

My Bossy CEO Husband Chapter 137

"Aren't you going to ask me who the man in my post was? I have been out all night. Don't you want to know if I had sex with him?"

Wendy stared at his face, trying to read his mind.

However, he was as mysterious as ever.

His face betrayed no emotion and she was at a dead loss trying to figure him out.

She was as frustrated as a smoker without a lighter.

Just when she was about to ask a few more questions, Ryan slowly closed the lid of the ointment, turned his head and gaped at her.

He said slowly, "I trust you."

Wendy was at a total loss for words.

She had experienced the bitter taste of defeat.

To put it bluntly, she was defeated in an instant! She was overwhelmed with mixed feelings and wanted to cry but had no tears.

She didn't expect his simple, innocent words to have such an impact on her.

All her hard work from the previous night had gone in vain.

She was at a loss as to how to continue.

Verily she was losing her mind.

She stood up from the sofa and said, "I'll leave now."

Ryan didn't force her to stay.

He just handed her the ointment and instructed, "Apply it twice a day and the red lumps will soon disappear."

"Okay, I see."

Wendy left, sulking.

The first thing she did when she got home was to remove her makeup and to take a shower.

Ray awoke from his sleep just as she came out of the bathroom.

Wendy breathed a sigh of relief whilst pretending to have just woken up.

“Good morning, honey.”

“Good morning!”

When they were downstairs, Ray noticed the lumps on her body.

He frowned and asked softly, “Why are there so many mosquito bites on your arm?”

Wendy was stunned, “What? It was exactly what Ryan had asked her. The serious expression on Ray’s face matched Ryan’s to the tee. For a moment, she almost mistook the boy in front of her for Ryan! What the hell! But...

“Well! Ray, are those marks similar to lumps caused by mosquito bites?”

Ray looked at her amused.

“Of course.”

Wendy was dumbstruck. She didn’t know why she was discussing this with a child.

“I forgot to close the window last night so I got bitten by mosquitoes.”

Ray ran over and examined her arms and legs like a doctor.

“Mommy, there are so many lumps. They are Visit to read the newest content, everyone! shoulders. How many mosquitoes entered your bedroom?”

Wendy was shocked.

“Uh, too many lumps? Is this why Ryan could see through my trick at a Visit to read the newest content, everyone! find another way”

As she was contemplating this, Reese’s voice interrupted her.

From the kitchen she called, “Wendy! Ray! Come and have breakfast.”

“Okay.”

Wendy napped for the better part of the day.

In the evening, after Ray fell asleep, she adorned herself in unusual clothes and was about to step out.

“Wendy, are you going out tonight?”

“Shh, Reese. Don't let Ray find out.”

Reese was perplexed by Wendy's behavior.

Looking at Wendy's gear, she scowled and questioned, “Where are you going all dressed up like that?”

Wendy had painstakingly applied cool, Visit to read the newest content, everyone! leather jacket with studs, a pair of figure hugging leather pants and studded leather boots.

She looked ultra-hot and charming.

“Reese, please don't ask. Anyway, I can take care of myself.”

Reese had no choice but to say, “Then be careful.”

Wendy nodded and sauntered out of the villa.

This time, she didn't show off in front of the No.1 Villa and instead, she just took a taxi and left.

In No.1 Villa, Luke called his brother, “Ryan!”

Luke had been lying in wait for Wendy to leave the villa for a long time.

He was basically spying on her.

When he saw Wendy leave, he rushed to the living room where Ryan was sitting on the sofa.

His hand was supporting his forehead and he was nodding off.

“Ryan! Wendy went out again.”

“Okay!”

Luke asked with expectations, “Are we following her this time?”

“No.”

“What?”

“Luke, please do me a favor.”

“Okay, what is it?”

The next day, Wendy strolled home at five o'clock in the morning.

Coincidentally, she bumped into Ryan who had just walked out of the villa.

"Hello, Ryan. Are you going for a morning jog?"

"No! I'm waiting for you."

