

Divorced Me 1061

Chapter 1061

"Why? You don't want to?"

Furious and mortified, Jolie wanted nothing more than to kick the man off her, but the whirlwind of his kisses and touches had drained every ounce of her strength. Her voice softened as she said, "No matter what, it's not happening. I don't want this."

Gavin, despite holding back to his limit, made no further moves.

He released her waist but, just as he was about to let go completely, his hand lingered on her waist in a slow, deliberate motion, as if savoring her curves.

Sitting upright, he leaned back slightly and calmed the turmoil raging inside him.

Jolie watched him in surprise but didn't dwell on it. She hurriedly got up, smoothing out her disheveled nightgown. Even though her body had responded, her rationality prevailed over her emotions, and she stopped herself. She quickly left for the bedroom.

Before closing the door, she said, "Make yourself at home, Mr. Cooper."

Then, with a loud "bang," the door slammed shut.

Gavin stared at her retreating figure, her flustered escape leaving a trace of amusement on his previously expressionless face.

Make himself at home?

He wouldn't mind doing just that.

Too bad she wasn't giving him the chance.

Inside the bedroom, Jolie took a shower, gradually washing away the sensations that had overwhelmed her body. She felt a mix of exhaustion and unease.

The scene of their wild entanglement on the sofa replayed in her mind, and her cheeks instantly burned.

That man...

He acted like he had everything under control, but unfortunately, his technique left much to be desired. Everything he did was instinctual, clumsy, and exploratory. It was raw, untamed wildness.

Jolie lingered in the shower a bit too long, and by the time she came out, the first light of dawn was peeking over the horizon.

She pressed her ear to the door, listening for any sound outside, but there was nothing.

Could he have left already?

Hesitating for a moment, Jolie opened the door and cautiously peeked outside.

There was no sign of Gavin. Even the messy sofa had been tidied up, though his presence still lingered faintly in the room. Did he leave while she was in the shower?

Standing at the bedroom doorway Jolie stared blankly for a moment before finally relaxing. Sleepiness overtook her, and she let out a yawn before returning to bed.

As for tonight's events?

It was nothing but an accident.

Yes. Just an accident.

The next day.

Jolie was jolted awake by a phone call from her mother.

"Hello?"

Her voice was groggy as she answered, still thick with a nasal tone from sleep.

Hearing her voice, Daisy didn't speak immediately.

After a long pause, she finally asked, "Jolie, why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

Jolie was confused, not quite understanding what her mother was talking about.

Daisy said, "Last night, your neighbor saw you coming home with a man. That man was Mr. Cooper. Jolie, have things between you and Mr Cooper already progressed this far? Why didn't you tell me? When did it start? How long have you been seeing each other?"

Jolie's eyes flew open. "You're having me monitored?"

Daisy's tone remained gentle. "I'm just concerned about you living alone. I won't interfere in everything, Jolie. What I do is for your own good."

A surge of anger rose in Jolie's

chest, spreading and intensifying. "But what you're doing is wrong! I'm

an adult, not a pet you're raising. chose to move out because I didn't want to live under your constant shadow anymore. Why... why do you have to treat me like this?

Chapter 1062

Jolie tried her best to control her emotions, but her voice trembled despite her efforts. She couldn't believe it.

She had always known that, to the Quin family, she was a pawn they could use to trade for benefits whenever necessary. Yet, she had clung to the belief that at least she had her freedom. Now, she realized she was under their watch every second of the day. The thought of Selena's resentment toward their parents' favoritism and envy of their so-called love struck her as utterly absurd.

If she could choose, she'd trade the so-called love and favoritism all away. She didn't want any of it.

"Jolie Quin!" Daisy's tone turned uncharacteristically stern.

"Do you have any idea what you're saying? Everything I do is for your safety. How could I possibly be at ease with you living alone? You're the daughter I've cherished and protected all these years.

"Don't change the subject. I'm asking you, when did you and Mr. Cooper start seeing each other? If you're dating, bring him home to meet the family!"

"That's impossible!"

Jolie's emotions erupted, and her composure completely shattered.

Gripping her phone tightly, she shouted, "I will never give you what you want! I won't be with Gavin Cooper, and I won't ever see him again!"

With that, she ended the call, her chest heaving with anger and grief. Tears began streaming down her face, hot and uncontrollable. She felt suffocated, furious, and heartbroken all at once.

How absurd.

Parents who failed to be parents. Children who couldn't be children. This family was a suffocating mess.

Jolie had thought her firm refusal would make Daisy drop the idea. She never imagined Daisy would show up at her apartment. When she opened the door and saw Daisy, dressed impeccably in her elegant and poised way, Jolie's face went pale.

