

Billion Rich 141

Chapter 141

After nearly a week, Aubree finally emerged from the prosecutor's office, her hair disheveled and her face dirty, a gloomy air emanating from her.

Without the support of high-level cosmetics, her face was dark and yellow, making her look ten years older than she was, with several strands of white hair appearing.

Avoiding the swarming reporters, she dared not go home in such a state, for fear that Jake would see her and the image she had so carefully crafted would be ruined.

Accompanied by Skyler in secret, she went to the beauty room, took a bath, changed into a new set of clothes, pulled out her white hair, and put on her makeup. Only then did she feel brave enough to go out and meet someone.

"Don't head back yet. Let's go visit Grace."

Aubree stood before the mirror, her expression glum. "She is, after all, my biological niece. I can't turn a blind eye to the fact that she has sacrificed half of her life. I must demonstrate my compassion and benevolence to your father."

For twenty-five years, she had established a certain image of herself and was determined not to break it!

*Mom! Grace even attempted suicide!"

Although Skyler loathed Grace, she still had a lingering dread when she contemplated the gory bathroom. "Let's not debate. whether Joseph believed her act or not. If she feigned it, if others discovered that it was too late, her life would be forfeited. She was really hard on herself!"

"Ah, how could someone have found her in time?" Aubree put away the small mirror and raised her eyebrows in ridicule.

Skyler was taken aback for a second. Then, it dawned on her and she exclaimed, "Mom! Did you know...?"

Aubree, placing her index finger between her lips, motioned for Skyler to be quiet.

She had the idea of making Grace take her own life in an extreme manner in order to compel Joseph.

In the past, Aubree employed this technique to evoke Jake's sympathy and urge to safeguard her, and it worked; she was able to join the Sawle family and now enjoys the prestige she has today.

Joseph was also deeply tormented by depression, and it was Grace who helped him out of the darkness.

Were he to relive the nightmare from before, he would be reminded of the advantages of Grace time and again. Despite the danger, the rewards were great!

"Even if Grace isn't the best option, I can't let Joseph and that despicable Chloe have any chance of reuniting!"

Aubree had endured much hardship during the prosecution these past few days. At this moment, when she thought of Chloe, she wanted to take a bite out of Chloe's neck. "Chloe, you dare to cross me... I, Aubree, swear to battle you to the bitter end! I will never let you have a moment's peace!"

"That's right, that's right! No matter how mighty Thorp Group is, she is only the mayor of that small, broken city of Sea Gate! Medo is still the world of our Sawle Group!"

"In the future, we will have plenty of chances to settle the score with that hussy!" Skyler gritted her teeth, vowing to take revenge for those two who had shamed her!

Upon arriving at the ward room's door and discovering that Jake and Joseph were both present, Aubree put on a facade of being a good wife and mother and, with a cry, pushed open the door.

“Grace! My dear Grace! Why are you so reluctant... to do such a foolish thing!”

Aubree hugged Grace in front of the two families and sobbed, “Why is our Bell family’s woman so wretched? She was framed and formented by others... If this continues, I won’t be able to survive!”

“Aunt... Don’t be like this...” Grace also wept like a pear blossom in the rain.

Willow twitched in tandem with her, and her visit took on a somber tone.

Joseph silently gazed, his face remaining impassive.

Glancing at him furtively from the corner of her eyes, Grace felt her heart tremble at his indifference.

In the past, as soon as she started crying, he would rush to her side to provide comfort.

But no trace of that gentleness was visible now.

The affection that had been hers originally was gradually fading away, all thanks to Chloe! The three women embraced and wept together, while Jake’s brows were furrowed deeply.

“Aubree. Joseph, come over here. I’ve got something to tell you.”

A few minutes later, in the reception room arrived.

“Jake!”

Aubree’s cheeks were wet with tears as she looked at Jake with a tender and pitiful gaze. “I thought I’d never lay eyes on you again. These past few days have been pure torture. Im so scared, Jake...”

Jake saw that his wife was haggard, and he felt no heartache whatsoever.

Despite all the negative events that had occurred in the past few days, he was still very fond of her, yet he could not bring

himself to comfort her.

Right now, the TV on the wall was broadcasting the news.

At the contract signing ceremony, Oscar, President of KS Group, and Mayor Savor, Project Manager of Balin City, joined forces in a cooperative agreement.

The picture captured the important moment when Oscar and Mayor Savor exchanged contracts and warmly shook hands. The flash beneath the stage immortalized this special occasion!

Joseph stared intently at the screen, his veins bulging in his hand that held the teacup, his heart filled with an impatient dark

fire

Jake's face was already pitch black at that moment.

Chloe, the wolf cub, just snatched away the roasted duck from his hand'

Aubree was taken aback. She quickly embraced the man's arm tightly and exclaimed, "The Thorp family is really something! How did the Sawle Group offend them? Not only did they take the project away from us, but they even sent me to jail!"

"Why is this woman so unkind? When did the Sawle family mistreat her during the three years she was married to Joseph Even I showed her politeness. How can she respond to kindness with ingratitude?"

Upon hearing this, Joseph felt extremely awkward. He leaned forward and placed the teacup on the table. He then raised his eyes, his expression cold. 'Is Aunt Bell's 'courtesy supposed to mean that Chloe has to cook for you for three years?'

Aubree was livid. She clenched her jaw. "That was Chlor's own doing. None of us coerced her!"

"Aubree,"

"I've got something I need to tell you," Jake said in a hushed tone

Aubree was startled, then the man's words reverberated in her ears like thunderbolts. "Joseph has been appointed as the president of Sawle Group and the vice president of the board of directors."

"Jake... What, what did you say? Why... Aubree was utterly stunned, her face suddenly losing all its color.

Jake pursed his lips and stayed quiet for a moment.

Joseph narrowed his pitch-black, stone-like eyes slightly. He was well-acquainted with the connection between the couple. If Jake couldn't explain it, Joseph was ready to do it for him. "Aunt Bell, you know why."

"How could a high-ranking member of the group, who had accepted the prosecution's investigation for bribery, abuse of authority, and corruption. remain an important member of the group?"

"If word were to spread, wouldn't our management become a laughingstock in Medo's business world?"

"Chloe framed me! She took out her anger on me through my cousin and set me up!"

Aubree's eyes were red. She abruptly stood up. It was unclear whether she was mad or upset, but her eyes were dark. "It was all Alan's doing! And he's already confessed to it. This has nothing to do with me!"

“I want to be the Vice Director of the Board of Directors – why can’t I?!”

Joseph’s thin lips curled up in a smirk as he lazily disregarded the woman with a chicken head and white face. He slowly rose from his seat and exited the reception room.

Bastard’ Bastard! This bastard!

Aubree cursed Joseph viciously in her heart and seized Jake’s rigid arm. “Jake! I was wronged... Chloe had the audacity to

cure me!”

“You said you’d let me sit in that position... How can you give him what you promised me?!”

“Aubree, even though I’m the chairman of Sawle Group, it’s a publicly-traded company. There are shareholders and board members, so it’s not just up to me to make a ‘promise. After what happened, how can I possibly back you to take that role?”

Jake took a deep breath, slowly and forcefully withdrawing his arm from her embrace. “Besides, are you truly blameless?”

“Jake... You suspect me? I’m your wife! We’ve been married for twenty-five years... Don’t you know who I am? How can you believe those rumors?!” Aubree’s heart pounded, and she spoke more sharply to conceal her guilty conscience.

Jake furrowed his brows and fixed her with a heavy gaze. Without a word, he rose and departed.

Aubree’s soul was pierced through like a sharp bolt of lightning by that meaningful glance.

Finished, she was finished.

She had worked and pestered Jake tirelessly, yet the duck in her hands had still flown away!

Chapter 142

Willow sat by Grace's bed in the ward room, offering her comfort.

"Your uncle employed a plethora of contacts and engaged Lawyer Stewart to secure your aunt's release from the prosecution. It's evident that your uncle is very devoted to your aunt."

"With your aunt's assistance, it's highly probable that you'll wed Joseph! Recently, didn't he come to the hospital to see you when he had some free time? He spoke to you in a friendly manner. It's clear that the connection between you two has become more relaxed!"

Willow was happy. She felt that her identity as the mother-in-law of President Sawle Group was also very likely. "You should be more familiar with Joseph's temperament than me. If he really had a problem with you, why would he come to the hospital to be with you?"

That being said... however, I feel somewhat uneasy"

Grace remembered Joseph's icy, aloof stare and couldn't help but feel scared in her soul. "Even though he's been with me all this time and taken care of me. I just feel like... he's changed."

"Okay, don't get too worked up."

Joseph's tall and handsome figure strode in as the door opened.

Grace hastily donned a feeble expression that seemed on the brink of death and cried out with tears in her Joseph..."

eyes.

"Brother

Joseph walked expressionlessly toward her, halting when she reached out her hand as if to touch him.

Grace's hand froze awkwardly in the air, her pale cheeks flushing red with embarrassment.

"I have to return to the company to take care of some matters. I'll come to visit you in the evening."
Joseph said in a soft tone, his dark eyes unreadable as he contemplated his thoughts.

"Brother Joseph... I'm sorry..."

Grace was on the verge of tears, and she glanced at him flirtatiously. I'm the one who caused you grief...
It's all my doing..."

"Look after your body well. Don't overthink it."

After saying that, Joseph turned and departed the ward room.

Grace tightly clenched the corner of the quilt, wanting to say so much to Joseph, yet he was no longer the same neighborhood brother who doted on and protected her, always obedient to her.

The way he looked at her sometimes caused her to panic.

She winked at Willow quickly, and Willow nodded in response, then quickly followed him.

"That... Mr. Sawle."

Joseph stopped and gave Willow a cold look. "What's the issue?"

"These days... you witnessed Grace's plight. When you were around, she was still relatively lucid. When you weren't here.... She was almost overwhelmed by depression and almost unrecognizable..."

“Grace has endured much hardship overseas and has been longing to return to you. If you forsake her, Mr. Sawle... my daughter... will be destitute in the future!” Willow)

pulled out a silk handkerchief to dab her tears.

“I will take accountability for Grace’s sickness. After all, she was my rescuer.”

