

Healing 461

Chapter 461 What you think is important

Ash heard this, looked at Mikayla, and said, "How can you pay attention so much in that situation?"

Mikayla became unhappy, snorted, and said, "Ash, it hurts my heart too much when you say that."

It seemed that she was so weak and frightened that she couldn't notice anything and lost the ability to observe.

She became angry again, groaned and won't look at Ash in a friendly manner.

Ash was amused by her appearance, and immediately said, "I mean you're smart."

"Of course." Mikayla immediately became arrogant. Looking at Ash with her chin raised, she looked cute, "I have a super high IQ."

Ash let out a muffled laugh, then became serious, and said, "So, do you have any other suggestion?"

"Yes," Mikayla tilted her head and thought for a while, "I think, since you are planning to build a world-class haunted house, then all safety issues should have been considered very carefully. However, from my experience today, I feel the time is a bit too long, and people might feel fatigue in the middle. If some rest places can be set up, it may allow those who want to rush to the end to get some ease."

Ash thought carefully about Mikayla's suggestion and felt it was very feasible.

He said, "Okay, I'll tell the company about your suggestions later."

Immediately, Mikayla was cheered up. In her high spirits, she wanted to think about what else to suggest.

Seeing she was interested, Ash asked, "The college entrance examination is coming soon. Have you decided what major you want to study?"

Mikayla was taken aback, not expecting that Ash changed the topic so quickly.

Looking at Ash, she said, "I haven't figured it out yet."

Mikayla was also worried about this. According to her grades, she certainly had the opportunity to study any kind of major she wanted. As long as it was what she wanted, she was free to choose.

However, it was precisely because of this that Mikayla became more distressed.

"I haven't even thought about which school I am going to..." she said.

Thinking of this, Mikayla was instantly discouraged.

Ash said, "Based on your grades, you will go to the best university in the country. What else do you need to think about?"

If she wanted to go abroad, it was a breeze. However, in Ash's opinion, it was not necessary to go abroad in order to receive better education.

The top domestic universities were no worse than foreign ones.

Ash never thought they were better. On the contrary, in his opinion, with the current trend, it was developing faster than the foreign countries.

If it weren't for the fact that he had to go abroad at that time, he wouldn't have done that.

Ash already liked the delicious food in the country so much that he was reluctant to leave.

Mikayla said, "My teacher also suggested that I go to Capital University, but I haven't made up my mind yet."

If she went to the capital, Mikayla will be far away from Aimee.

She didn't want to be separated from her sister at all.

Although, now she had no chance to stay with Aimee all the time, Mikayla still wanted to stay with her sister.

Ash observed Mikayla's expression, and knew what she was thinking. Then, he understood, because she couldn't get in touch with Aimee before, she was crying so badly, and when he thought about it now, he knew why she was struggling.

Ash said, "Mikayla, university is a very important stage in your life. Of course, I don't mean to think that only going to the best school can you have a bright future. But when there is a choice, you still have to choose the best first."

Mikayla held her chin, looked at Ash, and said, "Ash, I understand everything you said."

She was not an aimless girl, so she naturally knew how important her future was.

The reason why she was so entangled was not because she wanted to destroy her future.

In fact, Mikayla had the self-confidence. No matter what kind of school she went to, she will have a bright future in the end. If this was the case, why did she go so far for university?

Ash said, "Not to mention, you and Aimee don't actually see each other very often now. After Aimee gives birth, she may have no time to take care of you, so you have to think about it. Do you want to take this opportunity and go to school well?"

Mikayla also thought about this problem.

In fact, she had always been afraid to disturb Aimee.

In the past, she felt that her relationship with her had really improved, and she could also feel how good Aimee was to her.

However, in Mikayla's heart, there will still be considerations.

Especially when she knew that Aimee was pregnant, she felt even more that she should be good and obedient, and not to cause trouble for Aimee.

However, she really didn't want to just leave this city and study.

Especially...

Mikayla looked at Ash, struggled for a moment, and asked, "Ash, do you really want me to leave Innisrial?"

"What?" Ash froze for a moment, and quickly realized what Mikayla meant by that.

He felt a little helpless. Did she think that he was driving her away?

If it was before, although he didn't have this idea, he really didn't care where Mikayla would study.

It was just that after he'd determined, he can already be sure of one thing, that was, he didn't want to be separated from her.

After all, after the college entrance examination, the relationship between them can have some changes.

It was Ash's own idea now, but he still took it very seriously.

Ash said, "Is my opinion important to you?"

"Of course." Mikayla answered without thinking twice.

It never occurred to her that this was Ash playing tricks on her.

As Ash heard this, the corners of his mouth curled up slightly, and the smile couldn't be suppressed.

He said, "Then tell me, why is it so important?"

Mikayla felt it a little strange, looked at Ash curiously, and asked, "Don't you think it's important?"

Ash said, "I have my thoughts, but now I want to hear yours first."

Chapter 462 Keep him until now?

Mikayla looked at Ash suspiciously for a while before saying, "I won't tell you."

Although she didn't think about it that much, what did Ash mean by asking that?

However, for Mikayla, it was very clear to her that Ash was setting her up.

If she just answered as he expected, there might be other consequences.

She didn't want it.

Ash felt a little bit sad that he can't successfully trick her.

He had to admit that she was smart.

Mikayla said, "Anyway, I haven't decided what major I want to study, what I want to do in the future. And I don't know where I'm going. However, Ash, if you have any good suggestions, you can tell me."

As she spoke, she secretly looked at Ash's expression, very serious.

Ash said, "I really have a good idea now. Would you like to listen to it?"

“Tell me. Maybe I will accept it.” Mikayla said.

In fact, she was also a very well-behaved girl, and will follow other people’s suggestions.

As long as it was good for her, she will not refuse.

Ash said, “I think you are very talented in terms of design. We visited the haunted house today, and you can give some suggestions. This is impossible for many visitors. I think, the suggestions you gave me are very constructive. If you want to develop in the design area, I don’t think it is necessary to go to the capital. In Innisrial University, the design department is among the top in the country. You can consider it.”

Mikayla immediately thought of it. When discussing this topic with Casey before, she also said that their university was very great.

However, at the time, Mikayla really didn’t think about it.

