

# My Husband Is A Secret Billionaire By Wiuu

## Chapter 31

### Chapter 31

Ava was so angry that her face flushed a furious shade of red.

She had always cared about her reputation. Now, this caused her to lose face. Ava's boiling anger found its way to Jane, her hand flying up in a fit to strike. But she was stopped by the people nearby.

With a nod towards the surveillance camera on the ceiling, they urged her to cool her jets.

Ava stared at Jane with hatred. After a while, she gritted her teeth and said, "What's so great about marrying a poor man? He can't even buy you a copper ring, let alone a diamond ring! You two, joined in penury, may you forever be strapped for cash!"

With that, she pivoted on her heel and stormed off. Jane watched Ava's exasperated back with a faint smirk.

It looked like there would be no peaceful days in the company in the future.

Jane realized she needed to plan ahead and create her own safety net.

The following day, Jane showed up to work with a little something different.

Normally averse to makeup, Jane had decided to put on a light touch, and now sported a certain

accessory.

An emerald ring of impressive size.

Coworkers' eyes nearly popped out of their heads at the sight of it. The ring, seemingly of pure gold, sported intricate carvings, and the emerald on top was clear and luminous a sight to behold.

Though the design seemed a bit dated, like a relic from a bygone era.

Jane glanced down, fondly stroking the ring.

She had taken it out of the box the previous night. With her long, slender fingers, it was a tad large on her. Dan, her husband, suggested getting it resized at a jewelry shop, but she simply couldn't wait.

Didn't Ava claim that her husband couldn't even afford a ring?

Let her get an eyeful today and see just what Jane was wearing!

"Jane, this is drop-dead gorgeous!" Her female colleagues swarmed, curiously inspecting the ring. "I've never seen a ring like this, is it custom-made?"

"But it does look a bit dated," one dissenting voice piped up. "Like some old relic."

"Jane, is this a gift from your husband? Why'd he give you something so extravagant? Did your mother-in-law wear it before? Could it be a family heirloom?\*

Jane just smiled, choosing to remain silent.

Ava passed by, sneaking a peek at Jane's ring.

A spark of interest flared in her eyes. Though the design was old-fashioned, she could see it was an exquisite piece, steeped in years of history. However...

How on earth did Jane come to possess such a ring?

Ava scoffed lightly, a cold smile playing on her lips. "What if it's a knock-off?"

ηη

## Chapter 21

Suddenly, there was a dead silence in the office. The atmosphere turned awkward, and everyone returned to their desks."

"Jane, we're from the same alma mater, for the sake of the days when I was your senior, I feel obliged to give you a piece of advice." Ava shot her a sidelong glance. "This ring is so old, and that thing on top just looks like dyed glass. What emerald... ha! I bet your husband has pulled the wool over your eyes. Did he think this piece of junk would win your heart?" Jane ran her fingers gently over the ring, met Ava's gaze, and responded nonchalantly, "I wear a ring as a symbol of my marital status, nothing more. It could be glass or an emerald, doesn't matter to me."

"And besides," Jane added, a serene smile crossing her face, as long as it's a gift from my husband, even if it is a ring of copper, it represents his affection, and I cherish it!"

"Hmm," Ava scoffed, "truly a penny-pincher!"

Jane didn't let this get under her skin, plunging back into her workload.

In the afternoon, as Jane was plotting the sales strategy for the next quarter, she overheard Annie muttering under her breath, "Ava must be order-obsessed, bringing all and sundry into the company."

Jane turned around, giving Annie a puzzled look.

ingi

Annie gestured with her lips towards Ava's office, where Jane saw another horde of people filing in and out.

If she remembered correctly, this was the fifth delegation Ava had entertained that afternoon.

It seemed Ava had held onto the grudge about the order she lost.

Jane just smiled wryly, ready to dive back into her work, when Ava's voice echoed from the doorway of her office. Jane, can you step into my office for a moment?"

## Chapter 32

Jane felt a knot in her stomach, exchanging a glance with Annie, whose gaze mirrored her own apprehension.

"What's she up to now?" Annie knitted her brows, "Definitely not up to any good! Jane, be careful!"

"Well, it doesn't matter." Jane replied with a cool demeanor as she walked into Ava's office. Ava, in a calculated move, drew all the blinds and left the door wide open, to give all and sundry outside a clear view of the goings-on.

Jane was a tad puzzled. It didn't seem like Ava was out to get her.

After all, all eyes were on them.

"Jane, meet Mr. Sherwood, from the Illumination Group," Ava introduced, a smile playing on her lips. "Mr. Sherwood, this is our sales champion this month."

Jane gave a polite nod with a smile, but the more she looked at Ava, the more Annie's words rang true.

Ava had no good intentions...

Carl Sherwood was a genteel middle-aged man. The moment Jane stepped in, his gaze fixed on the ring on her finger, never wavering.

"Jane, today's your lucky day!" Ava smirked. "Though Mr. Sherwood is a businessman, he's quite the connoisseur when it comes to gem and jewelry appraisal! He an active board member of the Jewelers Association, and many jewelry firms have sought his expert judgment. His eyes, sharp as a hawk's, can discern a genuine piece from a fake with just a glance!"

"Mr. Sherwood." Ava turned her gaze towards Carl. "What do you make of the ring on Jane's finger?"

Jane's heart pounded as she instinctively shielded her ring.

Carl stood up, offering a courteous smile. "Ms. Fallon, may I take a gander at it?"

