

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 61: Apple

Wendy fell silent as everyone left.

She thought that she was the one whom Ryan wanted to go. When everyone was gone, the icy look on Ryan's face subsided a little. He leaned against the headboard of the bed and glanced at the fruit basket in Wendy's hand.

Then, his gaze shifted to Wendy.

"Why are you here?" he asked with a frown.

His voice was still cold, but his attitude towards her was gentle, compared to when he was facing those senior executives.

"Ray heard that you were sick. He's worried about you, so here we are."

"How about you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you worried about me?"

Wendy averted his gaze and answered with an awkward smile, "Of course! You're my boss, so I have to be concerned about you."

She placed the fruit basket she was holding on the bedside table and then peeked at his laptop screen.

"You should take good care of yourself, especially now that you're sick. Why are you still working anyway? For sure, there are many elites in the Oliver Group that can handle this. You know, the company won't go bankrupt when you're just going to be away for a few days," she thoughtfully said.

Indeed, Ryan did not look very good at the moment.

His angular face was deathly pale.

His eyes were bloodshot, and the shadows under his eyes made his appearance worse.

He looked as though a demon sucked his essence dry.

No wonder Luke was so anxious.

Ryan closed his laptop shut and asked, "So, have you been busy these past few days?"

Wendy was taken aback by his question. Even so, she answered it honestly.

"No. Why?"

Upon hearing her response, Ryan's expression had turned cold yet again. In all honesty, he was dejected.

'She's not busy, but she waited five days before she came to visit me. Why is that?!

"Why? What's the matter?" Wendy asked in confusion.

"Nothing," Ryan answered.

He closed his eyes, so he did not have to see the look of utter confusion on her face.

That way, he would not end up sulking and then appear childish in her eyes.

"I want to eat an apple," he added.

"Okay. I'll wash one for you."

With that, Wendy took the fruit basket and hurried to the kitchen.

Meanwhile in the ward. Footsteps approached the bed.

Ryan opened his eyes and saw Raymond walking to the bed with another fruit basket in his arms.

Once the latter was close enough, he leaned over the bed and looked straight at Ryan with his big, dark eyes.

Raymond's eyes were as clear as a spring, washing away Ryan's hostility and unfriendliness.

Little did Ryan know, he actually cared a lot for Raymond.

Whenever he looked at Raymond, his eyes would be extremely gentle and full of affection.

"You're awesome," Raymond remarked all of a sudden.

"How'd you say so?" Ryan asked in confusion.

"Although I don't want to admit it, I know that you have a place in Mommy's heart."

"Are you comforting me?"

The little boy snorted in response and retorted, "Do you need it?"

"No."

"I didn't ask Mommy to visit you."

Raymond pointed at the fruit basket he had placed on the ground and continued, "But, Mommy

suddenly said that we'd pay you a visit this morning. She even spent 200 dollars on the two fruit baskets."

The little boy's statement made Ryan raise his eyebrows.
"What do the two fruit baskets mean?" he wondered.
"I...I've been in poor health since I was born.I know it isn't easy for Mommy to raise me alone abroad.That must be why she doesn't want to waste a single penny.Although she has signed a contract with the company and doesn't have to pay for the house that we now live in, the cost of living in Ywood is still too high.Sadly, it can't be helped that we have a lot of expenses."
Ryan listened carefully.
It was his first time knowing that.
After all, he did not ask Luke to investigate Wendy, so he had no idea what she had been through in the US.He cast a meaningful look at the little boy.
'I see.It turns out that this adorable boy is actually sickly.Is that why he's so thin? Also, Luke said that Wendy owes Roger a lot of money.Did she borrow money from Roger for the sake of her son?'"All I'm saying is that Mommy never spends money on unimportant people in her life."
Only then did Ryan understand what Raymond meant.
"So...you're saying that I mean something to your Mommy because she spent 200 dollars to buy me two fruit baskets?"
The boy nodded affirmatively.
"Perhaps she just did that because I'm her boss?"

"We all know her real boss is Kane from the Glory Media!"
Raymond replied with a grin.
'Apparently, she was not distancing herself from me like she appeared to have.' All of a sudden, Ryan felt relieved physically and mentally.
Wendy returned not long after with an apple in her hand.She found that Ryan was no longer as cold as before.Confused, she handed the apple to him with a frown.
To her surprise, Ryan pointed at the fruit knife on the bedside table.
Wendy was speechless by his audacity, Nevertheless, she did as told.
She sat on the chair next to the bed and peeled him an apple.
She was amazing at it.
The way she peeled an apple was meticulous and precise.

She only peeled a thin layer of the skin, and it did not even break, even after peeling the whole apple.

"Do you often do that?"

Wendy paused for a few seconds upon hearing Ryan's question.

Then, she handed the skinless apple and answered, "I often peeled apples when I was a child."

When she was little, she and her sister were sent to their hometown in the countryside.

Because they were poor, their lives had been very difficult.

Fortunately, someone had planted apple trees in the farmland.

Whenever it was a harvest season for apples, their price would fall, so Wendy and her family could finally afford it.

Her grandmother would buy a large bag of apples during those times, and Wendy and her sister would share it.

Since they ate a lot of apples, they mastered the technique of peeling them.

"Does it taste good?"

Wendy asked as she watched Ryan munch on the apple.

Ryan gazed at her with deep eyes and answered, "It's very sweet."

Wendy was speechless.

His words made her blood rush to her cheeks.

Damn! Who said that Ryan had never been in love? His flirting skills were master-level! Knock knock! At

that moment, a knock on the door interrupted their moment.

"Come in!" Ryan said loudly.

In a doctor's overall, Leo pushed the door open and came in, followed by Luke.

"Dr.Roberts!"

Wendy suddenly stood up and greeted him.

"Hello, Ms.Finch.Please sit down."

"How is Mr.Oliver?"

Leo frowned at the mention of Ryan's condition.

Wendy noticed the change on his face, which made her feel extremely anxious.

"Dr.Roberts .His condition is very serious,"

Leo answered in a somber tone.

"Five days ago, he fainted because he hadn't been sleeping well for quite some time.Even in the hospital

these days, he only slept no more than 10 hours in total. I'm afraid that there's a risk to life if this continues."

"Oh no! Is there really nothing we can do about it?" Leo shook his head regretfully.

"We have already consulted with the experts in the country and abroad, but nothing works. We've also asked a renowned senior hypnotist for help, but it didn't work either." Wendy bit her lips and did not say anything for a long time. Leo saw the look of apprehension on Wendy's face.

He did not want to press her further, so he turned to look at Luke. Even the latter had a grave look on his face.

With a sigh, Leo said to Luke, "You've witnessed everything. I've given Ryan all the medicine for insomnia that his body can handle. Sadly, he has already produced resistance to those drugs, so they won't work anymore. If I increase the dosage of the sleeping pills, there will be a risk of overdose, and he might not wake up again. I've done everything I can. I'm sorry, but there's nothing more I can do."

"Leo, what do you mean?"

With a bitter smile, Leo explained, "I can't give him more medicine to induce sleep. As all the treatments have failed, staying in the hospital is futile. I advise him to be discharged from the hospital."

Wendy's mouth fell open upon hearing the doctor's words.

'Be discharged? If the doctors here can't do anything to help, what will going home do? Ryan will only wait for his own death!"

Standing aside, Luke could not do anything but bury his face in his palms to hide his tears.

Even Leo's closed his eyes and sighed.

Although Ryan was the patient, only he remained calm.

"Well, I've told you that staying in the hospital is just a waste of time. Luke, you go through the discharge procedure," he ordered expressionlessly.

However, Wendy seemed unable to accept Ryan's fate.

She suddenly stood up from her seat and expressed her disagreement.

"No!"

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Chapter 62: Six Months Pact

"No!"

Everyone looked at her incredulously when she said that. With her fingers pointing at Ryan, she added, "He...he can't leave the hospital! If anything happens to him at home, he might not be able to be treated on time."

Everyone fell silent.

Luke looked at Wendy, and it seemed as though he wanted to say something.

However, Ryan glared at him and said sharply, "Shut up!"

Albeit unwillingly, Luke had no choice but to turn around and shut his mouth.

Wendy knew Luke enough to know what he wanted to say.

He was going to suggest that she could help Ryan instead.

However, Wendy was a person who could only be persuaded by reason and could not be cowed by force.

What if Ryan forced her to do something? Well, if that happened, he would only arouse her antipathy.

However, the more he scolded Luke for trying to drag her in, the guiltier she felt.

The atmosphere in the ward was depressing.

Wendy looked at Ryan's bloodshot eyes and then turned to Leo.

"Dr. Roberts, how about you try again?" she asked with full of hope.

"Yeah. We can try again, and maybe this time will be successful!" Luke echoed.

Leo looked at Ryan and heaved a sigh.

"Ryan?"

"Try again," Ryan agreed.

"Then, he turned to look at Luke and Wendy, and added, You, two, stay and see for yourself."

'They won't give up until they see how bad it is with their own eyes,' he thought.

Wendy immediately closed the door of the ward.

To help Ryan sleep, she closed the curtain that had been installed behind the door too.

She closed all the curtains, including the one at the window, making the ward completely dark.

Not even a ray of sunshine made its way inside.

Next, she turned on the bedside lamp.

Only the faint light of the lamp illuminated the whole room.

When all was set, Leo took out a pocket watch and dangled it in front of Ryan's eyes.

Slowly, he swayed it left and right.

The light was dim.

Leo's low and bewitching voice was the only sound that can be heard.

