

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 151

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

Wendy merely kept quiet and listened as Ross kept ranting.

After he was finished ranting, he finally ended on a frustrated note. "I'm sure that she won't give up on me that easily. After all, she's the one who keeps bringing up the fact that she stood by my side during my hardest times. She definitely won't let all her efforts all those years go to waste," he said.

"But what if she keeps clinging onto you after this? What are you going to do then?" she probed.

He looked at her and gave her a weak smile. "Since this is the decision I've made, I'm aware that there would come a time where I have to sacrifice everything. Worst case scenario is me no longer working here. I want to see how far she's willing to go to salvage this broken relationship," he replied.

"But you just came back from abroad," she said and frowned.

"I was willing to give up such a great job abroad to come here just for her back then, but I'm also willing to give everything up just to start over again because of her now," he said firmly.

She had no qualms with that, as her Big Bro Ross was already a grown man. He was big enough to make his own decisions on his own accord, and she had absolutely no right to dictate what he did.

After a long chat, her phone started ringing just as they were about to leave.

She picked up the call immediately after seeing it was Henson who'd called.

"Who is it you're having lunch with?" he asked.

"Ross. We're at the hotel near where he works now," she answered.

"I haven't had my lunch yet," he said with a twinge of annoyance in his voice.

"Oh, really? I already ate though," she snickered.

"Wendy," he called out her name.

She smiled through pursed lips. "Well, why didn't you eat anything then? Did someone seal your mouth? Who'd be so bold to do so? Should I send Howell over to teach them a lesson for you?" she joked.

"Oh, shut it, I'm famished. Swing by the company to drop me my lunch, I'll be waiting. If you don't come, you better ready yourself for what's to come tonight," he threatened.

Before she could get a word in, he'd already hung up.

She didn't know what to say. He was being really unreasonable right now.

While she stuffed her phone into her bag,

Ross piped up, "Was that Master Henson just now?"

"Yep," she answered curtly.

"It sure looks like you two are getting along just fine," he remarked.

"I... guess so?" she said with a shrug.

"I keep hearing people say he's an unapproachable man, but it seems like the rumours have been inflated quite a bit," he commented.

She felt somewhat guilty after hearing him say that. If only he could see how Henson dealt with his suitors and subordinates, then he'd know that what he'd said wasn't too far from the truth.

Regardless, she still felt like she was a lucky woman. At least she herself knew that he was a good guy who was easy to get along with.

"Everyone has two faces, I suppose.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 152

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

When Wendy swung open the door to Henson's office, she noticed that he had an overcast expression on.

"You sure have a lot to talk about with Ross, huh? I called you more than an hour ago and you've only arrived now. You really don't care if I die or not, don't you? Aren't you afraid that I'll starve to death?" he whined.

She remained calm as she replied, "What does this have to do with Ross? After you called, I immediately ordered something for you which arrived 10 minutes later, but when I arrived at the company, I bumped into an employee from the Training department and was ushered there which took some time. It was only until then Joye took me upstairs," she explained.

"Well, I think you were scared to come up by yourself, which was why you purposely went to the Training department to ask Joye for help," he huffed.

She rolled her eyes at him in reply. "Smart *ss. Come and have your lunch already," she said.

He got up from his seat and walked over to her. Upon seeing a lunchbox full of chili peppers, he frowned and shifted his gaze to her.

She pursed her lips and flashed him a wide grin. "I remember you told me you liked spicy food, so in order to let you enjoy your meal better, I specifically requested for moooore chillis,"

she said in a singsongy tone.

"Was this woman doing this on purpose?" he thought as

he sat down. "Uh... muuuuch thanks," he said

in a singsongy manner too, imitating her.

She sat down beside him on the sofa and stared at him, fully prepared to see him go mad from all those peppers. She was expecting it to be a hoot and a half.

The last thing she'd expected was that he'd be able to handle this level of spiciness.

He acted as if nothing was wrong and continued eating his food with no qualms.

She couldn't help but frown at his lack of reaction. "What's this? Isn't it spicy for you?" she asked.

"Why don't you give it a try? I doubt the chef even knows what real spicy food tastes like," he said nonchalantly.

Skeptical, she used two fingers to pick up a piece of duck meat and sent it into her mouth.