Jane hesitated. A few curious coworkers had already started rubbernecking from the hallway. Ava stood with her arms crossed, a sneer etched on her face, the picture of schadenfreude.

"Mr. Sherwood, this ring is worthless, Jane said softly. "I wear it as a daily trinket. There's nothing remarkable about it. It's not worth your once-over."

"Is that so?" Ava's voice cut through the air like a knife. "Oh, but someone mentioned this is her wedding ring!"

"Jane, why play hard to get? If Mr. Sherwood takes a shine to gems and jewelry, show him! He's an important customer for our company. Don't step on his toes!"

Jane took a deep breath, the penny finally dropping as to why Ava had opened all the doors and windows.

She paused for a moment, an Inscrutable look on her face, and then slid off her ring, placing it on the table.

Carl smiled, first donning a pair of white gloves, then extracting a professional Chelsea Filter from his bag to examine the ring up close.

1111

Ma Hasbundin & Saint Allénair

100%

Chapter 37

However, the more he observed, the more his complexion seemed off.

Jitters bubbled in Jane's stomach. Just last night, Dan had confided in her that this ring wasn't valuable... Now with Ava bringing in a so-called jewelry expert, wasn't it just to call out her ring as a cheap knock-off and humiliate her in public?

"Ms. Fallon, Carl piped up out of the blue, "where did this ring come from?"

Jane eyed his stern and startled expression, finding it rather fishy.

"It's a gift from my husband, my wedding ring. Is there a problem?"

Carl's eyes practically bulged out of their sockets. "May I ask your husband's... surname?"

Jane, creasing her brows, found his question out of left field. But she maintained her courteous exterior and answered softly. "His surname is Murphy."

Carl was stunned. The confusion in his eyes did not dissipate, but deepened.

Why would his surname be Murphy? The inconspicuous emblem on the ring shank was clearly the symbol of the Campbell family from Central City!

If he wasn't barking up the wrong tree, this ring was a treasured heirloom of the Campbell family, once worn by one of their ancestors when she was a consort.

Ava, also noticing Carl's peculiar expression, couldn't resist probing. "Mr. Sherwood, what's up with this ring? Is it fake?"

The crowd outside started to multiply, gossiping.

Jane bit her lip subtly, smoothly retracting her ring and slipping it back onto her ring finger. with

"This ring isn't fake. In fact, it's worth a pretty penny Carl replied, removing his gloves. "This gem is an emerald, and the ring shank appears to be made from pure gold from the Humar River Goldmine. Despite its vintage style, it's of high value."

"What?" Ava was shocked. "Mr... Mr. Sherwood, did you see it clearly?"

"Are you questioning my expertise, Ms. Zeller?"

"No, no, I didn't mean that..."

Carl shot her an unhappy look, and then turned to Jane with a smile. "Ms. Fallon, this emerald has remarkable hardness, purity, and size. If it hits the auction block at Christie's, it would fetch an unimaginable price!"

Jane was a bit taken aback by his proclamation.

The onlookers outside, initially there to relish the spectacle, were also flabbergasted. They whispered among themselves and cast more complex glances toward Jane.

"I've heard that your sales proposal is quite impressive, Ms. Fallon. I have some business dealings with your company that I'd like to discuss. Would it be convenient for you now?"

Jane blinked, her gaze meeting Carl's gentle eyes.

She chuckled lightly. She couldn't say no to business that was served on a silver platter!

"Mr. Sherwood, please wait for me in the conference room. I'll get you some coffee and present you with the previous sales proposal."

Chapter Chapter 33

Jane took Carl into the conference room.

Those gathered at the door of Ava's office, each with a grin stretching from ear to ear.

"Wasn't Ms. Zeller just hoping that Mr. Sherwood would claim Jane's ring to be just green glass? Who knew Jane actually wore a genuine emerald? In the end, she even walked away with the client!" someone whispered with a smirk. "Isn't this a classic case of throwing the helve after the hatchet?"

"Humph, this is called going for wool and coming home shorn!"

'Haha...'

Ava was rooted to the spot, her mind a total blank, her body trembling with rage.

She stormed over and slammed the door with a resounding crash.

The crowd outside scattered, but their laughter still echoed throughout the office. They had long been fed up with Ava's high and mighty attitude but, alas, her uncle was a big shareholder, so they just swallowed their pride.

Seeing her down in the dumps today, they were all secretly thrilled.

Jane escorted Carl to the company entrance. After bidding him farewell with a smile, she gently touched the ring on her finger.

Was this truly an emerald?

Jane giggled, and when she did, her dimples appeared on her cheeks, as if capturing all the sweetness in the world.

Upon reflection, after marrying Dan, her luck seemed to have improved dramatically. One contract after another was signed, and whenever she was in a tight spot, Dan would swoop in to save the day...

She once heard a prophet say that she was a good luck charm for her husband.

Hmm, it seems like it was actually Dan who was the lucky charm!!

She let out a long sigh of relief. It was almost time to clock off, and she planned to head home and make a pizza for her hubby tonight.

But as Jane turned around, she locked eyes with Ava's fiery gaze.

"Ms. Zeller."

Jane greeted her without any hint of subservience, about to head upstairs, when Ava's sneering retort rang out behind her.

"Oh, what an emerald! I wonder where your husband pilfered it from?"

Jane spun around and fixed her with a stare. "What did you just say?"

"I said, someone who has done time in the can, what kind of shenanigans hasn't your husband gotten up to?" Ava went on, "Jane, you have some nerve! I reckon you and your husband, one a thief, the other a homewrecker, you guys are two peas in a pod!"

