

My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 311: I Love You

Wendy went into the bathroom to take a shower.

While she was gone, Ryan decided to have the bed sheet and quilt cover changed again, except this time he didn't do it himself. He called for room service instead.

Once that was done, he walked over to the bathroom door and knocked.

"Wendy, how are you in there? Almost done?"

"Yes, almost."

The calmer tone in her voice eased Ryan's worries.

The bathroom door was frosted, and Wendy's silhouette could be seen faintly from outside.

Ryan suddenly felt hot. He took a deep breath and turned around to sit on the sofa.

Unlocking his phone again, he decided to continue researching about how else to care for women on their periods.

Distracting himself with this gradually calmed him down.

In the bathroom, Wendy let the warm water run all over her body.

The coldness in her body began to evaporate.

However, with the weather getting chilly recently, she knew better not to take too long in the shower.

Once she had washed away all the sweat, she turned off the water and wrapped a towel around her body.

When she stepped out of the shower, she took a wrong step and slipped.

"Ahr" Wendy shouted, finding herself kneeling on the cold, hard tiles in less than a second.

"Ouch!" She groaned loudly.

Wendy began to tear up from the pain. She had fallen down on her knees.

Pain surged all throughout her legs.

'God! How unlucky I am today!' She put her hands on the floor to help herself up, but the bathroom door suddenly bust open.

"Wendy!" Ryan's face was filled with concern.

"What happened? Are you okay?"

"I...I just fell down.I'm fine."

Ryan squinted at her and walked over.

"Don't move.Let me help you up." He reached down to help her up.

But because the fall had loosened Wendy's towel around her body, it slipped off as soon as she stood up.

The air in the room fell stiff.

The two looked at each other, stunned.It took a second for both of them to come to their senses.

"Ah!"

Ryan scurried out of the bathroom and left Wendy alone to get changed.It took about ten minutes for Wendy to change into her pajamas and get into bed.She covered her body with the quilt, but had to leave her two legs out.Her pajama pants were rolled up to her knees.

Ryan was sitting on the edge of the bed, looking at her injured knees and grimacing.She had fallen too hard on her knees.

They were now covered in blue and purple bruises, which looked even more emphasized against her fair white skin.

"Your knees need to be treated, you know."

Wendy pulled the quilt over her head and refused to reply.

Under the quilt, her face was red as a tomato from embarrassment.

Wendy covered her face with her hands.

'Ugh! It was such a humiliating day"

Wendy felt hot all over whenever she recalled the scene in the bathroom. She couldn't think of how else to act now but to play dead. She pretended not to hear what Ryan was saying.

Of course, Ryan was also embarrassed by what had just happened.

It took only one second for him to see every part of her. Ryan's breathing became heavier when that image of her popped up in his mind. He had to take deep breaths to calm himself down.

But even after a while, his ears were still a little red.

It was a good thing Wendy wasn't looking. He coughed awkwardly and slipped the hot-water bag under the quilt.

"Here, this should help warm your belly. I'll go down to get you some medicine for your knees."

Not a word came out of Wendy's mouth. But Ryan knew that she was still awake.

"Be right back," he said.

Wendy closed her eyes and continued to play dead. She listened intently until the footsteps sounded farther and farther, waiting for the door to close.

Then, she pulled the quilt off of her.

That took long enough.

She had held her breath under the quilt for so long that she thought she almost suffocated. She recalled the bathroom scene and wondered if Ryan had seen her naked body.

"It was only a split second until I wrapped myself in the towel again. Maybe he didn't see anything at all" She tried to move a little.

In her movement, her knees accidentally rubbed against the quilt, sending a sharp pain to shoot up her body.

Wendy grimaced in pain and waited for it to subside as she grabbed the hot-water bag and held it to her abdomen.

The pain made her sober. She then realized something. She was badly injured now.

How could she possibly come to work tomorrow? After ten minutes, Ryan came back with a pack of cotton swabs, a bottle of iodine, and some gauze.

He saw that Wendy's quilt was still pulled up to her neck, but she no longer pretended to be asleep anymore.

"Are you done hiding from me?" he teased.