Now, she had to think carefully about whether she should develop in this direction or not.

Ash said, “Of course, this is just a suggestion from me. If you don’t think it is suitable, I have no problem with that.”

“It’s suitable. I think it’s perfectly suitable,” Mikayla said.

However, there was one thing to be considered. If she had decided, she can prepare for it in advance.

Now, she missed this opportunity.

It didn’t matter. Mikayla believed in her own strength, and it was very easy to achieve her goal.

Mikayla said, “I will go back and think about it carefully. When the time comes, I will give you a surprise.”

Ash smiled and said, “Don’t worry. You still have time to think about it.”

The meal was finally served, and the two of them stopped chatting.

Although Mikayla had finished a bowl of seafood porridge, she still felt very hungry.

She had no time to take care of other things, but began to feast on it.

She had to say that the food here was really good, completely in line with her taste.

Moreover, Mikayla didn’t know if she was thinking too much, but she really felt that eating with Ash seemed to make the food more delicious.

Just thinking about it made Mikayla happy.

She looked at Ash and saw that he ate in a refined manner, but it could also be seen that he was very satisfied with the food too.

In this way, Mikayla had to think a little more. She thought that Ash would find it delicious because he had her company.

It was shameless to think so, but she still did it.

The more she thought about it, the more Mikayla felt that it was true.

She couldn't help giggling, which surprised Ash who sat opposite from her.

Ash hadn't gotten along with girls enough, and the women he was familiar with, besides Aimee and Matilda, was Averi at most.

However, they were all like his elder sisters and he treated them respectfully.

He had never gotten along with a girl of his age, let alone such a young girl.

Over the past few years, to him, girls should be like Aimee, but Aimee couldn't be considered a normal girl at all.

If he completed the task obediently according to her request, everything would be fine.

However, if he caused some trouble, Aimee would scold him seriously and even beat him up.

This left Ash with no skills at all when getting along with another girls.

When facing Mikayla, he really felt that, sometimes, he would not be able to keep up with her in terms of thinking.

However, these were not critical problems.

The most important point was that Ash really thought Mikayla was quite cute.

After the two had breakfast, Ash sent Mikayla back to Homelux.

Today was the weekend and she didn't need to go to class.

After sending her downstairs, Ash said, "Go back and get a good sleep. If you have any questions, just give me a call. I'll be there for you."

Although in the haunted house, Mikayla's behavior was very normal and she wasn't affected psychologically, this did not mean that she will be like this when she went back home.

Some people didn't react at the time, but when they went back, they were crazily frightened.

Ash worried about that.

However, it was really inconvenient for him to watch Mikayla sleep.

Mikayla nodded, didn't think too much but just felt very sweet about Ash's being on call.

This sweet feeling took root in her heart and made her very joyful.

Mikayla waved to Ash and said, "I'll go up."

She didn't dare to stay with Ash any longer. Otherwise, she felt that she would rush over and hug Ash directly.

Mikayla wouldn't let her thoughts exposed until she was sure how Ash felt about her.

However, she didn't know that what she thought had already been exposed long ago.

After Ash watched her go upstairs, he returned to the car and returned to the villa.

As soon as he entered the gate of the villa, Ash saw Matilda sitting on the sofa drinking tea.

It seemed that Matilda had had enough sleep. She was in good spirits, and in a good mood.

Seeing him coming in, she glanced up and down over him, then put down the teacup and said, "After playing all night, Ash, you're doing well."

Matilda didn't say this very ambiguously, but it just made Ash think that she was referring to something else, for no reason.

He tensed up immediately, and quickly explained, "Matilda, don't talk nonsense. I just took her to the amusement park. It's not what you think."

Matilda snorted lightly, and said, "You don't need to tell me. I didn't know you went to the amusement park?"

If it wasn't for knowing that they went to the amusement park, and if Ash stayed at Homelux for a night, would he still be here?

Aimee would have already caught them, okay?

Chapter 463 Please speak like a person

Ash breathed a sigh of relief when he heard Matilda say that.

However, he soon realized something was wrong.

Ash looked at Matilda, asking, "Matilda, how do you know we went to the amusement park?"

"You think I can trust you to spend the night with that little girl?" Matilda was speechless.

Even if the two of them were in love with each other, although Matilda was just guessing now, it may not be until the future, Mikayla was still in her third year of high school. If something happened to her, what should they do?

Matilda said, "Tell me honestly. Do you like her?"

Ash's face flushed instantly. Looking at Matilda, he didn't speak for a long time.

Mute, Matilda looked at Ash, and said, "If you like her, just say it. If you don't, it's fine. Is it so difficult to answer?"

Ash said, "I like her."

After saying these words, he felt a lot more relaxed in an instant.

It was like, after telling someone he trusted about such an important thing, his whole body relaxed.

Looking at his expression, Matilda felt helpless again.

She said, "Look at you! Just one answer makes you like this. If you confess your love to her in the future, won't you be suffocated?"

Ash thought about the scene for a moment, and immediately said, "Absolutely impossible!"

He would never allow that to happen.

Matilda said, "I don't know if it's possible, but I think you're quite bold. If you want to be Aimee's brother-in-law, you are really fearless."

She was afraid that Ash hadn't been "abused" by Aimee yet.

Ash heard this and said, "Matilda, don't tell Aimee about this."

He knew very well that although Aimee didn't care about Mikayla all the time, the one who could be protected by her must be the most important person.

That fact that he liked Mikayla was very dangerous.

Ash could already imagine how miserable he would be.

However, he still had to fight for himself.

Matilda said, "No worries. I'm not a big-mouthed person. But, just because you are obedient now. If you were really so bold last night and did something out of the ordinary, I can't save you."

Ash immediately said flatteringly, "Matilda, you are my reborn parent."

Matilda: "..."

She had a feeling that it was impossible for Ash to win that girl's heart.

At least, she didn't believe it.

Ash didn't know what Matilda was thinking. He was really sleepy at the moment, so he told Matilda and prepared to go upstairs.

Matilda didn't call him back either, because she was going to go out after a while.

Today she will meet with the main creators of a new play, and after that, she will go to Francis' place.

