

Chapter 1111

Only then did the bodyguard react and stare at the woman. "I'm sorry, miss. I'll send you back."

The expressions that appeared on the woman's face over the last few seconds were extremely varied and intense.

'I finally got a chance to approach such a young, filthy rich man from Yaramoor, and I just got sent back without even getting to spend time with him?

"And that woman, who is she?"

Xyla walked to the parking lot and was about to open the car door when a figure suddenly pulled her into his arms. She was pressed against the car door before she could react, and her slightly open lips were completely sealed immediately. She struggled as his kiss almost suffocated her. When he jerked his hand away from her body, the buttons of her clothes gave up instantly.

The sudden cold air that brushed across her chest hauled her back to her senses. "Have you lost your mind, Yorrick-" Yorrick pinched her by her chin and sealed her lips again. Xyla's expression changed at once upon hearing the sound of an oncoming car, and her shoulders shuddered. "Don't do this here

Yorrick pushed her to a corner behind the wall, a corner that even people driving past the underground parking lot would not be able to see.

To her, every second was torture. It felt like she was being defiled, and the wall behind her was like her fig leaf. She was suffering to break free from the fear as if she was trapped in the deepest abyss of hell.

Although they were both public figures, the person who the public would bring down at the end of the day once they were exposed would always be her instead of him. After all, whenever it came to such an affair, the women would always become the center of controversy.

Hearing her intermittent whimpers right beside his ear, Yorrick felt an inexplicable heaviness deep down as if a barb had pierced his heart. He could not help but become gentler and gentler with his actions.

In the end, Xyla did not even have the strength to cry anymore. Thus, Yorrick carried her back to the guest room from the parking lot.

Her upper body was wrapped in his suit jacket, and only the two of them knew what it looked like underneath the jacket.

He carried her into the bathroom, and Xyla threw his coat on the floor right after he put her down. Her top was torn, so the only thing that she had on was her bra.

Seeing that he stood still and did not even budge, Xyla asked expressionlessly. "Do you want to watch me as I take a bath?"

Yorrick chuckled, approached her, propped his hands on the countertop of the sink, and wrapped her in between his arms. "Your attitude from before and your current attitude are of two completely different universes."

Xyla did not utter a single word.

Yorrick's lips got closer to her. "Will you still talk nonsense and slander me in front of the public?"

She stood there like a wooden pestle and did not respond at all while he caressed her cheek with his palm. "You didn't have to suffer, but you brought this on yourself."

Xyla's heart sank to the bottom of her chest cavity, but her expression remained unchanged. "I drove that woman of yours away, so you're now venting your anger on me."

He did not respond.

'Even if she hadn't said that to the woman, I wouldn't have done anything with the woman because I knew that she would come to my place.'

Xyla suppressed her emotions. Her expression had remained calm throughout the whole conversation. "You're surrounded by so many women, so one less won't even make a difference. And you've made it clear that you'll ban me from the entertainment industry if I don't agree to be with you. So why won't you ban them?"

He gave off a faint smile. "Because they'll never reject any of my offers." Xyla scoffed and looked away. "Oh yeah, that's right. A woman has rejected you for the first time in your life, and you realize that a single cross won't sit well with your reputation. That's why you've decided to make a woman's life as difficult as possible."

Yorrick raised his eyebrows as if he agreed with her statement.

Xyla lowered her gaze, and there was no hint of turbulence in her eyes. "Okay, I'll be your woman. You can fuck me whenever you feel happy and let me off whenever you don't feel like it. How does that sound to you?" Yorrick's eyes dimmed slightly. "Just who do you think you are?"

"Of course, I'm only one of the many lovers you have. I'll make sure that I play along compliantly, obey all your instructions, and become an obedient lover. I'll just wait for my turn to be blessed by your presence all day, every day." An indifferent smile appeared on her face.

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Yorrick sneered, stood back up, and took a glance at the coat on the floor. "Wash it before you come out."

He then turned around and walked out of the bathroom.

Xyla leaned against the wall helplessly all of a sudden, laughing at herself.

'What was I thinking the other night when I didn't reject him? That's the main reason this happened today, and it serves me right.'

'So, this is what the end of all bad women looks like.'

Xyla went out after taking a shower, did not turn on the lights in the living room, and was about to walk toward the guest room in the dark. Suddenly, everything in front of

her eyes lit up, and the dazzling chandelier made her squint for quite some time.