A single chew was enough to make her go mad from the spice.

She immediately got up and ran out of his office to pour herself a cup of water.

Dayne, who was sitting in a corner, looked at her all confused.

Upon returning to his office, she piped up in an upset manner, "Can't you feel the spice? Is there something wrong with your taste buds?"

"I think it's just fine," he replied in between bites.

"Wait, but didn't you tell me you could only handle a bit of spice before?" she asked.

He put down his fork and glared at her. "So, you DO know I can't handle my spice well, yet you purposefully requested for more peppers. You did this on purpose, didn't you? he shot.

"I-" she gasped and blinked her eyes in disbelief.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 153

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

Seeing as Henson didn't speak up, Wendy spoke up on his behalf instead. "He had some spicy food in the afternoon. The REALLY spicy kind," she said nervously.

Donald the Butler gasped, "Wait, Master Henson can't handle spi-"

"It's fine, no need to kick up such a fuss," Henson interrupted before he could finish. "What should I do about this, Doc?" he asked while turning back to the family doctor.

"I've already prescribed you some fluids to help alleviate the pain, Master Henson," the doctor said.

"Alright," Henson replied.

She felt a wave of guilt wash over her while she sat at the side. She only wanted to get back at him, but didn't expect it to turn out like this. Now, she was the one who harmed him.

He turned to look at her guilty face once the doctor finished strapping him to an IV bag.

"All of you can take your leave first. Miss Evans alone should suffice at this time," he then ordered to everyone in the room.

She continued staring at him in silence as everyone slowly left the room. She felt awful.

"Will there be a next time?" he asked calmly.

She shook her head profusely at that. "I really didn't think you'd turn out this way after having spicy food. I promise never to get back at you ever again," she muttered.

He then lifted a finger to poke the space between her eyebrows. "Now, now, no one's blaming you for anything, so no need to be upset about it anymore. It's not like you forced me to eat it too. It was me who wanted to act all cool in front of you," he said.

Teary-eyed, she lifted a hand to slap him on the shoulder. "Despicable. Why'd you front that you could handle your spice in front of me when you actually couldn't? Is this all a joke to you?" she huffed.

"It is," he said with a devilish grin.

"Despicable. You'd better stop laughing," she replied. She never intended to hurt anyone in her life, so it felt worse to unintentionally hurt someone who'd treated her so well like that.

"Fine, fine, I'll stop. Please don't be mad at me anymore. I feel totally fine right now," he assured her as he clasped both her hands tightly.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 154

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

While heading out for lunch in the afternoon, Wendy and Linda

walked past a few students outside the office building. She could hear them whispering behind her back.

Linda turned to look at her in concern. "What say we don't go to the cafeteria anymore? How does takeout in the office sound?" she suggested.

Wendy pursed her lips in reply. "I'm fine, Linda. I didn't do anything wrong." she said firmly.

"But don't you feel annoyed? It feels like I'm being tailed by a pesky fly," Linda said.

"It's fine, it's just lunch. Plus, people would deem me even more suspicious if I hid in the shadows," Wendy said while remaining a calm demeanor.

Linda fell silent after seeing how insistent she was.

The restaurant was originally bustling with life, but after Wendy showed up, many heads turned around to stare at her with judgmental eyes.

She thought the saying, 'good news stays hidden, while bad news always spreads far and wide' couldn't be more true now.

She queued up to get her food as usual, but before she could dig in, she noticed a counselor from the English Department walking up to her.

While standing at the table's edge, the man stared at her with a stern look on his face. "Miss Evans, Jason Bell here. Do you mind if I talk to you about the matter regarding Avril?" he asked.

"You must be Avril's counselor," she said while gazing at him with a calm expression on her face.

"That's right," he said.

"Sure, take a seat," she said with a nod.

He then sat opposite her and started, "I read the posts from a few assistant professors from your faculty in the forum clarifying the incident with Avril earlier today. Do you have any evidence to back up their claims of you being unrelated to the incident?"

He'd said it pretty loudly too. It was clear that he was here to stand up for his student.

She felt speechless. Why was she the one who had to bear the brunt of his anger while he fought for justice for his student?

