

## **Sweet Wife 661**

### **Chapter 661 Cooking Herself**

Ladies from upper-class families had never stepped into the kitchen, let alone cooked for themselves.

The kitchen was kinda like the maids' territory where they cooked for their master.

So they were all surprised to see Laura come in and claim that she was going to cook.

Paula saw that Laura picked up the cookbook.

She asked in surprise, "Oh Mrs. Nixon, you really don't have to. If you want some prawn, we can make it for you."

"If you want different tastes, just let us know. We'll try to make it. You really don't have to do it yourself."

Laura looked at them and smiled.

"Oh no no no. Please don't take this the wrong way. I like everything you guys cooked for us. It's just that..."

She paused and something occurred to her, and the smile on her face softened.

"It's OK. You guys. I'm gonna try anyway. I'll tell you if I need anything."

They were relieved to know that she wasn't here because she was unhappy with their cooking skills.

Paula nodded, "Sure. Careful, Mrs. Nixon. I'll get some of the ingredients for you."

Laura nodded, "Okay, thank you."

"You're welcome, Mrs. Nixon."

Laura asked Paula to take out the shrimps from the fridge to unfreeze them, and then she started to cook them according to the recipe.

They didn't know Laura was a decent cook, so they were a little worried and thought she would ask them to clean up the mess she made in the end.

But surprisingly, they saw that Laura seemed to know her way around the kitchen, and she was not spoiled at all.

Everyone was stunned. Laura started frying those shrimps twenty minutes after they were marinated.

Laura chatted with them as she cooked, "This is a major step for this dish. The shrimps are supposed to be slightly grilled on both sides but still remained intact on the surface. It's a real test for your cooking skills."

Now that Paula knew Laura could cook, she truly admired her from the bottom of her heart.

She smiled, "Yes indeed. This is a tricky step."

Laura smiled. After she was done with the shrimps, she boiled some water.

Usually, the maids spent most of their time working in the kitchen and Laura was busy at work and rarely stay home, so they didn't really know each other.

Therefore, they thought she was difficult to please at first, like those rich women they had served before.

They didn't expect Laura to be approachable like this.

She was not arrogant at all and never put on airs.

Everyone was surprised and liked this beautiful mistress even more.

After Laura put the grilled shrimps into a pot to simmer, she called Max to tell him to come home early for dinner.

Max knew that she finished her shooting today and she would be home, but he didn't know she cooked.

He promised Laura over the phone and he was back before 6 in the afternoon.

Laura asked the maids to set the table for dinner.

Everything looked appetizing with a nice aroma.

They were only two people so Laura didn't cook much so as not to waste any food.

Max just glanced at the dinner table casually.

When he saw the grilled prawn in the middle, he seemed to be a bit surprised.

He often ate at home, so he was familiar with the dishes that they normally had.

He hadn't tasted the prawn yet, but he could tell that it wasn't made by the servants just by looking at it.

He looked at Laura with a smile.

"You cooked?"

Laura blinked and didn't deny it.

"Yes, I had nothing else better to do so I cooked. Taste it."

Max sat down with a smile, picked up his fork, and gave it a try.

He had to say it was good, with the marinated shrimps and fresh vegetables combined together to create a perfect balance.

Laura looked calm, but deep down, she cared a lot about his opinions.

She watched him nervously as he tried and she asked, "How was it? Was it any good?"

Max looked at her for a moment before he nodded with a smile, "It was great."

Laura then smiled with relief.

"Eat more."

She then put some more on his plate.

That night, Max ate a lot because he was in a good mood.

After dinner, he was very full, so he asked Laura to go for a walk in the yard.

In front of the Villa was a big garden with beautiful scenery and fresh air.

As they walked hand in hand, Max asked Laura, "How long are you off this time?"

Laura thought for a moment, "Well... three days."

Max frowned.

"Only three days?"

Laura nodded, "Yeah, we're gonna do a variety show in a remote village. I probably won't be back until twenty days from now."

Max was upset hearing this.

He saw a gazebo not far away, so he pulled Laura over and sat her on his lap.

He looked at her and said, "Laura, isn't it too much?"

Laura froze for a moment.

Too much?

Not really.

The workload she had as an actress was beyond the imagination of ordinary people.

But luckily, Natalia was a good boss.

Natalia was not like other bosses who just used stars as a tool to make money and tried to exploit them for their commercial values.

Star Entertainment treated its employees fairly.

The stars were being given a few days off after each exhausting task.

Most of the stars in other companies didn't have so much time off.

They would exploit their staff to death, pushing them around to make money every second.

## **Chapter 662 Go for a Trip**

Laura was satisfied.

With this in mind, she shook her head.

"Not at all. What makes you think that?"

Max frowned.

Laura felt that he was upset, so she explained, "I like acting and the work they arranged for me, so I'm not tired. I can handle it pretty well."

"I'm young and should pursue my passion. I haven't won an international award yet. I hope that in ten years I will win something and maybe then I will be satisfied."

Max smiled.

"This is the reason why you work so hard?"

Seeing that he didn't take her ambition very seriously, Laura snorted.

"Don't underestimate my dream. It might be nothing compared to yours, but it's important to me."

Her serious look made him smile.

He stroked her head, "Of course, dreams are all important. You're a good actress and I'm sure you'll make it sooner or later."

Laura then smiled smugly, "I know."

Max didn't say anything else. He stroked her hair and remembered that they hadn't been on a trip together for a long time.

So he said, "Since you have three days off, how about we go travel?"

Laura was surprised and said, "Sure! Where are we going?"

Max kissed her on the lips, "I'll let you know tomorrow."

The next day.

Laura was woken up early by Max.

At first, she didn't know where they were going. They got into a car and it stopped about forty minutes later in front of a manor.

Only then did she shout in surprise.

"How did you know I wanted to come here?"

This manor was called Moonlight Manor, where they could look out over the whole city and see the bright stars and the moon at night.

It was a rare place to find in a modern city like Eqitin so it had been very popular.

Max smiled, "I didn't know you wanted to come here. I just thought the view was great and you'd like it."

Laura kissed him on the cheek and said with a smile, "Thank you."

Max accepted it with a smile.

Because it was a customized trip, only those with membership could enter the place.

So they walked hand in hand without fear of being seen.

