

# Take My Breath Away Novel Chapter 156 To 165

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## Chapter 156 Our New Home

The couple were immersed in their own thoughts. Without giving Michele a straight answer, Wilfred held on to her, who had wrapped herself tight in the down jacket again, and led her outside the door. "I've arranged our trip to Maldives," he said. "We'll go there after spending the Spring Festival in New York. Then, after the end of next semester, you'll be studying in the UK."

Digging her fingers into her ears, Michele repeatedly nodded her head. "Okay." Since her handsome husband had always treated her well, of course she'd do what he wanted.

And it was not like she'd have to do without him. Wilfred would also be there, waiting for her when the school day was done. She would be okay with it as long as he was by her side. But her best friends would be sad. Next year, they wouldn't be able to see her. She was the one who stuck up for them when they were wronged, and lifted their moods when they were unhappy. Of course, she'd miss them too.

Seeing Michele nodding meekly along without protest, Wilfred was content. Ignoring everyone, he planted a kiss on her forehead. "Hey, I've got a surprise for you."

"What surprise?" Michele asked expectantly.

Glowing with happiness, Wilfred looked into her eyes and said, "You'll have to wait till we're back home. If I tell you, how could it be a surprise?"

Michele's curiosity was triggered. She practically bounced in her seat in excitement. The girl racked her brains trying to figure out what it might be. She even asked Wilfred for clues, but the stoic man would not give up his secrets. So she had to sit, and wait. Wait the entire four-hour trip back to Mirtonberg.

All of a sudden, she shifted her gaze from her phone to the outside of the car window. Confused by the unfamiliar scenery outside, she turned to Wilfred and asked, "Where are we going? Aren't we going back to the villa?"

"No..." He was busy looking over documents. He took advantage of the long ride, keeping his company running smoothly. It took dedication and drive to use your spare moments to work, but Wilfred had those in spades. His phone suddenly rang, interrupting his reply.

As Wilfred answered the call, Michele kept quiet. She knew he didn't like to talk to her when he was on the phone. So she pulled out her own phone again, and scrolled through news sites.

Ten minutes later, the car started to slow down. Up in the driver's seat, Mathew reminded Michele, "Mrs. Wilfred, take a look out the window. The scenery is just amazing." 'Mr. Wilfred really knows how to enjoy life. This manor has everything,' Mathew marveled in his mind.

Heeding what he said, Michele rolled down the car window and looked out. She saw the manor gate a short distance away. "So where are we now?" she asked curiously.

Wilfred smiled, "Our new home."

Before he moved into the villa to live with Michele, Wilfred had stayed in this manor every time he came back to Mirtonberg. The surroundings here were quite tranquil.

ebrows. "Do you think I have an interest in music?"

Instantly, tears sprang to her eyes. In a sob, she asked, "How do you know I'm crazy about music?"

Seeing her reddened eyes, Wilfred held her hand and dragged her out of the room, while warning, "I know you love music. But stop crying. I installed this studio for you to entertain yourself but not for you to cry. Understand?"

Michele repeatedly nodded her head, but her effort to hold back the tears was in vain. They began streaming down her cheeks.

Wilfred helplessly wiped off her tears before pushing another door. "Stop crying now, or... well, you'll find out!"

"Find out what?" Michele asked while sobbing.

Wilfred looked toward the music studio, drew closer to her and whispered playfully, "How about we have some s3xy time in the music studio?"

These words worked. In an instant, Michele turned her tears into laughter and rebuked, "You jerk!" She patted his body several times to vent her anger.

Then, she pulled a tissue and wiped off her tears. When she calmed down, Wilfred led her into the second room.

This room was totally different from the music studio. A lot of colorful bottles and containers sat on the shelves.

At first, she didn't know what they were used for, but when she noticed a set of molds and equipment, she finally understood. "This is to make lipsticks?" she asked.

Wilfred pinched her cheek. "Clever. Yes. This is a lipstick lab. I have hired some professional technicians to teach you how to make lipsticks."

Her emotions were stirred again. She could hardly find the words to express herself. "I... I don't need... so many lipstick..."

"I have registered a company for you—Decar Cosmetics. You can sell the lipsticks you don't need or the shades you don't like. I've arranged for some designers to work on the packaging. You can pick your favorite design later. As for the advertising and the marketing channel, Mathew can handle those."

## Chapter 157 The Dog Named Hum

Michele squeezed Wilfred' hands while listening attentively to each word he said.

"Decar..." she repeated the brand name.

Wilfred kissed her on the lips and then gently stroked the tear stains on her face with his thumb. "Decar is the combination of Michele and Wilfred," he said tenderly.

'Decar...Michele and Wilfred... What a good name!'

Staring at him in a daze, Michele cupped his face with her hands as if in a gentle gesture, only to pinch his cheeks so hard. Wilfred was startled. "What's wrong?"

