

CEOs Baby 1001

Chapter 1001: Monica's First Victory, Michael's First Defeat

"I hate her." Brie said bluntly, "You don't like me because of her, and it's because of her that we're in this state. So, I want you to kill her with your own hands."

"Now is not the time." Michael rejected her request.

"If now is not the right time, it won't be the right time in the future either." Brie sneered, "Michael, you just can't bear to kill her."

"I told you. I no longer have any feelings for her."

"That's what you said, but what you're doing is completely different," Brie was not shy to expose his innermost thoughts. "I can help you do anything, but Michael, I don't want to end up as cannon fodder. I don't want to put in all my efforts, only to help you and Monica in the end. Perhaps I'm selfish, and I admit that I'm selfish, so selfish that I can't accept you getting snatched away by any woman, especially Monica!"

Michael looked at Brie and her determined eyes coldly.

He knew Brie's personality very well. If he did not fulfil her request, she would not agree to his arrangement.

At that, he could not help but clench his fists.

Even though Brie would die sooner or later, he had no choice but to obey her at that moment. Otherwise, if they fell out, he would not be able to clean up the mess.

He said, "Alright!"

Brie was still a little surprised by Michael's sudden agreement.

"You're right." Michael said, "I can't bear to part with Monica. I really can't bear to see her die. Perhaps I really do still have feelings for her, and this feeling will not only hurt you, but it will also harm me! If it weren't for my soft-heartedness toward Monica back then, Cardellini Enterprise would have long been reduced to ashes. I won't allow such a woman, who is a great threat to my existence and has even made me suffer setbacks twice, to remain in this world."

"Today. I want to see her die today!" Brie said.

Michael's eyes narrowed.

"Once she dies, I'll listen to your arrangements and leave Harken immediately. I'll wait for you overseas."

"Alright." Michael did not even try to negotiate with Brie.

He agreed just like that.

Brie said, "In that case, I'll go back and wait for your good news."

"Yes." Michael nodded.

Brie looked at Michael deep in the eyes before she left. The moment she left, her expression changed.

She smiled evilly.

Even if she was going to die, she would drag Monica down with her.

Besides, if Michael did not kill her but killed Monica with his own hands instead, that would also be a form of revenge against Michael!

She wanted Michael to regret treating her like that!

...

When Brie left, Michael's expression was also extremely ugly.

He did not expect Brie's condition would be to kill Monica. He had thought that her only condition was for him and her to be together.

Michael's eyes turned cold!

However, that condition of hers was fine too. Monica was going to die anyway, but now, she would just die a little earlier than he had planned.

He had originally wanted to torture her, but Brie was forcing him to make that decision.

He picked up his phone and ordered coldly, "Find out where Monica is now!"

"Yes." The other party was extremely respectful.

After a while, the other party replied, "Monica is now at the house of the little boy who died in the accident."

"Did you drive there?"

"I saw her car parked by the side of the road."

"Tamper with her brakes."

"Yes." The other party did not even need to ask why. They would only carry out orders numbly.

Michael hung up the phone.

Whether Monica would die or not depended on her own luck.

...

Monica left the little boy's parents' house.

Today's news was huge, so the little boy's parents had also watched the entire live broadcast and knew that the little boy's direct death had nothing to do with Cardellini Enterprise.

However, from another perspective, if Cardellini Enterprise had not gotten into trouble, their child would not have become a scapegoat. No matter what, Cardellini Enterprise was responsible for the child's death in some way.

Therefore, Monica went to apologize sincerely. It was inevitable that it was mostly acting before, but this time, it was with sincerity.

Although she had not been forgiven, she gave everything she thought she could to the middle-aged couple.

They were given 10 million in compensation, as well as the free use of all the drugs under the Cardellini Enterprise for life. No matter the price, as long as they used it, it was free.

It had to be said that as a businessman, such compensation was a huge loss.

However, she believed her father would approve of her compensation method.

Her family was most afraid of was having emotional debts.

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Therefore, once there was an emotional entanglement, they would do their best to repay it.

She returned to the small car.

All things considered, she had managed to let go of that one thing. At least, she could have a clear conscience now.

She drove to the hospital.

Tomorrow, her father would have a heart transplant surgery, and today, she had proven the innocence of Cardellini Pharmaceutical. It was the best gift she could give her father.

As for whether Michael would be brought to justice because of that incident, she did not have much hope. However, as Jeannie said, that would definitely be a fatal blow to Michael.

The thought of Michael exasperated in some corner made her very giddy.

She was driving a little faster because she wanted to go to the hospital as soon as possible to spend time with her father.

From today to tomorrow, she would definitely stay by his side and cheer him on.

As the traffic light in front turned red, Monica stepped on the brakes.

She frowned and stepped on it with a little more force. However, the car showed no signs of stopping.

At that moment, she started to become a little flustered and hurriedly stepped on the brakes. Even then, there was no reaction.

How could that be?

She was still driving a little too fast, and the intersection was right in front of her. If she sped over now, she could easily collide with the cars coming from other directions. However, she could not stop, and she immediately felt scared.

She was a little flustered as she tried to maneuver the steering wheel.

At that moment, her car was already out of control and had driven past the traffic light.

Suddenly, a loud horn sounded in his ears. A bus was driving over from her left, and they were about to collide.

