

# Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 51

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

## Chapter 51, Taking care of my body? Good girl.

Wendy just nodded without any hesitation, "OK, then what do you want to eat?"

"What about you? Is there any restaurant that you really want to give a try?"

"I usually cook at home."

Henson raised his eyebrows with surprise and asked, "You cook?"

"Yes."

Henson curled his lips into a slight smile, "Then you could buy some ingredients and make a dinner for me at your home."

But Wendy was still a little worried and hesitant. "But I am afraid those daily dishes may not be suitable to your appetite."

"You can try first. I have to join a meeting now. So bye first."

After hanging up, Wendy let out a long breath in the car. "Please drop me off there. In front of the market."

For the whole afternoon, Wendy busied herself around the kitchen.

At five o'clock, Henson showed up.

After Wendy opened the door for him, the wonderful aroma of freshly cooked dishes immediately came into his nose. "What have you prepared? The smell is so good."

Wendy pursed her lips and replied, "I cooked black chicken soup for you. It is good for health."

Henson unconsciously smiled for this. "So you are taking care of my body? Good girl."

Wendy blushed slightly and urged him, "You should wash your hands now. I'll set the table."

After saying that, Wendy went back to the kitchen with a red face.

After washing his hands, Henson came out from the bathroom. Then he sat down at the dining table. This was his first time to see so many daily dishes on the table.

Pasta, homemade salad, rump steak, pudding, and chicken soup.

Wendy got a bowl of soup and put it in front of Henson.

When she was about to sit down, Henson suddenly asked, "No wine with the dinner?"

Wendy felt a little awkward for she had forgotten it at all. So she said, "I can buy it now. What do you like?"

Henson tilted his head and smiled to her, "Never mind. Just remember to prepare some good wine next time."

Wendy then sat down.

Next time? What was he dreaming?

Henson picked up his forks and tasted a little of each dish.

He then nodded to Wendy and praised her, "Delicious! You are really good at cooking."

"I thought they might be so common that you won't like them." After all, she could still remember the instant coffee thing.

"I was a bit worried about your cook skills too before. But it turns out that everything is fine. Your dishes are as good as those in the restaurant. No, they are more delicious. You did cook and not buy these dishes from outside for me, right? Or are you lying to me?"

Wendy laughed and said, "Am I that bored?"

Getting along with Wendy, Henson became more and more satisfied with her.

If she kept showing her excellence to him, he might want to move into here to live with her.

He felt so at ease here. After taking a sip of the soup, he commented, "This one, I can give you 100 points. Your cook skills are outstanding; you could be a good wife now."

Wendy just rolled her eyes at him and did not say anything.

Henson laughed. In the whole world, you won't find a second woman who dared do that to him. But what's strange was that he did not feel angry at all.

"What changed your mind?" Henson suddenly asked.

Wendy put down the spoon and explained. "Because I am not the doormat."

“What exactly happened? You still insisted on not using my help in the afternoon when I came to see you.”

“Gill was pregnant. But today she took advantage of that child to set a trap for me. And that child was... dead.”

Wendy got up to get the recorder in the bag. Then she played it to Henson.

Henson shook his head and smiled to ask, “If the woman were OK today, then what are you going to do?”

Wendy scratched her eyebrows and confessed to him, “I was planning to be Gorman’s girlfriend again. I don’t believe that Gill and his mother won’t be furious.”

His eyes became sharp for her words. “Girlfriend?”

“Just fake girlfriend.”

Henson was still annoyed. “Childish and stupid.”

Hearing this, Wendy lowered her head and could not help but burst into laugh.

“How can you still be laughing? You think it was funny? ”

“No, I just wanted to say that your judgement was so right and accurate.” Wendy smiled shyly at him as she scooped up some soup.

Henson then smiled back.

Their gazes met in the air. Suddenly a warm inexplicable feeling flashed in her heart.

With a good mood, Henson smiled to ask, “But in fact, I’m still curious about you and Groman. You have said to me several times that you would never get involved with rich people. Then why did you choose to be Gorman’s girlfriend? It can not be that you did not know who he was when you dated with him.”

“I knew him,” Wendy answered and poked the food in her bowl with the chopsticks lightly. “From the day he came to our school, I had already knew that he was the principal’s son. And that’s why it took three years before I became his girlfriend.”

“Oh? So why did you accept him? ”

“In my whole life, he was the first one who had treated me so well. And I am also a human girl, so I was moved by him. At that time, I thought he was different.”

"But it turned out that he was no different from the other rich people. After you became his girlfriend, he lost his interests in you and did not cherish you anymore." Henson said out his guess.

Wendy shook her head, "Actually, for the whole past year, he treated me so good that I even begin to wonder if my life will become happy for him. But..."

Wendy let out her breath in a long exhalation, "You know what happened next. I guessed it is probably the common bad habit of the rich men."

But seeing Wendy's disappointment to Gorman, Henson suddenly felt a little happy.

If it wasn't for that ungrateful idiot, he wouldn't have got the chance to be her first man.

First?

Henson raised his eyebrows to stare at Wendy. He wanted to be her only man not just the first one.

"You should not think in that way. In fact, not all rich men are like Gorman."

"Are you implying that you are different from Gorman?"

"Yes."

"Henson, you know that I knew your secret. So how could say you are different?"

"Oh? My secret?" Even he did not know he had got a secret.

"Daisy." Wendy looked at Henson calmly. "You like her, but you still have a night stand with me. You can't deny that it is also a betrayal, can you?"

"You know she has been married to my brother."

Yes, Wendy knew that. And she became more curious about their relationship. So she asked, "It was an unrequited affection? Or... She had been Mason's girlfriend, when you two met."

Hearing this, Henson turned to stare at Wendy's face and became kinda of gloomy, "Getting curious about my past?"

Wendy blushed to deny, "No, you start it first to ask about my past with Gorman. So I think you should tell me why you liked Daisy in exchange."

Henson was not in that mood to explain the question to her. So he said, "Change a topic if you want to get an exchange."

Wendy pouted for Henson was obvious not going to answer her former question.

So she shook her head and said, "No need for that. I'm just joking."

After saying that, Wendy went on her eating silently.

But Henson still kept looking at her for a while. Then he suddenly explained, "I knew her first."

Wendy had left her question behind, so she was a little confused for his sudden words now. "Huh?"

"Daisy, I knew her first." After answering that, Henson picked up his chopsticks to get some new food for himself as if he did not say anything at all.

Wendy suddenly felt his disappointment, which made her feel uncomfortable.

Henson was also being angry at himself now. Da\*m it! How could he really answer her question finally?