"Look at me.Calm down.Don't think about anything.Now, your eyelids are heavy, and your optic nerves

are tired...Your sight becomes blurry...You can't see clearly...Your eyeballs are slowly moving up...The

surroundings are getting hazy...Your eyes are closing slowly...Slowly...You're eyes are now closed.Your

hands and feet are getting heavy...Your body is becoming numb...You can no longer move...You want to

sleep, and now...you're finally asleep."

Ryan's eyes closed ever so slowly.

Everyone in the room held their breath, not daring to make a sound in fear of disturbing Leo and Ryan.

One second...

Two seconds...

One minute...

A minute had passed, and Ryan still had not opened his eyes.

"Is it...is it successful?"

Luke whispered cautiously.

Judging from the look on his face, he was hopeful and excited.

Meanwhile, Leo's gaze still had not left Ryan, who was leaning against the headboard with his eyes

closed.

Everyone was staring at him with great anticipation when, all of a sudden, his eyes fluttered open.

They were red and showed no signs that he had been asleep.

"It failed again!"

Leo exclaimed with frustration.

Even though he was a renowned senior hypnotist, he had repeatedly failed in hypnotizing Ryan.

What a shame!

"Leo, you're a quack! Did you buy your hypnotist's certificate? Or have you used up your brain in watching women give birth after becoming an obstetrician? Why is it so hard for you to hypnotize my brother? I've never seen you hypnotize him successfully!"

Leo was speechless.

'Oh, please! Ryan was the only one I couldn't successfully hypnotize!'

"You'd better find a way to make my brother fall asleep! If you don't, I'll destroy your hospital," Luke threatened.

"Actually, there might be another way."

It was only then that Leo spoke.

He had been silent for a long time.

When he opened his mouth to speak, everyone, except Ryan, looked at him all at once.

Luke rushed over and grabbed Leo by the collar.

He raised his fist as though he was about to hit Leo and shouted angrily,

"Leo, you bastard! Why didn't you tell us earlier? What is it? Tell us now!"

"Luke, calm down!"

Ryan shouted from a side.

While gritting his teeth, Luke glared at Leo and slowly put down his fist, even though against his own will.

Wendy also looked at Leo eagerly and said, "Dr.Roberts, please tell us."

Leo tidied up his white gown and answered, "Miss Finch, we need your cooperation in this."

Wendy was stunned! 'Is Leo saying that I should sleep next to Ryan again?'

"I've been wondering for days why Ryan can't fall asleep under any circumstances except for when you're around.I've been thinking about this, and I think we should start with you.Whether it be your aura, warmth, or something else I have yet to find out.Anyway, just give me some time, and I'll find the solution.Of course, the choice is yours if you'll agree to participate.Nobody is going to force you into doing this."

Wendy was at a loss for words.

It did not help that everyone was looking at her expectantly. 'This doesn't sound like a good idea,' she thought to herself. 'If Leo doesn't find the solution, will I have to stay by Ryan's side my entire life? Although I've decided not to fall in love and get married, I have a life that I want to cherish on my own! Well, Leo mentioned that it was up to me, didn't he? I don't want to take part in this, but this is a matter of life and death.

I can't say no to them now, especially when they're looking at me with expectant eyes.' She did not say anything, and nobody persuaded her. After a long while...Wendy had made up her mind, but there was one thing that she wanted to be sure of.

"How long will this take?" she asked through gritted teeth.

Leo breathed a sigh of relief and answered excitedly, "Six months! It will only take six months. I promise

I'll be able to treat Ryan's insomnia successfully by then."

"What if...what if you fail?"

"Miss Finch, it's very kind of you to even help us for this. If we still can't find a way to cure Ryan, there's nothing else we can do but accept it. We won't trouble you anymore."

Wendy had decided.

"Let's do it!" she said with sheer determination.

Her resolute response made Ryan raise his head and look at her meaningfully.

Meanwhile, Luke could not contain his happiness that he jumped and then knelt down to hugged

Wendy's thighs in joy.

"Wendy, you're going to save my brother's life! You've saved Precious before, and now my brother. Our family will forever be indebted to you. From now on, I'll be at your beck and call! I'll do everything for you without hesitation."

Wendy rolled her eyes and ordered, "Get up!"

"No, I won't! I'm too touched and excited to move!"

Truth be told, Wendy was becoming uncomfortable as Luke's tears of joy ran down her thighs.

Besides, it was so embarrassing! All of a sudden, the temperature in the room suddenly dropped several

degrees.

Luke was familiar with this feeling, so he turned to look at his brother.

Sure enough, Ryan was glaring at him with narrowed eyes.

Although his face was pale and his eyes were red, his intimidating aura had not dissipated.

For some reason, a sinking feeling emerged in Luke's heart.

Ryan, who had been silent for a long time, finally spoke.

"Stand up," he said to Luke coldly.

Luke looked at his brother and then at Wendy.

Only then did it dawn on Luke...

With eyes wide in shock, he looked at Wendy's legs and found that she was only wearing denim shorts.

Her legs were exposed, and it turned out that he had been clutching her bare thighs.

Luke seemed to realize something.

'Brother, are you jealous?'

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Chapter 63: Come Here

As though he had been electrocuted, Luke suddenly jumped up.

'Oh my God! I'm doomed! Ryan tried his best to woo Wendy, but she rejected him ruthlessly.

And now, I was so close with her that it felt like I deliberately rubbed Ryan's rejection in his face! He must be very jealous of me.

What should I do? Will he take revenge on me later? Perhaps he'll make things difficult for me on purpose in the future?' Luke slowly and carefully turned his head to look at Ryan again.

As he did so, he found that his brother's face was grimmer than it was a while ago.

Because of this, he bolted out of the ward instinctively, afraid that he would worsen the predicament he was in.

"I...I'm going to write that business proposal!" he stuttered as he ran away.

With that, he disappeared in a flash. Meanwhile, Leo was ecstatic.

In order for Ryan to fall asleep, Leo gave him and Wendy time and space.

Of course, he decided to take Raymond with him.

Before Raymond left the ward, he and Ryan looked at each other. It looked as though they just had had a tacit conversation. Now, only Wendy and Ryan were left in the ward. Since the room was big, the former felt fine when many people were still there.

But now that she and Ryan were alone, she suddenly felt the atmosphere a little awkward.

"Come here,"

Ryan gently said.

"Why? What's the matter?"

Wendy asked while she walked to the bedside.

"Sit down."

Wendy sat down on the chair beside the bed.

To her surprise, Ryan took out his suit jacket from a side and unfolded it.

He then put it on her bare legs gentlemanly.

Her slender and fair-skinned legs were now covered.

Wendy had no idea what to say.

"Don't wear such clothes in public. It's not safe,"

Ryan said with a frown.

He paused for a moment as though pondering for something and added,

"But you can wear that when

you're with me."

The corners of Wendy's mouth twitched.

She accepted the suit jacket and asked, "Why can I only wear it when I'm with you?"

"Because I'll protect you," Ryan answered.

All of a sudden, a beautiful fluttering sound came to Wendy's imagination.

Because of his words, she felt butterflies in her stomach.

Ryan was only wearing a loose hospital gown.

His face was gaunt and in a mess, but for some reason, he looked cute and very reliable when he said that line.

'What the hell, Wendy? Get a grip!' Wendy thought to herself.

"Ray mentioned that the fruit baskets you bought me were worth 200 dollars."

"What? Yes," Wendy answered.

She was somehow distracted that it took her a few seconds to respond.

To her astonishment, Ryan smiled and sincerely said, "Thank you."

Wendy's mouth fell open. Ryan smiled! He actually smiled! Stunned by she had just seen, Wendy's eyes widened in shock. Even after a while, she had no idea what to say. Truth be told, Ryan usually wore a poker face that made people feel as though his whole body was filled with ice.

He did not smile often and seemed that he did not want anyone to get close to him.

But when he smiled, it felt like the ice in his heart melted, and the spring flowers blossomed.

His frigid temperament softened, and for some reason, he looked surprisingly...attractive.

Wendy swallowed hard at the thought of this.

The sound of her swallowing was so loud that Ryan clearly heard it.

Because of this, the smile on his face deepened even more.

Wendy's face burned in embarrassment.

She could not even look at Ryan in the eye.

All of a sudden, she stood up and walked over his bed.

To his surprise, she put away his computer.

"I...I'm telling you, since I've decided to help you, I won't allow you to ruin my hard work. From now on, you'll have to listen to me," she said in a resolute voice.

"If you say so," Ryan replied complacently.

"You're not allowed to talk about work while you're here in the hospital."

"Sure."

"You have to eat regularly and sleep on time. If you can't sleep, you still have to lie in bed with your eyes closed and rest."

"Sounds good to me."

"You haven't slept well for several days. Now, lie down and sleep!"

"Fine,"

Ryan replied with an exasperated sigh.

Wendy had been filming night scenes these past few days.

Even today, after she stayed up for one whole night, she came to the hospital for Ryan in the morning.

She had not rested yet, so she felt tired and sleepy after chatting with him for a while.

As she sat on the chair, she could not help but let out a big yawn.

"Sleepy?"

"Yeah.I've work all night."

Suddenly, Ryan made some space on the bed and said, "Come here."
His gesture came out natural as though they were a couple for years.

Wendy wanted to refuse his invitation, but she remembered that he had not had a good sleep for several days.

Besides, she had vowed to help him.

Refusing him now would mean going back on her word.

After pondering for a while, she finally agreed and got into bed with him.

Fortunately, the bed was wide enough for two people.

Because of this, Wendy was able to huddle up beside him with ease.

