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Henson hearing her talk with Bain, he pulled a long face.

Was Wendy purposely angering him? She had treated him and Bain so different.

After stuffing some food in her mouth, Wendy said, "Because you are not the best choice in this thing."

"You just do not want to get my help."

"Do you know who I'm helping?" asked Wendy after thinking for a while.

Henson was truly angry. "How would I know if you have not told it to me?"

"Avril."

"But she slandered you in the forum today. Why do you want to help her?"

"She mistook that I uploaded her pictures with Johnson. I heard her sad family story. Then I chose to help her."

Henson was unhappy. He kicked that woman out for her in the afternoon.

But then she gave the woman a new job in the evening?

How could she be so changeable?

"What did you hear?"

Wendy told Henson the whole story about Avril.

"Even if her choice is wrong, I can relate to her. She didn't do that for brands or a luxurious life. She had no other better choice to get a large sum of money to save her father's life."

"Although... I don't understand her love for her father. But I know she would be ruined and get back to be a mistress of another man, if no one helps her now. The easier she gets money through this way, the more degenerate she will be."

"Then why am I inappropriate to deal with this matter?"

"I know you will help me. But rumors have went about in the company. So even if she could stay at the company, she won't be able to be treated equally there. Since I have helped her, then why not help her to to the end?"

Henson raised his eyebrows for her consideration to Avril.

Henson was no longer angry, but Wendy suddenly became angry. "Do all the men like to cheat on their wives? I heard from Joye that Johnson's wife are good at both look and work, but Johnson still cheated on her. You say, if this is your man's nature?"

"No. Johnson is a despicable man, who can not represent all men."

"But there are too many man like Johnson in society nowadays."

Henson smiled, "So a good man like me is rare. I have already prepared well to be your husband. How about getting married with yous now?"

Wendy curled her lips. She had not met such a narcissistic people before.

"I'm not a sorcerer. I don't need evil spirits."

Henson hissed and cast an angry sight on her.

Wendy lower her head to chuckle.

Henson naturally smiled for Wendy's smile.

She looked more beautiful as she smiled.

After eating, she called Avril.

Knowing that she could work in the Nicholson's group, Avril was so happy that she kept thanking Wendy on the phone.

"Thank you, Wendy. You may don't know that you have saved my entire family. When I left the company, I had already thought about being a wh*re to earn money for my father. I was scared to make that decision. But now I don't need do that. Thank you, Wendy. You have really saved me. Thank you and also sorry. I am sorry about what happened in this afternoon. Sorry."

"Let the past be the past. So we... are even now?"

"No, I still owe you a big favor. One day, I will pay you back."

Pay back? She really didn't need it. In fact she did this just for her conscience.

.....

Time flies. Her part-time in Henson's company ended.

Henson knew Wendy would always find other things to do if she got some free time.

So, at dinner, Henson invited her to continue working at his company for some time again.

But he was rejected by Wendy.

"I don't have much time left after today. I'm going to join in the college counselor training."

Henson looked at Wendy and he could not help but shake his head, "I really can not understand why do you want to be a teacher in the school? You could only get an average salary with various problems there. More importantly, you have got the qualifications to teach classes now."

"Please respect my dream."

"Your dream is too..."

Wendy's rolled her eyes to stare up at Henson.

He could only dotingly smile at her: "Alright, I will respect your dream. You can do whatever you want."

"I have one more thing to tell you," Wendy naturally got him some food as she said to him.

"Say it."

"We agreed that I would only work and cook for you for a month.

So after today..."

Henson soon put down his fork, "So, you cooked so many dishes for me tonight for is it my last dinner here?"

Wendy smiled and nodded to him.

Henson rolled his eyes to her, "What an ungrateful woman!"

Putting down her fork, Wendy looked at Henson seriously.

"Henson, you are a big boss. So you should keep your words."

"Are you pushing me to agree that? What if I still insist on eating here?"