Jane clamped her mouth shut, her face paling.

Chapter

Ava gave a cold laugh, deliberately looking up. The surveillance camera's red light was on, recording every single moment.

In fact, she was a smart person. Every time she provoked Jane, she made sure it was under the surveillance camera. That way, no matter how outrageous her words were, Jane wouldn't lay a finger on her, assuming she had any sense left.

Once she took action, Jane would be fired by this company!

"Hey, Jane," Ava said, glancing at her own ring. "There's no shame in being penniless, but stealing, that's really below the belt! You're a decent girl. Why on earth would you marry a guy like that?"

"Oh, I get it, the men who've done time... they have quite the raging libido, huh? Wow, your husband must be super impressive, able to keep you satisfied, right?"

Jane sucked in a deep breath. This time, she wasn't going to take it lying down. She glanced at Ava and then quietly asked, "Ava, can we have a heart-to-heart?"

Ava saw her meek and docile look, and the fire inside her cooled a bit. Was she capitulating?  
It

seemed that Jane had some self-awareness.

"Ava," Jane continued in a soft voice, "this deal with Mr. Sherwood, it's all yours, I won't vie with you for it. Once the deal's done, I'll hand over all the commission to you, and count it under your name. How does that sound?"

Ava huffed, "You're not as dumb as you look."

"Can we change our location to talk some more? There are too many people here, and there's some stuff I'd rather not say in public."

Ava agreed and followed Jane, circumventing the company building to arrive at a secluded, open area at the back.

Jane looked around. There was a small grove nearby, hidden and deserted. No one was around, and more importantly, there were no surveillance cameras. She had previously scouted this "perfect spot" for their conversation.

"Spit it out!" Ava still had her uppity demeanor, "I need to get off work early!"

Jane kept her head down, staying mum. Ava felt a strange tension in the air. Just as she was about to demand Jane get on with it, a slap to the face caught her off guard! The stinging sensation was immediate.

Ava was taken aback, still in shock, when Jane slapped her again with all her might!

Staggering, Ava fell flat on her butt.

"W hat... what the hell are you doing?" Holding her throbbing cheeks, she stared at Jane in terror.

Jane glared at her, no longer the pushover she once was. It was as if she'd donned an armor. She roughly grabbed Ava by the collar, yanked her up, and prepared to slap her for the third time. Ava let out a sharp scream, instinctively closing her eyes and protecting her head with her arms.

Jane's hand halted mid-air.

"The first slap was for your insult towards me!

"The second slap was for your slander against my husband!

"And this third one..."

"Jane, if you dare hit me again, I swear..."

Before Ava could finish her threat, Jane had already landed the third slap.

"The third one is a warning!" Jane bit out each word, "If you ever dare slander my husband again, you'll end up worse off than now! Don't think I won't fight back! This time, I spared you the public humiliation, but if you keep running your mouth off, I'll make sure everyone sees how your face swells up!

"Worst case scenario is to be fired by the company, and you can go blabbering around, saying that Jane hit you. Ha, if I've done it, I'll face the music. But if you push me too hard, you'll have to pay the piper!"

000 Chapter 34

That day, no one had a clue why Ava came back with her face looking like a balloon and blood smeared at the corners of her mouth.

She was the spitting image of Adam the day he took a beating.

Someone smart made a connection between these two incidents and pretty swiftly the

fingers. started pointing at Jane. Despite Jane's good reputation, gentle nature, and hard-working ethic, even if she really slapped Ava, everyone would believe that Ava must have pushed the good-natured woman into a corner.

Without any concrete proof, they could just talk about it.

Nevertheless, even though it wasn't caught on the surveillance cameras, Tristan had witnessed the whole thing.

At the time, Tristan was handling some business in a nearby law firm. Seeing Jane throw her hands. was like seeing a blue moon.

He reported the incident pronto to Dan. Maybe he had picked up a bit of Hector's manner of speaking because his message was loaded with Hector's style. "Dominic, your wife is one fiery. spitfire. Her slaps were no half measures; they were swift and fierce! She kept saying that if Ava dares to gossip about you again, her ending will be more miserable than ever!" A hint of a smile flashed across Dan's icy facade.

That explained why Jane seemed all jittery when she got home that day, grilling him about how many years one would get for a punch-up...

Perhaps she was scared deep down.

But in order to protect him, she went into full hedgehog mode.

Dan felt a warm flutter in his heart. He watched the busy woman in the kitchen, his gaze softening.

He strolled in quietly.

Jane was busy handling the salmon

The salmon was on its last legs on the chopping board. Jane positioned the knife horizontally, held it aloft, and then brought it down with a thud. The salmon was thoroughly stunned, its mouth slowly opening and closing. Jane seized the moment to swiftly descale the salmon and gut it.

Dan chuckled. This was his first time seeing a woman playing the but cher, especially someone as soft as Jane.

"Why did face.

you come in?" Jane swung around at the sound, strands of her hair falling loosely in her

"Why not just buy salmon sashimi?" Dan asked softly. "Why go through the rigmarole of buying a live one and dealing with it yourself?"

"You just don't get it!" Jane asserted confidently, "If you buy salmon sashimi, the vendor could give you a stale dead fish in place of a fresh one. It would be throwing money down the drain! I'd rather go the extra mile, bring it home, and do it myself where I know it's done right!"

Dan curled his lips.

