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Wendy just taking two steps aside to the stadium, Mrs. Taylor criticized her coldly, "Wendy Evans, you are really good at playing around with men. A 'Mr. Charles' is not enough to you, so you still keep seeing my Gorman, right? What? Planing to get back to my son after being abandoned by Mr. Charles one day?"

Before Wendy could reply, Gorman said unhappily, "Mom, what are you saying now? I came to find her. She did nothing."

"Shut up," Mrs. Taylor looked at his son coldly. "You useless trash. So many women are there in this world. Why are you so obsessed with her? She doesn't deserve you."

"Mom, enough. Stop saying that. You should hurry back to your office now."

Mrs. Taylor looked at Wendy with evident anger. Last time, she was threatened by Mr. Charles for her. This time, she came to pester her son again.

Not only did Mr. Charles help Wendy before, but also her son wanted to protect Wendy now.

Good, very good!

"Wendy, you should immediately apologize to me now."

"Principal Taylor, I think you are wrong to say that now. You should apologize to me now. I was ridiculed by you for no reason. Who do you think you are to make

me apologize to you now? Even you are indeed very old now, but you can't just ask for my respect with such a ridiculous behavior."

"Wendy," Gorman berated her in a low voice. How could Wendy say that to bring trouble to herself while she clearly knew that his mother was angry?

Wendy's expression was icy as she said to Gorman, "What are you scolding me for? What right does she have to make me apologize to her? She is the principal. Yes, she is also your mother. But so what? She is not qualified to make me apologize to her. I did not make a mistake at all in my job. Even in our relationship, you're the one who does the wrong thing first."

The more she spoke, the more agitated she became.

After saying that, Wendy sidestepped Mrs. Taylor, heading to court.

Mrs. Taylor was furious at Wendy's attitude. "You sl*t. You are such an uncultured girl. Let me help your parents to teach a good lesson to you."

Mrs. Taylor then forcefully tugged at Wendy's ponytail.

She felt the pain to lean back.

Mrs. Taylor then pushed Wendy to the ground.

It was a cement road, and Wendy's arm hit the ground first. So a large part of her skin was instantly shaved off by the grit, causing great pain to Wendy.

Seeing that Wendy was injured, Gorman grabbed her arm to check immediately, "Wendy, are you alright?"

Wendy shook off Gorman's hand with a cold face, "Luckily Visit <https://en.novelxo.com> to read the newest content, everyone! would have been able to my doomed future."

Wendy stood up to look at Mrs. Taylor, "No matter as a Principal or an elder, you're not Visit <https://en.novelxo.com> to read the newest content, everyone! so pathetic."

After saying that, Wendy left.

Gorman looked at Mrs. Taylor, and shouted to her, "Are you satisfied now?"

"She deserves it. Why did she come to pester you? I've already said I would get angry if I found you with such kind of woman ever. If you really don't want to implicate her, you should keep a good distance with her."

Gorman scoffed, "Then you can keep getting angry."

He then turned and chased after Wendy.

He was worried about Wendy's injury.

Wendy was regretting about why she didn't hit back. After Visit <https://en.novelxo.com> to read the newest content, everyone! the bad habit she formed before to think for Gorman.

Wendy then muttered, "This isn't good. I have to change it."

At the infirmary, Wendy got treatment from the school doctor there.

Gorman then ran in when the school doctor was washing her wounds.

"Mr. Taylor, please leave here." said Wendy coldly.

Gorman did not say a word, or leave either.

He walked to chair next to him and sat down, waiting for her quietly.

The school doctor bound Wendy's wounds and gave her instructions, "When you go back home, you must protect your this arm from water, or it won't cured soon."

"Okay, I got it, thank you, sir"

The school doctor took a glance at Gorman. He knew Gorman had something to say with Wendy, so he turned around and left the room.

Wendy looked at Gorman coldly, "Go back to tell your mother that I'll hit back if it happen again. The worst situation for me is only to get into the jail with her. I have nothing to be afraid of."

"Wendy, I'm so sorry." Gorman's face was full of regret. "I know my mother is unreasonable. You are innocent. She ..."

"I don't care about her. I just want to remind you to stay away from me. Gorman, stay away from me as far as you can. Don't affect my life anymore. I'm glad to have found out your affair with Gill and broken up with you already.

"

"Back then, if I knew nothing and married you, my rest life would be miserable and pitiful. Speaking of this, I have to say thanks to you and Gill."

Wendy got up and headed outside.

Gorman hurriedly went forward and hugged Wendy.

"Wendy, don't be so cold to me. I lose sleep and suffered from missing you every night. I feel regretful and painful. I don't want end up with you like this. I really love you. I love you so much... I want to forget you as well. Every night, I persuaded myself to stop thinking of you. I know I should leave you and give you freedom. But after I wake up the next day, I will change my mind and still can not stay away from you. I can't just give up."

Wendy pushed him, but he held her tighter.

Wendy then said anxiously, "But I don't love you anymore. Do you understand that? Everything you're doing to me now could only bring me more pain, which makes me hate you more and pushes me away from you further. We can't go back. We'll never go back anymore."

Outside the infirmary, Howell in a red basketball uniform suddenly rushed in the room.

Seeing this scene, he was shocked for a moment. Then, he stepped forward to pull Gorman away from Wendy with anger, pushing Gorman onto the wall forcefully.

Gorman lost all his strength and leaned against the wall to fall onto the ground.

He looked very dispirited.

Wendy frowned but did not move.

Howell stepped forward to hold Gorman by his collar, "Have I warned you before? How dare you to touch my brother's woman? You are asking for death."

As he spoke, Howell punched Gorman heavily in his face.

Wendy felt that Howell did have use all his strength to hit Gorman.

But Gorman did not hit back.

Howell was probably too angry at Gorman for he then gave Gorman another punch.

Right in his right cheek again.

Wendy did not want Howell getting into trouble, so she went forward to stop Howell.

“Alright, Howell, don’t hit him anymore. He’ll die.”

Howell looked at Wendy with displeasure, “Sister Wendy, you have disappointed me too.”

After saying that, he snorted coldly to push Gorman away. Then he left the room directly.

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Wendy Knew Howell was angry now.

If he called Henson now, he would definitely say something extreme about this thing. Somehow, Wendy didn’t want to make Henson misunderstand her.

So she quickly followed Howell out before having a look at the desperate Gorman sitting on the ground.

Wendy ran a long way to catch up with Howell.

As expected, Howell had already taken out his phone, trying to make a call.

Wendy stepped forward with a serious face and said, “Hang up it first.”

Howell originally wanted to refuse her with a “Why”. But he then saw Wendy’s serious expression. So after thinking for a moment, he hung up the phone.

"What do you want to say now?"

"Answer me first, what do you plan to say to Henson?"

"You hugged Gorman secretly."

"So, you didn't hear the dialogue between us. Then how can you make a complaint to Henson about me now if you did not know the whole story?"

Howell hugged his chest and said with displeasure, "What did you say then?"

"Although whatever we said is my own business, I could tell you I didn't do anything against my conscience."

"But you stopped me beating him up."

"You've already been sent to the police station once for the fight with a student before. Do you lose your memory about this?"

Howell pursed his lips and said, "You mean you are trying to protect me? I don't believe it."

"Fine, your choice."

"No matter what the truth is. Henson will be furious for Gorman hugged you."

"So, why do you have to tell him? Did I kiss Gorman, or sleep with him?" Wendy also felt depressed, "You know I came to the infirmary for I was injured, but do you know why I got injured?"

Howell frowned, "I heard that you're pushed by the Principal."

"Yes, his mother slapped me. Then why do you think I will like him again with just some sweet words? I won't stoop so low for him."

Hearing this, Howell suddenly remembered his original purpose was to see how bad she hurt.

As he got angry just now, he totally forgot that. "You... Are you okay now?"

Wendy showed his left arm to Howell, "I Visit <https://en.novelxo.com> to read the newest content, everyone! deal."

"Then why has it been wrapped with such a large piece? Is your wound that large?"

Wendy lowered her arm with a serious Visit <https://en.novelxo.com> to read the newest content, everyone! can you just leave the basketball court?"

"No. But the substitute player was brought on. I was worrying that my future sister-in-law might get a severe injury and need my help, so I came here only to find you're cheating on my brother."

"You br*t, when did I do that?"

"Just now."

