

Billion Rich 131

Chapter 131

“Burp... You really are a little scoundell” Chloe blushed and smiled happily.

The man smiled coldly, his left arm still hooked around her slender waist. With his slender middle finger, he pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

This nickname was from long ago.

Even his father didn't refer to him by that name. He hadn't anticipated that Chloe was still as wild and untamed as a wild horse, just like when she was a child.

“In the blink of an eye, it's been fifteen years since I last saw you. You're still as gorgeous as ever.”

“Hehe... You're not too shabby either!”

Chloe narrowed her almond eyes and, with a playful gesture, raised her hand to pat his cheek. Her behavior was that of a playboy and a frivolous man, yet he didn't find it off-putting in the slightest.

Should she have behaved and followed the rules at any time, then she would not have been the Chloe in his heart.

Chloe, covering her small mouth, burped again and, staggering, found it hard to stand steadily.

The man raised the corners of his lips and, without waiting for her consent, swept her Sup

“Oh... put me down!”

in his arms.

Chloe's little face, red and misty, twisted and struggled in the man's arms, like a dishonest kitten.

Kicking around beneath the red dress, a pair of slender and tender white legs glimmered like jade, reflecting the light.

His eyes darkened and his playful heart suddenly soared, "If you cry out my name, I will release you."

"You... You are called... Je... Je..."

Chloe was so inebriated that her mind was a jumble. She couldn't recall what she had said, let alone remember his name.

"My name is Jerome Xavier, but it doesn't matter if you refer to me as a little scoundrel".

The man's fan-shaped long eyelashes fluttered, and he whispered in her ear, his voice slightly hoarse and low. "But only you can call me that," he murmured.

Unfortunately, the words that reached Chloe, in her drunken state, became a jumbled code that she couldn't make out clearly.

Jerome gently laid her fragile frame on the sofa, taking care to make each movement as delicate as possible.

His phone rang at that moment, and the secretary was on the line.

"Director Xavier, everyone is present."

"Let them all go back," Jerome said with a doting smile, his gaze never leaving Chloe's rosy cheeks.

The secretary couldn't help but be taken aback. "Oh?"

"Today's game has been called off. Let everyone go home. Don't bother me."

"Yes, Director Xavier, the secretary replied, not daring to ask any further questions and quickly acquiescing.

"Also, head to the vicinity and purchase some hangover remedy. Hurry back."

Jerome, after hanging up the phone, slowly sat down beside Chloe. He then gently raised his hand, tucking a strand of her hair, dampened with fragrant sweat, behind her ear.

"What a lucky day to encounter such an individual."

On the other side.

After Vincent finished singing the last song, "Men should cry – it's not a crime," he eventually passed out on the sofa and completely crashed.

Joseph's furrowed eyebrows and depressed heart indicated his distress.

He raised his handsome lower jaw and, in one swift gulp, drained the remaining wine from the cup.

He took a cigarette from Vincent, holding it between his dark red lips, the orange light illuminating his handsome yet gloomy face with a rare trace of yuppie.

His mind was dazzled by Chloe, and the nicotine, along with the turbid and lingering blue smoke, permeated his body. After his divorce with Chloe, his work and rest were thrown into disarray, and the smoke and wine were ever-present, yet no

one urged him to cut back on either.

“Chloe... Chloe... Vincent shut his eyes and ripped the collar of his black shirt, calling out Chloe’s nickname.

Joseph snapped out of his thoughts, flicking his long fingers, he raised his long legs and with the tip of his leather shoes, kicked Vincent’s drooping arm.

“Shut up. she won’t respond to you no matter how many times you call her.”

Not feeling sufficiently hostile, he added. “And who was it that called Chloe?”

Max. panting, suddenly pushed open the door of the private room, standing in the doorway.

“Is your hand broken? Don’t you know how to knock on the door?” Joseph asked coolly as he extinguished the cigarette butt.

“Mr. Sawle!” Max exclaimed, his face covered in sweat. “I just saw Young Madam!”

“What?” Joseph abruptly rose to his feet. “Where is she?”

“Mr. Sawle, you must promise me that once I’m done, you won’t act rashly or get angry....”

“Speak clearly!”

“Moments ago, I witnessed... a young lady pushing open the door to a secluded chamber, and then, she was brought in by a man wearing spectacles...”

Joseph’s mind was suddenly overwhelmed with a loud clap of thunder, and his eyes instantly turned crimson. “Which private room? Show me the way!”

The hangover medicine was purchased swiftly.

Jerome took the medicine bottle from the secretary and, with care, administered it to Chloe. He then thoughtfully provided her with warm water to rinse her mouth.

The secretary was astonished by what they saw.

Xavier, their Director, had a dark and cold heart. His smile concealed a hidden knife. For years, no woman had been able to get close to him. What was the background of this young lady that enabled her to make their boss take such special care of her and personally serve her?

Might it be that Director Xavier had developed a fondness for her?

Tsk, tsk. As expected, a hero is ensnared by a beauty, and it looks like Director Xavier won't be able to ignore her either.

"Are you feeling better?" Jerome asked kindly as he noticed the blush on her cheeks had diminished somewhat.

Chloe's hand moved to his chest as her gaze slowly sharpened, her stomach still churning and threatening to make her sick.

"Alcohol is detrimental to one's health," Jerome said with concern, picking up the glass again. "You should reduce your intake

in the future."

Chloe couldn't recall what had occurred, yet she could tell that the man had no hostile designs towards her.

He was exceptionally handsome.

He was elegant and graceful, and the gold-rimmed glasses on his delicate face added a touch of elegance and nobility.

“Sir,” Chloe said, rubbing her throbbing temples, ‘you seem somewhat familiar to me.”

Jerome’s eyes narrowed as he realized she had forgotten him.

The door of the private room burst open with a loud sound!

Joseph was like a Marp blade that sliced through the darkness, unstoppable as he surged forward.

Jerome’s face instantly dropped, and his eyes glinted with a chill.

“Director Xavier,” Mr. Sawle from Sawle Group called out in a low voice, his secretary looking shocked.

“Tell him to go outside,” Jerome raised his chin, not uttering a single word.

The secretary nodded and quickly walked to Joseph. “Mr. Sawle, please act without delay...”

Before the secretary’s voice had even faded, the man, full of rage, had already shoved the secretary aside and marched up to

Chloe. His towering figure cast a shadow over her, his eyebrows and eyes as cold as ice.

Chloe, rubbing her sleepy eyes like a child, had not reacted to what had happened, looking up blankly.

The next second, she was dumbfounded. “Joseph?! Why are you...”

“Come with me.”

Joseph resisted the anger that was surging forth and refrained from speaking further. He grasped her delicate arm and tugged it upward, causing her slender waist to press into his embrace.

His anger was described as overwhelming, like stormy waves, yet not excessive.

This woman, having stolen his project during the day, was eager to find a wild man to have fun with at night.

He was a cultured scoundrel, a beast with a crown of finery — a handsome face!

Did she have any sense of conscience?

“Why should I go with you... who are you?”

“Let go!” Chloe shouted, trying to free herself as she became more sober. “Are you a dog? Where are you going? Who wants to go with you?”

“Chloe,” Joseph said through gritted teeth, “don’t test my patience!” His fingers clenched, and his veins bulged.

Jerome’s eyes grew dark, and he swiftly seized Chloe’s other wrist.

Chloe was caught in the middle, feeling the pain of being pulled on both sides, as if she were about to split open right then and there.

“Can’t you see? Miss Thorp doesn’t want to accompany you. It’s impossible to make someone do something against their will. What kind of gentleman are you?” Jerome’s pale lips twisted into a frigid smile.

“The connection between me and her is not something you, as an outsider, can meddle in!” Joseph’s forehead veins pulsed.

“I am an outsider. Who do you think you are to Miss Thorp?” Jerome asked as he adjusted his glasses.

Joseph and Chloe gazed at each other and spoke simultaneously.

“Husband!” Joseph exclaimed.

“Ex-husband!” Chloe said.

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Jerome was momentarily stunned, his heart tightening.

Chloe’s cheeks, which had been flushed, paled with rage, and she shot Joseph a furious look. “Joseph’ How dare you be so shameless and so self-righteous? Release me... I won’t go with you no matter what!”

No matter how she struggled or cursed, Joseph was as if he didn’t care about her in the world. At this moment, he had no other thought than to take her away.

Chloe could stay in the same room with a strange man and get drunk without shame, whereas Joseph couldn’t bear it, no matter how hard he tried to grit his teeth.

“Joseph! You scoundrel... you let... Ah!”

Unexpectedly, the man who had been so active suddenly stopped talking nonsense. His tall frame bent forward and he effortlessly scooped Chloe up onto his shoulder. His strong arm securely held her tight around the thigh. He then turned around and, with a cold, golden face, walked out.

“Let me go... Ugh... I feel like I’m going to be sick!”

Chloe punched his thick back with all her might, her stomach trembling so violently that it felt like it was about to flip over the river. Tears welled up in her eyes.

“Let it out if you want to vomit.” Joseph’s gaze was steady. He had no intention of being lenient towards the female gender.

Vomiting can be beneficial, so use it as a form of punishment.

You heartless little liar!

Jerome pursed his red lips tightly, his eyes filled with anger as he watched them disappear from the private room. “As anticipated, he is an illegitimate child who cannot take the stage. His behavior is unsavory and impolite.”

“Director Xavier,” the secretary asked uneasily, “what should we do now? Would you like to catch up and take a look?”

“Send someone to trail.”

Jerome’s clear, lazy voice sounded as his fingers stroked the red rouge at the mouth of the cup he still held in his hand, the cup Chloe had drunk from.

“It’s astonishing! Joseph Sawle is wed!”

“When did this occur? How is it possible that there is no news whatsoever?” The secretary was astonished.

“Take a look.”

Jerome slowly raised the cup in his hand, elegantly bringing it to his lips to drink some water. His movements were languid, yet his cold gaze behind the gold-rimmed glasses was bone-chilling

“Examine Joseph’s accomplishments over the last few years and assess their current relationship.”

