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Seeing as Henson agreed to the idea, Principle Burke felt relieved and he chirped up, "If that's the case, why not let my daughter Nancy here be your personal assistant, Master Henson? She's an alumni of the university and she studied in the same faculty as you did, so I thought she might be of great help to you and-"

"You want Miss Billy to be my personal assistant? Forget about it," Henson interrupted before he could finish. He shook his head afterwards.

Nancy, who was sitting in a corner, suddenly had an anxious look on her face as she stood up from her seat. "I promise I can be a good assistant, so please give me a chance, Sir," she begged.

Henson remained calm and expressionless, but his voice sounded quite cold, "Absolutely not. You can't even keep a secret well, thus you've failed the first requirement of being my personal assistant – knowing when to keep your mouth shut," he snapped.

"I can change, I promise you I won't be so loose-lipped next time," she kept insisting while nodding profusely. "I swear I'll keep my mouth shut from now on," she pleaded.

He smiled faintly. "I clearly instructed Burke here to keep the matter of my being a guest lecturer an absolute secret, so why did you go and blab your mouth to everyone about it? If you did this as an employee in my company, you'd be fired long ago," he reprimanded.

"I didn't know that the matter needed to be kept a secret," she muttered sheepishly.

"She's right, Master Henson. I'm the one to blame for all of this as I didn't tell her about how it should be kept a secret," President Burke piped up apologetically.

"How reliable can one's daughter be if their father isn't as well? As daughter of the university's president, if you can't even keep university matters a secret, how can I be sure that you won't leak my company's secrets? Ergo, I refuse to take up such an incompetent person as my personal assistant," Henson sneered in reply.

She felt like the more she spoke, the deeper the grave she was digging for herself now. "I swear I've only told Miss Evans about the matter," she admitted.

"Isn't Wendy a human being?" Henson snapped.

She fell silent. Now that the situation had escalated to such a degree, she didn't know what else she could say to defend herself. After all, it was her fault for not being able to keep a secret in the first place.

"Speaking of Wendy, I feel that she's a suitable candidate to be my personal assistant. I heard that she used to be one of the top achievers on campus, and since she also worked as a private tutor for my younger brother, I've already assessed and interviewed her thoroughly. So, let's just have her as my personal assistant instead," he continued.

"But wait, Miss Evans also leaked the secret," she hurriedly interjected.

"Oh, really?" He said and raised an eyebrow.

"How would you have found out about it if she didn't tell you? I was the one who leaked the secret to her after all," she reasoned.

"You don't have the right to compare yourself to her right now. Just admit you were in the wrong. You making excuses won't change anything now," he scoffed

and got up from his seat. He then turned to face Burke. "It's settled then. Be sure to inform Wendy of my decision for her to be my personal assistant. One person might not suffice for the task though, so ask her to find two more people she trusts to help her. But of course, that excludes Miss Billy," he instructed.

"Understood, Master Henson. You have yourself a nice day," Burke said.

The moment Henson left, she stomped her feet in frustration. "Who's this Wendy Evans girl, dad? She's really starting to piss me off," she shouted.

"Now now, don't you dare throw a fit now.

Didn't I tell you to keep Master Henson's matters a secret? Why in the world did you tell Wendy about it?" Principle Burke retorted.

"How was I supposed to know that she'd tell him about it?" she snapped and crossed her arms. "This Wendy girl deserves a beating," she huffed.

"Stop it already. She's on good terms with Master Howell, so you better be careful in the future," he chided.

"So what? So long as she doesn't get married to Howell, she won't have anything to do with the Charles household," she said.

"Before I got the job, Master Henson told me one thing, and that was to take good care of Wendy. Why do you keep insisting that she has nothing to do with Charles family then? If she really had nothing to do with them, why would he even tell me that in the first place? Didn't I tell you to get her on your side? She can help you," he scolded.

Nancy wasn't deterred by this. Surely Wendy wasn't as capable as he thinks she was.

In the meanwhile in the office, Wendy's phone started ringing as she was in the middle of typing up a few forms on her PC.

Upon seeing that the president was calling her, she quickly picked up the phone. "Greetings, sir," she said.

"I'll fill you in on the latest news, Wendy. Since Mr. Charles is currently lacking a personal assistant, I'll need you to fill that role starting next week when he arrives on campus again. You'll only need to assist him in his teaching duties, is all," he said.

"Huh? Me?" she gasped.

"That's right. Master Henson personally requested for you, so I'm afraid everything has been set in stone for now. He also told you to find two other people you trust to help you in this task. So, when next Friday rolls around, you'll need to assist him in his teaching duties. I hope you don't get in the way of his teaching too, understood?" he explained.

"Noted, sir," she said and hung up with a sigh afterwards.

Her teeth were clenched as she recalled what Henson told her just now.

He said that he'd find a way to fulfill her wish of letting her sit in for his lecture. "So, this was how he planned to do it," she thought. She'd been duped once again.

Wouldn't she offend every female on campus if she were to be his personal assistant?

Thankfully, she didn't have to do it alone, or else...