"I haven't married to Henson," Wendy rolled her eyes at Howell as she walked back to the playground.

Howell quickly followed her, "But Sister Wendy, why didn't that Gorman fight back? You made him heartbroken?"

"What else do you think?" Wendy Visit <https://en.novelxo.com> to read the newest content, everyone! beautiful women, are all troubles. Gorman's also a poor guy, right?"

Wendy pinched Howell's arm. "You big mouth, stop your nonsense and go back to the game quickly."

"hee, hee," Howell laughed and returned to the contest.

At the end of the day, Howell went home with Wendy.

Their car just stopping in front of the villa, Henson's car arrived at the gate too.

Henson walked to Wendy directly after getting out of the car. Looking at her wrapped arm, he frowned, "Your headmaster called me to complain that you Visit <https://en.novelxo.com> to read the newest content, everyone! was now hospitalized. But why didn't I hear that you were injured too?"

Howell was puzzled. "You hit her?"

Wendy was helpless to sigh for she had planned to just let the matter go. But it seemed that Mrs. Taylor had said something bad about her to Henson.

Henson looked at Wendy and asked, "What happened?"

"in the day, Julia came to tell me that you and her would get married. After she just left, Gorman came out to ask me about my relationship with her, which happened to be seen by his mother. Her mother then got off the car and had a conflict with me. But at first, we just have a verbal conflict. But after she got angry, she pushed me to the ground. I didn't lay a finger on her at all. How could she say she was injured by me and went to the hospital?"

Wendy felt crazy. What a fu*king world it was.

How could she come across so many liars?

Howell frowned, "Henson, when will you marry a Nicholson? Why did not I know that?"

"I don't know either."

Wendy looked at him, "She said General Burke had mentioned that to you yesterday."

Howell was helpless, "Is that true?"

"General Burke said he had to return the favor to the Nicholson family. And he just promised to discuss it with me, and won't force me to listen to him. I still have the final say in it. That's all."

Wendy was finally relieved.

But she did not expecting Henson would explain so many details to her.

Julia said the favor thing too.

Howell interjected, "You woman're so scary. So, you mean Julia Nicholson just wanted to show off to see you today?"

Wendy shrugged. "Probably."

Henson laughed with disdain, "The Nicholson family gets a fool."

Henson then looked to Wendy's arm again. "Where did you get the treatment?"

Howell replied for Wendy, "In the infirmary. I went to see her."

"Are the doctor good enough?"

He had not seen the entire process, but Howell rolled his eyes and said, "Hmm, it's not bad. I think."

“What’s ‘not bad’?”

Henson looked at Donald who was standing by the door, “Call the family doctor here.”

“No need for that,” Wendy was anxious, “The doctor in the infirmary has also got the doctor qualification certificate.

You don’t need to bring the family doctor here. My injuries have been treated well. I saw it.”

Henson ignored her words and still asked Donald to get a doctor.

Howell whispered to Wendy, “You’d better stop saying anything anymore. Henson is just worried about you.”

Wendy wanted to say that it was exaggerated to ask a doctor here for such a minor injury.

But the family doctor still came here and examined her wounds. He guaranteed Henson that Wendy had got a good treatment and then left soon.

In the evening, they had the dinner together.

After dinner, Howell went back to play games.

Wendy went upstairs to her room, but Henson did not follow her this time. It’s new to her.

Not long after, a servant knocked on her door and gave her some fruits. Wendy pretended natural and asked, "Has Mr. Charles also got these fruits too?"

"Miss Evans, Mr. Charles went out for something."

"He went out?"

"Yes, it's been a while."

Wendy was puzzled. Why had he go out now without even telling her before? He should show more respect to his neighbor.

In the Hospital. On the top floor.

Henson walked into the ward with a a pot of flower.

He smiled to Mrs. Taylor and said, "Mrs. Taylor, this flower is for you. Wish you can recovery soon."

Seeing the pot, the smile on Mrs. Taylor face fade away.

It's a taboo to give a patient the whole pot of flower. How could Henson not know that? He must did it... on purpose

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"I'm free tonight, but... if I were to join, wouldn't I be a burden to your parents?" Wendy asked sheepishly.

Ross laughed in response. "Nonsense, my mom's really curious to see how you look like now that you're all grown up, especially since it's been ages since she last saw you," he said.

She pursed her lips and gave a faint smile. "Then, I guess... I'll be seeing you tonight."

"Nice. I'll send you my new address later," he replied.

"Alright," she said and hung up. A faint grin crept up on her face afterwards.

Before she got off work in the evening, she texted Baron to tell him not to pick her up from work as she'd already made plans.

She called Henson next.

She knew that if Baron couldn't come pick her up, he'd definitely inform Henson about it, and he'd quickly find out about it, so

instead of him coming to stop her once he received the news, it was better for her to just inform him directly.

Immediately after the call connected, she said, "Henson, I won't be back for dinner tonight as I'll be going to the Lowry's. Ross' mother invited me to dinner after she heard that we bumped into each other last time."

Henson was displeased as the name Ross Lowry came up again.

"How long will you be there?" He snapped.

"I'll head back as soon as I'm done with dinner," she replied.

Seeing as he didn't respond to that, she hurriedly said, "Guess I'll hang up first."

"Wait," he stopped her.

"Yes?" She asked.

"Please have Baron send you there."

"He doesn't have to, I can go there myself-"

"If you don't, I rather you not go," he interrupted in a cold voice. "You might place a lot of your trust in the guy, but to me, anyone who approaches you won't harbour good intentions. At least if you ask Baron to send you there, I'll know

your whereabouts, and if anything happens, that's where I can find you," he explained.

She felt a touch of warmth in her heart after hearing him say that. "Alright, I understand," she obliged with a nod.

After hanging up the phone, she sent the driver a text. "Can I trouble you to come over now to drive me to a certain place for dinner, Baron?" it read.

After she got off work, she asked Baron to drive her to a nearby shopping mall, so that she could grab a few supplements and some canned food to go.

When she arrived at the Lowry's family home, she finally got to see his parents again, of which she hadn't seen in almost eleven years. Their reunion was nothing short of joy.

"Oh Wendy, I really didn't expect the frail little girl I've known from back then to grow up to be such a fine young lady.

I say, you look even prettier than your mother," Anna Lowry, Ross' mother remarked.

Wendy felt somewhat embarrassed at her generous compliment. "You two are even more amazing than I am, Auntie and Uncle. It's like you two didn't age at all," she said with a big smile.

"Heavens, no. We're already old and frail," Anna said as she patted Wendy's hands. "I heard from Ross about what happened to your mother, by the way. We couldn't believe our ears when found out about her condition. You were all alone and we didn't help out much. I always feel like I let her down whenever I recall the times she helped Ross at the time," she lamented.

"Don't say that, Auntie. Now that I'm an adult, I can already take proper care of myself," Wendy comforted her with a gentle smile. "I'd like to think that the reason she left was because she felt safe in the knowledge that I could already take care of myself at that age," she continued.

Immediately following that, Liam Lawry, Ross' dad and Ross himself emerged from the kitchen. "Come here quick, Wendy. We can talk while we have dinner together," his dad said.

When Wendy and Anna arrived at the table, they couldn't help but gawk at the spread. "Wow! I didn't think you could still surprise us with something so amazing, Uncle," Wendy exclaimed.

"Take a seat. Make sure to tell me if my cooking has changed since then," Liam guffawed.

Just as the four of them took their seats, they heard the doorbell ring.

Ross got up and walked towards the door. "Who could it be at this hour?" He muttered.

Wendy's heart tightened. "Could it be that Henson was here for her?"

She thought as she stared at the front door nervously.

He looked surprised when he saw the person standing outside after opening the door. "Why are you here?" He asked, confused.

"So, you really WERE at home after all. I wanted to see what you were so 'busy' with since you turned down my invite to the movies, saying you were 'busy' tonight. Where are your parents? Are they here too?" A woman's voice came through from the door.

He moved aside to let the woman at the door slip into their house slippers. And she did it in a way that indicated that she'd already done it a million times before this. The moment she turned around and saw that there was a beautiful woman sitting at the dining table, she frowned. "So, it seems like you have... a guest," she said.

His mother looked somewhat displeased as she gently put down her cutlery on the table.

Wendy followed suit.

He then walked over to the table together with the woman and announced, "Wendy, this is Sally, my girlfriend. Sally, Wendy. She was our neighbour back then,"

Wendy got up from her seat and nodded at her. "Nice to meet you, Sister Sally," she greeted politely.

