

## **Crazy Love 241**

### Chapter 241

Ben glanced at Eason's tray without making it obvious, and alarm bells went off in his head! Everything on that tray was Susan's favorite.

It could be seen that this person had really put in a lot of effort.

Susan cleared her throat and said, "Mr. Nicholas, let me introduce you, this is my husband, Ben." "A pleasure," Ben said coolly.

Eason scrutinized Ben with a critical eye, taking him in from head to toe.

He was not bad—looking.

His ability was not bad.

But when picking a honey, the real deal was whether he was a good man or not.

This Ben having built such a big business, must be quite shrewd.

Wonder if Susan might be at a disadvantage.

"A pleasure," Eason responded coolly.

Ben narrowed his eyes. "You look somewhat familiar?"

Eason raised an eyebrow, "Oh, I've been in talks with the Storm Group for a business deal recently, you might have seen me at the company."

Ben nodded. "A business deal? Since it hasn't come across my desk, it can't be that significant. Perhaps Mr. Nicholas's capabilities are limited?"

Eason laughed lightly. "I primarily focus on my ventures in Tonico. Here in Coraland, I only manage a few small projects. I wonder if you're familiar with Fortune Group."

Fortune Group. Ben frowned slightly, he did remember them.

Though not as big as Storm Group, Fortune Group had shown rapid growth in recent years and was considered a company with great potential.

But acknowledging was one thing.

Ben smiled and said, "Sorry, it doesn't ring a bell. It must not be that big of a company."

Eason raised an eyebrow. "It seems Mr. Landor has become quite arrogant since reaching the top." "Arrogant? Just because I don't know about Fortune Group? Should I know every Tom, Dick, and Harry company?" Ben retorted. Eason let out a cold laugh, ready to say more.

Susan looked from one to the other, suddenly feeling a headache coming on.

She quickly said, "How about we eat first?"

"Right, let's eat," Ben and Eason said in unison.

The two men locked eyes, then simultaneously frowned.

Eason pushed the tray toward Susan. "Here, Susan, you like this. I got it for you."

Susan didn't take the tray, and with a smile, she said, "Mr. Nicholas, my tastes tend to change frequently. You go ahead and eat. My husband and I will take our time choosing."

Susan's words were a clear rejection.

Eason's eyes flickered, he acknowledged her words and turned to leave.

Ben snorted softly.

At least he knew when to back off.

However, after they picked up their food and just sat down.

Suddenly, someone sat opposite him.

Susan looked up to see Eason.

She was at a loss for words.

"Sorry about that. I couldn't find another spot, so I thought I'd join your table," Eason said with a beaming smile. Susan glanced around.

In just a few minutes, the restaurant had indeed filled up. There were no other empty seats. Normally, sharing a table wouldn't be an issue.

But given Eason's unclear intentions, Susan really didn't want to spend time with him. "Ben, perhaps we could..." Susan was about to suggest they go out to eat instead.

But Ben just smiled, "Susan, let's not be petty. Sharing a table is fine. It's no big deal." Susan was speechless.

Were you sure, Mr. Landor?

Mr. Landor was very sure. In fact, he even began to launch a verbal offensive.

Round 1.

Mr. Landor said, "Mr. Nicholas, you seem young and successful. Are you married yet?"

Mr. Nicholas said, "Not yet."

Mr. Landor said, "Oh? Why not taken yet? Could it be some hidden illness? If you're sick, you should get treatment, not delay it." Mr. Nicholas was speechless.

Round 2.

Mr. Nicholas said, "I've seen some old photos of Mr. Landor, quite scary stuff. Fake scars and all, it's a bit adolescent." Mr. Landor said, "Well, as adolescent as I might have been, I still got married."

Mr. Nicholas was speechless.

Round 3.

Mr. Nicholas said, "I've noticed that your Storm Group's employees seem to fear you. Are you perhaps difficult to get along with? That's not good, you know."

Mr. Landor said, "It doesn't matter. Anyway, I'm married."

Mr. Nicholas was speechless.

Mr. Nicholas, lost.

Susan kept her head down, focusing on her meal.

Eason was visibly irritated. "Ben don't you have anything else to say?" Ben chuckled. "Why should I say anything else? Marrying Susan is the pride of my life." Eason paused, taken aback.

His complexion visibly improved.

"As long as you know," said Eason.

Ben raised an eyebrow, somewhat surprised.

What was Eason's deal?

Why

should he look so pleased about Ben and Susan's good relationship?

"I just stepped out for a moment. The snow has almost stopped. The Icellar Lake in Snowstock is quite famous. We have some spare time today; how about we go there for a visit?" Eason offered the invitation.

Susan almost choked on her dumpling, ready to decline.

But Ben, with a smile, said, "That's perfect. I've been wanting to see it too. Let's all go together." Susan looked up at Ben in panic.

Ben, the jealous type, going out on a trip with a suspected rival?

Although Susan didn't think Eason was pursuing her.

It was strange that Ben could tolerate him.

Since Ben agreed, Susan didn't want to contradict him publicly, so she accepted silently. After finishing breakfast.

The trio set off for the Iceilar Lake.

Eason trailed slightly behind, observing Ben's behavior all the way.

Ben habitually kept Susan walking on the inside of the sidewalk.

His hand was always tightly holding hers, never letting go.

Whenever Susan spoke, he always listened attentively.

The way he looked at Susan was always tender and doting.

Watching them, Eason suddenly felt relieved.

Ben must truly love Susan.

If that was the case.

Even if Susan was the sister he had lost, she must have been well cared for over the years. Thinking about this, Eason felt a lot more at ease in his heart.

Soon, they arrived at the Iceilar Lake.

Avast lake had frozen over under the cold weather, donning a thick layer of ice.

From a distance, the lake surface

was like a mirror, in the distance! | untaigatranied iNike perfectly

arched eyebrows.

The scenery was breathtaking.

At the moment, the lake was dotted with people gliding across the ice.

Susan felt a tickle of excitement at the sight.

Conveniently, someone was selling skating gear right by the lake, and Ben didn't hesitate to buy three sets. He tossed a set to Eason. "This one on you."

"Thanks," Eason replied, surprisingly not declining the offer.

Susan glanced between Ben and Eason.

She felt there was something odd about the two men.

on it quickly strapping ho

But she didn't dwell on gear and taking to the ice like a bird in flight.

Ben watched Susan's retreating figure with a smile, then leisurely started putting on gear. his own

He glanced at Eason. "Are you pursuing Susan?"

Eason was startled. "How could that be?"

Ben narrowed his eyes slightly. "It doesn't seem like I understand you | think your actions would be easily understood?"

Eason paused, taken aback.

He slowly realized that his behavior might not reflect well on Susan's reputation. After a moment of silence, he said, "I see her as a sister."

Ben chuckled. "That excuse is a bit old-fashioned,"

Eason sighed and then pulled out a photo from his wallet.

Ben took it and looked closely, his brow furrowing slightly.

In the photo was a middle-aged woman in her forties or fifties. She was beautiful but there was a persistence in her eyes, as if she was weighed down by endless sorrow.

"Why are you showing me this?" Ben looked up.

"Take a look at this one." Eason handed over another photo.

Ben's eyebrows lifted slightly as he glanced at it.

This photo was of a young woman. Ben guessed she was the previous lady in her younger days. The first photo didn't make much of an impression.



But this photo alone.

The woman bore a striking resemblance to Susan.

What was going on?

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Eason let out a sigh, "I used to have a sister. But there was an accident during my mother's labor, and my sister went missing. She's never been found."

Ben squinted slightly. "So, you think Susan is your sister?"

Eason was torn. "I don't know. The world is full of lookalikes. I've tapped into all my connections to find my sister and have found quite a few girls who bear some resemblance to my mother. Some even look more like her than Susan does. Each time, I went for the tests full of hope, but the results always ended in utter disappointment."

Ben seemed to understand.

He arched an eyebrow. "Have you ever mentioned this to Susan?" Eason shook his head. "No, I haven't dared to."

"Why not?" Ben frowned.