Monica gritted her teeth and stepped on the accelerator. The brakes were no longer working, but the accelerator was still there.

She sped up and the bus brushed past her. She managed to escape, but before she could breathe a sigh of relief, a motorcycle sped over from the right.

Monica screamed in shock.

She gripped the steering wheel tightly and used all her strength to frantically avoid the motorcycle. However, the moment she avoided it, she slammed into the guardrail at the side.

Following a “bang”, all the airbags popped out.

Due to the impact of the collision, Monica fainted in the driver's seat.

The moment she fainted, she kept telling herself, 'I can't die. I definitely can't die.'

If she was dead, what about her parents?

She still had to accompany her father for the surgery, so nothing must happen to her

That sentence repeated itself in her mind, telling herself that she could not die!

...

It was a cool autumn day in South Hampton City.

Michael was still sitting in the coffee shop, and cigarette butts were scattered all over the ground.

His eyes flickered, and he glanced at the vibrating phone before picking it up.

"Mr. Ross, Monica got into a car accident," the other party reported.

"Is she dead?"

"She was sent to the hospital, but she didn't look like she'd die." The other party speculated, "Do you need me to do something about it?"

"That's enough," Michael said bluntly.

In the end, he still could not bear to see Monica die. Otherwise, he could have arranged for a car to kill her.

He just wanted to teach her a lesson.

Of course, if Monica would not learn her lesson, she would still die!

His expression changed, and he picked up his phone to call Brie. "Monica got into a car accident."

"Is she dead?" Brie asked him coldly.

"I don't know. She was sent to the hospital."

"You're still going soft on her."

"I just don't want to make a big deal out of this. If Monica is really dead, we will be suspected of murder, and the first suspect is me. After all, she pointed me out in front of everyone today, so I have a very strong motive for killing her. Even though they might not be able to convict me, I don't want to get myself into unnecessary trouble. The Sanders have lost their patience with me. "

"Whatever you say makes sense."

"Teaching Monica a lesson is also giving you an explanation. I will fulfill my promise to you sooner or later." Michael promised. "Not only will I kill Monica, but I will also make you my wife."

"I hope so." Brie did not say anything more and hung up the phone.

Michael did not say much either because it did not matter if Brie was willing or not.

As long as she agreed to help him, he would be able to send her on her way without anyone knowing.

It was tonight!

He stood up and left the cafe.

He needed to personally make arrangements to silence her.

...

Monica opened her eyes, and all she could see was a vast expanse of white.

Was she dead?

She was still alive!

Suddenly, her eyes focused because she saw Finn, who was wearing a white coat, appear in front of her.

"Are you awake?" He asked.

Monica cleared her throat. "I didn't die."

"You're not dead, and your injuries aren't serious." Finn said bluntly, "In other words, you didn't lose an arm or a leg from the car accident. The airbag helped a lot."

It was good that she was alive.

Monica did not even have time to rejoice that her body organs and limbs were intact. All she knew in her head was that she was not dead.

She moved her body.

Finn pressed the button for the bed, and the bed raised her head so that she could sit up.

"May I know what time it is now?" Monica asked.

"8 p.m. in the evening,"

"I've slept for so long." Monica could not believe it.

"Yes, the doctor said that you're overworked and need to rest," Finn replied.

Overworked? It seemed so.

For the press conference today, she had not slept at all last night. She had probably slept for one to two hours at most, and she was dreaming the entire time.

Moreover, it was not just because she did not sleep well last night.

Ever since her father had fallen ill, she had not had a good rest. However, the car accident made her sleep better.

She struggled for a moment and got off the bed.

Finn also looked at her coldly and watched as she finally got down from the bed.

Just as she was about to take two steps, her body went limp, as if she was about to fall.

Seeing that, Finn reached out to support her. However, the moment he held her, Monica pushed him away with great strength.

After pushing him away, she fell back onto the bed because she had used too much strength.

On top of that, her breathing was uneven.

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Monica pushed Finn away.

The moment she pushed him away, the rebound force from her using too much strength made her sit on the bed.

She was also panting.

At that moment, the room seemed to be a little quiet. In the silence, only Monica's breathing could be heard.

Finn silently lowered his arm and clenched his fingers. However, there was no expression on his face.

He said coldly, "The doctor said that you're exhausted and that you haven't eaten for a day, so you'll be weaker when you wake up. You'd better eat something first."

"Alright." Monica also felt that it was impossible for her to act tough at that moment.

Her instinctive reaction just now was...

It was just an instinctive reaction, and she felt that there was no need to explain anything to Finn.

After all, it was better for her to keep a distance from Finn.

Although she did not know why Finn would take the initiative to help her up, or perhaps it was just a casual move when she fell, she really did not want to have any physical contact with him.

Somehow, she always felt that he would be annoyed, even if he took the initiative.

She did not want Finn to misunderstand anything or think that she was using her weak body to get close to him.

She did not know when she had started to be so careful around Finn.

Perhaps it was because she had ruined their marriage with her own hands that she felt inferior to him.

Or perhaps it was because Finn was her father's attending doctor, and Finn did not dare to offend her father.

Anyway, there were many reasons, but the final result was that she would never provoke Finn again and would even try to stay as far away from him as possible.