"Oh..." Wendy looked carefully at him, thinking. Then after a long while, she responded.

Well, this meant indeed his brother was the extra one in their relationship.

Big news!

But in her mind, Henson would not hand over his girlfriend to his brother with a bow.

Then why... No, wait a minute! Did he just told her the answer? Wasn't unwilling to tell her that before? Then why did he tell her now?

He was really weird.

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 52

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

### Chapter 52 Henson, thank you!

The following day, Wendy was awoken by the ringtone.

She reluctantly picked up the phone. But a scream of Judy came out from the other end of the line.

"What's going on? Judy, why are you screaming? You frightened me."

"What happened?" Wendy yawned to rub her eyes. Then she turned to the wall to check the time.

After Henson left last night, she purposely turned off the alarm, hoping to get a full sleep and wake up naturally.

But it was just 8:30 now.

Why Judy was so early today? When did she ever get up before 10 when she was free?

My dear god! What on earth happened to her?

"Gill didn't get the position. The school gave an official statement, saying that they made a mistake to have published the wrong name. And you are the right one who get the position. What a lame excuse! Hey, what do you think about it? I am so happy to see Gill's failure. Ha ha ha..."

At this time, Wendy finally came to her sense. She knew Henson did it for her.

"Oh?" Wendy said dryly.

"Just oh? That's your only reaction to hear such good news? Why could you be so calm? I know you won't give a da\*m shit about Gill. But when you really showing your outstanding composure, I really want to call you 'Big sister'."

Wendy sat up to comb the hair with her fingers and said with laugh, "My dear little girl, you will be shocked anymore after you come across many other big questions like me."

"Tch." Judy felt a little disappointed with her reaction. But then she laughed and asked, "Then tell me, where should we go this afternoon? You said you wanted to treat me with a big meal before. Then how about today? We could also celebrate it for you for you have regained your position."

Wendy smiled to Judy and said, "All right. You can choose whatever you want, even if they a little expensive."

"You mean it? Do you just win a prize at a lottery?"

"No. It just because that for the past four years, you have helped me a lot. Besides, you told me the good news and we definitely should celebrate for it."

"Alright then, we should... eat the steak in the restaurant near our school."

Wendy smiled and judged, "You are so easy to get satisfied."

"Yes, then 'deal'?"

"Alright, 10: 30 PM. We could meet at the school gate."

After hanging up, Wendy called Henson.

A lazy voice came over the phone, "Hello."

"It's me."

"I know."

"Are... you busy?"

"No." said Henson. Then he suddenly realized that his tone may be a little cold. So he soon asked back, "Why did you get up so early today? Didn't you say that you would be awake until the noon last night?"

In the meeting room, all the managers were all shocked to his words.

Last night...

Could it be that the CEO was dating someone?

Mr. Charles was now talking gently with someone. But how could other people know that he was furious at them just now.

Who was so powerful to change Mr. Charles's attitude?

They were so curious about this mysterious girl. If she could give Henson a good mood every day, they would surely find her and asked for her help with respect.

"Yes. But my roommate woke me up with a call."

"She must be your nemesis."

"Not at all. She just wanted to tell me the good news. Henson, thank you. I have got the news that I have regained the job. Thank you."

Henson smiled and teased her, "I have said many times that, if you really want to show your thanks, then do it with action not words."

"Like?"

After walking out of the meeting room, Henson said, "Like, marry me?"

Wendy blushed. "If you just want to joke around, then I will hang up now."

Henson laughed again and said to her, "But I'm not joking."

"Then I'm really going to hang up."

"Then how about eating lunch with me today?"

"Sorry. But I have already got an appointment with my friend."

"How about evening?"

"But I need to tutor a middle school student tonight. And I won't be free until 8 p.m."

Henson raised his eyebrows with a little disappointment, "Then how could you thank me?"

"Mm..." Wendy thought for a while and decided, "How about tomorrow noon?"

Henson pursed his lips into a smile for Wendy wouldn't just reject him directly now.

It seemed like this woman really wanted to thank him for he had helped her.

"But I will be having a meeting at noon. Let's meet after work in the evening. I'll chose the restaurant."

"Alright."

Wendy could not help but smile to the sunny sky after hanging up.

But then she patted on her face for this strange smile.

Why did she smile to the sky? It was just a normal day. And what's so funny?

Wendy did not know why she was still in a good mood. But then she got up to clean herself and the room. After finishing all the household chores, Wendy left to the school.

She just arrived at school gate on time.

But our Judy was late again.

Two girls passed by her.

Wendy heard their talk. "As you know, he has helped me to solve such a big problem. So I want buy a gift to him. But what should I buy for him?"

"I think you... You could pay him back with yourself." The other girl joked.

"You're so annoying. Could you be more serious and give me some advice about the gift?"

"All right, all right. Does he smoke? If he does, a special lighter will be a good idea. Otherwise, you can buy him an useful gift like a tie or watch."

The two girls had walked away. But Wendy was still covering her red cheeks with hands.

Pay him back with yourself...

Wendy took a long breath for she could clearly feel her hot face.

At this time, Judy jogged to her from not far away. "Wendy, I'm sorry to be late. In order not be outclassed by your beauty, I spent some time in makeup. You would blame me on this, right?" Judy winked at her with an innocent face, but the she found Wendy was a little strange, "Wendy, Why is your face so red?"

"It must be the hot sun. I probably get burnt for having waited you here for a long time"

"That's all my fault. Let's go."

Wendy pulled her back and said, "About that ... You will have a chance to make up it now. "

"What?"

Wendy then whispered something to her.

Judy was shocked about what she just heard. "What? You said what? "

"You hear me."

"Would you want to go back together with Gorman again?"

"Not at all!"

"Then why do you ask me about the gift choice for a man?"

Wendy was a little regretful for having told her about the gift. She should have just to buy the gift herself. Now how could she explain the gift thing to Judy?

Judy took her arm and said, "Hurry up to tell me the truth."

"I have a brother who I told you before. I want to thank him for he just helped me."

Judy was speechless to hear that, "You have been too courteous to your own brother."

"He's my half-brother. And it's better to be a bit more polite."

"OK, then. Just follow me. I'll bring you to a good place to buy the gift. I am sure your brother will be satisfied with the gift."

Wendy felt guilty for having told a lie to Judy. But she still followed her to buy the gift.

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 53

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

### Chapter 53 Powerful backstage supporter.

Judy pulled Wendy to take a cab. Then they arrived at a handmade boutique in a small alley.

Just as Judy said, she could find varied good gifts here.

What's more important, she could also make a gift herself here.

They happily bought the gift and went back to have the steak.