Eason hesitated before speaking, "The moment I first saw Susan, I felt something strange. Even without any tests, I instinctively felt she was my sister. But her family background is crystal clear, with parents and a younger sister. Her family tree doesn't leave room for doubt. If she were my sister, how could she suddenly become the daughter of the Miller family?"

"And then?" Ben asked, more pragmatically.

Ben thought Eason didn't grasp the significance of his turmoil. Wrestling with the idea back and forth was pointless. Why not just tell Susan the truth and have everything out in the open?

Eason glanced at Ben. "You don't understand. I've been let down so many times, and now, finally, there's a girl who is the spitting image of the sister in my heart. Even if it's just my imagination, I don't want to shatter this illusion so

easily."

Despite telling himself to get a sample of Susan's blood for testing as soon as possible. However, Eason never took any real action.

Because he was scared.

Scared that the result would be another disappointment.

He had borne so many disappointments before.

But this time, it was different.

Susan was the exact embodiment of the sister he had imagined.

Unwittingly, he had infused her with so many of his emotions.

If this time it turned out not to be true.

Eason wasn't sure if he had the courage to continue the search. "You're just fooling yourself." Ben pointed out sharply.

Eason gave a wry smile. "Perhaps."

Ben handed the photo back to Eason and said coolly, "I can understand your actions. But that doesn't mean I can accept them. Mr. Nicholas, you now have two options. Either you tell Susan the truth yourself, or I will. Of course, whether or not to take the test should be up to Susan to decide."

Ben didn't really believe that Susan could be Eason's sister.

After all, resemblance is common, and a single photo can't prove much.

He figured Eason was just overly missing his sister, maybe even desperately clutching at straws. However, since Eason harbored such a thought, it would be best for Susan to step forward and put an end to this matter.

Otherwise, Eason's relentless hovering around Susan wasn't a solution,

Ben's suggestion was purely aimed at resolving the issue.

Ben would never admit that, deep down, he was a little jealous.

Eason knew that continuing this way was no good.

What had to be faced, would eventually have to be faced.

Eason let out a sigh. "Give me two more days, I'll tell her myself,"

"Okay." Ben nodded.

Having decided to tell Susan the truth, Eason couldn't help but feel anxious.

Would Susan be willing to take the test with him?

What if she wasn't? What would he do then?

And if she was willing, what if the results weren't as he hoped?

Eason was tied up in knots thinking about the possibilities.

Unaware of what the two men had been discussing, Susan had blissfully enjoyed her time and then glided back to where they were.

"What are you two still doing

are you two still doing standing here?" Susan asked curiously, looking at Ben and Eason, "Do you really have that much to talk about?"

Ben just smiled. "Nothing much, just some business matters."

He stepped forward and took Susan's hand.

Without further questions, Susan pulled Ben back to the ice rink for more skating. They enjoyed a whole morning of fun.

And then they had lunch outside.

The trio then returned to the hotel.

Eason, with a mind full of thoughts, retreated to his own room.

He needed to figure out how to approach Susan about this delicate matter.

When they got back to their room, Susan asked Ben, a hint of curiosity in her voice, "What's with Mr. Nicholas? He was acting a bit strange."

"It's nothing." Ben quipped, arching an eyebrow. "We're hardly acquaintances. Maybe he's just an eccentric character." Susan paused, then said, "You know, that sounds quite plausible." Ben just laughed and affectionately tousled her hair.

"Hey, stop messing up my hair. Susan chided, swatting his hand away, then blinked up at him. "If you've got a meeting tomorrow, doesn't that mean you need to head back tonight?"

Speaking softly, Ben said to her, "It's not safe to travel at night. I'll head back first thing in the morning. The meeting isn't until the afternoon, so there's plenty of time."

"Then... Susan was a little conflicted. "What's wrong?" Ben inquired.

"I want to go with you," Susan murmured, her lips pressed together, "But I'm worried that if I go, Theresa might get reckless. She's still nursing that injury. She simply can't rush back to work."

But Theresa was so strong and stubborn.

With her around, Theresa could have a good rest.

As soon as she left, Theresa immediately told the director to start work.

Ben raised his eyebrows, his tone laced with mock offense. "So, for Theresa's sake, you'd even give up time with your honey?" Susan was quick to explain, "That's not it. We can always see each other, but if Theresa doesn't take care of her injury."

"She's an adult," Ben said. "She should know how to take care of herself."

"I'm afraid she's not really the self-aware type, Susan replied helplessly.

Theresa was good in every aspect, but she was too stubborn.

Sometimes, asking for something forcibly was completely going too far.

“Ben, wait for me for just two days. In

two days, I'll come yop.” Susa |

| ked al eyes. “IS that okay?”

Ben couldn't help but smile as he ruffled her hair again. “I'll be tied up in

meetings all day long, and in they evenings social events | can't get out of. If you were with me, you'd have to endure all that too. | can't bear to put you through that. Stay here with the crew, and wait for me to return.”

Susan's eyes shone brightly, and she nodded obediently, her demeanor as agreeable as ever. The next morning came too soon.

With a heavy heart, Susan bid Ben farewell.

Ben had left for a long time, but she was still waiting there with a lonely expression on her face. “Enough already, geez,”

already, geez.” Theresa couldn't help but say, “It's just ong day, a £5! do you really feet! to be so

dramatic?”

Susan shot her a look. “You're a single pringle. You wouldn't understand.”

Theresa was speechless.

Table flip. Why did she have to put up with this?

Seeing Theresa's expression, Susan's mood instantly brightened.

Ah, truly, joy often springs from another's discomfort.

"Let's go, back to the room," Susan cheerfully said.

Theresa followed silently, not bothering to respond.

What Susan didn't realize was that soon after she and Theresa had left.

A figure stealthily emerged from around the corner, snapping a photo and sending it off. The photo captured Ben's retreating figure.

[Ben has left the hotel.]

Theresa followed silently, not bothering to respond.

What Susan didn't realize was that soon after she and Theresa had left.

A figure stealthily emerged from around the corner, snapping a photo and sending it off. The photo captured Ben's retreating figure.

[Ben has left the hotel.]

Chapter 243

[Ben has left the hotel.]

Monica couldn't help but have her eyes twinkle at the news.

She prided herself on having grown wiser recently.

It had never dawned on her before to have a pair of eyes within the film crew.

But this time, upon hearing that Susan was heading to Snowstock with the team, as if by a stroke of mischief, she managed to get someone on the inside to keep a watchful eye on Susan, looking for anything that might

incriminate her.

She hadn't held much hope initially.

But who would've guessed it?

Susan had managed to pull something like this!

The informant she bribed found out.

Susan was overly familiar with an investor from the crew, a man named Eason.

Eason was quite blatantly wooing Susan.

And Susan, she was leading him on a merry dance, neither too close nor too distant, never outright rejecting him.



Upon receiving this news, Monica was thrilled beyond belief. She even suspected that Susan's sudden trip to Snowstock was a ruse to frolic with this man.

She promised that she would give him a large sum of money as long as the production team got evidence of Susan cheating.

In order to make him work harder, she had paid a large sum in advance.

With money in hand, the informant was indeed more zealous.

He sent photos one after another.

To any observer, it was clear that Eason's looks towards Susan were laden with unspoken words.

The only hiccup was that, from the photos alone, Susan could still claim that it was merely Eason's one-sided passion.

She needed more solid evidence.

Monica wasn't in a hurry, though. If Susan was indeed flirting, capturing evidence was just a matter of time.

But what she hadn't anticipated was Ben's arrival.

With Ben in the picture, any plans Susan had for an affair had to be put on ice.

But now, with Ben gone, could Susan still play the part of the loyal one?

As long as Susan did something out of line.

Her men would find a way to take photos of the evidence. At that time, they would see how Susan would defend

herself.

Monica's mind raced with excitement.

Without wasting any moment, she bought a plane ticket to Snowstock.

She would strike when the time was ripe.

Once in Snow Town, Monica holed up in a hotel not too far from the action. She kept a low profile, her presence in the town almost ghost-like.

One day passed.

Two days passed.

Time passed bit by bit.

Monica's anxiety began to creep in.

According to her informant, Eason had been cooped up in his room as if he had taken the wrong medicine, not venturing out at all.

