

My Wife is a beautiful Officer Chapter 510 - Chapter 510: Jonathan's Tea (part one)

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"Have you fully recovered? Where were you going?" The moment Edward stepped into the living room, a cool and calm voice sounded. There was a pot of fresh-made tea on the table. Jonathan sat alone, slowly pouring the tea into the cup. His cold handsome face concealed his real emotion. You could never tell whether he said those words out of care for Edward or to tease him. But no matter which one was right, in Edward's mind, Jonathan would be the last to care about him

What do you care? Why does it matter whether I'm fully recovered or not?" Like always, Edward said this in a cold tone. No one talked to Edward about the situation surrounding his surgery and recovery. He didn't know that Jonathan had donated his blood to him. Therefore, Edward had no clue that Jonathan actually loved his son. He didn't show his love because he wasn't good at expressing himself.

"It doesn't matter. I just don't want you to run FX International Group into the ground. Since without a strong and healthy body, you could never manage such a grand company." Jonathan said indifferently. He wasn't impatient or angry. He cozily nestled himself into the soft couch, enjoying the tea in his hand.

You don't need to worry about it, since even if you were sick, I would be still strong and healthy. So FX International Group will never step off the stage of history under my management." Edward frowned for an instant. His father never allowed him to defy his authority. But what happened to him today? Why didn't he get furious at all?

I don't have the time to worry about it. Even if FX International Group collapse some day, I would still have enough to eat and drink, unless you are too useless to afford your parents," he said with a wicked glint in his eyes. Jonathan raised his eyebrows and took a look at Edward. His face, originally without any emotion, finally showed an expression of amusement.

So what? You finally realize that your role is a father now? But don't you think it's a little late?" Edward said with a teasing smile on his face. He had originally planned to go upstairs. But he changed his mind and turned around. He walked to the couch and sat down. His father never wanted to talk to him much, let alone made fun of him like this time.

Late? I don't think so. Would you like a cup of tea?" Jonathan was pouring the tea into his cup. He raised the pot in his hand a little to Edward, punctuating his offer. Although he was cold like always, his voice turned quite soft and not so chilly as before.

"Do you think the tea you made is tasty?" Edward didn't like tea -- except tea made by Daisy. He doubted that if this man had the skills to match the tea made by his wife. So he decided to try it.

"How would you know if you don't give it a try?" Jonathan was unusually kind today. No matter how Edward challenged him, he responded in an easy way. He didn't mind Edward's aggressive words at all, and picked up a cup and poured some tea for Edward.

"Do I need to try it? I can tell, judging from the steps you followed when making tea just now." Edward was the kind used to being of duplicity. Somehow, he was a bit nervous in his heart. Although every word he said conveyed that he didn't trust Jonathan's skill in making tea, he still picked up the tea and took a sip despite that he was picky, and certain that he wouldn't enjoy it. Then he frowned tightly. He had anticipated the result. How could a man, who never liked tea just like him, suddenly know how to make tea?

"Does it taste that bad?" Jonathan also thought that he was bad at making tea. He had tried many times, but he failed. No matter how many times he tried, he couldn't produce the attractive aroma as the one Daisy had produced. He followed Daisy's method, but why did the tea he made taste so bitter?

"Aren't you drinking it all the time? And since when have you become interested in tea?" Although Edward said that the tea tasted bad, he still kept taking a sip from time to time. Because in his impression, this was the first time he had been in harmony with his father. Although the conversation between them was full of aggression and sizing up, they were not that detached from each other. What's more, this was the tea his father personally poured for himself, so even if it was not tasty, he would be willing to drink.

"When you were in the hospital, Daisy made tea for me several times. It was not bad. So I started trying to make tea for myself. But somehow, I can't get it right. The tea I make doesn't have that kind of aroma and taste." Jonathan took a look at his tea bag and the tea set when he spoke. He didn't know where he went wrong.

"Of course. She is my wife." Edward became highly pleased when he spoke about Daisy, though he was angry with her now. His wife was praised, which meant he was indirectly praised too, wasn't it? So he felt quite elated at Jonathan's words.

