

## Healing 571

### Chapter 571 Patrick is provoking him

Walter took the tray upstairs and pushed open April's door.

April was still asleep.

Walter hesitated, then gently put the tray aside and sent a message to Patrick. "Patrick, will you ask Aimee if I need to wake her up for dinner now?"

Soon, Patrick replied, "Yes."

Walter took the phone back, but there was a bit of a struggle.

Seeing April sleeping so soundly and with such a sweet expression on her face, Walter was reluctant to wake her up.

However, for April's body, Walter was very helpless. He can only walk over and called April up.

April opened her eyes in a daze, but didn't seem upset.

She looked at Walter and asked, "Did you wake me up for dinner?"

Walter heard that, smiled, and said, "Are you hungry?"

"I'm not hungry," April said, shaking her head. "But Dr. Read said I need to eat on time, take my medicine on time, and then get more sleep."

Ever since she had woken up from the operation, she had been woken up in her sleep and given her meds and meals on time.

She was used to it.

April sat up in bed, looked at Walter, and asked expectantly, "What do I eat today?"

Although April can't eat a lot of things now, what she had everyday was still very delicious.

So, the time of eating every day became the time that April looked forward to most, though at dinner time, she will eat a bitter medicine.

Walter said, "Porridge, and some vegetables, cabbage."

April's eyes were already on the dinner plate, and when she saw a small piece of chicken, she was immediately happy.

"I can eat meat," April said with a smile.

For the past few days, she could only eat vegetables. Now she can eat meat.

She was so happy.

Walter looked at April's cute face and was instantly affected by her.

He brought the tray over and set it on the small table that had been set up. He looked around the room, but couldn't find the green pill that Aimee was talking about.

April saw his eyes and knew what he was looking for.

She said, "Are you looking for my medicine?"

Walter looked at April and said, "You're hiding it?"

April fumbled under her pillow and found a pill box that contained the pills that Walter was looking for.

Walter, dumbfounded, came over and took April's pill box.

He said, "No?"

"It's bitter," April said.

Even though April knew it was not something she can hide from, she still wanted to hide it.

Walter said, "Do you have any idea how much longer this is going to take?"

"A dozen days, maybe," April said.

Fortunately, she took this medicine once a day, and if she had to eat it at every meal, she wouldn't even eat.

Walter said, "Well, let's go for another 10 days or so, shall we?"

His voice was very gentle, as if to coax April.

April looked at Walter for a long moment and said, "You seem different since you've been back."

"Really?" Walter raised an eyebrow, looked at April, and, as if curious, asked, "What's different?"

"Everything's different," April said.

When abroad, this man was simply a bastard and won't be gentle to her.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have hit him while he was drinking.

When Walter heard that, he looked at April and said, "Do you like me abroad or do you like me at home?"

April's face was instantly hot, and her eyes subconsciously averted.

She didn't expect Walter to be so straight.

April pursed her lips and changed the subject. "I'm going to miss my medication time if you don't give it to me."

Walter smiled, knowing that she was shy, and said nothing more.

He sat down on the edge of the bed, picked up a spoon, and put a spoonful of porridge to April's lips.

April froze for a moment, then looked up at Walter, as if in disbelief.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Walter asked.

“I can do it myself,” April said.

Walter said, “Give it a chance.”

April kept an eye on Walter. There was no way to turn him down.

She nodded and ate the porridge with Walter’s help.

At the first bite, April’s heart was full of joy.

The taste of porridge was too good, making her have a good appetite.

On the second bite, April was still full of joy, thinking she could eat two big bowls of it.

By the third bite, however, April didn’t look good.

She took this bite so slowly that she didn’t want to swallow it at all.

Walter, of course, seemed to see April’s point of view.

He didn’t push her but just looked at her.

Only the pill in Walter’s hand was ready.

April felt a little helpless when Walter looked at her, but she resigned herself to swallowing the porridge.

She held out her hand to Walter and said, “Give it to me.”

Walter handed April both the pill and the water.

April grimaced that made her feel like she was exaggerating.

Obviously, when she took the medicine before, she did not have such a breakdown.

April took a deep breath, put on a brave face, and swallowed the medicine.

However, even though she had already taken a big gulp of water, her face was still contorted with bitterness.

Walter got a heartache, but he didn’t try to comfort April at this time.

After all, whatever he said now, he seemed to be saying after the fact.

April took a big gulp of water, but still felt the bitterness in her mouth.

Walter said, “You want a candy?”

April shook her head and said, “Dr. Read won’t let me have candy.”

Her face looked so sad that she didn’t even notice it, and she was acting like a spoiled brat in front of Walter.

Walter said, “Okay, no candy. Let’s go back to eating.”