The teleplay they filmed before will be broadcast soon. According to Francis' request, it meant that as the male and female protagonists in the drama, they were going to do "business".

Matilda was not very familiar with this. When Francis informed her before, she told him that she would fully cooperate with him, but he needed to tell her in advance on how to do it.

For this matter, it happened that she made an appointment with Francis and August.

Matilda looked at the time and found that it was almost there, so she went upstairs to change and went to the location where the new TV show was shooting first.

*

Ash went back to his room, took a shower, and lay down on the bed with his hair still wet, wanting to sleep.

Ash was really convinced of Mikayla's energy.

She played all night, and when she was sent back just now, she was still in high spirits, without feeling tired at all.

But he himself, exhausted, came back with his last breath.

For a while, he didn't want to do anything but sleep.

However, the phone rang.

Ash really didn't want to answer, but he clearly remembered that he told Mikayla that if there was anything happening, she would call him in time, and he would be there on call.

Fearing that it was Mikayla's call, Ash took it and answered it.

However, the voice from the other end of the phone made Ash want to throw the phone very much.

There was a playful voice from the other end, with some teasing, "You did a good job, Ash. You have grown up and learned how to hook up with little girl. But, Ash, aren't you being unkind? How old is she?"

Ash didn't say anything.

That was outrageous!

The reason why he wanted to go abroad before was to leave this bastard!

After he came back, he didn't go home to see him, so Ash pretended that he was still abroad and played dumb to the end.

However, now it seemed that his whereabouts had already been grasped.

Ash knew that he couldn't hang up the phone now.

Otherwise, this bastard will definitely use his own way to tell him how much he wanted to make trouble.

So, Ash could only grit his teeth and say, "Have you finished? My dear brother?"

"Of course not," Douglas Torres said.

Ash's face darkened. If Douglas was in front of him at this moment, he promised that he would beat him without hesitation.

What the hell was this?

How can this guy be so annoying?

It was okay to be annoying when he was young, but now, at this age, he was still so. Ash really doubted whether the two of them were born by the same mother.

Douglas said, "Don't think I don't know that you're cursing me now. But, Ash, let me tell you, I don't care about these things. I just want to ask you, after coming back for so long, when do you plan to go home? Don't you know I miss you so much?"

F**k!

He was going to throw up, okay?

This bastard. Can he be normal?

He gritted his teeth and said to Douglas, "My dear brother, please speak like a person."

"When do you come back to inherit the family business? I am tired and want to retire," Douglas said.

Interesting.

He suddenly thought of the situation that Douglas might be facing now, and he immediately became happy. He was no longer annoyed. Instead, he had the pleasure of being an on-looker.

Ash said, "That's really hard work for you. But you know that I'm a scientific researcher. My talent is not in business. Our family's business depends on you. If you really think you're too tired, I think you can get married, have a child, train your child earlier to become your successor."

After speaking, Ash unceremoniously hung up the phone.

It felt so good!

Ash had never been so happy before. Without thinking, he can imagine how embarrassed Douglas was now.

It made him simply too delighted.

Ash believed that he will have a good dream today.

Chapter 464 How can a woman do this

Torres Group, Innisrial.

Douglas was sitting behind the desk, looking at the phone screen. His face was livid with anger.

In front the desk, his secretary, Martha Wilson, stood there in a neat professional suit, wearing old-fashioned black-rimmed glasses, making her look aged.

Douglas was originally in a bad mood, but when he raised his eyes, he saw Martha dressed in black, and became even more inexplicably angry.

He threw the phone on the desk, looked at Martha, and asked, "Ms. Wilson, I want to ask you. Do you have any prejudice against my company?"

Martha replied solemnly, "Torres Group is one of the best groups in the country. It's impeccable in every aspect. I don't have any problems with that."

As Douglas heard the words, there was a hint of sarcasm in his eyes, and he asked, "Then, please tell me why you dress like you're going to a funeral every day."

Martha didn't respond.

There was no change on her face, and her tone of voice didn't change at all. She still replied solemnly, "As a secretary, my most important job is to let anyone know my professionalism. I think, I am dressed like this, so that others can focus on my ability to work, rather than my appearance, which will affect others' judgment on my ability."

Douglas laughed out loud when he heard this.

He looked at Martha and said, "Ms. Wilson, what do you mean by that? If you dress nicely, others will regard you as someone who has nothing but beauty?"

Martha didn't answer, but with a serious look on her face, she recognized Douglas' words.

This made Douglas couldn't help laughing out loud.

He suddenly became interested, and his eyes fell on Martha's face, looking up and down.

It was true that, seven years had passed since Martha worked as his secretary, and he had never looked at Martha's face carefully for a moment.

Since Martha appeared in front of him seven years ago and became his secretary, she had always looked so old-fashioned and ugly.

However, it was also because of her excellent working ability that it seemed that Douglas had never noticed it.

As for Martha's working ability, Douglas thought she was the best employee in the entire Torres Group.

However, at this moment, Douglas was interested. He really wanted to see what kind of face this woman was hiding under the black-rimmed glasses.

Douglas stood up directly and walked in front of Martha.

He raised his hand to take off Martha's glasses, but was dodged by her.

Douglas was very unhappy, and he was annoyed that he lost the fight with his brother just now, so he lost his temper again.

He gave Martha a direct order, "Don't move."

Always, when she was given an order from Douglas, she executed an action.

In the past seven years, she had already formed a habit. If Douglas didn't let her move, she really dared not do it.

And such a behavior pleased Douglas.

See? He just liked such a sensible person, unlike his brother, who pissed him off.

Douglas stopped thinking about it, raised his hand to take Martha's glasses, and just took them off.

In the next second, Douglas met a pair of eyes as clear as water. He dared to say that these were the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen.

For a few seconds, Douglas even fell into her eyes, unable to recover for a long time.

Martha was actually very anxious. She wanted to grab the glasses back, but she didn't dare.

For seven years, she had never disobeyed Douglas' orders, and for the sake of the generous salary, she didn't dare at all.

Finally, Douglas realized that he was in a trance, so he looked away, and his eyes fell on the glasses in his hand.

However, this made him discover a secret.

It was just a pair of clear lens glasses.

Moreover, this pair of glasses, viewed from the front, had the function to make her look ugly.

