

Take My Breath Away Novel Chapter 106 To 115

Chapter 106 The Girl In My Arms Is My Woman

“What?” Wilfred asked, confused.

He walked to Michele and saw the news on her phone. Without any change in his expression, he locked the phone screen and said, “I’m not that bored. Colleen tipped the reporters off.”

‘Huh? Colleen?’

And then Michele remembered it. She had asked Colleen to help her find out which hotel was Wilfred’ favorite.

“Will this have a negative impact on you?” she asked in worry.

Wilfred held her close to his body and said, “I slept with my wife. What’s wrong with that?” According to him, there was nothing unnatural happening. They were married and they just happened to have spent a night together in a hotel. He didn’t have any reason to demand the news be deleted as he had done before.

During their lunch, Michele kept checking her phone screen, hoping to learn how things were going outside. No sooner had she clicked on the news than Wilfred said, “Eat.” Michele put the phone down without complaining.

After the meal, Michele secretly replied to her friends’ messages while Wilfred was talking on the phone.

“Don’t worry. I was the one with Wilfred last night.”

Her friends were shocked. One after another they posted the Blood Vomiting emoji.

Michele clicked on the news on Weibo, which claimed that Megan was stood up at the party because Mr. Wilfred was on a date with a mystery woman at a hotel. The news also said that the two hadn’t left the room all night and that Wilfred’ phone wasn’t switched on until noon the next day.

Wilfred had some clothes brought to the room. After getting changed, Michele walked over to him and asked, "What do we do now?"

Calm as usual, Wilfred simply straightened his clothes and pulled her into his arms. "Are you still sore?" he asked. She was walking funny, he noticed.

Michele flushed. After hearing his question, she realized that the soreness had indeed not gone yet.

She nodded. The next second, Wilfred picked her up in his arms and asked, "Do you need to see a doctor?"

Michele stammered with embarrassment, "N-No."

It was just a process that every woman had to go through. She knew that she would be fine after getting some rest.

"I'll drive you home before I go to the company."

She checked the news on her phone and updated her Weibo. After the incident at the hotel, she got to know more about Wilfred.

As a successful businessman, he interested the press even more than some movie stars. That morning, the news about Wilfred had crashed the Weibo app. As far as Michele knew, no celebrity had drawn that much attention.

A picture a reporter had snapped when Wilfred had carried her out of the hotel had become the hottest news. In the picture, Wilfred' face was very clearly seen, while her face remained hidden.

The title of the news read, "Mr. Wilfred Huo declared that the girl in his arms was his woman."

Within half an hour, the news had received hundreds of thousands of comments and countless likes. It was re-posted like wildfire.

Wilfred' fan-girls wailed in the comments section, "Wilfred, my dream man! I've loved you for so many years. And now, you've found the one. Be happy!"

"Mr. Wilfred has always kept a low profile. I can't believe that he has a girlfriend."

“Damn! Wilfred Huo is the best-looking guy in the world. I’m drooling on the other side of the screen.”

“Wilfred, my love for you will never die. Even though you have a girlfriend, I will still love you. Boo...hoo.”

“‘My woman.’ So cool! Mr. Wilfred is bloody awesome! Wish you so much happiness forever.

“

Seeing all the comments, Michele realized that there were so many girls who loved Wilfred the way she did. She obviously had dozens of rivals in love.

Chapter 107 The Mother-in-law’s Coming

At ZL Group, Wilfred was listening to one of his secretaries, Zelda, do a report in his office when his phone rang. The caller ID said it was his mom.

“Mr. Wilfred, that’s all. I’ll leave it at that.” When Zelda realized it was a personal call, she put the file on the desk and excused herself.

Once she stepped out and closed the door behind her, Wilfred took the call. “Hello, Mom,” he greeted.

“Son, did I catch you at a bad time?” Tabitha Luo asked in a gentle voice.

“No, not at all. What’s up?”

“Your father and I saw the news this morning. Did you...” Tabitha Luo didn’t finish her sentence.

Wilfred knew what she was trying to ask. “Yes, Mom, it’s true,” he admitted.

“Then bring her home, please. Your father and I would like to meet her. Or, even better, I can come over in the two days I’m taking off duty.” Something important occurred to Tabitha Luo. She urgently needed to meet her daughter-in-law-to-be.

“Okay. I’ll have Mathew book an air ticket for you.” For Wilfred’ part, he wanted to wait until his mother arrived to tell her that he and Michele had already gotten married.

“Okay then. I’ll let you go back to work. Take care of yourself. Okay?”

“Sure. I will, Mom. Bye.”

