

Eight Uncles 61

Chapter 61 A Swift Humiliation

Emily's eyes lit up the moment she caught sight of Jonas.

"Mr. Jonas!"

For whatever reason, Jonas suddenly recalled what Lilly had said just now, and his heart sank. His niece had clearly displayed her disapproval of Emily earlier. If he decided to pursue a relationship with this woman, Lilly would have his head in a trice!

He said nothing at all, merely watching as Emily approached. Her silver gown was exactly the same shade as his swallow-tail coat. When she came over and stood beside him and Lilly, they looked just like a cozy little family of three.

Like trained bloodhounds, the tabloid reporters sensed a story and immediately began snapping photographs. If they were to publish these pictures, next week's headlines would be guaranteed!

Emily turned her eyes to Jonas, tears still glistening on her lashes. Her expression was one of utmost sincerity. "Mr. Jonas, did I inadvertently offend you just now? If so, I'd like to apologize..."

Jonas smiled politely at her, but the smile did not reach his eyes. "Mm. Has anyone ever told you that you're extremely annoying?" He lowered his gaze away from her, but the hint of mockery was unmistakable.

Emily's face froze! "I..." She bit her lip, then hurried on, "Is it because you dislike my voice? This is how it actually sounds, Mr. Jonas, I swear. If you don't like it though, I'll start taking voice lessons to modulate the tone and color..."

Jonas did not comment, merely gave a derisive snort of laughter.

Lilly blinked and looked from Jonas to Emily, her expression pensive. She curled up against Jonas's shoulder, then turned to Ivan, who was standing next to them, and asked abruptly, "Ivan, isn't this like a poltergeist that won't go away?"

Ivan nodded. "Yes."

"Miss, you're like a poltergeist that won't go away," Lilly piped up immediately, using her newly-learned phrase on the spot.

Emily bit her lip and protested tearfully, "Lilly! Please don't say that..." In truth, she already knew that Jonas and Lilly disliked her, but she remained there like the proverbial poltergeist that would not go away because she wanted to set tongues wagging and ignite speculation.

The reporters were still snapping plenty of photographs, so she just needed to hang on for a little longer...

would be with Jonas, the film industry's golden boy!

would do anything at

in those pictures, her

Jonas saying coldly and calmly, "If any of you

around blandly, his smile not reaching his eyes as he pushed

down the reporters' spines. Hurriedly, they all

alright to publish the photos you took earlier with Ms. Lilly...?" One

smiled charmingly. "Yes, that's

a realization slowly dawned upon them. The golden boy of film had never been scandalously linked to any of the actresses in the industry. However, he had never turned

truly dislike

was evident that the reporters relished this startling

had slapped her hard on the

reply and turned to leave. He had initially wanted to take a stroll to get some fresh air, but he was

meticulously styled hair in sudden disarray. Looking completely

Jonas's shoulder and giggled in delight. "Ivan, your hair looks like

to come up

might not be able to spread gossip about the golden boy of film, but they could certainly fuel speculation about the possible connection between the Crawfords and the Shaws. If the two families were truly going to join hands

Lilly returned to the ceremony venue, where both uncle and niece settled themselves onto a couch and lounged, relaxing. Jonas,

a deflated balloon. Rubbing her stomach, she looked sorrowfully down at it and said, "There, there. Uncle Jonas won't let you eat cake, how can you act up like this? He won't

a word to say. The little minx was truly

before they

me when she'll give birth? Will the baby

Lilly! I want to know my fortune, please!

"Ms. Lilly..."

was clamoring for Lilly's

was to