## **Chapter 80 Do I Need a Reason to Help You?**

The general manager just noticed the lady besides Adrian.

She was wearing a sapphire gown, with complexion white like snow, elegant make up, and exquisite features.

He was shocked and lost his train of thoughts, "You... are Cathy?"

"That's right."

As the general manager stared at Cathy, Adrian took out his suit and placed it on her, then grabbed her towards his arms.

"Why, are you thinking that my wife should be ugly and peasant looking?"

The general manager's eyes enlarged.

The cat was out of the bag, and he overheard something he should not.

Cathy was Adrian's wife?

He bowed his head as he avoided looking at Cathy, "It is my prejudice against substitute actors, I am truly at fault."

"I was just unaware that Miss Shaw with all her astounding beauty would be willing to be a stuntwoman in the showbiz..."

"Miss Shaw and you truly belong together, a pair made in heaven."

The general manager was racking his heads, attempting to inundate them with praises and adulations.

Cathy was amused by the contrast in treatment and was ready to laugh out loud.

However, she felt that it was inappropriate. Hence, she turned around and pleaded, "Husband, let's go up."

Her words jolted Adrian.

He whispered, "What did you just call me?"

Cathy replied, "Husband..."

As she said so, only she realized that she had stated the word 'husband'.

She blushed as she changed her words, "Master... Let's leave."

She must have been carried away by the effusive praises of the manager!

How on earth did she end up greeting Adrian as her husband?

He gazed deeply at her, then held her by the shoulder as they left.

When they were alone, Adrian whispered by her ears, "I do like being called husband."

Boom!

Cathy felt that with all the blood rushing to her brain, she was ready to explode.

She bit her lips as she could feel the rise in her face's temperature; she was sure that she could have cooked an egg on it.

"However,"

He drew close beside her ears. His physical warmth and voice rattled her, "Just do so at home."

"I want it to be exclusive for me."

With that, he led her forward.

Cathy felt like she was walking on clouds.

Her head rumbled, while she felt light-footed.

Adrian...

What did he mean?

She was caught in her thoughts for a long time.

Once she regained her senses, Adrian led her to the booth seats on the first floor.

In the hall, the ceremony began.

Due to the circus earlier on, the Awards were delayed by half an hour.

The ending was unsurprising.

Due to the drama earlier on, Flynn received the best actor award while the best newcomer actress went to a relatively unknown actress.

Cathy was aware of this actress; she was signed under Flynn's studio and went by the name Cheryl.

Cathy frowned at the sight of Flynn and Cheryl standing on stage, something was not adding up...

Adrian lifted his wine glass and took a sip, "My guys found out that Flynn has been investigating you."

Cathy was taken aback, "Investigating?"

"That's right."

Adrian squinted, "Why did you think he decided to be present tonight?"

"The actress he brought along simply does not have the talent nor potential, even without Willow she would not have been the winner."

"After all those drama, he stood out to solve them, the organizing committee owed him one."

His words paralyzed Cathy.

"So... Flynn was aware that today..."

Cathy shuddered.

She was truly convinced that Flynn's main purpose was to apologize to her.

Looking at Cathy, Adrian smirked, "Stay away from him."

"No one helps another person for no reason."

"Okay."

Cathy nodded her head.

Perhaps... She was too naïve.

She was simply unaware that Flynn had other intentions.

However...

She turned towards Adrian, "Since no one would help another person for no reason, what about you?"

"Why would you help me?"

Even though she had planned for everything, it may not have proceeded so smoothly without his aid.

"Do I need a reason to help you?"

Adrian turned around and stared at Cathy with his glimmering eyes, "You are my wife."

"Is that not enough as a reason?"

Cathy paused as she blushed.

She gingerly held out her hand and wrapped it around his fingers.

"Thank you, my husband."

Her skin was soft and tender, the silky sensation was like a rock thrown in Adrian's heart, resulting in ripples upon ripples.

And her last statement befuddled Adrian's calm and peaceful mind.

He simply did not have an interest in the ongoing awards.

He got up and with an indifferent expression, "We are going back now."

"Now?"

Cathy was confused, "Are we not waiting for the end?"

"No, we are not waiting."

He suppressed his emotions, grabbed her arm, and pulled her along.

Cathy was wearing crystal high heels and she struggled in them, as she stumbled along. It seemed that she might lose her balance anytime soon.

Adrian stopped in his tracks after a few steps.

"Too slow."

He frowned in frustration and lifted her whole by his arms.

"Ah—"

As she was lifted by him, she tried to keep her balance by circling around his neck.

The fragrance of her perfume struck him.

His grip tightened and his steps expanded.

He did not bring her home; they went to the suite in Galaxy Hotel's top floor instead.

He kicked the door open.

The moment she was thrown on the bed, Cathy finally got what Adrian was after.

She struggled, "Let me bathe first."

"Together."

Adrian tugged his tie and pulled her into the bathtub.

Cathy was having difficulty in breathing.

"The gown..."

Even with the ongoing ambiance, she had not forgotten that the gown was worth a few hundred thousand!

She was not going to spoil it!

It was difficult to remove her gown in the tub. Unwittingly, she removed the camouflage sticker on her birthmark.

"This is..."

Adrian pinched on the sticker, frowning.

Cathy bit her lips.

Since their relationship had developed in this manner, it should not be a problem to tell him, right?