Joseph then turned and departed.

Willow stood motionless, her heart chilled by the impact of h

words.

In the coming days, Chloe was kept busy at the hotel, holding regula

meetings with the higher-ups to finalize the wedding

plan.

On this day, when Chloe was chatting with the project team, Stefan was the first to call.

“Stefan, I’m occupied. What’s the issue?” Chloe cocked her head and wedged the phone between her cheeks and shoulders, skimming through the papers in her hands.

Stefan? Stefan Stewart?!

Upon hearing that the Emperor had called, the discussion group that had been in a heated atmosphere just now held their breaths, not daring to breathe loudly.

That was a top-notch big shot whom small fry like them would never have the opportunity to come into contact with in

their entire lives!

“It’s time.” Stefan murmured.

“Huh? The young lady was confused.

“It’s time to get a move on! Hurry up and go on those blind dates!”

Stefan’s sudden shout made Chloe frown and draw her phone away.

Everyone heard the words loud and clear, so much so that each and every one of them was left so stunned that their eyeballs nearly popped out!

No way! President Thorp, as beautiful as a flower, as rich as a country, and full of talent, could she possibly be troubled by marriage too?

Is he trying to force us to death? Do we still have a way to survive?!

“Stefan,” Chloe said calmly, yet with a hint of annoyance, as she rubbed the space between her eyebrows, “I’m in a meeting. If it’s not important, let’s discuss it in private.”

“If there’s no use, do you think a marriage is futile!!”

Stefan snorted forcefully, “What’s the point of me saying anything else to you? Do you want to be KS Group’s president or

not?!”

You are so good, Stefan! You are really great! You want to use your position to pinch me, don't you?

Did Joseph teach you such a detrimental method?

"Alright, I'll do it. However, I'm unable to today. I have a significant meeting to attend." Chloe started coming up to postpone it,

with

reasons

"Hmph, alright, let's do it. Can you manage to do it on the fifteenth day if you can do it on the first?"

What Chloe heard was, "Hmph, you cursed monkey, do you still want to climb your father's Five Finger Mountain? You're too young for that!"

In the second half of the meeting, everyone was trembling with fear as they concluded, dark clouds of dread hovering above them, lest they incur the young lady's wrath and be executed on the spot.

As soon as Chloe returned to the office, she slumped onto the sofa, as if she had been shocked. No trace of enthusiasm remained in <u>her.

Jordan entered with a cup of coffee and inquired anxiously, "My Lady, is something wrong with the project?"

"Stefan... this cold-hearted old man!"

Chloe sprawled on the couch and pouted with her ruby-hued, semi-transparent lips. "I tidied up the hotel's mess and assisted KS in securing ten billion-dollar projects. He didn't even show me an ounce of appreciation, yet he still brought up the blind. date he had planned"

“I’m not sure if fourth brother is hiring or not. Maybe I should become a spy and make Stefan’s head spin!”

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“My Lady, I am aware that you are the most devoted. You are also aware that the chairman is aging and has gradually stepped back from the group’s leadership. He needs his children to look after him. You won’t be travelling as much as before. You will certainly safeguard the Thorp family and the chairman.”

Jordan’s crystal-clear eyes held a gentle smile. He placed her coffee on the table and sat beside Chloe. Furthermore, if KS wishes to be a major player in Medo, it cannot do without your strategies. At present, many people in the group are looking at us with envy. Internal conflicts have never ceased.”

“Over the years, I’ve witnessed President Thorp’s struggles. To be frank, the burden he carries is immense. Furthermore, he doesn’t have a genuine desire to be president; he’s doing it all for the chairman and to uphold the family’s honor.”

“Yes... I know this”

Chloe sofly sighed, casually kicking off her high heels and revealing her snow-white feet to Jordan’s gaze,

Jordan’s Adam’s apple trembled as he took out a thin blanket and placed her feet on his legs, covering her slender legs with it. He then massaged her legs with a familiar touch.

Apart from his mother, he had been devoted to no one else like her.

That’s why I’m eager to shoulder this responsibility and liberate Big Brother entirely. Furthermore, I’m confident I have the capacity to do so.” Chloe was much more fatigued and she squinted her beautiful eyes.

She not only had the ability, but was born with a wild heart and was an ardent admirer of authority figures.

Had it not been for her commitment to following Joseph, she would already have attained the presidency of KS Group and established a reputation for herself.

She had to hurry and catch up to the life that had been put on hold by that dog man.

“My Lady, it’s a good idea to go and meet them. Just think of it as making friends. The chairman didn’t ask you to wed them. He just... has a concern for them. Although Jordan was relieved, he was also envious if he wasn’t being honest.

From the start, he was aware of his own smallness and insignificance. How could the beauty of Gaoling ever be his alone?

“You’re spot on. It’s just a blind date, after all. How can it be more intimidating than a warzone!”

Chloe’s almond-shaped eyes curved slyly as her small feet moved under the blanket like a little rabbit, melting Jordan’s heart.

“He has a good plan, but I have better.”

“My Lady, what thought do you have now?”

Chloe sat up abruptly, like a carp, and hastened to the table with her feet bare

Jordan was aware that a girl’s feet were of utmost importance and she must not risk catching a cold.

He quickly grabbed her high heels and followed her. He knelt down on one knee and said, “Come on, put on your shoes. It’s freezing out here, you don’t want to get sick”

Chlor raised her foot and asked Jordan to assist her in putting on her shoes. Her slender figure reclined on the broad table and she grabbed a pen and paper to jot something down.

Soon, she produced a list and declared. Let's get to work and make sure everything on this list is taken care of today"

Jordan took it doubtfully and examined it closely He couldn't help but chuckle "You're really quite mischievous!"

Chapter 143

At Stefan's father's kind behest (actually not), the blind date was promptly arranged.

Chloe was getting ready in the bathroom, while Jordan stood outside, iPad in hand, reporting on the day's events.

"At 11:30 AM. you have a lunch with President Zorro from H Group."

"At 1:30 PM in the afternoon, you have an afternoon tea with the eldest son of Director Warren from S Group."

"At 3:30 PM in the afternoon, he booked a venue with President Larry's second son of Z Group to watch a music drama..."

OK, one for two hours.

Not even the donkeys of the production team were so rushed!

After some time, the bathroom door opened.

When Chloe, dressed to the nines, appeared befor

Jordan, he couldn't help but burst out laughing.

"Young lady... you are being too hard on yourself!"

The young lady, her face adorned with a multitude of pockmarks, had an explosive wig in the shape of a chicken nest atop her head. A long beard hung beneath her nose, and she held the door frame with her left hand while digging her nose with her right, as if possessed by something.

"Is this really necessary? I wanted to stick two scars on my face."

Chloe grinned, revealing her black front teeth. She waved at Jordan, 'Hey there, why don't you come join us? I promise you won't regret it!"

Jordan, the chief secretary, usually kept a serio

and laugh.

demeanor while working, but this time he couldn't help but bend down

In terms of eccentricity, it still depended on the young ladies.

Chloe still unsatisfied, picked up her phone, snapped a selfie, and sent it to her brother's group.

In an instant, it was as if a yellow flower fish had plunged into a hot oil pan, exploding with a crackling sound.

Oscar replied: ... May I know who you are?

Chloe: My sweet brother... Give me your best guess....

Sami: Puhahahahaha! Little sister, you are really good at acting!

Riley: Oh my gosh! So early in the morning. I was so scared that I almost lost my soul!

Third Brother: Little Sister, even if you wish to pay your respects to Star Lord, shouldn't you think about your reputation? Why should you dress up like a flower, as if smoke doesn't smell good?

Sami: I will do cosplay too! I will crazily sticking to Little Sister.

As he said this, Fourth Brother sent a picture of two little bears embracing, and then Second Brother sent an image of an elderly woman kicking her legs in retreat.

The two brothers, unable to meet, were in full swing.

Chloe: Take a look at me with the standards of a straight man with steel bars. What is the probability of me successfully going on a blind date?

Riley: 0.0000000%!

Oscar: Beauty is in the bone without skin. As long as he understand your personality a little, little sister, he will be deeply attracted by your charisma.

Third Brother: I think that good-looking skin is the same. An interesting soul is one in a million. Little Sister, you have such a good character and are so talented. Those dog men will also fall for you.

Sami: Little Sister, you know that I, Fourth Brother, am not a beauty control but a leg control. Even if you look like war god and

your character is rotten, with your beautiful legs, I can play for ten years

Sami:(Second Brother, as a public staff, your awareness is appearance?

Riley: (**) Shut up! How dare you talk to me like that?!

Chloe scrolled through the chat records, letting out a heroic laugh.

high. How can you judge people by their

Second brother is an honest person. If an honest person doesn't suffer, then who will? Chloe Wish me good luck. I am going to see my biggest grievance.

Oscar: The Lord will bless you and the person you are going to

on a blind date with.

Riley: Chloe, you go out with this chicken nest. If any young master takes a fancy to you, you can really consider that 80% of his love for you is true.

Riley: It means that he is the same as us. He doesn't look at one's appearance, only one's inner self!

Chloe: Hehe, who wants to take a fancy to me today? I will give him a medical card of Thorp Group Hospital for free. Let him see if he has an eye prescription or a heart examination!

Jordan's mobile phone vibrated simultaneously.

Without her noticing, he took out his phone and glanced at it, only to find that all four young masters had sent him a private message simultaneously.

The content was the same.

[Brothers: Take good care of Chloe. Contact us if there is a problem. 1

[Jordan: Don't worry. I will definitely protect the young lady. I will not let her be in danger. I

[Brothers: Who said anything about her? We are worried about the person who went on a blind date with her!]

Jordan's lips twitched at the corner, a sure sign that they were indeed blood-related siblings.

The game of ill-fated blind dating had commenced.

Chloe was highly efficient; she felt that since she had come this far, she might as well be like a horse lantern, seeing all the men in one day and quickly ending the battle!

As a result, what she didn't anticipate was that she would present herself in this manner. However, these nobles and offspring of affluent families had no trace of haughtiness. Seeing such a 'frightening dragon girl' seated before them, they could still remain composed and converse merrily.