In a serious voice, she asked, "Did it hurt?"

He shook his head. "No."

"No? So I'm just daydreaming! Everything here is not real, right? What a good dream! I hope I'll never wake up," she said, pouting.

Wilfred rolled his eyes at her.

As Michele was still in a confused state, he led her to another room that was specially furnished for her—a gym.

There had been a gym in this villa previously but he had it renovated for her sake.

As Michele was good at running, he had purchased a few new treadmills with different functions. He also had added other equipment, suitable for women.

The last room they visited was a spacious dancing and yoga studio. On one side of the room was a French window facing a lawn. The other three walls were covered with floor to ceiling mirrors, giving the room an illusion of even bigger space.

A few pieces of hammocks and swing straps for doing anti-gravity yoga dangled from the ceiling. Beautiful yoga mats and yoga balls completed the list of accessories. It was a fully furnished yoga studio that would rival any professional clubs around.

Just a feel of the studio would excite even those who didn't have interest in yoga.

Observing their reflections in the mirror, Wilfred noticed the pleased look in Michele's eyes. Affectionately, he pulled her into his arms and said, "Just hold on a little longer. After you finish your studies abroad and come back, we will settle down here. This will be our home forever. Okay?"

'Our home forever...' Michele felt touched.

Through the French window, she gazed at the lawn outside and indulged in a bit of fantasy. She pictured herself walking hand in hand with Wilfred on the lawn under the sunlight, probably with one or two kids and a cat or a dog playing around. A happy smile crept across her face as she thought about such a warm scene.

Then, they headed to the three-storey villa. When they arrived at the gate, Wilfred grabbed her hand and pressed her finger on the fingerprint lock to collect and identify her data.

Now, she realized this three-storey villa was the place where they would live, while the two-storey building they had just visited would be for recreational purposes. Wilfred had chosen that building and renovated it into a music studio, a lipstick lab,

that some of the skin care products were given to her by the parents of the naughty boy, who had been brought to the villa by Megan the other day.

"And some of those items were flown in last week from Paris, by Mom. She strictly instructed me not to tell you until you walked into your new house. They are her house-warming bash for you. There's a cabinet next to your dressing table where you can place your cosmetics. If the cabinet is not large enough, just tell me and I'll change it to a larger one," Wilfred told her on the other end.

'Oh, my goodness!

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This... This is too extravagant for me!' Michele exclaimed in her mind. The number of pleasant surprises Wilfred had pulled on Michele in one day were just far too many.

After ending the call, she looked at the cabinet. It was a customized wooden cabinet with gliding glass doors. On the upper part of the cabinet, the shelves were divided into small compartments which would be convenient to store different items.

Humming in joy, Michele didn't unwrap any of these packages. She simply stuffed them into the cabinet.

But when her mind ran back to the biting levels of poverty she had recently seen first hand in Southon Village, she began to wish they could return all the items for a refund. Up to the last cent, she would spend the money on improving living conditions in the village.

Overwhelmed by compassion on the welcoming but poor villagers over there in Southon Village, she dejectedly slumped into bed, badly in need of a rest.

When she woke up, it was already dark outside. Wilfred hadn't come back yet for he had a lot of work to finish before Spring Festival. She would have dinner on her own.

When she came downstairs, she found that the chef and his beautiful female assistant were busy at work in the kitchen. In a few minutes, mouth-watering dinner was served.

## Chapter 158 So Hot

Before grabbing her chopsticks, Michele called Wilfred. Just as she guessed, he was too busy to come back for dinner. Despite feeling a jolt of loneliness, she understood why. He had already abandoned his schedule to pick her up from the Southon Village. Earlier, he had received quite a few business calls, even in the car. All his time was devoted to either flirting with her or dealing with work.

After reminding Wilfred of his meal, Michele hung up and dug into her dinner.

She had to admit one thing—without Wilfred at the table, she was free to do anything she wanted. She liked to play on her phone, but Wilfred rarely let her do anything other than eat and talk to him. And he did precious little of the latter. Sometimes, there was little to talk about, especially with a man of few words. And she did love to mess around with her phone...

Michele had just opened her Weibo app when her phone suddenly rang. It was Regina calling.

After quickly swallowing down a mouthful of tasty soup, she answered in a happy tone, "Hi, Regina!"

"Michele! Did you see the top trending topic on Weibo?" Regina was obviously excited, and her words came out in a rapid-fire jumble.

"Not yet. I just sat down for dinner. I was about to get on Weibo when you called. Something happened?"

"Yeah. Your husband made the headlines again! Wilfred seems to have become a newsmaker. I don't know what you did to him, but it's almost like he's craving the limelight now. He used to issue takedown notices for stories about him, but not anymore."

