

The Silent Wife Chapter 73

Chapter 73

When the spoon came near her mouth, Rachel subconsciously dodged back a little. *I'll do it myself.*

Justin frowned, but he handed the bowl over to her. As for her, she avoided his gaze while lowering her head and slowly eating.

"Your foot injury is slightly infected, so you shouldn't work for the next two days."

As she was taken aback, she thought that if he hadn't pointed it out, she wouldn't have noticed that her burned foot, which was healing fast, had been freshly bandaged again. She had returned home so late last night, so she naturally knew who bandaged it.

They've arranged for me to handle the matter of expanding the library, though, so I need to meet the people in charge from the Burton Group.

"It can wait until your injury is healed."

But the Burton Group...

"I will handle it. You don't need to worry about this matter."

A stunned Rachel nodded.

Justin's recent attitude toward her seemed to have really changed, regardless of whether it reminded her of Henry's death at that time or arriving on time last night. It made her feel incredulous.

Later, Justin waited until Rachel finished her food before he left.

"Stay at home to recuperate and don't go anywhere."

As the low voice echoed in Rachel's ears, she looked at the empty bowl left by the bed. For a moment, she felt moved and she couldn't help but grab her wrist.

Last night, she had actually woken up once in the middle of the night and found herself clutching

Justin's shirt. He had been leaning against the bed to sleep on the floor. At that moment, she was still feverishly delirious and thought she was dreaming, but as soon as she released her hand, the man by her bedside opened his eyes.

His large hand had reached out to touch her forehead as he asked, "Not feeling well?"

Rachel remembered the last time she was under the weather; someone had also kept an eye on her throughout the night when she was much younger. Her grandmother was by her bedside then and the peace Rachel felt last night was similar to what she experienced in the past.

Tina was standing at the balcony on the second floor of the villa in her pajamas in the late afternoon when her phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Miss Tina, you must help me."

"What's wrong?" Tina carefully spoke while she still had a can of beer in her hand.

The phone call was from Director Roland of the engineering department.

"President Burton wants to fire me because of yesterday's incident."

"Fire you? Because of what had happened yesterday?"

"That was not a small incident, Miss Tina. You've caused me a lot of trouble this time." On the other end of the phone, Director Roland cried out, "Why didn't you tell me earlier that Miss Hudson is Mr. Burton's wife?"

Tina sneered, "If I had told you earlier, would you have dared to do that?"

No one would dare to be involved if they knew Rachel's identity, which was not what Tina had intended.

As he was stuck, Director Roland had no choice but to rely on Tina now. "Miss Tina, I did everything according to your instructions. Won't you speak up for *me*? My work-

"Have you gone through with the interview yet?"

"Not yet, but the news coming from the HR department is that President Burton has immediately instructed them to look for my replacement. So, it should be true."

She lazily leaned on the railing and took a sip of her beer. "Don't worry, my brother won't really fire you, not for now at least."

"Then, why did he tell the HR-"

"It was just to threaten me to stop." Tina gave a disdainful laugh. "He never thought that apart from deterring me, he'll also cause Grandpa to look down on him by doing this. Relax, I will handle this matter."

After hanging up the phone, Tina downed all of her beer in one go before she pinched the can so hard that it was deformed.

She had known Justin for many years, but she had never seen him care this much about anyone since he was a child. As he was born into such a family, it was no wonder he did not dare to care about anyone. *She's just a mute. What can she do?*

Rachel had spent the entire day at home. When she heard the engine sound coming from downstairs at night, she initially thought that it was Justin who had returned. After a moment, it was Julian who knocked on his door while carrying his medical briefcase.

"The wound was not wet, right?"

No.

"That's good. You still need to change the bandages and medication again. If there's no problem after a while, we can remove the bandages and wait for the wound to heal on its own. However, you still need to rest more."

Thank you.

As Rachel's injured leg rested on the square bench, Julian methodically bandaged her wound. The light inside the house was bright and it emitted a soft glow as it reflected off the top of his head. "What happened yesterday? Was it him again?"

No, it has nothing to do with him.

"Don't defend him; I know him. He doesn't care about anything but his business and he doesn't care about anyone except himself. He's been like this since he was a kid."

She wanted to explain on Justin's behalf, but upon looking at Julian's determined look, she didn't know how to begin.

As those two were chatting, Mrs Duncan's voice drifted from downstairs.

"Young Master Justin, welcome back. Have you eaten?"

"Not yet."

"Oh, Madam hasn't eaten yet either. I'll get the kitchen staff to add another dish."

"Where is Rachel?"

"Mrs. Burton is upstairs."

