

Take My Breath Away Novel Chapter 146 To 155

Chapter 146 Love Letter

When Wilfred left the meeting room, he took along with him the postcard that had magically changed his mood. As soon as he stepped out of the room, noisy sighs of relief filled the space; some executives almost cried out gratefully, especially the planning department.

“Phew! Thank God! We survived!” one of them exclaimed. “Not just that! Each of us gets twice our pay this month! Isn’t this great?” someone responded excitedly.

Back in his office, sitting leisurely in his chair, Wilfred couldn’t help but re-read the words on the back of the postcard. Before he knew it, a smile had appeared on his face.

When he had finally savored the words long enough, he opened a folder on his desk and carefully put the postcard in the middle of it. It was made of poor quality paper, but it was his treasure nevertheless.

‘Looks like this woman has started to take the initiative,’ he thought.

In Southon Village

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It was getting dark. Michele was jogging when she heard some noise ahead of her, which sounded like two people were having s3x.

It was awkward, so she stopped her run and stayed away from them.

The reception was usually awful in the village. Unfortunately, she got signals at the spot she was at that moment and her phone started buzzing in her pocket. It was on vibration, so it didn’t disturb the couple.

She hid behind a big tree to take care of the call. Panting for breath, she took out her phone and saw the familiar number.

Tears threatened to roll out of her eyes. ‘This grumpy, hateful man! He has finally decided to call me!’ she thought, gratified and angry. After wiping her moist eyes, she swiped her finger on the screen to answer the call, but she did not speak first. Their stupid fight was still fresh in her mind. “What are you doing?”

Wilfred asked when she refused to say anything. His tone was flat. There was neither rage nor affection.

Michele was mad because she was disappointed. This wasn't the attitude she had been expecting from him. She wanted to throw a tantrum, but she couldn't find a good excuse. "Having fun," she said, after a long pause.

Despite her sullen tone and short answer, Wilfred smiled when he heard her voice. "I got it," he said.

"Huh?" She was perplexed. 'Got what?'

"The love letter you wrote me."

'What? What love letter? I never wrote him any love

ted his finger into the distance and said, "Michele, look!"

Everyone was automatically curious and stopped playing at once to look towards where he was pointing at. A little boy ran towards them and shouted cheerfully, "Look! So many cars have come to our village! The cool ones. I've only seen them on TV. What are their names?"

Arthur named the cars as he pointed at them one by one, "Emperor. Bentley. And that's a Rolls-Royce Phantom."

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The boy jumped in excitement. "Right. Lice-Rice! Pepper, Shorty, Butterball! Let's go take a look. We've never seen those cars before.

"

'Emperor? Is it Wilfred?' Michele wondered. Then the familiar car and its license plate came into view.

The ten-meter-away entrance of the village was on a low terrain. The whole village could see the cars parked there.

Mathew got out of the car in an elegant manner. He immediately spotted Michele among the others. After a few incidents that had taken place in the past, Wilfred's employees had started seeing his cute and sweet wife as their savior. Mathew waved at her excitedly.

The villagers didn't know who he was waving at, so they all waved back at him warmly.

Michele only looked at Mathew briefly. Her eyes quickly shifted to the back window of the Emperor. She could sense Wilfred' tense gaze even with the window rolled up.

'He's here. I'm sure.

Has he come to take me home?

He always makes me mad and then tries to make up for it by doing something nice.' With that thought in mind, she looked at the car expectantly, and all her anger was gone.

Chapter 147 Why Her

Among all the college students in the village, only Michele, Harry, Arthur, Roy, Natalie, and Gregory knew that Emperor was Wilfred' car.

However, not a single soul from this group knew why Wilfred was here except for Michele, Harry, and Arthur.

Arthur excitedly grabbed Michele's sleeve as soon as he saw the car, and said, "Tomboy, this is the moment that tests our friendship. Ask your husband to get me out of here too."

As a matter of fact, Arthur had called his dad the next day after they reached this village. He was asking the older man to send him a car and take him home. He badly needed a private car because the minibus that had taken them to the village made him vomit for a whole day. There was no way that he would ride that horrible vehicle again. It was bad enough that his dad immediately rejected his request without even letting him rebut the decision.

Worse, Jasper went as far as telling all his friends not to pick his son up. He brainwashed everyone by claiming that his son needed to experience some tough life which might help him change his frivolous personality.