After finally getting her face to cool down, Wendy's cheeks flushed again.

"Ryan, I..."

"What?"

"Did you perhaps see anything a while ago?"

Ryan's ears turned a little red, but then he pursed his lips and replied, "No."

"Really?"

"No!"

"Uh..."

Wendy gritted her teeth and stared into his eyes, searching for the truth.

'Is he telling the truth?' she wondered.

"Fine, I did see it!"

"What? What did you see?" Ryan sighed and gently placed his hand on her belly, with sadness in his eyes.

"Here...There is a long scar..."

Wendy's mouth gaped open in shock and she moved her body away from his hand.

It was true that there was a scar on her lower abdomen.

Four years ago, she was sent to the hospital.

She was in a coma and in critical condition, so that doctor operated a cesarean section on her.

They carved a longitudinal incision on her stomach, prioritizing the safety of both her and her babies. The incision extended from below her navel all the way to her pubic bone.

The scar was about ten centimeters long and one centimeter wide.

It looked like a shriveled up worm had died on her abdomen.

For people who placed great importance in their beauty, this was unacceptable.

There was something that made this even worse.

Those who had given birth all knew that their bodies would never be the same again.

No matter how well one would try to take care of it and bring it back to shape, pregnancy was something that permanently altered the body.

Additionally, Wendy was pregnant with twins.

In her third trimester, her belly was stretched to an enormous size.

After giving birth, she worked hard to flatten her belly again through exercise and proper diet, but there was just no natural way to remove her stretch marks.

Whenever she looked at herself in the mirror, she would always find herself averting her gaze from her stomach.

I can't believe he has seen the ugliest part of my body. Wendy looked away and let shame engulf her.

"What did you think when you saw it? Was it ugly?" she asked.

"No, not ugly!"

"Liar."

"I'm not lying!"

Ryan looked into her eyes and said sincerely, "It's beautiful."

Wendy turned away again, refusing to believe a word he just said. Her ugly scar and stretch marks were not even close to being beautiful ever. She was not gullible. She preferred unabashed honesty instead of flattery that was not even true.

Wendy pulled her quilt higher to her face and turned her back to him.

"Wendy, I..."

"Just leave me alone. I'm going to rest."

Ryan did not listen and instead got in the bed. He wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, causing Wendy to freeze up.

Their bodies were so close to each other, but it didn't feel like Ryan was flirting with her at all.

"Wendy, listen to me..."

"Why are you hugging me? Let go of me."

Ryan tightened his embrace and then put his hand on her abdomen.

"There's only one thought that came to my mind when I saw that scar." Wendy didn't reply but she perked her ears up to listen.

"I love you."

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Wendy's eyes widened.

"What did you just say?"

'Did I hear him right?' she wondered.

They had known each other for quite some time already. Ryan had pursued her and even asked her several times to be his girlfriend. Wendy had also developed feelings for him. But they had never said the word "love" to each other.

This was the first time Wendy had heard Ryan say this and she was utterly shocked.

Ryan had always been a man of a few words. She never thought of him as the type to verbally express his love. Wendy couldn't help turning back around. The two locked gazes with each other.

"Did you just..."

"Yes, Wendy. I love you."

Still dazed, Wendy stuttered, "You said...that you..."

Ryan placed his hand on her belly again. Though his palm was warm, his touch sent shivers down her spine.

Gently, he stroked the area where the scar was.

Wendy twitched and wanted to move away.

"Don't move, please."

“But you...”

Ryan closed his eyes and sighed, his breath blowing coldly on Wendy’s face.

“Your scar...I think it’s sacred.” Wendy’s eyebrows knitted in confusion.

“Hear me out.It’s a reminder of how your body nurtured two little babies.They were like seeds that grew bigger and bigger until finally, you delivered them into the world.It’s the wonder of life!” Ryan thought about Raymond and Precious and wished they could have grown up together earlier.

If he and Wendy had found each other sooner, they could have fallen in love with each other and gotten together then.He would have been able to witness her pregnancy and the early stages of his babies like a normal husband and father.He could have seen the babies’ first milestones in person.