Mrs. Duncan's voice was much higher than usual, as if she was deliberately trying to alert someone. It was hard not to hear the oddity in it.

At that, Rachel's heart stuttered. *Julian, you should go.*

"Don't worry, he called me in advance to dress your wound. He told me to come back from work earlier. Besides, we aren't doing anything wrong, so why should we be afraid?"

After Julian bandaged Rachel's foot, he unhurriedly packed his medicine case. Soon, the sound of footsteps came from outside. When she turned to look at the door, Justin had already opened the door and he entered. "Are you changing the bandages?"

"Yeah, I've just finished with it. I've already told my sister-in-law what she should avoid. Rachel, I'm leaving." Julian picked up his medicine case. His repetitive usage of 'sister-in-law' insinuated his deliberate intention to remind everyone about his identity.

Without a change in expression, Justin answered, "Let's have dinner together later."

"Okay."

The moment that Julian left, Justin closed the door and saw that she was holding a book in her hand, so he casually asked, "What book are you reading?"

Rachel turned the cover over to let him see-it was a novel in German.

"You know German?"

I took a course in college, but I'm not very proficient in the language.

Justin had remembered visiting the Hudson Residence once earlier and noticing a whole shelf of books in Rachel's tiny bedroom. There was a wide range of books in various languages, some of which he couldn't even understand.

"Are there any more sides to you that I don't know?" As his low voice sounded in her ears, she subconsciously gripped the corner of the page.

Justin threw a box toward her before he sat on his own at the side, his long and slender fingers pulling at his tie. "This is for you."

Rachel saw the box containing a phone next to her and she froze. *For me?*

"Isn't your phone broken? Don't switch off your phone in the future and once you have turned it on, remember to set the emergency contact to Frankie."

Why?

"I occasionally won't be able to take calls, but Frankie will be around 24 hours a day."

A frowning Rachel looked at Justin in surprise as it seemed that he had misunderstood something.

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Regardless of what Justin thought, he had indeed taken care of her a lot in the past two days.

Thank you.

At night, Rachel couldn't concentrate on her book with the sound of water splashing in the bathroom.

After a certain period of time, the sound of water ceased abruptly. She immediately came to her senses, (This novel will be daily updated at) then closed the book and set it aside before quickly pulling up the quilt and lying down. She turned her back so that it was facing the direction of the bathroom, and she made sure to only occupy a small part of her side of the bed.

After the door opened, there was a slight rustling sound of the covers being lifted behind her.

"Are you asleep?"

Rachel shut her eyes even tighter. In the next second, a huge hand passed through the gap between her neck and the pillow, then she was pulled into his arms. His body temperature was abnormally high after the shower, much like a steamer that was exuding heat.

Rachel opened her eyes in a panic before she heard his voice from above her head. "Go to sleep."

The sound of even breathing swept past the wisps of hair next to her ears, and the man's chin was pressed against the top of her head. Rachel felt like a small bun being pressed into the steamer. The heat was making her panic, but somehow, she felt at ease, and she slowly began to relax.

After Rachel spent a few days at home resting, her foot injury was almost healed. This afternoon, she was alone in the garden tending to the flowers and plants when Mrs. Duncan hurriedly opened the door and came out. "Mrs. Burton, quickly change your clothes. Old Mr. Burton wants to see you."

The scissors in Rachel's hand trembled slightly, and she abruptly cut off a rose stem, whereupon a large, vivid rose fell onto the grass. *Did he say why he's looking for me?*

"How would I know that? Anyway, he's asking for you. Quickly go back and change your clothes. (This novel will be daily updated at)It will take quite a while to get to the summer villa from here," Mrs. Duncan urged. Rachel could only set down her things and go back to change her clothes.

"I'll call you a cab."

That's fine. I'll drive there.

After Rachel drove off, Mrs. Duncan's expression changed immediately. "Damn. When Young Master

Justin is home, she pretends that it hurts everywhere, yet now she can drive on her own."

On the road leading to the outskirts of the city, Rachel looked at the three recommended paths on the navigation system. Her finger hovered for a while as she hesitated, then she deliberately chose the third route.

Janice mentioned that there was the least traffic surveillance on that road, especially since there was no time to repair it after the heavy rain some time ago, so there were many blind spots.

The sky was gradually getting dark. Justin was attending a liquor party at the famous Gathering Night Club in Riverdale.

He took over the Burton Group at such a young age, so if he simply relied on his brain and placed himself on a high horse as the rumors claimed, it would simply be impossible to carry out certain businesses.

Frankie answered a call outside the private room and came back to whisper in Justin's ear. "Mr. Burton, Old Mr. Burton called on Mrs. Burton again."