Wendy had grown used to being a walk-on actress to make a living.

It could not be helped that she would feel very sleepy, especially during night scenes.

Her nature of work caused her to adapt to her environment, which in turn enabled her to fall asleep

anywhere, even with only two newspapers as a bed.

The moment Wendy's head touched the pillow, she fell asleep almost immediately.

When her breathing steadied, Ryan opened his eyes and looked at her.

Slowly, he reached out his hand and gently stroked her hair.

For him, everything he had done so far was worth it.

She finally came to him.

It was not until noon that Wendy woke up from a deep sleep.

She opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was Ryan's deep ones.

"Good morning!" she said while yawning.

"Good morning," Ryan greeted back.

Since their faces were somehow close, Wendy was surprised to find that Ryan looked so much better

than hours ago.

Although his face was still pale, and the circles under his eyes were still apparent, his eyes were no

longer that bloodshot.

As he lay on his side, a look of satisfaction could be seen on his face.

He also looked more energetic than he had been earlier.

A few hours ago, he seemed as though his energy had been sucked out of his body, leaving him drained

and empty.

But now, he seemed to be full of energy and high- spirited.

Wendy was greatly astonished by his sudden change.
"Did you sleep?" she asked with a smile.
Yes, he did, which explained his good mood.
"I slept for two hours," he answered proudly.
Excellent! He really fell asleep!
"Can you let go of me now?" Ryan added.
Confused, Wendy looked down, and her eyes widened in horror.
As it turned out, she clung to him in her sleep.
Her arms, even legs, were tightly wrapped around him.
Their bodies were intertwined, and not an inch of a gap was in between them.
Swoosh! All of a sudden, Wendy felt a wave of heat hit her head.
Her ears had gotten extremely red in embarrassment.
As if she got an electric shock, she jumped up and quickly rolled off the bed.
"I'm sorry! I didn't mean it!" she exclaimed.
"It's okay,"
Ryan said with a smile while he sat up from the bed.
Just as Wendy was about to feel relieved, Ryan added, "I'm used to it anyway."
Wendy was speechless.
Unable to contain her embarrassment any longer, she put on her shoes hurriedly.
She glanced at the time and found that it was already noon.
"I...I'll just go downstairs and buy something for lunch," she stuttered while avoiding his gaze.
"Sure."
Looking around, Wendy realized that Raymond was not in the room.
Because of this, she quickly put on her other shoe and ran to Leo's office.
Unfortunately, he was not there at the moment.
She was worried until she asked the nurse who had just come by.
According to the nurse, the little boy was accompanying Leo as he checked the wards.
Wendy breathed a sigh of relief.
With that, she proceeded downstairs to buy Ryan lunch.
Since Ryan had only been diagnosed with insomnia and had no other health problems, he did not have to go on a strict diet.
Because of this, Wendy went for the delicious ones instead.

She decided to buy some dumplings with shrimp filling for lunch. Wendy could not help but be appalled at how expensive the things and food were near the hospital. In other places, the dumplings usually cost 12 dollars per bowl. However, they sold it here for 18 dollars. To make it worse, the serving was not enough for its price! As Wendy held the dumplings, she could not help but feel that she had been ripped off. On the way back, all she could think about was how unhappy she was about the food. Thinking of it, there was a kitchen in the ward. She could buy some ingredients and cook a meal there afterwards. It was lunch hour and there were many people using the elevator. She happened to be a little too late, and the elevator was already full when she got there. Still, she managed to get inside at the last minute. Her destination was on the top floor, so she tried to move away from the door to make room for people who would get off before her. When she looked up, her eyes widened in shock as she saw a familiar person in the elevator with her.

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Chapter 64: Reese

It was Flynn! Her brother-in-law! He was at the entrance of the elevator. For a man who was about 48 years old, his fashion sense was rather unconventional. He was wearing a fancy flowery shirt. Funny enough, his bulging belly looked as though it was pulling the buttons of his shirt apart. Waist down, he was wearing a pair of big casual shorts and flip-flops. Wendy had seen Luke wear the similar outfit before, and he looked amazing. Flynn, however, looked vulgar and ugly. How could Flynn wear such clothes and be confident in public? That was not all. His head was shaved that it was completely bald, and a gold chain as thick as a finger was hanging on his neck.

Under his armpit was a black designer bag.
Overall, he looked like a nouveau riche.
When her sister first married this guy, Wendy often went to the Wilson family's house to visit her sister Reese.
But one day, Flynn's mother scolded Reese in front of the whole family, berating her for not making money for the family and for being a freeloader who even always brought her sister, another freeloader, over for dinner.

Because of this, Wendy no longer became friendly nor associated herself with Flynn. Since then, she did not go there as frequently as before.
Even if she did, she no longer ate there with the family in fear of being reproached.
Fortunately, Reese was kind and supportive of her sister. She even shouldered Wendy's tuition and occasionally gave her allowance.
Time went by, and Wendy had finally turned into a fine lady. She met with her sister and Flynn together sometimes.
However, she noticed the lascivious way that Flynn looked at her. It disgusted her.
Reese knew about it and asked Wendy never to go to the Wilson family's house ever again.
Extreme as it may seem, but Wendy knew that her sister was only protecting her.
In all honesty, she had been meaning to contact her sister after returning from abroad.
However, she never seemed to make up her mind.

She was afraid that her sister would only be angry at her for feigning her own death.
Besides, she was busy with acting.
But, of course, that was just another excuse not to see her sister.
After all, she never expected that she would come across Flynn in such a place after three years.
At that time, the elevator was packed.
As it was already lunch hour, the elevator was filled with the patients' relatives and friends carrying

takeout foods they had bought from downstairs.

Everyone inside had food in their hands, except for one

Nevertheless, Wendy was thankful that he did not notice her.

A few moments later, Flynn's phone rang, and he answered it with great enthusiasm.

Since the elevator was somehow noisy, he raised his voice, making it difficult for Wendy to ignore his presence.

"Honey, I'm in the hospital now. Don't worry. I won't get back to that bitch. We've been married for 11

years, yet she hasn't given birth to a child. I've had enough of her! I've been kind enough to keep up with

her, but all she's given me is grief. What an ungrateful woman! Yes, I'll settle the matter successfully this

time. I think that that whore will die after a few days anyway, so just wait a little longer. We'll get married

as soon as she finally bites the dust."

Flynn hung up the phone with a cynical grin.

But as he noticed that everyone was looking at him scornfully, he exploded in rage.

"Mind your damn business! Haven't you heard anyone make a call?!"

Meanwhile, Wendy was rooted in her spot. There was no doubt

that... The woman whom Flynn called a

bitch and whore was her sister- Reese! According to him, Reese would die soon.

Once she died... Flynn and his mistress would get married immediately.

Wendy was trembling in resentment.

Reese married Flynn at a young age.

She was just 18 at that time.

For 11 years, she endured humiliation from the Wilson family and even suffered at their hands.

How dare Flynn insult her like that?! Wendy was staring at Flynn with an icy cold glare.

While doing so, she happened to see him press the button to the ninth floor.

Even though she was supposed to go to the top floor, she decided to follow him to his destination.

Flynn walked to a ward and entered without even bothering to knock.

Wendy quickly followed and walked over to the door.

Although she was just right outside, she could hear the muffled sound of a quarrel inside.

"Reese, how dare you look at me like that?! If you dare to kill yourself again, I'll make sure to give you hell. Why did you even do that?! I've served you for 11 years, yet you're still not contented with the life I've given you. And now, you tried to kill yourself in front of me? Enough! If you don't want to be with me, fine. Wait for the divorce!"

Nurses came to the ward where Flynn was and asked him to lower his voice so as not to disturb other patients.

However, he refused to do so and instead spoke even louder.

"Fuck off! Can't you see I'm dealing with a private matter? This is none of your business. Go away!" he bellowed to the nurses.

He then turned to Reese and continued, "Don't expect to get a penny when we're divorced. Ha-ha! Even if you don't want to live with me anymore, I'll make sure that you'll see me with an 18-year-old girl. But you... a woman with no education background, no connections, divorced, and infertile. I'll look forward to seeing what kind of man would want to be with you."

Flynn had been bitching for quite a while, yet Wendy still had not heard Reese's voice.

The more he spoke, the more offensive his words had become.

Unfortunately, it seemed that he had no plans of stopping himself from blabbering.

"You little bitch, I've fucked you over and over again for a long time. You're no longer as decent as you were before. I'm sure only an old, bald man would want to be with you in the future. What a shame."

Wendy did not have to peek through the door to see Flynn's face.

Just by listening to his foul, rotten voice, she could already imagine his hideous face.

Just as she was about to push the door open, she heard people's shrieks and Reese's weak cry from inside.

"Flynn, what are you doing?!"

"What am I doing? I'm going to fuck you! Now that you've asked, the more I think of it, the more displeased I am. Damn it! You're just a woman I bought. You're lucky you got to marry me. How dare you threaten me with suicide?! You're such a bitch! Fine! Since you want to get rid of me, I'll divorce you right after you leave this hospital."

"Flynn, stop it!"

"No way! I spent so much money so I could fuck you whenever I want. It's only been 11 years, and you haven't paid me back. And now, you're telling me that you want to leave? Sad to say, but I'm not going to let you. I'm going to fuck you right here, right now!"

All of a sudden, Reese's scream rang into Wendy's ears.

"Stop! Stop it!"

Wendy could not stand Flynn's abuse to her sister anymore.

Bang!

Without a second thought, she kicked the door of the ward open and saw Flynn tearing off Reese clothes forcefully.