Max booked a room here in advance. It was 10 in the morning when they arrived.

They changed their clothes in the room and took a break before going out.

It was June.

It was the beginning of the hottest season in a year and Laura had a casual look in a white sleeveless dress with a pair of flip-flops.

Max was wearing a nice suit with leather shoes.

He looked charming and sexy with some of his hair coming down to the corners of his eyes.

They were the cutest couple on the street.

Coincidentally, they ran into a man who knew Max.

"Oh, Mr. Nixon! What a coincidence!"

He looked about 30 or something and dressed like a businessman. As soon as he saw Max, he greeted him respectfully.

Max shook hands with him and said, "Mr. Shepard, are you here on vacation too?"

Mr. Shepard smiled, "Yeah, it's my wife's birthday and she likes this place, so we come over to celebrate. This is..."

He looked Laura up and down.

He knew who she was.

But he didn't expect her and to be with Max and hold his hand.

They...

Businessmen were shrewd.

He knew how to hold his tongue.

But he was curious.

Max didn't want to hide it and said directly, "This is my wife, Laura. Laura, this is Mr. Shepard from the Victory Group."

Laura smiled politely, "Mr. Shepard, nice to meet you."

Hearing that, Mr. Shepard was so surprised that his eyes widened slightly.

But soon he calmed down.

He smiled and said, "Mr. Nixon, I didn't know you were married. Mrs. Nixon is beautiful. You guys are a perfect match. Congratulations."

Max liked what he said so much that his displeasure of being disturbed faded away.

He smiled, "Thanks, Mr. Shepard, but we're not ready to tell people about this."

He was implying that Mr. Shepard should not spread the news.

Mr. Shepard was smart.

He immediately understood what Max meant and nodded, "Mr. Nixon, Rest assured. I won't tell anyone about what happened today."

Max then nodded in satisfaction.

Mr. Shepard added, "Excuse me. I gotta go. Have a good time."

Max nodded and Mr. Shepard left in a hurry.

After he left, Laura looked at his back and said to Max, "He looks familiar."

Max looked down at her and smiled, "Our families go way back. His father used to work for my grandfather, so if Dad was alive, they would have recognized each other."

"What?"

Laura was shocked.

Of course, Max was not talking about Chad but Joris.

Laura got a little confused.

"I don't remember seeing him as a kid but I feel like I've seen him somewhere."

Max was surprised that she felt like this.

But Mr. Shepard was resourceful and often showed up at business events and parties. Maybe they had met on some of those occasions.

He told Laura his suspicions. Laura couldn't figure it out and could only let it go.

This episode didn't ruin their mood so they kept walking.

## **President's Sweet Wife**

### **Chapter 663 A Mysterious Beauty**

There was a peach grove up ahead of them. Because it was June, the peach blossoms had long since withered away, and there were only a few tiny green peaches on the trees, which was beautiful.

Laura was happy and dragged Max over.

"Look, there are so many peaches."

Max smiled, "They're not ripe yet. Don't pick them."

Laura withdrew her hand, looked at the endless peach grove, and asked, "Guess what's beyond the grove?"

The grove covered a large area and was densely wooded. It was impossible to see what was going on beyond it.

Max shook his head and said honestly, "Don't know."

Laura dragged him into the grove.

"Let's go take a look."

Max didn't have a problem with that, so they walked forward together.

The grove was really big. It was surprising that there was such a large peach grove in Egitin where the price of land was so high.

After a while, they suddenly heard someone playing an instrument like the violin.

It didn't sound like a modern piece of music.

Laura acted in a period drama some time ago and had learned some basic violin 101.

So she could recognize that it was a violin.

Her face lit up. She took his hand and said, "Someone's playing the violin over there."

Max heard the melody too. Seeing that she was intrigued, he suggested, "How about we go over to take a look?"

Laura nodded and they walked over together.

They didn't walk long before they saw a round stone table under a peach tree.

There were some low stools next to the table. A woman in a light blue dress was sitting on the stool playing the violin with her back to them.

A woman was playing the violin in a peach grove...

Laura felt like she was dreaming. It was as if this dense grove was a key that took them to an ancient world.

She was even more curious about this woman.

They approached slowly because they did not want to disturb her, and they stopped not far away.

They stood there listening quietly.

It was not as hot in the grove as it was outside.

It was almost noon but the leaves of trees shut out the sun.

A breeze came in and they felt a bit chilly.

Laura loved that moment. She smiled and gently beat time to the music.

After about two or three minutes, it stopped.

The woman on the stool paused for two seconds, got up, and turned to them.

She was breathtakingly beautiful.

Laura was a beauty and had seen many attractive women in the entertainment field.

She thought she had seen some of the most beautiful women in the world over the years and would not be impressed by another beauty.

Well, she was wrong. It turned out that there would always be more beauties in the world than you thought.

And the power of beauty was way beyond our imagination.

The woman's long hair hung down to her shoulders with exquisite features on her face, classical and elegant, like a nymph in the legends.

Laura was stunned, until the woman suddenly cleared her throat.

The woman covered her mouth and asked them with a smile, "Who are you? Why are you here?"

She even had a pleasant voice.

Laura inexplicably blushed.

She immediately felt less confident of her own charm in front of her.

She replied, "We are tourists. This peach grove is big and beautiful, so we came over to see what's in here."

Max kept holding her hand and didn't say anything.

The woman froze for a moment and looked them up and down.

Then she smiled, "This is not a tourist spot. You should go."

Laura nodded in chagrin.

"Sorry to bother you. We'll leave now."

After that, she tried to pull Max away.

However, he didn't move.

She looked up at him, only to find him staring at her in concentration.

He was frowning slightly, sunk in thought.

Laura was jealous, took his sleeve, and whispered, "Let's go."

Max finally turned to look at his wife, and nodded.

They walked out of the grove hand in hand.



Laura suddenly let go of his hand.

Max was still deep in thought. He was confused when she suddenly let go of his hand.

She walked forward without saying anything to him.

He was a little puzzled, caught up with her, and tried to take her hand.

However, just as his hand touched her fingers, she shook it off.

Laura turned to glare at him and shouted, "Don't touch me."

Max was so confused and asked, "What's wrong?"

Laura got even more upset and jealous. She snorted and continued to walk without saying anything.