Sally looked her up and down for a while before thinking to herself, "Her pretty face really rubs me the wrong way," She then gave a pout and scoffed out loud, "Nice to meet you too, but I don't think the term 'sister' is appropriate. Who told you I was older than you?"

His mother didn't take too kindly to her remark and snapped, "Isn't it obvious that you're older than her? What's the point of asking?"

Sally pouted at her and said in an annoyed tone, "It appears that I came at the wrong time, Uncle and Auntie."

"Didn't you come over just because you didn't trust my son?" His mother directed it to her.

"No, I meant to-" Sally hurriedly said before exhaling and continuing, "I'm just here to pay you guys a visit, is all,"

Ross exchanged glances with his dad before his dad got up in his seat. "In that case, we were just about to dig in. Come and join us then, Sally."

He invited and went to the kitchen to grab another set of cutlery and plates.

Sally sat beside Ross, and was positioned diagonally to Wendy.

She'd scrutinised her for the longest time now. Even Wendy, who was just casually sitting in her chair, started to feel somewhat anxious.

Upon seeing her fix her gaze on Wendy so intently, his mother piped up in a chiding manner, "Why do you keep staring at her like that, Sally?"

"I just think that she's really pretty," Sally remarked and smiled through pursed lips.

She then looked over to her boyfriend. "Ross, why didn't you tell me you had such a gorgeous woman hanging around by your side?"

Wendy thought that she was insinuating something.

He frowned at that. "I hadn't seen Wendy in over 11 years. We just bumped into each other a few days ago at the mall," he said.

"Eleven years and you can still recognize her in one glance? By golly, you're amazing! You always take forever to find me when we go to the movies, even when there aren't too many people at the entrance," she said and pouted. "Is this preferential treatment or something?" Sally snapped.

Ross frowned as he looked at her.

His dad passed a set of cutlery and plates to Sally after coming out of the kitchen.

Originally, she thought of letting the matter rest after seeing how she had the high ground now, but she felt oddly annoyed today. After all, her boyfriend had ditched her to have dinner with another woman, so naturally she felt upset by that.

"Ross, do you regret falling in love with me first after reuniting with such a pretty lady?" Sally suddenly blurted.

"Sally, we have a guest with us now, so how is this an appropriate topic?" His mother said, obviously agitated at her conduct.

Sally pursed her lips as she looked at Wendy and said, "So sorry, Wendy. I hope you don't mind though, I just adore cracking jokes,"

Wendy could tell right away that his girlfriend was extremely jealous of her right now.

"Oh, it's fine. I don't mind at all. Ross and I were just long-time neighbors who haven't seen each other for ages, and it's not like we've done anything weird together or anything. Besides, I already have a boyfriend." She giggled in response.

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Upon hearing her say that, Ross' mom immediately turned to look at her. "Oh dear, I was so hung up on the past I've already forgotten that you've already grown up to be a fine young lady. Ah, our little Wendy is all grown up and even has a boyfriend now. Quick, tell Auntie what he does, and where he works at. And whether he treats you nicely or not," she quizzed.

"He's... uh, a worker for the Charles Group and he treats me super nicely," Wendy reassured her.

"THE Charles Group?" his mother gasped. "That's one of the top companies in all of San Diego! Your boyfriend seems pretty capable,"

Wendy pursed her lips and replied, "He's alright,"

Sally, who was sitting on the other side, raised an eyebrow and chirped, "What a coincidence, I also have a friend who works in the Charles Group. Which department is your boyfriend currently working in? Perhaps they might even know each other."

Ross looked at her and furrowed his brows. "When did you have so many friends?" He asked.

"It's not like you don't know how much I like making friends," she huffed.

He felt somewhat frustrated at how much his girlfriend was being today. Her words had obviously put Wendy in a tough spot.

Wendy pursed her lips and replied, "I doubt if they do. My boyfriend's working in a department where he doesn't have that many colleagues."

"My friend's from the HR department, so he'd definitely know him especially if his department is short-staffed. Just tell me. Who knows, my friend might even be able to help him out at work.

"Also, don't you have a good relationship with the Lowry's? Then, how come you hid the fact that you have a boyfriend from them? Unless... you've never treated them as family in the first place? That would just be awful to Uncle and Auntie here," Sally remarked.

"I didn't mean it like that," Wendy said as she turned around to face his mom and dad. "I just thought of coming over to visit the family, so I reckoned there was no need to talk about my boyfriend, especially since we're not married yet. I figured we might still have a chance of breaking up in the future, and that talking about it now would only worry you two," she said nervously.

"You don't have to force yourself, Wendy. It's alright if you don't feel comfortable sharing now. Just make sure to inform us the first thing you get married, am I right Anna?" His dad said.

His mother nodded in agreement. "That's right. Anyways, let us all stop talking and start eating," she urged.

Sally looked annoyed as she frowned and said, "But that's where I feel you two are wrong, Uncle and Auntie. It's exactly because you two adore her so much that you should probe into it more. What if she gets tricked by the man?"

After hearing her say that, his mom looked over to his dad as if she agreed with her.

Her mother was no longer around, after all, so she was all alone now. She had great looks too, so what if... this was just a big trick by him all along?!

"Wendy, is your boyfriend reliable? He's not doing anything shady, is he?" Sally suddenly asked.

Wendy merely giggled in response before shooting Sally a look. She could see right through her, but the way she was acting now was way too much.

She pursed her lips then directed a request to his mother. "Auntie, if you don't mind, would it be alright if I invite my boyfriend over for dinner as well? Firstly, it's to show you two, just like she said, and secondly, I want to use this opportunity to dispel any doubts she has for me so that she can feel more at ease with Big Bro Ross," she explained.

"I never said I didn't believe you," Sally said with a hint of disdain in her voice.

"Just because you didn't doesn't mean that you don't," Wendy said with a smile.

She didn't feel like burdening the Lowry's any further.

She got up from her seat and walked up to the corner of a window. She then fished out her phone to call Henson.

Immediately after the call connected, she asked, "What are you doing now?"

"I just got home. What is it? Are you on the way home now?" He asked.

"Not yet. Actually, I was thinking, if you hadn't had anything to eat yet, why don't you come down to the Lowry's for dinner with us?" She suggested.

He raised an eyebrow on the other side of the phone. "Huh,"

She took a deep breath before saying, "Ross' mother now knows that I have a boyfriend and keeps pestering me about you. You can't just do whatever you like just because my parent's aren't here anymore, right?"

He immediately understood what she meant by that.

It appears that the role she arranged for him tonight was the role of a 'boyfriend'.

The role wasn't too much to his liking, but he was satisfied for now.

At least now she knew to think of him whenever she needed someone to play the role of boyfriend in her life.

"I'll be there in a jiffy," he obliged happily.

"I'll text you the address," she said, relieved.

"You don't have to. I already know where you are," he said before

hanging up.

She couldn't help but shake her head and giggle at the thought of Baron. "Of course he knows," she thought to herself, amused.

"He'll be here soon," she announced as she returned to the dining table.

Sally had her arms crossed and had displayed a haughty look on her face. "I hope you don't misunderstand me, Wendy. I never said I didn't believe you. The reason I said that was because you were his long-time neighbour, and as his girlfriend, I was just speaking from his perspective. So, I only said all that for your own good," she said as a matter-of-factly.

The corners of Wendy's mouth twitched and she merely grunted in response.

Who would've thought that someone would lace their words with poison on their first meeting with a stranger? And she dared masked it as if she was doing Wendy a favour too.

Wendy knew that she'd never believe a word she said.

"Stop talking and eat your food, Sally," his mom snapped.

Sally frowned and whined, "Auntie, don't tell me you also think that I'm doing this on purpose?"

Literally everyone at the table could see through all her thoughts at this point.

She was obviously acting hostile towards Wendy right now.

After noticing that no one replied to her, she mumbled, "I really didn't mean it in that way, you know."

She later turned her gaze to Wendy and said, "Wendy, did you know that now that Ross' a manager in the mall, he's got a lot of young girls pining for him? This is why I'm so cautious when speaking to others nowadays. So, I apologise if I've made you uncomfortable in any way just now."

Ross immediately shushed her, "Just shut up already,"

This instantly made her unhappy and she frowned in response. It was so obvious to her that the whole family was coddling the little girl in front of her right now, even though SHE was Ross' girlfriend.

