

Divorced Me 1131

Chapter 1131

Jolie fiddled with her phone, trying to find the perfect angle for a good photo.

Less than ten minutes later, there was a knock on the private dining room door. "Come in," Gavin said calmly.

A man in a tailored suit entered, holding a professional camera in his hand.

Jolie looked at him in confusion. "Who's this?"

Gavin replied, "He's an excellent photographer, a first-place winner in an international photography competition. Let him take your photos."

"What?" Jolie blinked in disbelief, glancing between the man and Gavin.

So, because she complained about his lack of photography skills, he brought in someone with top-tier skills? And not just anyone-a world champion? Oh, dear!

Jolie was suddenly at a loss for words. She opened her mouth but struggled to find the right thing to say. After a moment, she stammered, "Uh... actually, it's not necessary." "Not taking pictures anymore?" Gavin asked.

Jolie shook her head. "No, I'm not. I'm hungry."

Having someone else take photos while they were on a date just felt odd. Besides, if Gavin wasn't good at taking pictures, she could always teach him!

With a casual wave of his hand, Gavin dismissed the photographer, who left immediately.

Jolie couldn't hold back her laughter and said, "I can teach you if you want. Are you willing to learn?"

Gavin considered it for a moment. He knew her photography skills were quite good.

Nodding seriously, he replied, "I'll learn carefully."

His earnest expression made it seem as if he were preparing for some monumental task, and Jolie couldn't help but find it amusing.

Jolie's laughter lit up her face as she leaned closer, phone in hand, and sat right next to Gavin. She truly began teaching him how to take proper photos.

To her surprise, Gavin took her lesson seriously. Before long, he started practicing right away.

The two of them took photos while eating, creating a relaxed and cheerful atmosphere. Time slipped away without them even noticing.

Jolie had initially thought that going

as Gavin with someone as reserved

as Gavin might be dull. However, reality turned out to be the complete opposite.

No matter what she brought up, he engaged effortlessly-even trivial celebrity gossip. His occasional remarks often made her burst into laughter with their unexpected wit.

The date, so unlike what she had anticipated, left Jolie feeling completely at ease, both physically and mentally.

Later that evening, in the dimly lit movie theater, Jolie couldn't help but glance around. She noticed that their entire row was completely empty.

"You bought all the tickets for this row?" she whispered, leaning in toward him.

As her sweet scent drifted closer, Gavin kept his gaze on the screen and replied softly, "I don't like being touched by strangers."

He had already compromised by not booking out the entire theater.

Knowing she enjoyed the lively atmosphere of watching a movie with an audience, he had settled for buying just the seats in their row instead. Jolie's lips twitched slightly.

"Alright, this is... something else," she thought.

They had chosen a horror movie-foreign, full of jump scares and suspense. Throughout the film, Jolie's nerves were wound tighter than a spring. Suddenly, her hand was grabbed.

Startled, Jolie turned her head, nearly letting out a scream.

"What are you doing, grabbing my hand all of a sudden?" she whispered sharply.

"I'm a little scared," Gavin said calmly.

What?!

Jolie couldn't believe her ears. "What did you just say?"

Gavin leaned closer, his warm breath brushing against her ear as he murmured, "I'm a little scared."

In that instant, a shiver ran through Jolie, like an electric current

coursing from her ear down one side of her body. Her ears tingled, going completely numb with the O

sensation.

She instinctively flinched, then clutched his hand tightly. "Th-then hold onto my hand."

"Just don't talk so close to me!" she thought.

There were so many people around-how embarrassing would it be if someone noticed?

Chapter 1132

The lighting inside the cinema was dim, making it hard for Gavin to see Jolie's face clearly. However, he could sense her stiffness. He glanced at her deeply before his gaze shifted back to the screen.

The movie ended, and their hands remained intertwined the entire time. The warmth on Jolie's cheeks had subsided as they stepped outside. Glancing at the tall, handsome man beside her, her heart skipped a beat uncontrollably. "Jolie?"

At that moment, a voice called out from not far away.

Jolie froze, not turning around. The voice carried a hint of uncertainty, and the person's companion spoke in confusion, "Are you sure? Didn't they send Jolie abroad?"

