

Sweet Wife 521

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 521 Get Himself into Trouble

It was true that Lily and Max had a "relationship" before, but they had cut all ties when their "relationship" ended.

Max had never slept with her, nor had he recognized her as his girlfriend. Last time, he even exposed the real purpose of her approaching him in public.

Lily could be cheeky sometimes, but she still had some self-respect left.

Therefore, Lily might be acting as if nothing had happened between them before, but she wouldn't go so far as to throw herself at Max's feet now.

Max's behavior today was quite strange. Usually, he was above talking to women, let alone Lily.

However, he actually allowed Lily to join them at their table and drink with them at this moment.

Apparently, something was bothering him.

"Max, I'm wondering what makes you so upset today. Care to tell me about it?"

Since Max didn't refuse her, Lily pretended to be curious and ventured to ask hopefully.

Max shot her a glance with a faint smile.

He couldn't be clearer about what Lily was thinking about.

At ordinary times, he would refuse her without hesitation.

But somehow, he didn't want to today.

"A woman."

Max said flatly after some consideration.

After that, Lily made some wild guesses about what could have happened to Max.

Over a few rounds, Lily, emboldened by the wine, sat down next to Max with a wine glass.

"Well well, I wonder what kind of woman isn't attracted to you, Max?"

Lily acted as if she couldn't figure it out.

Drinking on his own, Max watched the woman sitting down next to him with a slight frown.

However, Max didn't refuse her bluntly because he might get to know what women would be thinking from her, but he still struggled a little bit.

"Were I that woman, I wouldn't have done that to you. You're a handsome and faithful guy. You're a golden bachelor for all women."

Seeing that Max hadn't refused her, Lily assumed that he must be accepting her now, and she was getting bolder.

"So what kind of man do you women prefer?"

Max got interested upon hearing Lily and made a detailed inquiry.

Lily gave a shy smile hearing Max's question.

The next moment, she drew near to him.

"So... we women prefer..."

Lily's hand was wandering over Max's body as she spoke.

Meanwhile, her voice became even more coquettish...

... As her hand approached Max's chest.

"We prefer... men like you."

Max knit his eyebrows, surprised by her cheekiness.

Lily was drawing circles with her finger over Max's chest, wanting to slide her hand under his shirt the next second.

However, Max was disgusted with skin contact from strangers, especially when the woman in front of him was grinning lasciviously at him.

Suddenly, his eyes darkened as he shoved Lily to the ground.

Lily had thought everything was going smoothly today. During their "relationship", Max had never allowed her to get close to him in private.

Now she was in despair. She had thought she would never get another chance ever, but unexpectedly, she met him today. Moreover, he even allowed her to touch him.

Overjoyed, Lily was behaving boldly today.

But the next moment, she ended up being shoved to the ground.

Lily screamed in pain, but before she could react, she heard Max growling.

"Shame on you!"

Irritated, Max thumped the tumbler on the table and rose to his feet.

They were in a quiet box of the pub.

The noise gave off such a weird vibe in the box.

Seeing that, Gary stood up and found Max fuming.

Gary wanted to say something to ease the tension, but Max simply stormed off the box without looking at him.

Now, Max's mind was in turmoil. He had planned to grab a few drinks on his own, but Lily invited herself, so he changed his plan and decided to get some answers from her.

Maybe he would find out why Laura wouldn't accept him.

But unexpectedly, he found out Lily came to seduce him.

What a disgusting woman!

Max was still disgusted with what she did to him just now.

Therefore, he left without looking back.

Meanwhile, in the box.

"You..."

Gary was lost for words.

He was the last person who wanted things to end up this way, but he also hadn't expected Lily to be so brazen.

Anyone knew Max hated others touching him, but she had challenged his bottom line again and again.

Gary had broken into a cold sweat watching her just now.

"Get up."

Gary didn't try to make Max stay when he left because he was aware that Max was in a foul mood, and he wouldn't be so stupid as to get himself into trouble.

Thus, Gary helped Lily up as he got up.

Gary was no gentleman, but he loved the company of an eye candy, and he had no sympathy for Lily. To women like her, Gary didn't offend them, nor did he get too close to them.

"I'm pissed."

Gary sat down on Max's seat, his face clouding over with anger.

"You were asking for it."

Lily threw Gary a ferocious stare and huffed, "That's none of your business."

After that, she left.

Now, Gary no longer wanted to stay in the pub after they were gone, so he left too after talking to the manager for a while.

The box, where the three of them had been in just now, fell silent.

Lily was extremely upset now.

Even after she had left the pub, her mood wasn't improved at all, but she was filled with resentment.

In fact, she was totally aware of Max's love for Laura, but she still put out a feeler just to be sure.

However, Lily was puzzled as to why Max hadn't refused her in the first place. What suddenly changed his mind?

He had no compassion for women at all.

Lily bit her lower lip hard

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 522 We Haven't Found it out yet

Now Lily hated Laura even more, but Max was obsessed with her and only made exceptions for her.

How in the world was she worse than Laura?

Indignant, Lily wished she could eat Laura alive now.

Lily's eyes glinted dangerously with that thought in her mind, her lips curving into a sneer.

She would get on with her life and made Laura pay a price.

In Fragrant Hill Villa...

Max couldn't drive because he had a few drinks, so he called his driver to drive him home from the pub.

Since he had drunk a lot today, Max decided to get upstairs to go to bed after he rested for a while.

"Mr. Nixon."

Just at this moment, the butler suddenly came up to Max.

"What is it?"

Max rubbed his temples with a frown, trying to sober himself up a little.

"We've already got the result of the investigation."

The butler said, his face grave.

Max turned to look at him, his dark and sparkling eyes glinting in a cold and domineering manner.

"How'd it go?"

"The result shows, the reason Laura got hurt was that someone had tampered with that suspension bridge, and that was why you had an accident that day."

The butler told the truth respectfully.

In fact, the butler couldn't be more nervous at this point. His fast heartbeat and steady breathing could be clearly heard against the dead silence.

He knew Max had paid much attention to Laura's accident. Now that he learned the accident was actually engineered, Max would presumably be angrier.

"But have you found out who did that?"

Max's eyes were fixed on the butler right now.

He was curious as to who had done it, and why he must be so evil as to expose Laura to mortal danger.

The butler didn't know how to answer Max's question.

There was a long pause.

"Why don't you answer me?"

Now Max looked grave and wary.

Meanwhile, his hand, which had been playing with the mellite bead bracelet, stopped as he looked up at the butler.

"Well..."

Sweat dripped down the butler's cheeks as he mumbled something in a panic.

"What!"

Max snarled.

"We... We haven't found it out yet."

Having said that, the butler swallowed, not knowing what lay ahead of him.

"What?"

It didn't occur to Max that his people actually failed to find out the perpetrator, which made him flare up.

"Then what about the thing I asked you to do before this?"

Presumably, the perpetrator wasn't easy to be found, so Max could only ask his people to continue the investigation. Fat chance he had of getting the result he wanted soon.

"It's taken care of."

"Then we've got to get more people to look into the accident. I won't blame you guys today, but if I don't get an answer next time, don't blame me for being too hard on you."

Max's features softened a little, but obviously, he was still angry.