"Whoa, I didn't know you were a manager in Grande Mall, Ross. That's such an amazing feat," Wendy exclaimed as she looked at him.

Sally raised both her eyebrows and said proudly, "So, you tell me. How can I not be stressed out when he's that accomplished?"

"I think you worry too much, Sally. I doubt if you have the ability to tie a man down to your side forever. I believe that men who really love their women won't cheat on them, while men who don't can never be controlled," Wendy giggled through pursed lips.

His mother agreed with her. "That's right, what kind of man do you take my son for?" She huffed.

Sally's expression turned grim. "Oh, Miss Wendy. I don't think you fully understand my woes. I'm afraid you might only understand why I'm acting the way I am once YOUR own boyfriend becomes as accomplished as mine one day," she lamented.

Wendy merely pursed her lips, smiled and said nothing.

But on the inside, she pitied him as he got himself such a girlfriend.

They heard the doorbell ring once more soon after.

When she saw Ross was about to get up from his seat to open the door, she quickly stood up and said, "I'll go,"

She brisk walked to the door and opened it to reveal Henson standing outside the door.

A rosy smile formed on her face when her gaze landed on him. Her saviour had finally arrived.

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Upon seeing her beautiful smile, Henson smirked. "I made it," he announced.

Wendy led him by the wrist through the door.

The moment he came into view, both Ross and Sally were shocked beyond belief.

They instantly recognized the man standing in front of them.

His parents were also very surprised, as the man standing before them was incredibly good-looking, and looked totally out of Wendy's league.

Wendy then brought Henson to the table to introduce him to everyone. "Uncle, Auntie, Ross, Sally, this is... my boyfriend, Henson. Henson, those two are Liam and Anna Lowry, Ross' parents I told you about last time. This guy here's Ross, and the woman there is his girlfriend, Sally," she said.

He nodded to everyone in greeting. "It's my first time meeting you all, and the pleasure's all mine," he said politely.

"Nice to meet you too. Come here, Hensie, have a seat."

Ross' mother greeted while his father returned to the kitchen to retrieve another set of tableware.

"Hensie," she snickered to herself at the nickname Ross' mother gave him.

Sally covered her lips with her hands and mumbled out loud, "Oh my God, is that THE Mr. Charles? I can't be mistaken, right Ross?"

Ross looked Henson up and down for a while. The thought of Wendy dating Mr. Charles, one of the most prolific people in all of San Diego, had never once crossed his mind.

His mother looked perplexed after seeing the frightened looks on her son and his girlfriend's faces.

She could understand if it was only coming from Sally, but why was it that her son was acting weirdly too?

Wendy then flashed Sally a smile through pursed lips. "I suppose you should be able to feel more at ease now that you know that I actually have a boyfriend, Sister Sally," she said.

Henson raised an eyebrow after hearing her say that. So, that was why she called him over.

It appeared that Ross' girlfriend was suspicious of her claims.

Sally nodded profusely at that.

Ross's father came out of the kitchen eventually and handed a set of tableware over to Henson.

Ross's mother, who was standing in a corner, didn't understand anything that was going on at the moment suddenly piped up with questions. "Anyways Hensie, what kind of position do you hold in the Charles Group? How many people are in your family now?" She asked.

"I'm working in the managerial department of the Charles Group. My parents are no longer living, but I have an older brother, a younger brother, and a sister who's the youngest in the family," he answered with a smile.

"Ah, that doesn't sound good. I suppose you must be facing a lot of financial difficulties in your family now," she remarked.

"We're doing alright.

After all, it only takes little to raise them," he replied calmly.

She then thought for a moment before quizzing further, "Then, did you purchase any properties in San Diego? Do you own a car? Will you be staying with your siblings once you get married?"

"I have all of that. My little brother's staying with me now, while my youngest sister's currently studying abroad," he answered politely.

"Where's your house... located then? Doesn't Wendy work as an assistant professor? Is it feasible to drive her to and from the university everyday?" She continued quizzing.

Wendy felt a little embarrassed as she didn't expect his mother to grill him about his personal life so intensely.

"Mom-" Ross interjected and shook his head at his mother.

shook his head at his mother.

"Am I wrong for asking questions now?" She huffed.

Henson gave a small chuckle. "I don't mind at all, Auntie. Feel free to ask if you have any questions. I suppose it's only natural that I answer these types of questions since I'm dating Wendy now.

"I own a few properties in the San Diego area, but most of them are located on Ring Street. My little brother might be staying with me, but we're staying in separate buildings so we don't get caught up in one another's lifestyles on the daily. My place isn't located too far away from where Wendy works, but is still a distance. However, I'd like to think it's in a pretty convenient location, as I'd arranged for a chauffer to drive her to and from campus every time she has to go to work," he explained.

His mother was dumbstruck after hearing all of that. Weren't all the swanky villas located on Ring Street?

On top of that, separate buildings? The man was obviously loaded.

Sally, who was sitting opposite her, hurriedly shushed her, "I think you should stop questioning him, Auntie. This is Master Henson, the CEO of the Charles Group we're talking about here."

"Huh?!" His mother gasped.

She immediately looked him up and down. Was he actually the CEO of the Charles Group?

"How in the world did such a high profile person such as himself become Wendy's boyfriend in the first place?" She thought to herself.

"There's no need to look so shocked, Auntie. I might be the CEO of the Charles Group, but in reality, I'm no different from everyone else."

He said with a smile while scooping up some food for Wendy.

"Didn't you tell me that you missed aunt's food a lot? Then, you should definitely eat more now that you have the chance," he said to Wendy.

The Lowry's were at a loss for words after seeing how gentle he was being towards Wendy.

Wendy pursed her lips and shifted her gaze to him and said, "You should eat more too. I don't suppose you've ever had such an authentic and fine homecooked meal in your life."

"Then, I suppose I have to thank you. Because of you, I'm able to have such good food tonight," he teased.

Sally later blurted in bewilderment, "How did you meet Master Henson in the first place, Wendy?"

"I used to be a private tutor for his younger brother a few years back, which is how I later got to know him well. Afterwards, his younger brother enrolled in my university and now he's my student again," she explained.

Sally's eyes seethed with envy.

This was literally like the story of the ugly duckling turning into a swan.

However, that didn't sit right with her. Ugly ducklings like her should always stay ugly ducklings. So, how could an ugly duckling like her even turn into a swan in the first place?

What kind of person was Master Henson? He might appear to be in a relationship with her now, but she deduced that he'd definitely dump her in the future.

She surmised that Wendy also probably already knew this, seeing how she said that they weren't married yet at the table just now. This could mean that she was also unsure if they could have a future together.

Sally raised her eyebrows after hearing that. "I came across a tabloid article that wrote about you and Elizabeth a few days ago, Master Henson. It wrote that you denied all claims of the sort, but my colleagues and I keep thinking that you two are a couple," she said.

"Gossip sites are only meant for brainless idiots. What use is speculating when the person involved has already denied such claims? I suppose it's too late to help these idiots anymore," he chided her flatly.

His words made Wendy's heart flutter.

She still didn't understand why Sally hated her so much.

Sally felt embarrassed after hearing him chide her in such a way. "Um, my point being, no one really expected you to be dating a common woman, Master Henson," she said.

"What do you mean by 'common'? Are you implying that you see the world through classes, Miss Sally? If that's the case, then do tell me which class is it that you belong to."

He said in a calm manner, but the way he went about it made people break out in a cold sweat.

"I-I didn't mean it like that," she stammered in response.

"I don't care what you meant by that just now. If you ever have any more suspicions about me and Wendy being a couple, that's fine, but please keep it to yourself in the future.

"The way I see it, me and Wendy are equals. I don't think she should be honoured to be my girlfriend, but I should be honoured to be her boyfriend instead. You shouldn't put the cart before the horse just because I have more money than the average person. Love should never have anything to do with wealth."

He snapped as he passed the piece of fish he'd deboned while he was lecturing over to Wendy's plate. "The fish is sublime," he commented in a gentle tone.

Wendy pursed her lips and said, "You should have more of it then. The fish that Uncle cooks isn't a dish you can get just anywhere, you know."

Even after witnessing how much shade that was thrown at Sally, not one of them at the table spoke up to help her get out of the hole she dug for herself.

After all, the way she'd carried herself just now was absolutely abysmal.

