

# Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 13

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## Chapter 13 What a coincidence!

Her face froze at seeing her eyes.

Wendy turned her head to another side to wipe away the tears and stood up.

“Mr. Charles, why are you here?” She pretended calm as if nothing had happened.

“Is it your catchphrase?”

She was confused for his words for a while. But then she realized she had asked him this questions for many times.

She was embarrassed and scratched her forehead. “Well, I just don't expect to a well-known people like you by road.”

“Stop your beautiful words. But what are you doing here?”

“Is it illegal for me to sit here?”

“No, but annoying.”

She was pissed, “Why? This is the public area.”

“Seeing from the car, you look like a stray cat which was abandoned on the side of the road.”

Her nose soured for his words.

Thinking about it, she even agreed with it herself. She had no family and was also abandoned by her family, and no one was waiting for her ...

A tinge of desolation showed up in her eyes. “OK. Then I won't trouble Mr. Charles. I'm leaving.”

“Where are you going?” He asked coldly, “Get into the car. I'm also heading home.”

Ho.. Home?

He turned around and walked a few steps. Then he found that she was still staying at the same place. So he asked again, “Why do you stay there?”

“But my luggage is at school.”

"Charles family has everything you need. You can pick up your luggage tomorrow. Now, get in the car."

Even she got into his car, Wendy was still all adrift.

What a coincidence! When they just closed the door, the cars ahead them suddenly began to move.

This congestion seemed designed by the God for her.

He ordered the driver, "Just go home directly."

"Yes, Mr. Charles."

She looked at him. "Do you have any schedule? If you're busy now, then please drop me off and I can go back by taxi."

"I was going home."

The driver looked at the rear view mirror for his answer. Didn't Mr. Charles say that he wanted to go to the club?

Henson glared at the driver through the rear view mirror to warn him. And the driver immediately moved his gaze away without saying anything. He change the path to the villa quietly.

"What happened?"

Henson waited for five minutes in the car, then he broke the silence.

"Nothing special. I'm just thinking even the most expensive cars will still be stuck on the road, and It was funny to know that money can not solve all the problems either."

He was displeased for obviously she was lying. Did she think that he was a three-year-old kid? "Then why are you crying?"

"Because I'm poor and have not got a car. So I don't even have a chance to curse the traffic jams in a car."

Thinking of the dollars she just gave to the restaurant, she felt so upset that she swore that she would never go out with the rich men to eat again. Losing money hurts most.

"It sounds like that you could drive well if you have a car."

She turned to glare at him. Why did him have be so mean?

"Mr. driver, do you know how to drive when you're born?"

The driver laughed and answered, "Miss, you are joking."

Wendy raised her eyebrows with provocation. "So Mr. Charles must have got a talent in driving and is born to drive a car."

The driver swallowed his saliva nervously.

Miss Evans ... How dare she to say that?

How could she contradict Mr. Charles' words?

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 14

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### Chapter 14 "Road Killer" Wendy

Henson narrowed his eyes and looked at her.

She was a little frightened. "Hey, I mean I have the license, but I haven't got much experience in driving. But if I get a car, I have the confidence that I will be able to drive well."

Henson scoffed for she changed her speech soon.

"Baron. Stop."

Baron immediately pulled over.

Henson slanted his chin forward and said to Wendy, "Then go and drive the car. "

"Me?" Wendy lowered her voice unconsciously.

"Baron. You are free to go now."

Baron looked back with worries.

Before he could say anything, Henson spoke coldly, "Didn't you hear that?"

"Yes, Mr. Charles, I am leaving."

Baron quickly unbuckled the seat belt and left the car.

The moment the door was closed, Baron's eyes met with Wendy's.

He seemed saying to Wendy that you'd better pray for yourself.

After Baron left, she looked to him and asked again, "Mr. Charles. Are... Are you kidding?"

"I am giving you a chance to prove yourself."

"But I don't need it."

"Then let's spend a night here. I am not the one who bragged about her driving skills. And I would not be the one who should be ashamed for this situation."

"I'm saving troubles for you. Your car is too luxurious. If I happen to cause a car accident, you will suffer a big loss. Besides, you are in the car now, if you get any injuries because of me, I can't forgive myself."

She was good at flattery, but he didn't buy it.

"It's fine to me as long as you can be my accompany in the hell. And staying with me there, you might get benefits for your next life. Like, you might get an ability to drive when you are born."

Wendy's mouth couldn't help but twitch. Was this man so petty?

He didn't think he was childish. He just felt unhappy for Wendy contradicted him.

After all, here, no woman dare to do that.

He was still silent, so she pouted and asked, "Are you serious?"

