

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 21

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Chapter 21 I must have lost her mind.

Wendy pouted. "First, my tricks failed on him. "

"Second, he said that I offended the wrong person."

"Your tricks?" He was surprised. "Tell me about it."

"Why should I tell you?"

"Because I saved you today. This horrible coffee is not a treat. So as a compensation, you should let me know your tricks."

She curled her lips for he bad views on her coffee.

But still she said, "I told him that I only like women."

"Cough, cough." He was forcing himself to take another sip of the coffee, then hearing...

She looked at him, "Are you okay?"

He stared at her. "This is your trick?"

"Yeah. It works before. As long as I say that I like women, they would walk away."

"So did they really believe that?"

"Maybe because I've said this too many times, many people know that there is a lesbian waitress in the Nighttime Bar. Then they believe it."

He shook his head and asked with a smile, "But how about your reputation?"

"It doesn't matter, my innocence is more important. So, I don't care their judges on me."

"Innocence ..." He raised his eyebrows and thought of their night together.

When he repeated the word, she immediately thought of the same thing, and her ears turned red.

"Why did you get drunk that night? For Gorman or Bain? Or another man?"

She turned her head to him with a cold face. "Mr. Charles, don't you think you should stop being so interested in my privacy as a decent man,?"

"Oh? Since you decent. I would like to ask out Miss Evans, can a teacher work in a bar?"

"A teacher also needs money."

"You seem not to be that poor."

She was speechless. "Because there is no 'poor' on our forehead?"

"Gorman and Bain, they would not let their girlfriend be short of money. So, how could you fall into this poor situation?"

She stood up to look at him.

He curled his lips breezily and asked, "What? Angry again? You're really the one who like to be angry most, so different from the other women I have met."

"So you mean you are inexperienced and haven't seen many women before?"

"Heh, what I want to say is you are like a wild cat which needs to be educated. Every time I see you, you are angry and I really want to tame you."

"Sorry, but I do not want it at all."

She suddenly regretted to have brought him here to have fought in such a beautiful place.

She must have lost her mind.

She exhaled and thought, this was the last time.

He always felt annoyed at women and rarely interacted with them.

However, Wendy seemed to be very different.

She was not afraid of him, nor would she flatter him.

When she was angry, she would express her anger directly.

He wondered if she had a different head construction from other people.

For the first time he was curious about a woman.

Heh, what a strange and interesting feeling.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 22

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Chapter 22 I didn' t believe love.

In the Monday morning, Judy ran over to her after a class and asked Wendy, "Eat with me?"

"OK." Wendy tidied up the books and picked them up. They went together downstairs and left the building.

Judy pointed at somewhere, "Look, the scum."

Wendy looked to it with her eyebrows furrowed. It was Gorman.

After seeing her, Gorman hurried over.

"Judy, can I have a private talk with Wendy?"

Judy looked at Wendy.

Wendy smiled to her and said, "You can go to the First Dining Hall first."

"Come quickly."

After Wendy left, Gorman asked with displeasure, "I heard that you have been very close to Mr. Charles lately."

She laughed coldly, "Why can you interrogate me? Who are you?"

"Wendy, don't abandon yourself. You should know that Mr. Charles isn't the people we can make friends with. If you get too close, you will be get troubles. I'm worried about you so I come here to say all these for your good."

" Does 'for my good' mean that you pester me after messing around with Gill? You believe Gill's words, do you? "

"I... It was not heard from Gill. "

She opened her schoolbag and pulled out a few photographs, throwing them directly to his face.

"I was intended to give these pictures to Gill, but since I haven't met her today, you may could help me pass these to her."

In fact, she planned to give these to Gorman by a secret way .

She knew Gorman well. He was stubborn and upright, so he hated people to play tricks behind his back.

If he knew Gill's real nature, she would never be able to get Gorman's love in her life.

To revenge someone like Gill, this was the best way.

"What are these?" He skimmed a few photos.

In the picture, a woman wearing a hat and mask was giving money to a man in a dark alley.

Although the picture was taken far away from her. And the background was a little dark. He could still recognize from the enlarged photos that the woman was Gill.

"Evidences. Two days ago, I met a bastard who wanted to hurt me in the bar I worked. It was Mr. Charles who saved me. He admitted that he was paid him to do this. Apart from us, no one should know I met Mr. Charles that day, but in fact now you knew it from someone. So what do you think about that? Besides, the photos are my evidences."

Gorman's face changed greatly, he got her and asked with worry, "Are you OK?"

She shook his hand off, "Gorman, you should learn form a better man. We just broke up for a few days. And you just stayed with Gill for few days, then now you can lie so naturally like Gill?"

"I'm not with Gill, and I don't like her." Gorman frowned, "Believe me, I don't want to break up with you."