... but that wasn't right either. It'd be beneficial for her to find two more people to help her out, but was there any way she could do it without offending anyone in the process?

"Oh, Henson. You evil overlord," she thought to herself

and slammed her phone down on the table.

Sitting beside her was a startled Carmen who asked, "What's up with you, Wendy? Did the president trouble you with anything again?"

"Huh?" Wendy gaped.

Then, her eyes flickered as she suddenly thought of an idea.

"It's not that, the president actually gave me- no, US a really interesting task to do," she said.

There was a glimmer of excitement on her face when she said that.

"An 'Interesting' task?" Carmen piped up.

"He let the guys in our office volunteer ourselves to be Mr. Charles personal assistants for his lecture every Friday. We'd only need to assist him in his teaching duties," Wendy explained.

The moment she said that, the other two who were in the office also turned to face her with surprised looks on their faces.

"Ouch, it hurts. I'm definitely not dreaming now," Carmen yelled in pain after pinching her arm.

"This joke is in really poor taste, Wendy. Why would the president ever look for us?" Cael retorted in disbelief.

"That's because we're assistant professors from the Business Management Department. Master Henson's lecture is aimed at the students from the Business faculty, right? Since most of the students that attend his lecture are from that particular faculty, that's why he settled on us," Wendy fibbed.

The three of them collectively 'ah'-ed in understanding.

Carmen immediately jumped up in joy after hearing that.

It wasn't long until Cael also joined in the celebration.

Wendy heaved a sigh of relief. It should be better for the president to take the fall for this 'blunder' instead of having every female on campus despise her, right?

Alright, it's settled then.

After clocking off work, Carmen and Cael decided to go shop for some clothes together, so they left the office first.

When Wendy and Linda arrived at the campus gates, she noticed Henson's car parked nearby.

But since there were still lots of people going about their business at the gates by then, she dared't hop on his car yet

and held on to Linda's hands with her head held down as they walked towards the bus stop together.

A smile crept up on Henson's face as he sat in the car. He was fully aware that she wouldn't dare get in his car yet.

“Drive me up to the intersection ahead, Baron,” he instructed.

Baron obliged.

Upon arriving at the bus stop, Wendy’s phone vibrated twice.

She fished out her phone to see that Henson had sent her a text that read,

“I’m at the intersection up ahead,”

She pouted her lips as she turned to look at Linda. “Something came up, so I won’t be taking the bus with you, Linda. See you,” she said.

Linda nodded in understanding and replied, “I’ll leave you to it then. See you tomorrow,”

“Okay!” Wendy said. She waved her hands at Linda and sprinted off afterwards.

Upon reaching the intersection, Henson got out and leaned on the car to wait for her to get in.

Just as the driver was about to drive off, she noticed a figure standing not far away under a tree. It turned out that Linda was looking in her direction with a shocked look on her face.

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“Wait! Stop the car,” Wendy hurriedly said.

Baron brought the car to a halt in an instant, causing Henson to look at her. “What’s wrong?” he asked, worried.

“I saw my colleague,” she answered while looking out the car window,

a finger pointing in Linda’s direction.

He shifted his gaze there then raised an eyebrow. “Seems like you’ve been busted. Do you need my help in disposing of her?” he asked.

She glared at him through the corner of her eyes and sneered, “How is this a good time for jokes?”

“I’m being serious here. Haven’t you always been paranoid of people finding out about our relationship? Well, since she already found out, can’t I just dispose of her for you? I’m just doing this for your own good,” he said.

"What do you mean 'this is for my own good'?" she retorted and rolled her eyes at him. "I don't think I can't go home with you together now, so I suggest you go first. It seems that I need to have a talk with Linda,"

"But I've been waiting for you for more than an hour already," he whined.

"I know, but this wouldn't have happened if you weren't waiting for me too. In any case, you should head back first. You'll be a great help to me if you do," she said.

With that, she opened the car door and got out.

Seeing as he'd just been dumped, he merely smiled calmly. "Might as well get used to it," he thought.

Literally anything could happen when he had this woman around.

Even if he'd been dumped now, he still didn't think it was a big deal.

"Let's head back first then, Baron," he instructed.

"Alright, Master Henson," Baron obliged.

Wendy didn't know what to say after walking up to Linda.

Linda felt a bit embarrassed as she hurriedly handed her the USB stick in her hands. "I actually wanted to give this to you but I forgot to in the afternoon," she said sheepishly.

Wendy took the item from her and said awkwardly, "If you're not in a rush to go home or anything, shall we go grab a bite, Linda?"

"Okay," Linda agreed.

The two of them then walked to the food street that was located behind campus and found a relatively quiet restaurant.

Neither of them touched their cutlery after they finished ordering.

After giving it some thought, Wendy asked, "Linda, you saw everything just now... right?"

"Yep, everything," Linda nodded.

"Can you keep it as a secret for me?" Wendy pleaded in earnest with her eyes.

Linda then lowered her eyes and gave a low chuckle.

"I have no right to spill your personal matters to others regardless if I saw everything or not. To be honest, I thought of running away the moment I saw you, but I think I was so shocked then I couldn't even move as I've never once thought that HE would be your boyfriend," she said nervously.