"Then I could only consider to move away from here."

"Are you underestimating my ability to find your new address?"

"I just want to say that you're a gentleman who won't bring trouble to me, right?"

Henson looked carefully at Wendy.

She had a harmless smile now. "Besides, I'm going to take the training classes. I will be very busy then. So I don't want to waste time in cooking anymore."

He knew that, but he still felt unhappy.

"Then we should make a deal to have a meal together every weekend."

"Why?" She frowned.

"Because I'm afraid you'll forget me. OK. That's a deal."

Wendy was about to say something, but Henson had started to eat again happily.

So she could only purse her lips. Fine... Just a meal every seven days. It seemed easy.

The instructor training classes were easier than expected.

However, she knew clearly her pressure would not be small in the future.

She did not forget that she almost got depression when she was a freshman and worked as an assistant for her teacher. Soon she resigned that job to have a happy life.

The easier it looked, the more careful you should be.

After leaving the Charles Group, she felt very happy again every day.

She was really not suitable to work in the company. She disliked the repressive atmosphere there most.

After the training on Thursday, she was invited to be a English tutor for a girl she had taught before.

When she got home, it had past seven in the evening.

She immediately saw the familiar car when she went back.

Henson went out of the car and frowned to ask, "Why are you so late?"

Wendy walked over to him. "Why are you here today?"

"What? Why can't I come?"

"No, I did not mean that. I mean you say that we'd meet this weekend." Henson's face was cold. "Rules are made by people. I come here for I miss you."

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Wendy paused with great surprise.

Did he just said that he missed her?

Henson walked forward to hold her into his arms.

What sorcerer was she?

How could he miss her so much after just two days?

Da*n! But she was ruthless and did not miss him at all.

Over the past two days, she did not even made a phone call to him.

Did she really not like him at all?

Thinking of this, Henson hugged her tighter.

Wendy tried to break loose from Henson. But Henson hugged her tighter and tighter. So that her entire face was forced to bury into his chest.

Wendy said depressingly, "Henson, you almost suffocated me to death."

Henson soon released her, "You such an ungrateful woman."

Wendy frowned. "How did I offend you now?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't know. I haven't done anything to you. How do I know why you are angry now?"

"Then why don't you do anything to me?" Henson was sullen, "Are you treating me like an evil spirit?"

"What are you saying? Why am I wrong if I have not done anything bad?"

"Yes, you did nothing wrong. But you also did not call me for two days. Do you know I've been waiting for your call over the past two days? "

"What's the important date that I have forgotten over the past two days?"

She looked innocent to ask that.

Henson sighed.

Was she really stupid or just playing dumb with him now?

He was curious about it now, "How did Gorman manage to get her as a girlfriend?"

"Why not answer me?" Wendy looked at Henson in confusion and asked, "Did I miss any important day?"

Henson was helplessly. "Just forget it. It's better for you to keep silent. The more you talk, the angrier I will get."

He then turned back to walk to her home.

Wendy hurried to catch up with him to block his path.

"Henson, I just ate dinner at the student's home. So I won't cook tonight. I'm tired too. So I'm going to go to the bed soon."

"So?" Henson raised his eyebrows. "Are you trying to stop me from getting into your house now?"

Wendy rolled her eyes. Her meaning very obvious.

She thought the common people would immediately get her meaning and left soon.

He was really a freak. She couldn't consider his thoughts in a normal way.

"You clearly know my meaning. Then why do you pretend that you do not understand it? I won't change my mind today. I am really tired and very sleepy. "

Henson glared at her. But after a moment, he snorted to turn away.

Even if he had come to find her personally, she still did care his visit at all.

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"Why not just go to his company?"

"No," said Wendy. She shook her head. "I once worked over there. I don't want to be seen by anyone there."

"Okay. I am calling Henson."

He then called Henson.

An icy voice came to him. "What's wrong?"

"Henson, let us have lunch together today."

