

## **Dangerous: Don't Mess With The Domineering Boss**

### **Chapter 3 Are You Obsessed With My Beauty**

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"I've rented a house for you and Ray. After dinner, I'll drive you there right away. Don't worry about other stuff. I have prepared everything for you. But if there's anything else you need, there is a supermarket downstairs," Roger informed. His hands were on the steering wheel while his eyes were glued on the road.

Wendy held Raymond in her arms while seated in the back seat. And after hearing what Roger said, she squinted and sighed.

"Ah, Roger! Why are you so sweet and considerate? I might as well marry you!" A teasing smile was etched on her lips as she joked that.

"Hmm... That's a good idea. I don't mind having a son."

Raymond gazed up at her mother and uttered, "Mommy, please think about it carefully!"

"Sweetie, listen. Uncle Roger is just a friend of mine."

Roger laughed and responded, "What kind of friends are we talking about?"

Upon hearing that, Wendy was utterly speechless.

"It's just you deserve someone better." She managed to say after a while.

Wendy met Roger in the US two and a half years ago.

At that time, she had just enrolled in New York Acting College where she suffered from so much discrimination because of her inability to communicate well in English.

Apparently, racial discrimination was common too!

And female students, who spoke broken English, were the center of prejudice.

However, for some reason, Wendy glowed up after giving birth to Raymond. That was when a lot of college guys began chasing after her—much to the

jealousy of other girls. They began making trouble for her in and out of the campus.

It was Roger who helped her again and again.

Even when he dropped out of school, Roger didn't cut off contact with Wendy. He knew that she needed money to take care of the child, so he often introduced her to some jobs.

Most of those he offered her was in some TV series, such as playing as an extra.

She could not only hone her acting skills but also gain some experience in the industry.

Without any doubt, Roger was definitely her savior.

"Roger, I will pay you the rent..."

"You can pay me when you get the paycheck for your job!"

"Do you really trust me that much?"

"As your agent, of course, I have confidence in my own actress!"

Half a year ago, Roger came back to the country.

And immediately, he called her to say that there was a local TV series called "The Story of Concubine Ivanka" under production. It cost three hundred million dollars, and the entire crew was really competent.

The TV series was adapted from a web novel of the same title. It was very popular online, and the scriptwriter of the series was the author himself.

More than that, it will be directed by Carter Williams, one of the country's top directors.

Because it was a series about an imperial-harem, many A-list actresses were needed. One of the supporting roles was in line with Wendy's image, so Roger quickly advised her to come back and audition for the part.

This was a great opportunity for her!

In addition to that, Wendy had been really deciding to return. With Roger as her very supportive agent, it was the perfect chance for her to make a big break in the entertainment industry.

Thinking about it now, Wendy was really grateful for all the help he had given her.

"Well... are you obsessed with my beauty? Why you help me again and again? Tell me the truth. I won't laugh at you. After all, I'm as beautiful as a flower. It's reasonable for you to fall in love with me," Wendy teased as she leaned over the driver's seat with Raymond still in her hands.

How narcissistic she was!

Roger and Raymond Finch exchanged a meaningful look, and the two made an unbearable retching expression in unison.

"Ha-ha!" They both broke into a burst of laughter—much to Wendy's confusion.

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Meanwhile, the Riverside Restaurant was a famous high-class Chinese restaurant in Ywood.

Both its exterior and interiors boasted an antique vibe. When customers entered, they seemed to be transported into an ancient gateway. Inside were pavilions, terraces, bridges, and man-made rivers. A waiter in traditional Chinese clothes led the patrons through the vermilion gallery to the innermost building for dining.

Open seating was on the first floor, while private rooms were on the second floor. The decorations were in Chinese style all throughout, elegant and charming.

It was still too early for dinner time, but the open seat area on the first floor was already full of guests.

"There are so many rich people!" Wendy exclaimed.

She had heard of this restaurant before.

It was very popular, especially among wealthy patrons.

Wendy could only wonder how great the food must be.

Because it was patronized by many people, private rooms on the second floor needed to be booked three months in advance. And even with that, it was still hard to get a reservation.

"Roger, who the hell are you?"

It seemed that nothing was impossible for him to do.

"Don't worry. I'm not connected with any illegal business. This restaurant is owned by one of my friends. I don't need to book it like the others do," he said with a smile, holding the little boy in his arms.

Now Wendy understood how Roger managed to get them a room!

The waiter led them to a private room on the second floor.

Because Raymond was practically a new-born when they left this country, it was his first time to such a place. So, when he saw the traditional culture embedded in the restaurant, he leaned on Roger's shoulder and stared intently at it.