"He's not REALLY my boyfriend," Wendy said and gave a nervous chuckle.

"Huh? You didn't... fool around with him, right Wendy?" Linda probed.

"It's not like that, Linda. I'm not in the kind of relationship you think I'm in with the guy, but I don't know how to explain it either," Wendy said apologetically.

"Well, seeing as you don't know how to explain it yourself, I suppose I should stop probing into your private affairs then. However, I feel that you should be more careful from now on, as we're still on campus grounds. Literally everyone on campus knows Mr. Charles, so make of that what you will," Linda warned.

Wendy giggled in reply and said, "I'll definitely be more careful from now on. My heart beat so fast when I saw you just now,"

"You were afraid I'd start talking my head off?" Linda asked.

"I know you're not the type to do so, but I still couldn't help but be a bit worried," Wendy said anxiously.

"I would never stab you in the back. If ever I did, then I'd be betraying your kindness," Linda said as she shook her head.

Wendy was dumbfounded after hearing what she said. "You'd be 'betraying my kindness'? Did I do anything good to you before?" she asked.

"Of course you have," Linda answered with a sigh. "I don't think you'd remember if I didn't remind you of it,"

"Have I... crossed paths with you in the past, Linda?" Wendy said after mulling it over.

Linda shrugged and asked, "Do you remember that incident four years ago during winter, when you saved a girl at the cultural market?"

Wendy recalled doing something of the sort.

She looked at Linda and asked, "There was this one time where I encountered a girl at a coffee shop I worked at, but... what does that have to do with you?"

"Well, do you think I resemble her?" Linda asked.

Wendy recalled to the time she worked at a coffee shop during her first year in university,

where a customer who'd just finished ordering her coffee suddenly collapsed to the ground.

Everyone in the coffee shop was shocked and quickly went to gather around her, but since none of them knew CPR, they could only watch anxiously.

Someone had called 911, another had phoned the police, while yet another shouted if there was a doctor in the house.

Wendy was working at the back at the time, and

when she'd heard all the commotion at the front and the anxious noises coming from her colleagues, she quickly went to take a look.

Since she possessed knowledge on emergency first aid, she quickly dispersed the crowd and had her colleagues open the windows to let more air in.

She administered CPR to the girl immediately after.

After trying for two minutes, the girl finally woke up and was whisked off to the hospital by an ambulance shortly after.

She was showered with a thundering applause afterwards.

She then turned to look at Linda. "To be honest, I can't seem to recall how the girl looked like. I reckon it was because I didn't pay attention since there was an emergency then," she said.

Linda nodded in reply. "I won't blame you for forgetting, as it was only natural that you did," she replied.

"Anyways, what's your relationship with that girl?" Wendy probed.

"That was my younger sister, actually," Linda answered with a sigh. "I was in my fourth year of university when the incident happened. That day, my parents received a phone call stating that my sister was on the verge of dying and that she'd been sent to the ICU. My mother even fainted after the doctor told her that her condition wasn't looking good,"

"My dad had called me and by the time I got to the hospital, she'd just come out of surgery. The doctor then told me that my sister was lucky to survive because she received medical aid in the nick of time.

"My family wanted to thank the person who saved my younger sis, but the situation at the time made it impossible for us to do so. So, after my sister's condition stabilised a few days later, I visited the coffee shop again, but to find out that you've already quit your job.

"I got to see your face after going through the security footage of you saving my sister back then, and I found out that you were a pretty popular figure on campus. I swore I'd remember you for life after that,"

Wendy was surprised to hear that. "Oh my God, I suppose we're fated to meet each other then," she giggled.

"I know right? I remember making a promise to myself that I'd pay you back in the future," Linda said.

"Was that why you're always ready to help whenever I got into trouble?" Wendy asked.

"Compared to what you've done for my sister, I don't think anything I've done up till now is even worth mentioning.

"But, to me, these are the things I'm still grateful for. After all, you helped me when I needed it the most," Linda said sheepishly and

chuckled. "This is why I'll always be by your side whenever you need it,"

The two of them exchanged glances then smiled.

Wendy suddenly thought of something and asked, "Right! How's your sister doing now?"

"She's doing alright. She's studying abroad now and is the princess of the family. You literally gave her a second chance at life," Linda praised.

Wendy shrugged. There might be lots of injustices happening in the world, but she still firmly believed that kind people would get repaid in kindness too sooner or later.

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When Wendy arrived home, Henson was watching business news on TV in the living room.

He smirked upon seeing her smug face and commented, "It appears that the problem has been solved pretty well,"

She then hopped over to his side of the sofa like a giddy rabbit and plopped herself in the spot right beside him.

"Let me tell you a supernatural story of how I was destined to meet Linda from the start," she started.

He switched off the television and focused all of his attention on her. "I'm listening," he smirked.

She proceeded to tell him about the coffee shop incident Linda had related to her just now.

