

My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 306: What Is She Thinking

By the door of her suite in the hotel, Wendy delved into her bag for the room card.

Just as she was about to open the door, she heard footsteps coming from the corridor. She turned her head to see who it was. It was Ryan and Luke.

Wendy was in utter shock.

“You...”

“Oh my God! You’re here too! What a coincidence!”

Luke took out a room card and opened the door to the next suite.

As he noticed that Wendy was looking at him in confusion, he smiled and explained, “Well, here’s the thing. Ryan and I are exhausted, and we didn’t bring the driver with us today. It won’t be safe to drive in this state. We stumbled upon this hotel when we left the set, so Ryan and I decided to stay here for the night. I didn’t expect that I’d meet you here. What a coincidence!”

Wendy rolled her eyes and spat, “Liar”

“I don’t understand what you’re talking about,” Luke replied with feigned innocence.

Wendy rolled her eyes. Her gaze shifted to Ryan, who was standing aside expressionlessly.

Wendy could not help but scratch her head.

“Aren’t you going home for Precious?”

“Her grandparents missed her, so I figured it’d be nice if they could spend some time together.”

“I see. Well, then enjoy yourselves. I’ll go and take a rest,” Wendy said.

“Okay.”

“Ryan did not say anything more and just watched Wendy go to her suite. Then, Ryan and Luke entered their suite. Coincidentally, their suite was the one Jeffrey had stayed in last night. Inside the suite, Luke, who was laying on the soft sofa comfortably, scratched his face that was full of mosquito bites and asked, “Didn’t you come here to get close to Wendy? She’s just next door. Why don’t you go to her? I really don’t want to say this, but

all women love romance. Look at you. You always pull along face. How are you going to get Wendy with that face? I have experience in wooing girls. Do you want me to teach you some tricks?"

Ryan took off his coat and cast a scornful glance at his brother.

"Dude, why are you looking at me like that?" Luke asked.

"Are you looking down at me? Let me tell you what. When it comes to women, I know more than you do. They're shy and reserved. As men, we have to be bold. I'm telling you this, so you won't be left out."

"But you're still single," Ryan retorted.

'D**n it!' He looks down on me! Luke could not help but grit his teeth in anger.

At that moment, he swore to himself that he would meet a lady tomorrow and get into a relationship.

As Ryan was about to go to the bathroom to wash up, Luke frowned and asked, "Are you really not going to see Wendy?"

"She's tired and needs to rest."

"Then why did you come here tonight?" Luke was flabbergasted.

"Her being right next door is enough for me." Luke gaped at him in shock.

Out of all reasons, he did not expect that one.

Ryan showed off his love for Wendy to him again.

In the next suite, Wendy had just taken a bath. She was so exhausted that she lay in the bed. She sighed in comfort.

Wendy checked the time on her phone.

It was only 9:40 in the evening.

Precious usually fell asleep at around ten o'clock in the evening.

After pondering for a moment, Wendy decided to video call her daughter.

The video was connected after only a few seconds.

Precious picked up the call so fast, which made Wendy think that the little girl must have been waiting for her to call.

Her heart softened at the thought of this.

At that moment, Precious' chubby face appeared on the screen.

"Mommy..."

"Honey."

Wearing pink pajamas, Precious leaned against the headboard and pouted at Wendy.

"Mommy, I miss you so much. Do you miss me? When are you going to finish your work? I miss you so much. I want to sleep beside you."

"Don't worry, baby! I promise I'll finish my work as soon as possible so that I can go home."

Precious thought for a while.

To Wendy's surprise, the little girl shook her head in response.

"Don't you want me to go home?"

"Of course, I want that. But, Mommy, don't worry, okay? I'll wait for you. Don't work too hard. You might get sick."

It turned out that the little girl was worried Wendy would strain herself.

Wendy's heart warmed because of her daughter's concern.

In her eyes, nobody in the world was as lovely as her daughter. She believed that she was the luckiest woman ever.

"Honey, I love you so much. Mwah!" Wendy replied with a sweet smile.

"I love you too, Mommy."

"You should sleep now. You have to go to school tomorrow."

"Okay!"

Precious obediently lay down on her pink bed and closed her eyes.

"Mommy, can you tell me a story?"

“Of course, what story do you want to hear?”

“Anything.”

Wendy began telling a story just as Precious had requested. Her voice became soft and more comforting than it usually was.

“Once upon a time, there was an ugly duckling...”

As she spoke, Precious gradually drifted to sleep.

Only when she was sure that Precious was fast asleep did Wendy hang up the call.

Ten minutes later, Josie quietly came out of Precious’ room.

Anson, who was by the door, asked in a hushed voice, “Is she sleeping already?”

“Shh!” Josie gently closed the door behind her.

“Yes, she is.”

Anson breathed a sigh of relief.

At dinner, Precious did not seem happy.

Because of this, Anson could not help but worry that the little girl would not sleep well tonight. But now, he was relieved to know that she was sleeping peacefully.

