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Henson got his teacup and took a sip of his tea indifferently.

"I am not targeting them for that life. They are just suffering such a little pain."

Mason raised his eyebrows and asked. "Oh? You seem implying something."

Henson pursed his lips to smile. "Mason, don't worry me. I have my plan."

Mason then didn't say anything else.

Besides, Daisy was refused by Wendy in cooking. Then she could only stand them, watching at her silently.

"Daisy, you can go to have a rest. I can handle this."

"The men are talking business, which I know nothing about. So I'd better stay here with you."

Wendy smiled and didn't say anything.

Daisy pursed her lips and tried to start a conversation. "The game... was quite interesting."

"Yea."

"I like it." She could be with Henson easily in the game.

She was really happy just now as a teammate with him.

Henson suddenly got up and walked to them.

Daisy then suggested, "Henson, we should find a cook to do this. The smoke is not good for our girls' skin."

Henson hugged his chest. He did not answered her but just stared at the Wendy to ask, "Do you need help?"

Wendy refused again, "I admit defeat and accept the punishment."

Daisy laughed helplessly, "Wendy, we didn't take it seriously. It's just a game."

Henson pointed the seat not far. "Daisy, you can have a seat there. I will stay here with her."

"No. You should go there. It's better for me to stay here to help Wendy."

They acting so humble, Wendy felt that she was unnecessary.

"Then you should stay here. I can go there and have a rest."

Henson pulled over a chair beside her. He sat down. "My kitty gets angry. Come here and have a kiss.

"

Goosebumps then crept all over Wendy.

Daisy felt awkward. She laughed to stand up, "Then you two stay here, I am leaving now."

"Aren't you afraid of hurting her feelings?" asked Wendy.

"I don't want to hurt your heart."

Wendy rolled his eyes for his two faces. He must be the best liar in the world.

Henson crossed his legs. "If you aren't good at the game, you should not suggest playing it. Or you would only bring trouble to yourself."

Wendy became more annoyed to hear this. She smeared more seasonings on the skewers on purpose. The oil almost flied onto Henson.

"Did I say anything wrong?"

Wendy snorted but ignored him.

Henson lovingly poked Wendy at her temple. "Your bad suggestion make you lose. Then I'm not allowed to make a comment, am I?"

"Henson, have you lied to me on the game?"

"Why should I do that?"

"How could you play so well if you are a newbie?"

"Because I have sharp eyes and clear mind. So you mean it's my fault to be so clever?"

"Are you implying that I lost the game for I'm stupid?"

"I'm just reminding you not to play puzzles with the smart guys."

"UNO does not belong to a puzzle."

"So you mean you can not even win such an easy game? How should I put this? Should I praise you simple or call you stupid?"

"You capitalists are black-hearted devil."

Henson caressed her head gently.

Wendy dodged his hand.

Not far away, Mason looked at them with interest.

Turning around to take a look, Howell snickered, "Hey, don't you think Henson and Sister Wendy are a perfect match?"

Mason just looked at Daisy.

She lifted the teacup with a little frustration. Then she took a sip of tea, and pursed her lips to say, "Um, They are."

Mason then also lifted the cup to have a drink and said, "I think so too."

After lunch, Mason wanted to get a rest in his room.

So Daisy pushed him back to their room at the first floor.

Howell's room was on the second floor. He claimed he would go back to play games.

Henson then hugged Wendy to the third floor.

Just as they went into the room, Wendy lazily sat down on the sofa.

"Won't you go to the bed?"

"No, you can have the bed. I will sleep on the sofa."

Wendy exaggeratedly said with a calm face, "Wow! How soft and comfortable this sofa is."

As she spoke, she lay down quickly on it.

Henson walking over leisurely, Wendy vigilantly sat up to look at him.

"I choose the sofa. That bed is too big for me. I don't like to sleep alone."

Henson then sat down beside her and continued saying, "You can sleep on the bed with me and I won't touch you. Or you and I can hugged together on the sofa to have a rest .

"You really like offering me choices.

"

"You said I was bossy. Now I give you choices. It proves I am slowly changing because of you."

"But what are the differences between the two choices?"

"Sleeping on the sofa is a better choice for me even if it will be not that comfortable for I can hug you."

Wendy standing up and rolled to him. She walked the bed and lay down at one side.

Henson returned to the bed with satisfaction.

He sitting down, Wendy sat up suddenly. "Have I lost face at lunch today?"

Wendy could not understand isn't it the point of a barbecue to eat freely and happily?

Why did they need to cut the meat down from the skewers to a plate and then eat it with a fork?

In fact, it was them that were particular in this.

But why she felt that she was more uncivilized and wrong.

Thinking of the lunch, Henson could not help but smiled.

Wendy tried to be herself in her way, but she also wanted to join them. Her ambivalence looked funny.

"No, you're very cute. You lived a more real life than us."

Wendy then lay down in relief.

Even if it was a self-hypnosis, she would also like to take it.

No, she did not need to be ashamed of that. No at all.

Henson lying beside her, Wendy thought she would not be able to fall asleep easily.

Unexpectedly, she fall into sleep so quickly.

It was already four in the afternoon when she became awake again.

Henson was not in the room.

Wendy stretched. Then she washed face and went downstairs.

Beside the lake, she found Henson and Mason were playing chess.

Daisy watching beside them, Howell was also lying on the chair and playing games.

Seeing Wendy walking out, Daisy waved her hand to her. "Wendy, come here."

Wendy smiled lazily. "OK."

Wendy looked at Henson, "Why not wake me up early?"

"You looked tired. So I wanted you have a full rest."

Howell laughed out loud. "Henson, can you avoid these these bedroom topics in front of me? I am still a child. Haha..."

Wendy blushed all of a sudden... Tired... Such an ambiguous word in this situation. Why did this annoying Henson say this in this way?

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Wendy felt embarrassed.

After having dinner together, Daisy pushed Mason out to have a walk around first.

They leaving the lake, Wendy concluded with confusion, "It's strange."

"What?"

"I could feel Daisy's love for you. But seeing her getting on well with Mason naturally, I also think they might be a good couple. Their relationship must also be very good, right?"

Henson shifted his gaze to the dark lake in the distance. And he did not answer the question.

Wendy pursed her lips, thinking that she might have said something wrong. Then she also shut her mouth up.

The peaceful midsummer night by the lake was as beautiful as a painting. They looked like the two silent figures in it.

The melodious soundings from the cicadas and frogs plus the warm summer breeze...

This moment suddenly got roots into her head and become eternal.

