

My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 271: My Future Husband

That night, Ryan didn't take Wendy and Precious to the hospital.

Instead, he directly back to Ensfield.

The butler rushed out to meet them as soon as the car screeched to a halt.

"Good evening, sir!"

"Good evening," Ryan replied as he got out of the driver seat and went around the car.

He opened the door of the passenger seat and picked up Wendy in his arms.

"Take Precious to her bedroom."

"Understood."

It wasn't until he was given the order that the butler noticed the little girl lying in the back seat of the car.

The road had been bumpy. The coat that had been covering Precious had dropped to the floor at some point, and the girl looked cold. She shivered a little.

The butler turned back to Ryan to ask something, only to find that the latter already striding into the house.

He was visibly careful as he carried Wendy inside, and not once did he look back.

The butler sighed to himself.

'Is Precious really your biological daughter?' He crouched into the car to retrieve the girl and took her upstairs as he was ordered.

As for Ryan, he went straight into his bedroom, Wendy still snug in his arms.

Clap! He flicked the switch and the room immediately lit up.

He hadn't come back here for a long time, but it was still the same as it had been since he had left.

And since Wendy had stayed in this place for quite some time, some of her belongings were naturally littered around the room.

Ryan liked it this way; they made his bedroom look more alive and less dull.

A glimmer of emotion flashed in his eyes.

He padded over to the large, gray bed and put Wendy down gently on the bed. Then he sat down beside her and deftly took off her shoes.

The moment Wendy landed on the mattress, she turned over and made herself comfortable.

Barely a second later, and she was sleeping soundly on her side, oblivious to the rest of the world.

Ryan gazed down at her with a tender expression.

“At least you behaved well this time,” he murmured in a pleased tone.

He was very satisfied with the quick but quiet way he had gotten rid of a potential love rival. He reached over and tucked Wendy in before heading to the bathroom to wash up. He changed into pajamas, dried his hair, and walked back into the bedroom.

Wendy was still fast asleep, and she still held the same position as before.

Ryan raised his eyebrows in mild surprise.

Wendy used to be so restless in her sleep, but she looked so calm and peaceful tonight. He went back to the bathroom and fetched a basin of warm water to wipe her cheeks and feet. His ministrations seemed to give her some discomfort.

Wendy frowned, kicked at him, and rolled over to keep some distance between them.

Ryan smirked, amused by her reaction.

“It’s hot!” she whined after a while.

Before he knew it, Wendy was fidgeting again. Her eyes remained closed as she grabbed the collar of her sweater and pulled at it. Her face was flushed.

“It’s so hot,” she muttered again.

Wendy was wearing a turtleneck sweater and a pair of black, skinny jeans.

The temperature in the room was perfectly suitable under normal circumstances, but she wasn’t dressed for indoor comfort.

Already, her forehead was beaded with sweat.

“Wendy?” Wendy grimaced, her eyes still shut, and continued to pull at her collar.

“Take it off!” she said irritably.

Ryan could only blink at her, lost and speechless.

Of course, he knew it would be really uncomfortable for anyone to sleep in such a thick sweater.

Thankfully, Ryan remembered that Wendy still had pajamas left in the wardrobe.

Pretty soon, he found a pair of long-sleeved pajamas with cartoon patterns all over them.

He hesitated for a moment and glanced at Wendy, who was thrashing weakly on the bed and murmuring her complaints.

He walked back to the bed and just stood over her, unsure of what to do next.

“I feel so hot...”

Gritting his teeth, Ryan bent over her and tried shaking her shoulder.

“Wendy? Wake up!”

Wendy mumbled something unintelligible, but didn’t open her eyes.

For the next few seconds, Ryan just stood there, debating on one of the most difficult decisions he ever had to make.

Then, he finally reached out and grabbed the hem of Wendy’s sweater. He knew he could simply go downstairs and ask the maid for help with this, but he didn’t want to.

Wendy belonged to him, and him alone.

No one else was allowed to see her body, Not even another woman.

Ryan caught himself at the last moment, just before his desires for Wendy reached their peak. He closed his eyes and quickly took off her sweater.

Naturally, his fingers brushed against her smooth and supple flesh in the process.

It felt like an electric current coursed through his veins at the moment of contact, and his fingers trembled ever so slightly.

He found himself regretting his actions.

'I must have been crazy to even think about changing her clothes!'

It was self-inflicted torture, pure and simple.

