

# My Villainous Wife

## Chapter 189 - Thoughts

After hearing the door securely closed and the sound of muffled splashing of water in the bathroom, Yan Xiaoran finally slumped back into her bed, taking a deep breath after holding it for so long.

She almost jumped on him.

When she saw her husband standing there completely naked in front of her, with nothing to cover his washboard abs, muscled chest, and those deep V lines that would slowly go down to his...

"Gulp."

Yan Xiaoran wanted to slap herself awake and erase the image. No, not erase. She wanted to temporarily forget that image and remember them once she was completely healed. She would do this and that to Alexander once she's better.

But damn, it was harder for her to keep her hormones from leaking out since it had been a while since they had done it.

Looking at the door, Yan Xiaoran wondered if she should just blast through it and grab her man's hair and kiss him thoroughly until she unleashed the hidden beast inside of him and let him take her in any way and position he wanted.

Just thinking of what she would receive when she entered the bathroom was enough to make her mouth salivate.

But no... This isn't the time for that yet.

Not today, at least.

Rubbing a finger on her wound, Yan Xiaoran felt the bumpy wound under her touch, feeling the strange crisscrossing of stitches and the slight pain that washing over her

senses.

Yan Xiaoran didn't realize that she had gone back to sleep as she lay on the bed.

With her eyes closed like that, it alarmed Alexander as soon as he saw her sleeping and thought that something happened to her.

He panicked slightly, forgetting to dry his hair, and rushed to her side. But after seeing that her breathing was normal and she looked like she was just sleeping, he finally released a sigh of relief.

"Ha... Yan Xiaoran. Are you trying to kill me?" he helplessly rubbed his palm against his face before looking down at Yan Xiaoran.

Seeing the wound on her forehead, his eyes had darkened significantly. He really couldn't forgive anyone who harmed his wife.

That night, if Yan Xiaoran's friend, Shen Liu, didn't see the bombs attached to the tables, things could have been more dangerous than just a small wound on their bodies.

They could even die.

Tightening his lips, Alexander started to get changed into a white shirt and black pants. He was no longer a nàkèd God, but he wasn't lesser than a world-renowned model. He looked like he was ready to get his pictures taken as he picked this outfit for today.

After a while, Yan Xiaoran finally stirred from the bed. She fluttered her eyes open and grōānèd when she felt pain from her forehead.

"Does it still hurt?" she heard someone asking and reached out to touch her forehead.

"It hurts only a bit," Yan Xiaoran answered. She was currently lying on Alexander instead of the bed where she initially fell asleep.

His warmth and steady breathing produced a comfortable feeling and made her feel like a sloth and do nothing but stay where she was lying forever.

"I called the cook downstairs to prepare you some lighter dishes. It should arrive soon." Alexander rubbed her thin waist. He thought he needed her to put on some weight so she wouldn't be this light when they came back to the Mainland.

But she wasn't worried about Alexander looking at some other woman. This man waited for her, stalked her, and chased after her from childhood until now. It would be quite a waste of time for him to let her go after getting her just so he could get a quick

fling with someone.

Besides, Yan Xiaoran will never let any woman stand beside him. Where could a fling start when she wouldn't allow that to happen in the first place?

Putting a hand on his thick arm, Yan Xiaoran comfortably and possessively leaned her head on it.

While the two of them were relaxing in the quiet room, rappings could be heard from the door.

"Come in," Alexander loudly said, and the door swung to open, revealing a handsome man wearing the same manner of clothing as what Alexander was wearing.

"I'm not your damn servant," Reo grumbled coldly and wanted to say a few more insulting words. But when he saw that the woman, who was supposed to be unconscious, was staring at him with those innocent eyes, he clamped his mouth shut.

"Get your meals yourselves next time." He lessened his harsh tone and put the tray of food on the bed. "And why didn't you tell us she already woke up! We need to call that doctor to check on her."

"T-thank you." Yan Xiaoran sat up and reached for the tray, but before she could do all that, the man behind her had pulled her to his chest once more.

With an oomph sound leaving her lips, she was thrown into his arms again. Turning her head to look at him, Yan Xiaoran saw that Alexander wasn't looking at her but towards the other handsome man.

"What?" Reo asked curtly. "You think I'm going to steal your wife or something?"

Hearing no response from Alexander, Reo was flabbergasted. His face reddened with anger, and he glared at Alexander.

But of course, Reo knew why Alexander was acting this way towards him. Reo had some answers he wanted to get from Yan Xiaoran.

Specifically, he wanted answers from the woman who turned out to be friends with Yan Xiaoran, Alina. It was the woman he shared a bed with and ran away with his money.

However, the money she stole wasn't the problem. It was the child she was carrying, which was also his.

After getting a warning look from Alexander, Reo backed down and left the room. He would ask Yan Xiaoran later when she's better and see if she could tell him where Alina was and get to her quickly before others could.

"Isn't that your brother? His name is Reo, right?" Yan Xiaoran finally remembered that they had met at the party before the tragedy happened.

Alexander hummed his response before saying, "He wants to ask you something about your friend."

"Which one?"

"The lady you met last time."