She crossed her arms upon finishing the story. "Back then, I felt really accomplished since that was the first time I saved someone after learning how to do CPR. But after knowing her sister's story, don't you think I deserve to feel proud of myself at the fact that I was able to grant someone happiness by saving a life?" she asked.

"Yep, you're super cool for doing that. It seems like Linda really does have your back on this one," he replied while tousling her hair.

She nodded profusely at that and said, "She's helped me countless of times before this too. Like that one time where she helped me by lending me her scarf after seeing that I got hickeys on my neck," She then slapped her hands together and continued, "It feels really nice knowing that someone has your back, doesn't it?"

"I've never seen you this happy even though I always have your back," he pouted.

She giggled and shot him a look. "You don't understand. It just feels different when you know you have a woman who has your covered compared to a man," she said.

"How's it different?" he asked.

"There's lust thrown into the mix whenever you say you have my back, but it's different for women. When women say they have your back, it's pure and unadulterated. 'I think you're a good person, so I'll have your back no matter what'. That's the difference between the two," she explained.

He raised an eyebrow after hearing that. "Oh? But the only thing I've heard women say are the three things they should avoid – fire, theft and bestie," he said.

"Killjoy," she shot and pouted.

"I'm just saying. No one will treat the other well for no reason, whether it be men, women, or even friends, especially when it comes to their emotions. You're not wrong in saying that the reason I'm so nice to you is because I want to be with you, but I feel the same goes for Linda. She's being nice to you as she wants to repay you, no?"

She raised an eyebrow in response. "Then what about my bestie, Judy? Why do you reckon she's best friends with me?" she snapped.

“Doesn’t it have to do with your trust and love for her? After all, it’s really hard to find someone whom you can trust and also love unconditionally in this world,” he said

then rubbed her head. “Am I wrong for saying that then?” he asked.

She shook her head then slapped his hand away.

Why was it that everything he said was always so hard to argue against?

“Can we eat now that you think I’m right? I’m starving after having to wait for you for so long,” he whined.

“Huh? Why’d you wait for me? I already had a meal with the Linda,” she said.

His expression changed in an instant. “Wait, so after waiting for you at the campus gates for an hour, and after waiting another hour at home, I still can’t eat with you in the end?” he asked, frustrated.

She gave him an apologetic smile. “Look at the time. Why didn’t you eat something knowing that I wasn’t going to be home until late? Why’d you wait for me?” she reasoned.

“Can’t you be more responsible for your own actions, Wendy?” he said then raised an eyebrow at her and glared at her from the corner of his eyes.

She felt guilty after hearing that and pouted. “What I meant to say was that you shouldn’t have waited for me and that you should’ve had something to eat first before I came back. Even if I came back to have dinner with you, it’s not like I can feed you rice a grain at a time, right?” she said.

“That actually sounds like a good idea. You should feed me when we have dinner later then. I’ve decided that this would be your punishment for not keeping your promises towards me twice in a day,”

“You’re kidding,” she said and glared at him.

He turned to face Donald, who was standing not far away. “Please attend to your own matters and don’t come back until the next time I call for you,” he instructed.

Donald obliged as always.

After he’d ushered all the servants away, Henson turned back to face her and motioned to the direction of the kitchen with his eyes.

“Go get my food now. I’ve already readied myself,” he chuckled.

"Are you actually being serious right now? Does a big man like you still need someone to feed them their food?" she asked, flabbergasted.

"I heard that couples these days like to call each other 'baby'. Seeing how that's the case, can't I be the 'baby' in our relationship now? Hurry up, or else the baby's gonna get cranky soon," he joked.

"'Baby'?" she thought as a shiver travelled down her spine. This trope clearly doesn't suit a guy like him at all.

She crossed her arms together and huffed, "Then you can be cranky all you want. I'll be going back to my room to read,"

She then stood up from her seat and was ready to leave when

he piped up in a flat tone, "Sure, but don't go blaming me if I decide to do something crazy to you when we meet next Friday in the multimedia hall. After all, I'd still be cranky by then,"

She clenched her teeth with her back turned to him.

"You're such a meanie, Henson Charles," she thought to herself and

headed into the kitchen instead of going upstairs.

He was a man of power and of status, so she shouldn't offend him as and when she liked.

After all, he was a man who always followed through on his words.

She brought his dinner out and laid it out on the space in front of him. "Beef, please," he requested while pointing at his food with a finger.

She fed him.

After he finished munching on that, he pointed again.

"Yam, please," he requested once more.

Again, she fed him.

She glared at him in contempt as he kept pointing at his food.

He smiled after this went on for a long while. "Can't you smile? Your pissed off face is enough to give me indigestion," he whined.

Upon seeing that he was wearing loose-fitting clothes, she lifted her gaze and forced a smile. "Come on, open wide, ah--"

But just as he was about to eat it, the blueberry she'd pierced suddenly fell off her fork.

She immediately extended an arm out to catch it, but instead squished it and smeared it on his collarbone,

causing her fingers to graze his neck with the icy cool innards of the blueberry.

She retracted her hands and twitched. "Oh no, I didn't mean to do that. I swear I didn't do it on purpose," she apologised, feigning innocence.