She turned her head to shoot Ross a glance, but he straight up ignored her.

"I suppose it's an honour for us to be in your presence now then. Hopefully I'll be able to witness you two get married one day," she said in defeat.

"Oh, the Lowry's will definitely be invited. I'm not too sure about you though, since you're not a Lowry yet," Henson replied

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Sally furrowed her brows. Was Master Henson implying that Ross would break up with her?

Although she felt displeased on the inside, she daren't let it show on her face and merely smiled in response before saying, "That's true, couples can still go their separate ways after getting married. Will you be marrying Wendy anytime soon, Master Henson?"

He turned his head to look at Wendy squarely in the eyes. "I plan to marry her the moment she says 'yes'. She keeps insisting that she's still young and that she wants me to wait a bit longer though. I really don't know how else to persuade her at this point. Oh, right! I hope both Uncle and Auntie can help me persuade her as well. You both know how stubborn she can be at times," he joked.

Wendy flushed a bit after hearing that and Ross' mother chuckled as she looked at her. "That's right, this young lady still has that headstrong personality from when she was younger. You know, Wendy, when fate comes knocking at your door, you should answer it and marry him as soon as you can. Then, you can have kids and experience the joys of life sooner," she giggled.

"I fully agree with that," he said with a nod.

"You'd better stop talking and focus on your food," she said and slapped him on the arm

before turning to his mother to quickly say, "I don't think we need to rush getting married, Auntie. I just graduated from university this year, after all, and I plan to work till I'm financially stable before settling down. Also, I need lots of time to test the waters,"

His mother merely shook her head and giggled. "This child is really something," she thought.

Ross later raised his wine glass and directed his words to Henson, "A toast, Master Henson, to your success of securing such a wonderful girlfriend,"

Henson smirked as he raised his wine glass to clink it with his. "Thanks a lot," he replied and sipped some wine before continuing,

"Wendy told me you're currently working at Grande Mall,"

"Yeah. Before this, I was working at headquarters but I was later transferred to the branch in San Diego. So, now I'm responsible for managing the shopping malls in the San Diego division," Ross replied.

Henson nodded in understanding. "Then, I suppose you must be doing pretty well for yourself now, Mr. Lowry. The way I see it, an accomplished man should be careful and finicky when it comes to choosing a life partner. It'd be a shame if one makes decisions that might impede and spell trouble to them later on in life, you know," Henson said,

his words cryptic on the surface, but everyone at the table immediately understood what he was referring to.

Wendy snuck a glance at Sally to see that the arrogant look she displayed just now had already vanished without a trace. Anyone could see that she looked depressed now.

to see that the arrogant look she displayed just now had already vanished without a trace. Anyone could see that she looked depressed now.

After all, who could stand being looked down upon to such an extent?

After dinner, Henson and Wendy bade their farewells to the Lowry's and left for home.

The moment they left, Ross dragged Sally to the downstairs entrance of their apartment complex.

"Why did you come over tonight?" He shouted at her in anger.

"What's with the attitude? You want to pick a fight with me? Don't tell me you plan to heed Mr. Charles advice just now? You want to toss me aside for another woman? Don't forget that I was the one who stuck by you when you were at your lowest four years ago, Ross Lowry," she screamed back.

"But you've changed, Sally, you really have. You were understanding and kind and you didn't treat me like I was an object back then, but what about now? I already told you a million times before, I'm not the kind of man who would cheat on you, but did you ever trust me?"

"Why is it that you always humiliate every woman who appears in my life, especially those who are unwed? Do you ever think about how I feel whenever you do that? Now, because of you, I'm seen as a shameless playboy in the eyes of others."

"I know. I know that you stayed by my side and wasted a big chunk of your youth on me, but when have I ever let you down in the four years since? And when I tried proposing to you, who was it who said that she wanted to wait a few more years?" He ranted.

A pained expression formed on her face and tears started falling from her eyes. "What are you trying to say? Are you seriously breaking up with me right now?" She said in between sobs.

He sighed. "No one's breaking up with you. I'm just asking you to stop acting like a madwoman. You'll only tire me out if you only spend your days either shopping or pining for me. I really don't want our relationship to just end like that after spending the past four years together," he begged.

With that, he spun around and started walking to his car. "Let's go. I'll drive you home," he said.

She hurriedly walked in front of him and spread out her arms to block his path. "Then, why is it that you told me you didn't have time when I asked you to go to the movies with me? And in the end, when I went looking for you, you'd brought another woman home for dinner. Am I wrong for being angry?"

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Mason and Daisy Charles returned to the villa on Sunday.

Howell also return to the villa from campus to have lunch with them in the afternoon as well.

As he arrived, he was in sports gear and was drenched in sweat.

The moment he stepped into the courtyard, Daisy sighed, "Why are you wearing like this again, Howell? Don't you feel uncomfortable walking around in your stinky, wet clothes?" she asked.

"I just wanna save time and rush back home to have lunch with you guys," he reasoned as he grabbed a square of his shirt to sniff it. "I do smell though, and I think I'll go wash up now. Be back in ten," he said and

Daisy merely shook her head and was a bit speechless.

She then turned to face Wendy, who was sitting beside her. "I still remember how he was like when he was a kid. Time flies, doesn't it? I can't believe he's already a college student now," she remarked.

Wendy pursed her lips and nodded. "That's true. Time just slips past us so easily," she said.

Daisy looked at her, her eyes filled with envy. "Now's the best time for you though. I'm so jealous of your age right now," she pouted.

"Don't say that, Daisy. Everyone has been young once, you know," Wendy replied.

Daisy sighed and lifted her head to look at the sky. "That's true. I remember feeling so happy back when I was your age. How I wish I could turn back time... so that I could relive the best times of my life again," she lamented.

Seeing her look sad, Wendy suddenly thought of Henson for some reason.

"She must be referring to the time she spent with Henson," she thought.

"Oh, right," she gasped as if she suddenly thought of something. "Did Henson have any dealings with the Nicholson's lately?" she asked.

After giving it some thought, Wendy shook her head. "I don't think so,"

"You don't know either?" Daisy asked.

"What happened?" Wendy asked back, confused.

"A few days back, during an afternoon tea session with my friends, they told me that the young miss and her mother from the Nicholson's are telling everyone about her immediate engagement to one of the members of the Charles family," Daisy explained.

Wendy was somewhat shocked at the news. Engagement?

"Have you caught wind of this, Wendy?" she asked.

Wendy shook her head and replied, "No, not at all,"

"Hmm," Daisy said and fell silent for a moment before continuing, "I suppose it's only natural that you hadn't received word on it yet, since you're not in my social circle. But didn't Henson at least bring this up with you?"

Wendy calmly shook her head again in reply. "No," she muttered.

"Well, that's strange. I'm sure he knows about this, so how come he's so calm about it? It's strange that he didn't even discuss it with you even if he doesn't plan to resolve the problem head on. I'll have you know he despises the Nicholson's to his very core. He shouldn't have let this matter escalate to such a point in the first place too. It's really strange as to why he didn't resolve it sooner," Daisy rambled.

Wendy frowned after hearing that. "Can you tell me why he hates the Nicholson's so much, Daisy? What beef does the Nicholson family and the Charles family have with one another anyways?" she probed.

"Henson has never brought this up to you too?" Daisy asked while she looked at her.

Wendy shook her head once more. "Not at all," she replied.

Daisy raised an eyebrow. "But why?" she said with a hint of surprise in her voice.

"He really didn't, but you should know something about it, surely?" Wendy asked.

"I do," Daisy said and went silent for a moment. "But since Henson didn't tell you this himself, I'm sure he has his own reservations about the matter. And since he doesn't want to tell you, I shouldn't overstep my bounds to spill the beans either. I hope you don't overthink the matter too, Wendy. Maybe... he'll open up about it once you two move on to the next level of your relationship. Just give him some time, alright?" she assured her.

Hearing her say this, a feeling of unease crept up in Wendy's heart.

Henson was the one who kept saying he's into her, so how come Daisy knew all his secrets? What about her? How come she was the only one who was in the dark?

Also, regarding the Nicholson's engagement to the Charles... What the heck was that all about?

She shot Henson, who was sitting by the window in the living room, a disappointed look beneath her furrowed brows.

If everything Daisy told her was true, then she decided that she'd definitely dump him and run away as far away as she could from him. The further the better.