"Gorman, I don't want to hurt anyone, or fight with another woman for a man. Let me alone, I just want to have a peaceful life."

After saying this, Wendy left. But Gorman still shouted to her back, "I won't break up with you. I will come to you every day. I will make you fall in love with me again, and I will marry you. I love you, Wendy. "

His shouts became louder and louder. Students nearby were gossiping about him and her. But it was useless to Wendy. She couldn't feel anything to him anymore.

The expression on her face was calm. She just walked away.

A man who once said love to her had sex with someone else ...

Love? I didn't believe it.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 23

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Chapter 23 Jealous of my beauty?

When Wendy came to classroom in the afternoon, Judy excitedly ran over to her and said, "Big news! Gorman beated Gill up this afternoon."

"What?" She was shocked and didn't believe Gorman would beat anyone.

"A lot of people saw Gill was pushed onto the grass by Gorman. I felt so happy for you to hear this. You can't image how uncomfortable I felt these days with her in the same dorm."

Wendy smiled. "This is just between her and me. You can get along with her if you like."

"No. I'm afraid she will steal my boyfriend. To be honest, she has thought too highly of herself. You are both beautiful and excellent, but the principal still doesn't like you. Then how could she accept Elsie as her daughter-in-law?"

Wendy smiled speechlessly, "The Principal just does not like my poor background."

"But the Principal's family are not wealthy from the very beginning. It's not your fault. My dear, I'll stand by you."

"Thank you." Wendy said and nudged Judy with her elbow.

Five minutes before the class, Gill rushed over into the room angrily .

She stood at the doorway to look for Wendy in the crowd.

She walked over to Wendy angrily with red eyes. Then she threw some photos on Wendy's desk. "You are cruel enough, Wendy. You think that I can't find your bad things? We'll see."

After she said this, she let out a cold snort and turned around.

Judy picked up the photo and asked, "What are these?"

Wendy picked up the photos, then she tore them into pieces. "Nothing. Let's just have our class."

"Aren't you angry with that bitch for she had treated you like this?"

"If a dog bites you, will you bite back?"

"Ah." Judy was speechless, "You are so good at this sarcasms."

She smile for her words.

After class, she left school and go back to the Charles family's house by bus.

The bus stop was a little far from the house.

But today she was lucky enough to meet Henson in a few minutes after she got off on the car.

After getting into his car, she smiled at Henson, "Mr. Charles, you are early today."

"Yes, of course. My little brother is going to have the important SAT."

"Oh." She didn't know what she should say about this for Henson indeed did help nothing with it.

But in fact, she never happened to see he was showing care to his younger brother ever.

After a short silence, the car reached home.

They got out from the car. Wendy said, "Bye. I'm heading to Howell's."

"Wait a moment!" Henson walked in front of her, "I see your headmaster school today."

She looked at him in shock, "You know our headmaster?"

"A little. We just have a small talk."

"Oh."

"Don't you want to know what we have said?"

Her expression was indifferent, "No, I don't."

"I guess you're afraid to hear bad words from you principal."

"She doesn't like me, so it's normal for her to say something on me."

"That's strange. Why does she hate an good student like you?"

He raised his eyebrows as if he was really waiting for her answer.

"Who knows? She must be envied of for my young age? Or... Jealous of my beauty?"

Henson looked at her with an interesting smile, this woman...

She pursed her lips, "Mr. Charles, I have to leave for your brother's classes now. You know I charge by the hour."

She turned to Howell's residence, but his flat voice came from behind, "Why do you want to be a teacher in the school?"

She stopped. Henson continued, "You are great enough to enter a big company with a better job. But why do you chose to be a teacher at the school?"

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 24

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Chapter 24 Not good at all.

"Does that need a reason?"

"Definitely. People do everything with reasons."

"Then... Probably I have no big ambitions." She raised her eyebrows, "I just wanted to live a peaceful, ordinary life.

What was she saying? "So you mean working in a big company is extraordinary?"

"Yes. Because I don't like schemes."

"Who told you a large company would be full of schemes?"

She smiled, "The TV dramas."

"Then you should watch less TV dramas."

Indeed the TV dramas she watched could be counted with one hand.

"Alright. I hot it. So can I go now?"

She turned to walk away.

He raised his eyebrows unhappily for Wendy seemed to defend herself from him.

From his view, her choice to be a teacher in the school has something to do with Gorman.

And he felt unhappy for this.

The next day, Wendy and Henson took the same car and left the mansion.

On the way, Henson asked, "Got any plans for tonight?"

"Working."

"Then cancel it. I have a business dinner. And I want you to attend with me. You can think it as a return for me to get you out of the trouble at the bar last time."

"Didn't I buy you coffee as a thank?"