Many years later when Wendy thought of this scene, she could still felt the same happiness.

Daisy and Mason came back in half an hour.

She had already been in a sweat for pushing Mason around.

After asking Henson and Wendy for help in taking care of Mason, she went inside to take a bath herself.

Mason and Henson then chatted. But Wendy kept silent all the time. So he asked, "Wendy, when do you plan to hold the wedding ceremony with Henson?"

"Huh?" Wendy froze. "That ... is too soon."

"In this year. But if we are too busy, we may delay it to next year."

"Then... Shouldn't our parents meet first now? I still have known nothing about your parents. What are they?"

Wendy clenched her fist and said, "I..."

She didn't know how to answer his question.

Henson laughed, "Mason, her mother had passed away. We'd better not mention it anymore."

Mason nodded his head, "Sorry, Wendy."

Wendy just smiled and said, "That's all right."

"It's getting late. Shouldn't we go back now?" asked Mason after checking his watch.

Henson stood up to push Mason's wheelchair. Then he ordered Wendy, "Wendy, you could go inside to tell Daisy that we are coming. So she can get prepared."

"Alright."

Wendy then entered the villa first.

Arriving at Mason's room, Wendy knocked on the door. But no one answered.

She then pushed the door open and walked inside.

"Daisy."

Still, there was no reply. She was becoming more and more confused.

She looked to the bathroom. Then after hesitating for a moment, she headed to it and called her name again, "Daisy."

Still, no one answered her.

Wendy then gently pushed open the door to look inside.

Behind the thin, translucent white curtain was a huge white tub.

The tub was full of water. A layer of red rose petals floated like blood on it.

There was a cup of red wine on the edge of the tub.

Daisy's wet hair scatted around, she lay her head on her arms on the edge of the tub with eyes closed.

Wendy's legs softened for this picture and she staggered a step back.

At the moment, the stormy night from five years ago come up in her mind vividly.

The bathtub stained with blood, her mother was lifeless in it. The flowing blood water covered the floor...

Wendy covered her ears and closed her eyes. Then she squatted with unstopple sharp scream.

"Ah... Ahh!"

Daisy was jolted awake by her scream.

Seeing Wendy, she quickly got up to put on her bathrobe. Then she walked to her.

"Wendy, are you alright?"

And at this time, Henson and Mason were getting into the living room. They both heard her screams.

Henson left Mason behind and rushed to the room.

At the bathroom door, he saw Wendy squatting and screaming.

Daisy's hair was still wet. She tried but did not know how to help Wendy.
"Wendy."

Henson stepped forward to hug her gently. Then he looked at Daisy to ask,
"What's going on?"

Daisy looked at him strangely. Then she shook her head, "I don't know. I fell asleep before. Then I was woken up by her sudden screams. Then I saw the same scene like now. Henson, I..."

Henson did not make a reply. He just lowered his head to look at Wendy. Then he pulled Wendy into his embrace.

"It's all fine now. Wendy, I'm here."

Henson's care and gentleness to Wendy shot Daisy like a knife.

She was so envious of Wendy now. And she thought she was going crazy.

In fact Wendy didn't know what she was doing now. She didn't even know that she was screaming in the bathroom.

In her mind, the only thing she could recall was the bloody bathtub, in which her mother was lying with a pale face in contrast with the red wine in the glass scatted on the floor.

That deep-rooted fear went up again to strike her heart fiercely .

She was very scared. She even could not help trembling for this.

Her screams attracted Howell too.

Howell going downstairs, he saw Mason struggling to return to the room. So she pushed Mason in.

Howell anxiously asked, "What's going on? Henson?"

Daisy stood up to get out from the bathroom in her bathrobe.

She came to Mason's and half-squatted in front of him with a grievance. "I don't know what happened to Wendy. I fell asleep in the bathtub. Then Wendy begin to scream and I woke up at that time. I really don't know what happened."

Mason looked at Daisy gently and caressed her head. He then patted her hand on his knee and said, "Don't worry! Henson will deal with this."

Daisy closed her eyes. Tears welled up in her eyes.

She was also shocked by Wendy.

Henson cupped Wendy's face with both hands to force her to look at him.

"Wendy. Open your eyes. I am Henson. Look at me."

Henson's face entering into her sight, the false scene in her mind instantly broke down into pieces.

Wendy threw herself at Henson as if she found her lifesaver. Then she hugged him tightly.

"Henson..."

Henson felt her deep fear.

With a arm around her waist and the other hand on her head, Henson said gently to her, "Everything is OK now. You are safe."

The room then fell into silence.

Henson carried Wendy. Then he said, "I'll take her back. Sorry for all this. Please have a rest now."

Then they went upstairs.

Henson put Wendy on the bed.

He sat on the bed. Then he gently caressed Wendy's forehead. "Are you willing to tell me what just happened now?"

Wendy looked at him first, then she shook her head.

Henson stroked her hair gently and continued asking, "Then... Do you want to have some time yourself? "

Wendy still did not speak.

Henson thought she tacitly agreed with that. So he stood up.

But as he stood up, Wendy reached out a hand to stop him by grasping his sleeve.

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He could feel the deep fear in Wendy's eyes as she looked at him.

He didn't know the reason.

But now he knew that she wanted him to stay.

He then laid down beside Wendy. Then he said softly, "OK. I'll lie here with you. And I will go nowhere. Have a good sleep."

Wendy then slowly closed her eyes.

Many minutes passing, she could still feel the fear.

Sweat appeared on her forehead slowly.

Henson reached out to wipe it from her forehead. Then he put his arms around her.

Soon Wendy became calm again.

She then fell asleep.

After a while, a knock came from their door.

Henson slowly let go of Wendy. After getting down from the bed quietly, he walked to the door to open it.

It was Daisy.

She looked at Henson with tears.

"Henson, is Wendy alright now?"

Her voice was a bit hoarse.

He knew she might have cried for a while.

Henson turning around to have a look at Wendy, he closed the door and then walked out.

"She's asleep now."

"Please believe me. I didn't do anything to her." Daisy grabbed Henson's arm.

"I like Wendy as you. What happened to her just now?" Daisy raised her right hand to cover her sudden eyes.

"Please stop crying."

"Do you believe me?" Daisy asked him with teary eyes, "Henson, do you believe me?"

Henson nodded his head, "Yes, I do."

He then patted Daisy on her shoulders, "Everything's fine now. You can go to rest now."

"Wendy will be fine, right?"

Henson replied seriously like making a promise, "Yes. I am here. I won't let bad things happen to her."

Daisy feel even worse for his obvious care for Wendy.

