Chapter 57 My Husband Loves Me to the Moon and Back

Cathy ended up chatting with the 'guru' for the whole day.

It was not because they had lots to talk about, but because... He was too slow to reply to the messages!

After every sent message, Cathy would only receive a response when she was nodding off.

She thought for a moment and surmised that the guru representing Thunder Studio must be quite old.

In his fifties, perhaps?

Why else would he be so slow to reply?

Hence, she started taking on a more courteous tone in her later messages.

"We must pay respect to earn respect."

Meanwhile, in the Bolton's villa at the other end of Ryzan, Abner had accessed his dad's phone remotely as he was giving advice, "Daddy, you're such a boomer, she is obviously trying to please you!"

Adrian swallowed as he started replying in a formal tone as well.

Cathy's jaw dropped to the ground when she got those messages. She could hardly believe the level of courtesy she was getting from the famous guru.

"You're too humble."

She continued with more small talking, then discussed the flow of the audition before bidding goodbye.

It was not until she put down her phone that she finally heaved a huge sigh of relief.

For some reason, the 'Mr. B. Olton' who she had been chatting with... Felt a little off.

The sun was almost fully set at this point.

Quinn, who had been starving this whole time, proposed to go downstairs for some food.

They were supposed to go to the music festival at Ocean World later that evening, so they must get an early dinner and secure themselves the best possible spot.

Cathy got on her feet and stretched indolently, making sure she looked somewhat presentable before leaving the hotel room with Quinn.

As they passed by Adrian's room, Quinn persuaded her to knock on his door. "Didn't he spend yesterday's evening looking for you all over the park? I suppose you should at least show some appreciation."

Cathy hesitated for a moment before knocking on the door.

She was not too keen to let Quinn have dinner with Adrian.

Adrian was a prideful man. He would show hints of gentleness to Cathy occasionally, but towards anyone else, he had always shown his indifferent side.

She was afraid that Quinn would feel awkward around him.

But she could not find a reason to say no to Quinn.

It did not take long before the door was answered.

The man towered over her as he stood by the door, "Yes?"

"Urm."

Cathy raised her head to meet his deep-set eyes, "Dinner?"

The man kept silent for a few seconds before nodding his head.

Quinn was so excited that she almost jumped for joy!

She could finally have a meal with Adrian Bolton!

Quinn was confident that Adrian would never choose to dine at a local bistro.

He would surely bring them to a fancy restaurant!

And he would foot the bill!

At that thought, Quinn grinned from ear to ear.

She had never splurged on a fancy meal in her life!

"What are we having for dinner?"

As they entered the lift, he asked without keeping eye contact.

Cathy pondered briefly before turning to ask him, "What would you like?"

"Somewhere you normally go." He responded apathetically.

Quinn promptly winked at Cathy.

She was hoping Cathy would convince him to bring them for a fine dining experience.

Alas, Cathy did not understand the cue.

She laughed, "Sure, we shall go to the hawkers then."

Quinn was dumbfounded.

What hawkers?!

A place like that is not where someone like Adrian Bolton would go!

What's wrong with a boogie meal?!

Thus, she signaled at Cathy multiple times with her eyes, hoping she would change her mind.

Unfortunately for her, Cathy misunderstood once again, "Quinn says she is shouting tonight."

At the sound of it, Quinn struggled to gather a few words.

When did I ever say that?!

Adrian turned to glance at Quinn, then said with a smirk, "Well thank you then, Miss Fuller."

"Y-you're... Welcome, it's my pleasure."

The three of them left the hotel and headed to the hawker center.

Sitting in the hawker center in his dark suit and trousers, Adrian's prideful and distant air seemed radically out of place – yet that same contrast made him the star of the night.

Everyone who passed by could not help but steal a few glances at him as he was using his phone. Anyone would have seen past his languidness and focused on his elegance instead.

Cathy was not an exception.

The waiter approached with the menu.

She was about to put in their order when her phone went off. It was Mr. B. Olton from earlier. 'Have you had dinner?'

She bit her lips and promptly responded, 'Just about to.'

'What about you, sir?'

'Putting my order.'

'What a coincidence, same here, hahaha.'

"Cathy, quit looking at your phone."

Quinn took on a magnanimous front and said, "I'm shouting tonight, don't you guys hold back on your orders!"

Cathy hurriedly put down the phone and picked up the menu when it went off with a ding once again.

She fetched the phone as Quinn pouted her lips, "What's so important about the message that you couldn't put in our orders?"

"It's Mr. B. Olton from this afternoon."

Cathy frowned slightly as she complained, "He was all business earlier today."

"But now he's asking me what I'm having for dinner."

Sensing something was up, Quinn peeped at Adrian, who was busy looking at his phone at the other end of the table.

Seeing as he had noticed them, she leaned towards Cathy and deliberately spoke softly, "Has the old man taken a liking with you?"

"That wouldn't be impossible..."

Cathy knitted her brows tightly.

Why else would a man in his fifties start asking about her dinner?

"But he's hitting at the wrong person."

Cathy curled her lips, "I'll never consider him even if it means losing the role."

Following that, she quickly replied with a message, 'Mr. B. Olton, I gotta go, I'm in the middle of dinner with my husband.'

'He's quite a possessive one, he doesn't like it when I'm on my phone during dinner time.'

"Talk next time!"

Then, she placed the phone on the table and focused on the order with Quinn.

Mr. B. Olton stopped texting her for a moment, until Cathy had finished writing the order.

'You're married?'

'Yes, I am.'

'How's married life been?'

'Couldn't be better!'

Cathy bit her lips and raised her eyes, only to see the man in his usual indolent position, fixated on his phone.

'My husband loves me to the moon and back, he can't do without seeing me for a day. He is possessive but in a good way, he always insists on feeding me during mealtimes...'

Cathy described her relationship with Adrian in an exaggerated manner, just so 'Mr. B. Olton' would leave her alone.

Adrian broke into a smile for a second.

His wife was more interesting than he had imagined.

Not long after, dinner was served.

Adrian elegantly put his phone away and helped Cathy to a piece of pork rib. "Is this considered feeding you?" He said as the pork was delivered to the edge of her mouth.