

## Chapter 8 A Cute Nickname And Kind People

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The old mansion of the Gilbert family was a sight to behold, with its vintage charm and elegant architecture.

It was as spacious as Breeze Manor, but its interior was more simple and cozy.

The garden had been turned into a vegetable farm, with vines of grapes hanging over the paths, and the smell of fresh produce filling the air. In the middle of the busy city, this place gave Emelia a feeling of warmth and simplicity.

"Kiwi? Is this the lady you married? Oh, she's so beautiful!"

A woman, dressed in a fancy outfit with pearls and jewels appeared and took Emelia's delicate hand with a friendly gesture.

Her eyes, like precious gemstones, were giving off this irresistibly warm vibe.

"I'm Kiwi's mom, Norah, and your mother-in-law. What's your name, dear?"

Emelia was utterly bewildered by the nickname Kiwi.

The cold and ruthless CEO, who could freeze anyone with a single look, had such a cute and sweet nickname? Kiwi?

She tried to hold back a smile.

She had to control it!

She did her best.

But she couldn't help it.

"Laugh, and I'll skin you alive!"

Kian's voice zipped by her ear, making her snap back to reality with a jolt of warmth from his breath.

Watching him stride away, she couldn't help but feel the eye roll coming on.

"I'm Kiwi's wife, and I go by Emelia!"

She declared it out loud, just to make it clear.

Kian's steps screeched to a halt. He whipped around, giving her this intense glare. But before anything else could go down, Kian's mom, Norah Gilbert, swooped in, looping her arm with Emelia's and steering her away.

"Your name is Emelia? What a charming name. C'mon, let me take you to meet Kiwi's grandma. She's been waiting for you and went to the melon patch to grab some for you!" Kian's mother said as they walked, her voice akin to a warm, gentle breeze.

Emelia was rendered speechless.

During her childhood, whenever her head throbbed to the point she felt she was dying, she longed for her mother to embrace her like this. In her dreams over the years, her mother had perpetually been this way.

However, reality proved to be harsh...

"Oh!"

A scream shattered her reverie.

Norah, in a state of panic, hurried over.

Emelia hastened to catch up, weaving through two grapevines to encounter a flourishing melon patch. An elderly lady grasped a wooden frame, cradling a yellowed, fragrant melon and perspiring profusely.

"Elizabeth, what's up? Did you twist your ankle? Where does it hurt? I can carry you back!"

Norah rushed over to help Elizabeth, Kian's grandma, but Emelia could tell from the way the old lady was standing that it was probably her back that gave her trouble while getting up.

"Wait!" Emelia swiftly intervened. She approached Elizabeth, pinpointed the strained area, and applied pressure on a few points. In a matter of breaths, Elizabeth sensed the pain dissipating.

"I... I feel better now." Elizabeth was elated.

Norah looked just as surprised. "Emelia, do you know your way around massages? Well, aren't we lucky, us two old gals? Elizabeth, this is your granddaughter-in-law. Ain't she something beautiful and talented?"

Emelia found herself caught between these two women, and their friendly vibes had her on edge.

She thought to herself, "Oh no. I screwed up. How in the world am I supposed to play the wicked supporting actress? Should I just give the old lady a good shove?"

She gazed at the melon offered by Elizabeth and absorbed their heartwarming words. Unexplainably, her nose tingled with emotion.

Hastily, she lowered her head to conceal it from view.

It marked their initial encounter, and they weren't blood relatives.

Yet, why could they treat her with such warmth?

The Hewitts couldn't muster the same.

Was it because she was Kian's wife?

Yet, this was the esteemed Gilbert family of Cisburg.

Weren't they concerned she harbored ulterior motives, marrying Kian for their wealth?

Didn't they worry about her intentions and enigmatic background?

Why... were they treating her so kindly?