The butler agreed immediately.

He knew Max's personality so well, and that was why he was so frightened just now.

Max thought for a moment before asking, "By the way, where's Kevin?"

The butler began to hesitate again upon hearing him.

"He... He's out."

"He's out?"

Max frowned. "To the company?"

The butler shook his head. "He's not in the company. Ford came to get some documents this morning. I mentioned him in passing but Ford said he was not in the company. I have no idea where he went."

Max thought for a while, took out his phone, and glanced at the time.

The moment Max saw the date on the screen, something popped into his mind and he clapped a hand to his forehead.

"Shit!"

Max rose to his feet in haste and walked outside as he spoke.

Meanwhile, in a church over 30 km away from the Fragrant Hill Villa...

The thing Ally regretted the most about this life was having promised her father she would come back to attend Angie's wedding.

It was a grand ceremony. Allegedly, the wedding planner was engaged from Equin. The wedding site was decorated in pure white and festive red, which made the whole place romantic and classy.

The bride and the groom in the presence of the priest pledged themselves to love one another as Ally listened to them quietly. She watched them exchange their rings and kiss and hug amidst the cheers of the audience.

Suddenly, the glare of the sun stung Ally's eyes, so she looked away.

There was a glass of wine on the table. Ally picked it up and gulped it down, warning herself.

"Ally, you lost! Just admit it!"

"From now on, Hardy is Angie's husband, and he has nothing to do with you!"

Ally kept warning herself, but after a glass of wine, she couldn't help but think of what Hardy Stuart said to her before.

He said, "Ally, you're the best girl I've ever met."

He said, "Ally, the two most blessed things that have ever happened in my life are: to have met you; and to marry you."

He said, "Ally, marry me!"

But at last, it became, "Ally, I'm sorry!"

How ironic!

Ally gave a sneer at the thought of the absurdity of it all.

She took her purse and got up, ready to leave.

However, a shrill female voice rang out behind her at this moment.

"Well, isn't that Ally?"

Ally looked back and saw a woman dripping with diamonds. It was Lindsey Lawrence, Hardy's mother. She had never liked Ally, and was always mean to her.

"Hello, Miss. Lawrence. Is there anything I can help with?" Ally asked with courtesy.

"Nothing. It impresses me that you'd actually come back to attend Hardy's wedding!"

Lindsey was smiling smugly. Stuart had used to be an educated family. However, it had declined when Hardy's father had died a few years ago, and Hardy worked very hard to keep up appearances. Now that Hardy married Angie, and thus had the support from the Fowler Group, Lindsey couldn't be prouder of it.

A few women of Lindsey's age were sitting around her, staring at Ally with a mocking smile.

"How dare she come back now after what happened two years ago? What a shameless woman!"

"Exactly! She has disgraced her family name!"

"No wonder no one wants to marry her!"

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 523 Apologize to Her

After some time, Ally gave a faint smile. "It's said that Hardy is the president of the Fowler Group now. He excels at being a kept man."

"What did you just say?"

Irritated, Lindsey widened her eyes and raised her hand, wanting to give Ally a slap across the face.

But her hand froze in the air.

It turned out Ally, who was smiling sweetly and amiably, gripped Lindsey's wrist.

"You're mad that I'm right, aren't you? But I'm not the same person I was two years ago! Besides, my mother gave me 20% of the shares of the Fowler Group. No matter which post Hardy holds, he works for me. Aren't you afraid that he'll lose his job if you hit me?"

As expected, Lindsey was stunned.

How could she have forgotten that this woman held 20% of the shares of the Fowler Group? If it weren't for this, she wouldn't have allowed Hardy to be with her back then!

Two years had passed, and Ally had a sharp tongue still!

Zack, who was not far away from them, saw something was going on here and came over, asking, "What's going on?"

Suddenly, Lindsey put on an aggrieved look and started to grumble in an injured tone, "Well, Zack! What's wrong with Ally? I just came to say hi, but she wanted to hit me all of a sudden!"

Zack frowned. Aware of what had happened between Hardy and Ally, he thought that Ally overreacted because she was upset.

Therefore, he spoke harshly, "Ally, show some respect! How can you hit Mrs. Lawrence?"

Seeing Zack defending her, Lindsey began to wail to embarrass Ally.

Zack got annoyed. Why was his daughter such a troublemaker?

"Ally, apologize to Lindsey!"

Apologize to her? No way!

Ally couldn't help giving a sneer. Judging from the way she gripped Lindsey's wrist, it really looked as if she was going to hit her.

But why wouldn't her father ask her about it? Why would he rather trust an outsider than his daughter?

Ally compressed her lips into a thin line. Two years ago when she was involved in that scandal, her dad also blamed her for her promiscuous lifestyle indiscriminately. Now it still sent a chill to her heart when she thought of it.

"What if I don't?"

"You!"

Lindsey snorted. "So this is how the Fowlers teach their daughters? She's allowed to make a mistake and then get away with it without making an apology! Ha! For someone who climbed into a men's bed at 18, no wonder she'd do something like this! Fortunately, Angie isn't like her. Or I wouldn't have had my son marrying her."

Zack turned livid upon hearing those mean words coming from Lindsey's lips, growling, "Ally, you must apologize to her NOW!"

Ally got agitated too and raised her voice. "I didn't hit her!"

"Hey, how dare you deny it! We all saw it, and you still want to deny it? You are meaner than you look, brat!"

"Exactly! You raised a hand to Lindsey. If we hadn't stopped you, your hand would have landed on her face."

"She's an elder. How can you treat her like this? That's so rude."

Lindsey's friends chimed in with her, twisting the fact. Zack, trembling with anger, raised his hand abruptly and slapped Ally's face hard.

Ally's head was thrown sideways by the slap. Seeing Zack take an action, the people around lowered their voices and sat back with expectant faces.

At this point, Angie noticed something went wrong and trotted over from the stage.

"What's going on?"

Someone told her what just happened in a low voice immediately.

Hearing that, Angie widened her eyes and grumbled in an aggrieved tone, "Ally, how could you have done that? Even if you don't want Hardy to marry me, you can't raise a hand to Mrs. Lawrence!"

Ally was speechless. Perhaps all the shameless people in the world had gathered in this room to have a party today.

She wanted to defend herself. "I didn't..."

"Enough!"

Hardy blurted out, frowning, "Why did you invite her?"

He paused for a moment and taunted, "Ally, I told you two years ago that the woman I love was Angie. Why do you keep haunting us? Is it because you can find no other man in this world other than me? Besides, it was you who cheated on me with some other man two years ago, so stop acting like a good woman!"

Ally was stupefied, staring at Hardy in disbelief.

She never expected him to say something like this.

Even when the scandal happened two years ago, Hardy didn't say anything so mean to hurt her feelings when he broke up with her.

But now...

Ally's mind went blank, her nose twitching, her eyes misting over.

At this moment, a low and attractive voice rang out.

"Who says she can find no other man?"

At the entrance of the hall, the crowd split into halves voluntarily to make way for a tall and young man escorted by a dozen men in suits and sunglasses.

Someone in the crowd exclaimed, "Gosh, who's that? He's so handsome!"

