

Take My Breath Away Novel Chapter 126 To 135

Chapter 126 At The Party

When the car came to a halt, Michele straightened her clothes and fixed her hair. “Mathew, we’re ten minutes late. Think anyone will notice?” she asked. This was all Wilfred’s fault. When she was picking out a dress, he refused to hang up the phone and insisted on video chatting with her.

Wilfred picked out her dress and even her earrings. It was like he wanted control over the entire process. Before that, he had watched her change and try on every dress. That had been fun. Some secrets a man should never know—like all the gymnastics it took sometimes just to fit into a dress. The net effect was that no one was supposed to know how much effort you put into getting ready.

Therefore, she ended up getting to the hotel ten minutes late, even though she was an excellent driver behind the wheel of a sports car.

“It’s okay. Don’t worry about it, Mrs. Wilfred,” Mathew answered, frankly relieved they’d stopped. He didn’t enjoy the trip over here at all, wondering how long it would take him to stop shuddering. He got out of the passenger seat and trotted over to the driver’s seat. After straightening his clothes, he opened the door for Michele with a serious look on his face and held out his right hand. “Please, Mrs. Wilfred,” he said respectfully.

Michele put her high heels on again. She had taken them off and thrown them aside while she was driving. Then, she put her hand on Mathew’s gracefully and got out of the car.

The PR team knew Mathew as Wilfred’s secretary. When they saw him being so respectful to the woman getting out of the car, they all knew she must be very important. Wilfred spared no expense to make sure those close to him were well taken care of, and she was obviously close to him.

In a pair of 6 cm high heels, Michele walked carefully and nervously into the lavish hotel. Mathew was by her side and the PR team led the way.

The lobby doors were pushed open by two bodyguards, and held in place while Michele walked in. The boss of Kasee Group had just delivered his opening speech.

Soon, all eyes were drawn to the woman who had just walked in wearing a red evening dress. She was letting her passionate side shine.

Fine feathers make fine birds. The woman they were gazing at had been made up and dressed by an international master make-up artist. Nothing but the best for Wilfred' wife. Even the socialite divas and the actresses present at the event couldn't hold a candle to Michele now.

Her

office at least twice a month. Her grades were always the worst in the class.

Now, she still had a bad temper, but when she wasn't mad, she even seemed tender. In her spare time, she practiced dance, yoga, flower arrangement, piano, and art, specializing in pen and ink. Michele hadn't picked a fight or gone to the dean's office for a long time. Her grades had climbed to respectable levels.

Anyone close to her might not see these changes, for they were gradual, but the ones who hadn't seen her for a while could sense them at once.

Mathew thought this was how a girl should be: not too gentle, not too tough, not too hot-tempered.

Wilfred had changed a lot too.

His fury was more terrifying than ever. His rage was a fire that burned you when he got too hot.

But when he was in a good mood, he would talk more and even smile occasionally.

Mathew was amazed at the changes in both of them. The two had affected each other in ways he hadn't dreamed of.

After a while, a waiter came by and said, "Mrs. Wilfred, there are some snacks in the refreshments section. I hope you get a chance to try them."

Michele looked at Mathew in confusion. He reassured her, "Mr. Wilfred arranged that. He asked a dessert bar to work together with the hotel to make these snacks."

A smile of happiness crept over Michele's face, brightening the room. 'He thinks of me even when he's out of town, ' she thought.

She followed Mathew to the refreshments section. On the way, she was shocked to see some familiar faces. It was Natalie, along with Jeanne. Plus Arthur, who was worried about Wilfred suddenly showing up, and others.

Chapter 127 Fake Crystal

Among her acquaintances, the girls kept looking at her with an envious eye. If gazes could kill, Michele would have been dead.

“Michele,” called Colleen and Brad in unison.

Some men wanted to approach Michele, Mathew noticed. But when they saw Brad and Colleen, they stopped.

When Michele, who was eating a snack, heard them, she put the snack down and clinked with the two. “Hi, Colleen, Mr. Lu.”

Taking a step back to look at Michele, Brad complimented, “You look great. No doubt Wilfred has been good to you.”

Colleen released Brad and took Michele’s hand. “Of course. One has just to look at Michele to know that she is in love,”

she said, as gentle as the first time Michele had met her. If Michele hadn’t seen Colleen on the dance floor the other day, she wouldn’t have believed the woman could dance seductively like that. Michele smiled resignedly.