Reese had lost so much weight and was too thin and weak to be a match for Flynn.

Because of this, he was able to tear off her clothes in just a few seconds. For the past three years, Wendy had no idea what Reese had gone through.

She felt extremely sorry for her sister.

Reese's ward also had other patients, their families now rushed to try and stop Flynn since he was now distracted.

However, he merely shook off those who tried to stop him and shouted, "Damn it! Don't you dare touch me, or I'll find someone to kill you!"

After being in the same room as the Wilson family, everyone around them knew that they were rich and powerful.

They were afraid to offend Flynn, so even though they were appalled at his behavior, they let him go immediately.

Flynn, on the other hand, did not seem to care that other people were looking at him.

He threw his bag away and knelt on one knee on the bed.
He then suppressed Reese with one hand and was about to take off his pants with the other. In desperation, Reese cried out and struggled to push Flynn away with all her strength.

"You bastard, get away from me! Get away! You animal!"

"Damn it! I've been sharing a bed with you for 11 years! You say I'm an animal, so what would that make you, huh?"

Flynn lifted the quilt and was about to press his body on Reese's when all of a sudden...

"Flynn, you filthy scum!"

Wendy rushed towards him in a fit of anger.

Then, she poured the dumplings that she had just bought on Flynn's head.

To make things worse, the soup was still very hot that it scalded his skin and scalp.

Now, the dumplings were all over his body.

Flynn shrieked and writhed in pain.

He jumped out of the bed almost instantly and swept the dumplings off his head.

His eyes were fierce with anger as he tried to look for the culprit.

"Fuck! Who fucking attacked me?! Show yourself! I'll kill you!" he bellowed.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 65: Beat Up The Scum

"Listen here, you little shit! I'll fucking kill you!" Wendy's eyes turned red in rage.

Her eyes swept around the room in search of a weapon, and they fell on the broom by the bedside table.

She picked it up and hit Flynn with it.

She had lost count on how many times she smacked Flynn, but all that mattered to her was that he was groaning in pain.

"Stop! You little bitch, I said stop! If you don't, I'll hire someone to kill you!" Wendy merely scoffed at his threats.

"I'll tell you what! I'll kill you before you kill me! You bastard! Die! Well, even if you do die 10, 000 times, my resentment for you will forever be here in my heart!" she said with a sneer.

Her sister, Reese, was a gentle and kind-hearted person. She was at the peak of her life when she got married to this bastard.

Sadly, he did not cherish just as he had vowed on their wedding. He even abused her!

"Go to hell!"

Wendy shouted as she hit him again and again.

"Bitch!"

Flynn suddenly found an opportunity to grab the head of the broom. As he did so, he finally saw who was beating him up.

He was taken aback at the sight of Wendy, and a look of horror appeared on his face.

"Wendy...Wendy Finch? Aren't...aren't you already dead?" he stuttered with his eyes wide in shock.

"Of course, I'm still alive! How can I die before you, you dirty old man?" Still alive?

'So...the person in front of me isn't a ghost?' Flynn's fright dissipated at that very moment.

When he could finally see Wendy's face clearly, his eyes, for some reason, lit up.

Wendy was still wearing the T-shirt and shorts from this morning.

Although her shirt was loose, it did not conceal her good figure.

She had a beautiful face, a slender waist, long legs, and firm breasts.

Although she had just beaten Flynn up with a broom, he could not take his eyes off her.

He stared at her, admiring her beauty with a lecherous gaze.

"Scumbag!"

How could he look at her like that in front of his seriously ill wife! Wendy was yet again infuriated.

She pulled out the broom in his hand and hit him on the head.

The satisfying sound of the broom hitting his skull echoed in the ward.

"AH!"

Flynn yelled in pain. However, it seemed that it was not as painful as it looked as he immediately recovered from the blow.

Just as Wendy was about to wield the broom handle, Flynn grabbed it first.

"Bitch, I said stop! I'm going to beat you if you don't! Don't blame me for your death by then," he threatened.

But, Wendy seemed unfazed by his empty threats.

She merely sneered, which made him even more annoyed.

Sure enough, Flynn got provoked that he raised his hand to slap her.

"Wendy, watch out!" Reese exclaimed.

Wendy's eyes turned cold as ice.

She grabbed Flynn's wrist and pulled it hard, making him lose his balance.

He then fell to the ground with a loud thud, and his arms flapped behind him.

While he was on the ground, Wendy stepped on his back, held his arms behind him with one hand, and pulled his hair with the other.

"AHI" Flynn screamed in pain.

Since his arms were pinned on his back, his feet flailed instead.

"You little bitch! Let go of me!"

"Apologize!"

"What?"

"Apologize to my sister!"

Flynn remained adamant in refusing Wendy's order and instead flew into a rage.

"How dare you order me to apologize to that who?!"

Slap! Before he could finish his words, Wendy smacked the back of his head.

"Wendy, stop! Ouch!" Flynn cried out.

"I said apologize!" Wendy insisted.

"No way!"

Slap! Flynn's eyes were now red and filled with tears, but he remained stubborn.

"Wendy Finch, you little bitch! You'll regret this! I'll make you pay for what you've done to me!"

Slap! Wendy did it again.

Flynn's bald head was now red, and he was starting to get dizzy from the impact.

Wendy raised her hand to hit him again, but he could not bear it anymore.

"I'm sorry! I'm really sorry!" he cried out.

Wendy stopped upon hearing his apology.

Afraid to be hit again, Flynn hurriedly turned to Reese and continued, "Honey, I'm sorry! I shouldn't have treated you like that. Please forgive me."

Reese leaned against the bed and tears streamed down her face.

Both she and Wendy looked like their mother.

They were so beautiful as if they were the epitome of beauty.

Reese was only twenty-nine years old.

She should have been in the prime of her life, but she had been treated so badly.

Now, nobody could recognize her beauty anymore.

She was wearing a blue and white hospital gown.

It was very loose, but she could not do anything about it as it was already the smallest size.

She had lost so much weight over the years.

The once beautiful and youthful Reese was now gaunt and skin-and-bones.

Her long hair was in a mess due to struggling a while ago.

Her face was pale and her lips were chapped.

She was so thin that her eyes were unusually big.

In despair, she held her knees and burst into tears.

"Reese..."

Tears streamed down Wendy's face as well in pity.

She loathed Flynn because of what she had done to her sister.

Through gritted teeth, she slapped his forehead with all her strength regardless of his pleas.

"I'll kill you! I'll kill you! I'll fucking kill you!"

It seemed that Wendy wanted to get back from the injustices her sister had suffered from Flynn.

One of her hands was already red, swollen, and numb, yet Wendy still had not stopped.

Meanwhile, Flynn's eyes had rolled up to his head.

"Wendy, stop!"

"Reese, he abused you. Why are you still protecting him?"

Albeit struggling, Reese got off the bed.

Her clothes were torn, and she looked embarrassed because of it.

She held Wendy's wrist to stop her from hitting Flynn and shouted, "I'm not protecting him. I'm protecting you! He's a scumbag, and we can't go to jail because of him. It's not worth it!"

"I'm not afraid!" Wendy reasoned out.

"But I am!" Reese interjected.

Tears fell down again, and she continued, "All these years, I thought you were dead. But then, you

suddenly appeared in front of me safe and sound. It feels so unreal. I feel like I'm dreaming! You shouldn't

lose something because of such a vile, wicked person. Wendy, you're the only family I have. I really need you!"

With that, Wendy finally let go of Flynn, and the two sisters poured their hearts out.

In all honesty, Wendy hated herself.

She should not have hesitated to meet with Reese in fear that her sister would only be mad at her for feigning death.

If only she had come back earlier, many bad things would have been avoided.

"Sister, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!"

Wendy held her sister in her arms to seek comfort.

However, she only felt worse as the only thing she could feel was Reese's bones under her skin.

Meanwhile, Reese trembled all over as she cried in Wendy's embrace.

While the Reese and Wendy were busy consoling each other, a family member of one of the other

patients behind them suddenly exclaimed, "Watch out!"

Wendy instinctively turned around and saw Flynn getting up from the ground.

He was holding a glass bottle, and it seemed that he was going to throw it at her.

Wendy's eyes suddenly turned cold! She maneuvered her body with finesse.

Before the bottle could hit them, she kicked it away.

Seeing that she was able to dodge it, Flynn rushed over and shouted,

"You bitch, the one who's destined

to beat me is still not born. I'll kill you, or better yet, cripple you as a reminder for the rest of your life."

As he spoke, he threw a punch at her, hoping to catch her off guard.
"Wendy, watch out!"
Reese instinctively held Wendy in her arms and turned her body to protect Wendy from Flynn.
"Reese!" Wendy exclaimed.
To Reese's surprise, Wendy grasped her arms and moved around them. The two sisters exchanged positions.
Wendy let go of her sister and grabbed Flynn's fist just in time. Flynn tried to withdraw his fist, but Wendy was clutching it tightly. He tried again.
Still, she did not budge.
With eyes wide in shock, he mumbled, "Impossible."
"Oh. I forgot to tell you something. When I was away for years, I learned some extreme self-defense skills."
Instead of letting go, Wendy pulled Flynn's fist hard. When he staggered, she swept her leg, which sent him to the ground with a loud thud.
In fear that Wendy would hit him again, he got up as fast as he could and rushed out.
He did not turn around until he reached the door of the ward. When he did, he glared daggers at Wendy with his small, rat-like eyes.
"Just wait and see. I won't ever let you go!"
My Bossy CEO Husband
Chapter 66: I Should've Killed Him

Wendy wanted to chase Flynn, but Reese grabbed Wendy by the wrist, stopping her in the tracks.
"Reese..." Wendy called out her sister's name, wondering why she stopped her.
"Wendy, don't," Reese croaked.
She was afraid that Wendy would leave her again for a few years, this time going to jail for assaulting or even killing that man, so she held her sister's hand tightly, not wanting to let go.
As she felt Wendy's warmth, tears welled up in her eyes. This was the first time that they had seen each other after three years. It was an overwhelming moment for the two of them that they could only stare at each other with

tearful eyes.

