

I Married a Beautiful Boss After the Breakup by Seafarer's Strike Chapter 6

A user with a wolf head avatar responded to Brook's voice message. Sylvester: [Describe his physical appearance, Brooke!]

Brook was peering into the living room through the pair of binoculars.

Eric looked at Sylvia, who was sitting on the sofa in the living room. There was an awkward silence as Eric realized he had nothing to say to Sylvia.

It was Sylvia who broke the silence.

"Why are you home so early? Don't you need to be with your family in the hospital? The agreement stated you need to get home before 9:00 p.m., but there are always exceptions when it comes to special circumstances. It's important to take care of a sick family member," said Sylvia.

"My mother is at the hospital taking care of things," replied Eric.

He was still in shock.

After so many years living in Salt City, Eric knew the Rosewood Estate was a neighborhood where the city's wealthy and elites lived.

The house was spacious, at least 200m², and estimated to be worth at least \$750,000. Eric finally came to realize why Sylvia was willing to give Jasmine \$13,000 to put an end to her harassment. She was wealthy!

Sylvia kept quiet upon hearing Eric's response. She then rose to her feet and said, "Follow me."

With Eric following behind her, Sylvia said, "Obviously, it's impossible for us to share a room." She pointed to one of the doors. "This is the master bedroom, my private living space, which is off-limits. On top of that, that study is off-limits as well."

Then she turned around and pointed to another door. "That's the second bedroom where you will be settling down. Likewise, I won't step into your room without your permission. As a matter of fact, I'll never even think about entering your room."

“The rest of the rooms are open for you to accommodate your friends and family whenever they visit. All you need to do is give me a heads-up, and I won’t show up when they are here. Apart from that, your parents aren’t allowed to move in temporarily. The house is yours after we divorce three years later, and you are free to do whatever you like.”

Sylvia looked at Eric as she finished speaking. She expected Eric’s eyes would light up after learning the house would belong to him three years later, only to discover he remained calm and nodded slightly. Sylvia was rather surprised.

Sylvia added, “Alright, I need to freshen up and rest. You should rest early too.”

Eric nodded and walked to the sofa. He raised his eyes when he discovered a book lying on the sofa—The Art of Marriage.

Had Sylvia prepared this book for him?

Eric took a seat and flipped through the book. Apparently, the book had been read for only a few pages.

“Ah!” A sudden cry echoed from the bathroom, accompanied by a loud thud.

Eric sprung to his feet and rushed to the bathroom.

“S-Sylvia, are you alright!?”

There was no response.

Eric grew anxious. ‘Did Sylvia fall and faint in the bathroom?’

He pushed the door, only to discover it would not budge at all.

Sylvia’s voice sounded at that moment.

“N-No, don’t come in! Ouch!” Sylvia inhaled sharply.

Eric could tell Sylvia had a hard fall.

“Call me if you need me.” Eric turned around and left after saying that.

He did not know what was happening inside, so he did not dare enter rashly. However, after taking a few steps, Sylvia called out, "E-Eric, wait!"

Eric stopped dead in his tracks and said, "I'm sorry. What did you say?"

Sylvia yelled, "Wait, Eric!" A second later, she added, "I can't stand up. Try pushing hard against the door."

Eric did as instructed, but the door would not open. Thinking Sylvia might have seriously injured herself, he took a few steps back, charged forward, and kicked the door.

The door flung open forcefully, and Eric was stunned to see Sylvia sitting on the floor of the bathroom, wrapped only in a bath towel. Her skin was as white as snow.

Eric felt his heart pounding hard against his chest. He instinctively gulped and rushed to her side.

"What's wrong?" asked Eric.

"My ankle... I sprained my ankle." Sylvia squirmed.

Eric looked at her ankle and discovered it was swollen. He was curious at the same time about how Sylvia had sprained her ankle in the bathroom.

"Give me your hand!" yelled Sylvia.

Eric reached out his hand hesitantly. He felt a surge of sensation running through his body when Sylvia grabbed his hand. However, it was different from when he got electrocuted in David's office. Eric was dumbfounded.

"Ouch!" Sylvia inhaled sharply.

Meanwhile, Eric snapped back to his senses.

"What's wrong?" Eric asked anxiously.

"I think I sprained both of my ankles..." Sylvia was rendered speechless.

What were the odds of spraining both ankles at the same time? And she had even sprained them in the bathroom. She would not be able to explain herself if Eric suspected her of feigning a fall.

Eric froze for a moment before asking, “W-What should we do?”

He was also at a loss. He wanted to carry Sylvia back to her room, but he did not even dare touch the ice queen, let alone carry her.

Sylvia looked up and glanced at Eric.

“What would you do if your girlfriend fell and injured herself?” asked Sylvia.

Eric pressed his lips together. “I’d carry her on my back. However, based on your condition, I’m afraid I need to carry you...”

Sylvia’s cheeks blushed upon hearing that. She tried to get on her feet a couple more times, but to no avail.

Sylvia instructed, “Squat down and close your eyes!”

Eric quietly obliged.

“Do not open your eyes. If you dare sneak a peep at me, we will get a divorce tomorrow!” she added.

Eric nodded without saying a word and squatted on the floor.

A wave of fragrance filled his nose as Sylvia wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Alright, carry me to my room and mind your hands.”

Eric was rendered speechless. Did Sylvia think he was a pervert?

With Sylvia in his arms, Eric said through his gritted teeth, “W-Why are you so heavy?”

Eric heard the sound of gnashing teeth as his voice fell. He felt embarrassed as he suddenly realized commenting on a woman’s weight was taboo. Eric opened his eyes as he tried to walk out of the bathroom.

“Close your eyes!” barked Sylvia.

Eric quickly closed his eyes. “Heavens! How am I supposed to take you to your room with my eyes closed? I’m new here!”

“I’ll guide you to my room, so follow my instructions,” said Sylvia.

Eric was rendered speechless again.

Meanwhile, Brook had witnessed everything in another building across the street through his binoculars. After Sylvia entered the bathroom, Eric followed suit and carried her out in his arms about a dozen minutes later.

“Oh my gosh! Is she really taking things this far!?” Brook could not believe his eyes.

Brook: [Sylvester, Connor! Guess what I just saw!?!]

Brook sent a voice message to his brothers via their new WhatsApp group.

Brook was in shock. He was well aware of Sylvia’s rather lacking romance experience. She never had a boyfriend, and he knew her motive for the flash marriage.

However, based on what he had witnessed, could he be wrong? Did Sylvia actually marry for love and not to extend her term as Williams Corp.’s CEO!?