No matter how hard she tried to disguise her undeniable charm, or how this group of suture wanted to be Stefan's

son-in-law, she looked at them and almost felt like vomiting. How did they manage to swallow their pride?

The power W

so immense that it could make people fixate their gaze.

Fortunately, the big miss had prepared a backup plan, hmph.

While facing the first male guest. During the meal, Chloe said that she wanted to show her talent and take the other party's pulse. She said that he was thirty years old and had a seventy-year-old kidney. If his sperm was not strong enough, he might not have a child. The other party was so angry that his face turned black on the spot. He ended the date at the speed of light and slammed the door and left.

In facing the second male guest, Chloe stared intently behind the other person, causing the man's hair to stand on end.

"Miss Thorp, what have you got your eyes on?"

"Young Master Warren, there'

dinner?"

a little pal standing behind you keeping an eye on you. Would you like him to join us for

Chloe's tone gradually became somber and peculiar, "He looks... alright... but... it's a shame... oh..."

This person had not yet finished drinking the tea when he was scared

away.

Chloe didn't communicate much with the third male guest, who was watching a music drama, so he looked peaceful

At last, Young Master Larry politely asked her, "Mi..

dinner?"

“Okay, I am very willing

we had a wonderful time today. Would you like to join me for

As she spoke, Chloe smiled and, with a casual gesture, grabbed her canvas bag.

When Young Master Larry arrived, he hadn’t noticed, but upon closer inspection he saw.

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There was a row of big words on it the memorial of Sea Gate City’s mental illness treatment center.

“Young Master Larry,” Chloe blinked her big, pure eyes and asked, “why aren’t you leaving?”

Young Master Larry was so scared that his face paled. He kept backing away, saying, “Oh, I just remembered I have a meeting. Let’s reschedule!”

Chloe and Jordan had arrived at the date venue for the day, now.

The tranquil and graceful atmosphere of the antique teahouse was permeated with the scent of fragrant tea, creating a sense

of serenity.

It was very much akin to Tong Garden’s style; the male guest had indeed made the right choice.

Let’s just give him a beating later on.

Chloe spent all day playing with the young masters of these wealthy and influential families as if they were in the palm of her hand, leaving Jordan scared to watch from the sidelines.

“Young lady, you have completely dashed their expectations for you. But if these people start to spread rumors about you, what will you do if it becomes public knowledge?”

“Good tidings don’t travel far, but bad news spreads like wildfire. I’m afraid it could tarnish your reputation in Medo,” Jordan said, his face creased with worry.

“It would be preferable if this information were to be made public. I wish for the people outside of the Thorp family to believe that the lady is mentally unstable and a madwoman”

Chloe remained calm and composed as she picked up the eyeliner pen and added some pockmarks to her face, effectively cutting off Stefan’s thoughts of giving her a man.

Hmph, fighting with me, he’s old!

Jordan was at a loss whether to laugh or cry.

“Ah, to be frank, Jordan, it’s actually not too bad if I can find a true love right now.”

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Chloe put away the cosmetics and sighed softly. “I wish to find someone special, so I can avoid those awkward blind dates.”

Upon hearing this, Jordan’s heart raced and he gazed intently at her.

Young Mistress’ wish was also his wish.

It was just that his “whole heart” was devoted to her.

“Stefan is a wily old man. After this calamity, perhaps he will employ some other stratagems to handle me next time.”

“You weren’t around before, the chairman often said in private, but among the young masters and young ladies of the Thorp family, your personality and temperament are the most similar to his Jordan smiled.

Chloe answered shortly, ‘Ah, Stefan’s giving me a scolding. Can you tell?’

Jordan couldn’t help but laugh as his phone vibrated.

He removed it to have a glance and quickly uttered: “Young lady, the final suitor for today has arrived”

“Got it.”

Jordan spun on his heel and headed to the adjacent room, seeking to evade the situation.

Texquisite

Chloe, bored to death while waiting, held her chin with one hand and gazed out of the window at the tranquil and e scenery. Closing her eyes, she took a rest, inhaling the refreshing scent of flowers and birds.

At that moment, she heard the door to the private room creak open.

The leather shoes clear and steady footsteps drew nearer to her, and with their approach came a faint whiff of mellow fragrance, like a gentle midnight breeze wafting through soft curtains and stirring her heartstrings.

The scent of violet leaves and lush green, intertwined with the fragrance of flowers rarely found on men, wafted through the

air.

Despite being allergic to smoke, Chloe was highly sensitive to spices.

She opened her almond eyes slightly, her beautiful eyes gleaming from the bottom to the top as they finally settled on the

man's face.

In the next instant, Chloe's cherry lips parted halfway, and her pupils constricted deeply.

"My apologies, Miss Thorp. You've been kept waiting for quite some time."

Chapter 144

"Why is it you" Chloe was stunned.

Combined with her freckles and the disheveled chicken nest atop her head, she exuded a certain cuteness.

"Can't I be your blind date" Jerome lightly curved his lily-shaped thin lips, his eyes curved into two enchanting crescents as he asked

Chloe purses her lips, unsure of how to reply.

The question was very straightforward.

The gentle smile on his face softened the awkward atmosphere, making Chloe feel that this was just a harmless joke.

“May I take a seat Jerome inquired politely.

“Please have a seat,” Chloe responded in an effortless and elegant way.

The Fourth Young Master Xavier who had come to visit her today was just as refined and elegant as the first time they had met. He was wearing a navy blue striped, high-definition suit and gold-rimmed glasses, exuding an air of sophistication without compromising on the gentlemanly charm.

“Miss Thorp, your look today is very chic and has a lot of character.”

“However.” Jerome narrowed his eyes, “in my presence, you don’t have to put on an act. Just be yourself.”

“I recall that you’re not my blind date,” Chloe coughed awkwardly, so why are you here?”

“I know you want to see me again, and I feel the same way, Jerome said, adjusting his glasses and smiling calmly.

It was an inconceivable sentence, like a secret wind and moon.

“It’s not too shabby. After our last encounter, I was really intrigued by who you are, so I’m really looking forward to seeing

you again

Suddenly, Chloe raised her piercing gaze and fixed it on him. Jerome Xavier, Fourth Young Master Xavier.”

Jerome’s deep eyes narrowed, and his hands, trembling slightly on his knees, betrayed his strong joy. Softly, he spoke.

“Chloe, it’s been a while.”

Chloe was taken aback for a moment and courteously responded, “It’s been a while.

Having spent a period of time together when they were young and getting along quite well, it had been over ten years since

then.

When they reunited. Chloe felt a sense of unfamiliarity from the man.

When she was young, she vaguely remembered Jerome being short and thin, with delicate facial features and skin as white as jade. He was often ridiculed and isolated by other children due to his reserved personality, as he looked more like a girl than a boy.

When Chloe was in primary school, she was a powerful presence in the school. A kind-hearted person had even given her the nickname “Little Devil”. When Jerome was being bullied, she immediately stepped in and without saying a word, she managed to take down three senior boys who were a head taller than her. From then on, Jerome had the protection of a brave sister, and no one dared to mess with him again.

Chloe could no longer recall any further past events.

She was unaware that the man standing before her, despite having spent years abroad and gone through countless transformations and tumultuous storms, had never forgotten that it was this girl who had given him the first glimmer of hope in his bleak life.

She was not merely a dream girl, such a description was too meager and did not do her justice.

In his eyes, she was like the sun, shining brightly and dazzlingly

“So, when I was inebriated at the KTV that night and inadvertently collided with you, you identified me.”

“Yes”

“That night when I was in peril, did you not rescue me by chance, but rather tracked me the whole time?” “Yes.

“Why?”

“Since you recognised me, why didn’t you just come out and tell me who you were?” Chloe frowned.
“Since I was waiting.”

Jerome inhaled deeply and spoke in a slightly raspy tone, “I didn’t say it because I was hoping you’d think of me.

Chloe’s eyebrows furrowed, and a trace of guilt surged in her heart, as if she had failed him and caused his ruin.

“Have you selected the location for the meeting?”

“Yes, I’m sure you’ll enjoy it immensely, as this place has a Tong Garden-like ambience.”

Jerome’s deep eyes sparkled with crushed stars. “Do you recall? When we were young, we’d often play hide-and-seek in your garden. You always enjoyed hiding in the bushes.”

When they were young, they greatly enjoyed playing hide-and-seek.

Whenever he closed his eyes, he could always intuit where she was at that time.

He always acted as if he was unaware and anxious, purposely not going to her secret spot to locate her and fulfill her simple wish to triumph.

He enjoyed being defeated by her, but only when it was just the two of them.

“Wow... you still remember this kind of thing.” Chloe said, scratching her head like a sponge and feeling a little embarrassed. Jerome smiled gently and, with the grace of a young master from a painting, sipped the tea.

They engaged in conversation for a period of time.

Jerome had accompanied his mother to Stoeyae over the years to help her recuperate from Alzheimer’s, as she was increasingly unable to care for herself. Despite having many chances to go back to Medo, he chose to remain in Stoeyae and pursue his own career, all for his mother’s sake.

Chloe recalled that the Xavy Group’s family dynamics were quite intricate.

The Xavier family had four children, with Jerome being the youngest. His two older brothers and one older sister were born from Director Xavier’s first wife, while Jerome was born from his second wife.

She knew very little about Madam Xavier, even though her family had been close to the Xavier family when she was young and she had visited the Navy Group’s manor. Nonetheless, she still had no impression of her.

“Why did you return abruptly this year?” Chloe inquired once more.

“The fallen leaves have returned to their roots, and I, Jerome, am a son of the Xavier family. I wish to come back and reclaim some of my belongings. Jerome lowered his cold, white eyelids, his slender fingers curling into a small fist.

Chloe gave a slight nod, comprehending his meaning.

Children born into noble families, if they did not gain access to the core of power, were likely to be exploited by the powerful, leaving them with nothing

A wealthy and close-knit family like the Thorps should only exist in novels.

“It’s still a bit before dinner time, Jerome said with a smile. “What should we do?”

“Ah?” Taken aback, Chloe was unprepared to cope with it.

“I’ll take you to witness the beauty of the roses at sunset.”

