

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 31

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Chapter 31 Bain, wait and see.

Seeing her swollen feet, Henson was unhappy. "Why don't you know how to wear high heels? You are a women."

"You kiss a strange woman twice a night. How could you do that? You a man, gentleman."

Henson raised his eyes to her. His gaze was full of danger, "Strange?"

"Ye... Yes, are we familiar with each other?" Thinking that only they were in the car now, Wendy felt a little scared for some reason.

"Except your father, is there another man who could be more familiar with you than me? You must know, I'm your first man to go deep in your..."

Before Henson could finish, Wendy had already instinctively covered his mouth.

The moment she touched his lips, she felt regretful.

Feeling really embarrassed, Wendy retracted her hand. "We agreed to forget that matter before."

"Yes. I'm just showing you how familiar we are."

She was embarrassed again.

"You don't even know my name. Then how could say we are familiar with each other?"

"Wendy Evans."

"Yes." She answered instinctively. But Henson knew her name?

"Why do you think I don't know your name?"

"Because you never call my name."

" I call you Miss Evans for respecting you, but it does not mean I have no idea about your full name."

"But you never asked me. Then how could you know ...? Oh, yes. You saw my principal yesterday. You must know it from her. "

"I saw your resume in the interview for tutor, and I just remember it because of my good memory."

She was speechless. She knew many people like boasting, but among them, Henson was the most shameless one.

She curled her lips in disdain for his words.

Baron was back. Henson ordered, "Go to the hospital first."

"Yes."

Wendy was about to say something, but Henson added, "You can't say no."

In fact, she just wanted to thank him. After all the ankle was painful.

"What does Bain say to you that make you so angry? "

She was silent and she almost forgot this.

"Speak."

"I don't want to say anything about it."

"Because you kissed with me?"

Wendy was embarrassed to look at Baron, then she turned to glare at him.

Henson acted as if nothing had happened, "What's your relationship?"

She kept silent for a moment. "After Howell finished SAT, Mr. Charles and I will be strangers again. So please do not get too close with me in the future. Tonight... I will forget about it. I hope Mr. Charles will not do that to me again."

Henson instantly felt upset.

It meant she chose Bain.

Fine, the more speeches like this she made, the less possible it would be for him to let her go. After all, he disliked Bain since a long time before.

One day, he would have Wendy choose him in front of Bain.

He smiled for he believe he would subdue this little wild cat.

Bain, wait and see.

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Chapter 32 Wendy Evans, not Wendy Nicholson.

After examination, Henson carried Wendy out of the hospital.

The doctor said because her ankle could easily be twisted again, so she should be careful.

After using the medicine, Wendy planed to limp and jump out. But Henson directly carried her up to his breast and brought her out of the hospital.

Wendy buried her face in his chest for the whole time.

It wasn't because she was touched; she felt shame.

When they returned home, Henson carried her to the bedroom in front of Donald. "Tell Howell the class will be at Wendy's room. Besides, ask Baron to drive Wendy to school every day until her legs are healed."

"Mr. Charles, I am just OK. I don't need a driver, and ..."

"You got hurt for you went to the dinner with me. I should be responsible for it. Donald, take care of Miss Evans. "

Henson left then.

Donald answered respectfully, "Yes, Mr. Charles."

She felt much pressure.

The next day, Baron really sent her to the school.

Just when she got off from the car, Wendy saw Bain and his Porsche.

Many students passing by were taking pictures of his car.

Bain didn't care about that and walked towards Wendy.

She shifted her gaze to get the walking sticks from Baron.

"Baron, you are free now. I'll go into the school by myself."

Baron left while Bain walked over.

Seeing the bandages on her legs, Bain felt worried, "Wendy, what happened to your feet?"

"I fell." She said calmly.

"Does it hurt?" Bain bent down to check her feet but Wendy moved her body.

"It does not hurt."

Seeing her indifferent action, Bain stood up. "Are you angry at me?"

She lowered her eyes, "For what?"

Bain sighed to hold her shoulders, "Alright, Wendy, I shouldn't talk with you like that yesterday. But when you left angrily, I felt really bad for you are my dear sister, you know?"

Looking at Bain's down expression, Wendy also felt sad.

After all, only Bain of the Nicholson family considered her to be a real relative.

Wendy was about to say something but her cell phone rang.

She took the phone out of her bag and checked the number.

It was an unmarked, kinda familiar and unfamiliar phone number.

She glanced at Bain and turned around to pick up the phone, "Hello."

"Come to see me today when you are free."

"Sir, you called the wrong phone number for I don't know you."

"Wendy Nicholson!" The man berated, "How dare you to speak to me like that?"

Wendy clenched her fists, "You are wrong. My name is Wendy Evans. Once my mother wanted me to become Wendy Nicholson before, but Mr. Nicholson, you strongly opposed it at that time. So I hope Mr. Nicholson can call my real name. Also, please don't call me again. Bye!"

She then hung up without any hesitation.

Bain looked at her with worry, "It is from dad, right?"

Wendy replied dryly, "I have no father. Your surname is Nicholson But mine is Evans. So stop calling me sister and don't come to me again. I don't want to get in touch with the Nicholson family anymore. "

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Chapter 33 I slept another man.

Wendy was stubborn. Bain knew she was pissed.

Before she calmed down, his words would just be nonsense to her.

Bain sighed and watched Wendy walking into the school.

Wendy was listless for the whole day.

Gorman heard Wendy got hurt in the morning. So at noon, he searched the campus for her. Finally at the playground, he found her sitting on the stone stairs. Wendy was reading a book.

From a long distance, Gorman felt as if he was watching the Wendy from the past.

Back then, they would set a time to meet. And Wendy would always arrive early, studying and waiting for him.

He would prepare some snacks for her and rushed to meet her.

After running, he calmed himself down first. Then he walked slowly to Wendy and sat down in front of her.

His walking noise made Wendy look up.

Gorman frowned at her ankle, "Why are you so careless?"

He wanted to touch her foot, but Wendy moved her leg away.