"You are proud. Would you like to try to make a cup of tea?" Jonathan said in an interested tone. He pushed the tea set in front of Edward and leant backward. He raised his eyebrows at him.

"Do you think I'll do as bad as you?" Edward said easily, raising his eyebrows defiantly too. It was as if he was really an expert at making tea. But he didn't have any confidence in his heart at all. After all, last time when Daisy made tea, he didn't see the way she made it at all. All he done was merely drinking some tea. So he had no idea about tea-making at all.

My Wife is a beautiful Officer Chapter 510 - Chapter 510: Jonathan's Tea (part one)

Chapter 511: Chapter 511: Jonathan's Tea (part two)

"Actions speak louder than words! Show me. I never hurt people's feeling without any reason." Jonathan smiled tenderly. It turned out that being a good father was not that difficult. The point was whether you would like to show your kindness and tenderness at first.

"Well, I'd better stop. My wound hasn't fully recovered. Tom said I can't drink something that's too much of an irritant." Every child wanted to be the excellent child in front of his/her father. This thought had nothing to do with age but the eagerness to show off his/her talent. That's why Edward didn't want to act clumsy in front of Jonathan and tried to find any excuse. Although his father would not necessarily pay attention to him, he still unconsciously avoided this kind of situation.

Tea can't be an irritant. Are you trying to find an excuse?" Jonathan continued enjoying his tea. Although it was really hard to drink, he kept calm on his face and didn't show it at all. There was no emotion showed on his face. He was such a calm man. No wonder he was a masterful figure.

No, I am not finding an excuse. You don't believe me? You can call Tom." Edward was sure that Jonathan would definitely not call Tom himself. So he wasn't worried that he would see through his lie.

"He is your friend. Of course I can't get any useful information from him." Was he getting old? He felt touched by the conversation with his son, though they kept pointing barbs at each other.

Well, now that you won't call him, I don't know what to do now. You can just stay here and enjoy your tea! I'm going upstairs to take a shower." Edward didn't continue giving tit for tat to him. Instead, he smiled brightly, stood up and walked away.

Jonathan's mind blanked out for a few seconds when he saw Edward turn around and walk away. They got along with each other quite well just now. Would his son make a big step towards him if he took one more small step toward him?

"You see! He will show his kindness and brightness to you when you are kind to him. Actually what our son wants is very simple. He doesn't require you to care about him all the time. As long as you can show your love and warmth for him occasionally, he will not stay cold anymore."

Cynthia had been hiding in the corner. She saw the first peaceful conversation between Edward and Jonathan silently. She had been worried that Jonathan would be as cold as before. She didn't expect that he could be humorous sometimes too. Although his face stayed cold and emotionless, there was an obvious change in the way and tone he spoke with Edward.

You told me to be nice to him." Jonathan frowned slightly. Everyone would never know the happiness they had until they lost it. He was no exception. So he started to value the time when he could get well along with his son.

Oh, should I thank you?" Cynthia rolled her eyes at him amusingly. She said that in order to make them get along with each other peacefully. Had anyone heard about a father and son who would be mean to each other whenever they were together? Not too often. Only her husband and son acted like this.

Oh, you don't need to do that. But if you thank me in a special way, I wouldn't mind it." Jonathan smiled evilly. He was digging a pit for her as could be told from his guileful eyes. Cynthia knew what he thought about at the sight of his eyes. Her face flushed immediately.

I'm not going to talk to you. Just enjoy your tea here! I'll go upstairs to see how's he doing." Cynthia felt that this man in front of her was totally a terrorist with a dual character. He was ruthless to others, but as long as he was alone with her, he was evil yet enchanting. She would be so shy to face such a man. Jonathan smiled without denying it. He didn't try to stop her either. He was extremely generous today. This situation was impossible in the past. It seemed that he figured out many things this time from Edward's injury.

"Yes?" Edward just finished his shower and stepped out from the bathroom. He saw his mother look at him with an interesting smile. So he involuntarily pulled the bath towel on his body with the thought that he might not be well covered by it.

Nothing. I'm just bored. So I am here to enjoy spending time with my son after his shower." Cynthia took the clean towel aside and waved at him, indicating he should sit next to her.