The speaker was Jolie's cousin, Rosalie Quin, from her uncle's family.

Frowning slightly, Rosalie replied, "But she really looks like her."

Her friend scoffed. "You must be seeing things. Wasn't Jolie sent abroad? Didn't you mention her family even cut off her cards? I still can't believe she'd go to such lengths over a guy." Rosalie lowered her eyes and said no more.

The truth of the matter was something she had learned by chance.

Jolie's family had hosted two banquets, both attended by Gavin. Sensing an opportunity, they schemed to have Jolie try to seduce him.

But Jolie refused. She even went as far as announcing her boyfriend during her birthday party.

How laughable!

In Larbor City, what man could possibly compare to Gavin Cooper?

Rosalie had seen Gavin before and had fallen for him at first sight.

Over the years, she worked tirelessly and even managed to secure a position at Cooper Enterprises.

She was climbing the ranks, striving to reach a level where he would notice her.

Now, with Jolie abroad, this was undoubtedly her best chance.

She was determined to create ties with Gavin and ensure they ended up together!

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Jolie maneuvered through the crowd, avoiding Rosalie's gaze. Once she exited the cinema, she let out a small sigh of relief. Noticing her reaction, Gavin asked, "Did you run into someone you know?"

Jolie nodded. "It was my cousin from my uncle's family. If she saw me, my family would know I didn't get on the plane. Things will get really complicated then." belongs to

ontent

She turned to him and asked, "When are you taking me abroad?"

She had to "return home."

Seeing the urgency in her eyes, Gavin replied calmly, "No rush."

Jolie grew anxious. "No rush? The longer this drags on, the harder it will get!"

But Gavin only gave her a quiet, meaningful glance. That look made her feel inexplicably guilty, silencing her on the subject.

They left the mall and got into the car.

When they returned to the

apartment complex and stepped into the elevator, Jolie stole glances at him from time to time, trying to read his mood.

She still didn't know when he'd send her abroad. At this point, he was the only one capable of helping her.

When the elevator doors opened on her floor, Jolie hesitated for a moment before asking, "Do you want to come in for a glass of water?"

Gavin glanced at her. "You're inviting me."

It wasn't a question but a statement.

For some reason, Jolie's face flushed. She averted her gaze. "Forget it if you don't want to. Goodnight."

With that, she quickly stepped out of the elevator.

But Gavin followed. His long legs

allowed him to catch up in just two steps. Watching the redness deepen on her face, his gaze grew darker.

Chapter 1133

"Beep! Unlocked!"

The electronic voice of the fingerprint lock sounded unusually clear in the quiet night.

As soon as Jolie stepped through the door, Gavin wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her into a warm embrace. His hot breath cascaded down onto her ear and neck, making her breath hitch instantly.

She didn't even have time to take off her shoes before she was swept up into his arms. His kisses were relentless, stealing her breath and unraveling her control as her emotions rose and fell with his every move. Before she knew it, she was seated on the entryway cabinet. Her dress had been pushed up to her waist, and her legs were forced to cling to his lean waist. His fingers trailed over her skin, leaving traces of his presence wherever they went. "Mm..."

A soft whimper escaped her lips as his kisses marked her skin. Each mark, blooming like crimson flowers against her fair skin, painted a vivid contrast on her porcelain complexion.

The room remained pitch dark, but their erratic breaths filled the space with an undeniable intensity.

At one point, Jolie's hand darted up, grabbing his short, dark hair tightly. Her neck arched back involuntarily, creating a graceful curve that made him pause for a fleeting moment. Having her again filled a void deep within Gavin as if a missing piece of him had finally been restored. It only confirmed what he already knew-he wanted her. All of her.

He needed her to stay by his side. Always.

By the time they sank into the soft embrace of the bed, two hours had passed.

Exhaustion consumed Jolie, leaving her with no strength to move. Her heavy eyelids fluttered as she feebly pushed against Gavin's broad shoulder. Her voice was hoarse as she murmured, "I'm tired... let's sleep. Get off..." "Mm."

Gavin responded with a low hum but didn't move an inch.

She'd made the same request countless times in the past hours, and every time he'd replied with that same simple acknowledgment-yet never once followed through. Frustrated, she bit his shoulder in protest, though her lack of energy made it more of a weak nip. Defeated, she let out a small huff and collapsed back into the sheets. That insufferable man!