“It’s getting late. Let’s go to bed.”

The two went back to their room.

For some reason, Josie did not seem happy.

“What’s wrong?” Anson asked.

“When I was in Precious’ room just now, I happened to see that she and Wendy were on a video call.”

“Mm.”

“That’s it?” Josie replied with dissatisfaction.

“She has just found out who her mom is. It’s normal that she’s clingy with Wendy. Are you jealous?” Anson asked with a smirk.

“I’m not jealous! I’m dissatisfied!”

What Josie had just said made Anson turn around.

“Ray has just undergone an operation and is still in the ICU. And that Wendy? She couldn’t wait to go to work. Oh, and Precious. She has just found out that Wendy is her mom. They should be bonding right now! But, no, all she cares about is work! What is she thinking?”

The more Josie spoke, the more dissatisfied she felt with Wendy.

Rate this Chapter

My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 307: Stubborn Josie

Upon hearing that, Anson burst into laughter.

“Why are you laughing?” Josie retorted, glaring at him.

“I’m laughing at you...” Anson replied, looking at her.

“Nothing Wendy does would ever satisfy you. If she stays at home with Precious all day, you will think that she is fawning over Precious so that she can marry Ryan. And if she goes to work, you’ll say that she doesn’t care about the kids. Josie, there is no pleasing you.”

Josie could not help but blush at his comment. What he said was true, indeed. So she had no choice but to admit it. She just didn’t like Wendy.

Hence, no matter what Wendy did, she always found fault with her.

Josie touched her nose and said, I know that she is busy with her work, but that doesn’t mean that she cannot be with the kids.

Ever since Precious came home from school, she has been waiting for her messages.

The kid misses her so much. Can’t she spare some time for her?

The more Josie thought about it, the more furious she became.

“She can work all she wants, but she has been a bad example for Ryan. Now, he doesn’t care about Precious, either.”

“I don’t think so. If she didn’t care about Precious, why would she call her late in the night?”

Josie wanted to disagree, but her words failed her.

After a long time, she said, "Couldn't she call her earlier? What time is it now? She must have woken Precious up from her sleep."

Anson shook his head, feeling speechless. He knew that it was pointless to argue with a woman who was furious.

So he kept silent.

Anson picked up his reading glasses from the bedside table and continued reading his book.

However, Josie wouldn't drop it. She nudged his elbow and continued, "Why can't you say something?"

Upon hearing that, Anson sighed.

"What do you want me to say? No matter what I say, you would only assume that I am taking Wendy's side. Am I wrong?" Josie glared at him.

'Why can't he say something that I want to hear? Is that a lot to ask for?' She snorted and turned away angrily.

Anson had no choice but to hold her hand.

"You're already in your fifties. How can you still be such a child?"

Josie snorted again in response.

"You don't have to worry about your son. Ryan is not stupid. He can make his own decisions."

However, Josie could not help feeling worried.

"He has never been in love before, and I'm afraid that he might have fallen for a ruse."

"A ruse? What would people even want from him?"

"Money, of course!"

Anson laughed again.

"I'm sure that money is the last thing Ryan needs now. If Wendy is after money, then it's fine. It would only teach him a lesson. And that's a good thing, because then he will know that he should've listened to you."

Josie did not know what to say.

Although his words sounded reasonable, it didn't feel right.

"I would actually prefer for her to have ulterior motives. Well, don't worry about him. Let's go to bed."

Anson put down the book, took off his glasses, and lay down.

Josie heaved a sigh. She also lay down and turned off the night lamp.

The room was covered in darkness.

However, Josie still couldn't fall asleep, and she could tell that Anson was also awake. She was able to hear him breathing.

"Anson, did you hear about Jaylen?" she asked as she turned over.

Suddenly, there was a chill in the room.

Anson took a moment to reply, "Why are you talking about him now?"

"I heard that Nellie is arranging blind dates for Brian and Bruce, and she is doing it almost every day."

In the darkness, Anson cursed in a low voice, "The biggest mistake he ever made in his life was to marry Nellie. If it weren't for her... Well, never mind. That's history. Whenever some problem occurs in the company, she always takes shortcuts instead of solving it directly. Look at those girls she is choosing for the boys. All the girls she chose are single children to their parents. I bet everyone knows her motives by now. It's an absolute disgrace!"

At the mention of Jaylen and Nellie, there was a tension in the room.

For the past fifteen years, Jaylen and Nellie had been despised members of their family.

They had tacitly avoided mentioning them, especially in front of Ryan.

Josie sighed.

"I pity the two boys..."

She meant Brian and Bruce. She had watched them both grow up with Ryan and Luke, so she loved them. She was especially fond with Bruce.

Ever since he started working in the entertainment circle, his relationship with his parents became bad, while he was growing closer to Josie and Anson.

Bruce would always visit them during holidays, bearing gifts. She liked Bruce, who was only a few years younger than Luke.

Josie sighed.

“I heard that Bruce met a girl from the Andrade family.”