You are bored? Didn't you see someone lonely there?" Edward twisted his mouth. He was uncertain what his mother was planning in her heart. But he did what she had asked him to do and sat down in front of her. He acted like a cute boy. Well. He had no way to refuse his mother at the sight of her gentle smile. His heart would melt unconsciously and he would forget to keep his distance from her.

But why do I feel you're even lonelier?" Cynthia wiped his wet hair gently. She felt a lump in her throat. This was the family atmosphere she wanted. She didn't expect that Edward would be very close to them, but she wanted to change current situation and be more loving to him.

Chapter 512: Chapter 512: I Don't Need An Apology From You (part one)

"Is it because you have something to say to me?" Edward's voice trembled at the sudden care. Cynthia was very gentle to him today. Probably because he was used to the life without his parents' love or concern, he felt a wave of sadness when he suddenly felt being cared for.

"Is it so obvious from my look?" Cynthia asked in a tender voice, just like her temperament, which was as clear and pure as water.

You must have something bugging you. Otherwise why would you leave father downstairs alone and come up here looking for me?" Edward said with a bitter smile. He was not that narcissistic as to think that he was more important than his father in Cynthia's heart. He was pretty sure that this would never happen.

Don't you think that you and your father are equally important in my heart?" Cynthia sat beside him. She looked affable and approachable as any other mother did when they showed care for their children. But Edward didn't notice the helplessness in her expression with his head down.

"This thought is too distant from me. So I never overestimate myself in your heart. You only have each other in your hearts anyway. And I'm just like a toy to you, a disposable person. When you are happy, you will look at it. When you're not, you simply take it back to the storehouse and will not remember it in ten days or half a month." Edward said it calmly with a smile, as if he was talking about anyone else.

"Sorry!" Cynthia couldn't think of any other excuses to spare herself except for this apology. The harm was already done. No matter how hard she tried to remedy it, there was already a scar in his heart.

"Why do you always like to say sorry to me? You know what? I don't need an apology from you. Not now. Not ever." Edward suddenly stood up and walked to the wardrobe. He chose a casual clothes and wrapped his perfect figure beneath. He didn't have the slightest qualm when he quickly dragged the robe off and put on his trousers. No matter what kind of clothes he wore, the handsome Edward would always make all women crazy.

"I know. So we will certainly make this up to you." Cynthia's eyes became a little red. It was the first time that Edward had talked to her in such a loud voice. She was always the one who indulged herself in the love and affection of others. She felt hurt by Edward's words.

"I'm okay. I have already passed the age when I need to be cared for by parents. So you don't need to make anything up to me." Edward softened his tone and looked at

Cynthia who was about to cry. His heart would always unwittingly become soft when he saw her sad face.

"I..." Cynthia bit her lip and spoke hesitantly. She looked at Edward's gloomy face and didn't know how to continue. This was not what she had expected. She had planned to have a talk with him. Obviously, she screwed it up.

"I'm sorry, I lost my cool. Please don't mind me." He stroked his hair and felt pretty annoyed. He didn't know whether it was because of Daisy. He felt nervous tension all day long because he didn't receive any call from Daisy. He wanted to find someone to vent his anger on.

"I'm fine. I only hope you and your father can get along. In fact, he is not an indifferent father who doesn't care for you at all. Otherwise, he wouldn't have donated so much blood during your surgery. The volume of the blood transfusion was twice as much as the normal standard."

Cynthia told this to him not because she wanted to specially show something to him. She only wanted to tell him that no matter how much they ignored him before, he was still their only son. It was not that they didn't care for him or they didn't love him. They were too humble in their way of showing their love to him.

"What? He donated his blood to me? Mom, are you out of your mind? Or are you ill? Why would you make up such bullshit?" Edward strode towards her and touched her forehead. He wouldn't have any doubt if the person she referred to was herself. But if it was Jonathan, he would never believe that he would do such thing for him. Because Edward thought that Jonathan always hoped that he had never existed in this world. So how was it possible that he would donate his blood to him?

