

## Healing 501

### Chapter 501 Are you trying to piss me off?

Mikayla happily followed Ash back to the car, and the clothes she picked were placed on the back seat, making her even feel like she had invaded Ash's life.

This feeling was very wonderful.

Mikayla couldn't be happier just thinking about it.

She turned her head and looked at Ash with unconcealable joy in her eyes.

Ash had changed into the clothes she bought now, and looked very pleasing to the eye, which made Mikayla even more happy.

Sensing her gaze, Ash turned his head and asked, "What's wrong? What are you looking at?"

Mikayla shook her head and said to Ash, "Ash, you are so handsome."

He was really handsome.

Ash curled up the corner of his mouth and said, "Are you obsessed with me?"

He deliberately teased Mikayla, but unexpectedly, her ears really turned red.

Mikayla said, "There should be many girls who are fascinated by you."

He was good-looking and that was enough.

"I don't know," Ash said.

In his life, he spent most of his time basically with partners at work. So, there were no chances for him to encounter many girls. And girls in their line of work had long become inured to the unusual.

Mikayla snorted, thinking Ash was humblebragging.

He must have been used to the hot gazes of those girls, so he didn't think it was special.

Ash laughed at the sight of her.

He said, "Didn't you say that I couldn't have a girlfriend before?"

Mikayla tilted her head, pretending to be innocent and saying, "No way. I have never said that."

Even if she did, she cannot admit it.

At that time, it was because Ash's temperament was too bad, and he seemed to be addicted to bullying her.

Knowing how much she cared about her sister, he still wanted to make fun of her.

That was very annoying.

Ash said, "Maybe, I'm mistaken."

Mikayla laughed foolishly. Seeing that Ash really didn't plan to continue teasing her, she immediately said, "Then, Ash, are you hungry? Shall we go grab some food?"

As she said that, she covered her stomach, as if she was starving to death.

Ash was amused by her appearance. This lame way of changing the subject was really annoying.

However, she was still cute and lovely.

Ash said, "Okay, what would you like to eat?"

Mikayla thought for a while and said, "Why don't we go to the same one from last time?"

That one was quite far from the mall, so she could spend more time with Ash.

Mikayla was very happy when thinking about it.

Ash didn't expect her to think so, so he nodded and said, "Okay, let's go to that one."

He only thought that Mikayla liked the taste of food in that restaurant. After all, it was indeed very delicious.

Mikayla became happier in an instant, and looked at Ash with a smile. She looked so cute.

Ash was a little unaccustomed to her scorching gaze, and didn't know where she got the courage to look at him in such a way.

She didn't know at all how dangerous it was to stare at a man like this, or a man who wanted to do something to her.

Mikayla noticed that Ash's ears were turning red for no reason.

She asked suspiciously, "Ash, what's wrong with you? Is it hot in the car?"

Saying that, Mikayla wanted to touch Ash's ear, but he grabbed her wrist.

"Stay still," Ash said.

This girl was really brave.

Mikayla was held tightly by his hand, and her skin felt warm and dry, making her feel as if she had been hit by something for a moment. And the electric current rushed from the skin of the wrist into her body. The numbness made her breathing hot.

"I just wanted to see if you have a fever," Mikayla said.

She had to admit that she lied.

She didn't want to check to see if Ash had a fever, and she knew it was a very lame and stupid reason.

But, she just wanted to touch it.

Because Ash's red ears were really cute.

However, it wasn't like that for Ash.

His ears were very, very sensitive, and they were forbidden areas that must not be touched.

When he sensed Mikayla reaching for his ear, he reacted instinctively.

Fortunately, there was a red light ahead, and Ash stopped the car in time.

Mikayla looked at him and moaned softly, "Do you want to bully me?"

Ash was amused by her appearance, squeezed her wrist, and said, "How can it be possible?"

Mikayla pulled her hand, but didn't make it, because it was still held firmly.

She glared at Ash and said, "But you still don't let go of me."

What did they look like now?

Ash chuckled and let go of her hand.

After restarting the car, Ash said, "Little girl, you can't touch a man's body, you know?"

Mikayla just wanted to touch his ear.

How did this person react so much?

Moreover, she hadn't touched it.

Mikayla pouted her mouth and said, "Are you shy?"

Ash said, "I'm not shy, but I'm afraid you will be overwhelmed."

In fact, what Ash said was very explicit.

However, Mikayla was stupid and didn't understand Ash's words.

Ash didn't explain too much to her. Anyway, after a few more years, she would understand what he meant by these words.

Seeing that Ash was silent, Mikayla stopped talking.

She withdrew her gaze, but she was thinking how to touch Ash's ear as she wished.

Mikayla was left speechless by this thought.

She didn't know what was wrong with her. How could she have such an obsession with a man's ears?

After thinking about it, Mikayla felt that she was really perverted.

The two arrived at the restaurant. Before getting out of the car, Mikayla was already thinking about what to eat.

Counting with her fingers, she told the names of the dishes to Ash. She told him all the dishes that she had eaten last time and the ones she hadn't.

Ash asked, "Do you want to eat everything here?"

"Not necessary. I still have to struggle." Mikayla said.

She didn't want Ash to think that she can eat a lot.

Ash said, "Order everything you want, and let's digest it after eating."

As Mikayla heard the words, she immediately became interested and asked, "How do we digest it?"

Ash smiled and said nothing, with a mysterious look on his face.

Mikayla pursed her mouth again.

Anyway, she will know in a while.

Mikayla happily found a seat and sat down. After ordering what she wanted to eat, she handed the menu to Ash .

Ash added another dish and ordered.

Mikayla rested her chin on her hands and looked at Ash, and the more she looked at the clothes on him, the more she liked it.

But, soon, Mikayla noticed something was wrong.

She jumped up from her chair and rushed towards Ash.

Ash was taken aback by her action. If it wasn't for the dining table, this girl would have jumped on him.

He looked at Mikayla and asked, "What's wrong?"

Mikayla stared at Ash's neck and asked, "Ash, what's the matter with your neck? Why is it so red?"

Saying that, Mikayla felt that she wasn't looking carefully enough, so she walked around the table and walked behind Ash.

She directly pinched Ash's collar and looked inside.

All of a sudden, Mikayla saw Ash's back directly, and it was all red.

Ash reached up, grabbed Mikayla's wrist, and pulled her to the chair next to him to sit down.

"Nothing serious. Don't you worry," Ash said.

Mikayla couldn't listen to what he said at this moment. She looked at Ash, and there was a faint anger in her eyes besides worry.

"Nothing serious? It's all like this, and you still tell me it's nothing? Are you trying to piss me off?"

Mikayla's eyes turned red, and her mouth was flattened, as if she had been wronged, and she would cry out loud the next second.

How could Ash bear this? He quickly raised his hand to wipe her eyes, and said, "It's really nothing. Don't be afraid, okay?"

