

## Chapter 111 | Found a Jade Pendant at Home

Inside the ward of Ryzan's Central Hospital laid Penelope quietly in bed with her eyes closed. Beside her, Tyrell sat at the edge of the mattress, watching her closely without a word.

When Cathy entered the room, it was already eleven at night. Abner had called earlier and asked for her to come home and rest, but she couldn't bring herself to, not even for a short nap. After all, how could she when Penelope could awake at any minute? She'd rather stay on standby with Tyrell.

"Cathy." Tyrell's deep voice called out as soon as he heard the door swing open. "I'm such an asshole." Somber eyes transfixed onto the woman unconscious before him as he continued. "That night when you sent me a message, I should've gone to you. Maybe then... everything would be fine now."

"I'm also responsible for this..." Cathy pursed her lips in regret. She shouldn't have left per the director's instructions that day. Granted she had been targeted by Ember. But at the very least, she would've been able to fend Ember's men off with her martial arts skills. Penelope, on the other hand, had none of that, which landed her in this state.

"No, it's mostly my fault." Taking a deep breath, Tyrell reached out to gently take Penelope's hand in his. "I should've drawn the line with her from the start. Not wait until things escalate and lose my temper. She likes me, I've always known that. But I only see her as a friend, and for personal reasons, I'm not looking for any romantic relationship. All those women I've been was only to drive her away."

The hoarseness in his voice reflected the remorse in his heart. "She's beautiful, intelligent, well-known, and loved in the entertainment industry with such a bright future ahead of her. So why? Why would she waste her time on a playboy like me?"

Cathy hadn't moved from her spot since she came in. As she listened to him, her fingers tightly gripped at the hem of her sleeves. "So, what did you do today...?"

"I..." Tyrell breathed out a shaky sigh. "Her birthday is in a few days. She asked me to follow her back to her hometown and celebrate it, saying that her family has been wanting to meet me for a long time. I knew she still has feelings for me, so I..."

He closed his eyes, trying to fight away the image of despair that heavily reflected in Penelope's teary eyes that night. "I told her that I've been using her all this while; that the reason I founded Thunder Entertainment wasn't to make my family proud but to make money to fool around with girls. That she was nothing but a tool for me to expand my riches, and I only kept her around for her money and for mine."

"I also said..." He swallowed hard, seemingly choking back on stubborn tears that refused to fall. "I was going to ask the woman I love for her hand in marriage. I told Penelope that she was welcome to stay and continue working under me if she'd like. If not, she'd have to pay up the penalty for breaking the contract. Besides, she's earning two thousand a month. The penalty only costs up to 100 thousand."

A bitter laugh left his lips. His mind flitted back to the memory of Penelope crying before him. But even then, her smile never ceased.

"I see." She had said in a broken voice after his hurtful confession. "I would still like to thank you for your guidance over the years. After all, I wouldn't be the Penelope I am now if it weren't for you." His heart had ached at the sight of her wretched state, but there was nothing else he could do but let her continue. "Back when I was the only artist to sign with Thunder Entertainment, I went above and beyond for you and your company. I used all kinds of scandals and hype to boost your reputation and help you make a name for yourself. All so that your parents would stop looking down on you."

Her tears had exhausted at some point, only leaving traces of dried streaks down her face. The bright smile on her lips had wilted dry. She looked disappointed, more so with herself than with him. "In all the years you've lied to me, I've been nothing but faithful to you. I guess my job here is done. I will pay all compensation to your account. Thank you, Mr. Bolton, for letting me fly solo at the peak of my career. I will never forget your kindness."

"I shall prepare a gift to celebrate your engagement. Please look forward to it on the day of your wedding." She bowed gracefully, and he didn't miss the way her jaw clenched when she looked back up at him. "Tyrell Bolton, may you never find happiness in this lifetime."

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Tyrell squeezed Penelope's hand, allowing his warmth to seep through her cold, delicate fingers. That was all for her sake. Or so he thought until he realized that all it did was pushed her further into an abyss. She was always a strong and confident woman with an endless burst of charisma.

But with everything she'd been put through tonight, he was sure they would all be dampened by now. Hell, it wouldn't even surprise him if she ended up avoiding men and intimacy altogether.

This whole mess had started because of him, and so it would be his to fix. The happiness he had robbed from her, he was determined to pay it back tenfold. As for his own...

Well, he wasn't happy, to begin with anyway.

"I have a question." Cathy took a seat on a chair next to Tyrell. "Do you really have no feelings for Penelope at all?"

It was odd, and certainly inconsistent with what Cathy had noticed so far. In her past interactions with Tyrell, a smile would always light his face at the mention of Penelope. Words may lie, but actions always revealed the truth.

"I don't," Tyrell replied firmly, taking Cathy aback for a moment. "I have someone else I like."

Drawing a deep breath, Cathy started slow. "Marrying Penelope without having feelings for her. I get your sentiments, but do you think that would make her happy?"

"Then what about you, dear aunt?" Tyrell sneered his last words as he stared at Cathy with those familiar bottomless pits for eyes. Like uncle like nephew, runs in the family. "When you married my uncle, did you like him? Did he like you? If I remembered correctly, you two hadn't even officially met yet, and you were still crying over your ex-boyfriend."

"So, are you still unhappy?"

Cathy bit her lip. He's got a point. After a long moment of thought, she finally sighed and said, "I respect your choice." Everybody's got their own stories, and she had no right to stick her nose into someone else's business without understanding it fully.

She did all she could and that was enough. With one last wistful look at him, the woman pushed the door and exited the ward.

Outside the room at the corridor, Adrian was on a phone call with someone.

"Okay." As soon Cathy walked out the room, he hung up and turned to face her. "Karen has gone abroad."

"Abroad?"

"Yeah, for an exhibition." Adrian frowned. "She left too quickly. My men weren't able to stop her in time. Evan had already found her at the airport when I was still at Shaw's residence looking for Ember."

He pinched the bridge of his nose. "She must've caught wind of our pursuit and left as soon as possible."

With an exasperated sigh, he turned to gaze at Cathy thoughtfully. "Then again, it wouldn't do us much even if she stayed within the country. After speaking with her at the hotel that day, it's unlikely she was the one behind this. My hunch tells me she's only an instigator, and Ember Shaw is the real culprit behind this."

Cathy pursed her lips. She had already thought that much earlier, and now her suspicions have been confirmed. Judging from how eager Ember had always been to please Karen, it was no doubt this was something she would pull to achieve just that.

Just as Cathy lost herself in thought, her phone rang.

"Cathy." Dorian's voice sounded from the other end of the line. "Come back home. I have something to tell you."

Cathy glanced at the clock on the wall. It had been two hours since Ember's arrest. The fact that Dorian called her could only mean one thing; all his other options had failed, and Cathy was his last hope.

Wearing a sarcastic smile on her face, Cathy replied, "Mr. Shaw, if you have something to say, you can say it now." No way was she going to address this dirtbag as her 'father'.

Dorian remained silent for a while. When he spoke again, his voice was cold. "I found a jade pendant at home."