

MASTER'S UNTAMED WIFE

Chapter 2 - Set Us Free

"When are you coming?"

"I'm stuck in traffic, might be a little late. Order a coffee for yourself and wait patiently."

Shui Xian combed his fingers through his lush black hair and replied monotonously, "Fine." Then he raised his hand to order a cup of cappuccino for himself. His lean figure clad in a form-fitting suit looked dignified and he definitely looked out of place in this cafe. He seemed to have an air of domineering masculinity about him.

If it wasn't for his sister insisting to meet at a cafe, he'd not have been sitting in this place at this time. His deep and calm amber-colored eyes carelessly looked out the glass window at the passerby clad in coats and thick clothing in this early autumn. His eyes weren't focused, in fact, he looked to be lost in his own world when his daydreaming was suddenly disturbed by the commotion. The center of his fine eyebrows furrowed slightly.

As soon as he heard, 'Just because you're rich doesn't mean you can steal my boyfriend from me.' He figured out which drama was playing. Coincidentally, this whole charade was happening right behind him and he could hear everything. But he wasn't like other gossipy people and would never turn around to see.

He had seen plenty of rich ladies trying to use the money to sow discord between two lovers or seducing other men. It was rather common in this so-called elite circle where anything was possible. Even the most impossible was possible. He thought it was just another lady trying to steal someone's

boyfriend, nothing new. Maybe that's why he wasn't really affected by this scene.

Or at least, he thought he wouldn't be affected until...

'Love and sacrifices, people only use these terms to shackle others. To imprison them in the cage of guilt in the name of love.'

This voice sounded pleasant - mellow and charming.

As those words fell into his ear, his whole being stiffened. Numerous memories flooded his brain making him clench his fists until his knuckles turned white. He turned his head to see who said those words but all he caught was the back of a girl who flipped her hair and walked away without even looking back.

The lines of his cold, hard jaw pulled tautly. Those words made him recall the pain he had been in back then. She had also said those words to him...

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'I love you, why don't you believe me?' he had tried his utmost to hold her back.

'If you love me, why don't you set me free? Why do you have to imprison me in this cage of love? No matter how much you love me, it'll still be just a cage to me!'

His heart hurt but she didn't take pity on him as she ruthlessly pierced through his heart with her words repeatedly.

'I gave you everything you asked for. Why can't you just stay with me?'

She sneered, 'You'll keep reminding me what you did for me or for us. But let's face it, you did everything for yourself. You did it to make me feel guilty. You did it so that I'm not able to leave you!'

He shook his head repeatedly, 'No! That wasn't my intention.'

The woman before him held his hands and pleaded in a soft voice, 'If you really love me then let me go. Set us free from this love that is only hurting us now. Please, sign the divorce papers and let me go!'

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As he opened his eyes, his eyes had cleared up again. There was that familiar cold blankness emitting from his eyes again. He stood up, dialed his sister's number again.

"Gege[1], I'm on my way! Just have some patience."

His cold but monotonous voice rang out, "There is no need to hurry now. I've got something important to do. So, I'm leaving early."

"What? You called me out to meet and now you're ditching me? How could-"

The person on the other end was still shouting loudly but he had hung up without any care. He paid for his coffee that he didn't even touch and went to get his car from the parking lot.

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"Chief, how can you walk out like this?"

He heard the voice as soon as he came close to his car and looked over to see that the girl from earlier had been leaning against the limited edition Bentley while another woman was wiping her dark red satin blouse as she lamented, "This stain won't go." One look could tell people that the girl wasn't from just any rich family. Although he could only see her side profile it was enough to show her elegance.

She had matched her satin blouse with marsala pants, black shoes, and a black belt. Although she wore red, she didn't ostentatious. It made her look glamorous.

"This Mr. 49 really lacked some screws in his brain. No wonder he came to a blind date even though he had a girlfriend. Who would want to live with a madwoman?"

Raelle looked at her assistant in amusement, "Cloe, you even count my blind dates?"

Cloe shrugged her shoulders, "After two years of watching you suffer through these blind dates, it has become a habit now." Her expressions hardened as she went on, "But seriously, you aren't gonna let this go easily right? They not only splashed orange juice on you, they even slandered you in public. Also, I've been learning about the culture here, and apparently, splashing someone with water is a form of humiliation and insult! We can't take this lying down!"

Raelle's expression didn't change as she said, "Why does it seem you're more agitated than me?"

Cloe sighed out, "Chief, that's because you don't even know how to get agitated. I have to carry all these emotions for you. And I know you think revenge is below you but are we really not gonna counterattack? I know you don't do anything unless it brings you benefits but..."

"Ahem! Ahem!"

Hearing that intentional cough, Cloe turned her head to look at the handsome man standing before her. Oh, no! Calling him handsome might be a little understatement. She couldn't even turn her eyes away from his face. He was perfectly carved into the image of her imaginary male god.

Shui Xian's eyes showed his impatience as he clicked his fingers before Cloe's face and said, "That's my car. Can you move your car so that I can get to mine?"

Raelle didn't even turn to look at him as she simply opened the door of the Bentley and got inside. Taking the cue, Cloe gave Shui Xian a nod of

acknowledgment and said her sorry before taking her position behind the steering wheel. After all, it was her fault for parking at the wrong place. As the car drove away, Shui Xian couldn't help looking in the direction it went.

His eyes were complicated. The calmness, coldness that he had cultivated for the past six years was all wasted as someone managed to tear open his old wounds.

It seemed he had read the situation wrong earlier.

[1] 'Gege'; Elder Brother