10.6%

With the recent heatwave, Jane'd been donning a T-shirt and shorts at home. The white T-shirt was somewhat sheer, revealing the faint outline of her bra straps. Her lean, milky-white legs were brazenly exposed below her shorts. After gazing at her for a bit, Dan suddenly felt his heartbeat. dancing to a different rhythm. He quickly diverted his eyes.

Jane adjusted the ties on her apron.

The apron unexpectedly landed just over her thighs.

Watching this made Dan's desire high and his mouth go dry.

The kitchen, the apron, her bustling around, her bare legs.

The beads of sweat dotting her forehead and the tip of her nose...

All this somehow set his heart racing.

Dan took several deep breaths, reining in his wild thoughts.

He then realized his overreaction. After all, this woman was his wife! There was no harm in harboring such thoughts. Heck, even acting on them would be perfectly legit!

Jane noticed him standing still for a long time, took one look at his flushed face, his irregular breathing, and his eyes that seemed a bit off... Startled, she quickly wiped her hands and reached out to touch his forehead.

"What's the matter? Are you feeling okay?"

"Oh, why are you burning up?"

OM

(1)

## Chapter 35

Dan's breath hitched as he pulled Jane swiftly into his embrace.

His hand fit snugly around her delicate waist while the other tenderly lifted her chin.

He looked into her eyes. Her eyes were as clear as a spring, and her pink lips were slightly open and closed, like a silent temptation.

Dan felt a flame igniting within him, burning its way to his dick.

Jane evaded his smoldering gaze, a blush spread across her cheeks, and her breathing quickened. She could feel his burning chest, the steady throb of his heartbeat, his robust masculinity... She found herself melting into him, yet just before his lips descended on hers, she lightly pushed him

away.

"No," Jane said shyly, "I still have to cook."

Dan halted, a shadow of disappointment passing through his deep-set eyes.

"Maybe tonight... Jane's voice was barely audible, each word an effort that left her flushed.

"Tonight, don't sleep on the couch. It's not comfortable. Sleep in the bedroom instead."

Dan was taken aback.

This might have been the most daring thing she had said....

Suppressing a chuckle, his thumb traced the red glow of her earlobe, his voice rough with anticipation as he responded, "Okay."

Following dinner, Dan made a beeline for the bathroom.

A routine shower usually took him ten minutes tops, but this time he was in there for almost an hour. Jane cut up some fruit and watched a bit of TV, but he still hadn't emerged. Only the occasional sound of water trickling was proof he was still in there.

Jane blushed, retreated to the bedroom, changed into her nightgown, and sat anxiously on the edge



of the bed.

Her hands fidgeted, unsure of where to rest.

What would he do to her later? He was a big guy, muscular and stronger than the average man..

Jane bit her lip to suppress a giggle, and then blushed even harder at the scandalous thoughts running through her head, wishing she could bury her face in her chest.

Just then, the water in the bathroom abruptly stopped. Jane was jolted from her thoughts, gripping the corner of her nightgown tightly.

Dan's footsteps echoed, growing nearer.

Jane's heart pounded wildly, her feet restlessly intertwined, nervous yet with a touch of excitement.

She had only read about wedding nights in romance novels, daydreamed during her girlhood of those enchanting scenes, fantasizing about marrying her true love and experiencing an unforgettable night.

Although this wasn't their wedding night, it was her first time with Dan.....

Jane couldn't help but let a sweet smile escape her lips.

She hoped... that everything would unfold as beautifully as it did in the novels, providing memories to last a lifetime.

However, at that very moment, the jarring sound of the doorbell broke the silence.

Jane was taken aback. The moment she opened the door, she almost jumped out of her skin. There stood Bailey, face covered in wounds and his whole body a mess. He burst into tears at the sight of her.

"What on earth happened?" Jane hurriedly pulled him inside. 'Did you get into a fight or something?"

"Jane..." Bailey's eyes were puffy and red. He tried to speak, but his words were choked off by sobs.

Jane was so anxious, forgetting all about Dan. It wasn't until Dan gave a soft cough that she came back to reality, slowly turning around to see his furrowed brows and puzzled expression. Her heart skipped a beat.

Now she was Fiona. Fiona didn't have a brother...

"This is... my cousin, she managed to smile and surreptitiously gave Bailey a meaningful look.

Bailey paused, looking at Dan, and quickly picked up what Jane meant. The man before him was the one her sister had married instead of Fiona... So, the man didn't know about him yet. He mustn't mess things up for his sister.

"Bailey," Jane said in a low voice, "He is your brother-in-law, Dan!"

Obediently, Bailey greeted, "Hello, Dan," and promptly hid behind Jane.

He watched Dan timidly. He couldn't shake off this feeling of intimidating authority radiating from the man. How could his sister live with such a daunting figure every day without feeling oppressed?

Dan merely nodded and, wordlessly, retrieved a first-aid kit. He made Bailey sit on the couch and started tending to his wounds.

Bailey was seriously hurt, with a swollen red patch on his forehead and a large skin tear on his leg. The wound had fused with his trousers, and every movement was a living agony. Despite Dan's tender touch, Bailey's face turned pale from the pain, his forehead beading with sweat.

"What happened? Who did this to you?" Tears welled up in Jane's eyes. "Did you tick someone off?"

Bailey remained tight-lipped, not uttering a word.

Frustrated, Jane pressed him with more questions, but no matter how much she asked, Bailey held his silence.