"Wendy, let's make up, huh? I don't want to go on like this. Without you, my life is lifeless. Let's get married. I swear that I will never betray you again. I will always treat you well."

Wendy looked at Gorman's passionate and sorrowful eyes for a long time.

Gorman leaned forward to half kneel in front of Wendy. Then he held her hands.

"Wendy, don't abandon me. You said before that because I had took the 99 steps to you, so you took the final step to me. Now, I wish I can have the chance to start with you all over again. Please just stand still, waiting me to finish the 100 steps, okay? "

"I slept another man." Wendy said calmly.

“Don’t try to piss me off. Wendy, I know you well. And you wouldn’t do that.”

“It’s true. The day I saw you two in bed, I slept another man.” Wendy laughed, “Although I regretted taking revenge on you in this way. But at this moment, I feel fortunate for I give up all the reasons to stay with you again. Therefore, no matter how pitiful you are now, I will no stay with you again.”

“Wendy.” Gorman gritted her teeth, “Don’t.”

“You can choose not to believe my words, but every single word I said is true. Gorman, ex-couples can’t be friends, so I won’t bother you, and hope you don’t pester me again. Let’s keep some dignity to be strangers rather than enemies, OK?”

“You...” Suspicion was still in Gorman’s eyes.

He didn’t believe what she said.

But her expression seemed she was telling the truth.

Gorman stood up to look down at her, “Did you sleep with someone?”

She tensed her grip on the book and answered, “Yes.”

Gorman gritted his teeth, “I’ve been a couple for long, but you won’t even allow me to kiss you. Then you just slept with another guy? Wendy, you... You disappoint me a lot.”

After he said that, Gorman left in anger.

Wendy felt as if she was pushed down to the abyss.

However, she wore a bitter smile. She had already been at the bottom of the life valley. It can’t be worse.

After class, Wendy left school in the afternoon with crutches.

She saw Baron at the gate. Just as she was about to go near, Wendy was stopped by a black Audi.

Two men from the car lifted her up from both sides. They shoved her into the car and left swiftly.

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Chapter 34 You are here with me again.

In the Nicholsons' Courtyard.

Wendy was pushed to the front of Ken, who was sitting in a wheelchair.

Wendy raged, "Mr. Nicholson is truly capable; even kidnapping beneath the sunlight is a piece of cake to him."

The two men set her free with her feet landing on the ground directly. Even there was still some pain in her ankle, she still stood there resolutely.

Ken waved the rest people away.

He then coldly said, "Take a seat."

"The chair of the Nicholson family is so precious that I have no right to sit on it."

"Wendy Nicholson, are you trying to annoy me on purpose?"

"I've said, my name is Wendy Evans."

"Even if your surname is Evans, you share the same blood with the Nicholson family."

"That's why I feel sick with myself."

Glaring at her, Ken slapped his wheelchair and scolded her, "Wendy Nicholson!"

"What do you want me to bring me here?" Wendy Nicholson asked coldly, not bothering to talk more with him about her surname.

"what is wrong with you and Henson?"

"It's my business."

"So you need money?"

Wendy glared at him. In her father's eyes, money was the only reason for her to stay with the rich.

How ridiculous.

"You didn't inherit any merits from your mother, but what you should not learned, you learned well."

Wendy's eyes turned cold, "What do you mean by 'should not learned'?"

"I mean 'Flirting with men'. You are just an illegitimate daughter. Won't you think that you can marry to the Charles family?"

Wendy gripped her fist tightly. Her nails almost went into her flesh. And her body also trembled for his words.

She walked over to the coffee table next to him. Then she flipped it over.

The tea tools, water glasses, and iPad all fell to the ground with a loud cracking sound.

Ken looked at Wendy with an indifferent face.

She walked to the front of Ken. "You don't deserve to mention my mother for you're too dirty. Don't ever take me here again. It is disgusting."

After finishing her speech, Wendy limped away.

Ken said coldly, "Wendy, I warn you now. Keep away from Henson. Or I will take action."

Wendy stood still and raised her eyebrows. She looked back with an evil smile, "I have got one thing that my mother doesn't own. That is, I was born to dislike warnings. I will never obey you. I will wait and to see what will you do. "

'Ken, just waits. One day, I will pull you down from the clouds. I will make you repent, make you feel really regretful to my mother and me." Wendy talked to herself at heart.

Not far from the Nicholson's yard, Wendy sat down on the roadside because of the pain.

The more Wendy thought about it, the more upset and sad she felt.

The one inside was her biological father.

He kidnapped her here. Even he saw her injures on feet, he didn't asked a single word about her health.

Wendy felt sadder. So she hugged herself and buried her face in her knees. Tears kept trickling down uncontrollably.

Why did everyone have a happy home except her?

Why could other people have an amiable father who dotted on their daughter, while her own father treated her as an enemy?

Why couldn't she get ordinary and simple happiness?

It wasn't her fault to be an illegitimate daughter. It was her father that had made the mistake. Then why should she pay for his mistake?

Wendy cried.

Someone went near and gently poked her head.

Wendy raised her head. And through her tears, she saw Henson.

Why could he appear every time when she was in a disaster state?

Their gazes met. Suddenly Wendy's tears rolled down from her face freely like a broken necklace, unstoppable.

Wendy lowered her head to wipe them. But tears kept gushing out from her eyes so that she could never clean her face.

Henson took out a handkerchief to her.

Wendy covered her eyes with it. She pressed her eyes and said causally, "How can the wind be so strong today? My eyes are so dry because of it."

"Hm. The strong wind just failed to fly a leaf."

Wendy felt embarrassed for a few second. Then she raised her head to stared at him, "How can you still be hard on me in this situation. Should you man say, hmm, yes, the wind is too strong."

"I did say strong wind."

"You ..." Wendy stood up to bit her lips, "You are strange. And why are you staring at me now? I must look pitiful. Shouldn't you suppose to say that you will lend me your shoulders and then turn around to avoid my eyes?"

"I can't lend you my shoulders. But how about hugs?"

She was stunned for his words for a moment. But, yes... Or not?

