

Crazy Love 191

Chapter 191

“Amnesia?”

Ben and Susan spoke in unison.

Ben quickly glanced at her.

“I... I don't have any injuries on my body. How could I be suffering from amnesia? Susan quickly asked.

The doctor asked, “Mrs. Landor, do you really forget everything?”

Susan braced herself and nodded.

The doctor nodded and said in a very professional tone, “I've checked your medical record. The day before yesterday, you had a cold and fever. Though the fever was gone later, you weren't fully recovered. After that, your were kidnapped and went deep into the mountains. You even encountered some wolves and were very scared. What was even worse, you were caught in the heavy rain. Thus, you had a fever again last night in the hospital. I'm afraid that these two fevers left some sequelae in your brain.”

When Si

heard this, she was stunned.

She would have been convinced if she hadn't been pretending.

“Amnesia...” Ben had mixed feelings. “Doctor, how long will it take for her to recover?”

The doctor replied, "There are still many things we don't know about human brains. Even the best doctor can't say that they know even a little bit of it."

"So?" Ben frowned.

The doctor smiled awkwardly and said, "So, it depends on luck when she can regain her memory."

Ben was unwilling to give up. "Is there no other way to cure her?"

The doctor replied, "I'm not skilled enough to come up with a better idea. Perhaps, some better doctor would know how to help her get back her memories. But among all these factors, Mrs. Landor's own will matters the most. If she has a strong desire to recover, she would recover faster."

"I see." Ben nodded.

The doctor stood up and said, "Well... you can have a talk. I got to go."

The doctor left, leaving Ben and Susan alone in the room.

Ben looked at her with a look of mixed feelings.

He had thought that he had finally gotten her back.

Unexpectedly, she had lost her memory.

She forgot everything that had happened between them.

"Susan," Ben said slowly.

"Don't call me in that intimate way, Susan said and blinked her eyes. "I don't know you."

"Just now, the doctor addressed you as Mrs. Landor," Ben explained. "My family name is Landor, so you are my

wife."

"... I'm married?" Susan looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes," Ben replied softly. "We married because we love each other. We were deep in love and never changed our feelings for each other after we got married."

Susan didn't know how to reply.

She wanted to punch him after hearing his words.

Suppressing

can't tell it."

the

urge to punch him, she said in disbelief, "I don't remember anything now. Even if you're lying, I

I'm not lying," Ben said sincerely.

Susan raised her eyebrows. "If we really loved each other, why did we separate? Why did I get into danger and

suffer from amnesia?"

It was a hard question.

Ben sat by the bed and said with a solemn expression, "Well, it was all Timothy's fault. He was a bastard."

Susan didn't know how to reply.

Ben continued with a serious expression, "We had a happy life back then. But a man named Timothy coveted you and wanted to break us up. Some weeks ago, you came to this town to spend a vacation, and that guy secretly followed you here and kidnapped you cruelly. He even brought you up the mountain trying to force you to die with

him."

Susan was even more speechless.

"Don't worry, Susan, Ben said with a straight face. "This bastard has fallen off the cliff and probably died. From now on, no one will be able to break us apart."

Susan was stunned for a moment.

It was not her illusion that Timothy fell off the cliff before she passed out.

She didn't know if he was alive or not.

She felt a little conflicted, but she tried her best to suppress it.

At that time, if she had run away with the only torch, leaving Timothy to be swallowed by the wolves, she would feel guilty.

But the truth was that she had tried her best to help him.

There was nothing she could do about Timothy's fate.

She had a clear conscience.

Seeing her reaction, Ben asked anxiously, "What's wrong? Did you remember something?"

Susan glanced at him and shook her head. "No, I didn't."

She wanted to see how Ben would make up the story.

Ben continued, "Anyway, Timothy is a complete jerk. Do you remember that you have a younger sister Yana? To get close to you, Timothy deceived Yana and got her pregnant. Yet, he dared to pester you. He couldn't atone for his sin even if he died a hundred times."

Ben spared no effort to smear Timothy's reputation. For this reason, he even whitewashed some of Yana's faults.

His thoughts were very simple.

After all, Susan had liked Timothy for so many years.

Before she lost her memory, she watched as Timothy fell off the cliff. Perhaps, she would feel guilty to him subconsciously

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Ben felt that someone like Timothy wasn't worthy of any sympathy at all.

Thus, he decided to smear Timothy's reputation in front of Susan.

Susan didn't know how to reply.

She thought it was ridiculous for her to pretend to have amnesia.

Unexpectedly, Ben played along and made up an even more ridiculous story.

Susan struggled to say, "I don't think your story is real."

"It's real," Ben said sincerely. "If you don't believe me, you can go to the police station to get the files. Timothy is a

kidnapper, the culprit who broke us up."

Susan glanced at Ben.

He looked so serious as if he was telling the truth.

"Susan, this bastard has received his just desserts." Ben looked at Susan tentatively. "Shall we... go home now?"

Susan hesitated for a moment before nodding. "Yes."

"lost her

Since she had "lost" her memory and was Ben's wife, it was natural she went home with him.

After that, she would think of a way to slowly recover from her "amnesia".

Susan was a little worried.

“What was I thinking about when I decided to pretend to have amnesia?”

It's easy to lis

but how should I patch it up?” she wondered.

Ben let out a sigh of relief with a tender look in his eyes.

As long as Susan was willing to go home with him, everything would be fine.

There would come a day when she recovered from the amnesia.

The temporary amnesia had given both of them some time, which could serve as a buffer period.

If Susan hadn't lost her memory, how would Ben explain what he did to her in those days?

Even though he knew that he had his own difficulties, he had hurt her anyway.

Thus, every time Susan thought of what happened in those days, she would feel unhappy.

But now, she couldn't remember what happened.

So they could start over as if they had met for the first time.

In fact, their relationship started with some regrets.

Now, it was the perfect time to make up for all the regrets.

In the future, when Susan regained her memory, they would spend happier time together, giving her happier memories. By then, she probably would forgive her.

Chapter 192

Before leaving the small town, Ben made a special trip with Susan to Clara's house to pick up her daily necessities.

"Susan, these are your everyday items, including your documents. See if they jog your memory," Ben said.

Susan gathered her belongings briefly.

Ben watched her, torn between hope and worry, "Did you remember anything?"

"The name Susan sounds familiar. I must be right in thinking that's my name," she replied, looking at her documents.

"Anything else?" Ben inquired.

"Not for now, Susan shook her head.

She had just "lost her memory," and knew recovery shouldn't be rushed.

Moreover, a thought lingered in Susan's mind.

Could her "amnesia" be an unexpected way to hear Ben's unguarded truths?

She was curious if he ever doubted her, or considered letting her go.

Perhaps it seemed like she was splitting hairs.

But still, Susan stubbornly wanted an answer.

“Don’t worry, take your time, your memory will come back, Ben consoled her with a hint of regret in his voice.

Susan nodded.

Clara, learning about Susan’s “amnesia”, felt sorry and held Susan’s hand, saying earnestly, “Susan, take good care of yourself. Once you’re better, come back and visit me.”

Susan’s gaze was tender as she nodded gently.

Minutes later, Susan and Ben left with her suitcase in hand,

Clara watched them go with a touch of sadness.

She lived alone, and having company for a few months was a rare delight for her, but now they were leaving.

With a sigh, Clara shakily made her way back to her room to tidy up.

But she found that Susan and Ben had left everything in perfect order before they left, even the trash bin was

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spotless.

“This girl...” Clara murmured with a hint of admiration, as she went to put the only pillow left out back into the wardrobe.

As Clara lifted the pillow, a stack of banknotes emerged from underneath.

Her eyes narrowed in surprise, about to chase after the ones who left, when she noticed a note underneath the

money.

Clara picked it up and deciphered the message.

“Granny, I’ve secretly taken one of the green plants from your windowsill. This money is for that,” Susan had written,

with a smiley face added to the note.

“This child...” Clara’s eyes moistened slightly with emotion.

In the car...

Ben looked at Susan, “How did you think to leave money for Granny?”

Susan, in a cheerful mood holding the plant, replied, “What do you mean ‘leave money? I took her plant, paying for

it is only right.”

In her bag, there was a sum of four to six thousand in cash, which Susan had left entirely for Clara.

A hint of amusement flickered in Ben's eyes.

Really, what difference did it make whether Susan remembered or not?

She had always been the same—outwardly tough, but soft-hearted.

They drove out of the town and then transferred to a private jet.

To reinforce the impression of her amnesia, Susan exclaimed with feigned surprise, "A private jet? Are you rich or

something?"

She eyed Ben suspiciously, "Although my memory hasn't fully returned, I have this faint feeling that my family was more than well-off. Don't rich people care about matching social status? How did we end up together? Don't tell me this is some modern-day Cinderella story—I won't buy it."

Ben's heart skipped a beat!

He had always felt that the origin of their marriage was less than perfect.

Previously, he had instinctively lied, claiming their union was purely out of love.

But now, the question was posed.

If it weren't for certain underlying factors, he and Susan would never have been together at all.

Ben's mind raced, scrambling for an excuse to round out his lie.

Susan watched him quietly.

She just wanted to see how he would spin this tale!