She had never seen such a Henson.

In front of her, he made a love promise to another woman so firmly.

Daisy's heart hurt greatly as if a bit of it had been torn off.

After she left, Henson went back to hug Wendy to sleep until daybreak.

The sunlight woke Wendy up next morning.

She tried to move her body. But then she realized that she was in Henson's arms.

Wendy looked at his beautiful sleeping face with a smile.

Henson opened his eyes and joked, "Am I handsome?"

"What?"

"Am I, handsome?" He curled up his charming lips.

Wendy frowned to get up.

But Henson pulled her back into his embrace. "Again?"

Wendy said helpless, "I just want to get up."

Henson held Wendy tightly. "How do you feel now? Any better? "

She nodded.

"What happened to you last night? Did anything happen between you and Daisy?"

That horrible image ran into her mind again.

Wendy frowned to stop the terrible memory.

"No. Nothing."

"Then why did you scream fearfully?"

"It's my own problem."

She then struggled to get up from the bed.

But Henson was not easy to be fooled. He turned over his body to press her under him.

He put on bossy look and asked, "Why do you want to keep a secret from me?"

"Everyone has a secret. No one would like to expose all of themselves to others."

Henson lowered his head to kiss on her lips.

"I agree that."

Wendy frowned, "You..."

"This is my reward." Henson smiled and sat up, "But you have improved a lot."

"What did you mean?" Wendy wondered.

"Last time, when you saw me on the bed with you, you was totally shocked. But this time, you are calm. And I am very satisfied."

She was a little shy.

Why did he have to say it out?

They going downstairs to the living room, Mason and Daisy had already been there, eating breakfast.

Seeing them, Daisy hurried to the stairs, "Wendy, are you alright?"

Wendy nodded,, "I'm sorry. Daisy. I must have scared you last night."

"I'm fine. But you really made me worry."

"I'm fine. I saw you there with eyes closed, I thought you..." She looked at Daisy's face and stopped her following words.

Daisy tilted her head. Then she laughed to add, "You thought I was dead?"

Wendy's face turned red. "I'm sorry."

"

Daisy held her hand gently. She said, "I'm fine. You don't need to apologize to me. I was just too tired and fell asleep. I didn't expect that I will scare you. I am so happy to see you're fine now."

Mason urged, "Don't just stand here. You all should come here to eat breakfast now."

Wendy followed Daisy to the table.

Henson followed behind them.

Others might bought Wendy's words, but he didn't believe it at all.

In his eyes, he thought her fear had deep reasons.

He then was slightly vexed to find that he in fact knew nothing about her past.

Then Wendy had a whole calm and happy week in the company.

Lily had been dismissed.

Avril did not even dare to talk to her anymore either.

Moreover, she didn't have to prepare lunchboxes for Henson.

Going upstairs to send the lunchbox to him was really a hard task.

She was not that good at hiding herself from others.

This afternoon, she came down to eat in the canteen. Then Joye also went down.

Joye took the opposite seat of Wendy directly after getting her lunch.

Wendy smiled at her and greeted her respectfully, "Hi, Joye."

"Hi." Joye suddenly said, "Don't be so polite to me. You can treat me as a friend."

"But you are my director. I should show my respect to you."

"But you are special, my lucky star. I know that I would not have been promoted without you."

They were chatting, Avril walking over.

She asked them with a timid voice, "Can I join you here?"

Wendy continued her eating, pretending not hearing anything.

Joye then relied, "Sorry. But we are discussing some important things."

Avril was turned down, her face instantly becoming red. "Oh, okay. I got it."

As she went past Joye, she turned her head to Wendy with an indignant expression.

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Their gaze met in the air. Wendy's confident look frightened Avril to turn around her head first.

"Just ignore them. That's the best way to deal with the the people you hate," said Joye.

Wendy smiled but said nothing.

She almost finishing her meal, her cell phone rang.

It was Bain.

"Hello."

"Where are you?"

"I'm working."

"Part-time job again?" Bain said helplessly, "You just graduated. Why not give yourself a break? Wendy, you could have lived an easy life."

"But I like my fulfilling life."

"Will your life change dramatically after taking several days off?"

"Yes."

"You!" Bain could only laughed helplessly and asked, "Has Henson ever gone to find you over the past few days?"

Wendy was a little guilty. Bain would definitely be furious if he knew she was working at Henson's company now.

"Bain. Don't worry. I can take care of that."

"How could I not care about your things? You are my sister." Bain said as he heaved a sigh, "I just want you to be safe and healthy. Do you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"Let's have dinner tonight."

"But I have got an appointment already tonight."

"Am I not your more important brother?"

Wendy hesitated to say, "But I'm afraid that your parents will..."

"They have their choices. But I have mine. I just want to have a dinner with my own sister. They can not accuse me of that."

"Um... Alright then."

After hanging up, Wendy let out a long sigh.

Looking at Wendy, Joye pretended normal and asked, "Get a date for tonight?"

Wendy nodded her head. She pursed her lips to make a slight smile, "Yep."

"You told Jimmy you have a boyfriend before. So it is true? He is the one upstairs?"

Wendy shook her head to deny it quickly. "Joye, you misunderstood our relationship. We're not a couple."

Joye fell into confusion. But Mr. Charles cared so much about Wendy.

Mr. Charles definitely liked Wendy.

Or she really guessed wrong?

After lunch, Wendy returned to the office.

Seeing Wendy going into the pantry, Avril also followed her.

While paying attention to the door, she came near Wendy to ask unhappily, "Are you telling a lie? You said you didn't want to be a formal worker here, but you have been very close to Joye recently. We all know Joye is Mr. Charles's people now, so you are trying to make a good impression on her, right?"

Wendy's face was a little cold. She did not want to explain anything to Avril, so she said, "None of your business."

"But we're all colleagues. And we even went into this company at the same term. How could you be so bad when I am so honest to you?"

Wendy gave her a sarcastic smile.

She had not got the luck to grow up in a good environment.

But even so, she could still tell the difference between right and wrong.

Avril was evidently good at distorting truth.

If you would call Gill tactful, then you may find Avril pushy.

Wendy getting her water, she just wanted to leave.

But Avril suddenly blocked her way by spreading her arms out.

"Wendy, I really need this job. You can't imagine how much I have paid for this job. No matter what you do, I won't give up this opportunity to you. Let's wait and see."

At that moment, someone walked into the pantry.

Avril just moved her hand a little forward to pat on Wendy's shoulder.

"Look at you, you should be more careful. There's some dirt on your clothes before. But it's clean now. I am leaving first."