Before Wendy could think clearly, Henson had pulled her into his arms.

"Then in this way, I won't see your eyes and you can cry now."

She was speechless about him again. Shouldn't he say don't cry anymore?

Yes, she knew he never acted like others.

But... His body was so warm that even her cold heart start to became warm.

A red sports car passed by.

Julia in the car was so shocked to see this that she almost braked in the middle of the street.

Bi*ch Wendy. Why did she stay together with Mr. Charles?

The red care stopped in the yard of the Nicholson family. Julia got off and quickly ran home.

Ken was sitting in the courtyard. So Julia ran over and exclaimed to him, "Dad, I just saw the daughter of that bi*ch. Guess who she's with now?"

Ken scolded coldly, "Julia, I told you many times that she your sister."

"Pfft. I do not have a sister like her. Dad, don't even think to force me to acknowledge her. Or I will regard you as my father anymore."

"Enough." Ken was more annoyed, "Who is she with?"

"Mr. Charles. They cuddled by road. This bi*ch must go crazy. How dare she to mess up with Mr. Charles."

Julia was unhappy for Mr. Charles was the dream of all women here.

How could he like Wendy?

She couldn't accept it.

Ken's expression looked bad too.

Is Wendy planning to go against him?

He didn't believe he could not even control a young girl like her.

Henson brought Wendy back home.

Howell was waiting in Henson's living room.

Seeing Henson carrying Wendy back, his eyes almost popped out with shock.

Henson sent Wendy back to her room, and Howell followed them in.

Henson said, "Finish your questions quickly. Miss Evans needs rest."

"All right."

Henson looked at Wendy for a while, then he turned to leave.

Howell closed the door. Then he grinned to ask, "Miss Evans, why do your get red eyes? What does my brother do to you?"

Wendy knew Howell was thinking dirty. She replied embarrassingly, "You guess wrong. Mr. Charles just happened to help me for I got some troubles. Take out your books. We should start study now."

Howell just smirked. His brother offered help to others? He didn't believe that would happen.

On the second floor, Henson was making a call with the secretary.

"Investigate the Nicholson family and Wendy. Bring all her information to me tomorrow."

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 35

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Chapter 35 You look very charming when you study.

It was half past eleven at night. Henson just finished his work and went to the window to take a cigarette.

When he looked down, he saw the lawn outside Wendy's room was illuminated by her lights.

He checked the clock on the wall. It was very late now. Is she awake? Or did Howell still stay there?

After thinking for a while, Henson put out the cigarette and went downstairs to her room.

He knocked on the door, but one answered.

He put his hand on the doorknob and tried to push the door. The door was unlocked.

He looked into the room to search Howell, but he was not there.

But Wendy was lying on the bed with headphones. With one hand pressing on the book and the other holding a pen, Wendy was writing something down on the book, during which she also bit the top of the pen from time to time.

The hair on her forehead flew around her ears with her movements.

Henson smiled charmingly. A girl who was reading a book carefully looked truly beautiful.

Wendy did not notice that he had entered her room.

Henson went near the bed and looked down at her textbook.

She was solving a difficult question about advanced math.

He stood there for about two minutes to look that she finally solved the question.

Wendy pursed her lips into a smile and rolled over to stretch herself. But suddenly she saw a person standing next to the bed.

Wendy let out a sharp cry before she saw the face clearly. Then she quickly flipped over to the other side of the bed.

She was on the verge to fall off from the bed.

Henson jumped onto the bed timely and grabbed her back.

Wendy took a deep breath. Half of her body was now in Henson's arms. She asked, "You... Why are you here? "

Henson twisted his head to laugh, "This is indeed your catchphrase."

Henson's handsome face made her heart skip a beat.

So it was not that bad for her to sleep with him at that night?

After all, he was both rich and good-looking.

She may be the one who really got benefits.

"Do I scare you?"

She stopped thinking the past and hurriedly sat upright from his hug. Wendy moved back closer to the wall and took her headsets off.

"It's midnight now. A man suddenly appeared in my room; how can I not be scared?" She asked with furrowed brows, "Mr. Charles, why not knock on the door before you enter my room?"

"I did. But you didn't hear it."

Wendy picked up her earphone cables to fly it, "I was listening to French, so I didn't hear you."

He raised his eyebrows, "Listening to French when you are doing math? Won't you be distracted? "

"Yes. But no one can concentrate on one thing without being disturbed in the real life."

"So, you are training yourself deliberately."

She did not answer but asked, "Why are you here?"

"Nothing. I just saw the lights in your room, so I came down to see if Howell was still here learning with you."

"Howell left at nine."

Henson picked up her book to flipped through.

They were sitting and chatting on the bed, which made Wendy feel a little awkward.

Just as she was considering to get off the bed or ask him get out for she had to get a rest, Henson suddenly spoke up.

"Didn't anyone tell you that you look very charming when you study?"

Wendy's face was slightly red. His sudden praises made she feel a bit ... Happy.

"No." She shook her head.

"So I'm the first. You like science?" Henson flipped her books and took a glimpse at her.

"Yes."

"This one is full of difficult math questions from recent years. Even your teacher would find some of them are difficult. "

Wendy scratched her forehead, "Um, Mr. Charles, the time ..."

"Why do you skip this one?"

Henson pointed at the question.

Wendy checked it and shrugged, "I can't solve it."

"But I can. Do you want me to teach you?"

She nodded yes.

Henson patted the place next to him, "Come here."

Wendy spun around to get near him.

Henson then placed the book on his lap. He picked up her pen and really began to teach her.

In a few minutes, Henson showed her a way to solve the problem.

She was enlightened.

Henson then handed her the pen, "Try it yourself."

Wendy sat upright to take the book and pen. Following the rules he taught her, she got the right answer soon.

She joyfully smiled and turned to him, "Mr. Charles, I don't know you are so good at math."

Henson raised his brows proudly, "You know 80% of the questions on this book, and you are also good."

Wendy pouted, "Why do I feel as if Mr. Charles, you are in fact praising yourself again?"

Henson proudly said, "Because I am very smart. Any others questions? You can ask me."