Justin frowned, then calmly clinked glasses with Spencer, who was next to him. After taking a sip of the wine, he used the excuse of needing to go to the bathroom to leave the room with Frankie.

"When did this happen?"

"It should be in the afternoon. Someone from the summer villa called and said that Mrs. Burton had already arrived."

Justin's eyes darkened a little, and he was seemingly deep in thought.

"Mr. Burton, I don't think there's much to worry about. Old Mr. Burton doesn't have any grudge against Mrs. Burton. Maybe he just called her over to lecture her a little. It should be fine."

"Where's Tina?"

Frankie was startled. "Do you think this may be related to Tina again?"

"I don't just think so I'm sure of it." With that, Justin strode out of the clubhouse without any hesitation.

"Mr. Burton, what about Mr. Campbell,"

"You keep an eye on him."

Meanwhile, a butler was bringing Rachel into the meeting room where she went last time. When she walked in, Arthur was drinking tea. There was a middle-aged woman in the room who was standing aside in a straight suit, probably to serve drinks.

"Old Mr. Burton, Miss Hudson is here.(This novel will be daily updaed at)" The butler stood at the door and waited until he got a neutral response before signaling for Rachel to go in.

"Have a seat." Although Arthur was getting older, when he spoke, he was still full of life.

Rachel nodded and cautiously sat down.

"Just answer whatever I ask you." Arthur glanced at her; his bleary eyes contained a hint of coldness, and he made no attempt to hide his dissatisfaction toward Rachel.

Rachel visibly hesitated. At this moment, the middle-aged woman standing next to the old man spoke. "Miss Hudson, don't worry. I'll translate for you." It turned out that she was a sign language interpreter.

Go on and ask, then.

"You married into the Burton Family because of your father's coercion, right?"

Yes.

"Jefferey must have also used this to force you to do a lot of other things," Arthur said while taking a sip of tea. "I heard that you were hospitalized some time ago."

Rachel's heart skipped a beat. Yes.

Rachel discreetly clasped her hands together. *I was not in good health, so I was hospitalized to recuperate for a while. There was no special reason.*

"Is that so?" Arthur asked in a rhetorical tone that indicated he was obviously not convinced. "Do you think that because you and Justin are living together far away from me, I'd be too dim-witted from old age to know anything?"

I didn't mean that. It was really because my health wasn't good.

Rachel wanted to explain more, but Arthur seemed to have run out of patience. He tapped his crutches against the ground, then said coldly, "Go to the ancestral hall and pay your respects."

Startled, Rachel looked toward the hall in disbelief.

Because the family banquet was held in the summer villa every year, the Burton Family's ancestral hall was built there as well. The style of the courtyard house was somewhat incompatible with the European-style buildings in the distance. However, the fact that the Burton Residence survived the fire that year already proved the family's wisdom and luck.

"Mrs. Burton, we're here."

As she looked at the gate of the ancestral hall in front of her, Rachel clenched her fists, then stepped in. (This novel will be daily updated at) With a *creak*, the door behind her was closed, and she was the only one left in the ancestral hall, which was lit only by the swaying candlelight. The moment she looked up, she saw the plaques of the Burtons' ancestors. She shivered involuntarily as she felt a gust of cold wind.

After walking one round, Rachel hesitated as she stared at the yellow futon placed before the plaques, then she finally went to kneel down and pay her respects. *To every ancestor of the Burton Family, I have no intention of offending and disturbing. I'm sorry.* She didn't believe in Gods and spirits, but Nancy had taught her to be respectful since she was a child.

The sky outside was completely dark now.

"Miss, Old Mr. Burton asked Rachel to pay her respects at the ancestral hall."

Upon hearing this, Tina immediately turned around from the balcony. She looked far into the northwest direction, where the ancestral hall was situated, while sneering, "That place is so eerie. It must be enough to frighten that mute."

"But I saw that she didn't talk much with Old Mr. Burton after she arrived. I don't know what made the old man unhappy, but he straightaway punished her and sent her to the ancestral hall."

"What other reason can there be? She's not even a pleasant sight, and her very presence is an eyesore. It would be fine if that mute knew her place, but she's

actually affecting the company's personnel transfer, so how could Grandpa possibly keep her?" After saying that, Tina glanced toward the southeast direction. "Let's just wait. I'm guessing my cousin is probably arriving soon."

"Young Master is coming? He can't possibly care so much for her, right?"

"You all think that Justin is haughty, indifferent, unscrupulous, and doesn't treat people like human beings, right?"

Her subordinate looked sullen and dared not say anything.

Tina let out a cold laugh. "In fact, he's the most indecisive member of the entire Burton Family!"