"What are you doing here?"

Her voice was hoarse as she asked.

Daisy's eyes swept over her disheveled appearance-messy hair, swollen eyes, and a crumpled nightgown. Her brows furrowed deeply as she stepped inside and shut the door.

"Look at yourself! What do you think you're doing? You're the heiress of the Quin family, a socialite of Larbor City. This sloppy and unkempt look is disgraceful!"

As she spoke, Daisy ushered Jolie toward the bedroom, her hands firmly but insistently guiding her along.

"Go clean yourself up, then come out and talk to me."

Daisy pushed Jolie into the

bedroom not giving her a chance to

say a word. By the time Jolie

registered what had happened, the bathroom door had already been shut.

Standing there, her hands clenched into tight fists at her sides, Jolie fumed silently.

Meanwhile, Daisy took a slow tour of the room, her sharp eyes scanning everything. She lingered on the bed and even glanced into the trash can beside it. Finding nothing suspicious, her brows furrowed briefly before relaxing.

She trusted the people she had arranged. They wouldn't have made a mistake-the man who had come home with Jolie last night was indeed Gavin. Who would have thought that Jolie would even know Gavin?

Not to mention, their relationship seemed... intimate.

Daisy had always envisioned grooming Jolie to be elegant and refined, preparing her for a strategic marriage that could bring greater benefits to the Quin family. But she had never considered the possibility of a connection with the Cooper family.

After all, the Coopers were one of

Larbor City's most prominent families. Their standards for a daughter-in-law would undoubtedly be sky high, and in their eyes, the

Quin family was far from adequate.

However, as of now, Daisy allowed herself to dream of getting close to the Coopers.

Her daughter was more capable than she had imagined.

If Jolie could marry into the Cooper family, the Quin family would ascend several social tiers in Larbor City.

It would be a leap across class boundaries!

And Daisy herself? She could hold her head even higher, becoming the epitome of wealth and respectability. Half an hour passed.

Jolie still hadn't come out.

Daisy, growing impatient, walked straight to the bathroom door.

"Jolie, are you done yet?"

Silence greeted her.

Daisy's brows furrowed further. "Jolie? Did you hear me?"

Chapter 1063

Inside the bathroom, there was still no response.

Daisy's expression darkened. She quickly pushed the door open and was greeted by the sight of Jolie sitting on the closed toilet lid. She hadn't cleaned herself up at all, still looking as disheveled as when she'd just woken up.

When she noticed Daisy enter, Jolie even curved her lips into a faint, mocking smile. Her eyes sparkled with blatant defiance.

"You!"

Daisy's face turned stormy at the sight.

She marched in, glaring down at Jolie. "What do you think you're doing?"

Jolie met her gaze and replied calmly, "Rebelling. Can't you tell?"

The words tasted bitterly ironic as they left her mouth.

She couldn't bring herself to do anything truly harmful to the Quin family, but all she could manage was small, petty acts of defiance like this-pointless provocations. It was ridiculous. Maddening.

And deep down, she hated how powerless she was to change anything.

Daisy's gaze hardened, taking on an air of authority. "Jolie, stop acting like a child. Pull yourself together, clean up, and come out. I have questions for you."

With that, she turned and walked out.

Jolie stared at Daisy's retreating figure for a moment before suddenly speaking. "Mom, do you love me?"

"Of course I love you," Daisy replied immediately. "From the moment you were born, you've been the one I cherished the most. You should know how much I adore you. I even overlooked your sister for your sake." Jolie shook her head slowly. "No, you don't love me."

"What did you say?" Daisy turned back, her brows furrowing.

"You don't love me," Jolie repeated, her voice steady but full of scorn.

"You love your wealthy lifestyle. You love the people who bring you power and money. You loved my father because he could run the company, but when you looked into his eyes, there was never any real affection.

"And because some fortune-teller said my destiny was blessed, you doted on me, hoping to reap that so-called good luck. Then, because they claimed my sister's destiny was cursed and would bring misfortune, you avoided her completely. All these years, you've barely even looked her in the eye..."

Smack!

Before Jolie could finish speaking, the sharp sound of a slap echoed through the room. Her words were cut off, her head snapping to the side.

A vivid red handprint quickly surfaced on her fair cheek.

Daisy was livid, her face ashen with

fury, her chest heaving as she pointed a trembling finger at Jolie. "Jolie Quin, have you lost your mind? How dare you say such things to me? You question my love for you? It seems I've been far too indulgent with you!"