"No, I refuse." Henson then wanted to hang up.

"Wait. Henson, don't hang up. It's Sister Wendy that asks you to have lunch with us. She says she misses you."

Wendy patted Howell on his back for his naughty behavior. Then she wanted to snatch the phone from his hand.

But Howell ran away.

Wendy was a little anxious for she was afraid that Henson would take Howell's words seriously. Howell was really looking for a beating by her.

Henson remained silent for full ten seconds. He then said, "Ask her to call me herself."

After speaking that, Henson directly hung up the phone.

Howell looked at Wendy and begged, "Sister Wendy. Please be quick, quick! Henson almost agrees with our date. He asks you to call him."

"Why?"

"Henson is always very pretentious. So please call him soon."

Wendy took out her phone helplessly. Then he dialed Henson's number.

Henson's expression turned better as he saw the name on his phone. He curled his lips.

Expect Henson, there were several managers who was just being scolded before Howell's call accompanying him to listen to his ringtone.

But Henson didn't pick up the phone until the ringtone almost ended.

The call finally went through, but no one was speaking. Wendy could not help but tense up a little, "Um... Henson, have you eaten your lunch?"

"No."

"How about eating together?"

Henson didn't reply that.

Wendy felt embarrassed instantly. Henson seemed to be making fun with her.

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"But," Henson said.

Wendy waited for his words.

"If you can persuade Howell to study the master degree abroad after he graduates from the university, then I can consider to change my decision to allow him to study here."

"Are you sure?"

"I don't like to tell lies."

"You know I did not mean that... I just didn't expect you would really compromise on this thing."

Henson smiled lovingly to her, "I knew you set a trap for me, but I still came, which means that it could be discussed. But you are so easy to give up anyway."

Wendy squinted her eyes with a smile to Henson. "You're a good brother, so I know you can not be treat recklessly."

"But I wish you can flirt with me."

Wendy flushed again.

"Howell can go to the San Diego University. But you as his future sister-in-law, you should watch over him there."

Wendy looked at Henson in surprise.

But if Howell became her student, then wouldn't that be... troublesome to her?

Wendy then wiped her mouth. "Why do you choose our school?"

"Because it's the best one here. Also, you work there. Then I don't need to worry too much about him."

"Sorry. Please just forget all that I said. Please send him abroad. I am totally on your side now."

"You are my echo now?"

Wendy stared at him.

Henson burst into laugh to see her.

He then reached out a hand to rub her head.

Wendy turned her body to avoid him and snorted.

Henson looked at Wendy with a loving expression.

Not far away in a corner, Julia secretly filmed this scene.

She had seen Wendy and Howell when they entered the restaurant.

Fortunately, Wendy didn't look around at that time, so she could hide herself until now.

She originally thought Wendy was secretly dating with Howell.

Unexpectedly, Henson arrived soon.

Bain told their parents that Wendy had broken off with the Charles family.

Then this time, she would go to ask Bain what's this in the video?

If her dad knew his, he would probably not let this sl*t off so easily.

Julia curled her lips to look at the figure of Wendy.

"Wendy, you're nothing. How could stand by the side of Mr. Charles? You don't deserve him."

In the afternoon, after returning to the training room, she called Howell to tell him everything.

She asked Henson to make the decision.

Out of her surprise, Howell agreed Henson's additional requests without hesitation.

Now it's time for Wendy to feel confused.

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Ken's face turned green.

“Wendy, you’re so ungrateful.”

“Why do you say that? I just feel Mr. Tatum is more suitable to Julia Nicholson. She is the apple of your eye, but I am just a bast*rd as you called me before.”

“You say Mr. Tatum is good, yet you introduced me to him. Mr. Nicholson, do you really like Mr. Tatum? Or do you... think he just deserve a woman like me, not your daughter? ”

Wendy’s words made Ken feel extremely awkward.

But Alan did look to Ken after hearing this.

