

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 71: Grandma, I Hate You

"I am officially the richest man in Ywood!" Ryan repeated boastfully. Wendy was lost for words.

Meanwhile, in the Oliver family's old house, a drama was playing out. "Grandma, I want to go to the hospital to see daddy. Please let me go."

Precious placed her arms firmly around Josie's legs like a spoiled child. Josie was just twenty years old

when she gave birth to Ryan. Now she was fifty.

But she had aged very gracefully and could easily be mistaken for a woman in her forties.

Her meticulous skin care routine over the years was the secret to her youthfulness. "Grandma! Daddy

is sad all alone in hospital."

Precious was her only granddaughter and she was the apple of her eye.

Generally she would bend over backwards to fulfil the little girl's whims, but this time she stuck to her

guns and denied her request.

"What? Your daddy is well taken care of at the hospital. He is not at all sad," Josie explained.

Then, she hugged Precious and continued, "Precious, have you forgotten what I told you? I don't want

you to have any contact with Wendy and Ray anymore. They are bad people!"

"No! I like them! I want to be with them!" Precious protested.

Josie's face suddenly became stern.

"Precious! I think you have been taken in by their sweet words. How long have you known them? You

have to know that in this world, only your grandpa, grandma, your father and uncle really love you!"

"No! That's not true! Grandma, I won't allow you to say anything bad about Auntie Wendy and Ray!"

Hearing that, Josie became annoyed and her eyes turned red. She was consumed by anger and sorrow.

For many years, she had taken wholehearted care of Precious, but now her only grandchild challenged

her authority for two people she barely knew. It hurt terribly.

"Precious..." She intended to persuade her again. However, she was rudely interrupted by her rebellious grandchild. "I want to see Auntie Wendy and Ray!" Precious sobbed at the top of her lungs. It broke Josie's heart to see the little girl wailing but this time, she was determined not to give in to her request. Precious flung herself on the floor and threw another tantrum. Next to them, Anson was watching the drama heighten. He couldn't bear to see Precious lying on the floor, so sad and helpless, so he quickly picked her up and comforted her. "My dear, the floor is so cold. How can you lie there? Get up now!" "Grandpa, I want to go to the hospital. I want to see my daddy, Auntie Wendy and Ray!" she sobbed uncontrollably. "Auntie Wendy and Ray are such nice people. Grandma has never even met them so how can she say that they are bad?" Josie went cold at the sound of these words. Anson, who looked dapper in his navy blue traditional suit, had a slender built. He had served in the army so his back was always straight, which gave him an energetic appearance. However, strands of gray hair showed that he was beginning to age. Josie was Anson's wife and their love for each other was legendary. He doted on her. Observing how upset she had become, he rushed to her side and consoled her in a soft voice. "Calm down now. Please don't blame her!" Josie turned away from him and sulked.

Seeing that, Anson prodded Precious's shoulder and beckoned her to go to Josie. Precious was sensitive and realized that she had hurt Josie. So she stopped crying and went to her. She tugged at the hem of Josie's dress and said, "Grandma, I'm sorry. It was my fault. I shouldn't have spoken to you so harshly." "Humph!" "Grandma." "Are you wrong?"

"Yes, yes, I was wrong." Josie's face softened.

She placed Precious on her lap.

Then she explained in a soft, gentle voice, "My darling, I wasn't being stubborn. But if you want more friends to play with, I'll arrange for you to meet many wonderful children. If you want a new mommy, I will show you many nice girls in the Ywood and you can choose the one you like the most. Then I will make sure that your daddy marries her. But Wendy will not make a good mommy for you."

"Why?"

"Because she is an unmarried woman who already has a child. Besides, she is an actress in the movie industry and people speak badly about such actresses. Sweetheart, I have nothing against actresses but you are too young to understand how their minds work. They will do anything to marry into a rich family!"

"No, she won't. Auntie Wendy saved me."

"These are all her ploys!" Precious refused to believe it.

She shook her head desperately and retorted, "Grandma, Auntie Wendy is not like that. She didn't know that my daddy was a rich man when she first met him. Later on when she came to know that he is a rich man, she still didn't want to date him. It was my daddy who was going after her although she was trying to avoid him." "It only proves that she is more cunning than we think!" Josie scoffed.

"Grandma! You are being unreasonable."

"Precious! Be quiet! Anyway, I won't let you meet them again!" Some time ago, Ryan had called her up unexpectedly and told her to stop arranging blind dates for him as he had finally met someone he liked. When Josie heard the news, she was delirious with delight and couldn't sleep properly for several nights.

Ryan's marriage had always been her greatest concern. He didn't seem to like to talk to women, let alone physical contact with them.

For a short period of time she suspected that he might even be a homosexual! When she heard that he had fallen in love with a woman, she vowed that she would accept her as long as her family background was above board and she made her son happy. On that basis, she had hired someone to investigate Wendy's background.

The results of the investigation were a slap in the face for her. Soon, she discovered that Wendy was an unmarried mother and an actress.

How could she possibly agree to this love match? Luke had even shared with her that not only Ryan, but Precious adored Wendy too. Josie was horrified. She immediately sent the driver to pick Precious up from Ensfield so that she would be away from Wendy.

"Grandma, why are you being so unreasonable?" Precious asked while trying to get away from Josie's hug.

With teary eyes, she accused, "You've never met Auntie Wendy so how can you be so sure that she is a bad person? Grandma, don't you always tell me that we can't judge a book by its cover? You can't group them as bad people because of what other people say. Since when did you become so unreasonable?"

Josie trembled in anger, "What did you say? I'm doing it for your own good!"

"No, you are not! If you really cared about my feelings then you will agree with me. After so long I finally found the perfect people who I want to be my mommy and my brother. But you don't want me realize my dream. Grandma, I hate you!"

After that, Precious covered her face and ran upstairs in tears.

"Wendy, you are really something! In such a short space of time you got my granddaughter to hate me. Precious has lost all respect for me now! She just said she hates me. Never before has she ever spoken to me like that!" Josie was deeply saddened and wiped away her tears.

Seeing that, Anson sighed helplessly. He sat beside Josie and put his arm around her shoulder.

"This time you are wrong! I think what Precious said makes sense. She may be young, naive and can be easily fooled, but Ryan and Luke are not. If Wendy had ulterior motives, then they would have definitely been able to see through her. Honey, we should trust our sons!"

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Chapter 72: Hunger Strike And Heat Stroke

Anson was trying his very best to calm Josie down, but nothing seemed to do the trick.

She slapped off his hand and growled, "Don't touch me! You don't know what you are talking about. You are just as crazy as your son. He is completely obsessed with that woman! Luke has always been reckless and you know it. He has never listened to anyone except Ryan, ever since he was little. He will always take his brother's word over ours! Now that Ryan thinks he is in love with that woman, what do you expect Luke to do? Actually, can't Luke see reason for once and tell his brother that she is not good enough for him?"

Anson just stared at her in silence.

'My God! This woman can use the stupidest arguments when she wants things to go her way,' he thought, fighting the urge to roll his eyes at her. He sighed and tried a different tactic.

"What do you think we should do, then?"

"Make sure Ryan never sees that woman again."

"You know that won't be easy." Josie turned to face him fully, offering him a poisonous glare.

"You are supposed to be here to help find a solution to our problem. Not to crap on every single one of my suggestions."

"I am trying to help. Just think about it for a second, keeping in mind that it's Ryan we are talking about. He's always been fiercely independent, even as a little kid. When he got it in his head to do

something, nobody could stand in his way! Besides, he is thirty years old. He has finally fallen in love with a woman and you ask him to give her up? What if he had never found love at all ever again? Wouldn't that be even worse?"

But Josie was quick to reply, "Well, if he fell in love with Wendy now, he would be able to fall for some other woman too. If he let go of his obsession with that woman, it will be a matter of time before he finds someone to love. I could even help him find a woman worthy of him." "Josie, he is turning thirty this year. And this is the first time he has ever fallen in love. If he gives up on his happiness now, he could have to wait until he is sixty before it happens again!"

"You are being ridiculous!" Josie replied stubbornly.

Anson looked around helplessly.

"It's his business, his choice, and his life. Stop worrying so much about him and, for God's sake, let him make his own decisions."

"Absolutely not! I would die before I allowed an actress to marry into the Oliver family!" "Is she still refusing to eat?" Josie asked a maid later that day.

The maid nodded solemnly. She still held the tray, which held several plates with food that had been microwaved one too many times already.

"Ma'am, Miss Precious has locked herself in her room since she returned this morning. And she only ate half a bowl of porridge for breakfast. Normally, she should be starving by now."

At the maid's words, Josie started feeling anxious.

"Food had always been Precious's passion. No matter how angry or sad she was, a plate of delicious food was all it took to cheer her up. Why isn't it working this time? This can't go on. She will make herself sick if she keeps this up," Josie thought to herself.

She marched to the little girl's bedroom and knocked three times on the door, "Precious! It's

Grandma. Please come out and join us for lunch. I made sure we have your favorite today. Braised pork

and pork ribs with barbecue sauce! Mm! It smells heavenly. Why don't you come out and try some?"

"No! I want to see Auntie Wendy and Ray. Until you let me meet them, I won't eat anything!"

'What a brat!' Josie sighed. She was starting to get really pissed at her granddaughter's behavior.

"Are you threatening me, Precious?"

"I am just saying that I am not hungry." Josie was furious.

Breakfast was seven hours ago. Precious always used to grab a bite before lunch. But now she was on a hunger strike, for God's sake.

This would surely take a toll on her health! "Precious..."

Josie started again, but her granddaughter interrupted her.

"I said I am not hungry. If you won't let me go to the hospital to see my dad, Auntie Wendy and Ray, I'd

rather to starve to death!" Josie's anger hit a whole new level.

'What kind of hold does Wendy have over Precious?' She thought, cursing that wretched woman.

"Ma'am..."

The maid seemed pretty distressed by Precious' decision to go on a hunger strike, "She hasn't eaten for

so long. How could she starve herself like that?"

'If I back down now, she wins. And I can't let her think she can manipulate me.' Josie gritted her teeth and started walking away.

"Leave her be. Eventually, she will get really hungry, and she will have to come out and eat."

She would rather let the girl starve than let her be close to Wendy! That woman was poison. Josie knew it in her bones.

Three hours passed and despite her resolve not to let Precious get her way, Josie had been to the girl's door more than twenty times.

Standing there in the hallway once more, she asked the maid, "She still won't open the door?"

The maid avoided Josie's eyes and shook her head. Looking at her watch, Josie saw that it was almost time for dinner.

Precious hadn't eaten anything all day! Josie knocked on the door again, "Precious?"

But she got no response. Josie's heart skipped a beat.

She anxiously pounded on the door and called out in a strangely high-pitched voice, "Precious? Can you hear me, darling? Please answer me."

But there was still no response.

'Could she have passed out?' Just thinking about it, Josie went out of her mind.

"Quickly! Help me! We need to open that door!"

When Anson heard the commotion, he didn't waste a moment. He absolutely adored Precious and he'd

been worried sick about her. After running up the stairs, he kicked down the door to the girl's room

without uttering a word.

Although he was getting on in years, he was still in good shape. The door was blown off its hinges with

one swift blow. As soon as the doorway was clear, everyone rushed into the girlish, pink room.

The air conditioner seemed to have been off for a while.

As soon as they stepped foot inside, a wave of heat swept over them.

Josie was appalled! It was a really hot day.

With the air conditioner out of order and no ventilation in the room, Precious must have really suffered

staying in here all day.

Josie's face fell and she rushed to her granddaughter's side.

"Precious, darling!"

Precious was slumped next to the open window.

With her half-lidded eyes, flushed cheeks and dry lips, she looked barely conscious.

"Precious! " Josie sat down next to her and pulled the girl on her lap.

"Precious! Are you okay? Talk to me, please. You are scaring me!"

But Precious didn't even blink. She didn't even look strong enough to draw in breath.

"Jesus! She is burning up!" Josie cried out.

She turned to Anson and cried, "Honey, it must be heatstroke. What should we do?"

Josie was practically trembling with fear at that point.

Anson didn't hesitate.

He quickly picked up Precious and rushed down the stairs. He found a well-ventilated, cool room and started calling out orders to the servants, "Hurry up! Fill a glass with cold water and mix in some salt! And fetch me some ice packs! Lots of them."

The servants ran out of the room and returned in a few moments with everything he had asked for.

Anson gave then instructions on how to wrap the ice packs with towels and then place them on

Precious's body, especially on her forehead and armpits.

Then he gently raised Precious's head and brought the glass to her lips.

"Come on, Precious. Have a sip."

But, Precious turned her head away weakly, causing the water to run down her neck. Josie burst into tears.

"Precious, please. Don't be so stubborn. Can't you see you are killing us?"

"A-Auntie Wendy..."

Precious murmured staring at Josie, eyes gleaming.

Josie was overcome by a wave of sadness. She had spoiled Precious since she was little. The girl had always been a free spirit, so full of life.

Josie had never seen her look so weak before. Josie remembered the day Precious was sent to Oliver family as if it was yesterday.

She had been so small, no larger than a cat. Several of her ribs were broken and the poor thing couldn't even muster the courage to cry.

Tears flowed freely down Josie's face now.

"Fine, fine! Just drink some water, and I will arrange for you to go to the hospital later to see your Auntie

Wendy!" Anson tried again and the girl didn't fight back this time.

Instead, she started drinking the water eagerly.

She was so thirsty that she nearly choked, gulping down water so fast.

"Wow, slow down, sweetie!"

After three glasses of water and several cold compresses, Precious's temperature was back to normal

half an hour later. She looked much better.

Eventually, she took Josie's arm and held on tight.

She looked at her grandma expectantly and said in a hurried voice,

"Grandma, you promised! Please,

take me to the hospital.I want to go now!"

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Chapter 73: One Dilemma After Another

"Precious, we will go after dinner.You haven't eaten anything all day."

"No! I want to go right now!" Josie looked at Anson helplessly. He immediately instructed a servant to call the driver.

But before the driver could get the car ready, Luke returned.

"Uncle Luke!" Precious's joy knew no bounds as she sprinted to hug him.

"Oh! Little One! Why are you so delighted to see me today? Ah, it must be because you didn't see me for

a few days and you missed me terribly, isn't that so? Come on, give your favorite uncle a kiss!" She

covered his mouth and pushed his face away.

"Uncle Luke, why did you suddenly come back?" "Because your daddy asked me to pick you up."

Luke then whispered in her ear, "Your dear Auntie Wendy and Ray miss you very much!" Her eyes

immediately turned red.

Alas! She knew it! They must have missed her as much as she missed them! "Auntie Wendy has cooked

all your favorite dishes for you!"

Precious literally jumped into Luke's arms and commanded, "Uncle Luke, let's go!"

"Okay, let's go!" Holding Precious in his arms, he hurried off blissfully.

"Can you believe this heartless twosome? They left without so much as a goodbye!"

Josie sniffed, "They have both been conned by that wicked woman!"

"Just let them go.They can take care of themselves," said Donovan.

"I will never allow that vile woman to marry into the Oliver family!"

Anson stood alongside her and

watched the two of them get into the car.

Precious was in her element as Luke drove off.

He gently patted her on her shoulder and said, "I've never seen that child happier!"

Josie remained silent.

She thought, 'The happier she is, the more worried I should be. I have spoiled her all these years by giving her everything she wanted, just so she would never need to know the pain of rejection! Wendy is just using Precious to get close to Ryan. Once she succeeds, she will simply throw Precious out like an old shoe. The poor child will never be able to endure that.'

Anson sighed and said, "Josie, just let them go! A family as strong as ours does not need our children to marry for convenience of business deals. Luke is a playboy but Ryan, on the other hand, has never had a girlfriend before. Now that he has found someone whom he sincerely loves, we, as his parents, should support him every step of the way! Status and wealth can take a back seat. All that matters is our son's happiness."

"No way!" shouted Josie.

Anson felt powerless. Josie turned into an iceberg.

"Apart from all the other reasons, she cannot marry Ryan simply because she is the ex-girlfriend of Brian! They dated for three years. How do we know that she is not trying to get her revenge on Brian by pretending to be in love with Ryan? Who knows how her scheming mind works? Furthermore, Ryan is Brian's uncle. If Ryan does end up marrying Wendy, people who don't know any better, would assume that Ryan is so desperate, that he settled for Brian's spoiled leftovers. All in all, that wretched woman will never marry into the Oliver family! Not even over my dead body!"

Over the past few days, Wendy had been burning the midnight oil, taking care of Reese in hospital and shooting with the movie crew. Although she was tired to the bone, she was happy.

Every day, the ward echoed with the merry laughter of Precious and Ray. Reese was very fond of children and their mischievous streaks had her rolling in sidesplitting laughter all the time. She loved having them over to cheer her up. She couldn't remember when last she had been so happy.

With each passing day, she became stronger and healthier. Wendy was overjoyed with her improvement. Today was a double bonus for good news. Luke came in like Father Christmas. He placed a stack of documents before Wendy and said, "Wendy, these are the documents that you have been so patiently waiting for!" Wendy leafed through them and was disgusted by the shameless behavior of Flynn over the past eleven years. It documented how he manipulated his first wife to divorce him, how treacherously he had deceived Reese and the numerous affairs he had engaged in. The more Wendy read, the angrier she became! Flynn and Reese had been married for eleven years and in that time he had had more than twenty affairs! He didn't think twice about the dangers of sexually transmitted diseases before sleeping with countless women. Wendy's hands trembled. "Scumbag!" "There's worse that follows." Luke handed a flash drive to Wendy. "Flynn is a bit promiscuous when he...uh...When he was having sex with women, he had a fetish to record videos. So his office and house were installed with cameras. A friend of mine helped hack into the security system of his house and retrieved all those video clips. You can watch them by yourself." Wendy immediately inserted the drive into Ryan's laptop and the videos popped up. There were two in total. Wendy played the first one. As soon as she clicked on the play button, the sensual sound of moaning could be heard. What followed was the sordid sexual escapades of Flynn with a host of extroverts. Wendy was sick to the stomach watching this display of perverted lust.

Eyeing Flynn's naked body made Ryan nauseous. He gave Luke a sudden cold stare. Luke felt goose bumps on his back. What? How could Ryan be jealous of such a jerk? But fortunately they finally gauged the truth. Wendy was wholly disgusted.

She scowled and quickly pulled the progress bar, only to find that Flynn was cavorting with several different women, imitating a porn site.

This video had been edited!

"Wendy, these videos are all the evidence we need to facilitate the divorce between Reese and Flynn. Based on the grounds of infidelity, he will have to agree to the divorce."

Right! She had requested Luke to investigate him in order to procure such incriminating evidence.

Wendy restrained herself from puking after watching the degrading video.

She saved it and switched it off.

Then she examined the second video and asked, "What's this?"

"You...You'd better check it yourself."

She clicked on the play button and began to shiver at the very first image she saw. In the video, Flynn

pulled Reese's hair and slapped her hard across the face.

He swore while he beat her, "Bitch! How dare you back answer my mother?"

Reese was forced to her knees and he had beaten her black and blue.

"I didn't...I didn't!"

"How dare you contradict me?"

Flynn slapped her with all his might again.

Thud! Her frail body hit against the banister.

The pain must have been excruciating for she remained immobile for a long time.

Flynn became more indignant and uncontrollable.

He continued to beat and kick her mercilessly.

Calmly overseeing this torture was Flynn's mother who stood there with her arms crossed.

"Beat her!" she egged on.

"Beat her harder so that she remembers this day forever! This woman will only come to her senses if you

beat her thoroughly. She doesn't know how lucky she is to be married to you! Punish her enough so that

she learns to speak to me with respect and starts to treat you with dignity! Punch her in the face!"

Wendy's eyes were streaming with tears.

She was quivering so violently that she couldn't hold the mouse.

"Stop watching it!" Ryan covered her eyes with his hand.
"Nol" Wendy brushed his hands aside and persisted in watching the remaining two hours of Reese's harrowing torment at the hands of the mother-son duo. A stunned silence followed in the ward. After a while, Wendy let out a low cry of hatred. She sounded like a tigress whose newborn had been snatched away from her by a predator. Ryan held her shoulders as she clenched her fists and cried in his arms, "I'm going to kill him! I must xill that scumbag!"
"Okay! I'll help you!"
However, before Wendy tackle Flynn, another dilemma stared her in the face. That day, she had received a call from Roger, whom she had not seen in a while. 'Wendy! Something awful has happened! Just look at the entertainment headlines!"
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Chapter 74: Quit, Bitch!

Wendy turned on her computer and started browsing through the headlines of the latest showbiz news. And what she found shocked her to the core. One of the headlines read "Newly hired actress of popular TV show 'the Story of Concubine Ivanka' slaps beloved star, Evie!"
Wendy felt numb as her heart seemed to have forgotten how to beat. A quick scan of the article revealed that the reporters had not neglected to mention her by name. "According to our source, the cheeky actress, Wendy Finch, didn't hesitate to assault Evie, in front of the whole crew of the show. The supporting role in 'the Story of Concubine Ivanka' 'seems to be the first acting job Wendy has ever gotten. While Evie, the victim of Wendy's cruelty, has been involved in the showbiz for five years and has starred in many prominent TV shows..."
As she finished reading the article, Wendy's eyes were cold and filled with fury. Right below the text,

there was a video of her slapping Evie eight times. She remembered clearly that this was the day Carter had asked her to switch roles with Evie. The footage didn't show her in the best light. She looked cruel and ruthless, while Evie cowered before her, shielding her face with her hands, looking terrified. Anyone who saw the video would immediately assume that she was bullying the girl. Wendy's face fell.

The show's director, Carter, was practically a legend in the showbiz and not long ago, the producer announced that Jeffrey would be taking over the male supporting role, so the show had been in the spotlight ever since. And because of that, there were already thousands of comments on the article, even though it had been posted for only a couple of minutes. Wendy started reading them one by one. It seemed that everybody was convinced that she was a terrible person. "What a nerve! For a newcomer, that girl sure thinks she is running the show. Get off your high horse, Wendy! You are NOTHING! How dare you lay a hand on Evie!" "Come on! We all know she must have someone important wrapped around her little finger. It's either the son of a rich family or a rich old man. She wouldn't be the first actress to do it!" "You can tell just by looking at her that she is horrible. She has this suggestive look on her face. She is an expert at using her wiles to get what she wants! I guess we all know how she got that role." "Look at those legs! I'm telling you she must have slept with countless men. Isn't it obvious that they are more comfortable raised up towards the ceiling than standing on the ground?" Wendy kept scrolling down, but the comments only seemed to get more obscene. "Don't read that filth!" Ryan said, his face a mask of fury.

He gently covered Wendy's eyes and growled, "Those people are scum. Their minds are just as filthy as

their mouths."

Wendy was still mad about having her name smeared, but one look at Ryan's gloomy face and her anger just vanished into thin air.

As she pulled his hand away from her eyes, she couldn't hold back her laughter.

"How can you laugh right now?"

"It's either that or crying!" Wendy shrugged helplessly.

"I'm not a child. I know how cruel and unfair people can be. I won't cry because of some stupid comments. I've been prepared for something like this since I decided to be an actress."

Ryan pursed his lips, scowling still.

"Do you know who uploaded the video?"

"Who else?"

Pointing at Evie on the screen, Wendy sneered, "There are only two people in the crew of the show that don't like me. Eris and Evie. Since I actually have something on Eris, she wouldn't dare use such a dirty trick to provoke me. So that leaves only Evie."

Since the day Wendy arrived in the studio, Evie had been making things difficult for her! After the latest incident, Daisy confided in her that Evie was one of the candidates for Wendy's role on the show, Lady Faye.

Daisy also said that Carter was planning to give the role to Evie, if no one good enough showed up in the auditions.

Then Wendy showed up and won the role of Lady Faye, which Evie firmly believed to be hers.

That was when Wendy finally understood why Evie was making her life a living hell.

And knowing Evie, Wendy was sure she wouldn't just be satisfied with the video alone. She turned off the computer and took out her cell phone.

And sure enough, right there on her Weibo photo wall was a brand new post by Evie.

There was a photo of her, wearing one of the period costumes, her face all red and swollen.

And there were tons of comments here too.

"This is preposterous! Wendy can't just go around hitting people! What did Evie ever do to her anyway?

What a bitch!"

"Damn! Wendy is a complete psycho. Why didn't the director stop this?"

Wendy decided she had enough of that and left her phone on the table.

But right then, she heard it chiming, signaling the flow of incoming messages.

At some point, the production team of the show had released some photos of the cast with full makeup and costumes, and it was a big hit.

The fans of the show kept asking for more.

So Roger decided to create a Weibo page for Wendy, mostly for promoting the show.

Roger was the one who managed the page for Wendy, posting her selfies or photos of the cast from the shooting site.

The page had thousands of followers.

Wendy looked at her phone in bewilderment, as it kept on chiming non-stop.

When she finally overcame her initial shock, she checked out the countless new messages, only to find that they were all hate mail.

She calmly put her phone down, determined not to let this faze her.

But it would prove harder than she originally thought.

Things did not quiet down at all.

On the contrary, they were getting worse with every passing minute.

Evie had been in the showbiz for five years, and she had many friends in the film industry.

After she posted the photo, they all made sure to forward it and leave some pretty caustic comments to boot.

But since none of them were a really big deal, they wouldn't cause a big stir.

What made things worse, though, was Eris's reaction.

Eris also forwarded the post and wrote "Quit, bitch! She deleted her post less than a minute later, but it

still created a blast. Many suspected that Eris had been forced to delete it, threatened even. After that, it was complete and absolute chaos and Wendy seemed to be stuck right in the middle of it. Soon, her phone rang.

She picked it up and saw that it was Roger calling her.

"Wendy! There's nothing to worry about. The public relations department will deal with this. All you need to do is stay inside for now. Don't let any reporters catch sight of you and, for God's sake, do not say a word to any of them!"

"Sure, I understand." Wendy was not really worried.

She knew Roger could handle absolutely anything.

Besides, she had a contract with Glory Media.

They sure wouldn't let her be slandered.

As soon as she hung up with Roger, her phone rang again.

This time it was her director, Carter.

He was clearly exasperated.

"Wendy, don't come to the studio these days. The building is surrounded by the press. Just stay home for a few days. The production team will deal with that shit!"

Wendy felt a wave of gratitude for the people supporting her.

"Thanks, Director Carter," she managed to get out.

"It's nothing. I've been doing this job for too long now. I've gotten pretty good at judging people's

characters. Everyone here knows you are a nice person! Besides, one of the crew is responsible for

this. I've seen the video. Judging by the high definition and that angle, it was definitely shot by one of our

cameras. One of the crew somehow got their hands on it and released it. And they are in for big

trouble. Anyway, we'll get you out of this. Talk to you later,"

he said before hanging up. As she reached to place the phone down, it rang once more. This time, it

was an unknown caller.

It was a reporter, as it turned out, who asked anxiously, "Miss Wendy, what do you have to say about the

incident. I mean you slapping Miss Evie in public, of course."

"You can talk to my agent."

"Miss Wendy..."

The reporter started again, determined to get his story. However, Wendy hung up on him without a second thought. But her phone was not done ringing yet. Frowning, she turned the damn thing off.

Finally, the room was back to blessed silence.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 75: Strip Wendy From The Crew

Over the next few days Wendy was harassed by strangers every time she switched on her phone.

She received numerous calls from reporters or Evie's fans. They would hound her with indiscreet questions.

Evie's fans would curse and swear her as soon as she answered the phone, so she decided to leave her phone be.

With no shooting schedule, she felt more relaxed.

She occupied her time taking care of, and chatting with Reese and Ray in the ward.

Occasionally, when she was bored she would watch the entertainment channel to get an update on the latest gossip.

But now she ceased to watch this channel because she was the hot topic of discussion.

As a result of this media splurge, she had become infamous.

Her condemnation was on every viewer's lips.

There was even a new hashtag on Weibo-Quit, bitch.

Anti-fans would tag that along every post and every comment they wrote.

She didn't allow this news to bother her.

But those close to her were affected.

Reese had been depressed for several days.

"Wendy, why don't you explain and clarify the misunderstanding? They have cursed and belittled you so harshly."

"Explain?"

Wendy shook her head and lamented, "If I say anything to defend myself, they will think that I am trying to cover up. I think my silence speaks volumes."

"But we can't just let them condemn you and get away with it!"

"Don't worry. Everything will be fine soon."

In the dressing room of the crew, Carter demanded that everyone leave him, and Evie and Eris were left alone in the dressing room with him.

As soon as they were alone, he let his temper flare.

"Evie! I don't care what kind of personal feud you have with Wendy, but you have no right airing your dirty laundry on a public platform. Why can't you settle your scores with her privately? Your impulsive behavior to upload the video on the Internet has caused delays in our shooting progress! Damn you!"

Carter had deliberately summoned them there to reprimand them. After terrorizing Evie, he let Eris have it.

"And you! What did your Weibo post mean? Don't you think the situation is messy enough?"

With guilt written all over her face, Eris said, "I'm sorry, sir. My Weibo account is managed by my agent. Perhaps she thought that Evie and I are from the same company and we should help each other, so she must have forwarded it without thinking too much. I asked her to delete it as soon as I saw it."

Since Carter couldn't detect whether she was innocent or guilty, he restrained himself from unleashing his fury upon her.

"Just get back to work!"

Eris nodded, "Yes, sir." As soon as Eris left, Carter dug his eyes into Evie. "I don't care what you think. Just rectify your mistake with the truth on Weibo right now!"

In the past, Evie had always treated Carter with respect.

But ever since she stumbled upon the "illicit relationship" between him and Wendy, she lost all respect for him.

She despised both of them.

Hearing Carter's words, she scoffed, "What? Director Williams, are you feeling sorry for her now?"

Carter frowned.

"What do you mean?"

"You know exactly what I mean, don't you? To put it bluntly, you are asking me to settle this matter privately because you don't want me to sue Wendy, right? Because she is your mistress, isn't she? Carter, does your wife know about it? What do you think she will do if she finds out?"

Carter was so angry that he slapped the dressing table.

"Evie, what are you talking about?"

Evie leaned against the wall behind her and asked casually, "Are you aggravated? A-ha! I always held you in high esteem in this industry. I respected you as one with superior moral fiber. I never expected you to be such a lecherous pig! If Wendy had not given in to your sexual demands, would you have let her play the role of Faye? Stop kidding. This role was meant for me and me alone!"

Holding a comb in his hand, Carter's eyes glowered with rage.

"So, you admit to doing all those awful things?"

Evie's eyes flashed as she said, "I don't know what you are talking about. All I did was post a picture on Weibo."

"You are really good at passing the buck! Unfortunately for you, the cameraman spilled the truth. You intentionally approached him, then seduced him and finally got a copy of the video from him. You are the only person in possession of that video!" Evie finally surrendered and admitted the truth.

She gritted her teeth, "Yes, it was I who exposed it. So what? Did I lie about anything? Wendy did assault me, so that is proof enough!"

"The whole crew knew why she assaulted you!"

That day, Evie deliberately went looking for trouble.

He needed to punish her and he was being pressured by his superiors, so he did not intervene when Wendy assaulted her.

"Hmm, anyway, I don't expect you to admit to your affair with Wendy. Actually, it doesn't matter. But, sir, if you look at the latest headlines, I'm sure you will be pleased!"

Carter was flabbergasted! Before he could do anything, his assistant rushed into the dressing room with a tablet.

"Sir, there's more bad news. You have been embroiled in the Wendy saga. A netizen anonymously commented that you supported a newcomer's arrogance against a crew member. He also said that..."

"He said what?"

"He claims that you and Wendy are having a torrid affair and that she got the role of Faye only because of her sexual favors to you." Carter spat venom. He grabbed the tablet PC and became more irate when he saw the news.

"Evie, how dare you!"

Evie growled, "You gave my role to her! You also put me through such trauma in front of the crew. That day she slapped me so many times and I became a laughing stock and the butt of everyone's jokes and you did nothing about it! If you can be so heartless, then I can be twice as heartless!"

Carter had enjoyed many privileges as a famous and successful director in the industry for many years.

He had never been framed in such a conniving manner before! By now he was as angry as a raging storm.

"Okay, okay! Evie, you really got something!"

She was overcome by a small degree of guilt but she immediately brushed it aside and stood her ground. She was not wrong.

"Director Williams, I don't mean to offend you!"

Evie approached Carter, caressed his arm sensually then whispered to him, "Now... There is still a way to resolve this whole mess!"

Carter looked at her coldly.

"Carter! Now... As long as you strip Wendy from the crew, you can prove your innocence! But you must promise to give me the role of Faye. Then I will rectify the truth. I will officially state that some anonymous rival with an over active imagination created this mischief and that you are innocent. In that way, all your problems will be resolved. Walla!"

As she delivered this dialogue from hell, she squeezed her lithesome body closer to his.

She stretched out her slim hands to grab hold of him.

Her red painted claws stood out against her fair skin, making her more alluring.

She gently slid her arm from his hand to his chest and unbuttoned his shirt.

Slyly, she raised her head, parted her lips and stuck out the tip of her pink tongue like a serpent.

There was obvious temptation in her eyes.

"Carter dearest, do you have the heart to refuse such a good idea?"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 76: Veiled Threats

"Are you threatening me?"

"Now, why would I ever do that?" Evie smiled seductively.

"What I am proposing will benefit us both." Without a word, Carter shoved Evie away.

Caught by surprise, she lost her footing and crashed on the floor.

She tried to break her fall but the only thing she managed was to hurt herself.

The pain coursing through her right elbow was excruciating. "What the..."

Evie didn't expect that kind of reaction from Carter.

She had thought that he might get angry at being threatened, but he would calm down once he realized

he had something to gain.

After all, she had always believed that Carter cared too much about his reputation and he would do

anything to avoid being dragged into a scandal.

Carter dusted off his clothes, as if Evie had soiled them with her touch.

Then he closed the distance between them squatting down he looked

Evie in the eye, his expression

stony.

"I don't appreciate being threatened. At all! In the future, please keep in mind that I'm not

Wesley. Throwing yourself at me won't work. I'm sort of picky. My wife is the only woman allowed to

touch me.No one else."

Evie said through her gritted teeth, "And you call me cold!"

"It won't be long now before everyone knows your true character.Then you can kiss the showbiz

goodbye," Carter said, not sparing a glance at her.

"Humph." Evie sneered.

She got back on her feet and straightened her clothes.

"Goodbye? I don't think so.Just wait and see.I always get what I want!"

She turned around and walked out of the dressing room confidently, her hips swaying right and left.

After asking around, the press had discovered that Carter and Wendy were good friends.

Naturally, after the news of their "affair' was made public, tongues had begun wagging once more.

It was widely believed that this was the reason Eris deleted her post in such a hurry.

People thought Carter forced her to do it.

His name had never been associated with anything distasteful, although the love story between him and his wife had been in the spotlight for a long time.

But when he was dragged into this, people didn't hesitate to verbally assault him on the social media.

Of course, Wendy was bearing the brunt of it.

Carter then fought back.

He had made sure to post the whole footage that had been shot that day, thinking it would be enough to absolve Wendy from all blame.

He had posted a caption with the video, saying, "Evie is the only person in our crew that creates trouble right and left!"

However, people did not want to let the matter rest.

This scandal was far too juicy to be over so quickly.

They seemed to find the timing of the video post suspicious, inventing even more things to blame on

Carter.

The comments were not flattering at all, of course.

"Seriously? Didn't you say Wendy is a friend of yours? If she is only a friend, why are you breaking your

back to defend her now? I've never seen you trying so hard to save some other actress from gossip and rumors."

"Spot on.If she weren't sleeping with him, would he let her slap Evie EIGHT times? Do you think we are all stupid?"

Looking at these comments, Carter grew angrier by the minute, until he felt like his blood was boiling.

The only bright side was that the members of the crew, artists and technicians alike, spoke in his and Wendy's defense.

Mason had written, "I have worked with Director Carter several times and I am happy to call him a friend.

He is a good man, and he doesn't have a mean bone in his body.

About Wendy, since she joined the crew, she has always been the first to show up for work every day.

She is hard working and polite to a fault.

When it is time for her scenes, we usually wrapped things up in one take.

Then she sits quietly and studies her next scenes.

Not to mention, she carefully reviews her performance after each shooting and if she is not satisfied, she asks for another roll.

She is an outstanding actress, a true professional and a kind person! Stop spreading lies about people you don't even know!"

Right below, Daisy wrote, "Jealousy is a really ugly look on people! Evie has stirred up a lot of trouble for Wendy one too many times!"

Jeffrey also replied, "Come on, people.Let's cut the crap.If Wendy really had it in her to climb into people's bed to further her career, she would have become famous years ago! The woman is a bombshell, in case you hadn't noticed!"

Mason and Daisy were both pretty popular and each of them had a substantial fan base.So, after they spoke up for Wendy, the tide of hate begun to shift a bit.

But what really sealed the deal was Jeffrey's post. The response from his own fans was unbelievable.

And considering Jeffrey was full on famous, a true star, his fan base was vast.

Jeffrey's post had hundreds of responses within a few minutes.

"Guys, Jeffrey is right! If he thinks that this Wendy chick is cool, I believe him. This all must be a big misunderstanding, right?"

"OMG, Jeffrey! That's so true. Wendy is so beautiful with her flawless face and her rocking bod. No man can resist her. If she had wanted to let her body do the work for her, she would have done it already!

Why would she wait, starting with a small supporting role?"

"Jeffery has a point, people!"

After the comments started speaking for Wendy and not against her, it seemed like the matter would die down in a few days. The tide of hate seemed to weaken and fold in on itself.

"Shit! Shit, shit, shit!"

Evie was furious enough to pace up and down her living room, smashing everything within her reach. But even that didn't seem enough.

"Those bastards! They ruined everything! Why would they help that bitch? Mason and Daisy are running in the same circles as Wendy, of course they would help her. But what's Jeffrey's deal? Why stand up for that nobody?"

Evie gritted her teeth so hard, it was a miracle they didn't snap in two. 'She won't get away that easily! It's either me or her! I won't let her gain the upper hand!' Evie thought to herself. She thought for a moment and then started typing on her phone.

When she was done, she hit the post button and admired her work. In her post, she informed the fans of the show that the audition of Faye was just a publicity stunt. The role was supposed to be hers from the beginning. That seemed to do the trick.

People were shocked all over again.

But Carter was fast to respond to her slight.

This time, he posted the video of Wendy's audition, along with edited scenes of Evie's performance as Lady Faye.

And then he wrote down, "Who is more talented? People can see for themselves..."

Carter's post was all it took to end this once and for all.

In the two videos, Wendy and Evie played the same scene.

Wendy's performance was mesmerizing, capturing the audience.

And when it came to the part that she needed to be seductive, she gently revealed her soft, white wrist and the back of her delicate neck.

It wasn't vulgar or even much revealing, but the picture was just sensational.

Her subtle, classy display took everyone's breath away.

Evie, on the other side, acted like a hussy, constantly exposing her breasts and hips.

Her performance was a disaster.

That footage was proof enough that Wendy's talent was far superior and she got the part fair and square.

The fans of the original work on which the show was based were relieved after seeing Wendy's audition video.

In fact, they were ecstatic, thinking that she was a perfect match for Faye's role.

After that, everyone was rooting for Wendy.

"It is all clear now. Wendy's performance was so effortless, that at one point, I forgot she was an actress and not Lady Faye!"

"Exactly! She did an amazing job. Without even saying a word, she could transfer Faye's emotions to the audience so clearly. Just by the look in her eyes. Such talent is not easy to find!"

"True, true. If I were the director of the show, I would definitely choose Wendy too!"

Upon seeing those comments, Evie almost snapped! But what she didn't know was that it wasn't over yet.

And what happened next would finally push her over the edge.

That very same night, the Internet buzzed with the news.

As the reporters said, an anonymous source had informed them of a very juicy piece of gossip.

"Ready for some fresh, hot news? Evie and Wesley's affair was exposed!

What's the real relationship

between the actress and the president of Starlight Media?"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 77: Secret Rendezvous

The news report detailed every juicy bit of information. Those pictures were as bright as daylight and spoke for themselves.

After leaving the crew, Evie had gone to the company.

She and Wesley were holed up in the office for more than three hours.

Evie's fans defended her

behavior by claiming that Wesley was her boss so it was natural for them to spend hours together in the

office talking about work.

However, very soon, more powerful evidence came to light.

The anonymous person who had exposed the shattering news, now backed his claims with an

incriminating video.

The video was perfectly clear.

There was no doubt that the venue was Wesley's office.

The video showed how as soon as they entered the office, they shut the door and immediately began to

kiss lustfully.

Within seconds they had ripped off each other's clothes and were

signing in the throes of illegitimate

passion.

Their blatant sexual stance disgusted their fans. Once the video went

viral, Evie was caught up in a

serious wrangle.

Meanwhile, in the Ensfield, Precious was bowing over the computer and reading the degrading

comments about Evie.

She looked at Ray with admiration and purred, "Wow! Ray, you're

awesome. Now this bad lady can't hurt

your mommy anymore!"

Ray smiled with satisfaction.

"But Ray...What does 'secret rendezvous' mean?"

"It happens when two people don't want others to find out about their relationship. Like they have to meet in secret." Precious's eyes lit up.

"Oh, you mean like the relationship between my daddy and your mommy?" Raymond was silent.

What a terrible metaphor! "Ray, now that Evie has been exposed, she won't try and harm your mommy anymore, will she?"

"Yes!" Ray smiled and said, "But it's not enough!"

"What?" Raymond scowled, "She had made my mommy so miserable. I think she deserves more punishment! I will ruin her career!"

Meanwhile, in Evie's apartment, the atmosphere was tense. Ever since the raunchy video was leaked, she never dared step out of her room. Whenever she turned on the TV, she would find that every entertainment channel was broadcasting news about her sordid affair with Wesley.

She was consumed with anger.

Being the mistress of a married boss...! After this damning exposition, her future was ruined! Evie

clenched her fists! If she knew who had leaked the video, she would never spare that person! Evie sat on the sofa, a disheveled and unwashed mess.

She hadn't gone out for several days.

Her assistant would secretly bring her food and drinks each day.

"Damn!" She was so hungry! Evie covered her belly with her hands.

She was surprised to note that it was already half past twelve but her assistant had not arrived with her lunch yet.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

She joyfully jumped off the sofa at once and opened the door.

"Why did you..."

"Smack!"

She was viciously slapped hard across the face before she could finish her words.

"Ah!"

Her face smarted so she immediately covered it with her hands. Just as she was about to interject, her eyes fell upon seeing the woman who had slapped her.

