

## SUBSTITUTE WIFE, DESTINED LOVER

### Chapter 9 Did He Love Her

If he hadn't given him this bad advice, he wouldn't have wanted to behave inappropriately with Rachel, let alone being caught by Charles.

"Fuck off. Right now." Rachel was about to lose her control, so Charles was not in the mood of punishing Director Natt at present.

Director Natt hurriedly escaped from the box. Charles, with a cold face, held Rachel up his arms and took her to the nearest hotel. When they reached there, a doctor was already waiting for them.

"How is she?" He didn't believe that there was no antidote to that.

Rachel, whose face flushed, lied on bed at first. But she still had her consciousness, so she threw herself

on Charles with seducing eyes. She looked more attractive than ever before because of the effect of the drug.

Though she took an initiative to woo Charles, she still had the air of a superstar's pride last night. So at that time she didn't release her passion. But now this was different. Because of the drug, she was explicit enough.

"Charles, help me. I can't hold it..."

The doctor blushed at her words and quietly turned around.

But Charles didn't lose his control. Instead, he locked Rachel inside the room and walked out with the doctor. Then he lit a cigarette and asked, "Is there a solution?"

The doctor praised his strong self-control secretly and said, "Charles, the effect is too strong. You've already known the first solution... the second solution... is bathing her in cold water for two hours. But it's so cold lately, and Rachel is very weak now...Chances are that..."

Before he finished his words, Charles had already dialed the hotel reception. "I would like two barrels of ice cubes, please."

In order to keep her still, Charles plucked the phone wire and tied her around. He then bathed her into cold water, which made her sober and calm.

On realizing that Charles would rather use the cold water than sleep with her, Rachel started begging him. "Charles, please untie me. I can't stand it any more..."

"No, it's better for you this way." Charles refused to listen to her beg.

No matter how much she begged him, he just wouldn't sleep with her. So she turned her soft words to curse. She used every unpleasant word to describe him and called him impotent.

The doctor was shocked at her words and Charles' countenance. He could tell from his countenance that Charles was more and more angry.

Time passed. Rachel now knew it was useless to shout at him, so she gradually calmed down. Charles then asked the doctor to check her body. After knowing that she was in good condition, he sent the doctor away.

Rachel was trembling with cold even under the quilt. Seeing her pale lips, Charles signed and ordered a

bowl of ginger soup for her. "Drink it and take good rest. Tomorrow you'll be fine."

Rachel suddenly raised her head. She asked in grief, "Charles, what on earth do you want?"

She had actually experienced similar torture when she was shooting for motion pictures. She could stand smiling in a short dress in sub-zero temperatures when working. But today was different.

'Wasn't it far easier for him to sleep with me? Why did he choose to torture me?'

Rachel felt sick of it when she thought about what just happened. She put the blame on Mrs. Taylor.

With that thought, she twisted her face and threw the ginger soup away. She shouted at him, "We are a couple! I'm okay that you don't touch me over these

years. I didn't say anything when you followed your grandfather's idea to marry the

girl. But what do I get from it? Charles, you really disappoint me today."

Charles didn't respond to her. Since she spilled the soup, he ordered another bowl. He handed it to her and comforted her, "Drink it down. You have to take care of your own body."

Rachel screamed out in a fit, "Don't pretend to care, Charles! There are so many people who are desperate to show me their concern. I don't need your pretended concern. I need a boyfriend. Tell me, do you love me on earth?"

"Rachel, we'll talk about it later when you calm down. You should take some rest now. I'm leaving." Charles avoided her question, and then continued, "Don't

forget to drink the ginger soup."

She showed her temper to Charles just because she was always sure Charles wouldn't leave her.

But now Charles was determined to leave. She panicked.

In spite of her weakness, she took off the quilt and clung onto him from behind.

She held him tightly, as if he would disappear once she let him go.

She put her burning face on his back and kept apologising. "Charles, I am sorry. I just feel hurt. I didn't mean to take it all out on you.

Do you know? I am frightened. We've changed. You've married this girl. You are living with her now.

I'm worried that you will fall in love with her one day. So I am always anxious to be with you now. I know I am too impatient about all these things. But you will understand me, won't you?

Charles, please tell me you won't ever fall in love with that girl. Please?"

She tightly embraced him. Although she couldn't see his face, she felt his body stiffened. Then her heart sank.

But she couldn't give up.

"Charles, I am sorry. Please forgive me. I promise I will behave well and won't make you angry ever."

Rachel spoke seriously.

After a long while, she heard a slight sigh from Charles. Then he forced her to release her hands



which were gripping his waist.

He turned around, cast a glance at her, and said, "Take care of yourself. Don't make me worry about you too much."

She couldn't understand his meaning.

Charles himself was in a state of confusion.

He thought he loved her just as always, which was why he had a strong aversion when his grandfather asked him to marry another girl. He felt, Rachel was thoughtful and considerate. She could have been the best wife.

So he resented the marriage arranged by his grandfather, as well as his wife.

But recently, he found Rachel was no different from

other girls.

He even questioned himself whether he loved her or not. Or was he just used to having her around?

He tossed the cigarette end and started the car. A message from Rachel came, Which read: Forgive me.

He threw his phone away.

When he arrived home, Autumn heard the sound and walked downstairs in a confusion.

She thought he wouldn't come back tonight. She asked politely, "You are back. Are you hungry? Do you want some noodles?"

Unexpectedly, Charles, who was very exhausted, nodded and said, "Okay."

Autumn was confused for a while before she went to the kitchen. While boiling the water, she pan-fried an egg. Then she put the fried egg on the top of the noodle, and a delicious meal was ready.

"Eat slowly. Be careful not to burn your mouth." She sat in front of him and watched him gulp down the noodles. She asked curiously with a frown, "Didn't you take her to a restaurant after you picked her up?"

Charles was unable to think for a little while. His explanation was ready to come out the next second.

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