

## Mr. Hooper's Secret Lover Chapter 21 - 23

### Chapter 21 Russell's Worries

Russell's thin, burning lips came to Debra's collarbone.

Debra was dumbfounded.

She felt as if her mind had exploded.

Her burning tears fell suddenly and uncontrollably. Her mind was dragged back to that horrifying night five years ago.

She could hear nothing but his heavy breath.

A deal was a deal. No matter what kind of man she was facing, she was not in a position to say no.

Sensing her absentmindedness, he gently cupped her jaw in one hand, raised it slowly, and then fixed his lust-filled gaze upon her. "What's on your mind? Why are you crying?"

She was stunned and turned to look at him.

Russell was so toweringly tall, and she wore slippers indoors, so there was a stark contrast in their heights. He looked at her as if she were a red-eyed bunny, tearfully cowering under his bullying.

"I'm just convinced, Mr. Hooper, that you are a duplicitous creature." Debra said, struggling to keep her emotions in check and not let him witness her vulnerable side.

However, now that she was so sorrowful and aggrieved, she had no control over whether she wept or not.

Emotions never could be controlled.

One would have many experiences in this life. Some of them were good, some were bad, and some were unspeakable.

Debra had it all.

By far, the experience that she was most reluctant to discuss was what had transpired five years ago.

Russell's flirtatious kiss reminded her of the bad things that had happened to her, and the sound of his voice, when he stopped, shattered her pretense completely.

She looked tough, yet she was as fragile as a piece of paper.

"Debra..." Austin rushed into the kitchen and watched the two grown-ups in strange poses.

Seeing Austin, Debra quickly turned away in embarrassment and lowered her head.

Russell didn't even glance at Austin. His usually stoic face was now somber, as he was haunted by Debra's words – she had called him a duplicitous creature.

He thought, "Since when have I become so humble and lowly?"

"Nothing in this world gets to shake me.

"Women are no exception."

Russell's phone was still ringing non-stop.

He suddenly let go of Debra.

Russell picked up the phone, his tone impatient.

Debra was close to him, so she could hear the person on the other end of the line.

“Mr. Hooper, what are you doing?” Her voice was soft and flustered. “Am I interrupting your work? Your voice scares me a little.”

It was hard not to be intimidated by his attitude.

Austin looked up at Russell and saw Russell’s sullen face as Russell asked, “What do you want?”

The woman said, “Mr. Hooper, here’s the thing. I guess you left in a hurry last time, so you didn’t have time to tell us. I’d like to invite you to tea and discuss the contract in detail.” She knew that he had never thought to inform her, and she said so only to prevent herself from looking bad.

Russell said nothing. His mind was occupied by the woman next to him.

The woman said, “I’m hoping you’ll be in the office on Monday. My dad has entrusted me with this matter, and I’d like to come by and discuss the contract we discussed at the dinner table last time. Is it possible for me to work temporarily in your group? When I arrive, I’m sure you, as a successful senior, can impart some of your business knowledge to me.”

Debra recognized the woman’s voice. It was the daughter of the vendor they met during the meal in Cristown.

“We’ll talk after I see you here,” Russell said and hung up coldly.

Austin was standing in the kitchen. His bright eyes met Russell's cold eyes, and he gave an uncontrollable shiver. He froze at the kitchen door and didn't dare go in.

He thought, "Debra is crying because of being scolded by Uncle? Uncle is such a bad guy!"

He was wondering what had happened between Russell and Debra when he was picked up by Russell's big hand. In the next second, he was in Russell's firm arms and carried to the door

Austin glanced at Debra in the kitchen, who didn't turn her head, and then at Russell, who was standing in the doorway putting on his shoes with his face sullen. Austin was flustered, his heart beating fast.

Yet he had no choice but to leave with Russell. He promised. "I'll come visit you next time. Debra..."

Russell put on his leather shoes at the door, pushed the door, and left.

Austin hastily put on his shoes and caught up with Russell.