With him not leaving his room, there was no way he could be bothering Susan.

How on earth would she get her evidence now?

Surely this trip couldn't be for nothing!

While Monica was stewing in her frustration.

At 10 p. m., she suddenly received a video.

In the video.

Eason was knocking on Susan's door, saying something that couldn't be made out. Whatever it was, Susan let him into her room.

[It's been half an hour, and Eason hasn't come out.] The Informant texted.

Half an hour and still no sign of him leaving?

Monica perked up instantly.

In the dead of night, alone together, what could Eason and Susan possibly be up to?

Monica thought with a hint of sarcasm. Even her toes could do the guessing.

[The curtains are drawn tight and I just can't get any more pictures.] The informant said helplessly.

Monica chuckled. "No worries, you've done more than enough! Leave the rest to me."

It didn't matter if he couldn't get it.

In this world, there was another word that caught the adulterous couple in bed!

When the time came, she would gather a crowd, and then see Susan's true colors.

everyone w

The more Monica thought about it, the more excited and pumped up she got.

After a quick touch-up, she was out the door.

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Monica had seen Thomas in the photos sent by her informant earlier.

Monica was so fixated on snagging Ben that she hadn't paid much attention to Thomas.

But now, Thomas could prove useful.

Without a second thought, Monica dialed Thomas' number.

"Monica?" Thomas' voice held a note of hesitation.

It had been a long while since Monica had reached out

out to him.

"Thomas." Monica's voice was dripping with sweetness. "Are you by any chance in Snowstock right now?"

Thomas was taken aback. "How did you know?"

Monica concocted a reason on the fly. "I asked your mom, she told me."

Thomas' grip on the phone tightened, a flicker of emotion passing through him.

Monica had she really gone out of her way to ask his mother about his whereabouts?

Despite knowing he shouldn't, Thomas felt an unaccountable thrill.

He lowered his voice. "Why are you asking about this?"

"Oh." Monica feigned shyness, her words tinged with a subtle suggestion. "I don't know why, but I just suddenly felt the urge to know where you were."

Thomas' heart raced even faster.

He always knew Monica had many flaws.

But no matter how many flaws she had, the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was that gentle smile.

He felt a fire burning in his heart, as if nothing was important.

'I'm right now downstairs from your hotel. Thomas, I want to see you. Can you come down and meet me?" Monica asked softly.

Thomas was taken aback for a moment.

Monica was right below his hotel at this moment?

Had she come for him?

For some reason, Thomas didn't feel elation but a twinge of panic.

Theresa was already avoiding him.

As soon as Monica arrived, if Susan and Rose saw it, they might have to say something in front of Theresa.

Wouldn't that make Theresa avoid him even more?

This thought, although complex, was fleeting.

Thomas quickly shook his head.

He was here to see Theresa, to complete a task.

If Theresa didn't want to see him, well, it seemed it wasn't the end of the world.

"It's really cold outside. Can you come down quickly?" On the other end, Monica continued to speak in her soft,

gentle voice.

Thomas took a deep breath. "Alright, I'll be right down."

He threw on his coat and hurried downstairs.

The overwhelming snow from his first day had subsided to a gentle sprinkling of snowflakes.

Monica was wearing a white coat and a plain sweater hat as she stood in the snow.

From a distance, it looked pure and flawless.

Thomas couldn't help but be momentarily entranced.

Hearing his approach, Monica turned and greeted him.

Then, a brilliant smile appeared on her face. "You are here."

Thomas found himself more bewildered than ever.

A few minutes later, Monica followed Thomas into the hotel.

"Thomas, I heard that the crew of *Love in Bitter Winter* is staying at this hotel. Are you familiar with them?" Monica

inquired.

Thomas hesitated for a moment. "Somewhat."

In reality, he had been spending quite a bit of time on set with Rose recently, often lending a hand when the crew was swamped. Through these interactions, he had become relatively well-acquainted with them.

Monica looked at him eagerly. "I heard the male lead of the movie is the award-winning actor Henri. I'm a big fan of his. Do you think I could meet him?"

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Thomas was taken aback. "I don't know him well, but I can ask around for you."

“Thank you,” Monica said quickly. “But I have a better idea. It must be hard for you all to find authentic French cuisine here, right? I’ve brought a top-notch chef with me, and he’s already prepared a feast that can be delivered soon. How about you invite everyone from the crew for a meal? If Henri is willing to come, I could meet him without any fuss.”

“This... Thomas hesitated.

“Just help me out this once,” Monica said.

Unable to resist her pleading look, Thomas nodded in agreement.

Monica reminded him, “I heard Susan is also here. We don’t get along, so to avoid an awkward situation, it’s probably best not to invite her.”

Thomas didn’t give it much thought and casually agreed.

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Minutes later.

Ping.

Theresa received a message.

She was almost asleep, too groggy to bother checking.

But the name on the screen jolted her awake. [Thomas.]

She woke up in an instant.



Theresa quickly opened the message.

A faint smile played on her lips.

So, Thomas did have a bit of a conscience after all.

Did he know she'd been craving French food and was inviting her for a late-night snack?

But she was on a diet and hadn't decided whether to indulge him or not!

Ten minutes later.

Theresa was made up, descending gracefully down the stairs.

She had rehearsed her lines in her head.

She'd make it clear to Thomas that it wasn't the food she was after. She was merely giving him face because of his

earnest effort.

With a haughty air, Theresa reached the lobby.

And then her expression subtly changed.

The lobby was not the intimate setting she'd imagined.

Instead, it was buzzing with nearly the entire crew present.

Spotted

With a casual glance, Theresa even spotted Mr. Witt, in pajamas, shoveling food into his mouth.

“Rose.” a gentle voice called out.

Theresa’s face shifted slightly.

Monica? What was she doing here?

With a beaming smile, Monica said, “Rose, I know there may have been some misunderstandings between us. But since Thomas is a good friend of mine, for his sake, why don’t we bury the hatchet?”

Thomas was speechless.

Theresa’s face darkened.

She looked expressionlessly at Monica standing next to Thomas.

Thomas, feeling her stare, tensed inexplicably.

He cleared his throat. “Rose, Monica feels very sorry about the misunderstanding last time. She went out of her way to have the chef prepare these dishes for you. You’ve been saying how everything tastes so bland lately, right? This chef is a master of spicy food. Why don’t you give it a try?”

Monica’s eyes flickered slightly.

Why did it seem like Thomas became a bit of a pushover in front of Rose? Almost like he was trying to curry favor.

Was this her illusion?

Monica kept her thoughts to herself, her voice still soft. "Yes, Rose. Why don't you join everyone and have a taste?"

Theresa arched an eyebrow, suddenly smiling. "Sure. With Ms. Lynn being so sincere, I'd love to give it a try."

"Why wouldn't I try it?"

Monica came all this way not just to treat them to a meal, surely?"

Theresa had a hunch there was more to it.

With that in mind, she was even more determined to stick around and watch how things unfolded.

And so, Theresa happily began to eat.

During the entire process, she didn't even spare a glance at Thomas.

Thomas, for reasons unknown to him, felt oddly guilty.

With Monica by his side, he couldn't say much and just followed Monica around distractedly.

Monica seemed quite interested in everyone from the crew, flitting around like a butterfly among the people.

Thanks to the feast, everyone was very friendly towards Monica.

But Thomas couldn't help but give Monica a curious look.

Hadn't Monica claimed that Henri was her Idol? Yet she treated Henri Just the same as everyone else.

Everyone ate happily for a while.

Monica suddenly asked, "Is the whole crew here? If someone's missing, I can have some food sent to them."

'Susan seems to be missing," someone said.

Almost at the same time, another voice added. "Mr. Nicholas isn't here either."

There were many crew members.

These two comments emerged simultaneously, and for a moment, it was unclear who had spoken.

Theresa put down her fork, her brows knitting together slightly.

She sensed a hint of conspiracy in the air.

'Susan? You mean Mrs. Landor?" Monica said, feigning surprise. "And who is Mr. Nicholas? Why are they both missing?"

Initially, nobody thought much of it.

But Monica's comments made everyone feel there was something off.