Her eyes widened in explicit horror.

"M...Ma'am..."

The woman barring the door of the apartment was none other than Wesley's wife, Tara, also the owner of the Starlight Media! : Evie was very terrified of Tara.

Actually there wasn't a single actor or actress who did not shudder at the mere mention of Tara's name.

She reeked fear in everyone. Tara was Wesley's lawful wife.

Her father, previously a notorious gangster, had since made his name as a famous businessman, but he still maintained ties with his mafia.

He was exceptionally skilled in employing both legal and illegal resources!

When Tara first started dating

Wesley, he was a poor nobody.

She overlooked his family's poverty and married him anyway.

Being the only child of her family, Tara was the apple of her parents' eyes.

Although Wesley was a poor suitor for their daughter in more ways than one, they didn't have the heart

to object to her wish. Wesley was a young man with great creativity.

After their marriage, she financed a business he was keen on pursuing.

It could be rightly said that his success and prosperity could be wholly attributed to her generosity.

After Wesley's business was well on the way to success, Tara chose to become a full-time wife.

A few years ago, she had become gravely ill and had to take chronic medication.

The side effects of the medication made her put on a great deal of weight.

In spite of this, she was the daughter of a former don, so she still had the overwhelming aura and held a

prominent place in society. "M...Ma'am...I..."

"I thought you've forgotten that I am your boss's wife when you seduced him!"

With delicately applied make-up and a limited edition platinum bag on her wrist, she made herself at

home.

She was followed by two burly bodyguards, in designer suits, leather shoes and dark sunglasses.

With a straight face, she stretched out her hand and pinched Evie's chin really hard.

"You are indeed a pretty one to seduce men.I'll give you that."

Her cold, piercing eyes scared Evie so much that she trembled in fear.

She shook her head desperately and screeched, "No! It's not true.I didn't seduce Mr.Wesley.The truth is

that he came on to me first...Ma'am, I know he is your husband.Therefore I kept my distance from

him.He is to blame for engaging in this affair...When I signed the contract with Starlight Media, Wesley

was the one who attached certain conditions to it.He blackmailed me by saying that if I did not obey him

then he would not give me any meaty roles...I had no choice!"

"You whore!"

In the blink of an eye, Wesley rushed into the house and slapped Evie twice.He was as angry as a demon.

"Bitch! You seduced me in order to get better roles and to move up the ladder, and now you are blaming me for all this?"

He turned to face Tara and knelt in front of her.

He pleaded, "Honey, trust me.You are the only one in my heart.This woman seduced me with her wily

ways.I made an honest mistake in a moment of weakness.Please forgive me this time, I beg you! I

promise I won't do it again!"

After the demise of her parents, Tara inherited all their wealth.Although Wesley had founded Starlight

Media, she was the legal owner of the company.

If he left her, he would be out on the streets, a penniless tramp.

Therefore, he tried his best to pin the

blame on Evie, "Honey, please forgive me this time..."

"Wesley! Take responsibility for your actions!" With a vehement look on his face, he got up and slapped

Evie again and then kicked her.

"You vile shrew! Just zip your mouth!"

He had kicked her shoulder with such force that she catapulted against the tea table behind her.She

broke out in a cold sweat from the excruciating pain.

"Bitch, if you dare to say one more word, I'll kill you! "Kill me?" Evie threw caution to the wind.

She lunged at Wesley and began to fight with him.

"You filthy scumbag! Didn't you tell me that Tara had become as fat as a pig and the thought of touching her disgusted you? You told me that in your twenty years of marriage to her, she had failed to give you a child and now you were sick and tired of her. Now that the affair has been exposed, like a crooked pawn, you are putting all the blame on me! Shame on you!"

Wesley was infuriated, "Bitch, I'll beat you to death! "Here! Beat me here!"

Evie pointed at her belly and shouted recklessly, "I'm pregnant with your child. Let me see if you will still beat me!"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 78: What Did You Just Say

At those words, Wesley froze, his fists still poised to strike.

"W-What did you just say?"

"I'm pregnant. I am carrying your child," Evie said slowly.

"If you want to keep hitting me, go ahead! Kill us both!" Wesley stood still in shock.

He had been married for twenty years! Back then, he had fallen madly in love with Tara and decided to spend his life with her.

Their marriage was a happy one, at least at first.

Tara wasn't spoiled and conceited, despite her family's wealth and connections.

On the contrary, she was always kind and considering of his feelings, doing her best not to injure his self-esteem in any way.

They truly did love each other for most of their marriage.

When he started his own business, he had too much on his plate.

So they both agreed that it wasn't the best time to have a child.

But when Starlight Media took off, they had already been married for eight years.

They felt ready to have a child then, but despite their efforts for two whole years, Tara couldn't get

pregnant.

They visited the best fertility clinics, but Tara's test results were not promising.

The chances of her conceiving a child were very slim.

But she did not want to give up.

She went under a ton of fertility treatments, even tried assisted conception several times.

But nothing had worked.

All the drugs and injected hormones took a toll on Tara's figure.

She started gaining weight, which she couldn't get rid of.

When they got married, she weighed no more than eighty pounds, but after the treatments, she almost

reached a hundred and eighty. Wesley wasn't attracted to her anymore.

The beautiful woman, the

one he had married, was gone. All men like their wives in shape.

After Tara lost her beauty, Wesley started finding it hard to live under the same roof with her.

And the fact that Tara was having severe mood swings due to all the hormones coursing through her

body, made things even worse.

Wesley couldn't stand it anymore.

How could he? Living with a grumpy, fat woman was making him sick.

He started pretending he had too much work and he often slept in his office.

There were so many young, attractive girls coming in and out all day, that in the end, he did something

he shouldn't have.

But he never regretted it.

In fact, he had enjoyed it so much that he couldn't help doing it again and again.

The feeling was glorious! The adoration in the eyes of those young girls as they looked at him made him

feel like a god.

But divorce would never be an option.

He knew that if he broke up with Tara, he would be left with nothing.

Knowing his wife was barren, Wesley had accepted the fact that he would never be a father.

But his world came crashing down around him when Evie told him she was pregnant.

With his baby! He stared intently at Evie's stomach.

"You think I am lying?"

She got back up on her feet and walked over the next room. When she returned, she held a folded paper

in her hand. She handed it to him, her voice calm and steady.

"See for yourself."

Wesley took the paper and unfolded it with trembling hands. It was a sonogram. He couldn't help but stare at it in awe.

"A few days ago, I realized my period was late. I went to my gynecologist and he ran some tests. He told

me I was pregnant. For seven weeks now. You can do the math, I assume. I was with you at that

time. Wesley, you're going to be a father!"

'A father? I'm going to be a father.' Wesley's mind was spinning.

He was trembling all over from excitement.

He thought he would never have a child of his own, but it seemed that fate had other plans for him.

Still holding the sonogram, he slowly turned around and fell on his knees in front of his wife.

Tara took a deep breath and closed her eyes.

"You have two options, Wesley. You can make sure this woman gets rid of the baby and promise me you

will never see her again. Or we get a divorce. But keep in mind that you'll have nothing if that happens."

Wesley, still on his knees before Tara, grabbed the hem of her dress.

"Honey, I am begging you."

"What is it you are asking of me exactly, Wesley?"

"Please, let her keep the baby."

All color seemed to leave Tara's face.

Eventually she whispered, "Why? Give me one good reason."

Suddenly, as if waking up from a dream, she grabbed Wesley's collar and shook him violently.

"Wesley, you bastard! You ungrateful, selfish beast. I did everything for you. I became like this for you. Is

that how you repay me?"

Her voice had become so shrill, it was almost difficult to understand what she said.

Wesley dropped his face in his hands and wept.

"Please, understand. It's my last chance. I'm almost fifty years old. I want to have a child of my own! Do you know how many of my friends and old classmates have already become grandfathers? People in my hometown laugh behind my back, mocking me. Just because I have no children."

"So having a bastard from one of your mistresses is better somehow?"

"Honey, you can't give me a child. But when Evie gives birth to the baby, we can pay her handsomely, make her leave the city and never come back. We will take the baby and raise it as our own..."

"Stop talking!"

"But, honey..."

"You are pathetic! You want me to take in this bastard child? Why? To remind me every day that you cheated on me with that tramp? How could you even consider that? You disgust me! How could I ever be so blind to fall in love with a scumbag like you! I won't let your mistress's child inherit my family's fortune. Over my dead body!"

"Honey, please..." Wesley groveled again.

Tara took a deep breath and calmed down a little.

She squatted down in front of her husband so she could look into his eyes and told him slowly, "Time to make your choice. Which one will it be? Me or that woman and her baby?"

As if in physical pain, Wesley put his head down, hiding it from sight.

Seeing him like this, Tara felt utterly disappointed.

'So, it has come to this! Twenty years of marriage. Twenty years I have stayed by your side unwaveringly. And how do you repay me? You hesitate when you have to choose between me and that whore's baby. A baby that might not even be yours.' Tara thought, feeling empty and defeated.

She stood up, jerking her hand away from Wesley and took two steps back.

With a cold, distant look on her face, she put on her sunglasses and said in a cool voice, "I will file for a divorce first thing tomorrow. My lawyer will be in touch with you soon."

"Hon- honey..." Wesley stuttered.

But Tara walked away decisively, her bodyguards following right behind her.

Once she was gone, Evie breathed a sigh of relief.

That same afternoon, the anonymous source that had leaked the news of Evie being Wesley's mistress struck again.

This time though, they uploaded a video.

It was clear to everyone that the woman in the footage was Evie, but the man was someone people had never seen before.

They all began to search frantically and soon they found out the man's identity.

He was one of the cameramen working on the production of 'Story of Concubine Ivanka'.

Then another person revealed that the video of Wendy slapping Evie had been traced back to a secret account of Evie's.

And this time, before the public relations department of Glory Media could even make public statement, people all knew what had really happened. And the truth had shocked everyone to their core!

"...Evie is such a bitch! That tramp was not only Wesley's mistress, but also slept around with cameramen of the show! I had thought that Evie's sexy/snob vibe was an image that her agency built for her. I didn't expect her to be such a floozy!"

"...That explains a lot! Evie is just so jealous of Wendy, that she would try anything to bring her down."

"Hey, Evie. Time to quit, bitch!"

In just a couple of hours, things had been turned around completely.

Back in Evie's apartment, a storm was brewing.

Suddenly! Wesley hit Evie hard across the face.

She was taken by surprise and stood there frozen, muttering, "Wesley..."

"You bitch! I know you've been whoring around. Who the hell is the baby's father? Do you even know?"

Answer me!"

"It's yours. I swear," she insisted, looking desperate.

But Wesley didn't believe a word she said.

He already regretted leaving his wife.

And for what? A baby that might not even be his! Furious at his own stupidity, he slapped himself hard.

Ignoring Evie's pleas, he crossed the room and left without a backwards glance, slamming the door behind him.

Meanwhile, in his hospital room, Ryan called Kane in person.

The only words he needed to say were, "Kane, make sure I never see Evie's face again. Is that clear?"

"Crystal!" Kane replied and that was it.

That day, Glory Media practically shoved Evie out of showbiz, with one short and precise post on the Internet.

Right after that, Carter made a public declaration that served as the killing blow.

"From now on, I blatantly refuse to work with Evie. She will not even be allowed to audition for a role in any of my plays!"

Several directors who were on friendly terms with Carter reposted and word began to spread.

The moment Evie saw this, her legs gave out and she collapsed to the floor.

"No, no, no, no! My career! It's ruined. It's over! It's all over!"

She lay there on the floor for hours, muttering to herself like a crazy person.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 79: The Divorce

Wendy was preparing lunch when she heard about Evie's banishment from the showbiz.

She stopped chopping and exclaimed, "Really?"

"Yes!"

Wendy's presence these last few days had worked wonders on Ryan.

He could finally sleep five or six hours a day, which made him feel more energized and calm at the same time.

He was in a better mood and less irritable than ever.

He rolled up his sleeves and got to work, helping Wendy wash the vegetables.

"Such behavior won't be tolerated in the filming industry."

"Oh! And what about Wesley?"

"He and his wife got a divorce."

"They did? So soon?"

"Word is he didn't want to go through with the divorce at first." Wendy's interest was piqued.

"What made him change his mind?"

"I heard he was in a car accident driving home after work one day. He could have died right then and there and that scared the shit out of him. The very next day he signed the divorce papers," Ryan said.

His face was serious as he carefully placed the now washed vegetables on the chopping board. Wendy was left speechless. The car accident... Such a convenient timing!

"Well, I can't say he didn't deserve it. Violence seems to be the only thing that scumbag understands, so there's no better way to knock some sense into him."

"He got nothing out of the divorce, you know." Wendy was impressed. "Go, Tara! That woman is an inspiration for wronged women everywhere."

'Everything Wesley owned, Tara had handed to him. So in a sense, she just took back what had always been hers', Wendy thought to herself.

A sudden movement from Ryan dragged her out of her reverie. He suddenly stretched out his hand, reaching for her face. The gesture made Wendy strangely nervous.

"What... What's is it?"

Ryan gently tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear.

His fingertips slid across her face, light as a feather.

Wendy closed her eyes, enjoying the shivers his touch was sending down her spine.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Her heart began pounding like crazy.

There seemed to be something different about Ryan these days.

He used to wear that terrifying, cold look on his face all the time, but now, his expression had changed into something resembling indifference.

He still seemed kind of distant, but at least he didn't scare people senseless anymore.

But more importantly, he no longer shied away from physical contact.

This was one of the many times he had touched Wendy's hair these past few days, but she still hadn't gotten used to this.

She was so nervous that she asked, "Is...Is everything okay with you?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Lately, you seem a bit...Different."

"Do I, now?" Ryan said, squinting at her.

His voice was so alluring, it made Wendy's heart race.

'There it is again!' Right there! Sometimes she wondered if...If maybe he knew the effect he had on her

and he was actually flirting with her. Wendy touched his forehead gently with the back of her hand. His

temperature seemed normal. Ryan took her hand and held it tightly to his chest. His palm was warm,

sending heat all over her body. She tried to pull away, but he held on tight.

"I, I..." Wendy stuttered.

"Is there something you have to tell me?" Wendy nodded, still feeling a little dizzy from his touch.

"I do."

"You know you can tell me anything."

"Thank you. Thank you so much." she said, her cheeks bright red.

"I know that if it weren't for you, I would still be in that mess. So, thank you for everything."

"And?"

And what?

"And thank you for all your help with my sister."

Ryan had assigned Reese's case to the best lawyer in the Oliver Group.

Wendy didn't even know what the lawyer had used against Flynn, but according to their divorce

settlement, Reese was getting half of everything Flynn owned.

Reese was shocked.

She had been sure that she would be leaving that marriage with nothing but the clothes on her back.

She had thought Flynn and his mother would make sure of that.

These people valued money and power more than life itself.

That was what made this settlement such a surprise.

The lawyer had a huge smile on his face as he had a talk with Flynn about a video proving his many illicit

affairs, as well as numerous instances of domestic violence.

Two hours later, the settlement was all done and signed.

Reese had been delighted.

She had been holding the agreement close to her chest, crying and laughing at the same time.

Thinking about the happiness written on Reese's face and the way the sisters had hugged tightly, letting

their sorrows slip away, Ryan was glad he had helped.

If it were Wendy alone helping her sister, things might not have gotten so smoothly.

Sure, Reese would still get a divorce, but any money would have been out of the question.

"And?"

And what now? Wendy racked her brain but she couldn't think of anything else. In a daze, he said, "What else is there?"

Ryan's face turned cold all of a sudden. His jaw was clenched as he decided to let everything he thought

spill from his lips, "You said you wanted to thank me...Is this how you are going to do it? Just a few words and it's done?"

Wendy stood there in silence for a moment. When she finally spoke, her voice was low but clear.

"You know, there is a saying that goes like. Do everything with a good heart, expect nothing in return, and you will never be disappointed..."

"It's just a saying. Not everyone can be that selfless."

"What is it you want from me?" Ryan approached her slowly, purposefully.

Wendy's throat felt dry all of a sudden and her heart skipped a beat.

For each step he took towards her, she took a step back, until...

Until her back hit the wall.

There was nowhere to go now.

Ryan just stared at her and she was lost into his enchanting, dark eyes.

Then he leaned forward, closing the space between them...

Bang! The door crashed open right then and Wendy immediately pushed Ryan away.

"Wendy, dear. Do you need help in here?" Reese said, as she walked out of her room.

"No, no, I got this!" Not daring look at Ryan, Wendy rushed to the stove, her heart still beating erratically.

Her mind was whirring.

'Oh, God...Ryan...He...He tried to kiss me!' She caught herself stirring the food sloppily, nearly spilling the contents of the pot.

'What now?'

She was supposed to stay with the man for another six months.

How could she manage that if she melted in a puddle every time he looked at her with those intense, dark eyes? Meanwhile, Eris was fuming.

When she learned about Evie's banishment, Eris went in a rage.

"That moron! Completely useless. Instead of taking down Wendy, she went and ruined her own career."

"Eris, what should we do now?"

"What should we do? A public apology, of course."

Eris said through gritted teeth, "Okay, Kate. Use my account to make a post. Just say that the previous one about Wendy was a mistake. We can even tell people my account had been hacked. And then, post a long and sappy apology to Wendy, in a post of course. We need everyone to see it.

And make sure it sounds sincere."

Kate nodded, "Wendy was really lucky. She could have been ruined by all this."

Well, they couldn't try anything else now, could they? It was all Evie's fault.

That idiot screwed up big time.

When she was finished with the post, Kate turned to Eris and said cautiously, "Try not to mess with

Wendy in the future, Eris. She is so well connected in Glory Media, it would only get you in trouble. You know, I heard something..."

"What is it?" Eris looked at her agent expectantly.

"There is a rumor flying around. Some people say that the board of the company has strict orders to keep

Wendy from harm at all costs. Glory Media has many artists and celebrities under its wing, including true

superstars. So everyone wonders what it is about Wendy that deserves such special treatment. Really suspicious, don't you think?" Eris' mind was reeling with all the possibilities. But then she settled on the best course and smiled sardonically.

"Eris?"

"Shh"

Eris raised a finger on her lips to hush Kate and said, "Now that Evie's gone, I'll have to find someone else to take down Wendy. And this time... I'll make sure she stays down!"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 80: A Noble, Little Prince In The Making

Ensfield was a hive of activity.

"Wow! It's really great to be back home!" As Luke spoke, he slumped into the sofa.

He relaxed in a leisurely manner with his legs crossed. The servant brought over a jar of fresh squeezed juice.

He immediately poured two glasses and called the kids who were loitering at the door.

"Ray, Precious, come and have some refreshing juice."

"Okay!"

Precious sprinted over, red faced and perspiring all over.

Ray, on the other hand, breezed in slowly, and walked like a little, noble prince in the making.

Luke shook his head repeatedly.

He couldn't fathom how these two kids, with completely different personalities, had become such good

friends. Ryan and Wendy also entered the living room just after the children. The living room

remained cool all year round.

As soon as she stepped in, Wendy felt very comfortable and welcome.

She felt especially refreshed after taking a sip of the ice water that the servant had offered her.

"It's so refreshing!" she said.

Holding the ice water in his hand, Ryan asked Luke, "Is it done?"

Luke made an 'okay' gesture to him. Wendy was confused.

"Follow me upstairs," Ryan said.

"Uh..." Wendy was clueless.

Putting down the glass, Ryan held her hand and led her upstairs. On the second floor, Ryan marshalled Wendy to the door of his room.

With hands clasped in front of her, Wendy asked warily, "Why did you bring me to your room?"

Seeing her reaction, Ryan felt tense.

"Come in and have a look," he crowed.

While speaking, he pushed open the door. Wendy was in awe the moment she stepped into the room. She had only been to Ryan's room on one previous occasion and it had left a deep impression on her.

Back then the room was tri-colored: black, white and gray.

She clearly remembered the thick, black curtains, and king size European themed white bed accompanied by a retro stereo.

However, the room had taken on a completely new look now.

The big white European style bed was still there.

But the original black bed sheet and quilt cover had been replaced with light blue ones, and the floor was covered with a thick cashmere carpet.

The original retro stereo had been removed.

Holes had been drilled into the wall and the LCD TV had been installed, facing the direction of the big bed.

A hanging TV cabinet was directly under it.

The thick black curtains gave way to light green gauze curtains.

The original black wallpapers were replaced with soft beige ones, and even the dull sofa in the bedroom, was replaced with a cheerful beige one. The dark atmosphere in the room was magically transformed into a soft, bright aura, full of vitality.

Wendy was dumbfounded.

Ryan had been observing her reaction.

When he saw how overwhelmed she was, a touch of tenderness flashed through his cold and sharp eyes.

"Do you like it?"

"What?"

Ryan pulled her to the bedroom's compartment.

A door of the bedroom opened up into his cloakroom.

The large thirty square meter cloakroom housed several cupboards.

He opened the cupboard doors to reveal rows and rows of his designer suits and shirts, hanging neatly.

The suit pants were neatly folded and other smaller items were also placed in the drawer.

These included ties, cufflinks, socks and underwear.

They were all world-famous brands! Wendy gasped.

The value of these items was enough for many people to live a carefree life.

Thinking that one item of Ryan's clothes might cost tens of thousands of dollars, she felt cheated

because her busy life did not place her anywhere near his economic status.

She said angrily, "Extravagance and corruption!"

"Do you feel cheated?"

"Of course! You are bragging about your wealth. Don't you know it's easy to make others envious?"

"Don't envy me," Ryan said.

However, Wendy would never admit that she was jealous.

When Ryan walked to the other side of the cloakroom, she noticed a curtain dividing the cloakroom from the next opening.

"What's this?" Ryan didn't answer.

Instead he opened the curtain.

Wendy's eyes almost popped out of their sockets at what she saw.

It was an equally gorgeous cloakroom but this one was draped with rows and rows of women's clothing.

It contained the latest brands of T-shirts, shirts, dresses, jeans and casual trousers of the season.

Wendy was stupefied.

Next to the women's wear was a shoe cabinet, which was filled with over a hundred pairs of shoes.

Canvas shoes, casual shoes, sneakers, and more high-heeled shoes made her swoon.

Next to the shoe cabinet was the bag cabinet.

The transparent bag cabinet was spotless, and each compartment contained the latest edition of a top brand bag.

There were also accessories of all kinds.

From hats and silken scarves to expensive necklaces, earrings and bracelets! 'Oh my god! This was every woman's ultimate dream! It was so amazing! It was more exciting than being proposed to by Ryan!'

Wendy thought to herself.

Stunned, her face flushed red and her heart started racing. She couldn't come to her senses for a long time.

"Do you like it?" She could scarcely remember when Ryan had walked up to her and asked her softly.

"Is this a gift for me?"

"Or what?"

Feeling her legs go limp, she hurriedly held his arm and said, "Wait a moment. Let me calm down first.

One Minute!

Two minutes!

Five minutes later, she still hadn't recovered. She almost burst into tears as she took in the scene of the luxurious items.

"Ryan, are you going to keep me as your mistress?"

Her voice was trembling. She was afraid that she would be tempted to agree if he said yes.

'Heck. Why is God testing me in this way?' she complained.

'A mistress?' Ryan repeated Wendy's words in his mind. He didn't like this word.

"I'm trying to make you happy." He corrected her.

"What?"

"Yes, I mean it!"

'Thump! Thump!' Wendy's heart raced again.

She covered her chest and asked, "Why?"

"For the sake of our agreement," Ryan said flatly.

Wendy understood! She thought, 'He was afraid that I would go back on my word, so he bought me off with this wardrobe.' She was speechless.

'Okay. I had planned to break my promise before, but now, I can't,' she thought to herself.

"Are you sure you want to give all of this to me?"

"Of course!"

Upon hearing that, Wendy rushed towards the clothes excitedly, saying, "Honey, I'm coming!"

Almost every woman, no matter what her physical appearance, loved beautiful clothes, beautiful bags and beautiful jewelry.

It was simply irresistible! With an armful of clothes, she purred, "Ryan, you look so damn hot right now!"

On seeing that she was over the moon, Ryan was in a good mood. If he had known that this would work, he would have used this trick earlier.

"Since they are for me, why did you put them in your cloakroom?"

Ryan said naturally, "You must live here from now on. It will be so much more convenient for both of us."

Wendy was awestruck. "Uh, although we have an agreement, I didn't say that I would live here in the future, right?"

Ryan frowned!

'Wasn't that an automatic part of the agreement?' "No way! Reese will live with me now that she's divorced. I told her that you and I are just friends. If she knew that we were living together..." Wendy paused and trembled.

"No, no!" Ryan's face darkened.

"Although we reached an agreement, I didn't agree to live with you. I can come here secretly every night and go back secretly in the morning!" Hearing that, Ryan was silently taken aback.

'It sounds like a secret immoral affair now, doesn't it?' he thought to himself.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 81: A Family Of Four

Ryan's face was gloomy as they were walking down the stairs.

"You finally got discharged today. Let's go out for dinner tonight to celebrate, shall we?" Wendy suggested.

"Absolutely! I'd kill for hot pot right now." Precious echoed.

All of them agreed with her so they decided to make this a hot pot night. But first, Wendy and Raymond had to go back to their home and change. As they reached the house, Wendy hastily found a white T-shirt and denim shorts with suspenders for Ray.

Taking the clothes from her hands, he hurried into his room.

Wendy found herself a similar outfit and changed into it.

When Ray returned to Wendy's room, he took in her white T-shirt and denim shorts, complete with suspenders and his eyes lit up.

"Mommy..." Ray sounded surprised, so Wendy said in a soft voice,

"Honey, you look so handsome!"

Ray's ears turned red at his mother's compliment.

"You are really pretty too, Mommy."

This outfit made Wendy look even more petite than she already was.

With her hair tied up in a ponytail, she looked like a schoolgirl.

People would find it hard to believe she was Ray's mother.

When they were finally ready, having put on their sneakers, they left to meet the rest of their party.

"Look at you two. Matching outfits! Adorable!"

Precious felt a small pang of jealousy seeing Wendy and Raymond's outfits.

She wiggled out of Ryan's arms and ran upstairs, calling over her shoulder, "Hey, Uncle Luke! You bought

me a pair of shorts, just like Ray's, remember? I'll go put them on and then we'll match, all three of us!"

Precious had always worn dresses.

Whether it was spring, summer, autumn or winter, she did not care.

She hardly ever wore trousers, so it took the servants quite some time to locate those denim shorts.

They were tucked away in the back of a drawer, which would make sense since Precious had never worn them.

Precious grabbed the shorts and rummaged a bit until she found a white T-shirt.

She hastily changed into them, completing her look with a pair of sneakers, just like Raymond and Wendy's.

Then she ran down the stairs with a big smile. She reached Wendy in a minute and stood before her, twirling around to give her a good look of her outfit. Excitement was written all over her face.

"Do you like it, Auntie Wendy?"

"Like it? I love it! You are so beautiful!" Precious giggled happily.

Then she suddenly grabbed Wendy's arm and asked, "Do you think we look like a family, the three of us?"

"Of course we do!" Wendy answered.

And she really meant it.

The three of them walking down the street dressed like this, people would definitely think them a family.

Wendy's answer had Precious ecstatic, so they were all affected by her good mood as they set off for dinner.

Ensfield was in the heart of the city, close to a huge mall.

There were all kinds of restaurants there, offering a variety of cuisines to choose from, but their minds were set on hot pot for tonight.

Thankfully, they could find this at the mall too.

It was only a ten minutes' walk away, so they all agreed to go there on foot.

Ray and Precious looked so cute walking hand in hand with Wendy and Ryan.

It really was the prettiest picture.

As they walked down the street, all eyes were on the four of them.

Wendy felt a wave of discomfort sweeping over her.

After all the things that had been said about her a few days ago, people could easily recognize her face.

On the bright side though, the pictures posted on the web during the whole mess were either from her acting on set or selfies from the backstage.

This time, before she went out, she deliberately dressed like as plainly as possible and wore no makeup, in order to avoid unwanted attention.

But it seemed that it was not just her people were looking at.

It was Ray and Precious too.

Walking a few steps behind them, Ryan kept a cold and unmoving look.

Luke could only walk behind him in silence, knowing his brother was in a bad mood.

When a young couple walked past them, Ryan heard them whisper, "Aww! How cute! The little ones must be twins and the girl in the middle their older sister. Look how pretty they all are. And they are holding hands! So adorable!"

Then, the young woman saw Ryan behind Wendy and the children and her eyes lit up.

She turned away quickly and covered her face, exclaiming, "Oh God! What a lovely family! This must be the father. He is gorgeous!"

Ryan was left speechless.

He just glared at the young woman, a frosty look on his face. She looked startled by his reaction.

The young man next to her started pulling her away, muttering, "Look what you did now. Obviously they are a family of four. That's not his daughter, it's his wife. No wonder he is offended!"

"Oh!" The woman by his side looked properly chastised.

"You think so?"

"I know so! What else could it be? Don't you see how he looks at her? His gaze intense, full of yearning and affection. He wouldn't look at his daughter like that, for sure." The woman turned her head, taking a closer look.

Then she exclaimed, "Oh, right! I just noticed. He looks at her just like you look at me!"

"Exactly, my love!" The couple walked away still holding hands.

Wendy had heard their discussion and her cheeks grew hot.

Although they had deliberately kept their voices low, she had still heard every word.

She stole a glance at Ryan walking behind her.

He was just as expressionless as ever, but his eyes held a strange depth. Wendy was really confused.

What that couple had said made absolutely no sense!

"Yearning and affection? Where did they see that?" She grumbled in mind.

She decided to save herself from any further embarrassment. She challenged the kids to a race, just so she could put some distance between her and Ryan.

"You seem to be in a foul mood, brother!" Luke said, walking faster until he reached Ryan's side.

"Is it because these people thought you were Wendy's father?" He asked his brother cautiously.

Ryan didn't say a word. He simply clenched his jaw and gave Luke a warning look.

"Come on, Ryan. Someone misunderstood your relationship. So what? You are thirty years old, and Wendy is only twenty-three. There is indeed an age gap here, seven whole years!"

"Shut up!" Luke flinched, but didn't stop talking.

"Hey, just listen. You are only seven years older than Wendy, but if you keep wearing these old-fashioned clothes, this won't be the last time someone mistakes you for her father." Ryan narrowed his eyes and looked lost in thought.

The mall was truly huge, at least six stories high.

The first floor was full of jewelry shops, the windows laden with watches, diamonds, silver and gold.

The second and third floor were filled with women's clothes, while on the fourth floor were the shops selling men's clothes.

Clothing for children could be found at the fifth floor and finally, on the sixth and seventh floor were several restaurants offering the most delicious food.

They got in the elevator and pressed the button for the sixth floor.

Luke really looked after his skin.

He was prone to acne, so he avoided spicy food.

Wendy knew that so she ordered the two-flavor soup for them so Luke wouldn't have to have the spicy one.

"Oh, Wendy. You are too nice to me. I would marry you this instant, if I could."

"Ewww..."

Precious seemed to find the idea revolting.

Luke squinted his eyes at her and said crossly, "Excuse me? Why wouldn't she marry me?"

"My daddy is handsomer, richer and smarter than you. And Auntie Wendy still doesn't want him." Her meaning was crystal clear.

Luke was staring around speechless.

Precious's words were spot on.

There was nothing Luke could say to save face now! He just lowered his head and focused on his food.

With the hot summer weather, having hot pot in the well air-conditioned room was a blessed occasion.

Precious and Luke seemed to be enjoying themselves more than anyone. The two of them were practically stuffing their faces with food, as if it was the most delicious thing they ever tasted.

But their enthusiasm was transmitted to everyone else too and they all ate more than their fill.

When they finished eating, Wendy suggested, "Why don't we go for a walk now?"

Before she even finished her sentence, Ryan gestured to the waiter. He wiped his mouth slowly and then paid the bill using his credit card. He didn't return the card to his wallet, but put it directly into Wendy's hand instead.

She just stared at him, confused.

"Ryan..." She started, but he interrupted her.

"Usually, I am the one buying clothes for Precious. But she doesn't seem to like what I pick out for her. And she likes your style very much. If you see anything you like, just buy them using this card. The card's PIN is her birthday."

Realizing that this came out like an order, he tried softening his tone.

"If that's okay with you, of course."

My Bossy CEO Husband
Chapter 82: Marry Me

Looking at the black card in her hand, Wendy was dumbfounded. She knew there were several kinds of cards representing the client's credit in the bank. Besides the usual ones, there were gold, platinum and diamond cards. And then there were the black ones.

Black cards were extremely exclusive and reserved only for a bank's ultra-wealthy clients. It was extremely difficult to procure one of them. If anyone wanted to apply for such a card, he had to meet several requirements for the bank to approve it. Only a handful of people in the country met those requirements. Not to mention that the one in her hand seemed different from the standard black card. It looked like it was coated in dark, shining metal. It was simple but elegant, flaunting its owner's status. Upon closer inspection, she realized it was a special edition black card. No one could apply for one of those. The only way to get one was if the bank itself offered it to you. Such a card had virtually no limit everywhere in the world. It wasn't called the king of cards for no reason.

And now, Ryan had given it to her, along with the PIN number, without even blinking. For a moment there, the card in her hand felt like it weighted a ton. She didn't know what to do with it. Take it or give it back as fast as possible? While she pondered what to do next, Ryan had already led them through the doors of the restaurant. Wendy came back to her senses. She hastily held the card out to Ryan. "No! This is a huge responsibility. Please take it back!" Her reaction didn't seem to surprise Ryan. He held her hand, looked steadily in her eyes and said in a soft voice, "Our agreement is for another six months. In this line of work spending a substantial amount of money is inevitable. You have been of great help to me. I can't let you pay for work expenses from your own paycheck. So you will take this card and you will use the money in it for as long as we work together. It is the least I can do." "But...But you already got me a new wardrobe, clothes and bags and shoes. This was more than enough. You owe me nothing." "I owe you my life." Ryan's tone made it clear that he would never consider his debt to her fully repaid.

Wendy didn't know what else to say.

"It's settled then. Take the card and you can give it back to me in six months."

Wendy felt like something was off in this conversation, but she couldn't figure out what it was.

Looking down at the card again, she swallowed hard and asked, "Aren't you worried that I might steal your money and disappear?"

That kind of money would be a great temptation for even the best of people. It would be more than enough for her and Ray to live a carefree, plentiful life.

"If you are really looking to become rich overnight, there are less risky ways to do it. For example, you could just marry me."

Wendy's eyes were as wide as saucers at Ryan's sudden proposal. Luke seemed stunned hearing his brother uttering these words.

He never expected Ryan would be willing to risk even his whole fortune in his bid to win Wendy's heart!

Luke had begged his brother to lend him the black card countless times. He had even promised not to use it, that he would return it after he bragged a little in front of his friends. But Ryan had refused every time. Now he just handed it to Wendy without a second thought.

Luke couldn't believe his eyes. He was his brother for God's sake!

"Can we ever be in each other's company as equals, brother?" Luke thought bitterly.

At last, Wendy relented and took the black card looking dazed.

And the first thing she did was to take the children to the fifth floor and buy some clothes for Precious.

The whole floor was covered in children's clothes.

It was a wonderful sight! Wendy always loved browsing through those tiny clothes.

Ever since she became a mother, shopping in stores like this one had been the highlight of her day.

It didn't matter if Ray needed new clothes or not.

If she passed by a store and had money in her pocket, she would buy him a thing or two.

Now that she had an unlimited budget to spend on Precious's clothing, she could hardly control herself.

Their conversations would always go like this, "Precious, do you like this one?"

"Oh, yes, I really do!"

"What about this one?"

"I love it!"

"And this one! Aww, a fleece jumpsuit. Those bunny ears on the hood are simply adorable! It can work as a pajama during the winter, but you could also wear it outside when it's too cold!"

"Wow! So soft! It's really pretty!"

Precious said as she took the jumpsuit from Wendy.

Then she found the same one in blue color, holding it out for Wendy to see.

"We can buy one for Ray, too. Then we would have another matching outfit."

"If this is what you want!"

At last, they left the store carrying more than ten shopping bags. Luke seemed appalled.

He teased Ryan in a low voice, "Brother, will you tell them or should I? Summer is almost over. Precious

couldn't wear all of them even if she changed every two hours."

But Ryan didn't seem to find this amusing. He casted a cold glare at Luke and growled, "It's none of your business!"

"Are you serious? Convincing Wendy to take this card was hard enough. I won't say anything to ruin this. I

am too pleased by the turn of events to be honest," Ryan thought to himself.

Luke just stared at his brother.

'What the hell? Can't you see you are breaking my heart? You can't be that cruel. You chose Wendy over

your own dear brother when she hasn't even agreed to be your girlfriend. That hurts! I rack my brains

every day, trying to find a way for you to be with her. You ungrateful bastard,' Luke thought sullenly.

Ryan decided the bags would just inconvenience them, so he left his address and asked the clerk to make

sure they were delivered directly to Enfield.

Then they ventured to the men's clothing on the fourth floor. Although the floor was filled with men's

clothes, the ones doing the shopping there were all women.

Wendy had never bought clothes for a man before, so she wasn't really interested in them.

Besides, after their long shopping spree, she found herself getting a little hungry, so she decided to head

back home.

"It's getting kind of late. Should we start our way back home?"

"No. It's not easy to take you out for shopping. Why don't you buy some clothes yourself?" Luke said.

Wendy shook her head, "No need. I have enough clothes already."

In truth, she hadn't packed many clothes when she had come back from abroad.

She didn't really have that many clothes to begin with, so she had wanted to buy some.

Until today at least that Ryan ordered a ton of clothes for her.

They were so many that she really lacked nothing at the moment.

"Then you can help my brother pick a couple of new suits," Luke said rolling his eyes.

"Ryan's closet is full of black suits and white shirts. I'm sick of looking at them. And you, Wendy, have

great taste. Choose something different for him, will you?" Wendy turned to look at Ryan, one eyebrow

raised.

Ryan's eyes swept over Wendy's body, noticing for the first time that her modern clothes really clashed

with his own stiff, formal ones.

He couldn't blame that couple for thinking he was her father. Making up his mind, he nodded once.

"Let me be completely honest, though. I have never been shopping for men's clothes before. And also, I

don't think you'll like what I choose for you."

'She's never bought clothes for another man!' Ryan thought, trying to mask his surprise.

But he also felt strangely giddy after that revelation. He shrugged.

"Don't worry about that. Choose whatever you want."

Then, they began going in and out of shops, Wendy looking at every item she came across with scrutiny.

At some point, Ryan got a call from his company, so he found a quiet corner to pick up the phone.

Precious had started to get tired, so she took a seat on a bench nearby to rest her legs.

Ray of course did not leave her side, while Luke stayed to watch the children, while Wendy chose clothes for Ryan.

As she looked around, she spotted a mannequin wearing a stunning, double-breasted suit.

Its fabric was delicate and screamed money.

The suit's color was a dark purplish red, making a stark contrast with the pure white shirt inside.

A small stripe of the shirt was just visible under the sleeves of the suit jacket, which made the whole outfit look classy, yet not too formal.

It was perfect! Wendy loved the thing from the moment she laid eyes on it.

She went into the shop to get a better look of the suit. But before she could even speak to the shop

assistant, she heard a haughty female voice coming from behind her.

"Miss, I would like the purplish red suit you have in the window. Size 48. And the white shirt inside

too. There was something so familiar about that voice. Wendy had a bad feeling about this! And sure

enough, as she turned around, she found herself staring into a familiar face...

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 83: Little Troublemaker On The Warpath

Meanwhile, Rosie, who was accompanied by Eris, sauntered into the store. Adorned in a Chanel dress

suit, with her curly chestnut hair hanging in loose locks on her shoulders, she was dressed to the

nines. Her designer sunglasses and three inch high heeled shoes gave her an imposing demeanor.

Beside her, walked the epitome of purity. Eris was dressed in a knee length white dress. Her straight black

hair created a sharp contrast with her dress.

They entered the shop hand in hand.

When they entered the shop, Rosie snobbishly removed her glasses and eyed Wendy.

"Oh!" She strutted up to her and remarked

"I was wondering who it was. It is you, Wendy." Wendy nodded at her. She considered Rosie her enemy because she and Eris were extremely close friends.

"I've heard the sad news from Eris that you are still alive. Seems that you are living a wonderful life now. You dare to shop in such a luxury store?" Rosie sneered in a condescending manner.

"But I also heard from Eris that you are single now, so why are you shopping for men's clothing? Are you shopping for your sugar daddy? Let me remind you that if you are looking for a husband, you'd better find one who doesn't have a wife. Otherwise, if the wife finds out that you are the mistress, she will make mincemeat of you!" Wendy frowned.

Although Rosie did not get along with her in the past, she had never abused her so rudely in the open. Wendy's face turned pale.

"Rosie!" Eris came over and grabbed her arm, saying "Stop it! It's all baseless things like catching the shadow..."

"Then there must be a shadow to catch."

"We haven't seen each other in three years. Word in the street has it that you are evolving more and more into a vamp," Rosie insulted.

She glared at Wendy in disgust. The more verbal diarrhea she spewed the uglier the situation became.

Wendy did not wish to get embroiled in an argument with Rosie so she turned to the sales assistant and

asked, "How much is the purplish red suit on the model?"

The sales assistant smiled and replied, "I'm sorry, miss. This suit is the limited edition of our brand. There is only one in the entire Ywood!"

Wendy grimaced.

"But I'm the first one that asked to buy it!" The saleswoman answered with a smile

"I'm sorry, miss. But Miss Rosie is the VIP guest of our shop. As a rule, we prioritize our service to our VIP guests."

Although Wendy was beautiful, she wore plain and simple clothes. However, Rosie was always drenched in famous brand names from head to toe. The assistant was sensible enough not to offend Rosie.

She smiled at Rosie and asked, "Miss Finch, do you want me to pack it now?"

"Yes!" Rosie was more than satisfied with the assistant.

Two assistants immediately removed the dress suit from the mannequin, folded it neatly and wrapped it.

Then they presented it to Rosie.

Wendy turned around and left the store.

She entered another store and found a sapphire blue suit to her liking.

"Miss, please pack this suit for me."

"Okay!"

"Wait!"

Wendy was unsure as to when Rosie and Eris had followed her into the store.

When Rosie discovered that Wendy had requested the suit, she immediately protested and demanded,

"Pack this suit for me!" Wendy scoffed.

She suddenly turned around and challenged, "You're looking for trouble on purpose, aren't you?"

"Yes!"

Glancing at Eris, Wendy stated, "I have never offended you in the past nor in the present. Rosie, don't be

so gullible to be used by others to fulfil their selfish motives!"