Judy said to Wendy that she would definitely missed this steak after returning to hometown. So in the following days, she would come here to eat everyday.

Wendy felt she was a little exaggerated, but she knew that Judy meant it.

"Wendy, it may be a long time before we could meet again after I leave this city."

Wendy looked at Judy with sadness and said, "Then come back to see me any time when you miss me. I will always stay here anyway."

"Of course. Maybe in less than two months, I will come back t see you."

"Then I can treat you with this steak again."

"That's a deal! You know what. In this morning, I heard that Gill had lost her kid. Could it be that this is the true reason that Gill lost the job?"

Wendy took a good sip of her drink and said, "Judy, let's just forget Gill and Gorman, shall we?"

Judy sighed, "You are so hurt by them. I know. But you still need to find a new boyfriend in the future. Just promise me that you won't give up finding your true love for that trash can."

"No, I will not. I will find a common man to get married. We will have a boy and a girl. I will be a happy teacher and wife. Don't worry."

"You promise?"

"Yes, I make this promise to you." Wendy nodded to smile at Judy.

Before they could finish eating, an unexpected guest also came to this restaurant.

Sitting on opposite side of the door, Judy saw Gorman. She then said unhappily, "The trash man just come here."

Wendy was about to turn around. Then her hand was grabbed by someone, pulling her to the door.

Judy stood up to chase after them. And she shouted to the man, "Gorman, what are you doing now?"

They all arrived at the front door of the restaurant. Then Gorman stood still to say to Judy, "Judy, I have something to say to Wendy. Please wait inside."

"No, Who are you thinking you are?"

"F \* CK off." Gorman scolded at Judy.

Judy was so angry about his attitude, so she tried to have a fight with him. But before she could really do that, Wendy stopped her.

She didn't want Judy to get hurt.

"Judy, you should go inside to go on enjoying your steak."

"No, I can not leave you alone with him."

Wendy shook her head and said, "I will be fine. There are some things that we must end today. We are near the school gate, so I am very safe."

Judy took an anger look at Gorman, then she finally went back to the restaurant.

Wendy then said to Gorman with an indifferent face, "You can say your purposes now."

"Wendy, you are so good! For such a long time, I really have underestimated you. No wonder why you could still be so calm when you saw me and Gill in a bed. You

definitely wouldn't feel bad for you had found a better replacement at that time, right?"

Wendy frowned for she did not know why he said this.

"Tell me the truth. When did you get hooked up with Mr. Charles? You said you had slept with someone. You mean Mr. Charles, right? So it is you that who cheat on me first. I thought you're pure before. But in fact, you're fu\*king a wh\*re."

Wendy slapped Gorman. She ground her teeth and forced out, "Have you said enough?"

Gorman covered his face to glare at Wendy. "You're already angry for embarrassment with such a few sentences? When my mom told me that you had an affair with that Charles, do you fucking know how I feel at that time? Fu\*k! I cherish you so much! How could you betray me to get together with him?"

Wendy raised her chin dryly and just said, "Gorman, we have broken up. Who are you thinking you are now to judge me about my private life?"

"You are shameless."

"So you are doing so great that you chose to sleep with my roommate?"

"You are making excuses. Dare you to tell me when you hooked up with that Charles?"

"You can look down on me, but you should get innocent person involved into our own problems. Henson Charles had nothing to do with our things."

"How could make such a lame excuse to fool me? Then how dare you to call his full name? In the whole San Diego, how many people dare do that? If you did not sleep with him, Henson Charles won't bother to get into your business. You fu\*king slept with him for the job..."

"Yes," Wendy roared to him forcefully to interrupt him, "I slept with Henson. So what? You could sleep with Gill, then why could not I sleep with him? The night I found you cheated on me; I slept with Henson. And it was me who took the initiative."

Gorman raised his hand, trying to slap her.

Wendy raised her chin high to him and said, "Try it if you dare."

Gorman grounded his teeth. Tears welled up in his eyes. Then he lowered his hands, "Why did you do this? I was wrong, but do you know what person Henson is? How could you get involved with him? Wendy, have you ever thought about the terrible consequences? He will destroy you if you stay with him."

"That's my own business."

"You're being stubborn."

Wendy looked at Gorman and said, "You know I hate betrayal the most, but you still betrayed me. Then how could you expect me to beg you to change your mind at that night?"

"I gave up everything so I can not get together with you again. I treated myself hard. And you have made a great contribution to changing me."

Gorman closed his eyes with pain, "At least, I have never betrayed you in terms of my mind."

Wendy made a cold laugh, his mind...

"Sorry, I don't need it anymore. We have already broken up and please don't come to look for me again. As for me, even if I would be hurt by Henson to death, I won't beg for your mercy and help."

Wendy then turned to go back to the restaurant.

Seeing this, Gorman went crazy. He shouted to her, "Wendy, did you ever love me?"

Wendy froze for a moment and said, "No."

"Wendy, I am sure you will regret. I swear to the god that I will make you regret in the end."

"I have already regretted being your girlfriend for thinking you were different from the other rich people. If I could go back to the past, I would keep my mother's words in mind, and say no to you. I feel so ashamed now to have really thought about marrying you to have a life with you."

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 54

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## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 55

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### Chapter 55 I wanted you.

"I told Mrs. Taylor I didn't care about your background. In the future, you will be girl. So she'd better leave you alone."

Wendy looked at Henson in surprise. "Are you serious?"

"You can ask her if you don't believe it."

Wendy blushed. "Then she was probably pissed off."

"Didn't care that."

Wendy looked at him, "May I ask one more question?"

"Go ahead."

"You have so many women around you waiting for your love, then why do you like me? If it is because that you have never met a poor woman like me before or because that I am so miserable which arises your sympathy to me, then you might have misunderstood me and my life. I am not that poor; I just like money."

"About that question, I have two answers. Which one do you want to hear?"

"Truth or lie? I would like to hear both."

"No, they are truth and truth. To put it tactfully, I like to talk with you for you are straightforward to me. To put it directly, I really want to sleep with you."

"Cough, cough," Wendy was startled by his confession. Covering her mouth with her hand, Wendy tried her best to stop herself from coughing and then asked, "So do you love me then?"

Henson looked at her and said the truth, "I just admire you very much now. But it is not love. I need more time."

"So you mean you can sleep with a woman you don't love?"

"You are not just a common woman to me. As I've said, I have a crush on you. So, I can sleep with you without love. And, you are smelling good with some medicinal fragrance."

"Medicinal fragrance?"

"Love potion."

Hearing this, Wendy coughed again.

If it was not for he looked handsome, Wendy would have called the police.