Hanging up the phone, Wilfred looked out the window, deep in thought. Not long after he and Michele had registered for marriage, his grandfather had fallen into a coma.

Therefore, till now, his parents still hadn’t known about the marriage.

At the Economics and Management School

Out of the bathroom, Regina suddenly dragged Michele in her arms and asked in a whisper, “Tomboy, tell me, last night, did you and Mr. Wilfred...Huh?” Instead of finishing her sentence, she gave Michele a mischievous wink.

Hearing last night mentioned, Michele yanked her hand free and rolled her eyes at Regina. Her face turned red. “You know it all, don’t you?”

“I have some clues, sweetie,” said Regina in a naughty tone. “Well, I can tell when a woman has had s3x. You walk differently. In addition to the news this morning, I can put two and two together,” she whispered.

Michele was so embarrassed she p

ould think of were the words “mother-in-law” and “coming.”

‘What does she look like? Will she like me? What if she doesn’t...’ Her mind traveled miles away.

“What do you want to have for lunch? How about you come to my office so that we can have lunch together?” Wilfred continued.

“What? Lunch? Oh, lunch...” The word “lunch” brought Michele back to senses. She looked at Regina, who was talking to her friend on WeChat, and complained, “It’s all your fault. Now I have to buy Regina lunch for a month. I can’t have lunch with you anymore.”

Hearing that, Regina knew she won. Cockily, she held up two fingers and made a victory gesture.

“Huh?” Wilfred was confused. ‘Why is it my fault?’

Michele bent over the desk listlessly and told him, "I had a bet with Regina and I lost..."

"A bet on going hiking?" Wilfred guessed and he was right.

"Yes," she answered.

Wilfred was amused. "Come to my office for lunch later. I'll sort it out with Regina. Okay?"

"No. I lost the bet, so I'll buy Regina lunch for a month. We had a deal," Michele declared.

"Deb, I was kidding. It doesn't matter you buy me lunch or not. Don't take it too seriously," said Regina.

They were good friends. Even if Michele broke her word, Regina wouldn't mind.

"Put Regina on the phone. I'd like to talk to her." Wilfred knew how much friendship meant to Michele. And her word was her bond. He decided to help her out.

Chapter 108 Our Mom

"Er... what do you want to say to her?" Michele got tense when Wilfred said he wanted to speak to Regina. 'What in the world does he want to say to her?'

Wilfred laughed, "Relax, honey. I'm just trying to help. Don't worry. I won't tell her how great last night was."

Michele blushed and explained hurriedly, "No, no. That's not what I mean. Why do you want to speak to her? Never mind. I'll put her on the phone right now."

Then she handed the phone to Regina. It was only then that her friend realized that Wilfred wasn't joking earlier. Regina stared at the phone, scared, as if it would bite her. Gnawing her index finger, she asked, "Mr. Wilfred...Mr. Wilfred wants to talk to me? For real?"

Michele blinked with a nod. "Yeah, for real."

Regina immediately put her phone down and before taking Michele's, she wiped her hand on her clothes, as if afraid that the phone would be stained. "Hi, Mr. Wilfred," she greeted him respectfully.

Watching her friend's dramatic reaction, Michele was rendered speechless.

Wilfred said something over the phone and Regina explained nervously, "No, Mr. Wilfred, I was just joking. It really didn't mean anything. Please don't take it seriously. I've barely spent a dime of the card you gave me last time. Michele and I were really just fooling around a moment ago."

Hoping to convince Wilfred, Regina used the word "really" repeatedly, stressing it every time she said it.

Then she paused as Wilfred responded to her explanation. Michele couldn't hear what he said easily. This time, Regina nodded resignedly, "Okay then. Thank you, Mr. Wilfred."

Regina put him on hold and handed the phone back to Michele. Michele took it off hold. "What did you say to her, old man?" she asked.

"Nothing. My secretary will pick you up at noon. We're having lunch together."

Although puzzled, Michele agreed.

Once the phone call ended, Regina remarked anxiously, "Your husband is way more serious than you are."

"What do you mean?" Michele wondered.

Then Regina told her what Wilfred had said on the phone. Finally, Michele would get to the bottom of this.

"He said it wasn't just a joke. You and I had made a pact. Since you lost the bet, he knew you would feel bad if you went back on your word. So he asked his secretary to dump more money into my card for the fifth floor of Alioth Building. It's enough to eat there for a month," Regina stated.

Words failed Michele when she heard that.

Carl

t or something, I don't know. It just does this on its own."

The goofy smile on her face brightened his heart like the sun.

And just like that, his anger disappeared.