“I have a personal rose garden. Today is the day of the open show. Let’s go and appreciate the blossoms together.” Jerome gently inclined towards her.

Rose?

Chloe’s mind raced and her eyes glittered with excitement.

Chloe had a special fondness for the flower in Tong Garden’s backyard, which she had planted with roses. Over the years, Helena and the others had taken turns tending to it, making sure it was well-cared for.

Thus, she did not hesitate and joyfully responded, “Absolutely! Let’s go for a walk!”

Chloe, on her way to Rose Manor, sat in Jerome’s Bentley.

The two elders, being old acquaintances, had a personal relationship, so it seemed a bit hypocritical when they each took their own cars to meet at their destination.

Jordan followed closely behind the Bentley, gripping the steering wheel firmly as it drove steadily ahead.

He had just sent off a surnamed Anderson, and now there was a Xavier, clearly of a higher stature.

He had made sufficient preparations each time; last time, he had followed the First Miss to the neighborhood of the villa are, and this time, he had used his connections to meet her in person. It was clear that he was a very calculating individual. Jordan inhaled deeply and fixed his gaze on the rear of the car.

The First Miss had been hurt by Joseph once, and he would never again permit any man to inflict such pain upon her.

He endeavored to do all he could to safeguard her.

On the opposite side of the car, the atmosphere was very pleasant.

At this moment, Chloe had already taken off her ugly-yet-cute disguise. She had come without any extra cosmetics, simply looking up at the sky and tying her long, black hair like a waterfall into a loose bun with a single word. She paid no mind to her appearance.

Jerome didn't flinch and covertly glanced at her from the corner of his eyes.

Her face was as clear and pristine as a flower petal basking in the morning sun, perfect and lovely, serene and composed.

He forced himself to calm down and asked gently, "Do you still recall what you dubbed me that evening when we first met?"

"Ah?" Chloe was taken aback for a moment. She blinked her luminous eyes and uttered, "I... honestly can't recall."

"You call me little scoundrel."

This man either rendered her speechless or caused her demise.

"In the

past, when my dad taught me a lesson, he would often scold me like that. You heard it. At that time, you'd sometimes

tease me like that too.””

“Cough, cough... I'm sorry for my immature and impolite behavior before. A child's words can't do any harm. Chloe felt embarrassed, her cheeks turning pink.

“It doesn't matter. You can call me that now.” Jerome bent his eyes and smiled charmingly.

“Oh my god...”

Chloe mumbled quietly and waved her hand in embarrassment. “I'll just refer to you as Fourth Young Master Xavier. We're not kids anymore. You have a certain standing now. It's not proper to be so informal.”

Jerome narrowed his eyes and leaned closer to her. His clear voice was gentle and soft.

“Alright, I'll do as you say.”

Chapter 145

Had Jerome not brought Chloe here, she would not have been aware of the expansive rose garden in the southern suburbs of

Medo.

Xavy Group had no claim to this place; it was solely Jerome's private property. Spanning hundreds of acres, the flower fields were planted exclusively with Damascus Roses.

Under the dark and colorful setting sun, like an oil painting, the lush green and delicate pink roses were beautiful. Chloe was captivated by the warm and vibrant scene.

As Chloe watched, young couples strolled leisurely through the garden, taking photos and internet celebrities doing live broadcasts. The tranquil beauty of the scene soothed her tense body and mind, which had been strained from days of work.

The tourists were drawn to their remarkable appearance.

Anyone would believe that they were a perfect pair, a match made in heaven.

Chloe bent down, her nose tip twitching, and tenderly picked up a rose, as if caressing her lover's cheek. Her face was intoxicated by its sweet scent.

Jerome's eyes dimmed slightly, and her lips curved up. "Chloe is as gorgeous as can be. She's lovelier than a blossom."

Chloe's beautiful eyes widened slightly, and she replied with a generous smile, "I'm flattered by Fourth Young Master Xavier's kind words, but I'm already aware of my beauty"

"If I call you Chloe like when I was a kid, can you also call me Jerome like before?" Jerome stepped closer to her, his eyes gleaming with anticipation.

Chloe, her almond-shaped eyes flashing, turned her back to him, still feeling a little embarrassed.

Jerome had remained the same as when he was a child, yet his feelings for her had never altered. However, she had completely removed herself from that recollection. When they reunited, Jerome was almost unrecognizable to her.

Therefore, she paused for a moment and then softly uttered. "Once we get to know each other better, I'll."

“I reckon we’ll become as close as we were when we were kids. I’m looking forward to it,” Jerome said, his eyes shining with feeling.

Chloe sensed an odd atmosphere, so she shifted the conversation and asked earnestly, ‘Fourth Young Master, what’s the annual yield of roses in your field? What’s the cost of cultivating them? Is any corporate entity signing an exclusive contract with you?’”

“Miss Thorp.” Jerome adjusted his glasses and smiled, “would you like to discuss collaborating with me?”

“To tell you the truth, I do have this idea.”

As soon as Chloe entered, she spotted a golden business opportunity!

Since returning to KS Group, she had always been eager to open up a female market and create makeup and skin care products with roses as the theme. However, Stefan asked her to prioritize strengthening KS WORLD, leaving her with little time and energy to invest in her project.

At this moment, the rose garden has ignited the fighting spirit of the Young Mistress!

“The Damascus Rose discovered the moniker of the Turks Rose. Ancient Greek legends depict roses as the embodiment of the Goddess of Love – Aphrodite and the Goddess of Plants Adonis. This flower is a symbol of love and beauty, and carries an incredibly romantic connotation.”

—

Chloe’s eyes were bright and clear, and she was very familiar with the Damascus Rose. “Damascus Rose oil was highly valued for its physical and mental benefits, and although air transportation was expensive, there were few manors in the country that grew this type of rose.”

“Given the four rare resources, I earnestly hope we can form a strategic partnership. You provide the roses, and I’ll add more value to them.”

“Collaborate with me. This rose field isn’t just for people to admire; it will benefit all the women in the nation in the long run. It will become a renowned brand that is beloved by women. It won’t diminish for years, and the profit is incalculable.” Jerome gazed at her intently, his handsome visage and tender smile deeply etched in her memory.

He had not paid any attention to the business experiences she had shared, despite the fact that many people had been interested in his rose field over the past two years, yet he had never even glanced at them.

This sea of flowers was like a lively gathering in Gatsby’s, all to entice her to come alone.

Seeing that Jerome was staring at her with rapt attention and did not answer for a long time, Chloe thought that this sudden declaration of love would be taken seriously by him, so she laughed heartily and said, “I know, my suggestion was pretty

sudden

“Furthermore, my project is not insignificant. Fourth Young Master can take his time to consider it. I’m not in a rush.”

Outside Rose Manor.

Jordan stood in the lingering light of the setting sun, gazing at the blossoming roses in the sky, his emotions a complex mix.

He was well aware that Navy Group and Thorp Group had a close bond, and Directors Xavier and Thorp were like brothers. Fourth Young Master Xavier had a special place in young mistress’ heart, and it was obvious that he was taken with their young mistress.

The Young Mistress had always kept a distance from the opposite sex, so her handling of the Anderson situation had been unrealistic and harsh

However, she didn't seem to reject Fourth Young Master Xavier so much that she was even willing to go on a date with him.

The Fourth Young Master had saved her last time, of course, but he still had a vague feeling that the Young Mistress was especially lenient toward him.

Could it be...

"I wish for a person's heart..."

Jordan's heart suddenly contracted upon thinking of that sentence, and he sighed helplessly.

Three black luxury cars came from afar, arriving at this time.

Jordan's gaze grew cold upon seeing the Maybach at the head of the car, its tag alone enough to evoke such a reaction.

It was Sawle Group's men, that was Joseph!

Max stopped the luxury car and, with respect, got out of the passenger seat and opened the door.

Joseph, with a frown, elegantly tied the buttons of his suit with both hands as he walked down, his pitch-black, spotless handmade leather shoes straight and his long legs heaven-defying.

"Darn it, what rotten luck!" Jordan was so frustrated when he saw the attractive face of the man.

A few seconds later, a slender, pale hand slowly emerged from the car.

"Brother Joseph, could you lend me a hand?"

Joseph stood beside the car, hesitating for a moment, his eyebrows furrowed. Then, extending his hand to Grace, he invited her to join him.

Grace hastily seized his strong and solid hand, as if fearful that he would alter his decision in the next instant.

A gentle smile spread across her face as her heart raced with joy!

Although Joseph's eyes remained as cold as ever, she was confident that she could regain the watery tenderness he had once shown her!

Jordan's eyes filled with contempt as he watched Joseph and Grace walking hand-in-hand towards the manor's entrance, too lazy to scold Joseph

The rotten luck was just multiplied by two!

"Brother Joseph, I wanted to admire the flowers, so I followed you here... Are you feeling weighed down?"

Grace was full of tears and looked like a resentful woman who had been wronged, but she squeezed the man's hand tightly. "Otherwise... I'd better go back. I'm scared I'll be a burden to you..."

Joseph came to Rose Manor today not to admire the flowers, but rather to conduct a project inspection.

He wanted to come and see the vast expanse of the largest Damascus Rose field in Medo and the entire province. To gain a better understanding of the roses and the soil, he specially asked two botanists to join him.

He would negotiate with the owner of Rose Manor to obtain the support of the raw materials for the female skin care products that Sawle Group was about to create, if all aspects of the comprehensive index were good enough.

As a result, Grace heard of this matter and requested to accompany him.

Joseph had to do his utmost to help stabilize her emotions during her recovery, given that she had just been diagnosed with shortsightedness and was severely depressed, so he had no choice but to agree.

“It’s fine.”

The man’s voice was hushed and his gaze remained as dismal as before. “The doctor suggested that it would be beneficial for your ailment to go out and take in some natural beauty.”

“Brother Joseph... Thank you, and you still show such care for me...” on his shoulder.

seemed to be on the brink of tears as she leaned

Joseph’s eyebrows drew together like a sword, and his whole being radiated a strong rejection of the woman.

“Mr. Sawle, look! Don’t you see Miss Thorp’s secretary?!” Max opened his eyes wide and whispered excitedly to Joseph.