On the other hand, Mathew sent two of his men to discuss the details of the investment they were planning with the village head. He then walked towards Michele. His action made everyone turn their head curiously to them. Thus, he and Michele decided to move somewhere else so that they could talk privately.

“Mrs. Wilfred, Mr. Wilfred asked me to take you home. I’ve already sent someone to pack your things. You can get in the car and go home directly,” said Mathew.

Michele looked at the car again with furrowed eyebrows. She then asked, “Is Wilfred here or not?”

A knowing smile crept over Mathew’s lips before he replied, “Why not go near the car and check for yourself?” ‘How would Mr. Wilfred not pick you up personally when he knew that his precious wife is having a hard time here, Mrs. Wilfred?’ he thought.

Michele was still trying to come up with the best response she could give Mathew when a tender voice suddenly cut in through her trail of thoughts.

“Hi, Mathew.”

It was Natalie.

‘What does she want?’ Michele wondered as she gazed at the newcomer.

However, Natalie didn’t even look at her and just walked straight to Mathew. She exchanged some polite remarks with him. They were in the middle of their endless greetings when Mathew threw Michele a questioning look after hearing that Natalie

received an order from Wilfred that all Michele’s schoolmates should be sent home together with her.

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She had Michele to thank for that. If it wasn’t for Michele, Natalie wouldn’t even have a chance to ask. In the end, he smiled slyly, “To be frank, besides the investment project in Southon Village, my job here is to pick somebody up. If you want to go with us, you can ask Michele about it. If Michele says okay, then it’s fine by me.”

Natalie’s smile gradually melted upon hearing Mathew. She thought, ‘So he came here just to pick Michele up? Huh! It is impossible that there’s nothing going on between them!’

Those things kept Natalie quiet for a while. It was only after a few seconds when she opened her mouth again. “Why her?” she asked curtly.

Mathew smiled and responded, “Didn’t you come here because your dad forced you to learn from Michele?”

“Yeah, but what does it have to do with me going back with you?” Natalie wondered.

“Since you came here because of Michele, it would be Michele’s decision whether you can go back earlier or not. It’s fine if you don’t want to ask her. It’s totally your call.” Time was pressing. Those were the last words Mathew said before nodding at her politely and walking away.

Natalie’s face turned red with anger. ‘Michele! Michele! What’s wrong with these men? Why are they all so good to her? I have to ask her permission to leave this place earlier? That’s bullshit!’

Even though pissed, Natalie decided to go find Michele. It wasn’t like she had any other choices anyway. Assuming that Michele was packing her things, Natalie went straight to her place.

Chapter 148 Going Back Home

Natalie had gone there to meet Michele, but when she reached Michele’s room, she saw that there were two people looking for something in the room. Her breathing became faster until she realized it was two bodyguards. And after watching them for a while, she realized that they weren’t looking for anything. Rather, they were packing Michele’s things for her. What was going on?

What surprised her even more was that there were two bodyguards packing her things. The special treatment wasn’t enough to make her suspicious, the number was. How much luggage could Michele possibly have? Only then did it hit Natalie that things were not as simple as she had thought. Something was definitely up, and she was curious what.

The bodyguards saw her, but both of them seemed not to care. They merely continued with their work. After they had packed everything that was visible in the room, one of them flipped the covers over, wanting to make sure that nothing was left behind. Instead of Michele’s belongings, a white blanket came into view. It looked much like an electric blanket to Natalie.

Sure that nothing was left behind, the bodyguards remade the bed almost oblivious to the blanket. At that point, Natalie couldn’t help it anymore and dashed into the room like a tornado. With one enormous swipe, she lifted the covers and the sheets. Aha! It was indeed an electric blanket. Shocked, she looked around to find an electric warming fan in the corner as well. What was more, there were a number of more articles for daily use spread across the room, which were brand-new and barely seen in the village.

‘None of us got any of these things except for Michele. Why?’

It seemed that Michele had more secrets than she had thought, and there was more to her story than she was letting on. Then Natalie recalled that Michele had invited her to sleep in her room the first night they were here, but she had refused, even insulting her in a way. Thinking about her stupid decision, she was extremely regretful. If she had said yes that night, then not only would she have slept soundly, she would have found out about this whole thing earlier.

Panting, Natalie went in search of Michele once more. The latter was saying her goodbyes to some elders in the village.