'Made the headlines?' Michele tensed up. "What did he do this time? Anything happened to him?"

"Well, you'd better read the news yourself. You're involved. You'd probably know better than I would." Regina had scarcely finished her sentence before she hung up the phone immediately. Michele had no chance to say a word.

With a torrent of doubts flooding her mind, Michele clicked the hot topics list on Weibo. The topic "Wilfred Huo is married" ranked first. The story had gone viral—a lot of people had seen this, and the number kept ticking upwards.

'Wilfred Huo is married? Has our marriage gone public?' Michele thought.

Her heart jumped into her throat. Losing her appetite, she put down her chopsticks and glued her eyes to the headline for several minutes.

After a long pause, she took a deep breath and mustered the courage to click the title. There were a few photos posted at the end of the article. Instead of reading the article, she took a quick look at the photos first.

The first photo was a full body shot of Wilfred attending an award ceremony this afternoon. He was holding a trophy with a thin smile on his charming face.

The second photo was a close-up picture of the hand holding the trophy. It was obviously meant to show the ring on his finger.

And the third one was an animated GIF.

r any new clues or gossip to spring up, they were excited to see a new post on Wilfred's personal Weibo account.

It was a photo

of a couple kissing

inside a luxury car.

A man, dressed in a dark grey blazer, squeezed a woman in a white sweater into a corner of the back seat, and kissed her passionately. The man looked really manly the way he handled all this.

The female netizens felt a thrill in their hearts when they saw the photo. 'Oh, Mr. Wilfred is so hot!

Oh, his legs are long and slim. That car looks luxurious. What a romantic scene! I wish I were her!' they all exclaimed in their minds.

But their curiosity was not satisfied, because the woman's face was covered by Wilfred's back. They could only see their fingers entwined tightly.

The truth was, Mathew had taken this romantic photo. The car was stopped at a red light at the time. He initially wanted to send this secret photo to Michele to make fun of her, but moments ago, he accidentally overheard Wilfred's phone call with Michele.

Knowing Wilfred wanted to let people know he was married, Mathew felt this photo would come in handy to solve this.

So he sent the photo to Wilfred. Mathew suddenly felt regretful when Wilfred shot him a cold glance as thanks.

He realized he had pried into his CEO's private affairs.

As a clever man, Mathew instantly excused himself by saying, "Mr. Wilfred... I still have work to do. Excuse me." Then, he fled away as quickly as he could without waiting for Wilfred's response.

Around seven p.m., Michele had finally finished her dinner, but it hadn't helped her nervous mood any. Taking a deep breath, she opened the Weibo app again. She was shocked to see the hottest post in the news feed.

It was Wilfred's post, and there were already more than five million "likes".



She looked at the new photo carefully. Yes, that was certainly Wilfred, and the woman in the photo was her!

## Chapter 159 Official Announcement

As she stared at the photo posted on Wilfred' Weibo page, Michele began to recall what had happened yesterday. After lunch yesterday, they got back into Wilfred' car. She had just taken off her jacket when he suddenly pinned her down in the back seat and began kissing her. In the driver's seat was Mathew, quietly sitting, as if he didn't know what was happening. It occurred to her that the partition of the car had been rolled down when they parked the car on highway service area. They'd forgotten to roll it up again, so Mathew had secretly taken a photo of them passionately kissing.

Coming back to her senses, she scrolled through the comments on the post. A few minutes after dinner, the comments were at a million and counting. Ranking top of the comments was a user by the account name "J-Loves-D". "Wow!! Mr. Wilfred takes my breath away!" the comment read.

In second rank was Colleen's comment. "Mr. Wilfred, you've crowded your wife to the corner. Give her some room to breathe, boy!" she wrote.

"This official announcement of love broke my heart!" another user wrote.

For the next half an hour, Michele read the comments one by one, which kept increasing by the minute.

It wasn't until she heard the barking of the dog that she reluctantly moved her eyes away from the phone.

'Oh shit! I forgot to walk Hum, and...I even forgot to feed him!' she thought and kicked herself.

Squatting in front of the dog, she murmured, "Hum, I'm so sorry. I forgot about you." The dog made a sound between barking and yawning. It almost sounded like it wanted to speak its mind and reprimand Michele for ignoring it. "Okay, Hum. You don't have to complain. I feel guilty about it already. And for that, I'll prepare a double serving of meat for you. Right away!"

At the door to the kitchen, she gestured to Hum. "Come over. Tell me how you'd want your meat cooked. Would you fancy spices?"

Hum didn't budge a little, but just stared at her discontentedly.

