pair of denim shorts, and a backpack.

Then, she quickly put on a pair of canvas shoes and took Raymond with her.

Wendy tied up her hair while she walked.

In order to move fast, she picked her son up and then walked out.

"Mommy, are we going to see Uncle Ryan?" Raymond asked.

"Yes," Wendy answered.

A hint of joy flashed across the little boy's face.

As his mother walked, he obediently leaned on her shoulder and said nothing.

As soon as Wendy reached the street, she hailed a cab to Hopewell Hospital.

She paid the fare the instant the taxi stopped in front of the hospital.

Without further ado, she went straight to the inpatient department where Ryan had been staying.

"Mommy, don't we need to buy something before we see a patient?"

'How careless was I! Raymond was right. They couldn't just go to see a patient in hospital without bringing any comfort gifts.

"Yes, of course!"

Fortunately, there were stalls that sold flowers and fruit baskets near the hospital.

The latter looked very appealing, but the price of it was higher than in an ordinary shop.

Through gritted teeth, Wendy bought two fruit baskets in courtesy. The products were worth 200 dollars, unbelievably expensive for a simple fruit basket.

Although that gesture had a wonderful meaning, she was pained at having to spend so much money just for that.

If only she had known about it earlier, she would have bought the fruit basket at the fruit stand instead.

That way, it would not have cost so much.

"Let's go," she said to her son.

Wendy was familiar with the 32nd floor of Hopewell Hospital since she had been there once when she saved Precious.

Through that experience, she found out that the wards on that floor were luxurious.

The rooms on that floor had their own living room, bathroom, and kitchen.

They even had two bedrooms! The two bedrooms made it convenient for the family to take care of the patient.

Since some were worried that the food in the hospital was not nutritious enough, they were given the means to cook their own nutritious soup or porridge in the kitchen.

Because she had been there before, Wendy took the elevator to the 32nd floor without difficulty.

When she reached the floor, she saw that several special security guards stationed there.

Since Luke had already informed the guards, they let her in as soon as they verified her identity.

Luke had already told Wendy what Ryan's room was, so she went there straight with Raymond.

Just as she was about to knock at the door, she heard a cold, booming voice from inside.

"Redo everything! The company has entrusted you with a high salary! You're not working for free, so you should do your damn job well!"

Standing outside the door, Wendy was at a loss for words.

Every room was equipped with a hand-size glass panel on the door of the ward.

This enabled the nurses to see the condition of the patient inside

without opening the door.

Wendy peered through the panel and swallowed hard when she saw what was happening inside.

There was a group of impeccably dressed men and women in the ward.

Their ages ranged from the late twenties to early fifties.

A few young talents who often appeared on financial news were also there.

Fear and trepidation were apparent in everyone at that very moment.

They just stood there, unable to say a word after being scolded.

Wendy wondered if she should go in.

After all, she would be reprimanded as well if she did.

She was very conflicted, and her heart was pounding in her chest.

Knock knock! While she was in a daze, Raymond suddenly knocked on the door.

"Ray!" Wendy exclaimed in shock.

However, Raymond did not seem to feel her anxiety and he seemed rather calm.

He lifted a fruit basket in his hand and looked at Wendy with his black, innocent eyes.

"Mommy, aren't we here to see Uncle Ryan?"

The corner of Wendy's mouth twitched.

Before she could even answer, the door suddenly opened from the inside.

It was Luke. Seeing Wendy there, he almost burst into tears.

"Oh my dearest Wendy...thank God you're here at last!"

Wendy craned her neck to look inside and asked, "Is it okay for us to go in now?"

"Yes, it is!"

In all honesty, everyone in the room was waiting for someone to rescue them.

Luke opened the door wider and let Wendy in.

Because of this, she had no choice but to go inside bravely.

The people inside were so grateful that they even stepped aside and made way for her.

A deafening silence befell in the room.

Everyone could say that the atmosphere was extremely terrifying.

With a fruit basket in her hand, Wendy walked towards the bedside.

The instant Ryan saw her, his coldness dissipated at once.

He pursed his lips and cast a glance at Luke with his sharp eyes.

Then, from Luke, Ryan's gaze shifted to Wendy, but his eyes darkened upon seeing what she was wearing.

Wendy was wearing a loose T-shirt and a pair of denim shorts with tattered edges.

Her shirt was long that it covered her shorts.

At a glance, it seemed as though she was wearing that T-shirt as a dress, which highlighted her slender long legs that were as white as snow.

She was not wearing makeup, yet her face was fair and bright.

Also, her hair was tied into a high ponytail, which swayed side to side behind her as she walked.

Pure! Enchanting! Two opposite temperament could be seen in her at the same time.

Most of the senior executives were amazed by Wendy's beauty that they could not help but gawk at her.

Ryan noticed the looks on their faces that his eyes suddenly turned sharp and fierce.

"Get out!"

Get out?! Wendy stiffened and was petrified on the spot.

Her shoulders slumped, and she was about to turn to leave when the group of senior executives rushed out of the room with their heads lowered.

Wendy was at a loss for words.C

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone! Here: