

The Godsend Trio – My Terrible yet Heartwarming CEO Husband

Chapter 135

Chapter 135 Speak, or I'll Kill You

Chris' words silenced Cathy.

After a long pause, she took a deep breath and released it slowly. "Why did you say that I was yours all those years ago, Dad? You did not take me back after confessing that I'm your daughter – instead, you left me at the Shaws, and I worked as their servant. You neither provided a better life for me nor did you take me away from the Shaw family. You shouldn't have told people that I'm your daughter." She explained calmly and coldly, making Chris fall silent.

"You grew up." He said with a laugh.

Just like the woman, Cathy had her own way of thinking now.

Cathy frowned. "I'm twenty-three, Dad."

Cathy thought that she would be able to leave the Shaw family's cruel environment when Chris reappeared. However, Chris ignored her presence and did not attempt to reach out to her at all.

She nearly threw her life away for the sake of helping Xavier, and yet Chris spent his days in a drunken haze.

He even pressed her to break up with Xavier.

Although Xavier turned out to be a prig, this reality did not justify Chris' negligence.

Five years have passed, and she was no longer the little girl who hoped that Chris could give her a beautiful family.

"I think you know what you want."

Chris laughed bitterly. "If you want to know the truth, you need to look for it, Cathy. If you want your child, you'll have to put in the effort. I can't help you. All the best."

Chris hangs up the call right after he delivered his monologue.

Cathy frowned at her phone and tried to call him back, but he had switched his phone off.

Sighing, Cathy kept her phone away and left the restaurant.

That evening, she received a phone call from a furious Dorian Shaw.

"Damn you, Cathy! Someone intercepted the private plane I prepared for Ember at the airport. Don't ever think that we are out of ideas even though you are intent on making Ember stay in Ryzan!"

Cathy gaped at the Dorian as he seethed at her through the phone.

She was certain that Adrian was behind what had happened.

She looked out of the glass kitchen door at Adrian, who was elegantly flipping through some documents.

His handsome face was emotionless as if he was trying to show her that he was innocent.

This man...

He would do things for her, but never brought it up before her.

If Dorian did not call her, Adrian would never have mentioned that he intercepted Ember's flight.

Cathy felt warmth creep into her heart.

"You hear me, Cathy. Ember has a shield – she will never be harmed!"

Dorian yelled, unwilling to back down or concede defeat.

"A shield? Do you mean that she is bipolar?" Cathy smiled to herself as she flipped the fish that she was frying in her pan. "Don't be overly excited about that."

Cathy hung up immediately and threw her phone aside to focus on her cooking.

He had done too much for her, and yet she did nothing to repay him. The only thing she could do was cook for him.

"Dang!"

The kitchen door swung open, as two little heads popped into the kitchen.

The larger head was Abner's; the smaller one was Ariel's.

Jasper had an advertisement to shoot for two days, which meant that Ariel would have to spend her days at the Bolton residence.

After spending a few days at the Bolton's, Ariel found herself at home in this house.

"What are you making, Aunt Cathy? It smells so good!"

Ariel's eyes shone like diamonds whenever she speaks to Cathy, like a child meeting their idol. "Abner says that the meals that you make are always delicious."

"Are you envious of my brother and me because we have such a wonderful mother?"

Abner crossed his arms across his chest. "My mother is the best cook!"

Ariel pouted. "I will only admire you, and never Arius."

"Is that true?"

Abner always thought that Ariel stared at Arius with starry-eyes like a fan meeting their idol and assumed that she loved Arius, but this was news to him to hear that she admired him!

Abner's face shone with delight. "I always knew that you would think that I am smarter than Arius! You'll make a good padawan!"

He patted her shoulder, delighted with her.

"Let me know if you need my help!"

Ariel looked down guiltily, then up at him. "The reason I admire you... Is because you have a wonderful brother and mother."

She turned to look at Arius, who was leaning against Adrian on the sofa. "The reason I do not admire him is that he has a brother like you."

When she looked back at Abner, her eyes were filled with contempt, making Abner gape.

"I'm hurt, Mom!" Abner whined as he turned to her.

Cathy giggled at their antics. As she turned off the gas stove, she smiled at him. "It is okay. Mommy likes Abner the most."

"Really?" Abner blinked at Cathy pitifully.

"Yes, it's real."

She patted him and handed him a box of freshly baked cookies. "Take this and share with Ariel."

Abner pouted as he cradled the cookies to his chest. "Come on! You might have hurt me with your words, but I'll share the cookies with you. I'm generous like that." He looked at her in disdain.

Giggling, Ariel grabbed Abner's hand to succor him. "I know, I know that you're the best, Abner!"

She trotted behind Abner as the two young children left the kitchen.

Meanwhile, on the sofa in the living room...

Adrian put his documents down to watch Abner and Ariel as they watched cartoons and munched on some cookies. "That's what children should do."

He declared while looking at Arius through the corner of his eyes.

The screen of the laptop Arius had on his knees was filled with indecipherable code.

"Is that true?"

Arius looked up at him, his eyes reflecting the same calm coolness Adrian had. "Mom is cooking."

Adrian raised a brow questioningly.

"I think, when a woman is cooking, their husband should help, or at least ask whether they can help. He should also hug her from the back – it is one of the ways a man can express his affection for his wife."

He rolled his eyes at Adrian. "You may say that I do not behave like a child, but you, Mr. Adrian Bolton, do not behave like a husband too."

Adrian was silent.

This son of his will either keep silent, or kill you with his words.