Both of them were lost in the moment, unable to utter even a single word.

Reese gazed at Wendy with longing.

She looked at Wendy from her hair and to her feet, not wanting to miss anything.

Then, she stretched out her hand and caressed Wendy's face.

As Reese did so, tears uncontrollably streamed down her face.

"You've become more beautiful," she said solemnly.

Her words made Wendy tear up.

"Reese... I'm sorry," she apologized while stifling a sob.

"What matters is that you're back alive. It's okay."

It had been three years since they last saw each other, but there was not a hint of alienation between

them right now.

They pulled the curtain around the hospital bed, which provided a bit of privacy from the other

occupants of the ward, and then sat on the bed hand in hand.

They talked endlessly, filling each other with what had happened in the years when they were away from

each other.

Wendy felt that Reese was worried about her, so she told her everything regarding her fake death three

years ago.

Of course, she did not forget to mention that she had gone to the US to seek refuge.

She swallowed the bitterness and difficulties she had faced in the past and only told Reese all the good

things that had happened.

Wendy did not want her sister to worry about her, especially when Reese had gone through even worse.

Reese could not help but burst into tears upon knowing everything.

"I know, I know. They said that you stabbed Eris, but I didn't believe it. I

know you. I know you wouldn't do

such a terrible thing. They also said that you'd bled to death, but I didn't believe it either. They didn't

allow me to see you, so I wasn't able to see your body with my own

eyes. They said that you'd been

cremated, but I sensed that something was not right. Over the years, I had been investigating what had happened to you in the past, but they concealed it perfectly. In the end, I didn't find anything. I'm a failure."

Reese burst into tears yet again.

"Reese..."

"I'm happy that you turned out to be alive and well."

Unable to hold it any longer, Wendy buried her face into her hands and sobbed.

While she was away over the years, Wendy had to be tough in order to protect and take care of Ray.

For some reason, it felt as though everyone was giving her a hard time.

But now with her sister by her side and listening to her voice, Wendy finally felt at ease.

Reese was only six years older than her.

Even so, she was like a mother to Wendy.

Their mother passed away when they were little, so Reese, as the elder sister, had no choice but to act as one.

"No...no way!"

Reese suddenly exclaimed.

It was as though she had recalled something very important that she grabbed Wendy's hand and rushed out.

You were in the same crew as Eris. Cacia probably knows that you're still alive. She was the one who

threw you into the sea. But now that you're back, she might probably come to you again and finish what she had started. You can't stay here.

"Go! Go somewhere where they can't find you," she cautioned with an extremely agitated look on her face.

"Reese,"

Wendy called her sister's name reassuringly, "don't worry about me. Coming back was my choice. I know what I'm doing."

"But...but they have power and influence."

"During my three years of stay outside the country, I must admit, I've grown a lot. Please don't worry about me. I can protect myself."

When she spoke, her eyes were firm and resolute.

But instead of being reassured, Reese felt sad.

"My Wendy has grown up!" she exclaimed with tearful eyes.

"Yes. I've changed, and I can now protect not only myself but also you. Reese, from now on, nobody can hurt you anymore."

Reese's lips curled into a bitter smile.

Meanwhile, Wendy frowned and asked what she had been meaning to know after all this time, "What happened between you and Flynn?"

The mention of that name made Reese close her eyes.

It was obvious that she did not want to talk about him.

"Reese, do you want me to be worried about you?"

With a bitter smile, Reese told Wendy everything that had happened.

Her marriage with Flynn was only a deal.

Reese had no idea who Flynn was before they got married.

She was only eighteen years old at that time and expecting a bright future ahead of her.

When her father, Ruben, asked her to marry Flynn, she immediately refused.

She could imagine marrying an ordinary man and having a simple life. However, marrying an ugly old man she didn't even know was beyond her imagination.

Unfortunately, she had no choice but to marry him.

In the first few months of their marriage, Flynn treated her well. This made Reese think that marrying him was not so bad after all.

As long as he was good to her, she could accept him eventually. However...things went the other way around.

Just when she thought that Flynn was humble and loyal, it turned out that he was actually greedy and flirty.

Not only that, he was promiscuous and abusive.

Their marriage had not even reached a year, yet he had begun to cheat on her many times.

Unfortunately, Reese was still young and naive at that time. Not to mention, her father was the one who forced her into marrying Flynn.

Even though Reese knew that her husband was having an affair with many women, there was nothing she could do but endure it.

Flynn was her first husband. Reese, however, was his second wife.

His ex-wife accompanied him in starting his business.

However, after he succeeded, he abandoned his ex-wife as she was no longer of use to him.

After their divorce, his ex-wife did not want anything, not even his money, but custody of their two children.

Flynn's father passed away a long time ago.

Because of this, he decided to live with his mother. Of course, Reese lived there too.

The three of them lived together but not in harmony.

Flynn's mother believed that her son was capable and perfect.

Meanwhile, she only saw Reese as nothing but young and beautiful.

For some reason, she always made things difficult for Reese at home.

They lived in a duplex villa, which covered an area of more than 400 square meters in total.

They never hired servants at home.

Flynn's mother handed over all the housework to Reese, so the latter did the cleaning, buying groceries,

cooking, and doing laundry every single day. She was like a busy bee without any rest. She endured

everything that was being thrown at her. However, Flynn's mother was still dissatisfied with Reese's work

that she nitpicked every petty thing that she could see.

To make things more difficult, Flynn's mother often said to her, "An old hen can still lay eggs for us to

eat. How about you? What can you provide for us? You and my son have been married for many years

already, yet you can't even get pregnant with his child!"

Reese's status in their family was even lower than the dog Flynn's mother was raising. In all honesty,

Reese was a conservative woman.

Ever since she was a child, she believed that a wife should never give up on her husband no matter what.

Because of this belief, she never once thought of divorcing Flynn despite everything he had done to her.

Just six months ago, Flynn hooked up with a young and beautiful girl.

This time, he did not even bother to hide his promiscuity.

He even brought the girl to his house, and she stayed for the night.

Reese, on the other hand, had to serve him and his mistress.

She even had to watch them make out in front of her.

At that moment, she finally could not stand it anymore.

She felt sick and disgusted! It was not until then that she filed for a divorce.

Unfortunately, Flynn disagreed.

Where could he find a beautiful and docile housewife afterwards? After all, he dreamt of having his own

family while having the freedom to fool around with other women.

"No, we won't divorce! I'll never let you go until you die!" Flynn swore.

His tenacity in maintaining his marriage while being abusive made Reese depressed and hopeless. Her

reason to live vanished into the air in an instant.

Family? Ruben was her father, but he never cared about her.

All he cared about was himself! Her only family that she cared about,

Wendy, met her untimely demise

three years ago.

Love? She was no longer the same as she was when she was eighteen.

She had long stopped fantasizing about romance that only happened in the movies.

Friendship? In the eleven years of marriage with Flynn, she had been busy every single day.

She did not have time to spare to make any friends.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt that her life was meaningless.

Two days ago, Flynn brought home another woman.

Unable to stand it any longer, she took a whole bottle of sleeping pills, hoping not to wake up anymore.

'This is it. Nothing in the world is worth my care anyway, ' she thought as she drifted to sleep.

To her surprise, she woke up again.

It turned out that Flynn sent her to the hospital for gastric lavage, which saved her life but not from her nightmare.

Hearing what had happened to Reese, tears filled Wendy's eyes.

"That bastard! I should've killed him earlier!"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 67: Honey-coated Words

Reese was almost breathless after having spoken for so long.

"Reese, I'm really sorry. I should have returned sooner!" Wendy apologized profusely.

"Don't worry about me. I'm happy enough when you're still alive." Reese comforted her.

Upon hearing those words, Wendy added hastily, "Reese! Please don't do such a stupid thing ever again

as long as you live! Flynn is an uncouth beast.

The sooner you divorce him, the better.

Thereafter, you can come and live with Ray and me.

Hey, by the way, I neglected to tell you about something extremely important.

Are you ready for this? Three years ago I gave birth to a bouncing baby boy.

I have named him Raymond.

He is an absolute joy to have around.

I have yet to meet a three-year-old who is as obedient and as sensible as he is.

I'm sure that you will love him when you meet him!"

Reese raised her head with a sudden realization.

"Is this as a result of what happened three years ago?"

"Yes!" Reese could not hold back another fountain of tears.

"You poor thing. How much of hardship have you endured over the years?" Wendy was consumed by deep sadness.

"Reese! I'm an actress now and I have to shoot every day. I'm especially busy during this time. Ray is still so young and I am not content having just anyone take care of him. Once you are divorced, you are welcome to live with us. Then you can help babysit Ray. That would be such a comfort for me, knowing that he is in safe hands."

'Hmm? So...I still seem to hold some value in this existence,' : Reese thought.

Her eyes lit up like twinkling stars.
Her desperation was replaced with a ray of optimism.
She agreed without hesitation, "Okay! When I get divorced, I will help you take care of your precious little one!"
But after a momentary pause, her eyes darkened again.
"But Flynn won't agree to a divorce."
Wendy sneered, "He has no say in the matter!"
Reese's ward was really shabby and overcrowded, with six beds in it.