After a short while, Ben said with a pained expression, "Susan, you've got it wrong. I'm not really that wealthy."

Susan, "...Oh?"

Ben nodded firmly, "This private jet is borrowed from a friend. It cost me a lot to borrow it!"

Ben assured with a pledge of loyalty, "But don't worry, no matter the cost, as long as it means getting you back sooner, I'm willing."

Susan replied with a simple, "Oh."

She believed him, she really did.

The richest man who's 'poor, Little Ben.

Hahaha.

Susan spoke slowly, "Then you should return the jet to its owner as soon as you can."

"Sure. Don't worry," Ben nodded obediently.

"By the way, which friend did you borrow this jet from?"

Susan gave him a glance.

Without missing a beat, Ben said, "His name is Thomas, quite a notable guy. I'll introduce you two later."

"Alright," Susan said.

Miles away, Thomas sneezed and then quietly put on an extra layer of clothing.

Susan didn't ask any further.

Ben breathed a sigh of relief and then took out his phone to make arrangements.

It was for Charlie.

[Grandpa, I've found Susan! But she has amnesia now. I'll bring her to see you once her memory returns!]

It was for his secretary.

[Quick, buy a set of two thousand square feet, no, one thousand square feet of suite!]

In the developed city of Anaville, real estate was expensive.

A casual listing here started at an average price of ten or twelve hundred per square feet.

Six to eight hundred was considered cheap.

Ben thought for a moment and added, [Don't get one in too good a location. An average price of around six hundred is fine, but it must have all the facilities!]

After a while, he added another message, [Don't pay in full, just the down payment! As for the purchase date, find at way to backdate it to a year ago!

[Quick, get it done immediately. I want to check in in five hours!

[Remember, make it feel lived-in.

[Don't forget to put a photo of me and Susan in the room!

[Go buy a new batch of affordable clothes and fill up the wardrobe.]

Ben kept firing off instructions relentlessly.

His secretary's phone was lighting up like a Christmas tree.

His secretary shivered with anticipation and quickly unlocked his phone.

Surely, this meant Ben had some critical orders.

The secretary opened the message and was floored.

"Buying a house?"

"Pretending it's a love nest shared with Susan?"

"What kind of odd directive was this?"

"Wait a minute, does this mean...."

“He has found Susan?

“Ben is coming back?!”

A wave of elation hit the secretary, and he quickly replied, [Mr. Landor, should I send a car for you?

[No need!] came Ben’s swift reply. [A poor man like me usually just hails a cab. Just get the house ready!]

The secretary was baffled.

“Poor man?!!

“Rich people really know how to play!”

A few hours later.

At dusk.

The private jet touched down at the designated spot.

The airport was desolate, a void in the middle of nowhere.

Susan blinked, “So, how do we get out of here now?”

Ben’s expression froze for a second.

He’d forgotten!

Private airports are secluded – there’s never a taxi in sight!

Sure, he had countless solutions at his disposal, but which could be done without spending a penny?

Ben was lost in thought.

Chapter 193

Half an hour later.

A taxi arrived.

‘Look, Susan, we can hail a cab,’ Ben remarked,

For the first time in his life, Ben was genuinely grateful for the existence of ride-hailing services!

What a marvelous innovation—it was truly splendid.

He considered investing in it.

Susan gave him a glance, her smile not quite reaching her eyes, “Really? That’s amazing!”

Ben was elated.

Susan, when not amnesiac, would never speak to him with such admiration.

As for her rigid expression, Ben convinced himself she must be feeling shy!

Once in the taxi, Ben shared the address of the house with the driver.

That address...

Ben had paused when he first saw it.

His memory was excellent, and this location was right across from Theresa's apartment.

He was worried it might give them away.

"But with time pressing and no chance to find another house quickly.

Plus, Theresa owns several properties and she may not live in that one," he reassured himself.

Susan's eyelids twitched as she realized they were across from Theresa's place.

But with her memory gone, she didn't know anything, so

she remained silent.

Amid this unspoken, strange atmosphere, the car stopped outside the apartment complex.

"This is where we live, Susan," Ben said tenderly, "Through our joint efforts, we've managed the down payment, and now, we are working together to pay off the mortgage."

Susan responded w

a noncommittal, "Oh."

"Anyway, as long as we keep striving, our life will surely get better and better," Ben continued.

Susan again simply replied, "Oh."

"Come on, let me take you home," Ben said, reaching for Susan's hand.

She dodged slightly, eyes downcast, "Although... you are my husband, I don't remember anything right now."

Ben's gaze dimmed for a moment before he softly responded, "Alright, we'll take it slow."

Ben did not attempt to take Susan's hand again but instead stepped half a pace ahead, cautiously leading the way.

As they were about to reach the elevator of the complex, Ben felt a twitch in his eyelid.

It was as if his fears had come to life!

Theresa was there waiting for the elevator too!

If she started spouting nonsense and blew his cover...

"Susan, I just remembered, I have something I didn't buy yet. Let's head to the supermarket first," Ben said, turning to leave with Susan.

Susan, with a smile brimming on her face, looked at him. "There's no rush, I would like to see our home first."

"We really should... Ben tried to continue persuading.

But Theresa heard the movement, turned around, and caught sight of Susan.

A flicker of surprise shone in her eyes, "Susan! You're back!"

Ben was speechless.

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There was no avoiding it now.

He resigned himself and led Susan over.

Susan blinked, slightly confused, "Hello, who are you...?"

Theresa paused, reaching out to gently touch Susan's forehead, "Susan, what's wrong? It's Theresa."

Ben discreetly brushed Theresa's hand away, then said, "Susan had an accident, and now, she's lost her memory."

Theresa was stunned.

Lost... memory?

What kind of bizarre twist was this

Ben turned to Susan and introduced, "Susan, this is Theresa, our neighbor across the hall. You and she are quite good friends"

Theresa was speechless.

A neighbor across the hall? Why didn't she know this?!

Theresa wanted to say something, but Ben gave her a stern, warning glare

Theresa," Yes, we are neighbors across the hall

Susan laughed, "Oh, so you're the neighbor! Theresa, I've lost my memory by accident, so please remind me about

things"

"Sure," Theresa replied awkwardly.

Susan's return was undoubtedly wonderful news

But Theresa couldn't shake off the feeling that something was off

Soon after, the elevator arrived

The three of them, each with their own thoughts, entered the elevator.

Soon, they arrived at their floor

"Let's go home so you can take a look, Susan, Ben said.

"Okay." Susan replied Suddenly, with a smile, she added. "Theresa, would you like to come in and sit with us? I felt a connection with you as soon as I saw you".

Theresa glanced cautiously at Ben, who continued to give her warning looks.

Theresa raised an eyebrow in defiance

She thought, "Humph"

So what if he's wealthy

What's with the sideways glances

Ben was clearly up to something, and Theresa was determined to see how this would unfold

"Sure, I'd love to visit your home. Theresa said with a smile

Ben was speechless.

Theresa brushed past him, laughing and talking as she entered the apartment with Susan.

The secretary had done a good job.

The living room and bedroom of the apartment were adorned with wedding photos of the couple. There were doubles of various items, Susan's in a soft, pinkish hue, Ben's in a cooler tone. Together, their belongings created a harmonious blend.

After touring the apartment, they sat down on the sofa to have coffee.

Susan glanced at Ben, "It seems we really do live here?"

"Of course," Ben affirmed calmly.

Theresa looked on curiously, "You two live here?"

“Yes,” Susan nodded: “We’ve worked hard to pay the down payment, and now we’re working on the mortgage.”

Theresa was in the midst of sipping her coffee when she heard this. She choked suddenly, coughing violently.

“Are you okay, Theresa?” Susan quickly patted her on the back.

“I’m fine, I’m fine, Theresa said repeatedly.

Ben narrowed his eyes and slowly added, “I’m glad you’re okay. Miss Austin, we’ve just come back and have a lot to do. Maybe you should head back to your place...”

, don’t worry:

intention of leaving..

1. me. Tell me what you need, I’m here to help,” Theresa said cheerily, clearly showing no

Ben’s face darkened instantly.

With Susan there, Theresa wasn’t intimidated by Ben in the slightest.

She looked at Susan with curiosity, “Paying off a mortgage must be hard work for you two.”

Susan nodded, “It should be. We can’t help it, we’re not wealthy.”

Theresa couldn’t help but glance at Ben.

Poor?

How could Ben, the big tycoon, have the audacity to deceive such an innocent soul?

Ben gave her an impassive look.

Theresa cleared her throat subtly, "Maybe I can help you clean up?"

"No need, Miss Austin, you should..." Ben began.

"Oh yes, thank you, Theresa," Susan quickly accepted the offer.

Ben had to swallow the rest of his objections.

The three of them started cleaning together.

Theresa and Susan began tidying up with brisk movements, while Ben stared at the cloth in his hand, motionless.

Even though he had grown up uncherished and without parental affection, household chores were something he'd never touched, thanks to the presence of servants.

"What's the matter? Don't know how?" Theresa asked with a look of surprise. "Don't tell me, all the housework was done by Susan alone before?"

Susan also turned her gaze to Ben.