“The Andrade family?”

“Yes. I met her when she was a kid. She is a nice, well-mannered girl, who is also very beautiful and educated. But I don't think they would get along well. Bruce is a playboy who hates rules. Blind dates are not his thing.”

“Children will find their own ways, but for that, we have to let them do their own things.”

“Anson...”

“What?”

“What if Jaylen and Nellie plead with us to...” Anson snapped, “Don't worry. They have to clean up their own messes. I am not helping them!”

Josie was relieved upon hearing that. She had also suffered a lot back then.

Jaylen and his wife had been cruel to Ryan. She would never forgive them.

However, she was concerned that Anson might feel differently.

After all, Jaylen was his son too.

Ryan was a great son who had achieved a lot, while Jaylen was a poor performer.

Moreover, Jaylen had two sons, and Jaylen liked Bruce a lot.

Josie was worried that Anson might be more softhearted since he was older now.

She was relieved when she heard his firm answer.

At the same time, Wendy finished her video call with Precious. She was getting a facial done.

After all, she was not a natural beauty.

Since she was an actress, she had to pay a lot of attention to her looks. She usually had a lot of work to do, so she would often have to wear a lot of makeup, which was bad for her skin.

That was the reason most actresses had compromised skin.

They looked beautiful in front of the camera, but once they removed their makeup, they would not be as pleasant to look at.

Wendy knew that, so she took great care of herself. She was young, and since she maintained her skin well, it was not too bad.

After applying the mask, she washed her face, and applied skin care products.

By the time she was done, it was past ten o'clock. She let out a yawn and was about to go to bed.

She had not been able to sleep till two in the morning the night before, and Roger had woken her up at five, so she had less than three hours of sleep.

In addition to that, she was at her shoot all day long.

So she was exhausted and sleepy.

As she lay in the bed, she couldn't help but think of Ryan.

She heard that when he had suffered from severe insomnia, he had only slept three hours a day.

She only had compromised sleep for one day, and she was already unable to cope.

But Ryan was suffering from insomnia for so many years.

'How painful it must have been for him!'

Thinking of that, she drifted off to sleep.

Suddenly, Wendy felt a sharp pain in her abdomen.

Groaning, she woke up because of the pain. She covered her abdomen with her hand as her face paled.

Rate this Chapter

My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 308: Menstrual Pain

“Ugh...” Wendy curled up into a ball and groaned.

The pain seemed to be coming from her abdomen and it was becoming very uncomfortable. She rolled over to get out of bed.

The second her feet hit the floor, she felt something warm gush down her legs.

“Oh, no.S**t!” Wendy briskly made her way to the bathroom.

‘S**t, s**t, s**t! Her period had come. It felt as though a stick had been stuck up her v***a, violently stirring her organs around. She sat down on the toilet, her face pale with pain.

“D**n it! Why did it have to come at this time?”

Ever since she was thrown into the sea four years ago, she found that her menstrual cycle had become very irregular. She would only get her period every two to three months.

The first two days were the absolute worst.

The pain was always so intense that she would almost feel like dying.

When she went to see the doctors about this, she was told that it was largely due to her damaged uterus and that it would need a long process of healing.

But because she wasn’t exactly in the best financial situation in the past years, she couldn’t afford the time or money needed to heal.

Consequently, her periods had grown worse over time.

This was her first period since coming back from abroad. The pain came in waves, one after another, not giving her even a minute to rest.

Soon, Wendy’s forehead was filled with beads of cold sweat. She realized something important.

There were no tampons in her possession right now.

Wendy gritted her teeth as she tried her best to line her underwear with many layers of tissue paper.

Once she was satisfied, she got up and walked out of the bathroom, bending over in pain.

Every step she took felt like a sharp stab to her abdomen.

“Ah!” She hissed and inhaled sharply as she switched on the light and hobbled to get the kettle, leaning on the wall for support.

The kettle was unfortunately empty.

Groaning, Wendy turned and struggled back to the bathroom to fill it up.

It wasn't even that far of a distance, but it took her several minutes to get there.

After filling up the kettle, she walked out of the bathroom and prepared herself for another round of walking.

But by this time, her hands were already shaking.

Clang! She dropped the kettle too hard on the table, causing it to topple over and fall off.

All of the water spilled out of the kettle and onto the carpet beneath her feet.

‘S**t! ‘ Wendy tried to bend down and pick it up, but her abdomen started to cramp up again.

She was sweating all over her body. Yet her abdomen felt colder than a winter night.

There was no strength left in her to fill the kettle again, so she just stumbled back to her bed and wrapped herself up in her quilt.

Fine, I'll just go back to bed! If I fall asleep, I won't feel the pain..

Wendy clutched her abdomen with both hands and shut her eyes. She then tried to hypnotize herself back to sleep.

“Go to sleep, Wendy. Everything's going to be fine when you fall back asleep.”

However, after several attempts, it proved to be useless. The pain seemed to be even worse than before. It wasn't long before her bed sheet was now wet from her excessive sweating. Her hair was also so wet that it stuck to her face.