After sitting in the car parked in front of the community, Austin looked ahead and muttered. "Uncle, you are going too far."

Russell started the car, his gaze cold, and he said nothing. Their expressions right now were identical.

"Uncle, Grandma is still there." Austin pointed tentatively to a bench not far away: "She asked me to go to her when I got out!"

"Then go to her and tell her that I have something to do at the office." Seeing that Austin and Melissa got into the car, he stepped on the accelerator. He didn't know why, yet he

was overwhelmed by mixed feelings. Ever since he saw Debra and Jordan together, his sense of possessiveness reached its peak. He couldn't help what he did today. He came out strong, which made him both terrified that Debra would leave him and afraid that he would frighten her.

## Chapter 22 Her Nightmares

In the evening. Melissa and Austin had dinner together Russell was around.

Melissa placed some food on Austin's plate and said. "Be good. Have some even though you don't like it. Now is the crucial time for MAN UD grow. Being picky too much, and you won't become tuller"

Austin looked at the food on the plate, used a fork to put the food into his mouth, ate it obediently, and looked up at her after eating "Grandma, why don't you eat onions?"

There was a plate of fried onions on the table, which was Anson's favorite, but Melissa would always get as far away from those as possible every time she cooked them.

"It runs in the blood. My uncle never ate onions."

"I see." Austin said. "Debra hates onions as well. Uncle made her cry today."

"Is that so?" Melissa felt more and more that something was going on between Russell and Debra.

After dinner. Austin obediently went upstairs to wash up and sleep

\*\*\*

Russell's unexpected visit at noon left Debra with mixed feelings. She found it hard to explain her and Russell's behavior to Jordan, and at one point, she felt that she was an easy woman. Thinking of this, she felt that she could no longer live in the Odom's place and decided to move out as soon as possible. In the afternoon, the agent took her for a house inspection, and she quickly settled on one of them and signed the contract that day. It was almost ten o'clock at night after she finished unpacking and cleaning, and she was so exhausted that she

Husleep on the sofa.

It was a long night. Debra tossed and turned in a dream.

In her dream, the water was running, and Russell was in the shower. She opened the door, walked up behind him, and put her arms around his muscular waist.

Russell bent his head, and sucked a string of keys on the side of

her neck.

She woke up and wanted more.

His heavy breathing and unscrupulous touch made her tremble. Shards of her hair wet with sweat clung to her face, and she endured more heat than she could bear.

Her tensed body shuddered.

She backed away, and Russell came at her again. Their eyes met, and then their lips and tongues intertwined, leaving no space at

all. An indescribable moan could be heard from her lips. She felt her body and fall like being beaten by waves. Then she opened her eyes and

saw Russell's eyelashes so thick that even women would be jealous.

Sanity: the scene was replaced.

Whose face could not be seen, waved at her and smiled.

Debra screamed and sat up in bed.

Her chest heaved violently and she was at a loss.

It took a long time for Debra to breathe a sigh of relief and realize that everything that had just happened was just a dream.

She was so glad that it was just a dream.

In the file, it was dark outside, and there was not a single star in the sky. Half of Debra's consciousness was trapped by the people and events in her dream.

Her baby was a part of her, and her blood ran in her baby's veins. She couldn't promise that she wouldn't think about her baby completely. Yet every time she dreamed about her

baby, there was also that somehow vague thee that she dreaded.

Tonight wasn't the first time shell been tormented by dreams

When she was abroad, she went to see a therapist, and for a while, she indeed stopped having dreams.

She didn't know if she would be tortured by dreams for a lifetime.

She thought. "Why do things that are already over haunt me in my dreams?"

"I tried in vain to forget."

Debra tuned her face to the window and took several breaths in its direction, trying to bring her consciousness back to reality as quickly as possible

Yet the next moment, she heard something Russell had said to her during the day

He said. "What are you thinking? Why are you crying?"