He wasn't angry at her after seeing that she'd succeeded in getting back at him, but

merely picked up another blueberry to smear on her neck in retaliation.

Her anger flared immediately. "Henson, you petty b*stard! I already told you I didn't do it on purpose!" she screamed.

"Oh, I did it on purpose though. This is because I want to teach you how to get rid of blueberry stains," he said.

Before she could make sense of what he meant, he'd inched near her and quickly licked the juices off of her neck.

Her entire body shook as if she'd been electrocuted. She immediately moved backwards and shot him a glare.

Was he implying that he wanted her to get rid of the blueberry juices on his neck in the same manner?

Wasn't that equal to asking her to act like a thug?

She didn't want to do it. She absolutely refused to do it.

While she was still lost in her thoughts, he smirked and stretched his neck to the side. "Come on now, I'm ready for it. And don't worry, I've showered so I'm pretty clean there," he insisted.

Only he could think up of such perverted ways of torturing her on the fly like that.

'Ready'? It felt more so like he was born ready for this.

But she still refused to do it. She absolutely couldn't do such a thing.

However, it felt like her plans of running away were futile too.

After mulling it over, she faced him with a shy gaze and pursed her lips. "Close your eyes first," she giggled.

One look at her and he knew that she was up to no good, but he obliged anyways. After all, he was curious to see what she'd do.

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While Wendy slowly inched the top of her body forward, she also started inching her butt away from him on the sofa.

The minute she got into the position she wanted, she made a run for it as fast as she could.

Henson felt the air around him whoosh past, and

by the time he opened his eyes, she'd already reached the stairway,

the speed of which could definitely break a few world records.

He smiled and thought, "What a silly girl."

She immediately locked the door after arriving at her room,

her heart pounding non-stop.

She just wanted to mess around with him a bit, which was why she got the blueberry juices on him in the first place, in hopes of making him feel grossed out,

so why was she the one who had to run away from him in the end?

That didn't sit right with her. She always seemed to lose every time she played tricks on him.

She groaned as she felt annoyed. She vowed to get back at him one day.

Her heart leaped to her throat after she saw the doorknob turn all of a sudden.

She yelped before saying in a guilty manner, "Promise me three things before you come in, Henson,"

"Sure. And what are they?" he said calmly while standing on the other side of the door, It sounded as if he wasn't angry at all.

With her ears pressed against the door, she thought for a moment before replying. "Number one, you can't touch me whenever you feel like it from now on. You're a gentleman, after all," she said.

"Go on," he nudged.

"Hmph. Number two, you shan't use the incident on campus to threaten me from now on," she announced.

"What's condition three then?" he asked while leaning on the doorframe.

"Number three, you can't get back at me once I open the door," she declared.

"Alright, I promise. Now, open the door," he said with a smirk.

She was skeptical at his response. "Really? You... seemed to have agreed to everything a bit too quickly," she probed.

"Huh? Do you expect me to get back, threaten, and touch you whenever I feel like it now? But of course, if that's what you want, I'll gladly make sure your wishes come through," he said loud, clear and coldly for her to hear.

"I'm not crazy enough to be making such wishes," she huffed.

"Then, open up. You can't possibly have me wait outside your door for the whole night now, can you?"

The second she opened the door, he rushed into her room at the speed of light and lifted her up from her feet

to throw her onto the soft bed. She could only let out a soft scream.

"How dare you try to bargain with me, Wendy," he smirked.

Seeing as he wanted to press her down on the bed, she wanted to get up and escape.

Before she could do so, he'd already grabbed hold of both her legs and pounced on her, trapping her beneath him.

"You lied, Henson! You're a liar!" she screamed.

"'All's fair in love and war' is a phrase that's commonly uttered in the business field. There's overwhelming evidence out there that suggests that promises that are made too rashly are often invalid, so you better remember that well. I'm teaching you right now, but as for the tuition fees..

." he trailed off

and went in to kiss her. "...I suppose you can pay me with this kiss," he smirked.

Seeing as he was about to flex his power on her again, she hurriedly replied, "I don't need you to teach me anything. I'm warning you, you better not bully me. I still haven't gotten back at you even after holding in all my anger for a whole day now," she huffed.

"Oh? Tell me how I managed to offend you then," he nudged.

"You get off me first. We can settle our scores after that," she bargained.

"You can't play these kinds of tricks on me anymore. I've disregarded these types of tricks since I was ten, so anything you want to say, just say it now," he instructed.

She was so livid, one could literally see smoke coming out of her ears. He really knew how to use his words to embarrass people.

He was holding her at gunpoint, so it was impossible to argue back regardless of how ballsy she was.

Any sort of discussion in this kind of situation was bound to be one-sided.

"Talk to me, didn't you say you wanted to settle scores?" he nudged.

"Get off me first, or you won't hear a peep out of me," she pouted.

He then rubbed his lower half against her. "What are you being shy for? Huh, are you turned on right now?" he teased.

"Oi, you're just bullying me at this point," she huffed and slapped his shoulder.

No sh*t.

"You're right. I am," he said and flashed her a devilish smile.