Wendy kept squirming and writhing under him, which only made him stiff. He wanted to run back to the shower and let jets of ice-cold water calm him down.

"Don't move!" he said in a commanding voice, his eyes still tightly shut.

Wendy groaned with discontent, but she complied and stayed still.

Ryan breathed a sigh of relief. She was wearing a bra beneath her sweater, but he didn't dare take it off for her.

He hurriedly slipped her into her pajamas before he lost control of himself.

Only after she was fully dressed did he finally open his eyes.

The whole ordeal had taken him more than ten minutes.

It was a chilly autumn night, but now, Ryan was sweating all over his body. He wiped his face and neck, but he still felt hot.

Not wanting to torture himself any further, he tossed Wendy back to bed.

Thump!

Wendy bumped into the headboard with a muffled sound. He must have been a lot more forceful than he had thought.

Ryan leaned over in alarm. He was just about to check on her when she groaned and sat up abruptly. His heart thundered violently inside his chest.

"Hmm...It hurts!"

Wendy covered her head with her hands and opened her eyes.

Their gazes met.

Ryan's heart skipped a beat. But he managed to compose himself before Wendy could say anything.

"You are drunk," he explained, pretending to be calm.

"I was just helping you change your clothes." Wendy blinked.

She looked like she understood, but her eyes were still somewhat glazed. Ryan's heart softened.

"Wendy?"

The next thing he knew, her face was crumpled in a grimace once again. Then, her hands went beneath her pajamas, behind her back, and...

Ryan's jaw clenched as he watched her in amazement.

She had taken off her bra without even removing her pajamas! To say that he was shocked would be an understatement.

'Unbelievable! Before he could even regain his senses' Wendy pulled back her arm and threw the bra to the carpet.

She looked like she had been freed from her shackles, and her face broke into a gratified smile.

"Ah, it finally feels good!"

Wendy stretched and raised her head. She spotted Ryan and froze for a moment before her eyes lit up.

Without any warning, she then pounced on him like a hungry wolf that had found its prey.

Afraid that she might fall right off the bed, Ryan didn't dodge her assault. He was in her clutches in a matter of seconds.

"Wow, what a handsome man!" she exclaimed, hugging him tightly.

Ryan silently chided himself for praising her earlier.

'I spoke too soon when I called her well-behaved'

"Hmm? You look a little familiar, young man..."

He lowered his head, and tilted hers to mimic his angle.

She took his face in her hands and gazed at him intently.

"Well, who do you remind me of? Let me have a closer look. Ah! I know!"

Ryan sighed in relief.

'This isn't so bad. She's not so drunk that she couldn't recognize me'

Then, to his utter bewilderment, Wendy sat back on her heels and began shaking happily from side to side.

Her eyes were twinkling with excitement, and he found himself getting lost in their depths.

"Young man, why do you look so much like my future husband?" Wendy asked out of the blue, her lips curved into a cheeky grin.

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Upon hearing that, Ryan's eyes narrowed 'This woman is flirting with me! he thought.

Wendy cupped his face and looked at him with her 3 bright and shining eyes."Hey. Do you want to know your future? Let me do a free reading for you." His mouth twitched.

Before he could say anything, Wendy stared at him with wide eyes and said, "Young man, you were born I rich and powerful. You don't lack anything except for one thing. Do you know what it is?"

Ryan was at a loss.

These were the exact words she said the last time she got drunk.

"It's you, am I right?" he answered with raised eyebrows.

"Eh..."

Wendy's mouth fell open, and her eyes widened in disbelief. She was stunned for a second, but then she suddenly perked up. She then wrapped her arms around his neck and remarked excitedly, "Hey! You're so smart! That's right. I'm the only one missing in your life. How'd you know what I was going to say? Can you read my mind? We're really meant to be."

But seeing that Ryan was silent for a while, Wendy's grin turned into a frown.

"Why aren't you saying anything?"

'What else can I say?' Now that he thought of it, there was one thing he was sure of: He would never let her drink with other men in the future, especially handsome ones.

"Young man, why are you ignoring me?" Wendy nestled in his arms and clung to him.

They were so close that Ryan could feel the warmth of her breath in his ear.

Her warmth seemed to have magic.

It quickly spread from his ear down to his body. He felt that his body was on fire.

But even so, he did not push her away.

They had not been this intimate for a long time until now.

Wendy would never do such a thing when she was sober. Ryan might as well savor every minute that she was like this now.

“Wendy—”

“Shh! Be quiet!”