Yorrick's voice came from behind. "Since you're my lover now, you should know where to sleep."

Xyla lay down beside Yorrick, and just as she was about to turn her back to him, the man behind her said, "Hug me."

She gnashed her teeth, turned around, squirmed up to him, stretched out her arms, and hugged him stiffly. Yorrick stretched out his arm to act as an extra pillow for her and turned off the lamp. and darkness covered the room like a blanket instantly. Xyla endured the long and silent night next to him until she finally fell asleep.

The next day...

Xyla's ban from the entertainment industry had been removed, and Mindy gleefully congratulated her. However, it could be seen that Xyla seemed listless and not very delighted about the news, so she wondered, "What's the matter? Mr.

Hathaway has already removed your ban, hasn't he?"

Xyla sat on the dressing table and applied concealer to cover the dark circles on her eyebags. "I'm like a fish in a barrel, waiting for him to come to me with a filet knife. How can I feel happy about that?"

'The price that I have to pay is to be his lover. My parents would be so pissed off if they were to find out about this.

'I know that Yorrick isn't interested in me as a person but my body instead. Not to mention that I'm the first woman who dares to reject him and act so arrogantly in front of him, frustrating his spirit and hurting his ego. 'When a woman seems more difficult to be tamed, the more he wants to try to tame her. If that's the case, I should just be more obedient. Anyway, with my acting skills, let's hope that he'll get bored of me someday, and that's when I'll be free.' "If even you can't retaliate against him, let alone those of us who are only employees of the crew." Mindy sighed, thought of something, and quickly said, "I heard about the reasons the bigshots in the entertainment industry are willing to make way for Mr. Hathaway. In addition to his own identity, there's also his connection to Mr. Goldmann."

Xyla was putting on her brows' makeup casually. "What's his connection with Mr. Goldmann?"

Mindy lowered her voice. "I heard that Mr. Goldmann's father is the child of one of the daughters of the Hathaways and his grandfather, and no one knows much about this." Xyla stopped what she was doing for a split second and turned her head in surprise. "How did you learn that?"

"Some of the senior executives in our company know, and I overheard that Mr. Goldmann's grandmother is Mr.

Hathaway's aunt. So, Mr. Hathaway is actually Mr. Goldmann's uncle in terms of seniority. However, Mr. Hathaway is only a few years older than Mr. Goldmann, and he doesn't look old at all, so most people would think that Mr. Hathaway is Mr.

Goldmann's cousin."

Xyla listened quietly and did not utter a single word.

'It's no wonder all the bigshots of the entertainment industry would want to curry favor with Yorrick. It turns out that in addition to his identity, he's also related to Mr. Goldmann.'

Speaking of the devil, she received a text message from Yorrick on her cell phone.

In the evening. Xyla dressed up and went to the billiard hall of a high-end club to meet her date. Yorrick wore a light purple shirt, and his sleeves were both rolled up to his elbows. He took the cue and hit the last five balls on the billiard table perfectly into the holes.

There were several female celebrities and rich men around him, flattering him. In addition to those people, Louis and Helios were there too.

Xyla's expression changed slightly upon seeing them as her fear instantly engulfed her.

When Xyla appeared, everyone was stunned. Helios and Louis were no exception.

Chapter 1113

Yorrick beckoned her to come over.

Xyla walked over, and he wrapped his arms around her waist in public. "They're all acquaintances. Do you want to give it a go?"

Xyla smiled. "Yes."

Helios turned to look at Louis, turned around, and picked up his wine glass." Since when did Xyla get together with Yorrick?"

Louis shook his head and clinked his glass against Helios'. "I'm not sure about that."

Yorrick handed the cue stick to Xyla and looked at Louis. "Mr. Lucas, I heard that your billiard skills are up there. Don't you want to play?"

Louis could not help but think that Yorrick was trying to make fun of him!

Helios seemed to have smelled something fishy and took a glance at both of them He then squinted and smiled. As a person who had always been indifferent to such gossip, this was the first time he was that into a piece of gossip.

Xyla knew what Yorrick had in mind.

OWN

'Is he trying to humiliate me by asking my ex-boyfriend, who's now married, to play a game of billiards with me?' "I don't want to play with Mr. Lucas."

Louis glanced at Xyla while everyone else looked over and whispered, "Isn't Xyla Mr. Lucas' ex-girlfriend?" "It's been many years since they broke up, not to mention that Mr. Lucas has gotten married too. By the way, Xyla has been having a lot of scandals with Mr. Hathaway recently."