No wonder, when he saw Martha's eyes, he felt them so beautiful.

He hadn't found out for seven years that her eyes were so pretty. How could there be such a big contrast just by taking off the glasses?

Now it seemed that this woman did it on purpose.

She made herself look ugly on purpose.

Realizing this, Douglas was almost pissed off.

He looked at Martha again. The corners of his mouth curled up wickedly, and he said, "Ms. Wilson, you are hiding it very well."

Martha pursed her lips tightly, not daring to speak at all.

She felt that no matter what she said now, she would be taught a lesson by Douglas.

She cheated her boss, but it didn't hurt the interests of the company. Will this be dealt with lightly? She didn't want to lose the well-paid job.

Martha wanted to ask Douglas, but she was afraid to say anything.

Douglas became even angrier when she looked guilty.

He directly raised his hand, landed on Martha's face, and rubbed it vigorously, saying, "The glasses have been specially treated, so you do the same to your face?"

Originally, Douglas just wanted to scare Martha. Unexpectedly, a layer of foundation was actually rubbed off by him.

There was a fair patch on Martha's face, which looked very smooth.

Douglas narrowed his eyes in disbelief, unable to believe that this woman really dared to fake her face.

This was not the same as plastic surgery. She just relied on the makeup to make herself look ugly.

It was just that Douglas didn't understand how could a woman do this?

At least, among the women he knew, there was no one who didn't want to be beautiful.

And this woman, for seven years, actually hid herself under the foundation that was about three or four shades different from her own complexion.

Douglas suddenly looked serious.

He turned and walked back behind his desk. Dialing the intercom, he let his assistant, Mario West, in.

Mario walked in quickly. Seeing Martha in the office, he was very puzzled. What happened?

Usually, when Martha was around, Douglas will never look for him.

Watching Martha suspiciously, he was also frightened by Martha who was standing in front of him.

Chapter 465 Lingerin charm

Seeing that Mario also looked frightened, Douglas immediately felt much better.

It was okay. At least he was not the dumbest, and not the only one who was kept in the dark.

Mario still had professional quality, so he wouldn't just exclaim here. He looked back, did not continue to stare at Martha, but looked at Douglas, asking, "Mr. Torres, what can I help you?"

"Go downstairs and find a female employee. Bring me the cleansing oil." Douglas said.

Mario was fairly confused.

When did he know about cleansing oil?

However, since it was Douglas' order, Mario certainly didn't dare to hesitate, but went downstairs immediately.

He rushed directly to the PR department. At the department with the most beautiful female employees in the entire Torres Group, asking them for cleansing oil was the most foolproof.

Soon, Mario came up with three bottles of cleansing oils of different textures, along with cotton pad, facial cleanser, toner and lotion.

Douglas almost laughed angrily when he saw what Mario had set in front of him.

He stared at Mario, and said dissatisfiedly, "Okay, you're very comprehensive. I just want a bottle of cleansing oil, but you got me so many other things. Why are you so considerate?"

Mario sensed the ridicule from Douglas' words, and didn't dare to say anything immediately.

He just begged Douglas to let him go quickly and let him leave the office.

Although he really wanted to see what will happen next, Mario was also very clear about one thing, that was, being an on-looker was risky, and his job was the most important thing.

He didn't know if God heard his prayer, but Mario heard Douglas say in a bad tone, "Still want to watch the show? Get out!"

Mario ran out immediately without looking back.

Douglas and Martha were left in the office.

Martha had been utterly pessimistic since Douglas called Mario over and asked him to get the cleansing oil.

She knew what she would face next, and she had no other expectations. However, she hoped that she would not be fired.

Douglas' eyes fell on Martha's face. He saw her drooping head, with a disheveled face, which aroused his evil intentions.

Originally, Douglas wanted Martha to go to the bathroom inside to remove the makeup, but now, he changed his mind. He wanted Martha to remove makeup in front of him, bit by bit, to reveal her true face.

He wanted to see what did this woman look like?

How dared she lie to him for seven years like this? Douglas was very annoyed thinking about it.

Martha could feel Douglas' burning gaze, and she would be embarrassed to death right now if she could.

This feeling of torment was really too uncomfortable.

Now, if there was one person who could take her away from here, she would be extremely grateful.

However, no one could do that.

She was not as lucky as Mario. God did not hear her prayer.

She can do nothing here.

Knowing this, Martha had nothing to fear.

In the worst case, she would leave the company and look for a new job.

However, it was easy to find a job, but it was too difficult to find a good job.

Thinking that she was about to bid farewell to such a generous salary, she almost collapsed.

She raised her eyes and looked at Douglas as if facing death unflinchingly.

Douglas said, "Do it. You know what I want you to do. Do you want me to help you?"

"No, no need." Martha's voice sounded discouraged. She no longer looked calm and self-possessed as before.

She slowly moved to the desk and reached for the bottle of cleansing oil.

She didn't know where Mario took this from, but she used the same brand, and the effect of removing makeup was very outstanding.

Martha squeezed the cleansing oil into her palm, waited for it to emulsify, and then applied it to her face.

Although the foundation she applied was thick, it was very easy to remove.

After rubbing it like this for a while, and then gently wiping it off with a remover cotton, her original skin was completely revealed.

Douglas looked at Martha with astonishment. If it wasn't for the sharp color difference between her neck and her face, he couldn't believe that she would actually be so hard to herself and make her skin darker.

Martha wiped it off, and repeated it with her hands. This time, the entire makeup was removed.

Douglas looked at her fair skin, with no pores visible at all, and couldn't help sighing that makeup was really a profound knowledge.

Although people will not think she was ugly with her deliberate makeup, it can be said that Martha was, at first glance, not a peerless beauty, but she was a very attractive person with lingering charm.

Douglas had heard other people's discussions more than once, and thought that Martha's appearance was very nice.

But now, Douglas thought her appearance can be worthy of the words "peerless beauty".

Chapter 466 I want to ask for a leave

Realizing what he was thinking, Douglas withdrew his gaze, leaned back on the seat, then looked at Martha, saying coldly, "Tell me what's going on? What do you want to do? Why did you make yourself ugly?"

Douglas' tone was very unfriendly, full of danger, and it could even be said that he might scare people as hell.