"Hurry up."

"Then... Can you sit next to me?"

"Why?"

"A person staying near me will give me some courage."

"Sure."

Henson got off first and sat in the copilot's seat.

She moved to the driver's seat worriedly.

She talked to herself that "next time, please go to play with a wild do, and don't ever provoke this man again."

Just as she was about to start the car with the accelerator, he calmly added, "This car is just about 10 million dollars. If you crash it by accident, I will only give a

50% discount and charge you only 5 million dollars. This is a very cheap price, so you don't need to be too stressful."

Her heart suddenly thumped for the price. And she looked at him, dumbfounded.

"You ... Are you warning me to stop driving? "

"I'm give a warm reminder to cherish your life and money."

She snorted, "I quit. I choose to stay here tonight."

"Then less than half an hour later, we would be surrounded by people. They might take photos. If you want to be famous in this way, then we could just sit here."

"You ..." She glared at him, thinking that this man must be her biggest rival in her life.

She gritted her teeth and made the decision. Fine, let's die together.

She slowly started the car and drove it to the middle of the road.

With his arms crossed, he smiled a little and said, "Don't be too afraid. My car is very good so that it will not break down with a slight collision. Besides if you don't have enough money, you could repay my debt with your body. You have a good figure that I won't refuse."

His words shocked her to step the throttle to the end.

A car behind didn't have enough time to avoid them. With a thud, it kissed the back of their Maybach.

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 15

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### Chapter 15 You make me hungry.

Wendy's mind went blank for a moment. How... How did it happen just after their discussion?

She looked back but Henson didn't even move an inch.

She looked at him with great fear, "What should we do now? I stepped on the brakes wrongly."

"So, why did you do that?"

"Because you scared me and I lost my mind."

"Sleeping with me was a threat? When you pounced at me that night, have you ever thought you might scare me?"

She was speechless, "Can we focus on the car accident and stop that topic now? What should I say to him after I get off?"

"He didn't keep a safe distance, so he also need to be responsible for the accident. And he is probably more scared than you."

"Why?"

"Because he can't afford this car. Just stay inside the car."

She nodded.

Henson got off and walked to the car behind.

She looked back to find that these two man was having a small talk.

Then Henson took out some money from his wallet to the man. And the man just accepted it easily and got into his own car.

It only took Henson less than three minutes to solve the problem.

She asked anxiously, "So you paid him some money?"

"Yes. And it's on your account. You can pay me later. Now just drive your car."

She was speechless, "Why are you still asking me to drive?"

"Since you are have to pay the money to fix my car, then why not take advantage of this chance to drive back home with ease? One more crash will not change anything. So let's go."

She was almost cried out. Why did he comfort her in this unhappy way?

She drove the car back to the entrance of the villa shakily. She felt that her entire body stiffen for pressure.

Henson looked at her and curled his lips. He opened the car and get out.

She felt her legs go soft after she got off from the car.

He took a meaningful at her and walked into the villa with a smile.

Donald came out to receive him. Seeing that Wendy was behind, he said hurriedly, "Mr. Charles. We have arranged a room in the fourth young master's residence for Miss Evans. It was on the first floor."

Henson stood still, looking at him.

Donald was puzzled for his actions. "Sir, do you have any other orders?"

"Howell is about to take SAT. I think an extra people in his house will affect him."

"Ye... Yes." Donald instantly knew what he meant and nodded his head to him.

Henson turned around to walk. But he still making an order, "Arrange a room here for her l, and I can make do with it for a month."

"Yes, I'll have someone to clean up the room."

Wendy was still standing by the car unhappily. What did he mean by "make do with"?

She didn't want to stay with him at all either.

"Besides, have this car fixed tomorrow. Then you can bring the fee receipt to Miss Evans."

"Yes."

Wendy pursed her mouth. The capitalist would really drain your blood if he had the chance.

Donald kindly invited her in.

This was her first time to see Henson's residence.

Generally It was the European style, and it looked bright and comfortable.

After leading her to her room by the stairs, Donald left.

But soon, Donald returned and knocked on the door. He took several sets of clothes to her.

Yes, several sets.

These cloths are all new with tags on it.

She accepted them and thanked Donald.

She thought she wouldn't be able to have a good sleep in a strange place, but to her surprise, indeed she slept exceptionally well.

The alarm went off in the morning. She woke up and felt refreshed.

After she finished her cleaning and went out of her room, she happened to meet Henson going downstairs too.

Because her room was facing to the stairs, so they bumped into each other.

A slight awkwardness showed up on her face, "Mr. Charles, good morning."

He raised his eyebrows to look her up and down.