**Chapter 502 Make him feel bad**

As Mikayla listen to Ash's words now, she raised her hand and called the waiter, saying, "Sorry, my friend is not feeling well, but we just placed an order. Please don't make them for us. For the dishes you have already done, we can settle the bill."

Now she was worried to death, and anxious to death. All she wanted was to go to the hospital with Ash. She didn't want to delay at all.

The waiter was frightened by her anxious appearance, and hurriedly called the owner to come over to communicate with them.

The owner was a sensible person, and told them to go to the hospital as soon as possible, regardless of the bill.

He even asked if they needed help.

Mikayla expressed her gratitude to the owner, and took Ash out of the restaurant.

She didn't want Ash to drive anymore, so she stood on the side of the road to stop a car.

Ash initially reassured her, telling her he was fine.

It was just an allergy. After going back home, he would apply some ointment. And after taking the medicine, it will be fine.

He'd been allergic for a long time.

It had been with him since the day he was born, and it got more serious when he grew up.

When he was a child, he was given a critical illness notice several times.

After studying with Aimee, he was given the ointment by Aimee, so that every time he was allergic, the pain he suffered was greatly reduced.

However, in recent years, he had paid great attention to the clothing, and it was rare for him to be in such a situation today.

Ash could think of what his back looked like, and it would scare her. This was something he didn't want to see .

He really wanted to tell Mikayla that there was nothing wrong with him, he wasn't that uncomfortable, and it just looked scary.

However, seeing the girl who worried about him so much, Ash didn't want to say anything.

He liked Mikayla very much when she was doing this to him. It made him feel like he was her whole world.

Ash's eyes fell on Mikayla's back for a long time, and finally, he still couldn't hold back, stepped forward and hugged her from behind.

He said, "Well, don't worry. Let's go home, shall we?"

Mikayla's body stiffened.

This was the first time Ash hugged her from behind like this, and his warm breath surrounded her, giving her an inexplicable sense of peace of mind.

It seemed that in an instant, she was no longer anxious or worried.

Ash said, "I'm really fine. There's ointment at home. Can you apply it for me?"

Mikayla turned from Ash's arms, looked up at him and asked, "Will it be all right after applying the ointment?"

"Yeah," Ash said, "you don't trust your sister's ointment?"

As Mikayla heard it, she nodded immediately.

"My sister is so good. Of course I believe her." Mikayla said.

After she said so, she took Ash's hand and said, "No delay. Let's go."

Ash was dumbfounded that this girl was too changeable.

But Ash was relieved to have distracted her just a little bit.

When the two returned to the car, Mikayla still asked worriedly, "Are you sure you can really drive?"

"Don't worry. I'm a good driver," Ash said.

Mikayla knew how good his driving skills were, but she was still worried. Will he not be uncomfortable when his back was red?

However, Mikayla didn't ask that question.

Because, she had heard of one thing, that was, for the feeling that people didn't notice at first, after being mentioned, people will notice it instead.

Mikayla said, "Since your driving skills are so good, drive faster."

What did she think of him, a racer?

He was not up to that level yet.

Neither of them spoke anymore, but Mikayla had been secretly looking at Ash, and her nervous appearance really gave Ash a headache.

The girl's eyes seemed to grow on his body. If her worried eyes were replaced by other emotions, it would make him happy.

Of course, the look in her eyes now also made him happy.

Soon, Ash drove the car into the villa.

Until now, Mikayla came to her senses that she just followed Ash home.

Most importantly, this was not a place where Ash lived alone.

Mikayla remembered that Ash lived with Kelvin and Matilda.

Although she had never been here, just thinking about what the scene would she face if they met them in a while, Mikayla felt like retreating.

However, Ash did not give her such a chance.

He opened the car door and took off all the clothes he bought, but saw she was still dawdling in the car.

Ash guessed what she was thinking, walked over and said, "Scared?"

"Am I?" When she was asked, an inexplicable desire to win rushed up into her mind.

She didn't do anything wrong, so why did she have to be scared?

Mikayla snorted softly, opened the car door and got out, "Let's go."

Ash suppressed a smile. She was just a little girl after all. All her emotions were displayed on her face, and she wanted to embolden herself deliberately.

He didn't tell Mikayla about the current situation of Matilda and Kelvin. No one would know about the two of them coming back like this.

However, when Ash thought about it, he felt that it was quite problematic to think about it this way.

It was as if he deliberately tricked the girl over here to do something.

Mikayla was also very anxious.

She was very conflicted whether she should tell her sister or not. It was better than her sister knowing from others that she and a man had gone home.

However, she really didn't want Aimee to know.

This feeling was too tortured.

However, Ash didn't give Mikayla a chance to think too much. He led her upstairs directly.

His and Kelvin's rooms were on the second floor, and Matilda's room was on the third floor.

When Aimee came over, she will live on the third floor.

It was just that they had been back to the country for so long, but Aimee only stayed here last night.

Mikayla followed Ash nervously all the way, holding her breath, afraid that if she made any noise, someone would find out.

Mikayla didn't see anyone all the way and the doors of all rooms were closed.

And she did not hear any sound.

Mikayla asked curiously, "Aren't the others here?"

"Matilda is resting in the room." Ash said, "She drank too much last night, and Aimee came to treat her. She will be resting in the room for the next few days."

Mikayla nodded, then frowned again, and said unhappily, "I should have come over last night. I haven't seen my sister for a long time."

Ash smiled lowly, "If you came over last night, you would have been scared by Aimee. She was angry yesterday, very fierce."

Mikayla frowned a little deeper, looked at Ash, and said, "I think you are slandering my sister. She's so gentle. How could she be fierce?"

Ash sighed. With such a girl who liked her sister so much, what else can he say?

Mikayla snorted softly and said, "Anyway, you are not allowed to describe her like that."

Ash said, "Okay, okay, I won't. Aimee is the most gentle woman in the world, okay?"

Mikayla nodded vigorously, after being coaxed, "It's better now."

Ash was helpless. How could this girl be so funny?

However, Ash was still a little sad. It was very obvious how much the girl liked her sister.

But, she still had a lot of worries, didn't dare to disturb and didn't dare to be presumptuous.

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### **Chapter 503 I can't let you go back by yourself**

Ash carried the clothes into the cloakroom, and Mikayla followed him.

Mikayla actually felt it very strange. They didn't do anything, but how could it be like this?

"Ash, what is going on with your back?" Mikayla asked.

"It's just an allergy. Come on. Put some medicine on me," Ash said.

He took out the ointment from the drawer, a new one that hadn't been unpacked yet.

He had had no allergies for a long time.

Mikayla asked suspiciously, "But we haven't eaten yet."

Most of the allergens she can think of were related to food.

However, she had eaten with Ash so many times, but she had never heard of any allergens he had.