Gavin gazed deeply at her, pressing a kiss to the corner of her lips.

"One last time," he murmured.

Jolie was speechless.

"Liar," she thought.

She didn't even know when it finally ended-just that her mind was a blur by the time Gavin carried her to the bathroom to give her a bath.

When she woke up the next morning, it was already late.

Her fingers felt weak, drained of strength, and the memory of last night's madness made her cheeks burn.

Just then, her phone rang. She picked it up and glanced at the screen. It was Rosalie.

Why would she be calling?

Jolie hesitated for a moment before answering.

There was a time difference

between the two countries. Given the late hour where she was supposed to be, it shouldn't have been possible for her to respond so quickly. en

"Hello, Rosalie," she greeted groggily, her voice still heavy with sleep.

"Jolie, I'm sorry, did I wake you?" Rosalie's tone was polite, almost overly so.

"No, you didn't. What's the matter?" Jolie replied.

The two were close in age, and neither used formalities when addressing the other.

Rosalie's voice came through again, gentle and probing. "Are you adjusting well over there? I just found out you went abroad. Uncle and Aunt made that decision so suddenly-I should've seen you off."

Jolie couldn't tell what Rosalie was after. Their relationship had always been casual, never particularly close. Still, she replied evenly, "Not really. Everything feels off, but I guess I'll get used to it in time."

Chapter 1134

Rosalie said, "That must be tough for you. But why did Uncle and Aunt suddenly decide to send you abroad?"

Jolie's eyes flickered. So, her parents hadn't told their relatives the real reason?

How

typical.

Of course, they'd be too embarrassed to admit it. Shipping their daughter abroad just to force her to break up with her boyfriend? What a humiliating thing to confess. Jolie replied calmly, "I wanted to study abroad to gain some experience. It's for my future photography exhibition. I still have a lot to learn."

"Oh, I see," Rosalie responded, feigning understanding. Then she added, "Where are you staying? If I get the chance, I'll come visit you."

"There's no need, but thanks for thinking of me," Jolie said lightly. "I'll only be gone for a year. I'll be back before you know it."

Rosalie smiled on the other end. "Alright then. If you need anything, just let me know."

"Sure."

After a few more polite exchanges, the call ended.

Rosalie stared at her phone, gripping it tightly.

"So, I was overthinking it," she thought

Last night, she really must have been mistaken-that wasn't Jolie!

A laptop sat open in front of her, displaying an email with a single word that made her heart race: Promotion.

She had been transferred to Cooper Enterprises' President's Office to serve as the president's secretary!

Rosalie's eyes sparkled with determination.

Becoming Gavin Cooper's secretary meant she was closer to him than ever.

This was her chance. She would make sure to impress him, to catch his attention. She had no doubt about it-she would make it happen. "Knock, knock."

A sudden knock at the door pulled her from her thoughts.

"Come in," Rosalie said, turning toward the door.

The door opened, and Rosalie's mother walked in, her face beaming with excitement. "Rosalie,

congratulations on becoming Gavin Cooper's secretary! Does this mean you't have more chances to interact with him?"

"Mom, stop overthinking," Rosalie replied quickly. "My first priority is to do my job well."

"Of course," her mother said, nodding earnestly. "But while you're working, you should also pay attention to what Gavin likes and dislikes, understand?"

"As his secretary, that's part of my job," Rosalie said, keeping her tone neutral.

Her mother leaned in, her voice lowering. "Rosalie, your uncle's family is also eyeing Gavin. But now that you've secured the position of his secretary, you're already ahead of Joke. She refused to break up and ended up being sent abroad by your uncle. This is your golden opportunity-you must seize it."

"I understand, Mom," Rosalie said, her voice firm. "Now, I need to prepare some documents. You should go." "Alright."

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After freshening up, Jolie stepped out of the bathroom to find the room empty. Gavin was gone.

Her gaze swept across the room. When her eyes landed on the entryway, her cheeks flushed. When she looked toward the sofa, they turned even redder. She couldn't even bring herself to glance at the balcony.

Biting her lip, she blushed furiously as she shuffled into the kitchen to make herself something to eat. To her surprise, she discovered food already warming in a pot on the stove.