They could have been nervous and excited to be first-time parents together.But as fate would have it, life turned out differently.

He missed out on a lot of things.

“Wendy, thank you.”

“For what?”

Wendy blinked, unable to tell why he was thanking her.

“For giving birth to Ray and Precious,” he said seriously.

Wendy was slightly taken aback.She then coughed awkwardly.

“Ryan, since we’re on this topic, I need to tell you something.If I had known then that the babies weren’t Brian’s, I would have had an abortion.”

Upon hearing that, Ryan’s face darkened.His hand on her belly froze as well.

“Well, you see...I had just woken up from a coma that time and found out that I had given birth to Ray.I honestly considered dropping him off at an orphanage,” she added.

Ryan looked at her, a hint of disbelief flashing through his eyes.

Wendy patted his shoulder.

“I know the truth isn’t always pleasant to hear, butI thought you needed to know.”

The corner of Ryan’s mouth twitched.

“Say something, please.” Ryan still didn’t say anything.

What did she want him to say? He thought he was the cold and unromantic one, but it turned out that this woman knew how to dispel a romantic moment faster than he could. Ryan got up, a sullen expression on his face. He lifted the quilt on Wendy’s legs and rolled up her pajama pants higher. He took the iodine bottle, dipped a cotton swab in it, and began to disinfect her knees.

Wendy sat up and bit her lip.

“Are you mad at me?”

“No” he said matter-of-factly.

But his face said otherwise.

“Look, it didn’t happen anyway, okay? I didn’t have an abortion. And I kept Ray.”

A sharp, icy pain shot up from her knee as the cotton swab touched her wound.

She exclaimed, “Are you doing this on purpose to get back at me, Ryan?”

Actually, he was trying to be gentle as much as possible.

“Just hold on.”

“Ouch, that really hurts! Are you trying to hurt me, Ryan?”

“No, be quiet!”

“Ouch! Please, just give it to me. I’ll do it myself.”

Ryan’s forehead began to break out in a sweat. He had never treated someone else’s wound before, and he didn’t want to hurt her. His hands shook from being too nervous.

Every time she hissed in pain, he held his hand back, afraid that he would be too clumsy. By the time Ryan finished treating her knees, he was sweating all over his body.

As for Wendy, her body was filled with all sorts of pain from her dysmenorrhea and now her knees. Her energy was just about completely drained.

“You can go ahead and sleep. I’ll just take a shower” he said.

Weakly, Wendy nodded and leaned back down on her bed.

Five minutes later, Ryan came out of the shower. He checked his watch for the time.

It was a few minutes to one o'clock in the morning. He looked over at Wendy who was curled up in the bed, tossing and turning from time to time and groaning in pain.

"Can't fall asleep?"

"No."

She was frustrated. Her stomach was beginning to cramp again.

"Ryan... Do you think you can go down and buy painkillers for me?"

"Absolutely not."

Ryan had read online that taking a lot of painkillers could be dangerous.

"I can get you some hot water if you want." Wendy shook her head and refused.

He pushed the couch over to her side of the bed and sat down.

"Okay, well, how about we talk?"

"Okay..."

Talking could possibly distract her from the pain. Ryan leaned back and thought of a topic to talk about. He was not exactly the best person to talk to. His friends actually described him as a mood killer sometimes. He ran through several topics in his mind, but none good enough.

Family? Wendy's mother passed away many years ago. Her father didn't treat her well. Her sister wasn't in a good place.

This topic would only make her sad.

Friends? Other than Bruce and Luke, he had never really seen her hang out with anyone else.

Romance? Well, that would make him sad.

Suddenly, Ryan got an idea.

Last time, Wendy had gotten drunk and gave him an IOU. She had mentioned an ex before and said that he was the most handsome man in the world.

Ryan smiled and began to speak.

“You said a while ago that you would have gotten an abortion if you knew that Brian wasn’t the father, right?” Wendy nodded.

Back then, Brian had tricked her into thinking that she had s*x with him. She would have been devastated if she found out the truth, but she would not have hesitated to take the morning-after pills.