Martha had a guilty conscience, but seeing Douglas really angry now, she really faltered.

Biting her lips lightly, Martha said, "It's my fault. Believe me. I don't have any intention of bringing harm to the company or jeopardizing your interests."

Martha was really worried that Douglas would take her as some kind of corporate spy.

Just thinking about it made her feel a little uneasy.

Douglas listened to her explanation, but instead became even more convinced subconsciously.

"Didn't jeopardize my interests?" Douglas snorted lightly, "You make yourself ugly to hurt my eyes. Won't it be considered as jeopardizing my interests?"

Martha looked at Douglas in shock. It was hard to believe that it was him who said those words.

In the past seven years, Martha had known Douglas was sharp-tongued, and was shocked that why the words from his mouth can become sharper every day?

But there had never been a moment that had shocked Martha so much.

Because, it seemed that Douglas' spiteful remark had not been for her, this was the first time.

In addition, no matter how malicious Douglas was before, he had never used it on a woman's appearance, so Martha was really astonished when she heard Douglas say that about her.

She wanted to talk back, but didn't have the ability.

After all, she hid her true face first, and no matter what, it was her fault.

However, Martha couldn't help muttering in a low voice, "I'm not ugly."

Even if she used darker foundation, her facial features were pretty good. No matter how ugly she was, it wasn't as exaggerated as Douglas said, right?

How did it hurt his eyes?

He was the one who had visual impact on people.

Although Martha said this very quietly, Douglas still heard it clearly.

Douglas sneered and said, "Are you not convinced?"

Martha immediately faltered again, shook her head vigorously, and said, "You are the boss. Everything you said is right."

She was like a doormat when she said so, as if she was being bullied by Douglas.

Douglas was very helpless. He didn't say anything excessive, so why did she lose her temper?

Martha took a deep breath, and said to worsen the situation, "Anyway, I have my own reasons for doing this. If you don't believe it, forget it. Anyway, I didn't hurt you."

When Douglas heard this, he became even more angry. This woman was going to be against him on purpose, wasn't she?

Martha didn't want to continue this topic with him, so she walked over to get the cleanser and said, "I'll use your bathroom."

After speaking, regardless of whether Douglas agreed or not, she took the facial cleanser and went into the bathroom.

Douglas leaned back on the seat, not moving, but thoughtful.

Indeed, aside from Martha making herself ugly, in other respects, Martha did not do anything to hurt him, whether it was for him as a person or for the company.

This made Douglas very confused. She didn't seem to want anything, so why did she do this?

Soon, Martha washed her face and came out of the bathroom.

This time, she also cleaned her neck, without the contrast of color difference, which made her look even more attractive.

Because the water hadn't completely dried off her fair skin, her face looked tender, making it impossible to take his eyes away.

Coupled with her pair of eyes without glasses, they were watery, which was extraordinarily moving.

Douglas was not a person who judged people by their appearance. From childhood to adulthood, there were countless women of all kinds and styles who had thrown themselves at him, some bold, some reserved, some mature, and some sweet.

Among them, there was no shortage of those who can make people think that they were peerless beauties at first sight.

Douglas had never been attracted, and had never been amazed by anyone.

However, at this moment, even though Martha was still wearing a black and rigid work suit, he still couldn't take his eyes off her.

He did not hide it but looked at Martha boldly, not hesitating to show his appreciation.

Martha had seen such a gaze. Feeling very uncomfortable, she subconsciously looked down, trying to avoid Douglas' gaze.

However, even though she lowered her head, she could still feel how sizzling Douglas' eyes were.

Martha couldn't stand it anymore, so she raised her head again, looked at Douglas, and whispered, "Don't look at me like that."

She was really, really scared.

The bad experience in the past made her nervous at the moment.

Douglas heard the tremor in her voice, frowned, looked at her suspiciously, and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

Martha bit her lip and said, "If you have nothing else to do, I would like to take a leave of absence."

Now, she just wanted to go back to her rental house and isolate herself.

However, such an abnormal girl made Douglas feel extremely puzzled.

His gaze fell firmly on Martha's face, trying to read her expression.

Douglas hadn't seen Martha like this for seven years.

This was so abnormal.

Douglas didn't care about other people's private affairs originally, but with Martha like this, he couldn't help but worry.

Douglas said, "It's okay to ask for a leave, but you have to tell me what's wrong with you first?"

Martha could feel the worry in Douglas' eyes, and also knew that she shouldn't associate him with those villains, but she couldn't control herself.

She was trembling, and her breathing became rapid and irregular.

Martha didn't know how to describe this feeling. It was like a fish that had been reborn with great difficulty. Suddenly, it was beaten back to its original form and dried up in the desert. There was water in front of it, but it couldn't drink it.

Finally, under tremendous psychological pressure, Martha fell straight backwards.

Douglas' body reacted faster than his mind, and he reached out to grab Martha into his arms, preventing her from falling to the ground.

"Martha, what's wrong with you? Wake up! Martha!" Douglas yelled Martha's name. However, it didn't have any effect. He just saw her pale face, looking very pitiful.

Chapter 467 Say away

Douglas picked up Martha and rushed out of the office.

Mario had come out of the office, but didn't leave.

He was still worried. If something happened inside, he could rush in in time.

Who would have thought that what he was worried about did not happen, but saw his boss hugging Martha out.

Mario froze in place in shock, unable to react for a long time.

It was Douglas who looked at him and said, "Get a car!"

Mario reacted then, and immediately moved.

The car was driving on the road at high speed. Douglas contacted the people from the department of transportation and adjusted the traffic lights so that they could go to the hospital unimpeded all the way.

Douglas took Martha out of the car and rushed inside.

The doctor had made arrangements and was waiting for them at the gate.

After asking the reason, the doctor checked Martha.

There was nothing wrong with Martha's functioning. After examining her, the doctor looked at Douglas and asked, "Did something stimulate her?"

This question confused Douglas very much. He didn't think that he had stimulated Martha in any way, because he just venomously said something to her. With Martha's psychological quality, she should not be stimulated.

If it must have something to do with him, it was him who asked her to remove her makeup.

Douglas told the doctor what had happened.

The doctor had no clue for the time being, and can't just make a conclusion.