Thomas glanced at Monica and said, "It's you..."

It was Monica who had insisted not to call Susan.

Before Thomas could finish, Monica said with a soft voice, "It doesn't seem quite right to feast like this and not save any for them. The Lynn family and the Landor family are old family friends. If Ben found out I was here and didn't let Susan have a taste of some hometown dishes, he'd definitely be cross with me."

"Old family friends?" Theresa raised an eyebrow. "I wonder if they acknowledge that as well."

Monica acted as if she hadn't heard her, and said with a tinge of guilt, "Rose, I know, I've done some unpleasant things to Susan before. As her friend, it's right for you to be angry with me. How about this, let's go find Susan together, and I'll apologize to her face to face."

Theresa frowned, her suspicions aroused.

Monica didn't seem like the type to apologize.

If she wanted to apologize, why hadn't she done it sooner? Why wait several months after the incident to suddenly decide to say sorry?

"Mr. Witt." Monica turned to Mr. Witt. "You were there during that incident. It was a moment of folly on my part. I've been wanting to properly apologize to Susan, but only mustered the courage today. Mr. Witt, could you and the crew witness my apology?"

"Huh?"

Mr. Witt was taken aback, not quite catching on immediately.

He eyed Monica for a long moment before speaking tentatively. "You're the one from the advertisement shoot that

time..."

“Yes, it was me,” Monica quickly said. “They say to err is human, to forgive divine, Mr. Witt, I truly realize my

mistake.”

Mr. Witt’s expression shifted.

He still remembered Monica’s dramatics from that time.

The girl had jumped into the swimming pool herself and then claimed Susan had pushed her.

Back then, he’d sided with Susan and had outmaneuvered Monica.

If he had known that Monica would treat him to supper, he wouldn’t have come at all.

But now, having accepted her hospitality, it felt awkward to refuse her face-to-face.

“Mr. Witt, I’ll take that as a yes,” Monica said, a touch of joy in her voice.

She had some exquisite dishes brought over and then personally carried a tray, saying she was going to find Susan to apologize.

Theresa sensed something was amiss.

But there was Monica, voicing her guilt and intent to apologize.

Her seemingly pitiable demeanor convinced most of those who were unaware of the whole story to lean towards

her side.

If Theresa were to stop her, it might give rise to gossip about Susan being petty—behind her back.

Watching Monica gather almost half of the crew to bear witness to her apology.

Theresa followed with an impassive face.

She really wanted to

see what Monica was up to!

Chapter 245

Thomas quickly approached Monica, asking in a low voice, “Monica, what are you really up to?”

He was not a fool.

At first, he thought Monica was there for him, and a part of him was secretly pleased.

But as things unfolded, it was clear Monica wasn’t there for him at all. She had set her sights on Susan!

“Why would you ask that?” Monica responded with an innocent face. “I just want to offer Susan a sincere apology.”

Thomas took a deep breath before slowly replying, “That incident happened almost half a year ago. There were countless opportunities for you to apologize. Why now? Why here?”

Her expression was even more innocent, Monica replied, “I just didn’t come to that realization before. But now, I truly understand my mistake. Thomas, won’t you allow me to make amends?”

Thomas was momentarily speechless, about to say something more.

But Monica was already standing at the door to Susan's room.

She raised her hand and knocked.

No answer came.

Monica kept knocking.

Thomas grabbed her hand, his eyes flashing a warning, "Susan might be asleep. Don't disturb her now."

"Asleep?" Monica blinked. "That's unlikely. I remember she's a night owl."

"You remembered wrong." Thomas narrowed his eyes.

"How could I remember that wrong?" Monica said, trying to look pitiful. "I've made a big decision, gathered all my courage to come here and apologize. Thomas, is it that Susan knows it's me and she doesn't want to see me?"

"Are you

you thinking too highly of yourself?" Theresa couldn't stand it any longer. "If you want to apologize, just do it. But Susan doesn't owe it to you to open her door in the dead of night just to be subjected to your sarcasm. Who do you think you are, expecting the whole world to accommodate you?"

"1..." Monica fell silent, her eyes beginning to redden.

パッド



“What’s this now? Putting on an act of the poor, innocent girl?” Theresa was even more irritated.

“Rose, I really didn’t mean it like that,” Monica said in a woeful tone, “But with so many of us here, we might be a bit

noisy. If Susan hasn’t heard us by now, I’m worried something might have happened to her. Minor issues aside, if something serious has happened to Susan, what then? If she doesn’t open the door, I suggest we just go in and

check.”

“You’re dreaming.” Theresa snapped. “Just barge in? Do you think you have the right?”

A look of hurt crossed Monica’s face. I’m just concerned about Susan. Plus, Rose has been resistant to me seeing Susan. Could it be you know there’s something she’s involved in right now that makes it inconvenient for her to see anyone?”

Theresa paused, thrown off. “What are you implying?”

Monica batted her eyelashes. “Nothing much. Just feels a bit strange, that’s all.”

In any case, Monica was determined to stay put if Susan didn’t open the door.

Eason must be in Susan’s room right now.

If she didn’t leave, Eason couldn’t leave either.

Susan might avoid her now, but could she avoid her forever?

“Monica, if you keep up this passive–aggressive act, believe me, I’ll tear your mouth apart.” Theresa stepped forward, ready to drag Monica away.

Thomas instinctively grabbed Theresa's hand.

"What did I do wrong, Thomas? Rose is so fierce, as if she's out for blood." Monica cried, taking cover behind

Thomas.

Theresa gave Thomas a look that was so calm it sent a chill down his spine. "Are you protecting her?" she asked.

Her gaze was so calm that it made Thomas's heart skip a beat.

He took a deep breath and was about to say something.

Suddenly, the door opened,

Both Theresa and Thomas turned to look.

To their surprise, it was Eason who opened the door.

Eason being in Susan's room at such a late hour was suspect enough to raise eyebrows.

"Mr. Nicholas?" Monica gasped, her hand over her mouth. "What... what are you doing in Susan's room? She's a married woman, you know. It's hardly appropriate for you two to be alone together at this hour."

Thomas whirled around to stare at Monica.

Monica's agenda was now crystal clear.

Everything she had done was leading up to this moment.

She had taken advantage of him.

She used him to get close to the cast.

And then, under the guise of wanting to apologize, she summoned everyone here.

She wanted this moment of Eason's exposure.

In that instant, Thomas felt as though his prior joy had turned into a colossal joke.

"Hmph." Theresa scoffed, pulling her hand away from Thomas's grasp.

Thomas looked at her cold profile, his lips pressed tightly together.

Eason raised an eyebrow, glanced over the mix of expressions, and casually asked, "So, what brings all of you here?"

Mr. Witt chuckled awkwardly. "I... we..."

He was absolutely livid with Monica, irrespective of whatever the truth was between Eason and Susan.

He wanted no part in this drama.

Monica cut in eagerly. "Mr. Nicholas, originally, I was just coming over to bring Susan some food and to apologize for past events. But now that I've seen you here, I think I need to clear the air for Ben. Why are you here at this time? Is there something you couldn't discuss during the day that you had to wait for the dead of night?"

As she spoke, Monica narrowed her eyes and dropped a bombshell. "It took so long for you to open the door. Could you tell me, what exactly have you been doing?"

Monica truly had guts.

The rest of the cast quietly looked away.

They didn't want any part of this mess either.

Eason crossed his arms, a hint of amusement in his voice as he regarded Monica. "And on what grounds are you questioning me?"

Monica spoke with conviction, "Ben is a good man. I just can't stand to see him betrayed and clueless."

Eason began clapping slowly. "How very noble of you."

"Where is Susan? Step aside, I need to ask her myself. How can she do this to Ben?" Monica said, righteousness written all over her face.

Eason raised an eyebrow and glanced at the others. "Do you all want to see for yourselves?"

Everyone awkwardly cast their eyes down.

Eason, however, smiled. "Well then, let's all go in and have a look."

Mr. Witt stepped back, clearly uncomfortable. "Maybe we should just let it go?"

"How can we let it go? Mr. Witt, you have to be my witness," Monica said.

Eason, with an undeniable air of command, said, "Mr. Witt, please, come in."