She stared at it in astonishment, a strange feeling rising in her chest. Pulling out her phone, she sent Gavin a message.

"When did you leave?"

In a conference room large enough to accommodate three hundred people, Gavin sat at the head of the table in a sharp black suit, his expression cold and focused as he listened to a subordinate's report. Suddenly, the phone on the table vibrated softly. His eyes flicked toward it, catching Jolie's name flashing briefly on the screen.

Casually picking up the phone, he glanced at the message.

"Continue," he said to his subordinate, his tone indifferent as he opened her text.

The corners of Gavin's lips curved into a faint smile.

The subordinate giving the report froze, his eyes widening in shock.

What on earth?!

Did he just witness that?

Their notoriously serious and unsmiling boss-especially during work-had just smiled. In the middle of a meeting at his phone.

Several others in the room noticed it too. Their gazes darted between each other in silent but frantic communication.

What's going on?

Did Mr. Cooper just smile? At his phone? During a meeting?

"Is he... dating someone?" everyone thought.

"Ahem!"

Gavin's assistant cleared his throat, immediately breaking the silent chaos. First, it was a warning to the staff to rein in their imaginations, and second, it was a subtle reminder to Gavin, who was typing a reply. Even the assistant couldn't help the slight twitch at the corner of his mouth.

Who would have thought?

The president of Cooper Enterprises, a man known for his iron will and unshakable focus, was texting his girlfriend during a meeting... and smiling like that. Okay, maybe not quite "lovestruck," but still.

Gavin's reply was short and direct, "I left early. There's breakfast in the pot. Warm it up and eat. I'm in a meeting. I'll call you later."

After sending the message, he placed his phone back on the table and turned his sharp gaze toward the subordinate who had been giving the report.

"I have a question about one of your points," Gavin said, his tone brisk. "Explain this to me."

Without waiting for a reaction, he continued, elaborating on the specific issue.

The subordinate, who had just been swept up in his own whirlwind of gossip, felt his brain completely short-circuit.

What was a battlefield of doom?

This. This was it.

The assistant glanced at the subordinate sympathetically, offering a silent candle of mourning in his mind.

Jolie took out the breakfast Gavin had prepared—chicken soup and scallion pancakes. The dishes were beautifully made, looking so appetizing that she couldn't resist taking a bite.

The moment the food hit her tongue, her eyes lit up.

Delicious!

She decided right then and there that she was eating his cooking from now on!

Just as she was enjoying her meal, her phone buzzed with a notification. Glancing at the screen, she saw it was a message from Selena.

"Settling in okay? Do you need anything else?"

Without hesitation, Jolie initiated a video call.

It connected quickly, revealing Selena's usual neutral expression.

"I'm doing great, Sis," Jolie said cheerfully. "I don't need anything."

Selena hadn't intended to accept the call-she wasn't one for long chats. But since Jolie had already called, would've been rude to decline. Her gaze fell on Jolie as she spoke eventually drifting to her neck.

Jolie was wearing a camisole nightgown, and the marks on her neck were unmissable.

Selena's eyes narrowed, and she leaned closer to the screen for a better look.

Startled, Jolie instinctively leaned back. "Sis, what are you doing?"

Selena's voice came sharp and direct. "What's that on your neck?"

Jolie froze glancing down instinctively. She couldn't see anything, so she switched her video view to check. Her eyes widened as she spotted the marks on her neck-Gavin's kiss marks!

Her face flushed crimson in an instant.

"It's... it's nothing..." she stammered, her voice faltering as she tried to deny it, though her guilty expression gave her away.

Selena's lips curved into a knowing smile. "It seems you're doing very well over there. I suppose I don't need to worry about you anymore."

"You can still worry about me, really," Jolie insisted, her wide eyes radiating innocence and sincerity.

Selena chuckled lightly. "I called to let you know that in three days, she'll be heading to over to see you. Be prepared."

Jolie blinked in surprise. Daisy was coming in just three days? She had expected it to take much longer.

Still, she nodded quickly, already bracing herself.

"Got it, Sis. Thanks for the heads-up," she said with a sweet smile.