She stormed out in anger.

Moments later, a few housemaids entered the room and began tidying Jolie up. Like a lifeless doll, Jolie let them do as they pleased, her body limp, her spirit detached.

When they finished, Daisy returned, her expression cold. "Come back to the Quin estate with me. You'll stay there and reflect on your actions. Think long and hard about where you've gone wrong."

Without waiting for a response, she turned and left.

The maids flanked Jolie, guiding her out of the apartment.

Jolie's face remained expressionless the

cheee time. The handprint on her

cheek was hidden under makeup,

but the searing pain burned deep into her heart.

Of course.

When authority is challenged, it erupts in rage.

When illusions are shattered, they retaliate with humiliation.

How could Daisy ever admit she was selfish?

Jolie let out a bitter, mocking smile but didn't resist.

Everything she had her life, her security-was given by the Quin family.

If she rebelled any further, her parents would strip it all away without hesitation.

She wasn't like Selena, who had both talent and luck.

Selena had found a lifelong friend, then her true love.

Jolie was beautiful and refined, but she had no soul of her own. She was nothing more than a marionette, her strings firmly in someone else's hands.

Chapter 1064

Jolie was placed under house arrest and confined to her room. Meals were delivered by the housemaids three times a day, and she wasn't allowed to step out, not even once. Yet, she didn't resist. It was as if she'd completely given up.

Her days were spent in an endless cycle of eating and sleeping, embracing her apathy.

A month passed.

One day, a maid entered the room holding a pregnancy test kit.

Jolie was curled up on the sofa playing a video game. When she saw it, her brows instantly furrowed. "What's this for?"

The maid kept her head down, her tone cautious. "Miss Jolie, Madam Daisy instructs me to give this to you."

Jolie tightened her grip on her phone, her lips curving into a mocking smile. "No need for that. Go back and tell her nothing happened between me and Gavin Cooper. I won't be pregnant." The maid nodded quickly. "Yes, Miss Jolie."

But not long after, Daisy arrived herself.

Her gaze swept over Jolie's unkempt appearance, her expression hardening with a cold edge. "You two got together for so long. How could nothing have happened?"

Jolie didn't even look at her. "I will never have anything to do with Gavin Cooper, and what you're hoping for will never happen."

Daisy's expression darkened further. After a long silence, she said, "It's been a month. Don't you realize your mistake yet?"

"I don't," Jolie replied flatly.

Daisy was furious, her voice trembling as she said, "Sending you to reconnect with Selena was a mistake. She's completely led you astray!"

Jolie let out a cold laugh. "So, all your guilt was fake? In your eyes, my sister has always been bad, hasn't she? All that sadness and regret you displayed was just an act, wasn't it?" She put down her phone and looked directly at Daisy. "You're terrifying."

However, Daisy regained her composure, a calmness settling over her features. She knew all too well that no matter how cold and defiant Jolie acted, she wouldn't dare cross any lines or truly rebel. Jolie knew all too well that everything she had now was because of the Quin family. To rebel against them would mean losing everything she currently possessed.

Daisy spoke with a smile that didn't

reach her eyes. "I'm no longer upset about what happened before. After all, you've always been such an obedient child. The Quin family has poured so much effort into raising you. You wouldn't do anything to betray us, would you?"

The words hit Jolie straight in the heart.

Her mocking smile faded, the cold defiance in her eyes dimming. Her expression slowly became blank, drained of all emotion. Daisy's lips curved in satisfaction. She walked over and gently brushed Jolie's hair back from her face, her tone softening.

"I won't force you to have any

contact with Gavin Cooper. The gap between the Quin family and the Cooper family is too great. If he's only toying with you, we'd be the ones who suffer the loss."

Jolie wanted to turn her head away, to avoid Daisy's touch, but she gripped her hands tightly and forced herself to suppress the impulse.

Daisy continued, "Get yourself

together. The project in the South City commercial district has been secured, and the Lowe family has been kicked out of the deal. Tomorrow night, I'm hosting a banquet. Many of Larbor City's elite families have been invited. Prepare yourself and pull yourself together. You'll accompany me to the event."

Jolie didn't respond.

Daisy's smile faded slightly. "Did you hear me, Jolie?"

Closing her eyes briefly, Jolie let out a breath.

After a long pause, she nodded. "I understand."

"That's my good girl."

Daisy smiled again, her tone light. "Fix yourself up, get a full treatment, and make sure you're perfect tomorrow night. I want to see the very best version of you." With that, she turned and left the room.

Silence enveloped the space once more.

Jolie stood frozen where she was, staring blankly at nothing.