"Allergic to the fabric," Ashton said.

Mikayla froze for a moment. Her gaze moved from Ash's hand to the bags on the ground.

Her face instantly turned pale.

So, it was her who caused Ash to become like this?

Just thinking about it made Mikayla sad as hell.

Her eyes drooped, and her voice became sobbing in an instant, "I'm sorry. I don't know..."

Ash raised his hand and landed on Mikayla's head, saying, "Don't blame yourself. I didn't tell you and I haven't had allergies for a long time. I already thought I was fine, so I didn't mention this. It's not your fault, OK?"

Mikayla responded in a low voice, but tears still fell down.

Whether she knew it or not, it was all because of her.

Mikayla said, "Ash, let me give you the medicine. Don't make it worse."

As she spoke, she was about to go around behind Ash, but Ash grabbed her arm and pulled her to him.

Ash held her face in his hands, and met a pair of eyes blurred with tears. His heart seemed to be squeezed by force for an instant.

Brushing the corner of Mikayla's eye with his fingertips, Ash said, "Hey, I'm really fine. Don't cry, okay?"

However, when people were extremely sad, it was very easy to immerse themselves into sadness.

Mikayla was like this.

She was still trying hard to suppress her emotions, so as not to cry out. Although her tears had already flowed down, she was seeking to restrain herself.

However, after hearing Ash's words, Mikayla couldn't control herself at all, and cried out directly.

"I'm sorry, Ash. I'm sorry. I really didn't mean to. I'm sorry..."

Mikayla sobbed grievously and covered her face with her hands like a wounded animal.

Ash's heart hurt very much. He stretched out his hand, hugged her into his arms, and comforted her softly, "I know. I don't blame you, really. Look, I'm fine. It's just a little red, not painful or itchy, really."

Mikayla raised her head from Ash's arms while sniffing. Looking at him pitifully, she asked, "Really?"

She just thought that Ash was lying to herself.

How could it not hurt?

How could it not itch?

Although she didn't have allergies herself, she had heard of many allergic symptoms, so she can't be indifferent as Ash said.

Indeed, Ash had indeed lied to her.

He was actually very painful and itchy, and the tingling became more severe as time passed.

But Ash didn't want to show it in front of Mikayla.

He didn't want to scare her. Originally, she had already blamed herself enough for this matter.

Mikayla cried for a long time before poking her head out of Ash's arms, looking up at him pitifully.

Ash rubbed her head and said, "Give me the medicine first, okay?"

Mikayla nodded, only to realize that Ash was still wearing the clothes she had bought.

She hurriedly said, "Ash, take off your clothes quickly."

If it wasn't for the medicine or the need to take off his clothes, Ash would have thought that he had encountered some kind of bandit.

Ash turned away and began to unbutton the buttons.

Mikayla's gaze fell on him without blinking, and she didn't have any evil intentions. However, directly being seen still made him feel a little uncomfortable.

The tips of his ears turned red again.

No matter what he did, he would never have imagined that one day he would feel so uncomfortable because of the eyes of a girl.

Mikayla didn't even notice it now. She just wanted Ash to take off his clothes quickly so she could see what his back was like.

However, when Ash really took off his clothes, Mikayla's eyes became even more red in an instant.

The tears that were finally stopped, welled up again.

Ash's back was already red and swollen, which was very frightening.

If it had been someone else, Mikayla would have been terrified by the sight in front of her.

However, this person was Ash, and she only had deep distress and self-blame.

Mikayla walked over and said hoarsely, "Ash, why don't you lie down on the bed so I can apply the medicine to you?"

Ash responded and was very cooperative.

Mikayla opened the box and squeezed out the ointment.

Ash said, "Just put it on. It doesn't matter how much you apply, and it's okay how thick you apply it."

Mikayla responded with a low voice and was very careful not to make Ash feel uncomfortable, though Ash told her that he wasn't in pain.

However, Mikayla was not a fool, but very clear how could it not hurt?

It was totally impossible.

Mikayla's eyes were blurred, and her tears hit Ash's back.

Ash sighed silently, feeling very complicated.

He was very happy that Mikayla worried about him and cared about him so much.

However, he was very distressed and wanted to tell her that there was no need to worry like this.

He really didn't feel painful.

Mikayla's movements were very gentle. The ointment was on her hand, and it fell on Ash's skin, bringing a cool feeling.

This feeling made Ash somewhat more comfortable.

After Mikayla had smeared his entire back, she asked, "Ash, where else are you feeling unwell?"

From where she could see it, the back was applied with the medicine and she couldn't see elsewhere that was still red.

Ash said, "No, it's only the back every time. Not anywhere else."

Mikayla confirmed with him several times before saying, "Don't lie to me. If there is still swelling, you must tell me."

Ash gave a low laugh and said, "I won't lie to you. Don't worry."

Mikayla pursed her lips, trying to talk back, because he was already lying to her.

However, she held back and didn't insist.

After applying the ointment, Mikayla felt a little uncomfortable.

Here, after all, was a man's room.

Now, Ash was still lying on the bed with his upper body bare, though he cannot move because of the ointment.

However, under such circumstances, the atmosphere became inexplicably ambiguous.

Mikayla suddenly didn't know what she was supposed to do. It seemed wrong to stand or sit.

Where to sit was also a problem.

Ash felt that the ointment on his back was almost absorbed, and got up from the bed on his arms.

Then, he saw Mikayla shrinking and standing against the wall.

Ash frowned and asked, "Why are you standing like this?"

It was like being punished, so pitiful.

Mikayla bit her lip and said, "Ash, I have to go back."

It was very late. She can't spend the night with him.

Ash said, "Wait for me for another hour, and I'll take you back."

Although the ointment was absorbed now, he still couldn't put on his clothes. He had to make it cry.

"No, I can go back by myself," Mikayla said.

"No," Ash said seriously, "Either stay here, or wait for me to drive you home. I can't let you go back by yourself."

#### **Chapter 504 Be so principled**

Inexplicably, Mikayla's heart skipped a beat when she heard Ash's words.

She really thought that Ash was so handsome and domineering, and she really liked it.

No wonder, in those novels and TV dramas, domineering president's persona was so popular.

Although Ash was not like that, the aura he exuded at the moment made Mikayla unable to take her eyes off at all.

Mikayla nodded obediently and said, "I'll wait for you."

She didn't dare to live here.

Ash pulled a chair over and gestured for Mikayla to sit over, "What are you doing standing against the wall? I'm not punishing you."

Mikayla sat down obediently, but only dared to look at her feet.

Ash's upper body was naked now, and she was too afraid to raise her eyes to look at him.

Ash was very helpless about this. He got up and went to the cloakroom, took a pajamas, and put it on from the front, leaving the buttons unbuttoned, so that his back was exposed.

Mikayla burst out laughing, and couldn't help but think that Ash's face was so pretty. A nondescript look gave him a sense of fashion.