Joseph initially intended to take Chloe back to his private room, but upon realizing that Vincent was lying half-dead there, he decided to just take her out of the KTV door instead.

As they went along, waiters and guests witnessed the intense and thrilling scene, yet none of them dared to intervene. They assumed the couple was just having a heated argument and fooling around.

“Joseph... I feel like I'm going to be sick... I'm so uncomfortable...”

Chloe drank the hangover medicine and, finally feeling a bit better, was still dizzy from the wandering, as if she were seasick. Her throat made a soft sound that rumbled at her heart.

“Chloe, if I had known this would occur, I wouldn't have done it.” Joseph's chest felt warm, and his throat tightened.

He had just set the little girl down when Chloe abruptly shoved him against the car door.

Joseph breathed heavily as she raised her blushing little face and pressed her jade-like hands against his well-built chest muscles. Her tender fingers slowly tightened.

The next second...

“Blergh -!”

Joseph's pupils trembled. “You!”

Chloe, without warning, bowed and vomited all the Japanese food she had eaten onto his pristine suit!

The smell of seafood and alcohol made Joseph nauseous, and his face suddenly darkened, as if it had blanketed the sky!

This woman was darnably supporting herself to him as if he was a wall!

Joseph... Are you the Drifter? Why are you still so downcast? Beat it Seeing you makes me feel awful!"

Chloe, with all her strength, pushed Joseph away, but he quickly seized her pale wrists and glared at her furiously, his teeth clenched.

"Who is that handsome lad with glasses?"

"Who is it..." Chloe asked, her almond eyes narrowing and her lips curling into a charming smile. "He is my new boyfriend! Hehe... Do you have any objections?"

"I have! Joseph exclaimed, his eyes red. He no longer cared about the arrogance he had once been so proud of

"Yes? Hehe... I believe you have a serious condition too!"

Chloe yanked him hard, and the inebriation made her gorgeous face even more alluring "You cling to your old flame, yet you won't let me find a new one? It's like the government can do whatever they want, but the people can't? You're so domineering!"

The words were razor-sharp, and the knife was dripping with blood.

Joseph remembered how close they were, the glasses man's eyes twinkling with teasing, and the atmosphere thick with ambiguity.

At that moment, all of his senses shut down.

Only possessiveness, a crazed possessiveness, echoed through his veins, reverberating around his five viscera and six lungs.

“Indeed, the Thorp family’s private life is quite vibrant and interesting”

The corners of Joseph’s lips twitched as a mix of anger and jealousy surged through him, intensifying the emotion to a level higher than that of strong liquor. “A man and a woman renting out such a big private room? Are you scared you won’t be

able to fill it?”

He was clearly the one who used his words like a blunt knife, yet he stabbed her with his heart and lungs; why did he have to bear the pain?

“Chi... hahaha...”

Chloe’s red lips quivered as she let out a joyous laugh. “Do you still think of me as the same old, dull Raya? I have plenty of unconventional ways to play. There’s nothing I can’t do you just can’t imagine!”

“Chloe!”

“Today, I’m gonna whisk you away no matter what! With me here, don’t even think about finding another lover!” Joseph couldn’t contain himself any longer.

Just then, a patrol car rolled up.

“I have an idea!” Chloe, fierce as a little beast just moments ago, now pitiful, shouted out, “I have an idea!”

“Ruflian! Abducting a female! Assist!”

“You!” Joseph’s countenance paled in an instant,

Two patrolling police officers leapt out of the car and yelled at Joseph as they ran towards him, "Stay put! Release that girl!"

Distracted by Joseph, Chloe broke free from his grip, hastily wiping away her tears in a state of panic.

"I unfortunately threw up on this man and soiled his garments... I offered to cover the cost of the cleaning, but he wouldn't let me leave... He kept badgering me..."

"Fellow comrade! Is this X harassment you're engaging in something you're aware of?"

"If you do this, we can hold you!"

Joseph was surrounded by two policemen and could not escape. He took a deep breath and declared, "I'm not a troublemaker. I'm acquainted with her!"

"Ma'am, are you acquainted with him?" The policeman gazed at Chloe kindly.

Chloe shook her head, tears streaming down her face. "I don't know him," she said.

The policeman looked at him with contempt and uttered icily, "Your remarks appear to be spiteful. It appears that you must accompany us!"

Joseph's mobile phone rang in his arms, and it was Jake calling

His tall, straight body quivered with rage as he snatched up the phone.

"Where are you? Come back here!"

"Grace committed suicide! She cut her wrist! She has lost too much blood and is in Medo's hospital for emergency care!" Jake said anxiously.

As if struck by lightning. Joseph's already cold face drained of its blood in an instant!

"Joseph, can you sort out your relationship issue?! Now that you have Grace, don't get mixed up with Chloe any longer!"

Jake was livid on the phone. Just look at what you've done! Don't you realize you've taken someone's life? You were saved by Grace when you were a kid, but what are you doing now?!"

"You declared that you desired to wed her and then reneged on your promise. How could a woman bear this! You are compelling her to perish!"

In an instant, a flood beast of Joseph's dark childhood surged towards him.

Clutching his chest tightly, he found it difficult to breathe.

When he looked up, Chloe had already gone through the door of the luxurious room and vanished.

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Chloe returned to the KTV, vomited, and then awoke to find her good mood had been swept away.

Having a party with her sister was not an easy task, so how could she manage to meet that dog man?

When she had time, she would go to the temple to pray, and when she emerged at night, she would be sure not to encounter anything unclean.

At that moment, a pair of warm hands clasped her arm.

Chloe sadly looked up, and upon seeing Kiran, she forced a smile.

“Kiran... I’m fine.”

“Sister, is that man who was bothering you just now my ex-brother-in-law?” Kiran asked worriedly, holding Chlor’s waist and supporting her.

“Yes. Chloe replied softly and meekly.

“Wow... he’s so good-looking!”

Kiran’s clear eyes sparkled, and he sighed from the depths of his soul, I thought my eldest, second, third, and fourth brothers were already good-looking. I didn’t expect my former brother-in-law to be just as attractive, if not more!”

“Is he really the president? This kind of beauty is like a celebrity!”

Chloe held her forehead and couldn’t help but grumble, “What a lousy visual effect... He’s not three-dimensional.”

“No wonder my mother said that my ex-brother-in-law was more handsome than Dawn that day. I can’t believe it! My mother had adored Dawn for half her life! But today, seeing it... He is really more attractive than Dawn!” Kiran’s small mouth kept opening and closing, and the more she spoke, the more animated she became.

“What’s the point of being good-looking? Isn’t it just a fancy way of saying ‘toilet with red paint?’”

“If you dare to say that that ‘dog man is handsome again, be warned that I will go home and report it. I want to tell Stefan that Sia’s ‘dream lover’ is ‘dawn’!

In order not to disturb the rest of her classmates, Kiran had to follow Chloe to Chloe’s villa for the night, as it was too late to return home. She would go back the next morning.

She found her sister, who had always been a good drinker, to be a bit tipsy tonight. She kept rubbing the space between her eyebrows and leaned against the window, taking deep breaths.

“Sister, let me give you a massage.” Kiran said as she softly pressed her fingers against Chloe’s temple and began to knead her head.

Chloe leaned into her sister’s arms obediently, her breath like an orchid, her smooth forehead beaded with fine sweat. It was as if the wine she exhaled carried a fragrant scent.

Kiran swallowed, deeply attracted by her sister as a woman.

Logically, how could someone who was inebriated be so attractive and captivating? She truly left no one unscathed.

Chloe instructed the driver to park the car at the villa entrance, and after having a few drinks, she would take a stroll to help her sleep soundly.

The two sisters, hand in hand, walked toward their home.

The cool night breeze, the bright moon, and the sparse stars created a dimly lit scenery that brought Chloe a sense of relief.

Her eyebrows furrowed abruptly, and she halted, gripping Kiran’s hand firmly.

“Sister, what’s the matter?”

“There are those who trail us,” Chloe whispered, her heart pounding with alarm.

Kiran, shocked, timidly looked around, her small hand held by her sister suddenly breaking out in cold sweat.

“Don’t be scared. With your sis here, whoever shows up is gonna meet their maker. Chloe soothed her gently and smirked icily.

She was infuriated by Joseph’s provocation tonight, and who was so foolish as to think they could get away with stealing

from her?

Reflecting on her childhood, her second and fourth brothers always referred to her as “Kungfu Little Sweetheart”. Was this an accurate description?

“Don’t be sly! If you have the capacity, come out and face me!” Chloe’s eyes were as keen as the breeze, and she yelled at the

highest volume

A heart-rending sound was emanating from the trees at that moment.

Her beautiful eyes darkened swiftly, and she swiftly pulled her sister behind her to shield her.

The sound of muffled footsteps echoed through the air as a tall, muscular man in a black tracksuit and a black mask stepped.

into view.

Kiran, upon seeing his body, was so scared that she could not breathe.

Chloe remained composed and self-assured, despite knowing that the other person was a martial artist. She was confident that in a fight, she would not be outmatched by an ordinary person.

In the end, life was not like a martial arts drama; how many people could be like her fourth brother and Joseph?

“Who is Chloe between the two of you?”, the man in black asked with a malicious glint in his eyes.

It was a small ABC, unlike Medo.

“I am,” Chloe said, her delicate eyebrows raised proudly, unafraid. “Why aren’t you showing respect to your elders?”

“Okay”

The black-clothed man finished speaking, and in a flash, a bright dagger materialized in his hand. He lunged forward, aiming the dagger straight at Chloe!

“Oh, sis, watch out!”

Kiran felt a wave of biting cold killing intent attacking her, causing her to shout in fear. Chloe then quickly pushed her away.

“Kiran! Sprint!”

Yet, how could she run away, leaving her sister behind?

The punches and kicks combined, creating a fierce wind.

In the blink of an eye, Chloe and the man in black had exchanged more than ten moves.

Kiran was overwhelmed by the sight, finding it even more enjoyable than watching a movie!