Eason's

lititude was utterly composed.

Theresa, watching, felt somewhat reassured.

She didn't believe there was anything between Eason and Susan.

What she feared was the gossip that thrives in the witching hour.

Monica's malice lay right there. At this hour, no one needed to see the truth. A hint of suspicion, a whiff of rumor, was enough to pin someone to the pillar of shame.

But seeing Eason's demeanor, perhaps he had a way to handle this?

As soon as Eason stepped aside, Monica charged in first.

Her thoughts were clear. Regardless of whether something happened between Eason and Susan, their being together at this time was enough to give her the high ground.

Monica led the way, and the group barged into the bedroom.

"What took you so long? Who knocked on the door?" Susan asked impatiently.

Monica said with energy, "Susan, are you admitting it now? You and Eason, you're having an affair, aren't you?"

Susan was speechless.

Susan looked at her, utterly baffled.

Why was she here?

“Spit it out. What have you two been doing together at this late hour?” Monica said loudly, “Ben knows nothing of your doings, does he?”

Monica had the look of someone catching a cheater red-handed.

Susan’s expression turned subtly complex.

“Why are you silent? Are you feeling guilty?” Monica grew more agitated. “Susan, this time, with so many witnesses, you won’t be able to talk your way out of this. When Ben finds out, he will surely.”

“What will happen?” A voice rang out.

“Divorce you, of course,” Monica said without hesitation, and then she felt something was amiss and stiffly turned

around.

And there was Ben, holding a cup, looking at her with an utterly calm expression.

Monica was speechless.

How on earth was Ben here?!

Chapter 246 The implication in Ben’s words was clear. He was considering pulling his investment.

Mr. Witt almost had a heart attack, he quickly said, “Mr. Landor, we absolutely didn’t mean that! It’s Ms. Lynn here, she said she had a conflict with Mrs. Landor and specifically wanted to come and apologize. We... we had no idea she would come out with such nonsense.”

But Monica’s behavior didn’t look like she was here to apologize.

She was clearly here on a mission to catch a cheater.

But in the end, her honey was here. What kind of adultery was this!

Their entire film crew was about to be dragged down by Monica’s actions. “Oh?” Ben cast a nonchalant glance at Monica.

Monica trembled, barely able to speak, “Ben, how... how come you are here?” Didn't Best

Didn’t Ben leave for a meeting a few days ago?

“Why can’t | be here?” Ben calmly sat down next to Susan. “The real question is, why are you here?”  
“L...” Monica turned pale.

She had thought.

As long as she could prove that Susan and Eason were alone together, whether or not something actually happened between them didn’t matter. She would come out on top either way because Susan being alone with a man was already inappropriate.

But now, Ben was also there. All her previous plans had failed the moment Ben appeared.

Monica said, “I came here looking for Thomas, | genuinely wanted to apologize to Susan. But when | saw a stranger open the door, | misunderstood and said some things | shouldn’t have to Susan.”

“I didn’t mean any harm.”

Desperately, Monica looked to Thomas for help. “Thomas, you know me. I don’t have any ulterior motives, I’m truly innocent.” Thomas looked at Monica with a complex expression.

He really wanted to believe Monica.

But his intelligence wouldn’t let him.

Thomas silently looked away.

Monica felt her heart sink, realizing that this time, Thomas probably wouldn’t help her either.

She was on her own.

Monica looked at Susan with teary eyes. “Susan, I’m sorry. I misspoke earlier, but you can’t blame me entirely. The situation did seem quite misleading. Even with Ben here, it’s not appropriate for Eason to stay here so late at night.”

Eason narrowed his eyes and pulled out a chair from behind the table where Susan stood.

Then, he casually glanced at Monica. “What’s wrong, can’t the three of us play a game of cards?” Monica stared at the scattered playing cards on the table.

She didn’t know how to react.

The middle of the night?

Playing cards?



This seemed... oddly unproblematic.

"It was | who called Eason over," Ben said calmly. "After all, two people can't play cards by themselves." Ben's tone was light and breezy.

The expressions around him started to turn curious.

Who would have thought? A billionaire, a secret card game enthusiast?

If this story got out, it could probably dominate the headlines for days.

Monica panicked. "Then... then | must have misunderstood. I... I'll leave now."

In this situation, Monica felt she couldn't stay in the room any longer.

She turned to leave.

"Wait." Ben's voice was soft but firm.

Monica stiffened,

Ben looked at Mr. Witt and said, "What was the reason you said Monica came here to find Susan?" Mr. Witt was quick on the uptake. "To apologize."

Ben's gaze returned to Monica. "You plan to leave without finishing what you came here for?" Monica turned around, somewhat incredulously looking at Ben.

She had already lost face, what more did Ben want from her?

Was she actually expecting her to apologize to Susan?

Did Susan even deserve it?

“Yes! Ms. Lynn, you haven't apologized yet, how can you just leave like this?” Mr. Witt quickly said.

“Exactly.” Theresa chimed in with a smile. “We all followed you here to witness your apology. If you leave now, wouldn't our trip be in vain?”

“Yeah, we're all waiting to see.”

“Hurry up and apologize.”

“It's getting late, everyone is waiting.”

The rest of the crew joined in, one after the other.

Monica listened to the cacophony around her, her face gradually turning pale.

She had brought all these people to prevent Susan from making excuses, but now, had the tables turned and they were here to see her make a fool of herself?

She was, after all, the heiress of the Lynn family, and here she was, expected to apologize to Susan in front of all these people.

Where could she possibly put her face!

Monica looked at Ben with almost a plea in her eyes, hoping he would change his mind.

Ben glanced at her indifferently. “Apologize.”

Monica's body began to tremble slightly. "I... |

"Ms. Lynn, you said you were sincere, that you wanted to apologize to Mrs. Landor, and that's why we all came. If

you back out now, well, that raises questions about your motives.

have a lot of travel. Let's something slip that tarnishes your reputation, don't get mad," Mr. Witt said.

Mr. Witt's words were a clear threat.

Monica looked at Ben's stern face, at Thomas bowing his head in silence, and at the one on everyone's faces.

She knew if she didn't apologize today, she might not even make it out the door.

Monica slowly walked up to Susan, bowed her head, and said softly, "I'm sorry."

Ben raised an eyebrow. "Susan, did you hear that?"

Before Susan could respond, Theresa laughed and said, "Whether Susan heard it, | don't know, but the Gestapo is uncertain. Ms. Lynn, since you brought so many of us to witness, you should at least make sure everyone can

hear you."

"| think that makes sense." Eason nodded in agreement.

"| agree." Mr. Witt immediately followed.

"Yeah, it should be like this," the others echoed.

“You... don’t go too far!” Monica’s voice suddenly turned sharp.

Susan had been inclined to dismiss Monica.

But seeing her act all wronged and reluctant, Susan didn’t want to let her off the hook.

Susan arched an eyebrow and said coolly, “You call this going too far? Showing up in the apt fight) \\  
\\

§ nderigcwith6ut second thought, now that’s going too far. Ms. Lynn, for this and past issues, you might as well apologize all at once. I’m all ears.”

“You...” Monica, fuming, extended a finger to point at Susan.

But before she could gesture, Thomas firmly pressed down her hand.

Chapter 247

“Thomas, even you’re picking on me,” Monica said, a hint of grievance in her eyes.

Thomas pressed his lips tightly together, slowly replying, “Monica, no one is forcing you. It was your own claim that you wanted to come and apologize.

“...” Monica was at a loss for words.

She couldn’t very well admit that she never intended to apologize, that her actual plan was to catch someone in the act, could she?

With no other choice, Monica clenched her teeth and raised her voice. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. There, are you

satisfied now?"

"Who said that?" Theresa said, "Didn't you bring the dishes? I think Susan likes them. How about you feed her

yourself."

Monica was speechless.

She whirled to look at Theresa. "I am the esteemed daughter of the Lynn family!"

"Unwilling, are you? Oh, that really makes us question your sincerity," Theresa said coolly.

"You..." Monica was shaking with anger.

Susan, at first, didn't feel like eating.

But seeing Monica in such a state piqued her interest.