The best version of her was just a flawless doll, wasn't it?

Chapter 1065

Selena went out for a spa day with Aveline, but as soon as they stepped into the salon, they unexpectedly ran into Jolie.

Jolie exuded an air of indifference, her entire demeanor laced with a lazy sort of detachment as if nothing in the world could pique her interest. She wore oversized sunglasses, her expression hidden, but her complexion looked far from well. "Miss Jolie, what a coincidence," Aveline greeted her with a polite smile.

Jolie glanced over, giving a faint nod, but didn't bother to say anything more.

Selena frowned slightly at the interaction.

Before long, a staff member ushered Selena and Aveline into a private room. As soon as the door closed, Selena couldn't help but comment, "What's going on with her?"

"Hmm?" Aveline turned to her, confused. "Are you talking about Jolie?"

"Of course. Look at her! She looks like a ghost has sucked the life right out of her," Selena said, her voice a mix of concern and curiosity.

Aveline's lips curled into a knowing smile. "If you're that worried about her, why not go and ask her yourself?"

"I'm not worried about her," Selena shot back immediately, lying down and closing her eyes to signal the end of the conversation.

Aveline didn't press the matter, though her knowing smile remained. She reclined on the lounge chair as well, casually adding, "She's definitely not herself. I'll go and have a word with her later." Selena's lashes fluttered at Aveline's remark, but she said nothing.

What neither of them expected was for Jolie to come to them first.

"Selena," Jolie said, standing in the doorway, her tone calm but direct. "If I leave the Quin family, would you take me in?"

Selena blinked, caught completely off guard. Her sister's question seemed to come out of nowhere. "Why would you leave the Quin family?"

Leaning against the doorframe, Jolie studied Selena's puzzled expression for a moment before answering abruptly, "I was just speaking hypothetically. Don't take it seriously."

With that, she turned and walked away.

"Hey! What do you mean by that? Explain yourself!" Selena called after her, raising her voice in frustration.

Jolie didn't stop walking, as though her visit had been nothing more than a whim.

Aveline remarked, "It seems like the Quin family isn't treating her very well."

"That's impossible," Selena replied. "The Quin family gives her everything she could ever want. She has whatever she asks for. How could they be treating her badly?" Aveline didn't press further, not knowing enough about the Quin family's dynamics to comment.

By the time they finished their beauty treatments, the sky had already darkened.

However, Selena remained distracted and restless.

While waiting in the lounge, a group of young women nearby was engaged in conversation.

"Hey, did you get an invitation to the Quin family's banquet?"

"No way. Why would the Quin family invite us? They're only inviting families with eligible bachelors. Isn't that obvious?"

"It's clearly a matchmaking event for

Jolie Quin, But I didn't think the Quin family would be so blatant about it. They're not even inviting families with daughters. Aren't they afraid of becoming a joke?"

"Who'd dare to laugh at them? The Quin family just secured the South City project, and the Cooper Group pushed the Lowe family out of the deal entirely. The Quin family has all the resources and influence now. They wouldn't bother with smaller families like ours."

Selena's frown deepened as she listened.

A banquet specifically to arrange a match for Jolie?

This...

"Let's go."

Aveline returned, breaking Selena's thoughts.

Selena glanced at her and asked, "Did you get an invitation to the Quin family's banquet tonight?"

Aveline shook her head. "No. How do you know about it?"

"I overheard someone talking about it."

Aveline studied her for a moment. "Are you thinking about going?"

Selena pressed her lips together, saying nothing.

"If you want to go, then go," Aveline said calmly, "Don't forget-you're now the wife of Aaron Fletcher, the president of Fletcher Enterprises. No one would dare look down on you,

not even your parents. They wouldn't dare give you the cold shoulder."

Chapter 1066

Selena smiled faintly. "Yeah, I know."

"What's next?" Aveline asked.

"I'm hungry. Let's grab some food," Selena replied.

"Sure."

At the Quin family villa, the courtyard had been meticulously decorated, exuding an air of elegance and beauty.

Luxury cars arrived one after another, parking neatly in the driveway. Young men dressed in tailored suits stepped out, each looking more polished than the last.

Terence and Daisy stood at the entrance, greeting guests with broad smiles. When familiar socialites arrived with their sons or daughters in tow, Daisy would step forward to exchange pleasantries, her charm on full display. Between conversations, Daisy stole a glance at the time. Noticing that Jolie hadn't come down yet, a barely perceptible frown flickered across her face.

After whispering something to Terence, she headed back into the villa.

