

# Chapter 45 She Was Just Frightened

She was just frightened. She wasn't even injured! Ryan just insisted on carrying her. When Maria asked that question, Catherine's face immediately turned scarlet.

Glaring at Ryan with a displeased look, she thought to herself, "I told you not to carry me but you insist! Aren't you embarrassing me?"

In response, Ryan answered calmly, "Yes, she is. Get some painkillers for her."

"Oh! Alright, I'll go get them now." Maria was in the middle of cooking, so she hurriedly wiped her hands clean and took off her apron.

"No, I'm not injured!" Catherine shouted at Maria.

Catherine's heart couldn't help but throb. Why did he care about her so much? She didn't want his concern.

Tears pooled around her eyes as she shook her head lightly. She didn't want to speak, afraid that he would notice that she was moved by him.

Fishing his phone out of his pocket, Ryan dialed a number swiftly. Catherine heard him instructing a man on the line, "Victoria, come over to my apartment. Yes, now, bring some medicine and first aid kit."

"I don't need them!" Catherine turned her head to refuse his help, but he had already ended the call.

Unable to change his mind, Catherine sighed deeply in her heart. Even when she refused him twice, it was useless. She was living in his world helplessly because only what he felt mattered.

"Mr. Walker, I really don't need your help. I'm not someone important to you. I'm just a tool, and I'm not injured."

Why was this woman so long-winded? Could she stop being troublesome and just accept his kindness?

Why did she never appreciate what he did for her?

"I think you're cuter when you were frightened just now," he chuckled at her nagging and teased her, but it was also his heartfelt words.

Thinking about how her pale and delicate face snuggled into his embrace, she looked as if he was her entire world, as if he was her heaven, as if he was the one she could rely on. That feeling made him feel good.

Ryan looked so intoxicated at the moment, but Catherine couldn't figure out what he was thinking.

Not in the mood to find out the answer to that, she was only thinking about taking a bath.

As if he could read her thoughts, he immediately understood what she wanted to do after she scanned her own body.

He knew that every time she wasn't willing to have sex with him, she would take a bath after that as if she wanted to remove all the traces he left on her body. Since she treated him that way, how could she stand being touched by a stinky and homeless man?

When he bent his body closer to her, Catherine thought he was going to kiss her. She didn't want that at the moment, because she was filthy.

"Don't kiss me, I'm dirty," she said without thinking and then immediately regretted it.

Indeed, he wanted to kiss her, but it would be

better to kiss her after she showered.

"Go take a shower." He smiled and picked her up again. It should be no problem for her to take a shower since she wasn't seriously injured.

Why did Ryan have to carry her again? She didn't hurt her foot, so she could just take a shower on her own! She was the one who was terrified, not him, so why was he acting out of the norm?

"Mr. Walker, put me down." Ignoring her, Ryan carried her out of the bedroom and went straight to the bathroom.

"Ryan Walker, put me down! Why are you carrying? Can you act like you always do?!" He wouldn't listen to her if she talked to him nicely, so Catherine couldn't resist the urge to roar at him anymore.

# Chapter 46 Put Me Down

Suddenly, he realized that she was adorable even when she was losing her temper. With her large eyes peeled wide open, she pouted intensely, looking sweet yet sexy.

Not being able to help himself, he kissed her lips that were trembling with anger.

Was there honey on her lips? Why did she taste so sweet? In fact, the kiss tasted much sweeter than ever.

Despite just wanting a brief taste, he realized that he couldn't get enough of it.

"Don't..." She wanted to resist.

Rationally, she really did not want to be kissed by

him, but her body wanted it.

It seemed like his kisses soothed all the fear and uneasiness she had been feeling today. Miraculously, it seemed to calm her, to her surprise.

At that moment, her remaining rationality was yelling at her to resist and to break away from his kisses. In the end, she breathed heavily and growled, "Can we not do this, Ryan?"

"Why not? Why can't I kiss my own woman?" Ryan asked with a devilish smile.

This time, it felt so much better to kiss her. Although she kept saying no, her intoxication with his kiss, even for a moment, could be felt by him.

This conflicted reaction from her was really going to be the death of him.

If it weren't for the fact that she had suffered a scare earlier and got some injuries on her back, he really wanted to...

Restraining the impulse inside him, he didn't dare look at her lips.

"Don't get it wrong, Mr. Walker. I am not your woman," she corrected him indifferently and managed to slide out from his grasp after struggling.

D\*mn it! How can she dare to say that she isn't my woman? he thought to himself.

"How could you say you're not my woman now that we have slept together so many times? Is there something wrong with your brain?" he chided unhappily and frowned.

"Why would that mean I'm your woman? Wouldn't that mean all prostitutes are their clients' women?"

"You..." Why did she have such a sharp tongue? It was seriously infuriating.

"Do I have to keep kissing you and sleeping with you before you admit you are mine?" Ryan asked her with a frown while staring at her aggressive little face.

If that was really the case, he was really going to do what he wanted without caring about this wretched woman's life anymore.

Knowing that he was about to pounce on her, she reconsidered her words.

After resisting that homeless person today, she was exhausted, so she couldn't endure any more of his torture at this time. Besides, she had already decided she would do whatever it took to stop him from coming closer to her.

Since he disliked her disavowing their relationship,

she would be more submissive now.

"Didn't you say that I can take a shower? I'm going to shower."

"Are you afraid now?" Raising his eyebrows, he asked her with an evil smile flashing on his face. At that moment, his anger dissipated because of her concession.

Ignoring him, she reached for the bathroom door. Slipping in, she intended to lock him out.

However, he extended his long leg to block the door and follow her in.

"If you are afraid, then sit there and let me shower you!"

Was it really appropriate for him to help her?

Since it never happened in the past two years, she was never going to let it ever happen.

"Thank you, but there's no need. I can do it by myself so there's no need to trouble you," she said politely and distantly since she couldn't sneer at him right now.

Not only did he not feel troubled by her, but he even looked forward to helping her clean her body.

In fact, even he himself found his behavior today rather strange. It was no wonder she would say that.

Although she was quite pitiful, it didn't mean that she wasn't a scheming person. So, he couldn't let her sense that he was worried about her.

Thinking of this, he deliberately put on a stern face and ordered, "I want you here, right now."

After saying that, he ripped her skirt off.

Finally, he was revealing his true colors. Earlier, she almost thought that he truly fell for her.

Luckily, she was still sober enough to see through it. So, she thought about it and closed her eyes quietly.

# Chapter 47 Bath

If he wanted it, she could only give it to him. The best thing she could do to make him loathe her was to be like a lifeless puppet.

It seemed that only using force could make her obedient. Although he seemed fierce, he wasn't rough. After taking off his skirt, he turned on the water and adjusted the temperature.

Letting him push her into the water, she kept her eyes closed and wept away the tears of humiliation only in her heart.

Grabbing her little hands with his big ones, he slowly washed her arms.

Opening her eyes in confusion, she stared at him in disbelief. Didn't he just say he wanted her? Was

it just to scare her so that he could bathe her?

Why did he insist on bathing her?

No matter what the reason was, she shouldn't let him do it, because there was no reason for them to be so intimate with each other.

Grabbing her arm with one hand, he dispensed some shower gel with the other. Using this opportunity, she exerted some strength and broke free.

Sneaky! Immediately, he caught her once more and applied the shower gel on her slender arm.

Pulling her hand away again, she yelled, "Get out. I don't need you to do it for me!"

In the end, she managed to infuriate him with her distant attitude.

Stopping what he was doing, he stared at her and asked with a frown, "Why?"

"Is there even a need to ask? You are Jas' husband, so you should be loyal to her. You should only do these kinds of things to your wife rather than to someone else. Can't you see that?"

No matter how much she wanted to control herself from angering him, she realized that she couldn't.

After yelling at him, she cried.

Why couldn't he understand that she wanted him to leave and go back to Jas?

Why did he insist on making her a shameless home wrecker? Was it because he hated her? But why did he hate her? All this was driving her insane. If this went on, she would really hate him to the core.

As soon as she cried, he suddenly felt flustered. Instinctively, he reached out to wipe her tears but his hands were covered in the shower gel.

What was wrong with him? When he saw her get hurt today, he set aside all his hatred towards her, pitied her, and cut her some slack. Yet, she was crying now and it made him look incredibly evil. As if his concern was a burden to her.

What did he have to do to make her obedient to him like before? He shouldn't have cared about this wretched woman.

"If you don't want me to bathe you then I won't! Stop crying!" Ryan bellowed impatiently. Ignoring his wet clothes and the foam on his hand, he angrily opened the door and left.

Did he get mad? But that made her angrier for some reason and also a little sad. After all, how could she not notice that he suddenly show pity

for her? But did this pity meant that he liked her?  
Was this love?

At that moment, she dared not think that way.

For the past two years, their physical entanglement and all that she had done for him had decided that they weren't allowed to have any feelings for each other.

After secretly yearning for him to fall for her and marry her, she couldn't force herself to had no feeling for him since she had pretended to love him for so long.

Pulling down the shower, she rinsed herself and stopped thinking whether he suddenly fell for her or not.