Playfully, Brad pinched Colleen’s cheek before he turned to look Michele straight in the face. “Did you come here on Wilfred’ behalf?” he asked.

“Yeah, he is on a business trip,” Michele replied.

Brad nodded. “Not bad.” He was relieved to see that Michele and Wilfred were happy together.

After a short while, Brad and Colleen were needed somewhere else and left Michele. So did Mathew. Even though he was only a secretary, many people sucked up to him, on account of having Wilfred as his boss.

Left alone, Michele ate some more snacks and went towards the bathroom.

When she walked out of the bathroom, there was another woman standing in the hallway. Adorned in an expensive champagne evening dress, and holding a fashionable handbag, the woman must have been waiting for Michele. Straightway, she called out, "Michele Nian?"

Her voice was not too loud nor quiet, emotionless.

It was Portia. 'Why is she here?' Michele wondered. 'Since Portia is here, is Hayden here too?'

Michele nodded and said, "Hi."

"Is it really you?" It was only then that Portia believed the glowing woman at the party was Michele.

Michele smiled faintly and excused herself. "Yeah, it's me. If y

me to believe that a secretary can give you that much as pocket money? Do you take me for a fool? Or is your husband corrupt?"

Michele felt speechless. She had never said Mathew was her husband. Corrupt? Mathew would never do that. He was always honest. She felt bad about dragging him into this.

'Thank God I married Wilfred. Otherwise, Portia and Natalie would laugh at me for the rest of my life, ' she thought. "Whatever. I'm busy. Bye." Michele didn't want to waste any more time on Portia.

"Stop!" Portia called out. She found Michele had changed a lot. Power never scared her, but she was even prouder than before, not giving a damn about anybody else.

From the arrogant way Michele carried herself, Portia began to suspect her husband was not Mathew but Wilfred.

Michele turned her head and said, "I always tolerated, humored and even flattered you. It was all because of your brother, but not anymore. From now on, I will humor neither you nor your brother."

"What do you mean? You are going to see my family as enemies?"

Michele laughed scornfully, "Whatever." None of the Gu family mattered to her anymore, and she didn't give a hoot about what they thought of her.

With her head held high, Michele walked away, leaving Portia guessing and clutching at straws. She acted calm, but her long fingernails stuck into her handbag, leaving deep marks.

Chapter 128 Breakup in Three Minutes

It hadn't been that long since Portia last saw Michele. But this wasn't the Michele she knew. Michele used to be humble and self-effacing, with low self-esteem. Now she was parading around with her nose in the air, all puffed up with pride as if she were the queen.

'Dammit Michele! Your husband's just a secretary. Don't get cocky. It's not like he's Wilfred Huo! We'll see who comes out on top!' she thought resentfully.

On Michele's way back to the party, two other women stopped her in her tracks. They sized her up and down, and then one of them said curtly, "Someone wants to see you." 'I wonder who they're talking about,' thought Michele.

"Who?" she asked. Neither of the two women looked even remotely familiar. She'd know if she'd met them before. So it made her even more curious who wanted to talk to her, and why.

The woman in a black dress snapped, "Don't ask. Just follow us."

'This is crazy!' Michele was irritated. It was supposed to be simple, and maybe fun. She went to the party on Wilfred's behalf, but ended up coming across all kinds of weird things and hostile women. Mental note: Don't do this again. And now, why did she have to deal with some ridiculous mystery boss? She didn't. She was thinking that maybe now would be a good time to bug out of here. She had made an appearance, presented her gift, and now she just wanted to be left alone.

"Sorry, I'm busy." She passed them without giving them a second glance. Who were they? And why were they following someone else's orders? And more importantly, why were they trying to get her involved?

The woman in black shouted to her back, "Hey, you! Miss Mi wants to see you! Get your butt over here now, unless you want that butt kicked out of Mirtonberg! Just so you know, Miss Mi is Mr. Wilfred's woman. I wouldn't turn her down if I were you." 'Really! We'll just see about that!' Michele thought.

The two looked at Michele gloatingly, anticipating that she would turn around and follow them timidly to see Jeanne. After all, these two were at her beck and call, so why shouldn't Michele be the same? She wasn't any better than them.

Nonetheless, to their disappointment, Michele only paused for a second and then continued walking away.