His voice was deep, gentle and affectionate.

Wendy blushed.

She covered her face and thought to herself, "Why did he look at me in such an affectionate manner?"

Ryan took a glance at her clothes and continued, "Come with me."

"Okay!"

He took her directly to his private garage.

It was the size of a football field.

Each car had its own special room with solid lock-up metal doors.

Wendy was confused. "Why did you bring me here?"

Without saying a word, Ryan took out a small remote control from his pocket.

He pressed a button, and each door automatically opened, revealing a magnificent car inside.

Wendy's eyes widened.

"Oh my God! He really has so many cars" Wendy was enthralled by the wide range of cars that greeted her.

She saw the luxury seven-seater that Ryan had used to pick Reese from the hospital, a Maybach sports car that he often used, the Ferrari sports car that Luke had driven her to the hospital in and a luxury limousine.

She was dazzled by the splendor of these dream cars.

Every type of prestigious car could be seen here.

There were more than ten luxury cars in total.

Wendy swallowed unconsciously.

"Ryan, are you showing off that you have so many cars? Are you trying to go on some much needed ego trip?"

Ryan remained silent for a while.

He then pointed to the car in the corner and said, "That one is for you."

Wendy looked in the direction he pointed and was dumbfounded.

She was stunned for a few seconds and suddenly rushed over.

She ran around the car in circles then hugged it tightly!

"This is crazy. I never expected to see such a car in my lifetime. It's incredible!"

This amazing gesture both shocked and thrilled her.

She touched the car affectionately and looked at it as if she were admiring a lover.

"Oh my God! Bugatti Veyron was indeed a world-class sports car. Look at how streamlined it is! And the exquisite decoration is unmatched. It was said that it only took 1.8 seconds for the car to speed up to one hundred kilometers per hour and the maximum speed it could reach was a whopping 467km per hour! Most importantly, it sells for about forty million dollars!"

After looking around, Wendy suddenly found that the car was brand new, and the membrane in the interior had not been torn off.

She kept stroking the car, and couldn't take her eyes off this baby.

She didn't know when Ryan approached her and said, "Now, it's yours!"

"What? Huh?"

Wendy suspected that she had misheard.

"You heard me right. This car was delivered here by air last night. I bought it especially for you."

Wendy was gob smacked. She felt her heart skip a beat.

"You are giving it to me? Why?"

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Ryan seemed to consider this the most natural thing in the world.

"I thought you liked sports cars."

Wendy couldn't believe that this was really happening.

Just because she liked racing, he had gone and bought her this ridiculously expensive car.

She took her hand off the vehicle, not wanting to make matters worse.

"You can't be serious. What if I said I like mansions..." she started incredulously.

Before she could even finish her sentence, Ryan interrupted her.

"Which one?"

Wendy just stood there staring at him wide-eyed.

Did he really mean that he would buy her whatever she liked, no matter how expensive it was? She felt overwhelmed, unable to process this.

Everything was just crazy! She really wanted to tell him that she thought his willingness to spend a crazy amount of money on her was really sweet! But then she came to her senses.

She swallowed hard and pried her eyes away from the sports car.

She turned to look into Ryan's eyes.

"Stop it! I'm not that kind of person. You can't buy me off with..."

"I am not trying to. I just wanted to give you a gift, one that you liked."

'What? That's so damn sweet! But this needs to end now' Wendy took a deep breath.

She turn her head away from him and said stiffly, "I don't like this car."

Ryan seemed to ponder this for a while.

Then, nodding to himself, he pressed a button and the garage doors closed.

Wendy inwardly said goodbye to the magnificent car, trying to suppress her regret.

"Follow me,"

Ryan told her as he started walking away.

"I can't. I have other plans."

Ryan turned back and took her hand.

"I want to show you something. It won't take long."

Wendy looked at him cautiously.

How could she ever refuse him? But she was extremely nervous of what he'd show her next.

If the car was just the beginning, what else could he have done? Ryan led her back to the villa.