Avril then turned away.

Wendy was speechless to her show.

She could just stand still there and lagued helplessly.

After work, Wendy sent Henson a text.

It said, "I will have dinner with my brother. So you don't need to my house today."

Soon, her phone rang.

Wendy went out of the elevator to pick the phone up. "Hello!"

Henson was unhappy. "Bain must be a diligent boss, otherwise how couldn't he have the time to have a dinner with you?"

"It's his business."

"But I won't have dinner tonight because of him."

Wendy just lowered her eyes to chuckled, "I have to take a bus now. So I'm hanging up."

Henson was more unhappy.

Da*n Bain!

Wendy soon arrived at the restaurant that Bain told her.

Bain was already there.

"You so early."

"I've sapred some time in advance. Let's go inside now.

I've already booked a table for us."

The waiter led them to a table near the window.

It was a Chinese restaurant, so he ordered some tea for her.

Wendy taking two sips, Bain suddenly asked, "Where're you working now? I went to the coffee shop before. But they said you had already resigned from it."

Wendy felt her mouth was a little dry. "I worked for a friend, who you don't know."

"You are so secretive now. Do you go to work at a bar again?" asked Bain.

Wendy shook her head. "No, I'm going to be a teacher soon in the school. I won't work there again in case of getting trouble."

Bain laughed, "You always know what's the right thing to do. That is your advantage."

He then took out a key to her.

Wendy frowned and asked, "What is this?"

"I bought you a house in the Oasis Community by your school. It is a graduation gift for you. Then you don't need to squeeze into the small staff dorms with others. I bought it with my own salary. So it has nothing to do with the Nicholson family."

Wendy pursed her lips. She then pushed the key back to Bain.

"What do you mean? Do you want to reject me again?"

"Bain. I am healthy and working hard. You should believe me that I can buy the house myself one day."

Bain looked at Wendy with a little surprise.

He liked her unique stubbornness. But he also hoped she could sometimes accept his help.

"That is just a gift for your brother. You should take it."

Wendy firmly shook her head and explained, "But this gift is too expensive."

"Wendy, I won't force you accept anything except this house. You can even pay back the money to me gradually after you get your salary. I just want you to have your own home after graduation. I want to give you a home."

He really wanted to give her a home. He did not want to be just her brother...

But now, he could not...

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Wendy looked at Bain with a faint smile. Then she still shook her head.

"Why are you so stubborn? Would you accept my gift, if I am not a Nicholson?"

Wendy chuckled. "No, I won't accept it either. But if you are not a Nicholson at the very beginning, then you won't be my brother. I won't know you and sit here to eat with you now. In conclusion, you can put away the key now. Don't do this again. I feel bad to refuse you everytime."

Bain took back the key. "Fine. At least, I have bought it with your name. And even if you won't live in it, you have owned it legally."

"Just forget it. Let's eat now." Bain picked up some food to Wendy.

Wendy nodded with a smile to have the food.

They were about to leave after dinner, two familiar faces came in sight.

They were Johnson and Avril.

Wendy was not surprised to them together. After all, she had already known their relationship before.

But the two were shocked to see her, especially Johnson.

Wendy did not greet them to save trouble.

Bain was smart. If she did greet them, Bain would soon find the truth that she was working for Henson.

So she just pulled Bain away to sidewalked them from other side.

After walking a few steps, Bain asked in bewilderment, "Do you know them?"

"Yes and I hate the girl."

"Your classmate?"

Wendy shrugged and said an ambiguous answer. "Just colleagues."

Behind them, Johnson suddenly stopped to look back to them.

Avril asked Johnson in bewilderment, "Who is that man with Wendy? This is a high-end restaurant."

Johnson muttered, "He is the heir to Nicholson's group. The young master of the Nicholson family. Bain."

Avril was then flabbergasted.

"Isn't it the company that Charles Group is targeting?"

"Yes."

Avril was even more surprised and confused.

Avril thought Wendy was just naive and arrogant. But in fact, she was not clean at all either.

But out of her surprise, Wendy was such a good player to get connected with Bain.

Wendy seemed to have a bigger ambition than her.

She soon took out her hand from Johnson's arm.

Then she quickly took out her phone to take a picture of their backs.

Johnson glared at her and asked, "What are you doing? Stay away from this."

"Johnson, I just worry she would say something bad about us in the company. As we all know, she has caused much trouble until now. I am just a contractor. But

you are the manager and I don't want our relationship affect your career. I have these photographs. Then she won't dare bring trouble to us."

Johnson smiled to caress her hands, "Darling, you're considerate."

Avril faked a smile as she kissed him on the cheek. Then they had a good dinner.

The next day.

Avril was coming out from the pantry.

Then she saw Wendy. She laughed to pull Wendy into the pantry.

"Wendy, Come over. I want to share something with you."

Everyone in the office preparing for work, no one paid any attention to them here.

Avril closed the door. Then she leaned on it, smiling mischievously at her.

Wendy was calm. "What happened?"

"I thought you were simple. But in fact, you are no better than me. But yes, you are lucky to have a better man."

As she spoke, she extended a hand to Wendy. "We know each other's secrets now. So how about being my ally? We can help each other. Since your man is the enemy of Charles Group's, now I can believe that you won't stay in this company. So I apologize to you. "

She just gave her a disdainful smile.

Avril frowned, "What do you mean by that look? "

"Avril, you guess wrong. And I don't buy it."

Wendy swept Avril's hand away as she said this.

"I'm not going to make friends with you."

"Heh, are you think you're pure and clean? We are the same type of person. Where is your confidence from to think you are superior than me?"

"I know who I am. I don't need hide myself. Also, we are different. I don't think I am superior than you. You framed me just a few days ago. And I won't forget that mistake so soon.

"

Wendy cast a cold sight at her. Then she walked back to her seat.

She only needed to stay here for another 10 days.

She had set up her mind.

She would keep a good distance from everyone in these 10 days.

Avril sneered, "Liar."

At noon, Jimmy finished his training work outside. When he came back, he walked to Wendy's desk.

He then knocked on her desk.

Wendy raised her head to see his smiling face, she becoming vigilant.

"Jimmy, what's the matter?"

"Let's have lunch together later. A new restaurant was opened in front the company. I heard their dishes were pretty good."

His enthusiastic introduction immediately attracted much attention from the people in office, including Avril.

She pursed her lips with disdain secretly.

Wendy had got a swan. How would she try the chicken?

Jimmy was too stupid.