“Alan, don’t listen to her. She... is just too young and shocked to say this nonsense.”

Alan did not reply a word, but just forced a smile to him.

The study room in the corner was suddenly pushed opened.

Julia walked out from it suddenly. She then aggressively shouted at Wendy, “You shameless bi*ch. Why do you mention my name? Dad’s helping you to introduces Alan to you. You should be grateful and say thanks to him. You really should look at your poor face in the mirror now. Without my dad’s help, how can you even meet Alan?”

“No, I’m not good enough for him. So I would like introduce you to him. Come on to be friends with him.”

Wendy then raised one eyebrow to her and took a step back.

Julia was so angry that she pushed Wendy away.

Wendy did not expect that she would push her in front of others, so she staggered backward to fall onto the ground.

Seeing that, Alan was trying too go forward to help Wendy up.

But Bain happened to arrive at home.

When he pushed the door open, he just saw the scene.

Bain stepped forward with a cold face. “What’s going on?”

Julia pointed a finger at Wendy and made a complaint, “Bain, you don’t need to help her. This sl*t was so annoying. Dad thinks for her and kindly introduces Uncle Smith’s nephew to her, but she was so ungrateful to have made many rude speeches to all of us.”

Bain shot a sharp glance at Ken before he walked to Wendy to help her up.

Then, he looked at Alan to make an apology to him. "Mr. Tatum, on behalf of my father, I should say sorry to you to what happened here today. Wendy isn't suitable for you. And please go back first."

"Bain." Ken patted on the arm of his wheelchair.

Seeing this, Alan turned to Ken and said, "Uncle Nicholson, I think.

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Bain caught up with Wendy at the main entrance. Then he sidestepped Wendy to block her way.

Wendy looked at him. "What do you want to say?"

"This is what I want to ask. Don't you need to explain anything to me about Henson Charles?"

"I have nothing to say about him." Wendy frowned.

"Wendy, are you risking your whole life? How many times I have told you that Henson Charles is not a good choice for you. Why can't you just listen to me?"

"Why can't I be with him? He is good. Also, he and his family will not hurt me like you. He also treated me better and warmer than you."

"Do you... fall in love with him?"

"Do you also want to say that I'm not qualified to like him?" Wendy raised her head. "We both are single. On what basis can you all say that I have no right to like him? Because I'm the illegitimate daughter of Nicholson family? Or only because your two families have the old grudges?"

"Your grudges, which I don't even know what it is have nothing to me for I am a Nicholson."

"But he will think you as a Nicholson. Coming close to you is not just his trick. He must have something other in his mind. i am your brother. How could I can harm you? Wendy, even all the men in the world will hurt you, I still won't, do you understand that?"

Bain's words instantly silenced Wendy.

She knew Bain would not harm her.

But... what else could she do?

She had rejected him many times.

She had also tried her best to stay away from his sight.

But Henson was also a good person. And she didn't want to harm him at all.

She would not do harm to a person who treated her well.

"Bain, I won't be a girlfriend with Henson. Please just stop saying those grudge things or his despicable purposes to get close to me. He has never hurt me. I'm a bit tired. So I am leaving now."

Wendy then turned around, but Bain grabbed her by the wrist, "Let me give you a ride."

Wendy shook her head. "I can go back by myself."

She then pulled her wrist back and stepped away from him.

Bain heaved a long sigh. He then turned back to the house. Julia had already gone upstairs.

So he walked to Ken, "Don't introduce those trash guys to Wendy anymore. Or I will tackle them myself. Dad, this is my last time to warn you that no one is allowed to touch Wendy."

Bain did not wait there for any reply. After saying that, he walked upstairs indifferently.

Wendy was his.

No one could touch her, no one.

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Wendy was deeply moved.

So... did he really come here to deliver the food to her?

"Here you are. And you can try this."

Looking at the beautifully packaged cardboard box, Wendy asked, "It seems to be some desserts, right?"