"Henson, you-" she started but

got interrupted by him instead. "However, I'm the only one who can bully you. No one else can," he said.

She felt warm inside after hearing him say that,

but that didn't sound right either. "Wait, you shouldn't bully me too," she countered.

"I'm afraid you don't know how lonely it is as the top," he said

as he tucked away a few stray locks of hair behind her ears. "This is why I bully you occasionally, so that you can experience what it's like to truly live,"

"You're not making any sense," she scoffed.

"You still don't plan on telling me what's wrong? If you don't tell me now, I won't listen to anything else you have to say after this, you know," he said in a sing-songy manner.

"Tell me, why'd you request the headmaster to make me your personal assistant? You're obviously aware that I'm afraid of riling up the masses, so why'd you still do that to me? Did you do it just to mess with me?" she shot.

"If I really wanted to mess with you, I'd definitely request for him to make you my ONLY personal assistant," he replied.

"So, that's why you told him to ask me to find two more assistants for you?" she pressed.

"You have a problem with that?" he asked back.

"You're making life difficult for me by pushing the matter onto me, you know? No matter who I choose, those who I don't choose will hate me. I thank God He gave me brains, because that's how I managed to spin the narrative to the three colleagues in my office.

I told them that the president was looking for professor's assistants in our faculty to be your personal assistants, so the president will have to take the fall for me now. Otherwise, I'd be doomed," she explained.

He raised his eyebrows at her in response. "I knew it, a clever girl like you could definitely solve such menial problems in a cinch,"

"Flattery will get you nowhere. I was forced to do so, you know," she huffed.

While he tried his best not to laugh,

she lifted an arm to slap him across the chest. "You irk me. Now, hurry and get off me, you're so d*mn heavy,"

He then lowered his head and whispered into her ear, "No way. I feel like... giving you a spanking now,"

With that, a hand had slapped across her butt cheeks.

Before she could fully grasp his words,

he'd already defiled her lower half, which made her explode in rage. "Henson, you rogue!" she shouted.

He gave a jolly laugh and kissed her once more before finally getting off of her.

After he stopped laughing, he said, "If I really were a rogue, I wouldn't have let you sleep beside me for so long, causing your heart to race and your face to blush with words like these. A true rogue would've whipped you into the best version of yourself by now. I see myself as more of an old fox who's staring intently at a moving chunk of meat it can't have,"

She sat up on the bed and rolled her eyes at him in annoyance.

He ruffled her hair in reply. "Oh baby, you better grow up quickly for me, alright? Don't let me wait too long. I'm already so old and frail, don't you know?" he said.

She looked at him in disbelief. The way he said it gave her the feeling that he was a wolf who was staring intently at a chunk of meat that was roasting over the fire, and was muttering to itself, 'Can't it cook faster? I'm starving here.... I want to gobble it up so badly...'

A shiver went down her spine. She immediately hopped out of the bed and started walking in the direction of the closet. "I'm going to take a shower now and do some reading. Don't you dare pester me anymore," she huffed.

He spread himself out on the bed.

Indeed... The days where he could just mess around with Wendy were the best.

Beautiful times, they were living in

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When the weekend came, Wendy didn't waste any time and spent both days reading at home.

Out of all the women Henson knew, she was the only one who loved reading the most.

Out of all the women he knew, all of them had tried to seduce him in all sort of ways... except her.

She was the only one who didn't take him seriously at all.

She didn't even bother to dress up in front of him, much less seduce him.

Sometimes, he'd even question the ancient saying 'women will always dress up for the men they like' as this obviously didn't apply to her.

He'd gotten so used to her sloppiness up till a point where he no longer found women who caked their faces with makeup or wore miniskirts pleasing to the eye.

When Sunday afternoon rolled around, he'd planned to take her for a walk as he managed to return home from work early,

but he found her holed up at his desk in his study instead. "I don't wanna," she replied to his plans without even raising her head.

She'd curled up in his wide and spacious chair like a lazy cat would.

He walked over to her and asked, "Don't you want to go shopping? Buy some new bags or clothes etc.? I saw they just released a new line of winter clothing the other day. I can bring you there to take a look,"

She lifted her head to shoot him a look. "I have enough clothes." she retorted.

"But you've already worn out your wardrobe for so long. I can take you there to buy new ones," he offered.

"All my clothes, I bought with my own blood, sweat and tears, so why should I buy new ones just because you tell me to? I refuse," she insisted.

"You-" he said and pulled a chair over to sit on the other side of the desk.

"Oh Wendy, why don't you ever put on makeup in front of me? Do you really think that you don't even need to try anymore after you managed to charm me?" he asked.

She lifted her gaze again to stare at him. "Did I charm you though? The reason why I never wear makeup in front of you is because I feel most comfortable dressed up like this. You're wearing comfy clothes at home too, so why can't I? Also, as a professor's assistant, is there any need to dress up in the first place? It's not like I'm planning on seducing anyone on campus or anything," she scoffed.

He felt relieved after hearing her say that. After all, the fact that she felt comfortable showing him her casual side was a sign of her affirmation towards him.