She put down her cutlery and stared at him with eyes full of determination. "Tell me then, Mr. Bell, why should I be the one to present the evidence when I've clearly done nothing wrong? I don't see YOU going to all the people who accused me for proof, so why should I take the blame for this for no reason at all?" she argued.

"I went to Avril and she told me that only the four of you were present with her when she confessed to Master Henson. So, even if it wasn't you who did it, it's definitely got to be one of the others," he snapped.

Linda became upset after hearing that and slammed both her hands on the table. "Mr. Bell, even the police need evidence to solve their cases, so what makes you think you can just accuse us willy-nilly? If you insist on pinning the blame on us, I suggest you show us your proof,"

she said loud and clear, which made

him even bolder. "Is there even any need for it to come to this? Only the four of you were present at the time, so if none of you spilled the beans, no one would be the wiser, no? Avril's still young, so was it wrong of her to develop feelings for someone and eventually confess to them?"

Can you all even wrap your head around how much pain she had to endure because of that? Her bravery had cost her her dignity, and now she's the laughing stock of the entire campus.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 155

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

The expression Wendy had on her face wasn't too far off either.

Prior to this, she did suspect the people in her office,

but she refused to believe it was true upon seeing it for herself.

"Isn't this Cael from your office?" Jason asked as he stared at the screen.

Wendy and Linda both shot each other a look.

"This must be a mistake, Howell. It must be... a coincidence, right? Perhaps Cael also just so happened to visit the Internet Café that day?" Wendy asked after a long pause.

"Even if he so happened to post on the forums that day, it can't mean the comments are a coincidence as well. Two coincidences just seem too unlikely to me. There's even a video at the back stating that the comments were posted from a different Internet Café. These two Cafés might be a distance from campus, but just so happen to be near to where Mr. Cael lives. How's this considered a coincidence anymore?" Howell explained.

"I can't believe that Cael could even do this to a young lady. That's just pure evil." Jason scoffed.

"How are you any better than him when you also came up to Wendy without any proof to scold her when you clearly didn't have the facts?" Linda voiced out, all upset.

When Howell heard her say that, he looked at Jason in displeasure. "How dare you bully Miss Evans," he growled.

"I just wanted some clarity out of this whole situation we're in right now," Jason muttered guiltily.

"Clarity doesn't mean you can go around accusing Miss Evans of something she has never done without proof," Linda snorted in reply.

Howell then crossed his arms in response. "Even if Miss Evans did it, so what? The girl was from your faculty, so the fact that she confessed to a man and got rejected doesn't concern our faculty at all. Is it really that hard for her to accept the truth?" he added and shot him an evil eye.

Linda nodded in agreement and continued, "That's right. Remember your promise just now, Jason? You have to apologise to Miss Evans now that she managed to show you her evidence,"

He frowned as he wasn't willing to part with his pride just yet. "But it was one guy in your office did it, wasn't it?" he argued.

After hearing him say that, Wendy immediately buried her sorrow and replied him in a chilly tone, "The people in my office can't represent me. Cael is Cael and I am me.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 156

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

Wendy's gaze turned cold in an instant. "It's not like I can change my appearance. I got it from my mom, so how dare you disregard all of my hard work by saying that I got here just by using my look? Also, you keep saying you 'work hard', but does 'working hard' in your case mean browsing Amazon and playing games on your phone?"

"Tell me, how many times have I helped you publish notices for your students? When have I turned you down even when I'm at my busiest? When have I turned you down whenever you encounter any problematic students and whenever you ask me to help you run your errands?"

"I'll have you know I'm fully qualified for this job. I got this job based on my capabilities, so what makes you think that I don't have the right to stay here on campus just because YOU say I shouldn't? You have the least right to say that to me, so if anyone should be fired, it should be you." she shouted.

She didn't like picking fights with others, but she couldn't possibly just stand there and let herself be slandered like that.

She really tried her best in everything and gave her all even when no one was watching, which was why this wasn't a valid reason for others to humiliate her.

When Carmen saw that the two of them was ready to throw fists at each other, she stepped in and hurriedly said, "Cael, Wendy! Stop it right now! Can't you two just sit it out and have a proper discussion? Actually--"

"Shut up!" Cael shouted as he turned around to face her. "Who died and made you our peacemaker, Carmen? Tell me, who was the one who first badmouthed Wendy when she first stepped into our office?"