Ash heard her laugh and asked, "What's wrong? What are you laughing at?"

"No, I just think, you are so handsome." Mikayla blurted out.

Without thinking twice at all, she just said what she thought directly.

Ash sneered. How could she be so attractive and say such flattering words from time to time?

How could he not like it?

An uncontrollable emotion surged up in his heart, and Ash even felt that it was a mistake to force her not to leave just now.

In his room, he was listening to her nice words.

Ash had some crooked thoughts.

Once with such thoughts, it was difficult for him to calm down.

However, Ash didn't really do anything, and can't.

He can only fight against his nature by himself and suppressed his emotions.

Mikayla didn't know what Ash was thinking, and started to wander around Ash's room.

The first time she had looked at the room so carefully since she entered Ash's room.

Soon, Mikayla discovered a problem that Ash's room was not very much like a man's room.

In her impression, a man's room will have a tough style. Dark colors were the most common, and the cold style was even more numerous.

But Ash's room was a very warm in color, and there were many cute little objects.

Mikayla stood up, walked to a cabinet, and saw the figurines on it. Many of them were Disney princesses.

Mikayla turned around, looked at Ash, and said, "Ash, you actually like these gadgets."

Ash came over. His eyes fell on those figurines, and said, "When I was a child, I often had allergies. And I couldn't go to many places, so I could only stay at home and watch cartoons. Over time, it became a very important part of my memory."

Mikayla looked up at Ash and said, "Ash, you were so pitiful when you were young."

When she was a child, she was quite wild, and very reckless.

If, like Ash, she can't go out to play, but can only watch cartoons at home, she will definitely be very irritable.

"Not so pathetic," Ash said.

He was not the type who had to go out to play, and he actually didn't like things played by boys of the same age.



Since he was very young, he had shown a super high IQ, and it was very common for him to immerse himself into exercises.

However, there was no need to talk to Mikayla about these.

Mikayla's eyes fell on those figures again, and she was attracted by a little princess in a yellow dress.

That was Belle, one of the few Disney characters that Mikayla liked.

Ash said, "Do you like this?"

He took Princess Belle off, put it beside Mikayla's ear, gestured, and said, "It looks quite similar to you."

Mikayla was speechless.

Really? Obviously, she was even cuter.

Ash looked into her eyes and knew what she was thinking.

With a low laugh, Ash said, "It looks so much like you, so I won't give it to you."

Mikayla was confused.

Why did she feel that something was wrong?

Although she didn't mean to want this figurine, she still felt weird when she heard Ash say that.

Ash put the figurine back. It looked very precious.

That was outrageous.

However, Mikayla savored Ash's words again. She looked a lot like her, so he won't give it to her.

If she was not mistaken, then...

Mikayla giggled, with an inexplicable sense of pleasure welling up in her heart.

This kind of emotion was beautiful, sweeping her whole body.

Mikayla suddenly became more courageous, blinking her eyes, and approaching Ash.

She raised her chin slightly, looked at Ash, and said, "Ash, do you like me?"

Ash's body froze, as if his breathing had stopped.

He looked down at Mikayla, and the girl looked at him with a smug look on her face, as if she was saying: "Don't argue. I can see it."

Ash said, "What do you want?"

Mikayla smiled and said, "I don't want to do anything. I just feel very happy."

Ash raised his hand and flicked Mikayla's forehead, saying, "About this question, I will answer you after the college entrance examination, okay?"

He really wanted to directly express his feelings to the girl, but at this moment, if he really did this, he would most likely be killed when Aimee found out.

Ash didn't have the guts to challenge the majesty of Aimee.

Mikayla tilted her head. Anyway, it won't be long.

She will just wait. When the time came, she can ask him again.

Ash changed the subject, pointed to the figurines, and said, "Take whichever you like."

Mikayla froze for a moment when she heard this.

She was a little shocked at what she heard.

Although she was not a figurine lover herself, she knew very well that for many people, figurines were their life.

If other people wanted to move their figures, it was a big no-no.

So, Ash was so generous that it shocked Mikayla.

However, since Ash said so, then...

Just when Mikayla was about to play tricks, she heard Ash say, "Not this one."

He firmly protected Princess Belle, not giving Mikayla a chance to speak at all.

Mikayla flattened her mouth. He had guessed what she was thinking. This feeling was really terrible.

"What if I like this?" she said.

Seeing her expression, Ash curled his lips when he heard her childish words, and said, "It's not that I can't give it to you."

Mikayla's eyes lit up, and she was joyful when she heard Ash say, "I'll give it to you after you take the college entrance examination."

After the examination, she would be his girlfriend, so he didn't need to keep this figure any more.

In fact, Ash didn't particularly like Princess Belle at first, but suddenly discovered that Mikayla looked very similar to her, which turned him into one of his favorites.

In this way, before confessing, he can think of her when see this figure.

Mikayla pursed her lips, and snorted dissatisfiedly, "Ash, do you know that it's very dangerous to keep a candidate in suspense."

If she kept thinking about things after the examination every day, and failed the exam, it will end up miserably.

Ash said, "I trust you. You won't be affected."

Mikayla was upset. Why was this man so bad that she can't get any information from him?

Sighing, Mikayla was out of luck.

Was there any way? She can only wait until after the examination.

She did not expect that Ash would be so principled in this respect.

### **Chapter 505 But he wins again**

At ten o'clock in the evening, Mikayla yawned and said to Ash, "Ash, I'm going back."

If she didn't go back, she will fall asleep.

Ash curled his lips, went to get a piece of clothing to put on, and said, "Let's go. I'll take you home."

Mikayla nodded, but still asked with some concern, "But, Ash, are you really okay?"

She didn't want to make him work hard or make him tired at all.

Ash said, "It's okay. Let's go. Don't worry. I really don't hurt."

Mikayla nodded, and then obediently followed Ash out.

At this moment, Mikayla was so sleepy that she completely forgot how she hid herself when she came here.

Ash smiled and thought that she was so adorable.

He said, "If you are really sleepy, you don't have to go back. There are many rooms here. You can live in any one."

Mikayla shook her head and said, "No, if my sister finds out, she will fix me."

Even if Ash didn't live alone, it was still a shy thing for Mikayla.

If her sister knew that she went to a man's house to spend the night, she didn't know if she would be disappointed in herself.

Mikayla sniffed and said to Ash, "Ash, after I pass the examination, I can stay here."

What she said was serious, which made Ash helpless and comforting.

For the girl, the examination seemed to be a watershed. From then on, she was an adult, and she no longer had to pay attention to some things just because she was a girl.

As what she said, after the examination, she can stay overnight, which meant that she can follow her heart and approach him.

Ash curled his mouth, and was very moved by such sincere words.

Raising his hand and rubbing Mikayla's head, Ash said, "Okay, after your examination."