Unsure what to feed the dog, Michele took out her phone to call Wilfred for confirmation. But hardly had she unlocked the screen when the doorbell rang. The gate of the villa was kind of far away from the kitchen, so she quickly ran to the living room and checked on CCTV. From the screen, Michele saw that there was a woman standing in front of the gate with an anxious look on her face. Immediately, she pressed the speaker button and communicated with the woman outside. "Hello, who are you?"

The woman instantly explained, "Mrs. Wilfred, I'm sorry. I'm hired to come and take care of the dog. I should've come earlier, but I had something urgent at home to deal with, so I am late. I'm really sorry..."

'So Wilfred has assigned someone

Their laughter broke the silence of night, their shadows swaying under the street lights. It was such a warm and romantic scene.

However... two days later, Wilfred gave the dog to someone else. His purpose of keeping this dog was to help Michele build up her physique so that she could keep pace with him in bed. But to his disappointment, it had the opposite effect, and on the very first day, she had come home haggard and fallen sound asleep as soon as she hit the hay.

Michele felt sad that Wilfred had sent Hum away. She scolded him. But he didn't care. They didn't need a dog.

But to comfort her, he promised that if she really liked keeping a dog, he would buy her a little pet dog after their upcoming Spring Festival trip to New York.

On that promise, Michele finally stopped complaining, much to Wilfred's relief. It was hard for him to understand her emotions for a dog she had only kept for two days.

That night, before bedtime, as Michele went to bathe, Wilfred wanted to slip in and bathe together with her, but a phone call from New York stopped him at the doorstep.

With no other choice, he sighed and went to the study instead. He answered, "Dad..."

Before he could finish greeting, a thunderous rant came from the other end of the line. "Young man! You do remember you have a dad, right? How dare you get married without my approval? Huh? You even keep it under wraps. Do you have any respect to your parents?"

Used to his father's ill temper, Wilfred silently listened. "If the media doesn't expose your marriage, are you going to keep it from us for the rest of your life? Who allowed you to marry secretly, and at that, an unknown woman? Who gave you the courage to do so? How about Stephanie? How can I explain to the Li family? You've embarrassed me now!"

## Chapter 160 Marry Her Yourself

After James finally finished his rant, Wilfred said calmly, "She's not just some random woman I plucked off the streets. I have the final say in my marriage, Dad. As for the Li family, go explain to them yourself. This has nothing to do with me!"

His words caused James' blood pressure to surge. Hearing the noise on the other end of the line, Wilfred shut his eyes and inhaled deeply. He knew that his father was rummaging through the drawers, looking for his medicine. He patiently waited on the phone.

After downing the pills, James gradually got a hold of himself. When he was able to speak again, he yelled, "Divorce! You have to divorce her!"

In a colder voice, Wilfred asked, "Anything else?"

"Last month, I talked marriage with Stephanie's grandfather. You and Stephanie grew up together. You're 28 years old, and she's 27. If you guys can tie the knot before you're both 30..." James just wouldn't stop. He kept urging Wilfred to marry Stephanie Li as if Wilfred weren't already married. But he was. To Michele. It had already been arranged, and Wilfred found himself continually surprised by, challenged by, and head over heels in love with Michele. He didn't want anyone else.

"Seems like you're quite fond of her, Dad. How about you marry Stephanie yourself? That way Mom can relax too."

"You a\*\*hole! Goddamn ungrateful..." The call was cut all of a sudden. Wilfred figured that James must have thrown his phone against the wall or something. That was just like him, and it wouldn't be the first time.

James had broken a number of phones over the years. If he'd kept those phones in decent shape, he could have opened his own phone store.

From experience, he knew what James would do next: find someone to vent his anger at. And the target was probably... Leaping into action, Wilfred quickly dialed Tabitha's number. He waited a long time for her to pick up.

"Wilfred, what's up? It's late. Haven't you gone to bed yet?" Tabitha asked, though she had guessed what had happened. She heard the man hollering a few rooms away, and heard the unmistakable sounds of a phone shattering against the wall.

"Mom, I'll get my assistant to pick you up. Please pack a few things and move into my villa. I'm flying to New York soon, two days before the Spring Festival. I can bring you back home then." Wilfred had several houses in New York. If she stayed in one of his estates, James wouldn't be able to do a thing to her.

Wiping her teary eyes, Tabitha forced a smile and said, "I'm okay, Wilfred. Don't worry about me. I'll just stay in my room. Just take care of Michele, okay? You have your own life now."

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Fretful, Wilfred

assionate look in his eyes, Michele instantly understood what sort of payment he was asking for. She struggled to sit up. "No, no. I'll dry it myself."

"Think you can run away?" Wilfred asked without stopping her. He slowly followed Michele into the bathroom again.

In the bathroom, when Michele found the hair-dryer, she saw Wilfred come in too. She swung the hair-dryer in front of him and urged, "I'm going to dry my hair, seriously. Just go back to bed."