"It's been ages since anyone's fed me. I think this idea isn't half bad," Susan said, a smile playing on her lips.

Monica turned to Ben for support. "Ben..."

Ben didn't even glance her way, his gaze filled with affection for Susan. "As long as you're happy."

"Now, we're just waiting on Ms. Lynn." Theresa thrust the fork into Monica's hand.

Someone quick-witted had already set the table with dishes.

Then, everyone's eyes were fixed on Monica.

This level of humiliation... it was unbearable!

Monica felt an urge to throw the fork right there and then.

But glancing

at Ben's expressionless face, she didn't dare to.

Gritting her teeth and with a face full of misery, Monica moved forward.

She occasionally cast pitiable glances at the others, hoping someone would speak up for her.

But as she moved, a minute or two passing, not a single voice rose to her aid.

Seeing her dawdle, people began to urge her to pick up the pace.

Monica had no choice but to grit her teeth, picked up a piece of vegetable with her fork, and brought it to Susan's mouth.

Susan wasn't really interested in eating.

But she was quite interested in watching Monica's expressions.

So, Susan, ignoring Monica's sour face, eagerly took a bite.

Then, she pointed to another dish and said, 'T'd like a taste of the roast ribs too.'

“You, Susan...” Monica got irritated.

Simply raised

Ben simply raised an eyebrow indifferently.

Monica clenched her teeth again and, steeling herself, picked up another piece with her fork.

Susan continued to eat with delight and then said, “I’d like some soup now.

Monica was becoming numb.

She ladled out a bowl of soup and fed Susan, spoon by spoon.

At this point, she couldn’t be more embarrassed than she already was.

Let Susan have her moment of triumph today!

Sooner or later, Monica would have her revenge.

Monica managed to keep her face composed, but Susan lost interest.

“Enough, I’m done. You can go now,” Susan said calmly.

Monica quickly put down the bowl and fork. “You said you didn’t want anymore. This means you’ve accepted my apology, and we can let bygones be bygones.

Susan couldn't help but find it amusing. "I only said you could leave. I didn't say I accepted your apology."

"What else do you want?" Monica snapped.

Susan replied coolly, "I don't want anything else. Whether to apologize is up to you, whether to forgive is up to me. No one has decreed that an apology must be accepted just because it's offered. I've received your apology, but I've decided not to forgive you. Now, you can go."

"You." Monica was trembling with fury.

"Please leave. I don't want to see you right now," Susan stated.

That feeling of humiliation.

That feeling of humiliation.

Monica shook all over, burning with the desire for revenge, yet she knew this wasn't the time.

Monica forced herself to take several deep breaths.

She would remember everything about today, etched firmly in her mind. One day, Monica vowed, she would make Susan pay a price a thousand times more agonizing than what she endured today!

Gritting her teeth, Monica turned around and left without hesitation.

Since Susan had made her stance crystal clear, there was no point in Monica staying any longer, enduring more

humiliation.



With Monica's departure, the others gradually trickled out. Theresa followed suit with the crowd.

Thomas didn't leave immediately. He stayed behind.

Thomas's mood was a little complicated. "I'm sorry, about today, I..."

Ben could guess that Thomas had likely been manipulated by Monica again today.

He rubbed his temples. "Thomas, one of these days, she's going to be the end of you."

Thomas gave a wry smile. "There won't be a next time."

He had truly seen the light this time.

"I hope so," Ben said, glancing at him with a noncommittal expression.

No one knew better than he did how fixated Thomas had been on that girl from the past.

The feeling that she was the only light in his darkness was far too deep; forgetting her wasn't easy.

"Thomas," Susan said, looking at him with an inexplicably pitying gaze, "Some people are out of reach, while others are right before your eyes. You chase distant dreams at the expense of what's near, and

sooner or later, you'll pay the price."

Susan's words seemed to hold a deeper meaning.

It was as if Thomas understood everything and yet understood nothing at all.

After a moment of silence, he left, seemingly lost in thought.

Some people were far away, while others were close at hand.

The one in the distance was once the bright moon in his heart.

But now, that bright moon had fallen into the mire and was no longer the figure he held in his mind.

And the one close at hand... who could that be?

Theresa's face inexplicably surfaced in Thomas's mind.

In the next instant, Theresa's image merged with Rose's.

In the end, the two slowly merged into one.

Thomas let out a wry smile.

He could no longer deceive himself.

In fact, Rose had to be Theresa.

There was a lot of evidence pointing to this, and the similarities between the two were not just a little bit. But he seemed to have lost his mind before and didn't think in this direction at all.

Perhaps it wasn't that Thomas had lost his wits. Rather, he had subconsciously ignored the possibility.

He didn't dare to think too much about it.

Why did he come all the way here to look for Theresa?

He didn't dare to think too much about it.

Why did he keep moving closer to her even though he said that he didn't like her.

In fact, he should have realized on the second day of their meeting that Rose might actually be Theresa.

He would rather bicker and linger around her than pierce that thin veil.

Because he knew once it was pierced, Theresa might no longer interact with him in such a natural manner.

He kept procrastinating until today.

Thomas thought about Theresa's indifferent expression when she saw him with Monica, and a shiver went through his heart.

He realized his own feelings.

But was everything already too late?

For the first time, Thomas understood the taste of utter panic.

The room fell silent again.

Eason frowned and said, "I noticed Monica's expression when she left. It was off. She might stir up trouble again. Ben, if you can't bring yourself to deal with her decisively, let me do it."

Ben snorted coldly. "Don't worry, she won't have another chance."

He had been ready to put an end to Monica's delusions once and for all when she and Mr. Lynn had been relentlessly self-destructive.

However, his plan had been missing a key person and couldn't be executed until now.

What a coincidence.

He had found that key person.

With this person involved, Monica wouldn't be able to cause any more chaos.

As for her ultimate fate, it would be up to her own destiny.

Ben's expression remained indifferent, but there was an undertone of ruthlessness in his eyes.

SEND GIFT

COMMENT

"Are you sure?" Eason furrowed his brow. "If you really can't handle it, making someone disappear suddenly is, in fact, quite easy for me."

Eason was speaking the truth.

The world may seem bright, but there's never a shortage of darkness beneath the surface.

And with his

status as the primary heir of the Tónico, making someone as insignificant as Monica vanish would be a piece of cake.

Susan was startled.

What kind of ruthless Eason's words were this?

Eason, a businessman, talking so casually about making people disappear. It wasn't that a bit too harsh?

Moreover, although Susan didn't like Monica, she didn't think the situation had reached such a dire level.

Susan was about to say something.

Ben spoke up in a detached tone, "Making a person disappear is the most useless form of punishment. Monica will pay the price she deserves."

He gently patted Susan's head. "Don't worry, I have it under control."

Susan let out a sigh of relief.

"But..." Eason started to say something more.

Suddenly, Ben gave him a meaningful look. "You don't need to worry about Monica. Eason, it's getting late. Do you plan to continue playing cards, or is it time to leave?"

Eason's voice halted, and panic visibly took over his expression.

Susan glanced at Eason and then at Ben, a flicker of surprise in her eyes.

She always felt there was something being kept from her between Ben and Eason.

Previously, when Ben invited Eason over to play cards, Susan found it strange.

Now, that feeling of strangeness climbed to its peak.

She had a premonition.

Her questions, she thought, would probably be answered tonight.

Chapter 248

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Under Susan's clear gaze, sweat began to bead on Eason's forehead, drop by drop.

He had planned to come clean to Susan tonight.

But even after days of mental preparation, when he finally faced Susan, panic set in.

He couldn't bring himself to speak and just kept dragging it on.

And so he dragged it until now.

"Is there nothing else? Susan, let's see our guest out," Ben said.

"Wait a minute," Eason wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and hurriedly said, "I have something to say."

"Then speak," Ben said coolly.

Susan also looked at him with curiosity.

Under Susan's gaze, Eason's voice started to tremble.

He hurriedly said, "I just wanted to ask Ms. Miller if I could take a little blood from you."

didn't

Realizing how direct he was, Eason quickly said, "I mean... I mean it like that. What I'm saying is, even a hair with the root would do."

Susan's look slowly changed.