"Hmm. You make me hungry today."

She was confused for his words.

He charmingly smiled, "I mean, you look sexy in this outfit."

She pursed her lip and thought... No, this was not your true meaning.

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 16

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### Chapter 16 Be wronged by Gorman.

She looked down to her clothes.

This was the safest clothes from Donald yesterday.

It covered all the place that needed to be covered, but why did he say that she was sexy?

Her doubtful gaze made Henson smirked. He just walked towards the dining table.

Donald had served the breakfast.

Henson said to Wendy, "Come over for breakfast."

"No, thanks. I'll have it the school cafe."

"Howell will eat breakfast with us from time to time. While you are eating, you may help him with the problems he met the night before. We should have a good use of all the time he has."

She agreed with it. So she walked over and sat down.

However, Howell did not appear at all during the whole breakfast.

She had an awkward breakfast with him. And he stared at her in the whole process.

After the meal, she left the villa with him.

His driver took her to school first and then sent him to the company.

At the school gate, Henson said, "I will have Baron come to pick you up in the afternoon."

"No, thanks. But I can go back myself."

"It would be better for you to save time from shipping the luggage to the house and spend it in other more important things."

He was ... Really good at calculations.

Was he suggesting that he was helping her to save time so that she could push his brother harder ?

After class, she went back to her dormitory to pack her luggage.

Then she left a note to her one of her roommate Judy to explain her leaving and left directly.

When she was walking along the Carrington Road in the school, she met Gorman.

They saw each other and it was the only route. So she could only brace herself and continue her steps.

Gorman looked at her with bitterness and resentment.

He went to her.

But Wendy still kept walking, so he grabbed her wrist.

"Wendy, don't you want to say anything to me?"

Her face was cold. "No."

"No? Fine. Then I say. I heard everything from my mother. Heh, Wendy. You actually exchanged me for your job."

She frowned.

"This is your final purpose to stay with me, right? You never liked me, and all you want is to take advantage of me, right?"

Wendy sighed but still didn't say anything.

She wanted to pull her wrist out of his hand, but he hold it so tight that she could not get rid of him.

"Just let me go."

"Are you feeling ashamed for I know your motives now? Didn't you ever think that I'd know it in the end. It was my mother that gave you the chance."

Gorman suddenly screamed with pain.

She looked at him, feeling both aggrieved and angry.

He asked coldly, "Look, you can't rebut it, can you? Wendy ... Why do you do this to me?"

"Your mother has talked with me for many times. Her topic is always the same. She said if I break up with you, then I can stay in school to teach."

Her voice was not very loud, but he could hear it clearly.

"I always think that I have worked hard enough and have been good enough at my study, and I am completely qualified to be a teacher here. Even if I know that the people in charge here doesn't like me, and I might still be kicked out from the school in the end, I've never ever thought of giving you up. Because I trust you as well as myself."

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 17

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### Chapter 17 Keep kneeling as you like.

Gorman looked at her painfully.

He didn't know this.

Her eyes turned cold, "I was thinking in fact it was you that ruined my future. If I am not your girlfriend, then I could get the job with my own ability. But now, even if I can stay, people will only say that I get it just because of you."

"Because of you, I got unfair humiliation. Your mother called me an orphan and said that I was not worthy of your Taylor family. Could you image how sad I was? I am not an orphan. I had a mother."

She clenched her fists with grievance.

Gorman felt like he had been slapped in the face.

"I'm sorry, Wendy. I didn't know this. I make an apology to you for my mother. Why not tell me about this before?"

She took a long breath to calm down herself. "What can you do after knowing it? I can't just sit there to watch you and your mother start to hate each other. I can't make you an ungrateful son and broke up with your family either. Or you mean if I told you this before, then you wouldn't sleep with Gill?"

"It is a mistake between she and me. I don't know what I was thinking at that day," Gorman said with regretfully. "Wendy, tell me, how could you forgive me? I'm willing to do everything to make up for your hurt."

Her gaze landed a girl far away. It was Gill who was running towards them.

She looked at her and sneered.

Gorman turned around to find Gill. He frowned and said hesitantly, "Wendy, I ..."

Gill ran near and she grabbed Wendy's hands, "Wendy, it's all my fault. Please don't blame him. He was very really sad, and he..."

Gorman shouted to stop her, "Gill, don't make any trouble. Please just go, I beg you."

Suddenly Gill knelt in front of her. "It's me that seduced him. And it's me that like him first. I know I have let you down, but ..."

"Gill," she interrupted her best drama in this year and said, "You told me that Gorman didn't love me anymore, and he loves you. He likes me for my body. But I can't give him my body, so everything happened, right?"

