

# PRETENDING TO BE POOR

## Chapter 24

Sharon, Rachel's colleague, came to see her once when she was in the hospital.

Sharon was also present that night. Sharon was terrified as Rachel rolled down the steps and became unconscious.

The most terrifying part was when Rachel's husband came. When he saw Rachel, his eyes swept across the people present and he looked as if he were Satan from Hell. Sharon felt as if she had fallen into an unending pit at that time.

scared when

she

She was still a little described it to Rachel.

"I'll never forget what your husband looked like at that time. It was horrifying."

Rachel shook her head and chuckled. "Don't be exaggerated."

"What I said is true!"

Sharon continued to describe. Suddenly, Shawn pulled the door open and entered. He gave her a frigid look, took his cigarette, and said in a low voice, "Call me if you need any help."

He then walked out.

Sharon was rigid and well-behaved throughout the entire process, not daring to do anything.

Sharon took a deep breath and rubbed her chest after Shawn left the room, relieved that she had survived.

Rachel was amused by Sharon's theatrical behavior and smiled as she narrowed her eyes.

"Stop wasting time and get down to business. How is the company going lately?"

Sharon felt the need to explain that she wasn't kidding. She was dead serious when she expressed her dread.

But Rachel would not believe her words.

Sharon had no choice but to give up.

Sharon exhaled a sigh. "Nothing has changed. Mr. Younger keeps his position as if he has no responsibilities at all. He is lucky that he has a wife with a strong background. Mr. Younger will undoubtedly be protected by the vice president."

Rachel's eyes became darker, and a cold glimmer flashed across them.

"Don't be upset, Rachel. We were unlucky to come across such a thing. This society is incredibly unjust to women. Unless you're strong enough, others will always be arrogant in front of you. They still talk about you in private. What a scumbag society."

Sharon was correct, but Rachel didn't want to give in so easily.

"No matter what people say, be yourself and you will be stronger."

Sharon nodded. "Rachel, you're so brave."

Rachel cracked a smile. She wasn't so bold when she was a child, but she had had numerous setbacks and confronted many difficulties. Only then did she realize that her dread would not get rid of the challenges. In that case, her final option was to face the obstacles.

"By the way, do you happen to know what happened to those men?"

Rachel shook her head. Sharon gave her a

hushed gaze. "I heard that those people offended someone and were kicked out of Q City. I'm not sure where they went, but it appears to be a fairly awful place. I regard it as 'evil has its retribution'. Those people only dare to bully us because we are just ordinary people. But they were punished when they provoked a big shot."

Rachel was taken aback. Shawn's hypothesis came to her mind as she reflected.

She did, however, shake her head in her heart. (It's impossible if Shawn could do it.)

"After all, there will always be someone stronger than them."

Shawn returned to the room after Sharon left the hospital.

He still smelled like cigarettes. It wasn't stinky, but pleasant

Rachel got out of bed and started walking around. She went over to hug Shawn when he entered.

Shawn froze for a second before wrapping his arms around her waist.

Rachel nestled against Shawn's powerful chest, and she could hear his heart pounding.

She grew to like him more and more.

"Shawn, I heard that the folks who bullied us angered someone and were punished. Do you have any knowledge about this?"

Shawn said calmly. "Really?"

She raised her head, her eyes gleaming.

"I would have assumed you avenged me if it weren't for that I know you are not that powerful."

Shawn lifted his lips and stroked Rachel's hair with his large palm. His dark eyes, which were fixed on her, were tinged with a glint of light.

"Do you want that person to be me?"

her

head. "No, that's

Rachel shook impossible."

(It wouldn't be good if Shawn is a powerful man.)

(It wouldn't be good for me, at the very least.)

"Besides, if you're such a man, I won't like you."

Shawn wrapped his arm around her waist, and massaged it with his large hand, his brows knitted. "Why not? I can defend you if I am a powerful man."

"If I want a stronger man, I wouldn't have married you, Shawn!"

Rachel was logical. She pressed her index finger against Shawn's chest. She retracted her finger and resumed with a smile at his cold face. "Would you still be here doing construction work if you were such a man? Will you still be with me if you get richer and more powerful in the future? I can't guarantee it. So, I don't care if my husband has money or not, but I want my husband to fully focus on me."