Inside, servers dressed in crisp shirts and vests moved gracefully among the guests, balancing trays of drinks and hors d'oeuvres. For most attendees, the so-called banquet was little more than an opportunity to network.

Upstairs, Daisy pushed open the door to Jolie's room. She found her daughter already dressed, sitting stiffly at her vanity, staring blankly at her reflection.

Daisy walked over, placing her hands gently on Jolie's shoulders. Gazing at her through the mirror, she asked softly, "What's wrong, Jolie? Are you nervous?" Jolie lowered her eyes slightly. "Who's the main target tonight?"

"Don't talk like that," Daisy chided lightly, her tone betraying a hint of discomfort. "You're just making an appearance, that's all. I want the other families in Larbor City to see that my daughter is as radiant as an angel. As for marriage arrangements, there's no rush." Jolie's lips twitched into a faint, humorless smile. She didn't bother exposing her mother's lie.

No target simply meant the deal hadn't been struck yet. The right suitor hadn't offered the right price.

When her value could be traded for greater benefits, the "target" would naturally reveal itself.

How laughable.

"I'm ready."

Jolie had no desire for any further intimacy with Daisy, so she stood up and headed straight for the door.

Daisy watched her with satisfaction, pride gleaming in her eyes.

To Daisy, Jolie was the crowning masterpiece of her life.

The moment Jolie stepped out of her bedroom, her expression changed completely. She wore a flawless, poised smile, her delicate makeup enhancing her features. Her long curled hair was swept over one shoulder and adorned with a diamond hairpin.

Dressed in an elegant black gown, she looked every inch the picture of a graceful and refined porcelain doll.

As she entered the room, many pairs of eyes immediately turned her way.

Some even approached her to strike up a conversation.

Most of them were men, and a flicker of faint disgust flashed in Jolie's eyes.

Daisy stayed close by, introducing Jolie at opportune moments, skillfully weaving her into conversations. By the end of the circuit, everyone present had become acquainted with Jolie.

Just then, a maid hurried over to Daisy and whispered something in her ear. "Madam, Mr. Cooper is here!"

"Really?" Daisy's face lit up with delight, the joy unmistakable in her expression.

Standing nearby, Jolie caught their exchange. Her brows furrowed slightly.

Mr. Cooper?

Was it Gavin?

Why was he here?

"Come, Jolie, let's go greet Mr. Cooper," Daisy said, clearly elated.

She grabbed Jolie's hand and eagerly led her toward the entrance.

Jolie was forced to follow along, stopping at the entrance.

From a distance, a sleek black Maybach pulled up to the front of the villa. The driver stepped out and respectfully opened the door, revealing Gavin's tall, commanding figure.

The moment he stepped out, it was as if the entire atmosphere of the banquet shifted. His presence alone seemed to radiate authority, instantly elevating the event. Terence and Daisy hurried over, their faces beaming as they greeted him warmly, engaging in polite conversation.

However, Jolie stayed rooted in place, unmoving.

Around her, whispers began to spread.

"The Quin family invited Mr. Cooper?"

"That's impressive. I can't believe he actually showed up."

"Well, that's it for us. We're all just extras tonight."

Jolie tightened her grip on the stem of her wine glass, her emotions swirling in a confusing mix of unease and frustration.

Chapter 1067

Meanwhile, in a car parked along the roadside not far from the Maybach, Aveline spotted Gavin and was visibly surprised. "Why is my brother here?"

Selena glanced at her and replied, "The Quin family invited him, but I guess the invitation didn't reach you."

Aveline fell silent for a moment before saying, "That's not what I meant. My brother never attends these kinds of boring events. This is the first time I've seen him at something like this." "Really?" Selena raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

Aveline nodded. "Yes. He usually only goes to business receptions, charity galas, or summits-events that are serious and, frankly, dull."

Selena's eyes suddenly lit up as a thought struck her. "Do you think he's here for Jolie?"

Aveline rubbed her chin thoughtfully. "It's possible. It looks like after their last encounter, my brother's gotten hooked."

"Pfft!" Selena couldn't help but laugh, her mood lifting considerably.

Aveline chuckled and asked, "So, are we going in?"

Selena shook her head. "If he's here for Jolie, why bother? Let's head back. I miss Pax and Joy already. It's been a whole day since I've seen them." "Same here," Aveline agreed.

Inside the Quin family's courtyard, Terence and Daisy flanked Gavin as they escorted him inside.

Spotting Jolie still standing in a daze, Daisy quickly stepped forward and gave her a light pat on the shoulder.