"You've gone mad, Cael. How could you--"

But before she could finish, he'd already swung open the door and left.

It was now Carmen's turn to feel embarrassed.

"When you first came into our office, I secretly brought up your name a lot since you were one of the most famous figures on campus then, so naturally there would be a lot to talk about. And you know how much I love to gossip, which was why I dared to circulate rumours and badmouth you in front of Cael and Linda. I sincerely apologise for that though, since... we weren't that close yet back then. Plus, I also want to apologise for slandering you behind your back," she said guiltily after turning to face Wendy.

Upon witnessing her combust in shame in front of her, Linda butted in with a lighthearted giggle. "I didn't expect you to be flamed so badly just by stepping in, Carmen. You must be really down on your luck today," she remarked.

After noticing that Wendy wasn't pissed off by her remark, Carmen piped up, "Duh. I was just scared that it'd escalate into a full-blown fight, which was why I stepped in in the first place. I would've just stood by if I've known it beforehand," she said, frustrated.

"By the way, I swear to God, Miss Evans, ever since we had lunch together that one time, I haven't badmouthed you at all, not even once. You can ask Linda if you don't believe me," she huffed.

Linda nodded in reply. "I'll reluctantly be your witness then. It's true that she really hasn't done that at all recently," she replied.

Carmen then lounged forward to grab hold of both of Wendy's hands.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 157

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

"Think about it. Who do you think I was doing all of this for?" Henson probed.

He then lifted a finger to poke Wendy in the forehead. "If I'd taken her to a quiet place to talk things out with her in private, then people would immediately lose their heads from sheer jealousy. Also, I'm a straightforward man, so if I were to reject someone's advances towards me, I'd want to do it out in the open, where everyone could see. By rejecting her in front of my woman, I was just trying to be loyal to you. So, I'd argue that YOU should take responsibility for the matter, not me," he ranted.

His rant only left her flabbergasted and speechless.

He was a man who'd go so far as to manipulate reality with his words

and twist the truth so blatantly.

She'd truly seen it all today.

"If every capitalist in this world were like you, the world would be f*cked by now," she declared and shook her head. "Also, stop making me sound like I'm some kind of jealous wench. I'm not as bad as you make me out to be,"

"Right, sure you aren't," he smirked.

"Ugh, that tone of yours. I'm not one to get jealous so easily over such a little thing. If you were actually a man who's easily wooed after being confessed to a few times, you'd definitely be married by now. After all, there are a ton of girls out there who are pining after you," she scoffed.

He stared at her and said, "Of all the women out there who love me, why can't you be one of them? You're not wrong in saying that their confessions won't get to me, but I'm sure yours can, so why don't you give it a try? I'll have you know I'm as fragile as a leaf in the wind whenever I'm in front of you," he teased.

She flushed crimson at that. "Of all topics to talk about, you're back at this again," she huffed.

"That's because I can't figure out for the life of me why I can't make you mine," he complained.

She merely pursed her lips and stared at him in response.

While he kept wondering why he couldn't make her his,

she, on the other hand, started to wonder if her heart was gradually spinning out of control.

"Well, that concludes our talk for the day," she announced and tried to hop out of bed when

he pulled her back and refused to let her get away from him. "Stay with me while I get my IV drip?" he begged.

"Fine, but let me fetch a book to read first. You can't possibly suggest that we stare at one another the whole time," she said.

"That's actually a pretty good idea! I read a research article somewhere that said that when two people stare at one another for a full minute, they'll cause the other party's heart to skip a beat. I don't ever recall you looking at me squarely in the eyes too, so maybe that's why you haven't fallen for me yet? Come on, let's put it to the test," he suggested giddily.

"I refuse," she giggled and continued, "Why would a greedy capitalist like you read such nonsense in the first place?"

"How can you say it's nonsense if you don't give it a try first? Who knows, it might turn out to be true," he chirped in a singsong manner.

"Never," she insisted.

"Heh, are you scared that you'll fall in love with me after staring into my eyes?" he teased.

She turned to face him at that. "You're not wrong. Who wouldn't fall for such an accomplished man even without looking squarely into his eyes?" she asked.