As the two got into the car, Mikayla leaned crookedly on the seat, and soon fell asleep.

Ash looked at Mikayla's sleeping face in astonishment.

How could she be so sleepy?

He took his movements lightly, and the car drove extremely smoothly.

Arriving at Homelux, Ash stopped the car steadily, turned his head and saw that she had slept a little more soundly, and smiled softly, but he was not willing to wake her up after all.

Looking at Mikayla with his head tilted like this can relieve the discomfort in his back.

Even though his back felt cool after the ointment, it was still very painful.

In front of Mikayla, Ash showed nothing, and didn't feel any difficulty in breathing.

Only he himself knew how uncomfortable his back was.

However, looking at her peaceful sleeping face, Ash seemed to have forgotten all the pain in an instant.

Just looking at her like this, he felt he can look at her for a long time.

The phone rang suddenly, drawing Ash's attention back and waking up Mikayla who was sleeping.

Ash took out his mobile phone and couldn't help rolling his eyes.

He directly hung up the phone, looked at Mikayla again, and asked, "Did that scare you?"

"No," Mikayla shook her head before realizing they were in the car, "Ash, why didn't you wake me up?"

She felt like she had slept for a long time.

Ash said, "Seeing that you are sleeping soundly, I don't want to wake you up."

"So how long have I been asleep?" Mikayla asked.

As she asked, she had already raised her wrist, and after seeing the time on it clearly, she was stunned for an instant.

It was already past twelve o'clock, and she had slept in the car for more than an hour.

Mikayla immediately said apologetically, "Ash, go back quickly. I'm going up."

With that said, she opened the car door and got out of the car, not daring to delay any longer.

After Ash saw her trotting all the way into the elevator, he looked away.

Taking his phone, Ash made a call.

No one answered, and the phone call was canceled before hanging up automatically.

Ash was speechless. Why was he so childish?

However, there was nothing he could do. The guy had to wait until he felt better before answering the phone.

Ash called the fifth in a row before the call was answered.

He said speechlessly, "How old are you? Still play this kind of trick."

Douglas laughed and said, "What's the matter? I'm happy. You hang up first."

"I have something to do," Ash said, "I haven't scolded you yet. What time is it? Why are you so free?"

"What did you do in the middle of the night?" Douglas said. After he finished speaking, he seemed to think of something again, and his voice became muffled, "Coaxing the girl again? Ash, is she an adult? You are a beast."

Ash instantly scowled.

This bastard was always ironic to him.

He was speechless, wanting to scold him very much.

Ash really did just that, opening his mouth and saying, "That's because I don't want to be like you. Still single at an old age."

Douglas didn't speak for a long time.

Ash could hear him grinding his teeth, and he was sure that if he was in front of Douglas now, he would punch himself unceremoniously

After a long time, Douglas said, "I don't want to chat with you about this. I just want to tell you, if you have nothing to do recently, help me manage the company. I have something to deal with."

"No, I'm not free." Ash refused.

What a joke! He knew what Douglas was up to.

He asked him to help him, and when he was really there, he couldn't leave.

Oh, perish his thought.

Ash said, "I am no longer a child. You can't trick me."

After speaking, Ash didn't wait for Douglas to say anything, but hung up the phone directly.

He was in a good mood, and he won again.

It felt so good.

### **Chapter 506 Walking towards him step by step**

Douglas looked at the phone that had gone dark, and his expression was terribly ugly.

This bastard! Who did he learn these things from? He didn't even listen to his brother's words. He was so mad at him.

Returning to the room with a gloomy face, his eyes fell on the information on the table again.

Douglas frowned and felt endlessly heavy.

That information was about Martha.

Martha had appeared in his world in disguise for seven years, and it can be said that she had penetrated into the core of their group.

It was impossible that Douglas was defenseless against her.

So, he sent someone to investigate Martha.

However, the materials he received shocked him beyond measure.

Douglas opened the files again, and there were various photos displayed on it, all of which were Martha's experiences.

Even if it was not the first time to watch it, Douglas still felt very heartbroken when he saw it again.

In the photos, Martha was thin and small, and curled up in a dark and damp corner. Her whole body was huddled up. Her wrists and ankles were tied with iron chains. Her skin was broken, and her flesh was bloody, which looked very pitiful.

And the horror in her eyes was something Douglas couldn't get rid of from his mind.

Those eyes, in fact, did not relate to the present Martha.

It was just inexplicable that Douglas had a familiar feeling. It seemed that this pair of eyes had been seen somewhere before.

Douglas couldn't remember for a while, and he had no memory of where he had seen the owner of these eyes.

However, somewhere in the dark, Douglas had such an impression.

This information showed that Martha was brought back from Juplye, and Douglas remembered that he had been to Juplye.

It was very early at that time. He was only fifteen or sixteen years old at that time, and he went there with his father.

His father was on a mission. Although he followed there, he stayed in a hotel room and never left.

So, no matter what, Douglas couldn't think of whether he had met Martha.

Douglas called Ash. In fact, he wanted him to help him manage the company for a period of time. He wanted to go to Juplye to have a look and find out the experience of the year, the truth and so on.

However, Ash, the bastard, was nothing short of a spoiled brat and couldn't help at all.

It really pissed him off.

Douglas put away the documents and locked them in a safe.

It was better not to let more people read this kind of thing.

However, this night, Douglas had a hard time calming down, and couldn't fall asleep all the time, as if he could see the pictures of Martha being abused as soon as he closed his eyes.

Douglas finally couldn't hold back, bounced off the bed, and walked out of the room.

He changed into clothes that he could go to work directly, took his car key and went out.

Douglas drove the car fast and dashed on the road, as if he was going to solve some important matter.

However, when he found that the environment was becoming more and more familiar, Douglas really got a headache.

It never occurred to him that he would actually drive the car here.

Douglas stopped the car and looked through the window. There was an old small building that didn't even have a security door. It looked very unsafe.

Here was Martha's residence.

Douglas sent her back from the hospital the day before yesterday that he discovered that she actually lived here.

For the past seven years, Martha had been on call, showing up before the time he asked for and leaving after the time he finished.

Douglas even wondered for a while whether Martha lived directly in the company. Otherwise, no matter what time he wanted to work on a whim, she would be able to arrive early.

However, after Douglas sent Martha back the other day, he found that she actually lived here, at least an hour and a half away from the company by car. Even if she took a taxi to and from work every day, there was nothing she can do about rush hour.

Douglas even had some doubts. Didn't he pay Martha a high enough salary? Why did she still live in such a place after seven years.

The house was old and unsafe, but most importantly, this place was really too far away from the company.

Martha's situation was very bad. After he sent her back, he was driven away by her.

Douglas complained about her in his heart. She was so rude that she didn't invite her boss to sit down for a while.

However, in order to take care of her emotions, Douglas didn't say anything after all.