He continued to feed April a mouthful of porridge, and added the dishes made by Aimee herself, which made April very satisfied.

"The food is so good today. It wasn't made by auntie, was it?" April asked.

"Aimee made it herself," Walter said.

April paused for a moment, then said, "Dr. Read is a good cook."

Walter said, "Really? I don't know how good she is."

April looked at Walter suspiciously and asked, "You haven't eaten?"

Walter said, "No, not yet. Wait till you finish eating."

April was momentarily moved and stared at Walter intently for a moment before saying, "You don't have to do this to me."

It made her feel so unreal that she couldn't believe it was happening.

Walter said, "You don't like it?"

April was a little bit overwhelmed by Walter's being straightforward.

She bit her lip. After a while, she said, "No."

She wasn't shy, and since Walter was so direct, she had nothing to hide.

The corners of Walter's mouth curled up when he heard that.

"As long as you like it," he said

April was in a good mood today, and her appetite was especially good. After she had finished all the food, she still wanted to eat more.

Walter looked at her face and asked, "Are you hungry?"

April wanted to say yes.

However, she can't eat much. That was Aimee's quota for her. Even when she was full, she needed to eat all of it. When she was not full, that was all.

However, before, April seemed to not be able to finish all the food. Today, it was rare.

Walter said, "Why don't I go get you some more?"

"No, these are fine," April said.

And most importantly, April didn't want Walter to feel she was like a pig.

A pig that ate well.

She was a girl after all and wanted to save her face.

Walter nodded and said, "Let me know if you need anything."

April said, "According to Dr. Read, I need to sleep. So hurry up and eat."

Walter nodded, took the tray and left April's room.

April wasn't really sleepy, but it was Aimee's idea that she would get more sleep when she can.

Besides, April didn't want Walter here with her on an empty stomach.

Walter came down the stairs and saw Aimee and Patrick on the couch. He thought they'd had their dinner and was on his way to the dining room when Patrick said, "You're slow. We're starving."

Patrick, who had helped Aimee to her feet, was walking towards the dining room.

Walter asked, "You two haven't eaten?"

"Waiting for you," Patrick said.

When Walter heard this, he raised an eyebrow and said, "I can't tell, Patrick, you're being so nice to me."

Patrick suddenly had some regrets, so it was unnecessary to wait for him.

As the three walked to the dining room, Walter said, "Aimee, April says you're a good cook."

Aimee smiled. "Thanks for the compliment," she said.

Patrick said, "Please pass that along."

Walter looked at Patrick speechlessly. This guy ...

Aimee was also helpless, squeezed Patrick's hand, and told him not to do so.

Patrick took Aimee's hand and said, "I'm making conversation for Walter."

What he said made Walter feel like he was a fool.

"No," he said. "April and I have a lot to talk about."

When Aimee and Patrick heard this, they gasped and said, "We'll be waiting for your good news."

Why did he think Patrick was provoking him?

### **Chapter 572 Really bad**

Matilda got a call from Francis, telling her to come to Canport with him tomorrow, as the first stop to promote Alby's Memoir, where all the production team needed to be there.

After telling Miles the news, Matilda smiled and said, "It's time to start the publicity. Snider wants to travel all over the country for the next month."

Miles pulled Matilda to him, sat her down beside him, and said, "Are you so happy?"

All this time, the two of them had been together, and it really upset Miles that Matilda was so happy.

Matilda said, "It's OK, not so happy."

However, the joy in her voice made Miles very unhappy.

He pinched Matilda's waist gently and said, "You're making me think that I didn't treat you well, and that's why you're so happy because you have to go to work."

"Not really, but it's definitely fun to go to work," Matilda said. "The show is officially on the air, and I can see if I'm going to be a big hit."

Miles squeezed Matilda's hand and said, "You're the top actress."

Matilda snorted, looked at Miles, and said, "You have so much faith in me?"

"You don't have faith in me?" Miles raised his eyebrows slightly, with an air of inexplicable ferocity.

Matilda smiled and said, "People say that being famous has a destiny, but I don't know if I have one."

Miles said, "I can't believe you don't have this."

As the person who was basically in charge of everything in the entertainment industry, if he did not have this discerning eye for people, then his entertainment company would not be able to continue to operate.

Matilda smiled when she heard Miles's arrogant words and said, "Does that mean that I have a huge backer, and that I'll be the one in charge of the entertainment industry from now on?"

"You can if you want to," Miles said.

He was hers, and his company was hers. What she wanted, of course, was only a matter of one sentence.

Matilda laughed, but she still said, "That's still not possible. I've done some research. Even if you force a lot of effort to make me famous, it's useless without the destiny."

Miles was a little helpless, but this girl was not the type to worry about such things.

He grabbed Matilda by the shoulder and asked, "What's wrong? Why the sudden loss of confidence?"