"I never had the thought that I couldn't fall in love with you. I'm just saying that I can be insecure sometimes because of how accomplished you are.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 158

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

Wendy immediately snatched Henson's phone from his hands. "Don't you dare, Henson! Ian has a girlfriend already, he even showed us her pictures today. They've been in a good relationship since their university days," she explained.

He didn't seem convinced by that. "Well, it's not like he can't break up with her. That Ross of yours you liked had a girlfriend before too, but look what happened?" he huffed.

"How's this even an equal comparison? I've loved Big Bro Ross since I was a kid, while I know nothing about Ian apart from the fact that we work together. Plus, he's in a stable relationship with his girlfriend, so why are you badmouthing him for? Also, he's not my type because I like tall men," she explained.

His brows relaxed a little after hearing that. "The man's a dwarf?" he asked.

"No, he's around 1.78 m, maybe? That's kind of short to me," she replied.

He immediately raised his eyebrows in amusement. "Well, what do you think about MY height?" he probed.

"You're the cream of the crop in terms of height," she giggled.

Her nonchalant reply made him feel uneasy. "I hope you're not just saying that to appease me," he sulked.

"Of course not, just look at Gorman. You two are around the same height, no?" she said.

"I'm taller," he said and raised an eyebrow. "So, I should be better than him, right?"

She didn't know how to reply to that and merely rolled her eyes at him. She was also disgusted at herself for bringing up Gorman. "Yes, yes," she answered.

This also made her realise how easy it was to coax Henson. It seemed like he was the type to ascend to heaven with just a few words of praise.

Even so, she rarely complimented him even after knowing that he'd be a happy boy for a whole day after receiving a few words of praise.

She found it odd after realising that she also applied the same principle to Gorman back then.

Perhaps it was after she learned that people can change that she was more willing to compliment Henson more, even after refusing to do so for Gorman in the past.

It was apparent to her that her personality was slowly but surely starting to change on the inside.

It was lively, if not more this Friday afternoon than it was last week.

Even without Cael in the office, Carmen was still giddy as she was excited to meet Henson later in the afternoon.

As the new recruit for the Business Management Department, Ian naturally took over Cael's role.

Fully armed with the privilege of being Henson's personal assistants, Carmen urged them to head to the basketball court early that day.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 159

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

Tracy looked visibly stunned after noticing the sheer amount of people looking up at her from the ground.

Wendy was just worried that her ex-boyfriend had also made his way here after hearing the news.

"Liam, you b*stard! You disappoint me!" Tracy screamed at the top of her lungs.

This caused Wendy to slap her forehead and groan. "Of course he'd come," she thought.

The man was clearly the only lighthouse in her life.

"Please stop this at once, Tracy! Just give me some time. I didn't want things to end up like this either, but it's not like I didn't try to stop it from happening. Believe me, I really tried everything I could just for you,"

The man screamed from below.

"Who am I to you if she's the one you love then?" Tracy said and started breaking down into tears. "When you were pining for me during my first year in university, you told me I was the most beautiful girl you've ever met and that you wanted to hold my hand for the rest of your life. And two months ago, when I asked you about what people said about finding love in university, you told me that the curse of breaking up after graduation won't apply to our relationship.

"You promised me that you'd marry me after we graduated. You once told me that I was your everything, so why is it that you've already found someone new two months later? What am I supposed to think after finding out that this was all a lie in the end?" she shouted between sobs.

Wendy, who was standing behind her, suddenly recalled back to how Gorman had made the same promises to her back then. This also eventually led her back to the moment when she'd caught him and Gill in the act-

She frowned. She didn't want Tracy's emotions to be swayed like hers did back then.

This compelled her to exchange glances with Linda then lunge forward to grab hold of Tracy, but this also caused her to start flailing about like a madwoman in her arms.

It didn't help that she'd been sitting on the ledge too. As she flailed about, her body started to lean forward to the depths below,

pulling Wendy down with her. Linda, who'd also ran forward yelled in shock. And just as she was about to extend a hand to grab hold of the both of them, she noticed a figure beside her reach a hand out to grab one of Wendy's ankle at lightning speed.

While she was still reeling from her shock, she turned around to see Howell standing beside her, leaning on the ledge, desperately clinging onto Wendy's ankle.