"Henson, I can tell you clearly that I saw the painful life of my mother, so I won't love someone who doesn't love me. So if it is possible, I hope you can change your target. I don't want you to get hurt."

Henson looked at her to purse his lips, "How do you know you will be hurt? You can have a try, and perhaps I am worthy of your trust."

"I'm not suitable for you." Wendy laughed.

"You can't be so sure."

However, Wendy firmly believed they were not suitable.

So she did not reply. Then she took out a beautifully wrapped box. She placed it on the table, pushing it to him.

"What is this?"

"In order to show my gratitude, I bought a gift for you. I know you don't lack anything; perhaps you will think my gift was too cheap, or not worthy of your taste, but I still bought it anyway. I just want my heart be at ease. So if you want to throw it away, please do that after I leave."

Henson raised his eyebrows with some happiness. A gift?

This was his first gift from a woman.

Henson wanted to open it.

But Wendy felt embarrassed, so she stretched out her hand to press the box down. "Can you see it after you go back home?"

Henson raised his eyebrows again and asked, "So mysterious?"

"I just don't want to see the disdain on your face. I will be ashamed."

But Henson still opened the box. It was a dark blue pen.

Taking out the pen, he saw engraved words on it.

“Did you carve these words?”

“I just wrote the characters, but I am not good at carving. So I have someone do that for me.”

Henson looked carefully at the tiny words.

It said, “Henson, thank you.”

Seeing him was sizing up the words, Wendy asked embarrassingly, “Isn’t it a little out of date?”

Henson didn’t say anything. But he stuffed it into his shirt pocket, “How do I look with it?”

Wendy pursed her lips into a smile. “Pretty good, but judging from your taste, it may be ...”

“That’s good,” Henson raised his eyebrows. “I’ll use it carefully.”

Wendy was stunned. So he liked this gift?

It was odd.

In the next morning, Wendy showed up at the gate of Charles Group on time.

Wendy had asked Henson to pretend not knowing her in advance,

So no one knew she was under the cover of Henson to get in this company.

Like a normal new employee, Wendy was busy studying materials of the company.

She should explain the new products to the salesmen.

They have recruited four lecturers.

Each of them was responsible for one product. Wendy got the job to explain the upgraded second-generation air purifier to the salesmen.

She should give them the formal classes a week later. So at present, she have to learn all the details, features, and selling points of the product.

At noon, Wendy received a call from Henson.

"Have you gotten off work already?"

Wendy looked outside from pantry. Then she carefully whispered, "Not yet."

"Why?"

"Because everyone is still studying."

"You don't need to do that. Just come upstairs."

"No, I can't. I will be seen by others."

" But I'm hungry."

Wendy thought about it. "How about ... I leave the lunch box to the receptionist and then your secretary can go down to pick it up for you."

"We are not special agents."

"but I can't get away."

"Then you can just come to find me after you're done. Don't worry, I'm the only one here."

"But ... Our team leader just said he would take us to eat lunch. This is my first day here, so I could not say no to him."

Henson was unhappy. Who was so annoying?

"Then after you finish your eating, you could come to see me."

"But..."

"It's settled. Go back to your work now." Henson hung up the phone soon.

He then called his secretary. "Dayne, find out who is the leader of the Training Department. Then transfer him to another position abroad."

The secretary was stunned for his words. "You mean to transfer him right now?"

"Yes, right now, immediately! In ten minutes, he should leave the company."

"Alright."

"After this, you can get off work and be back at half-past one."

After hanging up, Dayne was puzzled. Why did Mr. Charles care about this trifle? So wired!

Half an hour later, Wendy stepped into the elevator to go up.

The elevator reached the 36th floor. Wendy then got off, carefully looking around.

No one was here.

Wendy walked along the long the road to the end. Then she finally saw the CEO office.

She then knocked on the door.

"Come in."

It was Henson.

After letting out a breath, Wendy pushed open the door to see his face. "It scared me."

"What happened?"

"I don't want to be seen by others here. You don't know how careful I have been. I pressed the 35th floor first to check if there is anyone was there. Then I find there was no one, so I go upstairs."

"What would you do if you have met someone there?"

"Then I could get off the elevator, explaining that I had went the wrong place."

"You have been too careful about this. It seems as if you're having an affair with me, and won't be caught by others." As Henson said this, he walked near to Wendy. Then he almost whispered to Wendy, "How about really having an affair with me?"

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 56

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

Chapter 56 You could pretend to give in.

Hearing this, Wendy immediately jumped away from Henson. She then turned around to look at him, "Henson, if you dare do this again, I will go right now."

Seeing Wendy's blushing face, Henson stopped teasing her. He just sat down to look at the lunchbox.

There were some crab meat, braised beef, and vegetable salad.

"You have cooked so much food."

"Yes. I have to thank you for the help."

Last night, Henson paid the bill. It was only when Wendy tried to pay the bill that she was told that their dinner was free for Henson was their shareholder.

Wendy asked Henson why he didn't tell her before.

Henson just said, "Since you have mourned for your purse, I don't want to ruin your sincere feelings."

Hearing that, Wendy really wanted to give him a bite.

After all, thinking that she should pay such a large amount of the money, Wendy was not in the mood to have a good taste of the wine and the dishes for the whole dinner at all.

After lunch, Wendy went downstairs to the 34th floor first. Then she took the elevator to her 12th floor.

Standing in the elevator, Wendy inexplicably smiled. They were really like a secret couple now.

After getting off work, Wendy politely rejected Henson's advice to send her home by his car. Wendy went downstairs alone and went home by bus.

At the front gate of her community, she saw Bain.

Wendy was a little surprised. "Bain, why are you here?"

"I know you have finished your thesis defense, and I've been thinking of celebrating it with you, but I have been too busy recently."

Wendy chuckled, "I know you are busy. And it doesn't matter."

"But it matters to me. This is a big event and we should celebrate and remember it." Bain pointed to his car and said, "Get in. Let me take you to celebrate it."

"Where are we going?"

"Go and eat," said Bain, who pushed Wendy into the car.

Then they arrived at a restaurant they had eaten many times. After getting Bain's order, the waiter then left the private room.

Bain said, "Wendy, have you got any news about getting the job in your school? Isn't it always your dream?"

Wendy nodded, "Yes, I have got the job, and the rest position has also been taken by the other student from our faculty."

"Must you be a teacher? Auntie has passed away for so many years. You don't have to realize her dream."

Wendy shrugged but she just smiled, saying nothing.

"Wendy, why not come to my company? I have already saved a position for you. If you can come, then we can be together all the time. And then I can take good of you. You don't need to worry about Julia or my mother. And in fact, our father has agreed this."