"How can you be sure I'm fully focused on you right now?"

Rachel remained silent for a minute, her gaze fixed on Shawn's dark eyes. "If you have other plans, please let me know because we have agreed to be honest with each other. In that

case, I won't stop you and we can break our relationships early."

Shawn stroked her hair and moved his fingers up to her earlobes. He dropped his head and pecked her lips when she desired to get his genuine, real gaze. The kiss was deep and hard, just like his normal rude demeanor.

Rachel returned to the workplace and resumed her customary duties as if nothing had happened before.

Rachel was consoled by Charles, the Vice President, and that was all.

Every day, Vincent still presented in front of

Rachel, as if nothing had happened. Despite Rachel's dissatisfaction, she had no choice.

For the time being, there was not much for Rachel to do, so Vincent didn't make things difficult for her. And Ursula had recently kept a low profile. To Rachel, her life was the most important thing to her, aside from her job.

On the weekend, Rachel and Shawn went to get their car and insured it. They then drove to the supermarket to stock up on food before driving home.

They cooked hotpot in the evening. Rachel's small face got red, charming, and cheerful on this chilly October night. She didn't notice that Shawn was staring at her with a strong urge to do something to her.

Rachel cleaned up the kitchen after eating and drinking, threw Shawn's dirty clothes in the washing machine, and washed his socks

and underwear with her hands. After she finished, she sat down next to Shawn.

Shawn took advantage of the situation by putting his arm around her shoulder and asked in a casual voice.

"Are you not tired?"

He really didn't understand why she did so much housework.

Rachel couldn't stop smiling. She took his large hand in hers and gripped it with her fingers.

Rachel had tried to shed her reserve and discomfort ever since she revealed to Shawn that she really liked him. She wanted to get as close to Shawn as possible.

She was even happier when Shawn did not reject her.

"I'm not tired because this is our house, and I do the laundry for you. And recently, I am not busy at the company. If I'm truly exhausted, I'll ask for your assistance."

But Shawn looked like he wouldn't help with chores and was used to being served by others. For example, he never cooked or washed his clothes, and he required others to provide the meals he ate.

She had no idea how he grew up.

Shawn snatched her fingers and lowered his gaze.

Her fingers were long and skinny, but quite attractive.

Rachel said with a smile. "My fingers were said to be unlucky by the elderly. But I think they look nice and I think they will look good with rings on them."

She froze after that because she suddenly realized the matter with the ring.

Rachel couldn't help but chuckle as Shawn locked his gaze on her. "Should we purchase a couple of rings? Let's buy it after work tomorrow."

"Okay."

Rachel gave Shawn a lovely smile. Her delicate face always had a smile on it recently, which made her become increasingly gorgeous and attractive.

Shawn had been concerned about her health and had avoided having sex with her since she was admitted to the hospital.

Shawn didn't have to put up with it any longer. His dark eyes were tainted with a strong sexual desire, which made Rachel hot and she couldn't bear it.

She liked Shawn, therefore she naturally preferred this man's proximity.

Rachel took the initiative, hooking Shawn's neck and kissing him. He then pressed Rachel on the sofa and had intercourse with her. This time was quick and fierce.

Their voices intertwined in the living room, vague and charming.

They then went back to the bedroom and continued to make love.

Rachel felt elated and horny with Shawn at the time.

The next day, Shawn waited outside Rachel's

company.

She noticed Shawn resting against the car door as soon as she went out of her office. He was tall, attractive, and indifferent. The cigarette in his fingers increased the charm of a mature man.

Rachel's heart skipped a beat as she dashed over.

As her co-workers looked over, they couldn't help but feel envious.

"He is attractive, yet impoverished. The car is worth merely a few tens of thousands of dollars. I guess Rachel bought it for him."

"What good is it for a man to be attractive only? What's there to be glad about when she has contributed so much to the man?"

Sharon curled her lips. (They are just jealous.)

Shawn took out a jewelry box and handed it to Rachel after she got into the car. –

Rachel was taken aback and opened the box. A pink diamond ring lay in the black velvet ring box.

"What is this?"

Rachel gazed at Shawn as she was amazed at the beauty of the pink diamond.

He said, "That's the wedding ring."