He liked her more this way too.

However... this also meant that she didn't really take him seriously. He felt that it was impossible to get her to spend his money even though he was loaded.

She leaned forward closer to the desk. "Oh, right! Can you help me with this question? I seemed to have encountered a few difficulties again," she said.

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Carmen inched closer to her before urging her, "Hurry up and tell us your plans, Wendy,"

"Well, the multimedia classroom is small and tight, right? So, what if we move it to the spacious basketball court?" Wendy suggested.

The moment she finished, Carmen and Cael both rolled their eyes at her. It was obvious they thought her plan was highly unrealistic.

"How would that even work? What kind of person do you take Mr. Charles for to move his lecture venue to the likes of a basketball court? This isn't some rural assembly, you know. I don't think we can even persuade ourselves to make it work, much less persuade Master Henson," Cael scoffed.

"What's so wrong about that? Not only can the basketball court on campus hold a large number of people, it's also equipped with air conditioning. Most importantly, it's huge and has a lot of nice vantage points, where anyone can see his face clearly regardless of where they stand. So, this is a potential solution to cater to the masses who worship the man. I, for one, think it's a brilliant plan," Wendy argued.

"B-but most importantly, how do we even bring our plans up to Master Henson?" Carmen stuttered.

Wendy shrugged in response. "Easy, we turn to the president," she replied.

Cael shook his head after hearing that. "And why would the president even agree to such a ridiculous request in the first place? Didn't he require for us to resolve the situation amongst ourselves? If we go to him now and let him take the fall for us, wouldn't we just be asking for a beating from him at this point?" he retorted.

"Well, do you two have any other bright ideas then?" Wendy looked at the two of them.

But they didn't speak. "I think this could work," Linda piped up eventually.

Cael shot Linda a look. "When did you start taking her side? You two better to go the president yourselves if you want, because I sure as h*ll ain't going," he snapped.

"I daren't go either," Carmen muttered awkwardly.

"Then, I suppose we can split the work amongst us like this – Linda and I will discuss things over with the president, while you two can go inform the students

in the multimedia classroom about the matter. If the president shifts the blame on us, I'll happily take the fall for the team, and make sure none of you gets the blame. However, if the president agrees to it, I'll give you two a call so that you two can continue clearing out the classroom.

"Also, it's inevitable that the students who've already secured their seats would make noise when the two of you start clearing the room, so don't tell them it's by order of the university, but tell them it's by Master Henson's orders. This way, they can't retaliate even if they're upset about the change in venue, since usually no one would dare question his orders," Wendy explained.

Cael and Carmen then exchanged looks with one another. "Would that even work?" Cael asked.

"I told you, I'll shoulder all the blame if anything comes up," Wendy replied firmly.

The two of them fell silent after hearing that.

After leaving the office, Linda piped up, "Are we actually going to the headmaster's office for this?"

"Of course not, if I go to him now, he'll definitely explode in rage. I'll just give Henson a phone call," Wendy said.

"I have a few things to discuss with you, Mr. Charles," she giggled the minute he picked up her call.

"Alright, I'm listening," he said over the phone.

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In the middle of basketball court,

Cael stepped forward and picked up a microphone. "Alright students, settle down. The lecture's going to start soon, so please put your phones on silent mode," he announced.

After he finished, he walked in front of Henson to hand him the microphone. "You can start now, Master Henson," he said.

Henson nodded at him in response. Cael's heart started racing as he moved aside.

"Master Henson looked at me just now," he said excitedly after he returned to Carmen's side.

"How come you're the MC?" Carmen pouted.

"Duh, it's not like you can be the MC with your horrible stutter," he scoffed.

"But you could've let Miss Evans or Linda do it," she whined.

Cael rolled his eyes at her and huffed, "If you have anything to say, say it to my face,"

"Now, now, this is only a small matter so stop bickering already. You two better hope that Master Henson didn't hear you all, if not he'll fire you on the spot," Linda hurriedly chided.

Only then did the two of them shot each other a look and moved beside the bodyguards to pay attention to the lecture.

Henson then started his lecture by saying, "Good morning, students. Today, we won't be discussing anything in your textbooks as I'm sure your lecturers can teach that better than I do. However, I'll be going over a few case studies from my own company and tell everyone how we dealt with them then. Five years ago, my company merged with a company that produced electronic components. At that time..."

While he was doing his lecture, Wendy was busy planning on how to scheme him.

After 10 minutes passed since the start of the lecture, she informed Carmen, who was standing beside her, that she was going to the restroom.

Carmen nodded in reply. "You'd better finish your business there quickly then. It'd be a shame to miss such an exciting lecture," she said giddily.

"Alright," Wendy replied and

brisk walked away.

Since they were located in the middle of the basketball court, Henson held on to a microphone in one hand and had crossed the other across his chest while pacing around the room, delivering his lecture.

Which was how he spotted her leaving the room when he spun around.

His gaze followed her for a while, but this didn't deter his lecture.

She was back in a few minutes time.

She looked at him, who was standing not far away and snickered.