Just as Wendy ordered, Ryan did not say a word.

Instead, he lowered his head and gazed at her, wondering what she was going to do.

At that moment, she got out of his arms. She tapped his shoulder and looked at him with eyes full of affection.

“You look like a piece of fruit,” she said in a serious tone.

The corner of Ryan’s mouth twitched.

‘What does she mean by that? What kind of trick does she have up her sleeve now?’ he wondered.

With a flushing face and dazed eyes, Wendy got up to her feet and rested her hand on her hip, her elbow facing outward.

Her inebriated mind believed that this posture was s**y.

She ogled at Ryan and asked, “Young man, what do you think I am?”

Ryan could not keep up with her thoughts, so he curiously asked, “I have no idea. What are you then?”

“I’m a juicer! You’re a piece of fruit, while I’m a juicer. I’ll squeeze and s**k you dry,” she answered with a sly smile.

“S**k me?’ To Ryan, her words were like a spell, and they bewitched him.

In an instant, he got turned on, and his body felt hotter than ever. He could not help but stare at Wendy with a scorching gaze.

However, she seemed unaware of the danger that was approaching. She was so drunk that she turned into a flirtatious woman she never imaged she would be.

Wendy suddenly let out a deep, loud burp. She sat on the bed again and put her hand on her belly.

“Are you hungry?” Ryan asked with a frown.

Wendy nodded in response.

Ryan was in disbelief.

They had just come home from dinner. She ate a lot in the restaurant.

How could she get hungry so soon? Nevertheless, he moved closer to her and asked, “What do you want to eat?”

“I don’t know. But looking at you makes me full.”

Wendy suddenly mashed his face in her hands and gazed at him adoringly.

Ryan had never expected that this was also a part of her trick. He was at a loss for words.

All of a sudden, something occurred to him, and it made his veins bulge on his forehead.

‘What the f**k? Where did she learn how to flirt with men?’ Ryan was morose.

And as he realized that she might have said these words to other men, he felt even worse.

Without a word, he got on the bed.

Wendy wrapped her arms around him tightly that she looked like an octopus.

This should have been sweet, except her breath was reeking of alcohol.

“Hey. Can you be my boyfriend? I’ll treat you well.”

As she spoke, she rubbed her body against his.

They were only wearing thin pajamas at that moment, so Ryan felt on fire. Gentleman as he was, he took a deep breath and gently pushed her shoulders.

“Don’t move.”

“Don’t you like me?” Wendy asked aggrievedly.

Ryan was mad because of what he had just realized.

However, he knew that it was pointless to reason with her, especially when she was drunk.

“Wendy, stop it. Let’s just sleep, okay?”

“No!” Wendy protested.

Ryan let out a helpless sigh and leaned against the headboard.

Seeing this, Wendy opened her arms and threw herself into his arms.

Ryan was speechless.

‘If only she could do this when she was sober’

At the thought of this, he heaved a sigh again.

“You haven’t answered my question yet. Don’t you like me?”

Wendy asked again, no intention of letting him go until he answered her question.

‘How could I not like you?’ Ryan sighed.

“I do. I like you.”

“If that’s so, can I be your girlfriend?”

With her face blushing, she looked up at him with bright eyes.

“I promise I’ll be good to you.” Ryan chuckled.

“How are you going to do that?”

“Hmm. I’ll make a lot of money and spend it all on you. I’ll buy you any food you like. You don’t have to go to work. Just stay home with me. Isn’t that amazing?”

Ryan was stunned.

‘It sounds like she really wants to keep me as her pet.’

But before he could reply, Wendy tilted her head and said something that drove him nuts.

“Oh, I know! I’ll give birth to your babies, so you won’t be bored at home.” Ryan’s mouth fell open in utter disbelief.

‘What? How could she say that so freely?’

All of a sudden, something occurred to him, and his eyes lit up in excitement.

“Are you sure? You’re really going to give birth to my babies? You’re not lying, right?”

Wendy shook her head repeatedly and pouted.

“You’re my sweetheart. How could I lie to you?”

‘Sweetheart?’

If someone else told him that, Ryan would merely cast a cold glance at her. He would be disgusted.

However, it was Wendy.

When she said those words to him, he did not feel uncomfortable at all.

In fact, he found it sweet and touching.

What she had said warmed his heart.

Ryan looked back into her clear and bright eyes and asked, “How can you prove that you’re not lying to me?”

