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evans

My Bossy CEO Husband

Chapter 131: How Do You Know That I Won't Accept Your Short  
Comings

In the study, Ryan leaned against the sofa, leisurely reading a book. Wendy stood opposite him desperately trying to get his attention. She glared at him with knitted brows.

He ignored her and studiously turned the book, page by page. He pretended to be oblivious of her presence and focused seriously on the book.

Wendy was aghast.

"Ahem!"

She coughed loudly.

Ryan disregarded her.

"Ahem!"

Finally, Ryan raised his head from the book, stood up calmly, poured a glass of warm water and handed it to her.

Wendy was speechless.

She coughed to attract his attention, not because she had a sore throat!

"Ryan, let's have a serious talk, shall we?" said Wendy, taking the glass from him with no interest.

"Okay!"

She placed the glass on the tea table and made herself comfortable on the sofa opposite him.

With questioning eyes, she asked him, "What do you mean these days?"

Finally, Ryan raised his head.

His eyes were deep and oppressive.

"What do you mean?"

"Well...Why are you suddenly treating me so well?"

Putting down the book, he asked, "Do you mean that I didn't treat you well before?"

"No, that's not what I mean."

"Then what do you mean?"

Wendy didn't know how to explain it to him.

Damn it! Wasn't she the one who should be asking the questions? He had always treated her with great care, but back then, he

did it with a sense of distance and alienation; as a duty.

But now, it was very different.

The equation between them had changed.

His genuine care for her was completely undisguised.

This change shocked and flustered her.

"Ryan..."

Suddenly, Ryan stood up.

He was tall and stood upright.

His solemn face was full of tension and aggression.

He put his hands on the sofa behind her, as if he was holding her in his arms.

Wendy was taken aback.

Oh no! She wondered whether he was going to kiss her.

She was not used to being so close to him, so she moved back a little.

"Ryan..."

"I think my actions are very obvious. If you are still not sure..."

He approached her slowly yet intently.

When she had nowhere to retreat, he caressed the back of her head with one hand, leaned forward and kissed her deeply.

Wendy was alarmed.

Her body stiffened and her eyes were wide open.

The warm, smooth, sliding dalliance of his tongue was graceful yet teasing.

He kissed her passionately.

As the temperature in the study rose, so did the heat in that moment.

A feverish pitch took on new meaning.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Wendy was aware of her own loud heartbeats.

Under her horrified gaze, Ryan finally raised his head.

His breath was unstable and his cold eyes now shone with the light of a gigantic volcano that had just erupted.

There was fire in his eyes; fear in hers.

He placed his forehead against hers and said in a hoarse voice, "Do you understand now?"

It was too close for comfort! She could even see her reflection in his eyes.

Wendy's face was burning with embarrassment.

She failed to be grounded for a long time.

"You..."

"Shush!"

Ryan pressed her lips and chuckled.

"Wendy, don't deny that you have feelings for me."

She looked quite open, but in fact, was very conservative.

If she didn't have feelings for him, she would have slapped him already.

"I...I don't!!" Wendy pushed him away and buried herself in the sofa, avoiding his eyes at all costs.

"Don't be narcissistic. I don't have feelings for you."

"Yes! You don't have feelings for me."

Wendy breathed a sigh of relief.

When she was about to say something, he continued, "But I have feelings for you"

Boom! Her mind went blank hearing his words.

"You, you..." He said it! He really said it! He spelt it out in no uncertain terms.

Wendy could no longer avoid his gaze.

She stared at him starry eyed and asked, "Aren't you afraid? If I refuse you, I'm sure it would be too awkward for us to even see each other again."

Ryan remained silent.

Yes! Of course he was afraid! Therefore, he had always tried very gently to convey his feelings to her.

He thought that she would accept him if he were gentle and patient enough in his approach.

But after a while, he realized that it had no impact on her.

If he didn't make it clear, she would always play dumb with him.

It was better for him to speak out and confess his feelings for her.

"Be my wife, Wendy!"

What?

"Ahem! Ahem, ahem, ahem..."

Almost choking, Wendy broke out in a bout of uncontrollable coughs.

He patted her back awkwardly.

"Oh, Ahem! Ahem! Ryan, do you really know what you are doing? This is not the right way."

Under normal circumstances, even if he wanted her forever, he should have first asked her to be his girlfriend; they dated for a while, got to know each other better then after a year or two, he proposed marriage.

Was he not putting the cart before the horses "Oh my God! It was too frightening."

"Ahem..."

Quietly, Ryan handed the water on the tea table to her.

Seeing that she drank it up and stopped coughing, he slowly said, "If I follow the normal way, will your answer be yes?"

"Of course not!"

"Then how I handle it is none of your business."

Wendy was dumbstruck. She really had no words to answer back.

Wendy looked at him in horror. She felt that he had become too brazen after confessing his feelings.

"Ryan..."

"You can say anything except 'No'."

Wendy was silent. Was she not allowed to refuse? How overbearing and domineering! Wendy sighed a deep sigh.

Wearing a serious look, she stared up into his eyes.

"Ryan, do you really know me?"

After introspecting, Ryan nodded and answered, "Yes!"

"Then tell me."

"You seem astute, but in fact you can be a little stupid sometimes. You seem to be easy, but in fact, you are conservative. Because of your broken family, you rarely trust anyone. Although you have suffered so much, you can still keep an innocent heart. It's very rare and precious!"

Wendy was complacent.

Well! All right! She had to admit that what he said was basically true.

"Do you really think I'm qualified to be your wife just because of this? Do you know my past? Do you know what my interests and hobbies are? Ryan, I only show you my kind side and you have only seen my dark side once. You don't know me at all."

Ryan sat down and listened to her patiently.

"All in all, I'm not the angel you think I am. I have many shortcomings. You'd better give up this idea right now."

"Shortcomings? Give me an example."

"For example, I swear like a sailor, I like going to bars, racing and fighting. If I meet a handsome and flirtatious guy in the bar, I may go home with him..."

Seeing the look in Ryan's eyes getting colder, Wendy spread out her hands and said, "See? I told you a long time ago. You can't handle it."

She stood up and patted her buttocks.

"Well, that's all. Let's pretend we never had this conversation. From now on, you are still my boss and neighbor. We can still be

friends if you like, but that's where I draw the line. Ray is waiting for me at home. I'll go back now. Bye!"

As soon as she turned around, she felt Ryan grab her wrist.

Wendy sneered, "Ryan..."

"I haven't said anything yet. How do you know that I won't accept your shortcomings?"