“Sister! Hurry up!” She couldn’t help but yell.

Chloe barely managed to dodge the man’s relentless and merciless legs, leaving her speechless. Was this the time to rejoice?

“Kiran! Quickly, phone the police!”

“Oh!” Kiran was taken aback and quickly pulled out her phone.

The man in black was taken aback to discover that the seemingly fragile and beautiful woman was not weak, but rather possessed formidable skills.

Realizing he could not overpower her for the moment, the man shifted his malicious intent towards Kiran. In an instant, he swayed and redirected his attack to her!

Kiran’s mobile phone plummeted to the ground, causing her to freeze in fear and shut her eyes tightly.

“Er -!”

Kiran awoke with a muffled groan of horror to find Chloe already in front of her, blocking the knife with her arm!

Her suit jacket had a long, slim cut, and dark red blood trickled down in a stream.

“Sister!” Kiran shouted, tears streaming down her face.

Chloe gasped for breath, her scalp numb and sweat beading on her forehead, as she covered her bleeding arm.

This man was not as straightforward as cutting a road, what he did to her was murder!

Just as the man in black was about to stab Chloe again, he was suddenly grabbed by the back of his collar and pulled back.

Chloe, with her red eyes blazing, seized the opportunity and kicked the weapon out of his hand.

“Oh!”

Then the man in black screamed in pain.

Crack, crack!

Chloe helplessly watched as the man in black’s arms were removed like a building block!

It was done in one smooth motion, looking great!

“It’s... you?!”

She was stunned, forgetting even the pain, and stared blankly at the man before her who had stepped on the man in black. He looked gentle and refined, like a bright moon in her embrace.

“What a coincidence,” Jerome smiled gently, his smile warm like a spring breeze. “We meet again.”

He fiercely crushed his high-grade handmade leather shoes, causing the man in black such pain that he punched the ground

with his fist.

“My Lady!” Jordan exclaimed as he sprinted towards them.

Big brother Jordan! Hurry up! Big sister's hurt! Kiran's eyes widened with excitement when she saw Jordan had arrived.

"My Lady! How could this be?!"

When Jordan saw a pool of blood on the ground, his heart was so heavy that it felt like he was going to perish. Tears welled up in his eyes. "Who... who did this to you?!"

"Why are you here?" Chloe gasped, her tone carrying a hint of anger. "Is your mother okay? What made for me?"

"Are you taking my issue into account now? You need to go to the hospital right away!"

Chloe up.

you come looking

Jordan felt the long, narrow blade slicing through his body, his heart aching as he bent to scoop

Unexpectedly, Chloe took a step back and shook her head resolutely. The knife wound isn't serious, so there's no need to get so worked up. But Kiran is scared enough. Just look after her. I'm okay."

"My Lady..." Jordan's gaze was vacant for a moment, and he tightly gripped his fingers.

The big sister had always been a person of principle, possessing a strength and resolve that was no less than a man's. Despite her pain, she did not shed a single tear.

"Big sis, let Jordan look after you. I'm all good..."

Kiran was overwhelmed with guilt, and tears streamed down her face. "It's all my doing... I'm so foolish! If I hadn't pulled you into this, you wouldn't have been hurt by that villain."

“What on earth are you blabbering about, you silly girl?”

Chloe raised her hand to pinch Kiran’s damp little face and sighed, “It’s my fault that I implicated you; I should be the one apologizing.”

The two bodyguards of the Xavy Group, on the other side, tied up the man in black and escorted him into the car. “Are you okay?” The secretary was so scared his face went pale. The boss moved too quickly and he couldn’t keep up!

“It’s alright,” Jerome said, brushing the dust off his body and lifting his pale eyes to meet Chloe’s gaze.

His deep, slightly narrowed eyes tempted one’s mind.

Chloe inhaled deeply and marched up to him. Her voice was soft. “Thank you for your assistance, sir. But this person is very significant to me. Could you let me handle him?”

“Yes,” the man smiled, “but I have conditions.”

“Go ahead.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Chloe felt herself being swiftly lifted up by Jerome. His speed was so fast that Jordan couldn’t even react!

Startled, she cried out in alarm, and when she raised her eyes, she collided with Jerome’s soft, dark gaze.

“Head to the hospital to get your wounds tended to. After that, I’ll do whatever you ask of me.

Chapter 134

Medo First Hospital, in the emergency room.

Grace had received blood transfusion, yet she was still in peril.

According to the information, her face became so rigid that it was almost translucent when she was sent to the hospital. The gash on her wrist was savage and profound.

Mr. Brown and his wife were in the corridor, accompanied by Jake and Skyler.

Willow was heartbroken naturally. She kept calling Grace and, in tears, called out several times.

“Alright, alright. You’re getting on in years, so you can’t afford to carry on like this... Besides, you’ll be a laughingstock!” Chairman Brown said with a sorrowful look.

“A joke? At a time like this, when your daughter’s life hangs in the balance, all you can think about is your own reputation? Do you have any compassion or not?”

“My son has already gone! I only have one daughter! If something were to happen to Grace, I wouldn’t be able to go on living!” Willow grabbed her husband’s collar and kept pulling at it.

Her daughter was courting death due to a man, and her wife kept creating a commotion.

He was not as competent as Jake to begin with, so when he couldn’t comprehend the two women at home, he felt embarrassed in front of everyone and, in a fit of rage, shoved Willow to the ground.

“You sure know how to make a scene! This is a hospital, not a marketplace. Do you still think you’re the wife of the chairman?”

“You... you actually pushed me. Willow was so stunned that she couldn’t even shed a tear as she crumpled to the ground.

“Auntie, Uncle, stop bickering! The most important thing is that Grace gets through this tough time, and that’s more important than anything else!” Skyler rushed to Willow’s aid, but she was secretly scoffing

If her mother wasn't still "sipping tea" in the prosecutor's office, and her father had hauled her over to help tidy up the chaos, she wouldn't want to bother with this little brat.

Although she was here, she had to put on a full performance. Despite her joy, she could not show it with laughter.

"In-laws! My daughter has become like this. Can you explain what happened?"

Chairman Brown had no outlet for his rage, so he could only express it by lashing out at Jake. "My daughter has devoted the most formative years of her life to your son!"

"Word of the marriage has spread quickly. Everyone in Medo's circle is aware that my daughter is engaged to Mr. Sawle. Initially, he said he would do it after Old Master Sawle's birthday. Your son and that woman didn't take the divorce lightly. We put up with it for Old Master Sawle's sake."

"Now that the Old Master's birthday has passed and he has divorced, how can your son suddenly go back on his promise? What kind of decent family's daughter could endure such a thing? Isn't this pushing my daughter to the brink of death?!"

Gloomily filling his chest, Jake's face was as dark as the bottom of a pot, leaving him at a loss for words.

"We... Although we can't compare to that Miss Thorp. Our family is large... and we can stretch across the sky with just our hands! But we are also a respectable family. We have to stand up! Mr. Sawle treating Grace like this is really too much!"

*Director Sawle, the Brown family won't let this slide! If my daughter and Mr. Sawle part ways... We will make sure the world knows! Don't even think about it!"

She was aware that her daughter had taken her own life in an attempt to compel Joseph to wed her.

Joseph and Grace had been childhood sweethearts, and if the man still held a fondness for her, so he would never sit back and do nothing!

No matter how the marriage was ultimately impacted, she had to maximize the benefits from Sawle Group in order to save Brown Group from disaster. It was a profitable venture, no matter how she looked at it!

Jake sighed repeatedly, his face creased with anxiety.

With Aubree's matter becoming increasingly pressing, Sawle Group was planning to spread the rumor that the president had abandoned his career and caused his fiancée's death. This would result in Sawle Group's reputation taking a nosedive and the stock market being thrown into chaos once more.

At this juncture, he had no alternative but to assent. He determined and uttered, "Don't fret, in-law. When Grace awakens, you can inform her that I shall make the decision for her."

"Her union with Joseph will remain unaffected by anyone. Everything will stay the same!"

Upon hearing this, the couple's faces eased somewhat.

Willow, when thinking of the past, still had lingering fears, for Joseph had become very powerful in Sawle Group, no longer the weak illegitimate child he once was. Even if Jake wanted to help them, Joseph might not be willing to comply.

At this moment, the sound of a series of footsteps echoed through the corridor.

Joseph's handsome face was pale, as if he had been drenched in dye, as he walked towards them with Max's tail trailing behind him.

"Grace, how is she doing?"

Without waiting for Jake to reply, Willow hurriedly rushed over with her red, lantern-like eyes blazing and fiercely seized Joseph's clothes.

Joseph! How could my daughter have disappointed you?! Just look at what you've done! Are you trying to drive her to her grave so you can reunite with your ex-wife?!"

"Mrs. Brown! Take a deep breath!" Max quickly stepped in and removed Willow from Joseph.

The commotion was so big that even though Sawle Group's people were outside, onlookers still couldn't help but perk out to watch.

"Calm down?! I don't know if my daughter is dead or alive. She wept for this unfeeling man... Her blood has been spilled... Her life is in peril! How can I stay composed?!"

Willow gestured towards Joseph's wan and ashen countenance and exclaimed, "Joseph! If you don't have any intention of marrying Grace, why did you deceive her and pledge to wed her?! How can you renege on your commitment to matrimony?!"

"My daughter is so compassionate... When you attempted suicide back then, you were so close to losing your life! Fortunately, my daughter discovered it in time and rescued you..."

"Grace has been so kind to you, how can you stand to hurt her like this! Has your conscience been devoured by a canine?!"

Joseph abruptly experienced a severe pain in his head.

The dark childhood shadow stirred his chest, cramping it so much that he almost lost the ability to breathe.

He tried his hardest to push the memories to the back of his mind, averting his gaze and cruelly staring at him.

Jerome forcibly sent Chloe to the hospital for emergency treatment of her wound.

She forbade Jordan from accompanying her, instead requesting him to remain and look after Kiran so that her sister would not be distressed when Kiran noticed her injury.