In Wendy's memory, it had been three years since she last came to such a high-class restaurant for dinner.

And because it had been that long, she was a little nervous.

"Roger, I want to wash my hands."

"Turn right and walk towards the end. You can find the restroom there."

"Alright. I'll be right back."

After washing her hands, Wendy walked back along the corridor. But before she could even reach the door of their private room, a gust of wind blew over.

"Mommy!" Suddenly a voice resounded.

The next second, she felt soft arms wrapping around her lower right leg. When Wendy gazed down, she was stupefied to see who it was.

The girl who was holding her legs was about three or four years old. She looked so tender, in a non-mainstream style, and her unique afro hair was like instant noodles. She was wearing a leather top with rivets, partnered with a gauze skirt exaggeratedly covered with bright rhinestones. Under the light, the rhinestones shone brightly, which was simply blinding!

"Little girl, you must have mistaken me for someone else."

The little girl shook her head and said proudly, "I'm not a three-year-old child. How can I mistake you for someone else? You are my mommy!"

"How old are you then?"

The little girl stretched out four fingers and emphasized, "Four! I am FOUR years old! I just celebrated my third birthday two days ago. Now I'm four years old!"

'Sure enough, she is not a three-year-old kid.' Wendy's mouth twitched wildly as she thought of that.

To be honest, she didn't like children other than Raymond, but somehow, she didn't feel disgusted when held by this little girl.

Had Raymond's twin sister survived, she would have been this cute.

Wendy's eyes softened as the thought of her dead child popped into her mind.

"Little girl..."

"Mommy, come on in!"

"Well..."

Before Wendy could finish her words, the little girl grabbed her hand and dragged her into one of the private rooms. "Come in, Mommy!"

After passing the arched door and entering the private room, Wendy found two people there.

A man and a woman were wearing formal clothes, enjoying dinner across one another.

From Wendy's perspective, she could only see the man's back and the woman's face.

"Auntie, this is my mommy. Isn't she beautiful? She is much prettier than you! Let me tell you, you are not beautiful in my daddy's eyes. I don't want my future brother or sister to grow as ugly as you!" the stranger little girl muttered, sticking her tongue out at the woman.

"You, you..." The woman was so angry that her face turned red.

The little girl shook her head and continued, "My daddy loves my mommy so much! You so-called beauties can't seduce him, so you'd better give up now!"

Chapter 4 Do You Have Any Problem With The Way I Spoil My Daughter

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Wendy immediately understood what was happening in the room.

The man and the woman were probably on a blind date, and the little girl holding her hand was the man's daughter. She did not like her father's date, so she pulled her over to ruin their lovely dinner.

Now that Wendy had finally made sense of everything, she felt a surge of headache.

She obviously wasn't expecting to be in this kind of situation right now.

Squatting down to level with the kid, Wendy uttered, "Little girl..."

"Mommy, I know you are wronged," the young girl interrupted, evidently too involved in the story she made up. Then suddenly, her eyes turned red, and she threw herself into Wendy's arms. "Grandpa and grandma don't like you, and they won't allow you to marry daddy. So, you and daddy can only be together in secret. Don't worry. They may not like you, but I love you, and so does daddy! You are the only one he loves. I promise the three of us will never be separated. We are a family."

The poor girl cried against Wendy's chest as she spoke, damping her clothes with the warmth of tears.

Undeniably, her heart ached as she listened to the child's sentiments.

What a poor girl!

Her father wanted to find her a stepmother, but she was afraid he would treat her differently once he found a woman. That was why she was this indifferent to her father's date.

Realizing this, Wendy held the little girl in her arms lovingly, patting her back for comfort.

"Honey, don't cry."

"Waah... Waah..."

Meanwhile, at the table, the woman's pale face was contorted into a grimace of displeasure.

That was reasonable.

No one would be happy to be called ugly by a little girl.

"Ryan... I know your daughter doesn't like me, but she is too impolite," the woman uttered, grazing the man's hand with her palm.

Hearing this, the girl cried even louder.

But Wendy didn't mind this. What bothered her was the drastic drop in the temperature of the room. On such a hot day, she felt chills down her spine.

"What did you just say?"

The man finally started to talk. His low and baritone voice was unexpectedly pleasant. Yet, it dripped with such an intimidating aura.

With evident fear in her face, the woman swallowed before saying, "I... I mean, Precious is too impolite. Ryan, your daughter is already four. It's time you start disciplining her."

The man pulled out his hand from the woman's grip. Then, in a stern voice, he uttered, "This is how I spoil my daughter. Do you have a problem with that?"