Max didn't know what he had done wrong and could only follow her.

They walked in silence for a long time. Laura stopped and turned to him.

Max didn't see it coming and almost bumped into her.

He held her shoulders and smiled, "What's going on? Are you mad at me?"

Laura was not angry, but his questions angered her.

### **President's Sweet Wife**

#### **Chapter 664 Apologizing**

Her eyes widened in shock as she looked at him and gritted her teeth, "Don't you know why? Don't you know what you've done?"

Max was even more confused.

What did he do?

He didn't know anything.

However, his experience told him that apologizing to a woman in anger no matter why she was upset would be the safest thing for him to do.

So instead of asking her why, he said seriously, "I'm sorry, honey."

Laura froze.

She was about to lose her temper, but she bit back the words she was going to say when she heard his words.

She looked at him for a long time and snorted.

"I won't forgive you easily."

Max coaxed her, "I'm really sorry, honey."

He said as he wrapped his arms around her.

Laura wasn't so angry anymore, but she couldn't help but ask, "What for?"

Max didn't know why he was sorry.

He had absolutely no idea.

But he didn't dare to talk back. He thought about what happened along the way and finally, his eyes lit up.

He looked at Laura and said tentatively, "I... I shouldn't have stared at that woman?"

He took a guess.

However, Laura's countenance changed.

Max knew he was right.

He was relieved and happy.

He smiled, "Honey, you're jealous."

He made fun of her.

Laura glared at him.

She gritted her teeth, "So you're proud of what you did, huh?"

Max chuckled, put his arm around her waist, and said, "Not at all. I'm just happy that you're jealous. It means you love me."

Laura grunted and didn't say anything.

Max explained, "Actually, I wasn't staring at her because she's pretty."

Laura rolled her eyes at him, "Liar."

Max immediately gestured, "I swear to god she's not as pretty as you are in my eyes. After all, you're my wife, aren't you?"

He even tried to kiss her.

Laura pushed him away and said coldly, "Whatever. I don't care."

With a smug smile, he shook his head and said,

"I wouldn't believe this if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

Laura didn't look at him but quietly pricked up her ears.

As expected, Max explained in detail, "I really wasn't staring at her because of her look. I stared because she looked a lot like someone I met before. It's just that she died over twenty years ago so I was stunned."

Laura didn't see this coming and turned to him in curiosity.

"Someone you met? Who was it?"

Max shook his head.

"I don't know her. I saw her in a photo that my dad kept in a book. One day I went to his study and accidentally found it. I went to my dad with the photo and asked him. He said she was a good friend of his and had died many years ago."

Surprised, Laura asked, "So do you know her name?"

Max shook his head, "No. I didn't ask and my dad didn't tell me."

Laura fell silent.

It could be a coincidence, but she thought it was bizarre.

Seeing her frown, Max was afraid she would be unhappy, so he smiled, "Forget it. There are so many people who look alike in the world."

"What's more, I was a child when I saw the photo. Children's memories are unreliable. Maybe I got it wrong."

Laura was still puzzled, but she didn't say anything more.

They went happily hand in hand to other places.

At the same time.

In the peach grove, the woman sat down and picked up the violin from the stone table again.

She started playing it and the music was melodious.

But she stopped and her hands froze.

Finally, she sighed and said to herself, "It doesn't seem to be a good day to play the violin. I didn't do anything, but why can't I stay calm?"

At that moment, she heard someone's footsteps behind her.

A man came out from the peach grove. Seeing that she was sitting there with a thin shirt, he frowned.

He walked over, draped a shawl on her shoulders, and said gently, "It's cold out there. Put on more layers."

She looked at him and smiled.

"Gentry, it's noon. The others are wearing sleeveless dresses, but I have to wear more layers. People would think I'm a freak."

Gentry froze and narrowed his eyes slightly in displeasure.

"You're not like others. You have to take care of yourself. Who cares about what others might think."

He adjusted her shawl and frowned when he saw the violin on the table.

"It's getting late. Let's go back for lunch!"

She didn't refuse and obediently stood up.

Gentry stepped forward, picked up the violin, and looked her up and down. After making sure there was nothing wrong, he walked away with her.

It didn't take long for them to arrive at a small restaurant in the middle of nowhere.

There were many restaurants in the big manor.

Now they were in a hidden theme restaurant in the manor.

They went into the restaurant. Gentry helped her sit down and went straight into the kitchen.

### **Chapter 665 Considerate**

It didn't take long for him to bring out a beautiful and fragrant dish.

The woman looked at it and asked Gentry, "Where's yours?"

He said lightly, "I've eaten."

He sat down across from her and picked up a book.

She didn't force him but began to eat.

When she finished, Gentry got up, cleared the table, and said goodbye to the staff before taking her away.

Because the woman was beautiful and elegant, many people were attracted by her on the road.

She was uncomfortable being stared at, gently took his sleeve, and whispered, "Gentry, they..."

Gentry looked at those people and said coldly, "What are you looking at? Look away or I'll poke your eyes out."

Most of the people who came here were either rich or noble.

Ordinary people may not be able to afford this place even if they had money.

Therefore, someone was angry at his words.

"Come on. Who do you think you are? Don't flatter yourself. She didn't even say anything..."

Before the man could finish, Gentry's face darkened.

He wanted to argue with him, but she stopped him.

She frowned slightly and didn't want to argue in public, so she whispered to him, "Calm down."

After that, she looked at the middle-aged man and gave a considerate smile.

"Sir, my friend was just trying to protect me. I'm sorry if we seemed rude before."

The middle-aged man was reasonable. He just didn't like Gentry's overbearing manner.

Hearing her words, he immediately smiled.

He said, "It's okay. I won't take it to heart. What's your name? I've never seen you before."

Gentry said coldly, "There are so many women in the world. Have you seen them all?"

The middle-aged man was embarrassed.

The woman pulled Gentry behind her and smiled at the middle-aged man, "I didn't live here before. I just got back from overseas, so we haven't met. My name is Kristina Welch. Nice to meet you."

The middle-aged man grinned with delight.

"Kristina, what a beautiful name. I'm Jeremy Lockwood, the general manager of the Lockwood Group. Here's my card. Nice to meet you, too."

Then he took out his business card and handed it to Kristina.