She was still young and naive then, but she knew better than to give birth to a stranger’s children.

“You loved Brian very much, didn’t you?” Ryan asked.

“Well, we were together for three years. What do you expect?”

To be fair, he was asking for trouble by bringing this up. But he had already started the conversation. It was too late to turn back.

“If I may ask, what exactly did you love about him?”

Judging by his tone, he looked down upon Brian.

“Come on, that’s your nephew you’re talking about.” Wendy chuckled.

Ryan rolled his eyes. His disdain for Brian was quite obvious.

“You see? You have bad judgment when it comes to people.”

“What?”

Wendy opened her mouth in shock.

“That’s insulting! Excuse you, I do have good judgment. Maybe Brian was a fluke. But after him came Jeffrey, and then...” She paused.

“And then who?”

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My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 312: Bad Judgment

Wendy’s eyes widened.

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My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 313: My Mistake

“The one who taught you self-defense skills?” Ryan asked.

“Why do you ask?” Wendy rolled her eyes.

“Is he from America?”

“No, he’s from our country.” Wendy was stunned.

That man had not contacted her ever since she had returned. It was strange.

Moreover, the last time when Ray had been in trouble, she had used Ryan’s phone to call him, but he had not answered. She figured that something must be wrong.

Logically, he should have heard about what had happened to her since she was quite famous.

And yet, he had not contacted her.

Wendy could not help but shiver thinking about it.

‘S**t! What the hell is he planning to do?’ Ryan narrowed his eyes at her.

‘How dare she think of another man in front of me?’ He was filled with anger.

He pressed her knee gently as a punishment.

“Ouch!” Wendy cried out in pain.

“Sorry. My mistake.”

‘D**n it! She was almost about to curse him.

“Good night,”

Ryan said with a sullen look in his eyes.

With her hand over her belly, Wendy asked, “Didn’t you say that you wanted to talk?”

“It’s past one o’clock in the morning. Time to sleep.”

“Alright.”

Wendy closed her eyes.

“You can leave now.”

She waited for a long time, but did not hear a sound.

When she opened her eyes in a daze, she saw Ryan staring at her. She yawned and asked, “What’s the matter?”

“This is my room,” he answered flatly.

Wendy was startled when she heard that.

It was indeed his room. She completely forgot that she was in his room. She gave him an awkward smile. She tried to get up from his bed, rubbing her sleepy eyes, Ryan placed his hand on her shoulder to stop her.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m leaving.”

“To where?”

“I’ll go get another room.”

With narrowed eyes, Ryan forced her to lie down on the bed.

“How can you go to another room in your state? Just sleep here!”

“But what about you?”

“I will sleep on the couch.” The couch was not big.

It was only four feet long while Ryan was six feet tall. He was unable to sleep comfortably on the couch, which made him look pitiful.

Moreover, it was a cold autumn night.

And the spare blanket in their room was already in use.

If it weren't for Ryan, Wendy might have fainted because of the pain.

Besides, he had been busy taking care of her since 10 p.m., and now, it was already past one in the morning.

Even after helping her so much, he was sleeping on the couch.

And that made Wendy feel guilty.

Biting her lip, she suggested, "How about...you sleep in the bed with me?"

"Okay!"

Ryan agreed without hesitation. Upon hearing his immediately reply, Wendy felt as though he had been waiting for her to say that.

'Never mind! I am on my period, so there is nothing to worry about.' Thinking that, she moved aside.

Ryan turned off the lights and lied down on the bed.

Since it was not the first time for them to sleep in the same bed, it was not awkward for them.

"Good night."

"Good night."

Ryan turned off the bedside lamp.

Darkness covered the room.

Wendy had been tired and sleepy for a long time now, but she couldn't fall asleep because of her pain.

Ryan was lying next to her, and she was able to hear his strong heartbeat clearly.

Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat! To her, his heartbeat was like a lullaby, and she felt sleepy listening to it.

She let out a yawn, closed her eyes, and fell asleep. Later that night, a strong gust of wind blew, and there was a sound of heavy rain outside. It rained all night and didn't stop until the next morning.