Ben took a deep breath and said slowly, "How could that be? Susan works so hard at her job. Of course, I'm the one who does the housework."

“Really? That’s so kind of you, Susan admired him with her gaze.

Ben felt a warm rush in his heart and said steadily, “You two rest, I’ll take care of the cleaning.”

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‘Alright, Susan, let’s go have some coffee,” Theresa unceremoniously took Susan to the sofa.

Ben was speechless.

He regretted it a bit.

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Why had he instructed the secretary to make it look like the apartment hadn’t been lived in for days?

Cleaning was completely outside his skill set, and to make matters worse, Susan was watching him with admiration.

Ben, the tycoon, had no choice but to bite the bullet and get busy with the cloth,

Surprisingly, his learning ability was commendable.

Although he started off a bit clumsy, he soon got the hang of it.

Meanwhile, Theresa, who seemed to have conjured up a bag of chips from nowhere, shared them with Susan,

smiling merrily.

The two of them stacked on chips, chatted away, and watched Ben Bustling about the epitome of leisure

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She stared at a

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whether Ben values you or money more?"

Theresa rolled her eyes, unable to help herself, "In my opinion, you're just creating problems for yourself."

Susan was taken aback, "Maybe I am overthinking it... perhaps I should just come clean."

Otherwise, she'd be acting, Ben would be acting, and who knows how long this charade would go on.

Theresa's eyes twinkled, and she said softly, "If you come clean now, you'll never get your answer, Susan. You might be conflicted for life. Actually, it's simple if you want to know the answer."

"Yes?" Susan looked at her expectantly.

Theresa nodded towards Ben, "He's already set the stage for you. He's pretending to be poor, right? Just see how long he can keep up the act. If he can live with you, just like this, an ordinary life, what do you think? Does he value money more, or you?"

Susan's gaze flickered as she caught on to Theresa's meaning.

They had struggled to use all their savings for the down payment.

Now, every month was a struggle with the mortgage.

This was the persona Ben had crafted for himself.

But he was accustomed to a life of luxury. Maintaining such a facade for a day or two might be easy, but what about for a month or two?

If he could maintain this level of ordinary life with her indefinitely, wouldn't that prove that he wasn't attached to wealth?

Theresa watched Susan's thoughtful expression and couldn't help but sip her coffee with a smile.

As a neighbor, she felt her days ahead would be anything but dull.

This couple, one pretending to be poor, the other feigning amnesia.

A perfect match indeed.

Chapter 194

After spending a little time, Theresa took her leave.

Once she was gone, Susan looked around and found Ben grappling with the duvet.

"Let me help you," she approached.

"No need," Ben sternly refused, "I can manage.

He faced the bed's disarrayed duvet and cover as if preparing for battle.

To appear proficient in household tasks, he had even sought tutorials online.

Now was the time to put that research to the test!

Fortunately, it didn't seem too challenging.

Ben recalled the online guide and methodically began to follow the steps.

Five minutes later, he stared at the tangled mess of duvet and cover, lost in thought.

"Let me do it," Susan offered with a smile, and in a couple of minutes, she had the duvet neatly covered.

"Grab that corner there, and we'll give it a shake," she instructed.

Ben quickly positioned himself opposite her, coordinating the shake of the duvet with her.

He stole glances at Susan.

The corners of her lips were turned up. She seemed in good spirits.

Yet, a nameless emotion stirred in Ben's heart.

He had always been a bit cynical..

He wore his scars as a reminder to himself but also as a silent protest.

He felt wronged, that he had suffered.

Even after Susan entered his life, a corner of his heart remained rigid.

Now, separated by the duvet, Ben felt a softening inside.

His childhood hadn't been easy.

But at the very least, he never worried about food or clothes and hadn't ever needed to lift a finger for housework.

His father had simply neglected him, not abused him intentionally.

But Susan's parents were a strange case

With two daughters, they exalted one to the skies and trampled the other underfoot.

Susan's proficiency with housework clearly showed it was a common task for her, yet the Miller family certainly wasn't short on servants.

Ben glanced subtly at the calluses on Susan's hands.

He had initially thought that the calluses on her hands were from typing too much.

But now, he realized there might be more to it.

"All done," Susan said.

Ben didn't respond right away, as if lost in thought.

Susan looked at him curiously, "What's the matter?"

Coming back to the moment, Ben took the duvet from Susan's hands with a certain solemnity and carefully laid it

out on the bed.

Susan was a bit perplexed.

Then, Ben spoke earnestly, "Susan, from now on, you don't have to do any housework."

"Huh?" Susan blinked.

"I know I'm a bit clumsy now, but I'll learn quickly," Ben said seriously.

Susan rarely spoke of her past, and he never pried

Susan never liked to broadcast her troubles.

A little girl, regularly locked to a hospital bed from the age of seven, repeatedly having her precious blood drawn.

And such a person, who had been excessively bled for years, might still be forced to take on household chores.

If not for Susan's remarkably strong constitution, she might not have even survived to this day.

Anyone else undergoing such trials might not have remained unscathed.

Yet Susan, who endured it all, always remained tender and kind.

Suddenly, Ben felt he hadn't been good enough to her, that he hadn't given her enough.

He wanted to give her so much more.

To make her the happiest woman alive.

“Why say this all of a sudden?” Susan asked, puzzled.

Ben smiled, “A man’s hands are made for work, and a woman’s hands should be taken care of.”

Susan was speechless.

She really wanted to tell Ben!

She had read that line in Love Magic Code!

Was Ben taking advantage of her supposed amnesia to recycle old lines?

What irked Susan the most...

Was that she actually felt touched by it?

“Susan, stay calm. See how he acts from now on,” she reassured herself internally.

After finishing the chores together, Ben suggested they go to the supermarket to buy some groceries.

Susan agreed.

Ben, who in his life had never personally shopped for groceries, started comparing vegetable prices like a pro once they reached the supermarket.

“Let’s get this one,” Susan casually picked up a pre-packaged box of vegetables.

Ben glanced at it and said seriously, “This is just fancier packaging, and it costs one cent more per unit. It’s not economical.”

He then earnestly began selecting loose vegetables.

Susan blinked and silently curved her lips in amusement.

Back home..

Susan moved to start cooking.

“Sit down, I’ll do it,” Ben stopped her.

Then he faced the vegetables with a stern look, as if trying to intimidate them into cooking themselves.

“Do you even know how?” Susan was doubtful.

“Of course, I do. You forgot, I’m the one who does the chores at our home,” Ben said without hesitation as he ushered Susan out, “Just wait for the meal.”

The kitchen door slammed shut.

Susan watched apprehensively as smoke started to waft from the kitchen.

Ben... was this his first time cooking? Was he sure he wouldn’t blow up the kitchen?

An hour later.

The kitchen door opened.

Ben emerged with the dishes, significantly more relaxed than when he'd entered the kitchen, as if he had just returned from a victorious battle.

"Sit at the table," he said with a hint of pride, placing the dishes in front of Susan.

Susan blinked in surprise. The two dishes actually looked quite appealing.

A vegetable salad appeared crisp and fresh.

And the roast ribs seemed tantalizingly fragrant.

"You made these?" Susan couldn't help but glance at him.

"Of course," Ben's face was the picture of calm, "You might not remember, but I've always prepared our meals. My cooking skills are quite decent."

Susan was speechless.

"I'll buy that story." She thought.

Ben quietly hid his phone.

He wouldn't admit to Susan that it took him three attempts to make these two dishes look presentable, thanks to a lifesaving cooking app!

"Try it. I'll go get the soup," Ben said as he headed back to the kitchen.

Susan, driven by a blend of curiosity and hunger, was about to taste the food when suddenly, the doorbell rang.

She walked over to open the door.

“Susan, I was about to order some takeout, want me to add something for you...” Theresa was saying when she caught sight of the food on the table and paused mid-sentence, “You cooked? Did you make this?”

Susan shook her head, “Ben did.”

Theresa was dumbfounded.

She looked at Susan with a blend of horror and disbelief, then quickly whispered in a hushed tone, “A billionaire’s cooking? You’re brave enough to eat it?”

“The soup is ready,” Ben announced, emerging from the kitchen with an apron wrapped around him, carrying the

hot soup.

Theresa was frozen in place.

Ben was draped in a Pikachu apron, his hair a mess from bustling about. In his hands, he cradled the steaming

soup.

This was homey to an extreme!

Theresa rubbed her eyes, thinking she was seeing things.

But no matter how much she rubbed, Ben, the CEO, still looked ready for household duties.

“Got a good look?” Ben asked her, his face expressionless.

Theresa quickly shook her head, then rapidly nodded.

“Why don’t you join us for some?” Susan invited.

Theresa shook her head in horror, “No need, no need.”

Eating Ben’s cooking was a risk she wasn’t willing to take either food poisoning or a shortened lifespan!

“Are you sure?” Ben asked, squinting.

‘No, I’ll order takeout,” Theresa quickly turned and dashed away.

Susan couldn’t even call her back and had to turn her head to look at Ben.

“It seems she prefers takeout, Ben said calmly, “Let’s eat.”

Susan raised an eyebrow, “She seems quite scared of you.”

Ben maintained his composure, “Maybe it’s because I don’t smile much? She doesn’t know that I’m actually a very friendly person.”