Joseph’s eyes suddenly shot up, and he was taken aback.

Lying motionless beneath the stiff yellow suit, his chest trembling with some kind of mysterious excitement, his heart pounding wildly.

Jordan and Chloe were so close that it was certain Chloe was at Rose Manor Garden.

Was she here to admire the flowers?

Joseph gritted his teeth and shook his head in the next second.

No, this did not fit her aggressive personality.

That woman was surely here to thwart him!

Chapter 146

The two sides stood in confrontation, tension hanging in the air.

“Mr. Sawle, I’m not sure whether to call it a coincidence or bad luck.” Jordan grinned, his words far from respectful.

“Chloe, is she inside?” Joseph’s eyebrows sharpened, his voice low.

The moment he heard that name, Grace felt a shiver down her spine, her heart pounding.

“Why? Is it not allowed?”

Jordan sneered, every word carrying a sting. “Mr. Sawle hasn’t taken ownership of this place, has he?”

“Hiss... Mr. Sawle hasn’t done anything, just asking! Are you trying to provoke us?” Max retorted, unable to contain his irritation.

“Hasn’t done anything? Well, you can say that, but I can’t even bear to listen.” Jordan’s thick brows furrowed, dripping with disdain.

“You!”

“That’s enough, Max.”

Joseph scolded softly, his gaze devoid of warmth. "Chloe, what are you doing here?"

Jordan's cold gaze swept over the delicate and charming Grace, smirking as he raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Sawle is here for what? Our young lady is here for the same reason."

Joseph's brows furrowed even more.

Indeed, Chloe had taken an interest in the Rose Manor, but this time, he wouldn't let her succeed!

At this moment, Chloe had already lifted her dress and stepped into the midst of the rose garden. Bathed in the brilliant sunset, she moved gracefully like a floral goddess.

She squatted down in the muddy flower bed without any affectation, kneading the soil with delicate hands, carefully observing the rose stems and petals, and taking detailed notes on her phone while snapping pictures.

Other girls came to admire and take photos.

The young lady, however, seemed to be here to unearth treasures, to strike gold.

Who would have thought that such a beautiful woman would go against the grain of romanticism, wearing "practicality" and "business acumen" like a badge on her face. She was all about building her career and making money.

Ambitious women were quite charming-

Jerome stood with his hands behind his back, patiently waiting for her.

He lowered his gaze slightly, a tender and affectionate smile playing on his lips as he muttered to himself, "Chloe, you're still the same as you were when you were a child, and it's wonderful."

At that moment, his secretary called, disrupting his thoughts.

Jerome's brows furrowed suddenly as he answered, "What is it?"

"Director Xavier, Joseph has arrived."

The secretary spoke in a hushed tone. "Previously, people from the Sawle Group had contacted me about discussing a cooperation project for the Rose Manor. But as per your instructions, I didn't give them a clear response."

"I didn't expect them to move so quickly, they brought the project inspection team here today. It seems they're determined to cooperate with us."

Jerome stared at the busy Chloe, his voice deep and full of questions. "Besides the Sawle Group, who else is here?"

"And Joseph's rumored fiancée is here too. Bringing that woman to an occasion like this shows how deeply they're in love, doesn't it?" The secretary's words were tinged with sarcasm.

Chloe, still unaware of all this, was lost in her own world.

Chloe, was this the man you once loved?

Was this the man for whom you were willing to change your name

far three whole years?

Chloe, you were truly naive.

identity, to marry reluctantly, just to stay by his side

A spark of anger ignited within Jerome. His lips, usually indifferent, curled slightly. "Is everything I asked you to prepare

"It's all ready, Director Xavier!" The secretary responded promptly.

"Bring it over, and send someone to lead the Sawle Group's people over here." Jerome pushed up his golden-rimmed glasses and a barely noticeable smirk flashed in his eyes.

Chloe had been crouching for too long, and her waist was starting to ache. She slowly stood up from amidst the flower bushes, panting, and wiped the sweat from her brow with her hand.

She was the kind of person who, when she encountered something she liked, would become exceptionally focused, completely immersed, and forget about space and time.

At this moment, Chloe suddenly remembered that Jerome was still waiting for her in the same spot.

She turned around in a hurry and was surprised to see him still patiently standing there. In his hands, he held a woven flower basket filled with exquisite yet subtle pink flowers.

It was truly beautiful, and it made her think of the line from Rilke: "Only the rose can unfold like a rose."

"Miss Thorp." Jerome called to her as he approached with the flower basket.

"Oh, please don't come in! Be careful not to dirty your clothes!" Chloe noticed how impeccably clean he was dressed and hurriedly warned him.

But the man paid no attention and continued to walk through the thorny bushes, single-mindedly wanting to be by her side. Chloe bit her petal-like vermilion lips, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

"Miss Thorp, this is for you. Jerome's deep eyes glowed with the soft hues of sunset as he offered the flower basket to her.

“Fourth Young Master, thank you for your kindness. But these flowers... I can't accept them. Chloe smiled gently as she declined.

Although it was just a flower basket, it was filled with roses, symbolizing ambiguity. Accepting it would be inappropriate.

Jerome anticipated her refusal and switched his approach, smiling, ‘Flowers complement the beauty of a lady, but that’s just one aspect. More importantly, I’ve noticed that Miss Thorp has a keen interest in the roses I’ve been cultivating. So, I’d like to give you this basket to take back and study.’

“Underneath the flowers, there’s soil from here that you can also take home, transplant into your own garden, and care for it attentively. They will bloom continuously.”

With this, Chloe had no reason to refuse anymore. She hesitated for a moment, then reached out and accepted the flower basket. “Well, thank you, Fourth Young Master, for your gift.

Suddenly, Jerome furrowed his brows and leaned towards her, his hands behind his back.

A face as exquisite as jade gradually enlarged in Chloe’s startled crystal eyes. She held her breath, and her long eyelashes blinked rapidly.

“Fourth Young Master, what’s wrong? Is there something on my

“Hmm.” Jerome nodded seriously.

“Where?” Chloe was bewildered as she wiped her face, but

This time, she truly looked like a “muddy Thorp.”

Jerome was full of tenderness as he took out a pure white from her cheek and forehead with natural grace.

face!”

streak of mud smeared onto her cheek.

khandkerchief from his pocket and gently wiped away the dirt

He moved quickly, and Chloe only snapped back to reality at that moment, flustered as she said, “I can do it myself, it’s fine.” “It’s okay, it’s already clean.” Jerome said, looking deeply into her eyes, then withdrew his hand swiftly.

He was always like this, stopping just at the right moment when she felt their interaction was becoming too intimate.

For some inexplicable reason, a provocative phrase crossed Chloe’s mind, “yielding to desire.”

However, she quickly dismissed the thought. Perhaps Jerome’s attentiveness was due to his gentle nature, or maybe it was the bond from their childhood.

At this moment, a series of footsteps approached them.

Chloe suddenly raised her eyes, then froze in shock.

Just a few steps away.

Joseph stood like an unyielding mountain, his figure stiff and cold as he stood before them. He didn’t seem excited or angry his astonishing peach-blossom eyes faintly glowed with fiery red.

The sea, when brewing a tsunami, was just as calm.

Just now. Joseph had witnessed all the interactions between Chloe and this man. His fists clenched tightly under his refined sleeves, and the veins on his forehead throbbed.

He watched as she accepted the roses from Jerome, saw her smile beautifully at him, watched as he gently wiped away the dirt from her cheeks...

They were in sync, intimate, like a harmonious couple.

Joseph's back stiffened, and his teeth ground audibly. In his mind, there was a sudden, thundering pain like a plane engine roaring.

So. Chloe didn't come here to compete for the project, she came here to enjoy the blossoms with her new love.

But he was willing to believe that she had come to compete, to fight, to torment him, to willingly hand over everything to her.

He also didn't want to see that everything that had once belonged to him was now being given away to this man...

Chapter 147

At this moment, a storm of emotions brewed beneath the somber and handsome face of Josephi

But Chloe didn't have as complex thoughts as him, she simply felt extremely unlucky, like the unluckiest person in the world!

Meeting this despicable man in such a romantic and beautiful place was like a rose falling into a pile of dog poop, completely ruining the mood. Next time, she thought, she should check the lunar calendar before going out.

As for Grace, who was clinging to Joseph like a band-aid, she was just a pungent odor to Chloe, even a glance at her was irritating.

At this moment, Jerome, with his tall and graceful figure, leaned towards her, and his thin lips came close to her ear as he chuckled, "Don't worry. I'm here."

Chloe's ears twitched, and she couldn't help but think, "What's there to be worried about? When you see a dog, just fight it off with another dog."

"Miss Thorp, I never expected to run into you here."

Grace put away her confrontational attitude and asked in a gentle and soft voice, "Is this gentleman your new boyfriend? You two seem to be a perfect match."

Chloe's eyes remained calm; she clearly didn't want to engage with this troublemaker.

However, Jerome, with a smile that seemed almost mocking, spoke, "Thank you for your compliment, but I'm not Miss Thorp's boyfriend yet."

This statement left the straightforward Chloe momentarily perplexed.

However, Joseph, hearing this, tightened his grip, causing his arm muscles to become as hard as stone. His face turned as cold as a thousand-foot frozen lake.

he's

saying

that he's not her boyfriend yet, but he will be, sooner or later?

Was he trying to provoke Joseph or challenge him, implying a relationship he couldn't accept?

Grace saw Joseph's brows furrowing, and she clenched her fingers around him tightly. She knew, deep down, that she couldn't let go of this scoundrel!

But now that Chloe had found a new love, she could breathe a little easier.

At least, they needed to make one side give up completely on that three-year marriage!

But should she say it? Chloe's luck seemed to be incredibly good. Who was this young master?

His demeanor was extraordinary, and his appearance was handsome.

"Is Mr. Sawle here to accompany his fiancée for a flower-viewing trip?"

Jerome's lips curled slightly. "But you'd better hurry, Rose Manor is about to close."

"I don't have the same elegance as you two."