It began with surprise.

Then it morphed into the kind you'd give to someone acting crazy.

Eason was about to lose his mind, and he wiped his sweat again. "Ms. Miller, please don't misunderstand. Actually,

the thing is... you are actually my sister... no, that's not right, you could possibly be my sister. Personally, I feel

there's a big chance of that. But based on your background, it seems unlikely, yet I still feel..."

Eason's words were jumbled.

Ben was speechless.

Susan was speechless.

Susan glanced at Ben. "What is he talking about?"

Ben quickly shook his head. "I have no idea."

Eason's face turned beet red. "I... I..."

He wanted to explain everything clearly.

But in front of Susan, his usually smooth eloquence just wouldn't come through.

After struggling for a while, Eason looked pleadingly at Ben.

Susan also looked at Ben. "You seem to know something?"

"Right, right, he knows everything, let him tell it," Eason said with a sigh of relief.

Ben was speechless.

What was this, trouble falling from the sky?

But looking at Eason, he was truly pitiful.

+6

But seeing Eason's pitiable state, Ben decided to speak up concisely, "It's nothing much. His biological sister has gone missing, and you resemble his mother's youthful appearance. He thinks you might be his biological sister and wants to do a test to confirm."

Eason was not pleased.

it was too concise."

In his mental script, he had planned to vividly paint the picture of a mother's longing for her daughter, and his own long search, all to score some good impression points in front of Susan.

Eason disapproved of his storytelling?

Ben said impatiently, "Then do it yourself."

Eason opened his mouth to speak, but then looking at Susan...

He chickened out again.

He stuttered, "That's... that's pretty much it. Ms. Miller, I was wondering if you'd be willing to do a simple test to

determine if there's a familial relationship between us."

Finally, he got the words out.

Eason let out a long sigh of relief.

"Sure," Susan said, "If hair will do, shall I pluck a few strands for you?"

As she spoke, Susan was about to reach for her hair.

Eason was astounded. "You... you're agreeing just like that?"

Susan's face was the picture of nonchalance. "There's nothing to refuse, really. My last name is Miller, yours is

Nicholas. It's quite unlikely that we're related. But you'll probably never be at peace without a test. It's not difficult to do, so why not?"

Susan's attitude was very composed.

Eason was speechless.

Therefore, why didn't he say it directly at the beginning.

If he had said it directly, the results might have come out by now!

While he was questioning his approach to life, Susan had already plucked a few hairs with follicles attached.

She looked at Eason and said, "Is this enough?"

Eason, in a daze, took out a specimen bag, in a daze collected the hair, and then with the same dazed nod, he agreed.

"Alright, you can go now." Ben gestured dismissively.

Eason gripped the specimen bag tightly, then looked at Susan earnestly. "Ms. Miller, I'm going to rush back to Tonico with the sample for testing. The results should be back in two or three days. I'll contact you then."

"Sure," Susan responded with a smile.

She didn't believe for a second that she and Eason shared any blood relation.

So she didn't feel worried or anxious at all.

Eason, treasuring Susan's hair like it was a precious relic, left.

Susan glanced at Ben. "You knew about this all along?"

"Not really, just figured it out the last time we went skating," Ben explained.

Susan smiled. "Although I too hope I'm not from the Miller family, Eason is probably in for a disappointment."

She and Yana were fraternal twins, sharing the same rare blood type.

Even though Carl and Jane hadn't been kind to her growing up, Susan never doubted she was from the Miller family.

"Either way, giving him an answer will let him put it to rest," Ben said.

Susan nodded in agreement.

The couple quickly put the matter out of their minds.

In Tónico.

Eason hurried home, not eager to inform his parents just yet. Instead, he sent Susan's hair, along with his own, to the lab immediately.

If it could be proven that he and Susan were biological siblings, it would mean that Susan was indeed from the

Nicholas family.

After submitting the samples, Eason waited eagerly for the outcome.

Would this wait bring hope or despair?

Chapter 249

In Snowstock, at the hotel.

Ben had just finished a meeting, and Theresa's leg was almost fully healed.

Back in Anaville, a pile of matters awaited Ben's personal touch.

So, Ben and Susan decided to head back to Anaville.

"Your leg is nearly better, but you still need to be careful. I've spoken to Mr. Witt that we'll shoot the milder scenes first. The more intense ones can wait," Susan said, her concern evident as she held Theresa's hand.

Theresa felt a warmth in her heart and replied with a smile. "Don't worry, I'll be careful."

Susan nodded but her brow was still furrowed with worry.

The life of an actor is both glamorous and grueling.

Especially for newcomers like Theresa, who aim to become skilled performers, the effort required is often much more than the average person.

this was T But this was Theresa's own path, and as her friend, all Susan could do was silently wish her success.

With their farewells said, Ben and Susan left.

After seeing them off, Theresa turned around, intending to return to the set.

Thomas called out to her, "Aren't you going to ask why I'm not leaving with them?"

Theresa paused mid-step, looked back at him, and said indifferently, "Why should I ask a stranger?"

With that, she walked away.

Thomas's hand unconsciously balled into a fist.

A stranger... that's all?

A wry smile crossed Thomas's face as he realized what it meant to be hoist by his own petard, to reap what one

SOWS.

After a moment of silence, he followed her anyway.

Back on the set, Mr. Witt was making the final adjustments to the equipment.

During Theresa's rest, he had shot some solo scenes with the male lead. Now that Theresa was back, they could resume normal shooting.

But given that Theresa's foot injury hadn't fully healed.

Mr. Witt decided to start with some tender scenes.

Outside, the snow was falling heavily.

After a series of trials and tribulations, the leads finally found an isolated villa with a generator.

The male lead pulled out all the stops and managed to start the generator.

There wasn't much fuel left in the villa, and even with the generator running, they couldn't afford to waste electricity.

To save power, they holed up in the smallest room, turning on the heater only there.

The room was cramped.

Outside, the snowstorm raged, but inside, a rare warmth enveloped them.

The male and female leads, after a long and bumpy journey, started to let their guards down.

Here, they engaged in an honest conversation, softening the tension between them..

The scene in the room was meant to be cozy and a bit playful, a welcome change from the harshness of the outdoor scenes. It was also designed to accommodate Theresa's recent injury.

Mr. Witt spent the entire day focusing on the indoor scenes.

As evening approached, another crucial s

was set to take place inside the room.

Before the shooting started.

Mr. Witt gathered the two actors, earnestly explaining the scene.

"At this point, both characters have developed feelings for each other, but neither dares to admit it. And now, the oil in the generator is running out. Without heating, the cold is unbearable. The male lead, Levi, decides to risk finding more oil, but the female lead, Alice, is worried and forbids him from going. She hugs him from behind. You need to really feel that restrained emotion between them. Now, you two go off to the side and talk, to build up that

chemistry."



“Don’t worry, Mr. Witt,” Henri immediately responded with confidence. “Developing feelings with a beautiful woman like Rose will be a piece of cake.”

Theresa felt a bit uncomfortable with his words, but she reasoned that Henri was only saying it for the sake of the film. She thought she might be overthinking it, so she just smiled and said nothing.

“Rose, let’s find a small room for just the two of us. We can talk and chat,” Henri said in a lowered voice, his words

seemingly carrying a different implication, or perhaps not.

Theresa took it as his commitment to the film and nodded in agreement.

So, the two of them went off alone to build rapport.

Thomas watched from the side, a bitter taste of jealousy rising within him.

His heart was in turmoil, itching to pull Theresa back to him.

But he had no right, no standing to do so.

Thomas could only sit there, eyes fixed on the closed door, powerless.

Cultivate a relationship?

Just the two of them, alone in a small room?

What kind of relationship were they supposed to build?

Could it be...

Thomas's mind was awash with countless guesses, feeling on the verge of madness.

Thankfully, after five minutes.

Henri and Theresa emerged from the room.

Thomas quickly glanced over.

Henri looked pleased as punch.

But Theresa wore a somber expression, seemingly not too happy.

What on earth had happened?

"Can you shoot in this state?" Mr. Witt asked, frowning.

"Mr. Witt, rest assured, we're in top form," Henri quickly said.

