

## Chapter 12 Misunderstanding

Richard felt a sudden tie to the unborn child as he realized it might be his.

But in an instant, his expression darkened.

Just last night, he had entrusted Andy with the task of sending the signed divorce papers to Merissa.

No! He couldn't let Merissa get those divorce papers!

The child was his!

He hastily called Andy, each second agonizing!

"Hello? The divorce papers I asked you to send to Merissa, where are they?"

"They're already in transit, Mr. Adler."

"Go get them back, now! I don't care what it takes, but Merissa can't receive those papers!"

After hanging up, Richard found himself overwhelmed by a strange rush of emotions. The realization that he was going to be a father shook him to the core, his body shaking slightly.

Even he didn't know why he was acting so weird.

Sadly, his excitement didn't last long.

A few minutes later, his thoughts were abruptly interrupted by the roar of a Ferrari pulling up nearby.

A amboyant red-headed woman, adorned with ashy clothes and large sunglasses, emerged from the vehicle.

With a theatrical flourish, she removed her glasses.

It was Dorothy, the hottest actress and one of Merissa's close friends.

Dorothy rushed over to Merissa and grabbed the test report from her. Casting furtive glances around, she deftly slipped it into her bag.

Watching Dorothy's cautious moves, Richard was dumbfounded. Could it be that it wasn't Merissa who was pregnant... but Dorothy?!

Suddenly, it all made sense.

Merissa wasn't pregnant! She was just picking up the test report for her celebrity friend! And given Dorothy's fame, she couldn't do it herself.

And Richard, recalling that night, was almost sure... he had taken precautions.

If so, there seemed to be no reason to delay the divorce any longer.

With newfound clarity, he called Andy again, his voice steady. "Don't bother with the papers. Let it be."

From that moment on, he was socially done with Merissa.

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"Dorothy?"

Merissa glanced between Cartland and Dorothy with a teasing smile.

Dorothy, feeling a bit embarrassed under Merissa's gaze, tried to brush it off. "What? Never seen a beauty like me before?! But seriously, you're really bold, handling a divorce and a baby all at once! If Cartland hadn't called me to cover for you, I wouldn't have known!"

Speaking of the baby thing, Dorothy got a little emotional. Raised by her mother alone, she knew all too well how tough it was for a single mom to raise a child alone.

Sensing Dorothy's sadness, Merissa gently reassured her with a pat on the shoulder, silently telling her that she was not with it.

Cartland had other business to attend to, so he left first.

Merissa was about to speak when her phone rang. It was her lawyer confirming that Richard had signed the divorce papers.

Sighing in relief, she was finally free from the mess of her marriage!

That was a long day.

With the divorce sorted, Merissa threw herself into her work.

Kangster Films had been a heavyweight in the industry for years, but the competition was fierce.

Despite so, Merissa was determined to keep her company at the top in this cut-throat industry.

"Gather all the executives for a meeting on the top floor in 10 minutes. I need updates on every single project we're working on!"

Back at her office, Merissa switched herself into the boss-lady mode.

"Boss, here are some recent celebrity gigs and media projects we're handling. The projects are promising, and we've got a bunch of new partners. Please check them out."

"Thanks, just leave them here." Merissa flipped through the top report on the pile, her brow furrowing. "Is this what you call profitable projects? Just a few million dollars. After we cover staff and operational costs, how much money will be left?"

She got straight to the point, leaving Kurt and the other executives speechless.

It was undeniable that when Merissa was in charge several years ago, the company never took on projects worth less than 20 million dollars, each with a net profit of at least eight million dollars. But with her gone, the current team had struggled to maintain that standard.

Merissa silently went through the reports one by one.

She shot serious glances around the room after each report, putting even some forty-something executives on edge.

Finally, at the 15th report, her expression softened.

"Who's handling this beach music festival?"

Kurt was quick to rise from his seat. "That's my project."

Kurt admired Merissa's vision. In fact, he chose this project in the first place because it looked much like the one she had done before. And it seemed he was right!

"Keep a close eye on this one. If we nail it, it could cover our cost for the year. Don't worry, I'll back you up. We're not in the bidding stage yet, right? Is the proposal ready? Let me see it."

Kurt's grin faded fast. "Sorry, boss. I just got wind of this project last weekend through a friend. So, uh, no proposals yet..."

Merissa gave Kurt a piercing look as if she could see right through him. After a moment, she spoke up, "Get it done soon. Bidding starts next month, and we need the proposal ready two weeks in advance for any necessary adjustments."

Kurt breathed a sigh of relief, glad there was still time.

"By the way, what about the competitors for the bid? Did you check them out? I want the list."

Merissa's strategy always included gathering enough information about her competitors for the bid. By exploiting their weaknesses, she could figure out the perfect plan.

And it always worked like a charm.

"Here you are." Taking a leaf from Merissa's book, Kurt had already put together a list of rival companies.

As Merissa scanned the list, she paused on one in particular.

Adler Group!

She didn't expect to cross swords with Richard so soon.

A sly grin spread across her face. Now, it was time for a real battle of wits!