‘Prove?’ Wendy was taken aback by his question.

She sat on the bed and bit her fingernails. She tilted her head to one side and pondered for a long while.

After thinking for a moment, she still couldn’t think of a way how she could prove her words.

“How can I prove it then?” she asked with her lips curled into a pout.

“I know a way. Hang on.”

Ryan was ecstatic as Wendy had just fallen into his trap.

“Okay!”

Ryan jumped out of bed and quickly took out a notebook and a pen from the bedside table.

Then, he went back to the bed, opened the notebook and pen cap, and put the pen in her hand.

Wendy looked at him in confusion.

“To prove that you’re not lying to me, write me a letter of commitment.”

“What?”

“Don’t worry.It’s easy.Just write down what I say.”

Wendy wanted Ryan to be her boyfriend, so she agreed without a second thought.

Afraid he would take back his words, she grabbed the notebook from his hand.

“Don’t lie to me, okay? You said I just have to write a letter of commitment, and you’ll be my boyfriend.”

“I promise.”

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My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 272: Babies

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"I promise."

Rate this Chapter

My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 273: A Letter Of Commitment

Wendy wrote the letter of commitment as Ryan instructed.

"I, Wendy Finch, promise I will give birth to several children for Ryan Oliver."

Listed under obligor was the name "Wendy Finch," followed by her ID number, while listed under creditor was the name "Ryan Oliver," followed by his ID number.

Because of Wendy's drunkenness, her handwriting didn't look as good as it did when she was sober.

However, that didn't stop Ryan from recognizing the content of the letter of commitment.

Once everything was set, he got the red ink paste used for seals and affixed their fingerprints beside their names.

"All right!" The smile on Ryan's face grew wider. He couldn't contain his grin every time his eyes lingered on the letter of commitment.

"Well! Good! I am very satisfied! He put away his notebook and got out of bed. Thinking of a secure place to store the notebook, he looked around the room, but couldn't find any spot that would make him feel at ease. It took him a while for him to finally decide to put it inside the safe."

When he heard the locks of the safe click, he let out a breath of relief. He turned around and saw Wendy smiling at him, with her chin resting in her palms.

"Hey, you're my boyfriend now, right?"

"Yes," Ryan answered without hesitation.

"Wow, that's great!" Wendy shouted, overflowing with glee. She then rushed over across the bed.

Afraid that she might fall, Ryan immediately caught her.

"Be careful!" He looked at her with concerned eyes.

"Hey, you must be a book!"

Wendy began to play her little trick again.

Ryan raised his eyebrows.

As he expected, she continued to tease him.

"The more I look at you, the more that I want to sleep. For a second, Ryan thought of taking a video of her drunken state and showing her the next day.

However, that was unlikely to happen because he had no more hands available to hold a camera since Wendy had her arms wrap around him like an octopus. She hugged her so tightly as though she was afraid that if she loosened her hold, he would run away.

"Hey, don't leave," she murmured.

"Don't worry. I'm not leaving," Ryan replied while stroking her hair.

"Liar! Everyone who told me that always ended up leaving me in the end."

All of a sudden, Wendy pushed him away. She sat on the floor with a sullen face, as though she was a child who had just lost her favorite toy.

"Eventually, you'll leave me too." Ryan didn't know how to react to what she had just said.

(Are drunk people really as difficult to deal with as her?) He squatted down and looked at her tenderly.

"No. I will never leave you. You have my word!"

"No! I don't believe you!" she shrieked like a petulant child.

"What would make you believe in me?" Wendy pouted her lips.

"Maybe if you kiss me, I might believe you."

She then closed her eyes. Her face grew more pinkish as she leaned forward.

It was definitely an invitation for him to kiss her.

Ryan swallowed.

'D**n it!"

He had tried his best to calm himself down, and yet Wendy kept doing everything in her power to seduce him. He gritted his teeth.

After waiting for a long time, Wendy didn't feel anything land on her fips.

When she opened her eyes, she looked more sullen than ever.

"I knew it! You were lying!" She started wailing like a spoiled child.

Ryan couldn't help but feel fascinated as she watched Wendy cry.

'D**n it! Why do I think she looks so lovely? I must be going crazy! "

"Wendy—"

"Hug me and kiss me!" Her voice sounded so soft and alluring that it was impossible for Ryan to refuse her.

He then lowered his head, placed his hand on her lower back, and kissed her hard on her red lips.

Wendy groaned. His lips lunged on hers with such ferocity that it looks like he was punishing her.