Yorrick narrowed his eyes and looked at Xyla calmly while Xyla rubbed the tip of her cue with billiard chalk and explained calmly. "He sucks at billiards, so playing with him is a waste of my time. I'll play with you, Mr. Hathaway."

Yorrick chuckled. "Oh, really?"

"Are you telling me that you're scared, Mr. Hathaway?" Xyla raised her eyebrows, and her domineering aura could be sensed from yards away.

"Nice." Yorrick laughed, picked up his cue, and placed a ball on the table. "However, I've always liked to increase the fun by wagering something extra. We'll play only one game, and the loser will..."

His pause caused Xyla's heart to skip a beat.

Yorrick motioned for one of the waiters to bring them a bottle of bourbon. He then took the bottle from him and calmly placed it on the side. "Finish this."

Everyone around was shocked. Many of them knew that Xyla would definitely lose to Yorrick.

'Is Yorrick trying just to embarrass her? Xyla and Yorrick's scandal has been spreading like wildfire all over the Internet recently. and it's said that they're in a relationship. But looking at them now, what makes them look like they're in a relationship? This looks more like Xyla has offended Yorrick, and Yorrick is trying to make her look bad in public.'

Louis felt that Yorrick was going too far and was about to say something, but Helios stopped him. "Let's just wait and see what happens."

Everyone was wondering if Xyla would back down. After all, the wager was to down a whole bottle of bourbon. Even a great drinker might not be able to handle that.

Xyla agreed.

The smile on Yorrick's face gradually faded, and his expression went back to how it was before he brought up the wager. "You're the one who wants to play with me."

Xyla did not say anything.

'He's making things hard for me on purpose in order to embarrass me in public. What would the others think of me if I were to back away at this time?

I'll never admit defeat now.'

She walked to the table with the cue while someone else took all the balls out of the pockets and arranged them with a triangle rack.

She was the first to serve and managed to pocket two balls in one go. She then pocketed another ball on her second serve but

missed on her third try.

Yorrick pocketed four balls with only one shot, and everyone at the side was astonished by his sheer skill. There were still nine balls on the table, eight to be exact after the white cue ball was excluded.

He pocketed two more balls in another service, and he was absolutely on fire.

“Given the current score, Xyla’s defeat is a definite outcome, isn’t it?” “She’s overestimated her strength. She’s the one who asked for it, isn’t she?”

There were only three balls left on the table, and nobody knew whether Yorrick made a mistake or handicapped himself to give Xyla a fighting chance, but he did not score during this service.

Xyla pocketed one ball during her next service, and only two balls were left on the table.

Everyone around them watched the match very closely, and they gasped when she scored another point. Only one ball was left, and it would be the tiebreaker.

It would certainly be a lie if Xyla were to say that she was not nervous at the moment. She made the serve, and the cue ball came into contact with the last ball, making it roll toward the rail of the table and bounce off of it. Just as the ball was about to drop into the pocket, the cue ball stopped right in front of the targeted pocket.

Chapter 1114

Xyla’s expression froze slightly. Yorrick laughed. “Are you giving me another chance?”

Xyla glared at him.

‘Okay, that’s unfortunate!’

“Have you come up with an idea on how you’re going to down that bottle of bourbon?” Yorrick walked to her side and easily pocketed the winning ball before Xyla could even react.

He turned and looked at Xyla. Xyla put down the cue, turned around walked up to the bottle of bourbon, and opened the bottle. Louis interrupted the series of actions at this time. “It doesn’t look like your style to make things this difficult for a woman, Mr. Hathaway.”

The people surrounding the table could not help but look forward to what would follow that!

Yorrick kept a straight face and only gave off a faint smile. “She’s the one who insisted on betting with me. I’m only acting according to what we agreed upon. Am I really embarrassing her?”

Louis met his gaze. “I can’t see what you intend to achieve through this wager.”

Yorrick replied calmly, “I don’t plan to achieve anything through this game.”

Helios walked out of the crowd at this time. “Yorrick, let’s just forget about downing a whole bottle of bourbon and replace it with a can of beer.”

Yorrick chuckled. "What will the public think of me if I accommodate that this time?"

Xyla turned to look at them. "You guys don't need to defend me. It's just a bottle of bourbon. I'd take them heads-up even if the wager was to finish two of them."