Monica returned to the bed slowly because she was afraid of falling again. However, she tried her best not to show how much pain she was in.

In fact, there should still be some injuries on her body.

She felt that it was very difficult to lift her feet, and her exposed arm was also red and swollen.

Finn stood by her side and did not help her again. He just watched her lie down on the hospital bed again with great difficulty and like a snail.

He pressed the call button for her. "Please send dinner to Ward 028."

"Alright," the other party quickly agreed.

The room fell into silence again as they silently waited for Monica's dinner.

In fact, Monica did not know why Finn was still around or why he was here.

She tried her best to hold that curiosity of hers in, but in the end, she could not help herself anymore and asked, "It's getting late. Why don't you go home and rest? I hope you'll be in your best condition for my father's surgery tomorrow."

Finn did not respond.

Hence, Monica continued, "I'll be fine on my own. After dinner, I'll go back to my dad's ward to accompany him—"

"Do you know how you got into the car accident?" Finn suddenly interrupted her.

It caught Monica by surprise.

Finn said, "I checked your car. Someone has tampered with your brakes."

Of course, she knew.

There was no reaction when she stepped on the brakes, and she was very sure that when she went to the little boy's house, her car was fine.

There was no way the brakes would suddenly stop working after she went to the little boy's house.

However, she did not have time to think about who it could be.

In fact, there was no need for her to think too deeply about it because who else could it be other than Michael?

Her actions today had probably angered Michael. Otherwise, why would he think of killing her?

"I suggest you be careful during this period of time," Finn said bluntly.

"I'll be careful." Monica nodded.

Her attitude toward Finn had changed in the sense that she would go with whatever he said and not go against him.

"It's best to rest a little more after dinner. Blood loss after a car accident will lead to low blood sugar, and it's easier to faint." Finn reminded.

"Yes." Monica nodded obediently.

With that, Finn left the ward, and as a doctor, he left only after giving a few simple instructions.

After he left, Monica heaved a sigh of relief. When she had nothing to talk about, she really did not know how to get along with Finn.

She leaned against the head of the bed and stared at the ceiling above her.

In fact, forgetting someone was not difficult at all.

As long as she recognized the difference between them, understood that the other party had given up, kept telling herself that it was impossible for them to be together, and kept suppressing her feelings, the relationship was over.

Monica ate the dinner the nurse sent over.

She did not have much of an appetite, but she forced herself to finish it all.

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After eating, she listened to Finn's instructions and lay down for a while. After making sure that he had recovered a little, she got off the bed and left the ward to go to his father's ward.

In the ward, she did not know if it was because of the surgery tomorrow, but her father was not asleep yet.

Her mother was not asleep either.

When she showed up, her mother was worried. "Monica, you're finally here. If Finn didn't tell us that you fell asleep because you were too tired, I would've called the police."

Finn told her parents that she had fallen asleep from being overly exhausted, huh?

Fortunately, he did not mention that she got into a car accident. If he told them, his parents would probably be worried to death.

She made sure that her clothes covered her wounds before she walked to her mother. "I just wanted to lie down for a while, but I overslept."

"You've been working so hard recently. You should rest more. It's just that your dad can't sleep without seeing you, and I also felt my eyelids twitching. But now that I see you're fine, I'm relieved." As Ruby spoke, she seemed to notice some scratches on Monica's face.

It was probably caused by the broken windshield in the car accident.

"What's wrong with your face? Why is there a cut and it's a little swollen?" Ruby asked.

Monica touched it nonchalantly and smiled. "It was because of today's press conference. By the way, mom, have you seen it?"

"I watched some of it. I was afraid that your dad's heart wouldn't be able to take it, so I didn't let him watch much. But knowing that you exposed the quality inspection department's scheme in front of everyone and proved the innocence of Cardellini Pharmaceutical, as well as seeing your intimidating presence at the scene, it made me suspect whether you were my biological daughter!" Ruby said proudly, "When did my daughter become so powerful?"

"I've impressed you, haven't I?" Monica was also very pleased with herself.

"Your dad and I were so shocked that our eyes almost fell out of our sockets." Ruby did not hold back on her praise. "I really think you've grown up! Now, your dad and I don't even have to worry about you anymore."

“So, leave the company's matters to me from now on. You and dad don't have to worry about it.” Monica said very firmly, “But I have to say that it's all thanks to Jeannie that everything went smoothly this time.”

Ruby nodded. “Your father and I both thought so too. We'll really have to thank Jeannie later.”

“Alright,” Monica also agreed.

“By the way, you haven't told me what happened to your face,” Ruby asked.

“Oh.” Monica came back to her senses and lied, “Didn't I show off my amazing ability at the press conference?! The reporters at the scene were all deeply impressed by me, so after the press conference ended, I was surrounded by those unscrupulous reporters. At that time, I was in a hurry to come to the hospital to accompany you and dad, so I had some conflicts with the reporters. I bumped into them, and my face was injured.”

“Why were you making a fuss with the reporters? What if they write nonsense about you again?”

“My reputation hasn't been good either.” Monica said nonchalantly, “Besides, I don't want a good reputation. I'm afraid that I'll do something out of the ordinary if I lose the spot. It's better not to have any good reviews so that I won't be humiliated.”