However, it was just a reflection of how possessive he was of her.

With his deep kiss, the atmosphere in the room suddenly became intimate.

Everything that Ryan had done to hold himself back now collapsed.

Not long after their kiss, the two fell on the cold floor, with Ryan on top of Wendy.

Wendy shivered.

When he noticed her reaction, Ryan turned over and lay on the floor since he was afraid that if she was the one lying on the cold floor, she would catch a cold.

Then, he held her face and began kissing her passionately.

Slowly, his hand began to work its way down to her back.

The intimacy in the air grew thicker.

All of a sudden, Wendy began to tremble and struggle out of Ryan's grasp as though something terrible happened to her.

Ryan let her go immediately, confused by her sudden reaction.

"Go away! Go away!" Wendy kept shouting as she continued to push him away and punch the air.

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" Ryan began to understand what was happening.

"Wendy!"

"Go away! Don't touch me!"

The same thing happened the last time they were alone.

At that time, when Ryan tried to get close to her, Wendy suddenly erupted with violence and pushed him away. He felt sorry and confused.

Back then, Ryan had no idea what she had experienced.

However, after knowing that he was Raymond's father, he felt guilty upon seeing her reaction.

'How badly did I damage her?' he wondered.

Ryan rushed towards and held her tightly between his arms.

"Ah! Let me go!"

Wendy kept screaming, trying desperately to wriggle out of his control.

"Wendy, it's me!"

A look of surprise began to surface on Wendy's face. She raised her head from her knees and looked at him with a tilted head.

"Who are you?"

"I'm your boyfriend."

Upon hearing that, Wendy leaned back and squinted her eyes at him, ascertaining whether what he said was true or not.

"Don't you remember? You just asked me to be your boyfriend. You said that you would make a lot of money for me to spend, and you would also give birth to a lot of babies for me. Don't you remember?" Ryan tried to calm her down.

Slowly, Wendy's face began to soften and the tension in her body dissipated.

"Hug me!" she said, with arms wide open.

Ryan grabbed her by her waist and hoisted her up. She wrapped her arms around his neck, letting her hands roam freely on his body.

Ryan took another deep breath as he was aroused.

Afraid that her body was going to react negatively again, he warned her, "Don't move!"

Wendy's body jolted up and froze. She stared at him, with tears wetting her eyelashes.

“You’re mad at me...”

She pouted and made a sad face.

With gritted teeth, Ryan tried to speak in a soft voice.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to—”

“No, I don’t want to hear your explanation!”

Wendy struggled to get out of his arms, but Ryan maintained his grip, afraid that if he let her go, she would fall. She kept on struggling for a long time but to no avail.

The anxiety within her grew stronger as she kept patting his arm.

“Let me go! I don’t want you anymore. I’m going to find another man!”

‘What?’ Ryan’s face darkened.

He held her even tighter.

“No!”

“You are bullying me! I don’t want you to be my boyfriend anymore. I want to find another man,” Wendy complained.

“Who’s going to replace me as your boyfriend?” Ryan asked, a hint of jealousy apparent in his voice.

Wendy tilted her head and thought for a while.

“Hmm... Anyway, he has to be handsome.”

“Am I not handsome?”

Wendy looked at him for a long time and almost drooled.

“You are gorgeous! You are more handsome than my ex-boyfriend!”

“Are you referring to Brian?”

“Who’s Brian?” Wendy tilted her head in confusion.

“Jeffrey?”

“No. He’s more handsome than Jeffrey! He’s the most handsome man in the world!”

My Bossy CEO Husband, Chapter 274: The Most Handsome

'The most handsome man in the world?' Ryan's face turning cold.

Wendy's ex-boyfriend came to mind—the one who had taught her how to defend herself in times of danger. His eyes flashed ominously.

"Is he more handsome than me?" he asked as he put Wendy on the bed.

Wendy stared at his face in silence for a long moment, seemingly in a dilemma. She began nibbling her fingers as she pondered the matter seriously.

It was obvious she was torn about her answer.

'Is it really so difficult for you to answer?' Ryan's expression turned even darker.

A wave of jealousy washed over him. Then, Wendy let out a long yawn.

"Ah, I'm so sleepy," she mumbled, rubbing her eyes.

"Wendy!" Ryan had no intention of letting this matter go.

"You are so noisy!" Wendy complained with a scowl.

For the first time in his life, someone was calling him out for being noisy.