In the current situation, they can only wait until Martha woke up.

Douglas did not make things difficult for the doctor, and sat down on the sofa in the ward. His eyes fell on Martha's face.

Her face was still pale, and there were beads of sweat on her forehead. When people saw it, they will suddenly feel distressed.

Douglas unconsciously raised his hand to cover his heart, feeling inexplicably suffocated.

The air in the ward made Douglas very breathless. He stood up, turned and walked out of the ward.

This feeling made Douglas very uncomfortable. At this moment, all he wanted was a cigarette.

However, it was not easy to smoke in a place like a hospital.

Douglas walked to the end of the corridor, stood by the window and watched the scenery outside, feeling uneasy for a long time.

"Mr. Torres?" A gentle female voice sounded, with a little bit of astonishment.

Douglas turned his head and saw Aimee standing not far from him, looking at him in surprise.

"Dr. Read." Douglas nodded towards Aimee and said, "What a coincidence."

"Yeah, I've worked in the hospital for so many years. This is the first time I've seen you here." Aimee said.

Douglas raised his eyebrows lightly when he heard the words, and said, "Dr. Read, isn't that what you said excessive? Are you expecting me to be sick?"

Aimee smiled and said, "Mr. Torres, please don't misinterpret my meaning like this."

No more jokes, Aimee asked, "Mr. Torres, why do you come to the hospital today? What's the matter?"

Douglas fell silent and didn't answer Aimee's question.

Aimee didn't care, smiled at him, and said, "Mr. Torres, you must be busy. I have something else to do, so I will leave first."

Douglas nodded, but when Aimee walked away, he stopped her, "Dr. Read, please wait a moment."

Aimee turned around and looked at Douglas suspiciously, wondering what he was calling her to do.

Douglas said, "I know Ash has come back. If possible, please tell him and let him go home."

Aimee didn't promise anything, but said, "Mr. Torres, Ash has his own ideas. I can't control them, but I will convey your words to him."

"Thanks then," Douglas said.

Aimee nodded, and was about to leave again, but was stopped again.

She felt a little helpless, and looked at Douglas, wondering what else he wanted to say.

Douglas seemed to be very entangled. After a long silence, he said, "Dr. Read, may I ask you to see a patient?"

Aimee was very puzzled just now. Who was Douglas accompanying to see the doctor?

Hearing what he said now, she said, "Where is the patient? Take me there."

Douglas brought Aimee to the ward.

Martha was still lying on the bed. Her face was even paler than before he left just now.

Douglas asked worriedly, "Dr. Read, can you see what happened to her?"

"Did she get stimulated by something?" Aimee asked.

This judgment was the same as the previous doctor's.

Douglas didn't hide anything, and told what happened again.

Aimee didn't notice anything wrong.

However, what made Aimee more puzzled was, what was it that made this woman seem to fall into a terrible nightmare?

Aimee said, "Dr. Lee and I have the same judgment. We still have to wait for the patient to wake up."

Douglas nodded and said nothing more.

Aimee couldn't help but take a second look at this beautiful woman lying on the bed. Even though she was lying pale and weak, with her eyes closed, it can still be seen that she was a very beautiful woman. Very beautiful.

However, this woman inexplicably gave Aimee a familiar feeling.

Aimee didn't care about gossips. Seeing that she can't do anything at the moment, she can only wait for the patient to wake up by herself, so she said to Douglas, "Mr. Torres, let's go out and talk."

As the two came out of the ward again, Aimee said, "When I was inside just now, I can't explain it so clearly. Although the patient is in a coma now, the possibility of hearing our conversation cannot be ruled out. Therefore, I can only call you here."

Douglas nodded, and said, "Dr. Read, please tell me what you have to say."

There was an inexplicable feeling of uneasiness in his heart. He was too aware of Aimee's ability, but he was really afraid that Aimee would tell him directly that there was something wrong with Martha's body.

Seeing his tense expression at this moment, Aimee smiled and said, "You don't need to be so nervous. What I want to say is that I don't think she has any physical illness. She should experience something, or there is something she is afraid of, which has taken root in her heart. My suggestion is that it is best to arrange a psychiatrist for her."

Chapter 468 Just help me

Aimee's words made Douglas completely stunned. He never thought that it would turn into the outcome she needed to see a psychiatrist in the end.

This made his expression a little tense.

Douglas asked, "Dr. Read, are you serious?"

"You can observe it again. However, I think that since she can be stimulated to faint, she probably won't tell you what she is afraid of when she wakes up." Aimee said .

So, even if they waited until Martha woke up, the doctors couldn't do anything.

At most, they would check if there was any other ailment, and then they can leave.

As Douglas heard this, he couldn't help pinching his fingers.

For a moment, he regretted it very much. Why did he want to bully a young woman, just because she was easy to be bullied?

Why did he want to hurt her like this?

Just thinking about it made Douglas regretful.

Under the strong self-condemnation, Douglas finally suppressed the remorse in his heart.

Now that it had happened, thinking about it now was actually the most useless thing.

Douglas said, "Thank you, Dr. Read. I see."

Aimee nodded and left.

Back in her office, Aimee still felt that the patient looked familiar.

She checked the hospital system and saw the patient's name, Martha Wilson.

Aimee was stunned for a moment. That patient was actually Martha.

She knew that Douglas had a capable female secretary by his side, and it could be said that she was even more famous than Douglas. However, in her impression, Martha didn't look like this.

For a moment, Aimee, unable to resist curiosity, logged in the Growlers' mini-program.

She hadn't logged into the program for a long time. When she suddenly did so, she was immediately besieged.

"No way! Am I blind? Aimee actually appears?"

"Oh my Aimee, what are you doing now? Don't you know we are worried about you? Why don't you contact us? Isn't this intentional to make us sad?"

"What happened? Why do you show up suddenly?"

Aimee was speechless.

It was outrageous.

For these people, when they had nothing to do, didn't contact one another once in a few years, which was obviously a common thing. Why did they act like she did something bad?

Aimee became upset, and said directly, "I'm pregnant."

In an instant, no one spoke for a long time.

Aimee was comfortable now.

It turned normal. What they said just now made it feel like she had disappeared.