However, he never thought that he came here once, and he remembered this place firmly.

At this moment, looking at this building without even a single light on, Douglas felt an indescribably complicated feeling.

He wondered what Martha was doing upstairs, and if she was any better.

In the past few days, he didn't bother her again.

He didn't know if she was still suffering, and didn't know how he could help her.

Of course, what made Douglas more concerned was that those experiences of Martha made him feel very scared.

If the things he did made her fall into panic about the past again, what should he do and how should he compensate her?

The more he thought about it, the more uncomfortable and depressed Douglas felt.

He opened the door, got out of the car, and lit a cigarette.

Just leaning on the car body and smoking two full packs of cigarettes, Douglas still didn't relieve his boredom.

He really wanted to go upstairs and knock on Martha's door, to ask her if she was okay now.

Did he need to do something?

Or, if she was very angry, she could beat him up.

As long as it made her happy, anything was fine.

However, Douglas didn't even know which floor she lived on.

He hesitated and struggled, wondering whether he should call her or not.

No matter what, she should show her boss respect.

However, when Douglas took the phone over, he did nothing.

He had dialed Martha's number, but still hadn't pressed the button.

This feeling was very subtle, and Douglas didn't know what he was struggling with.

He only knew that at this moment, he was really very uncomfortable.

However, Douglas heard a sound, which was the sound of footsteps coming from the corridor.

He turned his head and saw Martha's figure.

She was wearing pajamas and her hair was loose, and she was walking towards him step by step.

### **Chapter 507 Don't even dare to breathe**

Martha's dress today was very different from usual.

At least, compared with the past seven years, she looked very different for Douglas.

Over the years, Martha had always been wearing formal suits. And the colors were always black, white and gray, as if there was no other color on her body.

Not to mention those cute and lovely series, even colorful things were impossible to appear on her body.

Moreover, Martha almost never wore any jewelry. Even if she accompanied him to a banquet, she always wore a smart suit.



Many times, some people even thought that Martha was not Douglas' secretary at all, but a bodyguard. If she were to wear black sunglasses, she would really look like a bodyguard.

In particular, for many men, the identity of a secretary had a meaning that made people daydream.

However, such a thing had never happened to Martha.

But now, at this moment, Martha who appeared in front of Douglas was wearing a set of very cute bear pajamas and a baby bear headband on her head. She looked soft and cute, and didn't apply such a thick foundation with several shades deeper on her face, which made her face look younger. Even if she said she was a college student, no one will doubt her.

Douglas wasn't even sure that the person walking towards him was really Martha.

His eyes fell on Martha's face and he watched her come toward him.

For a split second, Douglas didn't even know what to say to her.

He didn't even know how to explain why he was here.

It was Martha who spoke first. She smiled at Douglas and said, "Mr. Torres, why are you here?"

Her voice was as calm as before, without any emotions.

But inexplicably, Douglas felt uneasy.

He gave Martha a few days off without specifying when she would go back to work, but now, Douglas didn't want her to go on vacation.

He was worried that when Martha reappeared in the company, would she submit a resignation letter to him?

Douglas' sight was tightly stuck to Martha's face, which made Martha very dazed and at a loss.

She looked at Douglas and called him again, "Mr. Torres."

Douglas came back to his senses and said, "Why did you get down?"

At this moment, it was already two o'clock in the night. If there was no work, Martha should have fallen asleep.

However, she just appeared in front of him.

Martha said, "I heard your car."

Douglas was startled, and couldn't take his eyes off her.

The sound of his car was indeed special, but he didn't expect that Martha would recognize it immediately.

"I've been here for a long time," Douglas said.

Martha nodded and said, "It's been three hours. Mr. Torres, aren't you sleepy?"

Douglas looked at Martha. Listening to her say these words in a calm tone, he felt more complicated.

He did not know how to describe his mood. He wanted to ask Martha many questions, but he could not do it.

Martha said, "You came to see me. Didn't you have something to do?"

He didn't speak, which really made her very embarrassed.

Douglas said, "I just wanted to ask you, how are you recovering? When can you come back to work?"

As soon as he asked the questions, Douglas saw Martha's eyes flicker slightly, and her complexion changed.

His hunch came true that Martha really wanted to resign.

Martha said, "Mr. Torres, I think I may not be suitable to work for you anymore."

"Why?" Douglas' voice was a little colder. He had a premonition, so he was even more unhappy.

Martha lowered her eyes, not daring to look at Douglas.

She bit her lip and said, "You know, I used that image for seven years in Torres Group. Now, if I change my image, people will definitely criticize you. I don't want to put you out."

In the past few days, she thought a lot. In seven years, what she wanted to do was actually done, and she would leave like this without any regrets.

The only thing that might make her feel regretful was that she...

Martha raised her eyes and looked towards Douglas, but met his extremely indifferent eyes.

For a moment, Martha felt that her body had fallen into a ice cellar.

Sure enough, he hated her.

Even if she explained that she never had any intention of hurting him, nor would she hurt the interests of the company, but in the end, she had used such a face by his side for seven years, so he should be very concerned about it.

Martha pursed her lips tightly. She was always calm and self-possessed, but her eyes were still reddened uncontrollably.

She couldn't restrain the emotions in her heart, those emotions related to him.

Martha didn't want to continue talking to Douglas, but suppressed her emotions, trying to keep her voice calm.

She said, "Mr. Torres, it's late. You'd better go back and rest early. In the morning, I will send my resignation letter to your mailbox, goodbye."

After finishing speaking, Martha turned around, and before raising her foot, she said, "Mr. Torres, smoking hurts your body, so please smoke less in the future."

Martha bit her lip to control herself, not to cry out.

She was sad and heartbroken.

Tears were about to fall, but she couldn't let her tears fall before returning to her room.

Martha lifted her feet and walked forward, step by step, with her back straight, not allowing herself to slack off.

She absolutely did not allow her to be a little cowardly.

However, just as she was about to reach the stairs, her arm was pulled by vigorously.

Douglas turned her around directly so that she was face to face with him.

Startled by his action, Martha opened her mouth uncontrollably and looked at him blankly.

Douglas was originally full of anger, but after pulling her over, what he met was a pair of red eyes.

The unshed tears swirled in her eye sockets, making Douglas feel as if he had been stabbed hard.

There was no way to even utter the words that came to his lips.

Douglas looked at Martha. The force in his hand was very heavy. It seemed to hurt Martha. Her face turned pale, and her voice trembled uncontrollably, "It hurts..."

However, Douglas did not let go of her because of this, but squeezed Martha's arm even harder.

"I won't allow you to resign," he said.

Martha seemed to have been wronged. Hearing what he said, she finally couldn't hold back, and burst into tears.

She said, "Mr. Torres, let me go. I'm in pain..."

As she spoke, Martha used her hand to break Douglas' hand off.