Instead of leaving, he grabbed the hair-dryer from her hand. Michele assumed that he was really intending to help her dry her hair. She remembered he had done this for her

before. Without thinking too much, she turned around, back against him, and reminded him, "The cord is short. Maybe move closer to the outlet."

Putting the hair-dryer aside, Wilfred clung to her and whispered in a husky voice, "The cord might be short, but you know, a certain part of my body isn't..."

Michele's face flushed bright red. She patted him on his hand, trying to drive him away. "Go away. Don't bother me."

However, it was too late. The man's lust was triggered. Unable to constrain himself anymore, he turned her around and pressed her against the sink. His hands ran up and down her body, driving waves of pleasure through her again and again, before they both surrendered to love's embrace.

The next morning, Wilfred had gone to work while Michele still slept soundly in the bed. Her phone jarred her awake. It was Regina, asking her out on a shopping trip. As the Spring Festival was just around the corner, Wilfred had given the yoga teacher and dancing teacher a holiday at Michele's request. She also wanted to enjoy a relaxing holiday without any lessons. She could just sleep, eat and play all day long!

## Chapter 161 **Every Woman Loves Mr. Wilfred**

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"Can we go shopping this afternoon? I want to go back to sleep," Michele asked Regina.

"No, we can't. Even Arthur, who is the laziest among us, has gotten up. Harry 'Doctor' and Jody are already on their way to the Pinnacle International Plaza. You hurry up,"

Regina urged. "Fine. I'm getting up. Wait for me. By the way, usually, you get up later than me. Why are you so early today?" Michele mumbled as she sat up.

Regina giggled shyly. "My boyfriend got a promotion at work. He is coming to Mirtonberg tonight. I want to buy him a present to celebrate this milestone."

Speaking of Regina's boyfriend, Michele knew little about that guy. The other day Regina had gotten into a fight with Portia because of him. Michele had wanted to

inquire more about the man, but then she had been too sloshed to even make sense of it.

"When did you get a boyfriend? Why did Portia accuse you of being the other woman? What's the matter?" Michele put her phone on speaker and started brushing her teeth.

For a while, Regina was silent before asking, "Can we not talk about it?"

"You know, we're BFFs and BFFs have no secrets. I told you guys about Wilfred a long time ago, but none of you believed me. You even thought I was crazy. I had no choice but to stop mentioning it again. So you have to tell me everything too. We can't be friends while using double standards on each other," Michele declared firmly.

Defeated, Regina began explaining, "I fell in love with someone at the same time as Portia. It sucks. That day at the club a friend of mine was holding a birthday party. To my surprise, Portia went to the party too."

A friend of Regina's at the party wanted to see her new boyfriend's picture and jokingly, everyone at their table echoed the idea. So Regina agreed to show them her boyfriend's picture on her phone.

A proud woman like Portia didn't care who Regina's boyfriend was, until a mutual friend of theirs exclaimed that Regina's boyfriend and Portia's looked alike.

Portia's face fell. She snatched Regina's phone and looked at the picture. Then she glared at Regina and demanded when she had started to fool around with her boyfriend behind her back.

Born into a rich family too, Regina rarel

ngle. Wilfred and I have agreed to announce our marriage as soon as I graduate from university." Too many women drooled over Wilfred. On several occasions, while she was with Wilfred, she had seen his many curious SMS notifications from Mathew, who as a PA manned two of Wilfred's other phones. Constantly, Mathew kept blocking other women's phone calls and texting to put Wilfred in the loop.

Regina was relieved when she heard Michele's response. "Are you done dressing yet? It feels like forever. I've gotten to the Pinnacle International Plaza. Are you out of your house yet, my dear Mrs. Wilfred?"

"Almost. Let me just put on some lipstick. Today, I want to step out looking fabulous." Everyone loves beauty. Michele was no exception. Taking her sweet time, she put on some foundation primer, BB cushion, and lipstick, before finally she was good to go.

Right out the house, she went to the garage, where more than ten fancy cars were parked. Looking around a few times, she was dazzled.

Wilfred had bought her a red Porsche Cayman, but she had never driven that car once.

One night, she had told a joke in bed, but Wilfred had taken it seriously and gone ahead to buy another car.

Actually, she had read that joke online and casually shared it to Wilfred. "Although I've made a lot of money, I'm also good at saving. Only that today, I was tempted to splash cash on a Maserati. Thank God I didn't buy it. Otherwise, I'd have parted with a cool eight million dollars."

## Chapter 162 A Fabulous Arthur

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Wilfred's only comment was, "What a good wife!"

Two days later, an eight-million-dollar Maserati was delivered to the villa. Michele realized that Wilfred took everything seriously. After that, she made a mental note to think before opening her mouth.

Right now, she wandered around in the garage, searching for a cheap car, but it seemed that the Porsche Cayman was the cheapest one among them.