Susan was speechless.

Hahaha.

She believed him, she really did.

The two sat opposite each other, and Ben served some vegetables into Susan's bowl.

Susan was initially cautious as she began to eat.

But after the first bite, she relaxed.

Ben's cooking might not have been delicious, but it was far from bad.

Ben, after tasting his own cooking, wasn't satisfied, though he kept it to himself. He resolved silently that he needed to improve his culinary skills quickly.

After the meal.

Ben took it upon himself to wash the dishes too, leaving Susan feeling somewhat idle.

Was Ben really not going to let her do any household work?

She felt strangely guilty about it.

When Ben finished and came out, Susan had brewed a cup of coffee for him.

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Ben looked at her with disapproval, "You should have just called me for coffee. Why do it yourself?"

Susan felt a bit embarrassed, 'My hands aren't broken. You... you don't have to be so over the top.'

"It's not over the top at all," Ben said, looking at Susan gently.

He felt he still wasn't doing enough.

He wanted to do so much more.

Only then might Susan willingly stay by his side.

Susan's cheeks warmed under his gaze, and she tried to change the subject, "Why don't you tell me about our past? Maybe it'll jog my memory."

She was simply curious to see how Ben would spin the tale.

Ben cleared his throat, "We just have a very special bond. Nothing much else."

Susan blinked, 'Such a strong bond? We never argue?'

"Argue?" Ben said with calm assurance, "Impossible! In our home, you're always right. Whatever you say, you're right!"

His earnestness almost made Susan laugh.

She raised an eyebrow and teased, "But I seem to recall, while I was still unconscious, I vaguely heard you talking. What was it again? A divorce agreement?"

Ben broke out in a cold sweat.

"That was a misunderstanding," he said slowly.

“What misunderstanding?” Susan pressed, feeling a slight tension.

“The misunderstanding doesn’t matter anymore. All you need to know is that I have never thought about divorcing you. I’ve never signed any divorce papers,” Ben said earnestly, his gaze as solemn as a vow, “Susan, I may have disappointed you in the past, but please believe that I will do better. I won’t let you suffer again.”

Susan’s heart skipped a beat, she looked up at him, “You...”

“Hmm?” Ben listened attentively.

“Nothing.” Susan hung her head ostrich-like.

She felt utterly useless.

When she had left, she was determined to sever all ties with Ben.

She thought her heart had turned completely to stone.

But just knowing that Ben had come looking for her in the small town melted all her defenses like ice in the sun.

Her first impulse was to see him.

Although she told herself she was going to see Ben to make a final break, deep down, she knew she just couldn’t

let go.

She despised her inability to let go, so she chose to feign amnesia.

Yet now, guilt was driving her nearly mad.

Maybe... it was time to come clean.

In the evening.

Ben took the initiative to sleep in the guest room, leaving Susan alone in bed.

After wrestling with her thoughts, she stealthily sent a message to Theresa.

[Theresa, I plan to come clean tomorrow.]

Theresa sent back several question marks, [????]

Susan felt guilty. [I just felt bad about lying.]

[It's not so much that coming clean is the issue... It's just that our CEO Ben might feel humiliated. By telling him you pretended to have amnesia, you're basically letting him know you saw through all his acts. Wouldn't that embarrass and anger him?]

Susan paused, [You're right.]

Theresa tried to strategize, [Here's what you do. Don't say you faked the amnesia. Pretend it was real. Over the next few days, you can gradually regain your memory, and in about a week, you'll have it all back! Then, after regaining your memory, just pretend to forget everything that happened during the amnesia. This way, you save face for Ben, right?]

Susan nodded.

Hmm. That sounded quite reasonable.

Tomorrow... she would start by regaining part of her memory.

But which part to start with was the question.

She needed to think about how she would act out regaining her memory.

Sigh, she wasn't an actress, yet she had to match Ben's acting prowess.

Life was certainly tough.

Chapter 195

The next day.

Susan got up and went to the living room, where she saw Ben on a call on the balcony.

Curious, she eavesdropped for a moment.

Ben was frowning as he spoke on the phone, "What was that about last night's email? Such a trivial matter, and you handle it like this? I'm telling you, if you can't..."

He turned his head and saw Susan.

Susan blinked.

Ben's tone instantly softened, "If you can't manage, take your time to learn. Don't rush to send things over. Alright, that's it for now, goodbye."

He hung up the phone and turned to her with sudden warmth, "Susan, you're awake. I've made breakfast. Come and eat."

With that, Ben went to the kitchen and brought out breakfast like the perfect homemaker.

of

He had heated two cups of milk and even fried two sunny-side-up eggs.

These two eggs were still heart-shaped.

"You've really outdone yourself, Susan was stunned.

In just one night, Ben seemed to have undergone some strange evolution.

"It's so easy," Ben said with a modest smile.

Susan enthusiastically drank the milk, praising him as she drank.

Ben's gaze grew even more tender.

He felt an odd sense of achievement at this moment.

When was the last time he felt such a sense of accomplishment?

Probably when he was 18 and had just taken over the company. Back then, he had to deal with some old-timers who made things difficult for him. He bided his time for a month, then used decisive measures to deal with them.

The sense of control he felt back then lingered for a long time.

Later, as the business grew larger and more successful, even when he signed deals worth billions, he never felt

that pure sense of accomplishment again.

Now, just by simply preparing a meal and watching Susan eat, he tasted a joy he hadn't felt in ages.

The two of them had breakfast together.

Susan blinked and looked at Ben, "Were you discussing work just now?"

"It's nothing, just a minor issue," Ben replied.

"You must have taken leave to come find me," Susan mentioned. "Do you need to go back to work now?"

Ben paused for a moment, "There's no rush."

He could handle a great deal of his work remotely.

Besides, a large corporation like Storm Group had its own operating system. Even if he was absent temporarily, the company wouldn't be greatly affected.

"No need to rush?" Susan expressed her surprise, "I'm worried about our mortgage! What if you don't go to work and the boss fires you?"

Ben, "...That's unlikely."

“Why wouldn’t it be?” Susan feigned ignorance.

Ben fell silent.

ry well

He couldn’t very well reveal that he was the boss.

He chose his words carefully, “My boss is a pretty decent person.”

“Then you should work even harder. That’s the way to repay your boss’s kindness,” Susan said seriously.

Susan made so much sense that Ben found himself at a loss for words.

A few minutes later, Susan pushed Ben out the door, urging him to “go to work.”

Once Ben had left, Susan scurried to Theresa’s door and knocked frantically.”

Theresa, bleary-eyed, opened the door and upon seeing Susan, she sleepily checked her phone and then groaned, “Susan, it’s only eight o’clock. Isn’t this a bit early?”

“It’s not early at all.” Susan quickly stepped inside, “Theresa, I’ve sent Ben off to the company. What part of my memory do you think I should recover’ first today? Should I go in chronological order, starting with memories from before I was ten?”

“That’s fine, that’s fine,” Theresa mumbled sleepily.

Susan pondered for a moment, “Or maybe I should recover memories related to the Miller family first?”

“Whatever you want,” Theresa said, curling up on the couch with a pillow.

Susan pulled her up insistently. "Theresa! Wake up! You're the only one who can help me now."

Theresa shook her hair out of her face and tried to open her eyes wider, "Then let's go with chronological order. It makes more sense, logically speaking."

"That makes sense," Susan nodded thoughtfully, "How do you think I should tell Ben that my memory is gradually coming back?"

"Should I just tell him directly, or should I hint at it in various ways? If I say it outright..." Susan began to ramble.

Theresa gave her a look and suddenly burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" Susan was puzzled.

Theresa blinked, "Susan, you didn't come here first thing in the morning to talk nonsense, did you?"

Susan felt a bit sheepish, "What else can I say?"

"You went and checked what happened these past three months, didn't you?" Theresa said knowingly.

Susan's face fell into a slightly disheartened expression, "You can tell?"

She had spent the previous night scrolling through Twitter in bed.

Especially within their couple's topic, which had almost a complete record of everything Ben had done.

She saw the global advertisement he had released.

She didn't understand how Ben, a man so proud, managed to plead so humbly for her to come back in front of the

whole world.

Susan had followed Ben's trail over the past three months.

He had been to so many places.

Those who encountered him didn't want to intrude, but they would discreetly take photos and post them.

In every photo, he was invariably described as haggard and his expression stern.

Susan recognized the familiar landscapes in the photos, feeling a sense of déjà vu.

These places... she seemed to have seen pictures of them online and even casually expressed a desire to visit

them.

So, was Ben clinging to a sliver of hope, searching for her from one place to another?

Susan felt a wave of daze wash over her.

Her last three months had been rough.

She had shut herself away, dedicating herself entirely to the development of an AI project.

She dared not stop because every pause brought a deluge of memories of their time together, overwhelming her thoughts and robbing her of peace, day and night.

But what she hadn't realized was that Ben had been suffering the same torment during this time.

After scrolling through Twitter, a realization dawned on Susan,

A thought took root in her heart.

She no longer seemed desperate to

find the answer to that question.

In this world, what relationship is truly flawless?

Even if Ben had considered giving up on her, hadn't he ultimately chosen not to?