They hadn't seen each other for years, but Rosie came out of the blue to lock horns with her.

Only an idiot would not be able to see through this.

Eris felt offended.

"Wendy, I know that you hate me, but there's no reason for you to insult me like that."

Eris looked pure and innocent and tried to project that image even more in order to gain the pity of

others to protect her as a victim of Wendy's vicious slander.

Her red eyes were pitiful. Rosie immediately pulled Eris behind her and confronted Wendy.

"Take me to task if you have the gall!"

Ha-ha! So intriguing! They had deliberately stalked her to create trouble and now they were turning the tables around to make it seem as if she was bullying them! Wendy was dumbstruck.

They had spoilt her mood. She no longer wished to shop so turned around to leave instead.

"Stop!" Rosie strode over and stopped her.

"Did I say you can leave?"

"Get out of my face!"

Since her marriage to Kane, she had inherited a great deal of wealth and power.

Wherever she went, people held her in high esteem.

When she witnessed Wendy's insolence, she was filled with rage and pushed her away.

"Mind your language! Who do you think you are? How dare you talk to me like that! Wendy, I'm warning you. I'm not Eris and you can't bully me around! You faked your death three years ago... Oh, you were worried that you would go to jail after stabbing Eris, right? You are such a cunning woman! Wendy, you'd better behave yourself, or I will never let you get away with it!"

"Demented woman!"

"What did you say?" asked Rosie indignantly.

It was not like Wendy to be bullied and not retaliate.

She dusted her clothes and said in disgust, "Do you think that just because you a rich woman that

everyone will just bow silently to you? Are you so daft that you can't bear to hear the truth? Well I will

treat you with the contempt you deserve! "

Bitch! I'll kill you!

Wendy grabbed her wrist.

With a whimper, Rosie said painfully, "Get your filthy hands off me!"

But Wendy didn't let her go.

She tightened her grip and snapped, "I'm no longer the person you always took advantage of three years

ago! We are just acquaintances, but you still asked me to be your bridesmaid three years ago. Would you dare swear you had nothing to do with what happened to me back then?"

"Answer me!"

"You, you really did come back to take revenge on us!"

"Wendy, stop playing games with us!" Rosie vented.

"I'm warning you, if you dare to seduce Kane, I will never let you see the light of day!"

Seducing Kane?

"Needless to say, it's Eris who fed you such garbage," crooned Wendy. She couldn't help but laugh.

Eris bit her lips and shook her head desperately.

"Wendy, it's not me. I didn't tell Rosie anything..."

"It's none of your business who told me!"

Rosie drew back her hand and commanded coldly, "I don't care what you wish to do but you must

terminate the contract with Glory & Media immediately!"

"Terminate the contract?"

"Yes!"

"Okay!" Rosie's face lit up with joy.

Then she heard Wendy continue, "Help me pay the liquidated damages of one billion dollars then I'll

terminate the contract!"

Rosie was beyond furious, "Wendy! Do you think I'm stupid? Which company will have one billion as liquidated damages? You think this is funny?"

"Huh?" What a joke! Hers was really one billion.

"I'm only going to ask you one last time. Are you going to terminate the contract or not?"

"No way!"

The two of them could not reach a compromise.

The atmosphere was hotter than an oven.

At this time, Eris came over with teary eyes.

"Wendy... I know you came back to take revenge. I admit I was wrong back then. It was all my fault. If you

want to take revenge, take it out on me. Don't implicate the innocent. Rosie really loves Kane. Please show mercy and don't separate them!"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 84: Do I Look Like A Blatant Fool

Wendy studied Eris silently as if she were watching a hilarious show.
"Wendy, I was young and ignorant at that time. Now I know how much I hurt you. What I did was painfully wrong. Punish me all you want. I will accept it. But Rosie is innocent in all of this. She invited you to be her bridesmaid because you are her cousin. She was totally clueless about what I had done."

Wendy was amused by Eris's sad look.

Really, if Eris was as devoted as she was now while working, then she wouldn't have been scolded by

Carter so often for being a lousy actress.

She was a brilliant actress when it came to play the innocent victim.

"Are you done?" Eris bit her lips

"Wendy..."

"Then I'll leave!" Wendy said matter-of-factly.

"Wendy..."

"Eris, don't waste your breath on her!" Rosie strutted over and stopped her.

"Wendy, you are not going anywhere until you give me an explanation!"

"Explanation?"

Wendy stopped and put her hand into her pocket, "What do you wish to hear?"

"That you will leave Kane alone!"

"Ha-ha..."

"What are you laughing at?" Rosie asked crossly.

"I'm laughing because you are a pathetic fool!"

Wendy walked up to Rosie and stared at her with a straight face.

During her time with Ryan, she had learnt how to convey a callous attitude.

She peered at Rosie with eyes of icicles.

Her demeanor screamed that she dare not be challenged.

"Bloody hell! When did you see me seducing your husband? How can you discredit my character based on ridiculous rumors? Do I look like a blatant fool? According to the 246th article of the criminal law of

our country, it is regarded as defamation of character if an individual fabricates and spreads untrue stories about another individual! The punishment for defamation of character for the perpetrator is under three years imprisonment, detention, public surveillance or deprivation of political rights! So I advise you to watch your mouth!"

Rosie was gobsmacked by her imposing manner and stunned for a few seconds. When she regained her senses, her face was flushed with fury.

"Wendy, you are the one who seduced my husband! You have the nerve to be so arrogant with me! You are a shameless shrew! If you didn't entice him, then why would he have helped you to get rid of Evie by posting that clarification using Glory Media's official Weibo account? Previously, when there were scandals involving A-list and even super A-list artists, the company didn't give a hoot. But this time..."

"You doubt me because of this?" Wendy asked in disbelief.

"Ever since you came back, Kane has seldom come home. Do you dare to say that it's not because of you?"

Besides, when you attended the audition, he was there. If it weren't for him, how could you, a relatively unknown newcomer, get the chance to perform in such a big production like the 'Story of Concubine Ivanka'?"

"Firstly, if your husband doesn't come home, you should ask him why! Secondly, it's ludicrous that you suspect that we are having an affair just because he was present when I auditioned! If that's the case then Kane must be having an affair with every female who auditioned! Thirdly, if you want to know why I succeeded in the audition, you can visit Director Carter's page. He posted the video of my audition! It speaks volumes!"

Hearing that, Rosie gnashed her teeth indignantly "We haven't seen each other for three years yet you have a fat lot to say."

"I'm flattered!"

Rosie hyperventilated at Wendy's casual stance.

Wendy squealed with superiority.
She had experienced the worst of all types of people and scenarios in the past few years.
So she was unafraid of this confrontation.
In her opinion, Rosie was setting herself up for humiliation at her own hands! She didn't want to leave so she called the saleslady and requested, "Please pack that sapphire blue suit for me. Size 48."
"Yes, Miss!"
She packed the suit quickly.
Then Wendy paid with Ryan's black card.
When Rosie and Eris saw the black card, their eyes nearly pop out. They stared at each other in disbelief!
"Black card! It was a black card!"
They were not the only ones stunned when they saw the black card.

The saleslady too stared wide eyed at the card and immediately her attitude towards Wendy changed.
She suddenly put on an extremely respectful mien.
"Miss, with this card, you get a twenty percent discount. Do you need anything else?"
"What? A twenty-percent discount?"
Wendy was elated! As far as she knew, this luxury brand never offered a discount.
They would rather destroy the off season products than sell them at a cheaper price! Wendy looked around and added a newly released black knee length windbreaker and a crimson shirt to her cart.
"Wow!" She felt like a queen, being able to buy anything she fancied and not paying for it with her own money.
"Miss, it's done."
The saleslady handed the paper bag to her.
Without looking at Rosie and Eris, Wendy flounced off.
This time, neither Rosie nor Eris stopped her.
Rosie was satisfied in the knowledge that Kane did not possess a black card.
It meant that Wendy had nothing to do with Kane.
Rosie breathed a sigh of relief as she internalized this hard fact.
Eris gritted her teeth with hatred and envy but pretended to be relaxed.

She held Rosie's arms and whispered, "See, I told you that it wasn't true but you doubted me. Now do you believe that she is innocent?"

"Don't be silly. You don't have to be her mouthpiece! She had only just returned from overseas. How did she get in possession of a black card so soon? What did this mean? She may not have seduced Kane but I'm sure she is the mistress of some rich man. She has changed a lot in the past three years while we had lost contact with each other. Not only does she have a beautiful face but she has a scheming wicked mind to match. She tricked some lovelorn rich man to give her his black card."

Upon hearing that, Eris narrowed her eyes and quickly held Rosie's hands.

"Rosie, maybe we have misunderstood her. She is not a mistress..."

"Alas!"

Rosie sighed and prodded Eris's forehead.

In a disappointed tone she stated, "You are too simple minded. She was cruel enough to stab you back

then, so who knows what else she is capable of doing?"

Rosie was filled with jealousy and hatred.

She ventured, "I bet she has hooked up with some nasty old man who has been beguiled by her beauty

and is prepared to splash all his money on her to keep her happy."

Eris pretended to be shocked and said, "No, it can't be true. The clothes she just purchased just now is for a young man."

Staring at Wendy's receding figure, Rosie quietly stepped forward and followed.

"Rosie, what are you doing?"

"If you want to know who her man is then just follow her secretly."

"I don't think it's a good idea."

"Why not?" Rosie held Eris's hand and followed Wendy.

"Hurry up! Let's go and have a look," she urged Eris.

The two followed Wendy secretly. Wendy walked around the fourth floor again with the paper bags in

her hand. Eventually she went to a rest area without buying anything more.

Seeing that, Rosie and Eris followed her on tip toe.

As soon as Wendy arrived in the rest area, a tall man in a white T-shirt and a pink suit hurried towards her.

Their view of him was obscured by Wendy so they could not see his face. They could not hear what they were chatting about because of the great distance between them.

The man then took the paper bags from Wendy and shortly thereafter they left, walking side by side and laughing in merry conversation.

As soon as Wendy moved, Rosie and Eris got a good view of the man's handsome face.

Seeing the man, Rosie covered her mouth in shock.

"Luke? Wendy's man turned out to be Luke! How is that possible?"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 85: Cold But Sweet

"It's Luke! Although Luke was not directly involved in the showbiz, he was well known in these circles and frequently became the topic of discussion for people in the filming industry. He only dates gorgeous women from the showbiz, if the rumors are true."

It was obvious that Eris had heard of him, too.

At the sight of Rosie's shocked face, Eris couldn't help asking, "Rosie, do you know Luke?"

"I sure do!"

"Tell me everything."

"He and Kane are friends. The two of them grew up together. Luke is the youngest son of the Oliver family. They own the Oliver Group, you know. Glory Media is a subsidiary of Oliver Group, one of the hundreds all over the world. Now the Oliver Group's CEO is Luke's older brother, Ryan. And Kane works for him! I never would have imagined that Wendy would get involved with Luke, though! Now it all makes sense. How she signed up with the Glory Media as soon as she came in town, and how she got her part in the show. Not to mention Kane blocking Evie's posts. Luke must have been behind all that!"

Rosie said, hatred written all over her face.

"Hmm! But isn't Luke supposed to be a ladies' man?"

'Oh, yes! He is such a playboy! That alone seemed to lift Rosie's spirit.

"His affairs never last longer than a month! Sure, Wendy is hot. But he'll dump her too soon enough!"

"I am not so sure about that."

Eris toyed with chain of her handbag as she asked incredulously, "He must be crazy about her. He wouldn't give her a black card if he didn't."

"Nonsense! Luke's generosity is quite famous. He buys all kinds of expensive things for all his girlfriends. How do you think he charms all those TV stars and models? But sooner or later, they all get dumped, no matter how love-struck he may seem. He is kind of ruthless, too. Once he gets out of a relationship, there's no chance for a reunion."

Rosie's answer sounded a lot like gloating.

Eris pretended to be shocked by what she learned.

"No, I can't let Wendy go through that! I need to convince her to leave him."

"Don't be a fool," Rosie said, holding her back.

"Right now, Luke showers her with affection and expensive gifts. If you talk to her now, she'll think that you are trying to ruin her happiness! Humph! Wendy probably thinks Luke will marry her someday. Talk about knowing her place! She think it's that easy to marry into a rich family?"

Rosie could see Wendy's future clearly in her mind. She snorted.

"A nobody like her needs to be used and then dumped by Luke. That way she'll learn once and for all that wealthy men are way out of her league."

"But she is my sister after all..." Eris insisted.

"Is that so? Didn't she just yell at you? Us both? Is this how a sister would treat you? I am telling you, she is not worthy of your kindness. Let's just go home!"

In the resting area, the children were sitting on the soft leather sofa, eating ice cream. It was the perfect way to cool down a bit in the summer heat.

"Mommy!" When he spotted Wendy, Raymond jumped to his feet. He ran to his mother with his short legs and started tugging her shirt. Wendy immediately squatted down in front of her son.

Raymond scooped up some ice cream and gave it to her.

"Hmm. Vanilla! Delicious!"

Hugging him tight, she kissed Ray's cheek and said, "Thank you, baby!"

The boy's ears started turning red. Precious ran over too and scooped up a spoonful of her own ice cream.

She held it towards Wendy and said, "Auntie, mine is really delicious, too. Try some. It's strawberry!"

As Wendy licked the spoon clean, Precious was watching her every movement eagerly.

Wendy had to try really hard not to laugh at the girl's expression.

She swallowed and smacked her lips.

Then she gave Precious a big kiss, which made the girl beam with pride.

Ryan, who had just gotten off the phone, walked up to them.

Precious scooped some ice cream and tried to feed it to her father.

Ryan frowned, keeping his lips sealed.

Luke broke out into laughter, "Precious, sweetie. Have you ever seen your father eat ice cream? You know why you haven't? Because he hates it. He says it's cold and sticky. And too sweet!"

"But this is delicious. Auntie Wendy thinks so too. She just said it!"

'Wendy had ice cream too?' Ryan wondered.

He took a good look at Wendy and spotted a small pink stain right on the corner of her mouth.

And to Luke's astonishment, Ryan opened his mouth and ate the ice cream.

'It is cold and tastes like strawberries, ' Ryan thought, trying to decide whether he liked it or not.

Precious's eyes shone with excitement.

"Daddy, do you like it?"

Ryan glanced at Wendy and said softly, "It's good. Cold, but sweet!"

Wendy just stared at him.

'What? Why did he look at me like that? Is something wrong?' Wendy started looking around and then her eyes fell on the spoon in Precious's hand.

The same one she had eaten off. And then Ryan had used it too. Her cheek were flaming all of a sudden.

'Nice!' Luke thought, wishing he could congratulate his brother right then and there.

'I didn't think Ryan had it in him. He is actually thinking up some good moves!' Ryan stood up and walked to his brother.

Looking inside the bags in Luke's hands, he turned to Wendy.

"Thank you," he said gently.

The blush on her face hadn't faded yet and his voice seemed to just make it worse. She waved her hand and said, "It's nothing, really. Women do love shopping, even more so when it is not their own money they are spending!"

"In that case, you can be in charge of picking out new clothes for me from now on." Wendy didn't know how to respond to that.

The smile froze on her face.

'Can I just refuse?' She wondered.

'I don't think he will let me though.' She suddenly grabbed the bags from Luke and stuffed them into Ryan's hands.

"First, you must try them on. See if they fit. The shop assistant said you can return them or change them at any time if they don't fit."

But all Ryan could think was that this was the first time Wendy bought clothes for him. Even if they didn't fit him, he would never return them. But just because she asked, he took out the black overcoat and tried it on.

The man was born to be a model. The black overcoat was well-tailored, but simple.

It was just the right one for Ryan.

Usually, he looked too serious wearing a suit, but this particular overcoat made his look more casual.

"Oh, Daddy! You are so handsome!"

Precious cooed, clapping her hands together.

"Auntie Wendy, you have excellent taste!"

"Well, the fabric and the craftsmanship are extraordinary," Wendy said proudly.

"There had to be a reason for it to be so expensive, right? It really does look perfect! I was planning to buy a crimson suit, which would definitely look great on you. But as it turned out, it was a limited edition. Only one of them in the whole city! And one of my cousins got it before me. Pity."

Ryan, who was taking off the overcoat at the moment, paused for a second.

"Really?"

"You probably know her. Her name is Rosie! She is married to Kane. She must have bought it as a present for him. Next time you see him, he may be wearing that suit."

On their walk home Ryan and Luke were a few steps behind Wendy and the children. Ryan's face once more resembled an expressionless mask.

"Luke," he called out suddenly.

"What is it?"

"It seems that Glory Media is overstaffed. Find Kane something else to do!"

Ryan said firmly and walked away. Luke was stunned! He couldn't believe what he had just heard.

"Is he for real? Just because Rosie bought the suit Wendy had an eye on, he will make Kane pay for that?"

Oh, God! I need to make sure I stay on Wendy's good side from now on!" Luke thought, sighing inwardly.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 86: I Have Found The Perfect Mom

The sultry weather had them in streams of perspiration by the time they reached Ensfield. Wendy and Ryan separated at the fork in the road. Before Wendy could leave, Precious delayed her.

"Wait, Auntie Wendy!"

"What's wrong, my dear?"

"I want to take photos with you and Ray!"

"Okay!"

Although they had known each other for quite a while now, Wendy had neglected to take photos with Precious.

Precious took out Ryan's phone and switched on the camera. She handed the phone to Luke without any hesitation. Then she ran back to the others. Wendy sat on the blue stone road with her legs crossed and her back to the sun. Ray and Precious sat on either side of her. "Well, uncle, hurry up! Remember to take the good side of us."

"Okay!" Luke manipulated the phone while glancing silently at Ryan. Then he put his heart and soul into taking the best photos he possibly could.

"Well! Wendy, Ray and Precious looked fabulous in matching clothes. What a harmonious scene!" Luke thought to himself.

He joyfully clicked several more photos of this photogenic group.

"Well, it's done!"

Upon hearing that, Precious ran over to Luke.

When she saw the photos, her eyes brightened up.

"Wow! It's so beautiful!"

"Of course, I'm good at photography!"

"I mean we look so beautiful," Precious added.

Luke was dumbfounded. He didn't expect a display of such pride from her but he knew that this was just her way of being funny. Wendy also ran over.

When she saw the photo, she cried out, "Wow! It's really so beautiful!"

Luke raised his chin in pride at these compliments.

Wendy rubbed her chin and joked, "Sure enough, if you are naturally beautiful then the camera will capture your beauty no matter how you shoot! Ha- ha!"

Luke was lost for words. He looked strangely at Wendy and Precious.

Then a sinister feeling overcame him.

They projected a mother-daughter bond to perfection! "Luke, please remember to send me those photos!"

"Okay!" After taking the photos, Wendy was drenched in perspiration.

"Ray and I will go back and take a shower. It's hot and stuffy. Besides, it looks like we're in for some rain."

"Okay!" Ryan replied with a nod.

Then he added, "We will be there at dinner time."

Wendy was blown away.

"Alright, then..." At No.1 villa, after her shower, Precious began to yawn.

"Are you sleepy?" Ryan asked with concern.

Precious nodded listlessly. She then stretched out her arms to him and he cradled her lovingly.

"Daddy, can you take a nap with me?" Precious put her arms around Ryan's neck and asked.

"Okay!"

He entered the room and gently placed her on the big bed. He then closed the curtains and told her, "Go to sleep now."

"Daddy, stay with me," Precious insisted.

Ryan had no choice but to lie next to her on the bed.

"Daddy. Come on. I support you." She tugged at his clothes although her eyes were drowsy with sleep.

"What do you mean?"

"Marry Auntie Wendy soon. I want her to be my mom!"

Ryan touched her head and said, "Go to sleep!"

"Okay!"

Very soon she was in slumber land.

Whilst lying on the bed next to her, he took out his phone and looked at the photos Luke had taken earlier that day.

His eyes were glued to the photos as if he were mesmerized by some rare treasure.

His soft gaze remained on the photos for a long time.

The more he looked at them, the more elated he became.

He was enchanted by the fact that Precious's eyes were a replica of Wendy's. What a pleasant

coincidence! Smiling with mirth, he sent all the photos to Wendy.

Finally, he set the photo of the three of them sitting on the blue stone road as his screen saver.

He then posted a photo of them on WeChat Moment.

It was a photo of Wendy, Ray and Precious.

The three of them were standing with their backs to the camera.

Wendy was in the middle, holding the hands of the children.

The picture captured Wendy jumping against the light, her ponytail flying.

Although the photo portrayed a back view of her, viewers could see that she was blissfully happy.

He posted the photo with two powerful words: "My Love."

Soon, there were comments below the post.

Luke said, "Wow, am I good at photography or what?"

Kane also left a reply, "When did you have a son?"

Roger left a series of frustrated emojis below it.

Leo commented

"Oh, my God! Bro, you are amazing. When are you going to introduce your wife to us?" Ryan was thrilled

as he went through the comments. As soon as the page was refreshed, two more replies popped up.

One was from his father, "Is this the real deal?"

While the other was from his mother.

As if she was expressing her anger, she left a line of emoji of three angry faces first.

Then she added, "Ryan, please make time to come over soon. I have something important to discuss with you!"

Ryan frowned. He responded to his father first, "Yes!"

Then he replied to his mother.

"Okay!"

Later, he refreshed the page again, but didn't see any reply from Wendy. He was deeply saddened.

With a wry expression, he placed the phone on the bedside table.

Wendy had neatly packed the clothes that she had chosen for him into the bag and the bags were now on the bedside table.

Looking at the clothes, he remembered she had told him that she had never bought clothes for a man before.

His eyes gradually softened.

After a refreshing shower, Wendy lay on her bed.

Her cellphone beeped.

When she took a closer look she saw the pictures that Ryan had sent.

She immediately saved them in her phone.

Wendy was disarmed by the smiling faces of the children.

Unfortunately, as an actress, she couldn't set these intimate photos as a screen saver like other woman.

Once, after she saved Precious, she was hospitalized and Roger had taken care of her for several days.

At that time, Roger had explicitly told her not to reveal any information about Ray.

In the world of showbiz, stars could really heap up a fortune, but at the same time, their privacy could be compromised.

Sadly, she didn't even know who Ray's father was.

This was what tarnished her image and hung like a dark cloud over her head.

If the media got wind of this, they would not think twice about reporting it.

Anti-fans would criticize her conduct harshly and she would be caught up in a merry mess.

If that happened, she would not be able to protect her innocent child from the talons of those vultures.

Therefore, she abided by Roger's advice and hid Ray's existence from the public.

After saving the photos, she habitually browsed through the WeChat Moment.

She didn't have many friends so she came across the photo that Ryan had posted on the platform quite quickly.

There was no problem with the photo.

But the caption surprised her.

"My Love"? Wendy's heart skipped a beat!

"Does he mean Precious? Yes! Of course, it must be Precious!"

Flustered, she threw the phone aside as if escaping from something.

"Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!"

Sharp notes of WeChat alerts sounded continuously.

"Wendy! Wendy! Wendy, are you there? I have something important to tell you!"

It was Jeffrey who was harassing her on her phone. Wendy was confused.

'Why is he texting me so urgently?' Before she could reply, Jeffrey called her as if he had run out of patience.

Wendy answered the phone immediately.

"Hello..."

"Come and meet me, Wendy! Hurry up! I'm running out of patience!"

"Are you completely out of your mind?" Wendy asked crossly.
"Whatever you say! I'll give you one minute. If you don't come, I'll announce to the media that you're my girlfriend!" he threatened.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 87: Can Jeffrey Turn Ryan Into a Cuckold

"What the heck! You win!" Wendy quickly got out of bed and slipped on her shoes.

"Where are you? I'll come over right away!"

"I'm at home!"

"Damn it! Jeffrey, are you kidding me? How am I supposed to know where you live?" asked Wendy.

"Just cut the crap and leave your house now!" Jeffrey then duly hung up the phone! ‘

‘Damn! That weirdo!’ Wendy just wanted to smack him now.

What was wrong with him? Wendy didn't dare delay another second. She knew how erratic Jeffrey could be. He always carried out his threats.

If she failed to meet him, he would announce their relationship to the world.

Bloody hell! Dating Jeffrey? His brainless fans would curse her to death. Ray was still fast asleep so she didn't disturb him.

She scribbled a quick note and left it at his bedside.

Then she changed her clothes and stole outdoors.

As soon as she stepped out of No.2 Villa, she took out her phone and called Jeffrey.

But before their phones could connect, she saw Jeffrey standing outside No. 1 Villa! He still had the eye-catching green hair and Hip- hop style clothes to match.

He stuck out like a sore thumb.

Wendy was appalled! Why was he standing at the door of Ryan's house?

No! No! No! Ryan was Jeffrey's uncle so it was normal for him to be seen at the door to the house.

But why did Jeffrey call her there just to ask her to go elsewhere?

Wendy was confused.

She didn't want anyone to know that Ryan was her neighbor.

What should she do? As Wendy tried to hide from him, he caught her gaze and gave her a deadly look.

There was unspoken tension as their eyes met.

Wendy was transfixed for a second and then tried to run away.

"Wendy! How dare you try to run away? Stop!"

With his long legs, it was easy to outrun her.

He grabbed her back collar with one hand but Wendy's reflexes were too fast and she floored him with an overarm throw.

"Thud!"

"Ouch!"

As he hit the ground, he was writhing in pain.

He pointed a trembling finger at Wendy accusingly, "You! You dare to hit me!"

"Yes!"

"How dare you hit me?" Jeffrey stood up, embarrassed.

"Why did you chase me?"

"Would I chase you if you didn't run away?"

"Would I run away if you didn't chase me?"

Wendy answered with a question, guiltless. Jeffrey was silent.

Damn! What horrible misfortune! Jeffrey brushed the dust off his clothes and questioned Wendy like a

husband who had caught his wife red handed engaging in adultery.

"What are you doing in Uncle Luke's house?" Wendy was astonished.

"Is this your Luke's house? You must be mistaken."

"How could I?" asked Jeffrey angrily.

"No.1 Villa of the Ensfield belongs to Uncle Ryan, No.2 Villa belongs to Uncle Luke, and No.3 Villa belongs

to me! I have been their neighbor for many years. How could I be mistaken?"

Wendy was even more shocked. She pointed at the No.3 Villa beside the No.2 Villa and asked, "Is that your home?"

"Of course!"

"But I've been living there for more than a month. Why haven't I seen you?"

"You've been living there for more than a month? Really?" Jeffrey became indignant.

"That's not the point!"

Wendy waved her hand and said, "Cut to the chase. Why did you want to meet me in such a hurry?"

Jeffrey was about to lose it.

He shouted, "Wendy! I have been worried about you since you were framed by Evie, but I couldn't get in touch with you! You are so unsympathetic that you didn't call even once to update me on the outcome of that matter.

Your phone was unreachable and I had no idea where you were living.

I was so worried...!"

The cockles of her heart warmed up.

Although he was famous for his rough temper, he had a soft side for her. She patted him on the shoulder and said.

"Buddy! Thank you!"

"Who the hell is your buddy?"

Fuming, he pushed away her hand and demanded, "Tell me! Why are you living in the Enfield? Where did you disappear to for so many days? What kind of relationship do you share with Uncle Ryan? Speak!"

Three consecutive questions made Wendy's head spin.

"Such a load of questions! Which one do you want me to answer first?"

"In that order!"

Wendy began to reflect.

"Firstly, I told you that I saved Precious at the audition site and then signed a contract with Glory

Media. The company arranged accommodation here for me."

With his eyebrows twitching wildly, Jeffrey was close to losing his temper.

Wendy glanced at him and said, "If you want me to finish my answer, please do not interrupt with your nonsense!"

Jeffrey kept quiet then said, "Please go on."

"Secondly, I have been in the hospital since I disappeared. I just returned today."

This time, Jeffrey couldn't help but look at Wendy up and down, "Why were you in hospital? Why didn't you tell me? I would have visited you!"

"I was not in hospital. It was my sister."

My sister was hospitalized and I needed to take care of her. She deliberately concealed the bit about Ryan.

"You have a sister?"

"Of course! I'm a normal person. Why can't I have a sister?"

"Okay!"

Jeffrey shut his mouth sulkily.

"Thirdly, I told you before that your Uncle Ryan and I have nothing special going on. He is the boss and I am an employee!"

"No way!"

Wendy felt a headache coming on.

She rubbed her temples and said, "Believe it or not!"

"Then how do you explain this photo?"

He whipped out his phone and showed her the photo that Ryan had posted on WeChat Moments.

Although it was a back view of Wendy, he had no doubt that it was her. He was confident about this fact.

"Don't tell me the person in the photo is not you!"

"It is me!"

"You admit it?" said Jeffrey furiously.

"Admit what? Ryan and Luke often take care of my son as good neighbors do in turn, return the favor by taking care of Precious. After a while of being neighbors, we became acquaintances.

We just had lunch together today.

When we came back, we took some photos.

Why are you interrogating me as if I am engaging in adultery? I don't even owe you an explanation about my relationship with Ryan.

After all, you are an ex-boyfriend now. How dare you question me?

Jeffrey's anger was immediately

extinguished as if ice cold water had been poured on him.

At that moment, the security guards who had been alerted to the noise, came to investigate what was going on.

Wendy was red with embarrassment.

She grabbed Jeffrey's arm and said, "Let's talk about it in the house!"

"Is your son at home?"

"Yes!"

"Then let's go to my place!"

Without saying a word, he took Wendy to No.3 Villa. In No.1 Villa, Luke, who had been peeking at the gate for a long time, had a curious look on his face. He was shocked to see Jeffrey lead Wendy away to No.3 Villa.

He turned around and yelled into the room.

"Ryan! Get here quickly. If you are a second too slow, Jeffrey will turn you into a cuckold! Whew!"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 88: Respectfully Call Me Aunt Wendy

Inside No.3 Villa, another drama was playing out.

This was Wendy's first visit to Jeffrey's home. The deco contrasted sharply with that of Ryan's and Luke's homes. It was decorated in a totally post-modern style.

The floor boasted laminated wood with grey carpets decked over them. Although most of the furniture was gray, it didn't look dull at all. Actually anyone would compliment its low-key yet luxurious message. There was an imposing photo wall in the living room.

It was covered with photos of Jeffrey in different characters.

Beneath the photo wall was a display cabinet on which proudly stood the many trophies that Jeffrey had won since his debut into the entertainment industry.

Wendy was overawed! She sauntered to the trophies, drooling at the many coveted awards for music achievements, movies and TV series that Jeffrey had bagged. Jeffrey was silent.

He pressed Wendy's shoulders sensually and asked, "How can you get distracted by a bunch of trophies

when such a handsome man is standing in front of you? Huh?!"

"Get away! These are all my goals!" Jeffrey was dumbstruck again.

Suddenly, he blurted, "Uncle Ryan likes you."

"What did you just say?"

"Uncle Ryan likes you!"

Wendy trembled and almost dropped the trophy she was holding.

She quickly replaced it and shook her head desperately.

"That's impossible!"

Jeffrey searched for Ryan's words on the WeChat Moment.

"See? 'My Love'! Isn't it self-explanatory?"

"For your information, he is referring to Precious.Okay?"

"If that was the case then he would have posted a photo of Precious only.Why did he post one of all

three of you? What's going on with him? Care to explain it now?"

"Uh..."

"And, Uncle Ryan is not at all a warm or compassionate person.He is as busy as a bee, yet he finds time

to post photos of you and look after Ray.Doesn't that tell you something?

So stop kidding.Besides, do

you know what Precious means to him? She is the little princess of the Oliver Family.She has been spoilt

to the core by my grandparents from the day she was born.Uncle Ryan doesn't allow anyone anywhere

near her without his permission.He is extremely possessive and protective over her."

Wendy was taken aback.Why did she feel that the Ryan that Jeffrey was talking about was not the Ryan

that she knew?

"Jeffrey, did you...Did you have a grudge against Ryan so you deliberately started a smear campaign

against him?"

Jeffrey was so infuriated that a sharp pain literally shot through his chest.

"Then how do you explain that he is so willing to take care of Ray?"

"Of course it's because my son is so lovable!"

"Oh dear! Here we go again!"

"Buddy, you are over thinking.It's normal for neighbors to help each other."

Jeffrey was about burst a blood vessel.

He grasped Wendy's shoulders and said sternly, "Wendy! Believe it or not, Uncle Ryan is smitten by you.I

don't want to get into anything else.I just want to warn you about him.Don't be deceived by his outer

appearance and sweet talk.Moreover, don't try to entice him because of that handsome face.He is unlike

me.If you betray him or do anything to aggravate him, he will give you a punishment worse than

death. You would simply disappear from the face of this earth."

Wendy blinked, "Are you afraid of Ryan?"

A trace of embarrassment flashed across Jeffrey's face.

He looked away and said, "What nonsense! What do I have to be afraid of?"

"Ha Ha! I can't believe that the fearless Jeffrey is really afraid of someone!"

"Wendy! Stop it!"

Jeffrey became angry and embarrassed.

He felt like he had been caught with his pants down.

Wendy guffawed.

"It's becoming a bad habit of yours to threaten me every day. If you dare threaten me again or reveal to

anyone that we were in a relationship, then I will seduce your Uncle Ryan and become your aunt! Then

I'll influence him to punish you every day! Come on, boy. Call me Aunt Wendy." Jeffrey could not

outsmart her.

Why could she not see the gravity of the matter? His Uncle Ryan! People openly referred to him as a

"Tyrant" or a "Devil".

As far as Jeffrey could remember, no woman could get close to him.

No wonder rumors spread that he might be a homosexual.

But there was still an endless queue of women trying to win him over.

Those women... They usually ended up nursing a broken heart.

It was said that a girl's finger was cut off the very next day after she tried to touch him! Since then, his

cruel reputation spread like wildfire. In the past few years, the only

woman who had made it was the one

who had slept with him and gave birth to Precious. Jeffrey was genuinely concerned about Wendy's

welfare.

"Wendy, Uncle Ryan is really..."

"Oh, right!"

Suddenly, a question popped up in her mind.

She interrupted him mid-sentence and stared at him askance.

With eyes as large as saucers, she enquired, "Are you Precious's brother?"

Jeffrey looked depressed, "What do you think?"

He was in conflict about having such a young cousin.

"Ha Ha! Ha Ha Ha!" Wendy's exaggerated laugh echoed.

"Precious calls me 'auntie'. According to your seniority, don't you also have to call me 'auntie'?"

Jeffrey's face darkened!

"Shut up!"

"No!"

Although she was afraid of Ryan, Jeffrey did not scare her at all.

She laughed coyly and sang, "Wow! I'm so sorry that I am suddenly more senior than you. When you see

me in the future, remember to speak to me respectfully as your senior and not to joke around with

me. Or I will slap you across the lips!"

Jeffrey was flabbergasted.

"Okay! I've heard an earful from you. Ray is still sleeping at home. It's best I leave now."

"Don't go!" Jeffrey stopped her.

The corners of Wendy's mouth lifted into a smirk.

She made a fist and belched, "Jeff, please think twice before you say anything, okay?"

Flinching his neck and lowering his head, Jeffrey suddenly noticed the script on the sofa at a glance.

"Oh, right! Director Williams said that you would join the crew for tomorrow's shoot. They will be

shooting our scene. I have yet to go over my lines. Why don't you practice our lines with me now?"

Wendy yawned, bored to death.

"Come here quickly!" Jeffrey pulled Wendy to the sofa.

She sat down casually and asked, "Tell me, which scene?"

Jeffrey opened the script and pointed to one of the scenes on it.

"Here! This one! Director Williams said that we will shoot this scene tomorrow!"

After taking a glance at it, Wendy became as alert as a bird. She knew her scenes so well that she

remembered the scene that Jeffrey was referring to.

That was...A kissing scene! This would be shot the next day! In the play, after Faye and Weston's

engagement, Faye felt intimidated by the hordes of women in the city who still pursued Weston like

dogs in heat.

In a jealous rage, she tied him to the woodshed and forcefully kissed him! Wendy's face turned deathly pale in disgust.

Looking at her face, Jeffrey was instantly enraged.

"Damn it! What is that lifeless expression supposed to mean? It seems as if you would rather die than shoot a kissing scene with me! Do you know how many women are waiting to ravage my lips but couldn't find a chance?"

Wendy just remained silent.

"Cut the crap and practice this with me!"

Just when Jeffrey was about to rehearse, the doorbell suddenly rang. He impulsively rushed to the door.

Through the visual doorbell, he espied someone who made him grit his teeth.

"Who is it?"

"How dare you ask? How dare you say that Ryan doesn't like you? If he doesn't care about you, then

what is he doing, chasing after your skirt here?"

"Is that Ryan?"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 89: A Married Couple

"Ryan is here?" Wendy thought inwardly.

She was stunned for a moment. Then she sat up and coughed lightly.

"You are overthinking. Maybe he is here to see you."

"Maybe," Jeffrey agreed flatly.

But deep inside him, he complained, 'He will never pay me a visit without a good reason.'

Although he was complaining in his heart, he didn't dare to delay his action. He pressed a button, and the gate of the villa opened automatically. He then opened the door of the house spontaneously and waited at the door in a fidgety manner.

From a distance, he saw Ryan slowly walking towards him in grey casual clothes. Ryan was only wearing casual clothes, but with his solemn face, his momentum was still unabated.

Behind Ryan was Luke, carrying a huge package in his hands.

In contrast with Ryan, he was dressed in a fancy shirt printed with peony patterns.

Seeing the two men, Wendy breathed a sigh of relief. She turned to Jeffrey and said in a low voice, "Look, they are here to see you. Obviously, they care about you."

Jeffrey glared at her fiercely.

While they were talking, Ryan and Luke were about to walk into the living room.

"Hello, there. Why are you here?" Jeffrey suddenly said.

"Why? Are we not welcome here?"

"Oh, no, no, no. Come on in!"

Jeffrey quickly turned his body sideways, giving way for the two men to enter the house.

As soon as Luke entered the living room, he exclaimed exaggeratedly, "Wow, what a coincidence!

Wendy, you are also here!"

'Oh, heck! He is acting again,' Jeffrey thought, his mouth twitched wildly.

He was not convinced that they didn't know that Wendy was here.

While they were talking, Ryan and Luke had already sat down on the sofa. Ryan sat next to Wendy,

leaned against the sofa, and stretched his arm at the back. It was as if he was hugging her.

Jeffrey was taken aback.

What he was seeing right now only confirmed his conjectures.

As far as he could remember, Ryan had never taken the initiative to get close to a woman.

He was now positive that Ryan liked Wendy.

"Damn! Wendy is not vigilant at all," he complained inwardly upon seeing that she was still as calm as before.

"Bruce, I'm thirsty."

Upon hearing this, Jeffrey went to the kitchen and fetched several ice-cold drinks, including beer, Coke, Sprite, and mineral water.

When he returned to the living room, he said, "Take whatever you want to drink."

Ryan took a bottle of mineral water, Wendy took the can of Sprite, and Luke took the can of beer.

Jeffrey sat down on the other side of Wendy, opened the can of Coke, and took two gulps.

All of a sudden, Ryan said, "Don't you know that Coke decreases the motility of sperm cells?"

Jeffery was so shocked by Ryan's words that he almost squirted out the Coke in his mouth. Wendy almost choked on the Sprite. Luke, on the other hand, couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"Uncle Ryan..."

Before Jeffery could finish his words, Ryan took the package from Luke and threw it to him, saying, "Your grandfather has asked me to bring this to you. He knows that you're back, so he wants you to go home and have a meal with him when you are free."

"Okay," Jeffrey obediently said, standing in front of Ryan like a primary school student.

The way he reacted amazed Wendy.

She didn't expect him to be afraid of Ryan.

Jeffrey put down the Coke on the coffee table and said, "I've been busy with shooting since I came back, so I'm sorry I haven't been able to visit you. But I've brought gifts for Precious from abroad. I'll give it to her next time we meet."

"Okay."

Then... There was pin-drop silence in the living room. Sitting between Ryan and Jeffrey, Wendy felt embarrassed. So she moved her body uneasily.

"Do you feel uncomfortable?" Ryan asked, looking down at her.

"No, no, no."

"You said you're going home to take a nap, right? Why are you here?" he asked very naturally.

"I'm here because we're going to rehearse for the scene we're going to shoot tomorrow."

As she spoke, Wendy took out the script and smiled awkwardly.

"We are a couple in the 'Story of Concubine Ivanka.' I haven't been to the crew for several days because of the trouble caused by Evie. But I'm going to shoot tomorrow, so I'm here to practice with Jeffrey in advance."

Upon hearing her explanation, Ryan glanced at the script casually. And when he saw the content of the script, his eyes narrowed slightly.

"What's wrong?" Wendy asked in confusion.

She noticed that the expression on his face changed.

"Nothing," Ryan said and withdrew his gaze.

"Are you done now?"

"We haven't started yet."

He nodded and took two sips of his mineral water.

Sitting there as if he had no intention of leaving, he said, "You can start now."

Wendy was rendered speechless. And so was Jeffrey.

In the end, the two of them bit the bullet and began to play their roles. But under Ryan's gaze, she couldn't focus on her acting.

She got distracted, especially in the parts where she had to flirt with Jeffrey or when she had to have physical contact with him.

She felt that a chilly wind was blowing behind her, making her unable to get into the scene at all.

Not only her but Jeffrey was also affected by Ryan's powerful aura. He couldn't play his role as well.

"It can't work this way! The atmosphere is not right. We can't even internalize our roles. Let's just do it in the shooting site tomorrow."

'Humph! Ryan, don't think that I don't know what you're thinking. But you can't do anything with it. We

will definitely shoot the kissing scene,' Jeffrey thought to himself.

Thinking of this, he casually threw the script.

Luke sat down beside him and put his arm around his shoulder as if they were intimate to each other.

Luke then leaned over and asked curiously, "Bruce, how did you meet Wendy?"

"I fell in love with her at first sight when we were filming a scene together," Jeffrey replied calmly.

"Then you pursued her and broke up with her when the fun was over?"

Luke asked again.

Jeffrey's face turned gloomy at once.

"It's true that I pursued her. But it wasn't me who dumped her. It was her who dumped me."

"Uh..." Luke became more curious.

He looked at Jeffrey and then at Wendy.

Scratching his head anxiously, he said, "Bruce, tell me what happened."

"I also want to know," Jeffrey said crossly because he also didn't understand why.

He was so handsome and popular.

He treated Wendy well, and he didn't mind that she had a son.

But he didn't expect that she would break up with him.

"Wendy, tell me quickly, what is going on between the two of you?"