He took her hand in his, and brought it to his lips. He kissed it tenderly, lovingly. "Sweet pie, don't do that again. You have money. If you want to buy me something, just use the card, okay?"

"Fine. But Mr. Handsome, I'm 21 now. I can make my own money, can't I?" she asked defensively. When he kissed her fingers, it tickled. She couldn't help giggling. Her eyes narrowed into thin lines.

"I'm not saying you can't work. It's just that you're still in school. You should be studying, not working. If you study hard and pay attention, you'll be awesome at whatever you decide to do." Although she was a wonderful woman in Wilfred's eyes, she'd have to deal with all kinds of people. If she focused in college, she'd have a better handle on that, and know better what to do. He wanted her ready for all kinds of situations.

Michele nodded. She knew he was right. Besides, a lot of her classmates had told her that she changed into a better and more graceful woman. She was happier, more confident, and more respectful.

She knew Wilfred did that for her and she appreciated it.

After all, what kind of girl in their right mind wouldn't want to better themselves? She had hoped to become her best self too before she met Wilfred, but she had never really tried. She didn't have much money, and she had no idea how to make her dreams come true. Not to mention she lacked self-discipline. Wilfred was everything she wanted in a man.

Chapter 109 He Is Good To You

Not only did Wilfred provide everything for Michele materially, but he also supervised her school performance whenever possible. It just didn't make sense for her to slack.

Taking a deep breath, Michele bragged with a smile, "I'll be more successful than you are. I'll take over your position and make you stay at home to take care of the house. If you upset me, I'll make you stand barefoot on a porcupine. And, if you make me happy, I may take you outside for a vacation. It feels great just thinking about it." She laughed.

Amused by the gloating look on her face, Wilfred chuckled. He kissed her hand and said, "I'm looking forward to the day that your aspirations are fulfilled and you take over my position. I'll be glad to take care of our baby at home and cook for you for the rest of our lives."

He couldn't help but smile as the scene played out in his mind.

Hearing him mention the word "baby," Michele blushed as she felt her heart leap in her chest. 'Having a baby with him would make me unbelievably happy, ' she thought to herself.

All of a sudden there was a knock on the door, which startled Michele out of her day dreaming. Pulling her hand away from Wilfred' grip, she picked up the glass of juice on the table, pretending to take a sip.

Wilfred' hand was left motionless in midair. He was so surprised by her reaction, for a moment, he forgot to put his hand down. "Michele Nian, is it so embarrassing to be with me?" he asked quietly.

Clueless to the pain that her reaction had inflicted upon her husband, Michele asked in confusion, "What? Of course not." In fact, it was quite the contrary. Michele wished the whole world knew Wilfred was her husband.

It was just that Wilfred' identity was too significant, so she wanted to be inconspicuous.

Remembering the person at the door, Wilfred answered, "Come in!" The door opened and the waiters entered holding numerous dishes in their arms. It was time to eat.

The dishes were served efficiently. As the waiters left the room, Wilfred began putting food onto Michele's plate for her to eat. He continued to do this until she was stuffed. Afraid that she still wasn't full yet, Carlo offered to order even more dishes.

Before he could call the waiters back, Michele grabbed his hand, put it on her belly and said, "I'm so full. Touch my belly and check it out

opped by and brought me some lipsticks that cost thousands of dollars each. She also brought you a fancy tobacco pipe. She said it was her husband's money. Guess what? Her husband is a 28-year-old CEO!"

Hearing that this was about Michele, Sebastian focused up. He thought about it and then replied, "A 28-year-old... Hayden, who has just started to make a name for himself in Mirtonberg, seems to be 28. There is the son of the Xue family, the oldest son of the Zhang family, and Wilfred Huo of ZL Group..."

Thinking of Wilfred Huo, Sebastian seemed to gain some energy. "Could it be Wilfred Huo? I heard on the news that he carried some college girl out of a hotel room this morning..." he said.

'Could the college girl be Michele?' he wondered.

Lucinda had heard of Wilfred Huo before. While she knew who he was, she didn't think it could possibly be him. "Wilfred Huo? That's impossible! Stop freaking me out! As far as I'm concerned, he doesn't even know Michele. They are people from two completely different worlds. How can he be Michele's husband? Let's be realistic. I say it might be Hayden. He and Michele know each other. They used to date."

Rich and powerful, Wilfred Huo was beyond their imagination. The wedding of such a man wouldn't have been so discreet and private. The news of his marriage would have traveled throughout the city. He also wouldn't have married such a lowly girl.