‘Ugh, it hurts! She bit her lip so hard that it almost bled.

Ding! All of a sudden, her doorbell rang.

Wendy was too preoccupied with pain. She opened her mouth and tried to speak at the sound of the doorbell.

But not even a croak left her throat. She was too weak to speak, more so get out of bed and answer the door.

A few seconds later, the doorbell finally stopped ringing. Wendy's eyes dimmed at the lost chance of help. She had no choice but to silently endure the pain.

But all of a sudden, she heard someone kicking her door down with loud thuds.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Someone had kicked it open from the outside.

Wendy mustered enough energy to raise her head and saw that it was Ryan who rushed in, with a face ridden with anxiety.

Luke followed closely behind, nervously trying to stop him.

"Bro! Wendy's just probably fallen asleep. Did you seriously have to kick down the door? You're overthinking this. She was perfectly fine when she entered her room a while ago. It hasn't even been that long yet. How could something happen to her when..." Luke followed Ryan inside.

His voice trailed off at the sight of something.

"Well, I..."

He stared at the fallen kettle on the wet carpet, and then turned to Wendy.

The two found Wendy in her bed, curled up and groaning weakly. She was covered in sweat. Her face was deathly pale and her eyes looked dull.

Luke was speechless.

"Oh no! What is going on with Wendy?" Ryan immediately rushed to her side faster than Luke could react.

Worry was written all over his face as he bent down and tried to scoop Wendy into his arms.

"No! Don't!" Wendy croaked.

"Don't touch me..."

"I need to take you to the hospital," Ryan insisted anxiously.

"No...I don't need..."

Ryan huffed and angrily replied, "Stop trying to pretend that you are okay! You are obviously in pain and need to go to the hospital!"

Wendy looked as if she had just been pulled out of the water. Her face was so pale and her lips were almost turning a bluish shade. She looked like she was a second away from dying.

Ryan was engulfed in panic. His heart pounded out of his chest and an ominous feeling of fear loomed over him.

"Luke, get the car ready now!"

"Okay!"

"No, I..."

Wendy's sentence was cut short by another wave of pain. She instinctively grabbed onto Ryan's sleeve and squeezed it.

"I don't need to go...I really don't...It's just...menstrual pain..." Ryan was taken aback.

"Menstrual...pain?" he repeated.

Wendy managed to nod in reply.

"Put me down. I feel better when...I'm on my bed..."

Menstrual pain was something Ryan was completely oblivious to. He had no choice but to obey Wendy and put her back on her bed. His contact with women was very limited.

Of course, he knew that they had monthly periods, but he had absolutely no idea that it could be this painful.

This was one of the few blind spots of his knowledge. He found himself at a loss what to do.

"Wendy, I..."

"Don't...Don't talk to me. It hurts to reply..." Ryan pursed his lips and nodded.

Wendy was overcome with another wave of pain. She curled up and clutched her abdomen, biting on her quilt.

Beads of sweat tricked down from her hair onto her temples.

'She says she doesn't need to go to the hospital. But I can't just watch her suffer like this! What should I do? Ryan also began to break out into a sweat.

He turned his gaze to Luke for help. Luke stepped back, frightened by Ryan's stare.

'Why is Ryan looking at me like that? I'm scared'

"Didn't you have a lot of ex-girlfriends? What did you do when they were like this?" Luke opened his mouth but found nothing to reply.

S**t!

I do have a lot of ex-girlfriends. But I never had a girlfriend suffering from menstrual pain. Luke racked his brain for any sort of information that might be useful.

"I heard that drinking hot water might help..."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Go and boil some water!" Luke scrambled to pick up the kettle and ran to the bathroom to fill it.

"Hurry up!"

"Okay, okay!"

Luke hurriedly filled the kettle and plugged it in for boiling. He looked over at his brother with admiration.

They had booked the suite next door to Wendy's.

Ryan heard something fall in Wendy's suite just now and was instantly worried. He went outside to check on her. He rang the doorbell many times, but she didn't answer.

Luke insisted that they go back to sleep, thinking that Wendy was asleep and wouldn't hear the doorbell.

But Ryan was stubborn and kept ringing the doorbell.

When Wendy still didn't answer the door, Ryan grew even more worried.

Instead of waiting for the receptionist to send over someone with a key card, he went straight to kicking down the door.

Luke now really admired his brother.

On the other hand, Ryan felt lucky that he stayed in the suite next to Wendy's for the night.

Otherwise, Wendy would have fainted in the room alone, and no one would have noticed and helped her.

Rate this Chapter

In the room, Ryan sat on the edge of Wendy's bed. He took out his phone and did a little research on dysmenorrhea.

After scrolling past the usual advertisements, he eventually found an article titled, "How Bad Dysmenorrhea Can Be" and scanned through it.

As he got deeper into the article, his face turned paler and paler.

"Luke! How's the water I asked you to boil?"