Ally looked up, only to see a tall and strong man at the head of the crowd. He had strong features, deep eyes, and pursed lips. Once he appeared, everyone present was overwhelmed by his powerful aura. There was no visible logo on his suit, but one could tell it must be expensive at the sight of the six sapphire cuff-links on his sleeves.

Who was that man?

The eyes of the single ladies on the scene began to sparkle. They came to the wedding to socialize in the first place. Now that such a handsome man showed up, they couldn't hold themselves back anymore.

But the next second, everyone was surprised.

He walked up to Ally, and his tense face suddenly relaxed. His arm was draped around her shoulders as he mumbled, "I'm supposed to be your date today, why did you come without me?"

Ally was dumbfounded, her mind wandering.

What did he mean by that?

Did she know him?

Besides, who were all these people? Were they filming a TV series?

Before Ally could say anything, a slender and fair finger pressed itself against her lips.

The man's face blossomed into a tender and doting smile. "Alright. I know you were worried that I'd be too busy, but after all, we're a couple. I have to meet your family sooner or later, right?"

Ally gave a wry smile because what the man said was beyond her.

When had she got a husband? And how come she knew nothing of it?

"Sir, I..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Ally felt dizzy and collapsed. Luckily, the man reacted promptly and slipped his arm around her waist, preventing her from falling to the ground.

What was going on?

Why was her head spinning?

Ally knew how much she could drink, and one glass of wine or two was no problem to her at all.

Before she could figure it out, the man's cold voice came from over her head.

"Who just said my wife hit someone?"[REDACTED]

Chapter 524 The Nixon Group

The man's gaze swept across the faces of the crowd and fell upon Lindsey.

"Did you say that, granny?"

Granny?

Lindsey's face darkened. What did this young man call her? Even if she was of his parents' age, he could have called her "Mrs. Lawrence" instead of "granny". It sounded terrible!

Lindsey sulked, "Yes, I did! So what?"

Kevin Nixon's lips curved into a sneer. "Ford!"

The next second, Ford came out of nowhere and gave a hard slap across Lindsey's face.

Everyone exclaimed and froze, not knowing what was going on.

Lindsey fell to the ground and widened her eyes in disbelief. She didn't really know what was happening.

Kevin stared coldly at her and said loudly, "There's a rule in the Nixon family: we never offend others until we're offended. You said my wife hit you. She has to commit the crime to take the blame. Or she shouldn't have deserved your accusation!"

"What do you mean?"

Hardy flared up and rushed forward, but was stopped by Angie.

Apparently, she could tell this man wasn't someone ordinary, and she wouldn't do anything to him rashly without knowing how things stood.

Angie glanced at the empty wine glass on the table, her eyes glinting evilly.

Ally was so lucky this time. Angie had planned to drug her to create a scandal again to ruin her reputation completely, but someone broke in, and more importantly, he called himself her husband?

When had this bitch got married and why did they know nothing about it?

Naturally, Kevin noticed the evil in Angie's eyes, and he must frustrate her plot!

He scooped Ally up and said as he walked outside, "Tomorrow, I'll charge anyone who has bullied my wife today with slander, intentional injury, and defamation! But before that, I don't want to hear anything bad about my wife. Or he would be making an enemy of the whole Nixon Group!"

What? The Nixon Group?

When everyone was stunned, Kevin left with Ally in his arms.

Half an hour later.

In a villa.

Ally was leaning against Kevin's chest in a daze.

"It's hot."

Ally was burning all over, as if a surge of warmth flooded her body, driving her crazy.

She seemed to see an iceberg before her eyes in a trance, and couldn't resist rushing up and rubbing it.

She felt cool and closed her eyes with great satisfaction, signing, "It feels so good!"

But before long, she felt even worse.

"Mmm..."

Ally frowned, feeling as if she was going crazy, trying to take off all her clothes.

Meanwhile, Kevin was sitting on the sofa in the bedroom with a cigarette between his lips, watching Ally strip in front of him quietly.

He narrowed his gleaming eyes, which reminded people of the wolf in the dark.

Although his tense body betrayed himself, Kevin still wondered how far this woman could push herself.

He was having great fun watching her disgracing herself in front of him.

It was just like someone holding a hard nut to crack. He could never open it, but he wouldn't let go.

What a scene!

However, the moment Kevin glanced at the clear handprint on Ally's cheek, he squinted his seductive eyes, which were gleaming dangerously.

Those who picked on her woman were making trouble for themselves.

Kevin picked up the phone and called Ford, who just left. "I need to see all the information about the Fowler Group tomorrow morning."

He hung up and put out the cigarette.

At this moment, his phone rang again.

He shot a glance at the caller ID and answered it.

A man was panting on the other end of the line. It was Max.

Kevin loved his brother, so he asked patiently, "What's the matter?"

Max replied as he was panting, "Kevin, where have you been? I just arrived at the wedding, and they told me you left."

Kevin gave a cold smile.

"I brought your sister-in-law home."

"My sister-in-law?"

Max almost choked on his own saliva and caught on after a long time.

"Kevin, calm down. She doesn't remember you anymore after that scandal. She doesn't mean it..."

"Enough."

Kevin interrupted him. "Gotta go. I'm busy now."

After that, he hung up at once.

Meanwhile, Max stared at his phone and cursed, "Damn it! Who else can you be busy with? Why am I the only one that's single?"

But Max still frowned at what was going on with his brother.

Meanwhile, in Kevin's house.

He hung up, walked up to Ally, and pulled the suffering woman into his arms.

"What are you doing? I feel hot."

"Be a good girl. I have ice here."

Kevin grabbed her wrists playfully.

The warmth coming from his palms made Ally wake up a little. Just as she was about to speak, a pair of soft and cool lips with the faint smell of cigarettes on his breath was pressing itself against hers, sending shivers down her spine.

Ally resisted out of instinct, but her hands were clasped behind her back. Kevin wasn't acting wildly, but gently instead, as if he did it on purpose.

Her clothes were long in disarray. Suddenly...

Ally seemed to realize something, and she began to struggle.

However, it was impossible for Kevin to let her off because anger welled up within him when he thought of the moment Ally lost her wits at the sight of Hardy.

His lips curved into a sneer, but his eyes weren't smiling at all.

"Be good and listen to me."

Blushing, Ally bit her lip and nodded after a long time.

She acted as her subconscious told her.

"Who am I?"

"I don't know."

Kevin snorted. "I'm your husband, baby."

Ally, "..."

"Call me hubby!"

"..."

"I'll leave if you don't call me."

"Hubby!"

"Good girl." ????????

Chapter 525 She's Married

Ally was woken up by the heat.

She opened her eyes. Her body ached all over, and it hurt as she moved. There was an orange crystal chandelier hanging above her head glittering brightly and stinging her eyes.

Where was she?

Ally tried to figure it out in confusion, looking around slowly.

The room was extravagantly furnished. The classical and vintage style decorations added an opulent touch to the house. On the wall were hanging Picasso's oil paintings. Strong colors and sharp lines made her feel as if she was in a ridiculous dream.

She must be dreaming!

Ally closed her eyes again, with her mind in a fog. She thought to herself, "Keep dreaming. I hope I'll never wake up."