So what if he did? So what if he didn't? She couldn't snatch Jas' husband from her. Jas was already in a precarious situation. All Catherine

could do right now was to make sure her friend lived happily.

As soon as Ryan walked out of the bathroom, he heard the doorbell. Maria had the key and it was probably Victoria.

Same as Luca, Victoria grew up in Walker Manor and Ryan treated her like his own younger sister so he didn't care that she would see him in his sorry state.

At that moment, Ryan was wearing a plain white short-sleeved tee but it was completely wet because he had been bathing Catherine earlier. With his wet tee stuck to his chest, Ryan's firm chest was exposed.

# Chapter 48 Disturbance

"Oh my, Mr. Walker. Are you trying to seduce me with your wet body?" Victoria teased him as she bent down to put on slippers.

"Don't talk nonsense. Come in!"

"I brought your some medicine. Where are you hurt?" Victoria stopped smiling and asked him seriously.

"It's not me. It's—"

"Catherine?" Victoria asked. It was no wonder he asked her to come so urgently. After all, he was not someone who would make such a big fuss about such small injuries.

Did she have to guess the one who was injured

## ← Chapter 48 Disturbance

was Catherine? It made it sound like he cared a lot about that wretched woman. After glaring at her unpleasantly, Ryan shouted, "Shut up!"

After he finished his words, he ignored Victoria, who eagerly followed behind him. Immediately, he went to the bathroom and knocked on the door.

"Come out when you are done. Victoria is here. You don't have to put on any clothes so it'll be easier for her to check your wound."

Upon hearing that, Victoria was surprised that he could say such caring words so indifferently.

However, that got her wondering why he married Jasmine if Catherine was the one he liked.

After wiping herself dry, Catherine walked out wrapped in the bath towel. Now that she had angered him, she couldn't ignore his kind gestures.

Otherwise, if he got angry, he would probably threaten her with Jasmine and that wouldn't be good.

"So, you were showering. It's no wonder he's wet. Did I come at the wrong time and disturbed you two?" Seeing Catherine come out, Victoria covered her mouth and smiled.

Upon hearing that, Catherine blushed in embarrassment and turned to Ryan with a pleading gaze.

Although Catherine was not familiar with Victoria Burns, Victoria was close to Ryan, so she naturally treated Catherine as someone familiar and teased at them freely like that.

Just then, Catherine and Ryan looked at each other. To Victoria, their gaze at each other seemed so loving that it would get everyone jealous.

Seeing her seemingly begging him for help, Ryan felt happy about it, but he didn't show it. Instead, he chided Victoria, "She's got injured just now. Stop talking nonsense and take a look at her!"

"Sure! Sure! Yes, sir!" Holding Catherine's hand, Ryan walked her to the bedroom while Victoria followed behind them quietly.

After she was teased like that, Ryan was still holding her hand. This made Catherine feel embarrassed.

What was their relationship? After all, she didn't want Victoria thinking that they were a couple.

Besides, she was the Walkers' personal doctor so she probably knew Jasmine too. D\*mn it! Why did she just think about this? Once the doctor left, she would have to remind Ryan to keep Victoria from telling it to anyone.

Despite wanting to break free of his hand, he shot her a warning glare because he didn't want to be humiliated in front of Victoria.

Fortunately, it wasn't that far from the bathroom to the bedroom and he let go of her when Victoria began checking on her.

During the checkup, Victoria was incredibly serious and checked her thoroughly.

"From what I could observe, her back has some bruises. If you are still worried, she can get it scanned at the hospital tomorrow."

"It's okay, there's no need," Catherine said anxiously.

Since Ryan trusted Victoria and she said it was fine, there was nothing to worry about. Moreover, she had already checked her entire body and there wasn't any pain so there shouldn't be any internal

injuries.

"Take her pulse again. She was shocked earlier," Ryan mentioned.

Asking her to sit up straight, Victoria checked her pulse and agreed that she suffered some shock earlier so she prescribed some medicine for her.

"Based on her current condition, do you think it's suitable for her to have a baby?" Ryan suddenly asked Victoria after she prescribed the medication.

"What did you say?" Catherine shouted in disbelief while staring at Ryan.

However, Ryan ignored her and continued asking the similarly shocked Victoria, "Is it suitable?"

"Although her body is a little weaker, she can be ready for pregnancy," Victoria answered

professionally after calming herself down.

"Then, maybe you should prescribe something to help her strengthen her body. For the time being, come here more often. I want her to be ready for pregnancy as soon as possible."

How could he be so good at making a decision for her on his own? Pregnancy? Who was she going to get pregnant for? When did she promise to deliver a child for him?