“Can't you work harder to improve yourself?”

“Aren't I improving myself now? I just don't want the media to brag about me too much. I'm afraid I can't afford it.”

She was afraid that the pressure would be too great.

Ruby could understand, so she smiled. “Alright, alright. Whatever makes you feel comfortable.”

“You're the best, mom.” Monica acted like a spoiled child, and at that moment, she also focused her attention on her father.

Gary had been watching the conversation between the mother and daughter.

It was just that his body was too weak. Now, he would feel tired even when he was breathing, so he could not speak much. On the contrary, he liked watching the mother and daughter talk and bicker.

Monica squatted beside Gary's bed and asked, "Dad, how did I do today?"

Gary smiled, and his eyes were filled with love.

"Don't say anything. I know it's ten out of ten." The moment Gary opened his mouth, Monica had already stopped him.

She knew that talking was tiring for him, and that was why she used that method to communicate with him.

Gary nodded helplessly.

"Now that our family's name is cleared, we'll be launching the new products again. I've already discussed it with Steve and the board of directors in the company. It's not difficult to get Cardellini Enterprise back on the right track. You just need to finish the surgery and recuperate. Leave the company's matters to me."

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"Alright," Gary agreed.

He was really amazed by Monica's performance this time.

Perhaps he had really protected Monica too much back then.

In fact, Monica was not as clueless as they thought. She could take care of herself and be capable of dealing with things.

“Oh, that's right.” Monica suddenly thought of something and said, “Although the little boy's death was not caused by our vaccine, it was ultimately related to our family. If Cardellini Enterprise weren't plotted against, the little boy wouldn't have become a scapegoat. So, I took the initiative to go to the little boy's family to compensate and gave his parents 10 million dollars. I also promised that in the future, no matter the price of Cardellini Enterprise's medicine, it would be free for them for life.”

“As long as you think your conscience is clear, you've done well.” Gary nodded.

Monica knew that her parents, like her, were most afraid of owing emotional debts and would only feel comfortable after paying them off.

“Dad, you have surgery tomorrow, so you should rest early tonight and conserve your energy!”

“Yes,” Gary replied.

Then, he really did close his eyes.

Monica fluffed the blanket for her father and turned the lights to the dimmest before telling her mother to return to go to bed.

The two of them slept on the same accompanying bed.

Monica, who had slept for most of the day, was not sleepy at that moment. However, she was afraid of disturbing her parents, so she pretended to be asleep.

Just then, she felt her mother getting up from the bed. Monica opened her eyes and silently watched as her mother walk to her father's bedside and looked at her father.

After that, her mother bent over and gently planted a kiss on her father's face.

Monica smiled, but her eyes were red. Sometimes, she would be deeply moved by her parents' relationship.

She remained silent and looked at her mother's gentle face under the soft light.

How lucky were they to have such a loving relationship?

Her mother looked at her father for a long time.

Just as she was about to return to her bed, Gary suddenly said, "Ruby."

That meant the old man was not asleep at all.

Ruby, on the other hand, was a little frightened. However, Ruby quickly grabbed Gary's hand when she saw his fingers moving.

Gary said, "Thank you for taking care of me recently."

"It's not hard." Ruby smiled gently. "From the moment I married you, I was ready to take care of you for the rest of my life."

"I don't know what I did in my past life that allowed me to meet you in this life."

"Silly man." Ruby's face was gentle.

Her hand had been holding Gary's hand tightly.

Under the soft light, it was a very sweet scene.

"Ruby, I know that this surgery is actually very risky—"

“Honey!”

“Listen to me.” Gary was panting a little.

Ruby held it in.

“If I really don't make it out of that operating table alive...” Gary paused for a moment.

Ruby's eyes instantly turned red.

“Don't be too sad. I'm very happy to have you and an obedient daughter like Monica in my life. I think I'm so blessed, and I don't have any regrets,” Gary said with great effort.

“I don't want you to say this.” Ruby's voice was obviously choked.

“Ruby, a person's life will have an end. If my end is tomorrow, I'll be content. I'm just afraid that you and Monica won't be able to accept it.”

“How can we accept this?”

“Although Monica has grown up a lot, in my heart, she's still the little princess who needs to be pampered and loved. If anything happens to me, you must be strong. For Monica's sake, you must also be strong. Do you understand?”

“Honey—”

“Also, if I really do go, don't be a widower for me. Find a good old man who can take care of you and live the rest of your life,” Gary instructed.

It was as if he was giving his last wish.

By then, Ruby was crying so hard that she could not speak.

Gary's eyes were also red, but she held Ruby's hand and said, "Promise me that you'll take care of yourself and Monica."

Ruby nodded silently.

Meanwhile, Monica's vision was already blurry, but she held it in.

That night, her mother stayed with her father on his bed for the entire night. The two of them fell asleep with their fingers crossed.

Monica, on the other hand, just looked at them deeply and did not sleep for the whole night.

Chapter 1006: You Probably Wouldn't Remember Me If I Didn't Take the Initiative to Come To You

Under the same sky, in the presidential suite of a five-star hotel in South Hampton City, Jeanne was waiting in the room, waiting for an answer.

Tonight, Michael would send Brie away or kill her to silence her, and Mason followed them to their destination.