She didn't want to wake up to face the brutal reality.

After a long time, she heard some light footsteps coming up behind her, her whole body tautening uncontrollably.

Ally could tell someone pulled back the covers and lay down on the bed as it sank slightly. Soon, she was surrounded by his musky male scent. He draped his arm around her naked body and wandered upward slowly.

"Ah!"

Ally screamed and opened her eyes abruptly.

The hand under the covers froze.

With that, the man asked in a low and mellow voice, "You're awake?"

Ally looked back, astonished.

What a handsome man!

His dashing eyebrows, his straight nose, his defined jawline, his thin lips compressing into a line... He was leaning against the pillow lazily, but he couldn't look sexier!

Ally's gaze wandered downward over his muscular chest...

"Ah!"

Ally screamed again and covered her head with the covers.

"Who... Who are you? Why don't you have any pants on?"

Kevin raised his eyebrows.

The next second, he startled her by his answer. "Why so surprised? You've used it last night. Why are you so afraid to look at it?"

What?

Ally threw back the covers and stared at him with her dark and sparkling eyes.

"You... You mean we've..."

Kevin nodded.

What!!!

Ally was taken aback. At this moment, she finally realized that she was totally naked. The reason she hadn't found it out earlier on was that she was wrapped up in the blanket.

In fact, she still remembered something about yesterday. She fell out with Lindsey, who gave her a slap across the face. She seemed to have been drunk at that time, and then she was taken away by a man.

"Ally! You're so stupid! You've actually made the same mistake twice!"

Two years ago, she was wasted in a bar and made the same mistake, which led to the end of her relationship with Hardy!

Two years later, she made that mistake again!

"Ally, you're beyond stupid!"

Kevin watched Ally freaking out under the covers with a smile, afraid that she would suffocate herself.

He pulled at the covers and called, "Wife!"

"Wife? Who's your wife?"

Ally roared, her cheeks burning red and tender.

Kevin had a wicked glint in his eye and scoffed, "You slept with me last night. Aren't you going to be responsible for it?"

Ally was lost for words. "Hey, you're a man. If you didn't want it, I could have done nothing to you."

Kevin gave a snort. "Well! Women are indeed unpredictable. Someone was calling me 'honey' like nonstop last night, but now she just wants to walk away. You think you can get away with this?"

As he spoke, he picked up his phone from the nightstand, unlocked the screen, and scrolled down a bit, tossing the phone to her.

"Here, listen to it yourself!"

Blinking, Ally played the recording, dumbfounded.

"Be good. Call me hubby."

"Hubby."

"Say, 'Hubby, don't stop.'"

"Hubby, don't stop."

"Then kiss your hubby."

"..."

"Now you believe me, huh?"

Kevin took Ally, who was still in a trance, into his arms, lowered his head, and kissed her on the lips gently.

Ally couldn't help but shiver. She wanted to push him away but was too weak to do so.

When Kevin finally let go of her, she was panting too hard to speak.

He gave a satisfied smile and rested his finger on her slightly swollen lips, saying, "Remember. As my wife, no one but I can touch your body, even a hair of yours. If I see something happens to you like what happened yesterday again, I'll..."

"Hold on!"

Ally interrupted him at last and gasped, "Since we've slept together, you should know I'm not..."

"I don't mind."

Kevin also chimed in in case she felt embarrassed.

"When two people are together, what matters is whether they match well mentally. Besides, it was not my first time either."

He lost his virginity two years ago.

However, Ally was totally stunned. She stared blankly at Kevin's beautiful face and said, "But... But I really don't know you."

"You know me now! My name is Kevin Nixon."

Kevin opened the drawer of the nightstand and took out two pieces of paper as he spoke.

Ally was stupefied at the sight of the words "Marriage Certificate" on them.

They were actually marriage certificates!

Was she mistaken?

She widened her eyes in amazement.

Ally pinched her leg hard after staring at the certificates for a long time. "Ouch!"

It hurt, so she wasn't in a dream.

So, she really was married?

"It... It can't be true. These... These are fake, ain't them?"

Ally still couldn't believe it. How could she have got married without her household register and her own presence?

But Kevin replied confidently, "If you don't believe me, go verify at the City Hall."

After that, he got up, grabbed the towel aside, and wrapped it around his waist, saying, "Since you woke up, get dressed soon. Let me take you out for dinner to celebrate our marriage."

—

When they were ready to go out, it was 7:30 at night.

It was when Ally got into the car that she found out she was in the most expensive community of Lormere, Pearly Villa. It was said that a house here was worth at least 30 million.

She swallowed in awe and couldn't resist sneaking a peek at the man next to her.

He was handsome. He exuded power. He was young and rich. He was good in bed. He was a great catch!.

But Ally wondered why he liked her?

She knew she wasn't a stunning beauty. She was kind of pretty at most, and had no special talent. What did this man see in her?

Ally got more puzzled as she pondered.

Finally, they arrived at French Feast. Ally was amazed again by its ornate decoration and top-tier service. When she saw that menu full of overpriced food, she couldn't help but gasp.

The restaurant charged five thousand for a steak, over twenty thousand for a bottle of wine.

They weren't having dinner here, but spending gold!

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 526 The Bullheaded Kevin

Even though her family was quite well off in the country, Ally had never dined in such an expensive restaurant.

She flipped through the menu over and over again, but didn't order anything.

Because she couldn't afford to.

Kevin didn't want to make things difficult for her. He fluently told the waiter all the dishes he wanted, then added, "Could I have my Lover's Lost that I stored here. I wanna crack it open and celebrate with my wife."

"Yes, sir!"

After the waiter left, Ally spoke in a twitchy voice, "Mr. Nixon..."

Kevin's face darkened. He corrected, "Call me honey!"

Ugh

Ally thought, "Fine. I have something to tell you." She then said, "Well, just so we're clear, I don't think we should get married just because we slept together. You're a man. You didn't suffer any losses. I don't need you to be responsible for me either. If you feel you've been wronged, what can I do to help?"

Kevin put on a skin-deep smile and said, "No."

Ally felt speechless.

She thought, "Is this man bullheaded or what?"

Not knowing what to say at the moment, she pursed her lips and breathed heavily, sulking.

For some reason, this evening, they were the only diners in the French Feast. Ally wondered if it was because Kevin booked the whole restaurant or it was because the business here was down due to its high price.

Moments later, the waiter came back with the wine. While the wine was decanted, Ally and Kevin just sat across from each other in silence.

After the wine was ready, the waiter poured a glass for each of them and then backed away. Kevin held up his glass and asked, "Do you really want to know why I married you?"

Ally nodded forcefully.

She was dying to know the reason. After all, the man sitting in front of her was too fabulous in every aspect. How could he marry a girl just to be responsible for the one-time sex they had? That was far-fetched.

Ally didn't believe someone would love or hate another person for no reason.

Kevin squinted at her, a faint smile playing around his lips. Holding the wine glass, he seemed relaxed and enchanting. Suddenly, he beckoned to Ally.

Ally was bemused. Still, she got up and walked over.

To her shock, as soon as she came near, Kevin grabbed her by the wrist. Being caught off guard, she only had the time to let out a cry of surprise before falling into Kevin's arms.