He tried pulling her up a few times,

but it was impossible to do so with Tracy still thrashing about in Wendy's grip.

As she continued to struggle, Wendy's hands could no longer support her and she had no choice but to let her slip away from her grip.

But she still managed to grab hold of one of her hands with her quick reflexes.

As Tracy's body flailed in the wind, this was the moment she finally realised that she could possibly die from this.

"I-I don't want to die, M-Miss Evans," she shouted after panicking for a few moments.

Wendy could only grit her teeth and continue holding on to the girl who was heavier than herself.

Linda managed to rally a few students on the roof to help pull them up, but they didn't really know they could be of help, so they merely gathered behind Howell in a tug-of-war-fashion.

"Please use up every ounce of your strength, everyone!" she shouted to all the people behind her.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 160

[/ Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife](#)

Howell immediately piped up in a bold manner, "I was doing it for-"

Henson interrupted him before he could even finish. "I don't care who you're doing this for, just know that I will never ever forgive you again if you save such a person like her in the future, you hear me? Ugh, stop talking and go over to held your lecturer up. You better come home with me when you reach the ground floor," he commanded.

A flurry of discussions instantly erupted from the crowd afterwards.

"Wait, so Howell is actually from the Charles family?" one asked.

"Ah, so that's why Master Henson was so anxious, it was because he wanted to save his own brother," another said.

"Why would people even say that the Charles' Brothers aren't on good terms? They look just fine to me," one commented.

“Don’t take the rumours to heart,” another whispered.

Howell suddenly came to a realisation.

He realised that the reason his brother had silenced him was because he didn’t want him accidentally saying things he shouldn’t have,

and that his brother did so also to protect Sister Wendy from getting shoved into the limelight. So, this was the real reason he’d sold his brother out.

Why was it that he deemed his wife more important over his own brother’s personal privacy?

He was literally enforcing the trope of neglecting his own flesh and blood for his lover.

This caused him to pout in frustration. It was so unfair. He was the one who’d clearly saved his brother’s wife, so why was it that he had to take the fall for everything in the end?!

Such injustice!

He later merely obliged and walked over to Wendy’s side to prop her up. “Are you alright, Miss Evans?” he asked.

As soon as she got up on her feet, she crumbled back onto the floor.

After all, she just had almost died, so it was only natural that she was still reeling from the whole ordeal.

"My heart's just beating a lot faster than usual. No biggie," she muttered through shaky breath.

After a while, she spun around and walked over to Tracy's side.

"You should be happy that you saw him for who he really was before you graduated. I can't even begin to imagine how you'd feel if you got married and had kids after you graduated, only for him to say that he'd already found someone else and that she was his true love all along. I fear that you and your kids would be even more miserable if that were to happen.

"Look, literally any man can make promises about the future like that. It's so easy to promise this and that, but so hard to fulfill all of them, you know. So, remind yourself not to be a fool and get caught up in other people's words so easily next time. Now that you've got a taste of death, do you still feel that you should be responsible for this piece of jerk?" Wendy probed.

Tracy then looked up at her with tears streaming down her face. "I'm so, so sorry for what happened just now, Miss Evans... and thank you," she sobbed.

Wendy didn't say anything and merely turned around to face Linda.

Linda gave her a nod and said, "You should get some rest. I can handle the rest from here on," she assured her.

With that, Wendy tailed behind both of the Charles siblings to follow them downstairs.

After leaving the rooftop, when Henson saw her struggle to walk properly with her trembling legs, he pushed down the stifling feeling in his heart and went up to her to princess carry her.

A few girls staying on the fourth to sixth floors caught wind that the girl had already been saved, so they started scrambling up the stairs of the building to get a glimpse of Mr. Charles.

When she heard the sound of footsteps coming from downstairs, she quickly whisper-shouted at him, "Put me down, I can walk by myself,"

"Shut up," he shushed her under his breath.

After noticing a few people climbing up the stairs, she decided to steel her beating heart, close her eyes and pretend to be unconscious.

After all, there was nothing strange about carrying someone who had fainted.

Howell, who was standing to the side, remarked in a whisper, "Wendy's a genius,"

Henson rolled his eyes at him. "Cut the crap. Go clear the stairway for me," he snapped.