According to the current development, Michael's method of sending Brie away should be the same as sending Eden away.

She looked at the real-time location that Brie had sent her.

Brie had already rushed to the dock and got on the speedboat.

The direction that the speedboat was heading toward was the place that the ship was going to pass through tonight.

Mason had already gone over in advance to make some preparations.

Half an hour later, Brie's real-time location had not been updated yet as she was waiting for the ship that was about to pass by.

However, it did not take long. It was probably because Michael had calculated it accurately.

Brie boarded the ship, and the positioning began to change in the sea.

If his calculations were right, that would be the place where Brie would be killed, and Edward should have been buried in this part of the sea too.

Now, other than Michael and her, or perhaps Edward, no one else knew that Eden was no longer alive.

Eden's parents probably only knew that he had escaped and not that Eden had died long ago.

Jeanne sent a message to Mason. "Be careful."

Mason replied with one word, "Yes."

Jeanne put her phone aside and casually lit a cigarette.

Recently, her smoking addiction seemed to have gotten worse. She had the urge to smoke, but after a few puffs, she felt nauseated.

In the end, she extinguished the remaining half of the cigarette.

At that moment, the phone on the coffee table rang.

She glanced at it and picked it up, only to hear Mason's voice from the other end of the phone. "Brie has been saved."

"How?" Jeanne asked.

"She listened to our suggestion and wore a bulletproof vest. So, when the bullet hit her heart, it didn't take her life. The other party immediately threw her body into the sea, and we were waiting at the bottom of the sea. We've rescued her and are on our way back now."

"The other party didn't notice, right?"

"No," Mason confirmed.

"Michael is too cunning. If he finds out that Brie is not dead, it will be difficult for us to accuse him in public. We must catch him off guard!"

"Okay," Mason agreed.

"Confiscate Brie's phone and take her to a secluded place. Get Nox's men to keep watch over her, and don't let her out before the case with the quality inspection department goes to court." Jeanne said, "It's best if she cooperates voluntarily."

Mason alone could not guarantee that there would be no mistakes in tonight's operation, so Jeanne asked Nox for help.

Nox had indeed provided her with a lot of manpower, and naturally, it helped a lot.

"I'll come back after I've sorted everything out."

"Thank you."

"Be careful." Mason reminded.

"Don't worry."

After ending the call, Jeanne took a deep breath.

Tonight's matter had come to an end. Next, they would wait for Michael to court his own death.

She turned around and prepared to go to the bathroom to take a shower and sleep because she had to go to the hospital early the next morning for Gary's surgery.

Hopefully, everything would go smoothly.

Just then, the doorbell suddenly rang.

Jeanne's eyes flickered.

It was past midnight, so who could it be? Who would come to look for her so late at night?

She remained calm, took out her gun at once, and quickly walked to the door.

As she looked at the man standing at the door through the surveillance footage, her heart skipped a few beats.

She pursed her lips before opening the door to see Edward, who was dressed in a suit and leather shoes, standing there, looking imposing.

"Do you have to be so guarded against me?" Edward said.

At that moment, he could see the gun she was holding.

When Jeanne returned to her senses, she put down the gun and said, "I didn't expect it to be you."

"You've contacted Finn, Nox, and George... but you didn't contact me. So, if I didn't take the initiative to come to you, you probably wouldn't remember me." Edward's voice was cold and indifferent.

There was not much emotion in his tone.

However, Jeanne suddenly chuckled and said, "Are you jealous, Fourth Master?"

Edward chuckled as well.

When that man smiled, he could really cause the downfall of a city.

Then, he suddenly moved closer to her, and his tall body leaned over.

Jeanne tensed up. It was because of his powerful aura that she could not help but feel nervous.

His face was close to her cheek, and the two of them were very close to each other.

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They could even feel each other's breathing.

At that moment, Jeanne closed her eyes and thought, 'Between men and women, husband and wife... absence should make the heart grow fonder.'

However, the kiss she had imagined did not happen.

She could only feel Edward's hand holding hers and taking the gun from her hand.

Jeanne's fingers twitched. Then, she opened her eyes and looked at Edward's handsome face up close.

He said, "This kind of thing shouldn't exist between the two of us."

The next second, she saw Edward throw the gun on her bed in a parabolic motion.

Jeanne smiled and said, "Alright."

After that, she reached out and wrapped her arms around Edward's neck.

Edward was still looking at her intently.

She said, "I've slept with you so many times, but I don't think I've ever taken the initiative."

Edward chuckled and said, "I'm afraid you'll run away after, so..."

'So?' Jeanne raised her eyebrows.

"I'm just inviting you to dinner."

"Now?" Jeanne was surprised.

It was past midnight, and they were having dinner?

Nevertheless, Edward bent down and carried Jeanne in his arms.

He picked her up and closed the hotel door with his long legs. Then, he left the room with Jeanne.

Jeanne wrapped her arms around Edward's neck and rested her head on his chest.

How long had it been since she heard Edward's heartbeat?

It sounded sonorous and powerful.

She lay quietly in his arms as he carried her into the hotel's high-class restaurant. At that moment, other than a few waiters standing in the dark, there were no other guests.

Edward placed Jeanne in the middle of the dining room, on a chair in front of the dining table.