That was enough..

"Feeling guilty?" Theresa saw through her with clarity.

Susan's despondency deepened, "A bit guilty. But more than that, it feels like such a waste of time."

These past three months neither of them needed to suffer so much.

Chapter 196

Theresa sighed and embraced her.

Susan just leaned quietly on her shoulder for a while.

Theresa said softly, "Susan, you were never the one at fault. It should be the ones who set you up."

Susan had been off-kilter emotionally when she first came to stay at Theresa's place.

Only after much questioning did Susan casually mention the incident with Isabella.

At that time, Theresa had been so outraged she wanted to call Ben and demand to know if he didn't trust Susan.

But Susan stopped her.

In matters of the heart, Susan had an almost obsessive-compulsive insistence on purity.

The slightest doubt from Ben was unacceptable to her. She would rather they split up than offer a single explanation, however simple.

Back then, Theresa felt indignant solely on Susan's behalf.

But then Susan left.

And Ben found Theresa

When he did, Theresa's tone certainly wasn't pleasant, defending Susan.

Yet, Ben, in all his pride, was even willing to kneel for news of Susan. That's when Theresa had a hunch that things weren't as Susan believed them to be.

However, at that time, she didn't have a way to contact Susan to convey this.

Now, with Susan in front of her, Theresa earnestly told her about Ben's visit.

Hearing that Ben almost knelt before Theresa, Susan felt faintly stunned.

"Susan," Theresa said seriously, 'Personally, I believe Ben's feelings for you are genuine. Of course, I'm an outsider. You're in the thick of it, and you'd know better than anyone if his feelings are true.'

Susan was lost in a daze for a moment, then mechanically stood up, "I'll go home and be alone for a while."

She left Theresa's house clumsily.

Theresa watched her enter the apartment across the hall before returning to her own.

She supposed she wouldn't be privy to this couple's drama for much longer.

But, more than watching the drama unfold, she genuinely hoped that Susan and Ben could work things out.

Theresa yawned, "I better catch up on some sleep."

Susan stood alone on the windowsill for a long time.

wurate point.

Theresa had made a very accurate point.

"You're in the thick of it, and you'd know better than anyone if his feelings are true."

Some questions don't need to be asked aloud; the heart naturally finds its answers.

Letting go of that last bit of stubbornness, Susan's smile came more easily.

In the next few days.

Susan began to systematically "recover memory" without any reservations.

Ben was both delighted and anxious.

Susan's memory seemed to be returning too swiftly.

He feared he still wasn't good enough to keep her by his side.

So, during these days, Ben was doubly kind to Susan.

By the fifth day, aside from her emotional experiences, Susan had "recovered" all her other memories.

"I've been dreaming a lot every night lately. I feel like I'm about to regain my memory completely," Susan said with a

smile.

Ben's hand, holding his fork, paused momentarily.

He had been enjoying their time together. If possible, he wished these days could last longer.

But as Susan's memory resurfaced, he knew these moments were drawing to a close, and a tinge of anxiety crept

1. in.

What if Susan refused to forgive him once she remembered everything?

Testing the waters, Ben asked, “Susan, if you regain your memory and find out I’ve lied to you, would you be angry?”

“It would depend on the extent of the deceit,” Susan blinked.

Blaming everything on Timothy and fabricating an entirely new persona for himself – what level of deceit did that

count as?

Ben was unsure.

And now, he was mor

even more troubled.

Susan secretly smirked.

Tomorrow, she planned to go straight to Ben’s company and surprise him.

As for the stories from this “amnesiac period, she would keep them to herself. In front of Ben, she’d pretend to have forgotten.

That way, she’d spare him the embarrassment.

How considerate was she?

The next day.

Once again, Ben was sent off to work by Susan.

Not long after he left, Susan followed.

She had made up her mind.

When the time comes to see Ben, she would tell him.

She remembered everything.

She scrolled through Twitter and knew all that Ben had done.

Then, she would give him a big hug.

Their misunderstandings resolved, they would live happily ever after.

Yes. That script seemed quite good.

Susan rehearsed the script in her mind a few times, brimming with confidence as she set off.

At the Storm Group.

The moment Susan entered, the entire lobby fell silent for an instant.

Only Ben's secretary knew about Susan's return, for now.

Seeing Susan suddenly appear, everyone was shocked.

“Hello, everyone,” Susan waved her hand.

The lobby continued in silence.

After a long pause, someone finally said in a daze, “Mrs... Mrs. Landor?!”

Susan smiled and nodded.

Instantly, the lobby erupted into commotion.

“Mrs. Landor, you’ve finally come back! Does Mr. Landor know yet?”

*Please forgive Mr. Landor, Mrs. Landor! He’s been nearly out of his mind since you’ve been gone.”

“Yes, let me take you up to him. Mr. Landor will be over the moon.”

People were talking over each other, a buzz of excitement in the air.

The more proactive ones had already notified the CEO office.

The rest circled around Susan, as if afraid she’d vanish again.

Only after Susan repeatedly assured them she wouldn’t sneak away did they finally give her some space.

“Mrs. Landor, let’s go, I’ll take you up, someone offered.

Susan nodded, ready to accept.

Suddenly, a melancholic voice rang out, "Susan, long time no see."

Susan froze for a moment, turned sharply, and then saw the ghost-like figure of Yana.

Susan's pupils contracted sharply.

The former Yana, although sometimes annoying, was always glamorous and well-put-together, no matter the

occasion.

Now, she was a shadow of her former self, with dark circles under her eyes, her hair in disarray, and her feet clad in just a pair of slippers.

Compared to the Yana of before, she looked like a completely different person.

"Yana... what... what happened to you?" Susan was at a loss for words.

She had an inkling of the cause.

Yana's mouth twisted into a smile more pained than crying, "Susan, don't you know? Timothy... he's dead."

Susan's body stiffened.

While she harbored no guilt over Timothy's death, seeing her own sister reduced to this was unsettling.

"Susan, before he left, he said he was going to see you," Yana walked towards her, "Can you tell me why he would suddenly die in a small town so far away?"

Yana stared intensely at Susan.

She had thought she felt nothing for Timothy.

Choosing him had been merely to spite Susan.

She never expected that now, with Timothy gone and herself as the sole heir to all his assets, she would feel anything but elation.

This should have been a cause for celebration, something to revel in with her parents.

But as Carl busied himself with taking over Timothy's company, all she felt was darkness.

And it was in this haze that Yana came to a realization.

She had truly cared for Timothy.

But this realization had come far too late.

Now, Timothy was gone.

All she could do was seek justice for him.

Chapter 197

Yana gazed steadily at Susan. The message she had received from the police was vague, stating only that Timothy had died from falling off a cliff

But why would Timothy, of all people, be at the edge of a cliff?

And why would he fall?

No one could provide her with answers.

She was tormented day and night, wracked with pain

Today, however, she suddenly saw things clearly

When Timothy had left, he said he was going on a business trip.

But what business did he have in such a small town?

Without a doubt, Timothy had gone to find Susan

Thus, the cause of his death was something only Susan would know.

Perhaps even...

His death was caused by Susan!

Yana didn't know where to find Susan. She just wanted to try her luck at Storm Group

To her surprise, as soon as she arrived, she ran into Susan

Perhaps it was Timothy's spirit in heaven, wanting her to seek justice for him

"Susan, why are you not speaking?" Yana slowly approached, "Timothy died mysteriously Dare you say his death has nothing to do with you?"

Susan pursed her lips and grasped Yana's arm, 'Yana, let's talk over there''

"Talk over there?" Yana scoffed, "Why? is what you're going to say next unsuitable for others to hear?"

Susan ignored her sarcasm and firmly pulled her arm

Yana attempted to struggle, but after several days in a daze, she had no strength left and simply let Susan guide her to a side seating area

"Here, drink some water first, Susan offered her a cup

Yana's expression was cold, "Susan, I don't need your fake kindness. I just want the truth. Tell me, does Timothy's death have anything to do with you?"

Susan pursed her lips.

To claim that Timothy's death had nothing to do with her would be a falsehood..

She didn't want to deceive Yana and was at a loss for words.

"His death really is related to you!" Yana's voice shook, "Susan, was it you? Did you harm Timothy?"

"I didn't," Susan said quickly,

On this point, her conscience was clear.

"Not you? Then it was Ben! Ben harmed Timothy, right?" Yana's eyes reddened with distress.

Susan quickly shook her head, "Timothy's death has nothing to do with either of us."

Yana stared at her intensely. "Then tell me, did he see you before he died?"

Susan hesitated.

"I want the truth!" Yana clutched her stomach.

Her emotional outburst had stirred the child within her.

Susan frowned, "Yana, try to stay calm. You're pregnant, and if..."

"Enough," Yana cut her off, her gaze stubborn, "I don't want to hear any of that. Susan, answer my question. Did you see him before he died?"

Susan's mouth opened slightly.

Yana enunciated each word sharply, "I want the truth."

In her eyes, there was a hint of terrifying

madness.

Susan was silent for a moment, then slowly said, "Yes, I saw him before he died."

A tragic smile crept onto Yana's lips, "So he really went to find you! Susan, you're so capable. I might have deceived him into being with me, but his heart was always with you. You already had Ben, why did you have to compete with me for Timothy?"