Jordan watched with a sour heart as his pitiful, soft and timid little sister kept crying and complaining to herself along the

way.

Chloe absolutely could not burden herself psychologically.

Fortunately, she nimbly dodged back when attacked by the knife, avoiding any injury to her muscles or bones, and the wound was not too deep.

When Chloe emerged from the treatment room, she had already applied medicine to her white and slender arm, wrapped it with gauze, and inserted a needle to break the wind.

The coat she had on when she arrived was already damaged and so filthy that she couldn't wear it at all.

At the moment, she was elad in a thin, wine-red dress, her delicate and pretty face as white as snow, her cheeks lightly dusted. with cherry powder, yet still breathtakingly beautiful.

Jersey lowered his gaze to her curly long eyelashes, and he secretly admired them.

He then removed his suit jacket and tenderly draped it over her shoulder. "It's chilly out there. Wear it.

"No need," Chloe said, her voice a bit shaky. "Im not cold."

Jerome grabbed hold of the front of her suit with both hands, tightly embracing her body.

"That bandage on your arm is so over-the-top. Don't you think your sister and secretary will be concerned if they see you like that? You should wear it."

Chloe pursed her lips and, hesitating in her heart, ultimately decided not to resist any longer.

He was so considerate and understanding that she could not refuse his actions.

“Sir, why did you show up there?”

“I also live in that villa area, Jerome lied. Despite the Xavier family’s project involving the villa area, he was not residing

there.

“Oh? What a coincidence!” Her eyes sparkled and she refrained from asking more.

“It’s painful just to gaze upon your wound. You don’t even flinch. You truly are the mightiest girl I’ve ever encountered,” Jerome shifted the conversation and gazed at her.

“Many girls are tough as nails. Sir, you’ll come across plenty of girls like me in the future.” Chloe smiled politely.

Jerome’s lips curled up at the corners.

‘I don’t want to know anyone else; I just want to know you!

“Thank you for looking after me on this journey, but suddenly embracing a woman... Even though I understand your intentions, I’m still not comfortable with being too close to someone I don’t know.” Chloe spoke softly, but it was clear that she was not pleased with the Princess’ hug.

“Sorry, I was too worried when I saw that you were hurt.”

“In the future,” Jerome pushed up his glasses, his clear eyes filled with apology, “I’ll be aware of my boundaries.”

Chloe smiled, he looked so sincere, she shouldn’t take it to heart.

“Oh, right, I still don’t know your name. Could you tell me?”

Jerome’s heart quivered with trepidation.

Suddenly, a cold, magnetic voice emanated from behind.

“Chloe.”

Chlor was taken aback and slowly spun around.

Chapter 135

His eyes were cold and indifferent, as if they were unfamiliar.

Joseph’s single shadow, just a few steps away, froze in place, observing her and Jerome standing together. His tall and straight frame trembled, and he felt weightless, as if he were stepping on air and tumbling down from a tall building

He pursed his lips and looked down, his heart tightening as his eyes noticed her arm wrapped in gauze. Subconsciously stepping forward to get closer to her, he felt a wave of emotion wash over him.

“Your hand...”

Chloe, as if to avoid the plague, retreated, allowing Jerome, the flower protector envoy, to stand in her defense.

Joseph's throat tightened as his face met the man's eyes, and the air around them seemed to crackle with lightning and fire.

*Others can give three chances, but I'm special- I won't give a second chance!"

Jerome pushed up his gold-rimmed glasses and narrowed his eyes with a menacing glint. He was seething with rage. "You've already taken something from me tonight. Do you really think I'm going to let you do it again?"

"Who do you think you are to her?" Joseph fixed him with a piercing stare and spoke icily.

Previously, he had been tricked by Chloe's brothers and was very fearful that the person could be Stefan's son, who had never revealed himself.

The way he looked at Chloe was like the eyes of a close relative, however,

"Someone who is closer than you and more significant than you, Chloe uttered coldly, piercing the man's heart with her words.

Jerome looked back at her, his lips curved in a satisfied smile.

"Joseph, I didn't misremember. I already told you this at the KTV entrance. I really don't understand why you're still stuck.

on this."

The man's eyes immediately reddened. "Chloe, don't you know what's best for you? You were intoxicated with a man of unknown background. I was scared that you might be..."

"Other people's concerns are alright, Chloe said, frowning impatiently, "but yours is repulsive."

"I've already been sick tonight. Please be kind, Mr. Sawle. Don't let me be ill again."

It was utterly heart-rending.

Joseph opened his thin, pale lips, and the bitterness in the depths of his heart was palpable.

Wave after wave of impact battered his spirit, making it increasingly difficult to maintain his composure. Headache after headache surged through his nerves, leaving him feeling as if he was on the brink of emotional breakdown.

Why was he unable to give her away even though they had already ended their relationship?

Could he have been regretting his divorce deeply?

Joseph descended into a spiral of self-doubt.

Was he wrong from the start?

"Mr. Sawle! Miss Brown... Miss Brown has made it through the tough time!"

Max rushed over at that moment, shouting loudly without noticing Chloe was there.

When he saw it, it was already too late.

Seeing Mr. Sawle and Chloe's expressions being so glum, he really wished he could take back his words!

"It appears that Mr. Sawle already has a beautiful companion."

Jerome immediately grasped the situation. He looked down and softly said, "So why are you still bothering Miss Thorp? Do you want to reap the benefits of someone else's hard work?"

Joseph's dark eyes held Max speechless.

These words were too unpleasant to be heard!

Chloe's pupils constricted in shock secretly!

Ms. Thorp... He was actually aware of who she was?!

"Now that we're divorced, let's not bother each other anymore. This is a rule of etiquette, and it's even more courteous."

"Since one cannot excel," Jerome said, fixing Joseph with a cold stare. "then one should at least strive to be a good person"

"What are you saying?" Max stepped forward to protect his master, his face red with anger. "Why are you still cursing!!!"

"No need to fret." Chloe said, not wanting to cause a stir in public "Let's head back"

"Alright," Jerome suddenly shifted to a gentle smile and meekly went back to her side.

Joseph watched as their outstanding figures faded from his sight. His heart stopped and his blood ran cold.

Someone else was already beside her.

Joseph subconsciously pressed his trembling chest. feeling a deep pain as if his heart had been ripped out.

It was only at this moment that he truly realized they were truly divorced.

Upon spotting Jerome and Chloe exiting the underground parking lot, Jordan hastened to greet them.

“Young Miss, how is your injury?”

“It’s a trifling issue. Where is the killer?” Chloe was solely focused on this issue right now.

“Don’t fret. I’ve already dispatched someone to surreptitiously take him away. He’s now at our little black abode. It’s hard to soar with wings implanted,” Jordan murmured in her ear.

“Yes, very good,” Chloe said, narrowing her dangerous yet beautiful eyes and patting his shoulder. Jordan, we have to accomplish great things in the coming days.”

Jordan nodded seriously. “Be ready for battle at all times!”

“Hold on for me first. I’m going to go say farewell to him.”

As she spoke, Chloe spun around and headed towards Jerome.

The handsome man stood with his hands behind his back, a sculpture-like figure beside a Bentley, at that moment.

“Tonight, you also witnessed that my connection with Mr. Sawle is quite intricate.”

Chloe raised her beautiful eyes and met the man’s smiling face. Her voice held a hint of remorse. “I had no other option, so I dragged you into this with me.”

“I really shouldn’t drag you into this situation between me and him. I’m sorry.”

“There’s no need to apologize. It would be an honor if I could be of service to you.” Jerome spoke with clarity and charisma.

Chloe gently pursed her lips, feeling even more embarrassed at the words.

“If you find it beneficial, feel free to carry on next time,” the man said with a smile.

“Sir, you’re joshing me again,” Chloe said with a bitter smile. “I don’t want a repeat of this”

“Keep your injuries dry for the next seven days. Cut down on unhealthy snacks. It’s getting late. Head home soon”

Jerome’s eyes were full of reluctance, yet he grasped the concept of not pushing it too far. With a goodbye, he turned and stepped into the car.

“Hold on a second!” Chloe rapped on the window.

The ink-hued window rolled down slowly, and Jerome beamed at her with a smile.

“You just referred to me as Miss Thorp in front of Joseph. How did you know my last name is Thorp? You knew who I was from the start, didn’t you?” Chloe was very inquisitive. If she didn’t get a response, she probably wouldn’t be able to rest easy.

“Yes,” he gazed deeply into her clear, limpid eyes, searching for the truth.

“I have never revealed my visage in public. Not many people in Medo are aware of my identity. How do you know? Have we encountered each other before? Chloe asked repeatedly, her eyes gleaming.

“I’ll let you know when we get together again,” Jerome said with a slight smile.

The secretary and bodyguard got on the car, and two luxury cars followed Chloe as she left.

Suddenly, she recalled something and smacked her forehead. "Oh my goodness! I completely forgot to ask him what his _name was again!"

The Bentley raced across the star-studded night sky of Medo.

Jerome stared at the glass window, mesmerized by the gorgeous rainbow light that illuminated Chloe's beautiful and soul-stirring face.

His long, passionate eyes narrowed as his fingers gently caressed the cold glass.

"Chloe... I didn't anticipate encountering you like this."

"Director Xavier, I just looked into the status of Joseph and her... There is no record of them being married! However, I am aware that they officially divorced this month."

The secretary glanced at the iPad and exclaimed, "Miss Thorp is single now!"

"It doesn't matter," Jerome recalled, still moved. "She said that, in her heart, I was closer and more important to her than Joseph."

"Well done, Director Xavier! You've triumphed in the first skirmish and vanquished Joseph!" The secretary was delighted for

him.

"Isn't it just that, how can it be enough?"

"I want her to have only me in her heart," Jerome said, his gaze cold and indifferent.

Chapter 136

When Chloe came back to her villa, it was already the break of dawn.

Kiran was worried about her sister, clinging to hope and unable to sleep, her eyes red-rimmed from the heat, a pitiful sight. "Kiran, don't beat yourself up Your sister is okay. Don't you have school tomorrow morning? You should get some rest Chloe moved closer and embraced her.