"What're you doing?"

Ally was flustered. She pressed her hands against his chest, struggling to get up.

"Don't move."

Kevin wrapped his arms around Ally's and pinned her in his lap. He then whispered, "You're turning me on."

Ally froze.

She felt something prop up beneath her.

Just then, Kevin's deep, melodious voice sounded in her ear, as though a stress note of a cello, which was sexy as hell.

"Have you felt it? This is why I married you."

"Aaaaaaah!" Ally exclaimed in her heart.

Her face blushed at once. Ashamed and irritated, she pushed Kevin away and jumped to her feet.

"Y-You're a lech!"

Kevin gave a faint smile and looked at her flushed face with satisfaction. His eyes showed he was enjoying this very much.

"We're married. What's wrong with a man flirting with his wife?"

Ally's face turned tomato red in exasperation. She was tongue-tied at the moment.

Thankfully, the dishes were served at this time, which lifted a bit of the awkwardness.

In sullen silence, Ally went back to her seat. Looking at the delicate food on the table, she felt she had no appetite at all. But Kevin started to eat with immense grace. While eating, he raised his glass, flashed a charming smile at her, and said, "Honey, cheers!"

Ally felt even more speechless.

She deliberated for a while. Now that Kevin didn't want to talk, she'd better drop the subject. Anyway, it wouldn't hurt to have a rich man like Kevin being her husband. With that in mind, Ally decided not to worry. She picked up a knife and a fork and began to eat.

"Who cares what he's up to? Nothing is more important than feeding myself. I gotta eat something," she thought to herself.

Ally had not eaten a thing since this morning. The chef here was a seven-star French chef. The dishes he cooked were absolutely the most authentic French cuisine. Everything was delicious. Plus, normally, Ally had no chance to dine here. Thus, she dug in without considering manners.

Seeing that Ally was quenching her anger with food, Kevin showed an almost imperceptible smile.

Ally had a small stomach. Soon, she was full. When she put down her knife and fork, Kevin was still gracefully cutting his goose liver.

The light in the dining hall was not very bright. It was amorously yellow. Now Ally was full, her mood picked up as well. She watched Kevin eat elegantly. In the dim yellow light, Kevin's handsome face looked even more appealing than in daylight. His eyes even had a blue glow.

Ally was taken aback. She wondered, "His eyes are blue. Is he of mixed race?"

All of a sudden, her phone buzzed in her purse. Ally came to her sense and fished it out. It was her dad's call.

She quickly got up, walked to the side, and pressed "answer".

"Hello, dad."

She deliberately dropped her voice, because she didn't want Kevin to hear her conversation.

"Ally, why did you turn off your phone? I've been trying to reach you for hours!"

Zack Fowler's voice sounded irked. Ally was stunned by it.

"I turned off my phone? No, I didn't! I just take my phone from my purse."

Ally didn't have time to think this over. She was still angry because her dad told her he did not believe her this morning. Therefore, she asked coldly, "What do you want?"

"Where are you?"

Ally hesitated for a second and then answered truthfully, "French Feast."

"Are you there alone?"

Ally became silent.

She vaguely remembered that it was Kevin who brought her away from the wedding. Her dad certainly was not asking her this because he was concerned about her. Besides, anyone who was not blind could tell that Kevin was not an ordinary man. She didn't want her family to be mistaken about their relationship.

But Zack was shrewd. The moment Ally hesitated, he knew something was going on.

In a softer voice, he said with assurance, "Are you with Mr. Middleton?"

Ally glanced at Kevin, who was sitting not far away, and denied with a frown, "No."

"No? Then what are you doing there by yourself?"

Ally didn't know how to answer that. She was not a good liar, so she chose to remain silent.

Zack's voice sounded again. "Ally, dating is not something to be ashamed of. If you have a boyfriend, why not tell your family? If you did, we wouldn't have had such a misunderstanding this morning."

"He isn't my..."

"Fine. I know you're OK. That's all that matters. When you have time, take Mr. Nixon home for dinner, you hear me?"

"Dad, we..."

"OK. I gotta go. I'm hanging up."

Zack immediately hung up the phone. Seeing the notification of the end of the call on the screen, Ally was still in a daze.

"What did Dad tell me to do? He wants me to take Mr. Nixon home for dinner?" she thought in a trance.

Ally felt like crying.

Holding her phone, she went back to her seat.??

Chapter 527 Driving Her Home

At this time, Kevin had finished eating and was elegantly savoring a glass of wine.

"Your father called?"

He already guessed the caller from Ally's expression.

Ally was surprised. Still, she nodded sheepishly.

"What did he say?"

Ally felt like going crazy. With a wry face, she said, "He told me to take you home for dinner sometime."

In the Fowlers' house.

Just as Zack hung up, Lindsey scurried over and asked eagerly, "What's up? What did she say?"

Zack looked at his daughter's mother-in-law and nodded. "They're together."

Lindsey was stupefied.

Angie screamed in rage. "No way! How can they be seeing each other! How could she hook up with the boss of the Nixon Group?"

Her remark made Zack's face fall. With a note of exasperation in his voice, he bellowed, "Angie, you shouldn't talk about Ally like that. She's your sister after all!"

Angie's face turned pale with fury.

Mary was Angie's mother. Seeing her daughter be scolded, she felt sorry. Thus, she quickly came to mediate. "Enough. Angie is still young. She doesn't understand this. Why argue with her?"

Then, she switched to another tactic. "But Angie was just being honest. Look, Ally got involved in that kind of disgrace two years ago. How could the noble Nixon family accept her as their daughter-in-law? Alas. Don't you think so, Zack?"

She looked at Zack with a torn expression on her face. Although she didn't say it explicitly, everyone in the room knew what she meant.

What she wanted to say was Ally was definitely subpar to be Mrs. Nixon given her status, so she might be Mr. Nixon's mistress!

Zack was taken aback. He found Mary's words rather reasonable.

After all, nowadays, young men and women often called each other honey to show their intimacy, even if they were not lawfully married.

Had Ally really sunk to such depths?

Zack's expression turned stern. Seeing this, Mary hurriedly urged, "Didn't you ask her where she would stay? She just got back to the country today. If she's really in a normal romantic relationship with that Mr. Nixon, she ought to come back and stay here."

It was not until then that Zack thought of this issue. Just now, he was focused on making sure if Ally was with Kevin, so he forgot to ask her where she would stay today.

His expressions altered several times. In the end, he picked up the phone and dialed Ally's number.

Yet, all he heard was a mechanical female voice saying, "The subscriber you dialed is powered off. Please try again later."

Because Zack had put the speaker on, everyone heard this prompt tone at once. They all showed a look of disdain and suspicion on their faces.

"See? Ally's certainly a mistress! If she were a virtuous woman, she would come back home instead of spending the night with a man as soon as she was back in the country!" they mused.

In fact, they'd all wronged Ally.

After taking Zack's call, she found that her phone's battery only had 1% energy. Her phone was dead in less than half a minute after she sat down again.

Ally thought that no one would call her again at this time, so she asked the waiter to charge her phone and turned to focus on other things.

She never thought it could incur such a misunderstanding.

But at this moment, Ally had no idea what her family was thinking. She was still wondering where she should go tonight.