The woman was rendered speechless.

"Ryan..."

"You can leave now!"

The woman was stunned. It took her a lot just to get a blind date with Ryan Oliver. The man was just too elusive around women. But now he was kicking her out just because she said his daughter was impolite!

"Ryan..."

"Get out of here!"

Seeing how angry he was, the woman immediately trembled. She didn't dare to say anything more and instead quickly grabbed her belongings before walking out of the VIP room.

As the woman passed by Wendy, she glared at her fiercely.

Although Wendy saw it, she ignored it and instead just rubbed her nose innocently.

Bang!

A blaring sound echoed in the entire room, signaling that the door had been shut.

Wendy was about to comfort the little girl when the man suddenly turned around, revealing his face.

Instantly, Wendy's heart skipped a beat!

What a handsome man!

He sported a jet-black suit, emphasizing his wide shoulders and narrow waist.

By Wendy's estimate, he was around 6 foot tall. He towered over her so easily that Wendy suddenly felt small. His sharp jaws, thick black eyebrows, and dark eyes all highlighted his well-sculpted face.

The moment his brows furrowed, Wendy realized how authoritative and domineering he was.

But more than that, she thought he seemed oddly familiar!



If she had seen such a handsome man before, surely, she should not have forgotten him.

While she was disrupted with those thoughts, the man suddenly spoke.

His voice was low and full of warning.

"Precious Oliver."

"Yes, daddy. I am coming!" The little girl happily answered and jumped out of Wendy's arms. Meanwhile, Wendy looked down and saw that tears were still on the little girl's face. And although she was supposed to be sad, the kid plastered a smile on her lips.

'Was she just acting?' Wendy thought to herself, quite stunned at how fast the girl changed her expression.

"Come here," the man commanded emotionlessly.

The little girl ran over and held the man's leg fawningly. "Daddy, don't be angry. I didn't mean to ruin your date. But you said that you would ask for my opinion before finding a mommy for me. That woman is so ugly! She didn't deserve you at all! Look at her! It was her only first date with you, and yet she already dared to scold me for being impolite. If she really becomes my stepmother, do you think she will treat me well judging from her behavior just now?"

"Then what do you want?"

"I like this lady!" The little girl suddenly pointed at Wendy, making Ryan shift his entire focus on the latter.

The moment he saw her, a glimmer of amusement flashed through his deep eyes. But it only lingered for a few seconds as his eyebrows twisted tightly.

Why did he seem to be so hostile towards her?

"My friend is waiting for me. I won't disturb you. Goodbye," Wendy said, preparing to leave as she sensed that he was not very welcoming.

The man was silent, but his daughter was reluctant to let Wendy leave.

"Good-bye, beautiful auntie!" the girl eagerly said, waving her tiny hands.

"Bye!"

As soon as Wendy left, Ryan's eyes became colder. The little girl had long been used to her father's cold face, so she was not frightened at all.

"Who brought you here?!" Ryan asked, wondering how the hell his daughter got there.

"Uncle Luke!"

The little girl answered without any hesitation.

Outside the VIP room, Luke Oliver couldn't help but push the door open as soon as he was revealed. "Precious Oliver! Do you have a conscience? Didn't you say that you were the closest to me and loved me the most? Why did you tell on me to your daddy? You bad girl! I will never take you out for fun again!"

"Uncle Luke, don't be like this..."

"Humph!"

Luke Oliver turned his head arrogantly and ignored her.

But then, Precious climbed up along Luke's thigh. Afraid that she would fall, Luke hurriedly grabbed her buttocks while she wrapped her arms around his neck and gave him a kiss.

"Humph! Don't think that a kiss can make up for what you did!"

The little girl rolled her eyes, turned her head, and kissed him again and again on his cheeks.

Not being able to resist her cuteness anymore, Luke grinned widely.

"That's my good girl!"

With that, they all resumed their dinner in the VIP room. Precious, a typical lazy girl that she was, fell asleep right after her meal. Ryan quickly took off his jacket and wrapped her in his arms, looking at his daughter with soft eyes—much different from his usual expression.

However, when he shifted his gaze to Luke, his eyes had returned to cold as usual.

Luke's heart sank instantly.

'Damn it!

How could he treat us differently?

I'm his brother!' Luke thought to himself.

"Luke!"

"Yeah?"

"Get some information about that woman! I need it within an hour!"

"The woman who was pulled into this room just now?" Luke asked, confused as to why his brother wanted to know who that woman was. But after realizing something, he added, "Do you suspect that she deliberately approached your daughter and used her to get involved with you?"