Selena didn't linger. She ended the call abruptly, leaning back into her chair with a smirk, shaking her head as she muttered under her breath, "Well, well..."

Chapter 1136

Aveline held Joy in one arm and looked at Selena, asking, "What are you doing?"

Selena replied, "Do you know what I just saw?"

Aveline shook her head. "No idea."

"Hickeys!"

Selena pointed exaggeratedly to a spot on her neck, saying, "Right here. And I don't think it's just one spot. There's probably a lot more below. Tsk tsk!"

She clicked her tongue twice, shaking her head as she added, "Who would've thought Mr. Cooper could be so... ravenous."

Aveline was amused and said, "Well, it makes sense. After all, he's already thirty, never had a girlfriend, and now that he finally does, of course, he'd go all out to spoil her."

"Go all out to spoil her..." Selena drew out the words, mimicking her tone as she leaned in closer. "Ave, you've really been corrupted by Lucas, that scoundrel. You never used to talk like this." Aveline responded matter-of-factly, "I'm the mother of two now. What's there to be embarrassed about?"

"Tsk, ts, ts!"

Selena made a playful, teasing expression.

Aveline grabbed a peach and stuffed it into Selena's mouth. "Stop talking about me. What about you? Are you planning to go back to Cloudflare City with Aaron?"

Aaron had come to celebrate Selena's birthday, but he'd have to return soon to oversee operations in Cloudflare City. The Fletcher Group relied heavily on him, leaving him no time to travel back and forth. Selena took a bite of the peach and replied, "I'm still thinking about it."

Aveline asked, "What's holding you back?"

Selena didn't respond.

Aveline studied her for a moment and said, "You're worried about Jolie, aren't you?"

"I am not!"

Selena denied it immediately.

Aveline reassured her, "It's fine. I can keep an eye on her for you. If anything comes up, I'll handle it."

Selena replied, "I'm not worried about her!"

Aveline put Joy down and said, "But with Gavin by her side, he'll protect her. She won't be mistreated."

Selena stared at her silently.

Ignoring me, huh? she thought.

Too lazy to argue, she resigned herself to finishing the peach.

Aveline glanced at her and then

asked the nanny to take the two little ones away. Sitting down beside her, she said, "Having a sister around is really wonderful. I can tell Jolie

hopes you'll pay more attention

her

Selena stayed quiet.

Aveline could tell there was still a knot in her heart, tightly wound and not easily undone. But there was no need to rush—there was plenty of time.

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That afternoon, Jolie received a call from Gavin.

"Finished your meeting?" Jolie asked with a smile, looking at the man's cold yet strikingly handsome face.

On the screen, the girl's radiant

smile bloomed like a flower, her bright eyes sparkling as she looked at him. A faint ripple stirred in Gavin's heart, and he softly replied, "Hmm."

"Have you eaten?"

Jolie nodded. "I did. The chicken soup and pancakes were delicious. I finished everything. Gavin, your cooking is incredible! I don't think I can eat restaurant food anymore."

"I'll cook for you from now on," Gavin said.

Her eyes lit up even more. "Really?"

"Yes."

Gavin stepped out of the elevator, and the line of secretaries stood to greet him. Without stopping, he walked straight into his office.

Rosalie, watching the man's cold, refined profile, felt her heart race uncontrollably.

She couldn't help but steal a glance at him, noticing he was holding his phone and in the middle of a video call.

From the phone came a sweet, gentle girl's voice.

For some reason, Rosalie found that voice incredibly familiar!

Chapter 1137

It sounded so much like Jolie!

The thought stunned Rosalie.

Jolie had a boyfriend, and she got sent abroad because of him. How could she possibly be in contact with Gavin, let alone on a video call with him?

Still, an uneasy suspicion gnawed at Rosalie. If she could just take one glance at the woman in Gavin's video call, she could put her mind at ease. Gathering her courage, Rosalie lifted her head and looked in Gavin's direction, her gaze fixed on his phone.

The next second, a figure stepped in front of her-Gavin's assistant. With a cold stare, he blocked her view.

Startled, Rosalie's face turned pale.

By now, Gavin had already entered his office.

The assistant looked at Rosalie, his voice icy. "What are you trying to do?"

