

SUBSTITUTE WIFE, DESTINED LOVER

Chapter 7 Home

"Autumn Myers!" Ryan shouted Autumn's complete name in anger. Charles was a few metres away, so he didn't take notice of it.

"That's your job to fix it now, okay? You have changed the plan from wine party to a conference without my consent. Do you know how much money I will lose because of this decision of yours? Now what I am asking you to do is to give Mr. Taylor company and go have lunch with him, so we can have the chance to build a long-term cooperation with them. You owe it to me. Do you understand?"

As Autumn didn't utter a word, Ryan continued with a calmer tone, "You know that our company is going through a rough patch. Please just go and have lunch with Mr. Taylor. This meal is covered by the company."

Ryan's carrot and stick strategy worked, and Autumn agreed to go out for lunch with Charles eventually.

Ryan gave her the job when she had no major qualifications and nowhere to go. She couldn't forget his kindness.

Even though several companies had tried to poach her over the years, she never thought of leaving this company.

"Myers, are you ready to go?" Charles asked again. Ryan tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Just go with him, please."

"Sure. Let's go," Autumn said with a tone of uncertainty. When they got out of the meeting room, they bumped into Paula.

Paula looked away with a snort. She was definitely jealous of Autumn.

"You guys go back to office first," Charles instructed his staff members. David Lee, Charles's special assistant, could not help but notice the beautiful Autumn standing right next to his boss, Charles.

He knew that there was something wrong with Charles today. Charles had a lot of important things to do, but in order to attend this meeting, he even skipped a video-conference. This meeting was so insignificant that even David himself thought it wasn't worth attending.

But when he saw the woman besides Charles, he immediately understood why Charles was so eager to come to the meeting.

Though yesterday David was standing at a distance,

he had very well remembered Mrs. Taylor's face.

"Mr. Taylor, there aren't many decent restaurants around the company. Let's go to the coffee shop around the corner and have a quick bite there, shall we? And we can also discuss the details of your company's annual activity..."

"We can drive up to other restaurants if there aren't any good ones here. I've heard that there is a new restaurant on Melody Road which serves lip smacking Japanese cuisine. Let's have lunch there."

"Melody Road?" Autumn was shocked, "It would almost take an hour to go there and get back. Mr. Taylor, I only have one hour to have lunch..."

"Let's go," Charles stopped Autumn from talking and rushed her to his car. After Autumn sat, he drove away.

"I would like to have, Fried salmon, tamayaki, octopus balls, Miso soup and... Cherry mousse. That's it! Thank you." It looked like Charles was very particular about his preferences. He ordered the food for both of them. Sitting right next to him, Autumn got the chance to peep at the price on the menu.

The cost of the lunch was almost equal to her weekly salary.

He might never know what eating at a fancy restaurant could mean to ordinary people.

Now that they were alone, Autumn regained her composure. She could not help but ask, "Do you come here often with Rachel?"

Charles arched an eyebrow. He couldn't understand why his wife kept mentioning Rachel.

"Yes, we have been here a couple of times. The dishes I ordered are her favourites." Charles was definitely pissed off by her question. So he made up things to give back to Autumn.

"Oh, now that makes sense," Autumn nodded her head and continued, "Miss Turner is a star, you should treat her really well."

Charles didn't know how to respond to that.

"Mr. Taylor, if you have any different opinions about the presentation I had this morning, please tell me. I can revise it when I get back to the office." Autumn was still treating him like a client. This made Charles feel uncomfortable. So he deliberately pointed out some tough issues. Autumn marked them down on her notebook one by one.

"Let's eat first," Looking at her straight seri

ous face, Charles felt a little at ease.

"I'm going to pick you up for lunch every day at noon," Charles said suddenly. Autumn choked when she heard what he had just said. She turned him down immediately, "No no no... You don't have to..."

"Yvon... Myers, I am your husband now. You have to listen to me," Charles said adamantly. He was in no mood for a No.

Autumn thought of Rachel and tried to refuse again, "But..." Then she stopped. On a second thought, she believed that Charles had his own plan. So she nodded her head in a yes eventually without saying another word.

After lunch, Charles drove Autumn back to her office.

This time, he stopped the car right at the gate. When Autumn walked into the office, Paula walked up to her with a glass full of water. Though Autumn tried to dodge, but the water spilled on her, making her clothes completely wet.

"Oh no! Sorry, I'm so sorry..." Paula smirked.

As the water wasn't hot, Autumn didn't get hurt. She ignored Paula and tried to walk past her. But before Autumn could take a step, Paula walked up to her and said, "Myers, even though you're pretty, you shouldn't break up other people's marriages. You are lucky that this water only spilled on your clothes. Next time, someone might just dash some water on your face," Paula sneered, "I'm warning you out of kindness. Mr. Taylor is married. If you have some shame left, you will stop haunting him. If you don't, maybe you might end up losing everything. I hope you don't have to cry about it when the time comes."

Autumn frowned. She didn't want to say anything to Paula at all and tried to walk past her.

Autumn's ignorance infuriated Paula further. She murmured behind her back, "Just keep acting like an innocent girl. Who knows how many men you have slept with..."

In the afternoon, Autumn got a call from Charles' servant. Charles told the servant that he would go home early for dinner. But she had something urgent to look after at home, so she had to trouble Autumn to make dinner.

Autumn could have refused, but she was his wife now. So she said yes, eventually. She even asked the servant about Charles' taste in food.

Charles was surprised when the servant told him that

his wife had agreed to cook him dinner. He tapped the table lightly with his finger, frowning.

He had enquired about the woman he married before the wedding. As far as he knew, Yvonne didn't know how to cook. So, why would she agree to cook dinner?

"Boss?" David was reporting Charles the company's last month's performance before the phone call. He didn't expect Charles to be lost in thought after that. Charles had never behaved like this before.

"David, do you think... it's possible that some one changes their personality after marriage?" Charles thought that there might be something wrong about his wife, but he wasn't sure what it could be.

"I don't think so," David said with a confused face.

In fact, David didn't think that he even knew the answer to this question. He wasn't married yet. How could he even know?

"Go and dig some information about Yvonne and her family. I want to know if there is anything wrong with her. Also get me some photos of her," Charles ordered.

Knowing that Autumn had agreed to make dinner at home, he left the office right on time for the first time. He often had a habit of working overtime.

Autumn took the subway to the supermarket to buy some pork ribs, fish fillets, and several kinds of vegetables right after work. Then she went back home.

She was brought up by her grandma, so she had learnt how to cook from her when she was a little girl.

Though she hadn't cooked for a while, she still knew the art well. She started to make dinner after she tied her long hair in a bun and put on an apron. She was busy cooking in the kitchen when Charles got home.

"The dinner is almost ready. Wash your hands and then we can have dinner together," Autumn said to Charles. She had noticed the sound of the door opening, so she leaned out and said to him.

Charles wanted to solve the puzzle of her identity by trying her dishes. But when he saw Autumn wearing an apron, a word flashed into his mind, 'Home.'

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