Wendy just shook her head firmly, "Bain, please just let me live my life. You know I can not get along with the whole Nicholson family."

"But he is your father. If you could just pretend to give in to him, then we could still live together happily."

"I won't do that," Wendy refused and shook her head, "I have no father."

"Wendy, dad indeed also wants to take care of you. You ..."

"Bain, if you keep saying this, I will go back now." Wendy put on a very serious expression. "I have told you that don't ever talk about your family matters to me."

Bain sighed. But before he could say something again, he saw his father leading by a waiter to come in. His mother was also following him.

Bain stood up and frowned to ask, "Dad, Mom, why are you here?"

May glanced at Bain. She then said unhappily, "I called your secretary to ask about you. But he said you had left to have a dinner with your sister. I saw Julia sleeping at home. So I know you have come to see her."

"Mom ..."

"Enough, this woman has brought such a big trouble to our company. How could you still have the mood to eat with her? Bain, what are you thinking now in your head?"

"It has nothing to do with Wendy." Bain said coldly. "Don't just the blame Wendy for everything."

"Am I saying wrong? If it is not for her who dared to get involved with Henson, how could the Charles Group suddenly target our family without warning? Over the past years, we have never been at odds with each other. We never have crossed the bottom line, but because of this woman..."

"Enough!" Ken's voice was indeed not loud but still powerful. Looking at Bain, he ordered, "Bain, you should take your mother out first."

"Dad, mom. Wendy did not do anything wrong. Please don't ..."

Wendy stood up to look at Bain, "Bain, please bring your mother out first."

Bain exhaled and said, "Wendy, how about you going home today. And I'll handle it here."

"Please just leave first." Wendy smiled at him.

Wendy knew that since Ken had brought May to find them. He must have something to say to her. Even if she could leave now, Ken would finally use his own way to bring her back to see him later.

So why she bothered to leave now?

May was annoyed, "Ken, what are you going to say to her? Why do you want me to go out? Her shameless mother..."

"Miss. Nicholson." Wendy turned her face to look at her coldly, "Stop your humiliation on my mother. Or tomorrow, I will reveal my identity to the reporters, as long as you so eager to bring me into your family to get your wealth."

"You bi\*ch! One more word about our money, I will tear your mouth apart."

Ken looked at Bain as if asking him to take his mother out.

Bain sighed. And he knew if his mother kept staying here, she would say more bad words to Wendy.

Thus, he decided to drag May out.

Then only Ken and Wendy were left in the room. Wendy took her seat and moved her gazes away.

Ken looked at her to ask, "How is your graduation?"

"Mr. Nicholson, please don't beat around the bush. Those emotional tricks are not suitable to us."

"Wendy Nicholson." Ken was unhappy for her attitude.

Wendy said, "Anyway, I won't correct your call to me. So just speak."

"What's your relationship with Henson?"

"It's my privacy."

"He's targeting our family. Did you ask him to do this?"

Wendy pursed her lips. Then she thought for a moment and said, "Who knows. Maybe it's me...."

"You ...Wendy. Don't play such small tricks. If you want revenge, you come to us directly. Your mother will also be disappointed if she could know what you have done."

"Like I said before, don't mention my mother."

"Your mother is not bad woman."

"Of course, she isn't," said Wendy. She looked at Kne with resentment. "She's just a fool, who's cheated by you."

Ken frowned to look away, "Wendy, these things aren't that simple as you think. I have my difficulties too."

"I've already told you this emotional play is really suitable." Wendy stood up. "If you just want say this, then could I leave now?"

Ken then hurriedly said, "Break up with Henson. I have arranged a good man for you. You could find a time to meet him. If you two can get on well with each other, then you could marry him and leave San Diego."

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 57

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

### Chapter 57 Enjoy while you can!

"What if I say no?" asked Wendy with her arms crossed.

"You and Henson won't make it."

Balling her fist, Wendy said, "That is my problem, Mr. Nicholson just don't bother to worry for us."

Wendy said this and then picked up her bag to leave.

Bain walked to her, "Wendy."

As Wendy smiled to Bain, May strode to her with indignation. She pulled Bain aside and threatened, "Wendy sl\*t! You should listen carefully to me now, If you dare..."

"Mom," Bain interrupted May. "Please just stop."

"Bain Nicholson. Oh, you think yo have grown up so that you can help this sl\*t' to scold me? Are you really my son? Why are you always trying to piss me off? Huh?"

Wendy smile bitterly to Bain, "I'd better go back first."

Then she sidestepped him. Bain was about to blocked Wendy, but his mother suddenly grabbed his wrist. "You are not allowed to meet this woman again."

Bain shook off May's hand and said, "You have meddled into too many things."

"Bain," May pulled him to stop. Then she said with a sincere face, "I know, you have long known the truth. And I will always support you, but about Wendy, you should remember that she doesn't suit you."

Bain didn't say anything. He just took out his hand and left.

When he went out, Wendy had long gone.

He rubbed his hair with frustration. Da\*n it! F\*ck!

Wendy was a slight dazed in the cab.

The driver asking her for the destination many times, Wendy finally came to her senses, "Please just keep driving first."

After calming down, Wendy called Henson.

She had to know if Henson was really targeting the the Nicholson Group.

But Henson did not pick up.

Wendy then turned to the driver and said, "Let's go to the university road."

Then she called Judy. It went through quickly, "Are you busy now, Judy?"

"No, I'm watching TV."

"I'll go to see you now. Let's eat together tonight."

"Wow, how could you know I haven't eaten yet? Where do you want to eat?"

"It must have wine and meat."

"Hey, do you really want to drink with me? For real?"

"Sure, I will get pick you up soon."

Judy became excited, "Alright, then wait for me."

In the end, they chose to eat the hot pot.

Wendy asked for a private room for them. After ordering the food, Wendy added a dozen bottles of beer. She also asked the waiter to open them immediately.

Judy knew there must be something wrong with Wendy when she saw her.

But Wendy refused to say anything.

She just excused that she wanted to enjoy the final free time before graduation.

After an hour and a half, Henson returned to his office.

He then saw the flashing light of his cell phone on the table.

Unlocking the phone, he found that Wendy should have called him many times.

Henson smiled and dialed back.

No one answered.

So she was angry?

He was patient to call her again. Someone picked it up. But it was a strange voice from a woman.

"Hello, sorry to tell you that Wendy has get drunk, so please call her again tomorrow morning."

But fifteen minutes later, Henson arrived at the restaurant.

Wendy was standing shakily on a chair.

She was surrounded by four waiters and a stylish woman.