"I-I..." Rosalie hadn't expected to be caught so quickly. Her heart leapt into her throat as she scrambled for an excuse. "I just wanted to check if Mr. Cooper needed anything."

"That's not your job," the assistant replied firmly. "You may be the CEO's secretary, but I'm your direct supervisor. All of your tasks go through me, and I won't tolerate any inappropriate thoughts from my team. Do you understand?" He'd reprimanded her openly, right in front of everyone!

Rosalie could feel the weight of the stares around her-some disdainful, some mocking. Her humiliation was unbearable.

"I understand," she muttered, her head bowed in shame and anger.

The assistant didn't say anything more and walked away to resume his work.

Rosalie returned to her desk, her eyes filled with determination. She had to find out who that woman was in Gavin's video call. Only then could she prepare herself.

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Jolie lounged lazily on the couch, hugging a plush bunny. She absentmindedly played with its ears while watching the man on her screen. His handsome, composed, and mature features seemed more pleasing to the eye than before. Ahem...

She realized her thoughts were treading into dangerous territory, but it was the truth. She saw no reason to deny it.

"By the way, my mom is heading to Francia in three days to visit me. You need to get me there quickly, she'll figure everything out," Jolie said, suddenly remembering

Selena's warning and spea

urgency.

with

Gavin leaned back in his leather chair, holding his phone in one hand while taking a sip of coffee with the other. In a calm tone, he said, "If she finds out, it wouldn't be so bad. At least you'd stop lying. You know, once you start lying, it takes

countless more lies to keep it going."

Jolie was speechless.

Was he seriously giving her a lecture?

Of course, she knew that!

If she didn't understand, she wouldn't have gotten involved with him in the first place!

Hmph!

Looking at the screen, where the beautiful girl now appeared slightly puffed-up with frustration, Gavin's gaze softened. "I'll let you know when I'm back tonight."

"That won't work," Jolie replied firmly. "You have to tell me now, or I won't let you in later."

Gavin raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure about that?"

She didn't seem to realize that her entire trip to Francia rested solely in his hands.

"Absolutely!" Jolie declared, staring at him. "So, when are we leaving?"

Watching her spoiled and defiant expression, something inside Gavin unexpectedly softened. He had initially planned to approach this with the same strategies he used in high-stakes negotiations, but seeing her like this, he realized none of that mattered.

"Tonight's flight," he said at last.

In truth, he had already arranged everything but hadn't told her yet.

Hearing this, Jolie's eyes lit up instantly, and a bright smile spread across her face.

Chapter 1138

"I'll wait for you to come back," Jolie said softly before hanging up the call.

The phone let out a soft beep, and the beautiful girl on the screen disappeared.

Gavin frowned slightly, a hint of displeasure flickering across his face. She ended the call without letting him say anything. But as he replayed her soft words about waiting for him, the irritation quickly faded.

When his assistant walked in, the first thing he noticed was Gavin staring at his phone, an unreadable smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

The assistant froze, momentarily feeling as though he'd seen a ghost. Blinking hard, he looked again.

Phew!

It must have been his imagination. Gavin still wore his usual cold and impassive expression.

"Mr. Cooper, these are the proposals submitted by the planning department," the assistant said as he placed the documents on Gavin's desk.

"Mm," Gavin acknowledged, immediately opening the files to review them.

"Mr. Cooper, I've also finalized your schedule for the next week," the assistant continued, laying out a detailed timetable in front of him. "Per your instructions, I've cleared as much time as possible, focusing the important matters over the next two days and deferring less urgent tasks until your return."

Gavin glanced at the schedule and gave a brief nod. "You've done well."

His schedule had been carefully packed into the mornings, which worked out perfectly. By the time she woke up, he'd already be finished with work.

Just then, the office door swung open abruptly.

Both Gavin and the assistant turned to see Wilfried stepping inside.

"Mr. Chairman," the assistant immediately greeted with respect.

Wilfried waved his hand, signaling the assistant to leave the office.

Gavin set his pen down. "Dad, what brings you here?"

Wilfried made himself comfortable on the sofa, tossing a stack of photos onto the coffee table. "You've been quiet lately, which tells me the girl isn't interested in you. Since that's the case, take a look at these. If anyone catches your eye, let me know, and I'll arrange for you to meet her family."