After that, he returned to his seat like a gentleman.

The two of them sat opposite each other.

The moment Edward raised his hand slightly, the waiter respectfully served the dinner that had been prepared in advance and red wine.

Jeanne looked at the food in front of her.

It was so exquisite and gorgeous, but she felt that it was a little too extravagant.

Most importantly, she said, "I've eaten."

"Well, I haven't." Edward looked at Jeanne with his deep eyes. "I've been waiting for you all night."

"You could have asked me out earlier." Jeanne replied bluntly, "I've been in my room."

"I was afraid I'd disturb your plan. Isn't tonight the most important part of your return?" Edward picked up his knife and fork and began to eat his dinner.

As expected, Edward knew everything.

"Nox just called me to say that everything is done," Edward explained as he ate.

Jeanne responded with a nod.

There were some things she did not know how to explain to Edward.

For example, she had looked for everyone around him but not him. She could not find a reason to explain why she did it.

If she said she was afraid of meeting him, he probably would not believe her. He would not believe that she would not want to leave if she saw him.

Hence, she lowered her head, picked up her fork and knife, and started eating quietly.

"Nox rarely admires someone, but he just called and said that you're smarter than he thought." Edward took the initiative to start a conversation.

It was as if he was trying to avoid awkwardness between them.

"We've actually been paying attention to Michael for a long time," Edward said as he ate his steak, "but we just haven't been able to find anything against him. This person is too vigilant. Basically, he would notice anything we do, so we didn't dare to alert him. I didn't expect that you would lure him into the trap so quickly!"

"It's not that I caught him too quickly, but because Michael doesn't really threaten your interests, you won't put in much effort to deal with him. However, Michael has threatened Monica. If he doesn't die, Monica will die. I can only do my best." Jeanne explained.

It was not a polite remark but the truth.

To Edward, Michael was not an absolute threat.

He was just one of the Sanders' useful talents. It would be better if they could get rid of him. However, if they could not, it would not affect them too much, so there was no need to spend too much time on Michael.

She knew too well that if Edward really wanted to touch someone, he would definitely be able to do so.

For example, he could hide the Duncans' descendant so well and play the Sanders in his hands.

She really did not dare to brag about herself in front of him.

"For Monica's sake, I'll do my best," Edward muttered, repeating her words.

Chapter 1008: You Probably Wouldn't Remember Me If I Didn't Take the Initiative to Come To You

His tone sounded a little sarcastic, but it also sounded like his usual tone.

Jeanne said bluntly, "She once risked her life for me."

"I know." Edward nodded.

The moment he nodded, he looked up at Jeanne and said, "I'm just wondering if there will ever be a day when you'll do your best for me too."

"You don't need to think that way." Jeanne smiled.

Edward's throat moved.

"You're so powerful. You don't need me to use my full strength to escape unscathed."

"What if?" Edward raised his eyebrows.

Jeanne fell silent.

What if... they had to fight? What would she choose?

Edward had already made his intentions clear. In fact, they knew their identities, but they just had not exposed each other yet.

If he did not expose her, they could still be husband and wife. Otherwise, once exposed, they could only be enemies.

She said, "If that happens, I will choose to die for love."

Edward laughed, and the smile on his face was obvious.

He said, "I'll remember that."

It could be considered the first promise they made as individuals who stood on opposing sides.

He promised that if he died, she would die with him.

The two of them ate dinner in silence.

The glass of red wine swirled under the light.

Jeanne drank quite a bit. Her alcohol tolerance was not good, to begin with, but her alcohol tolerance seemed even worse tonight.

After downing one or two glasses, she felt a little dizzy, and her flushed face was very attractive.

"Are you drunk?" Edward asked.

Jeanne's intoxicated eyes were hazy, and her laid-back appearance exuded a kind of charm that could easily seduce men.

She nodded her head and admitted that she was drunk.

"I'll send you back to your room." Edward put down his knife and fork.

"I want a hug," Jeanne requested.

Edward laughed.

In this world, the only woman who could receive such warmth from Edward was Jeanne.

With that, he bent down and pulled her into his arms.

She lay obediently in his arms.

Edward placed Jeanne on the bed, and because she had her arms around his neck, his body was pressed against hers.

As the tips of their noses touched, it felt like the room had become steaming hot.

"Do you want to stay?" Jeanne was clearly inviting him to stay.

"Are you going to the hospital tomorrow?" Edward suddenly changed the topic.

What did that have to do with him staying tonight?

However, at that moment, she still nodded. "I'm going to the hospital tomorrow to accompany Monica."

“So, the day after tomorrow.” Edward asked, “Can you spare that day for me?”

Jeanne was surprised.

“I want to have you for a whole day, from morning to night. Is that okay?” He enunciated each word with deep affection.

In this world, which married couple would need to make an appointment to hang out?

Feeling touched, Jeanne said, “Alright.”

Moreover, she had promised George that she would meet him before she left.

“In that case, I'll wait for you to come home the day after tomorrow,” Edward said.

He then lowered his head and planted a deep kiss on her lips before he stood up and left.

Jeanne lay on the bed, staring at Edward's back.

Was he afraid that she would run away after they had sex? She was not a sc*mbag!

She rolled over and buried herself in the blanket.

At that moment, the word 'home' appeared in his mind.