"Jolie, what are you doing? Are you so excited to see Mr. Cooper that you don't know what to do with yourself?" Jolie snapped out of her thoughts, the faint smile on her face fading as she forced herself to maintain composure. "Good evening, Mr. Cooper."

Gavin's deep, piercing gaze settled on her, and he stepped closer with deliberate purpose. "Good evening, Miss Quin." Suddenly, he leaned in, his commanding presence overwhelming.

Jolie instinctively took a step back, her brows furrowing slightly.

Why was he getting so close all of a sudden?

Standing nearby, Daisy and Terence exchanged a knowing glance and smiled, both clearly pleased by the interaction.

Daisy smiled and said, "Jolie, you

and Mr. Cooper know each other, don't you? Then why don't you entertain him for a while? I have something to take care of over there. Don't neglect our guest, understood?"

With a polite nod toward Gavin, she turned and left.

Jolie lowered her gaze, suppressing the mockery glimmering in her eyes.

Could they be any more obvious?

He had just arrived, and they were already leaving her alone with him. Were they that eager for everyone to know what they were planning?

Once again, she felt like a product on display.

Now that the "buyer" had shown interest, they couldn't wait to close the deal.

"Not happy to see me?"

The man's low, detached voice broke through her thoughts. Though his tone was cool and emotionless, it carried a weight that made her feel inexplicably pressured.

Jolie lifted her gaze to meet his.

It had been a month since they last met, but Gavin was as striking as

exuded authority, and his commanding presence was

ever-his sharp, masculine por

impossible to ignore. Yet, he was just as cold and unapproachable as she remembered.

She forced a polite smile. "A guest is always welcome. Of course, I'm happy. Mr. Cooper, this way, please."

She gestured toward the interior with a sweep of her hand before turning and walking ahead.

The little fox was wearing her mask again.

Gavin frowned slightly, displeased by the facade.

He much preferred the version of her he'd seen before the one beneath him, soft and vulnerable, her resistance melting into surrender.

"What would you like to drink, Mr. Cooper?"

Jolie had no idea what was going through his mind at that moment. If she did, she would undoubtedly have turned red with fury and called him shameless.

Without a word, Gavin reached for a

glass of champagne from a passing tray, swirling the pale golden liquid as he watched it shimmer in the light. However, his gaze quickly returned to her.

Chapter 1068

Jolie didn't like the way Gavin's gaze lingered on her.

It was heavy, oppressive, and carried an intensity that made her inexplicably tense and uneasy.

"Mr. Cooper, aren't you busy these days?" she asked, attempting to shift the atmosphere.

"Not too busy," he replied, his tone flat and indifferent.

Jolie was speechless.

How could someone be so adept at killing a conversation?

Still, for the Quin family, he was a distinguished guest. She couldn't afford to appear impolite or neglectful, or her parents would never let her hear the end of it. Being grounded would be the least of her worries. Yet, she didn't want to engage with Gavin more than necessary.

For one, she didn't like him. He was rigid, dull, and utterly devoid of emotional value.

And for another, she refused to play into Daisy's obvious plans. It was clear that her parents wanted her entangled with Gavin, but she had no intention of letting that happen.

Caught in the push and pull of these conflicting feelings, Jolie found herself staring blankly at her wine glass, lost in thought.

She didn't even notice when Gavin moved closer, until suddenly, her chin was tilted upward by the light press of his fingers.

Startled, Jolie snapped out of her daze. Her eyes flashed with confusion before the situation fully registered.

She immediately took two steps back. "Mr. Cooper, what are you doing?"

Why had he suddenly gotten so close? And what was with this intimate gesture?

Did he not care about how this might look to others?

Gavin slowly lowered his hand, his thumb rubbing against his fingertips as if savoring the lingering sensation of her soft skin. His movements were unhurried, almost contemplative, and carried an air of deliberate purpose. Gavin's eyes locked onto hers, his voice calm yet commanding. "I'm standing right in front of you, and you're lost in thought. What's on your mind?"

Jolie blinked, resisting the urge to roll her eyes dramatically.

Why couldn't she think about something else just because he was standing there? Did he really expect her entire focus to be on him?

What an arrogant, self-absorbed man.

Her dislike for him deepened.

Forcing a polite smile, she replied, "Apologies, did you say something? I was distracted, thinking about something else."

She intended to just find a topic and steer the conversation away.

But Gavin didn't let up. His piercing gaze remained fixed on her, his voice dipping slightly. "You're

deliberately avoiding me. Well,

her heart skipped a beat. How was he so sharp?

She'd been so careful, masking her disinterest, yet he still managed to see through her.

