

Chapter 420 My Boyfriend

Ryan hung up his phone and walked out of his office with a frosty face.

Luke was just outside, ready to knock on the door. He had a pile of documents in his arms. He was surprised to see Ryan leaving his office. "It's office hours. Where are you going?"

"I'm going home!"

'Going home? Why is he going home?' Luke wondered.

The gloomy look on Ryan's face raised questions in his mind. He then quickly stuffed all the documents he was holding to a secretary and said, "Here you are."

"What? Mr. Oliver?"

"Ryan! Wait for me! I'll go back with you."

However, when Luke reached the company's exit, he only caught the tracks left on the snow by his brother's car.

Luke stomped his feet in annoyance. "This is too much, Ryan! You're even ignoring me!"

'Why was Ryan leaving in such a hurry? Is something wrong?' He scratched his head.

When he realized that simply thinking about it wouldn't lead him any closer to the truth, Luke bolted towards the garage and got in his car. He stepped on the gas pedal and hoped that he would be able to catch up with Ryan.

Half an hour later

Wendy was busy reading her script, and her two children were taking a nap. Jasmine was also with her. She was chatting with the advertising company via WhatsApp about the specifics for tomorrow's commercial shooting.

When she heard the doorbell, she was a bit startled. 'Who could this be?' She promptly walked towards the door.

Upon seeing the man on the other side of the door, her eyes widened and her jaw slightly dropped. 'Wow! He is so handsome. Wait! He looks so familiar. But if I had met such a handsome man before, I would've remembered him!'

While Jasmine stood there, dumbfounded, Ryan strode right into the living room with a long face.

A gust of cold wind slapped Jasmine right in the face, snapping her back to her senses. She quickly closed the door.

Wendy was reading the script on the sofa. She had been sitting there for such a long time, and yet she had only turned a few pages of the script. She was in a foul mood, making it impossible for her to concentrate. When she heard the footsteps behind her, she turned her head and found Ryan walking towards her. "Why are you here?" she asked, looking stunned.

Ryan examined her from head to toe, trying to find any hints of discomfort. Once he was assured that she was fine, the knots in his muscles loosened up.

Wendy looked at her watch. "It's only eleven o'clock. Are you off duty?"

"No."

"Then why are you here at this time?"

Ryan took off his suit jacket and sat down next to Wendy, sending a chill down her spine. He was taken aback by her reaction. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Wendy replied. Her eyes looked lost.

"Did my mother make things difficult for you?" Ryan asked.

Wendy bit her lip and looked at Ryan with widened eyes. "How did he find out so soon?"

But before she could even ask him, Ryan had already answered her question. "My mother called me."

That explained everything. At first, Wendy thought that Ryan had sent someone to follow her. Her cheeks turned pink. She realized that she was overthinking the matter.

With Josie on her mind, Wendy put down the script right away and said, "Wait a minute. I have something for you."

She jumped off the sofa and rushed to her room. When she got back, she was holding two checks in her hand. She had hidden it in her bedroom as soon as she found them. After all, they were very valuable.

Wendy handed the checks to Ryan. "Your mother gave them to me as compensation. She wants me to give up custody of Ray and break up with you."

"And did you accept them?" Ryan asked with an unsure look.

"What's that look on his face?! He looks like an abandoned kitten, looking so pitiful!"

The corner of Wendy's mouth started to twitch. She sat down beside him with a sour expression. "I didn't! Do you think I'm the kind of person who only cares about money?"

Ryan's face softened.

"But if she gave me cash instead of checks, I might not be able to resist the temptation," she added.

Ryan's face darkened again.

Wendy laughed. "Ha! I'm just kidding! I'm not stupid. If I really need money, I can always ask you for it. I won't leave you so easily."

Ryan's eyes softened. "Tell me if you need money."

"I don't need money." Wendy shook her head. "In fact, I gave the checks back to her. But when I got home, I found them inside my bag. She must've found a way to stuff them into my bag without my knowledge."

Ryan remembered the phone call that he had with his mother a while ago. His eyes started to flare up in anger. "That wasn't what Mom told me on the phone just now. She was lying to me! Obviously, she's trying her best to separate the two of us."

"Have you suffered any loss?" he asked her.

"No!" Wendy raised her chin proudly. "No one can make me suffer losses. I pissed your mother off."

Ryan looked as calm as an undisturbed lake.

Wendy looked up to him and asked, "Why aren't you angry?"

"What?"

"I made your mother tremble with anger several times today. At one point, I was afraid that she might have a stroke because of me! I even made her cry once!"

The heater was on in the room. The coldness on Ryan's body gradually dissipated as he reached out and grabbed her by the waist.

Wendy recoiled a little bit. "Someone else is here."

At the door, Jasmine was standing with a stunned expression. She swallowed hard, unable to avert her eyes from the two lovers.

An awkward smile formed on Wendy's lips. She motioned for Jasmine to come over, which she did absentmindedly. Wendy stood up and introduced them to each other. "Ryan, this is the assistant the company has arranged for me. She's also one of my fans. Her name is Jasmine Duffy. Jasmine, this is..."

Wendy paused and gazed at Ryan's handsome face for a long second. "This is my boyfriend, Ryan Oliver."

Ryan smiled softly. He was more than satisfied with the way Wendy had introduced him.

'Boyfriend?' Jasmine already had her suspicions about them before when she saw them behaving intimately with each other. But even though she already heard it straight from Wendy's mouth, she still had a hard time believing it.

'No! My idol already has a boyfriend! This is so sad.' After a while, Jasmine came to her senses. 'Wendy is only twenty-four years old. She's very popular in the entertainment circle now, and if the news breaks out that she has a boyfriend...'

The very thought of it made Jasmine shiver. But she shook it off and extended her hand towards Ryan. "Nice to meet you."

Ryan responded with a small nod.

With no hand to shake, Jasmine withdrew hers awkwardly.

Noticing her discomfort, Wendy hurried to come up with an explanation.
"Jasmine, don't mind him. He's just a little cold. But he's a really good person deep inside."

Not wanting to get in the way of the couple's privacy, Jasmine walked away as soon as she could.

Once she was gone, Wendy exhaled a sigh of relief. She handed the checks back to Ryan and said, "Here you go. Take them."

Ryan didn't budge.

"Take them!" Wendy urged, waving both checks in front of him.

"Since my mother gave them to you, it should be yours to keep," Ryan said casually.