Kristina didn't refuse and read it carefully before putting it in her bag.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lockwood, I gotta go."

Mr. Lockwood smiled, "Sure. By the way, I live not far away. Maybe we can hang out sometime."

Kristina nodded without saying anything.

Mr. Lockwood knew what she meant and said nothing more.

The two of them waved goodbye.

After Mr. Lockwood left, Gentry snorted, "He's up to no good!"

Kristina looked at him and sighed.

"I'm sorry to get you in trouble, Gentry."

Gentry frowned at once.

He said in a low voice, "Don't say that. We are friends."

Kristina smiled and said as she walked forward, "You've taken care of me and protected me all these years. If it weren't for you, I would have died twenty years ago."

She saw the flowers on the side of the road, stopped, and stroked the petals.

It seemed that she was not looking at the beautiful flowers but staring at the distance.

"Sometimes I wonder if you would have had a happier and easier time for the past twenty years if you hadn't saved me and I died."

Gentry's face darkened.

He stepped forward, took her hand, and shouted, "How can you think like that? Are you resenting me for saving you? Or do you still love Chad? Have you forgotten how he hurt you? Why are you still favoring him?"

Kristina froze and looked at him in confusion.

She whispered, "Gentry, I didn't mean that. I just..."

"That's enough!"

Gentry suddenly shouted. He looked at Kristina with disappointment and said, "Don't lie to me. I saw it all! You met two young people in the peach grove and the man looked like Chad, right?"

"You saw that man so you thought of Chad, right? You can't stay calm because you never let go of him!"

Kristina pursed her lips and fell silent.

She didn't answer.

Her hand had been clutched by Gentry and there was a red mark on her pale wrist.

Gentry looked at her, his chest rising and falling rapidly.

When he caught a glimpse of the red mark on her wrist, he immediately let go of her hand.

"Your hand..."

"It's okay."

Kristina quickly withdrew her hand.

The shawl was long and he couldn't see the red mark anymore.

Her face was expressionless. She didn't look at him and her eyes were hollow.

Maybe she didn't want to look at him or was avoiding something.

She whispered, "Gentry, thank you for sending me back to the country. As for what you just said, it's all in your head."

She suddenly lowered her head and had a slight cough.

Gentry tensed up and regretted it.

He shouldn't have lost his temper.

He had thought he had become patient enough over the years.

He was willing to keep a low profile and never lose his temper again as long as he could stay by her side.

### **Chapter 666 An Unexpected Encounter with an Old Friend**

In fact, he had truly kept that promise during the two decades they spent abroad.

Over the years, he had been the gentle and steady Gentry Iverson no matter what happened.

He was always there for her. He looked after her and shielded her from trouble. To her, he was always someone she could rely on.

But people were complicated creatures.

It was true that Gentry had never turned a hair in the face of all kinds of troubled times.

However, when something struck his nerve, he would instantly release the light he had been hiding under a bushel.

Gentry inhaled deeply and said as gently as he could manage, "Sorry. I shouldn't have lashed out at you. Kristina, let me walk you back to your room."

Kristina nodded, not speaking. She extended a hand to him. Supported by him, she headed back to the hotel.

When they came to the entrance of the hotel, Kristina withdrew her hand and said to Gentry softly, "You can go now. I'll go up myself. Gentry, thank you for helping me out. I should let you go back to your business."

Moonlight Manor was a place frequented by celebrities and dignitaries, so the security here was certainly good.

Besides, Kristina was much healthier than before. Therefore, there was not much to worry about.

Hearing her words, Gentry let go of her hand and watched her go into her room.

Laura and Max didn't think of going back to their room until they were exhausted after hanging out for a long time.

They hadn't had lunch yet. But Laura was tired, and she didn't want to dine out.

Thus, Max decided to bring Laura back to their room and order room service.

But unexpectedly, they saw a familiar figure the moment they stepped into the hotel elevator.

"We met again. What a coincidence."

Kristina smiled benignly at them and moved a step backward.

This also took Laura and Max by surprise. They greeted her with a smile after they entered the elevator.

"Yeah, what are the odds? You're also staying here?"

Kristina nodded.

Max gazed at her. The more he observed, the more strongly he felt she was the woman in the picture that his father hid in a book.

Unable to repress his curiosity, he asked, "Are you here for sightseeing or do you live here?"

Moonlight Manor also provided long-term accommodation. A large area in the back was reserved for people who stayed here to relax and gain some peace of mind.

Of course, only the rich could stay here for long, for long-term dwelling in this place was very pricy.

Kristina smiled and answered, "I just came back to the country. My stay here is only temporary. I'll leave in a couple of days."

Laura and Max nodded knowingly.

For some reason, Laura found this woman in front of her naturally endearing.

Perhaps it was because she was gorgeous but didn't seem cocky as most pretty women were.

Laura found her mild and genial, like a pretty sister to her.

Thus, she couldn't help but ask, "Miss, may I know your name?"

Beaming, Kristina replied, "I'm Kristina Welch."

Laura nodded and asked, "Can I call you Kristina?"

Kristina was dazed. She didn't expect Laura would like to be on first-name terms with her.

A moment later, she nodded with delight and asked, "What about you? What's your name?"

Laura raised her eyebrow in surprise. Though this might sound narcissistic, she still asked in wonder, "You don't know who I am?"

Kristina was taken aback. She looked blankly at Laura and then at Max. Embarrassed, she inquired, "Am I... supposed to know you?"

Laura didn't know how to respond.

Truth be told, if someone else said that in a different tone, this remark would perhaps sound provocative.

After all, Laura was a big star now. Even the elderly in the country could name a few roles she had played even though they might not remember her real name, not to mention how popular she was among the young.

Laura couldn't believe this woman really didn't recognize her.

But she was certainly not that self-important. A little mortified, she touched her nose and introduced herself shyly, "I'm Laura. This is my husband, Max Nixon. We're here on vacation."

Laura noticed that Kristina's expression remained the same when she introduced herself.

But when she started to talk about Max, the smile on Kristina's face clearly stiffened, and a trace of consternation flashed through her eyes.

"Your surname is Nixon?"

Seeing that Kristina was staring at her, Max was certain she was asking him, so he nodded courteously.

"Yes, it is."

Kristina was dumbstruck on the spot.