Hearing this, Gavin's brow furrowed. "Dad, who said she doesn't like me?"

Wilfried let out a dry laugh. "If she liked you, would you still be single?"

"We're already together," Gavin replied flatly.

Wilfried paused, studying him. "Is that true?"

"I have no reason to lie to you," Gavin said. "It's only been a few days. We're taking it slow. When the time is right, I'll bring her to meet you." Wilfried eyed him skeptically, but after a moment, he nodded. "Fine, I'll wait for you to bring my future daughter-in-law home."

With that, he stood and left the office.

Gavin's expression didn't change as he returned to his work.

Jolie hung up the phone, her mood soaring. She quickly began packing her things, then paused. Since he'd gone out of his way to help her, she figured she should do something in return.

Why not pick him up from work?

Once the idea struck her, Jolie changed into a fresh outfit, determined to surprise him. She grabbed a hat and sunglasses, slipped them on, and headed to the Cooper Enterprises building.

When she arrived, she sent a message to Gavin's assistant, instructing him to come down and not inform Gavin.

The assistant appeared shortly after, visibly surprised to see her. "Miss Quin, what brings you here?"

Jolie beamed. "I'm here to pick up Mr. Cooper from work. Isn't it about time he gets off?"

It was already early evening, with only thirty minutes left before the end of the workday.

The assistant chuckled and escorted her to the private elevator reserved for the CEO.

Chapter 1139

It was Jolie's first time visiting Cooper Enterprises, and she couldn't help but feel a sense of curiosity about the place.

No, to be precise, it was her first time stepping into any corporate office. The Quin family also had company, but she had never visited, nor had Daisy or Terence ever asked her to.

The private elevator for the CEO was stunningly opulent, its polished surface gleaming like a mirror, perfectly reflecting their images. Jolie's heart began to race with an inexplicable excitement. The assistant glanced at her and said with a warm smile, "Miss Quin, there's no need to be nervous. Mr. Cooper will definitely be delighted to see you."

Jolie nodded and replied, "I'm not nervous."

The elevator moved swiftly, and as they neared the executive office, Jolie adjusted her cap and mask, pulling them snugly to hide her face as much as possible.

Meanwhile, near the adjacent employee elevator, Rosalie was holding a stack of files, ready to head downstairs.

She froze the moment she saw the assistant stepping out of the private elevator with a woman. Her grip tightened on the files.

Who was this woman?

Why was she using Gavin's private elevator?

And why was she so heavily disguised?

Could she be someone on the run? But if she was supposed to stay hidden, why would she show up at Cooper Enterprises? Rosalie's thoughts spiraled, tangling into a chaotic mess.

"Rosalie, what are you staring at? Let's go," a colleague said, giving her a light tug as the employee elevator arrived. Snapping back to reality, Rosalie entered the elevator with her colleague, still distracted by what she had just seen.

As Jolie followed the assistant toward the executive office, she heard the faint conversation behind her and paused slightly.

Rosalie?

Was it that Rosalie?

Jolie instinctively turned her head, but all she caught was the elevator doors closing, leaving her with no glimpse of the person inside. Was she overthinking it?

There were so many people in the world with the same name.

Jolie brushed the thought aside and chose not to dwell on it.

The assistant led her to the office door and gestured politely for her to enter.

"Thank you," she said with a small smile before opening the door.

"Send these files back and have them redone," came a cold and authoritative voice the moment she stepped inside. It carried a subtle edge of pressure.

Jolie walked in a few steps, grinning mischievously. "Which parts need to be revised? Should I explain it to them for you?" Gavin, who had been reviewing a report, abruptly looked up, and his gaze landed on her bright, cheerful face.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, his usual stern demeanor softening visibly.

Jolie pulled off her cap and mask, revealing her playful smirk. "I'm obviously here to pick up my boyfriend from work."

Gavin's eyes lingered on her smug expression, and his Adam's apple bobbed involuntarily. "Come here."

But instead of approaching, she stepped back. "I don't want to disturb your work. You go ahead and finish up and I'll wait right here."

With that, she plopped down on the sofa. As she glanced down, her eyes fell on a stack of scattered photos on the coffee table. Oh?