But she couldn't admit it. To acknowledge it would be to offend him-and that wasn't a risk she could afford. Keeping her composure, Jolie let out a soft laugh. "Mr. Cooper, you're mistaken. I'm not avoiding you." "Is that so?"

Gavin suddenly averted his gaze, his tone nonchalant as if the conversation no longer interested him. Jolie couldn't tell what he was thinking or feeling, and that unsettled her even more.

Jolie tightened her grip on the wine glass, her thoughts spinning as she tried to decipher his intentions. "When are you planning to repay me for last time?"

The sudden statement hit like a bombshell.

The smile on Jolie's face froze instantly.

Last time.

She thought he'd let it go, and assumed he wouldn't bring it up again.

Yet here he was, still holding on to it.

She didn't want any ties to him-none at all.

Lowering her gaze slightly, a flicker

Pavel

of panic flashed through her eyes But she quickly regained her composure, determined to put this matter to rest.

"Mr. Cooper, what do you need? If it's something I can manage, I'll do it, but I have my limits."

Gavin's gaze bore into her, calm yet sharp. "You said you'd repay me. Are you planning to go back on your word?"

Jolie looked at him, irritation bubbling beneath the surface. "Then just tell me what you want already."

Her tone was sharper than intended, her mask of politeness cracking.

Beneath it, her true emotions began to show-raw impatience, a simmering dislike, and the exasperation of dealing with him.

For a moment, Gavin thought he

caught a glimpse of something

deeper in her eyes: a profound disgust and weariness, as though dealing with him was an unbearable chore.

Chapter 1069

Gavin raised his hand and downed the champagne in one smooth motion. Passing by a server, he casually placed the empty glass on the tray without breaking stride.

His expression remained cold, unreadable as he said, "I want you."

"What?"

Jolie stared at him in disbelief, instinctively taking a step back.

But as she retreated, he advanced, his movements subtle yet exuding a quiet dominance.

Forcing a strained smile, she said, "Mr. Cooper, you must be joking. I admit, you helped me before, and I'm grateful, but that doesn't give you the right to make such an unreasonable request. I'm sorry, but I can't agree to that." "You're trying to go back on your word," Gavin stated plainly, his tone as unyielding as his gaze, as though he could see straight into her thoughts.

His accusation made Jolie feel inexplicably guilty as if she were the one at fault for being dishonest. A tinge of embarrassment crept over her. He was making her look like someone who couldn't keep her promises. "I'm willing to offer something else in return."

Gavin didn't even blink. "I don't need money. I don't need power. What I'm missing is a woman."

Jolie's heart skipped a beat, but she forced herself to respond calmly. "Then I'll find someone for you, someone who meets your standards."

"Fine."

His immediate agreement caught her off guard, and a flicker of surprise flashed in her eyes. That was easier than she'd expected.

But then Gavin added, "It has to be someone who satisfies me. Until then, you'll be on call. I'll let you know when I'm interested."

Jolie felt a wave of relief but couldn't shake the sense that something about his response didn't sit right. Still, as long as it didn't involve her personally, she was more than willing to agree.

She smiled politely. "Of course, no problem."

Gavin pulled out his phone. "Let's exchange contact information."

"Sure."

Jolie nodded and instructed a servant to fetch her phone. After retrieving it, she exchanged numbers with him, her mind still racing as she tried to make sense of the odd turn the conversation had taken.

Their interaction didn't escape the notice of others, especially Terence and Daisy. The two were practically beaming, their smiles so wide they couldn't hide their excitement.

To them, it seemed Jolie and Gavin were getting along wonderfully, with a real possibility of things progressing further.

If that were the case, there was no

need to consider anyone else tonight. Securing a connection with Gavin Cooper could be a

game-changer for the Quin family-a golden opportunity to elevate their status to unparalleled heights.

Other guests also noticed the

exchange. Though jealousy

simmered beneath the surface, they masked it with polite smiles, engaging Terence and Daisy in lively conversation. After all, if the Quins were to form a union with the Cooper family, future collaborations might follow.

The banquet, outwardly, was nothing short of harmonious.

After exchanging contact information, Gavin glanced at Jolie and said, "Well, I need a woman tonight." "What?"

Jolie froze, caught completely off guard by his sudden declaration.

She glanced around at the guests,

hesitation

flickering across her face.

"Mr. Cooper, could you wait a moment? The banquet isn't

yet."

Gavin twirled his phone effortlessly between his thumb and forefinger, his gaze steady and expressionless as it locked onto her.

"Miss Quin, did you already forget what I just said?"

Jolie's stomach sank.

