

Chapter 167

Bewildered, Wendy enquired, "Is that why you came to my bedroom this evening? So that you could discuss your need for a father with me?"

"Yes!"

Ray was wide awake now.

He rose from the bed, placed his arms around Wendy's neck and repeated in a disgruntled tone, "I want a father!"

Wendy was overwhelmed.

"Heck! How can I just conjure up a father for him from thin air? Where on earth am I going to find a decent father for you?"

"Mommy, let me show you something."

"Okay!" Ray leapt out of bed and ran to his room.

After a while, he came back with a piece of paper in his hand.

"What is it?"

"Mommy, look!"

It was an art sheet on which was drawn a picture of a bright blue sky, a scattering of white clouds, lush green mountains, clear water and boundless grasslands.

There were three distinct people in the drawing, with their backs facing the artist.

Two adults sat on either side of a little boy.

The three of them held hands and looked at the mountains and rivers, serenely enjoying the beautiful scenery.

The drawing was heartwarming and epitomized family love and harmony.

It was really beautiful.

Although it was just a drawing of the backs of three people, Wendy had a vague idea of who they resembled.

She identified the person on the right as herself.

She was wearing a white T-shirt, with her curly hair hanging loosely over her shoulders.

In the middle was Ray, in a denim jumpsuit and a cartoon T-shirt.

The man on the left was wearing a white shirt, had messy hair, and his back was straight.

He oozed energy.

“Ray, did you draw this? It’s a great work of art!”

Holding the drawing in her hand, Wendy couldn’t help but admire it.

‘Oh! I didn’t know that Ray is such a master in drawing! ‘

Wendy was amazed at Ray's artistic talent.

Ray was tongue-tied.

'Is that the point?'

He jumped onto the bed and said ecstatically, "Yes, I drew it!"

"You are simply awesome!"

Wendy held him in her arms and kissed him hard on the face.

His face was covered in a surplus of saliva.

He dodged another kiss and wiped the saliva off.

"Mommy, today was the first day that Precious and I went to school. The teacher asked us to draw a picture of a family."

Wendy nodded.

That was obvious. She tenderly ran her finger over the picture of the man. This was the image of the father in Ray's mind. But the more she looked at it, the more she realized who it was meant to be.

Scanning the man's hairstyle, the white shirt, the straight back and long legs, Wendy couldn't help but think it looked exactly like Ryan.

Wendy was gob smacked.

'Was it possible that Ray had begun to see Ryan as his father because they were living in such close proximity to each other and spent so much of time together? After hesitating for a while, Wendy asked earnestly, "Ray, what kind of a father do you want?"

"Hmm, he should always treat us with love and respect. He should let me ride on his shoulders so that I can enjoy the scenery. He must attend all my parents' meetings at school and he must take me to the amusement park or zoo whenever he is free..."

"Didn't you say that you don't like to go to amusement parks and the zoo? You said that only childish people go there."

"Yes, but I want to go with my father."

"It seems that he really wants a father" Playing this in her mind, she couldn't help but recall Ryan's confession to her.

"Momnyy..."

"Okay, I will try my best."

Ray heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"All right. It's getting late. Go to bed now. I will drive you to school tomorrow."

"Okay!"

He lay obediently on the bed.

After tucking him in, Wendy said, "Okay, get some rest now."

"Okay!"

Ray closed his eyes and peacefully drifted off into dream land.

“Oh! Uncle Ryan, that’s all I can do to help you win my mommy over. I kept my end of the deal now you have to do the rest yourself”

The next morning, Wendy habitually woke up early.

Although it was already six o’clock, it was still dark and gray outside, being an autumn morning.

Ray was still snoozing when she woke up so she moved around silently so as not to disturb him.

After her morning ablutions, she went downstairs. She hadn’t cooked breakfast for Ray in a long time.

Fortunately, the fridge was well stocked and in a short while she chopped up the meat and mixed the wheat flour and whipped up wonton for breakfast.

As soon as the wonton was ready, he came downstairs.

“Good morning, Mommy!”

“Good morning! Wash your face and brush your teeth. Then come and have breakfast. Call Precious and ask her if she would like to join us for breakfast,”

Wendy suggested, clad in her apron.

“Okay!”

Ray lazily went to wash up.

Thereafter, he changed his clothes and went downstairs.

He called Precious and in a record two minutes, she rushed to the living room of No.2 Villa, her hair still uncombed.

“Precious, come and have breakfast.”

“Okay! I’m here!”

Precious was overjoyed when she saw the wonton.”Auntie Wendy, did you c**k it yourself?”

“Yes! Help yourself to more if you like, Precious.”

“Okay!”

Precious’s heart was jubilant.

“Wow! It’s really such a wonderful day! Today, Auntie Wendy was at home and she even cooked the wonton for us.Ha-ha! When I received the breakfast invitation, Daddy and Uncle Luke were so jealous of me” Precious giggled to herself.

She scooped up a wonton with a spoon and put it into her mouth.

“Watch out! It’s hot!”

“Hmm, yummy!”

It was indeed hot, but Precious was unwilling to spit out the wonton.She turned it in her mouth a few times, and when it finally cooled a bit, she swallowed it.

“Yummy!”

Upon hearing that, Ray raised his chin proudly.

“Of course, my mommy cooks the tastiest food.”

“Yes, yes. It’s much better than the food cooked by the chef in my house.”

“I’m flattered!”

Wendy took off her apron and filled a bowl for herself. She sat down on the dining chair and remarked with a smile, “You two are such sweet talkers.”

“No, I mean it. This wonton is really tasty!”

“But your chef was especially hired by your Uncle Luke from a famous hotel.”

“Yes. But the food you cooked is different!”

Wendy became interested and asked with a curious smile, “What’s the difference?”

This question was a little hard.

Precious didn’t know how to answer it. She tilted her head and thought for a while.

“Hmm, There is a special smell and taste in the food cooked by you that can never be found in the food that our chef cooks.” Wendy took a bite of the wonton.

It was just an ordinary wonton.

Why didn't she find any special smell and taste in it? She asked, a little confused, "What taste?"

"The taste of happiness!"

Whoa! Wendy blushed as if Cupid's arrow of love had hit her heart.

Immediately, her heart started racing.

She covered her chest and didn't know how to react.

'Oh my God! A little girl succeeded in winning my heart with her sweet words! She was such a charmer. Fortunately, she 'was just a little girl. Otherwise, which man would be able to resist her sweet words?' Wendy thought to herself.

"Auntie Wendy!"

"Yes?"

"I will never get tired of eating food cooked by you!"

Seeing how quickly Precious finished her first helping, Wendy refilled her bowl.

"Well, then, you are welcome over to have all your meals here from now on."

However, Precious put down her spoon and sighed as if the weight of the whole world rested on her little shoulders.

"What's wrong?"

Precious raised her head, glanced at Wendy and said in a soft, emotional voice, "If only you could be my mommy."