Wendy shook his head, "Sorry, but I have an appointment with Joye"

She then stood up and looked to Joye in the corner.

"Should we leave now? Joye?" asked Wendy.

Joye smiled at her to get up, "OK. Let's go now."

Walking past Jimmy, Joye patted his shoulder and added, "Go to find someone else to have lunch with. I have asked her to be my permanent lunch partner before."

Walking out of the office, Wendy smiled, "Joye, thank you."

"It's not a big deal. And indeed I also have to eat lunch anyway."

At the entrance of the canteen.

Her cell phone rang.

It was Henson calling. Wendy asked Joye to go inside first. She then walked away to pick up the phone.

“Hello.”

“Where are you now?”

“What’s the wrong?”

“Can’t I call just miss you?”

Wendy curled her lips.

“I’m having a meal. It’s a little noisy here, so I’m hanging up.”

Wendy then hung up directly and went into the restaurant.

Henson felt upset. So he shouted to the door, “Dayne, come in.”

Dayne pushed the door to get in. “Sir?”

“How’s the food of the canteens of our company?”

“I heard it was not bad.”

“Right? OK, then let us go to eat there today.”

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Dayne suddenly went blank.

Was Mr. Charles serious?

He had never been to the canteen before.

What was going on now?

Mr. Charles had not been himself recently.

Henson saying that, he got up to head out.

Dayne hurried to catch up with him, “Mr. Charles. There must be many people in the canteen now. Should I call the canteen to claen them out first?”

"Why? They are all my employees. They all have the right to eat. I don't need that. Just come with me."

Dayne quickly shut his mouth up.

Henson's appearance forced all the people in the canteen in a short time.

Some people stopped their eating immediately.

The rest shut their mouths up too.

Everyone turned to look at him.

But Henson's sight just swept across them. Soon he found his beautiful woman.

He curled his lips and said mildly, "Please ignore me and have your lunch."

Dayne immediately used his top voice to repeat Henson's words, "Everyone, please just continue your eating."

Even he said so, they still didn't move their sight away from Henson, who was walking firmly to Joye and Wendy.

Joye stood up to greet Henson, "Mr. Charles."

Wendy could only stand up to bend respectfully to him and greet to him, "Mr. Charles."

"Um," He looked at Joye and ordered, "Move inside to leave your seat to me."

Joye immediately followed his instruction. "Please just take your seats."
Henson smiled to Wendy sitting opposite.

"Get me the lunch." Henson made the order to Dayne after seeing Wendy and Joye sit down.

"O... okay." Dayne shifted his amazing gaze away from Wendy.

He was truly stupefied to see Wendy again here.

When did Miss Evans work at this company?

Could she be the reason to Mr. Charles's recent strange behaviours?

Hmm, it must be true.

Since he was asked to investigate Miss Evans, Mr. Charles had changed a lot.

They became quiet soon. Henson hugged his chest to stare at Wendy. But after three seconds, he shifted his gaze to Joye, "I heard some of the food here were good?"

Joye replied anxiously, "Yes, Mr. Charles. We also have different kinds of food here."

"Um, that's good."

From others' views, Henson seemed to come down here for Joye.

Some even guessed Mr. Charles had a crush on Joye.

However, Joye just looked common.

Why would Mr. Charles like her?

But no matter what the reason was, the canteen today was quieter than usual.

Dayne brought over the food. He placed it on the desk in front of Henson.

"Mr. Charles, I just chose some popular dishes for you."

"Thank you. You can also take your seat now."

Dayne hesitated to sit beside Wendy.

But when he just came near Wendy, Henson glanced sideways at him. "Find yourself another seat."

Seeing that, Joye patted the seat on her other side. "Dayne, come and sit here."

Dayne immediately moved his feet over.

Mr. Charles's sight was too frightening.

Wendy just lowered her head to eat silently.

No one knew her depression in heart.

Why did he come here? It was too evident to everyone that he came here for someone. He was incredibly unreasonable.

She was angry and treated Henson as invisible air without having a look at him.

Henson held back his laughter. He knew Wendy must be afraid that their relationship would be exposed.

After all, there were too many people here now.

But she deserved this for she should not hang up his phone so quick.

This was his punishment.

Henson just picked up his chopsticks to eat.

As he ate, he asked causally, "Did you enjoy the dinner with him last night?"

Joye was startled for Mr. Charles's sudden confusing question. Then she realized that he was asking Wendy. So did it mean that Mr. Charles even know Wendy's private life?

But a dinner with other man? Were Mr. Charles and Wendy really not a couple?

But apparently Mr. Charles had a crush on Wendy.

So... Wendy rejected Mr. Charles?

But how could that be possible? Who would refuse Mr. Charles?

Wendy knew Henson was asking her about the dinner with Bain. But she refused to answer that so she kept silent.

"Miss Evans, I'm asking you." Henson straightly called her name.

His voice was a little loud. Wendy tensed up suddenly. She looked around to check if any one happened to hear that. But lucky to her, people were busying eating. Then, she replied with a low voice, "It's good."

Henson smiled and continued his eating. "Did he tell you anything?"

"No."

"How is it possible?"

"No, he did not." A trace of displeasure could be found in her voice.

Dayne swallowed his saliva for her reckless attitude to Henson.

Was she... crazy? How dared she speak to Mr. Henson in that rude way?

But Henson was not angry. "I'm going to join a party tonight. Would you like to come? I need a companion."

Wendy silently raised one of her eyebrows.

So, it meant she could eat alone tonight?

So good!

"No, thanks. Mr. Charles, taking while eating will affect your appetite. So please just have your lunch quietly."

"You did treat me like this before. Tsk,tsk,tsk, you woman..."

Joye and Dayne were all dumbfounded.

One could not felt the taste of the food anymore.

The other one's jaw was about to fall down from the face with such a big surprise.

What was going on here now? They both wanted to asked. S

Wendy quickly finished her food, she then put down her forks to stand up to bow to Henson. "Mr. Charles, goodbye."

She gave a sorry look to Joye and ran away from them.

It was dangerous here.

Then Joye was left behind with Henson.

"Do people still keep harassing her recently?"

"No, Mr. Charles, please don't worry. I have arranged Jimmy to have a business trip. He just returned today."

"Very good. Keep reporting the information to me."

"I got it."

After work, Wendy hummed a tune to the kitchen.

But thinking of eating alone tonight, she suddenly felt a little lonely.

...

She turned to walk out of the kitchen, and then ordered a takeout.

Tonight, she wanted have a good rest.

At nine o'clock, when she was about to go to bed, she suddenly felt some pain in the stomach.