All the beds were occupied by patients with various types of ailments.
Reese's bed was located close to the door.
Unfortunately it was right next to an overused bathroom.
The ventilation was very poor and the gross odor filled her with nausea.
Moreover, the patients in this ward were taken care of by their families so the ward was forever busy.
At any given time, there were at least a dozen people overcrowding the tiny area.
Family members used every minute of the visiting hours to catch up on news and were always very rowdy.
Witnessing this scenario, Wendy frowned in despair.
'How could Reese get any peace and quiet in such an unsavory environment?' she thought.
She bumped into a nurse who was doing her rounds in the wards and asked her about the conditions in that particular ward.
She wanted Reese to be transferred to a cleaner, quieter ward.
"I'm sorry, but there is no other ward available at the moment."
The nurse shook her head hopelessly and said, "Our hospital is full beyond capacity every day. The patients even spill out into the corridors. She should be grateful that she has a ward to stay in. It's not possible to transfer her elsewhere."
Upon hearing the gloomy words of the nurse, Reese tugged at Wendy's T-shirt and moped, "Forget it, Wendy. I'm fine living here."
'What? You have dark rings and bags under your eyes. It's obvious that you are not getting any decent

rest. Furthermore, there's no one to take care of you here. I'm sure you haven't even had your lunch yet, '

Wendy observed silently.

As she analyzed the situation, her mind went to the comforts offered in the wards on the thirty-second floor.

She pondered for a while then said, "Reese, wait a minute. I'll make an important call."

As she whipped out her phone to make the call, she was startled to notice that there were several missed calls from Ryan.

That morning she had set her phone on vibration mode when Ryan was asleep.

She realized that she had not even been aware of the calls because she was so engrossed in Reese's personal matters.

She didn't call back immediately. Instead, she phoned Leo.

She had only saved Leo's number that morning and didn't expect that it would come in handy so soon.

The call was soon connected. Before Wendy could say anything, Leo asked anxiously, "Wendy?"

"It's me!" she answered.

"Where on earth are you? Ryan has been trying desperately to get hold of you for hours. Wait a second. Speak to him."

"Uh..." Before Wendy could say anything, Ryan's voice boomed icily.

"Where have you been?" he asked, genuinely concerned.

After quickly checking the time, she was stunned to note that two hours had elapsed since she had gone downstairs to buy lunch for him.

No wonder Ryan was worried.

She hurriedly explained what had transpired.

Then she pleaded with Ryan.

"Please ask Dr. Leo if there are any better beds available in the in-patient department. The conditions where my sister is housed are just terrible. I'm really worried about her because she is all alone."

Leo was present with Ryan.

Leo's phone was on loud speaker so he caught the conversation and made an "Okay" gesture to him.

Countless thoughts instantly flashed through Ryan's mind.

'Reese?' he thought.

According to Luke's investigation, Reese had sacrificed much for Wendy, so she held her sister dear in her heart.

He said softly, "I will ask Leo."

"Okay!" Wendy answered.

Leo nodded repeatedly and added, "Bro, it's not a problem to secure a private room for the sister of your future wife. Consider it done."

Ryan covered his phone quickly and looked at Leo sternly.

"Uh..." Leo was confused.

Ryan moved his hand away and explained to her calmly, "Leo says that there are no other wards available in the hospital!"

Leo was speechless.

'I didn't say that!' he cried silently.

Even Raymond, who was sitting on the sofa, munching an apple, looked at Ryan askance. Ryan ignored them and said a mouthful.

"Don't worry. You can transfer your sister to my ward. It's a ward with two bedrooms. There is a free bed there. She is welcome to stay there."

"Well. Is it okay?" Wendy asked.

"There are special nurses and doctors on the thirty- second floor. You will be busy shooting for the film so you won't be able to take care of her. I think it's a sensible solution to let her live there."

"Yes, you are right. Okay! I'll bring her there right away,' Wendy said.

After hanging up the phone, Ryan threw the phone to Leo, who skillfully caught it.

"Ryan..." Leo said tentatively, waiting for Ryan's instruction.

"Ask someone to clean up the room thoroughly and immediately!" Ryan ordered indifferently.

"Okay. I see."

Still quite confused, Leo went to find someone to do it.

Ryan and Raymond were left alone in the room.

Raymond put down his apple and said, "You lied to my mommy!"

"It's a white lie," Ryan explained.

"Is it good for you?" Ray snorted, "I know what you are up to!"

"Oh?" Ryan was surprised.

"My mommy cares very much about Auntie Reese. If she comes here, then my mommy will also come here every day. Then you will get to see her every day and you can show her how much you love her,"

Ray said. Ryan didn't deny it.

He gave Ray an approving look and nodded, "Anything else?"

Ray continued, "Humph! There are very few people that my mommy cares about. Auntie Reese and I are two of those lucky people. I know that you want to impress my aunt so that she can help you win my mommy over."

Hearing that, Ryan smiled.

He leaned against the head of the bed and said, "You are very smart, young man!"

Ray's ears turned red. He grunted and continued to eat his apple.

"You don't have to sweeten your words for me. It doesn't work. Are you not worried that I will tell my mommy everything about your plan?"

"It's all up to you whether you get to see Precious today or not."

'What? I haven't seen her for many days!' Ray thought. His eyes brightened like the stars in the night sky.

He didn't want Ryan to go back on his word so he leapt from the sofa, rushed to him and hooked his little finger.

"Deal!"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 68: Frost And Warmth

Reese had been in the hospital for two full days, yet no one had been there to care for her.

Even her food was bought over by the families of the other patients in the same room.

She felt utterly exhausted.

After her long talk with Wendy a few moments ago, her mood had dimmed significantly.

She had no strength whatsoever, even for the tiniest of movements.

Thankfully, Leo had pulled a few strings and now a nurse pushed a wheelchair in the room.

Leo helped Reese in the wheelchair, and Wendy pushed her towards the thirty-second floor.

"Wendy..."

Reese said weakly, slumped as she was on the wheelchair.

Her voice was so low, barely above a whisper.

"Are you sure it won't be too much trouble for your friend?"

"Nonsense! He may look a bit cold and distant at first, but don't let that trouble you. Underneath his

stony facade, he is really kind and thoughtful. Don't worry, sister,"

Wendy said encouragingly.

"Okay, then," Reese answered.

When they finally reached the thirty-second floor, Wendy opened the heavy door.

Reese admired the warmly decorated room, yet she could not ignore the feeling of uneasiness washing over her.

'No way! Are you sure we are still in the hospital? This looks like a hotel suite!' She exclaimed, sighing inwardly.

"Wendy..." She started hesitantly.

"Don't worry. My friend's family is really rich; that's all." Wendy waved her hand dismissively.

Her explanation did nothing to make Reese feel any less nervous, though.

Flynn's family wasn't just rich.

They practically ran an empire.

They owned two factories and had just purchased a duplex in the heart of the city.

Flynn's assets were worth a grand total of over one hundred million.

But Reese wouldn't have imagined he would choose such a luxurious hospital room.

As soon as they entered, little Raymond rushed over to greet them.

"Mommy!" As he neared the wheelchair, he took a good look at Reese.

The two sisters looked a lot alike, but the little boy figured it out pretty fast.

His eyes lit up with the realization and he exclaimed, "You must be Auntie Reese. Mommy talks about you

all the time! You are even more beautiful than Mommy said."

Reese didn't have any children, despite being married for eleven years and it worried her a lot.

She absolutely loved children, especially little Raymond, her handsome, sweet nephew.

Just looking at the little boy, Reese's heart melted. She raised her hands to her face.

"Auntie knows she is quite ugly right now. No need for compliments just to comfort me, Ray."

"Of course you don't look well now! No one is pretty when they are sick. But once you get better, you will be more beautiful than these ladies in the movies," Ray said, nodding knowingly.

Seeing the look on the boy's face cheered up Reese instantly and she smiled through her tears.

Moved by her son's thoughtfulness, Wendy ruffled his hair.

Usually, Ray didn't like to act and speak like that.

He insisted he was too old to act childishly.

After all, he was already four years old! So, his behavior towards Reese was highly unusual.

Wendy was stunned.

Her son even tried so hard to play cute, just to make his aunt happy.

She smiled broadly as she pushed Reese further into the room.

Ryan and Leo were already there.

Wendy took charge of the introductions.

"Reese, this is Dr. Leo. His family owns Hopewell Hospital."

Then, turning to Leo, she said, "Dr. Leo, this is my sister, Reese."

"Nice to meet you, Dr. Leo,"

Reese said, smiling at the man.

Leo took a good look at Reese.

She looked a lot like her sister, but they were completely different in character.

Wendy possessed the kind of beauty that made every head turn when she entered a room.

But Reese had a more graceful, subtle beauty.

Her face was pale and her long hair was now a little bit messy.

But that was part of her charm.

Her beauty was more earthly, ethereal even.

Leo nodded at her.

"A pleasure meeting you, Miss Reese. If you need anything while you are in the hospital, feel free to come to me. I will be glad to be of service."

"Thank you! You are too kind."

Reese flashed him a smile.

Her eyes held so much gentleness, that it made Leo a little light-headed.

When Wendy turned to Ryan, she paused.

She wasn't sure how to introduce him to her sister.

The relationship between them was too complicated to describe.

If she introduced him as her boss, how would she explain the fact that

she came to the hospital to take

care of him and he even agreed to share his ward for her sake? She was

worried that her sister might

make the wrong assumptions.