"What? You don't like desserts? "

"Yes. I just wonder why you don't buy some common food instead of desserts?"

"In my opinion, you're really hungry, but just in a bad mood. I checked on the internet, which says that you girls would like to eat desserts most when you are unhappy. Isn't it right?"

She lowered her eyes to chuckle for his words.

Henson was embarrassed, thinking that he might have made a mistake?

"Why are you laughing?"

Wendy received the desserts with a smile, "Yes, I like eating desserts, especially sweet ones."

Wendy suddenly felt her mood was lighter. Then she turned around to walk to her community.

Henson looked at her to call her name, "Wendy."

She turned around, "Huh?"

Henson then approached her and asked, "What happened today?"

Wendy pursed her lips with lowered eyes, "Let's just forget that. I don't want to feel unhappy again."

"It's the Nicholson family again?"

Wendy looked at him and nodded.

"I'll help you to tackle with them."

Wendy shook her head. "No. I don't like Ken, so I don't want to get involved with them anymore. If you continue to target them again, they will have to blame that on me."

Thinking of the times she met with Ken in the past two months, it had already been bigger than that of the common three years in the past.

She didn't like to see Ken's repulsive face again.

Henson nodded. "Okay, when you want to get revenge, you can tell me. Then I can start a war for you at any time."

Wendy pursed her lips and said helplessly, "I don't need a war, ok?"

"But as for the Nicholson family and Charles Families, it is a war, a business war."

“By the way, what are your grudges with them? Why are you so afraid of each other?”

“The Charles family has never been afraid of the Nicholson family. As for what has happened...”

Henson raised his hand to caress her head, “You don’t need to know that for you are not a member of them in my eyes .”

Wendy felt a little touched for he had really not treated her as a Nicholson.

Then in that case, how could he have another purposes to approach her?

She was just a common person, who had no value to him.

He treated her well just for he wanted to.

She could not love him.

But she could make friends with him. Even if he didn’t think her in that way, she would still treat him as a good friend.

“Why do you look at me in that strange way?” Henson stared at her.

Wendy pursed her lips to smile. She just held the dessert box in her arms.

After a while, she suddenly promised, “Henson, if one day you need my help, I will try my best to help you.

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A wave of guilt rose in Wendy’s heart.

She didn’t nothing about the meeting.

She even took him to eat hamburgs with her just now.

Looking at the desserts on the tea table, her eyes turned red with tears. “Dayne, what can we do now?”

“Miss Evans, please don’t worry, I’ll think go to find h... Mr. Charles, oh my god, finally you’re back.”

Wendy heard Dayne suddenly calling the name “Mr. Charles”.

Then Henson’s icy voice came to her ear.

"Have I told you that I won't come back?"

This was a completely different Henson Wendy never saw.

Dayne replied hurriedly, "No. As your phone is left behind in the office, and I am afraid that the foreign partners will leave soon, so I..."

"Will our company go bankrupt without this deal?"

"No no no. Mr. Charles, I am very sorry." Dayne then put the phone back on his ear. "Miss Evans, Mr. Charles had been back already. Please don't worry."

Henson frowned to stare at him, "You're calling Wendy?"

Dayne felt a little guilty, "Mr. Charles, I'm sorry. I couldn't contact you before, so I called Miss Evans ..."

"Enough," Henson got Dayne's phone out of his hand. He then asked on the phone, "Have you eaten the desserts?"

Hearing it was Henson now, Wendy stamped her feet anxiously, "Henson. Why do you do this to me? If I have ruined such a big deal, can you imagine how shameful I will be?"

"Even if I can't make the agreement, I won't ask you to take the blame. It's my business. But if you really feel bad for me you can choose to repay me with yourself. I'd love to accept that."

Hearing this, Dayne hide away hurriedly.

Wendy felt a little frustrated. "Please stop joking around now. Hurry up to continue your business now."