And because of that, the temperature dropped sharply.

Early in the morning, Wendy woke up due to Carter's call.

Most of the scenes of the Story of Concubine Ivanka was to be shot in a real palace.

But since it was raining, Carter changed the plans and decided to shoot the rain scenes first.

And due to the change of plans, Wendy was able to get another day to rest.

"Wendy, rest well and come back to the crew tomorrow."

"Okay. Thank you, Carter," she answered politely.

She was surprised and pleased.

The dull pain in her belly and knees was still there. She had been worried that it might affect the shoot, but then, the rain came on time to save her.

Ryan sat on the edge of the bed. His eyes lit up when he saw her smile.

Ryan had woken up much before she had. He was wearing a gray casual sweater and a light-colored pair of trousers. He was reading with a book in his hand.

Seeing that Wendy was awake, he put down the book and asked, "Do you want help getting up?"

"I'm still sleepy..."

Wendy rubbed her eyes as she looked at her phone. It was only six o'clock in the morning.

She hadn't slept well for two nights in a row, so she did not feel like getting up yet.

The rain continued to pour outside the window.

"Is it still raining?" she asked.

"Yes," Ryan answered before he drew back the curtains.

Usually, it would be bright and sunny outside at that time of the year, but now, the sky was gray and rain was pouring continuously.

Wendy stuck out her head, but the moment she felt the cold, she snuggled back into the blanket again. It was freezing.

Suddenly, she felt a warm hot-water bag under her blanket. She grabbed it and put it on her lower abdomen.

Ryan put a set of thick pajamas on the bedside table.

“Put them on, go brush your teeth, and wash your face while I go downstairs and get you some breakfast. You can sleep after having breakfast,” he said softly.

“The pajamas...”

“I asked someone to get them,” Ryan replied.

It was six in the morning.

Although he had woken up so early, she had not heard him at all.

Wendy could not tell if it was because she was sleeping too soundly or because she trusted him that much.

Thinking of that, she blushed.

“Can you do it yourself?” Ryan asked in a concerned voice.

“Sure!”

After getting an affirmative answer from her, he walked downstairs.

In the dining room on the first floor, there was a buffet, and all the guests were provided with breakfast tickets.

There were various kinds of foods for the customers to choose from.

Ryan picked up a bowl of cereal for Wendy.

After thinking for a while, he also took several soup dumplings. He had come there early so there weren't many people at the dining hall.

After picking up some food, Ryan gave the c**k some ginger and brown sugar and ask him to prepare some soup. He then found lunch boxes to pack all the food before he walked upstairs.

Odette was sitting in a corner, dressed in a cashmere overcoat.

When she saw Ryan, her hands trembled and she almost dropped her chopsticks on the table.

Taking off her sunglasses, she asked excitedly, "Mary, is that man Mr.Oliver?"

Mary also turned to look at him.

However, she was not sure.She had only seen him a few times.

Every time she met him, he had been well dressed in tailored suits and shiny shoes.

Although he looked exactly like Ryan, his temperament seemed different.He was wearing a casual sweater and a pair of beige trousers.He had a gentle expression, which was unlike the cold-faced Ryan she remembered.

"Odette, I...don't know."

"No, I can't be mistaken.He must be Mr.Oliver.Why is he here though?"

Thinking of something, Odette blushed.

"Mary, does Mr.Oliver stay in this hotel because of me?"

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My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 314: So Shallow

"Of course." Mary held Odette's hand excitedly.

"Who else in the crew deserves Mr.Oliver's special attention except you? Nobody, right? Can you see it now? You were so worried before, but now you can rest assured."

Odette blushed upon hearing Mary's words.She had been in the entertainment circle for sixteen years and had experienced a lot of ups and downs.She knew very well how difficult it was to stay in this circle if one had neither popularity nor patron.

When her career was at its lowest, she saw with her own eyes how fickle people were.Her friends distanced themselves from her.

To make things worse, she didn't have plays to shoot and could only live off the company's basic salary.

Everyone bullied her every chance they could get.

Even the newbies were not an exception.

They looked at her with either sympathy or smugness.

