

Journey to Happy Ending

Chapter 316 Where Is Your Colonel (Part One)

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The sky was still dark at dawn. A beautiful woman slowly stepped out of the international terminal of the airport. Leena took a deep sigh and glanced at the quiet road and dim streetlamps. She stood there and gazed into the horizon for a while before she headed to the parking lot with her suitcase.

Leena placed her luggage in the back seat of her Ferrari and got into the driver's seat. Suddenly, she remembered something.

She turned around to search for her cellphone. The phone was dead because Leena had left it in the car when she went to

Paris. She kept it in her purse in case she forgot it again when she got home.

The red Ferrari drove away in the cold morning of early fall. Leaves slowly swirled around the rim of the empty street because of the wind as Leena sped away.

The day broke brighter as she arrived at Kevin's apartment. Leena smiled sweetly as she jumped out of her car. 'Kevin, I'm

home!' Leena wanted to shout it out loud. Although she chose to ignore it, her feelings for Kevin had somewhat changed during these days.

Kevin was having breakfast when he heard someone open the door. He paused in surprise, 'Who could it be at this hour? A thief?' Thinking of that someone was breaking into his apartment, Kevin dropped his fork and tried to find something that he could use as a weapon. His eyes were fixed on the doorknob warily. Leena didn't expect to see Kevin standing behind the door.

Startled, she froze and dropped her keys. For a moment, both of them stared blankly at each other until the sound of keys falling on the floor shook them up.

"Am I so scary?" With a gentle smile, Kevin approached Leena and picked up her keys, gazing at Leena's cute keychain with great interest.

"What? Oh no. I just...I didn't expect that you'd be at home." Leena blushed. She assumed he would have left for the army base by this hour, or he might not have come back home from the military exercises. That was why she was startled to see him.

"Why didn't you call me to pick you up?" Kevin asked with a frown. She must have arrived quite early. Wasn't she frightened?

And she was driving a Ferrari! Didn't she know how dangerous it was for a beautiful young girl to drive alone on empty streets?

"It's fine. I can drive. I didn't want to bother you. Besides, my phone is dead. I accidentally left it on the back seat when I went to Paris." Leena answered casually while dragging her suitcase inside the house. She didn't notice Kevin's anger.

"Leena, what do you mean you didn't want to bother me? Do you think it's inconvenient for a husband to pick up his own wife?"

Kevin didn't notice what Leena had said about her phone; he got irritated when Leena used the word 'bother.' It was true that they were not in love with each other, but he didn't like it when she seemed to keep him at arm's length deliberately. He didn't realize that he overreacted.

"Come on! Why should I call for help when I can manage it myself? I'm not a three-year-old child." Although Leena was born in an affluent family, she wasn't spoiled. She grew up like any other common girl, who was considerate and caring.

Kevin sighed with a tiny smile. Sometimes he wasn't sure whether or not he was okay with her personality. Of course being independent was good, but he hoped she could rely on him more in the future. It hadn't occurred to her that she could turn to him for help. Was it because he didn't pay enough attention to her? Or perhaps because she didn't care whether he cared about her or not?

"Kevin, are you mad at me?" Leena was confused. Shouldn't he be happy that she could manage things on her own without bothering him? Why did he seem annoyed? He acted like he really cared about her.

"No, I was being self-absorbed. You must be tired after a long flight. Go take a shower and then have some breakfast." Kevin realized his words didn't come out right; he didn't mean to accuse her. He took Leena's suitcase and marched upstairs.

Perplexed, Leena followed him while wondering how unpredictable Kevin was.

Although Kevin was a soldier, he was also quite considerate. After putting Leena's suitcase in the bedroom, he went to the

bathroom to fill the tub for her. Leena stared at the bathroom door confusedly. Wasn't he mad at her? Then why was he doing all this for her? What was he thinking?

"Kevin, aren't you going to work today?" Just coming back from Paris, the fashion capital, Leena was dressed in fashionable clothes and accessories.

"I am, but not in a hurry. I just came back from the other unit yesterday afternoon. I can go to the base later today." Kevin didn't go to the base on time that morning, and that was why he didn't know that the disciplinary inspectors had summoned Daisy. He would have supported Daisy if he knew. Daisy was the only woman he loved. He couldn't let her get hurt without doing anything.

"I see. Thank you." Leena expressed her gratitude sincerely. She knew their marriage was only a bargain with mutual benefits.

However, instead of treating her like a stranger, Kevin tried to fulfill his husbandly duty towards her as a real husband. His behavior touched Leena.

"You don't have to say that. Just one thing, I want you to remember that you're my wife."

Kevin didn't know why he was upset. But Leena's polite behavior bugged him. He felt powerless and angry every time she said 'thank you' to him.

"Kevin, please don't get me wrong. I said 'thank you' because I am really grateful to you, not because I forgot about our relationship."

Leena expressed her feelings bluntly; she didn't expect that Kevin would react so furiously. As she saw his face change, she quickly presented an explanation.

"Never mind. Go have a bath. I'll make you some breakfast. Then you can take some rest to overcome your jet lag." Kevin had no idea what was wrong with him. Why did he pick on Leena's words like that? He was not himself. He was having a bad feeling about this.

"By the way, are you free tonight?" Leena asked Kevin abruptly, thinking of the anniversary party. She had to attend the party, and she needed an escort. Who was better than her own husband?

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