Do you think its necessary for me to lie to you? I wish you had seen it with your own eyes. You didn't know how nervous he was in the hospital. If it was not because that nurse refused to take more blood from him, he would rather give all his blood to you. Only by then did I realize that he was wrong to be thought that he didn't care for you. He is just used to cheating himself. He unconsciously hide his feelings for you deep in his heart and doesn't want to touch them. But these feelings were awakened when you were in danger. He knew what he should do when he was thrust into the situation.

Cynthia knew he would not believe her. If she were him, she would also have doubts. How could it be possible that a man who was always indifferent to his son would suddenly show his great love to him?

Chapter 513: Chapter 513: I Don't Need An Apology From You (part two)

"Why didn't you tell me?" Edward was deeply shocked. Because he had lost his hope for Jonathan long before. So he was accustomed to his indifference and estrangement. He felt it unbelievable when he heard the news.

Why would I bring it up randomly? I wanted to wait for a good time. If it was not for the painful words you said just now, I wouldn't tell you this. Are you okay? Does the wound still hurt?" Thinking of the sight of the scar left by the surgery when Edward was naked just now, Cynthia felt heartbroken. At the same time, she was pretty depressed. Was it really so difficult to be close to him?

"I'm fine. You may go downstairs first. I want to be alone for a while." Edward seemed to be in a trance. It was incredible to hear such news. He needed time to think about it.

Okay. Don't feel trapped. We will pick up Justin at the school later. If you need anything, you can call Mrs. Wu." Cynthia looked at Edward with concern. She heaved a sigh and then slowly walked out the room. She knew Edward had always been emotional. So she understood what he might feel after he discovered this. He must be afflicted with mixed feelings.

Edward threw himself on the big bed. His eyes were empty and his mind wandered. No wonder his father looked very strange today. He had wondered why he suddenly became so friendly to him. It turned out that there was a big secret behind it. But why did he do this? Didn't he need only Cynthia? He acted that way all the time. Why would he suddenly care about him now?

Edward raised his hand and looked at his veins. It was hard for him to believe that what Cynthia said was true even till now. Was it possible that there was another case? Probably it was wrong to think that Jonathan didn't like him, his feelings for Edward was not that strong as to be called love. That man only had learned to love Cynthia in his whole life, and he didn't know how to show his feelings to other family members.

His mind wandered far and wide. It was uncontrollable like an unbridled horse. He had been lying there silently and motionlessly for a long time. It was not until a familiar voice rang in his ears that he came back to his senses.

"Penny for your thoughts? You seemed lost in them." Daisy finally succumbed. She had thought to be a little pretentious and wait for him to apologize first. But when she saw his distressed expression, she completely forgot about her plan to hold onto to her principle. Her voice was full of concern.

"Oh! You came back from work." Edward's tone was flat and his expression was dispirited. He didn't feel cheered up by Daisy's appearance. And it was strange, it was impossible that he would behave so uninterested.

"What happened? You look down." Daisy put her briefcase on the table. She frowned and wondered what had made the honorable Mr. Mu so petulant today.

About my father's blood transfusion, why didn't you tell me when I woke up?" Edward narrowed his eyes and looked at Daisy. His tone was weak. Although he was doubting her, his question was not intimidating and sounded impotent.

So you found out? Sorry, it's my fault that I didn't tell you in time. Because I was very nervous about your injury and I forgot all the other things. I thought to tell you some other day later when the right time comes. But I didn't expect that you'd know it in advance. But what happened? Why do you look so troubled by this?"

Daisy sat beside him on the bed and was confused by his strange reaction. Although she was clear that he would be surprised after he knew this, but she didn't know that he would be so shocked. She was overwhelmed.

Nothing. Why did you come home so early today?" Edward took out his cellphone and looked at the time. It was just past five. Wasn't she supposed to be at the army base now?

"I went to the jail today. So I directly came home after I finished my task." In order to avoid the same thing from happening again, she had to go to the jail by herself. Her purpose this time was to interrogate the criminals and find out the hideout of the remnants of the arms dealers. But in the end it was fruitless. It seemed tha she had change her strategy to deal with them. Some people were so stubborn. They would not confess if they were not tortured by force.