In those years, she had thought of quitting in the entertainment industry almost every day.

But she didn't want to give up.

She came from Spring County, a small town but had the largest population in the country. She grew up there, and she managed to land on the entertainment circle by chance. She did not want to go back to that pathetic place.

Not only that, but she would rather die than live the same life as before. She found pleasure in being a star, being looked up to, and being indulged.

Therefore, no matter how hard the circumstances were, she would never quit.

Fortunately, things got better after signing a contract with another company. She happened to meet Ryan sometime later.

At this moment, Odette's eyes lit up at the thought of him.

Ryan... He was a man beyond her reach. But he appeared before her and became her savior.

How could she watch him disappear from her life just like that? She would never let that happen.

"Mary, let's follow him."

"Okay." Odette made up her mind.

Ryan was here, and she was sure she was the reason for that. She had a problem, though.

He was an extremely reserved man, and his actions spoke louder than his words.

Odette figured out that the reason he stayed here was that he wanted to watch her from afar and did not want to disturb her. She decided to "bump into" him because he wanted to let fate take its course.

Without further ado, Odette grabbed her bag, put on her sunglasses, and hurried to catch up with Ryan.

Mary followed her with haste.

The two of them trotted carefully so as not to be noticed.

Unfortunately, they still failed to catch up with him. Ryan had already entered the elevator with the food in his hand.

At that moment, Odette could only watch as the elevator doors closed.

“D**n it! I was so close!”

Odette stamped her feet in frustration.

She had been working for the company for so many years, and yet she had only seen Ryan several times.

It was only now that she got to meet him, but she missed the chance.

How could she not be annoyed? She could not help but bite her lower lip in anger.

“Don’t worry, Odette. Now that we know Mr. Oliver lives here, we will meet him again. We may have missed him today, but there’s still next time.”

“It’s hard to say. He’s a very busy man.” Mary checked the time on her watch.

“Odette, it’s almost time for the shooting. We’d better go to the set now.”

Truthfully speaking, Odette was no longer in the mood to work after missing the opportunity to meet Ryan.

“It’s pouring. It’s okay if we’re a little late,” she replied.

All of a sudden, something occurred to her as she gazed at the elevator. She looked at Mary meaningfully.

“Odette...”

“Mary, go to the reception desk and help me find out which floor and room Ryan is staying.”

“What?”

“Hurry up, Mary. I promise I won’t forget your kindness if I end up with Mr. Oliver.”

“Alright. Wait for me then.” Odette nodded, her eyes glinting in anticipation.

Mary walked away to do as told. She came back a few minutes later, out of breath.

“Did you get it?” Mary’s hands were on her knees, and she was panting.

To Odette’s surprise, Mary shook her head.

“I’ve asked the receptionist, but she refused to reveal any personal information of the guests,” she answered in between breaths.

As Mary saw the disappointment in Odette’s face, she hurriedly added, “But I met a cleaning lady and asked her about it. She said she saw a handsome man when she was cleaning on the 22nd floor yesterday. I’m sure that man was Mr. Oliver.”

‘The 22nd floor! Odette was beaming with happiness; that was until something dawned on her. There were so many rooms on the 22nd floor. How the hell was she supposed to know which Ryan’s room was?

“Oh, yes!”

Mary suddenly said as though she remembered something important.

“When we checked in, I heard from the crew that Wendy is staying on the 22nd floor as well.”

“Wendy?” Odette frowned in disdain.

She disliked Wendy. To say dislike was an understatement.

Rather, she was disgusted with her.

Odette could tell at first glance that Wendy was a huge threat to her.

Because of this, she deliberately made things difficult for Wendy during the filming.

She even played scene-stealing tricks when they were in the same scene. However, Odette did not expect that that twenty-three-year-old girl could see through her tricks and fight back.

“Odette, we should go back to the set now. We can’t afford to lose your role in the drama. Have you forgotten how difficult it was for you to become the leading lady? For now, let’s just focus on your performance. I’m sure your career will peak again once this drama is shown on TV,” Mary advised patiently.