Regardless, she dragged her away from those villagers and demanded some answers. "How come your room had much better facilities than ours? What's so special about you? And tell me one thing: why do I need your permission to leave this godforsaken place!? No wait. I get it. Tell me this: is it Mathew or Mr. Wilfred you are involved with?"

Natalie studied Michele's face after the string of questions she had thrown her way. With makeup, the girl had been the center of attention at the party the other day. But what was surprising was that eve

you taking me? I'm going nowhere. I just want to go home!" He was sick of this place and couldn't stay here any longer.

Mathew stifled his laughter somehow, even though it was really hard to do after even a fleeting glance at Arthur, and assured him, "Mr. Han, please relax. The cars waiting behind are for you and your friends."

Hearing this, Arthur was relieved and calmed down. "Okay, that sounds fair. Tomboy, I'm getting in the car." He sounded a bit embarrassed for having made a scene.

Looking at the Emperor beside her, Michele took a deep breath before getting in. When Mathew opened the door for her, she found the overbearing man she had been thinking of the past few days sitting inside staring at her. "What are you waiting for?" he asked.

Michele's heart started pounding, and she felt a burning sensation in her face. All the fights and arguments they'd ever had between them vanished completely from her mind. Even before she had gotten in the car completely, she had already wrapped her arms around Wilfred' neck and kissed him on the cheek.

Wilfred was surprised by her sudden affectionate reaction.

After the kiss, Michele got out of the car again and smiled. "I have to go find Harry. Be right back."

“Flirt with me and run away right after?” Wilfred complained in a husky voice.

Michele’s face turned crimson. “No, idiot. I don’t plan to do that just yet. I’ll be back soon,” she retorted.

She was about to turn around when Mathew assured her, “Mrs. Wilfred, all your friends have gotten in the cars. Please don’t worry.”

“All right, then.” She found Mathew was a very considerate person. Nothing to worry about, Michele bent down to finally get in the car.

Suddenly a man in navy blue ethnic clothes called from behind her, “Michele, wait!”

Michele turned around. The village head’s son was running towards her.

Chapter 149 On The Road

It occurred to Michele that she had said goodbye to everyone but him. “Just a minute,” she muttered quietly to the man inside the car. Before Wilfred could protest or ask what was going on, she had shut the car door and was walking towards the young man, who was breathless from all the running.

“Michele, are you leaving?” he looked at her sadly. From the way he was sulking and the way he looked at her, affection was visible clear as daylight.

“Yes,” Michele replied with a nod. “My... My family has come to pick me up. It was nice meeting you. Keep in touch.” Michele didn’t want to break his heart like that and corrected herself.

The young man took out a sachet from his pocket and handed it to her. “I made something for you. It’s a silver accessory. I want you to keep it as a souvenir.”

Michele looked at the sachet in surprise. It was meaningful, she knew that. Reflexively, she tried to decline it. “Thank you from the bottom of my heart. But it’s a very big gesture and I can’t take it.”

“It may be worth little, but I will be glad if you take it. It would mean a lot to me.”

Michele didn’t know what to say. She was saved by Mathew who walked towards her at this point. “Mrs. Wilfred, Mr. Wilfred is waiting. It’s time to go,” he reminded her with a smile.

'Mrs. Wilfred?' The young man was surprised and confused. He knew what that form of address meant. "Are you married?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yes, I am," she admitted shortly. "Thank you for taking such great care of me these days. My husband is waiting. I have to go."

The young man watched the woman he had fallen for get in the car, heartbroken.

The fancy cars drove away one after another. From the rearview mirror, Michele could see him standing there alone. She felt sad to see him so heartbroken.

She had only stayed in the village for a couple of days, but the villagers had been so nice to her, and the village head's family deserved a special mention. It was unfair that the young man had to face such heartbreak even after being so nice to her.

"Feeling sad?" a cold voice asked, breaking into her thoughts.

"Yes," she admitted succinctly. Humans were sensitive. It was normal to feel sad on occasions like this.

"Do you want to stay and be the village head's daughter-in-law?"

Wilfred asked col

s?' they wondered.

Wilfred had always told Michele that they would keep a low-key profile, but anywhere Wilfred went, it was never low-key.

Right now only, five men had greeted them by the car alone. And another ten were standing in two lines in front of the door.

Michele was glad that she had covered her face with her hat and scarf, even though Wilfred was against it. She didn't want to expose her face. Anyone could have snapped a picture and posted it online. Then the whole world would know.