According to Kevin, now that they were married, Ally ought to go to his place and live with him. But Ally resolutely refused.

She hadn't even figured out why she and he had gotten registered in the city hall! If she really went to his place tonight, it would look like she had acknowledged their marriage. She was not that dumb!

Therefore, the two were in an impasse because of this.

They had both finished eating by now. Urged by Kevin, Ally had two glasses of wine and felt tipsy.

A violinist came over and said with a smile, "Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, let me present you a piece called How Do I Live to celebrate your marriage! Wish you lifelong happiness together!"

Then, he held up his violin and began to perform.

Ally was very familiar with this song. It was Whitney Houston's love song. The lyrics were very touching, the gist of which was you meant the whole world to me.

Ally never believed such love really existed. She thought that if one person existed just for another person, then the other person would be under immense pressure.

She preferred the kind of love that was more free and independent.

The melody slowly fluttered around the table. Ally looked up at Kevin. His face was calm. A faint smile could be seen on his lips. His deep eyes glinted brightly as if stars were twinkling in them.

"I came across this song when I was studying abroad. I like it very much. Do you like it?"

Ally couldn't say she didn't. She just nodded and said, "Hmm, it's OK."

"Ha!" Kevin chuckled, then held up his wrist and checked the time. "It's late. Let's go."

Ally suddenly had a bad feeling. She wanted to say no, but Kevin already got off and walked out.

Reluctantly, she grabbed her purse and went after him.

After walking out of the restaurant, Kevin got in the car. Then he saw Ally standing on the roadside, not coming in.

Arching one eyebrow, he reached out and said, "Get in."

Ally took a step back and then gave him a well-adjusted fake smile. “Mr. Nixon, well, thank you for dinner. I’ll see you next time.”

With that said, she turned to leave. Yet, just as she took a few paces, she felt her collar had been grabbed from behind.

Kevin had gotten out of the car. He was standing behind her, his lips curling up slightly, his eyes kind of detached. He asked, “Where are you going?”

Ally managed a smile and said, “Home, of course.”

“I’ll give you a ride.”

Then, without waiting for Ally’s response, Kevin pushed her into the car.

Ally was bereft of speech.

The black Maybach raced in the busy street in Lormere. Kevin was driving. Every now and then, he glanced at the quiet woman in the passenger seat from the corner of his eye, a satisfied look fleeting across his face.

He knew Ally was not a vain girl who had no principles. That was why he chose to respect her and her idea and drive her home.

After all, they hadn’t been together for long. If he insisted on them living together, he was afraid that Ally would not agree.

“Yes, she would definitely say no,” Kevin thought analytically.

Kevin consoled himself that now their marriage had been registered in the city hall, Ally couldn’t go anywhere else. Thus, he decided to take things slow. He had a whole life with her ahead. There was no rush.

The car soon arrived outside the Fowlers’ house. Ally got off and thanked Kevin before he could speak. Then, with her head bowed low, she hastily ran for the gate.

Seeing her flee in a hurry, Kevin chortled with resignation. He sat in the car and watched her enter the gate before driving off.

Ally had the key to the gate of the Fowlers’ villa. Thus, she didn’t ring the doorbell but opened the gate with the key.??

President’s Sweet Wife

Chapter 528 Trash Her Reputation

However, to Ally’s surprise, she heard loud discussions in the living room as soon as she entered the house.

“Dad, you see how late it is? I think she won’t come back tonight.”

"Yeah, Zack. With all due respect, you're too tolerant towards Ally. You may think your tolerance is for her sake. But it's not good for her in the long run. If she keeps acting like this, how can she ever find a man to marry her?"

"Exactly! She doesn't have any self-respect. She'll bring shame to our whole family. I feel so humiliated!"

"Alas! Shall I send someone to look for her?"

Standing in the doorway and listening to the grossest insults, Ally was so irked that her lips began to tremble.

She thought indignantly, "How have I been acting like? Why would it affect my prospect of getting married?"

"Did I do anything terrible? Why would I disgrace the whole family?"

Ally's face paled with rage. Then, Sandra, the old maid, walked out of the kitchen and spotted Ally first. She exclaimed, "Miss Ally!"

The discussion in the living room instantly halted.

With her lips pursed, Ally headed into the living room and keenly eyed Lindsey, Angie, Hardy, Mary, and Zack, who was on the sofa.

They were stunned when they saw her come in. Yet, a moment later, they all sneered.

"Gee! Ally, you're back! I thought you wouldn't come home tonight!"

Lindsey was still the first one to speak. Her tone carried a heavy note of mockery.

Ally clenched her fists. Seeing that hideous face, she wished she could rush over and tear it up. But her rationality made her hold back that urge. With a cold laugh, she said, "Whether I come back or not is none of your business, is it?"

What she was implying was, "This is my home. I can come and go as I please. Butt out!"

Lindsey snorted and said, "Of course it's none of my business. I was just standing in Zack's shoes."

Ally glanced at Zack.

Zack seemed a little cross. But unlike the others, the look in his eyes said he was not gratified by Ally's suffering.

Ally sighed inwardly. She walked over, handed her purse to Sandra, and sat down on the sofa. Acting like she owned this place, she remarked, "Turns out that Mary is invisible in this family. Or my dad wouldn't have needed an outsider to stand in his shoes."

As soon as those words came out, Lindsey and Mary both appeared miffed.

Lindsey's husband died a long time ago. She painstakingly raised Hardy all by herself over the years. Yet, she had no real ability to make money. Thus, other than spending her original assets, she did some sordid deals to make a living, which was sort of degrading.

Usually, no one would mention this in her presence, because it would offend her to expose her sorrowful past.

But Ally didn't mind it now. Lindsey had tried to provoke her many times. Why should she spare her feelings anyway?

Zack snarled, "Ally, how dare you talk to Lindsey like that? She is an elder in the family!"

"I don't have such an elder in my family who talks behind other people's backs!"

"How dare you!"

"Enough!" Hardy suddenly drew to his full height. He glared at Ally with a livid face and a pair of cold eyes.

"Ally, you think we talked behind your back? But isn't what we said true? Now you've done such a disgraceful thing, why do you fear others would talk about it?"

"Heh!"

Feeling outraged, Ally laughed instead. She made to retort. Just then, Angie cast her eyes over her neck, which lit up at once. She approached Ally in one stride and ripped Ally's collar open.

Instantly, the hickey on her neck was fully exposed.

"What are you doing?"

Annoyed and affronted, Ally shook Angie's hand off. But it was too late. Everyone had seen the hickey on her neck.

Lindsey, Angie, and Hardy showed despise in their eyes. Even Mary, who revealed no emotion on her face, snorted inwardly.

Zack's face turned completely livid!

Seeing their reaction, Ally knew they had misunderstood. Just as she wanted to explain, a large hand whacked her face!

Ally was stupefied!

She stared at her father in a daze. Although Zack had misunderstood her in many aspects over the years, he had never hit her before.

With difficulty, she opened her mouth and called, "Dad."

"Don't call me dad! I don't have a shameless daughter like you!"

Zack was so furious that he was shaking all over. Mary quickly came over and comforted him, "Calm down. Ally is too young and insensible. You could just give her a talking-to. Why hit her?"