Since there was no way to find Ryan, Odette had no choice but to leave. With a gloomy expression, she turned around, put on her sunglasses, and exited the hotel with Mary.

The driver, who was waiting at the entrance, opened the door for her.

But just as Odette was about to walk through the revolving door, she abruptly stopped in her tracks.

Mary almost bumped into her.

“What’s the matter?”

“Mary, it’s not a big deal if Wendy stays on the 22nd floor. But, why does Ryan live on that floor too?” Odette asked with a serious look on her face.

“Uh... Maybe it’s just a coincidence,” Mary replied with uncertainty.

Odette did not think so. It was too coincidental for it to be a coincidence.

When Ryan visited the crew yesterday, he stayed in the group where Wendy had filmed for the entire day.

“Was that a coincidence as well?”

Mary, didn’t you notice it? He packed the breakfast and brought it with him. If he was alone, he could have had breakfast downstairs.

Why did he have to pack the food and take it upstairs?” A logical question suddenly came to Odette’s mind.

“What do you think? Could it be that he likes Wendy?” Odette asked.

Mary was silent for a long time. She could not deny that Odette’s speculation was possible.

“Well, I think it’s a bit of a stretch. Odette, I think you’re just overthinking it. Mr. Oliver is a famous businessman. He must’ve been worried that people would recognize him if he ate downstairs, so he decided to pack his food and go to his room to eat in private. As for your theory that he likes Wendy, that’s impossible. Yes, Wendy may be a beauty, but Mr. Oliver has been in the business world for so many years. For sure, he has seen all kinds of pretty faces in the industry. How could he be so shallow?”

5/5 - (1 vote)

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‘I guess so!’ Odette breathed a sigh of relief.

With that, she walked out of the revolving door and got into her van.

Meanwhile, Ryan took the food out of the takeaway boxes and placed it on the tea table.

“Come. Breakfast is ready.”

“I’m coming!” Wendy replied.

Now that she had changed into thick pajamas, she felt warm and comfortable. She and Ryan sat at the table for breakfast.

Wendy was not hungry and in her best self.

As a result, she only ate the bowl of cereals.

“Drink this.” Ryan opened the thermos and poured the ginger and brown sugar soup into a small bowl.

“Do I really have to?” Wendy asked with a grimace.

Ryan said nothing and just nudged it in front of her. Unable to do anything, Wendy gritted her and drank it all up.

“You may go to sleep now,” Ryan gently advised.

“The table...”

“I’ll clean it up.”

“Okay.”

Wendy went to the bedside, lifted the quilt, and lay down on the bed.

Meanwhile, Ryan filled the hot-water bag with hot water and wrapped it in a towel before handing it to her.

“Place it on your belly.”

“Okay.” Wendy lifted her pajamas and did as told.

Outside the window, the wind howled and the rain poured.

Nevertheless, Wendy felt at ease. She pulled up the quilt to her chest and looked at Ryan, who was eating.

He ate slowly, looking elegant and reserved. It was mesmerizing to watch.

Once he was done eating, he cleaned up the table, dumped the garbage, and returned to the room.

Then, he took the newspaper he got from somewhere and read it on the sofa.

Wendy coughed loudly to attract his attention.

When he looked at her, she asked, "Don't you need to go to work today?"

Ryan lifted his gaze and looked at her intently.

"Don't worry."

"Don't worry. Even if I don't go to work, I can support you and our kids," he answered.

'What? I didn't mean that.'

In fact, I don't need you to support me! Wendy thought.

"I'm just saying is that it's not good for you to skip work like this."

"I'm the boss." Wendy's words got stuck in her throat.

'Whatever. It's true anyway'

With that, she lay down and paid him no attention anymore. A wave of sleepiness washed over Wendy.

She yawned widely and finally closed her eyes to sleep. She fell into a deep slumber. She slept from seven o'clock in the morning to noon.

When she woke up, it was just right in time for lunch. She slowly opened her eyes and saw that Ryan was still sitting on the sofa.

But instead of holding a newspaper, he was now on his iPad.

Wendy looked at him quietly. He seemed to be in the middle of work. He was wearing headphones and had a serious look on his face. He also tapped on the screen from time to time.