Joseph locked eyes with him, exuding a fierce hostility that intentionally ignored Chloe. "Secretary Johnson, contact the person in charge of Rose Manor. I want to discuss our cooperation."

"Yes, Mr. Sawle" Max took out his phone and dialed.

A few seconds later, the phone suddenly rang.

Everyone heard it, and it was getting closer!.

"That's strange... It seems like the person is nearby?" Max scratched his head, puzzled, as he looked around.

Meanwhile, the ringing from the phone grew louder.

'Director Xavier.'

Joseph was taken aback, and his gaze was fixed on the man who had walked up to Jerome.

The phone that had been ringing was now in his palm!

"Director Xavier, there's a call for you."

The secretary handed the phone to Jerome, still acting respectfully, but he cast a disdainful glance at Joseph.

Jerome smiled briefly, as if nothing had happened. His slender, cold fingertips brushed over the screen, and he casually hung up the call.

At the same time, Max's call was abruptly cut off.

Max stood there with the phone in his hand, mouth agape, in a daze.

Joseph, on the other hand, was shrinking his pupils in disbelief, his face as pale as snow.

"Mr. Sawle, the owner of Rose Manor you were looking for is me. However, I regret to inform you that I already have an exclusive partner for cooperation. It seems that Mr. Sawle will return empty-handed." he said.

With that, Jerome turned his gaze to Chloe and continued, Miss Thorp, I have accepted your cooperation request."

Chloe's beautiful eyes widened slightly as she watched the man extend his right hand towards her.

“May we have a pleasant cooperation in the future.”

She glanced casually at Joseph, whose face was gradually darkening, and his eyes were tinged with red bloodshot veins.

Seeing this despicable man lose face, Chloe truly felt delighted. Yet, winning like this, without any effort, felt somewhat like bullying him.

Well, she didn't care, she'd enjoy it first!

So, Chloe raised her lips, revealing two playful dimples on her cheeks, and extended her hand gracefully to shake Jerome's hand. “I wish us a pleasant cooperation, Director Xavier.

The people from the Sawle Group exchanged puzzled looks, and Max suddenly felt like the sky had fallen on his head.

Seeing Joseph's expression turn stormy, Grace, thinking she was being helpful, said, “Brother Joseph, you don't have to worry. It's just a garden, and there are plenty of places like this in our country. We can contact other venues for the cooperation...”

However, before she finished speaking, Joseph abruptly withdrew his arm from her embrace.

He used too much force, causing her to stumble backward and lose face.

“Let's go. Director Xavier.” Chloe couldn't be bothered to look at them any longer and politely smiled at Jerome.

“Alright, I've already made a reservation at the restaurant. We can go there anytime.”

The two exchanged smiles, leaving Joseph feeling like an invisible hand was choking his throat, and his brow furrowed tightly.

He took a brisk step forward, blocking Jerome.

Director Xavier, let's have a private conversation" he said, his tone still assertive, showing no sign of weakness despite the failed project negotiation.

"If it's about the Rose Manor project, I don't think there's anything left to discuss between Mr. Sawle and me." Jerome replied, uninterested in wasting his time with him.

"What if it's about something else?"

Saying this. Joseph's enigmatic gaze focused on Chloe's face.

Jerome brought Joseph to a European-style pavilion within Rose Manor.

They sat across from each other, surrounded by colorful flowers, yet the atmosphere felt as cold as an ice cellar.

"Please, Mr. Sawle, get to the point. I still have a date with Miss Thorp to attend to." Jerome said, glancing at his watch with impatience.

"A date? Weren't you discussing cooperation?"

Joseph, not willing to let this man take the upper hand, especially in matters concerning Chloe, instinctively responded. "Maybe this is just your wishful thinking"

"After all, Chloe was my wife for three years, and I know her far better than you do."

- "Is that so

Jerome shrugged indifferently, taunting. Just three years, hardly substantial. Where does Mr. Sawle find the confidence to think you understand her better than me?"

Her clenched his fists in anger, his eyes filled with a chilling intensity. "You investigated me?"

Smirking, Jerome shook his head, "Everything I've done, it's all for Chloe. It has nothing to do with you from start to finish,"

"This time, I'm partnering with Chloe because she's the one I've been waiting for. Besides her, I won't allow anyone else to get involved."

"I know your people have been in contact with mine, but I just didn't have a chance to tell you that from the very beginning. I had no intention of collaborating with the Sawle Group."

Calling her "Chloe" so affectionately!

Joseph exhaled a breath, his eyes deep as night fire. "Jerome, although you've recently returned to the country, I'm not completely ignorant of who you are."

"People who don't know you well might be deceived by the facade you put on for Chloe, but I won't be fooled. I've heard things about what you did in Stoeyae."

In Stoeyae, Jerome was truly the embodiment of wealth and desire, a handsome devil with a notorious reputation.

However, he could completely conceal his true nature in front of Chloe and act like a loving and gentle gentleman. It's evident how deep his cunning and schemes run.

Indeed, they were divorced, and Chloe's life was no longer his concern.

Yet, Joseph watched her get closer and closer to Jerome, a mixture of anger, hatred, and fear bubbling within him.

Jerome's lips curled slightly, and he casually adjusted his glasses.

But he didn't refute Joseph's claims,

"You've never had a shortage of women around you. But Chloe isn't a woman you can just play with, someone you can flirt with and win over with a few roses." Joseph's face took on a frosty demeanor.

After a few seconds, Jerome couldn't help but chuckle. "It's quite strange. If you care so much about Chloe and can't bear to let her go, why did you divorce her and marry someone else?"

This question struck right at the heart of the matter, piercing to the core.

Joseph was momentarily stunned, feeling a tingling sensation rush through his chest. His entire soul shook with a numbness.

"I know exactly what kind of person I am, even if I'm utterly despicable. My heart for Chloe has always been pure, always loyal."

"It's better than you, Mr. Sawle, who married Chloe but secretly longs for someone else, causing Chloe profound pain. In this world, anyone can say this to me, but you can't."

Jerome's brow furrowed, his tone growing colder and more cutting. "No matter whether you have regrets now, you've already divorced. Who Chloe chooses to be with, who she likes, who she falls in love with, has nothing to do with you anymore."

With that, he stood up and walked towards the exit of the pavilion. Then he stopped, looking back at Joseph, who sat there like a snow sculpture, unmoving-

"I've been planning for her for a long time. Your three years, in my eyes, aren't worth mentioning."

Joseph remained seated in the pavilion, replaying Jerome's words in his mind. His face turned as white as paper, and his broad shoulders quivered slightly...

Chapter 148

Visitors gradually left the Rose Manor, leaving only Chloe and Grace.

The surroundings grew dim, but Chloe's face, free of makeup, remained as fair and radiant as a bright moon, eliciting both envy and jealousy from Grace.

Setting aside all grievances, Grace had to admit that Miss Thorp from the Thorp family was outstanding, an unparalleled beauty.

A woman this beautiful, living under the same roof as her man for three years, regardless of the substance behind the facade, how could she not feel anxious, fearful, and resentful?

So Grace gritted her teeth and walked up to Chloe, running her fingers through her long black hair. She displayed a triumphant smile rather than the fragile appearance she had shown in front of Joseph.

"So you've found a new target so quickly? You're quite impressive. But wouldn't it have been better to do this earlier? No matter how you entangled Joseph, he wouldn't have given you a second glance."

Chloe glanced at her as if she were a lunatic. "Why would I want him to look at me? I'm not a peacock in a park, and I don't need to flaunt my feathers."

Grace was momentarily silenced, but she felt deeply offended and provoked, so she decided to use her trump card.

"Since we've met. I might as well tell you some good news. Joseph and I are going to get engaged soon. We've chosen the day, of my birthday party for the engagement."

“Is that so? Well, congratulations. But I don’t have a red envelope for you.” Chloe responded nonchalantly, her tone utterly dismissive.

Seeing Chloe’s indifference, Grace couldn’t help but feel her anger rise. She thought. “Even if you act tough, you must be seething with anger inside. But what’s the use?”

“In the end, I’m the one who will be with Joseph, and you’ll be the joke of the entire Medo city!”

“Ah, Grace, every time you see me, it’s either you’re shouting about wanting to get Joseph or bragging about how your relationship with him is unbreakable.”

“Is your life really so dull and uninteresting? Besides a man who’s been divorced once, do you have nothing else to be proud of?” Chloe sighed lazily, feeling like talking to her was lowering herself to another level.

But this self-important bad woman had to be put in her place, or else Chloe would feel uneasy.

“What did you say?!” Grace glared at her, her anger making her tongue-tied.

“You want to show off your change in social class and marrying into a wealthy family, and I can understand that. But you should find a suitable audience for your bragging. You treasure the one thing I find repulsive. I find you boring.”

Garbage?!

Grace, furious, flushed and paled, retorted, “Chloe! You’re just sour grapes because you can’t have him! The fact that you’re badmouthing us so much right now only proves how much you care about me and Joseph being together!”

“Calling Joseph trash is just a way for you to vent your frustration, after all, you’re the one who wasted three years in vain, and you’re also the one Joseph kicked to the curb!”

Chloe's gaze turned suddenly icy, like two flying daggers that seemed to pierce into Grace's heart, making her shiver inwardly.

"This is something you should understand, darling. Sometimes, you need to know when to quit. Just because I've made some concessions doesn't mean you can take advantage of me. And just because I'm kind doesn't mean you can babble nonsense in front of me."

"Let me remind you for the last time, don't use my tolerance as an excuse to step out of line. Otherwise, your days ahead might not be as pleasant, Miss Ashley."

The name "Ashley" struck Grace like a sudden thunderbolt on a clear day, making her liver and gallbladder tremble. Her face turned ashen as if burnt.

Her blood seemed to reverse, her breath caught, and she took a small step back in panic.

"What's the matter? What's with that expression?"

Chloe, seeing her lose all color, couldn't help but smile. "Isn't Ashley the English name you used when you were studying in the United States?"

"I've never seen someone react like this just hearing their own name, it's like a female ghost hearing an exorcism."

"I don't know who Ashley is... I've never heard that name before. I don't know what nonsense you're spewing!" Grace's breathing grew even more rapid as she desperately tried to distance herself from the accusation.