She got the keys to the car from a locker and sped away from the manor in the Porsche.

When she reached the Pinnacle International Plaza, her friends were already waiting for her. She was the last one to arrive. Arthur placed his phone close to her face and

complained, "Look what time it is! I got out of bed so we could go shopping, and I end up waiting for half an hour. My ass is frozen!"

Harry cast him a sidelong look and was ruthless in exposing his lie. "Actually, I and Jody have been waiting that long. You just got here. You've been here maybe five minutes tops."

Embarrassed, Arthur took his phone back and wrapped his arm around Harry's neck. "I'm your friend. How could you do that to me? I'll kill you."

Michele always had a good time when she was with her friends. "Hey, big guy, don't bully Doctor," she laughed.

"Right. You won't lay a hand on Tomboy, so you bully my boyfriend instead. Cut it out, Arthur!" Jody pulled Harry out of Arthur's grip and massaged his neck.

The rest of the group giggled.

It took a long time for Regina to decide what to buy for her boyfriend. Then they walked into a clothing shop. While the girls were trying on some clothes, the boys played games on their phones as they waited. The nice thing was that the chairs had charger cords that were compatible with their phones. So they were able to maintain a charge while playing some of the more intensive games. The chairs were comfortable as well.

When the picture revealing Wilfred's marriage was exposed to the public, Michele accidentally set the fashion trend.

Once again, Wilfred's influence shocked her. Since she was wearing a white sweater and casual shoes in the pic that was posted on his Weibo page, both the shoes and the sweater had become a trend.

Later, in the shop, while Michele and Jody were picking out clothes for Regina, some women specifically told the shop assistants to fetch them some white clothes. She thought it was actually wild. Usually, people were seen mixing fashions both modern and ancient, but still this trend surprised her some.

It wasn't odd at all to ask for white clothes. What surprised Michele was some of the conversations revolving around the clothing.



ght different colors crisscrossing on his head, he was like a bizarre, huge walking magnet, attracting attention everywhere he went. You could find every primary color in his hair: red, orange, yellow, green, cyan, blue, purple, and white. Every color but one—black.

Michele's mouth twitched. "I think you'll break the Internet with that!"

Regina rolled her widened eyes. "Arthur, I don't think you need a barber. You need a shrink."

Jody pulled Harry close to her and demanded, "Stay away from my boyfriend. You're a bad influence. If you stay outside long enough, a unicorn will come along looking for their rainbow."

Arthur looked at them and countered, "You kids don't get it. This is art! Besides, it'll be Spring Festival soon. I want to have a festive hairdo. And my old man will be happy to see it. When Pappy's happy, I get tons of cash for my allowance. Then the \$10, 000 I spent on it will be worth it."

Jody's eyes almost popped out. "\$10, 000? For a haircut? That's nuts!" Arthur pointed at Michele.

"Ask her husband why everything in the Pinnacle International Plaza is so damn expensive. A haircut alone costs hundreds. But apparently it's the going rate, since the cutting is done by A-list stylists." He grinned.

Michele reminded him, "Slow down, pretty boy. You made yourself so colorful. Sure your dad won't mistake you for fireworks and set you off over New Year?"

The others roared in laughter. Arthur was a little worried when he heard what Michele had said.

"Michele, can you come home with me later?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Why? Do you want me and your dad to set you off together?"

Arthur scolded, "Knock it off! If you go home with me, my dad will go easy on me for your husband's sake."

## Chapter 163 Hit On Mrs. Wilfred

After Jasper noticed his son, Arthur, behaved well whenever Wilfred was around, he knew the right person to turn, in case the boy got up to mischief.

Michele waved her hand after hearing Arthur's explanation. "Save it. If Wilfred saw you like this, he would shave you bald and kick your face in."

Then an idea occurred to Michele. She secretly took a picture of Arthur with her phone and sent it to Wilfred. "Honey, I want to see you in this hairstyle." She put a Grimacing Face emoticon after that sentence.

Upon reading her message, Wilfred called Mathew in. "Call Jasper Han. Tell him that his son is a bad influence to my wife and it's time for him to teach his son a lesson."

"Which son of his?" asked Mathew.

"Damon spends most of his time with his fiancée."

Mathew understood. 'It sounds Mr. Wilfred is getting jealous again.' He prayed for Arthur and then called Jasper.

Michele came across someone she knew before she got Wilfred' reply. It was Roy, who was hugging a man. At least Michele thought so. 'The rumor that he is gay is true, ' thought Michele.

She took a photo of Roy too. Unfortunately, Roy noticed it. He released the person in his arms and walked towards Michele. "Give me your phone," he demanded.

Michele shook her phone before his eyes and threatened, "You'd better lose that sour expression on your face next time when you see me. Or I'll send this picture of you and your boyfriend to Mr. Lu."