"Then... Can you teach me this one? "

Henson looked at it for a while and then explained his thoughts to her.

He taught earnestly while she also listened earnestly.

.....

Early in next the morning, the alarm clock rang. Wendy turned around to feel her phone, but in the middle of her actions, she found that someone's arms were around her waist.

Behind her was a warm body, sticking close to her.

Wendy's mind buzzed for she realized what happened.

At this time, Henson's voice rang from behind her head, "why not turn off the clock? It's noisy."

Wendy sat up instantly and turned around to look at Henson.

Henson looked at her lazily, "Morning."

"Mor... Morning." Wendy blushed and avoided his eyes.

She must be crazy. Last night Henson taught her the last question, after she finished it, she found Henson had fallen asleep in her bed.

She looked at his face and thought that he was handsome.

She complained at heart that God was so unfair that a beautiful person could even be so handsome when he was sleeping?

She meant to wake him up after watching him for a while.

But somehow, she fallen asleep.

About what happened next, Wendy had no idea. And She also had no idea why they ended up with such a strange position at the foot of the bed.

Henson pointed her phone.

Wendy pounced to get her cell phone and turned off the alarm.

Henson sat up and stretched, "This is my first time to fall asleep while I am studying. Your enthusiasm really affected me."

Wendy scratched her eyebrows, "About... Last night, thank you."

Henson smiled to get down from the bed. He said and walked to the door, "Without me, you would have fallen to the ground. Then OK, I accept your thanks."

Henson opened the door and went out. Wendy blushed but indeed that was not she was thanking for.

Seeing Henson walking out from Wendy's room, Donald and the servants were shocked.

Everyone greeted him hurriedly. Henson was in a good mood, so he replied, "Go and do your work."

Then he went upstairs.

Last night, he woke up for a while, seeing Wendy sleeping at the foot of the bed like a meek cat.

He intended to carry her back to the head of the bed, but then she suddenly rolled over to the end.

Immediately, he laid down to block her.

Then Wendy rolled over again, going directly into his arms.

Henson hugged Wendy. Then at the moment he decided not to leave tonight. This his first time to hug a woman for the whole night in the a bed. It was not bad.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 36

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Chapter 36 Dirty thoughts would always end up with troubles!

Henson came down to the dinning room. He looked at Donald and ordered, "Go to invite Miss Evans to have a meal."

Donald said, "Miss Evans said she had something urgent to deal with. So she has left to school."

Henson smiled.

Wendy was shy to avoid him.

"Call Baron to buy breakfast for her."

"Alright."

Wendy was still a little confused when she arrived a school.

She must be crazy last night for being obsessed by Henson's face. Now she felt so embarrassed.

Dirty thoughts would always end up with troubles! That's true.

She believed it was a truth.

Wendy spared one hand to pat her face.

"Wendy, wake up! If you keep doing this, all your reputation built in the past twenty years will be lost now. "

After taking a deep breath, Wendy walked slowly to the academic building.

Before class, Wendy read the books, eating the breakfast from Baron.

Wendy's cell phone vibrated just at the moment that her professor entered the classroom.

She unlocked the phone to see a message from the principal, which spoiled her good mood totally.

After her class was over, Wendy went to the Office of the Principal at noon.

The principal looked indifferent as usual.

Wendy asked with respect, "Madam, I am here."

"I remember you said you would break up with Gorman."

"We have."

"Then what is this?"

The headmaster threw a stack of photos at Wendy's feet.

Wendy did not bend to pick but just took a look at them.

It was from yesterday when Gorman went for her at the school field. When Gorman half knelt in front of her, someone took these pictures secretly.

Wendy calmly looked back to the Principal, "Gorman came to find me. But you should be reassured now for... He has given up on me. "

"How can I believe you?"

"I never joke about my future. Besides, your son doesn't deserve my love anymore."

"Wendy, you pretense to be innocent really make me want to laugh."

Wendy said indifferently, "I'm not innocent but just different from you. As for me, I never judge people by money."

What a coquette! The more time she spent with Wendy, the more she disliked her.

"Madam, if you have nothing to say, should I leave now?"

"Don't let me hear any rumors about you and Doman, or ..."

"Then please keep an eye on your son and tell him to stop pestering me again."

Wendy raised her hand to check the time, "Principal. It's time for my friend and me to have lunch now. If you have nothing to say to me, I am leaving. Goodbye."

Wendy then turned to walk out. The principal judged her coldly, "The poor always like to make troubles."

Wendy heaved a sigh of relief after she left the office.

She probably knew who did it.

However... It didn't matter for she didn't care it now.

Henson just finished a conference in the morning. Then his secretary followed him into the office.

"Mr. Charles, here is the information about Miss Evans."

He handed it to Henson as he spoke to Henson.

Henson got it to flip it open casually.

Her mother: "Death".

Her mother: "Unknown".

Henson looked to the secretary and asked, "Her father is unknown? Here is what you got?"

"Mr. Charles, in the registration system, Miss Evans was raised by her mother alone. But I also had some people investigate her in private and found that Miss Evans is probably from the Nicholson family."

"From the Nicholson family?"

"Yes, she must be an illegitimate daughter. But the Nicholson family has never revealed anything about her. And Miss Evans and the Nicholson family seem not to have much contact. I have investigated Miss Evans's account. Within three years, she has never got any bank transfer from the Nicholson family. So it may be a rumor."

Henson raised his brows slightly, looking charming.

The secretary then continued, "After she came to the college, Miss Evans has been working a lot. From what I learned, she had done more than 10 part-time jobs."

Henson's eyes turned cold for this. "Tell me the details."

"She had been a waiter in different places like KFC, coffee shop, bar and hotel. She once also played piano in high-end restaurants. In addition, she tried demonstration model for artists. Then milk seller at supermarket, worker at the clothing factory, and tutor for different families."

"Ok, I got it." Henson's face turned completely cold.

"Leave your file here. Then you can leave."

"Alright. Mr. Charles."

The secretary then went out.

Henson opened the file. In fact it also included the latest news about the Nicholson Group.