"It's not done yet..."

"Well, then hurry up!"

"But..."

How could Luke hurry up? It was the kettle that was boiling the water, and no kettle in the world could boil water instantly! There was nothing else they could do but to wait.

"Wendy... How much does it hurt?" Ryan asked.

Clearly, it hurt enough to drain out all her strength.

Wendy couldn't even bear to reply anymore.

Ryan worriedly shook his head and quickly searched about ways to relieve dysmenorrhea.

In a span of a few clicks, he was able to gain some valuable information.

He carefully skimmed through the suggestions and found one that he could try.

"Can you try getting up?" he asked.

Wendy weakly shook her head.

Ryan bent over to help her up and let her body lean on his for support. He then gently placed his hand on her abdomen.

Her skin was cold to the touch.

It was a good thing that his hand was warm.

Following the method that he had just read about, Ryan tried his best to rub her stomach to generate some warmth.

The cold feeling in her abdomen began to slowly dissipate.

Wendy's expression softened.

"Does that help?" he asked.

She nodded meekly.

Ryan sighed in relief and continued what he was doing.

While Luke was watching, the kettle finally made a whistling sound.

The hot water was finally ready.

Luke quickly filled a glass and waited for it to cool a bit before bringing it over.

"Here, Wendy. Have some hot water."

Wendy wasn't strong enough to even lift her hand.

"Give it to me. I'll hold it for her."

Ryan took the glass and held it to her lips.

"It might be a little hot, but I read on the Internet that it's better anyway. Drink as much as you can."

The most she could intake was two sips of water.

As the hot water made its way down her throat and into her stomach, Wendy's body started to feel warmer already.

Once she was ready, she drank again as Ryan held the glass up to her until she finished it.

"Do you want Luke to go and get some more?" Ryan asked.

Wendy shook her head in response.

“How do you feel? Does it still hurt a lot?”

“Yes.”

There was still a lot of pain, but it was certainly better than she was earlier. Wendy tried to get up on her own.

“Hey, stop moving!”

“Um...I need to go to the bathroom.”

Ryan was at a loss for a few moments before he understood what she meant. He nodded and wrapped her arm around his neck, helping to put on her slippers before lifting her up into his arms.

“No, please...I can go there myself.”

“No, I won't let you!” He raised his voice.

Seeing his determined face, Wendy shut her mouth and didn't dare object anymore.

In the bathroom, Ryan carefully let her down beside the toilet and asked, “Are you sure you can do this by yourself?”

Wendy rolled her eyes secretly and replied, “I can do it.”

“Alright, then I'll wait for you outside.”

“Wait a second!”

“What is it?”

“Well...Could you maybe go downstairs and buy something for me?”

“What do you need?”

“Uh...”

‘What else would a woman on her period need? Can't he figure it out already?’ she thought.

For five long seconds, Ryan stood there, clueless, and then he finally understood. His ears turned red as he coughed awkwardly.

“Oh! I see.”

“Okay, thanks.”

Ryan left and closed the door behind him.

“Ryan...What happened? Is she going to be okay in there?” Luke asked.

“Yes.But I need to buy her something.You stay here.”

“What do you need? I’ll do it.”

Luke scratched the back of his head and nodded at the bathroom.

“If anything happens to her inside, I don’t think it’s appropriate for me to go in and help her.”

“No, it’s fine!” Ryan refused in a hurry.He wasn’t going to let another man buy tampons for his woman.

Not even if it were his own brother!

“What? Why not?”

“Just wait by the door.If she needs help with anything, just call me or go to the reception and ask for a waitress.”

“Okay, fine.”

“Good.Be right back.”

“Take care!”

Ryan didn’t waste another second and left.It took Luke a while before he finally figured out what his brother was sent out to buy.

‘How awkward!’ He gasped.

He was suddenly thankful Ryan didn’t let him do the buying.He had never bought any tampons in his life.

If he was the one who had to buy, he would not know what to do at all.

Five minutes later, Ryan came back.

Luke was stunned yet again.He saw his brother carrying a paper bag full of tampons.He had never seen something more unusual.

What the hell! Ryan looked like he had emptied the entire rack of tampons at the supermarket! “Bro, what...”

“Shut up!” Ryan interrupted, his ears turning red.

“Just get out.”

“What, but I...” Luke was stunned.

“Ryan, are you sure...” Ryan threw him his phone.

“Here. I listed down some more things to buy.”

“Oh, okay!”

Luke nodded and left obediently.

Ryan looked down at bag full of tampons. His mouth slightly twitched. He had never needed to buy these things before.

There were so many brands and kinds to choose from. He didn't know which one to get, so he got all of them instead. He would never forget how the cashier looked at him.

Ryan wiped his face and adjusted his expression before knocking on the bathroom door.

Knock, knock!

“Just hang it on the doorknob.”

Wendy's weak and hoarse voice came from the inside.

“Are you sure you can get it yourself?” he asked.

“Yes, I'll be fine.”