Roy' face darkened. He turned his head towards the person he had just hugged. With short hair and wearing a black jacket, she indeed looked like a man.

Without a word, Roy called Brad himself. "Brad, Michele calls me gay."

Michele couldn't hear what Brad said on the phone. After ending the call, Roy pointed at Michele angrily but couldn't manage to utter a single word for a moment. When he finally spoke, it was a demand. "You bewitched Mr. Wilfred and now you are bewitching my brother too!" he blurted.

'Bewitching?' Michele laughed. "Should I take that as flattery? Wilfred aside, can't you see how much your brother loves Colleen? You must be blind."

"Tell me, why does Brad ask me to help you whenever I can?"

Michele shrugged while stretching her hands. "Beats me." P

ps.

Arthur turned to her sullenly. 'My life is in her hands now, and there she is, flirting with her husband. She was even having fun while I'm in deep shit, ' he thought bitterly.

"What's so funny about it?" Wilfred wondered.

"It's hilarious. Didn't you get the picture from me? Didn't you think it was funny?"

"Michele Nian! What did you mean by sending me a picture of another man and asking me to copy him? Did you have a crush on Arthur, but he turned you down? And now you are trying to make me look like him?" 'Make him look like Arthur?

What did he mean?' she thought to herself.

Before she could speak, Wilfred queried, "I'm only 1.88 m. Do I have to grow ten more cm to be Arthur?"

"Wilfred Huo! What's wrong with you?" His weird tone started bugging her.

"You're always close to Arthur. So today, you eventually started sending me his pictures. Michele Nian, are you telling me that you didn't do it intentionally?"

Wilfred retorted. Now Michele sensed jealousy.

"That wasn't my intention. I just thought the hairdo was funny and wanted you to have a laugh. That was all." Standing next to her, Arthur listened on restlessly. She still hadn't gotten to the point of the call yet.

'Sending him a picture of another man to make him laugh?' Arthur wondered what was running through Michele's mind. "Okay, I can forget about the whole thing, but you and Arthur won't shop together anymore."

Quietly, Wilfred placed an internal call. It was for Mathew.

## Chapter 164 Identity Outed

Michele didn't notice Wilfred calling Mathew on the phone. She was too focused on blaming Wilfred for being bossy. "Arthur and I are just friends. You know that. Why are you doing this?" She started to suspect that it was Wilfred who called Arthur's dad and made him angry at him. 'Why would he even do that? It's none of his business what Arthur does, and he doesn't need to stir up drama like that. The man is just too controlling, and it's time he got knocked down a few pegs. Maybe if I bug him enough he'll back off. Yeah, that's what I'll do!'

Wilfred wasn't amused. "So this is my fault?" His voice got colder.

Michele shook her head and said in a hurry, "No, no. My bad. Please call Arthur's dad and tell him Arthur didn't hit on me. He's really mad. He figured out where Arthur is through GPS and is going to take him home and kick his ass."

"Feeling bad for him?"

Just then, Mathew walked into Wilfred's office. Wilfred mouthed the words "Call Jasper." Mathew noticed that Wilfred looked gentler than a moment ago. Immediately he knew who Wilfred was talking to on the phone.

Wilfred's stubbornness made Michele feel frustrated. She lost her patience. "You going to call him or not?" she asked in a flat voice.

"Promise me. Promise that you won't get too close to Arthur," said Wilfred, playing with a lighter.

"Honestly, how many times do I have to tell you? Arthur and I are just friends! We've known each other for years. Now you're asking me to stop talking to him all of a sudden? No can do!" Then she turned to Arthur and said, "Sorry, buddy. I can't save you. It seems you'll have to go home and face your dad. Or you'll lose me forever."

"Noooooo!" Arthur was desperate.

Regina, Jody, and Harry burst into laughter.

"Mathew has already called Jasper Han," Wilfred said and hung up.

'What?' Michele looked at her phone, confused. 'He called already? So Arthur won't get beaten by his dad?'

Why didn't he tell me earlier? So he was pulling my leg the whole time! Auuugh! Michele opened WeChat and sent Wilfred a message. "Honey, love you." At the end of the message was a Kiss Mark emoji.

"Your husband won't help?" asked Arthur. He had decided that if Wilfred didn't help him, he would fix Michele up with a ton of guys.

"I think... he will. Maybe. Just wait." Michele wasn't sure.

The Pinnacle International Plaza was only about ten-odd minutes from Arthur's home, if you took a car.

Arthur was still sweating bullets when he went up to the fifth floor of the Alioth Building. He could think of little else, and picked at his fo

hen she stepped outside. The ambiance inside the booth was nice but boring.