But a smugly smile fleeted through her eyes.

Ally saw all of it. Her heart prickled intensely. She wished to tell Zack things were not like what they had imagined, and she didn't do anything like that.

However, the words were stuck in her throat, and couldn't get out.

It was because she knew no one would believe her even if she told them the truth!

Ally's eyes turned red around the rims. Tears welled up in her eyes but didn't drop.

She sniffed hard and said seriously, "I heard what you said just now. Dad, do you also think that I'm a mistress now?"

Zack snorted in rage, not wanting to say a word to her.

A trace of despair flashed through Ally's eyes. She fetched out the marriage certificate from her purse and threw it to Zack. "Check this out!"

With that said, she stalked out of the house.

Ally walked very fast. A while later, she broke at a run. The wind at night blow her tears away and hurt her skin.

But she didn't stop. She kept running with all her might, as though this could help her vent her grievances out.

She didn't stop until she reached the sea. She put her hands on her knees, panting. Her face was flushed due to the long run. The tip of her nose had reddened because of the cold.

Suddenly, she opened her mouth and shouted at the sea.

"Aaaaaah!"

"Aaaaaah!"

"Aaaaaah!"

...

She did that over and over again. At night in autumn, the beach was basically deserted. Thus, even if a few passers-by spotted her and eyed her suspiciously, Ally could simply ignore them.

She needed to vent her feelings, or she would go crazy!

She cried in her head, "Why?"

"Why do they just have to treat me like that?"

"Aren't they supposed to be my dearest family?"

"They knew that couldn't be the truth, but why did they trash me anyway?"

Ally felt wronged. Tears finally streamed down her cheeks despite her will. She buried her face in her hands and collapsed onto the soft beach, crying hard and quivering all over.

She thought of what happened two years ago. Just like today, they pointed fingers at her and insulted her to her face.

They called her a shameless b*tch!

She let it go then, because she couldn't explain anything.

She then caught Hardy and Angie in bed, but Angie locked arms with Hardy to annoy her. She let it go as well!

Because a love rat like Hardy didn't deserve her tears!

However, the one who hurt her most was her father.

She was Zack's daughter! Why couldn't Zack believe her just once?

Zack misunderstood her at the wedding two years ago. Now, he was doing it again!??????

Chapter 529 The Daredevil

"What on earth have I done wrong?" Ally thought in distress.

Suddenly, her phone rang. She already knew that it was a call from home before she looked.

She contemplated, "They must have verified the marriage certificate. Or they wouldn't have waited for so long to give me the call."

That thought made Ally sadder. She took out her phone, pressed "Decline" without looking at the screen, and then powered it off.

Seeing the phone screen turn black, Ally finally felt at ease. She got back to her feet from the beach, picked up her purse, and headed back.

In the Fowlers' house.

"Sorry, the subscriber you dialed is powered off. Please try again later."

A mechanical female voice sounded from the receiver. Zack's countenance altered a little.

"Darn. Her phone was on just a moment ago. But it's powered off. That means Ally is really mad!" he speculated.

He hung up the phone in annoyance.

Angie, who was holding the marriage certificate, was still in disbelief. "Dad, is this real?"

Zack scowled at her and said, "I've already checked with the city hall. What do you think?"

Angie was bereft of speech.

The moon was high in the sky. It was already late at night.

Ally strolled back to the road. At this time near the sea, there was little traffic and few pedestrians on the road. Thus, Ally waited for a long time before she hailed a taxi.

After getting into the car, she told the driver, "Central Garden, please."

She thought for a moment and switched her phone on, because she prepared to call Kaley Cavill.

Kaley was Ally's classmate in senior high. She was a fierce and vigorous girl from a rich family. She and Ally had been good friends since they were in school. These years when Ally had rough times, Kaley always took her side without hesitation. She supported and helped Ally. Therefore, other than her family, Ally only told Kaley about her return.

However, her phone rang just as she found Kaley's number.

The caller ID was a stranger.

Ally knitted her brows. She just bought this number when she arrived in this country. Other than her father, nobody knew this number was her number.

"He must have found that I declined his call, so he called again with a different phone," Ally mused.

She sneered. Her fingers paused with hesitation for less than a second before she pressed "Decline".

She didn't want to go home. Nor was she strong enough to endure their snarky comments.

Yet, that call came again just as she hung up.

She declined it again.

Then the caller called again.

Still, Ally hung up.

Three minutes later, her phone was still ringing, as though it would ring forever until she picked it up.

Ally didn't know what to say. "Can't they just leave me alone?" she complained inwardly.

She was miffed. She felt they'd really gone too far. They not only said those mean things to her at home but also tried to keep scolding her over the phone!

Ally gritted her teeth and pressed "Accept". She shouted, "Enough! Stop calling me! I'm telling you, I won't admit things that I didn't do! You can save your speech!"

After that, she forcefully hung up.

On the other end of the line—

Kevin, who was standing on a large balcony, stared at the dim screen in a daze.

His face darkened in an instance.

He roared in his head, "Ally Fowler! How could you hang up on me and yell at me?"

"What a daredevil!"

He prepared to re-dial again. Just then, he thought of Ally's words. She said she wouldn't admit things she didn't do.

What did she do?

Kevin realized something was wrong. He arched his eyebrow and decided not to call Ally for now. Instead, he dialed Zack's number.

Zack picked up after two beeps. "Hello!"

Kevin was in no mood to chitchat with his father-in-law. He asked straightforwardly, "Where is Ally?"

Zack paused for a moment before asking, "Who is this?"

"Kevin Nixon."

...

Ally soon arrived at Central Garden.

Central Garden was a neighborhood of the rich, where there were all kinds of fancy villas. Ally had no card key, so she could only wait outside the gate.

She called Kaley again and again, but no one picked up.

She checked the time. It was only a little past nine in the evening. Kaley was a night owl. She couldn't have gone to bed so early.

But why did she answer the phone?

Ally was somewhat dejected. Kaley was the only friend she trusted completely. But Kaley was out of reach. It seemed that she had no choice but to go to a hotel.

With that in mind, Ally rubbed her forehead and said to the driver, "Sir, please drive me to the nearest hotel."

The driver was a man in his forties. He was a little stout. His face was so meaty that his eyes seemed to have sunk deeper. The driver glimpsed at Ally and said with a chuckle, "What's wrong? Can't reach your friend?"

Downcast, Ally thought, "Isn't that a given?"

Nevertheless, without showing her dismalness, she grunted, "Yeah."

The driver then said eagerly, "Look, it's not safe for a young lady like you to stay in a hotel alone. How about this? I have a spare room. You can crash in my place."

The driver's tone was very kind. But it was still alarming to hear a man invite a girl to sleep in his place upon their first encounter.

Ally cast him a wary look and shook her head. "Thanks, but no need."

"Young lady, listen, don't you know how unsafe those hotels are? Not long ago, the news said that a woman living in a hotel got dragged away from the hotel corridor and raped. Did you hear that news? Those criminals like to target young women who are on their own as you. Hotels are not safe!"

The driver's vivid recount reminded Ally of the news she saw.