"Sister, am I especially worthless? When I was young, you were the one who shielded me. As I grew older... I still couldn't do anything for you... Kiran pressed her lips together, her eyes brimming with tears.

"What foolishness are you spouting, my dear?"

"The Thorp family is blessed to have both you and Sia, making the home atmosphere so pleasant. You are the youngest and most cherished member of us all."

"If you truly wish to do something for me, then strive to make your dream a reality. When you've established yourself in the entertainment industry, I still need you to be a representative of our generation."

"Sister, trust me... I'm sure to make it!" Kiran wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes and nodded determinedly.

Kiran, after giving the pillow a quick wash, touched it and instantly drifted off to sleep.

Chloe walked out of the room after covering her sister with a blanket.

Jordan was already waiting for her in the study room.

"Grace appears to be spending the night in the hospital for some purpose. Have you discovered the cause?" The warmth in Chloe's eyes vanished, and she perched on the sofa with a frosty look

“We located it. Grace attempted suicide, but was saved in time. She has now gone through the most dangerous phase”

Jordan paused, and his deep eyes glinted with a chill Joseph has been with her constantly.”

“Of course,” Chloe morked. “Little Green Tea didn’t want his life for her. Even if he turned into a corpse, he had to stand by Grace’s bedside she didn’t care a jot.”

“Young Mistress, what is your opinion of Grace?”

“Grace wants to take her own life. That’s the most hilarious thing I’ve heard all year!”

Chloe leaned her body, shut her eyes and massaged her aching temples. “She hasn’t married into the Sawle Group. She hasn’t killed me yet. How can she stand to die?”

“Furthermore, those who truly wish to die will not be found out. If they were to pass away, wouldn’t they be disheartened?”

“So, are you implying that Grace is attempting to cause Joseph distress?”

Jordan frowned in confusion. “But why did she take this risk? Isn’t she supposed to marry Joseph soon? Could it be that.... Joseph doesn’t want to wed her? Is he making her do this?”

“Who knows, perhaps she wed a white rose and developed a fondness for some red rose. I have liecome a mosquito’s meal, and Grace can’t guarantee that she won’t become a sticky mess

“Joseph is an inconstant person, so it’s not unexpected for him to leave anyone behind.”

“That’s true, but I still hope they can tie the knot without any further issues and live happily ever after. Let’s not hurt else again!”

anyone

Jordan ground his teeth in anger and asked, "Young miss, who do you think dispatched the individual who assaulted you tonight? Aubree? She is still at Second Young Master's residence. She wouldn't have the opportunity to organize these

matters."

"That person is Chinese."

Chloe's eyes gradually darkened. "What's more, he's a martial artist, his fists and feet like the wild techniques of the underground boxing ring, not formulaic but lethal strikes."

"Aubree didn't have the opportunity to act. Skyler didn't have the privilege of knowing someone like this. Only Grace had this fortune.

"She had resided in Nialzuct for three years, and her second brother had conducted an investigation into her. Her social connections were highly intricate; she had been involved with numerous men. It was conceivable that such a naive yet highly evolved carbon-based being could be utilized by her."

Jordan's eyes trembled as he felt the Eldest Young Lady's analysis to be very reasonable.

"It's no use speculating why the man attacked me. Go ask him tomorrow and you'll find out."

Chloe suddenly had a thought and leaned forward. "Just to make sure, you didn't tell my big brother anything, did you?"

"How could I not comply with your instructions? I didn't say a single thing to President Thorp," Jordan sighed in resignation.

"Phew. That's good"

Before she had hushed speaking, her phone rang.

On the screen, the two words “big brother made Chloe’s hair stand on end, and her pupils contracted.

Grabbing the phone hurriedly, she dared not pick it up.

Jordan’s phone rang again immediately, and he dared not ignore it.

“President Thorp,” he said, trying to steady his voice, “you’re searching for me.”

“Let Chloe be the one to answer the phone.”

Jordan didn’t switch on the speaker, yet Oscar’s voice was as hushed as the sound of a car door being unlocked, causing

Chloe’s eyelids to flutter!

“First, the First Miss has dozed off. President Thorp, you observe...

Jordan, you are becoming increasingly promising. Are you two now conspiring to deceive me?

“Oscar rarely became angry. But when he did, it was a real deterrent. Ill say it again: Let Chloe answer the phone. Otherwise, come sunrise, you won’t be the First Miss’s secretary anymore!”

Chloe’s heart pounded like a drum as she nervously took the phone and held it close to her ear, her voice trembling yet soft,

and sweet.

'Big Brother is watching you'

Oscar inhaled deeply, as if trying to contain some kind of longing, and spoke in a hushed tone, "Chloe, come out, I have something I need to ask you."

Chloe, her heart perturbed, walked out of the villa.

Oscar stood gloomily in front of the black Aston Martin, illuminated by the dim light of the street lamp.

The grey, elegant suit was strict and solemn, and under the lamp's shadow, his long legs were awe-inspiring and the extreme lines, evoking fantasies in people.

Chloe's heart fluttered like a little ghost upon seeing her beautiful big brother, as if she were meeting the King of Hell.

"Big brother..." She sauntered in front of Oscar, her checks flushed as she puckered her lips.

"The wind is chilly in the evening. Let's chat in the car."

Without a word, Oscar removed his suit jacket and draped it around Chloe's slender frame, then gently guided her into the

car.

The siblings sat in the back row, and Oscar finally couldn't take it anymore. He grabbed her shoulder and asked anxiously, "That killer, where did he hurt you?!"

"Arm..."

Chloe, lowering her eyelids in shame, felt like a child who had made a mistake, daring not to lie again.

Oscar's handsome face was deathly pale, trembling as he reached for her slender arm and carefully peeled back her sleeve.

The white gauze entered his eyes, causing his eye sockets to instantly redden!

"It's alright, big brother. It didn't do any damage to my bones and muscles, and the pain has gone away now" Chloe was anxious that her big brother would be concerned, so she quickly clarified.

Oscar slid her sleeve back down and clasped her cool little hand.

Chloe was held tightly by her elder brother until her fingers were pale and flushed, and she hung her head in shame and remorse. "Big brother, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have kept it from you... But I think I can handle this on my own. I just... don't. want you to worry about me."

After breaking the silence, Oscar's eyes turned red and he uttered, word for word, "If he has harmed my sister, he must be put to death."

Chloe's pupils constricted and her heart constricted.

The big brother before her had been standing on the ground for so long, but at this moment, it was as if he had transformed into the powerful King of the Dark Forces, the King of the Night, revered by tens of thousands of people – the War God.

'Big bro. I understand you're trying to help me let out my frustration, but you promised me.'

Chloe hugged him tightly and rubbed her delicate cheeks against his chest. "Now that you're back, let's start fresh. We can't

go back to what happened before."

"That guy is just a puppet. What good would it do to turn him to dust? The real culprit is still out there!"

“Our Thorp family has always been adept at seizing opportunities. We have such a great advantage in our grasp. If we don’t make the most of it, wouldn’t it be a waste of this ‘big gift’ that they have bestowed upon us?”

Oscar’s killing intent slowly faded away as he took a deep breath and extended his arm to the passenger seat. He grabbed a leather pouch and offered it to Chloe.

“Open it up and have a peek.”

Chloe blinked her eyes and withdrew the document. Instantly, she was taken aback. “This is...”

“Jordan informed me about that man ages ago. He was more eager than you to discover the mastermind behind the scenes, so he took a short cut and requested my assistance.”

“It’s just that he didn’t mention your injury to me. Heh, he really knows how to dodge the serious and the trivial!” Oscar held back his rage.

Jordan, that was unable to manage the door, should just changed his name to Big Mouthed Jordan!

“I was the one who advised him not to speak. He’s in a tough spot. Don’t hold it against him. Even though Chloe was angry inside, Jordan was still part of her team, so she had to stand up for him.

“If it happens again, I will make him to return and live in ease as the third young master of the Stewart family. No one can impede it.” President Oscar glared at him with a murderous expression that was terrifying.

Chloe curled her lips silently, like a quail.

The first lady was unafraid of Stefan, but when her big brother became angry, she transformed into a white rabbit, instantly becoming very

obedient.

Chloe scrutinized the information of the strange man intently.

Suddenly, her beautiful eyes widened and she exclaimed, "It's him?!"

Chapter 137

It was stated that the man's Chinese name was Yates, and he not only had a comprehensive background profile, but also a plastic surgery report!

This man had undergone plastic surgery previously.

Before he underwent plastic surgery, she had a very positive impression of his appearance, which was the one Riley had given her. Through the internet, she discovered that he was Grace's fitness coach's lover in Nialzuct

"It's him! The one who took Grace's hand!"

Chloe was so excited that she couldn't help but blurt out a flurry of words in front of her big brother.

She had a lasting impression of the image of Grace being moved.

Oscar cleared his throat softly and scowled. "Chloe, watch your tongue."

"I really hit the nail on the head."

Chloe clenched her teeth and sneered, "Oh, isn't this just the icing on the cake – Grace did it"

Oscar's eyes suddenly grew cold, brimming with rage, "I thought she was just being a bit jealous, but I never expected her to be so merciless I misjudged her."

“But it’s peculiar, this individual is in perfect health, yet why is he still so merciless?”

“Why did he become Grace’s guy and lose his dignity”

“Flip back again,” Oscar said with a dotting smile on his lips.

Flipping back a page, Chloe found a debt contract from the casino.

“Wow, I never would have guessed he was a gambler Seven hundred thousand dollars... he’s got quite a debt there” Oscar spoke slowly. “He’s in the red. The casino, banks, and loan sharks are all after him. His plastic surgery is to dodge the loan sharks and casinos.”

Chloe’s heart raced as she realized that by taking a risk, she had gained a newfound understanding of the situation.

“This man has no money and nowhere to turn, so he resorted to extorting money from Grace, who happened to be the fiancée of the President of the Sawle Group – she is just like a human flesh ATM, much rarer than a regular one

Then, Grace capitalized on this individual’s avarice and seized the chance to suggest a remuneration arrangement to them. Oscar inhaled deeply and extended his arm, embracing his sister. His eyes were a deep crimson. The deal is that I must hurt you.”