Wendy sighed.

She said, "Luke, it's a pity that you didn't become a paparazzo."

"Come on, tell me!"

This time, not only Luke but Ryan also became curious.

Wendy's scalp tingled.

She said vaguely, "Just after we were together, I realized that we didn't get along well as a couple, so I

broke up with him."

Luke was obviously disappointed.

"That's all?"

"What else can there be?"

'Boring,' Luke thought inwardly.

He expected that there would be more stories.

"It's half past three," Ryan suddenly said.

Then he looked at Wendy.

When he saw the confusion on her face, he added, "It's time to prepare dinner."

Once again, Wendy was rendered speechless.

It was summer now, so it usually got dark at seven o'clock in the evening.

Besides, they had just eaten lunch.

"Are you already hungry?"

"Yes."

"Oh. I'll go back and prepare dinner then."

"Okay."

The more Jeffrey listened to them, the more strange he felt.

"Why do I feel like the way they converse sounds like they are a married couple? Yes, they're like

husband and wife. I'm sure others who can hear them will also feel the same. But how can it be? What the hell! When Ryan said that he would go to Wendy's house for dinner, she looked as calm as usual. It's as if she is already used to it. Shit! I've told her that Ryan has his own purpose, but she doesn't believe me. No, this can't be. I must let her see Ryan's real intention."

Thinking of this, Jeffrey stood up at once and said, "I'm hungry too. I'll go with you."

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 90: Jeffrey's Defeat

In No.2 Villa, Ryan and Wendy were in the kitchen. He washed the vegetables and handed them to her. She took them, cut them neatly, and put them on the plate. The two of them moved so naturally that they worked seamlessly together.

Jeffrey was struck dumb by the scene. He could only watch them with his eyes wide open.

'Is this some kind of a joke? Ryan, a successful businessman who deals with businesses worth hundreds of millions of dollars, is now skillfully washing vegetables in the kitchen.'

"Do they always get along like this?" he asked Luke in astonishment.

Luke smiled and said, "Yes, they are always like this recently."

Jeffrey felt frustrated after hearing Luke's answer.

He felt like a sharp arrow pierced through his heart.

"Wendy is mine," he said as if he was complaining.

Luke patted him on the shoulder comfortingly.

"Poor boy, why don't you face the fact? Wendy has already said it. She has broken up with you."

"Yes, she broke up with me. But I didn't agree to it, so she is still my girlfriend now."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Let me tell you this. Even if the two of you have not broken up, Ryan is your rival now. Are you sure you can compete with him in love?"

"I will never give in," Jeffrey said crossly.

Luke sighed pityingly.

'Silly boy! Just wait and see. You will definitely be defeated.' Not willing to give up, Jeffrey rushed into the

kitchen to help.

"Wendy, let me help you."

"Okay." Jeffrey geared up his hands.

"What can I do?"

"Get the scallions in the fridge and clean them."

"All right."

As if he had received the task of bombing a bunker, he went to the refrigerator with a serious face. But when he opened it, he was suddenly dumbfounded. He didn't know what scallions were.

The fridge was stuffed with different vegetables. There were a handful of scallions, leeks, and garlic

sprouts. He looked at them and studied them for a long time.

But still, he couldn't identify which one from them was the scallions.

He wanted to turn around and ask, but he was afraid of being laughed at.

He secretly took out his phone from his pocket and searched the picture of scallions on the Internet.

Finally, he found it. He breathed a sigh of relief and quickly took them out.

But looking at the scallions in his hand, he was dumbfounded again.

'What the heck! How do I clean these? Shall I cut off the leaves and keep the white stalks? Or the other way around?' he asked himself inwardly.

He began to scan his memory, trying to find out the scallions he had seen in the dishes he had eaten since childhood.

As far as he could remember, there were some finely chopped scallion leaves in the dishes occasionally.

'That's it! The white stalks have to be cut off and thrown away,' I thought to himself, feeling proud for being smart.

While humming a song, he started separating the green leaves from the white stalks.

But he didn't even remove the dried parts at the end of the leaves.

He threw all the white stalks into the trash can then rushed to Wendy happily with a handful of scallion

leaves. It was as if he was offering her a treasure.

"Wendy, it's done."

With a complacent look, he seemed to be waiting for a compliment.

"I did a great job, didn't I?" Praise me, praise me!' he thought to himself.

"Where are the white stalks?" Wendy asked in confusion.

Instead of answering her, Jeffrey pointed at the trash can.

Wendy took a look at the white stalks in the trash can, then at the messy chopped green leaves in

Jeffery's hand.

The corners of her mouth twitched wildly.

Seeing this scene, Ryan took the scallion leaves from Jeffery's hand,

removed the dead leaves, and

washed them under the faucet. Jeffrey was rendered speechless.

In this round, he was obviously defeated.

After ruining several more ingredients in a row and breaking two plates in the kitchen, Wendy finally

couldn't stand Jeffrey anymore, so she kicked him out of the kitchen.

"Wendy, give me another chance. I can learn."

"Before you can learn how to cook, you will blow up the whole kitchen. Go out and just wait for dinner."

"Okay."

Left with no choice, Jeffrey walked out of the kitchen sulkily. Luke, in the living room, clapped his thighs

and burst into laughter. Seeing his reaction, Jeffrey said nothing.

He turned to look at Raymond and Precious, who were playing in the corner.

When Precious woke up, she spontaneously came here, and the two kids played together again. Jeffrey

strode over and squatted beside them.

He smiled handsomely and said, "Precious, Ray, what are you doing?"

"We're playing Rubik's Cube," Precious said, raising her head.

Then she asked, "Bruce, do you want to play with us?"

"Sure."

He took the Rubik's Cube from Precious' hand and said to them, "This Rubik Cube is very difficult. Look!

The color of each face is mixed up, but I will fix it and return each face to only one color."

Upon hearing his words, Precious looked at him expectantly. On the other hand, Ray just looked at him

indifferently.

Jeffrey then started twisting each cubelet.

One minute had passed.

Then two minutes.

Five minutes...

Ten minutes...

The expectation in Precious's eyes faded away.

"Bruce, can you really do it?"

"Of course, I can. Just give me a minute." Jeffrey broke out in a cold sweat.

He smiled awkwardly and tried to reorganize the Rubik's Cube again. But this time... He still failed.

'Shit! Who the fuck has invented this toy? This is too illogical! How can it be so hard?' he cursed inwardly.

After another ten minutes, he finally gave up.

"What the hell are these toys? They are not suitable for children to play at all. Precious, I will buy you a doll some other day."

"Give it to me." As he spoke, Raymond reached out his hand.

"What?"

"The Rubik's Cube."

"Oh, okay!" Jeffrey handed over the Rubik's Cube to Raymond in a hurry.

Under his shocked gaze, the once stubborn Rubik's Cube was reorganized by Raymond successfully in a

few seconds. The little boy's hands moved very fast. In less than thirty seconds, each face was returned to a single color. Jeffrey was rendered speechless.

"Wow! Ray, you are awesome!" Precious praised.

Raymond cast a casual glance at Jeffrey and then lowered his head to continue fixing the Rubik's Cube.

Jeffrey was struck dumb.

'Why do I feel like I am being looked down upon by a child?' he asked himself inwardly.

"Well... Ray, I'll buy you more interesting toys some other day. Do you like Transformers? How about airplane models?"

"I only like Rubik's Cube!"

"Then, I'll buy you more interesting Rubik's Cubes next time."

Jeffrey made up his mind that he must please Ray this time. Then he could ask the little boy to put in a

good word for him with Wendy. In this way, she would definitely like him more.

"No, thanks," Ray refused at once.

Jeffrey felt frustrated.

He frowned and asked, "Why?"

"The Rubik's Cube that Uncle Oliver gave me is pretty good."

"Uncle Oliver?"

'Is it Ryan or Luke?' Jeffery wondered to himself.

"Uncle Ryan."

Raymond seemed to see through his doubts and confirmed.

Jeffery lost his tongue.

'So, it's really him! He is so despicable that he even bribes a child, '

Jeffery complained in his mind. This

was the second round.

Ryan wasn't even there, but he won again.

When they were having dinner, Jeffrey was already listless.

While eating rice, he stared at Wendy with resentment as if she was a heartless woman.

Wendy's scalp numbed with fear.

"Hey, is something wrong? Why are you staring at me like that?" she asked crossly.

The look in Jeffrey's eyes became more resentful.

Ryan frowned and knocked his chopsticks on the table.

His face was cold, and his eyes were sharp.

He looked at Jeffrey and snapped, "Behave yourself and eat!"

His voice was cold and stern, with indisputable deterrence. Jeffrey was scared at once. He lowered his

head and began to eat.

In the third round, he still lost to Ryan.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 91: The Cursed Kissing Scene

The next day, on the film shooting site, the crew was ready for action.

After a scorching hot day, the heavy rains were welcomed.

Fortunately the day's shooting was scheduled for indoors so no delays were encountered.

As usual, Wendy arrived at the shooting site extra early.

She was holding an umbrella and a big bag.

In the bag were a couple of boxes of food that she had prepared that morning.

She had gone out of her way to prepare delicacies for Director Carter, Mason and Daisy because they had openly supported her when Evie slandered her on the Internet. She was eternally grateful to them for their support, irrespective of whether they had done it sincerely for her or at the behest of the company.

Mason and Daisy lived on the shooting premises because they were playing major roles.

Although they were famous stars, they never put on airs.

They joyfully and thankfully ate the same food that the company provided for the whole crew.

So did Carter.

Hence Wendy cooked a special meal for them to thank them for sticking their necks out for her.

She also prepared one for Jeffrey.

"Good morning, director!" she greeted Carter sweetly when she saw him.

"Good morning."

The staff was setting up the props for the scene that was to be shot. Carter nodded at her and advised, "Go and change into your costume and make up. Shooting will begin shortly."

"Okay!"

Wendy handed one of the boxes to Carter, "Thank you, director."

Carter took a peek at it.

When he discovered that it was food, he started beaming.

"Thank you kindly. Get along now and prepare yourself for the shooting."

"Okay!"

What Jeffrey had said the night before was indeed true.

They were going to shoot the kissing scene.

Out of jealousy, Faye forcefully took Weston away and after throwing him into the woodshed, forcibly kisses him.

With a sad look, Wendy thought to herself, "Seems like there's no escaping this..."

After getting fully attired for the scene, Jeffrey exited his dressing room.

He was clad in a greenish long robe and his assistant held up an umbrella for him. He came and sat next

to Wendy. He was full of enthusiastic energy compared to his dispirited disposition the day before.

"I've been waiting to shoot a kissing scene for ages." In fact, he was so excited that he barely got any shut eye the previous night.

Wendy was uncomfortably quiet.

"Jeffery, Wendy, let's roll on." Carter summoned them.

"Got it!" Then Carter explained the details of the scene to them.

"Wendy, you need to convey the character of a domineering diva.

Well, to be precise, you must portray a masterful yet tasteful image.

While Jeffery you have to succumb to the wiles of an overbearing woman.

Attention to actions and expressions are of utmost importance!"

"Don't worry, director. The roles were handpicked for us. We are like that in real life too. Our characters

will as always give you nothing short of the best."

Wendy was aghast.

"Damn! Am I domineering? It doesn't suit my character at all!" She cursed inwardly.

"Action!" Carter instructed.

"Bang!"

Faye kicked open the door of the woodshed with such force that the crew shuddered.

She had already tied Weston up but his resistance was no match for Faye's strength and he was subdued by her inevitable strength.

His face turned red with anxiety but he could not free himself.

Draped in a bright red suit, she pursed her lips and violently threw him onto the firewood "Miss Faye,

you are a lady.

How could you do this? Why have you brought me here and tied me up?

What is it that you want?"

he questioned.

Faye leaned over and looked him square in the eye.

They were only a gasp away from each other.

Their heaving breaths could be heard by all.

Weston's face was flushed as he looked away.

In a stammer, he began, "Miss Faye..."

"Shut up!"

"W-Why are you so domineering?"

"What? Me? Being domineering?"

Grinding her teeth, Faye grabbed his collar and said, "Weston, I've warned you umpteenth times that now that we are engaged, you belong to me. Stop getting involved with other women!"

"I-I didn't!"

"Hogwash!" The corners of Weston's mouth twitched.

"Miss Faye, you are a lady of nobility. How can you utter such derogatory statements?"

As a scholar, Weston couldn't say anything nasty, so he stammered for a long while. A hint of melancholy flashed through Faye's eyes.

"Miss Faye..."

"Do you dislike me that much? Do you think I'm not as gentle and as virtuous as other girls?"

As she addressed him, she loosened her grip on his collar and sat on the ground, her back to him.

She gripped her knees and whispered solemnly, "I know you don't like me. The only reason that you agreed to get engaged to me was to fulfil your parents' wishes."

Weston was visibly nervous.

"Miss Faye, I..."

"Stop it!"

With her back still to him, she smiled bitterly and said, "I know everything! I'm not au fait with the poems, songs, chess, calligraphy and paintings like a classy, cultured woman. I know you despise me for being crude. If you cared about me, even just a little, then you would not have neglected me and followed the scent of other women. You ignored me and happily sweet talked other women for a good reason, and I am that reason."

"No, I didn't!" Weston said hurriedly.

With her back to him, her face did not paint a sad picture.

Instead, an inkling of cunning hooded her eyes. One could, however, detect disappointment in her voice.

She asked, "What do you mean?"

"I - I don't hate you."

Her eyes sparkled at his words.

She turned around and burst into thunderous laughter.

She approached him and teased, "Really?"

"You played a trick on me, didn't you?" Weston was annoyed.

"So what?" She laughed coyly and advanced towards him.

"You just said that you don't hate me!"

"I didn't say that I like you either!" he shouted and turned his head away in anger and embarrassment.

"I don't care whether you like me or not. Anyway, I like you!" She grabbed his collar.

He was still reeling from her earlier antics.

"Now what are you going to do?"

"Leave a mark!"

"What?"

"Here!"

She stretched out her hand and placed a slender finger on his lips. The atmosphere in the woodshed was oozing romance.

Weston blushed.

"You..."

"Shh, don't say anything! Your attractive luscious lips have never said anything sweet to me!"

She slowly bent over him and their bodies became closer with each breath. They were so close, you couldn't slip a leaf between them.

Jeffrey's heart was racing.

She was about to kiss him! Yes, she was about to kiss him! Wendy was actually going to kiss him! The

entire film crew got caught up in the moment and blushed nervously.

When her lips were hardly three centimeters away from his, disaster struck.

"Crack!"

The firewood under Jeffrey's body suddenly broke and his back support gave way.

He waved his arms and fell with an awkward thud to the ground.

"Cut!" Carter's voice thundered.

Jeffrey felt terrible! 'Heck! We almost kissed! It was so close!. He complained inwardly.

Carter was a little disappointed.

The scene had built up to such a delicious climax but it was ruined by the firewood breaking at the most

inopportune time! "One more time!"

However, after shooting seven to eight times in a row, they failed to clinch the scene.

There were many unexpected and inexplicable accidents that jinxed the scene.

First, the firewood broke! Then the camera broke down! Next the props in the woodshed

mal-functioned! Finally, when they thought that they would finally make it, the door of the woodshed

collapsed with a loud roar just when Wendy was about to kiss Jeffrey!

Everyone was at a loss for words.

"What's wrong with the props today? Who is in charge?" Hearing that, an officer in the film crew

shrugged and asked, "Director, should we continue?"

"Hell, no! How do we shoot with a broken door? This scene is suspended and we'll shoot other scenes

first! In an office, looking at the images of the surveillance cameras, Ryan smiled.

"Luke!" he called.

"Yes. I'm here!"

"Reward all the members who were responsible for preparing props for the shooting today." Luke was speechless.

That morning, he wondered why Ryan had not gone directly to the company but had instead made a

detour to the shooting site and had specifically spoken to the person in charge of the props preparation team.

Luke looked sympathetically at Jeffrey in the video.

Poor boy, I told you that you can't compete with Ryan in pursuing

Wendy! It's true that the older you

get, the wiser you become!

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 92: His Brother's Ex-girlfriend

The shooting of the kissing scene was suspended. And they started shooting the other remaining scenes.

These were the last two scenes that Wendy and Jeffrey had to shoot. The first scene was a bit passionate.

In the scene, after getting along with each other for some time, Faye and Weston fell in love with each other.

Faye especially learned embroidery for Weston and made a pouch for him. On the pouch were two embroidered mandarin ducks.

Judging from the stitches, one could say that she was not very skillful yet.

It was raining heavily.

With an umbrella in one hand and the pouch in the other, Faye waited for Weston on the hill near his house.

There was a trace of shyness on her beautiful face.

Soon, Weston appeared in front of the camera.

He was still dressed in a long robe.

Holding an oil-paper umbrella, he looked like a typical scholar.

When Faye saw him, her eyes lit up.

She raised the hem of her dress, rushed over to him, and gave him the pouch in her hand.

"What is this?"

Faye raised her chin slightly, pretending to be relaxed.

"I saw someone selling it on the street just now, so I bought one for you."

Weston looked at the pouch in his hand and asked, "What is embroidered on this?"

"Oh, those are two mandarin ducks. They are swimming together."

The camera zoomed in on the pouch.

On the pouch, two dark animals snuggled up with each other.

Underneath was a horizontal line that seemed like a branch.

"Are these mandarin ducks? Is she serious? And this horizontal line that looks like a branch is the

water?" With these thoughts, Weston's mouth twitched.

He said, "If you didn't tell me, I would think that these are two roasted chickens. Where did you buy this?

How could the seller have the nerve to sell this to you?"

Faye snatched the pouch back angrily.

"If you don't like it, give it back to me. It's not a big deal."

Weston was a little stunned when he saw her reaction.

"Wait...you made this pouch for me, right?"

"Of course not!" Faye snapped.
He frowned and suddenly grabbed her hand.
"What are you doing?" she asked.
He unfolded her palm and checked her fingers.
Then he saw that her fingertips that were as white as jade had some scars. Obviously they had been pricked by needles constantly lately.

"You silly woman!" Weston said, feeling sorry for her.
"No. You are stupid. All your family members are stupid."
Weston twitched his mouth and took the pouch from her hand.
"Hey! You don't like it, right?" Faye said in a low voice.
Then she added, "Give it back to me. When I get skillful enough, I'll make a more beautiful one for you."
"This one is already good enough for me." They looked at each other.
With the gentleness in his eyes, she couldn't help but blush shyly.
The rain was a torrential downpour, but they could only see each other.
The moment had later become an indelible memory for Faye when she became a royal concubine.
Since then, the pouch with messy mandarin ducks had been hung around Weston's waist, and it never left his body.

"Cut!"

Carter was very satisfied with Wendy and Jeffrey's performance.

"Perfect!"

This scene is done. It's lunchtime, so we will shoot the next scene after lunch.

Upon hearing this, Wendy breathed a sigh of relief.

"Wendy, how's my performance?" Jeffrey asked.

As soon as they finished, he immediately came over to Wendy.

Raising his eyebrows, he suddenly turned from a gentleman to a playboy.

He asked, "Are you moved?"

"Fuck off!" Wendy said crossly.

The rain in summer came and went quickly.

When they were about to have lunch, it already stopped.

Wendy heated up the lunch box and sent it to Daisy and Mason.

She thanked them for their supportive comments on Weibo.

"I've also defended you on Weibo. Why don't you thank me? It's unfair!"

Jeffrey grumbled.

"Here."

Wendy handed over a lunch box to him. His eyes lit up at once.

"For me?"

"Well, you can also say no."

"No way!"

Jeffrey exclaimed and opened the lunch box. He found a chair and began to eat.

"Hmm...It's delicious. You are really good at cooking."

"Of course!"

Wendy was confident in her cooking skills.

Sitting far away from Jeffrey, she said to him while eating, "By the way, remember to take back your gold."

The gold she had received before were all sent by Jeffrey. She had always wanted to return them to him, but he refused to tell her his address. So those gold had been piled up in the stockroom of her house.

"No, I won't."

Once again, Jeffrey refused. Wendy put down her chopsticks, frowned, and stared at him.

"I've told you that they are my gifts for you. How can I take them back?"

Jeffery insisted.

Wendy kneaded her forehead.

"Jeffrey..."

"I won't take them back!"

"But it's impossible for us to be together."

Jeffrey also put down his chopsticks, stared at her, and asked, "Why?"

"Because you are not my type!"

He closed the lunch box angrily.

"Then tell me, what is your type? I'll try my best to become what you like."

Such a headstrong boy! Why was he so stubborn? Wendy felt helpless.

"Whatever! Anyway, we live close to each other. If you don't take them away, I will send them back to your house after work."

"And how can you send them to my house? Do you have the keys?"

Wendy was rendered speechless.

Then after a while, she said, "Don't you know where to spend your money? If so, I'll sell all the gold in

your name, then I'll donate the money to the orphanage."

Jeffrey smiled.

"It's up to you. I've already given them to you anyway. You can do whatever you want."

"Damn it! This man is really stubborn," Wendy complained inwardly.

All of a sudden, a figure popped up in her mind.

She grinned and threatened him, "Okay, I'll give you two choices. It's either you take them back after

work today, or... I'll ask Ryan to send them back to you."

"Damn it! Wendy, you're really a bitch."

"Well, it's up for you to make a choice here."

"Shit! Okay, you win! I'll take them back by myself," Jeffrey said through clenched teeth.

"Well... It would have been fine if you were obedient," Wendy thought to herself.

While eating, she continued chatting with him.

"You're almost done shooting your scenes. Do you have any plans for your next work?"

Jeffrey glanced at her with an unpredictable expression.

"Why are you looking at me that way?"

"Nothing," he replied, grinning.

Wendy was rendered speechless. Why did his smile make her feel uncomfortable?

"Let's not talk about me."

After eating up all the food in the lunch box, Jeffrey handed it to his assistant.

Then he glanced at Eris, who was not far away, and asked Wendy, "Does she have a grudge against you?"

"I've seen her peeking at you more than once."

Wendy didn't even raise her head.

He didn't know her relationship with Eris.

"Wendy, that woman is not a good person. Please be careful with her."

This time, Wendy raised his eyebrows.

"She has a good reputation, right? Why are you saying that?"

Eris' acting skills in films and dramas were not good.

But her acting skills in real life were absolutely unmatched.

Otherwise, her reputation would not be so good.

"I know her well enough to say this. Anyway, just be careful. It's complicated but... Just remember that she's not a good person."

"Of course, I know that."

This time, it was Jeffrey who was surprised.

"You know?"

"Of course, I know. Except for her mother, no one else in this world knows her better than me."

Jeffrey walked over to her and asked curiously, "Really?"

"Yes, because she is my stepmother's daughter."

As soon as Wendy finished his words, the expression on his face froze.

"What's wrong?" she asked in confusion.

"Daughter of her stepmother. Eris is her sister?" he thought.

Back then, when he was just starting his career in the entertainment industry, he was so busy that he didn't have much contact with his brother, Brian.

He knew that Brian was in love.

But a few years later, he heard from their parents that Brian had broken up with his girlfriend and had an affair with his girlfriend's sister.

"If Eris is Wendy's sister, then...Wendy is Brian's ex-girlfriend?" Jeffrey concluded, shocked.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 93: A Debauchery

"Heck! Is it true?" Jeffrey was astounded!

Everything fell into place like a jigsaw puzzle. Wendy had gone to the US three years ago. In the same time period, Brian had broken up with his ex-girlfriend and started dating Eris.

Then there was a rumor that his ex-girlfriend had passed away.

He clearly remembered Wendy mention unwittingly that her relatives in the country might believe that she was dead.

Everything was squarely falling into place.

Wendy's and Eris's surname were the same! 'Why didn't I think of this before? She is Brian's ex-girlfriend.' Jeffrey's blood ran cold when this conclusion dawned upon him.

He suddenly remembered that his parents had mentioned that Brian's ex-girlfriend was pregnant.

And that Wendy's son was three years old.

“Ray...is it remotely possible that he is the son of Wendy and Brian? No! No way! How on earth could such a strange coincidence occur? I don't believe it! I refuse to believe it!” Jeffrey thought.

"Hello? Hey!"

Noticing that Jeffrey had drifted off into a world of his own, Wendy pinched him. The reality of the pain catapulted him into the present.

She called out to him, "What are you thinking about? It seems like you have seen a ghost!"

To Jeffrey, it was more serious than that! Suddenly, he grabbed Wendy's hand.

"Hey! Let go of me! Don't think I won't hit you in front of all these people!" she threatened.

"Wendy! I have a question that I have been wanting to ask you for a long time!" he said seriously.

"Let go of me!"

The corners of Jeffrey's mouth twitched.

He commented, "I've never heard you mention Ray's father."

Wendy's face darkened. Her heart stopped for a second.

"Why do you ask this?"

"It just occurred to me out of the blue."

Wendy pursed her lips.

She immediately lost her appetite.

Then she covered the lunch box with its lid and set it aside.

Her aura became extremely cold and gray.

It was the first time that he had seen her recoil into her shell.

He regretted opening his mouth and apologized, "I'm sorry. I just asked casually. Please don't feel obligated to answer me."

"I also wish to know who is Ray's father," she answered calmly.

"What?"

"You heard me." Jeffrey was stupefied.

“What does she mean? Wasn't Brian Ray's father?” Assimilating this, Jeffrey breathed a sigh of relief.

But soon, he was on edge again.

“Did she not know who the father of her son was? Was she engaging in debauchery?” Jeff internalized

these fears.

Gnashing his teeth, he glared at Wendy and interrogated, "How many ex-boyfriends do you have?

Answer me."

"It's none of your business!"

Sensing that he had misunderstood her, Wendy didn't bother to explain. She rolled her eyes, stood up, grabbed the trash bag beside her and headed for the bin.

The second scene was shot in the afternoon.

In the tavern, Faye asked the waiter to pack the osmanthus-flavored cake, Weston's favorite snack, which she would send to him.

However, as she walked out of the shop, she overheard the discussions on the street.

"It's horrific! Have you heard that the entire family of General Miller was killed because of a rumor about his planned rebellion?"

"Oh no! What? General Miller?"

"Seriously? It's impossible. General Miller has guarded the frontier for many years and has made significant contributions! General Miller's family were all loyal people. How could they rebel! There must be a misunderstanding!"

"Hmmm! How can it not be true? Rumor has it that the imperial robe was found in their secret room! It was obvious that he was planning a rebellion! To date, more than 180 people in General Miller's house have been slaughtered by the army sent by His Majesty. The carnage can be smelt a mile away!"

Upon hearing this, Faye's body stiffened! The camera zoomed in on her petrified eyes.

Initially her clear eyes were cast with confusion.

She didn't believe the vicious rumors.

But then she remembered that her father and brother were conducting themselves in a very strange manner over the past few days.

Her eyes were bloodshot and she began to shiver uncontrollably.

The cake was in danger of falling.

"It's impossible. No way. There must be some mistake. This can't be true."

With her mind in such a state of turmoil, she forgot to ride the horse. She just ran blindly and desperately, knocking down a passer-by and a stall on the street.

Not even for a moment did she stop to see her trail of destruction.

The cake in her hand fell to the ground and crumbled to pieces.

Finally! She didn't know how long she had run for before she finally reached her home.

She was panting breathlessly and her hair clung to her perspiring face. She momentarily latched onto the tree for support as she looked at the gate to her house.

The once rowdy area of activity was as silent as a graveyard.

The house was surrounded by soldiers in suits of armor! The wailing wind carried with it the pungent stench of fresh blood wafting through the air.

Tears flooded down her face.

Suddenly, she remembered something.

She rushed to a quiet, unguarded part of the fence that hid a secret opening.

As a child, she would often sneak through this hole to escape from the house.

The yard was desolate and the hole was covered by overgrown weeds. With trembling hands, she crawled through the hole and headed for the house.

She was covered in mud because of the rain.

Holding back her tears, she pulled out the hairpin from her hair and held it tightly in her hand.

She chartered a path that was relatively quiet and stole towards the main yard.

Outside, the heavily guarded yard was daunting compared to the inside where there were just a handful of soldiers.

As she made her way through, the yard was littered with fresh corpses.

In the distance, she could see soldiers busily counting money.

Her parents, sister-in-law and newborn nephew were all mercilessly butchered.

Their faces captured the contorted twist of pain.

Everyone in the General's house, even the servants, was ruthlessly massacred.

Camouflaged by the rockery, she held the hairpin and grieved.

Gradually, her eyes became fierce with rage and she sought out the General who led the army that cruelly wiped out her entire family.

With a murderous look in her eyes, she whipped out the soft sword from its sheath around her waist.

"Revenge! I want revenge! I will die with you!"

Just as she was about to charge, someone emerged from behind and with one hand, held her tightly around her waist and with the other hand, he covered her mouth.

"Hmm..."

"It's me!"

Weston's familiar voice came from behind.

Shocked, Faye burst into tears.

Weston's long sleeves were soon soaked with warm tears. He lowered his head and looked at her with grief and pity. The whole crew remained silent. You could hear a pin drop. The crew was so touched by their sterling performance, that they shed tears openly.

"Cut!" Carter's voice pierced the silence.

The crew was still in a trance.

"Wow...I used to think that no one deserved Jeffery, but now I suddenly realized that Wendy and Jeffrey are a match made in heaven! What should I do now? I think it's a disobedience of the fate if they are not together."

"Damn it! I think so too!"

"You are not alone! I agree with you two. Their on screen chemistry is incredible."

Hearing the opinions of the crowd, Jeffrey giggled like a little girl.

Although the scene was over, he continued to play his role.

He hugged Wendy around her waist and said, "Wendy, did you hear that? Do you think we are perfectly matched? Will you consider my proposal?"

Wendy smiled sweetly.

Looking at her bright smile, Jeffrey was somewhat carried away.

The next second, Wendy stepped hard on his foot.

"Ouch." Jeffrey yelled, "Wendy! You..."

"Ah...I'm really sorry. I didn't mean it," Wendy said flatly.

Jeffery was perplexed. He was so sure that Wendy had done it deliberately!

My Bossy CEO Husband
Chapter 94: Men Should Protect Women

Since the shooting went well, Carter took advantage of the momentum and started shooting the next scenes. The scene started with Weston dragging Faye out of the General's mansion to avoid the guards.

He didn't let go of her until there was no one else around them.

But as soon as Faye was free of his grip, she rushed back towards the house like crazy.

Weston grabbed her again.

"Let go of me!"

"No!"

Faye had always played tricks on Weston, but he tolerated everything silently.

However, this time, his expression was firm as he grabbed her wrist tightly.

"You will only risk your life there."

"I don't care! Even if I die there, I have to avenge my family!"

"I'm afraid that before you can take revenge, you will already die."

Faye's lips trembled.

She suddenly raised her head and murmured, "Weston, my father was not a rebel. He didn't..."

"I believe you." Tears began to fall from her eyes again.

"Thank you."

Under her long sleeves, Faye clenched her fists. She seemed to have made a tough decision.

Without looking at Weston, she said in a deep voice, "My parents have passed away. The so-called marriage that our parents have arranged is only a verbal agreement. We are not officially engaged yet, so their agreement is invalid now. From now on, we have nothing to do with each other anymore. You can leave me now."

Weston didn't move.

"Go! Now!"

As she spoke, she pushed him hard.

"Hurry up! I don't like you at all. I just think that it's fun to flirt with you every day. Actually, I've been tired of you for a long time now. But since you were going to be my future husband, I cared about your dignity, so I didn't tell you. Now that our engagement is void, you can leave." Weston still didn't move.

"Fuck off!" Wendy yelled.

He slowly walked towards her, held up her face, and wiped her tears. He then said in a gentle voice, "It's you who told me that since we are engaged, I am yours, isn't it?"

"I was only talking nonsense at that time."

"But I took it seriously." Faye was stunned.

She raised her eyes to look at him, only to see a gentle smile on his face.

"Faye, since I'm your man, don't try to get rid of me this easy."

"You..."

Weston shook the pouch tied around his waist and continued, "Look at these two mandarin ducks playing in the water. We are like them. We are a couple. How can you get rid of me?"

She cried bitterly again.

They then proceeded to shoot another scene. With a wave of Faye's long sword, an enemy was killed. She

wiped off the blood that splashed on her face and mounted her horse.

Weston followed closely behind.

"Don't follow me!" she snapped.

After a few days of escaping, Faye's clothes were stained with blood.

And those bloodstains both belonged to her and her enemies.

Her face was pale, and the hem of her clothes was torn apart by the branches of the trees she had

passed by.

She was in a mess.

But her eyes were bright, like the last firelight of a candle burning.

They were so bright and breathtaking.

She pointed her long sword at Weston and said expressionlessly, "If you continue following me, you will

only cause me trouble. Go back to your home and leave me alone."

Weston shook his head. He also looked miserable. His robe was torn, and his face was pale. But he was

stubborn and didn't want to leave.

"You can't drive me away."

"You're a madman! If you continue to follow me, I will kill you."

Weston closed his eyes and said, "Go ahead and kill me."

"Weston, are you crazy?"

Faye said through clenched teeth.

"I'm the daughter of a rebel. Now I am being chased by the king's army. They want me dead. Are you not

afraid that your family will be implicated if you follow me?"

"I've already cut off my relationship with my family." Faye's eyes immediately turned red.

"You..."

"We will live and die together."

"You're insane!"

Weston just smiled at her gently.

"If you don't take me with you, I'll follow you secretly."

"If he follows me secretly, his life will be in danger. What if the soldiers chasing me find him?" Faye thought.

She gritted her teeth, grabbed his collar, and lifted him to the back of the horse.

Sitting on the back of the horse, he immediately took out the medicine in his pocket and sprinkled it on her injured shoulder.

Although the horse jolted, he managed to bandage her wound well.

The soldiers chasing them caught up with them again.

Riding on their horses, the soldiers were holding bows and arrows in their hands.

They shouted, "Stop!"

Faye's back stiffened for a moment.

When she came back to her senses, she galloped the horse ahead without hesitation.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! The arrows flew past them.

Startled, Faye grabbed Weston's arm to pull him to her front.

But he grabbed her wrist with all his strength to stop her.

"Weston!"

"Men should be the ones to protect women!"

Arrows flew towards them like rain. Weston hugged her tightly and covered her body from the soldiers. He didn't want her to turn around.

"Weston!"

"Just focus on the horse!" he yelled, full of energy.

Faye naively thought that he was not injured, so she galloped the horse wildly.

After running for a long time, the horse stopped.

Perhaps it was too tired to continue running. But finally, they got rid of their pursuers. A cliff suddenly appeared in front of them.

"What the hell!" Faye held onto the rope tightly.

The horse let out a long hiss and raised its front hooves.

The two of them were thrown off its back.

She held Weston in her arms and rolled on the ground, trying all her best to steady herself.

However, the moment she steadied herself, she felt a warm liquid flowing in her hand.

When she checked it, she found that it was blood.

When she raised her head and saw him, her eyes widened in shock.

More than a dozen arrows densely pierced his back.

Blood spurted out his mouth and dyed his robe red.

While they were running away, he had been shot by so many arrows, but he didn't say a word.

Her body trembled all over when she held him in her arms.

"Weston? Weston, don't scare me..." Her voice also trembled.

"Medicine! We have medicine! I'll apply some medicine to your wounds. You'll be fine. You'll be fine."

Weston held Faye's trembling hands.

Her slender and fair hands were full of his blood.

He found it difficult to breathe, so he stammered, "I'm...sorry. I...I can't be with you...until we are old and gray."

Faye shook her head desperately, tears streaming down her face like a waterfall.

"I'm scared...Weston, please, don't leave me."

Tears also welled up in Weston's eyes.

He tried to raise his hand to touch her face, but his arm was too heavy.

Faye grabbed his hand in a hurry and put it on her face.

"Weston...I'm scared...I'm scared!"

He looked at her with eyes full of tenderness and affection.

"Don't leave me, please. I only have you now..." she continued.

"Listen...Listen to me."

Weston took a map and several bottles of medicine.
"Remember this. You can't go to the frontier. Your brother... Your brother has been killed. If you follow the red line on the map, you will get to my friend's hometown. I've already sent him a letter to let him know. He promised me that he will take care of you..."
Faye shook her head desperately.
Weston pushed her away.
"Go!"
"No!"
With beads of tears rolling down her face one after another, she hugged him tightly, unwilling to let go.
He leaned his blood-soaked body in her arms.
A gentle smile appeared at the corners of his mouth, but his eyes gradually lost focus.
"I've been enjoying those times when you're pursuing me. Faye, I've never told you that... I... I love..."
He was so severely injured that he couldn't even finish his words.
Finally, his hand fell feebly.
"Ahhh!"
Faye raised her head and let out a desperate cry.
My Bossy CEO Husband
Chapter 95: An Accident

The entire shooting site was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. Many young women didn't even notice that tears already rolled down their faces. They were so moved by Wendy and Jeffrey's performance.
They covered their mouths and cried silently. Especially when they saw Wendy's desperate and mournful look.
Everyone was infected by her emotions, and their eyes turned red at once.
"Oh, it's a pity that they can't be together in the end!" Carter exclaimed inwardly.
Behind the camera, his eyes were also a little red.
The scene they had shot just now played an important role in building Faye's character.
As long as it was performed well, her image would become vivid.

In other words, as long as Wendy played well in this scene, she would attract a lot of fans after the TV drama was aired, no matter how bad Faye would become in the later part.

People would always remember this heartbroken moment and know she changed for a good reason.

In the crowd, Eris clenched her fists tightly.

“Wendy! It's you again. You are such an unbeatable rival. As long as you are here, no matter how well I perform, I always become a foil. Why? I'm the heroine here. Supporting actresses like you should be the foils. Why can you always steal the limelight?” she complained inwardly. She had been in the crew for a long time.

In the beginning, the shooting was relatively smooth.

But in the later part, she was being scolded almost every time.

Carter always scolded her in front of everyone for not internalizing her role enough.

He said that her emotions were not in place.

“Why does Carter always praise Wendy's performance? He also allows her to finish her scenes in one take.” Eris gritted her teeth in anger.

She finally understood that although she was the leading lady, and Wendy only had a few scenes, she couldn't compare to Wendy in terms of brilliance.

If this was the case, Wendy might have more supporters than her when the TV drama would be aired.

Then she would definitely become a foil to Wendy. There was no way she could let it happen.

She had to do something.

“Ana!”

With this thought, she called Ana.

“Yes, Miss Eris?”

Ana immediately walked over to her and handed her a bottle of water. But she didn't take it.

Instead, she beckoned Ana to come closer.

When Ana squatted down and approached her, she said in a low voice,

“Have you done what I've asked you to do?”

"Don't worry, Miss Eris. Everything will go smoothly this time. Just wait and see."

She breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing this.

She patted Ana on the shoulder and said, "As long as you do well this time, I will double your year-end bonus this year."

Ana's eyes lit up at once.

"Don't worry, it will definitely be perfect."

The shooting of Wendy and Jeffrey's scene went on.

Faye hugged Weston tightly as if she was holding her last lifesaver.

She exerted so much strength that her knuckles turned deathly pale.

The camera zoomed in and focused on her eyes. They were so dim.

Faye didn't want to run away anymore.

She lowered her head and gently pressed her lips on his forehead.

"I know you like sweet-scented osmanthus cake, and you are most afraid of getting your clothes dirty."

She sat on the ground and let him lie on her lap, face down.

Then she stretched out her hands and pulled out the arrows from his back one by one.

Faye repeated the same movements numbly until finally, she pulled out all the arrows on his back.

The blood-stained arrows scattered all over the ground near Weston's feet.

She helped him up and let him lean against the big tree behind her.

Then she rolled up her dress, tore a piece of white cloth inside, rolled it up into a ball, and wiped the blood on his face.

Bit by bit, she wiped his face carefully as if she was cleaning up the most sacred thing.

Finally, she wiped off all the blood on his face.

"You are so handsome," Faye said with a smile.

Tears welled up in her eyes again.

This time, the people who had been chasing them arrived.

Two soldiers in armors came on horseback.

Faye glanced at them and drew out the soft sword from her waist.

She stroked Weston's cheek and said, "I will avenge you now."

The two soldiers lifted their swords, dismounted, and shouted, "Faye Miller, surrender now!"

Faye sneered.

Holding a long sword in her hand, she leaped forward to fight back. The two soldiers looked at each other, and ferocity flashed across their eyes.

They rushed over with their swords in their hands.

"You will go to hell!"

Before the shooting of this scene, Carter had already found a martial arts instructor to train the people involved in this scene including Wendy.

According to his arrangement, Faye had to fight with the two soldiers to avenge Weston.

But after a few days of fleeing, she was already exhausted.

So to get rid of the two soldiers, she had to risk her own life.

And although she was seriously injured, she had to ignore it and keep fighting.

Therefore, she would fight desperately and get more injured.

The two men who played the role of the soldiers were extras, and they took the shooting seriously.

In the scene, one of the soldiers would stab Wendy with his long sword. She wouldn't dodge but let the sword pierce through her shoulder, then she would stab the soldier through his heart.

However, who would have thought that something would go wrong in this ordinary scene? To make it realistic, the long sword of the soldier was made of iron.

But it had no blade.

Moreover, a blood bag had already been tied to Wendy's shoulder.

The soldier only needed to pierce it with the iron sword.

But when the long sword stabbed her, a cold light flashed in the sun.

Wendy was shocked.

She subconsciously turned her body sideways.

But inevitably, the long sword still scratched her arm.

"Ouch!"

Wendy groaned when she felt a pang of pain in her arm.

Then blood slid down her fingers.

The actor was also stunned.

It turned out that the long sword in his hands was actually real.

A deep wound appeared on Wendy's arm.

This incident shocked everyone.

"What happened?" Carter shouted.

He rushed over to Wendy.

"Bring me the first aid kit!"

In just a short while, blood formed a puddle on the ground.

Hearing the commotion, Jeffrey, who had been pretending to be dead, opened his eyes.

Then he saw the bleeding wound on Wendy's arm. He was so shocked that he rushed over to her.

"What happened?" he asked in confusion.

"The sword in the actor's hands is real."

The look on Jeffrey's face drastically changed upon hearing this.

At this moment, the first aid kit was brought over.

He pushed the crowd away, opened the first aid kit, and took out the disinfectant.

"This will hurt. But just put up with it, okay?"

"Okay."

As soon as Jeffrey sprayed the disinfectant on Wendy's wound, beads of sweat instantly appeared on her forehead.

While comforting her, he quickly found the gauze and wrapped it around her arm.

But the wound was so deep that the gauze couldn't stop the bleeding at all.

It was soaked with blood as soon as it covered her wound.