However, her strength was too small in front of him.

"Tell me you're not resigning," Douglas said.

Martha bit her lip when she heard that, and refused to let go no matter what.

She endured the pain and didn't make any sound anymore. She just looked at Douglas with tears in her eyes, as if she wanted to fight him to the end.

Douglas was stimulated by her, but in the end, he was not willing to use more force.

With a calm voice, he said it again, "Tell me, you won't resign."

Martha was still biting her lip, trying not to make any sound.

Douglas couldn't bear her attitude. He squinted his eyes, and couldn't allow himself to be in such a stalemate with her here.

He directly carried her up and walked towards the car with strides.

Martha didn't expect Douglas to do this at all, and she lost one of the slippers on her feet.

Such actions made Martha feel particularly insecure.

She was lying on Douglas' shoulder.

Martha kicked, and finally couldn't help but said, "Mr. Torres, let me go. What are you going to do? Let me go quickly."

Douglas ignored her yelling and said, "Shut up if you don't want to wake up your neighbors."

Martha was like a defeated rooster, without a sound.

She bit her lip tightly, but still wanted to fight Douglas to the end.

She pinched Douglas hard on the back, but it had not effect on Douglas.

On the contrary, her actions, in the eyes of Douglas, seemed like a child throwing a tantrum.

Martha was quickly put into the car by Douglas, and she was firmly buckled in the passenger seat with the seat belt.

Subconsciously, she was about to unbuckle her seat belt and escape, but was warned by Douglas, "If you dare to get out of the car, I dare to wake up everyone in this building."

Martha couldn't afford to it, so she could only bite her lip and look at Douglas.

She never knew that Douglas could be this crazy.

Douglas bypassed the body of the car and got into the car. He didn't even bother to fasten the seat belt, and started the car directly.

The speed was fast, a speed Martha had never experienced before.

Her face was pale, and she held the seat belt tightly with both hands, not even daring to breathe.

### **Chapter 508 Dare not ask him what he wants to do**

Instead of driving the car elsewhere, Douglas drove back to his apartment.

Martha actually didn't know what he was going to do, but didn't think too much about it. She never thought that Douglas would do anything to hurt her.

So, when she saw that Douglas had brought herself back to the apartment, she calmed down instead, without any fear.

Douglas heard her sigh of relief.

He twitched the corner of his mouth lightly and said, "Trust me so much? You're not scared now?"

Just now, she obviously looked like she was going to be scared to death.

Martha had calmed down by now, returning to her usual businesslike demeanor.

She said, "Mr. Torres, I have worked for you for seven years."

If she didn't have the trust, then she wouldn't have persisted for so long.

Douglas was not happy when he heard the words. Instead, he just sneered and said, "It's been seven years before I know what you really look like. Do you still think time has any meaning?"

Martha stopped talking.

Indeed, it was very understandable that he would be angry when she kept it from him for seven years.

Only...

Martha said, "If you're still angry about this, I sincerely apologize to you. If you need any compensation from me, you can tell me, and I will do it."

What she said was so sincere that people couldn't even pick out the slightest mistake.

However, it was just like this that made Douglas feel annoyed.

After he parked the car, he said, "Come in with me first. There will be times when you pay the price."

Martha bit her lip, but didn't resist.

She knew very clearly that it would be an idiot's act to confront Douglas now.

She had already been brought here, so it can be said that she cannot escape.

So, for her own good, it was better to be obedient. Otherwise, if she annoyed Douglas, maybe he will go crazy.

After all, she had been his secretary for seven years, and understood Douglas' madness.

She was very scared.

So, for her own good, Martha thought, it would be best not to annoy him.

Douglas had been observing Martha's expression all the time. However, what annoyed him was that he was used to Martha's previous face. Among the subtle changes, he noticed the change in her mood.

However, with this expression now, Douglas was really depressed.

Obviously there was no cover, but it made him unable to see through.

Douglas even wondered if he was an idiot. Otherwise, how could he be so deeply defeated by this woman.

Martha didn't know what Douglas was thinking. She obediently opened the car door and was about to get out of the car, but only then did she realize that she only had one slipper on her foot.

She had resentment.

She liked this pair of slippers very much. As long as she was at home, they will never leave her feet.

But now, one was lost.

A grievance flashed across her eyes. Martha secretly scolded Douglas in her heart.

She even badly hoped that Douglas would also lose his beloved object.

However, this kind of emotion can't be shown in front of Douglas naturally.

Martha withdrew her thoughts and was about to get out of the car when she saw Douglas walking over.

His eyes fell on her foot, the bare foot. She was hesitated and didn't know whether to step on the ground or not.

Douglas' eyes darkened, and in the next second, he reached out and hugged Martha.

Startled by his movement, Martha looked at Douglas in astonishment, and wrapped her arms around his neck instinctively.

Douglas directly carried her out of the car, and strode towards the door.

Martha didn't recover for a while, and completely forgot to say something to Douglas.

She should have asked Douglas to put her down.

However, the smell on Douglas made her completely reluctant to do it.

She longed for this feeling.

Martha's eyes turned red.

She didn't even know what to do next.

Douglas didn't notice the change in her mood, but strode towards the sofa.

Although his actions were domineering and it can even be said that they were somewhat arrogant, when he put Martha on the sofa, his movements were very gentle.

Martha wasn't used to his tenderness.

She sniffed, but couldn't control her voice.

"Thanks."

Her voice was very hoarse, and if he listened carefully, he could tell that she was sobbing.

Douglas said, "You're welcome."

Martha bit her lip and lowered her head. Her eyes fell on her feet. One was bare and the other had a slipper. They looked so weird.

Just when she was feeling restless, Douglas had already come over with a pair of slippers, and squatted down in front of her.

Martha's eyes widened in astonishment. She was unable to believe what she saw.

She couldn't believe it at all that Douglas just squatted in front of her, grabbed her ankles, and put the slippers on her feet.

Ankle were very sensitive places, and Martha subconsciously wanted to retract her foot, but Douglas firmly controlled it.

Martha looked at Douglas, and the touch of the skin on her ankle made her tremble uncontrollably.

This feeling of electricity made it difficult for Martha to breathe.

Fortunately, Douglas just put on her slippers and did nothing else.

Martha finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Soon, however, Martha was not calm again.

It was not the first time she came to Douglas' residence. Whether she came to deliver documents to him, or came to help him pick up things, or came to sort out materials with him, in the last seven years, there had been an extraordinary amount of time when coming to this territory.

Today, however, was the first time Martha felt so uncomfortable.

She didn't know how to describe her feelings.

This oppressive feeling made her very overwhelmed.

Martha kept her head down, not daring to look at what Douglas was doing, and not daring to ask him what he wanted to do.

She just felt that the current situation made her very difficult to bear.

Douglas, on the other hand, seemed to have no feelings at all, and went about his own business.