Ryan hesitated a bit but obliged anyway.

When he turned around, he saw the bed that had gotten completely wet.

An idea came to mind. He bent down and began to take off all the bed sheet and quilt cover. He then went over to the closet and took out a spare bed sheet and quilt cover. He was confident he could put on the bed sheet.

However, he realized he did not know how to change quilt covers at all.

Whenever he saw the maids change quilt covers, he always thought that it looked simple enough.

All they did was grab it by the corners and shake the quilt.

That was it. He took a deep breath and tried to do it himself, but he failed miserably. He didn't know changing quilt covers could be so hard! Soon enough, Ryan began to sweat. He took off his coat and brought out his phone, deciding to consult the Internet again.

But all of a sudden, he heard the bathroom door open.

He turned around and saw Wendy.

Her eyes were fixed on her bed that had become messier than when she left it.

"...uh..."

Ryan brought his fist to his mouth and coughed awkwardly, his ears turning red again.

"I'll figure it out. It should be ready soon. Just wait a minute."

"Uh, okay..."

Wendy couldn't believe her eyes.

Ryan was trying to make the bed and changing her quilt cover! What a strange sight to behold! Wendy stood there until her legs started to feel weak again.

She leaned against the wall for support.

This was the first time she had ever seen Ryan do any sort of housework.

It was quite obvious that he had never done this before, though, as his movements felt so stiff and unnatural.

Seeing that Wendy was now having difficulty standing, Ryan hurried to make the bed and frantically shook the quilt into its new cover.

She didn't think it was possible for her bed to get even messier, but it did.

Wendy couldn't help but burst into laughter. Then, her eyes turned watery.

Warmth spread throughout her body. It was as if she had downed an entire glass of hot water to melt away the coldness in her heart.

A soothing feeling sat in her chest.

Wendy looked at Ryan.

Although he looked clumsy, she was still moved.

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My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 309: Moved

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"Can you try getting up?" he asked.

Wendy weakly shook her head.

Ryan bent over to help her up and let her body lean on his for support. He then gently placed his hand on her abdomen.

Her skin was cold to the touch.

It was a good thing that his hand was warm.

Following the method that he had just read about, Ryan tried his best to rub her stomach to generate some warmth.

The cold feeling in her abdomen began to slowly dissipate.

Wendy's expression softened.

"Does that help?" he asked.

She nodded meekly.

Ryan sighed in relief and continued what he was doing.

While Luke was watching, the kettle finally made a whistling sound.

The hot water was finally ready.

Luke quickly filled a glass and waited for it to cool a bit before bringing it over.

"Here, Wendy. Have some hot water."

Wendy wasn't strong enough to even lift her hand.

"Give it to me. I'll hold it for her."

Ryan took the glass and held it to her lips.

"It might be a little hot, but I read on the Internet that it's better anyway. Drink as much as you can."

The most she could intake was two sips of water.

As the hot water made its way down her throat and into her stomach, Wendy's body started to feel warmer already.

Once she was ready, she drank again as Ryan held the glass up to her until she finished it.

"Do you want Luke to go and get some more?" Ryan asked.

Wendy shook her head in response.

“How do you feel? Does it still hurt a lot?”

“Yes.”

There was still a lot of pain, but it was certainly better than she was earlier. Wendy tried to get up on her own.

“Hey, stop moving!”

“Um...I need to go to the bathroom.”

Ryan was at a loss for a few moments before he understood what she meant. He nodded and wrapped her arm around his neck, helping to put on her slippers before lifting her up into his arms.

“No, please...I can go there myself.”

“No, I won't let you!” He raised his voice.

Seeing his determined face, Wendy shut her mouth and didn't dare object anymore.

In the bathroom, Ryan carefully let her down beside the toilet and asked, “Are you sure you can do this by yourself?”

Wendy rolled her eyes secretly and replied, “I can do it.”

“Alright, then I'll wait for you outside.”

“Wait a second!”

“What is it?”

“Well...Could you maybe go downstairs and buy something for me?”

“What do you need?”

“Uh...”

‘What else would a woman on her period need? Can't he figure it out already?’ she thought.

For five long seconds, Ryan stood there, clueless, and then he finally understood. His ears turned red as he coughed awkwardly.

“Oh! I see.”

“Okay, thanks.”

Ryan left and closed the door behind him.

“Ryan...What happened? Is she going to be okay in there?” Luke asked.

“Yes.But I need to buy her something.You stay here.”

“What do you need? I’ll do it.”

Luke scratched the back of his head and nodded at the bathroom.

“If anything happens to her inside, I don’t think it’s appropriate for me to go in and help her.”

“No, it’s fine!” Ryan refused in a hurry.He wasn’t going to let another man buy tampons for his woman.

Not even if it were his own brother!

“What? Why not?”

“Just wait by the door.If she needs help with anything, just call me or go to the reception and ask for a waitress.”

“Okay, fine.”

“Good.Be right back.”

“Take care!”