The party was chock-full of things to do. The snacks Wilfred ordered for her were delicious. She was stuffed, but when she returned to the party, she couldn't help walking towards the desserts again. She was compelled by the sweet taste of the treats, and her

sentiment came from. She patted Arthur on the shoulder resignedly and said, "I'll see you tomorrow. We can talk after class. Go. Have fun."

Her opinion of the woman got lower.

Arthur didn't respond to Michele. Instead, he impatiently pushed the woman in his arms away and scolded, "Didn't I tell you to wait? Besides! Are you blind? I can't afford anything she's wearing!"

Michele burst into laughter. Arthur always hated to lose face.

She hadn't expected him to talk about himself like that in front of his girlfriend. 'He must be really mad,' she mused.

"I'm sorry," Michele apologized, realizing how inappropriate it was to laugh at that moment. She nudged Arthur and reminded him quietly, "Your girlfriend is ticked off. Go make her happy."

Hearing this, Arthur stood up and left with his girlfriend.

It was finally quiet. Michele polished off the rest of the desserts on her plate and started playing with her phone. After reading the updates in Moments on WeChat, she started to bang out a message to Wilfred. "I want to..." She intended to say, "I want to go home. It's so boring. Mathew's been busy with work all night."

But before she could finish writing the message, a familiar voice called, "Tomboy."

"Eh? Back so soon? I thought you were out with your girlfriend," Michele asked curiously.

Arthur sat next to her and replied, "We broke up." He sounded upset.

"Um...What happened?" Michele put her phone down.

They'd only just left. It couldn't have been more than three minutes. They broke up within three minutes? The thing was, they had only been together for a couple of days. Talk about your whirlwind romance.

Chapter 129 Call Mr. Wilfred

"You two seemed fine. What went wrong?" Michele probed.

"Fine? I don't even like her. She seduced me while I was drunk and continually pestered me to take responsibility after we slept together. Otherwise, I wouldn't have even talked to her. Who does she think she is? I've slept with dozens of women. I don't even remember her," Arthur said contemptuously before taking a sip of beer.

Michele was surprised, even though she knew Arthur was a playboy. She felt obliged to chime in. "Hey, dude. What you did was disgraceful. How could you sleep with someone and not take responsibility for it? She did nothing wrong to you."

Derisively, Arthur waved his hand. "These women are all after my money. It sucks! None of them loves me. They only freaking love my money! If they could marry my old man, they would leave me immediately."

Although Arthur was not as handsome as Damon, he was still good-looking in his own way. He was so tall that when Michele stood beside him, she looked like an elf.

In Mirtonberg, the Han Group was one of the leading enterprises. Although it was not as influential as the ZL Group, it was among the top five most successful enterprises. The Han family's assets were worth more than 100 million.

Therefore, it came as no surprise that many women were tempted by his wealth.

Listening to Arthur's misery, Michele felt grateful for Wilfred's dour moods, which repulsed women who would have surrounded him like a swarm of bees, if he entertained them.

Gently, she patted Arthur on the shoulder and comforted him, "Relax, buddy. You'll find a girl who truly loves you soon."

At that time, Michele had no idea that that girl would appear very soon. Neither did she know that she was familiar with the girl. Arthur didn't take her words seriously.

He knew she was just saying that to comfort him. But it worked, just fine.

For the next few minutes, they remained glued to their seats, chatting freely about everything. Until suddenly, a bunch of loud women descended on them. A gang of socialite divas in Mirtonberg, notorious for their knack for drama wherever they went.

In the meantime, Michele, oblivious to their approach and enjoying her chitchat with Arthur, jokingly rubbed her overstuffed stomach and didn't notice the commotion. The crowd was

d have kept as low a profile as possible. Girl, I'd be so embarrassed, I'd even commit suicide, just to make myself disappear. But I see, you have thick skin. Now here you are, with your shameless tarty dress, ready to snatch other women's boyfriends. Anyway, for sleeping around with my cousin's boyfriend, I promise, my crew and I will make you pay for your sins."

Arthur was about to spring up angrily from his seat, but Michele stopped him. She retorted with a smile, "Miss Mi, how can you be so forgetful? I lent it to you, remember?"

It took Jeanne a while to realize what she meant. "You b*tch! You're going to pay for that!" she snarled.

Looking at Michele indifferently, Portia chimed in, "Messing with Wilfred Huo's woman is the last dumb thing you'd ever do."

