

PRETENDING TO BE POOR

Chapter 2

People of the Waldow family said fiercely, “Just wait and see.” Then they left cursing and scolding.

The living room looked spacious again.

Shawn sat on the sofa and looked at Rachel.

Rachel could not look directly into Waldow’s eyes at all and her gaze moved from side to side.

She looked down at her hands, fingers twined together.

Shawn finally spoke in a low voice.

“Are you scared?”

“Uh... No.”

Her face was rigid and she did not dare to look straight at Shawn.

Shawn didn’t say anything. He took out a cigarette from the cigarette box on the coffee table, and lighted it. The scene of his slender fingers holding the cigarette was especially charming.

Rachel unconsciously stared at his hands.

She had never carefully observed his hands before. But now she found that they did not match his profession at all. His fingers were slender, with moderate-sized knuckles and clean nails. It was hard to believe that he was indeed a construction worker.

Concerning the cigarette in his hand, she had never seen this kind of cigarette box in the store. Its smell was not pungent, but a little refreshing.

While Rachel was in a daze, Shawn spoke again.

“Before we got married, we have done a pre-marital property notarization. I won’t take any of your property. Even if you don’t believe me, you should believe in the law.”

Rachel nodded awkwardly, “Yes, I know. I believe you.”

She had doubted him before.

However, she couldn’t doubt it anymore since Shawn had already promised it. Otherwise, she would be such a stingy person

Shawn didn't care whether she believed it or not. He got up, picked up the clothes on the sofa, and walked toward the door.

Rachel quickly got up and followed him to the door. After hesitating for a while, she spoke in a low voice.

"Thank you for what you've done today."

Shawn turned around, expressionless.

He bit the end of the cigarette and didn't speak clearly. But she heard every word he said.

"If you want to thank me, thank me on the bed."

After saying that, he went downstairs and left.

Rachel stood inside the door, blushed with shyness, and quickly closed the door.

In the afternoon, Rachel finished some online work and received a call from her friend Molly Quenneville.

They were college classmates, graduating from a famous university in Y City. However, Molly now worked in Y City, while Rachel lived in this small city, her hometown.

But they still talked about everything.

"You're married! Married to a construction worker? You're insane! Rachel Waldow, you are the celebrated goddess of A University and you just ruin your life. You're pissing me off... Oh my god!"

Rachel took her phone away from her ears and said calmly after Molly let out the scream.

"I'm serious. I've done all the preparation, including a pre-marital property notarization and a prenuptial agreement. The house belongs to me, as well as the money. He has nothing. Besides, we match in age and he has an outstanding appearance and great temperament. I think I'm taking advantage of him."

Although it sounded like a joke, some parts of it were her true feelings.

As long as she controlled the money and the house, she was not afraid that Shawn would play tricks on her. Besides, she was satisfied with Shawn's performance last night...

Thinking about it, Rachel blushed slightly.

Molly sighed helplessly.

"Okay. Anyway, once you've made a decision, no one else can change your mind. But tell me how handsome he is. You are such an elegant beauty, Rachel, and you're still obsessed with him. Send me a photo of him. Besides, why did you say you are taking advantage of him? Last night, you two... Hah hah."

Rachel was embarrassed. "Stop. Stop talking about this."

"This is very important. A man who is good at sex is the one woman loves."

Molly seemed desperate to know every detail about their sex life.

Rachel quickly gave her a perfunctory answer and didn't want her to ask any more questions.

"He's very good at it. Truly! Now you are satisfied, aren't you?"

"Haha... Okay. It seems that Miss Waldow is very satisfied with her husband!"

"Yes, I'm really satisfied!"

"Tut-tut. You're satisfied so I'm satisfied as well. For women, physical happiness is the most important and practical. Oh, by the way, tell me more..."

Molly wanted to know more, but when Rachel looked up inadvertently, she found that Shawn had already entered the house somehow.

Rachel froze.

How much did he overhear?

Shawn put the key on the table and walked in deadpan. His expression didn't betray him, as she could not discern whether he had heard what she had been ranting.

His black T-shirt was covered in dust and the trousers were also stained with mud.

After darting a glance at Rachel, he took off his T-shirt and walked past her into the bathroom half-naked.

Stricken speechless, Rachel flushed crimson and pressed her lips, hastening to hang up the phone.

After his shower, Shawn came out with only a bath towel wrapping around him again.

She held the glass as her eyes roved over his abs, her gaze flickering. "You're back so early today."

Shawn answered briefly, and then walked over to pour himself some water. Raising his head, he quickly took a large gulp of it. Several droplets escaped his mouth and trickled down into his towel, which distracted Rachel instantly despite herself. She didn't come back to her senses until he sat down and his thigh touched hers unwittingly, which made her startled and rise up. She then hurried to head to the door and pick up his clothes he had changed, to wash them in the bathroom, in an attempt to cover up her abnormality.

Shawn lolled on the sofa leisurely, tilting his head to glance at the bathroom. A fleeting smile flashed across his obsidian eyes.