"Don't you feel that it's a little stuffy now, Wendy?" Carmen asked not long after.

"It does feel kind of stuffy now," Wendy said and nodded.

Cael was puzzled by this as well. "Strange..."

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What Avril didn't know, was that Henson wasn't looking at her, but was looking at Wendy, who was standing behind her instead.

He turned to face his bodyguard and ordered, "Go stop the students from coming out of the basketball court,"

"On it, sir," his bodyguard replied curtly and

returned to the court.

Henson then walked to her side, his face full of cold indifference.

"I literally just recommended the most popular kid on campus to your president for the shoot. If making you the campus representative for the promotional pamphlet is enough to make you like me and want to make me your boyfriend, then I can easily phone the president up to tell him to change representatives.

"Also, if the reason you want to be my girlfriend is because you're gunning for the position of mistress in the Charles family, I suggest you stop daydreaming already. I'll just hand it to you straight – you're absolutely not qualified to be my woman at all," he sneered.

"That's not it," she said and shook her head. She looked like she was on the verge of tears. "I just really like and admire you, sir," she said shakily.

He scoffed. "Then, do you know the kind of person I really am?" he snapped.

"You-" she said and took a deep breath before continuing, "You're handsome, gentle, kind, smart, and is a man who's admired by all,"

"Heh, so that's the ME you like?" he pressed.

She nodded in response.

"Well then, I'm afraid you've got the wrong person as I'm clearly not up to your standards. I'll have you know I'm a cold-blooded man who even treats the people close to him like sh*t," he sneered, raised an eyebrow and continued, "Let me give you some advice, young lady. It's not good to be so ambitious sometimes. I'm willing to turn a blind eye to everything that happened today, so you better not

do something so shameless as to stop a man in the middle of his tracks just to force a love confession onto him next time. It's unsightly,"

With that, he spun around to get on his car. After his car left, his bodyguards slowly hopped on their respective cars as well.

Wendy could only stare at the pitiful-looking Avril from behind her.

So this was how venomous his tongue could be.

She reckoned Avril must be devastated after being on the receiving end of his relentless verbal onslaught.

Carmen and Cael merely exchanged looks before leaving together as

they saw that some students had started exiting the court as well.

Linda shouted for Wendy to leave with them shortly after.

After she caught up to Linda, she looked behind her to see a lifeless-looking Avril being squished by a massive wave of students.

Wendy frowned and immediately walked over to her to pull her out of the crowd. She then sat her down on a lawn nearby.

Avril immediately started bawling her eyes out.

Wendy didn't say anything as she merely handed her a few pieces of tissue. She then promptly tailed behind Linda to leave together.

"The way Master Henson was just now was super scary. I honestly thought he was just like us common folk, judging by the way you talked to him over the phone last time," Linda commented.

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Wendy suddenly felt a wave of relief wash over her. It was a good thing that she had dinner with Ross at his parent's place, if not, she'd be the one who'd gotten beaten up instead once Sally found out.

But... in light of current events, what was the real reason she'd called her?

"I feel terrible. I was the one who stood by his side when life was tough for him, and now I'm the one who has to be replaced after his career took off. To be honest, I already had an inkling that all men were like this, but I still feel

depressed because now I realised that I'd poured out all my heart and soul to him for nothing. I really hate that this is happening to me, Wendy," Sally ranted.

"Well, why'd you call me then? Do you expect me to do something for you about it?" Wendy probed.

"I just want you to help me ask him why's he doing this to me, what I did to deserve this, why he keeps looking at other women and the reason he choose me all those years back if I was really as horrible as he thinks I am now,"

"This whole fiasco should be resolved between the two of you, Sister Sally. I shouldn't get involved in this in the first place," Wendy replied frustratedly as she rubbed the space between her eyebrows.

"Admit it, you don't like me either, right Miss Evans? I bet you thought I deserved it when I told you that Ross broke up with me. It's probably because I kept being suspicious of you last week," Sally shot.

"I don't give a sh*t whether you suspect me or not. I just feel that your relationship to Big Bro Ross should be so close up to the point where you guys could easily talk this out in private. It'd be much better if you did so than ask me, an outsider to meddle in your business anyways," Wendy retorted.

"I get it now. You don't want to help me at all, don't you?" Sally accused and released a long sigh. Don't tell me, you like Ross too, Wendy?"

Wendy frowned immediately after hearing that. What was this woman on about? "I have a boyfriend," she snapped.

"Just because you have a boyfriend doesn't mean you can't like someone else. You know how common it is for people to cheat on their partners these days," Sally accused.

"Sally," Wendy said firmly, her voice much colder now. She'd even changed the way she addressed her now. "The only reason I put up with you was because Ross loved you before. I respected him, which was also why I respected you, but if you can't even find it in you to respect yourself, then don't blame me if I start losing my respect for you," she snapped.

"Then can't you just help me? I just don't want things to end like this. Why should I suffer when I was the one who stood by him during his hardest times? Why's he the one who gets to frolic around with other women?" Sally whined.

Wendy suddenly felt like she finally witnessed everything the world had to offer at that point.