She did not know how long it had been since she had a home.

The Delta Islands were not her home, and the Lawrence family's villa was not her home either. Could it be Bamboo Garden?

Jeanne's lips curled into a faint smile when she recalled Edward telling her to be home the day after tomorrow.

However, that was good because she could still make some preparations for the day after tomorrow.

After all, he had always been the one taking the initiative, and she wanted to take the initiative for once.

...

Under another night sky, Michael received the news of Brie's death.

He did not hide the cruelty in his eyes.

He was not cruel. He just had his life and his ambitions to think about, and those who affected his future should die.

He picked up his phone and dialed a number. "Prepare the evidence of Brie's crime and hand it over to the police tomorrow morning."

"Yes."

"Have you worked with Daniel Cook on his testimony?"

"I've already talked to him this afternoon. He only has one request."

"Go on."

"Reduce his sentence."

“Tell him not to worry. I'll definitely get him out within five years!”

“Alright.”

After that, Michael made another call, and the other party was extremely respectful. “Mr. Ross.”

“Announce to the public that all the technical staff of Cardellini Pharmaceutical have left the company and joined Sunny Pharmaceutical. Let everyone know that Cardellini Enterprise no longer has a research and development team.”

Chapter 1009: You Probably Wouldn't Remember Me If I Didn't Take the Initiative to Come To You

“Yes, I'll make the arrangements immediately.”

Michael put down his phone and smiled sinisterly.

Ever since Monica agreed to let him introduce someone to Cardellini Pharmaceutical's research and development department, he had already obtained the information of everyone in the Department. After the incident, he immediately started to bribe them, and now he had bribed more than half of them.

More than half of them were enough to ruin Cardellini Pharmaceutical's research and development team.

A pharmaceutical company without a research and development team was like a pool of dead water. Even if Cardellini Pharmaceutical proved its innocence, it would not help the situation because no other hospital or pharmaceutical company would cooperate with them!

They would still go bankrupt when the time came!

It was still too early for Monica to kill him, and if she could not kill him, he would make her die a difficult death!

His eyes moved as he looked at his phone, which suddenly rang.

It was 2 a.m. at the moment, and Warren was calling him.

He picked up the call. "Leader."

"Have you settled the matter?" Warren asked.

Cardellini Enterprise's incident this time seemed to have really bothered him.

"Brie will be the instigator of this incident. Tomorrow morning, the evidence of her crime will be handed over to the police, and I just received news that Brie has been secretly dealt with. Since the police can't find her, they'll abscond and close the case. The other relevant personnel has already matched their statements," Michael reported.

"Just because you saved yourself doesn't mean I'm not biased against you."

"I know that this was my mistake, so I'll make up for it by making Cardellini Pharmaceutical go bankrupt immediately."

"I hope nothing goes wrong this time."

"Leader." Michael's tone was heavy.

"Is there anything else?"

"Monica can't be that smart. She can't possibly think of everything so thoroughly, and she can't have changed into a different person so suddenly."

"What are you trying to say?" Warren said sarcastically.

He thought that Michael was still trying to pitch him another idea.

“Someone is secretly helping Monica.” Michael paused for a moment before saying bluntly, “This person is Jeanne.”

He might not have been sure before, but from Monica's performance today, he was 100 percent sure that someone was secretly helping Monica.

Otherwise, even if Monica could think of everything, she would never have thought to tell the Sanders to pay attention to this matter.

Jeanne was the only one who could come up with such a strategy. After all, Finn's current attitude toward Monica was to stand by and do nothing. Hence, it could only be Jeanne.

On the other hand, when the other party heard Jeanne's name, he fell silent for two seconds.

Michael continued, “I've mentioned it before, but you don't seem to want me to talk about her, and I don't want to make things difficult for you either. However, she has ruined all my plans. With her helping Monica, all my plans have failed again and again. If she's not controlled, I'm worried that she'll ruin my plan again.”

“I'll handle it.” Warren agreed. “But Michael, this is not an excuse for your failure every time. I can help you this time, but if you fail again, I won't give you any more chances!”

“If I fail this time, I'll resign!” Michael promised.

The person on the other end of the line hung up abruptly!

Michael looked at the words “call ended” and sneered.

Without Jeanne around, Monica would not be able to withstand even a single blow

...

At 8 a.m. in the morning the next day, Jeanne left the hotel.

Gary's surgery was today, so she wanted to go over earlier to accompany Monica.

Fortunately, a certain someone did not stay last night. Otherwise, with a certain someone's nature, she might have to crawl to the hospital.

She walked into the hotel's underground parking lot and directly walked toward the car that she had driven away from Monica.

Just as she walked over, she could feel something was off. Without even stopping, she turned around and wanted to leave in the opposite direction.

She had just taken two steps when two men in black suits appeared in front of her, blocking her way.

With that, she took two steps back and planned to leave in another direction.

However, ten people walked out from her surroundings and surrounded her.

Jeanne pursed her lips tightly and looked at these people warily.

A man in the lead walked up to Jeanne and bowed, appearing extremely respectful. "Third Young Lady, the leader is looking for you."

Jeanne's eyes narrowed.

That meant they were Warren's men.

She asked, "Must I go?"

"Yes," the man replied coldly.