When Alex was alive, Michele had lived several years as a wealthy spoiled girl. But compared to the Huo family, her family's wealth was practically nothing.

Chapter 110 Let's Go To The Maldives Together

Not that Lucinda and Sebastian looked down on Michele. On the contrary, they felt bad about Natalie constantly picking on her. It was just that Wilfred was so unapproachable. They felt it didn't make sense for him to marry a plain girl like Michele.

"Hayden?" Sebastian tried to remember the man. "He just came home from abroad recently, but in a short time, with the help of his powerful family, he's already quite influential in Mirtonberg. I don't know much about him, though. I'll do a background check on him later," he promised.

"That's not necessary. Since he's Michele's husband, she has agreed to bring him here for dinner some day. We'll know more when he comes."

"Okay," Sebastian agreed.

When Michele got to the villa, Wilfred wasn't back home from work yet. When she passed by the living room, she saw the tens of bags of various sizes on the floor. It was only then that she remembered she had been on a shopping spree before she had gone to her aunt's.

She had bought a load of cosmetics at the Pinnacle International Plaza. Even she herself was shocked by the number of the extravagance. When did she become so wasteful? Was that the right kind of influence she was picking from Wilfred? On the nightly shopping spree, she had gone to Pinnacle International Plaza to buy a tobacco

pipe for Sebastian. But on impulse, she had visited the cosmetics shop, which happened to be running a sales promo.

She was lured by a sales assistant who pushed a pitch of ridiculously discounted items.

But when Michele got to the counter to pay for what she had picked, she realized she had been tricked. She hated their bait and switch sales tactics, but she didn't want the embarrassment of appearing that she was a flat broke ass, so she just accepted the items. With a kit of hydrating toner, lotion, and cream going at \$10, 000, the prices were simply over the top, forcing her to call Wilfred for his opinion before she paid for anything. It was his money after all. To her surprise, he upbraided her.

"Michele Nian, I have loads of money that you'll never finish a fraction in a thousand lifetimes. You can't afford to be a penny pincher when you have my money and my heart, dear. If you ever hesitate again to spend the money, I'll move the most expensive cosmetics shop in the Pinnacle International Plaza into your bedroom," he warned.

After the brief call, Michele leisurely walked back to the counter and paid for the cosmetics without batting an eyelid. She had been hesi

wondered whether it was gold inside the jar. Wow, it smelled so good. The faint fragrance was simply ethereal.

She smeared some cream with her finger and dabbed it on the back of her hand.

Later, she found out that it was very effective in hydrating. It left her hand unbelievably smooth. It seemed their pricing was justified, after all.

Then she noticed the cologne she had bought for Wilfred. To find the perfect scent for him, Michele had smelled all the cologne samples, but none of them was close to the perfume he usually wore.

At last, she had to go with a soft Calabrian bergamot scent, just perfect for her man.

When everything was tidied up, it was ten o'clock already. After a bath, Michele opened several bottles and smeared her body all over. Then she slipped under the covers.

Before having a beauty sleep, she intended to play a little bit of Candy Crush Saga on the phone for a while. But seeing the time on the screen, she wondered, 'It's pretty late already. Why is Wilfred not home yet?'

Immediately, she called him. "Hi." The phone was answered quickly.

“Do you... I’m wondering when you are coming back. It’s already 10 p.m.”

‘Does she miss me?’ Wilfred wondered. A smile crept over his face when he sat in the back seat. “I’m on my way. I’ll be home in five minutes.”

“Oh, okay then. See you later.”

“Bye.”

After hanging up the phone, Michele got out of bed quickly, the phone still in her hand. She trotted down the stairs into the kitchen and started to heat up a bottle of milk.

Within five minutes, the doorbell rang and Wilfred was home, true to his word. How she wished he’d be like this forever.

Chapter 111 Bad In Bed

Entering the villa, Wilfred noticed that the light in the kitchen was still on. He didn’t pay much attention to it and, loosening his tie, walked towards the stairs.

“Old man!” A girl’s voice rang out, coming from within the kitchen. So he changed his plans, and made for the kitchen.

Michele came out before he could enter, a glass of warm milk in hand. She offered it, and he took it from her. “Drink it,” she said.

As Wilfred accepted the glass, Michele smelt something on him. Was that...alcohol?

Instead of drinking the milk, he pulled her into his arms with his free hand and gave her a passionate kiss. “Why aren’t you in bed? Naughty girl!” he blamed, half-jokingly.

Michele frowned. She hadn’t imagined it. And now the smell of booze was overpowering. She realized that Wilfred must have had more than a little wine this evening.

“You went out drinking?” She raised her head to look at him.