She looked fixedly at Max. Frankly, her intense stare was slightly impolite.

After all, they were not very close. This was just their second encounter. Two hours ago, they didn't even know each other.



But he was surprised that he didn't feel offended. Also, maybe this was just his imagination, but he had a feeling that though Kristina's eyes were fixed on him, she wasn't really looking at him

It was as if her eyes had penetrated his face and seen something beyond him.

Laura had obviously noted this, too. She raised her head and exchanged a look with Max. They both saw confusion in each other's eyes.

Laura asked, "Kristina, what's wrong?"

Kristina quickly woke up from her reverie.

Realizing that she had fallen into a trance, she smiled and said politely, "Sorry."

Laura smiled friendly and said, "It's okay. Just now, you..."

Kristina was silent for moments. Then, she answered in a soft voice, "It's nothing. I just found your husband quite familiar. He reminded me of an old friend."

A reminiscent look emerged on her face.

Max appeared unperturbed, but he soon posed the question he was eager to ask.

"Is that friend of yours also surnamed Nixon?"

Kristina shivered all over.

Plainly, Max had guessed right.

Kristina seemed quite emotional, but her good manners reined her emotions in.

Still, her clear eyes shone zealously.

"You know him?"

Max nodded.

He then said in a deep voice, "He is my father."

Kristina shuddered again.

At that moment, her pretty and exquisite face paled visibly, as though she just heard something astonishing.

But in an instant, she rapidly regained her composure.

Yet, when she smiled again, that smile was clearly a forced one, for it was no longer natural and relaxed.

She lowered her head a little.

Then, as if talking to them or perhaps whispering to herself, she muttered, "I should've thought of this. They've probably got married. It's been more than 20 years. It's no surprise that they've had children."

**Chapter 667 Playing Golf Together**

Kristina abruptly looked up at Max and asked, "Is your mother Christine?"

Though Max had seen it coming, he still felt a subtle stir when this woman said his mother's name.

Yet, he didn't show a thing on his face. As calm as ever, he just nodded and said, "Yes. You know her, too?"

The smile on Kristina's face turned more genuine when she heard this.

"Yes, I know her."

How could she not know Christine?

She followed Christine everywhere when she was a child. She had seen her as her big sister.

Christine also took good care of her as if she were her younger sister.

Sadly, fate played them. Kristina betrayed Christine. Up to now, she still felt too embarrassed to visit Christine again.

Kristina's eyes dimmed when she thought of this.

Right at this moment, the elevator door slid open with a ring. This sound was out of tune with the silence, but it spared the three from the awkward moment.

Kristina glanced at the floor number and said, "This is my floor."

Laura and Max nodded and watched her leave. Laura even kindly waved goodbye to her.

"See you around, Kristina."

Kristina turned around and nodded at them courteously before going away.

The elevator climbed two more floors to send Laura and Max to their floor.

Locking arms with Max, Laura probed as they walked to their room, "Max, do you think she's really the woman in that picture hidden in your father's book?"

With a gloomier face, Max nodded with assurance and said, "Yes, absolutely."

Laura furrowed her brows, baffled.

"But, didn't you say that woman already died more than 20 years ago? How come she turned up here?"

Max was also bemused by that. But Kristina looked so alike with that woman in the picture, and she also knew his parents. She was definitely the lady in the picture.

Thinking of this, Max said, "I don't know either. I'll ask my father about this some other day."

Knowing that there was no better solution at the time, Laura nodded in agreement.

After they returned to their room, Max ordered room service and then sat on the sofa to watch TV with Laura.

A few minutes later, the dishes were delivered to their room.

One of the dishes was trout, which was Laura's favorite. Max removed the bones for her and put the meat on her plate, saying, "Eat more. We'll have a lot of fun this afternoon. You need to get more energy, or you'll feel hungry very soon."

Laura meekly ate the trout. Then, she asked, "What's there in the back?"

"There is a golf course. Do you know how to play golf?"

Laura thought for a moment and then shook her head. "No."

Max smiled and said, "It's fine. I'll teach you."

Laura didn't say anything.

After lunch, they took an hour-long rest. It was not until half-past three in the afternoon that they changed into sportswear and went out.

The golf course in the back was very large. At this time, not many people were playing.

Laura picked a light club and stood there, waiting for Max to teach her.

Max held her from behind, his hands grabbing hers, which were clenching the club. Then, he guided her on how to exert her strength while swaying the club to look for the perfect direction and angle.

Max instructed, "Look, stand in this posture, and slightly turn around. Use your waist to lead your strength. Yes... Give it a shot."

Laura compressed her lips. She didn't like outdoor sports, so this was her first time playing golf. As she was a rookie, it would be a lie if she said she was not nervous at all.

With the method Max told her, she gently swayed the club to test the direction before gripping the club and swinging it forcefully.

"Thwack!"

To her amazement, it was a hole-in-one.

Eyes gleaming with surprise, she whooped, "Wow! I did it!"

Max said with a smile, "Good job. You're gifted."

Laura was elated. Though she was not interested in this kind of sport at first, her enthusiasm soared after her first successful try.

"I wanna play again!"

"Sure. Have fun."

Perhaps Laura was really talented in playing golf.

She tried several times. Except for the third time that she lost control, she got the balls into the holes every other time.

Laura was carried away by the joy of success.

While she was over the moon, Max was a little depressed.

He intended to get intimate with Laura by dint of this sport. He thought they could turn this game into an outdoor sport they could both enjoy.

He even pictured how romantic it would be when he stood on the lawn and embraced Laura from behind to teach her how to wave the club.

However, Laura's motor coordination was stunningly outstanding. Max only gave her one demonstration, but she already mastered it!

As she continued to play, her golf skill would soon surpass his!

How could Max stand this?

Unwilling to accept defeat, Max grabbed his club and challenged Laura to a contest.

As a green hand, Laura had no fear. In the face of Max's challenge, her competitiveness surged. Thus, she said yes without any hesitation.

The two then began to compete. The one who put more balls into the holes would win.

Laura had never played golf before. No matter how gifted she was, her stamina and skills could not compare with Max's, who had been doing exercise persistently for years.

Shortly, Laura was soundly outscored by Max.

Looking at the scoreboard, she knew her chance of winning was slim. But she didn't get angry. Instead, she tried harder.