Ryan waited patiently for her to make the introduction.

After considering her options, Wendy said, "Reese, meet my friend, Ryan Oliver."

Then she turned to Ryan, "Ryan, this is my sister."

"Hello, sister! Nice to finally meet you," Ryan said with a smirk.

His reply made Wendy freeze at the spot as she glared at him.

'Ryan, this is my sister, not yours. Why would you call her that? Not to

mention that Reese is only

twenty-nine years old, and you are thirty. Don't you realize how

inappropriate it is?' Wendy thought,

irritated by his behavior.

Ryan ignored the angry looks Wendy was sending his way. Reese glanced

at Wendy and then back at

Ryan. Realization dawned on her.

She beamed at him and said, "Hello there, Ryan! It's good to meet you, too."

"I had the bed prepared for you, sister. Hop in there and make yourself comfortable," Ryan continued.

Reese nodded, as she felt her exhaustion take over.

Wendy cast her a worried look and swiftly pushed the wheelchair next to the bed.

It had been dressed in fresh, fragrant linens, and had the fluffiest of

pillows waiting for her to lay her

head on.

The quilt was so soft, that Reese felt the urge to rub her face on it.

Wendy helped her sister lie down.

A quick look confirmed that Reese wasn't in a good mood, so Wendy drew the curtains aside, saying,

"Sister, get some rest. I'll come back later and bring you something to eat."

Reese shook her head.

"I'm not hungry. Just tired."

"Then get some sleep. You can eat when you wake up."

"Fine."

After tucking her in, Wendy poured her sister a glass of water and left it on the bedside table.

Then she tip-toed out of the room and closed the door quietly.

When she left Reese's room, Leo had already taken off.

Ray was slumped on the sofa watching TV, while Ryan was sitting up against the headboard.

When he saw her, he waved her over.

"Come here!"

"Absolutely not! I'm going to get some food."

"I've already asked Luke to fetch some takeout for all of us. He'll be here soon."

"Okay, then." Wendy answered, avoiding eye-contact.

"Come here, please." Ryan said again.

"What is it?" Wendy asked, but still she went to him.

As she reached the edge of his bed, Ryan took her right hand into his.

He turned it over, examining every inch of it, noticing that it was red and swollen.

"What happened?"

Ryan asked, a frown marring his forehead.

"I don't know. Must have happened when I punched that scumbag!"

Wendy had tried her best to hide her hand from sight, but her attempts didn't fool Ryan.

"Does it hurt a lot?"

"No, just a little bit."

Ryan looked at her suspiciously and suddenly squeezed her palm.

"Ouch! Are you crazy?"

"You were the one that said it didn't hurt."

He shrugged, the corners of his mouth twitching.

Wendy was at a loss for words.

'Heck! That brilliant bastard.' Wendy complained inwardly.

There were tears brimming in her eyes.

It really did hurt.

She tried pull her hand out of Ryan's grasp, but he held on it tightly.

"Hold still!"

He put his shoes on and stood up.

He went to the kitchen and retrieved an ice pack from the refrigerator and a towel to wrap around it.

Then, he carefully placed the ice pack on her palm and the pain lessened significantly. Wendy stared in awe at him.

That man was so damn attractive without even trying.

She suddenly became aware that they were standing very close to each other.

She could see clearly the serious look he wore.

His lips were pursed and his jaw tight.

He looked like he faced the biggest decision of his life.

As she studied his handsome face, Wendy's heart starting beating wildly.

She felt a flush rising on her cheeks and she berated herself, 'Damn it! I am truly pathetic. He shows

me a fraction of attention and I feel like a love-struck little girl.' She noticed that her hand was still in his.

She could feel the warmth radiating from his palm, dousing the back of her hand in delicious heat.

And at the same time, her own palm was chilled by the frost of the ice bag.

It was a really strange, but weirdly exciting feeling.

"Does it still hurt?" Ryan asked.

Remembering what happened the last time she claimed her hand did not hurt, she nodded and answered honestly.

"It does." Ryan's eyes sparkled with amusement.

"Then let's keep the ice on a bit longer. It will help with the swelling."

As he said those words, he reached over and took her hand in his own again, like it was the most natural thing in the world.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 69: Be My Woman

Lunch was delivered by Luke, though it was way past lunch hour.

The three tier wooden lunch box was full of Ray's favorite food.

"Where is Precious?"

Ray stretched out his neck and scanned the area behind Luke with curious eyes. Disappointment was written all over his long face when he saw that no one was there.

"She will come later."

"Okay, I see!" Ray was heavy hearted.

Wendy went into the inner room and found that Reese was sleeping soundly.

She left some food, sealed in cling wrap, in the fridge for her.

Then she proceeded to join the others for lunch.

Her right hand, still red and swollen, was a stark reminder that she could not use it yet.

She struggled with the chopsticks so she swapped them for a spoon.

"What's wrong with your hand?" Luke joked.

"I encountered an unfaithful excuse for a human being who was proud of his infidelity, so I wrestled him to the ground."

"Holy cow!"

"What a devil! It's a good thing you took a swing at him! But the next time you meet such a lecherous pig, just call me, and I'll reshape his face. You really don't need to exert yourself physically,"

Luke cautioned. Wendy smashed the rice with her spoon and snorted,

"You are no different!"

"Hey! Wendy, I strongly object to that conjecture. How dare you compare me to that scumbag? Well, I admit that I'm a bit of a philanderer and I change girlfriends quite frequently but I never date two women at the same time. Besides, my ex-girlfriends and I have a mature understanding and our breakups are always cordial. We never carry old baggage into the next relationship."

Her silent grin conveyed a great deal.

"Wendy, your smile is scaring me!"

Wendy scooped out the rice angrily and began to gobble.

Ryan quietly picked up some shredded bitter melon and passed it to her.

Wendy immediately got the message.

Bitter melon was good for dissipating internal body heat and so calmed an irritable person.

Wendy glared at him and snapped, "Men are all the same! Rotten to the core!"

Ray shyly raised his little hand and said, "Mommy, I'm a good person."

Wendy was speechless.

She had to hold back her anger.

Once again, Ryan handed her some more bitter gourd. She was in awe of this gesture.

After the lunch, her mouth sustained the bitter taste of the gourd.

She had eaten it gluttonously to cool her temper.

Thereafter she drank two glasses of water to eradicate the bitterness.

The more she reminisced about Reese's experience, the angrier she became! It was Flynn who had

engaged in an extramarital affair, so why did his wife have to attempt suicide? As for Flynn, he was unaffected by everything.

His only punishment was being smacked by a furious sister-in-law! 'No way! I can't let that lascivious lout get away with this so easily,' Wendy thought.

"Luke!"

"Yes!" He approached her with trepidation.

"Wendy, what's up?"

"Can you do me a favor?"

"Whatever it takes!"

Wendy was pleasantly overwhelmed.

The corners of her mouth twitched, "It's just a mere trifle! I heard from your brother that you have several good contacts. Help me investigate Flynn."

"No problem! But what kind of information are you looking for?" Luke enquired.

He was an extremely smart man.

He could detect from her sinister tone why she had displayed such volatile behavior earlier.

"Give me the dirt on his lifestyle!"

"Okay! I'll have it ready for you later today!" She felt comforted at last.

'Flynn was really a scumbag.

He had the audacity to trap Reese in this horrible marriage and have his way with other women!"

He must be delusional! Not only do I want him out of Reese's life but I also want him to pay bitterly for what he has done to my sister!' Wendy's mind was made up. Later that afternoon, Wendy was awakened from her midday nap by a noise outside the ward. She rubbed her eyes in confusion. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"It's okay. Go back to sleep with Ray. I'll go have a look," Ryan said. "Okay!"

However, before Ryan could get out of bed, the door was viciously kicked open and Flynn forced his way in.

He looked around till his eyes fell on Wendy.

He pointed at her unceremoniously and said, "It's her! This is the woman who assaulted me today!

Arrest her immediately!"

Two burly policemen followed him into the ward and said coldly, "Miss, this gentleman has accused you of assaulting him with the intention of causing grievous bodily harm. Please accompany us back to the police station and assist us in our investigation!"

By now Wendy was wide awake.

She sat upright in her bed and scolded vehemently, "Flynn! Have you no shame? You have stooped to calling in the police after being flogged by a woman!"

The policeman asked at once, "So you admit to assaulting Mr. Flynn?"

"Yes, I did assault him!" Wendy spat, infuriated.

Upon hearing that, Flynn immediately shouted, "Sir, look at how arrogant she is!"

The two policemen looked at each other and were preparing to arrest Wendy.

"Please cooperate and come with us to the police station!"

"Wait!" Wendy said.

"What else do you wish to say?"

"Why don't you ask me why I assaulted him?" Wendy asked.

Staring at them icily, she pointed at Flynn and added, "This scumbag hit my sister and even tried to rape her while she was recovering in a hospital bed. Everyone in the ward witnessed his cowardly behavior! I

acted in self-defense!"

The two policemen did not mellow and instructed sternly, "Sorry! Please follow us to the police station! :

Flynn raised his chin with pride and walked over to her. He was still wearing the floral shirt that he had worn when the unpleasant episode unfolded that morning. As he walked, the fat on his belly jiggled and appeared disgusting to the senses. He walked slowly to the bedside and raised his eyebrows.

"You vile woman, I told you that you would have to pay for this!"

Wendy looked at him contemptuously.

He leaned over her and whispered, "Let me not hide anything from you. These two policemen are my accomplices. Once you get inside the police station, there's no chance in hell that you will ever come out. So brace yourself!"

"So what?"