She sealed the mouth of the bottle with her lips, raised her head, and started chugging the bourbon. She could drink red wine without any issue, but the bourbon was too strong for her.

Some of the liquor escaped her mouth through the corners of her lips, streamed down her cheek and neck, and soaked her clothes.

Xyla's stomach began to feel uncomfortable halfway through the bottle. She began to choke and cough, but she adjusted her pace and moved on with the chug. When the bottle of bourbon was finished to the very last drop, Xyla was already on the verge of not being able to keep herself upright, and her stomach felt so irritated as if it was on fire. Thus, she covered her mouth, fought her way through the crowd, and sprinted out.

Xyla ran to the bathroom to vomit. Her body felt extremely warm, and she felt very light-headed. She vomited uncomfortably as teardrops rolled down her cheeks one after another, messing up her makeup.

She lifted her head and looked at her embarrassing self in the mirror. Her cheeks looked as red as a tomato, and her vision began to get blunder as the seconds went by.

Xyla walked out of the bathroom with the support of anything that she could find on her way out but before she could take a few steps forward, she had already lost consciousness and fallen to the toilet floor.

The two ladies who came in after that screamed in fright.

Ryleigh rushed to the hospital.

Louis and Helios were already waiting in the ward, while Xyla was in a coma, undergoing an intravenous infusion. "Xyla, she..." Helios explained, "It's alcohol poisoning. Her drinking capacity has never been particularly good. We might not even be able to finish a whole bottle of bourbon on an empty stomach, let alone her. She's gotten a gastric lavage too."

Ryleigh was stunned. "Why would she finish a whole bottle of bourbon in the first place?"

Louis frowned. "We don't know, but Xyla seems to have offended Yorrick, and Yorrick did so to embarrass her on purpose."

Helios looked at him. "It might have something to do with you."

"Why does it have something to do with me?" Louis was startled.

'Xyla and I are just ordinary friends now, and we haven't been contacting each other for a long time. And let's not forget that I'm already a married man.'

"It's just my intuition." Helios shrugged and then inserted his hands in his pockets. "I'll go back to take care of my wife first."

Louis looked at Ryleigh. "Let's go out for now and let her rest."

Ryleigh took a glance at the unconscious Xyla and nodded.

She stood next to Louis in the corridor and stared at Louis. "Is Yorrick making things hard for Xyla because of you?" Louis was dumbfounded and shook his head. "I don't know. I don't even know what their relationship is at the moment." Ryleigh wondered, "They're dating each other just like what the rumors say, don't they?"

"Yorrick is not jealous of Louis, right? Louis stroked the ends of her hair. "Yorrick has never taken any of the women he's been with seriously, so there's no reason for him to turn Xyla's life into a living h*ll because of my past relationship with her."

Ryleigh lowered her gaze. "Xyla is so pitiful."

Chapter 1115

Louis chuckled. "Why would you think so? Are you regretting your decision to fight for me?"

"What did you just say? I fought for you?" Ryleigh turned her face away. "You're the one who clung to me first." He smiled, took Ryleigh into his arms, and rested his chin on the top of her head. "Yes, I'm the one who's clung to you, but my fondness for you is not something that I can control."

It had been hours since Xyla blacked out. It was already dawn when she regained consciousness and opened her eyes. She realized that she was lying in a ward and lifted her hand to rub her forehead. Her body felt drained, while her head felt groggy.

Mindy was in the chair next to the bed and saw her wake up. "Xy, are you alright?"

"Who sent me here?" Xyla asked with a hoarse voice due to her dry throat.

Mindy replied, "It was Mr. Boucher and Mr. Lucas. Mr. Lucas also called me and asked me to come to the hospital to accompany you."

Xyla asked her to help her sit up, and Mindy sighed. "Mr. Lucas already told me. I didn't expect Mr. Hathaway would do that to you. Hmph, so what if he's the richest man in the world? Isn't he still a sc*mbag after all that he's done? I heard that he stayed in the clubhouse last night and left early in the morning, and a woman could be seen leaving with him."

"It's that for real?" Xyla gave off a feeble smile. "That's great." 'In this case, he won't be coming back to me ever again.'

Looking at her blank gaze, Mindy was stunned. "Xy, about Mr. Hathaway, have you fallen in—" "What are you thinking of?" Xyla interrupted her. "I drank one whole bottle of bourbon last night and I still feel sick to my stomach now. I'm also extremely hungry now, but I can't eat anything."

“Then should I buy you something light and easy to digest?” Mindy asked.