"This won't do. We have to take her to the hospital."

"Don't worry, I'm okay," Wendy said.

"Are you kidding me? You are badly injured. I'll take you to the hospital," Jeffrey said crossly.

Just as when he was about to lift Wendy up, the atmosphere around him suddenly became cold.

As soon as he turned around, he saw Ryan and Luke walking over to them.

"Mr. Oliver, what brings you here?" Carter asked Ryan.

He was so frightened that his face turned deathly pale.

With a cold face, Ryan ignored Carter.

Regardless of everyone's expression, he picked up Wendy, turned around, and strode away.

Luke didn't immediately leave.

His usually cheerful face was now full of solemnity.

"Carter! My brother and I are here to visit the shooting site today. But we didn't expect to witness such a

scene. Just now, the sword was aiming only inches away Wendy's heart. If she didn't dodge it, I'm afraid that she would be dead by now."

Fear was written all over Carter's face.

Before he could say something, Luke continued, "You must give us an explanation for this incident."

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 96: Scar Glory

Media was the major investor of the Story of Concubine Ivanka. Mason, the hero, Daisy, the second heroine, and other actors and actresses such as Wendy and Jeffrey were all their artists. If one of them died unexpectedly, the show would definitely be ruined, and Glory Media was the one who would suffer the most.

The more Carter thought about it, the more frightened he felt.

"Mr. Luke, don't worry about it. I'll find out the truth!"

The director made a solemn promise.

Hearing that, Luke followed Ryan out of there.

That day's shooting had consequently been suspended.

Meanwhile, Jeffrey uttered an excuse and followed Ryan out.

However, the latter had already driven away.

Unable to do anything Jeffrey stopped in his tracks and watched Ryan's car leave.

In the filming site.

Sitting in the van, Eris clenched her teeth in frustration.

"Damn it! Wendy was so lucky! The sword should've stabbed her heart, but she dodged it!" she exclaimed inwardly.

"Damn it!"

In a fit of anger, she picked up a glass of water and threw it, shattering it into a million pieces.

"Miss Eris"

"Didn't you promise me you've got everything covered?" Eris asked in disdain.

Ana was at a loss for words.

She was confident, and the chances they would fail were slim.

"I didn't expect that that would happen. It was weird if you ask me. Wendy didn't know that the sword was real, but she dodged it as though she did."

It was indeed a pity. With the help of others, Eris had almost gotten rid of the eyesore.

But for some unknown reasons, she failed.

How could that be? Eris took a deep breath and drank a bottle of cold water to suppress the anger in her heart.

The water helped cool her down, and she was not as infuriated as she was a while ago.

"Will they find that the accident has something to do with us?" she asked cautiously.

"Don't worry, Miss Eris. We are not the one who stabbed her. How could they blame us?"

Eris nodded with ease upon hearing Ana's reassurance.

However, she still could not help but clench her fists.

All of a sudden, an idea occurred to her.

Wendy was her rival in this movie.

She would have a lot of chances to plot traps for Wendy in the future, would she not? By then, she did not think Wendy would be lucky next time.

In the filming set.

At that moment, Carter was flying into a rage.

"Explain to me what the hell happened!"

The two extras who performed with Wendy just now stood silent with their heads down, just like all the other members of the prop team.

In fear of getting castigated, nobody dared to make a sound.

Since nobody was answering him, Carter pointed at the two men in front of him and demanded, "You, give me an explanation!"

The two men's faces turned pale in fear.

But, of course, there was nothing they could do but answer.

"Mr. Carter, we really don't know it's a real sword. We've been working in Studio City as extras for many years, and this has never happened before. You can ask others about it. We've always worked hard and

never done anything bad nor negligent. Those were just the props the crew gave us. We thought they were just fake. We didn't know that they were real swords. Mr. Carter, we have no enmity with Miss Wendy. Believe me, there's no reason for us to hurt her. Besides, if we kill her, especially in public, we won't ever get away from it. It'll do no good for us, someone who just try to earn a living here."

What the man had said made sense.

With a gloomy face, Carter turned to look at the team of the props men. The team consisted of more than ten people.

Carter looked at them one by one and threatened, "Do you want to confess, or do you want me to call the police to investigate this matter?"

The team leader thought for a while and answered, "Carter, Bertha was the one who gave the swords to the actors. You should ask her."

Upon hearing this, Carter looked at Bertha at once.

She was a chubby girl in her twenties with black rimmed glasses.

She seemed shy and timid.

Nevertheless, everyone had a good impression of her since she was passionate about her work.

"Bertha, what happened?" Carter asked calmly.

For some reason, Bertha just lowered her head to the ground and did not answer.

Carter found her behavior suspicious, so he yelled, "Answer me!"

She was startled by his shout that her whole body trembled.

Still, no response came from her.

"If you don't tell me, I'll call the police!"

Bertha's face turned white as a sheet.

It was only until then that she finally looked up and answered, "It was me! I ordered the same sword

from the Internet! I just wanted to teach her a lesson!"

"Who?" Carter asked with a frown.

"Wendy!"

"You have a grudge against her?"

"Yes!" Bertha fired back, her eyes red anguish.

"Evie is my idol. I searched for a job in the film industry and applied as a crew because of her. Evie is a

great person, but Wendy forced her out of showbiz. That was the reason why I wanted to teach Wendy a lesson, a hard one!"

Everyone was flabbergasted.

Carter pounded his fist on the table and stood up abruptly.

"You're a murderer!" he exclaimed.

"I...I didn't mean to kill her. I just wanted to teach her a lesson. Evie was banned in showbiz because of Wendy, and her life became miserable since then. I wanted to avenge her,"

Bertha reasoned out with a trembling voice.

"You're insane!" Carter remarked angrily.

"It was Evie's fault that she was banned from the industry. What does it have to do with Wendy?"

"Shut up!" Bertha interjected.

"Evie was right. You always defend Wendy. Something must be happening between you two."

Carter looked at her incredulously as though she were a lunatic.

Without further ado, he took out his phone and let the police deal with her.

In Hopewell Hospital.

"Does it hurt?" Ryan asked with concern.

Wendy winced in pain and replied, "Yes, it hurts..."

Ryan's face turned dark and gloomy.

With Wendy in his arms, he walked into the elevator and punched the button to the 32nd floor to find

Leo. He reached the said floor a few minutes later.

"Ryan, put me down," Wendy protested weakly.

However, her protest only fell into Ryan's deaf ears.

"No, you're hurt."

Wendy decided not to argue with him.

He would not listen to her anyway.

Her arm was the part that got injured, not her legs.

She could walk just fine, but Ryan did not want to let her.

Without giving her a chance to retort, he strode towards Leo's office.

Because his hands were full, he kicked the door open instead.

"Oh, Shit!" Leo was startled.

He was about to shout at whoever entered but suppressed his anger when he saw that it was Ryan.

"Bro, it's you. What brings you here?"

"Stop the bleeding! Help her!" Ryan commanded.

Before Leo could see who Ryan was holding, he already knew it was Wendy.

After all, she was the only woman that Ryan would hold.

Besides, he knew that she was the apple in Ryan's eye, and Ryan would not let anything happen to her.

Leo trotted over at once.

Wendy was still wearing her costume.

However, her clothes were stained with mud from the shooting this morning.

To make things worse, Ryan accidentally broke the blood bag tied to her shoulder, making her now

drenched in blood, both real and fake.

Leo was horrified to see her like that.

"What...what's going on? She was just fine two days ago. We haven't seen each other for only a few days. How did she end up like this?"

"It's a long story. Anyway, only the wound on her arm is real!"

Leo breathed a sigh of relief when he learned that she was not in a total mess.

But when he saw the deep laceration in her arm, he felt appalled again.

Wendy had been applying pressure on the wound along the way.

As a result, the bleeding stopped, but it still did not change the fact that the wound was deep and

serious.

"I'm afraid she needs to be sutured," Leo concluded.

Wendy's face turned pale upon hearing him.

"Can I refuse it?" she asked, horrified at the thought of being stitched.

"If you refuse to be sutured, it will be a long time before your wound heals. Your wound is deep, and suturing it is the best course of action to take."

"But I don't want that..." Wendy protested.

For sure, after the surgery, there would be a scar on her arm.

For an actress, beauty meant everything.

Even a tiny scar would have a great impact on her beauty.

Meanwhile, Leo looked at Ryan for help.

Wendy saw this, so she tugged Ryan's sleeve and said, "I don't want it to be stitched. The scar will look

like a centipede crawling on my arm. I won't be able to wear short sleeves or expose my arm in the future. It's ugly. Ryan frowned as he took her pleas into consideration. "I'll ask Leo to have your wound sutured impeccably himself. We'll use the best medicine in the world, so there won't be any scar."

However, Wendy still seemed dissatisfied by it. She pulled his sleeve again and shook it.

"Ryan..."

"Fine! No suture."

Meanwhile, Leo's mouth fell open in shock.

"Buddy, where's your principle?" he asked inwardly.

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Chapter 97: The Divorce

After

Leo had cleaned and bandaged Wendy's wound, he took a step back and said, "You are all set! For the next few days keep it dry. And make sure you change bandages daily."

"Thank you, Dr. Leo,"

Wendy replied.

"What about my sister? Can I take her home?"

"Reese has already been discharged. I thought you knew,"

Leo said, looking baffled.

Wendy was at a loss for words.

"How could Reese not tell me?" she thought, frowning in confusion.

"Things with Flynn are worse than ever. She wouldn't go back home. And she has nowhere else to go, as

she doesn't know anyone else in the city. If she didn't come to me, where could she possibly have gone?"

Wendy just sat there thinking for a while, until she could no longer hold still.

Ryan, however, had no intention of leaving just yet.

"Hey, man..." Leo started.

"She needs medicine. Give her a prescription," Ryan said flatly.

"Okay, I am on it!" Leo hurriedly wrote a prescription for an ointment and some antibiotics to help the wound heal.

"Not this one,"

Ryan barked, looking over the doctor's shoulder.

Leo stopped writing, looking perplexed.

"I remember you saying you had developed a new formula. An ointment to reduce scarring, if I am not mistaken."

Leo's face blanched in an instant.

"Hey..."

"Where is it, Leo?"

The doctor looked uncomfortable under Ryan's scrutiny. A few moments later though, he reluctantly opened his desk drawer and reached inside. He took out a small tube and handed it to Ryan.

"Right here."

"What is this for?" Wendy asked.

"It will prevent any scarring."

"Is this all it does? Surely not. Otherwise why does the doctor look so...reluctant," Wendy thought to herself.

After her injury, Carter insisted Wendy taking some time off tourist.

She was fairly certain the director thought her the most troublesome actress he had ever worked with.

Not long after she was hired, she had not one, but two accidents that kept her from fulfilling her duties.

Not to mention her involvement in that scandal.

Wendy was really grateful for Carter.

He was kind and understanding, rare attributes for a director of his caliber. On the ride home, Wendy decided to call Reese.

She sneaked a peek at Ryan in the driver's seat and dialed her sister's number.

But when Reese answered, all Wendy could hear was a lot of shouting.

Wendy sat up in her seat abruptly, her senses on high alert.

"Reese, can you hear me? Where are you?"

"I'm at Flynn's place."

"What? Why?"

"I came to pack up my things. The divorce is almost finalized, so.... Can you drop by? Please. I-I thought I could handle it, but I was wrong."

"I'll be right there."

After hanging up, Wendy said quietly, "Ryan. Turn around, please. Head for the Palmtree Community."

Ryan turned to look at her, frowning.

"But, you are hurt..."

"It doesn't matter. Reese is in trouble. I won't let her be bullied again."

Ryan didn't look happy with her choice, but said nothing.

He turned the car around and after driving for a few blocks, he pulled over in front of a boutique.

"Why are we stopping?"

"Are you planning on showing up like that?"

Wendy looked down at herself.

She was still wearing the costume she was shooting the scene in.

And it was all ruffled and blood-stained.

Ryan was right.

If Reese saw her in this dress, she would definitely freak out.

In five minutes, they were back in the car, Wendy wearing a brand-new, clean dress.

As they neared the Palmtree Community, they could hear the shouting coming from Flynn's house

before they even got out of the car.

"You useless bitch! You failed as a wife! You couldn't give my son a child and now you want to divorce

him? And take half of our family's fortune? How dare you? You have no right to touch even a penny from

my son's money,"

Flynn's mother raged on, pointing her finger at Reese accusingly.

"You are a curse! When Flynn decided to marry you, I tried to talk him out of it. It seems I was right you

are nothing but trouble. Eleven years. You have been in this family for eleven whole years and you haven't

worked for one day. You haven't earned a penny. And you think you have a claim on the family fortune?"

Reese just stood in the center of the living room, clutching her suitcase.

She had just been discharged from the hospital, so she was still too weak. A gust of wind could have

blown her down.

But in the face of this attack from Flynn's mother, she stood her ground, still and expressionless.

"Are you done yet?" She asked flatly.

"No, I am just getting started. You want a divorce? Fine by me. But you are leaving this marriage just like you entered it. Penniless."

Wendy couldn't stand it anymore! She flung the door open and rushed in, her face stony.

"Wendy..." Reese's face lit up at the sight of her sister.

"Don't worry, sis. I'm here!" Wendy crossed the room and stood in front of Reese. She glared at Flynn and his mother standing on the opposite side of the room.

"Hey, Flynn. It seems that the lawyer didn't make the terms of the divorce clear enough, did he?"

Flynn looked terrified when he caught sight of Ryan entering the room behind Wendy.

"Ryan Oliver is here! Why? What does he want?" Flynn's heart ran cold. He hurried towards his mother and grabbed her hand, "Mother, stop it!" His mother didn't know who Ryan was.

And she wasn't used to being opposed when she was lording over people.

She slapped Flynn's hand away and yelled, "Are you completely stupid, child? This greedy moron wants to rob us blind. You earned that money, you worked hard for it. Why give it to her?"

"Because she is his wife," Wendy chimed in.

"Bullshit!" The old woman was truly enraged.

"It seems that Flynn wants to stand against us once more," Wendy sneered.

"No, no, no!"

Flynn waved his hands in the air and shook his head frantically.

"We will go through with the divorce. The papers are almost ready. And Reese gets half of my fortune, including this house. She can have anything she wants..."

"Flynn..."

"Enough, Mother! You need to stop talking. Now!"

Flynn roared at her.

He had thought that Ryan helping Reese was a coincidence.

And although he had signed the divorce papers, it hadn't been finalized yet.

So he had asked Reese to meet with him, hoping she'd agree to get back together.

Not that he loved her or anything.

But parting with half of his property would feel like he was chopping his own hand off and giving it to

Reese.

So the only thing he could do was stay married to her.

If there was no divorce, he wouldn't have to give her anything.

It wouldn't change anything for him.

He could carry on having fun with other women.

So when Reese decided to meet him, he apologized to her as sincerely as he could.

But she had her mind made up.

He really couldn't understand what had gotten into his wife.

They had lived like this for many years, so what had changed now? So he had no choice but to let his

mother handle the stubborn fool.

And he had thought that they may succeed.

Until he saw Ryan entering and any hope he had shattered into a million pieces.

Thinking back to the lawyer's words, he shuddered.

"I agree to all the terms of the divorce agreement. I... I'll make sure we go through the formalities right away.

"Flynn..." His mother started, looking enraged.

"Shut up!"

Flynn yelled at his mother and broke into cold sweat when he saw Ryan looking at him intently, his face expressionless.

Not because he was weak.

It was just that his opponent was too powerful.

The formidable CEO of the Oliver Group! He knew Ryan wouldn't even have to lift a finger to destroy him.

A word was all it would take to ruin Flynn's business.

And then he wouldn't just lose half of his fortune, but all of it.

Even the thought made Flynn shudder.

He grabbed his car keys and rushed out.

"Come on, Reese, let's get this over with. We are moving getting that divorce now!"

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Chapter 98: Did You Get The Marriage Certificate

As soon as Flynn agreed to the divorce, Reese wasted no time in heading to the Civil Affairs Bureau with him, lest he changed his mind.

A worried Wendy insisted on tagging along with them.

The Civil Affairs Bureau was crowded.

Numbers were issued to couples to be seated in the hall and await their turns.

The Civil Affairs Bureau was probably the best place to witness a display of love.

In the small waiting area, there were as many people waiting to register their marriages as there were those seeking a divorce.

Whilst the love birds were snuggling up to each other, the hawks were arguing crossly with each other, as if only by divorcing would they finally fly free.

Wendy observed them with mixed feelings.

She felt sick to the stomach witnessing such unloving behavior.

Ryan, noticing this, asked softly, "What's wrong?"

"Don't you think it's just terrible here?" Ryan scowled.

Wendy whispered, "I believe that these couples who came here for a divorce today, once loved each

other very much. But now it seems that they can't stand each other's guts. It simply means that true love

does not last forever. At some stage it just fizzles out. It is devastating to see two people who loved each

other so much, fight like cats and dogs in the end."

After thinking for a while, Ryan said, "It just proves that they never loved each other deeply enough in the first place."

Hearing that, Wendy shook her head.

"No! It only proves that their journey together will dampen their love as time goes by. In that case, it's better not to get married at all!"

With his brows furrowed, Ryan tried to offer her a piece of his wisdom.

"You are far too negative. Unmarried people know nothing about the intricacies of marriage. No one can

guarantee whether they will be happy after marriage or not. Since there's a fifty-fifty chance that the

coin can fall either way, the brave take a chance. We must be prepared to take risks in order to fulfil the happiness we dream of."

"Uh. Wendy was amazed by his philosophy. She didn't expect Ryan to dish out such logic and refute her argument. But she then realized that what he said was reasonable. There were more than a dozen couples ahead of Reese and Flynn who were in line for a marriage or divorce.

Looking at the long queue, it seemed that they would probably not be attended to before office hours were over.

Flynn shot a glance at Wendy and Ryan who were sitting in front of him, then whispered to Reese, "Hey, why don't we finalize the divorce tomorrow. The queue is so long today. We are just wasting our time here."

"No way!"

Reese immediately became vigilant, then she added, "Flynn, are you trying to go back on your word again?"

He surely wanted to go back on his word! But he didn't dare to.

However, he really wanted to delay it now.

He knew Reese very well.

Normally, she didn't question him and simply obeyed him.

This time, he had really gone too far.

He had taken his mistress to their marital home and demanded that Reese serve him and his woman.

That was the reason she was determined to divorce him.

He thought if he could buy some time, he would pamper Reese a little so that she would change her mind about the divorce.

And then, he wouldn't lose half of his property.

To him, giving up half of his property was more painful than cutting his flesh.

"Honey..."

"No way! I have to get the divorce certificate today! It doesn't matter how long I have to wait in line here!"

Hearing that, Flynn gritted his teeth angrily. But he didn't dare lose his temper because of Ryan's presence.

He looked at her scornfully and suppressed all his hatred.

"Good! Great! You have someone to back you up now, huh! The CEO of the Oliver Group has a crush on your sister. So you think you can be arrogant in front of me. That's okay! I'd like to see how long his interest in Wendy lasts. When he gets tired of her, I'll kill you two little bitches!"

"I'm going out to make a phone call."

"Okay." Noticing the change in Wendy's expression, Ryan was afraid that she was having further negative thoughts, so he didn't want to stay at the Civil Affairs Bureau.

"If Wendy loses interest in marriage after seeing these quarrelling couples, then I'll be the loser." After a brief contemplation, he called Luke pronto.

"Luke, contact the director of the Civil Affairs Bureau and tell him that I'm here now."

Luke was surprised by his words and asked, "Ryan! Did you charm Wendy into agreeing to marry you?"

Ryan was speechless.

"Is she a person to be charmed so easily?"

"Cut the crap!"

"Okay, I see!"

The director of the Civil Affairs Bureau came up in less than ten minutes. He was surprised to see Ryan.

"Hello, are you Mr. Ryan?" Ryan nodded.

"Mr. Ryan, what can I do for you?" the director of the Civil Affairs Bureau asked respectfully.

Although Ryan was just a business man, his father, Anson, was an esteemed soldier.

His former comrades in arms all held important posts in the army.

Moreover, the Oliver Group was powerful.

Officials and elites of Ywood and the central government treated the family with utmost respect and dignity.

After all, the Oliver Group directly affected their career.

"One of my friends wants a divorce."

The director of the Civil Affairs Bureau immediately understood what Ryan meant.

He said, "Okay, I'll ask someone to facilitate the formalities right away!"

Being powerful had its many perks.

With the director's help, Reese and Flynn could jump the queue and did not need to answer a series of

questions pertaining to their divorce.

After confirming ownership of the property, the staff immediately issued a divorce certificate to each of them.

Armed with the divorce certificate, Reese's eyes brightened.

Finally, she was free from the clutches of that terrible marriage! She had spent too many hours thinking

that she would never be able to escape that bitter life.

"Wendy..."

"What?"

"Thank you!"

Reese sobbed and held Wendy's hand tightly.

"If it weren't for you, I would still be stuck in a horrible marriage today!"

The two sisters hugged each other lovingly. Reese had to go back to pack her things, so Ryan drove back

to the Palmtree Community. But this time, it was not Reese who left.

"Mom!"

Flynn opened the door and walked into the living room.

His mother sat on the sofa with a long face.

He asked her, "Have you packed your things?"

His mother shook her head dejectedly.

"It's not that easy. We have lived here for so many years..."

Unwilling to give up, she walked up to Flynn and asked repeatedly,

"Flynn, did you really leave the house

to Reese?"

Flynn nodded.

He saw the tears welling up in his mother's eyes.

"Mom, don't say anything more. Pack up only your valuable things. Leave the rest behind."

Ryan's aura was too powerful. Even Flynn, who was standing beside him, felt stressed.

He was careful not to say or do anything that might result in him losing any more property.

"Mom, hurry up."

“Something valuable?” His mother repeated it inwardly.
The most valuable thing was this house.
She wanted it as badly as she needed to breathe.
Thinking of this, she glared at Reese.
Reese stood expressionless.
She felt at ease to get half of Flynn's property.
She had dedicated eleven years of her life to this marriage.
He had stolen her youth and more.
Those eleven years were traumatic.
He was the husband from hell.
Every night he was out on the town with random women.
Furthermore, he was cold towards her.
He abused her and beat her up violently.
She deserved these properties as compensation.
Flynn's mother packed up her things quickly and then left with Flynn
reluctantly.
Before leaving, Flynn squinted at Reese.
Damn you! Just wait and see. It's not easy to keep my money. The games
have just begun!
My Bossy CEO Husband
Chapter 99: I Won't Dislike You

Finally, Flynn and his mother left.
Although those obtrusive people who bothered Reese had already left,
she didn't want to stay in this
place anymore.
She looked at Wendy and asked, "Wendy, can I stay with you for a few
days?"
"Of course! You can stay with me as long as you want, even forever."
"Silly girl," Reese joked.
How could she live with Wendy forever? After all...She took a deep look
at Ryan.
Wendy had a boyfriend now.
It would be inconvenient if she lived in Wendy's house for a long time.
After a while, Reese looked around the duplex apartment.
She had lived in this house for eleven years.
But this house had also given her a lot of nightmares.
She didn't want to stay here for another second at all.

"Give me a moment.I'll just pack my things, then we will leave."

"Okay."

Wendy and Ryan stayed in the living room downstairs while Reese went upstairs to pack her things.

Wendy was wearing a long-sleeved floral dress.

After running around for such a long time, the wound on her arm began to ache again.

"Does it still hurt?"

Ryan asked when he noticed her uneasiness.

"Yes."

He pressed her shoulders to let her sit on the sofa.Then he sat beside her, held her injured arm, and carefully rolled up her long sleeve.Dark red blood seeped through the gauze.

Ryan knitted his brows deeply.

He pressed his thin lips tightly together.

Then he said, "Wait!"

"Oh..."

When Wendy saw the serious look on his face, she didn't dare to say anything.

She sat on the sofa quietly and watched Ryan strode upstairs.

After a short while, he came back with a first-aid kit.

"Wendy, are you hurt?"

Reese asked with concern when she came down and saw the situation.

"I'm fine.It's just a minor wound, but Ryan is too nervous.Don't worry, Reese.Go back upstairs and finish packing up."

Seeing that Reese suddenly went downstairs, Wendy quickly rolled down her sleeve.Reese still looked worried.

"Are you sure you're all right?"

"Of course.I'm fine."

"Okay then.Give me a few minutes more.I'll be ready soon."

Wendy nodded her head like a chicken pecking the rice.

But when Reese turned around to go back upstairs, she immediately grimaced in pain.

"Ouch!" She bit her lower lip.

She was so anxious rolling down the sleeve just now that she unconsciously touched her wound.And it

hurt so much.

"Does it hurt?" Ryan asked.

"Of course! Try stabbing yourself with a real sword." As she spoke, Wendy rolled her eyes at him.

He was rendered speechless.

Her attitude towards him was totally different from her attitude towards Reese.

But on second thought, he felt relieved.

Now that she was willing to show her bad side in front of him, it only meant that she was not wary of

him anymore, right? With this thought, Ryan's expression softened.

Seeing the sudden change in his expression, Wendy was speechless.

"Why does he look so happy after being scolded by me?" she thought and sighed.

"Men are really complicated." Ryan sat next to Wendy to treat the wound on her arm.

She must have squeezed it just now because more blood seeped through the gauze now. He frowned and unwrapped the gauze.

"This may hurt. Bear with it, okay?"

"Okay."

He unwrapped the gauze clumsily layer by layer until the wound on her arm was finally exposed.

Because of the bleeding, the last layer of the gauze stuck to the wound.

When he tried to remove it, she gasped in pain.

Beads of sweat broke out on her forehead.

"Ouch! Are you doing this on purpose? It hurts so much." Ryan's nervous hands froze.

It was his first time to do such a thing, so he was very careful.

He didn't expect to still hurt her. His appearance was no better than the injured Wendy.

A layer of sweat also came out of his forehead.

"Don't move."

"I'm trying my best not to."

Ryan took a cotton swab and wiped the blood around her wound bit by bit.

But he still touched her wound accidentally.

"Heck! Ryan, I don't think I've done anything wrong to you. Don't take this opportunity to avenge,"

Wendy cried out.

"Ouch!" she cried again, "Hey, I can see that you are obviously inexperienced. Let me just do it myself."

"Shut up!" Ryan said flatly.

She also wanted to shut up. But it really hurt.

Actually, she was only talking because she wanted to divert her attention.

But the more Wendy cried out in pain, the more nervous Ryan became. And the more nervous he was, the easier it was for him to touch her wound.

It was a vicious circle.

When he finally wiped off all the blood, she already lost the strength to scream because of pain.

Ryan finally breathed a sigh of relief.

In a cold sweat, he took out the ointment he got from Leo and opened the lid.

He then squeezed it on the cotton swab carefully and smeared it on her wound.

After the green transparent ointment was applied to the wound, Wendy felt the coolness in her arm and the pain alleviated.

"Eh?"

Surprised, she asked, "What kind of ointment is this? It works so well. My wound doesn't hurt anymore after you apply it."

"All the members of the Roberts family are studying medicine. They have been running a hospital for several generations. From grandparents, parents, aunts, uncles, and cousins, everyone studies medicine. They like to discuss medical technology when they are together."

As he spoke, Ryan noticed that Wendy's attention had been diverted. So while he was still treating her wound, he continued talking, "Their family members often do some research about a breakthrough in medicine. This ointment was just developed a while ago. It's composed of more than one hundred and eighty ingredients that are very effective for wounds and scar recoveries."

Wendy's eyes lit up at once.

"Then there won't be scars on my arm after the wound heals, right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Wow! This is great!"

Wendy exclaimed.

Ryan took a new gauze and wrapped her wound again.

Then he suddenly said, "It doesn't matter even if there is a scar left."

"Huh?"

"I won't dislike you just because of that."

Wendy didn't know what else to say.

This time, Reese went downstairs with her things.

"Reese, is that all you have?"

Wendy asked upon seeing her with a suitcase.

"Yes."

Reese smiled bitterly.

"There are not so many things to pack."

Actually, even the suitcase in her hands was not full.

The ground floor and the second floor of this duplex apartment had a floor area of four hundred square meters in total.

Flynn's mother had asked Reese to clean it every day.

It always took her almost a day to finish cleaning the whole house, do the laundry, buy groceries, and cook.

Therefore, Flynn's mother never asked him to buy clothes for her on the excuse that she didn't need new clothes.

He would only buy her one or two clothes occasionally when they had to go to a social event together.

Not only that.

Since she always wore slippers at home, he rarely bought new shoes for her.

She also didn't have any skincare products or cosmetics.

While Reese was packing up just now, it was only then that she realized that after living in this house for eleven years, she had nothing worth taking away.

She only needed the bank card that Flynn gave her, the property ownership certificate of the house, and the divorce certificate.

"Let's go," Reese said.

"Okay," Wendy answered.

Ryan took Reese's suitcase without saying anything.

Reese was stunned for a while.

Then she looked at Wendy and accepted his kindness with a smile.

As soon as they went out of the house, she closed the door and locked it.

They were about to leave when a car pulled over at the door.

Before the car could stop steadily, a familiar rough voice rang out, "My poor daughter, why did you divorce Flynn?"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 100: Sell Her Again

Wendy and the others froze in surprise. The next moment, the car door opened. Ruben and Cacia got out

of the driver and passenger's seats respectfully.

Wendy had not seen the two for three years. Even so, Ruben did not seem to have aged, even a little. He

was dressed in casual clothes that he looked decent and respectable.

Meanwhile, Cacia looked pleasing in her expensive dress.

As soon as she arrived, she went straight to Reese and held her in her arms and started crying

exaggeratedly.

"Poor girl, why didn't you tell me that you were being abused? If your evil mother-in-law hadn't called

me, I wouldn't have known that you and Flynn have divorced. Cacia

wiped her tears but did not stop

crying. She even sobbed even more, as though all her pent-up worries came crashing to her all at once.

"It's okay, though. Flynn was a heartless and horrible man. How could he divorce you when you've been

with him for so many years?" she continued.

To her surprise, Reese suddenly pushed her away. This stunned Cacia.

"Reese"

"It's me who divorced him!"

Cacia's mouth fell open. She could not believe it!

"You...you wanted a divorce?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes!" Reese answered proudly.

Astonishment was written all over Cacia's face.

In her opinion, although Flynn was old, greasy, and cunning, he was useful and had advantages.

Most importantly, he was rich! She believed that Reese was lucky to have married such a wealthy man.

'Reese should be grateful! How dare she ask for a divorce?' Cacia wondered.

With a look of disappointment on her face, she said, "Reese, as your mother, I have to say"

"Mrs.Cacia Brown,"

Reese interjected expressionlessly, "my mother is already dead!"

Cacia's face froze for a second, and she asked, "Reese, what did you just say? What's wrong with you?"

Reese only looked at her with disdain.

In the past, she thought that Cacia was sincere to her, but it turned out that she was just blinded by

Cacia's acting.

Only after meeting Wendy did Reese realize how wicked Cacia really was.

Cacia killed their mother! Afterwards, she tried to kill Wendy! Cacia only pretended to be innocent in front of Reese.

Fortunately, Reese finally realized that Cacia was just a wolf in sheep's clothing.

If Wendy had not come back to tell the tale, Reese would have been kept in the dark for the rest of her life.

At that moment, a sneer appeared at the corners of Reese's mouth, and she said, "How could you be so forgetful?"

In all honesty, Cacia did not look like an evil person.

She was a plump woman, and she seemed so kind- hearted whenever she smiled.

Upon hearing Reese's words, she realized something, and a chill went down her spine.

"Reese, I...I don't know what you're talking about," she stuttered.

"I'll tell you what.Wendy, come here!"

Reese waved her hand, and Wendy strode over immediately.Seeing Wendy, Cacia's eyes widened in

horror.

"Wendy? Oh my god! You're alive!" she exclaimed and cried exaggeratedly.

"Yes.Thank God, I'm alive," Wendy replied in a sarcastic tone.

"This is amazing! Our family is whole again!"

'Yeah, right.Just keep pretending!' Wendy thought to herself with a snort.As Wendy gazed at Cacia's

hypocrisy and feigned ignorance, she almost applauded.However, Cacia did not seem surprised upon seeing Wendy.

The latter was aware of that.

After all, she knew that Eris told Cacia she was still alive.

Wendy had not forgotten how Cacia kicked her stomach several times before asking someone to throw her into the sea.

Surprisingly, Cacia did not panic upon seeing her alive.

Instead, she was calm, which baffled Wendy.

'Is it because she was so shrewd, or that I have no evidence to expose her true color, that she has nothing to fear?' Wendy wondered.

"Wendy, is that really you?" Ruben asked doubtfully.

Unlike Cacia, Ruben was genuinely shocked.

He saw Wendy by Reese's side when they arrived just now.

However, he did not recognize her.

Three years had only passed, yet Wendy had changed a lot.

Ruben's eyes widened as he gazed at his beautiful and elegant daughter.

Unable to contain his joy, he strode over and asked, "Are...are you really Wendy?"

"Yes, it's me," Wendy answered.

Ruben was so excited that his face turned red.

"How are you alive?"

"Why? Do you want me dead?" she retorted.

"No, not at all! I'm just happy to see you.But, how did that happen? Why didn't you come to me when you're alive after all? I thought you were already gone when after all these years."

Wendy listened to her father's excited voice, but for some reason, she did not seem happy.

Truth be told, she had already given up on her father.

Nobody knew him better than her, and she could say that he was equally awful as Cacia.

When Reese married Flynn, Wendy lived with her father, Cacia, and Eris. Ruben never went out to work nor make money, like he was expected to do.

Instead, he would demand her for his own living expenses.

Seeing his enthusiasm, Wendy was sure he had ulterior motive.

Even though he was her father, she took two steps back and distanced herself from him.

"Now that you know I'm still alive, Reese and I will leave now," she said coldly.

Hearing this, Cacia and Ruben exchanged a glance.

All of a sudden, Ruben stopped Wendy and Reese and said with a wide grin, "Wendy, Reese, you're my precious daughters. Since Reese is now divorced and Wendy has returned, my daughters, come home with us."

When he spoke, his eyes turned red, and he rubbed his eyes exaggeratedly as though forcing himself to cry.

"I didn't expect our family would be reunited one day," he said in a choked voice.

Wendy stood petrified in the spot.

Even Reese was at a loss too.

Their father was not an exemplary man.

Even so, he was their flesh and blood, and the only family member left.

"Dad"

"Reese, I heard that you divorced your husband, so I came to pick you up. It doesn't matter why you did that. I'm sure he'll regret losing you. Now, go home with me. I promise to find you a better man in the future."

"Find a better man." His words echoed in Reese's mind, and she shuddered.

She looked at Ruben with an inexplicable look on her face.

All of a sudden, Wendy broke the silence.

"Take her home and find her a man like what you did when she was young. Then, negotiate the price and sell her again. What a good deal!" she exclaimed with a sneer.

Reese was silent.

What Wendy had said was exactly what Reese was worried about.
"Wendy, what nonsense are you talking about?"
Ruben held Reese's arm and added, "Reese, don't listen to her. Your mother and I didn't mean what happened in the past. Besides, I'm your father. How could I do such a thing to my own daughter? There, there. You must be sad after your divorce. Come home with us."
To his surprise, Reese pushed him away.
"Reese"
"And then what? Sell me again once I recover?"
"Reese, what you said is not true! Why would I sell you? All I want is my daughter to marry a decent man!"
"Really? And when is that? When are you planning to 'marry' me again? Who is this decent man you have in mind? Another old rich man?"
"Stop it, Reese! I'm your father. How dare you talk to me like that? I did it for your own good. How could a woman not get married? You're already 29 years old. You're not young anymore. If you don't find a husband soon, nobody will marry you once you turn 30!"
"I was right." At the thought of this, her lips curled into a bitter smile.
"He wanted to sell me again while I'm still young." With this in mind, she closed her eyes and pushed him with all her strength.
As a result, Ruben staggered a few steps back.
His face that was fawning a while ago suddenly turned dark and cold.
"Reese, how dare you!" he exclaimed while staring daggers at her.
"You can leave now, Dad. You're aware of what kind of life I've lived all these years. Now that I'm finally free, I won't jump into another hell. Thanks to you, I've decided not to marry ever again. You should give up now."
Upon hearing that, Ruben narrowed his eyes and sneered.
"I'm afraid it's not up to you."
My Bossy CEO Husband
Chapter 101: What Else Is There For You

"I'm afraid that you don't get a say in the matter."

Her father's words kept ringing in Reese's mind, as she looked at him in silence. The shock had rendered her speechless.

"I've already found a good man for you. You've met him before. Gavin Ameblo. I've had the pleasure to work with him for many years. He is an upstanding member of society and he owns two factories out of town. He is a widower, you know. He has lived alone since his wife passed. And you seem to have made an impression on him when he met you. He has been asking after you ever since. He called me as soon as he heard about your divorce to ask me for your hand."

Reese's heart sank. Gavin Ameblo! She remembered the man.

And he was most definitely cut from the same cloth as Flynn.

And on top of that, he was a few years over fifty, short and stout.

He and his wife had worked hard to build their fortune, but then Gavin got into gambling.

Rumors were constantly flying around about his extramarital affairs.

In fact, word on the street was that his wife had caught him red-handed, which set her on a rage, causing the heart attack that cost the woman her life.

His son and daughter had cut off any contact with him since.

"Reese..."

"Absolutely not, Father!"

Her interruption stunned Ruben momentarily, giving her the opportunity to add, "Gavin Ameblo is definitely not husband material. You must have heard of his... indiscretions."

Ruben was silent for a minute.

Then, he seemed to make up his mind.

"Gavin promised me that if you agree to marry him, he will treat you like a queen. He will not fall back on his errant ways."

"And what exactly are you getting out of this?"

Ruben seemed unfazed by his daughter's accusing tone.

"Let's just say he is willing to part with almost two million dollars in exchange for your hand. Plus, he will be buying me a brand-new BMW. You see, Reese? He is a good man, and generous too. I am sure you will be happy with him."

Reese gave her father a bitter smile, her face white as a sheet.

"He betrayed and humiliated his wife, the woman that stayed with him through his hard times. He

pushed his own children away. Do you really think a man like him would treat me any differently? Please

answer me honestly, Father."

Ruben's face darkened, but he kept his silence. Reese grabbed this opportunity to press on.

"Besides, I've only been divorced for a couple of hours. How could he have heard about it so soon? "

Ruben frowned and started talking, "Well, perhaps he... However, Reese would hear no more of that.

"Enough, Father. I don't want to hear another word. When Flynn asked for your blessing, you told me

exactly the same things. That he is older than me and he would take good care of me. That he would

make me happy. But the truth is, my life with him was worse than death. Every single day of it. For eleven

whole years. Would you have me make the same mistake twice?"

"Alright then."

Ruben dropped all pretense and pierced his daughter with a cold stare.

"I admit that I called Gavin as soon as your divorce became official. You need to see things for what they

are. What do you really have to offer to a man, Reese? Besides your pretty face, I mean. You are no longer

a young girl. You are almost thirty. And Gavin Ameblo is very rich. He could have found a younger, more

beautiful woman without blinking. There are plenty of willing candidates out there. You should count

yourself lucky that he wants to marry you. And you want to turn him down? He is the best offer you will

ever get."

Reese's anger kept rising with every word her father uttered. She now knew what he really thought of

her.

Useless and naive.

But at least she had a pretty face to use to her advantage.

He believed he had to find a 'buyer' before she was completely worthless or he wouldn't get a good price

for her.

In her father's eyes, she was no better than livestock, Ruben went on, blind to the turmoil he was putting his daughter through.

"Reese, I may have my own reasons for wanting you to marry Gavin Ameblo, but I really believe he is the best choice for you. You're twenty-nine years old. You only have the basic education and no work experience. You were isolated from the world for eleven years. If you don't find a rich husband, then what else is there for you?"

With those words, all the fight went out of Reese in an instant.

Tears started pouring down her face as she finally realized that her future held nothing but misery.

She dropped her face in her hands, feeling defeated.

Ruben's expression grew even colder.

He grabbed his daughter by the wrist and said, "Stop sniveling. It's pathetic. Look at you! You are so thin a gust of wind could knock you down. Come home with me. You can rest for a few days and when you feel better, I will tell Ameblo to come by."

Reese just stayed put. Ruben tugged on her hand hard.

"What are you waiting for? Let's go!"

"You're right, Father. I am useless. Except for my pretty face, I have nothing..."

"I am glad you can face the facts."

"But..."

Reese jerked her hand from her father's grasp.

"I absolutely can't go back to living like that!" Ruben frowned.

Taking in the stubborn look on Reese's face, he started losing his temper.

He gave her a hard look and used his most threatening voice.

"Are you coming with me or not?"

"I am not!"

"I see. Alright then. But let's get something straight first. You owe me. I fed you and clothed you for eighteen years. Now I'm growing old and eventually, I will need my children to support me. Where are you going to get the money for that, Reese?"

"She owes you nothing!"

Wendy growled at him.

She stayed silent this far, wanting to let Reese see Ruben for who he truly was.

To understand that this man was not worthy of her trust and affection.

Wendy knew it would be difficult for Reese, but it was still better than having a greedy leech feeding off her forever.

She pulled Reese behind her and sneered, "Ruben, you have to be kidding.

How dare you imply that you were the one that raised us? Until the day Mother died, she took care of us all by herself.

How many times did you come by and see us? Not to mention that you never gave a penny to her to help our family.

Do you even know when our birthdays are? Do you even remember the anniversary of Mother's death?"

Ruben was standing still as a statue, entirely speechless.

"Humph! When Mom died, you only saw Reese and me as a burden. You packed our things and sent us to

our grandmother. And after she died and you had to take us in, we were all grown up. You treated us

horribly. You threatened Reese that you would break my hands and feet, let me beg in the street if she

didn't agree to marry Flynn. And for what? Just so you and Cacia could have a rich, comfortable life. Do

you still think we owe you anything?"

Ryan's heart skipped a beat.

He looked at Wendy's expressionless face and sadness started flooding his body.

He was stunned by the fact that Wendy had suffered so much and that she could speak of all that so

calmly now! Feeling exposed and ashamed of himself, Ruben managed to turn the energy left in him into an angry retort.

"So what? I made sure you were safe, didn't I? Even if I raised you only for one day, you still owe me!"

Wendy shook her head in disgust.

"You are pathetic. I don't ever want to see you again. You want my money? Well, the only way you'll get it is if I burn it over your grave. Don't worry. I will make sure you have enough to spend a fortune in hell!"

"This can't be!" Ruben's chest almost burst with all the anger he felt. He pointed at Wendy, his hand trembling uncontrollably.