Dan patted her shoulder, shooting her a reassuring glance, and then guided Bailey to the balcony. Jane watched them close the sliding door behind them. After a while, Bailey appeared to be talking to Dan, tears trickling down his cheeks.

When Dan returned, Jane rushed over, asking, "What's the matter?"

"He's been bullied at school," Dan's face was stone-cold, a hint of fury creased between his brows.

Jane's heart ached, and she felt a surge of tears welling up again.

"A group of older students thought your brother was an easy target. They've been harassing him on

Chapter 35

his way to and from school, demanding money. If Bailey doesn't have any, they don't hesitate to

rough him up." Dan bit his lip. "Just now, when they didn't get any money from him, they grabbed his hair and smashed his head against the wall. That's why his head wound is severe."

Jane gasped. She wanted to check on him on the balcony, but Dan held her back.

"Give him a minute," he murmured. "Boys at his age have a lot of pride. They don't like others seeing them in such states. Let him calm down a bit."

"Right," Jane nodded, feeling a bit puzzled. Why did her brother confide in this man he'd only just met, rather than his own sister?

As if reading her thoughts, Dan smiled and said, "Some things are easier said between men."

Jane shook her head. "He's just sixteen, hardly a man!"

"Don't underestimate him, Dan chuckled. "When I was sixteen, I was already..."

He cut himself off mid-sentence.

Jane paused, then looked up at him, "You were already what?" Chapter 36

When he was sixteen, Wharton, the leader of the three major business schools in the world, had made an exception to admit him, who was expected to be the heir to the Campbell family with high hopes

If it hadn't been for the dark hand of fate that led him into a plane crash, he'd already be calling the shots at the Campbell Group.

Facing Jane's inquisitive gaze, he simply returned her look with a small smile, choosing to remain mute on the matter.

Jane, her lips pursed in a pout, was suddenly struck with a thought. "Did he have a sweetheart when he was sixteen? They say a man never forgets his first love. He seemed quite excited when he started talking about his teenage years, but then he just stopped. Maybe he didn't want me to know..."

There seemed to be no better explanation than this phantom sweetheart from his past. A hint of melancholy passed through Jane's eyes. Since Dan didn't want to talk about it, she wasn't going to press

However, it left a little wrinkle in her heart.

Silently, she headed back into the bedroom to change the sheets. Next, she got a blanket and spread it out on the living room couch.

Dan was taken aback for a few seconds before a realization dawned on him. Abruptly, he seized her wrist, "Why... why are you making up the couch again?"

Jane turned to face him, "What's wrong with that?"

"Everything!" His voice was strained as he tried to maintain calm. "Didn't you say I could come back. to the bedroom tonight? Weren't we going to..."

"My brother has just been beaten up, and you're still in the mood for that?" Jane shot him a hard look.

The earlier mention of his past "sweetheart" had already rattled her, and her temper was quick to flare up.

"Bailey won't be going home tonight. If I, his sister, won't take him in, then who will?"

Dan, oblivious to the underlying issues, felt like her change of attitude was... somewhat abrupt.

"He's staying tonight? And the couch is for him?"

"For me," Jane answered, stone-faced.

"What did you say?" Dan gaped at her. "You're not suggesting I..."

"Yes," her voice was cool and detached. "You and Bailey can bunk together in the bedroom, and I'll take the couch."

"But there's only one bed in the room!"

"No problem, it's big enough for both of you, Jane thrust a pillow into his hands. "You two can have your 'man-to-man' chat in there!"

Speechless, Dan took several deep breaths to calm himself.

1200

My Husband Sérgio

11.34

In the meantime, Jane had already called Bailey back from the balcony. After a quick wash-up, she ushered him off to the bedroom to get some rest.

Obedient as always, Bailey complied and made his way to the bedroom.

Dan felt a throbbing pain in his temples, like someone banging on a drum.

Summoning all his courage, he stepped in, positioning himself on the other half of the bed.

It was a first for him, hitting the hay in the marital bed since tying the knot. The rub was there was another man beside him!

Dan huffed out a heavy sigh.

His hour-long stint in the bathroom was a waste of time!

Hearing his restless tossing and turning, Bailey, unable to sleep himself, propped himself up on the headboard and struck up a conversation.

"Do you think I'm a pushover, Dan? Always at the mercy of bullies."

Bailey was a softy at heart with top-notch grades, but he was too straight-laced for his own good, a constant sense of inferiority haunting him due to his family circumstances.

At first glance, Dan had intimidated him, but when Dan had called him to the balcony, offering patient advice and vowing to take his side... He suddenly perceived that this man, appearing dark and aloof, was a rock to lean on.

"You're right, Dan," he murmured. "Everyone should be self-reliant, especially us men. I'll take a leaf out of your book to guard my sister and family in the future."

Dan, lying with his back to him, remained mum.

"Why so quiet?" Bailey inched closer for a look. "Missing my sis beside you, aren't you?"

"Of course!" Dan Murphy cursed in his heart.

But he bit the bullet and squeezed out three words, "Not at all."

"Oh, good then," Bailey grinned sheepishly. "I'm truly sorry for disturbing you tonight... I mean, I didn't intend to land Sis in hot water, but I got roughed up, was down in the dumps, and Sis was the only one I could rely on."

"Dan, you won't blame me, right?"

"Not at all," Dan closed his eyes tightly, silently praying for Bailey to put a sock in it.

"Dan," Bailey wrinkled his nose. "What's that smell? You smell good!"

Dan was speechless.

"Do you always smell this good before sleeping with my sis?"