She rubbed it for some time, but still felt uncomfortable.

A few minutes later, she ended up throwing up and having a diarrhea the bathroom.

After several rounds of suffering, she felt both dizzy and got chest tightness.

She found the medicine kit to take two pills.

But she did not feel better.

At about ten o'clock, her phone rang.

She was so weak that she almost failed to turn around. With some efforts, she managed to pick up the phone. "Hello?"

Henson heard her weak voice. So he frowned and asked, "Are you sleeping now?"

"No...t yet."

"Why do you hear so strange?"

"Nothing. I'm just a little tired."

She just finished her words, the nausea feeling coming up into her mouth again. She then hung up quickly and ran to the bathroom before Henson noticed anything.

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Lying on the bed, Wendy felt the pain was getting more acute in her stomach. She flopped herself over to curl her body into a ball.

It's too painful.

The bell suddenly rang.

Wendy turned her head to look at it.

Who could it be at such a late time?

At first, she tried to ignore it, but soon her phone rang again.

It was Henson again.

"Hello." She picked it up.

“Open the door.”

“You are outside?”

“Yes. Or who else do you think to know your present address? Hurry up to open the door.”

She got up by feet and hands. Then she went to the door and opened it for him.

Henson then saw her pale and tired face. He could not help but frown at this.

“What happened? Are you sick? Why do you look so bad? ”

“I may have had something wrong. I have been vomiting and diarrhea for hours. And I am having a stomachache now.”

“Hurry up to the hospital.” Henson helped Wendy to stand up, hoping to get her to the hospital.

“I’ve taken some pills. They may have not take any effect now.” Wendy said as she waved her hands to him.

“You’re not a doctor. How could you prescribe yourself? I find you are just a nerd.” He then didn’t give Wendy another chance to speak and just carried her to the door.

Wendy really felt very bad. And now she was too weak to battle with him. So she just gave into him.

Henson brought her to the hospital, the doctor saying it was acute gastroenteritis due to unclean food.

By about half past eleven, Wendy had fallen into asleep.

She had suffered the pain for full two hours.

Henson sat bedside her. After making sure that she had been deep in her sleep, Henson picked up her phone to review the history in her takeaway app.

The doctor asked what she had eaten tonight.

Wendy said the takeaway.

Henson took a photo of the food she ordered tonight.

Looking at Wendy’s sleeping face, he stood up a little to kiss her on the cheek.

"Have a good sleep. When you wake up, everything will be fine." Henson caressed Wendy's head and said gently to her.

About over an hour later, Wendy woke up with a rumbling stomach.

Henson was sleeping on the bed next to hers.

So Wendy got up and walked carefully, but Henson still woke up.

"Why do you get off?" asked Henson.

Wendy blushed. "I want to go to the toilet."

"Let me help you."

"No need for that. I know where it is."

"Don't be shy. I have seen your entire body before."

Wendy rolled her eyes at him, "Can you stop your nonsense now?"

"Is that not the truth?"

"But... But I still don't need your accompany me to the toilet. "

It was so weird.

As well as embarrassed.

With a hand held high in the air to take the infusion bag, Wendy found the way to the toilet alone.

Henson followed her. Wendy then glared at him.

"I just want to keep your safe. And I won't go inside with you." Henson explained helplessly.

Wendy then allowed him to get inside to help her with hanging up her infusion bag.

Henson then walked out and sighed.

This woman is... so stubborn. She was sick now, but still kept refusing his help.

Had she already forgotten that she was a girl, who needn't be so strong all the time?

After that, Wendy still came to the toilet several times. It was until 3 a.m. that she finally managed to sleep soundly.

Wendy had a full sleep this time. When she woke up, the sun was high. And Donald even had brought them the breakfast.

Henson got her some porridge.

Before Wendy started eating, Donald went out the room first.

Wendy looked at Henson emotionally. "Thank you." said Wendy.

"For what?"

"Thank you for taking me to the hospital yesterday. Thank you for getting me such a good breakfast today."

"Um... It sounds that you do own me a favor now. So where is my reward?"

Henson got up from the sofa and walked over to Wendy. Then he bent his body slightly to poke at his cheek.

"I don't like the oral thank you. Show me something practical."

Wendy frowned for his naive action, "Henson, are you really the true Mr. Charles I heard of?"

"I am the true Henson Charles. But I donot know what kind of Henson you expected." Henson smiled evilly as he still poked his face to her. "Hurry up! Or I will kiss you myself. Then you won't be so easy to get rid of me.

"

Thinking of that, Wendy soon gave into him.

She then leaned forward to kiss on his cheek.

But Henson felt her breathing was coming near, so he quickly turned his face around.

Her lips were then imprinted into his directly.

Wendy jumped in fright to retreat her lips.

But Henson took the chance to deepened the kiss.

"Ugh ..."

Wendy was annoyed for she was lied by him again.

But Henson felt very good. After a long kiss, he let go of her. He smiled mischievously at her.

Wendy's face flushed as she covered her lips with hands. She shouted his name with angry, "Henson!"

"Yes, I'm here." answered Henson with a smile.

"Why do you lie again?"

Henson was in a good mood now. So he explained, "I just want you to remember that a man will do whatever he can, when he want to get benefits from a woman. So, in the future, you should be wary of all the men other than me, or..."

"You will be taken advantage by them." As he spoke, he rubbed Wendy's nose lovingly.

Wendy felt so sullen.

Why did she always lose to Henson?

She had never be at a disadvantage with other men, including Gorman. He could never sneak a kiss from her.

But Henson always succeed in this.

Wendy felt like she was going to explode with anger.

Henson patted her head and said, "Donald will stay here to accompany and help you. You have a good rest today. I am leaving to the company now. And I will come to see you at lunch."

"But I have asked a day off from the company."

"You have my permission now."

"You're not my direct leader, so your approval does not count."

"But your leader is under my control."

"Even so, I still have to say that to her directly." Wendy then found Joye's number to dial it.

"Joye, it's me. I am sorry that I have to ask a day off. I ate something wrong last night and had acute gastroenteritis. I'm in the hospital now... Alright, thank you. Goodbye."

After hanging up, Wendy looked to Henson, "Aren't saying that you are leaving?"

Henson shook his head and asked, "Why am I always feeling useless to you in many things?"

"Because I don't need your help." Wendy was a little upset, "You can go to the company now. They need you." Henson laughed to her words speechlessly, "But I just like you and want to conquer you."

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"You mean I'm your prey?" Wendy glared at him as she asked.

"No, you are my treasure." Henson laughed loud.