Wendy was just over twenty. Such a young girl had done so jobs to keep living. Even he, an outsider, felt sorry for her. How could her relatives be so indifferent to her?

It seemed that Wendy, as an illegitimate daughter, was not useful to the Nicholson family at all.

However, her role was important to him.

The Nicholson family... It's time for them to pay some debts.

Wendy invited Judy to eat together with her.

Judy supported her with arms, talking about plans after graduation.

In the distance, Gill held Gorman's arm, walking toward the dining hall.

As they went closer, Gill waved her hand to them. She greeted them gently, "Wendy, Judy, what a coincidence. How about eating together?"

Neither of them replied.

Judy said as she walked, "Wendy, I want to eat fried chicken today."

She smiled, "When do you like fried food?"

"I hate chickens(a nickname for whore in China). So even if I hate eating it, I still want to have a few bites on it."

On the side, Gill instantly change her face, looking like that she was about to cry.

"Judy, why do you insult me like that? I have never offended you."

"Insulting you?" Judy slanted her, 'I just saying to eat chicken. You really did something wrong and disgusting that makes you feel you are offended. So stop pretending innocent."

Gorman looked at Wendy but he only found that she didn't care it at all. And she didn't even give him a look. Gorman was so unhappy and mad, so he said coldly, "Judy, speak with respect."

Judy raised her chin without fear, "Gorman, I don't talk with trash man. Stop calling my name. I feel disgusted."

"I'm a trash man? Do you think that Wendy is better than me? Ask her what she did, let's see if she dares to say that in public."

Wendy looked at Gorman coldly.

Judy had a short temper. Hearing Gorman saying bad on Wendy, she immediately protected Wendy from him. "You bastard. Gorman, have you had any conscience left? You really dare to find excuses for yourself. Wendy has suffered too much because of you, which you know nothing about. Then shut your dirty mouth up!"

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 37

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Chapter 37 Wendy, we are done now!

Judy was on the verge of getting crazy. So Wendy immediately covered her mouth.

At the same time, Gill also shouted to her, "Judy, cut your crap."

Gorman instantly realized they were hiding something from him.

So he looked at Judy. "Finish your words."

Judy pulled Wendy's hands off her mouth. "Wendy, you're broken up with this trash. Then why are you still hiding those? I'm dead depressed for you. If you're not willing to say it, then I say."

Judy walked forward, pointing a finger at Gorman. "Trash, listen carefully. Your mother is a pervert who makes troubles to Wendy from time to time. It is you that chased after Wendy. But since she became your girlfriend, Wendy would be called to her offices to be scolded from time to time."

"Moreover she even asked the teacher to make troubles to Wendy. Wendy was so excellent in class, but she still failed to get the chance to be an exchange student. You really don't know why? In fact, we all know, in the entire school, she is the most qualified one."

"Those teachers treated Wendy unfairly. And your vicious mother actually came to tell Wendy all the things she had done to her."

"Your mother wanted to warn Wendy that she can control Wendy's future. Due to you, Wendy never went against her before. Even until today, the witch scolded Wendy in her office. She is a fool. She never told you this in case it would affect your relationship with your mother.

"Gorman, even I was touched after seeing what she had done for you. But what did you do in return? You slept with Gill. You are an fu*king trash. Gorman, you, your mother, plus you, Gill, all of you will get your retribution. I hate you forever."

Judy's words like a thunder stroke directly on Gorman. He could only stand there and looked blankly at Wendy.

When Gill Gorman's reaction, she felt nervous so she walked forward to push Judy.

"Judy. Are you crazy? It's none of your business. You have no right to judge our life."

Judy was not a weak coward. She held Gill's hand and then pushed Gill back to the ground. "If I am crazy, I will beat you to death first. How could I get you as a roommate? You screwed your friend's boyfriend. You are such disgusting."

Gorman's heart ached.

He just knew how much pain he had brought to Wendy.

He knew Wendy was stubborn and tenacious, who would lower her head to anyone easily. However, for him, she ...

During the past year, Gorman thought he had acted well.

However, compared to Wendy, he turned out to be an accomplice of his mother.

Gorman finally understood why Wendy insisted breaking up with him, even if she had also slept with someone else.

He suddenly couldn't hear Judy's and Gill's quarrels.

Gorman looked at Wendy without a word.

In the end, he helped Gill up to pull her into his embrace. Gorman held Gill's shoulder and looked at Wendy.

"Wendy, we are done now! Let me introduce you, this is my new girlfriend, Gill."

Gill and Judy were stunned.

Wendy nodded her head calmly, "Okay."

Judy stared at Wendy. Before she could say something, Wendy added, "Wish you two be happy together. Judy, I'm hungry. Let's go to eat something."

About half a month later, Wendy's foot recovered.

She threw away the walking sticks, thinking walking with her own legs was the happiest thing in the world.

After finishing the classes of the day, Wendy went to the burger shop to work in the afternoon .

As her feet were just recovered so the shop manager let her to do some easier work. Over the past few days, Wendy was staying behind the counter to make some orders.

At three o'clock, Bain showed up.

When Wendy saw him, she pulled her hat a bit down.

Bain noticed her actions, and walked over to her with a smile. "I want a hundred spicy chicken leg burgers."

Wendy looked up at him and frowned.

Bain calmly explained, "I really want them. Today, I'm going to treat my people."

Wendy lowered her eyes and made the order quickly. Then she asked, "Paying by credit or cash?"

"I forgot to bring my wallet. Wendy, you pay this for me first, and I will return it to you soon."

Wendy looked at Bain for three seconds. Then she lowered her head to entered the sum into the computer and printed it.

Wendy calmly looked at Bain, "Sir, please wait over there to get your food."

Bain smiled but he did not move. "Since no one is behind me, I would like to stand here for a while."

Wendy said nothing.

Bain continued, "When can you get off work? How about eating dinner together? I will come to pick you up. And I will treat you the food you like."

"No, I'm good. I have to be a tutor."

