

# PRETENDING TO BE POOR

## Chapter 22

Steve was already there waiting when Shawn walked into the presidential suite.

Steve paused when he saw Shawn.

Shawn noticed Steve's change.

– “What?”

Shawn sat down, put his coat aside, and raised his eyebrows.

Steve smiled and pushed his glasses to hide his embarrassment. And then he said, “Trey, you didn't choose your clothes, right? Rachel has a good taste and the color suits you, but the quality of your clothes...”

Steve had wanted to comment on his clothing for a long time. As he spoke, he twitched his lips.

Shawn's clothes were all custom-made when he had been in Y City. So Steve was surprised.

Shawn seemed to think of something but didn't speak.

Steve was curious, “Trey, considering your salary, your clothes must be bought by Rachel, right?”

In other words, Trey was supported by his

woman.

Steve revealed it suddenly.

Seeing that Shawn's face darkened, Steve trembled and smiled awkwardly.

Soon, they skipped the topic and got to the point.

Shawn was busy with his work all morning.

Steve had lunch in a more private place with Shawn, during which Shawn's phone rang.

carefully

to

get some

Steve listened information.

Shawn sounded cool.

“Yes, I’m eating... outside... Mushroom stewed chicken and vegetables...”

After Shawn hung up, Steve felt that Shawn was different.

Steve was really curious.

It was not surprising that Trey had a girlfriend when he was out for a year. But why did he marry her and hide his identity? Was he

playing Frog Prince?

Normally, he was for fun, but this time he was so gentle, meticulous, and patient to the woman.

“Trey, you look serious. It’s not your style.”

He had never been so gentle to any woman before.

Shawn didn’t intend to respond.

“Will you take Rachel back to Y City?”

If he really liked her, he could just take her back.

Shawn paused for a moment. He glanced at Steve and asked a question in reply.

“What should men do to please women?”

“Go shopping. Buy her anything she likes. You can give her money or bank cards. Of course, the point is to be good in bed.”

Steve smiled raffishly.

When Rachel hung up, a sweet smile touched her delicate face.

Even Rachel herself didn’t realize how sweet they were. She was delighted, even if she only asked her husband what he had eaten and what he had done.

It was joyful when she bought things for him and saw him wearing the clothes she purchased.

Rachel was wholehearted when she treated someone well.

She was trying to accept and love her husband. She treated him well, took good care of him, and gave him everything she could offer.

"Rachel, We have a client tonight. Pick him up with me after work. You will be paid for working overtime."

Vincent came out of the office and informed Rachel, who was in a daze. Rachel could not refuse.

She had to say with a slight frown, "Yes, Mr. Younger."

She had planned to cook new dishes for Shawn, but now she could only send him a message, telling him that she had to work

overtime.

She went downstairs with Vincent and went to the restaurant with other colleagues in Vincent's car.

Having arrived at the restaurant, they followed Vincent into a private room. Some senior managers and clients were there. Only Rachel and several colleagues were women. Actually, they didn't come here for work, but to drink with them.

The female colleagues were just for pleasing the powerful men.

"Rachel, hurry up. Pour wine for Mr. Caine. Don't just sit there..."

"Sharon, pour wine for Mr. Yaney..."

Rachel gritted her teeth and forced a smile. And then she stood up and toasted Mr. Caine.

"Mr. Caine, cheers."

She took a sip, but she couldn't stand the pungent taste.

However, the people present were not satisfied.

"Rachel, why don't you drink it? Do you look down on me? Drink..."

"Rachel, right? Since you drink with Mr. Caine, you should drink with me. Rachel Waldow, your name is beautiful. Let's drink for your name."

"Rachel, your eyes were as bright as the stars. Come on, let's drink for your beautiful eyes..."

"And your nose, mouth, figure... They are all pretty. We should drink for each part... Ha ha ha..."

People asked Rachel to drink with all kinds of excuses.

It seemed that they all targeted Rachel, and the other female colleagues were not forced to drink as much as she was.

Rachel tried to make an excuse to leave, but she was not allowed, which made her almost lose her temper.

Finally, Vincent seemed to have a conscience and helped Rachel escape to the restroom.

Rachel stayed in the restroom for a long time and met Vincent when she came out.

Vincent asked worriedly, "Rachel, are you okay?"

Rachel dodged and pinched her hand to sober herself up.

"Mr. Younger, I'm not feeling well. I have to go."

"Rachel, you can't leave. If you leave, you will be fired. Don't be afraid. You just need to drink a little when you go back. I will help you."

Vincent found Rachel prettier with her rosy cheeks. He suppressed his desire and pretended to be considerate.

Rachel could see through him and hated him so much.

"No, Mr. Younger. I've called my husband and he will pick me up later. I have to go."

"You can't leave."

Vincent anxiously grabbed Rachel's wrist. Rachel was weak after drinking and could not break free.

"Let go of me..."

The people around were attracted by her shrill voice, but Vincent hugged her as if he was comforting his lover.

"Hush... Don't be angry. It's my fault. Let's go back to our room first. Good girl, Rachel..."

Rachel didn't expect Vincent to be so shameless.

When they are tugging back and forth, a man in the room suddenly came out.

"Hey, Vincent, what are you doing? Is Rachel drunk? I'll help her..."

Adam stepped forward. Vincent was unwilling to let go, but he had no other choice.

As soon as he let her go, Rachel pushed him away.

"Mr. Yaney, I feel sick. My husband is coming. 'm sorry, but I have to go."

She shook her phone to prove that she had made a call.

In fact, she was not assured, and her back was wet with anxiety. Shawn didn't receive her call or reply to her message.

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Adam was not as anxious as Vincent. He smiled at Rachel's refusal.

He didn't step forward and just stared at Rachel maliciously with crossed arms.

Steve told them that Rachel was a beauty, to whom they could not get too close. They were curious about her, so they had deliberately asked her out.

She was indeed charming. They were not as scrupulous as Steve. Although she was married and had a bad temper, they didn't care about it, because they were the movers and shakers in Q City.

If they liked some woman, they would just do whatever they wanted to get her.

That was why those people from Rachel's company had been invited tonight.

Rachel was the most important one today.

She could not leave until they got what they wanted.

"Rachel, since your husband is not coming yet, you don't need to hurry. Go in and sit down. He can take you home when he comes. Be a lamb and come in with me..."

"No, Mr. Yaney, my husband should be

downstairs. Let me go."

Rachel had a bad premonition and was about to turn around. However, Adam Smiled sarcastically and quickly stopped her. It seemed that she had overestimated herself.

"Rachel, you can't escape tonight. Why do you struggle? Your husband will be embarrassed when he sees it. Or maybe he will be happy..."

Rachel stared at Adam with bloodshot eyes and clenched her fists. She looked nervous and scared, but she was thinking of ways to

get out.

"What are you thinking? You can get what you can never get in your life after tonight. And if you want, you can get more in the future. So can your husband... What do you think?"

Rachel bit her lips, looked down, and spoke

softly.

“Mr. Yaney, I see.”

“Go back, drink and chat for a while...”

Adam thought that she was going to say that they could have sex after that.

“But...”

Rachel changed her tone and looked up with stubbornness and determination in her red rimmed eyes.

“I want nothing but my husband.”

Adam sneered at Rachel. But the next second, Rachel pushed him and ran away. He immediately chased her. When he was about

to catch Rachel at the staircase, her legs buckled and she rolled down the stairs.