As soon as they crossed the threshold, Luke immediately walked over to her.

"Wendy! You know, I was the one that went out to buy that car. And let me tell you, not everyone can go around saying they own one of those beauties. Do you know how many times I begged Ryan to get me one of those? But as soon as he heard that you like fast cars, he ordered me to find one for you!"

Wendy just glared at him.

"Just stop talking, Luke! I won't be able to keep up my defenses if you keep talking like that!"

"Please, please, please, Wendy. Will you let me borrow it for a couple of days sometime? I won't ever ask anything from you again. Just two days."

Seeing the expression on Wendy's face, he lowered his eyes, looking like Visit to read the newest content, everyone! car. You should ask him."

Luke look incredulous.

"What's this now?"

"Did she really reject Ryan's gift?" Luke wouldn't have thought that was even humanly possible.

Then, Visit to read the newest content, everyone! on, Wendy! You don't want it? Just say thank you, accept the gift and then sell it to me for a good price, since we are friends!"

"Shut up!"

Ryan's booming voice made Luke start and hold his tongue.

He left in a hurry, looking sideways at his brother, wearing a defeated expression on his face.

Ryan squeezed Wendy's hand once, before leading her upstairs.

They entered a room Wendy had never been inside before.

She looked down at the desk, examining the papers Ryan pushed in front of her to read the newest content, everyone! lost.

"It's a property deed. Of the Midnight Bar. From now on, you are the owner."

"My God! This can't be happening" Wendy was trembling.

She pushed the papers back to him and said, "No, I...I can't accept this."

"But you like bars."

"So, you just buy me one? This is completely nuts."

"I just thought that since you like going out for drinks, it will be safer for you if you are in your own bar."

Wendy started wondering if he really was crazy.

"And this..." Wendy said, looking at a Visit to read the newest content, everyone! you open it?"

Wendy looked at him suspiciously, but she pulled the box closer and opened it.

Inside, there was a small, black gun.

Wendy's head shot up.

"Is this a gun? A real one?"

"Yes, just an ordinary gun. The one you used before was too conspicuous. This one is a lot harder to be traced back to you."

Looking at the gun again, Wendy had mixed feelings.

"And you are just giving it to me. Aren't you worried I might do something really, really bad with it?"

Ryan was looking at her with his usual expressionless manner, but his voice was gentle.

"I know you. I believe that you won't use it unless it's absolutely necessary. His words and the sentiment behind them really moved Wendy."

Ryan trusted her blindly and this made her heart skip with joy.

Wendy couldn't say no to this gift.

"If your life is ever threatened, don't be afraid to use it. Don't worry about the consequences. I'm here for you," Ryan said flatly.

Her eyes were stinging from the tears threatening to emerge.

"So, he wasn't trying to buy me off with his money. He was just worried about my safety. Same with the car. He got it for me because it is the safest way for me to race"

She was really moved by his thoughtfulness.

And more importantly, she understood what was behind all that.

This was Ryan's way of telling her that he didn't mind her going out for drinks, swearing, fighting, and racing cars.

She would never have guessed that Ryan was such a considerate man.

She was at a loss of what to do.

She made up her mind and steeled herself however.

She pushed the box towards him, shaking her head.

"I can't take this. Any of it."

"Wendy..."

"Please don't insist. I don't want any of it."

Realizing that she wouldn't back down, Ryan frowned and took back the deed and gun.

"As you wish."

He immediately decided he would be the new owner of the Midnight Bar from now on, so he could still make sure Wendy would be safe when she went out for drinks.

As for the gun, she probably wouldn't need it because he would be there to protect her.

“Ryan...”

“One more thing,” he cut in.

Ryan pushed a folder in front of her, but she didn’t reach for it.

She just stood there looking at it, afraid of what it might contain.

Seeing her so nervous, Ryan chuckled.

“It’s not another gift, I promise. Just take a look.”

Looking doubtful, Wendy reached for the folder and opened it.