'Wilfred Huo's woman? What of it? Huh! I'm Wilfred Huo's wife. Did I make a big deal about it?' Michele sneered inwardly.

Michele's and Jeanne's eyes met. Michele provoked her further. "I would say the same even if Wilfred Huo stood in front of me. Since you can't stop claiming that you are Wilfred Huo's woman, why don't you call him and ask him to come and throw me out of town?"

'Damn you, Wilfred Huo! You flirted with another woman and now I'm dealing with your trouble. You'll meet my anger when you come back, ' she swore to herself.

Michele's arrogance completely enraged Jeanne, but someone made things worse for the latter by shouting, "Yes, Miss Mi. Call Mr. Wilfred and ask him to help you. Make this ignorant b*tch disappear from Mirtonberg!"

Chapter 130 Ruined By A Glass Of Wine

'Call Wilfred Huo?' Jeanne was frightened. She and Wilfred hadn't talked for a long time.

As if remembering something, Michele acted surprised and asked Jeanne, “So you claim to be Wilfred’ woman and Wilfred Huo even said he had a girlfriend to the press. Are you the girl he carried out of the hotel?”

Arthur knew the truth, and buried his face in his cuff to avoid bursting out in laughter. ‘Way to go, Tomboy! She’s a lot different now. Much more confident, she takes pot shots and ducks for cover.’

Embarrassed, Jeanne bit her lower lip. She had no clue who that woman was. She really couldn’t answer either way. When the news broke, she had looked into it. But Wilfred was security-conscious, so no information was available on that mystery woman.

She had heard from Mathew that Wilfred was married, so she wondered if that woman was the mysterious Mrs. Wilfred.

Determined to avoid the question, Jeanne growled brashly, “Listen to you! Prying into Wilfred’ personal affairs!”

Seated on the sofa, Arthur cut in, “Miss Mi, I’m just curious. Was that you? Mr. Wilfred said that the woman in his arms was his woman and that’s who you say you are. Did any of you hear Mr. Wilfred say this to anyone?”

Arthur looked at the other girls with her. They looked at each other. Gradually it dawned on them. It turned out none of them had ever heard Wilfred refer to Jeanne as his woman. It was only Jeanne who talked about her life with Wilfred. No one else was circulating those rumors.

Michele gave Arthur an knowing look, as if to say, “Nice, dude!” Then she shifted her eyes to Jeanne and continued, “Using Wilfred Huo’s name to bully others. Does he know about this?”

“You!” Anger overtook Jeanne. She raised her hand to slap Michele.

Michele dodged, shifting position and using her arms as stability. But when Michele’s hand flew out, it stopped. Her tea didn’t. Black liquid sloshed out of Michele’s cup and drenched Jeanne’s face.

The tea wasn’t hot. It just stained the victim’s face—and her cream dress. Even DeeDee was sweating bullets down there. He couldn’t afford to offend any of these powerful families. “I’ll compensate the ladies for any damages. Mr. Gu, Mr. Qin, Mr. Yan... please don’t get angry,” he said.

Lucinda helped Natalie up and glared at her. She knew who was at fault without having to ask. "Thank you, Mr. Zhu. But there's no need for that. It's just a dress," she said politely.

Sebastian didn't understand how Michele got into a fight all of a sudden with so many women at the same time. He and Lucinda had watched Michele from the moment she had appeared at the party. Everything was fine a moment ago.

Then, a warm voice familiar to Michele said, "Sorry about the mess, everyone. I'll pay whatever you need me to. I apologize on behalf of Deb."

Everyone turned around curiously. A man in a white suit stood there gracefully, holding a glass of red wine with one hand, the other in his pocket. It was Hayden, topic of the day.

His cropped hair had been cut into a flat-top. His almond-shaped eyes were thick with joy.

"Hayden, ' called his mom, Blanche Liu. She looked at her son in disbelief.

After casting a silent look at his parents and his sister, Hayden walked towards Michele and stood in front of her with a doting smile. But his eyes said it all. Complicated emotions lay hidden inside those gems.

Chapter 151 I'm Michele's Husband

At around 8 p.m., the elevator descended gracefully into the hotel lobby and a couple walked out, hand in hand. The woman had zipped her coat all the way to the top, put her hood up, and pulled the drawstrings tight. No one would be able to recognize who she was.

"Mr. Wilfred, are you going out? Do you need a car?" the lobby manager asked with the utmost respect.