“Yeah. We landed a major account, so we drank a little to celebrate.” A little? That couldn’t be a little! Michele pouted her lips and thought, ‘So you won’t let me drink, and now you come home drunk. This is so boRoy!’

After draining it in a single gulp, Wilfred put the empty glass on the table beside him, scooped Michele in his arms, and carried her up the stairs.

“Wait, wait! I haven’t even turned off the lights yet.” Michele pointed to the kitchen.

Without stopping, Wilfred said, “Julie will handle it.”

He had scarcely finished his sentence when Michele saw Julie come out of the gloom and enter the kitchen carrying the empty glass.

Entering the bedroom, Wilfred laid her carefully on the bed and leaned down close to her. He kissed her ear, her cheek, her mouth, her neck, all the way down her body. She normally enjoyed this, but the stench was beginning to make her nauseous. “Honey, you smell so good,” he murmured.

‘I know I smell good. You gave me your company’s latest bath and body line, ‘ she thought. Unable to bear the strong reek of alcohol anymore, Michele cupped his face and feigned anger by saying, “Get away from me—your breath stinks! Go take a bath!”

“Yes, my lady!” It was exaggerated, or perhaps exacerbated by his drunken state. In any case, he snapped to, and did as she bade him. He gave her a passionate kiss before getting up from the bed.

He pulled her up and demanded, “Take off my tie!”

“Hmph! Don’t you know how to untie your tie?” Michele had never done it before and began to study his tie. Taking in the over and under nature of the knot, figuring out where she’d start.

“No, I don’t.” He lied.

Much to his surprise, Michele was instantly mad at his answer. She grabbed him by his tie and asked through gri

knew he was wrong. If Michele had actually gone to the club last night, she would have called him so they could go together.

Michele blushed when she realized why her voice was so rough. She shook her head and cleared her throat before saying, “No, I wasn’t at the club. And I’m feeling okay. I just woke up. What’s up?”

She rolled over and then... ‘Ouch! That hurts! Damn it, Wilfred!’

“You just woke up? Look what time it is. It’s almost 12! You weren’t in class this morning. What would your dear husband say?” Arthur asked.

Speaking of Wilfred, Arthur couldn’t help complaining inwardly. ‘He’s Michele’s husband, and he should keep an eye on her. But he’s even had me followed since he found us in the same hotel room together! What a jerk!’

This was true. If Arthur made the slightest mistake at school, Wilfred had standing orders for Brad to drag him to the CEO’s office of ZL Group so Wilfred could get on his case.

Arthur was too scared to skip classes anymore, and he’d even get there ahead of time. His parents even wanted to thank Wilfred for having made him into a good student.

But he didn’t expect Michele to be bold enough to skip classes. He’d sent her messages on WeChat, but got no reply. So he called her on his lunch break, only to find that she was still sleeping...

Michele was left speechless. She knew very well why she wasn’t in class, but to admit it... Yes, she knew, but was it right for her to tell him that? She turned it over in her mind a few times, trying to figure it out. ‘How do I tell him the real reason I wasn’t in class? And do I really want to? This is all Wilfred’ fault, the jerk! He tortured me all night just because I said he was bad in bed.’ And she cried inside. She was weary, sore, and suffering for a terrible choice of words.

Chapter 112 It Can Nourish You

Despite the fact that she had practiced martial arts for many years, Michele was still no match for Wilfred in stamina. Last night, she had begged him to let her go many times, but instead of giving her a break, Wilfred had worked on her harder and even taunted her.

“I’m getting up now. See you later in the classroom. Don’t call Wilfred!” Michele sat up on the bed, and blushed, looking at the clothes scattered on the floor.

“All right. See you then. You better hurry up. Otherwise, your husband will punish both of us again,” said Arthur. He was so scared of Wilfred that he’d tried everything possible to stay away from him.

After washing her face and brushing her teeth, Michele went down the stairs to have lunch. Just then, Wilfred called her. “Deb, what are you doing now?” he asked in a soft voice.

Hearing the voice, Michele couldn't help but remember what had happened last night. "I'm going to have lunch," she said through gritted teeth.

Of course, Wilfred noticed the anger in her tone, and chuckled, recalling images of an alluring Michele in bed.

"Deb, you're the sweetest girl on earth. The kind of girl I never thought I'd find all my life," he teased. "Wilfred Huo, you're a flirt!" Michele said, blushing even more.

The smile on his face turning into a thoughtful look, Wilfred said, "Honey, I want to go home now."

"What? Now?" she asked in confusion. "Does the lunch in your company not taste good?" she added.

