

## Chapter 361 A Good Wife

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Jeffrey was struggling hard not to come to blows with Ryan. He found Ryan rather annoying.

'This sucks. If he is such a self-assured guy, then why did he have me sent to the US back then? Now that Wendy falls for him, he flaunts this in front of me.'

"Uncle Ryan, were you the one responsible for messing with my bank account?"

Ryan's cold face scrunched up into a frown.

In reaction, Jeffrey's face was filled with doubt. 'Is this really some sort of misunderstanding?'

At that thought, Jeffrey's tone softened as he said, "If you have no clue what I'm talking about, then just forget about it."

After that, Ryan breathed out, obviously relieved.

When Jeffrey finished speaking, the atmosphere of the room became awkwardly silent. The two men sat facing each other, both of them unwilling to speak up first. It became very embarrassing to just sit there, not a word passing between them.

One minute passed by.

Then two minutes.

Five minutes...

Still, the two men kept silent.

Jeffrey felt restless. 'Damn! I am so embarrassed!'

He let out a slight cough and shifted about in his seat. As he was moving around, he accidentally brushed his hands across the remote control. Just as he was about to turn on the TV to ease the awkwardness in the room, Ryan opened his mouth to speak. "Don't. The noise will wake up the children."

Jeffrey put the remote control back where he found it.

At that moment, Jeffrey really admired Wendy. 'How could she bear it to wake up to such a grim man every morning? Well, Wendy is not normal.'

Jeffrey deliberated for a long time, trying to find something to talk about that would break the awkward silence between them, but he couldn't think of anything even after ruminating for a long time. And so, he decided to keep quiet.

After a while, Ryan took two glasses and filled them with water, handing one to Jeffrey.

"Thanks." Jeffrey took the glass, glad for the refreshment. The long silence had made him a little thirsty. He held the glass to his lips and took two careful sips of water.

Out of nowhere, Ryan asked a question. "Are you and Mia dating?"

"Ahem! Ahem!" Ryan's words caught him by surprise and Jeffrey choked on the water. He quickly set down the glass and wiped the water dripping from his lips. "Ahem! Uncle Ryan, don't believe everything that you read on the Internet."

"The Andrade family is a reputable family. You should consider it."

With gritted teeth, Jeffrey said, "Mia and I have nothing to do with each other. That's the truth! She is only a fan of mine!"

Ryan tapped on the tea table rhythmically.

"Uncle Ryan, did you hear about anything?"

"The news that Bruce and Mia are planning to get married has been the talk of all the upper-class circles in the city."

Jeffrey was shocked. "What? How could that be possible?! I don't have anything to do with her and we have only met each other several times. Our first meeting was at home. Then, I invited her to have dinner at home."

Ryan looked at him with his deep-set eyes.

Jeffrey's expression became serious. He straightened his posture and asked, "What do you mean? Do you mean to say there's a conspiracy against me?"

Ryan raised his eyebrows. 'There is no need to say more. He is not a stupid man.'



Jeffrey's face was serious as he murmured, "That can't be possible. At the age of sixteen, I left home and joined the entertainment industry. The only people who know about my other identity as Bruce are close friends. For the past few years, even though I have kept a high profile presence in the entertainment world, I have made few appearances as Bruce. Who would leak this information?"

"Who would benefit the most once your relationship with Mia got out?" Ryan was thoughtful enough to remind him.

'Who will benefit the most out of this?' The expression on Jeffrey's face shifted slightly as he thought about this. Seeing how things were, of course, the people who would benefit the most would be his parents. It was common knowledge in the city that his family was about to go bankrupt. In order to save the business, Brian had gotten himself engaged to Grace. And the wedding was scheduled to happen soon.

The news that Bruce was dating Mia would definitely be a plus for his family.

However, Jeffrey felt something fishy was going on. He quickly tossed out this idea.

Indeed, he was putting up a front for his parents, pretending that he was dating Mia. Other people might not know much about this, but his parents knew very well that the two of





them were only at the beginning stages of their relationship.

Clearly, his parents had ulterior motives for him to date Mia.