But this sport required more than hardworking.

It was a game of mentality as well.

If one was not flustered, one would find it easier to get the balls into the holes. But if one got anxious, one would be more likely to miss the goals.

Later, Laura failed five times in a row. She gradually became irritated. Plus, it was hot today. Her hair was soon drenched in sweat.

Max had made several more scores during this time. He then looked over and saw Laura's anxious face. He immediately felt soft-hearted.

After doing some thinking, he deliberately made the next three balls roll off the track.

Then, Laura scored again. She whooped in high spirits at once.

She glanced at the scoreboard. She was only two scores behind Max.

It was okay. She felt that if she was in luck, she could easily catch up with Max.

Therefore, she looked defiantly at Max, curled her lips, and said, "Did you see how great I am? It's not too late for you to throw in the towel."

Max narrowed his eyes. A sly smile reached his cunning eyes.

“Don’t get triumphant yet. The game hasn’t finished. You’ll never know.”

Laura snorted. “How about this? Let’s make a bet on this. Or this game wouldn’t be much fun. What do you say?”

Max arched an eyebrow but didn’t refuse.

“Fine. What stakes will you offer?”

Laura pondered for moments. Since they were married now, their properties were jointly owned by both of them. Thus, she figured it wouldn’t be fun if she staked their properties.

### **President’s Sweet Wife**

#### **Chapter 668 A Bet Is a Bet**

At last, she could only choose to use something wild-ranging as the stake. “Let’s say, the one who loses the bet must fulfill one request to the other person no matter what it is.”

Max’s eyes gleamed with excitement when he heard this.

He narrowed his eyes and revealed a mischievous smile.

“Are you serious?”

Laura hadn’t realized that she had walked into her own trap.

She even said righteously, “Of course. A great person never goes back on his or her word!”

Max instantly laughed happily and said, “OK. Let’s do this!”

Then, the two adjusted their posture, ready to bat the last two balls.

But a question crossed Laura’s mind. She called, “Hold on. What if we both score twice?”

Max said, “It’s no problem. Then we shall just try more balls until one of us fail to score first.”

Laura reckoned this sounded fair.

Thus, she agreed to compete like this.

After they set the rule, they started a new round.

Max scored on his first try.

So did Laura. She missed several goals when she was anxious before. But now, she had calmed her nerves, so she scored without difficulty.

However, she was not so lucky on her second try.

Max’s ball rolled into the hole as he expected. But Laura went slightly astray and paused outside the hole.

She stared incredulously at that ball with rounded eyes.

“How could this be?” she thought, puzzled.

Seeing she failed to score, Max immediately rejoiced.

Standing there leaning on his club, he said with a smile, “What now? Will you admit defeat?”

Laura wrinkled her nose with disgruntlement and protested, “That didn’t count. The wind was too strong and caused the ball to go astray.”

“Tsk.” Max screwed up his eyes, not arguing with her. “Alright. The wind is to blame if you say so. Then shall we try one more time?”

Laura was a little surprised. She clearly didn’t expect Max would be so forbearing.

It was a perfect sunny day. There was no wind at all. She was obviously making an excuse for her defeat.

But Max didn’t expose her trick. Thus, Laura was glad to play along.

She hurriedly put on a smile and said, “Sure. Let’s try one more.”

Yet, little did she know that this was Max’s setup.

He had let her cheat only because he would make her fulfill her promise when she ran out of excuses and conceded defeat from the bottom of her heart later.

On the next few tries, Laura failed gloriously.

She resorted to all the pretexts she could think of. But God of Fortune just no longer favored her. No matter how hard she tried, she didn’t get to score one more time.

What Laura had not realized was that she had played golf for more than an hour. As a regular woman, her strength was running low.

Thus, she had little energy for the game. Her muscles were tired.

That was why she failed to score several times on ends.

But Max was physically active. Playing golf for an hour was no challenge for him.

Besides, Laura just started to learn golf today, while Max had played golf for years. Therefore, she was not his match at all

In the end, Laura sincerely admitted her defeat.

She felt weary now. Since she was too bone-tired to continue the game, she directly gave up.

Seeing her surrender, Max walked over with a big smile. He put away her club for her and walked her to the lounge.

After that, he helped her sit down and then placed a cup of cold drink in her hand.

He also grabbed a bottle of water for himself.

Max waited for Laura to finish her drink before asking, "What now? You lost, didn't you?"

Laura rolled her eyes. Though she didn't want to admit it, when she lost, she lost. She wouldn't deny it.

Thus, she tilted her head to look at Max and asked, "Tell me, what do you want?"

Now Laura had really posed the question, Max leaned in with a wicked smile on his face and whispered something in her ear.

He had dropped his voice, so nobody but her could hear him.

Yet, Laura's face burnt with a blush as soon as she heard his words.

She stared at Max with incredulity, as though unable to believe he could make such a request.

Max straightened up. Looking at her with a grin, he reminded her, "We've agreed on this. A bet is a bet. Right?"

Laura never thought Max would corner her like this. She puffed up her cheeks, sulking.

Seeing that Laura clearly felt aggrieved but didn't dare to show her anger, Max couldn't help but burst out laughing.

It was already five o'clock in the afternoon. After taking a short break, the two left the golf course.

They would have dinner in a restaurant.

After exercising for a whole afternoon, Laura wanted to take a shower first before eating. Thus, the two returned to their room, had a shower, and changed before going out for dinner.

After a palatable dinner in a fancy restaurant, they sat at the table for a while. Laura saw some people boating not far away, so she asked Max to take her boating, too.

When they were done boating, Laura drew Max to visit other places.

Anyway, she kept finding things for them to do to avoid going back to the hotel.

Max certainly knew what she was playing at. But he was not in a rush, so he just accompanied her to visit all kinds of places.

He said yes to her every time she suggested anything.

After all, no matter how much more time Laura could play for, they would have to return to their room at the end of the day.

At last, they stayed outside until it was almost midnight. Seeing that no one was still on the field, Laura could not find any more excuses and was eventually dragged back to the hotel by Max with a mournful face.

That night, Laura was ordered to try all kinds of positions with Max.

It was the first time she had done something that bashful. It really tested her limit.

Max, of course, was very excited. He didn't let her go however she pleaded.

The two love birds slept soundly until the next noon.