After seeing how silent Wendy was being, Daisy piped up anxiously, "Could it be that... Did I make you sad after telling you all that? I hope you don't misunderstand my intentions, Wendy, but the reason why I said all that was to warn you that the Nicholson's might be up to no good, and that you should be more cautious in the future. After all, the matriarch of the family has been known to be a pretty crafty woman,"

Wendy gave a small chuckle in response and reassured her, "No, no, I'm fine, Daisy. I just got distracted and was thinking about something else just now. I'll be sure to give him time and not force him into giving me the answers I want. I was the one who chose him after all, so I'll continue to trust him and support him in any way I can,"

Daisy pursed her lips as she looked at Henson who was chatting with Mason in the living room, her eyes full of longing.

Standing at the door was a certain Howell who'd arrived, and was much cleaner now after a shower.

Seeing as the two ladies were still seated in the courtyard, he went over to join them. "You two sure know how to talk. I can't believe you guys are still talking after I've finished my shower," he remarked.

Daisy patted his leg a few times. "I'll have you know Wendy and I have been talking since morning,"

"My God, usually I only hear about women fighting with one another. It's such a rare sight to see two ladies getting along so well," he said.

Daisy laughed at that comment. "This is why you should get yourself a wife who's easy to get along with. If not, Wendy and I will join forces together to make life difficult for her," she joked.

"Nonsense, I know you definitely wouldn't do that, but as for Sister Wendy..." he trailed off.

Wendy rolled her eyes at him. "Do I look evil to you, you little brat?" she sneered.

"How am I to say otherwise since you're always bullying me? Can't you treat me better if you don't want me to think badly of you?" he said.

Wendy was at a loss for words. She then raised her hand to slap him across the arm. "Who's the talkative one now?"

He flashed Daisy a mischievous grin and inched closer to her. "Did you see that, Daisy? Wendy's literally a spitting image of a tigress. I bet she used this to her advantage to hunt my brother down," he snickered.

Wendy's anger flared after hearing him say that. She immediately got up from her seat to prepare her fists.

He got up as well, but it was so that he could flee from her.

Soon, the two of them then were engaged in a cat-and-mouse-like chase in the courtyard, of which their noises attracted the attention of the two men in the living room.

Mason looked to the courtyard and raised his eyebrows. "This place is different from what it used to be. It's certainly livelier now," he remarked.

"It's definitely better than how it was before," Henson replied.

"I suppose that's why it's so important to find a woman you can rely on," he added.

his gaze was fixed on Wendy. Little did he know that Daisy was secretly staring at him this whole time.

While seated in the courtyard, Daisy tightened the grip on her coffee cup.

She noticed that Henson's gaze had... changed.

She later put down her cup and flashed the both of them a smile before chirping, "Alright, you two should stop messing around already. Literally everyone's watching you two right now,"

Wendy glared at Howell menacingly. "Just you wait, you brat," she threatened.

He stuck out his tongue at her in response, totally shattering the image people had of him being a cold, aloof popular kid on campus.

Daisy patted his arm, seeing as he wasn't standing too far away from her and instructed, "Don't pester us while we're talking. Go pester Mason and Henson instead,"

He made a gesture using his forefinger and middle finger at the side of his temples in response. "As you wish, my lady," he replied

then ran off by himself.

Wendy went back to her seat to catch her breath. She gulped down a few mouthfuls of water afterwards.

"It appears that you're really close to Howell," Daisy giggled.

"He IS my student, after all. We've already spent so much time together at this point," Wendy replied.

"I'll be honest... I really envy you, Wendy. Looking at you now, I can't help but think back to the person I was a few years back. I was so happy then," Daisy lamented.

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While staring at Daisy, Wendy felt that she radiated a kind of aura that made her feel somewhat uncomfortable.

After mulling it over, she surmised that she bared the aura of a resentful wife as the way she presented herself, from her gaze to her tone to her voice, all seemed to have a kind of bitterness hiding behind it.

She was actually quite curious to know about the incident that occurred between her, Henson and Mason back then. Why wasn't she a couple with Henson now, and when they used to love each other before?

She pursed her lips and replied, "Everyone has move forward from their past at some point, Daisy. People always do their best today in hopes of securing a better future, and not to change the past, after all,"

"You might be an educator, Wendy, but you sure know your philosophy too," Daisy giggled in reply.

Wendy's lips remained pursed. "I doubt if this is any kind of grand philosophy. I just said it because... it came to me," she said.

The both of them then exchange glances and smiles while they drank their coffees.

Howell went into the living room to sit beside his two brothers.

"Huh, you two sure know where to sit. This angle is perfect for spying on your wives," he commented.

Henson looked at him and asked, "What were you doing with Wendy just now?"

"I was just messing around with her," Howell chuckled.

"Know your place," Henson snapped and rolled his eyes at him.

Mason, who was sitting beside them chirped, "I, for one, think that this is actually a good thing. I remember how drab and soulless our place was before, always so cold and unwelcoming too. It feels really nice to hear such carefree sounds of laughter today,"

Henson shook his head as if to refute his claims. "This brat here is the source of all our troubles," he scoffed.

"Why can't you say that your wife has nothing to lose instead?" Howell huffed.

"Of course, she has nothing to lose, but once she has, I'll definitely exact my revenge on her behalf," Henson declared.

"Get a load of this, Mason. How is this impostor my brother Henson?!" Howell asked incredulously.

Mason smiled and said calmly, "This is what happens when a man falls in love,"

Henson smiled but didn't reply to that.

Mason later changed the topic. "Anyways, I'd advise you to be more careful from now on. Daisy met up with her friends yesterday and they told her that the mother daughter pair from the Nicholson's are spreading rumours about their engagement to one of the members in the Charles family. When did YOU start talking with Julia Nicholson?" he probed.

"What the sh*t?!" Howell immediately got up from his seat and exclaimed. "How dare the Nicholson's spout such a shameless lie of being engaged to a member of the Charles family. Do they actually think that Julia stands a chance with brother Henson? They're the gift that just keeps on giving, aren't they? Thank God Sister Wendy's-"

Before he could finish, he was interrupted by Henson's glare. "Don't you dare bring your Sister Wendy into this," he snapped.

Realising that he'd worded it inappropriately, he rephrased his sentence and said, "Can't you see I hate them too? Nothing happens for no reason too.

Did you do something to piss her off, Henson?"

Henson remained calm and explained, "Stop making it such a big deal. I just gave General Burke some face, is all,"

"General Burke?" Mason gasped, puzzled. "What does this have to do with him?"

"He owed the Nicholson's family a favour and just used my name to do it," Henson said.

Howell was displeased at this. "Then, what should we do? We can't just sit here, can we?" he retorted.

Henson smirked. "You two needn't worry about a thing, I have a few tricks up my sleeve for this. Just let them do whatever they want, I'll teach them a lesson afterwards," he said.

Upon seeing his expression he displayed, Howell couldn't help but start trembling. "W-what is it you have in mind, Henson?" he stammered.

"What's with all these questions? You'll see when the time comes," Henson scoffed.

Howell sulked and asked, "Is it a crime to be curious?"

Mason, on the other hand, looked extremely calm about the whole thing. "Always remember to stay calm, Howell. Don't forget you're one of the men in the Charles family, alright?" he reminded.

Howell was at a loss for words. Can't the men in the Charles family do whatever they wanted? He didn't feel like living with such a heavy burden on his shoulders.

When thinking of his Eldest brother, Brother Mason, then Brother Henson,

he kept imagining that each of the men in the Charles family had heavy shackles on.

But which one of them had ever been happy in the past because of it?

Now, Brother Henson had become somewhat more empathetic after meeting Sister Wendy. He felt that it was a good start.

But of course, their relationship would be perfect if Wendy didn't have any connections whatsoever to the Nicholson's.

When they were having lunch in the afternoon, Henson kept dumping food onto Wendy's plate.

Howell had already seen enough and piped up with displeasure in his voice, "Brother Henson, does Wendy not have hands? Can't you just let her eat normally by herself?"

"Who are you to tell me what to do," Henson snapped.

"What I mean by that, is that I'm single and that I don't have a girlfriend, so can't you be more considerate of how I feel right now?" Howell ranted.

"Then, that's your problem. Why should I hold back on my own feelings just to accommodate you?" Henson argued.

Howell then clenched his teeth, held on to his heart, and displayed a pained expression on his face. "Y-you're not... my brother," he said in anguish.