Gill's face froze for a moment and denied, "I didn't say that. Wendy, I know you hate me, but can't slander me."

"Whether you will admit it or not, I will still tell you that Gorman is not that kind of person you said to me. He might love other people, but he will never love someone just because of her body. To me, he isn't a good boyfriend, but he is not a pervert or a hoodlum either. So stop acting and I will not be merciful to you anymore. So keep kneeling if you like."

After she finished her words, she dragged her suitcase away.

Gill clenched her fists. Damn. This slut should have these words to Gorman even she had already broke up with him.

Gorman was about to chase after the Wendy, but suddenly he was pulled by Gill. She was crying, "Gorman, I didn't say that, I didn't."

Gorman shook her hands off and said, "I won't fall in love with you. I love Wendy. I still remembered how much effort I had made to get her love. So I love her, and I'll love her for the rest of my life."

Gorman left Gill behind coldly to chase Wendy.

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 18

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

Chapter 18 The hero saved his beauty.

On Saturday, after studying with Howell in the morning, she went to another student's home to teach him in the afternoon.

Just walking out of the student's house, Donald called her and asked when she would be back to have the dinner.

She check the clock and said, "Thanks, but I won't be going back to eat tonight."

Looking at Henson at the dining table, Donald kept his asking, "That ... When will you be back? Do you need me to send a car for you? "

"No, thank you. I have to work late today. And I'll go back by myself."

After hanging up the phone, Donald looked to Henson to report. "Mr. Charles. Miss Evans still has work to do, and won't be back until late."

Henson crossed his arms and sat silent for a moment. Then he ordered, "To find out where she is working now."

He wanted to confirm that this woman was not trying to avoid him.

9 PM. in the Nighttime Bar.

Wendy was dressed in a well-fitting overall. She shuttled among the crowd to get orders, serve drinks swiftly.

Among the crowd, she was still eye-catching.

She had a tall ponytail, a pretty face and a slender figure. Even though she was wearing an ugly uniform, people could still see her at first glance.

And due to this, she was often stopped by unruly guests to ask how much it would be for her special service. Just like what was happening right now.

As usual, she wore the same fake smile and explained to him.

"Sorry, sir. I'm just an common waiter here."

“Pfft. Don’t pretend innocent. You are mine tonight.”

“Then... Sir, I’m afraid you will have to change your sex first. ”

“What do you mean?” The young guest glared at her, “You are saying I am impotent?”

Her smile was still kind as before, “No, I’m telling you that I like women.”

The man was stunned for a second.

Usually, the client would have shaken her hand off in disgust at hearing this.

But this time, she got a special guest.

He pulled her forward directly.

And Wendy stumbled to fall into the soft sofa.

Wendy stood up, but the man blocking her way.

“But I become more interested in you now. I haven’t slept with a lesbian before. And maybe I can start with you today.”

People were walking by, but no one came near to help her.

It seemed this kind of thing was so normal here.

The man walked up and surrounded her within the sofa. His eyes were filled with ardor. “My young lady. You are unlucky to meet me today. But you shouldn’t offend the powerful people.”

He stepped forward, trying to kiss her.

Seeing this, she slapped him quickly.

Then she infuriate him completely.

The man was trying to slap back, but suddenly his wrist was grabbed by someone behind.

The man was enraged to turned his head around. He shouted, “Who dares to risk his life ...”

But before he could finish his speech as fist went with force into his face.

He fell to the ground to clutch his aching chin.

Then he was dragged out by some strong men directly.

Wendy was lying on the sofa. Looking at the angry Henson, she was stunned.

Henson raised his eyebrows, "So are you going to ask me why I'm here again?"

She came back to her sense and stood up. Yes, she was surprised to see him here.

Henson looked at her carefully with arms crossed.

After full ten seconds, he reached out two fingers to poke her head lightly.

"I find that Miss Evans has become more and more mysterious."

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 19

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

### Chapter 19 No oral thanks.

She didn't respond to Henson's remarks. But suddenly, she seemed to have thought of something and ran out.

Henson was curious and followed her out.

When she arrived at the door, Wendy saw the man who just bullied her was still at the doorway. He was shouting nonsense.

She walked over and asked calmly, "Who asked you to do this?"

When the man saw Henson behind her, his eyes were filled with fear.

"As long as you tell me the name, I will let you go."

"Really? Will you really let me go? "

"Since you're so afraid of us, you must know who is the man behind me. Do you have any better way to save yourself now if you don't trust me?"