“I reckon this unfaithful pair has not been talked about yet. Had she known the man would assail me tonight, Grace would have opted to pass away for another day”

Suddenly, Chloe gazed at Oscar with adoration. “But big brother, it’s only been a few hours since the incident You’ve figured out everything. Even this man has a debt agreement. Are you an angel from the sky?”

“What a remarkable coincidence!”

Oscar squinted and ran his fingers through his sister's silky hair. "That casino he frequents? It used to be one of my businesses. It still is, in a way. All it takes is one word from me to get whoever they want investigated"

Chloe was so shocked that her mouth gaped open and she gasped.

Brother Ksitigarbha, why is he so good-looking!

Jake had tightly sealed the news of Grace's suicide from Joseph, not wanting to let the Sawle Group's reputation suffer another blow

In the study room, father and son were once again at an impasse.

Joseph, we've reached a critical juncture. The only way to resolve this is to marry Grace without delay!

Jake issued an ultimatum, and his tone was stern. "Weren't you the one who made this decision in the first place? We don't have time for a wedding, so let's just have an engagement party. In other words, the sooner the better. Don't cause any more

issues!"

"I will devise a plan to help her escape the gloom of depression."

'But I can't marry her," Joseph declared firmly.

"What did you say?!"

"Back then, weren't you the one who wanted to kick the bucket to be with Grace and hide your divorce with Miss Thorp. You wanted to get latched in a jiffy!"

“Now that you have forsaken your predecessor and compelled your present self to seek death, what is going through your mind? How can you renege on your promise and be so callous? Is there anything like me, Jake’s, offspring?”

Joseph curled his lips coldly, his ridicule stinging Jake’s eyes.

“What are you chuckling at? Do you find my words absurd?!”

“Yes.”

“Joseph” Jake exclaimed, his eyes blazing red with rage as he slammed his fist on the table. “How dare you!”

“If you want me to wed her, you should just come out and say it to preserve the reputation of the group, and I can also commend you for being generous”

“But if we’re talking about character, Joseph said, his sword-like eyebrows pressing down, “I can only reply to you if there’s a father, there must be a son.” He then bluntly tore the cloth apart.

His lips, thin and filled with bitter mockery, spoke volumes.

It was unclear whether he was laughing at his father or laughing at himself

“You... What did you just say? Jake was completely taken aback, his eyes and muscles twitching involuntarily.

“The former Grace was the one I wanted to wed. But now, I can’t bring myself to marry her.”

Joseph’s long eyelashes drooped, creating a low shadow. “But she is my saviour.” he said. “If it weren’t for her when I was a kid. I wouldn’t be here today.”

“I won’t turn a blind eye to her. I will wait for her to recover”

“Then, I will formally suggest ending our relationship.”

“You you want to break up with Grace!!” Jake was incredulous and asked again, “Are you sure that’s what you want to do?”

“Yes, Joseph replied without hesitation.

“Grace has serious depression. She almost attempted suicide in order to put off the wedding! If you bring up ending the relationship, wouldn’t you be pushing her towards death? How can someone in her condition endure this kind of stress Jake was so worried that his words were coming out in a rush.

“Thus, I’ll keep quiet for now. When she’s recovered from her illness, I’ll solemnly bring up the topic of our breakup,” Joseph said, his gaze as cold as a frozen lake, his mind already made up.

Jake was so taken aback that his pupils constricted. He slowly lowered himself back into the leather chair and fixed him with a penetrating stare. “Did you want to break up with Grace because you’ve developed feelings for Chloe?”

Joseph’s heart quavered, yet he uttered without pondering. “I’m not fond of her.”

“Hehe, you are my son. Even though you weren’t conceived through me, my blood still runs through your veins. A father knows his son better than anyone else!”

Jake narrowed his piercing eyes and sneered. “I saw the reluctance in your eyes after Stefan took Chloe away from your grandfather’s birthday celebration. Plus, I heard you drove her home that day? You were really harsh on Grace in front of her.”

Joseph, you’ve never been one to be wishy-washy or careless. You’ve been this way since you were a kid. If you don’t want it, then you don’t want it. You won’t even give it a second glance!”

“Why did you keep giving in to Chloe and showing her mercy every time? Are you still saying you don’t like her?!”

“I’ll say it one final time: my breakup with Grace has nothing to do with Chloe.”

Joseph abruptly rose to his feet. His piercing eyes were bloodshot. The blue veins on his long neck, which was partially exposed outside the collar of his shirt, stood out sharply. It seemed he was trying to help Chloe. Yet, it appeared so feeble. “Even if it’s not Chloe, it’s someone else. Grace shouldn’t fabricate a tale and accuse the other person.”

“It’s all because she loves you! If she didn’t care for you and only wanted your status and authority, why would she go to the trouble of squabbling with Chloe?”

“In the end, women all tend to be jealous. The more they care, the easier it is to arouse their emotions. Furthermore, Chlor has been married to you for three years. Isn’t it natural for Grace to not be able to move on from this?”

When Jake said this, he had an instant thought of Aubree.

Aubree, like Grace, was fond of crying and making a fuss. She would act coyly and snuggle into his arms, her warmth and sweetness drawing him into a gentle place. He became increasingly captivated by her, unable to free himself

He saw this as a sign of Grace’s love for Joseph, so much so that she was willing to sacrifice her life to keep his heart.

Just as Aubree did with him.

“Chloe used to have feelings for me too.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Joseph felt as if a nail had been driven through his throat. “In the three years we were married, she never caused any harm”

“When did love become a reason to disparage and injure others?”

He stopped talking to Jake, then spun around and headed for the door.

“Joseph Do you wish for the Sawle Group to...”

“Don’t fret. Sawle Group isn’t just yours. Even if I don’t wed Grace. I won’t let Sawle Group get into a tough spot.”

Chapter 138

Joseph, his face pale, walked out of the study, his chest so studly it felt like it was about to burst.

He found Chloe to be like a burning red scar seared into his chest, one he dared not touch, for the slightest contact would make him feel as if his meridians were about to shatter and his bones were crumbling.

Thinking about Chloe, he dared not recall the fact that she had once loved him.

Joseph was born proud, yet humble as a dog, even in his youth when he was poor and hungry to the point of desperation. He never begged for mercy.

He and Chloe, both gamblers, had gone to the gambling table and lost all their wealth, but what they had lost was not money, but dignity.

He was unable to concede that he had lost

“Mr. Sawle, Max hastened up to him. “I have three matters to report to you.”

“Speak, Joseph commanded himself, trying to steady his nerves as a thin layer of sweat formed on his forehead.

“Miss Brown has already awoken and is not in a good mood. She desires to see you.”

“The second thing?” Joseph’s eyes were drooping.

“The chairman secured a highly competent lawyer for Aubree, and she will be freed tomorrow morning. Furthermore, I discovered that her cousin Alan has already accepted responsibility, so Aubree can be considered exonerated,” Max said, his voice quiet and his tone indignant

“What is the name of that lawyer?” Joseph frowned icily.

His last name is “Stewart,” and his first name is Johan Stewart.”

The man was secretly taken aback, realizing that Jiang was indeed experienced and savvy, and that Jake had managed to get the renowned lawyer, Johan Stewart, to assist him

Max stepped closer to him and said, “It’s fascinating that Johan is actually the older brother of the secretary next to Young Madam. Jordan, the lackey secretary, is actually the third young master of the Stewart family! This isn’t a joke!”

A glint of darkness flashed in Joseph’s eyes.

The youngest son, John, was a politician who had been elected to the Senate and had made great contributions to the country. The Stewart family, though not wealthy, was renowned in the domestic legal and political circles, Jeremy Stewart, the head of the family was a renowned judge in the country, revered as a god of justice in the legal world. He had three sons: Johan, the eldest, served as a legal consultant for two large financial groups and had never been defeated in countless major laws in and out of the country. Jevon, the second son, followed in his father’s footsteps and became a fair and impartial judge, wielding a gavel in his hand

Investigating Jordan, the youngest son, carefully would shock you with his remarkable calendar-making skills, though he may have initially appeared unknown

After graduating from high school, he was sent to Medo to a political university. He was the youngest legal doctor in the history of Medo. While in college, he was a highly influential figure. He could have easily relied on his looks to get by, but he insisted on getting a full scholarship. He was the top of his class. People gave him the nickname "Jack".

It was such a rare talent who was willing to be Raya's secretary, taking care of her food and living like a male nanny, solely by

Chloe's side.

By that woman's side were hidden dragons and crouching tigers, truly

Joseph couldn't help but feel a bitter sensation in his heart. He only murmured. "It won't be long before Aubree is freed, but it doesn't make a difference. In any case, her route to the Board of Directors is totally blocked."

"Young Madam is wise and brilliant! The moment she attacked, she almost defeated the old witch until that witch had no chance of a comeback! Hehe... Mr. Sawle, no matter what, thanks to Young Madam, we made a profit this time!" Max rubbed his hands happily.

Joseph glared at him coldly, his handsome face dark. "If you're so fond of her, go work for her."

Max was speechless.

"In the past. I have triumphed in numerous skirmishes. I have never witnessed you so enthusiastic. Consider who provided you with your wages"

Max couldn't speak.

"What's the third thing?"

“Oh! You asked me to investigate. I discovered the man who was with Young Madam that night! Wow... I can't believe I

actually looked into it. I was astonished when I looked into it!” Max was building up the tension again.

“Who is he?” Joseph inquired in a raspy tone.

“He is the youngest offspring of the chairman of Xavy Group, the fourth scion, Jerome! He has been residing in Stoeyae and has only recently returned to Medo a few days ago!”

Jerome Xavier? Xavy Group?

Joseph's heart was keen, and his eyes were filled with darkness.