Wendy was in awe of him. She must admit, Ryan looked charming while he was working.

His messy hair covered his forehead, and his jawline was angular and well-defined.

Although he was dressed casually, his elegance had not dwindled. He had a h****d nose, and his thin lips were pursed.

Wendy cupped her face, fascinated by what she was seeing.

All of a sudden, Ryan, who had been staring at the screen of his iPad, suddenly lifted his gaze.

Their eyes met momentarily.

Like a thief caught stealing, Wendy blushed in embarrassment.

A smile flashed across Ryan's eyes.

But instead of making fun of her, he tapped on the screen several times and took off his headphones.

"Are you awake?"

"Yeah," Wendy replied.

"Are you hungry?"

Just then, Wendy's stomach growled. She clutched her stomach and got up.

"A little," she replied shyly.

"Alright. Go wash up first. I'll order some food."

"Okay."

Wendy felt so much better now that she had slept well.

Even her stomachache dissipated.

With that, she pulled her hair up, put on her slippers, and got out of bed.

"Do you feel better now?" Ryan asked gently.

"I feel as strong as a tiger now."

But as soon as she finished speaking, she felt a warm liquid drip from her lower body.

'Oh, f**k! I take it back now. Wendy rushed to the bathroom at once. The rain had not stopped yet, but it was not as heavy as it was in the morning. It was also colder

now. Ryan ordered two bowls of noodles. He recalled that Wendy did not eat much in the morning, so he ordered boiled fish with pickled cabbage and chili.

The food was steaming and appetizing.

“Wow, boiled fish!” Wendy exclaimed excitedly.

“You should eat it now while it’s still hot.”

“Okay!”

The two sat at the tea table facing each other.

Just after having some of the food, Wendy’s body warmed up. She was so happy that closed her eyes.

“You like it?” Ryan asked with a smile.

“Yes.” Ryan chuckled and continued picking out the bits of coriander in his bowl.

“Don’t you like corianders?” Wendy asked, perplexed.

“I don’t.”

Upon hearing Ryan’s response, Wendy pouted and murmured something to herself.

“What did you say?”

Ryan did not hear what she had just said.

“I said Ray is indeed your son. You two are alike even in eating. He doesn’t like coriander, carrot, onion, and leek. Whenever I cooked him food that had those, he would not take a bite.”

Ryan did not like coriander, carrot, onion, and leek either.

“Of course! He’s my son,” he replied with a smug smile.

Wendy rolled her eyes at him.

In her eyes, being a picky eater was not something to be proud of.

Not wanting to talk to him anymore, she took the remote control and turned the TV on. It happened that the news was currently on.

“Miss Faulkner claims that she has received hundreds of threats, accompanied by countless phone calls in just a few days. Her work and personal life have been seriously affected. She’s not the only one who’s been affected, but her family as well. As a result, they have decided to move out of their home and live with their friends in the meantime. According to them, they don’t dare to go back home.”

Wendy’s attention was glued to the TV. It was the latest and hottest news, after all.

Saniya Faulkner was the one who had checked in at the hotel owned by Jaylen’s family and had almost been abducted.

This matter was sensational. It had been a hot topic for several days now.

Wendy stole a glance at Ryan.

He was still eating his noodles in a refined manner as if the issue that was being broadcasted on the TV had nothing to do with him.

‘Come to think of it, it’s none of his business. It’s Jaylen’s. But..’

“Ryan, didn’t you say that it was already settled?” she asked.

The topic was still being discussed up to this day.

Even Wendy knew something about it. She heard that Nellie had already released an apology statement and fired the general manager and staff of the hotel who were involved.

The hotel was closed for rectification at the moment.

Just yesterday, Wendy saw the news saying that Jaylen had met with Saniya in person and that they had already reached a settlement.

However, it seemed that that was not true. It appeared that this incident was still developing.

A mocking smile appeared on Wendy’s face.

Brian must be troubled these days because of what had happened. He must be on the rocks right now.

‘Serves him right!’ She was pleased to know that karma had finally gotten to him.

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