She nodded and leaned back on the head of the bed with her pillow supporting her back.

After Mindy got up and went out Xyla felt that she was still very tired, so she sat in place and closed her eyes to rest.

That was until a figure appeared at the door of the ward.

Xyla thought it was a doctor or a nurse who came in, so she did not bother to open her eyes. A slightly chilly palm stroked her cheek, so she opened her eyes in fright and saw the face of Yorrick approaching.

She flung his hand away and looked exceptionally defensive. “What do you think you’re doing?”

Yorrick retracted his hand, sat on the edge of the bed, and turned to look at her. “I didn’t do anything. I’m just here to visit you.”

“More like you’re here to see if I’ve died or not, am I right?” Xyla sneered. “So, are you disappointed?”

Yorrick leaned toward her and propped both his arms against the mattress on her sides. “Must you give me that attitude all the time?”

“Then may I know what’s the attitude that you expect to see from me?” Xyla smiled again. “It seems useless to please you as plenty of women will go the extra mile just to flatter you. Not to mention that you’ll think that I’m faking it, so what else do you expect me to do?”

She lay down, pulled the blanket up to cover herself, and turned away from him.

Yorrick stroked the black hair on the side of her pillow with his palm. “Why wouldn’t you come to me and tell me that you can’t take the alcohol? You can always talk to me.”

Xyla looked out the window. “Why should I tell you that? Do you want me to beg you for mercy? Did you even plan to let me get away with that last night? Would it even achieve anything even if I were to tell you that?”

He smiled. “Aren’t you the one who asked me for a match?”

Xyla did not want to speak.

Yorrick turned her around, placed his palms on her cheeks, leaned over, and approached her. “Do you know whose name you called out loud when you were dreaming the night before?” She was startled. “What are you talking about?”

‘Whose name did I call out loud when I was dreaming?’

“Louis Lucas’.” Yorrick stared at her, rubbed her lips with his finger, and smiled. “You were sleeping in my bed but thinking about your ex.”

Xyla was stunned.

I called Louis' name out loud in my dream? "Ah, I vaguely remember the dream from the night before. I dreamed of the past when I was so obsessed with Louis and was courting him as if I had lost my mind. I used all my love and affection to go after Louis back then, even though it was only unrequited love.'

Chapter 1116

Xyla didn't know why she had suddenly dreamed of the past. Maybe her brain was almost forgetting, and the memory was prompting her?

She looked at Yorrick, "Do you have any requirements for your lover?"

Yorrick looked at her pinkish lips. "What do you think?"

He wanted to get close, but Xyla put her hands on his shoulders and pushed him away. His eyes were dark, and then she slightly turned away. "I threw up last night and haven't brushed my teeth. I don't want to disgust you, thanks."

Yorrick chuckled and pressed his warm lips to her forehead.

Xyla paused. What was that supposed to mean?

Yorrick messed up the top of her hair and stood up. "Rest well."

"Xy, I bought..." Mindy brought some soup into the room and froze when she saw Yorrick as he was leaving.

Mindy brought the soup to her after Yorrick left. "Was Mr. Hathaway... worried about you?"

Xyla got out of bed and laughed. "He could be worried a few more times. The next time you might just see me in the funeral parlor.'

Mindy cursed, "Nonsense. You're going to live up to 100, don't worry."

After Xyla was discharged, she stayed home for three more days. Yorrick didn't go and see her, and she didn't mind and pretended that he didn't exist.

On the fourth day, she got a call from the director who was inviting her for a press tour.

It was drizzling outside the window. The neon lights shone on Xyla, who was in the car.

Mindy peered at her through the rearview mirror and couldn't help but say, "Xy, you're the second female lead. Are you sure that's what you're wearing to the party?"

Xyla crossed her legs. "It's just a press party, not a show. What's the point of dressing up?"

"But you can't leave home in your pajamas either." Mindy pursed her lips. There would be a lot of reporters at the event, and any other actress would dress up.

The pajamas were too casual, and it was a green set. What was that supposed to mean?

The car stopped in front of a restaurant, and the bodyguards there were trying to keep the place under control. Lots of fans of Marione and Howard were there. They were the official couple and stood in the middle of the poster.

When Xyla got out of the car, the reporters turned the cameras on her and were shocked.