Laura still felt the corner of her mouth sore when she woke up.

She looked around to find that she was alone in the room. Max was gone. He probably went out.

Laura got up and walked into the bathroom to check her face in the mirror. Surely, she saw a tiny little wound on the corner of her mouth. She felt like crying at once.

“Max is so bad! What was he thinking? How could he ask me to...”

Laura blushed again at the thought of what she did with Max last night.

She bit her lip, miffed. Still, she fetched out an ointment and applied some on the wound before she went to wash up and change.

Max was back just as Laura changed into fresh clothes.

He clearly went out to jog, because he was still sweating slightly when he came into the room.

Seeing that Laura was up, he strode over and placed a kiss on her lips.

He then felt this kiss taste differently. He took a closer look and said, “You applied something on your mouth?”

## **Chapter 669 Applying Medicine for Her**

Laura threw him a bitter glare.

“Oh, you have the nerve to mention that?”

Max smiled. He reached out and tenderly caressed the wound on the corner of her mouth, then said, “Sorry. I was too excited last night. I’ll take you to see a doctor.”

Laura’s face turned redder when she heard she would go see a doctor.

Through clenched teeth, she yelled, “Shut up! I won’t go. You go if you want!”

To Max, Laura’s angry look was not threatening but sexy.

He felt that the desire he tried to repress was surging up again.

To prevent himself from doing anything out of line to Laura again, Max quickly changed the subject.

“We’ll go back this afternoon. Do you have any more places you wanna visit before we leave?”

Laura deliberated for moments. She had finally had a day off. She just hoped to stay in the room and sleep instead of going out.

What was more, after what Max did to her in bed last night, every part of her body was sore today. She didn’t have the strength to go out for sightseeing.

Therefore, she shook her head.

Max didn’t press her to go out then. After confirming their return time, they had lunch and went home.



The servants were all there when they got back to Orchid Villa.

Laura didn't get enough sleep last night. Thus, she went to her room to sleep as soon as she was back.

Max had work to do in the afternoon, so he went off to the company.

Laura didn't sleep tight in the afternoon. She woke up several times. But she lied in bed for a long time and didn't fully wake up until seven o'clock in the evening.

Daytime was longer than nighttime in the summer. Thus, though it was seven in the evening, it was not completely dark outside.

After waking up, Laura squinted, got out of bed, and drew the drapes. Seeing the view outside at dusk, she stretched her body a little.

Her stomach growled. Then, she found she was starving.

She changed and then went downstairs. Just then, she saw Max coming back from outside.

She glanced at the clock on the wall and asked, "Why did you come back so late?"

Max went out soon after they returned at two in the afternoon. But why did he spend hours dealing with a little bit of work?

Max looked at her and said, "I could have been back by six. But I went to buy something on my way home."

As he spoke, he changed into slippers and walked over. He then grabbed her and pushed her into the bedroom.

Laura knitted her brows with discontent. "What're you doing? I'm hungry. I want dinner."

Max said to her, "Just wait. Trust me. I'll be quick."

Thus, Laura was forced to go back into the bedroom.

She thought Max was planning to do it with her again. But he fished out an ointment from his pocket. On a closer look, she found that it was exactly the kind that could heal the wound on the corner of her mouth!

Her face instantly turned tomato red. She looked up at Max, who was wearing a smile. Then, Max explained patiently, "I went to a doctor in St. Peter's Hospital to get this. It's said that it's very effective. Your wound will heal after you apply this. It will no longer hurt when you have dinner in a moment."

Laura balled her hands and snarled through gritted teeth, "Max Nixon!"

To not irk her, Max hurriedly said soothingly, "Sorry, I'm sorry. It's all my bad. I lost control of myself for a moment. But there won't be a next time. I promise."

Laura couldn't object. She thought of how she grimaced with pain at lunch today, so she let Max apply it to her wound.

The ointment had no strong smell. It felt pleasantly cool on her skin.

Then, she went to look into the mirror, but she noticed nothing on her mouth. It seemed that the ointment melted as soon as it was applied. That was good.

No one would notice her wound now, so she wouldn't be mortified.

With that in mind, she didn't complain. After applying the medicine, she went downstairs with Max for dinner.

It was nicely prepared. Max specially called the cook to make some healthy food before he came back.

Therefore, all the dishes on the table were lightly seasoned.

Laura didn't know why all the food was so light at first. But later, Mrs. Rowling came to serve a salad and said to her with a smile, "Mrs. Nixon, vegetables are good for your health. You should eat more."

Laura was stunned. She looked at Mrs. Rowling in bewilderment.

She thought to herself, "Since when do I have to watch out for my health?"

But soon, she thought of one possible explanation.

She subconsciously lifted her hand to touch the wound on the corner of her mouth. Then, she turned to look at Max, who was biting his lip to prevent himself from laughing out loud. She immediately cottoned on.

A look of rage fled her face. But with Mrs. Rowling here, she didn't have the face to lose her temper.

At last, she just snorted heavily and said, "I see. Thank you, Mrs. Rowling."

Mrs. Rowling went off with satisfaction. Soon, the bitter gourd was served.

Looking at the man before him, Laura smiled sinisterly and remarked, "Max, you should eat some more veggies too."

Max instantly froze.

Everyone knew he hated vegetables.

Looking at them, he smiled wryly and said, "Honey, I don't think I need them."

"You do! You've got bad breath. You have pimples."

Max didn't know what to say.

Mrs. Rowling and the other servants on the side tried so hard not to laugh.

"Never knew Mrs. Nixon cared about her husband so much. She's even noticed those details."

"They're truly a couple in love."

However, Max felt wronged.

"When have I had any of those things? She's making things up!"

However, seeing Laura's menacing eyes, he didn't dare to say or ask anything.

He had to reap what he sowed.

In the end, almost all veggies entered Max's stomach.

It was so bitter that Max hurriedly took several bites of watermelon after eating that dish.

Seeing Max frown deeply after tasting the bitter gourd, Laura finally felt her sullenness recede.

The next day was her last day off.

She thought about how she would spend the day. Since there was nothing else, she asked Natalia to go shopping with her.

Natalia was very busy lately. But this day, she finally had some leisure time.

Since Victoria's new movie was about to be released, she had been busy with the promotion of the movie, so she had not spent time with Laura recently.