She kept walking. A conversation came to her ears when she passed by the smoking zone. It was actually whispering between two men. She wasn't eavesdropping, but since they mentioned Wilfred, she couldn't help noticing.

"We just found out yesterday that Mr. Wilfred was married, and today we got to see her for ourselves," said one man.

"I want to know more about her. What's her background? I don't want to make any mistakes talking to her. But really... who wants to ask Mr. Wilfred that?" observed his companion.

"What's he up to tonight, anyway?"

"Isn't it obvious? Pretty much everything he did after he got here, and the words he said, indicated the woman was Mrs. Wilfred. What he didn't say was that she had to be respected, but that was the subtext. Disrespecting her is like disrespecting him. I think he wanted all of us to remember that." The men that had come to dinner tonight might be of different levels of importance, but they were all elites in commerce and enjoyed a high status in Mirtonberg.

Michele stood there and thought, 'It's just a dinner. How can it mean that much?'

But what the two men said also made sense. Wilfred was always serious. Everything he said or did meant something.

Michele went another way to go to the bathroom. She didn't want it to be awkward, bumping into those two.

On her way back to their booth, the door to another booth opened and the people inside walked out.

There were a lot of them. Michele was going to change direction again. But she spotted someone familiar. And almost at the same time the person saw her too. "Michele? Michele Nian?" called a surprised voice.

## Chapter 165 Be My Girlfriend

It was Hayden's mom, Blanche.

Along with her were Hayden's father, Portia, a middle-aged couple, and a young man.

It looked like some kind of engagement meeting.

Since Blanche called her, Michele knew she couldn't just run away. "Hi, nice to see you," she said, greeting Hayden's parents politely. She really wanted out of here. Seeing Hayden's family made her think of how he kept hitting on her. It was like he didn't want to believe she was really married, believed that he was entitled to her simply because he wanted her. Whenever he texted, her heart sank like a stone. Sometimes, while talking to him, she threw up in her mouth a bit.

"Why are you here?" asked Portia curtly, looking her up and down. She sounded surprised.

She didn't say it, but her tone told Michele what she really thought was "Wow, woman, how can you even possibly afford this place?"

"Who is this?" asked the young man. Wearing a blue down jacket, he looked at Michele the same way Portia had—only difference was he seemed interested. The glint in his eyes disroyted Michele.

But somehow, the man looked familiar. She just couldn't quite place his face. She racked her brains trying to figure out where she'd seen him, but she couldn't figure it out. 'School? No. Maybe at one of Wilfred's meetings? No. Who is this guy?'

"She's nobody. Lewis, Let's go," said Griffin Gu, Hayden's father.

Considering the history between Michele and the Gu family, he knew nothing good would come out of this chance meeting. He wanted no trouble for anyone and hoped they could leave as soon as possible. However, Blanche wasn't done yet. "Are you here to see Hayden? No can do, sister. He's not here. He's on a date with my daughter-in-law-to-be." Her voice was full of contempt.

'Hayden has a fiancée? But why is he still texting me every day? What a jerk!' Michele thought to herself. "It's not what you think. I didn't come here for your son. I'm just having dinner with some people," Michele explained with a smile.

Hearing that Michele wasn't there for Hayden, Blanche felt embarrassed. Clearly, she had fallen into a pit she dug for herself. To save face, she turned to the aloof woman standing next to her, and said with a fawning smile, "Mrs. Wilfred, this is my son's ex-girlfriend. My son dumped her years ago, but she still pesters

a friend. We talked," she answered casually.

"Okay. Are you full?"

"Yeah."

"Let's go then." Wilfred held Michele's hand and stood up.

Michele was speechless. 'Leaving the table as soon as he is stuffed, Wilfred is so arrogant.'

Seeing Wilfred stand up, the others all followed. Someone took his and Michele's coats for him. A couple of guests helped them get their coats on, and someone else opened the door for him.

Their enthusiasm made Michele sick. But not Wilfred. Her husband was expressionless, as if he were accustomed to it.

Once they were out of the building, they got into the car. "I'll drop you off at the manor, but I have to go back to the office. It's work." He shrugged, then continued, "Be home late tonight."

"Can't you do it tomorrow?" asked Michele. It was already 9 p.m. He worked late every day. She was worried.

"I have work to do tomorrow too. If I don't finish up today, I'll just have more work to do tomorrow. I'll leave work as early as I can, okay?" he explained with a smile and then kissed her forehead.

She nodded. "Okay then. Don't be out too late."

The car came to an intersection after it left the underground parking lot. There was a traffic jam. The Emperor slowed down. Michele looked out the window while Wilfred was on the phone talking to Mathew.

Suddenly, she noticed some people pushing each other at the entrance of Alioth Building. There were men and women. The woman in a black overcoat looked familiar, though. After she pushed a man and turned around, Michele saw her face.