## Chapter 16

After a busy day at the company, Yvonne was too tired to even lift her arms and went to bed as soon as she got home.

Not long after that, the bedroom's door was pushed open. Henry stepped on the carpet and entered the room. Thanks to the street lamp outside the window, he could see Yvonne sleeping on the bed.

He slowed down and crept to the side of the bed.

The quilt was strewn over Yvonne, and her clothes were crumpled due to her sleeping posture.

Yvonne seemed to never wear the clothes he had Sue prepare for her.

Given her looks, she probably wouldn't look good in those clothes, no matter how expensive they were. Hence, she was better off dressing in simpler clothes.

Henry looked at the person lying on the bed with a hint of disgust in his eyes.

"Mmm..."

Henry's countenance contorted slightly at the sudden movements and subconsciously took a few steps backward. It turned out that Yvonne was only flipping herself over with a soft croon.

office wear.

Yvonne flipped her body over again and slid her hand inside her clothes. After fumbling

She tugged the collar of her shirt open, probably from the discomfort of sleeping in her

around for a while, she removed her bra.

Then there was relief on her face. She changed into a more relaxed posture and continued

sleeping.

Henry's burning gaze fell on her body.

Yvonne felt a lot more comfortable after removing her bra. She lay down for a while, then thought of getting up to take a bath.

She didn't expect to see someone standing beside her bed as soon as she opened her eyes.

"AHHH!"

She screamed in shock and almost fell off the bed.

"What are you screaming at?" Henry frowned at her and unbuttoned his shirt in annoyance.

"N-Nothing... I was just wondering why you would be here."

Yvonne was relieved to hear that it was Henry, but very quickly looked at him in suspicion again.

"Why can't I be here?"

The expression on his face turned darker. "Yvonne Frey. You better remember that we are married. Are you considering yourself as single because I've rarely been home over the past years?"

"No, not at all."

Yvonne realized that she had said something wrong again and quickly sat up to explain herself. "I didn't know you'd be back tonight. I'll ask Sue to prepare the guest room!"

"Guest room? Why do I have to sleep in the guest room? Am I the guest here?"

"No, that's not what I meant!" Yvonne quickly got up, then carefully asked whilst looking up at his darkened face, "Y-You're going to sleep with me tonight?"

"Can't I?"

The expression on her face made him even angrier.

This woman really didn't realize that she was already married, let alone regarding him as her husband. Otherwise, why would she be so surprised by his appearance?

In the past three years, he had never cared about these things. Now that he thought about it,

he didn't know for what purpose this woman married him in the first place!

"Of course you can, but..."

Yvonne played with her fingers. "Why are you sleeping with me here tonight? Did you drink too much?"

take a good look at yourself right now?"

"Do I look like I had too much to drink?" Henry narrowed his eyes. "Then why don't you

"Me?"

Yvonne was taken aback for a moment, then quickly looked down at herself and clutched her

hid it behind her.

mumbled.

nervousness and anticipation.

collar in shock.

"I... I..." She blushed and was rendered speechless.

Henry stared at her coldly and didn't bother to conceal the mocking tone in his voice.

"Didn't you skillfully take it off just now? Why are you covering it up now?"

"I thought I was the only one here!" Yvonne hurriedly picked up her bra from the ground and

Henry pursed his lips. "Even if you were alone, you still have to pay more attention to your

image as Mrs. Lancaster. Do not disgrace the Lancaster family or make a fool out of yourself!"

"I understand." Yvonne hung her head in shame. "I won't do it again next time," she

Henry snorted coldly and let her off the hook. He took off his coat and went toward the sofa.

bathroom.

Soaking in the bathtub, she covered her face with her hands. Her heart was filled with

Yvonne snuck a few glances at him, then breathed a sigh of relief before going into the

She had no idea what was going through Henry's mind. He had not only willingly moved back to live with her out of the blue, but he even wanted to share the room with her!

Could it be that he had finally made up his mind to become her husband for real?