Susan furrowed her brow, "I wasn't competing with you."

She believed that ever since Timothy started being with Yana, she never entertained the idea of any entanglement

with him.

Whenever Timothy sought her out afterwards, she made her position crystal clear, leaving no room for ambiguity.

Accused of competing with Yana for Timothy?

That was a charge Susan wouldn't accept.

"You didn't compete?" Yana murmured, her voice taking on a strange tone, "That's right. The man I schemed to have, you didn't need to compete for. He'd come wagging his tail to you like a devoted dog. Susan, tell me, even if I was wrong, I married him, I'm carrying his child. I gave my heart, why didn't he reciprocate with sincerity?"

Yana's voice grew increasingly somber and eerie.

Susan sensed something amiss and couldn't help but say, "Yana, you..."

Yana looked up at her with a ghostly gaze, "What, you pity me? Want to comfort me? I don't need it."

Susan frowned and said, "I'm not trying to comfort you. I'm just trying to advise you to consider the child in your womb. If you truly cared for Timothy, your child is his only bloodline. For his sake, you need to stabilize your emotions and at the very least, ensure the child is born healthy and safe."

Yana scoffed coldly and said indifferently, "Susan, spare me the pretense. Timothy simply loved you. Even if you didn't return his feelings, you didn't have to take his life. Remember, if anything happens to this child, it's because you caused his father's death, and you, too, will have harmed him."

Hate saturated Yana's voice.

Susan was momentarily taken aback, then said, "I've told you, I didn't kill Timothy."

"Then tell me, why would he suddenly fall off a cliff?" Yana demanded.

Why would he jump off a cliff?

Susan looked at Yana's haggard appearance.

She hesitated.

She could easily reveal the truth.

But could Yana accept such a truth?

Could Susan tell her that Timothy had kidnapped her, wanting to leave everything behind, including Yana and the child?

Now, Yana was holding on by a thread.

But if she learned the reality...

Would she still be able to hold on?

Susan pursed her lips.

She and Yana were sisters, but they could hardly be considered close.

In fact, it wouldn't be an overstatement to say there was enmity between them.

But Yana was carrying a child.

Given Yana's particular condition, if something happened to the baby, and she began to bleed uncontrollably, she likely wouldn't survive either.

One truth could potentially cost two lives.

To speak, or not to speak?

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?" A trace of scorn flickered in Yana's eyes.

Susan pursed her lips and spoke calmly, "All I can say is that I've never harmed Timothy. As to his death, my conscience is clear."

"A clear conscience," Yana suddenly burst into laughter.

But as she laughed, tears began to stream down her face.

Susan, finding it hard to watch, softened her tone, "Yana, the dead can't be brought back to life. Go home and rest."

"Alright, I'll go home and rest," Yana stood up, vigorously wiping her tears away.

Susan exhaled slightly in relief, "Let me walk you out."

Yana gave Susan a blank look, not refusing the offer.

Susan then walked her to the company's entrance.

“Susan.” At the door, Yana suddenly halted.

“Yes?” Susan responded.

Yana suddenly smiled at her, “Actually, Timothy really liked you a lot.”

Susan frowned, unsure how to respond to that remark.

“So...” Yana leaned closer to Susan, her voice dropping to a whisper.

In an attempt to hear Yana clearly, Susan listened intently.

“So... would you join him in death?” Yana asked softly.

“What?” A flicker of shock crossed Susan’s eyes.

But before she could react, Yana’s hand produced a sharp dagger.

With a sinister expression, she forcefully thrust the dagger towards Susan’s chest!

They were too close, and Yana’s action was too sudden for Susan to react.

Just as the dagger was about to pierce Susan’s heart, a tremendous force suddenly pulled Susan away.

In the next instant, Susan found herself in a warm embrace.

Dazedly looking up, she saw Ben’s calm face.

He smiled gently at seeing Susan, then ruffled her hair, "Don't be afraid."

Don't be afraid?

Susan's entire body began to tremble.

Where's the dagger?

Yana's dagger, where did it go?

"Ben?" Yana sneered, "Perfect, you can go down and join Timothy."

Yana tried to continue her attack.

The security guards had already rushed over and quickly subdued her.

der pay

"Let go of me, let me go!" Yana shrieked, "Murder pays with life, it's only just. They killed Timothy, they should go down and join him."

The security swiftly gagged Yana.

She continued to whimper but could no longer speak.

"Let me see your back," Susan wanted to move behind Ben.

'Just a small wound, don't look," Ben held her back.

“Ben!” Susan, annoyed, grabbed his hand, “Stop it, let me see now!”

Ben remained silent, just smiling at Susan.

“What are you smiling at!” Susan was even more irritated.

Ben asked, “Susan, have you remembered everything?”

Susan paused for a moment, then quickly nodded, and said, “But that’s not important right now, let me just...”

“Then... have you forgiven me?” Ben looked at Susan with a somewhat pitiful expression, “Are we still getting a

divorce?”

Susan was nearly driven mad by his questions.

At such a time, he was still asking such silly questions?

“I forgive you, we’re not divorcing,” said Susan.

Medical staff arrived, ready to bandage Ben’s wound.

But he stopped them, still gazing at Susan, “Really?”

“Really, really,” Susan was becoming frantic, “Can’t you wait until after you’ve been bandaged to talk? Quick, come and bandage him up.”

“Alright, as you say,” Ben finally showed a relaxed smile.

The medical staff hurried forward.

Ben gave Susan a smile but then collapsed straight toward her.

Susan was pinned to the ground by his weight.

Her hand touched Ben's back, then looking up, she saw it covered in blood.

Susan's mind went entirely blank!

Chapter 198

"Quick, stop the bleeding."

"The cut is too deep."

"Call for an emergency medevac immediately."

The medical team sprang into action.

Susan watched the deep wound on Ben's back as the medics worked hastily.

Professionals doing their job.

Despite her urgency, she knew she couldn't help and could only stand by and watch helplessly.

She stared at the wound.

She stared at Ben's pale face.

And in the depths of her eyes, a sea of red began to swell.

Ben...

If something happened to Ben...

Susan's gaze suddenly shifted to Yana.

Yana was bound and gagged, tossed aside.

Seeing Ben in bad shape, a satisfied smile appeared on Yana's lips.

Without expression, Susan walked over and yanked the cloth from Yana's mouth.

Yana looked up at Susan with a sense of victory, "Now you'll be just like me. We sisters will be widows together,

that's a kind of..."

Susan's gaze turned icy as she slapped Yana with all her might.

Yana was stunned, barely believing Susan would hit her, "You... you hit me?"

Susan said nothing, fiercely delivering another slap.

Yana grew furious, struggling desperately.

With a blank face, Susan kept slapping Yana.

Yana was dumbfounded.

Why had Susan suddenly erupted?

Even when Yana had been at her worst before, Susan had never laid a hand on her.

As Susan raised her hand to strike again, Yana, terrified, screamed, "Susan, you

Can't hit me, I'm carrying a child!"

Susan's hand paused in mid-air,

That tactic worked. Yana was just about to breathe a sigh of relief.

Slap.

A heavy slap landed on her face!

Yana was seeing stars for a moment.

She looked at Susan in disbelief, "You..."

"What about me?" Susan's voice was chillingly cold, "Does your pregnancy have anything to do with me? Did I get you pregnant?"

"But... but..." Yana was completely taken aback, "Aren't you afraid of killing two lives with one? Where is your conscience?"

“Without Ben, what use would I have for a conscience?” Susan’s voice grew colder, “Yana, you better pray that Ben is fine! Otherwise, I will make sure you understand what it means to wish you were dead rather than alive.”

Susan’s eyes were terrifying.

Yana couldn’t help but shiver.

“Call the police,” Susan commanded to someone nearby, “Charge her with attempted murder! Find the best lawyer. I want her to spend the rest of her life behind bars!”

“Yes!” The person nearby immediately responded.

Yana was shaking more violently now.

When she had the dagger, the rush of blood to her head made her forget fear.

But now... facing prison for life?

The fear was creeping in.

“Susan, you can’t do this to me. I’m your sister, your own sister,” Yana screamed at the top of her lungs.

Susan stuffed a cloth in Yana’s mouth, her eyes cold and unfeeling. “Quiet!”

“The bandaging is done!” the medical staff called out.

Just then, the emergency medevac arrived.

They quickly moved Ben onto the aircraft.

Susan followed, silent, simply holding Ben's hand tightly.

"Mrs. Landor, don't worry too much. The dagger was aimed at your heart, but because Ben is taller, it didn't hit a vital part on him. Now that the bleeding has stopped, he's likely not in any danger," someone tried to reassure her.

Susan nodded, not speaking, just holding Ben's hand even tighter.

Soon, they arrived at the hospital.

Ben was rushed to the emergency room.

Susan stood at the door, like a statue.

A few hours later.

In the ward...

Susan stayed by the bedside, watching Ben without blinking.

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"Mrs. Landor, Mr. Landor's wound didn't hit any vital organs, and thanks to the timely bandaging and arrival, also given him an emergency blood transfusion. He'll wake up soon," the doctor reassured. "You don't have to stay here the whole time. Go and have something to eat."