"I want to taste your sweet wine now. In fact I'm in the mood right now as we speak," he said in a suggestive whisper.

Originally, Michele wanted to go to the dining hall. But now that Wilfred kept on teasing her, she was afraid that Julie would hear him and decided to go to the balcony. "Wilfred Huo, how shameless you are! One more word and you'll be hauled over the coals!"

"Boo...hoo...I'm so scared. I don't want to get your rough side of the tongue. But how can you be so cruel to your dear husband?"

With an affected dismissive gesture, Michele waved her right hand in the air as if chopping an invisible Wilfred. "Are you kidding me? If you come near, I'll beat you to a pulp," she joked. "Anyway, I know where to hit you if I have to inflict the worst pain. You are an old goat with lots of fans out there on social media. How would it pan out if I leaked some juicy stuff to your fans?"

Not until she had gotten laid did she realize that she didn't know him at all. She had underestimated him all along.

"Ou

ht. She had posted more than a thousand updates, but she only had about a thousand followers. She envied him.

She then searched for Brad' Weibo account and followed him as well. He had millions of followers.

Then Colleen. Much to Michele's surprise, Colleen was the chief editor of a fashion magazine. No wonder she always stepped out in those stunning outfits!

Just as Michele sent a private message to Colleen, Julie passed her a bowl of soup. "Michele, eat the soup first. It has taken me hours just to prepare it for you."

"Thank you, Julie. Wow, it smells so yummy. What a terrific cook you are!" Michele flashed a sweet smile.

Honestly, she liked Julie very much. Since she had moved into the villa three years ago, Julie had always been there to take care of her. And they got along so well, much like sisters, despite the fact that Julie was only a maid.

"Really? I'm humbled to hear that. Anyway, eat while it's still warm." Julie was amused by Michele's reaction.

Picking up the bowl, Michele took a sip and frowned. 'It tastes a little weird. Sort of a herb, I guess. What did she add to it?' The way Julie looked at her with a satisfied smile only confirmed the suspicion. "Julie, what's in the soup?" she asked curiously.

"How do you like it? It's a secret recipe from one of my friends and it's very nutritious, ' Julie said, the smile on her face growing even bigger. "But that's just a tip of the iceberg. The recipe is an aphrodisiac, which will also increase your chances of conceiving a boy," added Julie, now, smiling like a complete idiot.

"What?!" Michele choked on her soup and coughed violently.

Chapter 113 I'm Living A Happy Life Now

Seeing Michele choke on the soup, Julie immediately picked up a tissue and cleaned the spilled soup on the table. "Why are you in such a hurry? Take your time," she said.

"Don't you guys try this on me again," Michele cautioned, with a hand on her heart. Still a student, she had no plans to have a baby yet.

All of a sudden, she remembered something was not right—Wilfred hadn't used a condom and she had forgotten to take her morning after pill.

Quickly, she gulped the soup and sent Wilfred a text message. "Holy crap, old man! I didn't take my morning after pill. I don't know how I forgot that! Is it too late to take the pill now?"

Just before lunch, she had sent him a message asking about his WeChat account and he hadn't replied to it yet. But this time, his reply came immediately. "What pill?"

What was the name of the pill? She opened browser and Googled "emergency contraception". Scrolling down a few hits, she got it. Mifepristone! Quick as a wink, she copied the link, took a screenshot and sent him both.

Then her phone rang. "Michele Nian, there are two things here. First, it's already too late for the morning after pill. Second, I want a baby. I mean, you and I should be getting desperate to have a baby by now, ' he said in a firm voice that made his intentions crystal clear.

"What?! But why?" Michele asked in disbelief. Was he already desperate for a baby?

"Honey, listen to me." With the phone in right hand, he rubbed his arching brow with the left and started to explain. "Deb, we're a married couple. If you got pregnant, it wouldn't be something to tense about. Gladly, I'd personally want us to keep the baby. Understand?"

"But...but..." she stammered. She didn't know how to make Wilfred change his mind. After a long pause, she found a lame excuse. "You want a boy. What if I gave birth to a girl? Will you ignore her then?"

Wilfred was slapped hard in the face by his own words. In a flat tone, he said, "I can't afford to be choosy over some things. Whether it's a girl or a boy, I'd welcome the baby with open arms. As long as you're the mother."

"But I'm still a student!"

"College students can have babies."

"But... you want me to study abroad next year!" Michele felt somewhat thrown off balance.

"If you got pregnant, I would go abroad with you."

"But... but..." She had run out of excuses.

