

Chapter 334 Get Laid

Ryan frowned and looked at Wendy in confusion.

Wendy sighed. Looking into his eyes, she said bluntly, "There's only one thing I can think about now. I want to get laid."

Ryan stiffened, stunned to hear this.

A shy blush crept onto Wendy's cheeks. But fortunately, since her face was still flushed red from just now, Ryan wasn't able to notice anything.

Wendy cleared her throat and continued in a shaky voice, "So... you'd better go out now."

Ryan stood rooted to the spot. 'Did she just say that she wants to get laid?' Those were the most forward words he had heard from her. It sounded like music in his ears.

The two of them gazed at each other with their eyes locked, unable to turn away. It was as if the temperature in the bathroom was rising.

Ryan felt hot all of a sudden, as if the heat from Wendy's body had transferred to him. It was a little hard for him to catch his breath, so he loosened his tie a little.

Afraid that he might lose control of himself if he stayed here any longer, he let out an awkward cough and said,

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Afraid that he might lose control of himself if he stayed here any longer, he let out an awkward cough and said, "Then I'll go out first."

"Okay."

Wendy was alone in the bathroom again. Although she


was soaking in the cold water, she felt the heat in her body welling up to the surface like waves.

She clenched her fists and gritted her teeth, fighting against the desire building in her body with all her might. It took a while, but the heat gradually faded away.

At this moment, the door of the bathroom was opened from the outside, and Ryan appeared again.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked worriedly.

Wendy just stared at Ryan, unable to tear her eyes off him. Her mouth went dry as she took in the sight of him from head to toe.

Because his suit jacket was wet, Ryan had taken it off, along with his tie. Now, he was wearing only the tight white shirt, which made him look more charming than usual. The sleeves of the shirt were rolled up to his elbows, revealing his strong and muscular arms. The two top buttons of his shirt were also undone, and his toned chest could be seen. 

Ryan, who usually looked calm and uptight in his neatly -pressed suit, now looked casual and lazy.

Wendy swallowed hard and nodded lightly. "I'm feeling better..."

Even as she said those words, she couldn't keep her voice from trembling. Although she had managed to fight off the desire just now, it seemed that all her efforts were in

vain.

The very sight of Ryan turned her on again.

Gripping the bathtub tightly with both hands, Wendy closed her eyes and murmured, "I must control myself..." ¹

A smile of amusement tugged up at Ryan's lips.

Wendy didn't dare to open her eyes at all. Scrunching her eyelids together, she begged, "Please, just go!" ²

Despite the circumstances, he couldn't deny that he was pleased by Wendy's reaction.

However, he didn't want to be the reason for prolonging her time in the cold water, so he reluctantly walked out of the bathroom and closed the door behind him.

He was so worried that he continued to linger at the door. After a moment, he said loudly, "Call me if you need anything."

Inside the bathroom, Wendy's eyes lit up at the sound of his voice. To her, it was like the sound that the strings of the cello made—deep and pleasant. Once again, desire pooled inside of her.

Turning her head to the door, she shouted, "Don't talk!" There was nothing in response but silence.

Wendy breathed a sigh of relief. After wriggling uncomfortably in the bathtub for a while, she sank into the water again, not stopping until only her neck and

head were popping out of the surface. With the cold water shrouding her body, the heat gradually faded away. Meanwhile, Ryan was standing next to the bed with his eyes darkened in fury.

Luke, Kane, Roger, and Leo stood in a row opposite him. Although they had no choice but to be here, they tried their best to stand as far away from him as they could. The weather was cold enough, but under his gaze, they felt like they would freeze to death.

"Kane." Ryan, who had been staring them down silently for a long time, finally opened his mouth.

Hearing his icy voice, Kane shuddered. "Yes?"

"Who gave you the room card?"

"I don't know." Kane sighed helplessly. "After work, I received a call from Luke asking me to go to the bar. When I got to the door of the private room, I happened to find the room card in my pocket."

Glancing at Roger, Kane continued, "Since this kind of thing is quite common, I didn't bother to investigate it." Standing next to him, Roger pressed his lips tightly together.

"Were you wearing that suit jacket the whole time?" Ryan asked.

"Not really," Kane said slowly after taking a moment to

recall it. "Because of the cold weather, the company has turned on the heating. In the afternoon, before the meeting I had with all the departments, I took off the suit jacket and left it in my office."

"Get to the bottom of it right now," Ryan ordered. ①

Kane nodded. "Give me ten minutes." While he was wearing the suit jacket, no one would be able to secretly slip a card into his pocket. Therefore, there was only one explanation that made sense. Someone must have slipped the card into the pocket while the suit jacket was hanging unattended in his office. That was to say, it had happened while Kane was in the meeting.

To begin with, there were very few people who had access to his office, so it would be easy to narrow the culprit down.

Kane had a personal secretary who was in charge of his main schedule. Moreover, there were four secretaries who worked outside the door of the CEO's office. So if someone had entered the office this afternoon, the secretaries would know about it for sure.

As expected, Kane discovered the answer in less than ten minutes. After hanging up the phone, he walked back into the room.

Looking into Ryan's inquiring eyes, he explained, "The one who entered my office was the deputy director of the

PR department. I've asked Randolph, the director of the department, to ask him about it. We'll find out who instigated him soon."

Looking at the sullen expression on Ryan's face, no one else dared to say a word.

'Damn it! Whoever is behind this must be insane. How dare they try to hurt Wendy? Are they courting death?'

This was the thought running through all of their minds. As they waited to find out the truth, an eerie silence befell the room.

Fury was practically emanating off of Ryan's body. He couldn't even dare to imagine the danger that Wendy could have been in. If it weren't for the fact that Luke, out of curiosity, had come to the hotel to have a look, what would the culprit have done to Wendy after seeing that Kane didn't come?

As all sorts of scenarios flashed through Ryan's head, he suddenly felt the impulse to kill.


At this moment, Kane's phone rang. He took a look at the caller ID, and inhaled sharply. "It's the deputy director of the PR department."

"Answer it," Ryan said coldly.

Kane answered the phone and put the call on speaker.

As soon as the line was connected, the man on the other

end cried, "Mr. Evans... I'm sorry. I am really sorry. Randolph called me just now. I can't believe I did such a stupid thing, I must have lost my mind. Mr. Evans, please give me another chance, I'm begging you. I'll work hard in the future and never play such tricks again."


Scowling, Kane got straight to the point. "Who asked you to do it?" 

"I...I..." The man hummed and hawed but didn't give an answer.

Kane's eyes instantly turned cold. "You'd better think twice before you make the next sound." It was a clear warning.

"Mr. Evans, I'm afraid it's not someone I can afford to offend."

"I'll give you three seconds to think about it. Three, two —"

"Okay, I'll tell you!" The man didn't dare to challenge Kane's authority. "It's Odette!" 

Kane glanced at Ryan. As expected, Ryan's face suddenly darkened.

With a frown, Kane asked, "Odette Haska?" 

"Yes! She asked me to put the room card in your pocket. Mr. Evans, I had no choice. Everyone in the company knows that Odette is going to marry Mr. Oliver. How

could I dare to disobey her?" 25



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