To the jail? Why did you need to go there? Edward suddenly sat up from the bed and naturally put his hand on her shoulder. Daisy suddenly let off a light ouch at his act. Edward was surprised at her reaction and immediately took back his hand. Did he hurt her with his hand? He wondered. On second thought it was strange. Even if he had used so much strength, it was necessary for her to be in great pain? She look anguished.

It's about the gun fight. I have to write a report, so I need to know more about some details. Daisy looked evasive in Edward's eyes. She hope he would ignore the sound she uttered because of the pain. Otherwise, he would be very worried.

Chapter 514: Chapter 514: Do You Want Me To Undress You Again

"What's wrong with your shoulder? Let me have a look at it," Edward asked, easily undoing the first two buttons of her uniform. He turned the uniform out and saw the bruises. His eyes instantly turned cold. He stared intensely at Daisy, waiting for an explanation.

"It's nothing, just a couple of scrapes from training. I'll be more careful next time." Daisy blushed, reaching for her uniform to put it back in order. Although she and Edward had already been intimate, she still wasn't used to being naked in front of him.

Be still. Do you think I'll get turned on right now?" Edward stared at her. There was underlying anger in his tone. He got off the bed and walked straight out of the door. Daisy watched his retreating back in slight discomfort. This was not how she had imagined things would go at all. He used to care about her so much. He wasn't supposed to react this way at the sight of her bruises. Daisy bit her lower lip and sighed. She straightened her uniform and buttoned it up slowly, wondering what was getting on Edward's nerves this time. What an arrogant and moody man! But it didn't matter why he was mad right now, as long as he didn't grill her about how she had gotten the bruises. She had no idea how to explain them.

I told you not to move. Why did you button up your uniform? Do you want me to undress you again?" Just as Daisy moved to stand up, Edward returned with a white porcelain bottle in his hand. He walked up to her with furrowed eyebrows.

"I..." Daisy twitched her mouth, feeling wronged and too upset to say a word. Should she have just sat there with her bare shoulder? That was not like her. And Edward wasn't acting himself today either. He hadn't said a single caring word to her yet. All she felt from him was cold anger, the complete opposite of how he usually acted towards her. She wanted to get away from him.

"Unbutton your clothes," Edward said coolly. He hadn't intended to use that tone with Daisy, but when the words came out of his mouth, he sounded like he was in a bad mood. He wasn't upset because she hadn't told him about the blood donation, he was upset because she never took good care of her body. Whenever he saw her get a new bruise, he felt helpless for not being able to protect his woman. But Daisy had a unique profession, there wasn't much he could do about it.

"Edward, what's the matter with you? What are you so upset about? What did I do? Why do I have to unbutton my clothes?" Daisy raised her voice in agitation. Because her attention was focused on the expression on Edward's face, she didn't notice the bottle he was holding. She was irritated by his request. First, he ripped open her clothes and walked away without a word, now he was making her unbutton them herself. It was very irritating. Who did he think he was? She couldn't stand him pushing her like that.

"What do you think? Don't you need some ointment for the bruises? Or do you think I want you right now?" Edward rolled his eyes at her. He was still angry about last night. And seeing her new bruises fueled his anger even more. Rage was building up in his chest.

"Why are you acting like this? Why are you so angry?" Daisy pursed her lips, looking at him with pitiful eyes. He was currently acting so strange and distant towards her. Humans were greedy, they always wanted more. She felt hurt by his attitude.

It seems you don't know me after all. It doesn't matter. Do you want to apply it yourself or do you want me to do it?" Edward smiled casually. Apparently, women shouldn't be spoiled. If they were, they would challenge you and ignore your feelings.

"Won't you help me?" Hearing Edward's cold response, Daisy's heart ached. She gazed at him tearfully.

"Don't you have your guard up against me?" His tone remained cool as he sat next to her with a frown. He hated how Daisy never let her guard down with him.

"Never mind. This kind of injury isn't a big deal for me. I'll recover quickly even without the ointment." Daisy stood up angrily. Even though she loved Edward, she still had principles. She wouldn't put up with this kind of unreasonable behavior.

"What? Feeling upset now?" Edward reached for her wrist and took her into his arms with a tug. Finally, a faint smile appeared on his face.

"What are you doing? Let go of me." Daisy struggled. But since he hadn't recovered from his injury yet, she had to be careful.