She wore a dark green pajama set. Her pants were glossy and looked like they were made of silk. The top was a button-up, and she wore a white camisole inside. The pants were loose and reached the floor, and she wore a pair of sandals with a red handbag. She had pearl studs as earrings, and her hair flowed behind her. She took the attention with her red lipstick.

“Is that Xyla Mayweather?”

“She probably wore her pajamas to get attention. Get some pictures.”

The reporters all pointed their cameras toward her. Even Howard and the other actors who were on stage looked toward her.

Everyone wore a gown to the party and dressed up well except Xyla, who arrived in ‘pajamas’.

The actress who stood next to Marione scoffed and whispered, “Why did she come in pajamas? Did she just wake up?”

Another actress said, “She was probably trying to get attention.”

Xyla heard that and smiled at them. When she stood with them for a group photo, Xyla stood at the edge. Mindy understood why

she wasn’t wearing heels. She was tall, so she would overshadow the other actresses if she wore heels.

Chapter 1117

The leads had an interaction on stage with the fans, and then there was an interview. Xyla, who was trying to lay low, didn’t say anything the entire time. She yawned once and was captured on camera.

The microphone was suddenly passed to her, and the interviewer asked her to say a few words. She was surprised but took it calmly. “This was my first movie, and I had a great time working with the crew. I’d like to thank the director for giving me this chance to perform.”

The reporters might have been trying to create some buzz when they asked her to play the violin on the spot.

Everyone there understood what was going on. Xyla had chased after Louis when she was still a model, and the reporters there knew that she had learned to play the violin because of him.

Now that they were asking her to play the violin at the event, were they trying to cause a stir?

She didn’t show discomfort but instead smiled. “Is my piano performance not good enough?”

When the reporters saw that she didn't mind and even effortlessly avoided an awkward moment, they didn't press on.

Xyla performed the song 'Love Sick' on the piano. It was in the soundtrack of the movie 'The Clouds', and it acted as a promotion piece for the movie.

Once the event was over, Xyla said she wasn't feeling well and left.

Mindy got into the driver's seat and buckled up. "Are you really not going?"

Xyla rubbed the bridge of her nose. "I feel nauseated when I see alcohol. Do you think I should go?" Besides, she would definitely bump into Yorrick at the party,

Mindy paused. Xyla was probably traumatized because she had drunk too much.

Just when she was going to drive, a black car blocked her path, and she immediately stomped on the brake pedal. Xyla almost ran into the seat from the back. "What happened?"

She looked up and saw the man exiting the car with a stoic expression. Yorrick opened the car door and stood there, looking at her with a smile. "Get out of the car."

Xyla got out and knocked on the window to ask Mindy to leave. Mindy was worried and took a few more glances as she drove away.

Yorrick pulled her into his arms and got close to her ear, "Your assistant seems to be worried about you." "How could she not be?" Xyla looked down and pushed her hair behind her ears.

Yorrick laughed, then guided her to the car with his arms around her shoulder.

The paparazzo captured that and zoomed in. It was a clear picture, and he was going to expose them. He happily put the camera away and turned to leave.

When they were back at the hotel, Yorrick pressed her against the wall the moment they got into the room and kissed her. He slid her silk shirt off her shoulders and carried her to the couch. The rain started coming down harder and blurred the neon lights. It was a beautiful sight.

The next day...

When Xyla woke up, the sun was up. She turned around, but someone grabbed her from behind. She paused, then Yorrick buried his face into her neck, pressing his lips onto her. * You're awake."

Xyla grabbed his hand. "I want to get up." Yorrick held her in his arms and lazily chuckled. "You don't have anything planned for the next few days."

"How did you know?" Xyla frowned.

Yorrick kissed her shoulder. "I bribed your assistant." Xyla was thinking about something when he turned her around and propped himself up with his elbow. "You're going to spend time with me."

Chapter 1118

Xyla was curious, "A few more days?"

Yorrick raised his eyebrows.

Xyla suddenly scoffed. "Don't you need to spend time with someone else?"

He pinched her chin. "Who am I supposed to spend time with?"

She pushed his hand away and sat up. "How would I know?"

She stretched her hand out to grab a bathrobe at the edge of the bed and tied her hair up. "If some other woman is waiting for you, I'm not going to take all your time."

She wanted to get up, but Yorrick put out his arm, pulled her back, and whispered in her ear, "Are you jealous?"

Xyla was stunned but smiled. "I'm just a lover. I have no right to be jealous." Yorrick laughed and pushed her face toward him. "You're good at guessing your place." Xyla escaped from his arms and went to the bathroom. After cleaning, Yorrick ordered food, and the server pushed a cart into the room at 8:00 a.m.