The corner of his lips twitched.

Ryan opened his mouth to say something, but Wendy was already lying back on the bed, yawning and stretching as she settled in a comfortable position.

"I'm so sleepy. I need to get some rest now."

No sooner had she said this than her breathing slowed and became even. She was fast asleep.

Ryan could only watch as she descended into dreamland. He was quite upset that he never got the answer that he wanted. He heaved a sigh before pulling the quilt over her. Then he turned off the light and lay beside her.

'Who the hell is this ex-boyfriend of hers?' He still couldn't let the question go.

The next day, Wendy woke up at half past six. She opened her eyes to a very familiar ceiling.

The sight stunned her, and for a second, she could do nothing more than stare.

'Where am I?' She turned her head to survey her surroundings, her terror escalating as she slowly registered the room she was in.

Wendy sat up, her movement so abrupt that her head spun.

She groaned and leaned back at the headboard.

'D**n this hangover! I hate this feeling! But why am I in Ensfield? And what am I doing in Ryan's bedroom?' She brought her hands to her head, pressed her fingers to her temples, and tried to recall everything that had happened. She remembered going out to have dinner with Jeffrey after work last night.

But then she ran into Ryan and Precious at the restaurant, and they ended up sitting together for dinner.

And she remembered the wine.

It was so delicious that she had drunk several glasses of the stuff.

When she tried to remember what had happened next, her head throbbed sharply.

The details turned hazy, and she couldn't make out anything at all.

'Was it because I was drunk that Jeffrey left me to Ryan? D**n it! And he calls himself my friend? D**n it all to hell! I'm going to beat him up the next time I see him'

She still had work to do in the set at eight o'clock this morning.

Despite her splitting headache, Wendy quickly got out of bed. She only managed to pull back the covers before she was frozen in shock once again. She was wearing the pajamas she had left in this place.

Not that she had any problems with the pajamas, but who could have possibly changed her clothes? Wendy slapped her forehead for worrying like an idiot.

"It must be one of the maids! Ryan employs so many maids."

She shook her head wryly, chiding herself for almost jumping into wild presumptions.

Wendy jumped out of the bed and headed to the bathroom to wash up.

Fortunately, all her things were still there.

But the clothes she had been wearing the day before were nowhere to be found.

She was still looking for them when the door to the bedroom opened.

Wendy looked up to see Ryan saunter into the room. He was clad in sportswear and a thin sheen of sweat covered his forehead. His hair looked ruffled and messy.

He must have just come back from his morning workout.

"You're awake," he remarked lightly.

"Yes!" Wendy replied, her voice a little too loud due to her embarrassment.

"Well...last night..."

"You were drunk. Since my place is close to the restaurant, I decided to take you back here to rest."

"Oh, okay! I see. Of course." Wendy rubbed her nose consciously.

"Thank you."

This time, she sounded shy and perhaps a tad too polite. Ryan frowned.

Compared to this formal and seemingly detached version, he liked Wendy more when she was drunk and uninhibited.

Then they lapsed into an awkward silence.

After a moment, Ryan strode to the side and pulled the curtains open.

Light immediately flooded the room.

"Precious is waiting for you downstairs. She wants to have breakfast with you."

"Okay. By the way, Ryan, if this happens again, you can just put me in the guest room."

Ryan countered with a frown, "Do you intend for this to happen again?"

Wendy instantly regretted her words. She probably wasn't completely sober yet.

Thankfully, Ryan didn't press any further.

"Go change your clothes and have some breakfast."

“About that, I was just looking for my clothes from last night.”

“Ah, a servant has taken them for laundry.”

‘What? Then what am I supposed to wear?’ As if reading her mind, Ryan walked over and opened the wardrobe.

“There are clothes inside. You can choose whatever you want, help yourself. I’m going to take a shower.”

“Okay.”

She knew that the wardrobe was filled with clothes he had especially prepared for her before, with the intention to buy her off.

But it was summer at that time, so the most of the clothes were light dresses and skirts. It was autumn now.

To Wendy’s surprise, she found that everything had been changed into autumn wear.

And they were all luxury brands.

She stood in the midst of all the clothes, amazed and at a loss for words.

In the end, she settled for a simple knitted dress and a black overcoat, which looked plain compared to the rest of the clothes in the rack.

Ryan had already gone downstairs.

Unwilling to make them wait, Wendy quickly dressed and walked out of the bedroom.

“Good morning, Mommy!”