He then left with a meaningful smile.

Wendy was speechless.

His treasure... Nonsense.

His treasure should be Daisy.

Wendy was impressed by Henson that he could lie at any time without hesitation.

Henson arriving at the company, he called Dayne to his office first.

He showed Dayne the picture he took at hospital.

"Mr. Charles, what do you mean?"

"This shop sold bad food. Go to find a reporter to check this shop secretly. I want it to be closed soon."

Dayne still stood there, feeling confused by his order.

Henson then glanced at him, "Why are you still standing here?"

"I got it." Dayne then transmitted the picture to his own phone and left.

He thought too many reasons but still couldn't understand how this small shop offended his CEO.

At half past ten, Henson walked out from his office.

Dayne stood up to greet him. Henson then ordered, "I am leaving now. Give me a call if anything happens."

"Yes."

Henson leaving, Dayne began to frown. He remembered that Henson had not got any schedule this afternoon.

He became secretive again. Hmm, there must be a problem in this.

Could it be related with Miss Evans again...

Henson returned to the hospital at noon.

Wendy was still in a sleep. Last night she could not sleep well.

Henson asked Donald to leave. Then he accompanied Wendy in the hospital.

It was already one o'clock in the afternoon, when Wendy woke up again.

She was hungry.

After all, she just had some the porridge but had thrown up many times before.

Donald had delivered the lunch to them, and Henson had eaten his dishes.

When Wendy saw Henson was at the hospital again, she was a little surprised.

"Why do you come back here so soon?"

"I thought a sick man will need a close people to accompany him."

Wendy was touched.

In fact, she did need a company now.

She was grateful.

But she wouldn't admit it.

Wendy pursed her lips. "You are not a close people to me, okay?"

"But you should remember that I am your first man already."

Wendy's face suddenly burned. She grabbed her pillow to throw it at him.

"Henson Charles, you're so annoying."

Unfortunately, she was too weak now. The pillow could only hit the ground, which was still two meters away from Henson.

Seeing her become an angry kitty, Henson laughed softly.

Wendy was probably the only one who would make him have a real happy laugh in this world.

This Henson was just a real person. He was the complete true Human Henson.

He was not the evil as other thought. He was not as cold and distant as a god. He was not even a cunning and greedy businessman either.

In front of Wendy, Henson felt at ease even if she did not take him seriously.

She flushed to cover her face with both hands. She then looked at him with an aggrieved expression.

“Henson, have not we agreed that we should forget it?”

“Why are you so afraid of being known that you slept with me? Do you think I am a terrible person? Or do you really hate my guts?”

Wendy lowered her hand. She explained seriously, “I don’t hate you or think you are a bad person. On the contrary, I believe that you’re a good man. I just dislike to be reminded that I tried to ruin myself for other’s mistake.”

Henson looked at Wendy and laughed for she did not hate him. But it was not enough. He wanted her love.

After some treatment in the afternoon, Wendy said she wanted to get discharged from the hospital.

Yet Henson did not allow it.

Henson’s tyrannical action displeased Wendy, “Why can you decide whether I should still stay here or not?”

“You’re not a doctor.”

“But he has said I can leave the hospital now. Then I just need to spare some time to get the infusion here for the next few days.”

“You can ask him now. Let us see if he dares to say that again.”

“Don’t you think you are too bossy?”

Henson hugged his chest to make an order calmly, “Stay here for another two days. Then you can leave here. It’s not a negotiable question. I guarantee you that you won’t be able to leave here without my permission. You can have a try if you don’t believe my words.”

Wendy stared at him for she knew he was saying the truth.

"It's only at this time that I feel money's really powerful."

Wendy harrumphed to Henson.

Henson tried to ease Wendy's angry off. "Don't you think this is true so that you have been working so hard to earn money?"

"We're different."

"Then why do you like money?"

Wendy curled her lips. "Because money is security to me."

Henson looked at her helplessly. He then smiled and asked, "Isn't the sense of security always from a human expect ourselves? "

"No, I insist that we should get the sense of security ourselves. We girls could be more confident through saving money. After all, it's a long life. And money could always keep company with me."

Henson rolled at her for her strange thoughts. "So, do you plan not to get married for a whole life?"

"No, I will get married one day."

"Then why do you think only money could accompany you? Do you think you won't get the sense of security from your future husband? Then why do you need get married? To quench his thirst?"

"I just want to be economically independent. And I don't want to be controlled or humiliated by men because of money."

"I don't agree with you on that. If a man humiliates for money, it only proves that he is not the right one to me. The moment you get married with him, you immediately have the right to share everything with him, including his fortune as well as his body. If you find the right man, your reliable husband will be your best physical and psychological support in everything, not the money."

After a moment of silence, Wendy shook her head and smiled to explain, "Too many kinds of men in this world. Most of them are very good at acting. But girls... are always emotional and easy to be cheated. Most of the girls could only find if she has found the right man after getting married with him. It's too hard for a girl to find the true face of a man before marriage."

"Hiss. You have worried too much about your future in advance."

"Because this is my future. I have to be careful with it. I don't need to be a rich wife, but I also don't want to cry for being too poor. I don't have parents to give me advice on marriage, then I could only rely on myself."

Henson looked at her, thinking Wendy sometimes and somewhat liked himself in nature.

That lonely feeling.

In the end, Wendy stayed in the hospital for full three days.

Then she went back to work.

After all, she still needed this job to get some money.

When she went back to the office from lunch, she noticed that there was something wrong today.

People were all gathering around the computer and discussing something.

From far away them, she heard someone saying, "Da*n! We've made such a big mistake. It's really like the saying that 'A dog that knows how to bite doesn't bark.' Right?"

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"You can say that again! She looks pure and disciplined, I thought she was very clean. Who could believe that she's the mistress of Johnson."

"The mistress of Johnson?" Wendy's eyebrows creased.

But she just sat down and said nothing about that.

Another contractor came over to whisper in her ears, "Wendy, do you know who they are saying?"

Wendy shook her head. "No, I don't know."

"In the forum of our company, someone uploaded some photos of Johnson and his mistress in hotels and restaurants. Their faces were very clear. Can you guess the mistress?"

Wendy did not say a word.

"Hey, I know you will not be able to guess it. Let me tell you, it's Avril. She is the mistress."

Wendy looked surprised but not for the answer. She was wondering who exposed this secret.

"With those pictures, now we all know the truth. I am sorry. We once suspected that you were the mistress before."