"No buts. What you need to do now is not take after mor

a smile. The shallowness of the whole question made Arthur curse. 'Come on, dude! Give us a break! Stop displaying how much you're crazy about Michele when we are here!'

But if he thought the question was infuriating, Wilfred' next words were even worse.

"Since the girl has bailed you out, will you please dance for her after the class? You can only stop dancing when she laughs," Wilfred told Arthur. Michele couldn't stifle her laughter.

'At this rate, are we getting anywhere with our classwork?' she wondered.

The ridiculousness of the whole thing elicited quite some giggles and ripples.

Arthur's face was as dark as ink. 'Wilfred Huo, you jerk!'

As if it weren't enough, Wilfred continued, "Well, if you can't dance for her, then you should see me in my office after the class."

Arthur had no other choice. "Mr. Wilfred, I choose to... dance for Michele," Arthur said through gritted teeth, which sent the class into a hysterical bout of laughter.

When class ended, Wilfred picked up his stuff, and pointing at the blackboard said, "Arthur, you are a tall guy. You clean the blackboard."

Arthur's jaw dropped.

'Again? Seriously? Did I owe him a million dollars or something?' he cursed in his mind.

Michele propped her hand against her chin and looked at Arthur who was cleaning the blackboard with a long face.

Regina and Jody approached Michele and winked at her. "Tomboy, your husband is so caring."

Michele flashed a sweet smile and said, "To be honest, I can't believe it myself. I really don't like him to dote on me like that, even using kid gloves on a hardened soul like me."

Chapter 114 Michele's Brother

Harry tried to analyze Wilfred's motives behind this. "I believe Mr. Wilfred was trying to avenge you. He must have seen you hit Arthur and guessed that Arthur had pissed you off. He asked the both of you to answer two different questions. The first question was extremely hard while the second one was rather simple. That way, he could find a reason to make Arthur dance for you when he failed to answer where you succeeded. He just wanted to make you happy. Wow, what a caring husband Mr. Wilfred is!"

Michele, Regina and Jody nodded at Harry's analysis. Till now, his was the only one that made any sense.

Arthur blew off the chalk on his hand and cast a burning glance at Michele. "Did I kill your husband's grandpa? Why did he treat me like this?" he snapped furiously. "He not only asked Mr. Lu to keep an eye on me, but also asked me to dance for you and clean the blackboard! From now on, I am going to keep you at arm's length. I can't afford to bear his jealousy."

Michele rolled her eyes and snapped back, "Come on, dude. You are not my lover. Why would he be jealous of you? Just dance for me, now!"

Arthur banged the table, fuming with rage at the thought of dancing for Michele. He shouted at the classroom door as if Wilfred were still standing there. "Wilfred Huo! I am going to remember this thing for the rest of my life. You know what they say? Revenge is a dish best served cold! You just wait and watch!"

Michele wasn't too pleased to hear him shout a threat to her husband. "Arthur, I've recorded what you just said. I think I'll send it to Wilfred right now," she threatened.

The anger on Arthur's face immediately disappeared. With a pitiful look, he pleaded, "Please don't do that, Tomboy! I'll dance for you right here, right now."

"Do it!"

A few students, who wanted to see Arthur dance, stayed in the classroom, pretending to be studying. Arthur, however, shoed all of them out.

He even wanted to drive Regina, Jody and Harry out. However, Regina held onto Michele's left arm, and Jody held onto her right. Harry, who also wanted to watch Arthur dance, cradled his girlfriend's neck. The three of them were determined to not leave the classroom.

Despite his unwillingness, Arthur had no other choice but to start dancing.

To be honest, his street dance wasn't that bad and managed to impress everyone, except Michele, who remained emotionless and even yawned.

Seeing an exhausted Arthur, Regina had an idea. "Arthur, why don't you do Yangko dance*? I think that's going to be a lot funnier," she proposed with a giggle and even played a vide

t it a secret from Natalie, for fear that Natalie might destroy their relationship.

"So I'm right, huh? He is your husband!" With a proud smile, Natalie continued, "No wonder you can afford skin care products worth two hundred thousand dollars. He's from an affluent family. Congratulations! You found a rich husband. Then what about you and Mr. Wilfred? What's your relationship?"

Natalie was dying to know that. She didn't think Wilfred could be Michele's husband, because he had once asked his men to throw Michele into the ocean.

Michele was really annoyed and raised her voice saying, "Natalie Mu, one more word and I am going to beat the shit out of you!"

Scared, Natalie took several steps back. Plucking up some courage, she asked, "Are you afraid of people finding out that you've cheated on your husband? I guess Mr. Wilfred doesn't know you're a married woman, huh? What a b*tch! You appear like an innocent girl, but actually you are a slut."