"Shut up!" Dan growled, "Time to sleep!" Chapter 37

Jane didn't sleep all night either.

On the one hand, she was concerned about Bailey, and on the other, she was troubled by Dan's "sweetheart". Add to that the discomfort of spending her first night on the couch, and it's no surprise she barely got a wink of sleep until the break of dawn.

Yet, it wasn't long before **Jane** was jolted awake by some noise.

Blinking open her eyes, she saw Dan all suited up, ready to step out. Bailey was also geared up, bag packed, trailing behind him.

"Where are you two off to?" Jane asked, taken aback.

Dan's outfit was indeed a sight—dressed head to toe in black, complete with a baseball cap, and sporting a telescopic stick, which was a usual part of his home workout routine.

A sinking feeling tugged at her heart.

**"Are** you going to fight?"

Dan shot her a glance, not uttering a word.

Jane's heart skipped a beat. It seemed like he was genuinely going out to fight. Every time he'd brawled since their wedding, it had something to do with her, and each time her heart was in her mouth, dreading that he would be in jail again...

This time, no matter what, Jane had to prevent him from **going** down that path again!

"Don't worry about this matter," Dan said, his voice steady yet firm. "Those bullies won't learn their lesson unless they get a taste of their own medicine!"

"Do we really have to fight fire with fire?"

"What better way do you propose?" He turned to her, his eyes icy, his resolve unwavering. "If talking things out was effective, the world would be a far more peaceful place.

"Rest assured, I know what I'm doing. By standing up to **those** bullies for Bailey this time, they'll think twice before messing with him in the future. Bailey's my brother too. I can't just stand by and watch him get bullied!"

A **wave** of warmth washed over Jane. She gently took his hand, paused for a moment, and then looked up at him. "Let's not rush into anything. I have a solution."

"What?" **Dan's** eyes narrowed. "What's your plan?"

Jane **gave** him a coy smile, picked up her phone, and waved it before him.

"There's no point in fighting fire with fire. It'll only lead to an endless cycle of trouble. My plan, however, is a one-shot solution to all **our** worries! But it might require putting Bailey in an uncomfortable position one more time. **Can** you bear with it?"

Dan was taken aback, **and** then he set down his telescopic stick and heeded Jane's words. He switched to casual attire and after they had breakfast, both escorted Bailey to school.

Jane instructed Bailey to walk ahead, while she and Dan trailed behind, maintaining some distance.

Sure enough, before they reached the school **gates**, they spotted a group of high schoolers with

## Chapter 30

cigarettes hanging from their mouths approaching Bailey. They swarmed him, patting his shoulders and tossing his school bag around, their faces alight with malicious glee. Seeing them, Bailey **was** visibly shaking like a leaf, letting himself be dragged to a secluded corner, too scared to utter a word.

Jane and Dan swiftly followed and hid nearby.

## Chapter 38

Jane calmly strode over from the sidelines.

Dan now understood her intention.

She had captured damning evidence of the school bullying, and these high schoolers, already over 16, were legally liable for their actions.

Once the evidence was handed to the police, these kids would carry this black mark for life.

Jane's icy gaze swept over the group

"You didn't just bully Bailey, did you?" She spoke slowly, deliberately. "I've already dialed 911, and the cops will clear it all up when they get here."

Everything was under Jane's firm control.

The bullies were taken away by the police, and questioned as per standard protocol. Once the truth of their bullying came out, they were nailed for the crime, and swiftly, justice was served.

Jane had finally avenged Bailey.

'Dominic,

your

wife's got some grit," Tristan's police friend told him the story and Tristan raised a thumb in admiration. "She's cooler than a cucumber when things hit the fan, and clearly knows her way around the law. That was a smart move!"

Dan cracked a small smile.

Ever since they tied the knot, Jane kept springing surprises on him, but...

Even if he didn't make any contributions in this matter, he should have done a lot of hard work, right? After all, he was the one who knocked down those high schoolers. Given Jane's character, she would surely reward him somehow, perhaps whipping up a hearty meal at least.

But Jane was surprisingly quiet.

Moreover, he had noticed her growing distant lately.

She no longer mentioned asking him to sleep in the bedroom.

Dan had dropped subtle hints a few times and thought Jane would certainly pick up on his thoughts. Yet, she feigned ignorance right to his face, deftly sidestepping his advances with various excuses!

As a result, he was still sleeping on the couch...

Dan let out a sigh, his cool demeanor cracking slightly as his brows furrowed in deep thought. So lost was he, that he didn't even notice the cigarette nearly burning his fingers.

"Hey, Dominic." Quick as a whip, Hector snatched the cigarette from him.

Dan snapped back to reality, looking slightly dazed.

This was the first time Hector had seen such a vacant look on Dan's face.

"Dominic, what are you thinking about?" He waved his hand in front of Dan. "Oh, there's news from the Central City... Your uncle and granddad are plotting to find you a consort!"

12.00

Dan's eyes went as cold as steel.

He brutally stubbed out the cigarette in the ashtray, his face hardened with a fierce resolve.

"All things considered, your family is full of tough cookies." Tristan voiced his concern, "If one day you go back, and Jane... she..."

"She won't be with me." Dan muttered under his breath. "We are, after all, chalk and cheese. We can't become one."

Tristan and Hector exchanged bewildered glances, knowing without words what the other was thinking.

It was clear as day that Dan had a thing for Jane – anyone with half a brain could see it.