Xyla was eating a salad when her phone started buzzing. She turned to look, and it was Mindy.

She opened it and the event was trending.

#The effortless beauty Xyla Mayweather# #Xyla Mayweather showed up in pajamas# Mindy: (I didn't expect that you would make pajamas a trend. Now the fans are searching for a similar design. You're amazing!

Xyla locked her phone. She had really just worn that because of convenience, and those weren't pajamas! They were just casual clothes that looked like pajamas.

Yorrick looked up at her and smiled, "Your pajamas looked quite good."

She locked eyes with Yorrick. He was praising her? In the next second, he added with a serious face, "It was easy to remove."

Xyla burst out laughing and gnashed her teeth. "Yes, there's no need to unbutton."

Yorrick nodded and wiped the corner of his mouth with a napkin. "I'm going to the Persian Gulf."

Xyla was startled and looked down, trying to suppress her happiness. "Oh..." 'Come with me.

Xyla's smile froze, and she looked up, "Why should I go with you?"

He placed the napkin at the corner of the table. "I said that you're going to spend a few days with me."

Xyla was rendered speechless.

The Persian Gulf project was an international project partnered with Eastwood Enterprise. Yorrick had taken over from Tristan and worked with

Anthony. He was one of the shareholders who were in charge of the project, so he had to visit the site.

It would take an hour by flight to get from Bassburge to the gulf, and once they got there, there would be a boat ride to the island. The Persian Gulf was a pitstop for sea travel because it was dangerous for

the ships to sail around. There was danger of bad weather, hurricanes, no ports to stop at, etc., and it would be a problem.

The freight ships could be seen docked along the coast. A small town that could house around 50,000 residents would be built on the island, and the project would take five to eight years.

Xyla wore a purple beach dress. When they got on the island, the burning sun almost killed her on the spot.

Yorrick didn't wear his usual suit and wore something casual instead. The project manager seemed to have learned about his arrival from Anthony and came to welcome him.

"Mr. Hathaway, I heard from Mr. Topaz that you'd be coming to visit the site. It's noon now, and the sun is at its full brightness. Do you want to take a rest indoors? I'll bring you around in the evening."

Yorrick took off his sunglasses, looked around, and nodded. "Good idea." The manager talked about the project along the way, and when they got into the office with air conditioning, the manager got the assistant to bring them cold beverages.

Chapter 1119

The manager was worried that Yorrick wouldn't be comfortable, so he said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hathaway. We're in the middle of a building site, so there are no hotels nearby."

"It's alright. I'll stay where Mr. Topaz usually stays." Yorrick took the cold beverage.

The manager nodded. "Alright, I'll arrange for it."

When the manager left, Yorrick took a sip of the cold beverage and glanced at Xyla, who was sitting next to him with her arms crossed.

He put the cup down and smiled. "Why? Are you not happy that we're staying at a building site?"

Xyla turned to look at him. "You insisted that I come over with you."

She understood something and smiled. "You didn't want your other lover to spend too much time under the sun, so you brought me over as if I'm not tanned enough."

Xyla had applied a lot of sunscreen when she got off the plane, but she still felt that she was getting tanner. Yorrick smiled and looked at her with a hand under his chin. "You're definitely jealous if you keep mentioning another woman."

Xyla didn't want to speak to him.

He was from Yaramoor, so he would eventually leave. She wouldn't think that he would stay in Zlokova forever.

The manager walked back in and said he was going to bring them over to the quarters. Anthony usually rested in the worker's quarters, but he had a room to himself, a bathroom, a kitchen, and air conditioning.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway, I'll leave you to it then." He smiled and left.

Xyla's expression froze when she heard, ' Mrs. Hathaway'. She turned to look at Yorrick, who ran his finger across the tabletop and wasn't listening. His finger was covered in dust, so he frowned and wiped his hand with a napkin. "Let's clean up the place."

Xyla pointed at herself. "Me? Clean up?" Yorrick looked at her. "Is there anyone else here?"

Xyla was utterly speechless. Had she come all the way here to work and let him order her around?

Yorrick sat on the sofa with his legs crossed, reading a newspaper, and looked up at Xyla, who was mopping the floor every now and then.

After mopping, she tripped when she was bringing the pail of water out and angrily tossed the mop to the ground. She poured the dirty water away, went back in, and picked the mop back up again.