Despite the fury inside her, Michele wouldn't lay a finger on Natalie, as Natalie was her aunt's daughter. She took a deep breath and walked past Natalie. Natalie, however, followed after her and coaxed, "If you tell me your relationship with Mr. Wilfred, I'll tell you where your brother is."

Natalie's words successfully stopped Michele.

Few people in Mirtonberg knew Michele had a brother, who had been taken abroad since he had been a kid. Michele only knew she had a brother, but didn't know where he was and why he had been taken away.

Before his death, Alex had told Michele, "Now that you're Wilfred' wife, I can rest assured. The only person I'm concerned about is your brother. Michele, if there's a chance, please ask Wilfred to help you find your brother. I am really worried about him..."

Chapter 115 Who Is My Mother

Michele fixed her gaze on Natalie, with a cold fury in her eyes. “How the hell do you know I have a brother? And how come you know where he is?”

With an increasing amount of her time being spent with Wilfred, she was beginning to resemble him in quite a few aspects. Right now, her eyes were as intimidating as Wilfred’s when he got angry. Natalie was scared by her strong aura and took a few steps back. She had once eavesdropped on her parents’ conversation, but didn’t know much details. She had mentioned it only to get Michele to talk. “I know everything,” Natalie bluffed. “I know about your mother. Her family took your brother abroad when he was a baby. You weren’t even born yet.”

Mother... It was a taboo word to Michele.

She grabbed Natalie by her collars and shouted in a harsh voice, “Tell me more!”

“Let me go! What do you think you’re doing, Michele Nian? I thought you had become a good girl now. But evidently, I heard wrong. You haven’t changed a bit. You’re the same bully as before!” Natalie broke off Michele’s grip and adjusted her messy shirt in annoyance.

The last few days, Natalie’s classmates had been all telling her that Michele had changed—she was now a good student and did not bully people anymore. Natalie knew better than anyone else whether Michele had changed or not. After all, she and Michele had known each other for around twenty years. Natalie had to admit that Michele had indeed changed—she had become a better girl, and this fact angered Natalie even more than her relationship with Wilfred.

“Tell me!” Michele repeated through gritted teeth.

Out of fear, Natalie had to give in to her. Despite her unwillingness, she started her story. “Fine... Your maternal grandfather was completely against your mother being with your father, and when they wouldn’t listen, took your brother away from them. The next year, your mother gave birth to you. When you were two months old, your grandfather also took your mother away. That’s all I know. I swear!” Natalie had only heard this much before she had been discovered by a servant in her family. She had pretended that she had just come back home. As a result, Lucinda and Sebastian had no idea that their daughter had heard them talking about Michele’s family.

Michele remained speechless for a long time, pondering on what Natalie had told her.

'Why did grandpa forbid mom from being with dad? Why did he take mom and brother away from me and dad?

So mom didn't abandon us...'

When she came back to her senses and wanted to ask Natalie some more questions, Natalie spoke first. "Tell me the relationship between you and Wilfred Huo. Or I am just going to shut up and nothing i

s in the sky, I'll be there. I swear like the shadow that's by your side. I'll be there, for better or worse, till death do us part. I'll love you with every beat of my heart..."

This was the first time Michele had heard Wilfred sing. His voice was so alluring she couldn't help but sink deeper into him.

She withdrew her hand from his coat and pictured his face with it. His face had well-defined angles—his forehead, cheeks and jawline. Although he didn't say it out loud, she knew he was confessing his love with the song. Joy gleamed in her eyes.

"Wilfred Huo!"

"What?"

"Promise me, you will never ever leave me." Michele used to be a tough tomboy. But now, she just wanted to be a soft girl, standing in the arms of her dear husband.

"I promise you."

After saying that, Wilfred lowered his head and kissed her right on her lips. Every time they had kissed, it had been more passionate than before, as if they were the only two people left in the world. He scooped Michele into his arms, and carried her into the house.

As a germophobe, Wilfred had a habit of taking a shower first whenever he got back home. But right now, the most important thing to him was to have s3x with Michele.

It was not until after wild s3x that Wilfred finally went into the bathroom with Michele in his arms.

Michele really had no idea why Wilfred had been turned on. After she had heard him promise her that he would never leave her, she hadn't had a chance to say a word and

had been scooped inside. 'He's such a jerk! Why did he have to ruin the moment and become the old goat again?'

The next morning, when Michele was still sound asleep, her lips were pressed against by Wilfred' and he whispered in her ear, "Honey, it's time to go to the airport."