"After giving a second thought about what happened last time, when you and Avril had a quarrel with Lily, Johnson obviously was helping Avril out of the problem. Oh my God, now I know the reason. I am so angry with him now."

Wendy just smiled to try to stop the topic. "But this is still a private thing. We'd better not discuss it anymore."

Wendy reaming composed, her colleague suddenly felt embarrassed.

"Right. We just think it's very a little unfair to you. Afer all, you have been blamed for this for about a month. And Lily also brought some trouble to you for this too. You did have a bad luck at that time."

Wendy just shrugged her shoulders, but did not speak.

So her colleague could only leave.

Joye was told by someone on the phone about this on her way back to the office.

Joye went back to find that the whole office was noisy like a market. "Stop it now. It's time for you to have a nap now. Or you can just go back to continue working. Don't gather around. Johnson will come back soon. Watch your mouth."

People then soon scattered away.

About the worktime, Avril came back with red tearful eyes.

When she passed Wendy's desk, she looked at Wendy angrily.

But Wendy didn't notice it.

After Avril returned to her seat, people around her started to whisper again.

Avril bit her lips with an anger and resentful look. She took out her phone. Then after a few minutes later, a few photos were uploaded to the company's forums.

These pictures blew the company up again in the afternoon.

Joye was reported with the news soon. So she hurried to check the forum. Then she really saw the pictures of Wendy and the CEO of Nicholson's group being together outside a restaurant.

Although the pictures just showed her back, she recognized Wendy at first glance because of her slender figure.

So did the others.

She was very surprised with this. How could Wendy get involved with the Nicholson Group?

She was a little worried about Wendy, who was still reading the document.

Should she report this to Mr. Charles now?

The person who posted the photos had already exposed Wendy's name and department. Even if she wanted to hide this for some time, Mr. Charles would soon find the truth.

Thinking of this for a moment, Joye stood up to walk out of the office and made the call.

Dayne soon knocked on the door and entered Henson's office to report this.

"Mr. Charles, someone made a post about Miss Evans and the heir of Nicholson's group. It says that Miss Evans's the mistress of Bain. And he even posted some pictures of the two who were smiling to leave the restaurant together."

Henson frowned for he hated to think that sense.

It sounded annoying.

So he coldly asked, "Who posted it?"

"We're not sure now. It was an anonymous post."

"Get the technology department to find him now. By the way, ask them to delete the post immediately."

"Yes, I got it."

Wendy just finishing her work, she twisted her head to get some rest.

Then out of the corner of her eyes, she noticed that many people were looking at her strangely.

As she was still in confusion, she suddenly saw the photo in other's computer in front of her.

Then she frowned to open the forum.

The post with her name and pictures had been clicked open hundreds of times.

She frowned to look to Avril, who was not far from her.

Two angry gazes then met in the air.

She didn't expect Avril could be so despicable. Her secret being exposed, she wanted to discredit her now?

Joye just returned to the office at the same time.

She was about to tell Wendy about the post, then she found Wendy had known what happened.

Seeing this, she patted her on the shoulder.

"Wendy, come out with me to have a small talk."

Wendy then got up to follow her out.

At the empty corridor, Joye said, "You saw the post just now. I am afraid that it will probably affect your reputation."

"I know."

"Why do anyone want to target a contractor like you? They are so boring. I have reported this to Mr. Charles. Please don't worry. The post will be deleted soon."

Wendy took a long deep breath and said, "It doesn't matter. I don't care. I will leave here soon anyway."

She forced a smile and said, "Joye, let's go back now. Or you will be involved into it for me."

"I don't care either."

"But I don't want to affect your reputation too." Wendy pursed her lips into a smile. Then she returned to her office.

At the end of the day, the HR manager personally came downstairs .

"Who is Avril?"

Hearing her name, Avril's heart tensed up a bit. Then she stood up. "I am."

The manager then stepped forward to her and said, "You can pack your stuff now. Please get your salary from the financial department, then you can leave and don't need come back tomorrow."

Hearing this, Avril's face became pale. "Why?"

"We found that you maliciously slandered others on the forum through a post this afternoon. As you are a contractor, we just can here to inform you this decision."

"I'm also a victim." Avril was angry, "I've been slandered in the forums this morning too."

"About that, we have asked Johnson over to the Human Resources department to verify it. It turns out to be true."

"Then how about Wendy? I saw her with Bain. That's also true!"

"Yes, we also verified that. But Wendy and Mr. Nicholson are just friends."

"Where did you get that conclusion? How can you be sure that is true?"

The HR manager was miffed. He said coldly to Avril, "Mr. Charles verified it. So do you want to argue with him on that?"

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Hearing this, Avril turned to look at Joye.

No wonder why Joye had walked out of the office for a long time just now. She must have called a help for Wendy.

They're all interns. But why could Wendy be so lucky to have Joye as a helper?

She felt bitter.

Avril did not say anything more, HR manager leaving with his colleagues.

In the end Avril fell on the chair with a pale face.

She looked stiff to pack her things. Then she left the office silently.

Soon everyone started to clock off and headed downstairs.

Putting away her documents, Wendy went downstairs too.

As she entered the elevator, she immediately became the focus.

She knew clearly that even if the post had been deleted, the discussion about her would never stop.

She now was truly happy that she would leave here after a few more later.

Wendy went downstairs to the bus stop.

She did not walk too far. Then a familiar voice called her name from behind.

She turned around to see Avril.

Avril walked up to her, "Are you happy now?"

"It's none of my business."

"Wendy, you're such a despicable woman. You said you didn't want to stay in this company. But in the end, at this crucial moment, you exposed my secret to kick me out of the company. You are not that innocent too. Don't your conscience hurt to set me up like this?"

"Heh," Wendy laughed helplessly, "If I tell you that I didn't post your pictures, you would probably not believe me either, right?"

"Of course. Who else could know my relationship with Johnson in this company?"

Avril said and cried. "You don't know how much I have paid for this job. Do you think I really want to be a mistress of Johnson to ruin his family? I just have no choice."

"My father had cancer. And I needed money to save his life. I knew Johnson through a friend. He said he could pay the surgical fees for me as long as I slept with him. I just did this for my father."

"After the surgery, I thought I could leave him. But my father then needed more money to buy medicine. But my mother didn't have a job. And I also have a younger brother who's still in school. I am the only one who could make money in the whole family."

"At that time, Johnson came to find me again. For money, I became his mistress. I know the salary in Charles Group is very high. So as long as I can work here, I would be able to raise my family without him one day. So can you know how much I need this job now?"

"I know your relationship with Bain. But in fact, I didn't plan to expose it before."

