

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 5

Chapter 5 She thought he was a freak.

Henson turned his gaze downwards. Wendy blushed and turned around stubbornly. "In short, I don't need any examination." She put the checklist back to his hand. "I'm going back, or I'm going to be expelled." Henson smiled to her back, then he pulled her back. "What are yo doing?" Wendy asked.

"Since you know the problem, you should see the doctor."

"But how?" She was surprised for his words. Who would come to see a doctor for this?

Henson said with a bossy look, "I carry you or you walk yourself to see the doctor? Choose."

He was serious which didn't like a bluff.

After thinking for a moment, she sighed depressingly and followed him to the gynecology department.

The director of the department examined her personally.

She lay on the examination bed, totally embarrassed.

Fortunately, Henson didn't follow her in. Otherwise, it would be ... Too, too, too disgraceful.

The doctor finished the examination and told her to put on her pants.

Wendy opened the curtain and saw Henson was sitting outside.

The doctor reported, "Mr. Charles, her private part is a little red and swollen. It must be caused by a rude sex last night."

She closed her eyes with shame.

But Henson was very calm. " Does she need any treatment?"

"I will prescribe her some medicine to eat. But recently, she needs no more sex. Even she wants, please don't use any sex tools anymore."

Sex tools? Wendy wondered if he really used that last night.

She was semi-conscious last time. She couldn't remember the details.

This gentle and refined man was in fact a freak?

She opened her eyes and took a quick and angry look at him.

His beautiful image collapsed instantly.

Even if he was good-looking with a nice figure, he's still a freak.

When they left the hospital, Wendy snatched the medicine from him.

"I will not pay you the medical fees for you caused it anyway."

She stuffed the medicine into her bag. "Mr. Charles, let's say Bye here. We'll never see again."

She turned around to go down.

Henson smiled a little, "You lied to me. And you are angry, why?"

Pervert.

"It is my business."

"As I can see, you're angry with me. So this is also my business."

What a smart person. Wendy lost her words.

"Since you can't explain it. Then tomorrow I hope Miss Evans can be on time to teach my brother."

"I said, I quit."

"Miss Evans should know that I have many ways to make you lose your jobs."

"You are bullying me?"

"Didn't you lie to me first?"

Wendy gnashed her teeth with anger from his words. Finally she let out a cold snort, "Then you need pay me more money."

"Is Miss Evans raising the price on purpose?"

"Yes."

"Sure, add as much as you want, but you'd better be on time."

Then he went down the steps first.

After a few steps, he stopped to look at her. "What on earth are you angry about?"

She stubbornly moved her eyes.

"Speak."

"Mr. Charles you looked like a gentleman, but I didn't expect that you would have this special hobby."

"Special hobby? What kind?"

"You ... You hurt me with sex tools as I was in a coma. Now you're still pretending innocent."

Henson scoffed, "So you think I hurt you with a tool?"

"What do you mean by 'think'? I heard it form the doctor. Clearly with my ears."

"The doctor was just making a guess. I am not that bored to use that kind of thing."

"Then why did I get hurt?"

Henson raised his eyebrows and turned around. He walked and said, "That's because my own tool is big."