Aimee said, "I've been lazy recently, so I don't want to do it myself. Who of you is free to help me check a person?"

"Who?"

"What?"

"What's wrong?"

"Need revenge?"

Aimee was speechless again.

Well, it seemed that the fact that she was pregnant did not have a great impact on them.

Aimee said, "Her name is Martha Wilson. I want everything about her. The information I can provide you now is that she is the secretary to the president of Torres Group."

Everyone was mute.

She was just a president's secretary, but they needed to investigate her?

Break a fly on the wheel?

Everyone tried to prevaricate.

“I’m quite busy. Whoever is free will take this errand.”

“Well, I’m busy, too. I’m going to Esnya soon, so don’t mess with me.”

“How can you be so unreliable? It’s been a long time since Aimee asked us to do something. What are you doing? Do you dislike Aimee ?”

Aimee was speechless again and again.

She knew that this group of people could work hard on this kind of thing.

However, after looking through the chat history, Aimee became amused.

She tapped a few times on her phone and sent a message.

“How about you, Harley? Sorry to trouble you.”

Harley’s full name was Harley Ross. He ranked the third of the Growlers and was the gentlest among them.

It was said that when he was young, he was told to be pampered because of his weak body. For a long time, he was treated as a girl.

Even he himself once thought he was a girl.

Also, because of this, Harley was often bullied when he was in school, which made his studenthood full of all kinds of bad things.

However, because of his weak body, he could only lie in bed all day. He spent most of his time on computer research.

The Growlers' most advanced technology was contributed by Harley.

Aimee and the others sometimes teased him, not from his gender identity, or what he had experienced, but, they deliberately gave some unimportant tasks to him. Watching him jumping in anger, they thought he was cute.

Of course, in fact, the more seemingly less complicated tasks were, the more effort must be put in behind them, because there were many details, which may be the easiest to be missed.

But Harley won't make any loopholes in this.

Aimee asked him to help her investigate Martha's information. It did feel a little overqualified, but he was the most suitable candidate.

Harley sent several exclamation points in a row, as if complaining and feeling dissatisfied, but was completely ignored by Aimee.

He couldn't help sending out a series of growling emojis, saying, "You guys really don't feel bad for bullying me like this? I'm your lovely Harley. How can you do this!?"

Aimee couldn't stop being so happy. She immediately transferred money to him and said, "Okay, Harley, just help me."

Sure enough, after she did so with coquettish words, Harley immediately sighed.

He was simply "threatened" by Aimee.

Aimee knew Harley too well. He was just a child, and if she said a few pleasant words, he would compromise immediately.

Most importantly, Harley and Matilda were the same. They both loved money very much.

With the two of them, there was nothing can't be handled by money.

If it can't be done, it can only explain one thing, that was, the money was not enough.

Harley said, "Hey, I'm only helping you because you are Aimee. If it's someone else, I won't help."

Aimee couldn't stop laughing that he was still pretending to be cool.

Chapter 469 We will be home in a while

Harley completed the mission quickly. Aimee received a message from him before she got off work.

She quickly browsed through the information, and was a little surprised that Martha's past actually looked like that.

She didn't know if it was because of her pregnancy, but Aimee even had compassion and felt a little pitiful for her.

Her mood was affected, and she walked out of the hospital very unhappily.

As soon as she got into the car, Patrick asked, "What's the matter?"

He hadn't seen Aimee with this expression for a long time, and his brows furrowed unconsciously. He reached out to cover the back of her head to comfort her.

Aimee tilted her head, fell directly into Patrick's arms, and said, "Darling, why are there so many unfortunate people in this world?"

Patrick didn't think much about it, but just thought it was some patient in the hospital that made Aimee feel emotional.

He said, "The world is so big, and everyone has their own destiny. If we want to pity everyone, wouldn't it be too tiring?"

Hearing this, Aimee got out of Patrick's arms and tilted her head to look at him.

Her eyes seemed to be saying: "Darling, how can you say such cold-blooded words?"

However, Aimee agreed with Patrick's point of view very much.

She said, "Yes, people just need to take care of their business. What about others? I really can't care about that much."

Patrick pinched Aimee's cheek gently, and said, "Okay, I'm relieved if you think that way. Tell me now, what happened to make you unhappy?"

Aimee took out her phone and showed Martha's information to Patrick.

Patrick glanced at it quickly, and was also a little surprised.

Before his accident, he actually had a lot of contact with Douglas.

They were in a cooperative relationship on many projects.

It was just that, after his accident, he completely left the company to Miles, and did nothing, so naturally he didn't pay attention to what happened to Douglas.

For the secretary next to Douglas, Patrick remembered who she was, which was rare.

Because, at the negotiating table, this woman's ability was not inferior to Douglas'.

There were times when Martha was simply more difficult to deal with than Douglas.

Even, on two occasions, if Patrick hadn't been determined enough, and would not have made any concessions to the established projects, he might really compromise because of the conditions set by Martha.

Patrick knew that he would probably be the most annoying client on that woman's blacklist.

However, he never expected that a woman with such a powerful ability would have experienced this.

Returning the phone to Aimee, Patrick asked, "What are you going to do?"

In fact, it was impossible for them to do anything. First, they were not familiar with her. Second, bringing this matter up was tantamount to uncovering her scars. They were not the kind of people who can do this.

Aimee shook her head and said, "I don't plan to do anything. I will let myself forget about this. I just feel very emotional about the unfairness of this world."

Patrick nodded. As he thought, Aimee would definitely make such a choice.

Aimee thought of another thing, looked at Patrick, and said, "Darkling, I saw her face today. She is really beautiful."

It was to the extent that even she thought so.

For a long time, in Aimee's heart, the most beautiful woman was Matilda.

Today, she inexplicably had a feeling that Martha's appearance can rival Matilda.

Patrick was less interested in that.

He said, "However, in my eyes, everyone is inferior to you."

As Aimee heard this, she was pleased.

Of course she knew what she looked like.

However, she was very happy to hear Patrick say that.

Patrick looked at her happy look, and then curled the corners of his mouth.

He said, "It turns out that you like to hear me praise you for being beautiful."

Aimee was dumbfounded.

She was not that superficial.