Mr. Witt looked dubiously at Theresa's expression. "Rose, you good?"

"No problem." Theresa took a deep breath and nodded.

She reminded herself that she should keep the drama on stage separate from real life and not let outside issues affect her performance.

Seeing that both leads were ready, Mr. Witt nodded. "Okay, let's get started."

Henri and Theresa then entered the filming room.

After filming began.

Henri, sticking to the script, made a determined face, deciding to go out in search of engine oil.

Alice remained silent, not uttering a word.

As Henri turned to leave.

Alice suddenly stood up.

“Cut!” Mr. Witt furrowed his brow. “Alice, you’re supposed to be fond of him, not wanting to kill him! Your expression is way off.”

Theresa pursed her lips. “I’ll adjust again.”

“Alright, you have one minute.”

A minute later, they resumed filming.

Theresa had only taken a few steps.

Mr. Witt called cut again.

Then, it turned into an endless loop of cut after cut.

“Alice, what’s gotten into you today!” Mr. Witt was getting angry. “I used to say you were spirited, but today’s performance, any rookie could run circles around you!”

Theresa's eyes reddened a bit. "I'm sorry."

"What good does sorry do?" Mr. Witt was visibly irritated. "That's enough for today. Go and get yourself together! If it's the same tomorrow, even with Mrs. Landor's recommendation, I'll consider recasting."

Mr. Witt knew that Theresa was Susan's good friend. Most of the time, he was willing to look out for Theresa.

But that didn't include ruining his movie.

Theresa bit her lip. "I'll adjust."

Seeing her sincere attitude softened Mr. Witt's expression somewhat.

"Mr. Witt, don't be too harsh. After all, Rose is still a newbie. Don't worry, I'll guide her properly," Henri said with a reassuring smile.

"Good. I'm counting on you." Mr. Witt patted Henri's shoulder trustingly.

Theresa glanced in Henri's direction, a flicker of resentment flashing in her eyes.

Why had her performance suddenly tanked? It all started in the little room earlier when Henri had said something totally out of the blue.

Theresa took a deep breath and steeled herself for adjustment.

She told herself this opportunity was crucial, and she had to seize it. No matter how less-than-ideal the co-star, she had to adapt and strive to complete this shoot perfectly.

Thomas watched Theresa, his brow slightly creased.

His gut told him something must have happened in those few minutes Theresa and Henri were alone, something that shook her. Otherwise, she wouldn't be this way.

What exactly had happened?

Chapter 250

At night.

Theresa was alone in her room, silently poring over the script.

She truly adored the script of Love in Bitter Winter.

For this script, she had poured her heart and soul into it.

No matter what, she needed to shake off her mood and strive to do justice to the film.

Theresa tried to block out the offstage distractions and focus all her energy on the work itself.

At this moment..

A knock on the door broke the silence.

Theresa walked over and opened the door.

Then, she saw Henri standing at the door.

Her face darkened, and she moved to close the door.

But Henri, smiling, blocked the door and said, “You seemed a bit off during filming, didn’t you?”

Theresa pursed her lips. “Why do you think my performance suffered, don’t you know?”

At that time, they had entered the room.

Henri had suddenly tried to kiss her.

It took all her strength to push him away.

Then, he acted as if nothing happened when they emerged.

This was Theresa’s first brush with such behavior, and naturally, it threw her off balance.

Later, when the filming started.

Alice was supposed to have developed feelings with Levi.

But after witnessing such a side of Henri.

Theresa simply couldn’t convince herself to get back into character.

That led to the series of cuts that evening.

Now, here was Henri, shamelessly bringing up the subject, and Theresa felt a surge of anger, almost to the point of wanting to strike him.

Henri greeted Theresa with a gentle smile. "Rose, you've got it all wrong. I didn't expect such a strong reaction from you. But truly, I had no ill intentions. You've read the script, right? In the scene we were shooting tonight, our characters share a kiss. As a newcomer, you might be fine most of the time, but kissing scenes can trip you up. So, I was just trying to give you some practice beforehand. There was no other meaning behind it."

Theresa frowned. "You didn't look like you were just practicing."

"We only had five minutes, I was in a hurry, that's why I jumped right in. But when you resisted, I didn't force you, did I?" Henri explained, "You're new to acting, so you might not understand. We actors, we have to be willing to dedicate ourselves to the craft. The quickest way to get into character for a romantic scene is just that. It's my fault too, I forgot you're a newcomer and not familiar with these things. Next time, I'll discuss it with you in

advance."

Theresa began to waver. "Is that so?"

"Yes." Henri nodded earnestly. "You know the reputation I've built through the many films I've done. Everything I do is to better showcase the script, with absolutely no personal agenda."

Henri presented himself as a paragon of righteousness.

Theresa started to doubt her own judgment.

Could it be that she had overreacted?

Maybe in show business, this approach was actually quite normal?

Hesitating, Theresa said, "Then perhaps I misunderstood."

“It’s also my fault for not considering your feelings,” Henri said apologetically. “Here’s what I’ll do. To show how sorry I am, let me help you go over the script.”

“Thank you.” Theresa shook her head. “But that’s not necessary. I can study it myself.”

“I’m helping you and also helping myself. After all, a smoother shoot benefits us both, doesn’t it?” Henri said.

Theresa pursed her lips.

“Mr. Witt suggested I help you with it,” Henri said.

Theresa hesitated, then stepped aside. “In that case, I’ll take you up on your offer.”

Henri’s smile was almost imperceptible as he eagerly stepped inside.

Initially, Theresa was very guarded around Henri.

But once inside, Henri didn’t show any odd behavior.

He sat down and was all business.

“Come on, bring out the script, and let’s go over it together,” Henri said as he took out his own copy.

Seeing him with his own script, Theresa felt somewhat reassured.

They took out their scripts and began to discuss earnestly.

Henri’s reputation as a top actor was well-deserved.



With the same script, Henri could tease out more details, more layers of meaning.

After an hour of discussion, Theresa's view of him had completely changed.

She had only one thought.

That's the magic of a true movie star.

His understanding of the script was indeed much deeper than hers.

"Looks like we've about covered everything for tomorrow's scene," Henri said, his voice warm and comforting. "Do you have any other questions or need further assistance?"

By now, Theresa's heart had softened, and she felt perhaps she had overreacted earlier that day.

Henri had even taken the time to rehearse with her, demonstrating a truly supportive nature.

"No more questions, thank you so much, senior, Theresa said with genuine gratitude.

"Don't mention it," Henri replied with a smile. "As long as tomorrow's shoot goes smoothly, it's all worth it."

Henri's words were too noble.

Theresa couldn't help but feel touched.

"Well, in order to wish us a smooth shooting tomorrow, I think the hotel provides red wine. Why don't we have a drink to celebrate? Henri suddenly proposed.

Drinking?

Theresa hesitated.

But she figured that since the misunderstanding had been cleared up, a little celebration wouldn't hurt.

Besides, the wine was from her room, so there shouldn't be any issues.

"Okay." Theresa agreed.

She took out a glass of red wine, poured Henri a glass, and poured herself another glass.

"I'm not great with alcohol, so one glass is a celebration for me," Theresa said.

"Whatever you say." Henri chuckled, lifting his glass. "Here's to a successful shoot tomorrow, may everything go off

without a hitch."

"To a successful shoot," Theresa echoed, clinking glasses with him, and taking a sip.

Henri's eyes flashed, and he also drank the wine.

After finishing their drinks, Theresa glanced at the time and subtly hinted. "Senior, we have an early start tomorrow, maybe we should...\*"

Her sentence was cut short

A sudden change washed over Theresa.

Something wasn't right.

A heat crept across her face, her thoughts began to swirl in a fog, and an indescribable longing surged from within.

Theresa looked up at Henri.

Henri's current state was similar to hers.

His face flushed and his eyes gleaming with a dangerous light.

He stood and moved closer to Theresa.

Theresa's heart pounded, and she pushed herself back, trying to escape.

"Senior, please, be rational. There's something wrong with this wine," Theresa said.

Henri's face twisted into a strange expression. "I know."

He knew?

Theresa's expression suddenly changed.