She suddenly realized that agreeing to his condition might have been the equivalent of walking straight into a trap-one she couldn't escape. What if none of the women she found for him ever satisfied him?

Jolie frowned slightly, then asked cautiously, "Mr. Cooper, may I ask what your preferences are in this regard?"

"I don't know," Gavin replied flatly.

Jolie was speechless.

Great.

It was clear now-she had walked straight into a fire pit.

But she had agreed, and there was no turning back now.

If she backed out, she'd end up being the one he chose-and that was the last thing she wanted.

Jolie had no desire to get tangled up with him in any way.

"Understood, Mr. Cooper. Please wait a moment."

Taking a deep breath, Jolie offered him a polite smile before turning and heading toward Daisy.

Chapter 1070

"What is it?" Daisy asked curiously when she saw Jolie suddenly approach.

"I need to step out for a bit," Jolie replied.

Daisy frowned, clearly displeased. "But the banquet isn't over yet."

Jolie hesitated, not wanting to explain, but she knew that without mentioning Gavin, Daisy wouldn't let her leave so easily. "It's for Mr. Cooper," she finally said.

At once, Daisy's expression lit up with delight. "Oh, in that case, go ahead! Handle it well, and don't let Mr. Cooper down."

"Got it," Jolie said with a nod, before turning and heading upstairs.

While she made her way up, Gavin informed Terence that he was leaving.

Terence, eager to make him stay, tried his best to persuade him otherwise, his demeanor deferential and eager. Having Gavin attend the banquet was an immense honor, and Terence was desperate to keep him there as long as possible. However, Daisy recalled Jolie mentioning she needed to leave for Gavin's sake, and something clicked in her mind.

"Well, let's not delay Mr. Cooper. Do come by for a proper visit another time. Our Jolie is quite the cook; you should try her cooking."

Gavin's eyes flickered with interest as he replied, "Is that so? I'll make sure to visit next time."

"Great," Daisy said with a smile, watching as Gavin left and got into his car.

As the car disappeared from view, Terence turned to Daisy with a frown. "What were you thinking? Why didn't you try harder to make him stay?"

Daisy's eyes glimmered with satisfaction. "Jolie just said she needed to leave to take care of something for Mr. Cooper. Then, right after, he leaves too. Don't you think it's possible they've gone to meet up?" Terence's frown smoothed instantly, his mood lifting. "That's my daughter. She never lets me down."

Daisy was equally thrilled, already picturing a future where she reigned as one of Larbor City's most prominent socialites, enjoying the status and prestige that would come with being tied to the Cooper family.

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Jolie left through the back door, got into her car, and had barely driven out of the neighborhood when a location popped up on her WhatsApp.

It was an address for a private club, sent by Gavin.

His instructions were clear once she found a suitable woman, she was to bring her directly to the club.

Jolie rolled her eyes at the message but replied with a curt, "Got it," before continuing on her way.

While driving, she called a friend she trusted and asked for help in finding pure, attractive women for the task.

By the time she arrived at the club, her friend was already there, waiting with a group of girls.

"What's going on?" her friend asked, grabbing her by the arm. "Why the sudden need to find girls?"

Jolie glanced at the group-each girl was different in style and beauty, from curvy to slim, each appealing in her own way.

"I promised someone," she explained

simply, keeping her tone neutral. "Did you explain the situation to them? They're all here willingly, right?"

Her friend nodded. "Yes, they all agreed voluntarily."

"Thanks," Jolie said with a small nod of appreciation.

Her friend smiled. "Don't mention it."

With that, Jolie led the group into the club, heading straight for the private room Gavin had specified. Standing outside the door, she took a deep breath before raising her hand to knock.

"Come in," came the man's cold, indifferent voice from inside.

Jolie pushed the door open, stepping aside to let the girls enter first before following behind them.

The private room was eerily quiet, the dim lighting casting long shadows that made the atmosphere feel heavier.

Gavin sat on the sofa, his legs

crossed, a cigarette resting between

his fingers. Smoke curled lazily in the air, partially obscuring his sharp, handsome features.

Yet, the moment she stepped inside, Jolie could feel the weight of his gaze pressing down on her—a gaze as unyielding and oppressive as a mountain.

Steeling herself, Jolie adjusted her expression and walked over to him.

Keeping her tone calm, she asked softly, "Mr. Cooper, are these to your liking?"

As soon as the words left her mouth, she frowned slightly.

Why did she feel like the boss of some shady escort agency, parading hostesses for inspection?

The thought left a bitter taste in her mouth.

But Gavin didn't seem to care about her discomfort.

"I don't like them," Gavin replied simply.