After all, the former Ashley was a promiscuous, lustful, materialistic woman, a far cry from the pure and virtuous image she was now trying to project for Joseph.

If Joseph were to find out that she had once slept with different men for seven consecutive days and even gave birth to a daughter from one of those encounters, everything would be ruined.

Chloe narrowed her dangerously beautiful almond-shaped eyes, taking two steps closer, her hands behind her back, her slender waist slightly curved. She revealed a prophetic and icy smile.

“Faces can be altered, names can be changed, but what you’ve done in the past, no matter how much you try to erase it, there will always be traces left behind.”

“There are things I won’t say, not because I’m kind, but because they have nothing to do with me, and I can’t be bothered. But if you dare to provoke me again, don’t blame me for tearing apart your fig leaf.”

Grace felt a violent spasm in her chest, and her whole body was overcome with a bone-chilling sensation, as if Chloe had drained her of every drop of blood.

As Joseph left Rose Manor, Chil

and Jerome had already departed.

After the conversation with that man, he sat alone in the cold wind like a dried-up fossil for a long time.

By now, it was already late in the day.

Joseph sent someone to take Grace back to the hospital and returned to the Mazeland Manor with Max.

On the way, Max was so anxious that his cold sweat soaked through his suit. He blushed and repeatedly apologized to Joseph, “I’m sorry... I’m sorry, Mr. Sawle... You can punish me however you want!”

“It’s all my fault, I didn’t do a proper investigation, I didn’t know that the person in charge who contacted me was from the Xavy Group! It’s all my fault...”

As he spoke, Max, a tall and sturdy young man, choked up unexpectedly.

Joseph, who had been deep in thought with his eyes closed, opened his eyes and spoke coldly, "How old are you? Is it worth crying over such a small matter?"

"But this... it's not a small matter..." Max said helplessly.

"People from the Xavy Group haven't appeared in the country for more than a decade. It's normal that you couldn't find their information."

Joseph said as he closed his eyes again and took a deep breath. "Even if you found it, the result would be the same. He won't cooperate with us. There are several other rose gardens in the country, just contact them, and we'll find a supplier."

"Yes, I'll do that tomorrow!"

Max rubbed his eyes and sighed deeply. "Mr. Sawle, that Director Xavier, he's really generous when it comes to Miss Thorp. For such a big project, he agreed to it right away. A normal businessman would at least compare multiple options and consider it carefully, right?"

Those words were like a thorn, deeply embedded in Joseph's heart.

He asked with a tone of desolation, "Max, have I treated Chloe poorly in the past? Have I really done such a terrible job?"

Max, with a lump in his throat, was momentarily speechless. Although he was straightforward, he wasn't foolish.

He had just messed up an assignment, and now the boss had thrown him a life-or-death question. He felt like he was sitting on pins and needles.

"It's okay, I won't blame you, but you can speak your mind." Joseph saw through his cautious thoughts.

“Cough... well.. Mr. Sawle, to be honest, you haven’t treated Miss Thorp... poorly. She has the best of everything in terms of food, clothing, and shelter. You give her luxury cars and black cards without hesitation.”

“I and her were originally in an arranged marriage, arranged by my grandfather. It was a marriage in name only. As long as it’s something I can provide, I’ve never been stingy.” Joseph pinched the bridge of his high nose, his voice filled with melancholy.

*If Miss Thorp had approached you from the beginning with a contractual attitude, planning to stay for three years and then leave, then you wouldn’t have done anything wrong to her.”

-Max suddenly turned serious, his brow furrowing. “It’s just a pity, Mr. Sawle, that Miss Thorp genuinely loved you. She used

to love you wholeheartedly, caring for you, unwaveringly, for three years. No matter how you neglected her or how the Sawle family mistreated her, she never complained.”

“Facing with a woman who considered you her husband, those three years of how you treated Miss Thorp... indeed, they were too heartless, too cruel. The money you gave her, in the eyes of a woman who loved you deeply, was truly a stark humiliation.”

Stark humiliation.

Joseph’s throat trembled violently.

All the turbulent emotions gathered in his heaving chest. He tried hard to suppress them, taking a deep breath.

However, when he thought of the phrase “she loved you, his unyielding spirit felt like it was about to be crushed by this surge of emotion, unable to resist.

Chapter 149

For dinner, Jerome had prepared an omakase menu for Chloe, which suited her unpredictable nature perfectly.

The air-flown bluefin tuna was incredibly tender and delicious, the tempura was crispy on the outside and tender on the inside, and the sashimi was exceptionally fresh. In short, every dish was outstanding.

After enjoying the delicious meal and having a bit of wine, Miss Thorp's aura was immediately in full bloom, and she became more talkative.

Jerome was a knowledgeable person, and it just happened that Chloe was too. The two of them went from discussing literature to music and then to games, with hardly a topic that Jerome couldn't engage in.

But what surprised her the most was that they had both played an overseas asymmetric competitive game and shared a preference for playing as the killer.

When Chloe talked about the game, her eyes lit up, her delicate face blushed, and her fair hands gestured animatedly in the air, becoming more and more excited as she spoke.

Jerome didn't interrupt, skillfully picking up on her words, and his eyes held an indulgent smile.

After a satisfying meal and plenty of conversation, the two of them walked out of the restaurant side by side.

Although they had enjoyed themselves throughout the dinner, Jerome hadn't mentioned the collaboration at all. It made Chloe feel a bit awkward.

Just as they were about to part ways, she was about to bring up the matter when this man seemed to read her mind and spoke first," Miss Thorp, regarding the collaboration with Rose Manor, you can send over the plan whenever you're ready, and we can go through the process and sign the contract officially"

"Fourth Young Master."

Chloe paused, her tone gentle as she continued, "Today, you didn't choose the Sawle Group but decided to cooperate with me. I understand that you might want to help me get back at Joseph."

Jerome remained noncommittal, his lips curving into a faint smile as he looked at her.

"But the business world isn't child's play, everyone has to consider their own interests. Fourth Young Master, I hope you will handle this matter with caution and not let personal relationships cloud your judgment in choosing a business partner."

"Although I have some conflicts with Joseph, I won't resort to unfair tactics. In the matter of the Rose Manor collaboration, since he also wishes to participate, I suggest that you review both our proposals and choose the superior one through fair competition."

Since leaving Rose Manor, Chloe's mind had been racing nonstop.

She had contemplated the situation from every angle and felt that partnering with Jerome like this wasn't quite right.

If there were any flaws in Sawle Group, she would seize the opportunity to gain an advantage rightfully. But if she obtained resources through her connection with Jerome, it would make her feel uncomfortable, as if she were using a ruan to climb the ladder, an underhanded way to success.

This was completely against her style as the young miss. Besides her father and brothers, she, being a strong-willed woman, would never rely on any man.

Jerome gazed deeply into her clear eyes, his smile carrying the softness of moonlight as he nodded, "Hmm, you make a valid point"

"Even if he presents a proposal to me, I will still choose you."

Chloe: "...

It was as if he had just made a heartfelt confession, making her feel self-conscious.

“Miss Thorp, I understand your intention.”

Jerome smiled, his voice as gentle as moonlight. “But everyone has their own way of doing things. My way is to work with acquaintances. I don’t know Joseph well, so I won’t choose him.”

“But Miss Thorp, we’ve known each other for a long time, and we get along so well, so I choose you.”

Chloe blinked her beautiful eyes, feeling a bit embarrassed as she turned away.

Strange, Jerome’s words didn’t seem out of line, but they sounded like a heartfelt confession, making her feel so self-conscious.

“Alright, since the Fourth Young Master values me so much, I won’t let you down. I’ve been busy with my own hotel business recently, so the plan may take a little longer. I hope you can understand.” Chloe no longer had reservations and adopted a polite and courteous attitude towards the cooperation.

“It’s okay, I can wait as long as it takes.*

Jerome personally opened the car door for her. “The night is cool. You should go home quickly.”

Chloe waved to him, bid her farewell, and as soon as she got into the car, the man bent down, tilting his head to look inside through the window.

“Miss Thorp.”

“Fourth Young Master, is there something else?” Chloe blinked her bright eyes.

“Today at the Rose Manor, Mr. Sawle asked to speak with me privately. Aren’t you curious about what we talked about?”

Throughout dinner, Jerome had been waiting for Chloe to bring up this matter, but she hadn’t mentioned it at all.

Really, she was so composed.

“I have no interest in knowing”

Joseph smiled openly and gracefully, her di

showing. “Joseph and I have nothing to do with each other anymore.

Whatever he said has nothing to do with me. Goodbye, Fourth Young Master.”

The Bugatti gradually disappeared into the night.

Jerome pushed up his glasses, and the corners of his lips couldn’t help but lift. A hot heart thumped in his chest.

The sound of the night raced on the overpass.

Chloe lowered the car window, enjoying the rushing night breeze, looking at the neon lights on the opposite side of the river, lost in thought.

“Miss, have you become so familiar with Fourth Young Master Xavier so quickly? Jordan clutched the steering wheel tightly, asking in a mutilated voice.

“It’s alright, we get along well.”

“Although he saved you, it’s also a fact that he followed you to your residential area back then. You can’t be too careless.” Jordan grumbled.

“Maybe he recognized me and was curious about me, so he did that. Besides, I’ve met him twice, and I think he’s not a bad person. Sometimes he talks a bit strangely, is it because of the bold style of the Stoeyae people?”

Chloe’s

’s eyes sparkled. “But most importantly, he and I like to play the same game! Kindred spirits! We even agreed to team up and go fishing together someday!”

Jordan felt increasingly bitter.

He pursed his lips, remained silent for a while, and then asked in a low voice. “Miss, you’ve never been so easygoing and tolerant with any man you’ve just met.”

“Do you... perhaps like him a little?”

“Oh, which eye of yours saw that? Whichever eye saw it, I’ll gouge it out.”

Chloe gave Jordan a wordless glare. “And even if we take a step back, it’s not like I would like a man. I’ve got better things to do with my time.”

“Men only slow me down when it comes to making money!”

Jordan couldn’t help but chuckle, his worries dissipating.