But Laura happened to call her when she finally had time. Thus, she agreed to go shopping together.

The two went to Central Square and each bought several new outfits.

There were several brand-name stores that celebrities liked to visit. Laura had had her eye on a dress. Just as she grabbed it and planned to go to the fitting room, Natalia's phone rang all of a sudden.??????

#### **Chapter 670 A Chance Encounter**

Natalia took out her phone and glanced at the screen. A frown creased her face at once.

Laura asked, "What's wrong?"

Natalia said, "Nothing. I have to take this. You go ahead and try this one."

Laura nodded. She watched Natalia go outside to take the call before entering the fitting room.

After stepping out of the store, Natalia answered the call.

Felix was instantly carried into her ear.

"Natalia, I have a favor to ask. Are you available now?"

Natalia knitted her brows. She said crossly, "Felix, I think our friendship has long ended. You can't just call me and ask me for favors."

Felix was not mad when he heard this.

Instead, he chuckled and said, "Don't reject me so soon. Please hear me out. Rest assured. Now I'm asking you for a favor, which can't possibly only benefit me."

Natalia then said nothing.

Felix quickly told her what favor he wanted.

After he was done, Natalia still didn't speak.

After a long while, she finally said, "I can help you with this, but you need to increase the money you just offered by 2%."

Felix didn't sound surprised at this.

He clicked his tongue and said, "Well, is somebody being a bit greedy? Sure, I'll pay more if you want."

After hearing this, Natalia hung up.

But she didn't hurry back to the store.

Instead, she stood there holding her phone. After doing some thinking, she dialed another number.

In the store.

Laura changed into the new dress and came out of the fitting room. Just then, she saw Natalia walk in with a slightly gloomy face.

Laura could tell something was on her mind, so she asked with concern, "Natalia, anything wrong?"

Natalia slightly puckered her brows, waved at her, and said, "Everything's fine."

Then, her eyes were riveted on the new dress Laura was wearing. She smiled and said, "You look great in it. Buy this one."

Laura checked her reflection in the mirror.

With her curvy body wrapped in this white mermaid dress, she now looked like a goddess, glowing with elegance.

She nodded and smiled as well. "I also like this one. I'll take this then."

Natalia bobbed her head.

Thus, Laura changed out of the dress and brought it to the counter to make the payment.

The two then walked out of the store with the dress.

Noticing that Natalia seemed laden with anxiety, Laura hesitated for a moment but still asked, "Natalia, are you sure everything's fine?"

Natalia was dazed. She turned around and looked blankly at Laura. Seconds later, she came to her sense.

She smiled and said, "Well, there is actually something."

She paused for a moment before continuing, "How about this? You shop for a while yourself. I'll go handle it. I'll go and join you after I get it done."

Laura hurriedly nodded

"Sure. Go ahead. I'll see a few more shops and then head home."

Natalia nodded. She also reminded her to be safe before she left.

After Natalia went away, Laura began to roam about on her own.

Shopping alone was quite different from shopping with a friend.

Laura felt bored after rambling for some time by herself. She began to wonder if she should just go home. Suddenly, she saw a familiar figure coming her way.

"Gentry, you don't have to stay with me all the time. I just felt bored at home, so I went out to take a walk. It's OK," Kristina said to Gentry, who was by her side.

Gentry's expression was as detached as always. Yet, the words he said were caring.

"You haven't been here for more than two decades. Egitin is like a whole new city to you now. You need someone to be there with you."

He paused for moments and then said, "Besides, I have no urgent issues to deal with at the moment, so it's ok to company you for a walk."

Now that Gentry insisted, Kristina felt she shouldn't decline his kind gestures, so she didn't say anything more.

The two strolled forward. Suddenly, Kristina caught the sight of Laura and paused in her tracks.

"Mrs. Nixon, what a coincidence? How come you're here, too?"

Laura also felt that the way this world worked was sometimes weird. Some people might never get to know each other if they brushed past.

But some could have three encounters with each other in two days. And those encounters were all coincidental.

Laura couldn't help but chortle as well. "Kristina, it's really a coincidence. You're here shopping?"

Kristina nodded and replied with a smile, "Yeah. I was bored at home, so I came out to walk around."

She paused for a moment to take a look behind Laura. Then, she asked, "Are you here alone?"

Laura said, "I was with a friend just now. But she left because of work, so I'm on my own now."

Kristina beamed and said, "Shopping alone is not fun. If you don't mind, why not join us?"

Gentry frowned subconsciously, attempting to raise an objection.

But Kristina didn't give him the chance. She swiftly took a step forward and held hands with Laura.

Laura figured it wouldn't hurt to shop with her.

Laura did feel bored on her own. Plus, she liked Kristina. Therefore, she agreed to shop with her.

As Gentry watched the two walking ahead arm in arm, his face fell, but he didn't try to express disapproval anyway.

With Kristina keeping her company, Laura found the rest of the afternoon much more enjoyable.

Undeniably, Kristina was a very interesting lady. She was pretty, funny, and graceful. It was clear that she had received an excellent upbringing.

Having noticed this, Laura couldn't help but get more curious about Kristina's relationship with her father-in-law.

As she pondered, she and the other two felt tired, so they found a place to have tea.

Then, Laura asked the question that had been bothering her.

"Kristina, you mentioned last time that you know Mr. Chad Nixon. Can you tell me how you know him?"

Kristina was taken aback by this question. She thought for a moment and gave her the answer.

In a bland voice, she said, "He's my brother-in-law."

"Huh?"

Laura had taken a million guesses out of curiosity before she asked the question. However, she never thought that this could be the answer.

She looked at Kristina, mused for a moment, and then knitted her brows.

"But Mrs. Nixon's old surname is McClure. And your surname is Welch. How come..."

Kristina chuckled when she saw Laura's bemused look.

She was so nice and gentle. Laura found no trace of aggressiveness on her. All she exuded was tenderness.

Kristina said softly, "Christine and I are not biological sisters. My parents died when I was little. Later, I was adopted by the McClure family. They were very nice people and allowed me to carry on the name of my birth family. That's why my surname is Welch. But I was raised by the McClure family. This Mrs. Nixon you talked about is the woman I see as a sister."

Laura was dumbstruck when she heard about this.