She recognized a few of them-heiresses of prominent families in Larbor City.

Picking up one of the photos, she said, "I know her. She's impressive-a top graduate who's already working in her family's business. Very capable."

Then, she grabbed another and

continued, "I know her too. She's et

friends with Dolly. She started her own company and has done pretty well for herself."

As Jolie casually flipped through the photos, Gavin's brows furrowed.

He'd forgotten to put those away!

With so many pictures of beautiful women lying out in plain sight, would she misunderstand?

But to his surprise, she didn't seem bothered at all. Instead, she kept flipping through them one by one, without a single trace of suspicion!

Chapter 1140

Gavin suddenly recalled Wilfried's words, "That girl doesn't even like you."

Lowering his gaze slightly, Gavin pushed the thought aside without explanation, his expression remaining cool and indifferent as he watched her.

After Jolie finished looking through the photos, she turned to him and asked, "Why do you have pictures of all these women?"

"My father brought them over," Gavin replied.

"Oh."

Jolie nodded knowingly and didn't press further. It was easy enough to figure out the Cooper family obviously wanted him to consider an arranged marriage, so they sent over these photos for him to choose from. She could understand that.

In fact, she even helped him look through them, just in case one of these women turned out to be a good match for him. After all, their relationship wasn't meant to last forever.

When he grew tired of her and she had her fun, they'd part ways, and everything would return to normal.

As she neatly organized the photos and placed them back on the table, Gavin's gaze darkened, growing even more inscrutable.

True to her word, Jolie didn't disturb him further, instead silencing her phone and immersing herself in a game.

When it was finally time to clock out, she glanced at him and saw he had finished his work. Only then did she put her phone away.

"I'm treating you to dinner," she said with a grin.

Gavin looked at her. "What's on the menu?"

She blinked and asked, "What do you feel like eating?"

"Anything I want?" he replied, his eyes fixed on her.

Under his steady gaze, Jolie's mind instantly flashed back to last night's wild moments. Her cheeks flushed as she quickly retorted, "A proper dinner! Don't even think about anything else!" Ever since their relationship had taken that turn, it seemed all he could think about was making love!

Gavin walked over to her and said, "Did I say anything? Sounds like you're the one overthinking."

"You..."

Jolie hadn't expected him to turn it back on her. She glared at him, annoyed, before grabbing her cap and mask to hide her face.

"Let's go! Time for dinner!"

Gavin glanced at Jolie, wrapped up so tightly in her disguise, and asked, "Why are you covering up like that?"

Jolie replied casually, "Well, I'm technically abroad right now, so it's better to be cautious."

Gavin gave her a look, his expression unreadable, but said nothing.

Jolie pushed open the door to his office and stepped out, heading straight for the private elevator. As she waited, the employee elevator arrived nearby, and when the doors opened, out stepped Rosalie

"Mr. Cooper," Rosalie greeted, startled to see him standing there.

Her heart raced as her eyes took in his sharp, handsome features.

Gavin, however, didn't even glance at her, his attention focused on his phone.

Jolie instinctively looked toward Rosalie, her eyes widening in surprise.

It really was her!

She'd thought she'd misheard earlier, but now there was no doubt.

Rosalie's gaze shifted to Jolie, her curiosity piqued as she tried to discern who she was. But with Jolie so heavily disguised, her face was completely hidden.

Still, something about her figure struck Rosalie as familiar.

Panicking, Jolie quickly averted her gaze, worried that Rosalie might recognize her. If that happened, everything would fall apart. Luckily, the elevator arrived.

Jolie hurried inside, only relaxing once the doors closed. She exhaled a sigh of relief.

"Do you know her?" Gavin asked, breaking the silence.

"She's my cousin," Jolie replied, her tone stiff. "The daughter of my uncle."

So that was why she was worried about being recognized.

Gavin glanced at her and said, "You're going to have to come back eventually. What's the point of being afraid now? Especially when you've got me to back you up."

Jolie's eyes flickered, and she replied, "It's not the same." Gavin's gaze lingered on her. "What's different about it?"

He found himself increasingly unable to figure her out.

She used to be so simple, like a blank slate, her thoughts easy for him to read. But now, it was as though she'd become a puzzle he couldn't solve.