Precious greeted happily when she spotted Wendy come downstairs.

“Good morning!” Wendy seated herself.

“How are you feeling today?” The little girl nodded eagerly.

“I feel good. I feel really good!”

‘That’s great then’ Wendy nodded in relief.

The c**k had prepared a simple Western breakfast for them.

Each of them had a ham sandwich, two fried eggs, and a glass of warm milk.

Wendy had an extra bowl of black soup.

“What’s this?” she asked curiously.

Precious took a sip of milk before answering in a sweet voice.

“It’s soup to help you with your hangover. Daddy asked the c**k to prepare it for you. He said you drank a lot last night, so you might feel uncomfortable this morning. Quick, Mommy! Go ahead and drink it.”

Wendy did have a headache. She picked up the bowl and took a sip.

The soup was a little sweet, but it tasted very good.

“Thank you for this.”

“You’re welcome,” Ryan said.

“Anyway, I’ve asked the doctor about Ray’s condition. Everything is fine.”

Wendy heaved a long sigh of relief. She wouldn’t be expecting anything else for now. She could be at ease knowing that Raymond was fine.

“Thank you!” she said again.

“It’s my pleasure.”

Despite their words, the atmosphere between Ryan and Wendy was cold.

Precious bit into her sandwich and rolled her eyes.

‘Alas! Daddy is too unreliable! How can Mommy become my legal guardian at this rate? Bruce is even trying to steal my Mommy away. Humph! That shameless guy. Mommy is his uncle’s woman, but he wants to woo her. He has gone too far! I have to do something about this. Mommy is so beautiful and charming. What if she gets taken away by someone else?’

The girl was lost in her thoughts as she munched on her sandwich. She had to find a way to fix things. She would never be at peace until Ryan married Wendy.

“Well... What can I possibly do? Precious racked her brains for ideas, but couldn’t find a way.” She sighed slightly.

‘Alas! If only Ray woke up. He is so smart, I’m sure he could come up with something in no time’

As she thought of this, she screamed inwardly, 'Ray! You must wake up soon! I need you'

Rate this Chapter

When Wendy arrived the set, the shooting hadn't started yet.

All the actors were chatting among themselves, gathered in groups.

Seeing Wendy coming over, Daisy waved at her from the crowd.

"Wendy, come here!"

"Morning, Daisy," Wendy greeted brightly.

Daisy h****d her arm around Wendy's and dragged her to a corner, buzzing with excitement.

"Wendy, have you heard that the director is going to replace one of the cast members?" she whispered.

Wendy was taken aback.

"Really?"

"Yes! He's changing the lead actress!" Daisy said, clapping her hands together.

Wendy was surprised.

'Eris is going to be replaced?' But after a moment, she thought that it made sense.

After all, Eris was embroiled in scandals and banned from acting by her company.

Before the scandals erupted, her Facebook follower count had stood at about thirty million, but now, it had plummeted to less than ten million followers.

The decrease had happened over just a few days, which was an unprecedentedly short time.

Now that her follower count had decreased, she had lost the favor of common people as well.

And this was not even the worst part.

After the news of Eris being banned by Starlight Media came out, the actresses who had been bullied by her before all began to share their stories on Facebook.

They said that Eris was arrogant and domineering behind the scenes and bullied all the newcomers in the company in order to suppress their development and eliminate competition.

Following this news, her follower count had dropped at an even quicker pace.

As Eris began to lose her influence, all the major entertainment media companies pounced at the opportunity to report her stories.

At this rate, it would be impossible for Eris to make a comeback in the entertainment industry.

The biggest investors of the Story of Concubine Ivanka were Glory Media and Starlight Media.

The lead actor, Mason, and the supporting actress, Daisy, were both from Glory Media, so the role of the lead actress was naturally given to Eris.

At first, although Carter thought that Eris was a little young for the role, he found her to be suitable in appearance, not to mention that she had a large number of followers on Facebook.

So after the audition, Eris was chosen as the lead actress. But now, her name was being dragged into scandals left and right.

It was only practical for Carter to replace Eris, who would have a negative impact on the broadcast of the Story of Concubine Ivanka.

“But if the lead actress is replaced now, will the show still be broadcast in the winter vacation as scheduled?” Wendy asked worriedly.

Daisy’s excitement died down, and she pouted.