"It was not a thank but a torture to me. Thank me in a comfortable way, and then that is a real thank."

She pursed her lips unhappily. Are capitalists always so shrewd?

"I declare ahead that I will not drink any alcohol or offer seductive service."

"Don't overestimate yourself. You are not qualified to offer that."

She frowned. Was he saying she was ugly?

Wow. Such a mean capitalist.

Seeing that she was angry, Henson raised his eyebrows. He continues, "Do you know why?"

She looked to him, puzzled.

He whispered to her in a very low voice, "For your skills in bed are not good at all."

She blushed for his words. So she pushed him away and squinted at him.

This man ... Was so shameless.

He turned his head to the other side and smiled to the view outside the window.

Seeing this in the rear view mirror, the driver thought you could see a pig flying as long as you had an enough long life.

His strict boss was actually smiling for a woman.

When the class was over in the afternoon, Wendy was picked up by Henson's secretary and Baron.

The secretary then took her to get a dress, did some makeup, and had her hair done. After finishing all the steps, Wendy almost couldn't recognize herself in front of the mirror.

Although her face was still the same, but the clothes made her feel awkward.

She had never worn a strapless short gown like this. And pinker and turned her to be a graceful and sexy lady.

This dress shared the same material with the wedding dress. Small yellow flowers dotted on the white cloth, making her skin look tender and rosy.

The fluffy haircut and the dazzling hair on the forehead went with her face perfectly.

Her height was about 170 centimeters. With a pair of 8 centimeters high heel shoes, she looked slender.

Wendy turned around to the secretary with a worried face. With a hand over her chest, she asked her, "Do I look strange in this dress?"

The secretary laughed, "Don't worry. Miss Evans. You will win the attention from all the people."

She exhaled deeply for her words. But... She just wanted to hide in a corner to have a good meal. And she didn't want to be the center of attention at all, okay?

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 25

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Chapter 25 Haven' t see such a big dinner.

At 6 pm, Wendy was taken to the hotel.

The secretary spoke with someone on the phone. Then she got off the car to open the door for Wendy, "Miss Evans, you can go into the party now."

She carefully got out from the car with the high heels.

After she just stood still, she looked up to see a pair of stunning eyes.

That was Henson who just spoke with the secretary. He was also just got out from the car in front of her. After he went a few steps, he saw Wendy.

Wendy liked wearing T-shirts, jeans and sneakers like an ordinary college student.

Last time when he saw her in the gown he prepared, he had been shocked by her beauty.

And this time ... He really believed she chose the wrong clothes for herself everyday.

She hid all her beauty with those casual clothes.

A lot of men was looking back at her on the road. Henson came back to his senses and walked to her with a cold face.

Wendy was a little awkward. When she saw he was looking at her, she naturally covered her chest."

"Look strange, right?"

Wendy looked beautiful, but he didn't feel happy about it at all.

It exposed too much skin of her.

Although he had seen more and knew what a beautiful figure she had got. He still felt some unexplained unhappiness.

"This dress isn't suitable to you."

Wendy pursed her mouth for his words. Why was he so mean to her?

Henson stretched out his arm, "Hold it."

She was unhappy but still put her arm around his and followed him. "Can you walk slower? This is my first time to wear this kind of high heels. They are too high and thin for me. Besides the carpet is also too soft, I feel like I am going to fall at any time."

"Then why do you wear it?"

"Your secretary picked them for me for you asked her to dress me up."

He twisted his head and looked at her, "It turns out that you don't look beautiful at all."

"I already know it, so please stop."

She was a little angry. Why did she have to come here to be made fun of?

He took her to the third floor. At the entrance of the hall, he registered their names and led Wendy in.

When they appeared, they attracted the gazes of all the audience.

The cliché like “a perfect match” couldn’t be enough to describe them.

He looked around at the amazed gaze from different men. A growing upset at heart almost made him to take off his suit to hide her.

And Wendy was scared by their gaze, “No... Isn’t it supposed to be a normal dinner? Why are there so many people here?”

“This is my normal dinner.”

He continued his steps, but Wendy went weak at the knees so that she was staggered a bit by him.

He asked worriedly, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, I’ve joined such a big dinner before,” she said awkwardly. So she tightly wrapped around his arm.

He curled his lips for her words, wanting to have a laugh.

It was so natural for her to say everything.

Henson said, “Cover your chest, or your fresh is about to come out.”

She squinted at him for his ridicule.

Yet she still moved the handbag to her chest naturally.

They only took a few steps. When he was about to get some wine, Wendy suddenly stopped.

She tightened her grip on his arm. Tighter and tighter, her grip made him feel painful.

He looked at her only to find she was staring ahead at someone on the left side. He followed her gaze. Sitting in a wheelchair, the CEO of the Nicholson Group, Ken was talking with someone.