Ryan didn’t waste another second and left.It took Luke a while before he finally figured out what his brother was sent out to buy.

‘How awkward!’ He gasped.

He was suddenly thankful Ryan didn’t let him do the buying.He had never bought any tampons in his life.

If he was the one who had to buy, he would not know what to do at all.

Five minutes later, Ryan came back.

Luke was stunned yet again. He saw his brother carrying a paper bag full of tampons. He had never seen something more unusual.

What the hell! Ryan looked like he had emptied the entire rack of tampons at the supermarket! "Bro, what..."

"Shut up!" Ryan interrupted, his ears turning red.

"Just get out."

"What, but I..." Luke was stunned.

"Ryan, are you sure..." Ryan threw him his phone.

"Here. I listed down some more things to buy."

"Oh, okay!"

Luke nodded and left obediently.

Ryan looked down at bag full of tampons. His mouth slightly twitched. He had never needed to buy these things before.

There were so many brands and kinds to choose from. He didn't know which one to get, so he got all of them instead. He would never forget how the cashier looked at him.

Ryan wiped his face and adjusted his expression before knocking on the bathroom door.

Knock, knock!

"Just hang it on the doorknob."

Wendy's weak and hoarse voice came from the inside.

"Are you sure you can get it yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, I'll be fine."

Ryan hesitated a bit but obliged anyway.

When he turned around, he saw the bed that had gotten completely wet.

An idea came to mind. He bent down and began to take off all the bed sheet and quilt cover. He then went over to the closet and took out a spare bed sheet and quilt cover. He was confident he could put on the bed sheet.

However, he realized he did not know how to change quilt covers at all.

Whenever he saw the maids change quilt covers, he always thought that it looked simple enough.

All they did was grab it by the corners and shake the quilt.

That was it. He took a deep breath and tried to do it himself, but he failed miserably. He didn't know changing quilt covers could be so hard! Soon enough, Ryan began to sweat. He took off his coat and brought out his phone, deciding to consult the Internet again.

But all of a sudden, he heard the bathroom door open.

He turned around and saw Wendy.

Her eyes were fixed on her bed that had become messier than when she left it.

"...uh..."

Ryan brought his fist to his mouth and coughed awkwardly, his ears turning red again.

"I'll figure it out. It should be ready soon. Just wait a minute."

"Uh, okay..."

Wendy couldn't believe her eyes.

Ryan was trying to make the bed and changing her quilt cover! What a strange sight to behold! Wendy stood there until her legs started to feel weak again.

She leaned against the wall for support.

This was the first time she had ever seen Ryan do any sort of housework.

It was quite obvious that he had never done this before, though, as his movements felt so stiff and unnatural.

Seeing that Wendy was now having difficulty standing, Ryan hurried to make the bed and frantically shook the quilt into its new cover.

She didn't think it was possible for her bed to get even messier, but it did.

Wendy couldn't help but burst into laughter. Then, her eyes turned watery.

Warmth spread throughout her body. It was as if she had downed an entire glass of hot water to melt away the coldness in her heart.

A soothing feeling sat in her chest.

Wendy looked at Ryan.

Although he looked clumsy, she was still moved.

Rate this Chapter

My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 310: Take Care Of Wendy.

Ryan was currently making Wendy's bed.

Only her mother and sister had ever done that for her.

Her memory of her mother was hazy if she had not found out about the video of her mother's death, Wendy would have completely forgotten what her mother looked like.

Wendy stayed in Spring County with her sister in her childhood.

When their grandmother had gotten old, she and Reese tried their best to share the housework.

Because her sister loved her very much, she always made Wendy's bed whenever she was free.

Then, they moved back to Ywood.

Sadly, after her sister got married, nobody made her bed anymore; that was, until now.

At that moment, Wendy saw the embarrassed look on Ryan's face, and her eyes welled up with tears.

Suddenly, he cast the quilt aside and broke the silence.

"Your door is broken. I'm afraid you can't sleep here tonight. You should stay in my suite instead."

"Okay," Wendy replied.

With that, Ryan helped Wendy settle into the next suite.

"You can lie down on the bed for a while. I'll just go to your suite and get the hot water," he said.

"I'm okay. I'll just lie on the sofa. I don't want to get your bed wet with my sweat."

However, Ryan insisted on supporting her to the bedside.

"If you get the bed sheet wet, just ask a staff member to change it. Now, lie down and rest!"

"Okay."

Wendy lay down on the bed just as he said.

Ryan went to the next suite. When he returned a few moments later, he was holding a kettle and her suitcase.

"Does it still hurt?" he asked.

"Yes."

Ryan sat on the bedside and massaged her abdomen under the quilt.

Wendy was exhausted.

However, she could not sleep because of the pain.

With her eyebrows furrowed, she closed her eyes and tried to rest.

"Do all women suffer this much?" Ryan asked worriedly.

"Not really."

"What do you mean?"

"It depends on the woman's body. Some women have problems with their uterus, which made their periods extremely painful."