"You little bitch! You ungrateful whelp! If I had known you would treat me like this, I would have strangled you the day you were born!"

"Perhaps. But it's too late now,"

Wendy replied shrugging.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 102: Disastrous Consequences

"Don't think that I don't know what you two scheming crooks are up to!" Pointing accusingly at Ruben and Cacia, Wendy scolded, "You dirty old leeches, I know exactly what conspiracy you are involved in. Not only do you want to fetch a high price by selling Reese, but you also learnt that she has come into some expensive property after her divorce and you can't wait to get your filthy hands on it! You are pretending to take her home but you just want to rob her of her wealth and disappear. Am I right?"

Reese shivered as if an icy cold gust of wind had swept upon her.

"Dad, is that true?"

"So what if it is?"

Ruben finally showed his true colors.

He elevated his chin so high it could touch the sky.

Puffed with pride and an air of condescension, he blurted, "If it weren't for me, Flynn would have never married you! I am asking for what I rightfully deserve. Now that you are divorced and you have the property, consider it as part of my strategic planning. To put it bluntly, I have earned full credit for the money that you have received. So why can't I be compensated? Answer me!"

Reese was dumbstruck.

Her heart shattered into a million pieces.

'Ridiculous! How ridiculous this sounds! I endured eleven years of torture at the hands of an abusive spouse.

My life was a merry hell.

If it weren't for Wendy, I would be dead today.

She also found me the most professional lawyer who ensured that Flynn give me half of his property.

But now my father says that he must take full credit for this! This is the height of ridicule!' Reese introspected.

"Reese, don't let Wendy cheat you. For all we know, she died three years ago. Who knows whether the person standing in front of us is an imposter or not? To say the least, even if she is your sister, where was she in the last three years? Isn't it ironical that she mysteriously rocks up just when you get divorced?

Humph! Maybe she came here to bag all your money."

It was crystal clear that Ruben was desperately trying to drive a wedge between Wendy and Reese.

Reese was beside herself with anger.

"Ruben, you have such shameless thoughts. Do you think everyone is like you? So unprincipled! From today, I am no longer your daughter. Consider me dead. We no longer have a father-daughter bond. I

break all ties with you from this moment!"

Now that Reese had terminated their relationship in no uncertain terms, Ruben saw no need to pretend.

He and Cacia eyed each other slyly then simultaneously vaulted towards Reese, stretching out their arms

to grab the bag on her shoulder. But Reese's reflexes were too quick. She secured her bag to her and

shouted, "What the hell are you doing? Morons!

"Didn't you just say you are breaking off our father-daughter relationship? Hand me all the property you

won today and I'll agree to break it off. That's my only condition!"

"No way!"

"Honey, take it by force!"

"Okay!"

Cacia caught Reese tightly around the waist while Ruben fought her for the bag.

Reese didn't stand a chance against these two fat and flabby hounds. She crumbled under their strength and Ruben grabbed the chain of her bag.

"Stop! Just stop it!"

With an ice cold glare, Wendy scoffed, "How dare you try to rob my sister of what is rightfully hers? And you have the audacity to do it in my presence?"

"Bitch, get out of my way!"

Cacia kicked Wendy like a football.

"Ever since you caused trouble for Eris in the crew, I've been waiting to teach you a lesson, you slut!"

Before Cacia could kick her, Wendy sprang into action, and kicked her so hard, she spun.

Wendy glared at her with indignation.

"Ouch!"

Cacia emitted a shrill, piercing shriek.

Bitch, I'll kill you! Wendy scowled. Just as she was preparing to land another blow on Cacia, someone grabbed her wrist.

When she turned around, she was surprised to see Ryan holding her wrist.

He had remained silent all this while and now Wendy tried to free herself from him.

"Let me go!"

"This is a man's job!"

Ryan casually put the suitcase on the ground, pressed Wendy's shoulder and instructed her to sit on it.

"Now sit back and watch how I teach them a lesson!"

Wendy doubted, "Can you?" Ryan's face turned gloomy.

"Don't question a man's ability, or the consequences will spell disaster!"

Wendy blushed shyly.

"Damn! That's not what I meant." Before she could reply, Ryan marched forward as he slowly took off his coat and threw it to Wendy.

Then he stood tall like a Hollywood hero and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt, ready for action.

Wendy caught his coat and anticipated his next move.

"Wow! His movements were deft. What a handsome man! It's amazing!"

Wendy was blown away by

Ryan's cool action.

Ruben and Cacia were horror-stricken.

"Who are you?"

Ryan glanced at them nonchalantly.

"You don't deserve to know."

"Are you insane? This a family matter. It has nothing to do with you so

don't stick your nose where it

doesn't belong!"

"As long as it involves Wendy, it's my business."

Upon hearing that, Wendy's heart beat even faster.

Sade hdd im dus She was touched by his words.

"Oh my God!" She covered her face.

Once again she was mesmerized.

"Reese, Wendy, will you go back with me or not?" Reese turned her

head away.

Wendy swore, "Go to hell!"

"Okay, okay! Then don't blame me for being rude!"

Ruben winked at Cacia, who nodded and rushed to the minibus.

She opened the door, mustering all the strength she could.

As the door opened, they saw five brawny men sitting inside.

"Come down!"

On Ruben's orders, they got off the car immediately.

They stood in a row, forming a bulwark.

Looking macho in their identical gray vests and muscular biceps, their

fierce expressions conveyed they

meant business.

Their formidable presence created tension in the air.

"This scumbag had thought of everything. If reason didn't do the job,

then he had Plan B of force in

place." Reese thought for a while and understood.

Ruben had no intention of letting her go from the very beginning.

She looked at the big burly men and suddenly became nervous.

"Wendy..."

"Don't be afraid!"

Wendy was very worried but still offered Reese words of comfort.

"If things get dangerous, then you must just run away."

"No way!"

"Listen to me, go and find the security guards. With the security guards present, they won't do anything untoward."

"Then I'll stay. You go and find them," Reese said determinedly.

"Listen, Reese. I'm not a member of this community and we will get delayed by the time they check my identity," Wendy protested.

Reese hesitated.

"Wendy..."

"That's it."

While they were conversing in whispers, the atmosphere between Ryan and his enemies became more tense.

With these brawny tough thugs to support them, Ruben and Cacia became belligerent.

They looked at Ryan in disdain and mocked Wendy.

"Wendy! You are a proper idiot. Do you think that such a pretty boy can protect you? Well, as long as you are willing to change your mind, I will spare this toy boy of yours. The ball is in your court."

"A toy boy?!" Wendy was annoyed.

"Oh my God! How dare he describe Ryan as a toy boy?" As this thought ran through her mind, she stared at Ryan's ice cold visage.

Ruben, however, did not seem to realize that he was getting in over his head.

Oblivious of his mistake, he continued, "Cacia just mentioned that you are in the world of showbiz! You have neither power nor money! So you must be sleeping your way with hordes of men to get petty roles, right? I have a proposition for you. From now on you can prostitute yourself with my clients. Don't worry I'll reward you handsomely and..."

"Thump!"

Before he could finish his words, Ryan kicked him so hard that he flew aside even before knowing what hit him!

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 103: Do You Know Of Her Past

Ruben struggled to steady himself from the hit but still slammed into the car that was parked behind him. He hit the vehicle so hard that he left a huge dent in it. Ruben collapsed to the ground, groaning in pain.

Cacia was hysterical.

"Ruben! Are you hurt? Talk to me please." She rushed to his side and tried to help him stand.

"No. Don't touch me. It hurts. My back. I hurt my back..." Ruben yelled at her.

Cacia turned around and glared at Ryan, "You foolish boy, how dare you lay a hand on him? You won't get away with this!"

Ryan looked like he didn't even hear her. He looked terrifying.

For a very long time, there weren't many things that could enrage him. Over the years, he had heard every possible insult people could hurl at him.

But when he heard the vulgar words Ruben used for Wendy, he lost it!

"Get him! Beat the shit out of him! I'll take all the blame!"

Ruben roared.

No one treats me like that. Kill the bastard! At Ruben's urging, several brawny men advanced towards

Ryan, surrounding him. Though Ryan was a tall man, the men had a significant advantage on him in terms

of bulk. Wendy stooped abruptly, ready to rush over and help.

She was afraid that this would not end well for Ryan.

But she didn't even have the chance to reach them. Instead, she stayed rooted to the spot, transfixed by the sight before her.

It took Ryan less than five minutes to beat all five men to the ground.

They were all laying where they fell, moaning and cursing. Reese had a similar reaction to Wendy's.

She had been about to go get the security to break up the fight, but she had been stunned by Ryan's superb fighting skills.

'My God! This is awesome! Looking at Ryan, who looked as calm as usual, Wendy was taken aback.

“Wow! Where did he learn to fight like this? He was so fast, landing precise blows where they were sure to do the most damage.” Wendy thought it would take a lot of effort to deal with these strong men even if she was to do this.

Which made Ryan's victory all the more impressive. Wendy turned to him, her eyes wide.

"Oh, my God! Ryan, that was really cool! You were like a hero in an action movie. You totally kicked their asses!"

Ryan seemed amused by her reaction. As he looked at her, his face softened. He didn't look fierce or terrifying anymore. He slowly rolled down his sleeves and walked over to Wendy. He gently took his coat from her and put it on.

"You look great!"

"Okay, I see!"

Reese breathed a sigh of relief.

Ruben and Cacia seemed dumbfounded.

As Ryan approached the two of them, they grew visibly more nervous and scared.

Ruben swallowed hard before asking, "What...What do you want from us? I- I am warning you. I have been in the city for many years and I have a lot of friends. I know all kinds of dangerous people. Your Kung Fu tricks won't help you against them. If you touch me or my wife, I will make sure you pay for it in blood."

Fool! Wendy tried to hide her smile. She couldn't help being amused by Ruben's stupidity. It was the first time she saw someone speak to Ryan like this.

Ruben thought he was being brave, but Wendy knew this was the stupidest thing he had ever done.

"Ruben, right?" Ryan asked, scanning every inch of the man before him.

"Yes, that's right. I'm Ruben. I own a clothing factory.

“Eris Clothing”.

Perhaps you've heard of it.

As in Eris Finch, the famous actress you know? She is my daughter. If you dare touch me again, my Eris will destroy you.

"Eris Clothing? Eris Finch!" Ryan nodded.

"The name does ring a bell." Ruben was confused at Ryan's expression.

"Why isn't he frightened? He looks almost like...he will seek revenge later.' Ruben trembled at the realization.

"What...What do you want? Leave us alone or I'll call the police.I'll have you arrested."

Cacia was also trembling with fear, thinking how easily Ryan would beat her and Ruben to a pulp, after

witnessing him taking down five muscular men.

She took a couple of steps backwards.

"You- you stay away from me! My husband is right.We'll have you arrested."

Ryan looked at the two of them, disgust written clearly on his face.

They weren't even worth his attention pathetic foul creatures.

But, Ruben was still Wendy's father.

How could such a man produce two beautiful, good- natured daughters like Wendy and Reese was

beyond Ryan's comprehension.

Unbelievable!

Ryan, stop wasting your time with them.Let's just go.

"You are right."

Before turning around, Ryan glared at Ruben and Cacia.

His gaze seemed to penetrate their hearts, looking into the ugliness inside.

Ruben trembled with fear.

He just stared at Ryan, growing more frightened with each second that passed.

He took in Ryan's posture, his clothes and the air of authority he exuded.

Ruben's heart was beating furiously.

"Is he part of some rich, powerful family? What did Wendy call him just now? Ryan?" Ruben found this

name familiar for some reason, but he couldn't put his finger on it.

Seeing him walking away with Wendy and Reese, he feared that Ryan was a really powerful man, and

that he would get revenge on Wendy's behalf.

So he decided to act, before it was too late.

"Hey," he shouted at Ryan's retreating back.

"Don't let her fool you. She is not as innocent as she looks. Do you know of her past?"

Wendy's back suddenly stiffened. Reese hadn't expected that Ruben would stoop so low.

She couldn't stand it anymore! She turned around and rushed to her father, punching and kicking him wherever she could reach.

"You scum! You are the worst man that ever walked this earth. And you call yourself our father? How can you be so cruel to us? You ruined my life! Now you want to destroy Wendy's too? Over my dead body!"

Ruben must have been planning to tell Ryan that Wendy had a son outside of wedlock, but Reese was determined not to let that happen.

While she was in hospital, she saw how much Ryan cared for Wendy. Her sister had lived a hard life the past few years.

And now, she had finally met someone that deserved her.

But would Ryan still treat Wendy the same if he knew the truth about little Ray? Most men would surely be bothered by something like this.

That was why Reese couldn't let their bastard of a father ruin Wendy's happiness.

"You bitch! How dare you hit your father?"

"I'll kill you!" Blinded by anger, Reese still punched Ruben non-stop.

"You are not my father! You don't deserve to be my father."

"Ouch, you little bastard, get away from me!" Reese didn't stop.

Without looking back, she shouted over her shoulder.

"Wendy, you and Ryan go now."

But Wendy didn't move. She had a choice to make.

If Ruben revealed her secret, then this would be her chance.

Ryan would give up on her.

That was what she always wanted, wasn't it? She closed her eyes and made up her mind.

She just stood there, waiting for Ruben to tell Ryan about the most painful memory of hers.

Suddenly, she felt warmth enveloping her hand.

Ryan's big hand held hers affectionately, as he turned around and looked at Ruben coldly.

"I don't give a damn about her past. She could have been a prostitute or a murderer for all I care. All I

want is her present and future!"
My Bossy CEO Husband
Chapter 104: Are You In Love With My Sister

On the ride back, Wendy couldn't stop thinking about what Ryan had said.

As they took a right turn, Wendy turned to him scowling.

"What?"

Ryan looked really confused by her expression.

"A prostitute or a murderer? Really?"

Ryan smiled and took her hand in his.

"What are you doing?" Wendy asked, blushing.

"We have company."

In the back seat, Reese closed her eyes and turned her head sideways.

"I didn't see anything."

Wendy opened and closed her mouth several times, unable to find the right words.

But Ryan seemed unfazed.

He still held her hand tightly.

The car drove straight into the Ensfield.

At the sight of the luxurious villa, Reese was in awe.

"Ensfield! Ryan lives in the Ensfield?" She had lived in the city for many years, yet she had only seen this place on TV.

It was the home of the extremely rich and powerful.

Only a dozen or so families lived here.

Each villa had its own swimming pool and word had it that there was a huge golf course as well as a horse-riding course in the complex.

And that was just the tip of the iceberg.

Anything you wanted, you could find in the Ensfield.

Flynn couldn't buy one of the villas here even if he used every single penny of his fortune!

Ryan must be a really big deal!' Reese thought, her nerves getting the best of her. A moment later

though, she calmed down a little, thinking how well Wendy and Ryan got along.

Ryan's status was a good thing. Ruben and Cacia wouldn't dare cross a man that powerful just to take revenge on her and Wendy.

They all entered Ryan's villa and found Luke was already there. Wendy was about to run upstairs and prepare a room for Reese, but Ryan stopped her. Her arm was still injured so he insisted that she shouldn't put any strain to it. Instead, he asked Luke to call one of the servants to do it. Luke wanted to hear all about their adventure during the day and they obliged. When they told him what Flynn and Ruben had done, he was appalled.

"Shit! Those bastards! I knew Flynn was a scumbag. But I never expected your father to be such an ass, Wendy. Are you sure you are related? And why would he treat his stepdaughter better than his own children? There's something seriously wrong with that man." When Luke finished speaking, he was breathing heavily as if he had been running. Wendy just felt numb, but Reese's eyes started brimming with tears. Luke looked like he had more to say, but Wendy's glare shut him up. "Don't worry, Auntie. You can live with Mommy and me from now on," Raymond said, his head on Reese's lap. The boy was so sweet that she couldn't help smiling. She tousled Raymond's hair and said, "Darling, I'm afraid this isn't possible." "But Reese, what are you going to do?" "Don't worry about me," Reese said softly. "Flynn is out of my life for good. As for Dad, I don't think he will bother us again. I'm planning on selling the house Flynn gave me. I will get a smaller apartment and start looking for a job." "A job?" "Yes!" Thinking of all the things to come, Reese's eyes lit up. "I've made up my mind. A job is exactly what I need right now. For once in my life I will be completely independent. There's no better place to start to regain my confidence and believe in myself." Ryan, who had been silent the whole time, suddenly spoke up. "What kind of job are you looking for?" "Well...I haven't really decided yet."

"When you do, just let me know. I have a lot of connections in the business world. I am sure we'll find you a good position," Ryan said matter-of-factly.

Luke was deep in thought.

"Wow! Ryan always hated people who relied on connections to secure a job. But look how easily he offered to help Reese. It's unbelievable. For Wendy, he would forsake all his principles."

"That is so kind. Thank you,"

Reese said, beaming at Ryan.

He simply nodded back at her, saying nothing.

After a day's events, Reese felt utterly exhausted, physically and mentally.

As soon as her room was ready, she said goodbye to everyone and went upstairs to get some rest.

After her sister had left, Wendy leaned her head against the sofa, consumed by her thoughts.

"Hey! What's troubling you?"

Luke asked, looking genuinely concerned about her.

Wendy ignored his question, but shot back, "Why is your brother so kind and generous today?"

She knew really well that Ryan was not a person who would offer to help others so easily.

And then it hit her! Could this be? She sat up hastily and stared at Ryan warily.

"You are in love with my sister, aren't you? You surely know that now it's not a great time for you to act on your feelings! Her divorce is still fresh. She is not ready to move on yet."

Ryan was staring at her in shock.

"Does she really think I am that...fickle?" Ryan's face darkened, veins started popping out on his forehead.

He gritted his teeth and said, "You are talking nonsense!"

"Am I? Then why are you so eager to help her find a job?"

"Because I must! I owe her that much."

'Why?' Wendy was really confused now.

What could Ryan possibly owe to Reese? "Why do you feel you owe her?"

"Before we met, she was the one taking care of you. Protecting you!"

Wendy was stunned.

Her heart was beating like crazy.

She felt excited and terrified at the same time, as Ryan's eyes were locked on hers.

She couldn't look away, even if she wanted to.

Her hands moved on their own volition.

They came to rest on her chest, as if to calm her wild heartbeat.

"You, you..."

This cold, arrogant man was willing to do anything to help Reese, just because she protected Wendy when she was a child.

"I love you. Only you. I think I have always been clear about it!"

Wendy blushed, "I...I..."

He lay his hand on her shoulder and said, "You can't choose the family you are born in."

Wendy knew he was trying to comfort her, even if his words sounded clumsy.

He was trying to tell her not to let Ruben's attitude get to her.

The truth was that Ruben's words hadn't bothered her at all.

Yet now her eyes stung, tears threatening to start spilling down her cheeks.

Ryan's words had made her feel there was still someone who cared about her.

Truly and unconditionally.

"Ryan..."

"Yes"

"Please, don't be so nice to me," she said, lowering her eyes.

"Or I might get used to it."

"Yes!" Wendy didn't know what to say.

"What's that supposed to mean? Can't he speak clearly for once?"

Wendy thought.

Seeing her confusion, Ryan explained, "I mean you getting used to it!

This is exactly what I want."

But his words did not put her mind to rest, Instead, Wendy felt even more confused than she did before.

Since it was the first night that Reese spent in her sister's house, Wendy stayed with her and didn't go to

Ryan's.

Lying on her big bed all alone made her feel strangely uncomfortable.

She tossed and turned, but sleep still eluded her.

"What the hell!" She complained inwardly.

Suddenly, there was a knock on her bedroom door.

"Come in!"

The door swung open to reveal Reese in her pajamas.

"Reese, it's really late. What are you doing still up?"

"Can I sleep with you tonight? Just like when we were little?"

"Do you need to ask?" Wendy moved over and patted the mattress.

"Get in here."

The sisters had a long talk huddled under the covers.

They reminisced about their childhood and spoke about their lives now, until finally the discussion

turned to Ryan.

"Wendy! I may not know much about the world, but it's pretty obvious that Ryan loves you. He is kind to

Ray and he is offering to help me. For you. Because he loves you."

Wendy's smile froze.

She stayed silent for a while, lost in thought.

"Look, I..."

When she finally decided to speak, her retort was interrupted by Reese.

"Wendy, I am not trying to talk to you into anything. You are a grown woman now and you can make

your own decisions. I can only offer you advice. Follow your heart. It knows what's best for you."

Wendy couldn't believe her ears.

"Reese, what are you saying? Do you think I should be with him?"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 105: Meet The Parents

Wendy was more than a little surprised! She had thought that Reese wouldn't believe in love ever again after her marriage had failed.

"I'm not forcing you to accept him."

"Then what?"

Lying on the bed, Reese said in a particularly soft and gentle voice that seemed to emit from the

darkness, "Wendy, I am not blind. I can see that you are also in love with Ryan."

Wendy remained unusually quiet.

"I know what seems to be bothering you. You are worried about the fact that he may not accept you because you have had a child out of wedlock." Once again Wendy's silence spoke volumes.

"If this is what is bugging you, then you need not worry. Didn't he mention just today that he does not care about your past? What's more, you were hoodwinked by Eris in the past. You were also an innocent, young victim. In my opinion, I think you should give this relationship a chance."

Staring intensely into the darkness of the night, Wendy added after a while, "That's not the only reason. There are other reasons. Besides, even if he doesn't care about my past now, what guarantee do I have that he won't bring it up in the future? When couples quarrel, they always criticize each other and hurl the most hurtful words back and forth. What if he brings this sad memory of mine into an argument at some later stage? I won't be able to tolerate it! It's better not to initiate this relationship than wait for it to hurtle into a tragedy."

Upon hearing that, Reese turned around and held Wendy's hand gently. "It's better to try and fail than fail to try. Would you want to live your whole life regretting what could have been the best decision of your life?"

Wendy was at a total loss for words! Would she regret it? She honestly didn't know! It was Sunday the next day.

Neither Ryan nor Luke needed to go to work, so they traipsed off to No. 2 Villa with Precious quite early in the morning.

As soon as Luke entered the room, he stared at Wendy.

Wendy was taken aback, because Luke's face was bruised black and blue and he looked as if he was in considerable pain.

"Damn it! Luke, did you get attacked in an armed robbery yesterday?"

"It would be better if I was just robbed."

Luke covered his face with his hand and looked at Wendy bitterly.

"Ryan couldn't fall asleep last night, so he insisted on practicing martial arts with me and using me as a punching bag. That was not a practice session. It was one-sided torture! Didn't you hear me scream in your dream?"

Wendy was dumbfounded.

"The sound insulation effect of the villa is so good," she joked.

Luke's eyes were filled with resentment. Wendy was lost for words.

"Leave him alone," Ryan said.

He handed Wendy a tube of ointment.

She looked askance at him so he outlined his schedule for the day to her.

"Today, I have to take Precious back to my parents' house with Luke."

"Okay, I see."

Embarrassed, Wendy smoothed her hair and pretended not to understand, "You may leave. You don't owe me any explanation."

"Do you want to accompany me back?"

Flabbergasted, Wendy almost fell off the sofa.

She gaped at Ryan in disbelief and stammered, "What nonsense are you talking? Why would I want to go with you?"

"To meet my parents!"

"Why would I want to meet your parents?"

Afraid that he would suggest something that would leave her in a dilemma, she jumped off the sofa and pushed him out.

"Well, just look at the time! It's so late. And the noon heat is so strong. If you have to go, you might as well leave now. Reese and I have plans for today."

Ryan grabbed her wrist.

She could feel the heat of his palm.

"Wendy!"

"What...What are you doing?"

"I meant what I said yesterday!"

Upon hearing that, Wendy's mind went blank.

She avoided eye contact with him and said, "I don't know what you are talking about. You'd better leave now."

A faint smile painted Ryan's lips.

Compared with her complete refusal at the beginning, she had melted a little.

Ryan interpreted this as a sign of significant progress on his part. He knew where to draw the line.

He stopped his persistence and ran his fingers through her hair.

"Have a good rest at home. Remember Leo's words and don't let water enter the wound. Take off the gauze and apply the ointment on time."

"I know, I know. You are too talkative today." Luke was astounded by Wendy's complaint.

"Heck! Wendy, you don't know how lucky you are! Don't you know that Ryan is a man of few words? He seldom talks as much as he did to you, but you don't appreciate it!"

Finally, Ryan and Luke left with Precious. The driver started the car. Ryan, Luke and Precious sat on the back seat.

After getting into the car, Precious looked like someone had stolen her candy.

"You don't want to go home?"

"Yes and no..."

Precious pouted and complained, "I miss grandpa and grandma too, but grandma is so selfish, she doesn't want me to meet Auntie Wendy and Ray. Last time she locked me up and didn't allow me to go see them."

While speaking, she rested her head on Ryan's lap. She was as depressed as a cat stranded in a hailstorm.

Ryan stroked her head tenderly and said, "Don't worry. Daddy will take care of it."

"Okay!"

Half an hour later, they arrived at their destination.

"Precious."

As soon as Josie saw Precious, she hugged the little princess and smiled.

"Oh, you've put on some weight. Look! You are a chubby cute little girl. You are so heavy that I almost can't even lift you."

"That's because Auntie Wendy cooked tons of tasty food for me."

The smile on Josie's face vanished when she heard that. She immediately changed the topic.

"It's not good for a child to get too fat. It's not healthy"

Precious broke free from Josie's arms, still sad, and jumped into Anson's arms.

"Oh my God! So grandpa is your favorite now?"

"Yes! I have made up my mind that I will love grandpa more from now on."

Anson burst into laughter, while Josie sulked like a child without a toy. Then they flounced into the hall happily.

Her sons were always too busy to visit so now Josie made the most of their presence.

Her heart danced with joy on seeing them.

She held Ryan's hand lovingly and commented, "You, my dear, on the other hand, have lost weight! I

know that work is important, but health is equally important. You must eat three meals a day on

time. Never mind. It's useless talking to you two. You never take my advice anyway."

"Umm."

"Anyway, I've asked the chef to prepare a healthy seafood lunch for you today."

"Okay!"

As usual, Ryan was a man of few words.

The corners of Josie's mouth twitched.

"Ryan! I'm your mother! Do you really have to answer me in monosyllable? Will it kill you to say one more word to me?"

"Got it."

Josie was dumb struck.

'Fine! He really just said one more word, literally! Luke couldn't help but burst into laughter.

If their mother knew that Wendy disliked Ryan's loquaciousness, she would turn green with envy.

Josie gladly went off to prepare lunch for the boys.

Anson called Ryan into the study and the servant played with Precious so that left Luke free.

"Luke, please come to the kitchen and help me," Josie pleaded.

"What can I do? I know nothing about cooking."

Josie poked her head out of the kitchen and said, "Cut the crap and hurry up!"

“It was just an excuse. You just wanted to ask me something behind Precious's back. Alas! Woe is me.”

While thinking, Luke went to the kitchen reluctantly.

"Mom..."

As soon as he entered the kitchen, Josie pulled him closer to her.

"Luke, you've been living with your brother for a while and you've also met that Wendy several times, right? Now tell me the truth. What did that opportunistic shrew do to entice your brother?"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 106: Am I Really Your Son

“The opportunistic shrew?!” Luke wondered, his face darkening.

"Luke?"

"Look, Mom. Don't say I never warned you. If Ryan hears you talk about Wendy like that, that'll be the last you see of him." Josie's face fell instantly.

Luke placed a hand on her shoulder in an attempt to comfort her.

"Please. Just hear me out, okay?"

"Fine, say what you must."

"You know Ryan. Falling in love is really hard for him. You should be glad he finally found

happiness. Besides, Wendy is amazing! Despite her profession, she is kind and honest and cares for others..."

Before Luke could even finish his sentence, Josie stopped him with a hard glare.

"Luke! I didn't ask you to come to sing Wendy's praises. She has everyone fooled, including you it seems."

Luke stared at his mother in shock.

She had always been a sensible woman.

When had she turned into this stubborn, mean creature standing in front of him? "Okay Mom.

How about you tell me why you hate Wendy so much? You two haven't even met.

Why don't you try getting to know her? You might change your mind about her."

"No need for that!"

"Mom..."

Luke insisted, wanting to talk some sense into his mother.

"I saw her...exploits in the news a few days ago,"

Josie interrupted him.

"How indecently she behaved backstage, how she got her role in the first place.

That woman is nothing but a slut..."

"Mother,"

Luke exclaimed, pulling her in a corner to avoid being overheard.

"Keep your voice down! You know the showbiz is brutal. Bruce has been involved in these circles for several years. Weren't there plenty of rumors that he was sleeping around? Yet none of it was true. You should know those things about Wendy are just lies. So why give them any credit?"

"There's no smoke without fire!"

Luke was completely dumbfounded, but he stood his ground.

"But it turned out it was all lies in the end. Carter is just the director of the show. He and Wendy just work together and that's the end of the story."

But Josie didn't look convinced.

"Mom..."

"Just tell me: what is it about her that Ryan likes so much?"

'How am I supposed to know that?' Luke thought, exasperated.

"I'm not my brother. If you want to know that, ask Ryan."

"Damn you!" Josie slapped his arm hard.

"Tell me, now! "

Mom, am I really your son or not? You never treat Ryan like this. But with me, you are always cruel.

"How dare you? I have only just started. You live in Ryan's house and you let that bitch seduce him. You should be looking out for him. You should have told me about Wendy as soon as you found out"

Luke's head was pounding, from trying so hard not to scream.

How was any of this his fault? His brother's feelings were out of Luke's control.

"Mom!"

"Yes, yes!" Josie cut in.

"That devious woman has fooled everyone. Precious went on a hunger strike for her and your brother refuses to meet any of the women I find suitable for him. Even you are talking back to me, to defend that whore!"

Luke heard everything his mother said, but he could not believe this was really happening.

"You can all go to hell! Get out of my sight," Josie yelled, waving her hand dismissively.

Luke was really frustrated.

He walked to his mother and stood right in front of her.

He pointed at the bruise on his face and said, "Mom! I've been standing here talking with you all this time. Did you even notice I was injured?"

The bruise was huge and deep purple, so it was hard to miss. But when his parents saw him, they didn't even react to it.

Josie pushed her son away impatiently.

"Get out of my face! You are a man. A bruise is nothing. If I am to guess, though, I'd say you screwed up again, so your brother had to beat some sense into you."

Luke felt her words hit him like a physical blow. His thoughts were that of frustration and bitterness.

"Why do you always think the worst of me? For you, Ryan can do no wrong and I am always the screw-up. Am I really your son?"

Ryan and Anson were in the study, which was Anson's favorite room in the house. It's Chinese decor

didn't match the style of the rest of the villa, but he loved it nonetheless.

The tall wooden bookcase was laden with books.

Every single time was carefully placed in the shelves and the air smelled faintly of ink.

Anson took the chair behind the desk, motioning for Ryan to take a seat too.

He casually sat on one of the armchairs that stood in front of the desk.

Anson was silent for a minute.

Ryan just picked up a book and flipped its pages, as if he had no intention of talking either.

The silence stretched on and on, until finally Anson couldn't stand it anymore.

He cleared his throat.

Ryan slowly closed the book and look up at him.

Anson didn't beat around the bush.

"Your mother isn't fond of Wendy."

"Alright."

Anson waited for a minute, but Ryan wouldn't say anything else.

So he had no choice but to raise his voice, "Alright? That's all you have to say?"

"I am fond of Wendy.Very much so,"

Ryan added as an afterthought.

"Ryan, I know it's not every day you meet someone you like.Especially a woman..."

Ryan's face darkened, which made Anson stutter a bit, then cough slightly and add, "Well! I am happy for you! I am glad you found someone to love.I tried talking to your mother, but..."

He trailed off, then started over.

"I've been with your mother for thirty years and she has never been so stubborn before.Of course, if you want to be with Wendy, your mother can do nothing about it.But let's just say she won't be happy about it."

Ryan's face hardened and the temperature in the study seemed to drop.

"Wendy is the best person I know," Ryan said in a low, steady voice.

Anson seemed to get Ryan's meaning. He nodded.

"I know.Precious wouldn't like her so much if she weren't."

Anson stood up and walked around the desk.

He cleared his throat and said, "I only have one more question.Are you sure you want her to be your wife?"

Ryan had never seen him looking so serious before.

"Yes."

This one word seemed to echo into the study for a longtime.Anson put his hands behind his back.

"You are a grown man, Ryan.If this is who you want to spend the rest of your life with, don't let her go."

Ryan raised his eyebrows.

At the sight of his confused expression, Anson chuckled.

"What? Did you think I'd help your mother talk you into giving Wendy up?" He snorted.

"I know you are stubborn as a mule.No one can change your mind.I'd better keep my strength.I am going

to need it if I am to persuade your mother to leave you alone."

Patting Ryan on the shoulder, he added, "She is not a bad person you know.She just wants the best for

you.In her eyes, you were always perfect.That's why she thinks that no woman will ever be good enough

for you."

Anson took a deep breath and went on.

"Wendy used to date Brian, and now she is back in the country, you suddenly tell us you like her.When

your mother was young, we were running the business together.We had been betrayed one too many

times and that had made her have serious trust issue ever since.And right now, it's gotten in her head

that Wendy is using you to get revenge on Brian.She is your mother and she feels it's her duty to keep

you from getting hurt.And also, Wendy has a child.And your mother heard everything that was being

said about Wendy a few days ago.For all those reasons, she decided she can't trust her."

"I understand," Ryan said expressionlessly and stood up.

"I'll fix it."

And he really looked determined to fix everything.

Just like Josie, Anson also wondered why Ryan liked Wendy so much.

Especially considering that Ryan had always been very on good terms with Josie and he could never

stand seeing her sad.

But this time was different.

He wanted to be with Wendy and nothing would change this, even if it meant he would hurt his mother's

feelings.

So Anson decided to satisfy his curiosity and just ask him.

"Ryan, can you tell me something? What is it about this woman that you like so much?"

"I really don't know!" Anson was taken aback.

"Then how do you even know you like her?"

"She is the only woman I want in my bed."My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 107: I Remember You

At noon, the butler came over and reported, "Master, Madam, you have a visitor."

"A visitor?"

Luke was stunned for a moment. Then he asked, "Who?"

"Go away now. Don't ask about it," Josie said.

She then turned to the butler and immediately ordered, "Hurry up and bring her in. It's so hot

outside. Then ask a servant to bring some fruits and cold drinks here."

"Yes, Madam."

It seemed that Josie already knew who the visitor was.

She was so considerate that she didn't only order the servant to bring fruits and cold drinks, but she also

went out to greet the visitor personally.

Luke and Ryan exchanged confused glances.

Something seemed not right.

When had their mother become so enthusiastic about visitors? What they were seeing right now was

very strange.

Luke craned his neck to get a better view outside.

It didn't take long before he saw Josie leading a young woman in with a smile.

The woman was in her twenties and had a pretty face.

She was wearing a white off-shoulder embroidered dress, and her hair hung down her shoulders.

Overall, she looked like a princess in fairy tales.

"I'm so glad that you come. Oh, you don't have to bring any gifts. You are too polite."

The young woman, who was following behind Josie, smiled and said politely, "Auntie, it's my pleasure."

Josie was very satisfied with the young woman.

She handed the gift box to the servant, pulled the young woman into the living room, and said, "Have a seat."

"Thank you, Auntie,"

the woman replied politely.

She then glanced at Ryan shyly and sat down on the sofa.

Her name was Brittany Amik, the same woman who was having a blind date with Ryan on the first day

Wendy came back from abroad.

"Ryan, you've already met. You don't need me to introduce her to you again, right?"

Ryan knitted his brow and asked, "Who is she?"

Obviously, he didn't remember Brittany at all.

And his reaction stunned her.

Luke suddenly laughed out loud.

Josie was so embarrassed that she glared at Luke.

Then she turned to Ryan and said, "Don't you remember her? She is Brittany Amik."

"No, I don't know her."

Upon hearing this, Brittany's eyes immediately turned red.

Josie got angry at once.

She asked Ryan through clenched teeth, "Ryan, have you really forgotten about her, or you're just

deliberately going against me?"

"I really don't remember her." Josie was furious now.

Seeing that the situation was getting worse, Luke hurriedly mediated,

"Mom, Ryan is a very busy

person. You know that, right? He has meetings at work every day. If he has to remember every person he

meets once or twice, he will be exhausted."

This explanation softened Josie's expression.

She turned to Brittany and said with a smile, "Brittany, don't mind it. Ryan is just too busy with his work."

"Don't worry, Auntie. I don't mind."

Just as when Josie was about to introduce Ryan and Brittany to each other again, Precious ran to Brittany

and said, "I remember you!"

"Oh, really, little girl?"

"You and Daddy went on a blind date before."

Brittany was surprised.

She almost couldn't believe that Precious remembered her.

She was happy to know that the little princess of the Oliver family, who was famous for being capricious

and arrogant, still remembered her.

After all, they had only met once.

She thought she had left a deep impression on Precious.
It was a good thing, wasn't it? Last time, she failed in her blind date with Ryan.
So she thought that she couldn't possibly be with him.
But unexpectedly, after such a long time, Josie personally called her and invited her to have lunch with them today.
Brittany was extremely happy.

She gave Ryan a shy look.
He was Ryan Oliver.
The CEO of Oliver Group.
The Oliver family had been rich for generations and a real top-notch giant. More importantly...
Ryan was not only rich but also very handsome.
In the upper-class circle and the entertainment industry, he was well-known for his gorgeous appearance.
Many women dreamed of having a chance to marry into the Oliver family.
She actually had this opportunity now.
Brittany trembled with excitement.
"Are you cold?" Precious asked with a frown.
"No, I'm fine."
Brittany was flattered, thinking, "The little princess of the Oliver family actually cares about me."
The reason why her blind date with Ryan failed last time was Precious.
She had learned her lesson, so she quickly took out the small gift she had prepared in advance from her bag.
Showing it to Precious, she said with a kind and gentle smile, "Little princess, you are awesome. You still remember me after such a long time. My name is Brittany Amik. You can call me Auntie Brittany. This is my gift for you."
Precious lowered her head and looked at Brittany's hands.
In her hands was a translucent box.
Inside it was a shining diamond headband.
"Humph! She even knows that I like shiny things," Precious thought to herself without taking Brittany's

gift.

Seeing her reaction, the smile on Brittany's face froze.

"Oh, Brittany, you are so thoughtful," Josie exclaimed, taking the gift.

"How do you know that Precious likes shiny things?"

Brittany smiled and said happily, "I'm glad that she likes it."

"No, I don't like it!"

Standing in front of Brittany, Precious said coldly.

Then she added, "I remember you because when you had a blind date with Daddy last time, you said

that I was impolite."

Hearing this, the smile on Brittany's face vanished.

When she saw Josie's puzzled look, she subconsciously explained, "No, it's not like that. Auntie Josie, it

was just a misunderstanding. Here's the thing. While Ryan and I were having dinner last time, Precious

suddenly broke in and said that I was ugly and that I was trying to seduce Ryan."

Brittany felt aggrieved.

The expression on Josie's face changed.

She looked down at Precious and asked, "Did you say those things?"

"Yes."

"Precious, didn't we teach you to be always polite to others? How could you say such harsh words? Who

taught you those words? Auntie Brittany was right. You were impolite. You're already four years old, not a

baby anymore. It's time for you to distinguish the good from the bad. Auntie Brittany said it for your own

good," Josie scolded.

"I don't like her!"

"Precious! Why are you so impolite now? Auntie Brittany is our guest, and she has brought you a

gift. Why do you say you don't like her? Has someone taught you this?" Josie flew into a rage.

She added, "Apologize to Auntie Brittany now!"

"No!" Precious stubbornly refused.

"Never!"

Brittany felt that the atmosphere had tensed up, so she quickly said,

"Auntie Josie, it's all right. Precious is

still a child. I believe that we can educate her slowly and correct her behavior in the future."

Josie gritted her teeth angrily.

She believed that it must be Wendy who instigated Precious to be so disobedient.

"Mom, don't be so fierce on Precious.No one has taught her to say those words.She grew up with us, and we spoiled her."

As he spoke, Luke pulled Precious into his arms.

Then he said, "Precious, don't take it to heart.I still love you."

Tears streamed down Precious' lovely cheeks.

"Grandma is bad," she said, choking with sobs.

"Okay, okay, Grandma is bad.Let's go.We'll play in the garden.We won't talk to grandma anymore."

Luke carried Precious in his arms and left.

Josie was so angry that her chest tightened.

She sighed, took Brittany's hand, and said apologetically, "Brittany, I

apologize on behalf of Precious.This

child is spoiled by us.Please forgive her. Also, I hope that you can help me discipline her from now

on."My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 108: Marry Her Yourself

"What?! Does she mean that I'm going to be the future hostess of the Oliver family?" Brittany gasped in shock.

What she had heard was truly astonishing, so she was worried that it might be a joke.

"Auntie Josie..."

Josie blinked her eyes at Brittany exaggeratedly as though trying to tell Brittany something.

Then, she glanced at Ryan and said, "The kitchen is still busy, so I'll help out there for a bit.I'll be back

soon.You talk with Ryan."

It was obvious that she was creating an opportunity for Brittany.

With a beaming smile, Brittany nodded and replied, "Sure, Auntie Josie!"

Before Josie left, she leaned over Ryan and whispered, "Ryan, I've chosen her.Brittany is an amazing

woman.You should talk to her."

Upon saying that, she smiled at Brittany and left.

Of course, the servants were sensible that they left as well.

Now, only Ryan and Brittany were left in the spacious living room.

One minute...

Two minutes...

Five minutes...

Nobody dared to speak even until now.

Feeling shy, Brittany played with the hem of her nervously and then slowly moved close to Ryan.

"Ryan"

"Mister!"

"What?"

Brittany was confused.

"You call me Mr.Ryan or Mr.Oliver," he explained curtly.

Brittany's mouth widened in shock, and she fell stunned upon hearing his command.

'What's going on?' She was confused.

She thought Josie called her today because Ryan took a liking to her after their blind date last time.

However, he was cold to her, and she had no idea why.

"Perhaps this is only his character?" Brittany wondered.

At the thought of this, she felt relieved.

"I've heard that Ryan has never been in love, even though he's already 30 years old.Maybe it's because

of his cold demeanor that people don't dare to get close to him.Well, since he's cold and probably

unfriendly, I should take the initiative myself." Thinking of this, the smile on her face softened.

She stood up and walked towards Ryan to sit next to him.

However, while she was walking towards him, Ryan suddenly lifted his gaze and looked at her.

His eyes were cold and sharp.

