

## Chapter 380 Help Me

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'What the hell?' Wendy widened her eyes in shock. She tried rubbing her eyes to see if she was just hallucinating. But Ryan was still standing there. She couldn't believe it. It was real. It wasn't a dream!

Wendy quickly swept the blanket off her body and got up. Wearing her slippers, she walked over to the hidden door. Poking her head in, she saw that there also was a bedroom on the other side. She was astonished by what she saw. She gulped and said, "Don't tell me that you're the next-door neighbor."

"It's me," Ryan answered casually.

With a look of disbelief on her face, Wendy touched the wall and said, "This door had been here the whole time? I didn't even notice!"

The door was well disguised in plain sight. With the dark wallpaper of the room, it was nearly impossible to make out its outline.

"Well, how do you close it?"

With the remote control in his hand, Ryan pressed a button, and the door swung closed.


Wendy touched the gap between the door and the wall. The gap was fitted flush with the wallpaper, and it was very difficult to see with the naked eye.

Even when she touched it with her hand, the bump was barely noticeable at all. The gap matched the lines of the wallpaper, and it didn't arouse any suspicion at all.

The corner of Wendy's mouth twitched. She raised her head and asked, "So, this was your idea?"

Ryan nodded.

"When did you come up with this?"

"When you were fighting Eris." 

Wendy looked up at him in surprise. That was a long time ago. "Ryan..."

"The media wouldn't leave you alone back then. Ensfield was the safest place for you to stay, but it would cause quite a stir if they found out that you stayed here. That's why I thought of this."

That was quite some time ago. As early as then, he had already cared so much about her.

Blushing, Wendy asked, "Why didn't you tell me until now?" "The apartment needed to be renovated, and, well, it wasn't the right time."

After thinking for a while, Wendy understood.

At that time, her relationship with Eris was widely covered by the press. Although she received a lot of attention from the media, most of it was negative. Normally, moving places wouldn't have been a complicated thing to do. However, this was Purple Garden. It was the most expensive apartment building in Ywood.

If the press learned that she had moved there, it would definitely make the news, and the public would think that she was someone's mistress.

Now it was different. Her performance in the Story of Concubine Ivanka gained her a huge following. With her success in that TV series, she quickly rose in the industry to the level of first-class actresses. Now, she had the most potential among all the talents in Glory Media.

With her status now, no one would bat an eye if she moved to Purple Garden. Everyone would just think that her successes also brought her huge paychecks. And as for the renovation Ryan mentioned, he was talking about the secret door.

Wendy was deeply touched. "Ryan..." She looked at him with tears in her

eyes.

On the other hand, Ryan's face remained calm. He didn't think that he had done anything extraordinary. "Wendy..."

"Yes?" Wendy was still busy with her thoughts.

"Aren't you cold?"

"A little."

Holding her hand, Ryan casually went to the bedside. Then he lifted the blanket and got in the bed.

Watching him, Wendy was puzzled. "What are you doing?"

"I'm a bit cold!" Ryan then pulled Wendy to the bed.

Wendy asked, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Didn't you say that you were a little cold just now? Come under the blanket!"

"Alright." Scratching her head, Wendy felt that something was wrong but couldn't figure it out. The two of them sat on the bed, side by side.

Outside, the snow fell heavily. In the room, the two of them felt their shoulders touch. They could feel the heat radiating from each other. Only the bedside lamp remained lit, giving the room a warm yellow glow.

Being a bit too close to him, Wendy felt a bit uncomfortable, so she moved slightly away from him. Ryan pressed her shoulder.

"What?"

"I'm cold! We should move closer to each other. It's going to be warmer that way," he said.

The room had heating, and Ryan was already covered with the blanket. Wendy wondered why he was still cold. He was lying, she thought. Her palms even began to sweat.

Wendy finally realized what was wrong. She was stupid. It was already

twelve o'clock in the evening, Ryan got into her bed. And she just let him get in. She turned to look at him.

Under the dim light, Ryan was wearing a gray silk pajama. His collar was wide open, revealing his bronzed skin and the clavicle below his sculpted neck.

His hair was a bit messy, which softened his cold and hard features. He looked gentler.

Wendy just stared at him. The room fell silent. After a while, she finally realized what she had been doing. She frantically tried to cover her blushing face.

She was a bit surprised. Once again, she got lost just by looking at him. She blamed him for it. She had always known that he was so handsome. Quickly, she turned her head away from him.

Looking at her, Ryan chuckled.

"If you laugh at me again, I'll kick you out!"

"Alright, alright. I won't laugh." Trying to keep his laughter in, Ryan reached out and put his arm around her shoulder. Wendy's body immediately stiffened when she felt it.

She slapped his arm off with one hand and looked quite wary. "What are you doing?"

Ryan explained, "It will be more comfortable if you lean on my shoulder." Wendy blushed again.

Ryan looked at her and said in a teasing voice, "What did you think I was going to do?"

"I...I..." Wendy was so embarrassed that she got mad. "Don't touch me!"

"Then what do you want me to do?" Ryan asked. "Kiss you, maybe?"

Wendy wondered how he got so good at flirting. His lines just kept coming and coming. Normally, she would tease him back. But she

wasn't in the mood now.

She let out a sigh and said in a low voice, "Don't you want to know what Ray said to me about you?"

Ryan was stunned, and the expression on his face turned serious. "What he say?" he asked in a hurry.

Wendy did a rough retelling of Raymond's words, but she left out the part that she had planned to sell her kidney. The more she told him, the colder Ryan's face became.

Finally, Wendy finished telling him. The room fell into dead silence.

A minute passed.

And then another.

Wendy looked at Ryan with a concerned expression.

Five minutes later, Ryan let out a sigh. "Ray is right. I haven't been much of a father to him. I wasn't around when it could have mattered. I understand that it will take some time before he can accept me."

Wendy breathed a sigh of relief. She patted Ryan on the shoulder and said, "Well, it's going to be a long journey. Do your best, alright?"

Ryan grabbed her hand and said, "And you will help me!"

"What?"

