

# Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 26

## Chapter 26 Stop on me, kiss on you!

"You know Ken?" He naturally thought of Bain at seeing Ken.

She realized she had forgot herself. So she shook her head and let go of his hand.

"No."

"Then how about eating something?"

"Alright." Her expression was no longer natural like before.

"Come and sit here." He led her to the corner table, "What do you want?"

"Whatever you get "

He called the waiter to get some food for Wendy.

Wendy then lowered her head to eat slowly.

Someone came to greet Henson, and they had a small talk.

Henson was talking and lowering his head to check Wendy, who now was secretly looking at Ken again.

He frowned. She must know Ken.

Someone came to invite Henson to have a talk about work. Henson looked at Wendy and said, "I will leave for a while, just a few minutes. So don't go around."

Wendy nodded and said, "OK."

Henson left, and she sighed.

Then she looked up to find Ken, and she found Ken was looking at her sharply as well.

She frowned slightly to change her gaze, trying to continue eating her food.

But the harder she tried to keep calm, the louder the sounds around seemingly became.

At the table behind, Wendy could hear a few women there were talking about her and Henson.

Someone said with contempt, "Where is this woman from?"

"Who knows. Did you find that? She held Mr. Charles's hand so tight and was almost lying on Mr. Charles like a koala."

"Such a bi\*ch! If she stayed alone with Mr. Charles, she would definitely seduce him."

"You can say that again! Mr. Charles doesn't seem to like her at all. His expression is cold all the time. Maybe he feels disgusted."

"Nowadays, beautiful young girls like to overestimate themselves. How can Mr. Charles be tricked by them?"

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They were having a hot discussion so that they did not even notice that Henson was just walking past behind them.

He glanced at those reckless women.

Wendy's hand was trembling with a fork.

She knew this social sphere was disgusting.

She had seen Julia's and her mother's despicable faces before.

However, being discussed by strangers like this, Wendy felt uncomfortable.

She put down the knife and fork and got up to leave.

But some elegant music started and people went to the dancing pool one by one.

Henson walked to block Wendy's way. He placed his hand on her waist naturally, looking at her dotingly.

"What? The music encouraged you to dance with me?"

He led her to go past the next table, and made his voice louder enough to be heard by those women.

Everyone was quiet to look at Henson and Wendy.

Wendy was astonished. Dancing? Was he joking?

"But I can't dance."

"Then try to learn, and I'll teach you."

As he spoke, Henson put Wendy's hands naturally around his neck and he also put his arms around Wendy's waist. once."

He looked at her and advised lovingly, "I have a good way for you to learn dance quickly, like, once you step on me, I will kiss you."

"Ugh..." She couldn't say a word.

What the hell was he talking?

She was wearing high heels unsteadily, which made her exert almost all her strength onto him.

But he naturally took her hand to the center of the dance floor.

They immediately became the focus.

Wendy was too nervous to stand still. When she staggered to follow Henson's steps, she stepped hard on his foot. Henson then kept his promise to kiss Wendy before she could react.

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 27

Chapter 27 Watched by everyone.

The dancing floor was quiet, and Wendy couldn't hear anything.

No music or discussions.

All she could feel were his warm lips and tongue, as well as the scent of red wine.

Henson seemed unable to stop kissing her.

He thought last time he wanted her lips for he hadn't touched any woman for a long time.

But then why did he kiss her this time?

He couldn't explain it.

When the dance ended, Wendy was led to hobble out of the dance floor; her mind was still in a daze.

More looks were coming to her from the crowd, but Wendy did not pay attention to them.

She couldn't understand why Henson did that.

Thinking of Ken, she felt embarrassed.

She looked to check the corner where Ken was staying before.

But Ken had left.

Instead, Bain was standing there.

Bain looked at her with upset expression.

Wendy felt shame.

After a moment, Bain left.

Wendy took a deep breath, looking embarrassed.

Henson had been watching Wendy all the time.

Thus, he knew her upset and anxiety.

And he also saw Bain's expression.

He curled his lips. It seemed that Wendy and the Nicholson family were related.

"Miss Evans, you look pale. Do you need more air?"

Wendy looked at Henson with a grumbling. "Why did you do that?"

"What? Kissing you? As I said, that's the rule."

"I don't want to learn dance."

"But you followed me to the dance floor."

"I ..." Damn it, the shoes.

She took a breath, "Fine. I don't want to argue with you about it anymore. I'm a tired and want to go back."

"So am I. Then let's go back together." Henson wrapped his arm around Wendy's waist, walking outside with her.

Wendy struggled to get rid of him.

Henson smiled, "If you don't want me to carry you in my breast, you'd better behave."

She immediately stopped her actions and was led outside.

"Why are you so manipulative?" Wendy asked.

"I get used to taking control."

"That's why you are said as a bad guy."

"People's judges, whether they are good or bad, I don't care."

His words suddenly enlightened Wendy.

That's right, and why should she care about others' attitude?

Henson's words suited Wendy well, and she felt kinda satisfied.

They walked out of the banquet hall. At the next corner, they saw Bain smoking by the window.

Wendy paused.

Bain then put out the cigarette.

Wendy lowered her head as if she didn't see him and still followed Henson to the elevator.

She quickly pressed the elevator button.

But the elevator was slowly descending from the 26th floor.

After standing by the window for a moment, Bain still walked over to her with large strides.

Wendy felt a little nervous for his movements.

She prayed that her brother would just go away as if he didn't know her.

However, Bain stopped by her side.

"Wendy, come to have a talk."

Bain grabbed Wendy's wrist and pulled her out.

Due to his pull, Wendy swayed towards Bain's side. But before she could take a step forward, she was grabbed by Henson on the other side. "Mr. Nicholson.

**Stealing my companion in front of me? How dare you?"**