Before their engagement was set in stone, his parents would never reveal this bit of news themselves.

Because once everyone knew, people would accuse them of using Mia. The Andrade family doted on Mia. If they found out, this would definitely leave them enraged!

Jeffrey's parents had been in the business world for their entire lives. They wouldn't be so imperceptive.

The person who had gone out of their way to spread rumors was trying to sabotage his relationship with Mia. They wanted to put a stop to their relationship. Who could the saboteur be?

Jeffrey picked his brains for a good while, but he came up with nothing. Since such a rumor was going around, it meant that the person had inside knowledge that he was dating Mia. They must be someone in their circle to know of Jeffrey's identity. But Jeffrey had only met Mia face-to-face only a few times. Who would know of this?

All of a sudden, Jeffrey was enlightened by an idea. He suddenly straightened up in his seat, his face fraught with disbelief.

"Do you know who's behind it?" Ryan asked.

"It can't be possible. There's no way it's him.." Jeffrey



expressed his shock. "I can hardly believe it..."

Ryan gave him a calm look.

"Uncle Ryan, tell me I am wrong!"

"You are right."

Jeffrey suddenly grew rigid all over his body. Giving this some good thought, he could no longer sit still. He got up from the sofa and said with a chilly face, "I'm heading home."

Ryan didn't bother to ask him to stay.

Jeffrey made his way to the kitchen and said to Wendy, "Wendy, there's something I need to deal with urgently. So I have to head out now."

"Right now?" Wendy rolled her eyes. "Jeffrey, what are you trying to pull? I'm already done preparing the noodles, but here you are telling me you are leaving? It's nearly eleven o'clock in the evening. What's there to do at this time of night?"

"Sorry but pressing matters await and I really have to go."

'Did he just say he was sorry?' To her, this guy had never sounded so apologetic.

Wendy lifted her head to see his serious expression. She quickly stopped her teasing and took off her apron. "What's going on? Do you need our help with anything?"

"No. It's nothing. I can handle it myself."

"I'm not joking around. We've known each other for so long. To me, you'll always be a good buddy of mine. If there's anything that you need, please let me know."

'A good buddy?' Jeffrey was feeling a little down upon hearing those words. However, when he saw just how concerned Wendy looked, he became filled with warmth and let out a slight sigh. At this very moment, relief overcame him.

'Forget about it! From this point moving forward, I will think of her only as a good buddy.'

He gave Wendy a comforting smile. "If it's something I can't handle, you'll be the first person I turn to."

"Alright!"

Jeffrey hurried to leave the house.

After walking Jeffrey to the door, Wendy peered down at the beef noodles simmering in the pot with a frown.

"Will Ryan be able to finish all the noodles?"

"That I can do." Ryan took out a bowl from the cabinet and packed it full of noodles. "This is great. I have all the noodles to myself!"

Wendy turned to him and asked, "Can you really finish everything?"

"Yes, I believe so. I'm so hungry that finishing this pot of noodles won't be a problem for me."

The weather outside was cold and this really made him work up an appetite for the steaming hot noodles right in front of him. Ryan right away filled up a large bowl with noodles.

"Taste them first."

Ryan used his chopsticks to pick up the noodles and took a bite. His eyebrows were raised out of astonishment. "So yummy!" He had always known that she was an exceptional cook, but he never expected that her noodles would come out so great.

"Of course. I'm a professional cook!"

Ryan made his way to the living room while holding the bowl of noodles in his hand, and Wendy went ahead and filled half a bowl of noodles for herself and joined him. The two chatted while slurping their noodles.

"Did you learn early in your life?" Ryan asked out of nowhere. Wendy immediately understood what he meant. Taking a sip from the hot noodle broth, she squinted her eyes happily and said with a smile, "Yes. It might sound ridiculous to you but when I was in love back then, my goal was to become a good wife and a loving mother, so I secretly learned how to cook when I was working part-time in a restaurant. That is why I am really good at cooking now."

Ryan was feeling a little depressed. "With whom were you in love with at the time?"



"Brian."

'He's doomed!' Ryan stewed in silence as his grudge for Brian grew.