But the guy was as stoic as a statue, always maintaining that "marriage is just a facade for him," and that his responsibilities towards Jane were only those between a husband and wife.

Dan fed himself this line of bull, but Jane had already taken root in his heart. The day he'd have to rip her out, root and all, they didn't know how he'd bear the heartache.

After a pause, Dan suddenly asked, "You guys know any good gynecologists?"

Their eyes bulged out of their sockets, looking like they'd seen a ghost at high noon.

"Wh-what?" Hector, trying to suppress a grin, gave Dan a once-over, raised an eyebrow, and incredulously asked, "Did you knock her up already, Dominic? You work fast, brother!"

Dan's face dropped and he rolled his eyes in response.

Tristan frowned, "Could you let Dominic finish?"

Dan cleared his throat and said in a low voice, "I just want to know what's good for a woman's health." Hector couldn't help it any longer and burst out laughing, the brandy in

his mouth spewing out in a spray.

Tristan gave him a look that screamed "you idiot".

Dan's expression turned stormier by the second.

These past few days, Jane would shoot him questioning glances, a flicker of desolation passing over her eyes. She was worried about gains and losses.

He racked his brain but couldn't pinpoint where he had slipped up or what she might have misconstrued.

Then it hit him, like a bolt from the blue – the pads he'd seen in the bathroom that morning.

Women are known to have emotional ups and downs during their period, right?

So, Jane was giving him the cold shoulder because she was on her period?

It all clicked into place when he thought about it.

Dan had seen her writhing in pain during her period, curled up on the bed, pale as a sheet, and breaking out in a cold sweat.

He didn't know what kind of pain it was, but he just wished he could make her feel better.

"If you guys don't know any doctors specializing in this, I'll go ask around." His gaze swept over them indifferently.

12:00

My Husband

12.04

Hector clapped a hand on his shoulder, pounding his chest and chortling, "Why go to someone else, Dominic? I'm the expert here!"

'I tell you... I have a secret recipe!' He lowered his voice conspiratorially. "Just let Jane use it. I guarantee after she uses it, she'll be hyper-s\*xual... Never mind, she'll be lively!"

C

00) Chapter 39

Jane had a stomach ache, so she took a day off and didn't go to work.

However, even at home, she couldn't catch a break. From the moment she woke up, a weird smell of traditional herbal medicine was wafting from the kitchen.

Battling against the pain, Jane managed to get out of bed. As she reached the kitchen door, she saw Dan running around like a headless chicken.

On the table was a breakfast prepared by him: overly fried eggs, a piece of burnt toast, and a bowl of porridge that was all milk and almost no oats.

It was really hard for this man who had never stepped foot in the kitchen before.

With a wry smile, Jane leaned against the kitchen door frame and murmured, "You don't know how to cook, let me do it."

Dan was taken aback and turned to look at her. "You're up? If you're feeling under the weather, go back to bed after breakfast. I've got this."

"What are you busy with?"

"Ah... Just whipping up some soup for you," Dan replied, all sixes and sevens. "Go rest. Once the soup is ready, I'll bring it to you!"

Jane bit her lip, feeling a warmth spreading in her chest, but then a thought suddenly crossed her mind. "Had he been this attentive to his 'sweetheart' in the past?"



A boy of sixteen, all fiery and full of zest... He must have been pretty passionate, huh... As she pondered, the smile on Jane's face froze, and the knot in her heart twisted tighter. Coupled with a cramping stomach from standing for too long, she felt completely out of sorts.

Just then, Dan turned to look at her.

Jane shot him a look, huffed, and stomped back to her room, slamming the door behind her.

Dan was left scratching his head, thinking. "Are all women like Jekyll and Hyde during their period? One moment they're all smiles, the next they're shooting daggers. They really are a tough crowd!"

Just as he got a message from Hector inviting him to the Crowne Hotel for a chat, he was about to inform Jane when there was a knock at the door.

It was Kate. She heard that Jane was under the weather and came to visit her while she was out on business.

"You are... Dan Murphy?" Kate was caught off guard as she opened the door.

This was her first encounter with Dan. He was nothing like she had imagined. She thought men who got into fights and jail would have a touch of the rogue, or even a gloomy streak. But Dan was tall and handsome, his face chiseled and stern, and his eyes masked a depth that made it hard to read him. His overwhelming presence made Kate instinctively take a couple of steps back.

"Yes, I am, Dan answered in a low voice. "And you must be Kate May?"

"Pleased to meet you," Kate returned with a polite smile.

12:00

1233

Chapter 3

Dan stepped aside to let her in.

As soon as Kate entered, she was hit by the strong smell of traditional herbal medicine and crinkled her nose in discomfort.

"What's going on? Is she very ill?" Kate looked at him, concern filling her eyes. "Why does she need to take traditional herbal medicine?"

"She has a stomachache all the time. I inquired about a prescription suggesting these ingredients for a soup that could help ease the discomfort."

"Oh." Kate nodded, deep in thought.

Her mother was a practitioner of traditional medicine, with a focus on gynecology, so Kate was quite steeped in the world of medicinal herbs and concoctions from a young age. Just a whiff of the pot and she knew something wasn't right. She figured she'd need to scrutinize what was being cooked up. Given it was going to be eaten, she had to keep a watchful eye for Jane.

"Kate, you're here?" Jane emerged from her room. "I'm sorry to bother you, it's just period pain, making it seem like some grave illness. It's a fuss having you over..."

"To a woman, this isn't a small deal either," Kate responded with a smile. "You do look pale,

hurt quite a bit, huh?"