Medo had thousands of projects, and Xavy Group had half. In Medo's business world, there was always a saying that “The South belongs to Sawle, the North to Xavier

The two large families had hundreds of billions of assets, and with a deep river as the boundary, it appeared that the well water and river water did not mix, yet they were engaged in open and covert hostilities, never ceasing

Joseph had heard long ago that KS Group and Navy Group had collaborated on numerous major projects both domestically and abroad. The two powerhouses had a close bond and had been acquainted for two decades.

Had Chloe and Jerome known each other very early?

They were so close that it seemed they could not bear to be apart, suggesting they had been childhood sweethearts.

Max sighed with envy, “Alas, it's not hard to comprehend why Young Madam is so highly regarded. She's the beloved daughter of Stefan, the pride of Gaoling!”

“The guardians of the flower around her are all paragons of men. Take a look at the youngest son of the Stewart family, he is only worthy of carrying the shoes of the Young Madan”

As he said this, curling his lips and glancing at the big boss, he felt a pang of pity in his heart.

He felt that, despite Mr. Sawle’s ascension to the presidency and impending vice presidency of the board of directors, the sum of these accomplishments was not as remarkable as his wife being Chloe.

If uttered, it would draw the attention of countless heroes!

Joseph’s lower jaw tightened coldly and sharply, the veins on his forehead jumping, and he raised his hand to the wall. His fingers slowly curling into fists.

What is that woman up to, wanting to make a phone number for the Third and Fourth Young Masters?

The man pinched the space between his eyebrows and gasped, his voice trembling. ‘Max, fetch me my headache medicine, please.’

At night, a dark green Rolls-Royce crept up to the door of the “little black house without a sound.

The so-called “little black house” was an unfinished building that KS Group had purchased in the western suburbs of Medo in its early days. Its location was quite secluded, but Stefan had a hunch. At the time, he had heard from somewhere that the subway would be connected to the western suburbs in five years. He knew that this building would skyrocket in value, so he bought it.

The unfinished building had a dark and damp basement, so if someone were to be locked up there, it would be almost impossible to locate them.

Since Oscar had become aware of this situation, it was inconceivable for him to leave his sister to face it alone, so he joined Chloe tonight.

“President Thorp and First Lady, the two bodyguards outside bowed respectfully.

“How is he?” Chloe inquired languidly.

“Still alive”

These words were exceptionally intelligent.

Chloe nodded contentedly as she and her big brother descended the stairs and entered the basement.

As soon as she entered, the pungent smell of mold assaulted her face, and a mouse scurried past the soles of Chloe’s feet.

Despite this, the young lady’s expression remained unchanged; she had already endured so much in her time as a national doctor in this unforgiving environment.

Yates hung upside down in the dim yellow light, his face red and swollen, his nose bloody from having done handstands for too long

Upon seeing the two of them, he contorted his body into a silkworm pupa. His tears and mucus flowed in reverse as he begged, “I was wrong... I was so wrong, Lady Thorp! Please spare my life! I’ll do anything you ask!*

Previously, Chloe had thought this fellow was very tough, but after only three days of robbing others, he had become a

Oscar’s brows were gloomy and he was about to move, but Chloe stopped him in time.

“Big bro, we made a deal when we got here. Let me take care of this person. You gotta keep your promise.”

“Yes,” Oscar took a deep breath to contain his anger, clenched his teeth and stepped back.

Chloe crossed her arms in front of her chest and slowly advanced towards Yates. With her slim legs, she kicked him on the shoulder with the pointed tip of her high heels.

He swayed in the air once more, feeling nauseous.

“Lady Thorp... I had no idea... I had no clue it was you... I need to know... How could I have been so foolish as to heed the malicious words of that wretched woman, Grace... to assault you!”

Yates was truly remorseful. His tears were almost streaming down his face. “I’m willing to make amends... I’ll eat shit and drink urine if that’s what you want! I’ll do anything to make it right! Please give me a chance! It’s better than being locked up!”

“If you want to survive, answer a few of my queries.” Chloe was direct.

“You inquire! I will certainly divulge all I know...”

“As the lover of Grace in Nialzuct,” Chloe’s beautiful eyes flashed with a cold light, “do you know that she had given birth to at child prior?”

Chapter 139

Oscar’s deep eyes narrowed as he looked at Chloe

His little sister was an unbridled opportunist who disregarded the rules and saw them as a hindrance to progress.

Given the opportunity, she would take advantage of it to gain the upper hand, create something of greater worth, and surprise her adversary!

Yates was dumbfounded, never having anticipated that Chloe would pose such a question.

“Looking at your expression,” Chloe said coldly, “you must know.”

“L. I know...”

Yates gulped and spoke with a quavering tone, “That kid... is mine and Grace’s...”

Thorp Group and his sister were both astonished!

Clenching her small hands in excitement, Chloe realized that her hard work had paid off she had earned a lot!

“What exactly transpired? Give me the full story,” Oscar demanded in a frosty tone

“I used to be a coach at Nialzuct’s high-end gym. When I was giving Grace private lessons, we got to know each other... We grew closer and closer. She was really attractive, flirty, and she made the first move to seduce me. Eventually... we got together...”

“Continue,” Chloe said, her eyebrows raised in interest

“But we had an unspoken agreement about this relationship. We were aware that we were just sexual partners, just having fun. Grace never lacked male attention, and I was just one of them.”

“Later, we had unprotected sex, and then she was in high spirits. I didn’t take any precautions Even though she took contraceptive pills afterwards, that wasn’t completely safe. Not long after, she discovered she was pregnant...”

Chloe blinked her eyes in disbelief. Damn, Grace had actually taken drugs. The further she delved, the more surprises she

uncovered!

“Given Grace’s ruthless nature, it’s clear that this child cannot be kept. How can she still be brought into the world?”

She declared that she was born frail and physically weak. After an abortion, there was no chance of having a baby... She stated that no affluent family would accept a daughter-in-law who was unable to bear a child, so she had no choice but to accept her fate and give birth to the child...

As he said this, Yates couldn’t help but tease Grace, “She’s got some serious skills in the bedroom I didn’t see any weaknesses at all.

Chloe had always shied away from discussing about a child, and the man’s words painfully prodded her wound.

But she quickly adjusted her mood and inquired in a low tone. “Where is that child now?”

“I only know that in Nialzuct’s orphanage, she is now more than two or three years old. She’s a girl... Apart from that, I don’t know anything else!”

Yates, heartless and having never seen his daughter, racked his brains to come up with a way to hide it, but unfortunately he could only provide this information.

“Heh, people like you can actually be parents? That’s an insult to all the parents out there!”

“That’s

your kid! How can you just discard her like garbage and turn a blind eye to her?” Oscar was so enraged he couldn’t take it anymore and yelled out.

“I didn’t completely ignore it. I heard that Grace’s mother has been covertly keeping tabs on my daughter’s activities!”

“After all, Grace’s mother had taken away the child after it was born! She must know where my daughter is!” Yates was so tormented that he gave away a crucial piece of information.

Chloe’s bright eyes shifted, and she resolutely turned to face her big brother.

Oscar and his sister gazed at each other, their hearts connected, all in silence.

The door to the basement opened and a bodyguard rushed in, carrying Yates’ mobile phone.

“Ma’am, there’s an incoming call”

Chloe grabbed the phone, glanced at the display and inquired icily. “Ashley, who is that?”

Yates shivered and gulped, his throat thick with mucus. “It’s... Grace...”

“When you get it, let her know.”

Chloe bent down and stretched out the phone in front of him, her eyes as sharp as a knife. “Don’t mess around. Don’t talk

rubbish. Just act like nothing happened and don’t tip off the enemy.”

Yates nodded frantically, as docile as a canine.

“Hey, Ashley. What brings you looking for me so late in the evening? Did you miss me?”

“Be quiet.”

Grace paused and asked in a hushed tone. "You haven't caused me any grief lately, have you? I told you not to act impulsively and wait for my instructions. You didn't meddle with me, correct?"

Yates could only grit his teeth and reply. "No, you didn't say anything. I definitely can't act impulsively

Chloe lowered her long eyelashes, her lips curving into a cold smile.

Yates had acted of his own accord, launching a private assault on her, thus creating the situation.

Presumably, this man needing money urgently, wanted to get rid of her quickly, so he could take her head to Grace for the reward

Tsk, what an idiotic teammate.

"Regarding Chloe, don't art on her yet. Await my update."

Grace's voice is captivating and alluring, with a hint of self-satisfaction. "The circumstances have greatly improved. I have, regained Joseph's confidence. He has been accompanying me for the past few days."

"Furthermore, Director Sawle has consented to our nuptials. We should be betrothed shortly"

Engagement?!

Oscar's brows furrowed in worry as he gazed at his younger sister.

Chloe, on the other hand, had an attitude that was of no concern to him; her crescent eyes narrowing and a yawn escaping. her lips.

Oscar's thin lips curled up slightly in relief as he saw that his younger sister didn't seem to care much.

“Then, so you and Joseph have already agreed. The 700 thousand dollars..”

“Tsk, what are you in such a hurry for!”

Grace’s tone was extremely impatient. That sum of money doesn’t have to rush you like this? I’ll give you seventy thousand. dollars first. You can spend it first. When Mr. Sawle and I are settled, I’ll transfer the rest of the money to you after the engagement ceremony.”

“Then Chlo... Chloe, do I still need to lay a hand on her?”

“Concerning her. Just give her a lesson.”

“She caused me such anguish. I wish for her to experience perpetual agony for the remainder of her life. Even if I can’t disable her.... I want her visage to be disfigured” Grace spoke in a lethargic yet malevolent manner.

The call ended.

Grace’s vicious words had Yates scared stiff, like an inverted popsicle.

Chloe, however, remained calm and confident, her psychological quality truly impressive.

“Nicely done, rest. I’ll come back to you if I need it”

Chloe’s mobile phone rang at that moment, and it was Jordan calling.

Turning to answer the call, she walked out of the underground room.

As soon as Chloe departed, the dismal atmosphere seemed to plummet to an icy chill.

Yates' eyes widened in horror as he watched Oscar, exuding an air of coldness and hostility from hell, stride in front of him.