The man hurriedly said, "A girl found me yesterday. She gave me your picture and a thousand dollars, asking me to scare you in the bar today. She also said if I could get some dirty pictures of you, she could give me more money. "

"What is her name?"

"I don't know. It's my first time to see her."

Wendy thought for a while. Then she took out her cell phone and found a photo to him. "Is it her?"

The man took a glance at the picture. He frowned, "She was wearing a hat and mask, so I only saw her eyes. It looked a little similar, but I'm not sure."

"Is she about the same height with me with a sharp voice?"

"Yes."

Wendy clenched her fists and resentment appeared in her eyes.

The man begged, "I've told you everything now. Please let me go."

She turned around to look at Henson, "Just let him go."

"Are you sure?"

Wendy did not say anything but nodded her head.

Henson walked in front of the man, "Get lost. I don't want to see you again in this city"

He gave a sign to his followers to let the man go.

The man thanked Wendy and quickly ran away.

Henson walked in front of her, "Looks like you know who was behind the scenes."

She didn't say anything.

"Do you want me to help you with this?"

"No. I will settle it."

His lips curled up into a cold smile for she was really a very special woman.

"Mr. Charles...Thank you today."

"As I said, I dislike oral thanks ."

"Then... How about buying you a cup of coffee for my taking advantage of your fame?"

Taking advantage of me? Interesting.

"If you insist, then OK."

She was speechless for his pretending to be reluctant.

"Please wait for a moment. I will go to change my clothes and get my salary. I will be out soon."

Wendy ran back to the bar.

Within ten minutes, she was back to him.

Henson asked, Where are we going now?

"Mr. Charles. Go with me, and I'll show you a good place."

She was mysterious. And Henson started to expect the place with a slight smile.

They got in the car. Wendy gave the address to Baron.

Baron then drove the car to the beach.

He looked at the ma and asked, "Miss Evans, did I go the wrong way?"

"No, it's here." She said as she looked at Henson with a smile, "Mr. Charles. We are here now."

Henson looked at her but frowned. He couldn't see any coffee shop here.

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 20

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

Chapter 20 Mr. Charles, so you do know how to laugh!

She looked at him with a smile. "Mr. Charles, please!"

She got off from the car first.

Before going out of the car, Henson looked around again for nothing.

But he's already here, then he should found out what tricks she's playing.

Wendy walked through the kerb to a huge U-shaped boulder near the beach.

When he came near the stone, he saw there were three flat rocks lining orderly according to its size.

They make up of a stone table and two stone chairs naturally.

The sea wind outside was very strong, but here the strong wind became comfortable breeze.

She sat down on one rock and switched on the flashlight.

Then taking two plastic disposable paper cups out of her bag, she set all of them on the big stone table.

Then the thermos and two instant coffee were taken out from her bag. And Wendy put them into the cup together.

She skillfully made the coffee and passed it to Henson.

He did not move but asked without emotion, "Is this your good place?"

"Yeah, isn't it very good?"

He raised his eyebrows and wondered since when his fame had become so worthless.

"This is my secret base. This is my first time to bring someone else here."

Hearing this, he took the coffee and sat down on the left stone.

It was not that dark with the moonlight and the faint light from her cell phone.

"You secret base?"

"Yes, my mother brought me here first. As this sea area has not been developed, so almost no one will come here. Every time I feel bad, I will come here to have a rest. Look up! "

She pointed the sky.

Henson raised his head and the night sky was beautiful.

"With the sea breeze, sea wave sounds, and the beautiful night sky, I will feel that life is still good and the future is still bright, don't you think so?"

He raised his eyebrows and said, "Not really."

She shrugged, "Capitalists are really different from our poor people in thoughts. No wonder I'm still poor."

Rarely, he laughed out loud for her words.

She looked him with a shock, "Mr. Charles, so you do know how to laugh!"

He rolled his eyes to her. "What do you mean?"

"Because I've never seen you really laugh before."

"Are we familiar?"

"N... No." She shrugged her shoulders, feeling a little bored.

She took a sip of coffee and looked up at the sky.

Then they fell silent. Henson took a sip of the coffee, then he frowned and asked, "What is this horrible taste?"

She looked at him, "Mr. Charles, you... Haven't you ever tried the instant coffee before?"

"No."

She laughed, "I'm sorry, I forgot that you are very rich. Next time ... No, no, I'd better not buy you any drinks for we are not on the same level. I won't do that again."

As she spoke, she got his drink to herself, "Let me drink this."

But he quickly took the cup back. "It is bad, but I never say that I won't drink?"

She felt awkward for his anger. All right. But why did he get angry?

Regular menopause?

"Why are you sure that the man is ordered to ruin you at the bar?"



