Xyla rolled up her sleeves and twisted the cloth dry to wipe the table and kitchen. It was so hot that she took off her jacket and tied her hair up into a bun.

Yorrick's eyes followed her around. She was pretty adorable when she was focused.

There was a little cockroach on the kitchen hood.

Xyla raised her hand and squashed it.

Yorrick's expression changed. "What did you just squash?"

Xyla opened her hand. "A cockroach."

Yorrick folded up the paper with a frozen expression.

Xyla seemed to notice something and smiled. "You're not afraid of a cockroach, are you?"

He gnashed his teeth. "No way."

"Do you want to see its carcass then?" Xyla walked toward him while he bounced up and backed up to the window. "Don't come any closer. Don't you think that's disgusting?"

"What's disgusting? It's dead." Xyla flicked, and the carcass flew toward him.

Yorrick jumped out of the way, and his face was pale while he clenched his jaw. "Xyla Mayweather, go... Go wash your hands." Xyla smiled and walked over to him. She found his weakness and wasn't going to let him get away with it. "Honey, come help me wash my hands."

Yorrick pointed at her and uttered two words, "Get lost."

Chapter 1120

"I won't." Xyla walked closer to him and was going to jump on him when he turned sideways and evaded. He then grabbed her by her wrists and held her down in bed.

"Ouch, it hurts!"

Yorrick smiled with a clenched jaw. "Hurts, huh? Don't you dare play with me."

"You played with me first. You brought me here to work. Even my dad didn't ask me to work at home. Let go of me!"

Xyla struggled, but Yorrick grabbed her harder. She yelled out loud because her arms were going numb, "Yorrick Hathaway!"

Yorrick let go of her. "If you don't wash your hands, you're not going to sleep in the bed tonight." He turned and left.

Xyla sat up and rubbed her arm. "Do you think I want to sleep with you?"

Still, this man was afraid of a cockroach, and it was a small one too. That was rare.

Yorrick didn't return after he left. He probably went for a site inspection with the manager. Xyla opened the fridge, but there was nothing inside.

She put on her jacket and walked out, looking for somewhere to eat. She turned around and saw a mother carrying a child cooking.

At 7:00 p.m., Yorrick returned from the site visit with the manager. He brought food for her because he was worried that she had waited for too long.

Unexpectedly, Xyla wasn't there. Her bag was.

He frowned, put down the food, and yelled toward the bathroom, "Xyla!"

There was no response. He took out his phone to call her, and her phone started ringing outside. He turned around and saw Xyla walking in with half a watermelon in her arms while eating it with a spoon.

She looked up and was stunned. "You're back."

Yorrick saw the watermelon seed stuck to the corner of her mouth and was a lot less angry. "I'm sorry for returning late. You haven't had dinner, right?"

He was sorry.

Xyla said, "Don't worry about it. I had some food from the worker's wife next door." She had even gotten half a watermelon.

Yorrick was rendered speechless. His guilt was pointless. His eyes grew dark, and his jaw moved." Since you've eaten, you can throw the food on the table away." He turned and walked into the room.

Xyla was startled as she looked at the food on the table and frowned. 'Did he... rush back?'

#Evidence of Xyla Mayweather's relationship# #Mr. Hathaway and Xyla Mayweather's relationship is exposed#

Mr. Mayweather sat in his office and saw that the magazine that his secretary brought in was about his own daughter's gossip. His face dropped.

The secretary looked down. "Mr.

Mayweather, the paparazzi have reported about Ms. Mayweather and Mr. Hathaway's relationship. Multiple magazines have printed 5,000 copies and distributed them. I'm afraid it's too late to stop it." Mr. Mayweather put down the magazine because his head was aching and rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Send someone to investigate him and my daughter." The secretary nodded. "Got it."

Mr. Mayweather looked at the cover of the magazine on the desk. How could he not recognize his own daughter? That paparazzo had taken such a clear picture.

After finding out that Yorrick was the heir of the group in Yaramoor, he was even more worried because Yorrick was famous for being a playboy and had been with multiple women before. His daughter wouldn't be able to handle that.

He was worried that Yorrick had used some leverage against his daughter. Was it when she had been blacklisted? If she really were to be blacklisted, he would know about it. His daughter must have been bewitched!

No, he had to call to ask. At a beach in the Persian Gulf ... Xyla was bored. She had had dinner at someone's home the night before, so she helped babysit the worker's children.