When she saw what was in it, her eyes lit up.

It was filled with information about private kindergartens in the city.

It was all very detailed.

Each file held the kindergarten’s address, photos of the premises, the teachers’ bio and a small section listing the advantages and disadvantages of this particular school.

There were five of them in total and they were all bilingual.

Wendy was really excited with this.

These past days that she had stayed home, she would look up info about kindergartens to pass her time.

Ray was three and she wanted him to go to the kindergarten to make friends his age.

He a sweet, but shy child, so socializing was not easy for him.

When they lived abroad, he didn’t have any friends.

After coming home, though, he had finally found a one in Precious.

Ray had come out of his shell because of this new friendship, but he still had a long way to go.

Wendy hoped that the kindergarten would help him become even more cheerful and outgoing.

But she had been looking at kindergartens for a while, and still hadn’t found one she liked.

Summer vacation was already over and the new semester had just started, so all the good ones had no open spots left.

Wendy studied the files stroking her chin.

"Do you think Ray would be enrolled into one of these now? The semester has already begun, I mean."

"Of course!"

Wendy couldn't help beaming like a fool. She was so excited.

Ryan wouldn't put together this file if he wasn't certain that each school in it would be willing to take Ray in. He must have made a lot of research to narrow it down to just the top five private kindergartens in the city.

Wendy sighed again.

"If you have money, there's nothing you can't do, it seems"

"Thank you so much, Ryan!"

He waved his hand dismissively and said lightly, "It really wasn't a big deal. Precious will be going to school too, but she is not so happy about it. If I tell her Ray is going, she'll definitely change her mind."

Wendy found his attempt at humility very sweet.

"He has taken good care of me and Ray. He stood up for us, protected us and gave us everything we need. What does he have to be so perfect? I am falling for him hard! And I am afraid my heart won't survive that fall"

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"I'm really serious about you. I pray that you reconsider our relationship!"

"Alas!"

With Ryan's words echoing loudly in her mind, Wendy couldn't help but sigh.

"What should I do?"

She felt that she might surrender at any time if she let her guard down.

"Woe is me!"

"Wendy, you have sighed thirty-nine times today."

With a scowl, Jeffrey leaned over and asked, "Is there something bothering you? Why are you so unhappy? A problem shared is a problem halved."

Wendy was speechless.

'Damn! Are you kidding me?' Wendy glared at the crew, restrained her anger and said, "Go away!"

"Wendy, can't you tell that I care about you?"

Wendy rolled her eyes at him in annoyance.

"No, I can't."

Jeffrey was aghast.

"If you are in any kind of trouble, you know you can share it with me. After all we are exes. I will help you in any way I can."

"If you can just shut up, that will be the biggest help!"

"Wendy, what do you mean?"

"Go away. Don't disturb me. I'm trying to read the script."

"Nonsense! I've been standing in front of you for more than ten minutes, but I haven't seen you turn a single page."

She was embarrassed and angry that she had been exposed for lying and grimaced.

Then she slammed the script onto the desk.

She was in a fiery mood.

In the past, no matter what was going on with her mentally and emotionally, she always managed to instantly erase those negative thoughts and concentrate on the shooting.

It was something that she mustered with ease.

But now, she couldn't zero in on her scene.

Ryan's impact on her was greater than she could have ever imagined.

"Pity me!"

She sighed for the fortieth time. She recalled the scene when Ryan confessed his love for her three days ago.

"I'm really serious about you, Wendy. I pray that you can reconsider our relationship!"

"I...I have to think about it."

"How much of time do you need?"

Wendy raised her hand and whispered, "Can it be forever?"

"No way!"

"Then, six months?"

"No way!"

Ryan's face darkened. He gave her a visit to read the newest content, everyone! hand, "I have a request!"

"Tell me!"

"We won't meet each other in the next seven days!"

"This is an unreasonable request."

"No, it's not. If we visit to read the newest content, everyone! just tell me whether you agree or not!"

