

PRETENDING TO BE POOR CHAPTER 1 -

Pretending To Be Poor Chapter 1

When Rachel Waldow woke up, she felt her whole body stiff, especially the part between her thighs.

The pains reminded her.

She had got married yesterday.

And the wedding night had been far beyond Rachel's expectations... It was so... wild.

She could still smell the strong hormones and their sweat, and the rapid breathing was lingering in her ears...

Rachel's whole body heated up, and her face blushed immediately.

She hurriedly got out of bed. Unexpectedly, her legs were so weak that she fell to the ground with a bump, then uttering an involuntary sharp cry.

"Ouch!"

The door was suddenly pushed open, and a man only covered with a towel looked down at Rachel, who was lying on the ground. He furrowed his brows, walked over to scoop her up, then carried her to the bed and covered her with the quilt.

"Oh, that's OK. I can do it myself..."

Rachel shrank back and quickly grabbed the quilt to cover herself.

She looked up in embarrassment while the man's strong chest came into her view, which made her look away in panic.

He had genuine abs, and she touched by herself last night when she had been lost in passion.

Further down, where the towel was wrapped, she had...

Stop, stop! Rachel Waldow, what are you thinking?'

Raising her eyes, Rachel found the handsome man with a cold expression was gazing at her with his deep dark eyes.

Rachel blushed again and said hastily, "You can go out now. I just felt a little weak in the legs just now."

After that, she seemed to catch the smile in Shawn Saffo's eyes and felt even more embarrassed.

Shawn slight pinched his lips together and said in a deep voice, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I can do it myself."

Shawn answered "OK" and turned to leave the bedroom.

Being embarrassed, Rachel cupped her own hot and red face and regretted her actions for a while before crawling out of bed to dress herself up.

At the dining table, Rachel was having breakfast bought by Shawn.

It was just simple food like milk and sandwiched, but Rachel seemed to eat her last meal before engaging in battles.

There was silence, dead silence.

A loud knock broke the silence, as if many people were pounding on the door outside.

Rachel stiffened and someone began to shout.

"Open the door! Rachel Waldow! Open the damn door!"

Before she could react, Shawn had already stood up and opened the door.

People outside were just about to rush in, but they recoiled at the sight of Shawn's dark, cold eyes.

Indeed, Shawn hadn't done or said anything, but he had an aura of authority that made people not dare to create trouble.

"What's the matter?"

"You... Get out of my way. I'm Rachel's uncle. It's natural for me to come to her. Get out of my way."

The leading middle-aged man ordered rudely and reached out to push the door open. Shawn stood still, blocked their way, and slammed the door against his nose.

"You... You little bastard. Evan Waldow covered his nose, tears and nose bleeds streaming down his face, which made him pissed off and scream with pain.

Rachel had calmed down now with a serious face.

"Let them in

Shawn took a step to the side, and those people outside burst through the door. Evan rubbed his nose casually and

rushed into the living room, cursing and even spitting at Shawn.

Men and women, old and young, all came in and instantly filled the cramped living room. Everyone's face wore a look of unkindness and indignation, obviously coming to look for her trouble.

Shawn glanced down at the dusty footprints on the ground and then leaned against the wall at the door with his arms crossed on his chest. He finally stared coldly at the intruders,

The ground had just been mopped up this morning.

"Uncle, auntie... How are you doing these days..."

"Stop the nonsense!"

Evan interrupted Rachel's "politeness" in a loud voice, the bloodstain remaining on his thin face, which looked fierce and clownish.

"We're not here to talk nonsense with you. Let's get straight to the point. You have to hand over all the money from selling your grandma's house. The money should be divided equally among the three of us. The house was left by your grandmother. How could your mother take it all by herself? Besides, I'm the only son of the Waldow family, so I should be in charge. Your mother is a married woman, and we've helped her so much during these years. Today, you have to give us the money!"

"He's right. Why could you take it all? Give it back to us!"

Rachel had expected that they were here for the money.

If she had been a little scared before, then she had nothing to be afraid of now.

Her delicate little face was as cold as ice.

"I have no money for you. If you want to make a scene, I'll keep you company. I don't mind going to court. But you won't get a penny from me."

"You bitch..."

Evan's son, Lorin Waldow, was so angry that he stepped forward in an attempt to slap Rachel, but before he could touch her, he screamed in pain.

"Ouch... It hurts, it hurts."

Shawn glanced coldly at everyone who wanted to help and secretly exerted more strength to his hands.

"Now, I'm Rachel's husband and I have a share of her property. Just try if I will share the assets with you or not."

Everyone, including Rachel, felt the warning in his tone which terrified everyone present.