What does it look like? I'm applying the ointment for you, of course. What else could it be?" Edward started to unbutton her uniform again. Because Daisy was being stubborn, he stopped teasing her.

Hmph! Weren't you reluctant to do it before?" Daisy pouted and pinched him hard on his waist. He had to pay for making her sad.

Ouch! Are you really mad? I was only teasing you." Edward's mouth twisted with pain. He definitely got a new bruise on his waist just now. She must be really pissed off.

"Who would tease a person like that?" Daisy was tired of being strong and tough in the military. At home, all she wanted to do was be a delicate woman in front of Edward and have the man she loved spoil her.

I apologize. Now, tell me who did this. And don't lie to me. I'm not as stupid as you think." Edward opened the bottle of ointment. A sweet fragrance immediately filled their noses.

What ointment is this? It smells lovely." It was uncommon for Daisy to see an ointment with such a strong fragrance. Daisy took a deep breath and overlooked Edward's question.

I have no idea. I just snatched it from Tom. It should be very potent." It seemed he came prepared when he took the medicine from Tom, because it looked like he would be frequently applying it for Daisy. She didn't have a clue how to look after herself at all.

Are you a looter? Why are you always taking somebody else's things? You even ripped Tom off with the hospital expenses. You are indeed a qualified sly businessman." Daisy felt the coolness when Edward's fingertips caressed her skin. She flushed, as if her skin was being dyed red.

I'm the one losing money here. His experimental expenses are several times higher than this. I would be a fool if I didn't charge him for interest." Edward's fingers quietly slid down. When he was about to reach one of her sensitive parts, she pinched his fingers to stop him.

I knew you wouldn't change. Aren't you ashamed of yourself for calling yourself a gentleman?" Daisy looked at him with disdain and deliberately shot him a seductive look as she buttoned up her clothes slowly.

"Woman, are you trying to seduce me? Or is this your way of avoiding my question?" Edward narrowed his eyes at Daisy. His gaze was filled with desire.

What do you think?" Daisy smiled gently. It was now her turn to tease him.

"I think you're seducing me. I must warn you that I'm nearly fully recovered. You might be unable to get out of bed." Edward smiled devilishly. His fingertips slid to her lips, his eyes full of lust.

"Daddy, why won't mommy be able to get out of bed?" And here came the third wheel. Edward knew that Justin was pretending to be innocent by asking that question. The little imp jumped out and ruined the moment every time he wanted to be intimate with Daisy. At that moment, Edward wished he could stuff the boy back into his mother's womb.

"Hey, buddy, stop pretending to be innocent. I know you." Edward sighed and let go of Daisy. Justin displayed a cunning smile as Edward glared at him angrily.

"Mommy, daddy doesn't want to answer my question. Can you tell me?" Justin ran into his mother's arms with a smile.

No, I'll only say the same thing as your father did." Justin thought his mother couldn't see him through, but he was wrong. Daisy knew that Justin was only pretending to be ignorant.

Justin pouted. "My innocent heart is broken. What kind of parents are you?" Justin cried dramatically on Daisy's shoulder.

Innocent heart? What innocent heart? Why don't we see it right now?" Edward asked as he looked at Justin. He enjoyed family moments like this, something he had never dreamed of before. He originally thought that he would spend the rest of his life

switching from one woman to the next as he used to, but not anymore. His family brought him so much happiness.

"That's because you don't love me anymore. You both ignore me." Justin complained about their recent neglect of him. He was about to shift to Daisy's other shoulder when Edward stopped him.

"Be careful. Your mom's shoulder is injured." Edward pulled Justin away from Daisy. Apparently, he cared about her a lot. His cold attitude earlier was only a pretense.

"Were you on an assignment today? Or did Hank pick on you again?" Justin stopped smiling. He guessed the answer was the latter. That guy was a troublemaker. He had picked on his mom a lot ever since they moved in the residential quarters. Luckily, she seldom got hurt unless she was distracted. Hank was far from her match. But why was she injured this time?

"Hank again? I guess he never learns." Edward smiled grimly. This was the reason Daisy had been avoiding his question. But he had gotten his answer through Justin. He could stop pushing her now.