Pointing to the crystal light, Wendy said, "I want this. I want this. Give me this."

Judy looked at the person at the door. Wasn't that the legendary Henson? He was so handsome. How could he be more handsome in reality.

But, why would he come here?

"Miss, be careful. Please just come down. If you break the lights, you need to buy it then."

Judy regained her senses a little. Then she hurriedly checked Wendy, "Oh my god, Wendy, come down first. I'll buy you a larger and brighter light, okay?"

"No, I just want this."

"Get the lamp to her. Just give her whatever she wants" Henson's cold voice sounded in the room.

People in the room were all shocked.

Henson took out a card, handing it over to the waiter, "You could use it to pay the fee."

Judy was flabbergasted for this... What... was going on now?

Wendy lowered her head and found Henson. She chuckled to point at his face, "Hen.. son."

After saying that , she swayed and fell.

Henson stormed to catch Wendy. Then he got her into his embrace, helping her to land safely.

Wendy got up on her feet. Then she turned to look at Henson and pointed to the ceiling, "I want it, Henson. I want the big crystal ball."

Without any hesitation, Henson abruptly stepped onto the chair to detach a crystal ball. The lamp looked like as if it was going to fall down soon.

Henson came down to handed the ball to her.

Then Wendy got the crystal ball, holding it into her arms. She then yelled around, "It is mine, mine."

Everyone was stunned for Henson's action.

But Henson just said, "All of you can leave now."

The waiters left, Judy still in shock.

"Are you her roommate?"

Judy nodded her head hurriedly.

He naturally carried Wendy into his arms and said, "I will send her home. And you could go back to have a rest now."

With the crystal ball, Wendy became quieter and obedient.

At first, Judy was in a daze. But after Henson walked out with Wendy, she suddenly realized that how could she just allow Henson to carried Wendy away?

She then chased after him.

Henson walking very fast, he had reached the door. And Wendy had been shoved into the carriage.

Judy just stepped forward and shouted, "Wait a minute, sir! We don't know each other. How could you just bring my friend away?"

"According to this rule, I don't know you either. Then I can't leave her to you either."

"We're roommates."

Henson then said confidently, "But Wendy and I have a closer relationship."

Hearing this, Judy was really startled for a moment. But then she found a pen in his coat pocket.

Judy's mouth was almost arched for seeing this.

Wendy had once told her that her identity was not that graceful.

So Judy once jokingly asked her, "So are you an illegitimate daughter of a crazy rich family?"

Wendy did not reply at that time. She just lowered her sad eyes.

Judy then believed that she had guessed right.

Now seeing this pen, she was even more certain that her guess was right.

"Are ...You... Her brother?"

Henson raised his eyebrows with a little surprise, "How do you know that she has a brother?"

Judy pointed to the pen. "We went to the shop to pick this together. She said it was for her brother and had it curved. But she didn't let me see the words."

Henson lowering his head, he looked at the pen and asked, "Then, can I take her away now?"

Judy nodded to him, "Then please take good care of Wendy."

Henson turned around to look at Wendy with a playful look.

"Of course."

What a rare opportunity it was! He definitely would take good care of her.

# Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 58

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

## Chapter 58 You seduced me first.

On the way home, Wendy rested her head on his shoulder. She desperately hugged the crystal ball, falling into sleep.

But as the driver swung the car around a corner, Wendy sat upright to give out a dry cough.

“Stop!”

The driver hurriedly pulled over.

Wendy then immediately stormed out. She retched again along the road.

Henson got out of the car to pat on her back.

“Why do you drink so mach?”

Wendy turned her head to look at him dazedly. “Huh...Henson.” Hiccup. ” ha, ha. You are Henson Charles.”

“Yes, I am Henson Charles.”

Wendy shook her head and said, “Um, no. I can't be friends with Henson Charles. Henson Charles... Burp, is a plague.”

“Why do you call him a plague?”

“Henson is the partner of the Nicholson family. I should go away from anything that related to the Nicholson family. They are all a plague.”

Wendy then knelt down for her weak feet and. Then she wrapped the arms around the big tree in front of her.

“Mr. Tree, how about being a sister of mine? From this moment, you are my sister, okay?”

After saying this, Wendy held onto Henson's collar. “Henson, I have a relative now.”

Wendy said this with a giggle, he feeling painful and sad in his heart.

He held Wendy up by her shoulders and said, “Come on, let me take you back.”

"I'm not leaving. I want to be with my relatives forever."

Henson whispered. "Let us bring she home, okay?"

"Really?"

"I never tell lies."

Holding the crystal ball with one hand, Wendy tried to stand up with the other hand.

However, instantly, a wave of disgust surged up from her stomach. Then she threw up all over Henson without any warning.

Henson then gaped in astonishment for the first time.

But on the other hand, Wendy was laughing at him, "Henson, you are dirty."

Henson clenched his teeth to hold back the urge to be angry at her. If she were not drunkn, he would...

Henson quickly took off his jacket and just threw it away directly. He then carried Wendy into his arms and said, "Get into the car, and go home now."

But the crystal ball instantly falling from her arms, she then scrambled up to get it back.

Henson frowned. "You really like it so much?"

Wendy put a finger on her lips. Then she shooed and looked around cautiously, "I'm telling you that it's a magic ball. I can use it to get back my mother."

After saying that, Wendy laughed.

Henson frowned slightly, shoving her back into the car.

The driver sitting in the car, he dared not to make a sound.

After seeing that she was still be OK after puking on Henson's suit, he could not feel more respectful at Miss Evans.

If anyone else did this, they would probably be beaten to death.

By the time they returned to villa, Wendy should have fallen asleep.

Henson carrying her back to his room, the Butler ran to help.

Seeing the dirty puke on Henson, Donald was also startled. "Sir, please just go to clean yourself. And I will take care of Miss Evans here."

Henson placed Wendy on the bed. Then he was about to get up and leave. But Wendy suddenly hugged him as if she was afraid of losing him. "Mom, don't go."

Henson heard that. So he then once again carried her into her arms. Then he turned to look at Butler and said, "You can go back to have a rest now. I can do this."

"But..."

"I can." Henson said it again.

The Butler then left. Henson then took Wendy to the bathroom.

He took off his jacket to clean himself. Then he tried to clean Wendy.

But after just taking off her clothes, Henson could not help but feel dry in his mouth. But he kept telling himself that he should resist this urge.

Just after Henson showering her whole her body, Wendy seemed boneless to slip into his arms.

It turned him on.

Wendy naturally embraced him. Then she even arched her body to get nearer to him. It seemed that she was trying to find a comfortable position.

After Wendy had done such things, Henson finally gave into his lust.