Thank goodness her young mistress hadn’t been swayed by that Fourth Young Master Xavier. Thank goodness indeed...

Just then, as the sports car passed over a speed bump, a card fell out of a bouquet of flowers.

“Huh?” Chloe frowned, bending down to pick it up.

Opening it, the handwritten message on it was elegantly beautiful, a note from Jerome.

“In youth, don’t miss the good times.”

Chloe’s eyes narrowed slightly. This Fourth Young Master Xavier was quite interesting.

“Today, did you run into your nemesis, Grace?” Jordan asked with concern, remembering the hateful look on that woman’s face when she served Chloe tea

“What do you think?’ Chloe raised an eyebrow playfully. “Can a dog stop eating crap?”

Miss, Grace has already taken action against you. She’s trying to make a big move in her life progress bar.”

Jordan’s eyes suddenly darkened. “How do you plan to deal with this?”

“Jordan, you don’t need to stay by my side these days. Instead, there’s something I’d like you to do for me.”-

“Please. Miss, tell me.”

“Keep a close eye on Grace’s mother, Willow.”

Chloe lightly touched the roses in the bouquet, her eyes as cold as a weapon. “After tonight, Grace won’t be able to hold back any longer, and she’ll prepare to take action.”

“Miss, did you tell her something tonight?” Jordan asked, puzzled.

“I mentioned something about her time in Nialzuct, and she was visibly frightened, to say the least.” Chloe recalled with a smirk.

“Ah? But wouldn’t that be like poking the hornet’s nest?” Jordan asked, full of concern.

Chloe playfully shook her slender index finger, her eyes half-closed in a smile. “It’s not poking the hornet’s nest; it’s luring the snake out of its hole.”

“The words I said to Grace tonight were deliberately meant to provoke her. The closer she gets to marrying Joseph, the more she’ll lose her composure. She’s set her heart on entering the Sawle Group, and to achieve that, she’ll do whatever it takes to remove any obstacles.”

Jordan suddenly realized, “So, she’ll definitely look for that child and hide her again?!”

Chloe grinned cunningly, nodding, “Grace is currently in the hospital every day, which makes it inconvenient for her to take action. So, she’ll most likely assign this task to Willow, her mother, as only her mother knows where the girl is fostered.”

“I’ve already baited the hook, now we just have to wait for the fish to bite.”

Chapter 150

Back at the hospital, Grace was filled with anxiety, her mind in chaos.

She recalled Chloe’s eerie words and anxiously bit her nails while pacing in the hospital room.

“No... I can’t let this continue like this! Chloe is now the heiress of the Thorp Group, and she’s cunning and devious. She already knows about my time in Nialzuct, and she might dig up more soon!”

She couldn't sit idly by, she had to take action!

So, Grace nervously dialed Yates's phone.

It rang for a while before someone answered, "What's the matter, calling so late..."

"Yates! Chloe is investigating me right now, and she might soon discover your connection to me!"

Grace's eyes were red with anxiety, her throat dry as if it were on fire. "You must leave Medo immediately, the sooner, the better!"

"Hmph... You're not trying to get rid of me, are you? Let me tell you, if I can't get the money, I won't give up."

"If Chloe finds out about your connection to me, my engagement with Joseph will be completely ruined! By then, you won't get even 700 thousand dollars!" Grace gritted her teeth and growled.

"Alright, alright... I'll trust you this time. But don't play tricks, or..."

"I promise you won't get any less money than I agreed to! Let's avoid unnecessary complications for the time being and not contact each other!"

After saying that, Grace hung up the phone, but her hand was still trembling

She calmed herself down and called her mother, Willow.

"Mom, come to the hospital right away. I have something important to discuss with you!"

On the other side, the phone belonging to Yates was now black-screened.

Yates had been confined in the underground cellar for these past few days, closely guarded, with no way to escape.

But fortunately, he had successfully moved from a hanging position to a seated one. Even this small change made him feel like kneeling down and kowtowing to Chloe.

After all, if he continued to hang upside down, he might end up with a brain hemorrhage and become a vegetable.

“Not bad, I see your acting skills are getting better and better.” Chloe handed the phone to Jordan, raising an eyebrow teasingly.

“No no no... working for Miss... it’s only right.” Yates’s face turned pale, fearing that his head might roll off.

He had just lost the use of two fingers, becoming disabled, and he didn’t want to lose his feet too.

“In a few days, it will be Grace’s birthday.”

Chloe leisurely sat in her chair, her beautiful legs crossing elegantly. “By then, I’ll need your cooperation to stage a play.”

your

“If you perform well, you’ll make amends, and I’ll send you to prison for rehabilitation. If you don’t perform well, punishment will be even worse. I’ll send you straight to the King of Hell”

“I understand... I understand... I’ll do whatever Miss says. Your word is my command!” Yates’s cold sweat was flowing, and he nodded like a chicken pecking at rice.

Chloe pursed her lips and smiled, 'I heard you've been eating only one bun every day? Tsk tsk, how can you endure that? Jordan, bring the food over.'

"Yes, Miss

In no time, Jordan placed a food tray in front of Yates.

There were not only four hot buns but also a roasted chicken and a bottle of beer!

After days of eating only cold buns, Yates's face had turned green with hunger.

Now, he stared at the roasted chicken with tears and drool streaming down.

"Go ahead and eat. It's a reward from me." Jordan said coldly, placing the plate in front of him like serving dog food.

Yates swallowed his saliva, looking at Chloe with tears in his eyes and asked mournfully, "Miss... is this a feast before my

execution?"

After coming out of the "black cell," Chloe stretched lazily, feeling utterly exhausted.

"Let's go, back home."

"Why, Miss, did you prepare a meal for that scoundrel?"

Jordan recalled the events of that night, and his heart ached as if it were being twisted. His eyes had a hint of redness as he said. "Those kinds of profit-seeking, heartless beasts, it's too good for them even to eat sh**"

“To bring down Grace, I need Yates’s assistance.”

Chloe yawned and said, “These days, he’s been suffering here, and he must hate Grace and me”

“But if I show him a little kindness when he’s on the brink of a breakdown, he’ll be grateful to me and shift all his hatred onto

Grace.”

“At that point, he’ll put in all his effort to take revenge on her.”

“Miss, you’re brilliant!”

Jordan couldn’t help but praise her, then chuckled, “I can’t wait to see them tear each other apart!”

One week later.

Chloe had just finished inspecting the restaurant and returned to her office, satisfied with her work. She decided to reward herself with a few rounds of gaming to relax.

Since she took over the hotel, nearly half a year had passed. The hotel had been thriving, and business was booming. Not only had it successfully passed the star rating assessment without losing any stars, but it had also earned the title of “Most Popular Hotel of the Year.”

However, this was still not enough for her. What she wanted to achieve was the “Best Hotel of the Year,” a title that the Sawle Group’s hotel had held for five consecutive years. It was time for the Thorp Group to take over.

With the turn of the tide, Chloe was here, and it was time for the Thorp Group to shine.

In recent days, Chloe had been interviewed by three well-known domestic media outlets. Jordan had never expected that Miss would make a public appearance, which was contrary to her usual low-profile style.

However, Chloe had her reasons for doing so.

She knew that if she wanted to become the CEO of the KS Group, her status as Stefan's beloved daughter might not be enough to win over everyone. So she couldn't remain hidden as a leader behind the scenes. She had to step forward and make her accomplishments visible to everyone in the KS Group.

Stefan had given her control of the hotel as a stepping stone, and she was determined to make the most of this opportunity.

At this moment, Chloe was on a winning streak in her game. She was about to call Jordan to bring her more coffee when she realized that Jordan was away on an important mission.

One week had passed, and Grace's birthday banquet was just two days away, but Jordan had not yet returned.

Chloe smiled as she tapped her delicate fingers on the desk.

She knew her calculations were flawless.

So she had the patience to wait.

A phone call came in,

Chloe lifted her eyes and saw that it was a call from her adorable disciple, Rose. She answered with a smile.

"Rose, do you have some good things to offer your master again?*

“Master!”

Rose abandoned her usual haughty and fashionable demeanor, adopting a sweet and crisp tone. “I’ve prepared some tea and homemade snacks for you, as well as some top-quality Longjing tea. Do you have time to visit my place today? I want to treat you-”

“Humph, you must have just received the design sketches for Rozabela’s new season’s high-fashion collection. Are you inviting me over to review them for you?” Chloe saw through her disciple’s intentions right away.

“Oh, Master, you see through everything” Rose pouted playfully.

*Rose, in fact, your skills are already very high. You don’t need me to guide you anymore. You’re now an idol to countless junior designers, a big name in the fashion industry.”

Chloe encouraged her, speaking sincerely, “You just need to follow your own ideas. If I dictate and micromanage, it won’t

reflect your design’s uniqueness. It will lose its essence.”

“Have confidence in yourself, Miss Rose!”

“Thank you, Master... I will never forget that without you, I wouldn’t have achieved what I have today.”

Rose, as humble as she had been in the past when she was unknown, still regarded Sharon as her eternal idol

“In fact, Master, there’s something else I want to tell you, but I’m afraid you’ll be angry when you hear it.”

Rose hesitated and then gritted her teeth, saying, “Just an hour ago, that little b*tch Grace came to pester me for clothes. again. She picked the silver one-shoulder evening gown I have hanging in the design room. She’s so shameless!”

“You lent it to her? Chloe asked calmly.

“Yes... so I came to apologize to Master Rose’s voice weakened.

“I understand you very well. You, like me, don’t do things for nothing. You have your goals and reasons for everything you do.” Chloe had no intention of blaming her.

“The dress she borrowed, although it’s a high-end design, it’s already last year’s outdated model. Moreover, it doesn’t fit her body shape at all. Even so, she insists on wearing it!”

Rose snorted coldly, “I told her that the high-end evening gowns designed by me are all precious one-of-a-kind pieces. She can borrow them, but if she dares to make any alterations to my design, even just using a safety pin, I will make her pay five times the price!”

“Will there be any issues with her wearing such an ill-fitting dress?” Chloe asked lazily, her beautiful eyes half-closed. “If there are any problems, it’s her problem, not mine. She’s the one who will be embarrassed. Right, Master?”