However, she had to admit that it was indeed a very pleasant thing to hear someone she loved say that she was beautiful.

Aimee said, "Darling, you are handsome."

In order to cover up her shyness, she used his way to deal with him. Wasn't she a little too clever?

Patrick became pleased by Aimee.

Aimee immediately became proud, and said, "Look! Don't you also like to hear nice words from others?"

Patrick touched between his eyebrows, but really couldn't refute it.

He really felt a little bit refreshed when he heard Aimee's words.

Aimee became proud again, and in the confrontation with Patrick, she won again.

In the good mood, the bad feeling when she read Martha's information dissipated at this moment.

Aimee had made up her mind that she wanted to forget about this thing, so she will really do so.

Anyway, she was pregnant now, so she can use a very unscientific but very useful reason to explain her behavior, that was, motherhood made her stupid.

Burrowing into Patrick's arms, Aimee yawned. "Darling, I'm tired."

Her voice was delicate and soft, filling Patrick's heart.

Patrick turned his head, kissed Aimee's cheek, and said, "Hey, sleep for a while. We'll be home in a while."

Aimee muttered softly, "When we get home, don't wake me up for dinner. I want to sleep."

Patrick had no choice. Seeing that she was really sleepy, he agreed.

Anyway, since Aimee got pregnant, she really hadn't been on time when it was time to have meals.

As long as she wanted to eat, there was something available immediately.

Aimee fell asleep contentedly in Patrick's arms, with a very peaceful feeling.

Chapter 470 How lonely

Matilda and Francis made an appointment at a restaurant that specialized in crispy pork hock. According to Francis, it was the best one he accidentally discovered when he was filming. However, crispy pork hocks in Innisrial were not delicious, so he begged the owner to open one in Innisrial.

It hadn't opened officially yet, so there was no worry about privacy. With the superior location, there was no worry about being secretly photographed.

As Matilda entered a room, she couldn't help laughing. "You're making it look like we have a secret relationship. It's just a friendly cooperation, but you're making us confused."

Francis said, "Don't run ridicule me. I'm doing this for my appetite. You just need to eat and drink well."

Matilda pulled out a chair and sat down, saying, "I want to see if it's as delicious as you said. If it's not, you can figure out how to take responsibility."

"Don't worry about it. I guarantee you will want to eat it again." Francis said.

Matilda didn't doubt his words. When it came to food, she really had nothing to disagree with Francis.

Only Aimee can compete with him.

However, Aimee was the kind who can eat other food even if she was picky, unlike Francis, who would rather be hungry than eat something bad.

Matilda used to be picky for a while, just like Francis. She was sent out by Aimee on a mission later. Not to mention eating delicious food, she can only have compressed biscuits with cold water.

In a month, she became extremely skinny.

After she came back, the first question Aimee asked her was, "Do you still want to do it?"

Francis didn't meet Aimee. Otherwise, he would have been taught a lesson.

As the two chatted, August arrived.

With exactly the same words as Matilda, August said, "Mr. Snider, what are you doing? Making it so dramatic. Like I'm secretly in love with you."

As Matilda heard August's words, she immediately laughed out loud, lying her upper body on the table and laughing without caring how she looked like now.

Francis was speechless.

He glared at August, and said, "It seems that the atmosphere of your new crew is good, and you are starting to become talkative. Tell me, is that something you're capable of saying? Is it suitable? You're an actor. If you put yourself out of the closet, won't you be afraid to fall down?"

August heard the words, but was teased by Francis, and said directly, "If I fall down, I am dragged down by you."

"Get the hell out of here!" Francis said angrily, "I'm a straight man, and I love my wife. I don't want to be with you."

Matilda almost fell off the chair when she heard what Francis said.

Too much, simply too much.

This was going to make her stomach hurt from laughing, so they deliberately didn't let her eat well.

After a long time, Matilda rubbed her belly with one hand and her cheek with the other, and sat up.

Francis looked at Matilda speechlessly, and said, "Is it that funny?"

Matilda laughed again by what he said, nodded desperately, and said, "It's really funny."

Francis could say nothing but sigh.

Was he still a fearsome and well-known director?

Why was he so miserable in front of them?

August's eyes fell on Matilda's face. Seeing her laughing until tears coming out, he shook his head helplessly, took out a few tissues and handed them over, saying, "Okay, okay, no laughing. Show Mr. Snider some respect. Don't annoy him. He might cut all our scenes."

However, what he said made Matilda laugh again.

While wiping her tears, she stared at August. This guy deliberately said such things, knowing that she couldn't stop laughing.

Matilda said, "I think you two have better shut up now. Otherwise, we might not be able to eat today."

August and Francis glanced at each other. Both were speechless, but agreed to shut up.

After all, if Matilda really kept laughing like this, the scene would be really creepy.

Finally, Matilda stopped laughing, and became powerless from that.

Matilda said, "I'll eat more later. Both of you bully me."

The two men looked at each other again, seeing deep pity for each other in each other's eyes.

What did the two of them do wrong? How could be they bully her?

However, Matilda was beautiful, and she was right in everything she said.

Finally, the three of them stopped joking and got down to business.

Francis said, "Next week, we will start a comprehensive publicity. In the current environment, it's very important for male and female protagonists to do the publicity. I have already written the script for the two of you. When the time comes, you two just act like this."

As he spoke, Francis handed the scripts to them.

Matilda and August flipped through the pages, and after a cursory scan, Matilda was overwhelmed.

She raised her head from the script, looked at Francis, and asked, "Mr. Snider, are you serious? Do you really want us to act like this?"

With this method and scale, she will be beaten, right?

Francis said, "Don't worry. My script, of course, is based on the premise that our show is a big hit. In this way, we can show affection in reality. If it's not, you are good colleagues at best, and just getting along with each other as usual is enough."

As Matilda heard what Francis said, she understood what he meant.

She said, "Okay, although I don't like this kind of acting, I still hope that the show can be a hit."

After all, this was her first TV show. She may not work in the entertainment industry for long, and she didn't need to rely on the fame to show her ability.

However, since she was here, why not take what should be taken?

Matilda spoke casually, but didn't notice that when August heard her words, he raised his eyes to look at her, and immediately lowered them quickly.

No one noticed how lonely his eyes were.