Bain leaned forward onto the table. He felt guilt. "Wendy, are you still mad at me? It's been half a month. You really plan to ignore me forever?"

Wendy said very seriously, "Mr. Nicholson, I'm working now. Could you please wait for your food over there?"

Bain looked at her cold face and sighed. This girl was still short-tempered.

After he got the food, Bain just waited in the car for her.

She changed her shift with her colleague at 6 o'clock.

The moment she went out, Bain immediately went out from the car and blocked her way.

She felt upset to see Bain.

Bain walked over helplessly, "Wendy."

Wendy looked at him and said, "You can go now. I am going to give lessons to the students."

"But won't you have some time to eat dinner?"

"No, I won't."

"When can you stop being angry with me? I'm really sad now."

"I am not angry at you. I only think I should keep a distance from the Nicholson family. After all, I am the tutor of Henson's brother. We have different positions."

"But do you think Henson only treats you as a common tutor? Wendy, I am your brother. He is just nobody. I am truly want you to be good forever. Can you trust me on this? "

"I'm not a businessman like you guys. I won't calculate everything. Henson doesn't know I am the illegitimate daughter of the Nicholson family. I'm useless to him. Actually I am the one who can gain more benefits from him."

"I really don't understand why you all think I have an abnormal relationship with him. Are you like your father also thinking I want to marry to a big family? My mother suffered so much because of your father. Won't you really think that the so-called big family is attractive to me?"

After finishing her speaking, Wendy left in displeasure

Bain reached out to hold her wrist.

A black Maybach stopped before the burger shop.

Henson walked out from the car. His gaze swept across Wendy's face, and then landed accurately on Bain.

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 38

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

Chapter 38 Henson liked gossips.

Bain's face turned cold instantly for Henson's arrival.

Henson smirked, "Miss Evans, I'm coming to pick you up."

Wendy got rid of Bain.

She then said to Bain, "You should go back now. I'm going to work."

Seeing Wendy getting on the Henson's car quickly, Bain felt even worse.

Henson went back into the car happily and closed the door.

The car drove off. Bain clenched his fists and thinking, "No, I must take real action now, or else I will really lose Wendy."

In the car, Henson looked at Wendy with satisfaction, "You two had a quarrel?"

Wendy looked at him, "Mr. Charles, you seemed to enjoy meddling in my business."

"I thought we are friends now. And it is just a small talk."

"Sorry, I don't want to talk about this with you. I am an ordinary person. So I know I would never have the privilege to become friends with a CEO like Mr. Charles."

Henson raised his eyebrow in surprise. Wendy didn't want him as a friend.

No one dared to challenge him like this.

Good, really good.

Henson had a growing conquer desire on this Wendy now.

Wendy looked outside the window, thinking Henson was such a real gossip.

On the day of SAT, Wendy seemed to be more nervous than Howell.

Wendy went to find Howell early in the morning, nagging him to take everything.

Just a few minutes before Howell set off, Wendy took off his backpack to check everything all over again. After she made sure he had got everything, she then sent him off to the car.

Wendy was pulling on the door and still saying something to him.

"Howell, take it easy. SAT is a piece of cake to you."

Howell looked at her calmly, "Miss Evans, I am OK, but you seem nervous."

"Is that so?" She awkwardly smiled, "Anyway, be careful."

Howell was speechless and laughed to Henson. "Brother, you should stop Miss Evans now. Or I will really be late for the exam."

Wendy rolled her eyes at Howell to release her hand on the door. "Stop laughing at me. After today, even you want me to nag you, I won't do that anymore."

Howell laughed to them. "Just wait for my good news. I'm leaving now."

The car door just closed and took Howell away.

Wendy then seemed to realized something and patted her hand with regret. "Oh no."

Henson looked at her, asking calmly, "What's wrong?"

"He just ate some bread this morning."

"Then?"

Wendy patted her head and replied, "I forgot to tell the cook to prepare one fried dough stick and two eggs for him this morning."

"Why does he need that?"

"Because they together look like one hundred points, which represents good luck."

Henson shook his head speechlessly, "Just some superstitions. I've never eaten that dish, but I also got high scores."

Wendy thought about it for a while. Yes. Henson was right. She had also got good marks without eating the dish.

Just forgot it. Stop thinking bad things. Howell will surly have a good result.

Henson said, "Alright. Stop worrying about him. Get into the car, I will send you to your school."

"Mr. Charles." Wendy called him.

Henson stopped to look at Wendy, "What?"

"Howell is taking the SAT, so my work is done. I will move out today."

Move out?

Henson studied her and asked, "Going back to your dorm?"

Wendy nodded, "Yes, I will begin my thesis in the middle of this month. If I live in the school, I can have more time to prepare it."

"Then after graduation, you still need to move out. Don't you think it is also troublesome?"

"No, I'm OK with that."

In fact, Wendy had rented a house, which was just two stops from the school.

She had signed the contract since the first day of the month. She had wasted the rental for a week.

Henson didn't say anything. Seeing this, Wendy pursed her lips and smiled, "I'm going back to retrieve my luggage."

Henson sent her to the school. After she got off the car, Wendy said, "Mr. Charles, our contract has ended. So we may have no chance to meet again, so here I wish you to have a easy and happy life in the future."

Henson nodded, and Wendy turned back to the school with the bags.

Watching her was leaving, Henson curled his lips. Stop here? No, let's wait and see.

Wendy turned back to see Henson after a few steps. And she found his car had left already. Wendy then pulled her luggage and walked out again to take a taxi, heading toward the rented house.

At noon, she just finished her lunch to work.

You may say the school was so big that you can't meet the people you like.

But you may also say the school is so small that you can always meet the people you dislike.

It was still the same road. Gorman and Gill were walking into the school.

Wendy acted as if she didn't see anything and chose to walk on the right side of the road to avoid them.

Gill wanted to say something to Wendy but Gorman stop her by grabbing her wrist.

Gorman cast a cold glance at her, "Leave her alone."

Gill bit her lips. "I just want to greet her."

"Remember that you owe her. You can't greet her."

After Gorman finished speaking, he released her hand and walked a few steps ahead her.

