

# HIS REAL WEDDED BRIDE

## Chapter 8 Something Was Wrong

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"Why are you standing still there?" He came to his senses when Autumn called him out. Then he

changed into a more comfortable clothing and washed his hands. When he went out of the bathroom,

Autumn had finished cooking. She had served a rich dinner on table already.

"Did you make all these dishes by yourself?"

"Yes." Autumn nodded. It was no big deal for her.

"I got to know from the maid that you like light taste in your food. Have a bite. If you don't like it, I'll

make some adjustments later." Autumn handed him the chopsticks and watched him take a bite of the

sweet and sour pork. "How do you like it?"

"It's good." For Autumn, the biggest achievement of cooking was not to feed people, but to get praised

for her food.

Autumn was happy to hear that. But she was still worried about her plan, so she rapidly gulped down

some food. She didn't notice Charles' uncertain eyes.

'Is it possible for a lady to cook so well?' he wondered.

The phone rang suddenly. Charles cast a glance at it and frowned with anger.

'Rachel has been acting unreasonably recently', he thought.

He didn't answer it, but the phone kept ringing again and again.

As if to say: I would keep calling until you answer.

"Is that Miss Bai?" Autumn glanced at the phone unintentionally. She thought that Charles didn't

answer so as not to piss her off. "Answer it. Maybe she is in an emergency."

She didn't fully express her thoughts, but Charles definitely understood what she really meant.

She didn't care much about the relationship between Rachel and him. But he was her husband.

He answered the phone in a fit of pique. Rachel said in a weak trembling voice, "Charles, help..."

He immediately frowned and asked anxiously, "What happened, Rachel? Where are you?"

Her weak voice frightened him. Autumn cast a glance at him and then lowered her head to continue

eating.

Charles anxiously asked. "What on earth happened to you?"

"I..." Rachel managed to hold back her malaise and said, "I came to visit Director Zhang. We were

talking about business just now, but he suddenly began touching me inappropriately. I was afraid to

offend him, so I made an excuse to go to the washroom. When I went back in the room to say goodbye

and was about to leave, he forced me to drink a glass of wine. I had no choice but to comply and take a sip. Now..."

"Did he drug you?" Charles understood what must have happened.

"I... I have no idea, Charles. I feel a fire burning sensation in my loins..." It was certain that he had drugged her.

"Wait there. I'm coming to get you." He hung up the phone and quickly grabbed his car keys and rushed out. Charles even forgot to say goodbye to Autumn.

Gazing at the dishes on the table, she suddenly lost all her appetite.

"What are you thinking?" Autumn knocked at her head and said to herself. "She is the real girlfriend.

You are just a fake wife. Why do you feel upset about this now?"

She comforted herself. Then she cleared the table and went back to work on the plan.

After being sure of Rachel's whereabouts, Charles hurriedly drove there. After all, this girl was his girlfriend. He would feel guilty if he ignored her.

He rushed to the box on the second floor. Through the glass on the door, he could see a vague image

of Director Zhang, who was forcefully touching Rachel. Though she tried hard to push him away, this

slim girl just couldn't stop him. And the effect of drug left no energy in her now.

Watching Director Zhang's hand move all the way up from her thigh, Charles was furious. He pushed

the door open and stepped into the box with an angry face. It seemed that a thunderstorm was coming.

"Charles..." Seeing Charles at the door, Rachel secretly put on an evil smile. Yes, she did it all on purpose.

She had known that there was something wrong with that glass of wine but she drank it anyway.

Now that Charles actually showed up, it was clear that he still loved her.

"Rachel..." He pulled her from Director Zhang's grip and held her into his arms. Feeling the smell of

Charles, Rachel put on an even bigger smile.

"Who are you? Don't you see Director Zhang is here?" Director Zhang's assistant pushed him away.

Charles, with a cold angry look on his face, grabbed his hand and twisted it with a clack. The assistant

screamed out of pain.

"You idiot, do you even know who he is? You better let go of my hand right away. Otherwise, you'll

regret it for the rest of your life." He screamed and threatened Charles.

"Will I? Let's check it out." Charles sneered. "Director Zhang, we haven't met each other for a long time.

I had no idea that you want to quit the entertainment industry, huh?"

"Mr... Mr. Charles Lu..." The light in the box was dim, and Charles was standing in front of him, blocking the light, so he didn't recognise him till now. Now he knew the man in front of him was Charles, he was so frightened that he began stammering, totally different from his behaviour a minute ago.

He stood up, with sweat gushing from his forehead. It never occurred to him that Rachel was in any way associated with Charles Lu, the man who was very powerful in Y City. If he dared to offend Charles, then his career would come to an end.

Thinking of that, he was terrified. He hastily gave himself a hard slap. "Mr. Lu, I am an idiot. I had no idea that Miss Bai is yours. Please forgive me. I am so sorry for that."

"Her antidote!" Charles didn't bother to say more words to him.

"What... Antidote?" Director Zhang went blank for a while before he understood what Charles wanted.

He was even more frightened now. "There is no antidote to it."

Charles looked down on Rachel in his arms. The drug must have taken its effect on her. She was groaning and even unbuttoned her dress.

"Mr... "Mr. Lu." Director Zhang took a brave step forward and said to Charles, "The drug is showing its effect. In my opinion, why don't you take Miss Bai home and..."

Charles cast a severe glance at him and he dared not finish his words.

"Who are you, young man? How dare you respond to Director Zhang like that?" Though his hand was

almost broken, the assistant refused to show his white feather to Charles.

"Shut up!" Director Zhang hurriedly stopped him. He wished he could twist his stupid assistant's head

down right now.