"Heh, that's a pretty likely possibility too," Henson replied.

The corners of Howell's mouth twitched in response. "Are you telling me that single people don't have any chance of surviving in this world? You know what, from now on, if you host any family events at home, you're not allowed to call me over, because I've already cut myself off from you. I'm pissed now," he huffed.

Wendy then piled some food onto his plate and said, "Alright, alright, quit your yakking already. Finish your food it quickly,"

Howell raised his eyebrows in triumph as he turned to look at Henson. "Take that, Brother Henson. People do care about me after all," he gloated.

Henson had a bitter expression on as he looked at Wendy. "I don't see you piling food onto my plate," he mumbled.

She frowned and retorted, "Doesn't your conscience hurt when you say that? Wasn't I the one who kept piling food on your plate at the Lowry's yesterday night?"

He pushed his plate in front of her and declared, "You can't just care about your boyfriend once in a while, you have to care about him everyday,"

She didn't know what to say to that. She later shot him a look and scooped up some food for him, "Fine, eat up," she said.

"Sister Wendy took the initiative to hand me food, you know, Henson," Howell said, clearly with the intention of stoking the flames.

Henson glared back at her.

He wasn't wrong.

She immediately gave a nervous laugh while patting his head a few times. "Oh, stop it. I'm just doing what I can to care for this grown-up baby of mine. Be a good boy and finish your food quickly, alright?" she said to Howell.

Henson snickered.

The corners of Howell's mouth twitched. Why was he the one who had to bear the brunt of it at the end?

Sitting opposite him was Mason who had turned to look at Daisy. "Isn't it nice that our home's become livelier since the last time we visited?" he chuckled.

Daisy merely pursed her lips, giggled and didn't say anything else to that.

After everyone had finished their meal, the five of them chatted some more, mainly about Howell's studies.

Mason and Daisy then left the villa at around one o'clock, while

Howell returned to campus to play ball with his classmates.

Wendy had originally planned to take an afternoon nap when Henson swung by her room. "I heard you're going to be engaged to Julia Nicholson," she said.

He raised his eyebrows and asked, "Did Daisy tell you about this already?"

“Daisy?” she thought and

pouted. “You mean ‘sister-in-law’,”

But of course, she’d never let her inner feelings show.

“Well, when are you guys getting engaged? Make sure to send me a wedding invite when the time comes. I might not like the Nicholson’s, but I’ll still be there for your sake,” she said flatly.

Upon hearing how jealous she sounded, Henson made sure to play along. “Sure, I’ll definitely invite you when the time comes. In fact, you might be getting an invite sooner than you think,” he replied.

She was stunned. Was he being for real now?

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Seeing the shock look on Wendy’s face, Henson pinched the tip of her nose. “Weren’t you about to take a nap?”

“Get out,” she huffed and immediately turned away from him.

“Why? I want a nap too,” he said.

“I refuse to get involved with a man who belongs to Julia. Get out,” she insisted.

“Are you angry?” he asked, his gaze pointing upward.

“Do you need me to escort you out?” she asked, annoyed.

He looked shocked. Was she actually angry at him right now?

“You’re such a petty woman. Weren’t you the one who started all this? I was just playing along, so how come you’re the one who got angry first?” he asked.

After scoffing at him, she pulled the covers over herself and decided to ignore him for now.

In response, he hopped onto the bed and hugged her from behind.

The more she struggled, the tighter he held onto her.

“Let go of me!” she hissed.

"Never," he replied.

"Henson, you meanie! Don't you dare kiss me," she ordered.

He kissed the back of her head instead. "Such a prickly woman. She's still this explosive when getting a kiss from her boyfriend," he replied.

"Go look for Julia then. Doesn't she want to get engaged to you? She should be your girlfriend instead," she scoffed.

He then got up from the bed to get to her side of the bed. He then looked at her with a loving expression on his face. "Fine, fine, I was in the wrong just now. I will never be engaged to her. I'll have to teach her a lesson since she's a Nicholson. I will never, ever marry her in my lifetime, so don't worry. The only person I want to marry is you," he assured her

and pulled her into his arms. "Hear my heartbeat, hear how fast it beats for you. We might've known each other for a long time now, but whenever I lay my eyes on you, my heart still races. Tell me, why should I marry a woman who once went through plastic surgery when I can marry the woman who makes my heart skip a beat every time I see her?" he asked.

Her face flushed crimson after hearing that. The way he said it was so smooth, it was as if his mouth was made up of sweet, sweet honey.

But regardless of how smooth he was, she still recalled what Daisy had told her just now.

She bit her lip. "Why do the Charles hate the Nicholson's so much?" she asked after a long moment of hesitation.

He fell silent.

After not speaking for a long while, he ruffled her hair and said, "Let's not dwell on such dreary topics. Didn't you say you were tired? You should take a short nap then, I'll nap with you too,"

Her breathing started becoming more laboured.

He kept saying that he loved her more and more,

but it was obvious that the love he'd stored up for her couldn't even compare to the love he still had for Daisy during his youth.

So this was why he'd never share his secrets with her.

Just the thought of it was enough to fill her heart with a sense of unease.

After a busy week at work, the week was slowly nearing its end.

When she arrived at the cafeteria for lunch on Friday afternoon, she noticed that the hall was unusually empty.

Correction, the hall was lacking in female staff.

She relayed her confusion to Linda. "Why are there so little people in the cafeteria today?" she asked.

"All the single lady staff under the age of thirty have started preparing themselves," Linda whispered in reply.

After giving her words some thought, Wendy asked incredulously, "You can't possibly mean they're currently preparing for Mr. Charles' lecture later in the afternoon,"

"What else can they prepare for?" Linda replied and laughed. "I bet our campus is going to be livelier today than it was during the university's anniversary,"

Wendy shook her head and giggled along. "I can already picture the scene in the multimedia classroom later. It'd probably look like a shopping mall on Black Friday," she joked.

Linda giggled as well. "Well, do you plan to go later?" she asked.

"Sure, why not? I'm curious to hear what Mr. Charles has to say," Wendy answered amusedly.

Linda shrugged her shoulders: "How nice. I, too, want to go and have a look. Let's go together," Linda said excitedly after shrugging.

"Sure, we can head back to our office to rest for a bit after lunch then head there together," Wendy suggested.

After a short nap on her desk, Wendy woke up and noticed that Carmen and Cael hadn't yet returned to the office.

"Huh? Why aren't Carmen and Cael back yet?" she asked, dumbfounded.

"Carmen shot me a text just now. She told me she's already in the hall, and that the hall's full of people, up to the point of bursting, even," Linda replied.

"Huh? Could I be mistaken about the time? Doesn't his lecture start at 3pm?" Wendy asked, confused.

"It does, but since many people feared that they might not get seats, they went and queued up outside first," Linda answered while looking at the time. "It's already two. Should we get going now?"

"It's still so early. Let's wait another hour before going," Wendy suggested.

Linda obliged with a casual nod.

At two fifty, Wendy was holding on to Linda's arm as they chatted along the way to the building that housed all the lecture halls.

But when they arrived at the corridor of the multimedia classroom which was located on the first floor of the building, the both of them immediately stopped dead in their tracks.

What the h*ll was going on...

It wasn't strange to see people crowding near the windows, but even the whole corridor was packed.

As the two of them gazed into the multimedia classroom, all they could see was a sea of the back of people's heads. With how much black there was, it even looked scary from afar.

"You were right, Linda. This IS even livelier than how it was during the university's anniversary," Wendy exclaimed in surprise.

Linda raised her eyebrows and replied, "No wonder Carmen said she couldn't talk anymore, who could when they're being packed like sardines?"

Wendy merely shook her head in response. "Do you still want to go inside?" she asked.

Linda gave her a look. "What do you think?" she asked.

"Uh..

. I suggest we don't. It's just way too crowded," Wendy said.

"Forget it then. Let's just head back to our office to work then," Linda replied

and Wendy nodded to that.

However, the moment the two of them left, Henson walked past them, and was surrounded by more than ten bodyguards.

At four five, her phone vibrated.

She fished out her phone to glance at the caller ID. Henson was calling.

It appeared that he'd just finished giving the first lesson of his life.

She got up from her seat and left the office to answer his call. "Yes?" she said.

"Where are you..." his voice trailed off.

"Where am I? You can take a guess," she snickered.

