

# Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 7

## Chapter 7 Have a meal with him.

It was a hot noon. Wendy went into the hall of Charles Group.

The driver took her to the parking lot underground. He showed Wendy the car she saw yesterday.

"Miss Evans. Here is the key to the car. Then I am leaving."

Wendy took the key but didn't know what to do.

Before Henson asked her on the phone, "Have you got a driver's license?"

"Yes." She said.

And that was true.

But having a license didn't mean that she was able to drive.

She went around the black car. After a sigh, she prepared to get in.

But before she could pressed button on the key, the rear door opened itself.

Henson went out.

Wendy was surprised, "Mr. Charles, why are you in the car?"

"This is my car. Can't I stay there? "

"That's not what I meant. I mean isn't this car supposed to be handed to me to get washed?"

Henson said with a knowing look, "But You can't drive."

Wendy looked at him with shock.

Henson opened his hands, "Give me the key and get in."

Then Henson took the driver's seat. When he found she was about to sit in the back, Henson said calmly, "Stay next to me or I looked as if I am your driver."

Wendy thought for a moment and sat next to him.

Henson started the car. Wendy said politely, "I'm sorry for dirtying your car. And thanks for driving me to wash this car."

"I'll give you a chance to repay me. Before washing this car, I need you to do a thing for me. Then we are even."

"What thing?"

"Have a meal with me."

"A meal? But I'm not hungry. And it's not that appropriate to eat with you alone."

"My car is very expensive, the dirty blanket which can't use now is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars. I'll give you a 50% discount. Then you just needed pay me 50 thousand dollars. So do you want to give me money or accompany me to have a meal?"

"This is a blackmail."

"I learned from you yesterday. Raising the price for no reason, right?"

She looked at him unhappily, "Are all capitalists so fussy like you?"

"Haven't you heard that? The more money you have, the meaner you will be. So what is your choice? Money or food? "

"I'll eat." She was resilient and could change soon if she had to.

But when she saw his meaningful smile, she couldn't help feeling that something was wrong.

The car suddenly got quiet. She let out a breath, but still felt uneasy.

"Music?"

She shook her head, "No, thanks."

"Just relax."

"But I am very relaxed."

"Oh?" His wore a smile but it looked like a mock.

She was angry for she was relaxed indeed.

"Mr. Charles, do you have a crush on me now? For that night? "

Henson took a glance at her.

She pursed her lips for his look. It seemed like she had thought too much.

“Ha ha, I thought too much.”

The car stopped in front of the dining hall. Henson pointed to the back of the car, “You could wear the clothes there.”

“Change clothes here?”

“My car is safe.”

He got out of the car and waited next to the door.

In a few minutes, she put on the new clothes and got out of the car.

He looked at her with satisfaction.

He took her wrist and naturally stuffed it under his arm.

The two went upstairs, “Your task is just to laugh and eat. And you don’t need talk too much.”

She suddenly felt that it was not a common meal.

It was until they entered the room that Wendy realized that they were going to eat with a woman.

## Chapter 7 Have a meal with him.

It was a hot noon. Wendy went into the hall of Charles Group.

The driver took her to the parking lot underground. He showed Wendy the car she saw yesterday.

“Miss Evans. Here is the key to the car. Then I am leaving.”

Wendy took the key but didn’t know what to do.

Before Henson asked her on the phone, “Have you got a driver’s license?”

“Yes.” She said.

And that was true.

But having a license didn’t mean that she was able to drive.

She went around the black car. After a sigh, she prepared to get in.

But before she could pressed button on the key, the rear door opened itself.

Henson went out.

Wendy was surprised, "Mr. Charles, why are you in the car?"

"This is my car. Can't I stay there? "

"That's not what I meant. I mean isn't this car supposed to be handed to me to get washed?"

Henson said with a knowing look, "But You can't drive."

Wendy looked at him with shock.

Henson opened his hands, "Give me the key and get in."

Then Henson took the driver's seat. When he found she was about to sit in the back, Henson said calmly, "Stay next to me or I looked as if I am your driver."

Wendy thought for a moment and sat next to him.

Henson started the car. Wendy said politely, "I'm sorry for dirtying your car. And thanks for driving me to wash this car."

"I'll give you a chance to repay me. Before washing this car, I need you to do a thing for me. Then we are even."

"What thing?"

"Have a meal with me."

"A meal? But I'm not hungry. And it's not that appropriate to eat with you alone."

"My car is very expensive, the dirty blanket which can't use now is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars. I'll give you a 50% discount. Then you just needed pay me 50 thousand dollars. So do you want to give me money or accompany me to have a meal?"

"This is a blackmail."

"I learned from you yesterday. Raising the price for no reason, right?"

She looked at him unhappily, "Are all capitalists so fussy like you?"

"Haven't you heard that? The more money you have, the meaner you will be. So what is your choice? Money or food? "

"I'll eat." She was resilient and could change soon if she had to.

But when she saw his meaningful smile, she couldn't help feeling that something was wrong.

The car suddenly got quiet. She let out a breath, but still felt uneasy.

"Music?"

She shook her head, "No, thanks."

"Just relax."

"But I am very relaxed."

"Oh?" His wore a smile but it looked like a mock.

She was angry for she was relaxed indeed.

"Mr. Charles, do you have a crush on me now? For that night? "

Henson took a glance at her.

She pursed her lips for his look. It seemed like she had thought too much.

"Ha ha, I thought too much."

The car stopped in front of the dining hall. Henson pointed to the back of the car, "You could wear the clothes there."

"Change clothes here?"

"My car is safe."

He got out of the car and waited next to the door.

In a few minutes, she put on the new clothes and got out of the car.

He looked at her with satisfaction.

He took her wrist and naturally stuffed it under his arm.

The two went upstairs, "Your task is just to laugh and eat. And you don't need talk too much."

She suddenly felt that it was not a common meal.

It was until they entered the room that Wendy realized that they were going to eat with a woman.