She wasn't like that when they signed the contract.

At that time, Matilda was a very confident person. And even he could not understand why she had such a strong sense of energy and faith.

Most of all, Miles was obsessed with Matilda like that.

The thought of Matilda now made Miles a little uncomfortable, even, a little worried.

Matilda said, "My identity is different now. I can't just think about myself. I have to think about you too. If I make such a big fuss, when my relationship with you becomes public, you'll be scolded as well."

Although she was not a famous star at the moment and did not have a fan base, she did know a lot about the fan club.

She didn't want any of that to fall on Miles.

So, from now on, she was not the same cocky Matilda she used to be.

She had to think more about the future.

Miles' heart was filled with emotions.

It was a shock that this woman can think of him in this way.

"You don't have to think about that," Miles said. "If I can't handle that, you don't have to choose me."

"No, it's your job to be strong, but as your girlfriend, I want to be able to protect you," Matilda said.

Miles was even more shocked.

He touched Matilda's head and said, "Thank you, Matilda."

Matilda burrowed into Miles's arms and said, "Well, I should get my things."

Although she was to leave for Canport tomorrow afternoon, very close to Innisrial, Francis told her that in a month's time, there would be little opportunity to return to Innisrial and ask her to take everything with her.

Miles sighed and said, "I don't really feel like doing it."

Once Matilda's things were packed, that meant he'll be alone for the next month.

Matilda kissed Miles on the cheek and said, "No, you can't be a hindrance to my career."

Miles had no choice but to stand up with Matilda.

Miles asked Matilda to move in with him a week ago.

One by one, Matilda's things moved in.

Miles was uncomfortable watching Matilda pull out her suitcase and packed her things up.

He was leaning against the door with his arms folded, looking at Matilda's figure and inexplicably wanting to go over and make trouble.

He did so with the idea in mind.

Miles took Matilda's clothes out which had been folded and put in the suitcase, and put them on the bed.

As soon as Matilda turned around, she saw the clothes she had tidied up on the bed.

She looked at Miles suspiciously and asked, "Don't tell me my clothes got into bed by themselves."

"I took them," Miles said.

Matilda looked at Miles, a little speechless, and said, "Well, why don't you explain to me why you're doing this?"

Miles pulled Matilda over and let her sit on his lap.

He said, "Let's do something else first, okay?"

"What?" Matilda looked over at Miles and said, "Whatever we do, I have to pack up first."

"Take your time," Miles said.

He threw the clothes out of Matilda's hands and turned her over in his arms.

Matilda was speechless.

Son of a . . .

Matilda pushed Miles and said, "Let go of me first."

"No," Miles said

Matilda was helpless that this man was so domineering.

However, she had no way to use violence against Miles, only to be "bullied" by him.

When Miles was satisfied, Matilda lay flat on the bed, unable to lift her arms.

She looked at Miles, and her voice was full of tenderness.

"If I don't get up and catch my flight today, you're going to get it," Matilda said.

However, her current tone, when she said such things, did not have the slightest deterrent effect.

Miles kissed her on the forehead and said, "Don't worry. I'll get you to the airport."

But her things were still unpacked.

She was still thinking that she would get up to clean them up.

Matilda was really tired, and after a while, she fell into a deep sleep.

Miles kissed Matilda on the forehead, rolled out of bed, and went to pack Matilda's things up.

As the boss and the biggest investor in Alby's Memoir, Miles knew where Matilda would go next.

In a place like Canport, where temperatures were similar to Innisrial's, there was no need to pack heavy clothes.

However, after going to the north, she needed to prepare some thick clothes.

The temperature in the north had not yet warmed up.

Although it was not that cold, she needed to keep herself warm.

Miles packed Matilda's bags and went back to bed.

Matilda had never shared a bed with anyone before, and had always thought she was completely incapable of sharing a bed with anyone else.

Who would have thought, after being with Miles, she seemed to particularly like the position in his arms.



As soon as Miles got close, she automatically leaned in.

Miles adjusted her gesture, held her in his arms and closed his eyes.

The next morning, Miles woke up early because of his body clock.

It was still early, so he went out and bought some breakfast.

He went out and bought Matilda's favorite food, thinking that Matilda would not be able to eat for a month.

However, when Miles came back, he went to wake Matilda up for breakfast, but he couldn't wake her up.

Miles could only let Matilda go back to sleep.

Anyway, it was an afternoon flight, so it was okay to let her sleep until she was satisfied.

Matilda had a really good night's sleep, making up for all the fatigue that Miles had put her through last night.

When she opened her eyes, she thought, since she slept so comfortable, today's trip will be very smooth.

Just as she was thinking, Matilda remembered that her luggage had not been packed.