"No," Wilfred answered shortly.

"Yes, Mr. Wilfred. Do you need any other services?"

"No."

"Sure, Mr. Wilfred. Goodbye." The manager always made a fuss whenever Wilfred was around.

On their way out, Wilfred and Michele had to bear the greetings from several hotel staff passing by. When they finally left the hotel, she heaved a long sigh of relief.

Somehow, Wilfred was not happy with her reaction. He cast a sideways glance at her and asked, "You feel ashamed of being with me, don't you?"

'Not again! I've told him a dozen times.' Michele was exasperated at the stupid thought but decided not to act it out. She grabbed his arm and told him with a sweet smile, "Honey, could you please wait until I graduate first? I'm not mentally prepared to live under limelight just yet."

Then she added playfully, "You know who you are—the great Wilfred Huo. It's quite a big thing to be your wife and sometimes, stressful too."

Wilfred's heart went soft at her words, but he managed to maintain a straight face. "Behave yourself. Don't hang onto my arm like that," he demanded frivolously.

"It's all your fault! My legs are killing me. I am not the one to blame," she snapped back playfully. If it weren't for her rumbling stomach, she would still be tormented by this old goat.

Wilfred couldn't maintain his long face any longer, and his eyes reduced themselves to slits in his affection. "What do you want to eat?" he asked in a soft voice.

"I don't know. I've never been to this city before. Let's look around and find something good to eat." She suddenly remembered that one of her cousins was a freshman in some university in this city, but she didn't know the exact address.

She took out her phone from her pocket and asked Wilfred casually, "Hey, do you know T City Film Academy?"

"Yes," he responded cautiously.

"Do you know where it is?"

"About a couple of miles from here. Why?"

Michele was elated at the news. She dialed a number and told Wilfred, "I'd like you to meet someone, okay?"

She covered her ears and complained, "Would you please lower your voice? If you keep yelling like this, Wilfred and I are going to leave."

Wilfred, who preferred quietness to noise, was a little unhappy, but as a cultured man, he didn't show it. Afraid that Wilfred would get angry, Sasha flashed a wry smile. Clearing her throat, she apologized to him in a lowered voice, "I'm sorry. Actually, I'm not that noisy by nature. I just got too excited."

On the inside, she still believed that any girl who had met Wilfred Huo in person and known he was her cousin's husband would act like this. After all, he was super handsome, super rich, and super mysterious. He was the dream lover of countless girls, and what wouldn't they give for one moment with him?

Wilfred decided to let it slide with a kind smile. "Never mind. Have a seat, please."

Sasha sat opposite Wilfred. Michele wanted to sit next to her, but Wilfred grabbed her hand and pulled her into a chair beside him.

Upon seeing the two of them acting coy, Sasha covered her mouth with both hands and giggled naughtily.

Michele knew Sasha's favorite food and had already told Wilfred about it. He had ordered the dishes while Michele was waiting for Sasha. This way, they didn't have to wait long and the food was served soon.

Michele put Sasha's favorite caviar roll onto her plate and asked casually, "Your sister is in the city as well. We just came from Southon Village together. Did she contact you?"

Despite the fact that Natalie hated Michele, she was fond of her sister, Sasha. After all, blood was thicker than water.

Chapter 152 Colleen's Brother

Sasha nodded, "Yes. Natalie came to see me earlier, but she didn't tell me that you were here."

Michele shrugged without saying anything. Sasha looked back and forth between the couple and asked curiously, "Deb, when did you get married? Why didn't you invite me? And Wilfred, when are you leaving T City with Deb?"

Michele turned to look at Wilfred, who was boning a pork rib. "We've been married for several years now, and we'll be leaving tomorrow morning," he answered without raising his head. As soon as he was done boning the rib, he put the meat onto Michele's plate.

Her eyes full of admiration, Sasha said, "Deb, you have such a caring husband. You should cherish him."

"I will," Michele said with a sweet smile. She could feel his love towards her through his smallest of actions.

There were more than twenty dishes on the table. Wilfred knew that she had a huge appetite and always remembered to feed her well.

On their way to the city, he had explained why he had served as Megan's boyfriend back then.

That day, he got off the plane and was about to go see Michele when Megan called him out of nowhere. She wanted him to act as her boyfriend so that she could get rid of a boy who had been pestering her.