Susan shook her head, unmoving.

She wasn't going anywhere. She wanted to stay right there.

She suddenly remembered waking from her own unconsciousness.

The first thing she saw was Ben.

Thinking back, Ben must have felt just like her now, not daring to leave for a step.

With these thoughts, her gaze softened.

“Wake up soon,” Susan whispered into Ben’s ear. “There’s a reward if you wake up now.”

As she spoke, Ben’s fingers twitched.

Then, with some difficulty, he opened his eyes, his voice hoarse, “What reward?”

Susan was speechless.

“Where’s my reward?” Ben looked at her expectantly.

Susan took a deep breath, “Were you really unconscious just now?”

Ben blinked, “I was still groggy, but when I heard there was a reward, of course, I had to wake up.”

Susan stared at him.

Ben cleared his throat, “I was just joking, no reward is fine...”

Before he could finish, Susan bent down and kissed his lips without hesitation.

Ben's pupils dilated.

He wanted to respond, but a slight movement sent a sharp pain across his back.

"Don't move," Susan looked at him, "I'll take care of it."

Don't move, I'll take care of it.

Ben's heart thumped wildly.

Susan fiercely kissed him again.

After the kiss.

Ben seemed even more excited.

The doctor was watching them, after all.

The doctor watched the pair, then numbly turned to leave, saying at the door, "Carry on, I didn't see anything. But I don't recommend any vigorous activity until the wound is fully healed."

After speaking, the doctor thoughtfully closed the door.

Susan sudd

suddenly felt somewhat awkward as she looked at Ben, "This is all your fault."

Ben played the innocent brilliantly, "But you're the one who teased me first."

Susan was speechless.

Susan gave Ben a stern look, but her eyes softened, "You rest up and don't get any funny ideas."

Ben grasped her hand tightly, "I don't feel like resting at all right now. I just want to talk to you."

Susan's expression softened as well, and she asked gently, "What would you like to talk about?"

"About Monica... there was really nothing between us," Ben stated, looking pitifully wronged. "What you overheard that day at the hospital wasn't what I truly felt. I've never believed that it was you who

caused Penelope's harm. I was just using that stance to stabilize the situation temporarily, so I could find out the truth."

Susan nodded, "I realized that later. After I recovered my memory, I looked up the events on Twitter. Ben, I'm sorry, I didn't know you were looking for me for so long."

Ben held her hand firmly, "I was wrong. I was so focused on solving the problems that I neglected your feelings." Susan shook her head, "No, I was at fault. I shouldn't have distrusted you and just disappeared like that."

Ben became frantic: "How can you be at fault? It was clearly me..."

He was about to argue further when Susan's eyes curled up, and she leaned in to kiss him again, cutting off his

est.

Ben's gaze visibly softened, and he no longer rushed to defend himself, just quietly enjoying the kiss.

After all, why worry about who was right or wrong?

At this moment, as long as they could hold each other, that was enough.

After a while.

Susan was speechless.

Susan wanted to sew Ben's mouth shut.

Seeing Susan's flushed face, Ben suddenly remembered something. He coughed lightly, looking a bit sheepish as he spoke, "Now that you have your memory back, what about the things that happened

during your amnesia..."

Susan looked at him with a mock smile, "Oh, did something happen while I was amnesic?"

Ben quickly shook his head.

Susan continued, "I was at Theresa's when I recovered my memory. It seemed she was out working, so it was just me alone. My last memory is of Timothy falling off the cliff. After that, the police must have arrived and rescued me. As for how I ended up at Theresa's, I have no idea."

Susan had forgotten everything that happened during her amnesia after regaining her memory!

Ben was torn between being sad and relieved.

"Do you know what happened?" Susan Inquired, looking at Ben.

Ben shook his head somewhat gulltily, "I-don't know. Maybe the police found Theresa's contact in your phone and reached out to her?"

Susan gave him a look and then laughed, "That's possible. After all, there aren't many people in my contacts, and you were blocked by me."

Ben nodded vigorously, "That must be it."

Ben needed to coordinate his story with Theresa immediately.

That chapter of pretending to be poor during the amnesia could be forgotten, better left untouched.

Susan didn't bother to expose him. She spoke softly, "Alright, I'll go find a doctor to check on your wound."

"I want you to check it," Ben insisted, holding onto Susan's hand.

"Don't be silly," Susan said with a chuckle..

Still, Ben wouldn't let go, so Susan leaned in close to his ear and whispered, "Once you're healed, however you want me to look, I will."

With that, she freed herself from his grasp and walked out.

Ben felt undone.

Right now, he couldn't handle any teasing at all.

But!

The idea of "however you want me to look" quickened his heartbeat.

While Susan was away, he had to warn Theresa quickly.

He grabbed his phone and sent her a message.

Theresa, in the midst of an advertising event, glanced at the message and was at a loss for words.

She effortlessly forwarded it to Susan.

Susan saw the message and couldn't help but laugh.

[Susan has regained her memory but forgotten what happened during her amnesia! Remember, it was the police who contacted you, and you brought her back! As for me, I never bought any house, nor did I

ever pretend to be poor! Remember this!]

After a moment, Susan replied to Theresa, "Play along with him."

Theresa raised an eyebrow, "Can I take this chance to ask him for a few favors?"

"Ask away," Susan texted back with a laugh before putting away her phone.

"Really..." Theresa chuckled to herself. Of course, she wouldn't actually press Ben for favors.

Phew, that should settle things.

This drama should finally be over.

These two could finally have a peaceful life.

Seriously.

She wondered, "Was she the one fretting over their antics?"

Theresa sighed, yet a smile crept onto her face.

Chapter 199

Ben's injuries were not severe.

After some medical attention, by evening, Ben was able to stand and walk around normally.

Three days later, he was allowed to leave the hospital.

All he needed was regular cleaning and dressing of the wound at home.

Having completed the discharge process, Ben glanced at Susan with a touch of nervousness. "Shall we... go.

home?"

Susan tightened her grip on his hand, smiling as she said, "Yes."

At the Landor's house.

"Susan, exclaimed Old Mr. Landor with a delightful surprise upon seeing her. His eyes couldn't help but moisten. "It's good you're back, good you're back. I was wrong about you before. I owe you an apology."

Penelope was seated next to Old Mr. Landor and after he finished speaking, she said with a tired voice, "Susan, I

should also say sorry to you.”

Susan quickly glanced at Penelope.

Then, she was slightly taken aback.

Ben had told her all about Penelope’s situation.

He mentioned that Penelope had changed a lot recently.

But Susan never imagined that the once refined Penelope could appear... so worn down.

Compared to before her hospital stay, she seemed to have aged a decade.

And that wasn’t all.

Her once sharp eyes now had a numb look to them.

Penelope had transformed from an ambitious socialite to a soulless shell of a person.

“Penelope, you...” Susan said, surprised.

Penelope gave a wry smile and shook her head, “This is my karma.”

Bitterness was evident in her eyes.

Indeed, what else could it be but karma?

All

these years, she had been so desperately against Ben, but for whom? It was all for Leo.

But what about Leo?

While Theresa lay unconscious, she couldn't fully awaken, yet she faintly heard some sounds around her.

What did she hear?

"That old wretch, if only she had died sooner, we wouldn't be stuck in this mess."

"Isabella, don't be scared. I know you did it all for me, and I won't hold it against you."

"Hey, hey, are you going to wake up or not? If you're not waking up, might as well head to hell early. What's with dragging this out?"

Leo was pressed by Old Mr. Landor to stay by her bedside, but every word he uttered was a curse.

Even her enemies might not have been able to speak such curses.

Yet her own son, for whom she had sacrificed everything, said them so smoothly.

In that moment, Penelope truly wished she could just die.

But ironically, fate decided she would live.

Penelope tried to convince herself that Leo must have been deceived by Isabella, that if he knew the truth, he would surely see Isabella for who she really was.

So, when she woke up, she told Leo everything Isabella had done, in detail.

Unexpectedly, after just a few tears from Isabella, Leo forgave her without any hesitation.

He even advised Penelope to be more forgiving and not to stoop to quarreling with someone younger like Isabella.

He said that if Penelope hadn't targeted Isabella at every turn, Isabella wouldn't have resorted to such actions.

In the end, he implied it was all Penelope's fault.

Penelope could hardly describe her feelings at that moment.

It felt as if she had a box where she stored her most treasured possessions for decades, only to open it one day and find not treasures, but something as foul as can be.

Penelope was utterly disillusioned with Leo.

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Because old Mr. Landor had said that if Penelope could wake up and forgive Isabella, he would let Isabella off the

hook.

Naturally, Penelope was unwilling.

But Leo alternated between cursing, pleading, and even kneeling, refusing to rise until she

In the end, Penelope's heart turned cold.

gave in.

She declared that she could forgive Isabella, but henceforth, they would sever their mother-son relationship.

Leo agreed... without a moment's hesitation.

Not a single moment.

Had there been even a sliver of hesitation, Penelope might not have given up so thoroughly.