"Hmmm... Okay!"

"Oh dear!"

Wendy sighed for the umpteenth time.

Three days had passed.

There were just four days to go and she didn't have a clue how to respond to Ryan.

Her mind was garbled.

"Wendy..."

"Shut up!"

The corners of Jeffrey's mouth twitched, and he said unreservedly, "The director is here."

When Wendy turned her head, she saw Carter coming towards her and Jeffrey.

A brilliant smile immediately painted her face.

The speed at which she uplifted her spirits shocked Jeffrey.

"Hello, Wendy!"

"Hello, Director Carter!"

Wendy stood up immediately.

Today was the first day that she had returned to the set for shooting since her injury.

Once she had put on her makeup, Jeffrey had sought her to rehearse their scene that they were supposed to shoot later in the day.

This was the first time she had seen Carter since her injury.

"Have you recovered?"

"I'm almost as good as new."

Carter patted her on the shoulder.

"I'm sorry for what happened that day."

Wendy sustained an injury when shooting props were replaced but to keep the crew's reputation intact, Carter chose not to get the police involved.

Firstly, calling the police in to investigate would impact negatively on the crew. Secondly, Bertha was still young and inexperienced.

All she wanted to do was to teach Wendy a lesson, not kill her.

After much introspection, he decided not to involve the police.

After all, Bertha was hardworking and although she didn't talk much, she was not a malicious person.

He didn't want to ruin her future so he simply dismissed her without taking any further action against her.

Wendy smiled and remained silent.

She couldn't forgive Bertha, though.

No matter what Bertha's intention was, there was no denying that she almost killed her by tampering with the props.

She was not so broad-minded as to pretend that nothing had happened.

"Wendy, I know you may feel that you were treated a little unfairly, but it's our fault this time."

"I'm flattered. I respect the decision of the crew."

She only said that she respected this decision, but she didn't condone it.

Jeffrey wanted to interject many times, but when he saw Wendy's ferocious eyes, he sulked quietly instead.

Embarrassed, Carter touched his nose and changed the topic, "How's your preparation for today's scene?"

"We are on track."

Wendy lied calmly, "Jeffery is a good actor. Everything is running smoothly."

Jeffrey was stunned.

"Humph! You two-faced little vixen. When we were together just now, you tried to chase me away. But now you lied and praised me in front of Carter, as if you respect me so much. Moreover, we haven't rehearsed our scene, yet you lied that all is well. And you even praised my acting abilities! Humph. Flattery won't work on me"

Thinking of this, Jeffrey cocked his head arrogantly.

"That's good. I've viewed all the scenes we filmed last time. They are very good and we won't have to shoot those scenes again," said Carter to the two of them.

"Let's just start filming from the part we cut off the last time. Thereafter, we will reshoot the kissing scene that we were unable to complete last time because of prop-malfunction. After these two scenes are completed, Jeffrey's scenes in the play will also be over."

"Okay!"

Wendy breathed a sigh of relief.

She would finally be rid of Jeffrey.

Jeffery was labeled as "the most desirable man'.

Most of the women in the crew were his fans and their eyes followed him and Wendy around like a hawk.

Every time she got close to Jeffrey, she could read jealousy in their eyes.

She had to pretend to respect Jeffrey in front of others.

She was deeply stressed, afraid that Jeffrey's fans would attack her if they knew about the true nature of their relationship.

As soon as Carter left to set up for the scene, Jeffrey grabbed the script and confronted Wendy, greatly disappointed.

"What are you doing?"

Wendy squinted at him.

Jeffery was annoyed.

"I wish Carter could see you now!"

"Do you really want me to treat you as a respectable senior actor?"

"No, you'd better treat me like trash as always," scolded Jeffrey.

'You must be joking.If she treats me with respect one of the days, I'll probably faint"

"Wendy..."

"What's wrong?"

"Why are you so angry today? I didn't offend you.Come on, let me guess.Has Ryan done something to upset you?"

Wendy froze.