Gill clenched her fist. She remembered it.

After walking a long distance, Wendy unconsciously slowed down.

In the past, Gorman would often take her to get a rest with his bike on his road.

But now, it was Gill with him.

At the day they broke up at the canteen, she received a text from Gorman after they separated.

It said simply, "Wendy, I won't pester you anymore. Give me two more years. Then I will give you a beautiful future."

However ... They separated like this at the most beautiful ages in their life. Then how could she believe he would give her a beautiful future?

Gorman couldn't, but she... Didn't want anything now.

Therefore she only replied him with two words, "Take care."

It was only two words, but she knew herself that Gorman understood her underlying meanings in it.

"Goodbye forever."

Later at noon, Wendy went out after work and saw Bain outside the hamburger shop."

Wendy frowned, "Why are you here?"

"To return the money." Bain smiled to take a thousand dollars out to her.

"You can transfer me the money through the bank."

"It is an excuse so that I can come to see you. Don't you really think I didn't bring my wallet yesterday? Look, I must be the only brother who has to make excuses to see his sister. You do know how to torment me."

Wendy sighed to look Bain. Bain stuffed the money into her schoolbag and then took her wrist .

He led Wendy to the car and opened the door to invite her in. Wendy frowned and asked, "Where are we going?" "To a good place. You can not say no. Or I will come to wait you here every day."

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 39

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

Chapter 39 Become reconciled with Bain.

Wendy got into the car. Bain smiled gently at her.

"Where are we going?" She asked again, "I'm going to work on my thesis. I..."

"Just half an hour. You can take it as a rest."

Bain started the car to drive away, and Wendy stopped her questions.

Bain drove the car to the south of the city, and then stopped it near an overbridge. Then Bain got off.

Wendy looked around. This place was was open and desolate, which had nothing to do with the word "good".

Wendy got out and walked to Bain's side, "Brother, is this your good place?"

"I want to surprise you. So wait a moment."

Bain then took out his phone and made a call. "You can begin now."

After hanging up, Bain said to Wendy, "Look up at the sky, over there."

Wendy followed his fingers to look up.

Then streams of fireworks flying into the air stop her questions about the empty sky.

The fireworks exploded in midair, spelling one word "sorry".

Although the words didn't stand in the same horizon, but Wendy could still clearly recognize them.

She frowned until all the traces completely disappeared. Wendy turned to look at Bain.

“Brother...”

“I’ve thought it carefully.” Bain interrupted her, “You were right at that day. We are in varied situations, so we have different opinions. And I shouldn’t have interfere in your choice of friends.”

She smiled at Bain.

Seeing her smile, Bain suddenly let out a sigh of relief at heart.

“Over the past half month, I truly felt sad that my dear sister ignored me. I’ve been thinking: I know I used some wrong words to you that day, but I was really trying to help you, then why do you get that angry?”

“Then you explained your feelings, and at that time, I came to realize that I was forcing you accept my standards. Your dislike the Nicholson family. And my family did let you down. Therefore, you have the right not to think for the family. Wendy, I will not do that. So can you forgive your poor brother this time?”

Wendy turned her eyes to the sky. She shrugged slightly and felt relaxed at heart, “I know you’re doing this for my good. After all, Henson is not a good choice to be a friend.”

“He didn’t deserve you.”

Wendy laughed and said, “We are not a couple. ”

Bain focused on Wendy’s profile. His sister was so beautiful from all sides.

“I’m angry at you for you thought like your father that I had an abnormal relationship with Henson. None of you would like to believe that we just an employer and an employee.”

“It’s because Henson did strange things to you that day. So I misjudged. Wendy, I support you to get all kinds of friends. You can also be yourself, but at the same time, I just hope you can protect yourself. You have to remember that you are the most precious in the world, and no matter when you must not be hurt by any man, or else it will break my heart. Promise?”

Wendy looked at Bain. She was touched to nodded yes to him. Wendy pursed her lips and smiled, “Brother, don’t worry. We won’t have the chance to meet anymore.”

Just as Wendy finished her speaking, her phone screen lit up in her bag.

‘The third young master of the crown family’ were shown on it.

However her phone was muted, so she didn't know the call.

After he tried the fourth call and it still failed to get through, Henson almost went out of patience.

Their contract just ended this morning, then she stopped answering his phone tonight?

Heh, Wendy, a heartless woman.

She was the first woman who was so anxious to get rid of him.

What? Was he was a jackal, tiger, or leopard? Could he eat her up?

So was she playing tricks with him?

Good! Very good!

Henson called the secretary, "Check Wendy's current location."

Half an hour later, Bain sent her to the Big City community.

Wendy got off the car and said to Bain, "Thanks for the beautiful fireworks. Be careful on your way back."

"You don't invite me to visit your place?"

"No. Otherwise, you will come too often."

"You naughty girl."

Wendy smiled, "I am leaving now. I really need to prepare for my thesis."

"Okay, then call me if you need anything."

Wendy nodded and waved to Bain.

Wendy walked slowly to her community.

When she arrived at Building 3, she saw a familiar car.

But Wendy didn't think too much about it and just passed by the car to the building.

Wendy was about to open the entrance door with the key, then the car door suddenly opened.

Henson walked out of it with his arms crossed. He stared at her back.

"Is this your school?"

The familiar voice staggered Wendy.

Wendy turned around, "Mr. Charles, Why are you here? "

"Well, you are really shocked to see me every time."

This time, she was freaking shocked.

Because she just moved here today without telling anyone.

Henson walked to Wendy. "This is San Diego, my city. Even if you move to a rat's den, I will also find you at last."

"Why are you looking for me? "

Her words caught Henson off guard.

No reason.

"Why didn't you answer my calls before?"

"You called me?" Wendy looked innocent.

Henson sneered, "Heh, you are pretending that you don't know?"

"I really don't know. My phone is in mute mode for I have to work."

Henson took out his phone to call her number again. Yes, it was in mute mode.

Wendy took out her phone to find 9 missing calls, among which five were from Henson and the rest were from Judy.