He sounded like he wasn't in the mood on the other line. "Why didn't you attend my lecture just now? I personally asked you to come," he sulked.

"But I am indeed here," she giggled.

"No way," he said.

She shrugged in reply. She doubted if he could even spot her in such a huge crowd.

"Why would I lie? I'm really in the multimedia classroom right now. It's just that the place is swarming with people. It's so crowded here I don't even have room to breathe," she whined.

"Who taught you to lie, Wendy Evans?" he probed.

She felt guilty after that. "Heh, just because you didn't see me doesn't mean that I wasn't there. I doubt if you could've found me anyways," she said.

"Oh, really? If you were really in the room just now, why didn't you answer me when I called out your name?" he pressed.

She was shocked. Did he actually call her out

and let the whole campus know that they knew each other?!

"Why'd you call out my name in front of so many people? Are you nuts?!" she shouted at her phone.

"Do you want me to punish you, Wendy?" he huffed.

She immediately covered her mouth with a hand. This b*stard was trying to trick her.

"Hmph, I'll have you know I really went, alright. I went with one of my colleagues, but when we arrived, the place was crawling with people, from outside the windows to even the corridors. There was no way we could've gotten a seat anywhere," she reasoned.

"Then, why didn't you arrive earlier like everyone else?" he interrogated.

"I still had work to do just now," she answered.

"You know what I think? I think you didn't want to attend my lecture at all," he sulked.

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Wendy flailed her hands around in defeat. "Oh God, have mercy on me. I'm aware that it's an honour for me to listen in to a lecture given by the famous business mogul Mr. Charles of San Diego. As a mere mortal, I would absolutely love to learn your ways, but it was just my luck that the multimedia classroom was crazy crowded today. There was absolutely no way I could've gone inside at all, which was why I had to retreat to my office," she explained frustratedly.

"Oh, really? And are you sure all of your words are true?" Henson probed.

"Sure enough." she huffed with a serious expression on, even though he wasn't in the room with her to see it.

She knew how much he liked settling scores, so she decided to deal with it as fast and as seriously as she could.

"Alright, I forgive you this time. I'll be sure to fulfill your wishes of attending my next lecture then. I'll be waiting for you at the campus gates later. I'll be out in a bit so that we can go home together," he said.

"But I won't be getting off work for a while more," she remarked.

"No worries, I plan on paying the university president a visit anyways, so just remember to come down to the car later," he said.

With that, he hung up first.

Carmen returned to the office at the same time she did, and was wearing a new set of clothes.

Seeing as she was limping, Wendy quickly stepped forward to help her on her feet. "Are you alright, Carmen?" she asked, concerned.

"Ugh, don't get me started. I've been standing for the past four hours. I can't feel my legs at all," Carmen lamented.

"Huh? Didn't you manage to snag a seat?" Wendy asked.

"A seat? The best I could get was a small spot in a corner of the classroom. Those kids are crazy," she ranted.

Just as the two of them were talking, a tired-looking Cael stepped into the room.

Wendy looked towards Cael and asked, "Are you alright, Cael? How come you look so dead?"

"Achoo!" he sneezed and rubbed his nose after. "The female student sitting beside me just now had so much perfume on it smothered me. I hope I don't go down with anything the next day from choking on it for so long," he whined.

"Oh, be grateful, you. At least you managed to snag a seat. I have a feeling I'm gonna lose my legs tonight," Carmen said in frustration.

The three of them then walked into the office while propping Carmen up.

Linda was in the middle of drinking her coffee when she saw the two of them come in. She spluttered and started laughing. "What happened to you two? How come the both of you came back depressed when you left so excitedly?" she chuckled.

Cael flailed his arms about as he went back to his seat.

"Oh, don't get me started. Just the thought of it makes me want to cry," he said.

Wendy fetched some water for them both and put it on their desks.

Before returning to her seat. "I went with Linda just now but we both couldn't manage to get in. So, how was the lecture? Did you two learn anything from it? Was Mr. Charles a good lecturer?" she quizzed.

Carmen gave her a thumbs up almost instantly. "For students in the Business and Finance faculty, his lecture was even more valuable than ten lectures combined from any of the professors here. It was such a shame that...

... most of the girls weren't paying attention though, while the majority of the boys were as I surveyed the room from a corner. I could immediately tell why from the way they were dressed," she commented.

Cael glanced at her clothes and scoffed, "You're one to talk,"

"You have no right to mock me either, since we're basically the same," Carmen huffed.

Wendy and Linda exchanged glances and snickered. "Pot calling the kettle black," Wendy thought.

Cael then pouted and said, "Don't you bring me into this. We're not the same, if I were to compare you to the kids in the hall, you would've lost horribly by now. I now know... how to truly seduce a man after seeing them today,"

Carmen immediately nodded her head after hearing him say that. "I know right! By the way, which faculty was that girl from?" she asked.

"I'm not sure, but the young lady sitting beside her is in the English department because I've seen her before," he said.

Wendy deduced that something had happened just now.

Without waiting for her to ask them what they were talking about, Linda immediately wanted in on the story. "What kind of interesting story are you guys talking about?" she asked.

Caerl exchanged looks with Carmen. "Interesting? More like embarrassing," he scoffed.

"Same here," Carmen replied as she turned around to face Linda and Wendy.

"Let me tell you two, when everyone was deeply focused on the lecture, a girl suddenly stood up from her seat and held up a big card that read 'MARRY ME, MR. CHARLES'," Carmen said.

Linda spat out the coffee in her mouth, "Oh my god, are you for real?" she spluttered.

"It's real, alright. Don't you guys think it's embarrassing too?" Carmen asked.

"How did Mr. Charles react to that? Was he shocked?" Wendy asked.

"Of course not, the man's experienced this way too many times by this point. When he saw the words on the card, he paused and calmly replied with 'I appreciate your deep support towards me, dear student, but I feel you should prioritise your studies more. The reason I came here today was to give a lecture, not to fall in love. I'd advise you to sit down, dear student, or else I'll feel bad for wasting everyone's precious time just because of one person'," Carmen explained.

Wendy raised her eyebrows after hearing that. "That was something he'd definitely say," she thought.

"I have a feeling Confession Girl is going to explode in popularity once word gets out. Didn't I tell you guys that I managed to snag a seat, which was why I got out late? Well, when I was waiting for the crowd to subside, I saw a few girls crowding around Confession Girl, asking her about the incident. Confession Girl then proudly boasted to them saying, 'I feel I'm a brave woman for going after the best guy in the world. Even if he turned me down, I feel what I did was still worth the effort'. Tell me, when did people start feeling proud over shameless acts such as this?" he ranted.

"On the contrary, I feel that Confession Girl's pretty cool. She knew her odds were low, but she still decided to try and see if she could get lucky with her bravery. After all, the chances of getting spotted by Master Henson in a sea of people is super slim. But by causing a scene, she could stand out from the crowd," Linda said.

Carmen nodded her head in agreement after hearing that. "What she did might've come off as shameless to us, but I feel that this was a pretty good attempt to gauge if he'll fall in love with her at first sight or not," she added.

Cael waved his hands about in response. "Ugh, just forget about it. Master Henson isn't like us common folk. Why would he wait until now to fall in love at first sight? Achoo! Oh God, this is driving me crazy. The next time I attend his lecture, I'll make sure to pick a seat that's far, far away from any girls. Woe is me today," he lamented.

"You still plan on going next time?" Linda giggled.

"Of course, why wouldn't I? Even if I can't get his attention, I'll still be able to learn something, so the experience's definitely worth the trouble," he said.

Carmen nodded and said, "That's true, that's true! I'll remember not to wear heels the next time as well,"

Wendy furrowed her brows. What kind of spell exactly did Henson cast on them?

In the meanwhile, in the president's office,

Henson sat crossed-legged as he sipped on his tea. He paid Nancy, who was sitting opposite her, absolutely no heed whatsoever.

"Great work today, Master Henson. It's truly an honour for the university to be able to host you as a guest lecturer," President Burke flattered.

"You don't have to be so polite," Henson said.

"Oh, right! I discussed things over with a few of my staff today and we thought that you might be swamped with work since you have to take care of the affairs of your company and come to the university to give lectures, which is why we thought that it'd be a good idea to arrange a personal assistant for you. What do you say, Master Henson?" President Burke chuckled.

Henson raised an eyebrow and said, "You know what? That actually sounds like a pretty good idea,"