Howell rolled his eyes at him too.

Honestly... Even after taking the fall for her, he'd been scolded for it too. He really felt like giving himself a hug now.

He speedily ran down the stairs to usher the girls away. "Move aside, girls. Someone fainted and needs to go to the hospital right now," he said flatly.

Just like that, both Charles siblings managed to descend the building without a hitch.

Henson's lecture was promptly cancelled, while Wendy and Howell both received permission to leave campus early.

On the way driving home, Henson had Howell sit in the back.

Howell shot her a glance. He knew that things wouldn't end well for her too after his brother saw the stunt she pulled.

While seated in the car, she'd sneak glances at him periodically, feeling guilty.

He was so obviously pissed off right now.

After hesitating for a while, she piped up in a gentle manner. "I thank God you came in the nick of time today. If it weren't for you, I'd probably be dead by now. You're a lifesaver, Henson. My hero," she praised.

He shot her a chilly glare instead. "Flattery won't get you anywhere this time," he sneered.

"I'm not flattering you, I'm just thanking you for saving me. Also, you shouldn't get angry at me since I did it to save someone too," she said and pouted.

"That almost cost you your life, so what are you talking about 'saving someone'? You're clearly unqualified to save anyone so stop acting like you're some hero," he scoffed.

"Look, I'm an educator, so I can't possibly just stand there and watch, right? Linda and I just so happened to pass by the building and with so many students there looking up to us, we naturally had to climb upstairs to stop it.

Isn't that a good thing to you?" she argued.

"Right, you went to save someone with a colleague, so why is it that you're the one who was left dangling over the ledge and was the one who almost lost her life and not your colleague? That's because you're an idiot. You're human too, so when you're put in dangerous situations where you can't even save yourself, the only wise decision to make is to flee or ignore it.

"Who told you that a professor's assistant had to sacrifice herself just to save another? Are you saying that your life isn't worth more than a person who doesn't even want their own? If they truly wanted to off themselves, who told you that you should join them?" he snapped.

This was the first time Henson had gotten so angry at her.

He was even yelling at her now.

Even Baron, who was driving, dared't breathe when he witnessed the state his Master was in.

After staring at him for a while, she pouted in reply and stretched out a hand to put in on his arm. "Alright, alright, calm down. Don't I look perfectly fine right now?" she asked.

However, her response enraged him further. “‘Perfectly fine’? How are you this dense when it comes to your own safety, Wendy? What if Howell didn’t catch you? What if you slipped from his hands? What if I didn’t manage to make it on time? I could’ve been on my way to the burial grounds to shout at your gravestone by now if any one of those scenarios happened, you know?!” he hollered.

She then faced him with a pitiful look on her face. “You’re right.” she muttered.

He shot her a glance through the corners of his eyes. Why wasn’t she this obedient back then?

She pouted again. “To be honest, I didn’t feel anything the moment I got dragged over the ledge, because everything was happening so fast. It was only when I was dangling over the edge where I finally realised what it truly meant to fear death.

“It didn’t seem like I was dangling in mid-air for long, but a lot of thoughts raced through my mind then. When I heard Howell say that he was starting to lose his grip and that I could feel my body sliding forwards, a dark thought actually surfaced in my mind. I asked myself, ‘should I let go of Tracy’s hand?’

“After all, if it weren’t for her, Howell could’ve easily pulled me up. She was the one who decided that life wasn’t worth living anymore and wanted to kill herself over it, but I didn’t want to die with her. I still had a lot of things I wanted to do in the future, like get married, have kids, and fulfill all those expectations my mother left for me,” she ranted

and turned to look at him. “Do you think I was a terrible person at the time, Henson?” she asked.

“The only really terrible people would throw their own life away for the sake of saving others. Either way, it’s too dangerous on campus. You can either quite your job or I send some bodyguards to keep watch of you from tomorrow,” he huffed.

"Oh no, please. It's really safe on campus," she said as she started panicking.

"This might be true for other people, but apparently not for you, since you even managed to make a deadly situation that has a 1 in a 1000 chance of happening apply to you. You're really something, aren't you," he scoffed.

She pursed her lips as she looked at him. She knew that nothing she said could quell his anger at this point.