Henson laughed, "Don't forget to send me the photos, or I will come to find you again."

Henson then hung up.

"Stop at there." Henson turned to shout to Dayne. who was almost near the door of the room.

Dayne quickly stopped and lowered his eyes respectfully. "Yes. Mr.

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Wendy got up to packed the chicken soup. After getting changed soon, she went downstairs.

She first bought some medicines in a pharmacy near her community, then she took a taxi to Charles family's villa quickly.

After a few moment's hesitation, Wendy rang the doorbell.

The servant opened the door for her.

After walking for full three minutes, Wendy finally arrived at the front door of Henson's villa.

Donald was waiting for her at the entrance. "Miss Evans, please come in."

"Sorry to disturb you at such a late time. "

"Never mind. Miss Evans. We are happy to see you here."

"Where's Henson now? "

"He is in the study upstairs now."

Wendy then passed the soup to Donald. "Donald, can you help me to pour the chicken soup out into a bowl? This is for Henson. "

"Okay, alright, I will take care of it. You can go to find him directly."

Wendy nodded to him and went inside the room. She then went upstairs and knocked on the door of the study.

"Come in."

Wendy pushed the door open. Henson's complexion was... not bad. Wendy smiled and thought.

"Should I say, surprise?" Henson raised his eyebrows to see her.

Wendy was guilty to walk forward. She then took out a box of medicine and put it on his desk.

"This is for you."

Henson looked at the name of the medicine box. He smiled and asked, "You didn't call me. But how do you know that I'm sick?"

"Um... I heard it from Howell when I called him about the school. "

"So, you called Howell not me?"

Wendy pouted, feeling more guilty. "Um..."

She scratched her eyebrows and did not know how to reply this.

“What? Feeling guilty?”

“I thought you would come to have dinner.”

“But I didn’t show up, and you still didn’t call me?”

Wendy curled her lips, “Henson, when others tried to make up with you, can’t you just accept their apology? I am here to see you now. Don’t you think it’s better than a call?”

“If I were not ill, I’m afraid you still wouldn’t come.”

Well... It’s true.

At the door, Donald knocked on the door and got in. “Mr. Charles, this is the chicken soup from Miss Evans for you.

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In late August, Wendy began to busy herself with her job in the university.

She was assigned to be the assistant teacher for 210 new students of Business Administration.

The school was bustling with noise and excitement at the first few days in the new semester.

Even with the help of the student union, Wendy was still in a rush and a muddle.

At half past nine in the evening, Wendy just left the school.

Along the way to her house, her phone kept buzzing with new news from the new students in the group chat.

Henson's car came into her sight as she went near the building.

Wendy was really dispirited. Henson walked to her to caress her head, "Feeling very tired now?"

"Almost exhausted." Wendy smiled.

"Do you still want to do this job? I can help you to transfer to a new position."

Wendy shook her head, "No, this job is tiring but also very interesting. The freshmen reminded me of the past. Can you believe that? In our class, I even met a girl who doesn't know how to get her duvet into a cover?"

"So?"

Wendy shrugged. "So I guess her parents must love her very much. What an enviable life she has!"

"I mean, who helped her to get it done finally?"

"I did."

Henson frowned, "You are an assistant teacher now. Why do you have to do that thing?"

"Yes, in fact, we assistant teachers are more like a nanny for the students for they will ask us for help no matter what happens to them."

"Then why do you still want to be an assistant teacher? If you like to be a nanny, then you can be my personal nanny, and I can offer you a good salary."

Wendy rolled at Henson. She would rather attend to thousands of students than serve this horrible man.

"No, I refuse it."

"Why? Isn't this job better? "

Wendy lowered her eyes for a moment. Then she looked at him, "My mother's biggest dream was to see me to be a teacher. She wished me to marry a good man and then lived an ordinary life with him forever."

"So, being an assistant teacher is not your own dream?"