She couldn't help but which bortive Biggers at the shot

south her 240 1080 When the massed on and enjoying himself, be sex house. "Your box Spend your eps a hits

Sadded a Bash of highing stocks, shing white on Debra's Boc. After a while. Unsired raindrops slowly tell. The word New hard, and the sin toll on her bedroom widow

The broke down in tours

She said to herself Dehu accept your the Admit it. Admit that yo had sex with a star when you weren't even 20 years old. Onde dy selling your body on you save the hues of these closest to you."

Barby the next morning, Russell picked up Austin and returned home

Russell then went

stars to take a shower untied his tic, and saw a cartoon note taped to the bathroom door.

On it were the words sving. "Uncle, you should learn to be a gentleman."

Russell read the words and then put the note down

Austin, who heard the sounds, then came to Russells bedroom

Looking at Russell, who was no meters away from him Austin s carefully, 'Uncle. I have

a question for you.”

Russell stopped being so serious, which was rare, and nodded

“Yesterday, Debra refused to have onions, and you made her cry Austin tried his best to stop being timid. He lectured Russell, blinking. “All human beings are born free, equal, and independent. You cut make anyone an exception. Debra doesn’t eat onions. So what?

Not

eating one or two foods is not picky. You can’t subject Debra to your own hegemonism!

“Besides, Debra isn’t your kid. She isn’t like us. We are raised by you, so we have to listen to you.”

Austin was eloquent.

“You said it yourself that since you are raised by me, you have to listen to me,” Russell guided Austin patiently, though what Russell said was nothing but a fallacy. “Then if I’m going to raise her till she’s old and full of gray hair, and if I’m going to raise her longer than I raise you, shouldn’t she listen to me like you do?”

Austin looked at Russell and scratched his head. “Logically, yes, but...”

Russell went to the bathroom, no longer wasting his time discussing a problem with a kid that only adults understood.

## Chapter 23 Rumors

Austin was still left with a bunch of confusing questions, so he just kinda hung out by the bathroom door, you know, waiting for Russell to finish up with his shower and come out When Russell came out, he only had a towel wrapped around him. His upper body was naked, and water droplets making him look so sex y were flowing down his sturdy chest.

“Hey, Uncle Russell, like, Debra’s got a mom, right? So, why’s it you who’s looking after her?” Austin couldn’t quite wrap his head around it when he got to this part.

Russell plopped himself down and spread his legs out. He grabbed a towel and started



wiping his short black hair, then he asked. “So, how old are you, and how old is she?”

“Well. I’m 4 years old...” answered Austin. “I don’t know how old Debra is.”

Russell looked at Austin and said seriously, “You’re four, and she’s 24 years old. There’s like a 20-year gap between you two. You’re gonna grow up before you know it, just like me, becoming all adult-ish. And, well, at that point, you’ll have a job to hustle for and dreams to chase. while I’ll be cruising into the middle-aged territory, and Debra too.

We’re all gonna hit grandma-level ages sooner or later, but there’s still a long way ahead of us before that happens. Getting old and, you know, the whole end-of-life thing, it’s all gonna happen, no escaping it And yeah, when it comes to handling all sorts of pressures, guys tend to be a bit sturdier than gals, you know what I mean?”

Austin nodded.

He remembered Russell saying that the man was what his family relied on

Austin thought about it and added, “But Debra will have kids and a husband. Uncle Russell, will you take care of her and her husband?”

If so, Russell would be too kind.

“Why should I take care of her husband?” Russell gave Austin this icy stare after hearing that. He got up and chucked the towel aside. He wasn’t really up for chatting about this stuff with Austin anymore.

Her husband, Jordan?

Russell frowned.

Austin kinda looked down and put his fingers all fidgety together. He wasn’t sure what he blurted out that ticked off Russell.

\*\*\*\*\*

Debra was in a trance because of the fear caused by nightmares.

Her phone vibrated, but she didn’t sense it.

It was a Line message from Jordan: “Debra, I’m sorry, but I can’t go back this weekend

to help you move out. Shanna and Haley will come to you today and lend you a hand.”