The place Megan mentioned was not too far away from the airport, so Wilfred didn't turn her down. He had planned to go to Michele after dismissing the boy. But much to his surprise, he and Megan ran into Michele and Hayden at the restaurant.

In return for his explanation, Wilfred had asked Michele to explain why she had been with Hayden that day. She told him that she just wanted to tell Hayden that she had moved on and that there was no chance for them to get back together.

However, Wilfred didn't buy it and bombarded her with questions. He didn't let her go until she had told him every word she and Hayden had spoken, every move they had made, and every dish they had eaten.

During the dinner, Michele realized how busy Wilfred was. Mathew, Orven and some other people kept calling him, but he dismissed all of them and sent Skype messages instead.

Meanwhile, he also had to answer Sasha's curious questions. In order to not delay his work further, Michele quickly gulped d

. Michele guessed that the coat too might be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

She hung it in the closet on a hanger with utmost care and dusted it lightly before closing the closet door.

When she returned to the living room, Wilfred was sitting in front of the liquor cabinet with two glasses of wine on the table before him. Upon seeing Michele, he curled his finger. "Come over here. I have something to talk to you about."

Talk? With a cunning smile, she approached him and asked, "What do you want to talk about? Any sweet words for me?"

Wilfred raised his eyebrow at her provocative words. He handed her the glass which had a smaller quantity of wine and pulled her into his arms. "If you want me to whisper sweet nothings to you, then I'll do that as much as possible in bed from now on."

'I knew it! I shouldn't have said that to him. He links everything to s3x!' "Never mind that. Let's drink." She lifted the glass and looked at the liquid inside it. "Hey! You are so petty. Why am I getting so little wine?"

Michele protested, pointing at his glass.

"Not enough?" Wilfred asked.

"Uh-huh." 'I can drink this in one gulp,' she thought. 'But I shouldn't be that rude in front of him.'

Wilfred took a sip of his wine and gently pulled her into a deep kiss. Michele felt warm liquid flowing into her mouth and she swallowed it subconsciously.

"Want more?" Wilfred whispered in her ear, like a demon driving her to sin. "I have plenty to give."

Chapter 153 The Password

Michele shook her head immediately. "Behave yourself, old man," she snapped. Who could guess that the aloof Wilfred Huo could act that way in front of his wife?

Wilfred pulled Michele into his arms and began to accuse her. "Maybe you should behave yourself." Seeing her puzzled expression, he continued, "How about the village head's son? Hayden Gu? Gregory Song?"

"Huh?" Michele raised her head, only to see the displeasure in his eyes.

Wilfred lowered his head and whispered in her ear, "You're a siren, aren't you? Did you flirt with those guys? Remember, you're my wife. I'm the only one who can bang you."

Michele was stunned. 'A siren? Flirt? And he's the only one who can...' "You married me just to...er...bang me?" she asked angrily.

"That's not the point!" he corrected her and kissed the corner of her mouth.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Back up," she said, blinking her eyes. She knew Hayden wanted her back. But the village head's son? And Gregory? What was he talking about?

Wilfred pressed her against the liquor cabinet, raised one brow and said, "I'm a guy, see? I know how they think. Keep Gregory at arm's length. Getting the hots for my girl? Next time I see Colleen, I'll tell her to b*tch at her brother for me."

'Gregory has a thing for me?' Michele couldn't believe her ears. "You got it wrong. We're in the same class, that's all. I think you're way off base here!"

Michele retorted. That would just be too much. Colleen and Gregory would think she and Wilfred were both nuts. And that could ruin their friendship.

"And you're naive," Wilfred sneered.

'Naive?' Michele was enraged. She disentangled herself from his arms. "Well, now that we're getting things off our chests..." She took a step back and stared up at him defiantly, arms crossed.

"What do you mean?" Wilfred was confused.

"Ha! You're mad at me?! I'm your wife. We sleep in the same bed every night. And you told me that you loved me, that I was your everything, and that we'd grow old together. But look what you did. You said Megan was your girlfrien

the wine in his glass and kissed her fully, his lips gliding over hers. It felt like an eternity. Finally, he scooped her up and carried her into the bedroom.

Lying in bed, Michele watched Wilfred, who was taking off his clothes. All of a sudden, a light bulb went off in her mind. "Hey you," she called out.

He cast a warning glance at her. "Hey you? Really?"

"Humph! I won't call you 'honey' until you give me an explanation. Why not add me as your WeChat friend? You hiding something?"