"So is your dream to be the CEO of the company?"

Henson's expression suddenly turned bad, "We're talking about your dream."

"On this point, we are the same. My dream is formed by my original family. My mother always said her expectation on me, so that I decided that my biggest dream was to be a teacher over time. Moreover, I don't think it is a bad dream. Just like today, although I am tired, I feel very fulfilling too."

Wendy then started laughing.

Henson felt speechless. After all, his dream was not be the CEO, which would confine him in the company for a whole life.

“Haven’t you eaten your dinner?”

“No.

I have no more energy for cooking today. So I will eat instant noodles. You’d better not eat it with me.”

“You will ruin your body with that instant food over time.” Henson said as he took out his phone to call the Donald to get some food for them.

Wendy did not trouble others. She wanted to stop Henson, but it was too late for he had already finished the call.

In this situation, her objection was probably futile.

After heading upstairs, Wendy returned to her room to get changed.

Then they sitting together on the sofa to watch TV, waiting for Donald to bring food to them.

At the very beginning, Wendy would still laugh to the jokes in the programs. But then in less than five minutes, Wendy stopped making any sounds.

Henson turned around to check her, but she had been asleep already.

After turning off the TV with the remote, he went into her room to find a blanket to cover her.

Henson then couldn't help but lower his head to kiss her forehead. He curled his lips into a smile.

It was already half past ten in the evening, when Donald delivered the food to them.

But Wendy was still sleeping soundly, so Henson didn't wake Wendy up but carried her into her arms to the bedroom ...

The next day, the bell rang in the living room.

She yawned as she stretched.

But her left hand was stopped by something warm.

She opened her eyes to meet Henson's gaze.

Wendy blinked at him. "Why're you here?"

Henson lazily sat up. "It's not a magician. Don't worry."

"Why didn't you leave last night?" Wendy frowned.

Henson quickly moved forward to her and kissed her on the lips.

Wendy retreated her body back but the bed was so too small that she almost fell down from the bed.

Fortunately, Henson quickly grabbed her by the clothes and pulled her back into his embrace.

Wendy struggled for a while, then she got the chance to sit up and got off the bed.

“Henson, I find you’re getting more and more at ease at my home now.”

“So what? Anyway, you won’t be able to find a man better than me. So how about marrying me?”

Wendy glanced and sneered at him. She did not reply but walked out of the bedroom to wash up.

She had no time or mood to mess with him now.

A train of things were waiting for her to deal with at school now.

Wendy heated up the dinner from Donald as her breakfast.

At first, Henson refused to eat he leftovers.

But Wendy said, "It's up to you. But I don't have time to cook the breakfast for you." Henson then gave into to her.

He was afraid that a meal cooked by her would become a distant dream during the next days.

After all she was so busy.

Henson was now somewhat regretful to have helped her to get this job.

Was he making trouble for himself? Probably yes.

Before the first new class started, all the assistant teacher were called to have a meeting in the Students' Affairs Office.

She saw the dressed Gorman in the passage near the office.

She thought she would eventually meet him when she chose to work here.

After all, his mother was the principal.

But she didn't expect to see him so quick.

This was only the first day of the new semester.

Why would he come here today?

Wendy lowered her head as if she did not see him.

Gorman also pretended that he didn't know her. He only cast a glimpse at Wendy indifferently, then he went past her to enter the meeting room.

A few assistant teachers beside then turned to look at Wendy.

But Wendy pretended that she did not notice anything.

She knew she would be the talked about by others. After all, she and Gorman had caused a sensation here not too long before.

She went into the conference room with the rest assistant teachers clamly.

Everyone was there, so the director started the meeting.

"Let me introduce the new faces to you first. These year, we have three more new colleagues here. This one beside me is Gorman. He will be working in the Students' Affairs Office to take charge of all the assistant teachers in our university."

Wendy frowned. It was a thunder from the clear sky to her.