Debra didn't see this message for she was asleep.

It had been raining last night, and now, the sky was clear.

The sunlight wasn't dazzling when it shone on Debra, instead, it warmed her face. The humidity was just right.

The Odom family returned from visiting their relatives. Shanna and Haley got out of the car. They had been saying that they shouldn't have tell Jordan and Debra alone yet Debra was about to move out.

A few old men were chilling on armchairs in the residential complex. Walking further inside, Shanna saw some women the same age as her talking passionately.

A woman in a floral dress held a fan in her hand as she fanned herself. She pointed at the door to the Odom's home behind her and said with her brows raised. “I'll show you when I see her again!

“I finally know what it means to not judge a book by its cover. I mean, that girl, you wouldn't have thought it just by looking at her! She's got this innocent vibe, no fancy hair colors or heavy makeup. Not really into all the se x y outfit stuff. And I'd have thought she's from some, you know, decent background, but then she goes and ends up being at mistress...”

“Estella, quiet! You're making a false accusation against that girl!”

A woman thought that Estella's judgment was groundless. “You're gonna get some serious flak for pegging a woman as a mistress just from a quick visual scan.”

Estella Dunn exploded with anger when she heard the doubt. She almost jumped up and pointed at the door to the Odom's home with the fan. “Make a false accusation? I never accuse others without evidence. Just ask anyone in this residential complex to see if I ever did that. Do you think I'm afraid of her coming to my door? I'll confront her if she's in front of me! I'm going to tell you her name. She seems to be the daughter-in-law of the Odom family, and her name is Debra Baker!”

Two women looked at each other resignedly. They both knew that Estella would make a fuss out of any trivial things she discovered.

Hearing that what Estella said was way too ridiculous, Haley walked to her and asked, “Old lady, are you talking about my sister-in-law, Debra?”

The gossiping old ladies looked at Haley and Shanna, Estella was guilty. After all, she hadn’t found evidence of Debra sleeping with the rich man, so she couldn’t reach such a conclusion.

Haley couldn’t tolerate others speaking ill of Debra and lost her temper. “She’s my sister-in-law! What did you say about her?”

“Hey, turns out you’re her husband’s sister!” Estella looked at Haley and then at Shanna, who was standing silently behind Haley. She became confident again, “You didn’t see what she had done. She h o o k e d up with another man and even brought him home yet you are all defending her!”

The old ladies beside Estella pulled her. She couldn’t speak like this!

Shanna almost couldn’t catch her breath. Another man? Where?

Noticing that Shanna was shooting daggers at her with her eyes, Estella kept up with her sarcasm, “Oh, don’t give me that skeptical look. If you’re not keen on people badmouthing your daughter-in-law, maybe she shouldn’t have gone and done those embarrassing things!”

Shanna became uncertain, and she asked as if she had been struck by lightning. “D-Did you see that?”

Estella pointed at the street lamp. “Of course. That man was making out with your daughter-in-law here, and he had a little boy with him. They were in public yet they didn’t care about their image.”

“That man can be my son.” Shanna still didn’t believe it. Debra’s face showed that she was a good girl.

“Your daughter-in-law knows well about the answer.” Estella was sure

that the man was Debra's lover because it was not the way a normal couple should act. She added, "He was quite tall and was in a suit. With just a glance, I could tell that he was her financial backer! If you don't believe me, check the surveillance footage."

Shanna and Haley were shocked.

In the footage was indeed a man and a boy getting into their home.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was past ten o'clock when Debra got up.

She got herself a glass of water. She felt uncomfortable due to her dry throat, and she looked down at the Line messages while drinking the water. Only then did she know that Haley and Shanna were coming

over.

She then looked at the Line message sent by Jordan. It was sent at around seven in the morning. She immediately called Haley.

"Sorry, the subscriber you dialed is not answered at the moment." Debra heard this reminder after the phone beeped for a long time.