"If that's the case, is there something wrong with yours?"

"Yes. In fact, I didn't have painful periods before. I think it's partly because I was thrown into the sea. I started having this problem since I gave birth."

The hand on her belly suddenly froze.

Confused, Wendy opened her eyes, only to see Ryan looking at her guiltily.

“It has nothing to do with you,” Wendy said and yawned.

‘How could it have nothing to do with me? To put it simply, Wendy’s suffering began four years ago.If it were not for me, she would not have gotten pregnant, and the rest would not have happened”

Sadly, it was too late to apologize.

Ryan pursed his lips and said nothing.He swore to himself that he would make it up to her little by little for the rest of his life.

Twenty minutes later, Luke returned.

When he came back, he was drenched in sweat, and he was holding a thermos in his hand.

“Argh! It took me a long time to find a supermarket and buy ginger.I asked the hotel chef to make the soup for me.Wendy, drink this while it’s still hot.”

He opened the lid, and a pungent smell of ginger came to Wendy’s nose.

“What’s that?” Wendy asked, horrified.

“Well, Ryan searched online and found that ginger with brown sugar could relieve menstrual pain, so he asked me to buy the ingredients.Come on, Wendy.Drink this before it cools.”

Wendy could not help but look at the thermos in disgust.

The soup was dark red and had a pungent odor.She turned to face Ryan.

“Are you sure that’s effective?”

“People said it is.” Ryan took a cup and filled it to the brim.

“Drink it,” he ordered sternly.

“What if I say no? It’s not that painful anymore.”

“Would you rather drink this yourself, or I’ll make you?”

‘How annoying!’ Wendy exclaimed inwardly.

She was grateful to him just now, but she was now taking it back.

With her teeth gritted in annoyance, she took the cup and drank it up with her eyes closed.

No words could explain how terrible the smell was. However, the ginger and brown sugar soup warmed her stomach and relieved her menstrual cramps in an instant.

‘Do you feel better now?’ Ryan asked with concern.

“Yes.”

Once she drank up the soup, Luke handed her another bag as though he was presenting a treasure.

“What is it?”

‘Just hot-water bag and some medicine.’ Wendy was touched.

‘How could Ryan be so considerate? If this goes on, I will fall in love with him’

At that moment, Ryan poured hot water into the bag, wrapped it with a towel, and put it on her belly over her clothes.

The pain in her lower abdomen subsided, and she finally stopped sweating.

This was actually the first time she had suffered from such intense menstrual pain in years.

But then, this was also the first time the pain was quickly alleviated.

In the past, she had no choice but to endure the pain day and night.

She would not feel better until the next day.

A few moments later, Wendy finally regained some strength and turned over.

However, she still felt uncomfortable as her clothes that were drenched in sweat were sticking to her body.

Not only was her hair wet, but also the pillow. It was irritating.

“I want to take a shower,” she said in a low voice.

“Are you sure you can do that?” Ryan asked worriedly.

“Yes. I’ll be fine.” Ryan knew she would not be able to sleep well in that state.

“Let me help you.”

While Wendy was taking a shower in the bathroom, Ryan patiently waited outside for her.

“Luke,” he called.

“What?” Luke walked over while rubbing his eyes and yawning.

“I’ll give you a day off tomorrow.”

Luke’s sleepiness dissipated, and he became in high spirits in an instant.

“Yay! Bro, if you need anything, just tell me.”

“Make an appointment with Kevin for me.” Luke’s mouth fell open.

“Leo’s grandfather?” he asked, his eyes wide in disbelief.

“Yes.” Luke suddenly felt an urge to cry.

‘Oh my God! Why does Ryan love making things difficult for me?’ Leo’s grandfather was a famous doctor.

He had superb medical knowledge and skills in gynecology and pediatrics.

When he was still actively treating patients, people all over the country would come to see him.

But now he was more than 80 years old and had already retired from the medical community. He had announced that he would no longer be treating patients.

The old man was as stubborn as a mule.

Even if Leo, his grandson, was the one asking for a favor, there was no guarantee that he would do it.

“Ryan...” Luke protested.

“I’ll give you twice the year-end bonus.” Luke gritted his teeth in annoyance.

“Fine. I’ll do my best.”

He was a considerate younger brother, after all.

“You can go now.”

“What?!”

“Wendy will be staying in this suite for the night. I’ll take care of her. You can get another suite.” Luke was speechless.

‘How could Ryan kick me out after using me? F**k! How could he have the heart to do this?’ Ryan cast a glance at his stubborn younger brother.

“I’ll compensate you for your expenses.”

“Do you think I’m the kind of person who can be bought off? I’m not!”

“I doubt it.”

“You’ve gone too far, Ryan! I’ve expressed my willingness to help you. How can you turn me away just like this and expect that you can pay me in return?”

“I’ll pay you triple.”

“It’s not about money! I’m offended. How could you treat your brother like this? Think about the time when we grew up together—”

“Tenfold!”

“Deal!” Luke replied without a second thought.

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