"Yeah." Jane winced, "Kate, could I ask you to fetch some painkillers from your mom? The ones she gives work like a charm, had me feeling better last time!"

"Do you really need the painkillers?" Kate pointed to the kitchen, barely suppressing a chuckle. "Your husband's whipped up a magic potion of a soup, far superior to any painkiller!"

Jane glanced at her husband, Dan, who was standing to the side with a gentle smile. He bid farewell and headed out the door, as always, never specifying who he was meeting, or when he would return, only mentioning not to wait up if he came back late for dinner. Jane watched his retreating figure, sighing softly.

"That sigh didn't sound too good." Kate grinned at her, "Our little Jane seems to have something brewing, huh?"

Jane bit her lip, spilling the beans about Dan's 'sweetheart'.

Listening to her, Kate laughed till her sides hurt.

"All this for that? Jane, you're giving yourself too much grief over an imaginary adversary! That's hilarious!"

"I know I'm being overly suspicious, and I don't have any proof. It's quite outrageous of me to think like this." Jane was curled up on the sofa, propping her cheeks with her petite hands,

filled her eyes with confusion, "But I can't seem to control myself."

"Have you lost your marbles?" Kate tried to reason with her. "You're just overthinking things! You can't jump to conclusions based on half a sentence, can you? Who knows, he might not even have it!"

"Even if he did have a high school sweetheart, that's all in the past. He married you in the end, didn't he? What's there to be scared about?"

"And besides," Kate smirked, "a man like him, no strong background, no steady job, a bit of a sketch past, who do you reckon would fight you for him? You're the only one who treats him like a prize!"

"What are you saying!" Jane playfully glared at her, giggling.

Talking to Kate May was a breath of fresh air, and she felt lighter. Even the pain seemed to have subsided, just as she was relaxing, the sound of a gurgling pot drew their attention. The soup was nearly bubbling over.

Kate made a beeline for the pot and removed the lid.

Upon recognizing the ingredients of the soup, her expression took a sudden shift.

O(6) Chapter 40

"Kate, what's wrong?"

Seeing her frozen in the kitchen, Jane couldn't help but worry about her getting scorched, quickly getting up and walking over to check on her.

Little did she know, Kate was cracking up over a pot of soup and a pile of herbal residue.

"This is..." Jane paused, it finally dawned on her that the aroma she'd been whiffing since early morning was from these!

Kate struggled to suppress her laughter, casting Jane a meaningful glance, "If I tell you,

promise me you won't flip your lid."

"What is going on?"

"These are all Chinese herbs," Kate casually picked a few and explained, "This is Evodia fruit, this is Polygonatum, these are deer antler glue, donkey-hide gelatin, and turtle plastron glue..."

"The rest are common ones, you may recognize them, Goji berries, Mulberries, Lilies, and Asparagus root."

Jane was confused, a puzzled look in her eyes, "What are these for? Why would Dan make such a soup for me?"

"These are all for nourishing kidneys and enhancing s\*xual performance for women!" Kate burst into laughter, "Thank God you didn't slurp it down. If you had a bowl, I bet you'd be hyper-s\*xual tonight. Dan is no match for you at all!"

Jane was taken aback, her face blushing a deep shade of crimson.

"Hold on, what's his deal?" Kate draped an arm around Jane's neck, "You're clearly on your period and can't cater to his needs, yet he's still hoping for s\*x tonight?"

"Kate!" Jane shot her a look, not letting her carry on with her teasing.

"Alright, alright, I won't razz you anymore." Kate guided her back to bed.

Regardless of Dan's intentions, this 'magic potion of a soup' was definitely off the menu.

Kate had a painkiller for her.

"By the way, I've got some serious business to discuss with you."

Jane was taken aback, seeing her laughter replaced by a serious face, she started feeling a bit nervous. "What's the matter?"

"This morning, I passed by Mr. Colt's office and overheard his conversation with Ava... Your name was mentioned."

Jane's face turned pale.

Ben was Ava's uncle, and the company's major shareholder. After the punch-up with Ava the other day, it was only a matter of time before she tattled to her uncle.

Now, staying in the company seemed out of the question, but she had yet to submit her resume elsewhere and there were still a few pending orders...

12.00

"Don't be nervous," Kate comforted, gently patting the back of her hand. "Actually, I was quite taken aback by what I heard. Ava kept slinging mud at you, but Mr. Colt didn't bat an eye. He was instead singing your praises, even hinted at promoting you to be the head of the sales team!"

"What did you say?" Jane's eyes popped open, then a wave of confusion washed over her. As a mere sales associate, she barely rubbed shoulders with high-level executives like Ben, let alone understand his character.

However, the company seniors often mentioned that Mr. Colt was a well-cultured man, he didn't put on airs and was easy to get along with. He didn't play favorites, not even with Ava.

"Maybe Mr. Colt is all about meritocracy, rather than nepotism? Kate speculated, giving her

a look, "Two veterans of the sales department have left, taking a chunk of clients with them. The company is in dire need of manpower... Jane, this could indeed be a golden opportunity for you!"

Jane bit her lip, falling into silence.

She remembered a piece of advice from Dan, "If you're unsure about a situation or a person, try stepping into their shoes to get a clearer picture."

"Kate," Jane's voice was barely above a whisper, "If you were a major shareholder and your niece had been attacked by an employee, would you promote that employee regardless of the past?"

"If that employee was extremely competent, would you consider her as your niece's ally or adversary?"

OM