"When I am in class and at work, I would occasionally mute my phone." Wendy explained and dialed Judy's number. "Judy, why do you make so many calls to me?"

Judy's asked, "Are you alright? Why don't you answer the phone?"

"I was working. What happened? Why so rush?"

Seeing this, Henson realized Wendy was not playing around with him.

In fact, she didn't care about him at all.

Knowing this made him feel very unhappy for no reason.

According to the research, Gorman and her were a couple.

Then Gorman slept with her roommate, so they broke up.

Perhaps that was why she drank so much at that night.

Henson was curious about the reason why Wendy once had a crush on Gorman.

In her eyes, couldn't he, the CEO of the Charles Group, even compare with Gorman?

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 40

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

Chapter 40 Want to follow me into the room?

Judy bellowed, "oh my god, hide quickly. Have you offended someone?"

Wendy thought carefully about it and said, "No, what's wrong?"

"I was going to watch some dramas a few minutes ago. Then someone was knocking on the door. As soon as I opened it, three girls rushed in angrily to look for you. I said that you left this dorm, and nobody knows your whereabouts, then they left."

"Three girls?"

"Yes. Dear. Think carefully. Do you really not offend anyone?"

Wendy bite her lip, "I don't think so. I always stay alone as you know."

"Ah, can it be the bitch Gill? Didn't she get someone to bully you?"

Wendy pursed her mouth with dislike, "I will be fine and be more careful. Don't worry."

"Anyway, remember not to hang around outside at night for too long. Set 911 to the number 1 button on your phone."

"Ok, I will. And I am strong. Don't worry."

After hanging up, Wendy looked to Henson.

Now, here is the bigger trouble.

"Mr. Charles, I will go upstairs if you need nothing."

"You were talking about bullying, what?"

Wendy shook her head, "I don't know. My roommate said some women rushed into the room to find me."

"You may offend someone."

"I don't know."

"Open the door." Henson said as he pointed to the gate door.

She casually opened it and was about to say goodbye to Henson, but Henson had walked in.

Wendy was stunned for his action.

After a few steps to the elevator door, Henson noticed Wendy didn't catch up, so he looked back to ask her, "Won't you come inside?"

"Mr. Charles, Are... You going to come into my room? "

Henson did not speak.

Wendy thought for a moment and refused, "I am not going to invite a man to my house as a guest."

"I don't want to be your guest. I just want to check if it is safe upstairs."

Wendy still insisted, "It's safe upstairs."

Henson disdained, "Where do you get your confidence about it?"

"It's my first time here. My acquaintances don't know I am living here now."

"You mean I am not your acquaintance?" Henson looked at her sharply.

Wendy felt embarrassed, "You are an exception."

"Then how can you be sure that those who just looked for you in your dorm are not omnipotent?"

Henson stared at Wendy with arms crossed.

These people were indeed omnipotent which Henson was certain.

Because her address was found by them in 20 minutes. They formed different groups to investigate her activities of today.

"Go upstairs together."

Henson walked over to the elevator.

Looking at his back, Wendy was kinda speechless.

Why did he care about her safety?

However, Wendy couldn't stop him to go upstairs by just standing there. After all, she was busy.

Wendy followed into the elevator, and pressed the button of 9.

"I thought you were capable."

Wendy looked at him confusedly.

Henson shook his head in disappointment, "Your boyfriend has been stolen by your roommate. But in the end, you are kicked out?"

Wendy frowned, "Are you investigating me?"

"I'm not that bored."

"Then how do you know that?"

Henson looked at Wendy calmly, "I have guessed it when you jumped into my car at the rainy day."

"Then how do you know she is my roommate? I never told you this. "

Wendy glared at Henson. It was best if he had better not make any excuses. Otherwise...

Henson drew an easy smile with lips. "Because your principal said Gorman had a bad good taste. His two girlfriends are from the same dorm."

So, Gorman's mother.

Wendy withdrew her vigilant eyes. The elevator door opened and she went out.

Henson looked at her back and smiled. This woman was so easy to deal with, and she just believed it.

"You haven't answered me."

"I wasn't kicked out. I choose to leave. The girl said she would not leave. And I am not willing to stay in the same room with her. So, I am here now."

"It seems to me that you lost and were kicked out."

"That's your idea. Leaving is more beneficial to me. Moreover, although she gets my boyfriend, I don't think I lost to her. On the contrary, I think I won."

Henson said in disdain, "You are just lying to yourself. What do you win?"

Wendy stopped and looked at Henson. "I have won back my freedom and myself. It is much better to break up with him now. I don't want to be betrayed in marriage for then I may lose everything."

Wendy turned around to open door 909.

Henson smiled slightly for her answer.

This woman was new to him.

Her boyfriend betrayed her, but she just broke up with him peacefully and even took the initiative to leave his life.

No wonder Gorman had kept pestering her before.

Wendy was really special.

However, Henson couldn't tell if Wendy did it on purpose or not.

If she planned that, then she was horrible.

Henson followed her into the room.

It was the single apartment with one bedroom and one living room

Even his bedroom was bigger than her entire room.

Henson looked around and asked, "How can you choose to live in a place like this?"

Wendy rolled her eyes at him. "Not everyone in this world is rich. This place is very good to me."

"Are you serious?" Henson walked near the window. The environment and the lighting was just so-so, while the space was too tight.

It must be depressing to live here.

"It suits me. Then it is the best."

"Has the idea of staying in the Charles family temporarily never occurred to you? It was much better than here."

"Staying at your house? Me? Why?" Wendy went to the only table in the living room and put down her schoolbag on it.

"This house was rented by my wage. I feel comfortable."

"You can also feel at ease in my house for you're Howell's tutor."

"Not anymore. Mr. Charles, as you can see, my house is safe and I appreciate your concern to me. But I need to write an essay now."

This woman was kicking him out again.

Over the past the month, he had been rejected by her for thousands of times. This was so rare to him in the past twenty years.

However, didn't this woman know that there was a saying that, "It is easy it is to invite the fairy in, but to kick him out the door is quite another matter"?