Wilfred grabbed his phone from the table and threw it onto the bed. "Check it yourself."

'What did he mean by that? Doesn't he use WeChat?

Still, if he gave me his phone, he doesn't have anything to hide.' She picked his iPhone XS Max up. It was the first time she had played on his phone. With a sweet smile, she told Wilfred, "Password, honey."

"1104."

'What? It sounds like someone's birthday.'

Michele entered the password and unlocked his phone. She heard Wilfred say, "Help me change the password, and tell me the new one."

"Why?"

Wilfred took off his pants and answered calmly, "Change it to your birthday."

Blushed, Michele looked away and asked, "Whose birthday is this?" She couldn't help but steal a glance at him and met his teasing eyes. She immediately lowered her head to avoid eye contact.

'He's impossible, ' she cursed silently.

Chapter 154 Wilfred' Secret

"Megan's," answered Wilfred as he walked towards the bathroom. Michele's face soured at the answer. She knew it instinctively, but it became more real when he finally confirmed it. As if realizing something wasn't right, he added, "I lent her my phone and she kept complaining that she couldn't remember my PIN. So she changed it to her birthday. I forgot to change it back."

'Is he trying to explain?' Michele thought.

Wilfred turned to look at her and offered, "I'll change all my passwords to your birthday, okay?" He wanted Michele to blend into every aspect of his life. She was his wife, after all, and often at the forefront of his thoughts. He was a busy man, though, and could only juggle so many things at once. He had to make any number of decisions day in and day out to keep his business running. So sometimes, he'd make a snap decision without necessarily consulting his wife. The man wasn't accustomed to married life. It would take some time getting used to it.

She pouted her lips. "Okay. By the way, when is your birthday?" She gave him an embarrassed smile, as she knew it was not appropriate to not know her husband's birthday.

He cast a meaningful glance at her before saying, "September 25th, Lunar Calendar."

"What?! We have the same birth month! Mine's September 5th. Oh no! Why didn't you tell me about it earlier? I didn't get you anything for your birthday." Feeling guilty, Michele jumped out of bed. Despite the fact that he was naked now, she wrapped her arms around him and hugged him tightly.

Stroking her hair, Wilfred smiled, "No, you already got me a present."

Confused, she raised her head to look at him.

Although Wilfred hated to mention what had happened on the cruiser, he had to explain. "When I asked my men to throw a girl into the ocean, it was my birthday. After boarding the cruiser, the girl gave me a kiss. That was the gift you gave me."

"What? No, no, no. That doesn't count..." She didn't know that day was his birthday, and he didn't know she was his wife back then either.

"It was the best gift I ever got," he said unreservedly. He did love her, but it was hard to find the time to remind her. She meant a lot to him, and he was trying to make sure that she was a part of his life. But why was it so hard sometimes? He scooped Michele up into his arms, and carried her towards the bathroom. "You can't even stay away from me for one second, huh? Why not take a bath together?"

"NO! Put me down, old man. I'm not a clean freak. I already had a bath today. Hahaha... That tickles! Don't bi

so nice to her..."

Her friends were struck speechless when they heard the voice message.

Wilfred walked over to Michele and took away her phone.

'Holy crap! I'm done. What should I do?' Michele mused. She then saw Jody send a voice message as well. 'Please don't listen! Please don't listen!' she prayed in her mind. To her disappointment, Wilfred clicked the message and it said, "Tomboy, don't drag us into this, okay? Harry and I are having a great time. You better bribe Arthur so that he won't snitch on you."

“Er... D-Dear...” Michele stammered.

But Wilfred wasn't buying it. He sighed, his face stoney. The silence was agony, made all the more painful by Wilfred' raised eyebrow.

“No, no, no! Honey! Honey! Darling...” Michele put on an unctuous smile.

Wilfred locked her phone and sat on the bed, emotionless. He looked so cold it caused Michele to involuntarily shudder. She threw herself into his arms and said playfully, “Honey, please don't be angry. I was mad and drunk because Megan said you were her boyfriend. I was trying to forget.”

“Oh, is that all?” he asked.

Michele nodded.

Sighing in defeat, he said, “Do you really think I'm such a petty man that I would get angry at you for such trifles?”

Michele nodded, then shook her head immediately. Before they had known they were husband and wife, he had been so mean to her. But ever since they had been together, he was much better and more tolerant.