Two managers led the way to their Presidential Suite. In the elevator, Wilfred was still holding her tightly.

Since they were not alone, Michele felt embarrassed to be intimate. She tried to pry his hand away, but Wilfred wouldn't let her get his hand off her. With two hotel managers

and Mathew beside them and two bodyguards behind them, Michele tried her best to keep the interaction between them inconspicuous.

However, Mathew noticed it and gave her a knowing smile, making her blush a deep crimson behind the scarf.

Soon, the modern elevator reached its destination and the managers themselves opened their suite for them. The bodyguards stopped the managers and the waiters from going inside.

They themselves positioned on either side of the door. Once Wilfred and Michele had stepped inside their suite, Mathew closed the door and with a click, the self-locking door was closed. "Thank you, Mr. Yue. I think right now what Mr. Wilfred needs is some privacy. Are the other rooms all set?" he asked one of the managers.

Chapter 150 Getting Close To The Truth

"Mathew, you're being too polite. We'll leave you be. You know where to find me if I'm needed," said the manager with a smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Yue."

Mathew had already made arrangements to make sure that Wilfred and Michele arrived at the hotel a few minutes before the others. Five minutes after Wilfred had entered his room with Michele, Mathew parked the car in the parking lot and then walked back to the hotel.

When the others reached the hotel, they didn't see Wilfred's Emperor. Arthur looked around. When he saw neither Michele nor the Emperor, he asked one of Wilfred's bodyguards where Michele was. That was when he learnt that Michele had arrived at the hotel a few minutes before them, and that most possibly, she was already in her hotel room.

Arthur hesitated a little before he decided to call her. However, she didn't answer his call. To put it more precisely, she cut the call.

'What's wrong with her?' Arthur wondered. After pondering over it, he whispered to one of the bodyguards with a goofy smile, "Mr. Wilfred is here, isn't he?"

Mathew had told the bodyguards when to talk, and when to keep their mouths shut. The bodyguard assumed that it should be safe to answer Arthur's question, so he nodded.

'That's what I thought, ' Arthur gloated.

Deciding to leave the couple alone, he put his phone away and strolled into his room humming a tune as he pulled his luggage behind him.

Just as Arthur had imagined, the scene in the Presidential Suite was screeching hot. Its two occupants had been apart for too many days. Michele was stripped down to her bra and panties.

Lost in Wilfred' kisses, she lay in bed, enjoying their reunion. When her phone rang, Wilfred turned it off impatiently, without even checking who was calling. His lips never left her body the whole time.

"Wait! I have to take a shower first,"

she said as Wilfred' breathing got heavier. Southon Village was too cold and lacked facilities. So she had never got the chance to have a proper shower.

"Let's bathe together afterwards," he moaned in her ear.

"But I haven't showered in days," she confessed, a little embarrassed. Knowing he was a neat freak, she thought that he would let her go the moment she said that.

However, Wilfred didn't care. He continued to do what he wanted, wit

are all talking about Michele behind her back! I'm ashamed to be with you knuckleheads."

It was true that Wilfred had sent the cars because the students had volunteered to help the villagers and kids in Southon Village despite the cold weather. Also, he had taken care of the expenses on the road, including the food, hotels, and the transportation.

Wilfred somehow made the students attribute everything to Michele.

The students quieted down after Arthur's outburst.

Gregory, who had been silently staring at his phone all the while, decided not to utter a word, no matter what. Back in the village, he had seen Michele get into Wilfred' Emperor and Mathew was driving the car.

In the city, Wilfred was the only one who could boss Mathew around.

Considering the fact that Wilfred' car had reached the hotel five minutes earlier than them, he figured that they were trying to avoid the others. He assumed that Wilfred had indeed come to the village and had been in the same car with Michele.

He had always refused to give any heed to the rumors about Michele. But now, it all added up.

Michele's boyfriend, whom Arthur had just mentioned, had to be Wilfred.

Gregory recalled that the other night when Michele had gotten drunk, she had gone to Wilfred' house. Michele had shouted "Wilfred Huo, I love you" ten times on campus. She had confessed her feelings for Wilfred in Brad' presence and she hadn't faced any punishment for doing so.

If Michele and Wilfred were really lovers, then all of those made perfect sense.

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...”

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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?’

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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's 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's 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...'