“That’s what I was going to say next. Eris obviously had the most scenes in the show, and we already finishing shooting half of them. Now that she’s replaced, all of her scenes will have to be deleted. Everyone who acted in a scene with her will have to shoot it again! And the director said that this show must be broadcast during the winter vacation no matter what. We’ll basically have to work day and night.”

Upon hearing that, Wendy looked at Daisy sympathetically.

In fact, Wendy did have a lot of rival scenes with Eris in this show.

But since she also shared a lot of scenes with Jeffrey, she had finished shooting them first in order to accommodate his busy schedule. She did shoot a few scenes with Eris as well, but not many.

In other words, there weren't many scenes of hers that would have to be reshot.

But Daisy was different. She was playing the role of the empress.

Almost every time Eris had to appear on screen, so did Daisy.

This meant that most of Daisy's scenes would have to be reshot.

"Ahhh! Eris is so annoying!" Daisy said irritably, thinking of how much work she had ahead of her.

Wendy patted her shoulder sympathetically.

"I'm sorry."

Upon hearing that, Daisy felt sadder.

Heaving a sigh, she raised her eyebrows at Wendy.

"What's wrong? Is there something on my face?" Wendy asked in confusion.

"No. Well, Eris gave you trouble all the time, right? She's replaced. So how come you don't look happy about it at all?" Daisy asked.

Since the fact that Wendy was related to Eris was widespread, Daisy obviously knew about it.

In fact, before their relationship was revealed, no one in the cast even suspected that they were sisters.

After all, the two of them didn't talk much in the set, nor did they practice their lines with each other before the shooting.

Therefore, it came as a shock to everyone that Eris and Wendy were actually sisters.

But since they weren't so close to Wendy, none of them asked her about it, except Daisy. Since Daisy was well-acquainted with Wendy, she didn't hesitate to talk to her about it.

Hearing her question, Wendy shrugged and said, "I have nothing to do with her."

It was obvious that Wendy didn't want her name to be even mentioned in the same breath as Eris'.

Daisy didn't ask her any further questions.

The shooting was about to start soon, so the two of them went to the dressing room to change into their costume and get their make-up done.

After a while, the director entered the room with an actress.

Both Daisy and Wendy were stunned when they saw the woman who walked in.

“Oh, my God!” Daisy’s voice rose in excitement.

“Odette Haska!”

Wendy’s jaw dropped in surprise.

Odette Haska was thirty-two years old. She was one of the top actresses under Glory Media. Her acting skills were simply out of this world. She had started her career as an actress at the tender age of sixteen. Her very first project was a big hit, propelling her into fame.

Just a year later, at the age of seventeen, she won the best actress award.

Over the years, she had managed to stay relevant and at the top of the game.

It had been so long since her debut, but she constantly continued to improve.

Daisy and Wendy exchanged a glance, thinking the same thing.

‘Is Odette the actress who is going to replace Eris?’

Five minutes later, Carter gathered the main members of the cast and announced, “You’ve probably heard the rumors by now, so I won’t keep you in suspense. Eris quit. From today on, Odette will be the lead actress of our show.”

There was an audible gasp from the cast.

Odette was stunningly beautiful.

Wendy had seen her on the big screen before, and she was even more gorgeous in person.

Odette had fair skin, a tall figure, a pretty face, and a graceful temperament, all of which made her the ideal woman.

Moreover, in terms of appearance, she was very suitable to play the role of Lady Ivanka.

After Carter said those words, Odette stepped forward and greeted everyone with a smile.

“Hello, everyone. I’m Odette. Nice to meet you.”

Although she was famous, she looked easy-going and down to earth.

Now that Eris was out of the picture, all the main leads of the show were from Glory Media.

Since they came from the same company, they had a lot to talk with each other.

Mason, in particular, already knew Odette, and the two of them got along well.

Carter was happy to see his cast members chatting in harmony.

Then, he took the opportunity to announce the bad news.

“Guys, here’s the thing. Since we’ve replaced the lead actress, it means that we have to reshoot many scenes. I’ll give you a day to get used to the new arrangement. From tomorrow on, we’ll be working overtime so that we can finish the shooting as soon as possible. What do you think?”

Everyone agreed, albeit reluctantly.

“Okay, that’s it.”

After the announcement, Carter looked at Wendy with embarrassment.

“Wendy…”

“What’s the matter?” Wendy asked in confusion.

“Well…here’s the thing. In order to make things easier for us, can you stay on set until the shooting is finished?”

Rate this Chapter

My Bossy CEO Husband Chapter, 275: Changing The Lead Actress

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