Jeanne gritted her teeth.

"This way please, Third Young Lady." Without her permission, the man bent down slightly and pointed at a black car next to him.

At that moment, in front of the car door, another man in a black suit opened the door for her respectfully.

"I need to make a phone call," Jeanne said bluntly.

"Yes." The man waited respectfully.

Jeanne dialed a number.

The other party quickly picked up. "Jeannie."

"Monica, I can't accompany you anymore."

Monica was a little disappointed. "Don't you leave in a week?"

"Change of plans."

Monica did not say anything.

"I don't know when we'll meet again after we leave this time." Jeanne said bluntly, "But remember, you're all grown up now. You must learn to take on anything that comes your way."

“Yes.” Monica nodded.

“You can do anything. You have to believe in yourself!”

“Jeannie.” Monica choked up.

“Yes?”

“Will I be able to see you again?” Monica asked.

Would they be able to see each other again in this life?

“Maybe.” Jeanne did not give her a definite answer because she was not sure.

Instead, she said, “Monica, goodbye.”

“We must meet again,” Monica said urgently.

Jeanne said yes, but she said it in her heart.

After ending the call, Jeanne turned around and followed the man in the black suit into the car!

Chapter 1010: Identity Exposed: Jeanne Is the Sanders' Third Princess!

The black car drove straight into the Sanders' residence, where the leader of Harken lived.

It was located in the middle of the southernmost area of South Hampton City, separated from the tallest buildings in South Hampton City by a moat.

The Sanders' residence was located in the south and faced the north. In front of it was a solemn and mighty gate, where four National Guards stood guard. As the car drove through the gate and past a large courtyard, there were also several guards standing guard in the courtyard at a distance. The overall feeling was too solemn and oppressive.

The car stopped at the innermost courtyard.

The entrance to the courtyard was guarded by eight guards.

At that moment, a guard stepped forward and respectfully opened the car door for Jeanne.

As Jeanne got out of the car, the guards standing there saluted in unison, showing great respect to her.

Jeanne pursed her lips.

She then followed one of the guards, crossed an arched bridge over a stream, and stepped into a tall gate.

Inside, the leader of Harken, Warren Sanders, was sitting in the middle.

On his left sat Chester, who was Warren's eldest son and the most popular candidate among the current leader's heirs.

Next to Chester was Justin, Warren's fourth son.

Quinn, Warren's second daughter, was sitting on Warren's right.

The seat next to Quinn was empty, and next to that seat was Stacey, Warren's younger daughter.

As for Warren's wife, Chester's wife, and Quinn's fiancé, none of them was there.

It seemed like only those with the surname Sanders were present for this occasion.

Jeanne's eyes flickered.

"Leader," she said respectfully.

"You're still calling me that, huh?" Warren smiled.

His smile was bright and very affable.

However, Jeanne remained silent.

Warren did not force her. Instead, he said calmly, "I sent everyone else away today, except for my family. Don't be shy. Sit."

Of course, Jeanne saw the empty space between Quinn and Stacey, which should have been Melody's.

However, because Melody was already dead, they left it empty for her.

Jeanne walked over and sat down.

The moment she sat down, the rest of the Sanders flashed her a friendly smile.

Even so, Jeanne pursed her lips and did not respond.

"It's been hard on you all these years." Warren's voice was gentle as he spoke to Jeanne.

"No," Jeanne replied, "I'm fine."

"If Kingsley hadn't told me, I wouldn't have known that I had a daughter among the common folk. Back then, your mother and I..." Warren sighed.

Jeanne did not reply.

"I thought it was just a fling, and I didn't expect that she would give birth to a child for me. Before I could thank her, she had already passed away." Warren was a little sad as if he was recalling Jeanne's mother.

Jeanne's throat moved slightly as she said, "She might have had her own reasons for not telling you."

"She didn't want to put me in a difficult position. After all, I have a family." Warren said with a hint of helplessness and self-deprecation, "Who would have thought that as the leader of a country, I would make the mistake that all men would make?"

"Jeanne's mother was beautiful. Any man's heart would be moved by her, so it's understandable for you to have fallen for her, father. Moreover, mother has already forgiven you for your mistake back then and has accepted the existence of our third sister." Chester's words gave Warren a way out.

Jeanne's eyes flickered as she glanced at the man sitting opposite her.

The third in the "third sister" that he mentioned and the "Third Young Lady" the man in the black suit respectfully referred to her as were all because of her age. Coincidentally, Melody was dead, so that ranking seemed to make sense.

Jeanne remained silent and did not interrupt.

She had no feelings for those people and would never feel for them.

Fortunately, Warren did not mention anything else. After all, his goal today was not to reminisce about the past!

He began to talk about his daily life and asked Jeanne, "When did you come back to South Hampton City?"

"A few days ago."

"I thought Kingsley took you to the Delta Islands and that you've been there the whole time. He said you'd be the safest by his side." It was as if he was asking why Kingsley did not want to keep her here.

At the end of the day, she also had the identity of the Hills' eldest daughter. She was not just the Third Princess of the Sanders.

She replied, "I came back because of some matters."

"The Cardellinis' matter," Warren said. He was finally getting to the point.

Jeanne looked up at Warren. She had no reason to lie, so she nodded and said, "Yes."