After he put Martha's slippers on, he went to the kitchen.

Martha wanted to see what he was up to, but didn't dare.

After she waited for about ten minutes, Douglas walked over again.

### **Chapter 509 I just don't want to**

Martha raised her head upon hearing the sound, looked at Douglas, and saw him walking over with two cups of coffee in his hand.

Her heart skipped a beat, and that uneasy feeling became more and more serious.

No one drank coffee at three or four in the morning.

Martha curled her fingers and looked at Douglas nervously, trying to read something from his expression, but there was nothing.

Douglas put a cup of coffee in front of Martha and held one in his hand.

He sat directly on the sofa opposite Martha, stretched his long legs slightly, and just looked at her.

Martha's eyes fell on the coffee, trying to avoid Douglas' gaze.

Douglas didn't seem to be in a hurry, but just sipped his coffee carefully.

If it weren't for the time now, this would really be a good state for drinking coffee.

Douglas sipped a cup of coffee slowly, did not speak during the period, but just looked at Martha quietly.

He said, "Don't you want to drink it? Do you think that my coffee making skills are not as good as yours?"

Martha was speechless.

She thought about it carefully, and it seemed to be the case.

In the past seven years, she had never had coffee made by Douglas, and she made coffee every time for him instead.

It was fair to say that no one in the world knew Douglas's tastes better than she did.

Martha picked up the coffee cup and took a sip from it.

The coffee was a little cold at this moment.

Moreover, she didn't know if Douglas did it on purpose. Her cup of coffee had no milk or sugar. It was so bitter that she felt like her tongue was getting knotted.

Her face crumpled and she looked piteously at Douglas and would have rushed at him and strangled him if she could.

This man was clearly taking revenge on her.

Douglas curled the corners of his mouth, looked at her provocatively, and said, "It's terrible? I think so too."

Martha became even more speechless.

Her eyes fell on Douglas' cup of coffee.

Although he had finished drinking it, judging from the residue, it should be exactly the same as hers.

Martha felt much better now.

However, the next second, Martha's mood became complicated again.

Douglas was a picky man, which was almost outrageous.

If she could, she didn't want to meddle in his business at all in terms of taste.

However, in the past seven years, Martha had been "tortured" by Douglas in every aspect of this matter.

Of course, she had also been trained because of this. As long as Douglas looked at her, she will know that there was something wrong with the stuff in his mouth.

Taking coffee for example, Douglas must drink sweet, double milk, and double sugar coffee.

Now Douglas was actually drinking the same flavor of coffee as her, which made her very shocked.



And an indescribable feeling came to her heart.

After a while, Martha said, "Mr. Torres, it turns out that you are not completely incapable of drinking bitter coffee."

He did drink it up just now.

Douglas said, "I can drink what other people can drink, but I don't want to."

Well, that was all he could say.

### **Chapter 510 Too ambiguous**

Martha gulped down a whole cup of coffee and put the cup on the table.

She looked at Douglas and said, "Just tell me what you want from me."

She can't stand the awkward atmosphere now.

If she continued to stay in the same space with Douglas, she was afraid that she would not be able to hold back.

Douglas laughed angrily at her attitude.

He had a temper and the gaze he looked at Martha became much colder.

It was not the first time Martha had looked at him like this. On the contrary, there had been many times in the past seven years when he was like this.

It was just that most of the time it was a work problem that got Douglas to look at her that way.

In the first two years, there were more.

Later, there will be no mistakes in her work, and there will be no more such gazes.

Obviously, now Douglas looked at her like this. It was not because there was a problem with her work, but because he simply had problems with her.

Martha bit her lip, but said nothing.

She had already made up her mind, so no matter what she will face next, she will not speak.

Douglas saw her attitude.

He said, "Do you really want to resign?"

Martha still didn't speak, but raised her eyes and looked at Douglas. Her eyes had already expressed her meaning clearly.

Douglas said, "In the past seven years, have I treated you badly? The company has treated you badly?"

As Martha heard him mention this again, she immediately said, "You don't need to say that. You know, I have never thought of it like this before, and it will only make me feel very sad. I will only think I'm not good enough to make you misunderstand me."

Douglas said, "Sad? Oh, I don't understand. What is your sadness?"

When Martha heard him say this, she knew that he was angry, and what she said at this time was meaningless.

Only by letting Douglas vent can the problem be solved.

However, it was obvious that Douglas' anger was very terrible this time, and for a while, Martha didn't know how to subside it.

Martha was silent for a long time before saying, "Why don't you tell me how you want me to make up for it."

She didn't have much, and if something had to be done to make Douglas happy, it wasn't impossible.

Martha quickly calculated in her mind the chips she had, which could make up for Douglas' loss after losing his right-hand secretary.

Thinking about her ability to work, if she left Torres Group, she must go to another company. Whether she did so or not, it would be a kind of harm to Douglas.

Sending his capable employee to the opposite company was a very frustrating thing.

When Martha thought about it, she felt that it was unkind of her to do so.

However, she really couldn't continue to be by Douglas' side as if nothing had happened.

However, even though she was ready to gamble and go bankrupt, Douglas' complexion still didn't improve at all.

He just looked at Martha like this, and his face became even more gloomy.

Martha was a little scared, and if the stalemate continued, it would not solve any problems, and would only make the situation worse.

Taking a deep breath, Martha said, "It doesn't make any sense for us to be in such a stalemate. There has to be someone who compromises."

"So you're just assuming I'm the one to compromise, right?" Douglas said.

Martha choked, but couldn't say anything to rebut it for a long time.

She didn't want this, but in fact, there was only this way.

Douglas also knew that there was nothing he could do about it when this woman was stubborn. Otherwise, she would not have persisted under such high pressure for seven years, so that he would never be able to pick out any mistakes.

However, it was because of this that Douglas would not let her go even more.

There was absolutely no such possibility.

Douglas said, "I can make it clearer, Martha. I don't care what purpose you have to work with me for seven years. You don't want me to know, so I don't need to get to the bottom of it, but, it is impossible for you to leave me."

Martha's fingers tightened suddenly, and she felt very turbulent.

Although she knew very well that what Douglas said was not to let her leave the company, it made her think of something else.

For a moment, Martha was a little overwhelmed.

She bit her lips tightly, not letting herself make any strange noises.

Douglas said, "Martha, don't wear my heart out."

Martha looked at Douglas in astonishment and didn't understand. These words sounded too ambiguous.

She couldn't help herself not to think about it.

However, there was no change in the expression on Douglas' face, and she couldn't tell from what angle he said this.

Martha was anxious, and when she didn't see the expression she wanted to see, she calmed down in an instant, and her face turned pale.

Sure enough, she shouldn't think about it.

Martha mocked herself fiercely from the bottom of her heart: Martha, don't you know what you are like? What are you wishing for?