Still, compared with going to a strange man's home, she felt she would be safer in a hotel. So she refused resolutely, "Thank you for your kindness, but I'd rather not. Just drop me off at a hotel nearby. Thanks."

The driver didn't get angry. Seeing Ally's solemn face in the rearview mirror, he gave a cold laugh in his head.

Fifteen minutes later, the taxi suddenly pulled up in the middle of nowhere.

"What's wrong?" Ally asked with anxiety.

The driver spread his hands and said, "The car wouldn't move. Maybe there's something wrong with the engine."

Ally was no expert on cars. She asked in confusion, "Then what should we do?"

The driver feigned helplessness and said, "The repair shop has closed by this time. We can only wait here."

Ally looked left and right only to see deserted hills and forests. There was no trace of a house or cottage. She began to panic.

Her face paled a little. Then, she fetched out two 20-dollar bills and handed them to the driver, saying, "Sorry, I gotta go. I can't stay here and wait for you. This is for you. I'm really sorry."

She then made to get out of the car, but the driver seized her by the wrist.

She turned around and saw the driver's somber face.

"Humph! Only 40 bucks? You think I'm a beggar or something?"

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 530 Being in Danger

Ally knew this did not forebode well, but she didn't dare to irritate the driver. Fighting back her fear, she said, "Then how much do you want?"

Leering at Ally, the driver reached out and touched her smooth cheek. He chuckled and said, "Let's not talk money. Girl, I just want you to be with me tonight."

As he spoke, he leaned over to take Ally's clothes off.

Shocked and enraged, Ally watched that hand approach her and felt sick. While struggling, she snarled, "Don't go too far! I know all taxi drivers have registered their IDs in the police station. I'll sue you for sexual harassment!"

The driver jeered and said, "Harassment? To other women, this is harassment. But to a slut like you, this is a treat!"

"What are you talking about?" Ally yelled.

"Humph! Do you think I don't read the news? I recognized you the moment you got in my car. Two years ago, you traded sex for money. Why are you pretending to be virtuous now?"

When her shirt was ripped open, Ally screamed in horror and thrust the car door open with all her strength before falling out of the car.

She hit the ground hard. Her sleeve had been ripped up by the driver. Her knees were bleeding because of the fall. Yet, she had no time to check her injuries. She sprinted down the road as fast as she could.

"Help!" she cried.

She looked back and saw the driver chasing her.

She was instantly overwhelmed by terror. This place was too out-of-the-way. There were no cars or passers-by. Obviously, the driver chose to park here on purpose. With her strength, she couldn't possibly outrun a man.

Ally thought desperately, "What do I do?"

"What do I do now?"

She glanced around and noticed a forest on the front left. Her eyes lit up.

She contemplated, "Yes! Gotta hide in the woods! I'm slim. Perhaps I can take shelter there.

"Anyway, I'll get caught if I keep running. Maybe hiding in the woods would work."

Ally raced in the direction of that forest.

The forest was dark at night. The path could barely be seen. Thankfully, the bright moonlight has sifted through the leaves, so Ally could vaguely see the surrounding objects.

She ran for a long time. Suddenly, she tripped and fell on the earth.

"Argh!"

Ally let out a brief yell of pain. But in less than a second, she covered her mouth with her hand, not making any more sounds.

With her eyes widened and her breathing bated, she watched the driver walk past from feet away. As he walked, he muttered to himself, "That d*mn girl is really fast! Gone in the blink of an eye. Where is she?"

Ally was squatting in the grass, not daring to breathe heavily. After searching the woods in vain, the driver headed back unwillingly. Ally finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Right at this moment, her phone rang.

Startled, Ally hastily held her purse tightly to block the ringtone. But it was too late. The ringing was particularly distinct in the quiet woods. She saw clearly that the driver paused and turned around.

"Crap!" Ally cried inwardly. She whipped around and broke into a run.

"D*mn! Stop there!"

The man's furious roar sounded from behind. All was scared out of her wits. Yet, she could do nothing but run. Finally, she made it back to the road.

Suddenly, white light flashed in the front, which hurt Ally's eyes. She tripped and fell again.

The driver seized this opportunity and caught up with her. With a hideous jeer on his face, he said, "Where can you escape now?"

Ally's face turned ashen at once.

Just then, behind the white light, a black Hummer skidded to a halt as nimbly as a wild beast.

Ally's eyes rounded. To her disbelief, Kevin and several bodyguards stepped out of the car.

Kevin's face was stony. His sharp black suit was the same color as the darkness. He looked like a devil from hell. But to Ally, he was an angel from heaven.

Something was stuck in her throat. Tears welled up. But she couldn't utter a word.

Fortunately, Kevin saw her at a glance. Without looking at the driver, he moved his long legs and strode straight toward Ally.

At the same time, the bodyguards behind him rounded on the driver.

The driver smelled danger and yelled in a fluster, "Who, who are you? What are you up to?"

Right after that, he was gagged and tied up. Now, he could only make some unintelligible noises.

Seeing Ally's ripped clothes, Kevin showed a fleeting trace of anger in his eyes. But his pursed lips revealed how furious he was at the moment. He bent over, glanced at Ally's injuries, then took off his suit jacket and put it on her.

Ally bit her pale lips in silence. She let Kevin wrap her in his suit jacket and carry her in his arms.

When walking past those bodyguards, Kevin halted and finally cast a look at that driver.

His imposing vibe and freezing-cold eyes made the driver shudder, who abruptly stopped struggling.

Then, Kevin parted his thin lips and said for words, "Get rid of him."

"Umm!"

The driver flailed vehemently. He had realized that he had ruffled the feathers of a big wig. Yet, it was all too late.

The bodyguards dragged him toward that forest he had just gone to.

Kevin carried Ally into the car.

Ally was still in shock. Curled up in Kevin's arms, she kept shivering violently.

She was terrified! Really!

She could not imagine what might happen if she didn't run that fast.

Seeing her this terrified, Kevin felt as if his heart had been pinched by someone. He was heartbroken.

Not knowing what to do, he held Ally more tightly and ran his large hand down her spine to soothe her.

"You're safe now. I'm here with you. Don't be scared."

His comforting words were simple and silly, but it was definitely genuine. Like a bomb, those words easily blew up Ally's feigned toughness.

She abruptly grabbed Kevin's collar and cried in his embrace.

She cried so hard that her voice was broken.

Kevin kept patting her on the back. He let her shiver and cry in his arms, hoping she could get the fear out of her system.

He also felt grateful that he got here in time.

And he found out her whereabouts through the communication company in time.

If he didn't...

He pressed his lips. A murderous look flashed through his eyes.

Ally cried for a long time. When she was too tired from the crying, her howls were gradually reduced to sobs.

The front of Kevin's shirt had long been drenched in tears. The wet shirt was stuck on his chest, revealing the tempting shapes of his strong muscles.

At the sight of his chest, Ally blushed a little.

"I'm fine now."

She pushed Kevin away and sat up.

Kevin looked at her. After she cried for such a long time, her cheeks were red and her eyes were swollen. But it all made her seem more pitiful.

As if he had thought of something, he slowly wiped the tears off Ally's face and said, "I'm sorry."

Taken back, Ally looked up at him in bewilderment.