He then turned off the shower, carried Wendy back to the bed in his bedroom.

"Wendy, you seduced me first."

After saying that, Henson bend to kiss on her soft lips.

"Ugh ..."

Wendy could barely breathe for his kiss.

With a slight moan, she shrank into Henson's embrace. Then she instinctively wrapped her arms around Henson's waist.

It was like an allowance from Wendy. So Henson moved his kiss down.

Wendy could not tell the dream from the reality now.

When Henson wanted to get the real move, Wendy suddenly shrank back for pain. Then she covered her eyes with her hands and started sobbing.

Henson's heart tightened for this. He stopped to embrace her instantly.

Tears almost choked her. "Mom... I hate you. Why not bring me away with you? I hate this world. I hate them. Why do you leave me behind? Why could anyone else have a good father?"

Wendy hugged Henson tightly and said, "Please take me away. I don't want to see them anymore... I don't like them."

Henson gently embraced her and caressed her. "I am here, and everything will just be fine."

She then cried to fall asleep.

Henson was hugged tightly.

Even he had the lust, but he couldn't do anything.

After all, taking advantage of Wendy's drunk state was not right at all.

For the first time he found that Wendy was truly a demon.

He fell into her hands once and again.

But he swore to himself that when she was awake next time, he would punish her for this.

Wendy had a good sleep and woke up naturally. She opened her eyes with a blank mind.

The strange environment... She frowned slightly to see that.

After thinking for a while, Wendy abruptly sat up.

She looked down at her naked body in the bed. Then after seeing around, she started to feel frightened.

What happened?

Didn't she drink with Judy last night?

Wendy bit her lip, she looking almost crying.

Henson then pushed open the door and walked in.

For some inexplicable reason, when she saw Henson, she heaved a sigh of relief instinctively.

After all, if she had made the same mistakes twice to sleep with two different men after getting drunk, she would probably break down to kill herself.

Her was not that open to accept that.

Her innocent expression made Henson want to smile. But he held back it. "You're awake?"

Wendy scratched her forehead and asked, "Why am I here?"

"I'm also very curious that why did you call me last night? And why did you want me to take you home? Did something happen yesterday?"

"Huh?" Wendy bit her lips gently. then she unconsciously sized the blanket tightly, "Did I really do that?"

"Otherwise... why could show up in my bedroom?"

Wendy blushed. "No. How could it be possible. I went out with Judy last night. Why would I call you?"

"I don't know. I only know you hugged me tight yesterday. And you even puked all over me."

Hearing this, Wendy immediately held her breath. She covered her mouth. Then she blinked at him innocently and said, "No, I don't remember that part."

"I know you will forget that. So I ask them to keep the evidence in the yard. It hasn't been washed. How about going down to see it with your own eyes?"

Wendy's face instantly turned red. "I'm sorry. I must be crazy."

"Forget that first. Won't you get up? The chapel has already opened."

"So... what?"

## Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 59

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

Chapter 59 Find me a mouse hole.

"Didn't you ask me to marry you?"

Wendy burped in fright to look at him, "Did I?"

"Yes, it's you, you said you want me to marry you to help you fight monsters. And the Nicholson family is the monster. What did Nicholson family do to you yesterday? Wake up! Let's get married. Then I will help you in that."

Wendy didn't want to listen more. She needed a mouse hole to calm down.

"That... Henson... I was drunk and just said some nonsense. Just pretend you did not hear it please."

"I just knew you wanted to marry me, so you came to my house in the night and even offered yourself to me."

Wendy went blank. She did recall some erotic scenes.

Wasn't that her dream?

She bit her thumb, feeling ashamed, embarrassed.

"Why not say anything anymore?"

"I'm thinking if I can find a mouse hole in such a luxurious house."

Henson could not help laughing out. Then he shook head to leave the room.

Wendy was a little broken down. She patted heavily on her head twice. Turning around to lie on the bed, Wendy hit her head to the pillow.

Wendy was going crazy for shame.

Before she could be clam again, Henson returned.

Seeing this, Henson wanted to laugh but then held it back.

She tortured him for a whole night.

How could he let her off the hook easily today?

Just a second later, Wendy had sat up straight to look at him.

Henson placed some new clothes on the bed to her. "Your clothes are dirty. I get these for you."

Henson went out. And Wendy took a bath with grave feelings. She changed the clothes and went downstairs.

On the way to the first floor, Wendy found all the servants were looking at her strangely.

She then arrived at the living room. Henson said, "Come here to eat breakfast."

"Thanks, but I'm not hungry." Wendy shook her head.

She checked the time and exaggeratedly said to herself, "Oh my, it's late. I need leave now."

"You still have an hour and a half."

"...The bus is slow."

"After having breakfast, I'll take you to the company by car. After all, there is a thing that we need do together before work."

Wendy blushed. Did he... really want to take her to get married?

"I really do not need breakfast today."

Henson said calmly, "Donald, please take Miss Evans to the seat."

Feeling embarrassed, Wendy could only sit in front of him. "Can I talk with you alone?"

Henson waving his hand, Donald led the people out.

Wendy apologized shamefully, "I don't know what I have said to you last night. I was drunk. I don't plan to get married with you."

"Miss Evans, do you have a double personality?"

"I've already said I was drunk. But I'm sober now. Henson, can't we just forget it?"

Henson could not bear to see Wendy's devastated face, so he moved the topic on, "Alright, I can forget it this time but next time..."

Wendy shook her head firmly. "No next time. I need stop drinking."

"Then eat."

Wendy nodded to have some bread. Then she asked, "Last night, did we ..."

Wendy stopped for she did not know how to say that.

Henson smirked. "Do you want to ask if we had sex last night?"

Wendy blushed and nodded.

"I'm a gentleman."

Wendy exhaled in relief.

But then she heard, "Before the the real move, I stopped for I don't want to be said to take advantage of your drunk state."

What?

Wendy swallowed.

So the former steps?

So the red mark on her body was not an alcohol allergy.

So awkward.

She did not say anything, but just finished the meal.

Before they left home, Henson pointed at the crystal lamp on the table.

"Don't you need your magic ball?"

She then turned her head, feeling confused. "Magic ball... What?"

Henson shook his head to laugh. Then he turned and walked out.

Wendy scratched her brow.

What did he mean?

Walking out into the courtyard, she saw someone planting a tree.

Why did they suddenly add a cherry blossom here?

Henson turned to look at her naturally, "I've planted your sister here. When missing her, just come and see her at any time."

"Huh?" Wendy's stunned again.

Henson looked at her with suppressed laugh, "Don't you think it looks familiar? "

Wendy looked at him speechlessly. "What're you talking about?"