They seemed like a sharp sword that could make people tremble in fear the instant they saw it.

Brittany could not help but swallow hard.

Intimidated by his piercing gaze, she took two steps back and found herself a place to sit down.

She figured it was better to keep a safe distance from him in the meantime.

It was only then that he withdrew his gaze from her.

Although Josie had advised him to talk to Brittany, he instead busied himself with his phone.

He played with it and sometimes looked at it from time to time as though waiting for a message.

Unable to bear the awkward atmosphere between them, Brittany decided to initiate a conversation.

"Are you waiting for a message, Mr. Ryan?"

As if he did not hear her, Ryan continued playing on his phone.

Brittany was speechless.

Not wanting to get ignored again, she raised her voice and asked, "Is it about the company's affairs? It's

Sunday, but your mind is still on your work. You're impressive! It must be really hard to run a company all by yourself."

Ryan remained silent. Now, Brittany had run out of words to say.

It was embarrassing! His silence was making her feel self-conscious.

"Why is he being like this? They were the ones who invited me, but it seemed that he has no plans of talking to me," she mused.

At that moment, Brittany felt an urge to cry out of embarrassment.

Well, perhaps she could talk to him one more time and see if he would finally talk to her.

"Mr. Ryan, would you like some water?"

She handed him a glass of water and added, "It's hot. You should drink some."

Ryan did not reply yet again.

He did not even bother to look at her.

A feeling of embarrassment washed over Brittany.

She decided not to put down the glass unless he acknowledged her.

However, a few minutes had passed and her arm was already sore, yet he did not even take it.

Unable to take it any longer, she sat down next to Ryan, her body trembling from frustration.

It was only until then that he reacted.

Ryan moved away from her.

"Mr. Ryan..."

Brittany was about to protest when she trailed off.

He put his phone into his pocket and said coldly, "My girlfriend doesn't want me to be too close to other women."

Well, that was the longest sentence he had uttered since coming here today.

Weird as it may sound, but Brittany almost cried in glee.

'He finally said something to me!' she exclaimed inwardly.

She was happy that he spoke to her at last.

However, upon realizing what he had just said, the smile on her face disappeared in an instant.

"What? Your girlfriend?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes,"

Brittany was confused.

If he had a girlfriend, why did Josie invite her? All of a sudden, her face lit up as it finally dawned on her.

"Mr. Ryan, do you mean..."

She trailed off upon seeing his intense glare.

"I...I understand! To be frank, I don't mind it. Every successful man must have a few women around him. Don't worry, Mr. Ryan. I won't interfere in your private life after we get married."

Ryan was at a loss for words.

He had just said that he had a girlfriend.

And now, Brittany was offering to be the third wheel.

Ridiculous! Without saying another word, he stood up and left.

Brittany was dumbfounded.

"What did he mean by that? Also, why did he leave all of a sudden? Am I not good enough? Did I say

something wrong? I've been so considerate! What else does he want?"

In the garden. Luke were playing in the swing with Precious happily. She was sitting on the swing seat

while he was pushing her from behind.

"Higher! Higher!" Precious requested with a grin.

"No. You'll fall!" Lukas cautioned.

"Okay!"

Precious happened to see Ryan approach them at that moment, so she called, "Daddy!"

Luke quickly steadied the swing for Precious to get down.

The little girl rushed to her dad and hugged his thigh with her chubby hands.

"Daddy, hug me!" she requested adorably.

Ryan smiled and picked her up just as she wished.

"Let's go home," he said gently to his daughter.

"Go home?" Precious asked in surprise.

"Why? Don't you want to?"

"I do!"

Precious wrapped her arms around his neck and added, "Let's go, Daddy. Let's go! We can have lunch with Auntie Wendy if we go back now. Humph! Grandma is mean. She scolded me because of a bad woman. I'm mad. I won't talk to her again."

With the little girl in his arms, Ryan walked towards the gate.

Behind them, Luke hurried to catch up with them.

"Are you really leaving?" he asked incredulously.

"You can stay if you don't want to leave," Ryan answered.

"No, no, no. I want to go with you!"

"Are you kidding? If Mom doesn't find you and your daughter, she'll definitely blame it on me again. I'm not a fool!" Luke pondered.

At the thought of this, he followed Ryan closely in fear that he would indeed leave him behind.

They arrived at the parking area not long after.

All of a sudden, Josie came to them in a hurry and stopped them.

"Stop! Hey! Stop!"

They stopped in their tracks right away.

Josie strode over, her face red in anger.

She was so furious that when she pointed at Ryan, her hands trembled. However, she did not have the heart to scold him as he was holding Precious, so she instead projected her anger at Luke.

With her index finger pointing at his nose, she reprimanded him.

"Luke, you did this on purpose, didn't you? You persuaded your brother to leave! Why did I even give

birth to an insolent son like you? I'm so unlucky to be your mother!"

Luke was speechless.

"Shit! I knew I would become a victim in the end." While complaining inwardly, he ruffled the back of his head in exasperation and exclaimed, "Mom! My brother was the one who wanted to leave!"

"Then you should've stopped him!" Luke's mouth fell open.

He did not know what else he could say to defend himself.

From the way his own mother treated him, he could not help but think that he was not her biological son.

Josie then shifted her gaze to Ryan and reminded him, "We've agreed to have lunch at home today. It's almost lunch time. What are you going?!"

Ryan just stared at her in response.

His gaze was like a sharp sword, penetrating through Josie's heart. Feeling the intensity of his gaze, she asked in a trembling voice, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You know why I wanted to leave," Ryan replied coldly.

Josie scoffed in indignation.

"Ryan, Brittany is an amazing lady. She comes from a decent, noble family. She has an impressive educational background she's talented and so beautiful! She may not be good enough for you, but she's better than that Wendy! Just look at her. She's ladylike and prim and proper. What's more, her reputation is respectable and untainted, unlike that of Wendy's!"

The more Josie spoke, the more frustrated she became.

"I don't care about what you think! Break up with Wendy right now. That's an order! Brittany is a good woman. For now, you can go out more often and get to know each other. You can marry her in the future once you realize you're a match."

However, Ryan did not budge.

With Precious in his arms, he just passed by Josie and strode away.

"If you like her, marry her yourself," he replied coldly as he left. My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 109: Feel Sad

"Ryan, aren't you afraid of irritating Mom? She won't let you go that easily," Luke asked on their way back.

He couldn't help shivering when he thought of Josie's temper.

"Ryan, Mom is not a forgiving person. Since you've annoyed her this time, her next move will definitely be big."

Ryan pressed his thin lips tightly. He came back today to show his attitude.

In the Oliver family's old villa.

"Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!" Brittany cried her heart out.

"Brittany, don't cry now, okay?" Josie comforted her.

Brittany rubbed her eyes.

"Auntie Josie, I really don't know what I did wrong. Ryan suddenly got upset and left."

This time, Josie's head started to ache.

But she didn't stop coaxing Brittany.

After a long time of persuasion, Brittany finally calmed down.

Although Ryan and the others had left, Josie needed to stay to have lunch.

It was her who invited Brittany for lunch, after all.

When they finished eating, Brittany was about to go home.

She prepared a gift for Brittany and asked the driver to send her back.

As soon as Brittany left, it was only then that Josie breathed a sigh of relief.

Anson came over with a glass of water and handed it to her.

When she saw him, her eyes turned red with grievance.

"Honey...What have I done wrong? I've given birth to two sons, but I worry about them all day long. Ryan

is so cold to me, while Luke is always unruly."

"Well, I've already told you that they are both adults now. They have their own lives. Ryan is an

independent man. He can find a woman on his own, but you insist on introducing women to him. How can

he not be angry?"

"Are you blaming me?"

"No. Of course, not!"

Anson smiled and said, "You are the most brilliant and powerful woman in the world, but you'd better

stay out of Ryan's affairs."

"No way!"

Josie straightened up and said with a high fighting spirit, "I still don't believe it. If Ryan doesn't like

Brittany, then I'll find all the daughters of the rich and famous families in the entire city some other day. I

believe that he can find someone he likes from them."

Anson was rendered speechless.

Inside No. 2 Villa of Ensfield.

Wendy's arm was injured, so Reese took charge of cooking.

At this moment, Wendy was lying on the sofa.

"Reese, I am so happy that you are here." Reese laughed.

"Hey, why are you acting like a child all of a sudden?" Raymond was dissatisfied.

He raised his little hand to protest.

"Auntie, I'm not like her. I'm a good boy."

"Yes! You are much more obedient than your mommy. Your mommy was very naughty when she was a child. She stole bird eggs from its nest on the tree and caught fish in the river. She was not as obedient and sensible as you."

Being praised, Raymond was very happy.

He went to play his Rubik's Cube with satisfaction.

As Reese was cooking in the kitchen and Wendy was chatting with her, time passed quickly.

Soon enough, lunch was ready.

They were about to start eating when they heard the sound of the car engine in the yard.

Wendy immediately ran over to have a look. When she saw that Ryan and the others had returned, she was surprised.

"What? Why are you back? Have you had lunch?"

"Yes,"

On their way back, they happened to pass by a fast food restaurant. Precious wanted to eat there, so they stopped to have a meal.

As soon as Precious got out of the car, she ran towards the living room.

"Ray? Ray? I have ice cream for you. It's about to melt. Come and eat it."

"It has melted, silly girl," Raymond said.

Looking at the melted ice cream in her hand, Precious felt depressed.

"What a pity. You can't eat it anymore."

"Who says I can't eat it?" Raymond took the ice cream from her hand, scooped it up with a spoon, and put it into his mouth.

"Hmm...Yummy!"

The two little kids laughed together.
Luke was deeply moved by the warm scene in front of him.
"This is what a normal family should look like." After lunch, Luke went back to take a noon break.
Ryan had a video conference in the afternoon, so he went back to No.1 Villa for the time being.
Precious was unwilling to leave, so she stayed in No.2 Villa.
After playing for a while, the two little kids felt sleepy.
Wendy sat, leaning against the sofa.
The two little kids lay on the sofa, pillowing on her legs respectively.
She stroked Precious' head and said, "If you are sleepy, go sleep in the room."
"No."
Precious was so sleepy that she couldn't open her eyes.
But she hugged Wendy's thigh, unwilling to leave.
She yawned and said in a daze, "I'm afraid that you and Ray will disappear when I wake up."
Her words sent warmth to Wendy's heart.
She continued stroking Precious' head gently and said, "No, we will never disappear."
With a sad face, Precious raised her head and said, "Auntie Wendy, I like you and Ray so much."
"I like you too. Ray and I both like you."
"Then, Auntie, can you and Ray stay with me forever?" Wendy was silent.
She and Ryan only had a half a year agreement.
After that, they would go separate ways.
At that time, she 7A ba im be, definitely had to leave Precious too.
The thought that she would never see the little girl again made her heart sad.
"Precious..."
"I know. You won't promise me."
As she spoke, Precious rubbed her face on Wendy's thigh.
Then she added in a sleepy voice, "When we went home today, Grandma asked Daddy to have a blind date again. But...that woman was bad. She wasn't good to me when I met her last time. Alas, Daddy and I were really unlucky."
After complaining in a daze, she fell asleep.
Wendy was stunned.

“Really? Ryan went home for a blind date today? It's a good thing. If that blind date succeeds, then we may cancel the agreement. Then I will be free and be able to focus on my career. Moreover, Precious will have a mother. And someone can take care of Ryan. What a good thing!” she thought.

But deep in her heart, there was sadness.

In the evening, Luke and Ryan came back to Villa No. for dinner.

Jeffrey came, too.

After dinner, Wendy didn't stop persuading Jeffrey to take all the gold away until he finally gave in.

It was only then that she was able to breathe a sigh of relief.

After washing her face and brushing her teeth, she went to bed.

However, before she could have a rest, her phone rang crazily.

When she checked it, there were messages from Luke, asking for help.

"Oh my God! Wendy, are you there?"

"Come help me! Ryan can't sleep. He's with me, practicing martial arts again. I'm afraid that I won't be

able to see the sun tomorrow if I keep practicing with him."

"Wendy, I swear. If you don't come to save me, you will hear my screams in your dreams every single night."

"Help!"

After reading the last message, nothing came in again.

“No way! Is it true?” Thinking about how Luke treated her nicely all the time, she jumped out of bed.

She pulled the curtains open and looked at the bedroom on the second floor of the opposite villa. It was completely dark, so she felt anxious.

"What the hell!"

Wendy went downstairs quietly.

The living room downstairs was dark.

She carefully walked to the door on tiptoe, opened it, and went straight to No.1 Villa.

The gate of the villa was open.

Before she could enter, she heard a scream from Luke's room upstairs, so she rushed over.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 110: Your Wish Is My Command

"Bang!"

Wendy viciously kicked the door open.

However, She was confounded by the scene inside! Luke was alone in the room.

He sat cross legged at the end of the big bed, with a gamepad in his hand, and he was playing games on the LCD TV.

He shrieked with excitement. Wendy was aghast.

Her face darkened and she turned to leave.

"Hey!"

Luke hurriedly threw away the gamepad, ran to Wendy barefoot and stopped her.

"Don't leave, don't leave!"

Wendy cursed, "Luke, are you insane? Didn't you say Ryan was beating you? You deserve to be beaten black and blue!"

Luke nervously rubbed his nose and said, "Wendy, after all, I'm your boss..."

"Hogwash! It's after office hours now!"

Luke knew that what he had done was wrong and totally unacceptable. He grabbed her hand then gave her a bottle of ice water.

With a smile, he begged, "Here, drink some water. It will cool that fiery temper of yours!"

"Go to hell!"

"Honestly, Wendy! I had no intention of lying to you," Luke explained whilst pointing upstairs.

"Ryan didn't sleep a wink all night because you didn't come yesterday. After dinner today, he just buried himself in his work again. I was so afraid that he would want to practice martial arts on me again. So to discourage that, I tricked you into coming here."

Wendy gulped some of the ice water and uttered, "He didn't listen to you. What makes you think he will listen to me?"

"Of course he will! As long as you use your powers of persuasion, he will be putty in your hands!"

Wendy was doubtful.

"Is it true? Will Ryan really listen to me?"

"Wendy..."

"I know, I know. But don't get your hopes up." Luke nodded joyfully.

Wendy sighed, threw the unfinished water on Luke then slowly and stealthily made her way up the stairs.

On the second floor, the door to Ryan's room was ajar and the room was in darkness.

She opened the door slowly, poked her head in and called expectantly.

"Hi, Ryan, are you in there?"

The next second, the light was turned on.

Wendy's eyes almost popped out of their sockets at the scene that greeted her.

In the room, Ryan was standing half naked.

He had just stepped out of the bathroom and was still steaming from the hot shower.

His upper body was deliciously naked and his lower body was wrapped in a white bath towel.

Water cascaded from his messy hair and crystal droplets slid down his bronze cheeks onto his sultry chin.

Diamond droplets hugged his strong chest, muscular biceps, perfect abs and his sexy waist.

His lower body was loosely covered by a bath towel.

Wendy was completely bowled over.

She had always thought that Ryan was thin, so she was amazed to behold his fantastic figure.

"Here was God's gift to women! she thought. His perfectly chiseled, desirable body could put most male models to shame. Here stood a Greek God in all his glory! Wendy stared at him in a daze.

She swallowed hard as she tried to hide her lust.

Looking at the faint smile in Ryan's eyes, Wendy suddenly came to her senses and screamed, "Ah, I'm so sorry!"

She turned around in a hurry and rubbed her nose. Fortunately, her nose didn't bleed, or she would be so embarrassed.

"It's my fault that I didn't close the door."

His voice turned hoarse as he began to speak.

With his fist against his lips, he forced a slight cough.

Looking at her red ears and flushed cheeks, he smiled sweetly and immediately became gentle.

Remembering the inviting way in which Wendy surveyed his body, aroused his carnal sexual appetite.

He felt blessed that Wendy turned around when she did or he would be embarrassed if she saw the soldier stand to attention.

"Wait a minute. I need to get dressed."

"Okay!"

Wendy nodded panic stricken.

Seeing was believing! Her imagination would otherwise run wild with eroticism.

One's imagination could bring on awkward physical realities.

Ryan's voice informing her that he was changing his clothes was nothing short of a seduction.

She closed her eyes and visualized Ryan naked.

'Oh my God! His delectable body with those sexy long legs were made in heaven.

Heck! I really wanted to pounce on him and devour him!

"All right!"

Suddenly Ryan's deep voice came from behind.

Wendy turned around with regret, but her eyes twinkled again.

Ryan had changed into the sapphire blue suit she had bought for him at the mall recently.

This was the first time that Wendy had seen him wearing a suit which was not black.

When she had purchased the suit, she was doubtful 21 LS bud im be, whether he would like it.

Now it seemed that her fears were utterly unfounded.

He matched the sapphire blue suit with a white shirt and a blue bow tie instead of a regular tie.

Although the suit was straight, he didn't look officious.

His messy hair gave him a distinctly casual yet dapper look.

The sapphire blue color complemented his complexion and made him look a few years younger.

Wendy was still overwhelmed by his drop dead gorgeous figure.

She ran circles around him and scrutinized him carefully.

"You look fabulous in this suit."

With a soft smile stemming from the corners of his mouth, Ryan replied, "Thanks to your good taste in clothes!"

"No, you really have a great figure."

Wendy rubbed her chin and kept nodding, "A handsome man will look good even if he is draped in bark, but this suit was made for you. And you are right! I do have good taste. Ha ha!"

"Then please help choose more clothes for me in the future."

"Okay! Your black card is still in my possession," Wendy thought to herself.

Reminiscing about Ryan's wardrobe full of all shades of black, she saw this as a glorious task.

She patted her chest and said, "Okay! I'll handle it. I promise you'll win the best dressed male award every year! All other men will envy you, while all the women will be turned on by you!"

Her shining eyes pleased him. Ryan smiled.

For the first time, he was grateful that he was both handsome and in great physical shape.

"But why are you all dressed up so late at night? I mean why are you wearing such formal clothes? Are you going to work?"

Peeking at the alarm clock on the bedside table, Wendy observed, "It's already nine o'clock in the evening. Luke filled me in that you were still hard at work just now. Surely you know that you can't be a

workaholic. Health is your true wealth. You have to rest too. All work and no play makes Jack a dull

boy. Making money is not the end all and be all of life. Furthermore..."

"Okay, I agree!"

Wendy was blown away! She had rehearsed a long list of persuasive words to use on him but never did

she expect that he would agree so soon.

She had to gobble up the rest of the words she had rehearsed. She was a little confused.

"What did you just say?"

"I'll do as you said. I mean no work now." Wendy was awestruck.

When their eyes met, she blushed.

'Well.It seems that Ryan really cares about my advice.' She looked away and asked, "Why are you dressed like this? Are you going out on a hot date?" As soon as she finished speaking, she regretted it. "Oh no! Why did I open my big, fat mouth? Now he would assume that I'm jealous because he may be going out on a date with another woman or something!" She raised her head to gauge his reaction.

My Bossy CEO Husband
Chapter 111: I Don't Sleep with Someone Else's Boyfriend

As soon as Wendy raised her head, she saw the expectant look in Ryan's eyes. Knowing that he misunderstood her, she waved her hand and explained quickly, "I...It's not what I mean." "Then what do you mean?" Ryan asked. 'What do I mean? I don't know!' Wendy thought to herself. She didn't even know how to explain. "Well...I heard from Precious that your blind date today was the woman I met in the restaurant the day I came back.Although your blind date is your private affair, you also have to consult Precious.She is your biological daughter and her opinion matters.I think she doesn't like that woman." Wendy paused for a moment and continued, "What's more, you must pay attention to the moral character of the woman you are dating.After all, she will be Precious's future stepmother.If she is not a good person, she may abuse Precious in the future.When that happens, Precious will suffer a lot." Ryan's face darkened at once. 'How can she keep calm after knowing that I have been on a blind date?' But he held back his anger and remained silent. He didn't know that the more Wendy talked, the more depressed she became. She knew that Precious wanted a mother so much. She was afraid that after Ryan got married, Precious wouldn't stick to her anymore. She suddenly thought of something.

With a serious look on her face, she asked, "Have you succeeded in your blind date today? Have you agreed to start dating her?"

The cold aura around Ryan disappeared.

"Do you care?"

"Of course, I do!"

Ryan's gloomy face softened a little.

But before he could say anything, Wendy continued, "If your blind date is successful, then we can cancel our agreement."

"Why?" Ryan asked in confusion.

"You still ask why? If you agree to date her, then you will be her boyfriend. I'm a person of strict moral principles. I've only agreed to this agreement before for your health's sake and also because we are both single. But if you will have a girlfriend, I can't help you anymore," Wendy said crossly.

Then she added, "I don't sleep with someone else's boyfriend."

She also had a moral bottom line. The expression on Ryan's face darkened again.

'So...She cares about the success of my blind date not because she cares about me but because she doesn't want to break her moral principles.' He took a deep breath to suppress his anger.

"Hey, what's wrong with you?"

Wendy asked when she noticed his expression.

"Nothing." He then turned around and left.

"Hey, where are you going?"

"I need some water!"

It might help him feel better. Sooner or later, he would really be pissed off by her. Wendy took big strides to catch up with him.

"You haven't told me yet if your blind date is successful."

"No."

"What?"

Ryan went downstairs and took out a bottle of ice-cold water from the fridge.

He opened the lid and drank a few mouthfuls. Wendy was taken aback again.

While he was drinking water with his face sideways to her, she saw how his jaw raised up slightly, and his Adam's apple rolled up and down, making him look so sexy. She stared at him and subconsciously coughed to clear her throat. The sound was so loud, almost comparable to the sound when he was gulping the water.

Ryan looked straight into Wendy's eyes.

A stream of heat rushed into her forehead, and her cheeks flushed.

"Why are you looking at me like that? I am thirsty too." His eyes darkened.

But after a while, his cloudy expression returned to normal.

'So...Is she just pretending to be calm?' he asked himself. Ryan handed over the bottled water in his hand to Wendy.

She was so nervous that her palms numbed.

To prove that she was really "thirsty", she took it and drank several mouthfuls without hesitation.

When she put down the bottle after drinking, she saw the faint smile in his eyes.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she asked.

Ryan leaned against the fridge and said slowly, "I drank that water just now."

'So, we had indirect intimate contact again? Heck' Wendy's head went blank in an instant.

Then her face flushed like the sunset clouds all over the sky.

"You..."

"Still thirsty?"

"Yes."

Hearing her answer, Ryan grabbed Wendy's wrist and said, "Let's go!"

"Where?"

"You'll know later."

He took her to the room next to his bedroom, opened the door, and turned on the lights.

She shut her eyes for a moment.

The lights were so bright.

The room was painted black and white, and there were cabinets full of various kinds of wines.

Aside from the wines, there were also other types of liquor like whiskey, brandy, beer, and Champagne.

Wendy was dumbfounded.
She could see hundreds of bottles of wine in this room.
She walked around to check the cabinets only to find that these bottles of wine were all of the best quality.
Each bottle was of great value.
There were even some that she had never heard of.
She stopped in front of a bottle of Lafite, which was manufactured in 1987.
"You even have this one? Ha-ha! People on the Internet often talk about the Lafite manufactured in 1982. Why don't you have it?"
Standing behind her, Ryan explained, "It's just a joke in TV dramas. Actually, the Lafite manufactured in 1987 is the most precious."
Wendy looked at the wine expectantly.
"You want to drink this?" She nodded.
Forgive her for wanting to taste this legendary wine.
She only wanted to broaden her horizon.
Ryan took out the corkscrew and pressed it on the cork.
The rotating spiral teeth immediately pierced through the cork and drew it out automatically.
He found a wine decanter, poured the whole bottle of wine into it, and took out two goblets.
"Let's go?"
Ryan walked to his bedroom, and Wendy silently followed behind him.
There were two single sofas in the bedroom with a small tea table in the middle.
He put down the decanter on the table and put a goblet in front of her.
"What's that smell?" Wendy asked with a frown.
"When you open an old wine, there will be some strange smell. That's why we need a decanter. If we pour the wine into the decanter, the strange smell will dissipate. The decanter will maximize the contact area between the wine and the air. This makes the wine fully oxidized. After that, the fragrance of the wine will come out." Wendy nodded.
"How long will it take?"
"About an hour." She was rendered speechless.

'It's just wine! Why does it need to have a long ritual before drinking?'

They couldn't just wait silently

and stare at each other for one hour, right? She had to find a topic.

"Looks like you like drinking so much. You have a lot of collections."

"I used to drink a lot. But since Precious moved in with me, I've minimized it."

"Oh..."

There was an embarrassing silence in the room again. And it went on.

The whole room seemed to be eerily silent.

Wendy lay on the sofa, feeling sleepy.

She yawned and said, "How about I tell you the story of my childhood?"

Ryan nodded at once.

Of course, he was very interested in everything about her.

"When I was a child... Well, let me think. Actually, I didn't have many good childhood memories. It might be a little boring."

"It doesn't matter." Since he was willing to know everything about her, he didn't care if it was boring or not.

"All right. Where do I start? Let's start with something happy. When I was six years old, my sister and I were sent to Spring County. Do you know that place? It was a poor place, but the scenery was very beautiful. I had a memory of the blue sky and sweet air. My sister and I had the happiest time there."

"Spring County?"

Ryan knitted his eyebrows.

"What? Have you been there too?" My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 112: The Most Important Man In My Life

"Yes." Wendy nodded, not noticing the change of Ryan's expression.

"I lived there for almost five years. My mother died when I was six. Ruben made sure to sell everything my mother had left us, everything she had inherited from her father. He took the money for himself. He sent Reese and me to our grandmother in Spring County, as he had no intention of taking care of us himself."

Wendy wrapped her arms around her knees in an attempt to protect herself from all those painful

memories.

"Ruben truly is a bastard! He had never mentioned grandma before he sent us there. We had thought that she was dead. We didn't even know what she looked like. When she came to pick us up from the station, we didn't know what to expect. Would she be kind to us? But it turned out we were really lucky. Grandma was the best, sweet and affectionate she cared about me and Reese very much. She would always cook us our favorite meals, even when money were tight. Sometimes she could afford just enough for us children and she didn't eat at all herself." Ryan listened intently.

Wendy suddenly looked up and turned to face him.

"You've heard of Spring County, right? It's not that big, but its population is pretty high. But all the young, able men left to find work, so those that stayed behind are either old or women and children. But people there are always kind, helping and caring for each other. When someone cooks, it's not unusual to share it with their neighbors. It's so peaceful there."

Ryan couldn't help but smile at that.

"I remember there was a huge orchard. Reese, grandma and I helped the owner with the harvest every year. The money may have not been much, but we got a bag of apples on our days off. So, apples were the fruit we ate the most as children."

Ryan thought back to how skillfully she had peeled an apple for him back in the hospital.

"The years I spent in Spring County were the best of my life. Carefree and full of love. But then my grandmother passed away. I was eleven."

Ryan took her hand and squeezed it.

He wanted her to know that he was there for her. Wendy shook her head, smiling.

"Don't worry. I'm fine. It's all in the past. After Grandma died, we had no one. Ruben had married Cacia and lived a fancy life using my mother's fortune. Just the two of them and Eris. Ruben had long forgotten all

about me and my sister. It's not like we missed him, though. Our friends and neighbors helped us with Grandma's funeral. Reese was seventeen then, so we came up with a plan. She would find work in another city, just like most people from our village did. Then she would have enough money to pay for my education. But a few friends from the village decided to take matters into their own hands. They found Ruben and threatened him. They told him that if he didn't take us in until we reached adulthood, they would report him for abandonment."

"That's when you and your sister came back to the city?"

"As if it would be that simple! Ruben was mean. He didn't like us, of course he didn't want to raise us up. At some point though, he had to come to our village. A good look at Reese and he suddenly changed his mind, agreeing to take us with him." Wendy then sighed.

"It was much later that I discovered his motive. His twisted mind started scheming as soon as he saw what a beauty Reese had turned into. We got back to the city that day and he took us shopping. He bought us a lot of beautiful clothes and like a couple of idiots we were moved, thinking he had really changed. But we soon found out the truth. Later I realized that it was not the case at all. After we returned to Ywood, he registered for school for me, but did not register for my sister. He said that he was doing business now. My sister had grown up, so he wanted my sister to help him with his business. That's why he did not register for school for my sister. But Reese bought it. What she didn't expect, though, was that he had dressed her up like a doll and put on display in order to find the highest bidder. Not long after that, Ruben had her married off to that scumbag; Flynn!"

Wendy paused for a while, looking down at her hands.

Ryan poured a glass of red wine and put it in front of her.

"Then what happened?"

"Back then, I didn't know Ruben had threatened my sister with my well being to do his bidding. If I did, I

would have given up everything and Reese and I could have gone back to Spring County. She wouldn't have to marry that horrible man." She took a big gulp of wine and Ryan hurriedly told her, "Hey, there. Go easy on the wine. This stuff is pretty strong." "Noted!"

Wendy put the glass back on the table and sighed before speaking again. "With Reese's support, I can say my life wasn't that bad back then. I was happy. And then, when I was sixteen, I met the most important man of my life!" Ryan, who was pouring her some more wine, froze at the spot. Luke's investigation had revealed that at the age of sixteen, Wendy met Brian. 'The most important man?' He grumbled to himself. His grip on the glass was vice-like and he was moments ago from crushing it entirely. "I was still in high school and he was in college. We met when he gave a speech as one of the high school's alumni. Every girl saw him as a true prince charming. He was gentle and really elegant. We wouldn't have been surprised he arrived on a white horse. He was every girl's dream. Just perfect!" Ryan's face darkened. The atmosphere in the room was getting heavier by the minute. Lost in her memories, Wendy didn't notice the change in Ryan. She had another sip of wine to wet her throat before going on. "You know, I wasn't particularly pretty back then! I didn't have money for new clothes so I usually wore Eris' hand-me-downs. But most of the time, I was in my school uniform. So, I was just an ordinary school girl. When Brian took an interest in me, I was shocked. I felt like the luckiest girl in the world." Ryan's mouth was a tight white line by then. Glass still held tightly in his hand, his face cold as ice. "I had a huge crush on him. When he asked me to be his girlfriend, I couldn't believe my ears. I couldn't stop smiling like a fool for several days. I couldn't even sleep; I was that excited. I was a junior at the time

and I really liked performing. So I dreamed of going to college, getting a Bachelor of Arts in Acting. But for Brian, I gave all that up. I studied hard and got in the No. 1 University of the city, the one he was in."

"You really loved him,"

Ryan said flatly.

"Sure, back then I thought he was the most important person in my life."

Ryan's face looked like it was carved from ice.

He felt like a masochist, sitting there listening to all that.

'Why am I putting myself through this? This is making me crazy.' He

interrupted her right then, asking

what he wanted to know the most.

"So you still love him and want to get back together with him?" My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 113: Are You In A Serious Relationship

"What? How is that possible?" Wendy shook her head violently.

"What are you thinking about? How could it be possible! I've had no feelings for him for ages."

"Then why did you praise him to the hilt?"

Wendy rolled her eyes and said, "Because I had completely let it go, so in hindsight I can talk about it objectively."

Ryan was stunned momentarily then regained his calm.

He poured another glass of wine for her then asked softly, "Since he was such a wonderful man, why did you break up with him then?"

Wendy cupped her chin and said, "Well, it has something to do with what happened a long time ago. My memory is failing me. Hmm, initially we loved each other to death. When we started dating, I was just a freshman and he was a senior college student. He was just one year away from graduating. At that time, he was busy with his internship but he always made time to meet me at school. We were a regular couple who watched movies and went out for dinner together. After our dates, he would drop me back at school. At that time, I felt like I was the happiest and luckiest girl alive. Hmmm. In fact, I was so swept

away by this infatuation that I wanted to grow up quickly so that I could marry him."

'What?' Ryan's mood was spoilt by these words.

"We spent one entire year blissfully in love. Then Eris got wind that I was in love and thereafter she would always hang out with us. She had never heard the old adage that two's company and three's a crowd.

Eris had always mistreated Reese and me in the past. Suddenly she became sweeter than honey. I was so naive at that time. Seriously, I thought she had changed for the better."

Ryan already had a vague idea as to how things developed thereafter before Wendy could explain further.

"After she joined us, Brian... By the way, my ex-boyfriend's name is Brian Oliver. Eh... What a coincidence. Like you, his surname is also Oliver."

'Yes, it's a real co-incidence! After all he is my nephew!' Depressed, Ryan took a sip of wine with a sigh.

"Cheers!" Wendy clinked glasses with him and took another two gulps. "Slow down..."

"Don't be so miserly. It won't make you poor." Ryan was stunned.

"Hmm, what did I just say? Oh, I remember. I was telling you about the change of Eris's attitude towards me. At that time, I was so blind and ignorant that I didn't notice that she had a crush on Brian. Since then, she accompanied us to the movies. Brian sat in the middle with the two of us on either side of him. Back then, I didn't suspect a thing."

"Oh dear! At first, Brian was annoyed by her intrusion and argued with me about it a few times. I was daft enough to even defend Eris. Gradually, we had less contact and went out less frequently. Earlier we used to call each other every night without fail, but then our calls reduced to a few times a week. Later our relationship deteriorated even further where we only spoke to each other once a week on the phone."

Obviously, Eris had stolen her boyfriend.

"And then?"

"I actually found a part-time job during that time. Work and study kept me very busy and I didn't pay attention to these changes. More importantly, I trusted him implicitly!"
"What happened later?"

Holding the glass, Wendy blushed and recalled, "Later, they did something horrible and it hurt me so badly. I discovered that Brian was being unfaithful to me. They then openly admitted that they had been seeing each other secretly for a whole year. I was crushed."

'Something horrible?' Ryan repeated it inwardly with a frown.

"What did they do?"

Wendy trembled like a leaf in a draught when she thought of what happened that night.

In fact, she had a vivid recollection of that night.

Eris had drugged her and thrown her to a man.

The entire night, she writhed in pain, a little boat being violently tossed by a tempest.

Finally, she fainted from exhaustion.

When she woke up the next day, there were bloodstains all over the bed sheet.

Since then, she held a deep fear of sex.

But when she awoke, she realized that the man in the room was Brian. Her fear was replaced with happiness. Later she found out that she was pregnant.

Brian's sense of responsibility was flawless.

He accompanied her to all the prenatal checkups and seemed genuinely happy, like an excited father-to-be.

So she didn't doubt him.

During that time, Eris went out of her way to be kind to her.

She brought her delicious, nutritious food to help her along with a healthy pregnancy.

She was oblivious of the false happiness that they had created for her.

She was as happy as any expectant mother.

Then came the day for the eight months' prenatal checkups.

She recalled the scene that day: the smell of blood all over the ground, the taste of salty sea water, the suffocation because of the sea water, and...

She shuddered when she thought of the photo of the corpse of her baby.

It was a girl.

A little girl.

It was only the size of a kitten: black and blue all over, and there was no breath.

Later, when she was in the US, she would recall the photo every time she held Ray in her arms.

The thought would torment her enough to want to rush back and kill the scumbags!

"I hate them! Hate them!"

Looking at her deranged state, Ryan held her hand tightly.

They had known each other for a long time and she had always displayed an optimistic and positive side.

It was the first time that he had seen her break down like this.

I 'Those people! What did they do to her?!' Ryan's eyes were gloomy and frightening.

He held her hand tightly and said, "Let me help you!"

"No! I will kill them myself!"

Wendy gulped down another glass of wine.

"Uh, Why is the room spinning?"

Wendy rubbed her temples and looked at Ryan in a confused state.

"Why am I seeing two of you? What...Now there's three of you."

Hearing that, Ryan lowered his head and looked at the wine bottle.

He discovered that she had consumed more than half the bottle of wine. She had been drinking all the time that she was reliving the horror of her past.

The wine had a strong impact on her.

Not only did it confound her senses but it gave her unspoken courage.

He scowled and reached out to grab the glass in her hand.

"That's enough! Stop drinking!"

"No!"

Holding the glass, Wendy stared at him defensively as if protecting a child, "Go away!"

Ryan was dumbfounded.

"This thing tastes so good. It tastes bitter at first but sweet once you acquire a taste for it. She poured a full glass of red wine into her mouth, as if she was drinking water. She didn't want Ryan to snatch it away

from her. The decanter was empty now. Then her face turned red and her vision became blurred." She burped.

"Eh, where am I? It looks a little familiar. It's like a maze. I can't get out."

She burped and staggered around the room in a drunken stupor.

Ryan was quick enough to catch her before she tripped over the carpet.

"Be careful!"

When Wendy turned her head and saw Ryan, her eyes lit up.

She turned around abruptly and reached out to hold Ryan's face.

"Oh! What a handsome boy! Are you in a serious relationship?" My Bossy

CEO Husband

Chapter 114: Me

Ryan was speechless.

"No," he finally managed to get out.

Wendy's eyes lit up.

"Really? Do you want a girlfriend now?"

She suddenly pushed him away and took a seductive pose.

"Look at my soft, delicate skin and long, silky legs!"

As she spoke, she winked at Ryan. He was stunned to silence. All he could do was stare at her.

"Wow, everything is spinning."

Seeing her on the verge of collapsing, Ryan reached out and held her close.

Wendy immediately grabbed onto him, blinking in confusion.

Then she seemed to come to her senses a little.

"Hey, want to know your future? Let me do a reading for you." Ryan frowned.

Before he could even open his mouth to answer, she took on a dreamy, faraway look complete with a deep, mysterious voice.

"You, young man, were born into riches and power. You never lacked anything, except for one thing. Do you know what it is?"

"No. What?"

"Me"

Ryan's eyebrows quivered with amusement. Before he could say anything, Wendy hugged him

tightly. They were so close to each other that he could smell her perfume mixed with that of the wine. As

her breath tickled his face, Ryan felt passion surging within him.

"Wendy, you are drunk."

"Don't you want me?"

Wendy pushed him away insulted.

But then a thought dawned on her.

She looked at Ryan in astonishment and exclaimed, "Ah, I see. You're gay."

Then she frowned a little and added, "All handsome men seem to be gay nowadays."

Just by looking at her, Ryan felt he couldn't reign in his desire for her for too long.

All he was thinking about was tearing his clothes off, prove her wrong. Wendy staggered towards the door.

Afraid that she might take a fall, he hurried over to keep her upright.

She immediately pushed him away and yelled, "Leave me alone! I can walk perfectly well myself!"

"Wendy, you had too much to drink."

"Bullshit. I'm perfectly fine."

Ryan didn't know what else to say.

She reached for the doorknob several times but missed it, until finally she managed to open the door.

"Ouch..."

Luke, who had been leaning against the door listening in, crashed onto the floor.

Ryan simply glared at his brother.

"Ha-ha..."

Luke smiled awkwardly, scratching his head.

"I thought you had one too many drinks, so I came to check in on you. In case you needed help, I mean. I'll just go."

He stood up and turned to leave, but before he even took a step, Wendy grabbed his wrist, stopping him in his tracks.

"Wendy?"

"Another handsome man!"

Not wanting him to run away, Wendy grabbed onto him tightly and asked, "Hey, handsome, tell me something. Are you seeing anyone?"

Luke was stunned, but he managed to stammer a response.

"N-No, I am not."

He had just gotten out of a relationship and was now free as a bird.

"Really? How about going out with me?"

She winked at Luke with a lopsided smile.

Luke felt like a cornered animal.

He was scared out of his mind, especially when he turned around and looked into Ryan's dark eyes.

"I-I..."

He paused for a bit to gather his wits and turned to his brother.

"Ryan, what the hell is going on?"

"She is wasted."

"Oh, God! She really is terrifying when she is drunk."

If looks could kill, he had no doubt that Ryan would be getting rid of his body now. Luke was about to

escape Wendy's grasp, when he heard Ryan's faint voice.

"Easy! Her arm is injured..."

'Right! Her arm is still wrapped with bandages. If I jerk too hard, it'll hurt like hell and Ryan will definitely

kill me. But if she keeps hanging on me like that, Ryan will kill me in the most painful way possible.'

Luke was so frustrated he could cry.

Curiosity killed the cat.

Truer words had never been spoken! What was he thinking,

eavesdropping on Ryan and Wendy? How

was he supposed to get out of this?

"Wendy, we always got along well. But right now, you are putting me in a difficult situation..."

Wendy tilted her head sideways and blinked.

"What?"

Luke was stunned back to silence.

He had to admit he found Wendy really attractive right now. She was tall and willowy, and her beauty

was breathtaking.

She was absolutely flawless, God's true masterpiece.

She had come over in a hurry, so she wore a loose shirt and a pair of short jeans that showed off her perfect figure.

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were glinting.

Luke was captivated by her beauty.

'Shit! And she flirted with me! I am dead. Ryan won't let me get away with this.' Luke stood there stiff as a board.

He couldn't even look Ryan in the eye.

"Let go of me, Wendy!"

"Not until you say you'll go out with me."

'W-What? Are you joking?' Luke trembled.

He felt as if the room's temperature had dropped by several degrees in seconds.

His fear was clawing around his insides.

'Oh, Wendy. You don't know how much you are making me suffer right now.'

"Want to know your future? I am an expert fortuneteller. Did you know?"

"What?" Ryan's face darkened.

He had a guess what Wendy was going to say and his worst fear was soon realized.

"You, young man, have a level head and mild manner. You come from a rich family. You are elegant, sophisticated. You have almost everything, but there is one thing you lack. Do you know what it is?"

Ryan's nostrils flared as if they'd start spewing fire soon! He hated hearing Wendy talk about another man like that! Luke was really uncomfortable about the situation but he still couldn't help feeling flattered.

"Right. Ha-ha! Come on now, tell me. What do I lack?"

"Me!"

Luke stared at her, mouth open, unable to process what he had just heard.

'Oh, boy! Does she mean that? Is she actually hitting on me?' He felt a cold gaze on his back.

He turned around slowly and saw Ryan glaring at him through narrowed eyes. Luke took two steps back

and raised his hands in an attempt to placate his brother.

"Ryan, I didn't do anything. Don't look at me like that. Come on, man..."

Seeing the look of fear on Luke's face, Wendy pulled him behind her.

"Don't worry, young man. I'll keep you safe!"

Luke rolled his eyes.

'Not again! Just stop talking, Wendy. You'll make things even worse than they are.' He could tell this wouldn't end well for him.

"Wendy, let go of me, please."

"No."

With a trembling finger, he pointed at Ryan.

"What about him? He is so much more handsome than me."

"Yes, that's true. But he is gay,"

Wendy said, looking depressed.

Luke's eyes lit up as he saw a way out of this.

"So am I. I'm gay, too!"

"You are?"