Penelope mentioned these things nonchalantly and then looked at Susan with a twinge of guilt, "Susan, I'm sorry. Someone like Isabella shouldn't be let off the hook. But there was Leo, kneeling before me, refusing to rise for her sake. My heart was just too weary to bear seeing them again, so I agreed to forgive Isabella on the condition that we end our relationship.

"Susan, you were a victim too. I shouldn't have decided this alone. If you..."

Susan just smiled and shook her head, "Penelope, the hurt I've suffered, how can it compare to yours? It's your call to make about Isabella. Just remember, she's a cunning one, and leaving her be, Leo might not end up in good

straits."

A flicker of chill passed through Penelope's eyes, "I know all that. I've advised and scolded, but Leo wouldn't listen. What more can I do? Susan, from now on, I'm going to live as if I've never had a son. My only goal is to live well and see what end they come to."

Penelope said bitterly, then somewhat sheepishly added, "I have nowhere else to go, so I've got to shamelessly ask to stay with Dad. I know I've made many mistakes. If you're unhappy, Susan, I can move out right away."

Susan glanced at Penelope.

Her expression was earnest, truly meaning her words and not playing a strategic retreat.

After all that had happened, Penelope had indeed changed.

Susan thought to herself and then said, "Penelope, please stay with peace of mind. Ben and I are busy with work, and we're grateful you can keep Grandpa company."

Susan's voice was gentle, and Penelope's eyes reddened. She bowed her head, dabbed at her tears, and nodded,

"Yes, I promise to take good care of Dad."

Old Mr. Landor's eyes also moistened, and he said softly, "Susan, this time, you really have been wronged. I just don't know how to express my remorse."

Susan quickly shook her head, "Grandpa, the person who's wrong has always been Isabella. If she doesn't feel guilty, and we do, it would be putting the cart before the horse."

Susan's demeanor was composed and without resentment.

Old Mr. Landor's eyes grew wetter, and

Patted her hand, "You're a good kid. I will never doubt you again."

The mood was somber, so Susan joked with a smile, "Grandpa, aren't you afraid I'll turn bad one day?"

Old Mr. Landor patted her hand, "If you could be a bit more wicked, I might worry less. Susan, sometimes you're just too kind. But thankfully, Ben is with you. He's always been the bad guy, and I believe he'll protect you well."

Ben raised an eyebrow, "Grandpa, is that what you say about your own grandson?"

"That's a compliment," chuckled Old Mr. Landor.

And just like that, the atmosphere lightened.

Chapter 200

Ben's injury had been kept a secret from Old Mr. Landor.

After having dinner with him, Susan excused herself, saying she was tired and took Ben back to their room early.

"Lie down quickly," Susan urged. "The doctor said you shouldn't sit for too long right now."

Susan helped Ben to the bed, supporting him gently.

"I will secretly call for a professional to come and take a look at your wound," she whispered.

The Landor family always had a few professional medical staff on standby. Susan thought of calling one to assist.

But Ben was holding onto Susan's hand, not letting go.

"What's wrong?" Susan asked, puzzled by his reaction.

“I want you to treat my wound,” Ben said, his eyes full of hope, like a little puppy waiting for a treat.

Susan felt a little overwhelmed. She struggled, “But a professional will definitely do it better than me.”

“I’m afraid they might talk too much and let Grandpa find out, which wouldn’t be good,” Ben continued with those puppy–dog eyes. “Susan, please, you do it.”

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Susan panicked slightly, “I... I’m afraid I might hurt you.”

She had been watching intently these past few days as the nurse tended the wound over and over.

She had learned the procedure by sight, if not by hand.

Susan was afraid to cause Ben any pain.

“What’s there to be afraid of?” Ben was the picture of calm. “I’m not afraid of the pain.”

Regardless, he kept holding onto her hand.

Susan could only answer with trepidation, “Then I’ll... try?”

“Go ahead and try with confidence,” Ben said without hesitation.

Susan licked her lips nervously, then instructed, “First, you need to turn over.”

Ben did as she said.

As Susan lifted his shirt and saw the layers of gauze around his back, she felt a pang of heartache.

How much pain he must have been in at the time.

Yet, he had still been concerned enough to comfort her, telling her not to be afraid.

Susan's hand trembled as it touched the bandage.

Feeling Susan's unease, Ben reassured her, "Susan, it's okay, it really isn't that painful."

Susan didn't respond.

Taking a deep breath, Susan forced herself to calm down.

Then, with the utmost care, she gently untied the bandages layer by layer.

She was so earnest in her task.

Her gaze so focused.

It was as if what she was doing at that moment was the most important thing in the world.

As she unwrapped the bandages, Ben's wound was revealed.

Susan couldn't help but purse her lips.

This wasn't the first time she had seen the wound, but each time, a deep hatred for Yana surged within her!

Susan took several deep breaths to compose herself once again.

She took the medication prescribed by the doctor and carefully applied it to Ben's wound.

The doctor had mentioned that applying the medication might sting.

Yet, after so many applications, Ben's expression had never once faltered.

Susan's heart grew heavier with sympathy as she whispered, 'Ben, there's no one else around now. If it really hurts,

you can tell me.'

Ben raised an eyebrow.

His

tolerance for pain seemed naturally higher than most.

To him, the discomfort was bearable.

Five minutes later.

Ben put on a pitiful face, "Susan, it really hurts."

Susan felt even more compassion, "It's okay, it's all done now. The pain will subside once the medicine is absorbed."

"Maybe if you hold me, I might feel better," Ben suggested.

“Okay, okay”

Immediately, Susan bent down and carefully embraced Ben’s head.

Ben turned slightly to look at her, “A kiss might make it even better?”

Susan was speechless.

She looked at Ben: “Are you really in pain?”

Ben furrowed his brows and made a pained expression, “Really.”

Susan hesitated.

Susan couldn’t shake the feeling that there was some kind of scheme at play.

But Ben’s pained expression seemed all too real.

He wouldn’t put himself through such an act just for a kiss, would he?

Surely not.

After a moment’s thought, Susan leaned down and gave him a kiss.

Ben savored it, then continued with a woeful tone, “The pain stopped the moment you kissed me. But now, it’s back

all of a sudden.”

With no other option, Susan kissed him again.

“Susan, I think I might need another kiss...” Ben started, ready to lay on the misery even thicker.

Susan glanced at his back, quickly stood up, and said, “The medicine’s absorbed, you need to lie down properly

now.”

Ben was suddenly full of grievances.

What kind of lightning-fast absorbing medicine was this?

If the hospital had a rating system, he’d definitely leave a bad review.

Susan took out the bandages, recalling the nurse’s technique, and carefully started to wrap Ben’s wound.

Although she was initially worried and afraid, it turned out her eyes and hands had learned well.

After about half an hour of careful work, Susan finally finished bandaging him up..

sit up,” Susan said as she pulled down his shirt, then added softly, “I’ll button up your pajamas for you.”

Ben obediently sat up.

Susan was diligently fastening his buttons when suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

'Susan, Dad had the servants make some of your favorite snacks. You can't get these outside. You must be craving them by now. I've brought them straight up for you.'

It was Penelope's voice.

Startled, Susan quickly responded, "Penelope, no rush, you first..."

But in the next moment, the door swung open.

Penelope stood there, staring dumbfounded at the scene before her.

In the room, Ben's shirt was open with the buttons undone.

Worried that Penelope would see the wound, the moment the door opened, Susan leaned into Ben's chest and hugged him tightly.

Ben, in a swift move, turned and ended up pinning Susan beneath him.

The scene... was incredibly awkward.

Penelope placed the tray on the floor of the room mechanically, then gently closed the door behind her.

Once the door was shut, Susan gave Ben a firm push.

But he wouldn't budge!

She couldn't help but give Ben a glare.

Ben looked at her with an innocent face, "Susan, it was you who threw yourself at me. I didn't move."

Susan took a deep breath and then said with a smile, "Then, may I ask why the sudden improvisation?"

Ben had an 'aha' moment, "Oh, you mean me lying on top of you. Well, it's mainly because I have bandages around my waist, and I was worried Penelope might spot them. This way, it's perfect, isn't it?"

Susan clenched her teeth, "Can you get up now?"

"What if I just stay here for now?" Ben played coy.

Susan wanted to push him off, but she was worried about hurting his wound, so she didn't dare to use too much

force.

Seeing Ben's wolfish grin, Susan could only say, "Can't you wait until your wound heals?"

"I feel... I can't wait," he replied.

It was an intimate moment.

Looking at the bandages on Ben, which was now slightly bloodied, she was so angry that she almost burst into

tears.

Ben, on the other hand, was not in the least bit worried. He comforted her, "Don't worry, it doesn't hurt much."

Susan bit her lip, "Oh? Then why was someone crying out in pain while the medicine was being applied?"

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Ben fell silent for a moment, then suddenly looked up, as if deeply fascinated by the number of patterns
ceiling.

Susan was speechless.

Ben was like a dead pig is not afraid of boiling water.

She needed to find a way to make him behave in the coming days.

Narrowing her eyes, Susan whispered something into his ear

Ben's pupils instantly constricted, and he looked at Susan with disbelief, "Really?"

Susan nodded, "As long as you behave these next few days, it's true."

After a moment of difficult deliberation, Ben solemnly nodded.

For the sake of future happiness, he figured he could endure a little longer!