Henson laughed, "Just forget it. You'd better not remember it for your own good. Let's go."

At the gate, Henson got into the car. But Wendy said worriedly, "It's not appropriate for me to take your car."

“Two choices for you. Getting late or getting into my car. ”

Without saying anything further, Wendy opened the door and got inside.

It was quiet in the car. Wendy turned around to look at the scenery outside.

When they passed by a street with cherry blossoms trees, a terrifying scene flashed through her mind ...

“Oh my.” Wendy put her hand on her lips.

Henson looked at her to ask. “What happened?”

“That tree.” Wendy said. “In your courtyard ...”

“So you remember it now?”

Her face flushed red immediately. “I... must be dreaming. ”

“No, I remember that you made an oath with the tree. You hugged it so tight that I could only promise you to bring it home, then you’re willing to let go of it. I kept my promise and got the tree back for you. Don’t be too grateful. Anyway, you were drunk.”

Wendy closed her eyes shamefully.

Henson hugged his chest, “I just don’t know you treated the tree as your younger or elder sister? But judging by the age, it definitely was elder than you.”

Wendy said nothing but still turned to glare at him.

Henson said calmly, “What’s wrong? Or in fact, you wanted to treat it as your daughter? ”

Wendy gritted her teeth, “You’d better shut up now.”

“Alright.” Henson answered indifferently. But he couldn’t help but smile to the view outside.

Wendy was truly too interesting.

## Mr. Charles’ s Hidden Wife Chapter 60

[/ Mr. Charles’ s Hidden Wife](#)

### Chapter 60 The mistress

It's not far from the company. Wendy insisted on getting off from the car at the intersection.

She then carried her bag, jogging to the office.

She was not late in the end.

But still she was the last one to arrive.

Feeling a bit guilty, Wendy returned to her seat. Then, she started to look through the files.

After two hours, she stood up to stretch her muscles. Then she went to the pantry to get some water.

Voices of women were heard.

"One hundred percent."

"You can not be so sure."

"Didn't you see the clothes? That's Chanel. 10,000 dollars. I can recognize the false product. Hers are genuine."

"That's right, how could a university student who just graduated afford Chanel? She must be the mistress of Johnson."

"Look at her sl\*t face. How could a good girl look like that."

She pushed the door open. Then she walked in.

They immediately shut up.

Wendy just politely smiled at them. Then she took the water, and left.

As she went back to her seat, her cell phone rang.

It's Bain. Wendy immediately flipped the phone over and did not pick up.

At noon, after work, everyone began to leave.

Intern Avril walked over.

"Wendy, eat together?"

Wendy closed the document. "OK."

They went downstairs. Then she ordered a lunch box.

While waiting for the food, her cell phone rang again.

Seeing the name of Henson, she said to Avril, "I'm going to pick up this call first."

Wendy picked it up in a low voice, "Hello."

"When are you off your work?"

"I've already been in the canteen for lunch."

"Then what about my lunch?"

"You know I didn't have time to do it."

"So, you're saying I won't have the lunch food?"

Wendy pursed her lips, "But I didn't cook, then how could I give it to you?"

"I'll get my secretary to prepare our lunch. Come up to eat with me. I don't want to eat alone."

"But I have been here with my colleagues and even ordered the food."

As she said this, her food was ready.

Before hanging up, Wendy hurriedly said, "That's it. My food is ready."

Henson was unhappy but won't be hurried.

Wendy then brought the food to sit in front of Avril.

She said with smile, "This is my first time to see people like you would eat the lunch box. I thought you rich people wouldn't eat these. Before I was a little worried being rejected by you to eat me. You are indeed nicer."

"Rich people?" Wendy felt a little confused and asked, "Are you saying me?"

"Yep."

Wendy smiled speechlessly, "I'm not rich at all."

"You must be kidding."

Wendy felt more confused, "I'm not joking. And I'm really a poor. How would you misunderstand that?"

"You wear Chanel, and you say you are poor. Then we common people can only call ourselves beggars."

Chanel? Second times to hear the word today.

Wendy lowered her head to check her clothes. Could these be... Chanel?

Wendy didn't know the brand, so she just wore them to the company.

So, that group of people were discussing her in the morning?

"These are just replicas." Wendy said calmly.

"But one of our colleague claimed your clothes were 100% authentic."

"If I have such a large sum of money, I will spend it as a rent." Wendy said and then ate her food calmly.

Avril looked at Wendy in disbelief, "Really?"

Wendy smiled, "Why would I lie?"

Avril was still a little skeptical but she did not say anything.

After lunch, they went upstairs together.

In the office, a lot of people gathered around to chat. When they came back, they cast some look to them.

Avril quickly returned to her seat.

Wendy went to the pantry. While she was drinking the water, she called Judy.

In a few seconds, Judy picked up the phone. Then she asked lazily, "Are you sober now?"

"What the hell happened last night?"

"How could I know? You look like you will drink to death. Speaking of last night, your secret brother is so handsome. Does he have a girlfriend now?"

"The news did not mention that he was having a girlfriend. So I still have a chance, right? How about introducing me to him? If I can get marry with him, I will be your sister-in-law."

"My brother?" Wendy was more puzzled. Did Bain come to find her last night?

"Wait a moment. What brother?"

"He sent you home last night. Don't you know that?"

"Who?"

"Your brother came to get you home last night. Did he just leave your house after that?"

"Which brother?" Wendy was more confused. Wasn't it the Henson that took her home yesterday?

Thinking of that there were so many Charles in that family, Judy said clearly, "The owner of the pen. Your brother Henson."

"Er... Judy..."

"Alright, stop it. I saw Henson yesterday. He came to the restaurant to pick you up. You secret princess. Your brother is so nice to you."

"What?"

"Even I felt embarrassed for you. Do you remember the lamp thing in the restaurant? You kept trying to pull down the lamp from the ceiling of the restaurant."

Wendy blushed, "Wasn't it a dream?"

"No."

"Then?"

"Your brother just took out his card and threw it to the waiter to buy it. Then he jumped onto the chair to pulled a lamp down for you."

"Burp."

Thinking of the crystal ball in his house, Wendy squatted down to covered her face with shame.

Da\*n, it was so embarrassing.

How would she face him now?

God! What could she do?

She wanted to dig a hole to live in it forever.

Someone opened the door to see Wendy squatting there. But she just shot her a glance and went off to make coffee.

Wendy then stood up and said, "Judy, I need go back to work now. Let us talk later."

After hanging up, she picked up the cup to leave.

But suddenly the girl that just went into the room also turned around.