“You're the best husband in the world,” she said. Now that he was not angry, she picked up her phone and lay down to play with it.

“Michele Nian,” he called out.

“What?” Michele felt strange when he called her by her full name. ‘Did I say something wrong?’

Chapter 155 Talking About The Baby

“I'm not angry at you, but that doesn't mean I don't mind,”

said Wilfred as he pulled Michele into his arms. “So you need to make me happy.”

“Okay. How about I sing a song for you?” She put her phone aside and cradled his neck.

“What? ‘Pray for You’ again?” Wilfred asked through gritted teeth.

Michele stuck out her tongue and made a face. “No, no, no! I don’t want to be buried alive again. Grave mold is a bad look for me.”

Her reaction amused Wilfred, who pinched her nose and ordered playfully, “Then sing.”

Michele rested her head on his chest and listened to his strong heartbeat. “This is my favorite song. Hope you’ll enjoy it.”

“Uh-huh.”

Wilfred moved the slider on the dimmer, and instantly the room was cloaked in darkness. The neon lights of the city came in through the window, bathing everything in the room in a curious cast of blue. Tucked in his arms, Michele looked him in the eye and started to sing. “I’ve seen the world, done it all, had my cake now. Diamonds, brilliant, and Bel-Air now. Hot summer nights, mid July, when you and I were forever wild. The crazy days, city lights, the way you’d play with me like a child. Will you still love me when I’m no longer young and beautiful...”

Wilfred had long known that Michele was a good singer. She seemed to have magic in her voice; his restless mind cooled down when she started singing. That was why he liked to hear her soaring vocals. She was able to hit some intense parts, and there were times when her voice went positively stratospheric. She was gifted, and he was a lucky man.

And singing had an effect on her as well. When she hit those emotional parts, her eyes would start tearing up. She was able to feel what she was doing, give it some punch from deep in her lungs and enthrall an audience. “Will you still love me when I’m no longer young and beautiful? Will you still love me when I got nothing but my aching soul? I know you will, I know you will, I know that you will. Will you still love me when I’m no longer beautiful? Dear Lord, when I get to heaven, please let me bring my man. When he comes, tell me that you’ll let him in. Father tell me if you can. Oh that grace, oh that body, oh that face makes me wanna party. He’s my sun, he makes me shine like diamonds...”

His eyes were as deep as the ocean; she couldn’t help but lose herself in them.

She finished off with a beautiful line. “Will you still love me when I’m no longer young and beautiful?” As she crooned, her voice was low and angelic, as tender as a baby’s skin, and as soft as new fallen snow. She relaxed finally, done with her rendition of Lana Del Rey’s “Young and Beautiful”

” Wilfred asked in confusion.

“In that case, our baby would say ‘Daddy’ when wetting the bed or getting hungry. Hahaha! It would be you who gets up at midnight to change the diaper...”

Wilfred’ heart softened at the mention of their future child.

He decided to play along with his wife, who was putting on her down jacket. “Honey, don’t worry. If you gave birth to a baby, I would hire ten nannies to take care of you and our baby. So you should teach the baby to say ‘Nanny’ instead.”

“But I heard some nannies would hurt babies, like feeding them sleeping pills so that they won’t cry all day,” she retorted.

“No one would do that to MY baby!” Wilfred spoke with curt finality.

Rolling her eyes, Michele zipped up her jacket and snapped back, “What if they did it behind closed doors?”

“Well then, teach our baby to say ‘Grandma’ and ‘Grandpa’ first,” Wilfred said with a shrug.

“So, you’re trying to tell me you won’t take care of our baby, huh?”

A cold shiver suddenly ran down Wilfred’ spine. “That depends...” He could only give her a vague response so that she wouldn’t be pissed off. But on the inside, he retorted, ‘Of course I won’t be taking care of my baby. I hate babies; they’re a pain in the butt.’

Michele remembered Wilfred was fond of boys, so she asked, “If it’s a boy, will you take care of him then?”

“No,” he answered shortly.

Taking a deep breath, she continued to pry, “What if it’s a girl?” Michele was fuming inside. ‘He doesn’t seem to like children at all. Then why is he dying to have a baby? Does he just want to torture me by letting me give birth to a baby? Or does he want to have a baby with someone else?’

‘A girl?’ Wilfred pondered. The man, who had always wanted a boy, hesitated right now. ‘A girl...’