"Yes, yes, absolutely."

Looking at him curiously, Wendy pulled Luke closer and looked at him up and down for a while.

Finally, she sighed, looking disappointed.

"Of course. Look at this delicate skin. What man wouldn't want to bang you!"

Luke didn't know if he should feel offended or not.

Wendy suddenly dragged Luke next to Ryan.

She took a step back and looked at the two of them searchingly. She suddenly burst out laughing. She

looked like a person that had made a huge discovery.

Ryan didn't even know what to expect right now.

"Now, I see. You two are a couple!"

She chuckled happily and clapped her hands together.

Then, she suddenly pointed at Ryan and said, "And you're top!"

Then she pointed at Luke and said, "Which makes you bottom!"

The corners of Luke's mouth twitched, but he didn't dare deny it, afraid that Wendy would pester him further.

"As I said, all handsome men turn out to be gay these days. But at least you two make a great couple. You look so good together!"

She looked at them with her hands folded over her chest.

"You two were meant to be together!"

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 115: Intoxicated

Wendy staggered downstairs, and there was nothing Ryan could do but watch her with a frown.

"Where are you going?"

He pulled her back, but she tried to break free from his hold and failed.

With a pout, Wendy answered, "I'm going to find my soul mate. Let go of me!"

When she spoke, she sounded like a spoiled child.

For some reason, what she had said slightly tugged Ryan's heartstrings, bringing a light pang.

Seeing her like this, he had finally made up his mind.

'Heck! I'll never let her drink again outside this house!'

"Let's go home," he urged her.

"Home?"

Upon hearing this, Wendy shook her head repeatedly. She then slumped on the floor and held onto the railings.

"No, no, no! I don't wanna go home. It's dark and cold, and nobody likes me there," she protested.

"Wendy, that's not true. Ryan likes you!" Luke reassured.

What he had said made Wendy look at him incredulously.

With her bright eyes, she said to him coquettishly, "Hey, handsome. Do you want to be with me?"

Luke shuddered in fear and immediately shook his head when Ryan shot him a warning look.

"I...I have to go. See you tomorrow, Wendy," he said hurriedly.

With that, he ran downstairs at once.

Wendy turned sad and regretful.

Ryan squatted down and looked at her with concern.

"Wendy, the floor is cold. You'll get sick if you don't stand up," he said patiently.

"Humph!"

Wendy just turned her head away stubbornly.

"Wendy, come home with me."

"No!"

Wendy held onto the railing tighter and said, "Don't think I don't know what you're thinking. You just

want to trick me into going home, and then you'll take advantage of me! Humph! I've experienced that a lot! Do you know what happened to those men who did that to me?" "What?" Ryan asked with a frown. "I beat them all away!" Wendy waved her fist in the air and warned, "Get out of here, or I'll beat you to a pulp!" Ryan was speechless.

While Wendy was sulking on the floor, she tilted her head and stared into Ryan's eyes. As though realizing something, she suddenly touched his face. She gently ran her thumb on his eyes and brows, her eyes full of motherly affection. Yes, it was indeed motherly affection. "I see. You're Ray!" Wendy exclaimed. Then, with a pout, she continued, "Honey, why did you grow up all of a sudden?" Ryan's face darkened, and he corrected her, "I'm not Raymond!" "Liar! Look at your nose and mouth. They're the same as my son's! Honey, why did you grow up in the blink of an eye?" Wendy asked. Then, she suddenly hugged him and sobbed. "I'm sorry, baby Mommy wasn't there for you." "Wendy, look at me carefully! Who am I?" "Uh..." Wendy pushed him away and gazed at him for a moment. It was only at that moment that it dawned on her. "I remember you!" Ryan breathed a sigh of relief. "You're the father of my son!" Again, Ryan was at a loss for words. Just when he thought that she recognized him, she proved him wrong. "Woah! You're Ray's father! I've been looking for you for so many years. I finally found you." With her head still tilted to one side, Wendy looked at him up and down and exclaimed, "Oh my God! I didn't expect you to be handsome. Well then, I can say that getting pregnant with your child isn't a

loss.Ha-ha!"

Ryan was stunned.

He never expected that she would talk nonsense when she was intoxicated.

Of course, he just shrugged off what she had said and did not take her words seriously.

However, he suddenly remembered a saying which went, "Truth lies at the bottom of a well."

At the thought of this, a gleam flashed in his eyes.

"Wendy."

"Yes?"

"Do you have someone special in your heart?"

Upon asking that, he held his breath in suspense and waited for her answer.

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

Wendy raised her hand and held up a finger for every name she said.

"There are actually a lot my dearest son, Ray, Precious, my beautiful sister, my mother and grandmother, and my good friend, Roger.Wait.Jeffrey and Luke too.I like them all."

She enumerated a lot of people, except Ryan.

At that moment, Ryan took a deep breath and held back his anger.

"Anyone else?" he asked patiently.

"Nah, that's all," Wendy answered with a wide grin.

Ryan's face fell.

He felt an utter disappointment upon hearing that he was not included in the list of people she liked. All

of a sudden, Wendy seemed to have realized something.

"Oh! By the way..."

Ryan's sullen face lit up, and he asked excitedly, "Who else?"

"I just realized that my fingers aren't enough."

Upon saying that, Wendy kicked off her shoes, revealing her fair feet.

She wriggled her toes adorably and added, "And Snow!"

"Snow?" Ryan asked in confusion.

"Yes! Ray and I raised a little Pomeranian dog before.He was so cute.His fur was soft, and his eyes were

round, big, and black.Sadly, he was captivated by a little female dog.He left and never came back."

Ryan could not hold back his anger anymore.

'Ha! It serves you right. How could you count your pet dog but forget about me?!' Of course, he did not say that.

Instead, he pursed his lips and asked again, "What about Ryan? Don't you like him?"

"Ryan?! Shh!"

Wendy suddenly lowered her voice as though she was forbidden to say his name out loud.

She then held Ryan's hand and whispered, "Don't let that big devil hear you. I'm telling you, he's terrible!"

"Big devil?"

"Yes! It's Ryan!"

Wendy was too drunk to notice the coldness on Ryan's face.

However, she did not stop there as she added, "He always wears a cold face. It's frightening!"

Ryan was dumbstruck.

"Let me tell you something. Ryan is moody every single day. He just suddenly gets angry, and you don't even know what you did to offend him."

'Big devil?! Moody?! Ryan repeated those words in his mind. He believed that he was gentle and considerate enough to her. However, he did not expect to have such an image in her heart.

What she was saying made him purse his lips tightly.

"Is he really so bad?" he queried.

"Well, not exactly. He's good to me sometimes."

Wendy frowned and added, "I kinda like him, to be honest."

Ryan's eyes widened in shock.

Her words made his heart pound, as though he were in a roller-coaster.

"So you like him?" he asked again.

"Hmm. I can't."

"Why?"

A feeling of disappointment washed over him.

Wendy burped and answered, "I had a bad past, so I can't like him. My head hurts. I don't want to talk to you anymore."

Upon saying that, she got up and staggered at the corridor.

She then opened the door of every room as if looking for something.

Ryan had no idea what she was looking for, so he just followed her to keep her from falling.

At that moment, she stumbled at the door of Ryan's room.
She opened it and looked around at the familiar furnishings inside.
"Ah, we're home," she said with happiness and contentment.
Wendy went into the bedroom and walked to the bedside.
Slowly, she fell on the bed with a wide smile on her face.
Little did she know, Ryan was watching her in awe.
His heart softened at the sight of her so happy and comfortable.
Wendy was so drunk but she still took his bedroom as her home and
even lay on his bed defenselessly.
Ryan could not help but heave a sigh.
'Forget it! There's no point arguing with a drunk person.' When he was
about to enter the bedroom,
Wendy suddenly got up and lay on her side.
Because of this, her hourglass figure could be clearly seen, and it was
truly enticing.
To Ryan's surprise, she held her face with one hand and patted the space
beside her with the other.
Then, she crooked her fingers at Ryan as though inviting him to the bed.
"Come on, handsome!"
My Bossy CEO Husband
Chapter 116: Come On, Handsome

Analyzing her coy expression and valorous action, Ryan was astonished,
because she was literally
seducing him! Where he stood, his self-control was gradually beginning
to collapse.
He was always so proud of his disciplined self-control; but here he was,
on the brink of betraying himself.
His hankering desire for her now grew from a candle flame blown in the
wind into a raging inferno.
Finally it took full control of his heaving body.
He glanced at Wendy with yearning desire.
"Come on, handsome!"
Wendy enticed him for a long time, but she didn't get any response from
him.
She pouted and slurred, "Come on!"
Ryan cautiously approached her.
Slowly but surely, he walked to her.
"Wendy..."

When he just walked to the edge of the bed, Wendy suddenly grabbed his arm and pulled him down.

Having been taken by surprise, Ryan fell flat on the bed.

The distance between the two of them was just a heartbeat.

Thump!

Thump!

Thump!

Thump!

The pounding palpitations of his heart unnerved him.

With a pair of innocent eyes, Wendy sat up on the bed.

She blinked and suddenly put her hand on his shoulder.

She frowned and looked confused.

"You look familiar..."

"Who am I?" Ryan asked.

Wendy thought for a long time, but her mind was still muddled.

She shook her head and said, "I can't remember..."

Ryan became tense and his heart started racing once again.

But considering her disorientated state, he took a deep breath and

suppressed his desire for her, as hard

as that was.

He desperately wanted to ravish her, but not like this when she was drunk.

Gnashing his teeth, he lay down beside her.

He looked at a fixed spot on the ceiling, taking long deep breaths to calm himself.

However, Wendy moved around sensually and restlessly.

He pressed her shoulder and shouted, "Don't move!"

Wendy widened her eyes in an accusing glare.

Tears welled up in her bewildered eyes.

She pouted and pointed at Ryan as if she had suffered a great grievance.

"You shouted at me..." Ryan was lost for words.

He really didn't know how to handle her! "Apologize now. If you don't apologize, I'll cry."

She pretended to cry.

He remained silent.

"I'm really going to cry!"

"I'm sorry."

Hearing that, Wendy smiled through tears.

"That's okay."

Wendy's intelligence quotient flew down when she was drunk and her emotional quotient took over. She regressed into the mind of a three year old child. Ryan's heart melted like butter.

He stroked her hair gently as if she were really a child.

"Good girl, go to bed now."

"No."

"Then what do you want to do?"

"Sing me a lullaby."

Ryan was flabbergasted.

He didn't know how to sing a lullaby. When Precious was a baby, his parents took care of her. He had

never coaxed her to sleep, let alone sing her a lullaby.

"Sing right now!"

"I don't know how to sing it..."

"Liar!"

"I am telling the truth."

Wendy pouted unhappily and nodded, "Then kiss me goodnight!"

Ryan froze.

He didn't expect her to make such a request. He couldn't refuse her.

Ryan's eyes were like a whirlpool in the deep sea; so dark that they could suck people in.

Without hesitation, he bent his head and kissed her passionately.

Her soft red lips had a breathtaking smell of wine.

The overpowering smell spread to him, and he was intoxicated in an instant.

"Hmm..."

The woman in his arms suddenly started trembling.

As soon as he lowered his head, his gaze met her frightened eyes.

Ryan instantly regained his consciousness as if someone had showered him with ice cold water.

"Wendy..."

"Go away! Just go away!" Wendy shivered with fear.

"I'm sorry!" Terror was written all over Wendy's face.

She curled up and hugged herself tightly, quivering.

One Minute! Two minutes! Five minutes later, Ryan was still holding his breath.

Wendy then finally calmed down.

She stretched out her curled body and looked delirious.
In a daze, she yawned and rubbed her eyes.
She seemed relieved when she saw the person lying next to her.
In a soft, childlike voice, she whispered, "I'm sleepy..."
Ryan breathed a sigh of relief.
"Then go to sleep."
"No!" Wendy said.
She tried to open her eyes and said discontentedly, "You should say good night."
"Okay. Good night."
Greatly satisfied, Wendy closed her eyes and Ryan tucked her in.
After sleeping for a while, she muttered, "It's so hot."
Then she kicked off the quilt and began to remove her clothes with her eyes closed.
In her state of oblivion, she wriggled restlessly like a little snake, trying to take off her pants.
Finally, she succeeded and kicked them to the floor.
Her action was rapid.
Before Ryan could respond, she had already discarded her clothes.
The sight of her long, fair legs gave him an adrenaline rush.
He took a deep breath, closed his eyes and quickly covered her body with the quilt.
"Hmm, it's scorching in here."
Wendy kicked the quilt aside, exposing her beautiful legs.
She then proceeded to take off her loose T-shirt with her eyes closed.
This was a real test of Ryan's self-control! A thin layer of perspiration appeared on his forehead.
He quickly pressed her wrist and said, "Don't take it off."
"But there's a heat wave in here..."
"Don't take it off even if you feel hot!"
He was suffering under this stressful situation.
"Hmm, cool."
Although one of Wendy's hands was transfixed, she touched the back of Ryan's hand with the other hand, caressing it tenderly.
Feeling his cold touch, she immediately clenched him like an octopus.
"It's so cool!"
Ryan was speechless.
He became as tense as a thief facing a policeman.

"Wendy, if you dare to move again, you must be prepared to face the consequences of your actions!"

Although Wendy was semi-conscious now, she also sensed the danger. She trembled and hugged Ryan, finding a comfortable posture in his arms, and remained as still as a statue.

One Minute! Two minutes! Five minutes later, her breathing stabilized. Ryan breathed a deep sigh of relief.

'Damn it! She was asleep, but what should I do?'

The heat of his body spurred him on.

Grinding his teeth, he tried to push her away, but she hugged him tightly. Just as he took her hand away, she muttered and held him again with a frown.

She was about to cry after Ryan tried several times to push her away.

Finally, she simply used both her hands and feet to clasp his body. She grinned and fell asleep with a

smile when she noticed that Ryan no longer resisted her.

He had no choice. He wanted to distance himself from her, but he didn't have the heart. He knew that if

Wendy were sober, she would never behave this way. He sighed and did not move again.

However, such intimate closeness was simply torture to him! In the end, Wendy had a sound sleep.

While Ryan had a sleepless night.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 117: Turn Into A Female Rascal

The next day, Wendy woke up with a headache.

She held her head and sat up from the bed in a daze, feeling dizzy.

"Hmm..." She couldn't remember where she was and what she did.

"Are you awake?" A deep male voice suddenly rang out in her ears, and it startled her.

As soon as she turned her head, she saw Ryan, who was half lying on the bed in a sapphire blue suit.

This was the first time that Wendy saw Ryan in such a disheveled state.

His suit was crumpled, and his hair was in a mess.

There were two obvious dark circles under his bloodshot eyes.

Even his face was very pale.

"Uhm...Ryan, what's wrong with you? You look like all your energy has been sucked up by a demon. You look so exhausted."

"A demon? Yes, you're right. I've been sucked up by a demon. And that demon is you," Ryan thought to himself.

"Why am I here? I'm supposed to be at my own home, right?"

"About last night...Don't you remember anything at all?"

'Last night? What happened last night?' Wendy asked herself in confusion.

With a heavy head, she tried to recall what happened last night in a daze.

She remembered that when she went to bed, Luke sent her a message, asking for help.

Then she rushed over to No.1 Villa to rescue him.

She and Ryan chatted for a while until she felt thirsty.

He opened a large bottle of Lafite, and they drank together.

The wine tasted so good that she drank up almost the entire bottle while chatting with Ryan.

And then? What happened next? Wendy frowned when she couldn't remember anything anymore.

She only remembered having a dream last night.

In her dream, she ran into the desert.

It was so hot, and the water all over her body dried up.

Then a large block of ice appeared in front of her.

She held it and didn't let it go.

Then...She fell asleep.

"Well...I can't remember anything."

"You were so drunk last night," Ryan reminded her.

'I got drunk last night?' Wendy asked herself again.

She really couldn't remember it at all.

"Oh?" was all she could say.

Ryan was rendered speechless.

"Why are you looking at me like that? So what if I'm drunk? It's not a big deal. After all, I always behave myself even when I'm drunk."

He was struck dumb this time.

'You seduced Luke and me when you were drunk last night. How dare you say you behave yourself when you are drunk?! He frowned and asked, "Who told you that you behave yourself when you are drunk?"

"It's Ray."

Wendy raised her chin and said proudly, "When I was in the US, I sometimes had some social engagements, and I would also drink some wine. Ray said that I would fall asleep after drinking."

The frown on Ryan's face deepened after hearing what she said.

"But Ray is not good at all. He always stops me from drinking." Ryan lost his tongue again.

"Ugh! My head throbs." Ryan got out of bed.

"Wait a minute."

"Okay."

He went out of the bedroom.

After a few minutes, a servant brought a bowl of something she didn't know what and put it on the bedside table.

"What's that?"

"It's a soup that can help you sober up. Mr. Oliver has ordered the chef to make it for you. Miss Finch, drink it now. It's more effective when it's still hot."

Wendy felt warm in her heart.

After thinking about it carefully, she realized that Ryan was treating her pretty well.

When the servant left, she drank up the soup, sat on the bed, and waited for Ryan to come back.

But after a long time, he had not returned to the room, so she decided to get out of bed.

When she stood up, she still felt a little dizzy.

But her head didn't hurt so much now.

She wasn't sure if it was because of the effect of the soup.

When she lowered her head, she was shocked by what she saw.

Her pants were casually thrown on the carpet beside the bed.

It was only then that she checked herself.

And much to her surprise, there was only underwear left on her body.

"Ahhh!"

Wendy screamed at the top of her lungs.

Hearing her voice, Ryan rushed inside.

However, as soon as he entered the room, a pillow flew towards his face.

Fortunately, he was agile enough to grab it.

"Ryan Oliver! You perverted scumbag!"

"What's wrong?" Ryan asked flatly.

"What's wrong? How dare you take advantage of me while I'm drunk!"

Ryan lost his tongue.

He strode over and saw Wendy curling up in the quilt with flushed cheeks.

Then he caught sight of her pants on the bed that was on the floor before.

He finally understood why she was acting this way.

"You are such a hypocrite! I've trusted you. How dare you..."

"How dare me what?"

Ryan interrupted with a smile.

"You...how dare you smile? You bastard!"

"It was you who took your pants off," Ryan said as he put the pillow back to the bed.

"Huh?"

Wendy was stunned for a moment. Then she shook her head and said immediately.

"No, that's impossible!"

He said calmly, "You said you felt so hot. As a matter of fact, if I didn't stop you, you wouldn't have only taken off your pants."

Wendy was too embarrassed to retort.

She couldn't help asking herself, 'Heck, is it true?'

It was true that she felt hot last night; it turned out it was not a dream.

'Did I really do it?' she asked herself again.

"Not only that..."

When she heard him spoke again, she got so flustered that she interrupted

"What else did I do?" She felt like her heart sank.

"Last night, if I didn't resist with all my strength, I would have been stripped naked by you."

As he spoke, Ryan calmly pointed at the crumpled clothes on his body and looked at her meaningfully.

With her cheeks as red as the sun-kissed apple, Wendy swallowed her saliva.

Looking at Ryan's messy clothes, she wished she could find a hole to hide.

"No, it's impossible."

"Well, believe it or not. I'm telling the truth anyway."

Ryan then went to the bathroom to take a shower, leaving the dumbfounded Wendy behind.

'Is it really true? The way he said it, I feel like I'm a real female rascal. He must have deliberately fooled me because I was drunk and delirious. No, I don't believe his words at all.'

Wendy got dressed and put on her shoes.

After making sure that she looked fine, she decided to get out of the room. But as soon as she opened the door, she bumped into Luke. She was about to greet him, but he screamed, turned around, and ran away.

It was as if he had seen a ghost.

"Hey, where are you going?"

Before Luke could run farther, Wendy caught up with him, grabbed his collar, and shouted, "Where are you going?"

"I'm gay. Wendy, don't come to me. Please go to Ryan." She got more confused.

'What the hell is he talking about?' she asked inwardly.

"Luke!" she shouted.

"Actually, I think I'm ugly. Wendy, Ryan is handsome. Go to him. I... I'm just a poor guy here. Please have mercy on me." Wendy didn't know what to say.

She was ashamed and angry at the same time.

"Luke, what are you talking about?"

'Are you also trying to say that I'm a female rascal?' she thought.

"Wendy... You are sober now, right? Do you recognize me?"

When Luke turned his head and saw that Wendy was staring at him with clear eyes, he took a deep breath exaggeratedly.

"Oh my God! You scared me to death. I really thought that you're still drunk."

She coughed lightly and said, "Last night... Did I really do something crazy?"

Fear was written all over Luke's face.

"Yes.You did something terrifying."

"What? What did I do?"

Luke wanted to say something.

But on second thought, he stopped.

"Come on! Tell me.Otherwise, I will tell Ryan that you've molested me."

'Shit! You are so ruthless, ' Luke complained inwardly.

He didn't dare to hide the truth, so he quickly confessed, "Last night, I saw that you and Ryan were

drinking.I was worried about you, so I went upstairs to have a look.But the moment you saw me, you

praised me for being handsome.And then...Then..."

"Then what?" Wendy urged.

"And then...you tried to seduce me.You said that you wanted to be my girlfriend."

'What?' She was stunned.

Her face flushed again.

'So...What Ryan said is true.When I got drunk, I really turned into a female rascal and almost stripped

him naked, ' she thought to herself.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 118: Breaking Away From Routine

"What the hell!" Wendy screamed at the top of her lungs and rushed out of the villa.

She was so embarrassed that she covered her face as she ran.

She was too ashamed to stay there any longer.

Besides, Reese and Ray were probably look for her right now.

Meanwhile, Ryan had just finished taking a shower and was now changing into a black suit.

He looked undeniable handsome in his suit.

Luke winked at him and asked with a wide grin, "Ryan, did you sleep well last night?"

Last night, Wendy was so drunk that she flirted with every man she saw...

At the thought of this, Luke's smile grew wider.

Ryan just straightened his tie and merely shot Luke a cold glance.

Without even bothering to respond, he strode downstairs and left Luke behind.

"Ryan, why do you always look at me like that? Don't tell me that you didn't do anything with Wendy the whole night," Luke said with a frown. Hearing no response from Ryan, he exclaimed, "What?! You did nothing?! How could you waste such a good opportunity? I knew it! If something happened between you last night, with your strength, I doubt Wendy would be able to get out of bed this morning. Damn! I can't believe you did nothing!" he groaned while following Ryan behind. "Shut up!" Luke stopped talking at once. However, that only last for a few seconds as he opened his mouth and asked again, "Ryan, where are you going?" "To go to work!" Ryan replied exasperatedly. "Really? You haven't slept well for two nights, yet you're still going to work today? Are you crazy?!" Without even bothering to look at Luke, Ryan opened the door of his car and got in. Of course, Luke got in as well and sat beside Ryan. They were seated at the backseats of the car. A moment later, the driver finally drove to the company. Until now, Luke had not stopped chattering. "Ryan, I'm not blaming you or something. I just want to know why you let such a good opportunity go to waste. According to my love expertise, a woman's feelings for a person change after having sex with him. Just so you know, if you keep pursuing Wendy like this so slow and easy, I doubt she'll fall in love with you anytime soon. You should know that there are so many temptations in the entertainment circle. There are many handsome men, and you know Wendy fancies them. If one day she gets drunk and flirts with a handsome man, what are you gonna do?" But instead of answering Luke's question, Ryan just closed his eyes and rubbed his temples in annoyance.

It was only after a moment that he opened his eyes.

Suddenly, he exclaimed, "Luke!"

"What?"

"Our company is looking for a person in charge to buy diamonds in Africa. I think you'll be suitable for that job."

As though the idea of working far away from home terrified him, Luke trembled and pleaded, "No! I'm sorry! Ryan, I won't say anything anymore. I'll shut my mouth now." Now that Luke had finally zipped his mouth, the car returned to its peace and quiet.

Ryan tapped the window lightly, and closed his eyes, lost in thought. At that moment, an image of Wendy trembling in fear flashed in his mind.

'What happened to her? What made her react so violently, even though she was drunk and not in the state of mind?' Ryan wondered.

Meanwhile, Wendy was now a few steps away from her house. When she finally arrived at her home, she happened to run into Reese, who was busy cleaning the living room.

Reese looked up and saw that Wendy had come from the outside, breathless.

Because of this, she dropped the rag in surprise.

"Wendy, what time did you get up and get out? I didn't see you. I actually thought you were still sleeping. Anyway, I've cooked breakfast. It's on the table. Go and have some."

"I...I woke up early in the morning. I couldn't go back to sleep, so I did a morning run instead," Wendy replied while panting.

Reese frowned and looked down at Wendy's feet.

'Morning run in slippers?' Nevertheless, Reese just shrugged it off and continued, "Hurry up and eat before the food gets cold."

"Okay!" Wendy rushed to the dining room and let out a sigh of relief.

'Thank God Reese didn't seem suspicious of my words.' Wendy did not wash her face nor brushed her teeth at Ryan's house, so she sneaked upstairs to do those.

She hurriedly changed her clothes and went downstairs for breakfast.

"Good morning, Mommy!" Ray greeted with a beaming smile.

"Good morning, honey!" Wendy greeted back.

While she was eating breakfast with her son, she noticed that Reese was still cleaning.

She decided to pull her big sister over and invited her for breakfast.

"Reese, come and join us."

"It's okay. I've already eaten. You and Ray should eat up while the food is still warm."

'What?' Confused, Wendy took a look at her watch. It was only 8:30 in the morning, but Reese had already prepared breakfast and cleaned the house. With her eyebrows furrowed, she asked, "Reese, what time did you get up?"

"Well, I don't actually know. I didn't check the time."

Ray, who was eating breakfast, held up his hand and answered, "Five o'clock! Auntie got up at five o'clock in morning. I saw her when I went to the bathroom to pee."

'Five o'clock?! It was still dark outside at that time!' At the thought of this, Wendy put down the steamed

bun she was eating and observed the living room with a frown.

She did not notice when she came home.

Now that she was looking at it carefully, she found that the living room had been thoroughly

cleaned. Wendy's frown deepened upon seeing this.

"Reese, you don't have to do this."

"It's okay. I'm used to it."

When Reese was still married, she would get up at five o'clock every day, regardless if it was a weekend.

Then, she would go out to buy ingredients for breakfast and lunch.

When she returned, she would clean up the whole house next.

She would then go out again in the afternoon to buy vegetables for dinner.

That was her routine for more than a decade.

"Reese!" Wendy said sternly.

She held her sister's arm and looked into her eyes.

"You don't have to do this," she repeated.

Reese was stunned.

She looked at Wendy in bewilderment and was about to reassure her that it was okay.

"Wendy..."

Wendy heaved a heavy sigh and pulled Reese to sit down with them.
"Reese, I helped you with your divorce because I want you to live your own life." Reese was still at a loss.

'My own life?' she repeated inwardly. It felt as though she had never heard that sentence before.

"I know you've just got divorced, and you still can't break away from your routine. But now, you're free. You don't have to do those things anymore. I want you to do what you really want, without having the need to please anyone."

Reese was moved by Wendy's words that her eyes turned red.

"Wendy..."

Everything that her sister said was true, though.

Reese was used to being bullied that even though she was already divorced and living with her sister

now, she still felt the need to serve other people.

Doing nothing was making her guilty, and the only way to ease that feeling was to do something.

"Reese, you don't need to clean or cook for us. You should do whatever you want here. You can sleep late and wake up in the afternoon, go shopping, or just lie in bed and think about your dreams. In short, listen to your heart and don't force yourself to do anything you don't want to do."

Reese was touched by Wendy's words that tears welled up in her eyes.

That was the most beautiful thing anyone had ever said to her.

She finally understood what life meant.

With a resolute look on her face, she nodded and replied, "I see."

Wendy handed her a glass of milk.

However, Reese frowned and took a glass of juice instead.

"I've never actually liked milk. I'd like to have juice instead." Wendy was impressed.

Her sister was finally coming to terms with herself.

"That's right! Be brave to say what you want!"

The two sisters smiled at each other, delighted that things were getting better for them.

Reese drank up the juice and solemnly said, "But, Wendy, I like cooking for you and Ray. It makes me

happy when I see you enjoy my dishes."

"Sure!"

Wendy pulled Reese to a chair to sit down.

At that moment, she noticed that Reese's clothes were old and full of seams.

She must not have had new clothes after a long time.

"Reese, let's go shopping after eating, shall we? You're only 29 years old. You're still young and beautiful. You should dress up well for the world to know how beautiful you really are."

Reese's eyes lit up upon hearing that. Shopping indeed sounded fun!

"Okay!" she replied with a smile.

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 119: Sudden Change

After eating breakfast, Wendy and Reese went out to go shopping. Of course, they brought Raymond and Precious with them.

They went to the shopping mall, which was only ten minutes away from their house on foot.

Reese couldn't remember anymore how long it had been since the last time she went shopping.

When they went to the women's clothing area, she was even dazzled by the different kinds of clothes around.

Wendy held her hand and took her to one shop.

"Reese, have a look and see if there are any clothes you like." Reese entered the shop nervously.

When she saw the dazzling decoration inside, she held Wendy's hand and said in a trembling voice,

"Wendy, the clothes here must be very expensive. Let's go somewhere else."

She then turned around and was about to leave.

However, Wendy hurriedly stopped her.

"Reese, have you forgotten what I told you at home? You have to learn to be good to yourself."

'But...it's really expensive here,' Reese thought to herself.

Since Wendy stopped her from leaving, she walked around and picked up a dress.

When she checked the price tag, she gasped.

It was just an ordinary dress, but it cost more than two thousand dollars.

"Wendy..."

"Go, try it on."

"But..."

"Hurry!"

Wendy pushed Reese into the fitting room.

And when she saw that Precious and Raymond were playing in the lounge, she continued to look around while waiting for Reese.

After a while, the door of the fitting room opened, and Reese walked out.

"Wendy..." she called out softly.

When Wendy turned around, her eyes lit up at once.

Reese was wearing a blue slip dress adorned with white flower paintings.

The style of the dress was simple, revealing her round shoulders.

The dress outlined her slender figure, making her look very sensual.

Having been tortured by life for too long, her temperament now was very slow.

But after wearing this beautiful dress, she looked noble and elegant again.

"Wendy..."

There was a trace of shyness in Reese's voice.

"You are so beautiful!"

Wendy gave her a thumbs up and said, "Reese, you have a good taste in clothes."

"Really?"

The sales assistant couldn't help but chime in, "Yes, miss, you have good taste. This dress is beautiful but can only fit a few. It looks so beautiful on you."

This time, Precious and Raymond also ran over to them.

"Wow! Auntie, you are so beautiful! You're like a fairy from heaven. You are as beautiful as Auntie

Wendy,"

Precious praised exaggeratedly.

Surprise was also written all over Raymond's face.

Hearing their compliments had somehow boosted Reese's confidence.

When she looked at herself in the mirror, she also couldn't help admiring her reflection.

She had forgotten how long it had been since she wore new clothes.

'Yes, I look beautiful in this dress,' she thought.

"Reese, go and choose a few more." Reese panicked.

"What?"

"Come on, hurry up! From now on, you have to change your image. You have to dress up beautifully every day."

"I don't need to wear beautiful dresses every day. I'm not going out anyway."

Wendy rolled her eyes.

"What are you talking about? Who says that a woman must only dress up for others, especially a man?"

We have to dress up beautifully for ourselves. Think about it. When you look at your beautiful image in the mirror, you feel better, right? You are happy."

"Yes, you're right! Okay, let's buy more."

Reese then walked around and picked up a few more clothes. Wendy was surprised to see that she really had good taste. Every dress she chose was in line with her temperament. Wendy blinked her eyes and said, "Reese, can you also choose something for me?"

"Sure." It was said that shopping made women happy.

Indeed, Reese was so delighted after choosing a few clothes. So she agreed to Wendy's request without hesitation. She walked around and picked a few dresses for Wendy. They were all plain dresses.

"Eh?" Wendy was stunned.

"You have bright facial features and a good figure. Wearing garish clothes will only make people think that you are a frivolous woman. But if you wear plain clothes, you will look like a noble lady."

After hearing Reese's explanation, Wendy went to the fitting room and tried the dresses that Reese chose for her.

Needless to say, Reese really had good taste. Every dress she picked for Wendy suited Wendy very much.

"Reese, you are amazing!" Reese blushed.

"I usually read fashion magazines and watch fashion shows on TV when I'm free. But I have no practical

experience."

"I look so good in this dress."

Wendy turned around, and the hemline of her dress flew in the air.

She said happily, "Roger told me that I have two upcoming shows. I can wear these dresses."

Some time ago, she was slandered and scolded.

She received a lot of criticism.

Later, with the help and support of Jeffrey, Mason, and Daisy, things came clear and she actually became

even more famous overnight. Roger told her that she was currently on the hot searches and her company

wanted to take this opportunity to build her up.

So he arranged for her to guest in two shows for interviews.

"You... You want to wear the clothes I chose for you on the show?" Reese asked in disbelief.

Then she waved her hand and continued, "No way! I'm not a professional stylist. You'd better ask the

stylist of your company to check it first. What if you make a fool of yourself on the show?"

Wendy turned around again and looked at Precious.

"Precious, do I look good in this dress?"

"Yes! You are more beautiful than a fairy."

This time, Wendy turned to Raymond.

The little boy nodded and said, "This dress highlights all of your advantages. You can wear it on any

occasion."

After hearing those good words from the two children, Wendy bought all the clothes that Reese chose

for them two without hesitation.

She spent five figures in total.

Wendy didn't expect that those clothes would cost that much.

But she thought it was worth it.

"Okay, let's shop for more?"

"More?"

"Of course! We've only bought some clothes. We haven't bought any shoes, bags, and other accessories

yet."

Wendy then took Reese to other shops to buy other stuff.

Aside from shoes, bags, and accessories, they also bought skincare products and cosmetics.

Finally, she took Reese to a high-end hair salon for Reese to have a new hairstyle.

Reese had a complete makeover, and she looked totally different when they came out of the salon.

She was wearing a blue organza translucent dress with two layers of skirt.

The inside layer just covered her hips, and the outside layer was a translucent gauze, indistinctly revealing her two long legs.

Her hair was cut short a little and dyed soft brown.

With a light makeup, her originally demure temperament turned into noble and elegant.

Reese was so beautiful.

Wendy was stunned while staring at her.

Both Wendy and Reese looked like their mother, especially Reese.

So now that she had dressed up, she looked like the younger version of their mother.

"Do I look strange?"

Reese asked awkwardly upon seeing the look on Wendy's face.

"Of course not! You look very beautiful,"

Wendy replied at once.

She held the two children's hands and said with a smile, "Let's go! We have to show off our beauty, so we won't go home for lunch today. Let's go upstairs and have a big meal in the restaurant."

"Great!" the two children exclaimed in unison.

Hand in hand, they chatted and laughed while taking the elevator upstairs.

All of a sudden, something unexpected happened.

While they were walking along the road back to the mall, a van suddenly stopped in front of them.

The door opened, and several tall and burly men got out.

They looked around vigilantly, exchanged glances, and immediately rushed towards Wendy, Reese, and the two children.

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Chapter 120: Ray Has Been Kidnapped

"Ahhh!" Reese screamed in fright when someone grabbed her arm.

She turned around and saw several brawny men, so she snapped, "Who are you? What do you want from us?"

"Shut up!" The two men held her arms and dragged her into the van.

"Let me go! Let me go! Umph..." Reese shouted.

But one of the men suddenly covered her mouth.

"Reese!"

Wendy wanted to help, but she was immediately stopped by another two men.

There were six men in total.

Two of them dragged Reese into the car, while the other four surrounded Wendy, Raymond, and Precious.

"Auntie Reese!" Precious shouted worriedly.

"Precious, don't be afraid, okay?" Wendy comforted her.

"No, I'm not afraid. Ray is not afraid too," Precious answered.

Wendy put the two children behind her to protect them.

She watched the four men vigilantly, and when she got an opportunity, she kicked one of them in the face.

"Ahhh!" The man covered his face with his hands and screamed in pain.

"Fuck! This woman knows martial arts. Let's fight together against her."

The remaining three men gathered together.

Wendy's arm was still injured, and she had two children to protect, so she knew that she couldn't handle those three men at the same time.

At this moment, one of the men rushed over to her and grabbed her arm.

Unfortunately, it was her wounded arm.

Her wound, which was almost fully healed, broke again.

Blood started to seep through her sleeve.

"This lady is injured! We're lucky!"

Seeing the bloodstain on her sleeve, the man grabbed her arm tighter and squeezed it hard.

Wendy gasped and winced in pain.

Her face turned deathly pale at once.

"You're bad!"

Seeing the situation, Precious held the man's leg and bit it hard.

"Ahhh! You little bitch! I'll kill you!"

As the man shouted, he tried to kick Precious away.
Wendy's expression immediately changed.
Without thinking twice, she let go of Raymond, grabbed the man's foot,
and kicked him.

"Ahhh!"

The man screamed again and fell to the ground.
He covered his groin with his hands, sweating in pain.
Wendy didn't expect that the moment she let go of Raymond's hand,
one of the men, who was only
waiting for an opportunity, immediately took him away.
It was only then that Precious's bodyguards, who were hiding in the dark,
caught up with them and
noticed that something was wrong.

When they rushed over, the leader of the six men saw them, so he
shouted, "Let's go!"

"But that woman..."

"Don't mind her. Go! Now!"

The men had no choice but to get in their van, one of them carrying
Raymond in his arms.

The expression on Wendy's face drastically changed.

"Ray!"

"Mommy!"

Wendy ran over to catch up with the man.

However, the engine of the van already started.

How could she catch up with a vehicle with her two legs? She ran as fast
as she could, but in the end, she
could only watch the van disappear from her sight.

Her eyes turned red.

"Ray!"

As she called out Raymond's name, Wendy hailed a taxi without
hesitation and tried to chase after the
van.

"Auntie Wendy!"

Precious shouted and was about to run after Wendy.

But one of her bodyguards quickly pulled her and said, "Miss, you can't
go. It's dangerous."

"Let go! Let me go! What are you doing here? Why didn't you come out
as soon as you saw those bad

guys? You let them kidnap Ray! Boo-hoo! This is all my fault. If Auntie Wendy didn't try to protect me, she wouldn't have let go of Ray. And Ray wouldn't have been taken away." Precious broke into tears.

She quickly took off her backpack, took out her phone, and dialed a number.

As soon as the person on the other end of the line answered her call, she cried out, "Daddy!"

Ryan was in the conference room, listening to the supervisor's report. When his personal phone suddenly rang, he looked down and saw it was Precious calling.

The little girl seldom called him when he was at work.

Thinking that it might be something urgent, he raised his hand to stop the supervisor.

Then he pressed the answer button.

"Precious?"

"Daddy!" Precious cried on the phone.

"Daddy, come here quick! Ray and Auntie Reese have been kidnapped. Auntie Wendy is chasing them alone now. Come here, please."

Upon hearing this, the expression on Ryan's face drastically changed. He stood up from his seat and strode out of the conference room without saying a word.

Everyone exchanged confused glances.

Ryan had always been cold and emotionless in the company.

It was their first time to see him wearing such a worried look. The senior executives looked at each other, but no one dared to ask a question.

Seeing that there was something wrong, Luke hurriedly said, "The meeting is adjourned."

Then he strode outside to catch up with Ryan.

"Where are you?" Ryan asked Precious on the phone.

Precious immediately told him her location.

"I'm outside the mall right now. Auntie Wendy is chasing a van heading west."

"I see. Precious, don't worry. Go back to the bodyguards now."

"Daddy, you must save them." Ryan strode out with a fierce look.

But he comforted Precious in a gentle voice, "Don't worry, Daddy will bring them back safely."

After hanging up the phone, his expression instantly turned cold.

"Luke!"

"Yes, Ryan!"

"Get the surveillance videos of the whole road, heading west from the main entrance of Prario Mall. Ask the relevant departments to assist you. Tell them to stop all the vans they will see."

"Okay."

After giving instructions to Luke, they both entered Ryan's exclusive elevator and directly went downstairs.

Luke had already made some phone calls to the relevant departments and explained the situation. Then he asked, "Ryan, what happened?"

"Reese and Ray have been kidnapped. Wendy is chasing them right now." Luke was shocked.

"How about Precious? Where is she? Is she fine?"

"Precious is not their target."

If they were aiming at Precious, they would have focused on her. They should have exerted much effort to take her instead of taking two irrelevant people.

While talking, they had already reached the parking lot where Ryan's sports car was parked.

Ryan got in the driver's seat while Luke quickly sat on the passenger seat and fastened his seat belt.

Ryan started the engine, and the car rushed out like a flying arrow.

Looking at the blue veins protruding on Ryan's forehead and his knuckles that turned white clutching the steering wheel tightly, Luke secretly sweated.

He thought of the possible tragic ending of those kidnappers.

The van passed through the streets and alleys and finally stopped in front of a luxury hotel.

The brawny men got out of the van, covering Reese and Raymond's mouths.

They entered the hotel through the side door and took the elevator to the twelfth floor.

""Humph!" Reese struggled to break free.

"Be quiet!" one man shouted and was about to slap Reese.

However, he was stopped by another man.

"What are you doing? Have you forgotten what the boss said?"

The man put down his hand angrily.

'Boss?' Reese frowned and asked, "Who asked you to abduct us?"

"Shut up! You'll find out later."

When they reached a room, the man opened the door with a room card and pushed Reese and Raymond inside.

"Ahhh!" Reese and Raymond fell heavily to the floor.

Fortunately, it was carpeted, so they were not hurt so much.

The brawny men locked the door of the room and left.

"Ray, are you okay? Are you hurt?"

Reese asked with concern while helping Raymond up. Raymond shook his head.

"Don't be afraid, okay? Auntie will protect you."

Raymond's face was expressionless, and there was no sign of fear at all. There was no one else in the room except the two of them. Reese tried to open the door, but she failed.

The two of them checked the entire room, but there was really no place to escape.

Reese tried her best to pull herself together.

"Ray..."

"Auntie, don't be afraid. Since they have taken us to a hotel instead of other places, it means that they

don't want to kill us. They must have other intentions,"

Raymond analyzed calmly.

"Other intentions?"

"Yes."

Raymond nodded and said, "All we need to do now is wait patiently."

Reese couldn't help but feel proud of Raymond.

She didn't expect that he could keep calm and analyze the situation with a clear mind. She took a deep breath and tried to calm herself down.

After a while, they heard a click sound on the door, and it was pushed open from the outside.

Raymond suddenly raised his head and said, "That must be the person behind all this."

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

Next chapter