"Now, I'm giving you two choices. Either they will arrest you on charges of intentional assault and detain you in prison for a year or two; or there's the second choice..." He paused.

With an enchanting smile he had the gall to say, "Be my woman!"

Flynn was confident that any right thinking woman would choose the latter.

He stared at her lustily, almost drooling.

He continued, "As long as you be with me, I promise you a haven of untold luxury for the rest of your life. If you disapprove of my current marital status, I will divorce your sister on the turn and marry you. Then you will no longer have to slog in the film industry! Isn't it the ultimate dream of every female star in the film industry to bag a rich man? Consider me as your knight in shining armor, your dream ticket to the moon. You will never have to work another day in your life!"

She sneered at his disparaging remarks.

Flynn had researched her background in such a short space of time.

He even knew that she was an actress.

She knew that he had come well prepared.

"A rich family?" she asked.

"Yes, follow me and be my woman. From now on, you will be the hostess of a rich family!"

His raw desire for her was written all over his face.

If only he had known that Wendy would blossom into such a beautiful woman, he would have asked

Ruben for her hand in marriage.

Although she had beaten him up earlier, his demented mind could only imagine himself embracing her attractive, sexy body.

His carnal desire to satiate himself with this intriguing woman was overwhelming.

The very thought of violating her set his adrenaline on arush.

"Beauty..."

Flynn swallowed and reached out to touch her face.

"Smack!" Wendy slapped him across the face.

The force with which she slapped him was resounding.

His teeth cut his lips and blood spilled out.

The taste of blood filled his mouth.

His head started buzzing and he became as angry as a wounded lion.

"You shrew! Now you have overstepped your mark. You will pay sorely for this! I won't let you go!" Then

he covered his face and stared at the two policemen.

"Now she even dared slap me in front of you cops! What are you still waiting for, you useless morons?"

Arrest her!"

Flynn said savagely.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 70: The Richest Man In The City

Standing outside the room, Leo saw that something was wrong and started moving towards the door.

But Luke stepped in his way, blocking the entrance.

"What do you think you are doing, Luke?" "It's just a spat now! We don't need to get involved. Just relax!"

Luke said, an eager look on his face.

He was so excited that he grabbed hold of Leo's hand to prevent him from rushing in the room.

"My brother has gone to great lengths to win Wendy's heart. And now, that idiot is here looking for trouble. Just let Ryan be the hero and save his lady. We two should stay out of the way!"

As soon as the last word left his mouth, Luke moved towards the ajar door and started watching the events unfolding inside the room.

Leo just stood there frozen for a while.

But soon, Luke's words sunk in.

He turned towards the door, pushed his glasses on the bridge of his nose and sneaked a peek inside the room through the crack of the door, following Luke's lead.

In the room, Flynn was yelling, "Wendy, you bitch! You need to make a choice now! Which is it going to be jail or me? Even you are not stupid enough not to know that marrying a rich man is the obvious choice."

"A rich man?" Wendy sneered, "Don't flatter yourself."

"Come on, Wendy. Just face the facts. This city is full of affluent people, maybe hundreds of them, and yet

I am well-known among the elite. I am worth more than 100 million, remember? I am not flattering

myself. I am simply enjoying my position in society. Especially knowing that most people, including you,

will never see that kind of money in their whole lives," Flynn said with contempt.

"You should consider yourself lucky that I am offering to marry you."

"If I wanted to marry for money, I would aim for the richest man in the city. Not you, Flynn. You are not as

big a deal as you seem to think," Wendy retorted.

"It looks like you have already made your decision. Then don't let me keep you any longer,"

Flynn sneered, and gestured to the policemen behind him. The two men moved towards Wendy their eyes fixed on her.

But just as one of them reached out to grab Wendy, a muscled hand snatched his arm away.

Catching sight of Ryan still in a hospital gown, the young policeman asked with a frown, "Who do you

think you are? Step back now. If you get in our way, we will arrest you too!"

Ryan took a good look at both men, his eyes cold and piercing.

The policemen could barely suppress a shiver.

Ryan's imposing manner had them both rooted to the spot, forgetting their orders to arrest Wendy.

"Who the hell are you?"

Flynn got a good look at Ryan then.

His brow furrowed with irritation and he snapped, "Damn it! You stay out of my way, do you hear me?"

'Out of your way?' Ryan raised his head and pierced him with a look of pure hatred. Flynn flinched under the intensity of his gaze.

"I am warning you. Mind your own business, or else..."

He barely managed to stammer.

"Ow!"

Before he could even finish his sentence, he cried out in pain as Ryan kicked him away.

Flynn smashed into the wall hard, his face a mask of pain.

He shot a venomous look at Ryan and called back to the two policemen, "Arrest him! Both of them!"

The two policemen didn't waste another second.

However, in the blink of an eye, they were both knocked to the ground, moaning.

"How dare you assault a police officer! This is a felony! We can have you locked up for years," one of the policemen growled at him.

Without even looking at the two men still lying on the ground, Ryan took out a wet wipe. He cleaned his hands and then threw the wipe into the trash.

"Luke!" He called, turning his head towards the door.

"I am here!" Luke pushed the door open and walked calmly into the room.

"Now fetch Cary Charles."

"I have called him already. He is on his way here as we speak."

'Cary Charles?' Flynn frowned upon hearing the name. For some reason, it sounded really familiar to

him. They all just stood there, waiting in silence. Roughly twenty minutes later, Cary Charles entered,

accompanied by a group of people. Charles was a middle-aged man, a few years over forty. He had a square face that wore an austere, intelligent look.

When he entered the room, he took one look at the scene in front of him and seemed to catch on immediately to what was happening.

But he was still a little blurry on the details.

He strode to Ryan and nodded with respect.

"Mr. Ryan, I came as soon as I heard you needed my assistance.

What is this matter of extreme urgency that requires my attention?"

Ryan glanced at the two policemen on the ground and then asked in a calm voice, "Are these two your men?"

Cary Charles turned to look at the two young officers.

When he saw their fierce glares, he immediately shook his head and said, "No! Those two are definitely

not part of my team. I have never seen them before."

There was a great number of policemen in his station and he may not have known all of them.

But they all surely knew him. And no one that had known him-or known of him- would ever dare to look at him that way.

"Seize them," Ryan ordered.

"You heard the man! Arrest them both. Take them down to the station immediately."

Cary Charles barked, waving his hand to his men behind him.

Four of them immediately seized the two impostors and put them in handcuffs.

On the other side of the room, Flynn, still lying on the ground, was frozen in utter shock! Once he had caught sight of Cary Charles, he had finally understood why his name sounded so familiar.

'That's him! The chief of the police department! His mind still numb from the revelation. He had tried so many times to meet with Cary, get on the man's good side. But he had failed to make an appointment each time he had attempted it.

Seeing Ryan and Cary Charles so comfortable around each other, Flynn was horrified.

He kept wondering who the hell Ryan was.
How could he make someone like Cary act so humbly in his presence?
He was starting to panic.
All he wanted at the moment was to sneak out of the room silently,
unnoticed by everyone.
"Don't even think about it."
Luke stepped on his back just as he started crawling away.
"You son of a bitch! Did you think you'd get away that easily? After
everything you've done?"
"Who the hell are you people?" Flynn asked in horror.
"My name is Luke Oliver," Luke stated, looking at Flynn closely.
But Flynn was still wearing a confused look.
Everyone in the room was struggling to contain their laughter.
Luke's embarrassment started to be replaced by anger.
He grabbed Flynn by his collar and shouted, "Do you think this is a game?
Pretending you don't know
who I am? You think this is funny? Are you looking down on me?"
"No, no, absolutely not!"
"Shut your mouth."
Flynn was too scared and confused to utter another word.
"Let me jog your memory then. I'm Luke Oliver. As in Oliver Group. Do you
remember me now?"
Flynn eyes were wide.
Each breath of his came out short and labored.
He did remember the man in front of him now.
'Luke Oliver?! Luke Oliver! No wonder the name rang a bell before, but I
didn't remember it until just
now.
He is from that infernal Oliver Group!' Flynn thought.
Everyone in the country knew the Oliver Group.
And Luke was the second son of the Oliver family. Flynn looked at Ryan,
trembling from head to toe.
'This man looks quite like Luke. So that means he must be the CEO of the
Group, Ryan Oliver. He is said to
be the most ruthless man in the business world! I'm dead.' Flynn's legs
gave away from under him.
He collapsed to the floor in a terrified heap.
Cary Charles gestured to his men.
"Take him down to the police station, too. There are some things I need
to ask him."

Afterwards, the police chief chatted with Ryan for a little while, but seeing that the man's temper hadn't cooled yet, he hurriedly found an excuse to leave. Luke was next to leave in a hurry, offering some lame excuse to be anywhere but in that room. Soon the only people left in the room were Ryan, Wendy and little Raymond. When all hell had broken loose, Wendy had covered Raymond's head with a blanket. Fortunately, all the shouting had not woken the little boy up. He was still fast asleep. She would never have guessed that Flynn would dare hire people to impersonate police officers, just to spite her. No wonder these people acted like thugs instead of cops. She glanced at Ryan and said, "So...Thank you." She would have never gotten out of this situation by herself. Ryan's name alone helped her stay out of trouble. Ryan walked up to her in silence and held out his hand. Wendy simply looked at him in confusion. "What are you doing?" "Well, I'm the richest man in the city. So, you better not miss your chance. Just snatch me up now," Ryan said, his eyes twinkling with amusement. Wendy could not form any sort of answer. She was at a loss for words, completely and utterly. The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

Next chapter