The man's noble figure slowly lowered as his eyes closed slightly

A silver cross, shining with a cold light, dropped out of his suit jacket, swaying before his eyes like a sharp sword poised to cut off his head in the next second!

Oscar hadn't done a thing, yet Yates was already petrified, as if he had beheld the Grim Reaper brandishing a scythe.

"My sister's arm was injured because of you," Oscar said, his mouth slightly agape and his eyes red.

"L. I apologize..."

Oscar shook his head, slowly closed his eyes, and earnestly prayed, "Oh gracious Lord, forgive my transgressions. All I did was for the one I love."

As his voice trailed off, Yates saw a silver light flicker before him!

A scream echoed instantly in the basement.

Oscar used the cross in his hand to neatly sever the tendons in his hand.

On the empty field.

Jordan waited alone in the cold, biting wind, his handsome face haggard and pale, as if the wind could blow him away.

"Jordan, why are you here?" Chloe noticed his face was really troubled and quickly came over to ask, worried!

Jordan stared at Chloe, his red eyes filled with sorrow, and his voice trembling as he said:

“Young Miss, I apologize...”

Chapter 140

“Jordan, what’s the matter?” Chloe’s beautiful eyes were wide with surprise and she was a little frightened.

Jordan had never felt so miserable, his eyes red and lips pale, as if he were a homeless puppy drenched in rain.

“Jordan, did you come here for Aubree?”

Oscar strode steadily over to Chloe, his gaze still gentle. He wiped his slender, beautiful hands with a snow-white silk cloth.

Chloe, glancing at it, was surprised to find sporadic bloodstains on the white silk.

Sighing in her heart, she realized she couldn’t take care of him at first glance, so her big brother stepped in.

He denied her the chance to demonstrate her talent once more.

“I apologize... I’m truly sorry!” Jordan bowed deeply and expressed his remorse.

Just as Chloe was puzzled, Riley urgently called in.

“Second Brother?”

“Little sis, Aubree has already departed from me just now”

Riley’s tone was full of helplessness and self-blame “My team and I have done all we can to gather proof of Aubree’s misuse of authority and corruption, but it looks like she’s been prepared for a while. The blame hes with Alan”

*Furthermore, Jake encountered the most challenging Stewart family for her, headed by the young master. The lawyer, Johan, is particularly cunning and adept at exploiting loopholes. Unfortunately, I lack sufficient evidence, so I can only let Aubree return to the mountain.”

“It doesn’t matter, second brother. You’ve done your utmost. We’ve accomplished our objective. As long as we have Balin City’s project in our grasp, it’ll be alright. We can take our time to think about the rest.”

Chloe, the Emperor, did not realize that the attractive “eunuchs around her were longing to strip Aubree’s skin.

Although the woman was not a thing, the Young Miss was well-versed in the same principle: Haste Makes Waste.

Jake was still deeply obsessed with Aubree, and he was determined to do whatever he could to save her. The conflict between the two major consortiums had reached a boiling point, making it unfeasible to mobilize a large number of people.

“That little sister, Jordan has called me The kid was almost in tears. Convince him that this situation doesn’t involve him.”

Riley sighed. He was overthinking it for you. He was scared you’d be miserable. The mental strain was too much.”

“Yes, I got it”

After ending the call, Chloe comprehended the intricacies of the situation and looked at Jordan with a perplexed expression. "Jordan..."

"Young Mistress." Jordan lamented with red eyes, "the Stewart family has wronged you in this matter. I am willing to accept whatever punishment is due." His sorrow was palpable, making it a heartbreaking sight.

Upon learning that his eldest brother had taken on Aubree's case today, he was so enraged that he rushed to Johan's law office and engaged in a heated altercation with Johan there.

"Back then, father was principled and inflexible. He had a spotless reputation. How many people had he wronged in his career? As soon as he retired, those people were watching us, the Stewart family. They wanted to take revenge on father and bring down the Stewart family!"

"Without Director Thorp's assistance and employing father as a legal advisor to safeguard us, how could our parents have enjoyed their twilight years in tranquillity? How could your law be so extensive!"

"Now that Young Miss wishes to handle Aubree, how can you defend the Sawle Group and assist Aubree in absolving her transgressions? If this isn't exploiting others, then what is it?!"

Jordan hadn't blushed in front of his big brother for twenty years, but this time, for Chloe, he was willing to make an exception

"The Thorp Group has been generous to us, but that doesn't mean our family has been bought by them! Not to mention the numerous court cases my father has won for Director Thorp over the years; even if Director Thorp has been generous, father has repaid for it!"

"As a professional lawyer, I view everyone as a client. If I'm able, I'll take on the case with suitable conditions. This has no bearing on Sawle Group or Thorp Group!"

"But you, your parents have worked so hard to nurture you and give you the best education from a young age. They have put in so much effort to make you stand out and achieve something great! They don't want you to be a lackey for the Thorp family!"

Johan's words cut deep into Jordan's heart.

His heart was completely devoted to Chloe, but his family was holding him back.

He was too ashamed to face the Young Miss again.

Jordan, what on earth are you talking about?"

Chloe frowned and laughed, as if she were coaxing a child. A pair of white hands rested on his trembling shoulders and gently shook him. "Don't blame yourself, and don't let this issue cause any friction between your family. An Aubree is nothing more than a trifle, something even dogs would turn their noses up at. How could it possibly affect the relationship between our two families? How could it possibly ruin the seven-colored mood of our Jordan

"Young Miss Jordan's voice cracked, his guilt palpable in his strained tones.

"I comprehend that Lawyer Stewart is managing Aubree's case excellently. I have no qualms."

Chloe's eyes were tranquil as she uttered earnestly, "A professional must act in a professional manner. A professional lawyer should not be swayed by the norms of society."

"Since Sawle Group has proposed an acceptable arrangement to employ Lawyer Stewart, he should accept the case in accordance with his professional standards. If Thorp Group requires legal assistance in the future, I believe Lawyer Stewart will be willing to help. Don't you concur?"

Jordan shyly lowered his head and gave a slight nod.

The three of them got into the car, Oscar held Chloe's hand and tenderly stroked it. "Chloe, what's your plan for next?"

Locate the illegitimate daughter of Grace and Yates. However, this requires me to draw the snake out of its den." Chloe's bright eyes revealed a sly glint, and she narrowed her eyes slightly. "Didn't Yates say

that only Grace's another, Willow, knows where the child is? Then let's let Willow guide us, so we don't have to do the digging ourselves."

Oscar gave a mysterious smile and asked again, "And what about Grace? How will you handle her?"

"If you want her to perish, you have to drive her insane,"

Chloe was a bit drowsy Tears began to form at the corners of her eyes. She put her tiny hand over her mouth and stilled a yawn. Isn't she supposed to be getting married to Joseph soon? If I don't let her shine on the dance floor, how can I let her be brokenhearted

"Chlor, about Joseph Oscar recalled Yates words, "he's truly sightless" His heart, which had been as tranquil as a still lake.

was stirred.

"Gosh, it's been more than a couple of days since he's had this illness. I've got my sight back, regardless of whether he's blind or not. This kind of mangy mutt should seram out of here"

Suddenly, Chloe recalled something. She hastily grabbed her cell phone and displayed the photo of Jerome that she had clandestinely snapped. "Oh, by the way, big brother, let me show you someone. Do you recognize him?"

"When I was stabbed by Yates that day, thanks to this kind gentleman's assistance, I only sustained minor injuries."

Oscar was taken aback. Truly? Then you ought to be very grateful to him."

"But he was being evasive with me. When I asked him, he wouldn't tell me who he was Most importantly, he was act familiar with me"

actually

Chloe's curiosity was piqued as that man's gentle, jade-like fare appeared in her mind.

Deep down in her bones, she had a desire to control a man, even though she was a girl. She couldn't stand anyone who was beyond her control.

Oscar leaned in close to her and scrutinized the man in the photo.

His eyes widening suddenly, he turned to Chloe in surprise.

"Chloe, do you really not know him?"

"Ah?" Chloe was perplexed. "Do I know him?"

"When you were young, your relationship was quite good. I recall."

"What!*

Chloe, bewildered, blinked her beautiful eyes and gazed at the photo.

She felt a sense of familiarity, yet couldn't recall why.

"He's your Uncle Xavier's youngest son, Jerome. When he was a kid, he was a bit shy and didn't like to chat. You were the only one who was willing to play with him. Have you really forgotten that?"

'He... is little... scoundrel!'

Chloe was suddenly enlightened and exclaimed in disbelief, "Wow! What kind of grub did he consume? He's grown so tall!"

Late at night. Jerome's private club was full of romance and charm.

In the intoxicating light and shadow, men and women fed each other wine and kissed, surrounded by pools of wine and forests of meat, and indulged in sex.

Jerome, alone in the dark, paid no heed to the absurdity of his surroundings, yet remained very elegant.

No woman dared to approach Fourth Young Master Xavier, knowing full well that he was cold, ruthless, and germaphobic, and not to be taken lightly; thus, no one wanted to risk investigating Medo in the future.

"Fourth Young Master, in two days' time, I won't be able to make it to our yacht party"

A drunken, affluent young master stumbled and plopped down next to Jerome, his countenance full of dejection. "My father told me to go on a blind date... Hic! I really ought to thank him!"

"Which wealthy second-generation Medo got married in his twenties? Only Joseph was so inept, always thinking of his wife and kids warming up the bed!"

"If you don't want it, just ignore it," Jerome said as he sipped the red wine.

"I can't!"

"The one who went on a blind date with me was the daughter of the wealthiest man in the world, Stefan! What's her name?" Young Master Karl tugged at his tie in frustration.

Jerome inhaled deeply, his dark eyes blazing with a fierce black flame.

"I have a great notion of attaining the best for both of us," he declared.

"Please explain further!" Young Master Karl's eyes lit up.

Jerome drained the red wine in his glass, his cold and handsome face illuminated by light and shadow, giving him a strangely evil look.

“You head to the yacht party. I’ll go to the blind date.”