She looked at the bedside clock and immediately jumped down from the bed, speechlessly.

Miles heard a noise, came in from the balcony, and saw Matilda rushing to the cloakroom.

He sauntered over and saw Matilda standing there, cold, as if she could not believe her eyes.

"What's wrong?" Miles walked over and put his arm around Matilda's waist.

Matilda turned to look at him with a smile on her face. "Did you do it for me?"

"Yeah, or you wouldn't have time to do it," Miles said, kissing Matilda on the cheek.

"Did you plan this last night?" Matilda said

"Something like that," Miles said.

Matilda looked at him, speechless, and said, "I find you really, really bad."

### **Chapter 573 Think it over**

"So be it, I accept it," Miles said.

"It's not impossible," Matilda said. "I like it anyway."

Miles chuckled when he heard that.

He raised his hand and rubbed Matilda's head. "Go wash up," he said. "Come get something to eat, and I'll take you to the airport."

Matilda nodded, and there really wasn't much time for the two of them to get lovey-dovey here.

She got into the bathroom, took a shower, put on makeup, and put on a suit of airport-friendly clothes.

When she was done, Matilda went to the dining room.

She then discovered that there was her favorite food on the table.

Matilda was momentarily touched and leaned over Miles to give him a kiss on the cheek.

They couldn't order takeaway online the food there. If she wanted to eat, she could only eat there or make it to go.

So Matilda was very touched that Miles was able to do this for her.

After brunch, Miles drove Matilda to the airport.

Miles didn't say much along the way.

Matilda sent Aimee a few messages about her upcoming trip.

After putting away her cell phone, she realized that Miles was so quiet.

She turned to Miles and asked, "What's wrong? Why aren't you talking?"

Miles said, "Do you want me to act happily?"

"You don't have to be so unhappy," Matilda said.

Miles said, "So you don't miss me at all?"

Was he acting like a spoiled child?

She had always been alone. No matter where she went, she did not have the habit of reporting her itinerary to anyone, and there was no one that she would miss or worry about.

So, in terms of Miles' question, Matilda really couldn't answer.

She really did not have this experience, and did not know if she would miss him.

But now that Miles had asked, she thought it over.

Matilda said, "I think I'm supposed to miss you, but if I don't, it doesn't mean I don't miss you. It just means I don't have the habit. My mind hasn't resonated with my heart."

Miles felt a twinge of joy and sorrow at her words.

But he couldn't force Matilda.

As she said, to be able to have such an idea was a great step forward.

Miles said, "It's okay. I'm going to miss you."

Matilda's heart softened. She looked at Miles and said, "Then miss me as much as you can until I get back."

Miles smiled, reached over, took Matilda's hand, and placed it in his palm.

As the car inched into the airport, Matilda said, "You'd better not walk me in, or Mr. Snider will be scared to see you."

"I'm scary?" Miles raised an eyebrow, looked at Matilda, and said, "I'm creepy?"

Matilda said, "So we're going to go public now?"

"I don't have a problem with it. It's up to you," Miles said.

Matilda thought for a moment and said, "No, not yet."

She was just starting out and didn't know how far she could go in the entertainment industry.

Making her relationship with Miles public now would be a huge inconvenience later on.

"Don't go in with me," Matilda said

Miles couldn't help but understand Matilda's point of view. It wasn't good for her to make their relationship public at this time.

With a sigh, Miles said, "All right, just be careful and call me if you need anything."

Matilda nodded and said, "Be safe on your way back."

Miles squeezed Matilda's hand and said, "Okay."

Matilda got out of the car and walked into the airport with her suitcase.

Francis and August had arrived, and when they saw her coming, they teased her, "Just in time."

Matilda sighed in her heart and was really a little helpless. Although Miles had already packed her things, she did get up too late and took a long time.

"It's a good thing I'm not late," Matilda said

"All right, let's go," said Francis.

After the security check, three people directly went into the VIP lounge.

Even though all three had come in through a special entrance, many of the fans came to August for his autograph.

Matilda and Francis were sitting on the sofa having coffee. Matilda suddenly thought of something. She turned to look at Francis and said, "Mr. Snider, do you want to change your previous plan?"

"What?" Francis sipped his coffee and looked at Matilda.

"You said that August and I would stick to the script, and I thought, no," Matilda said.

Among other things, Matilda felt very threatened by the fans who came looking for August's autograph.

She even thought that if she and August were as open as they were, she might be ripped apart by his fans.

Francis said, "Well, Matilda, I'm telling you that's the kind of thing people like these days. The sweeter the show is on the air, the more people like it, and that's not bad for either of you."

Matilda, with her chin in her hand, listened to Francis, but could not agree with him.

Although she had not experienced, during this period of time, she had seen a lot of news about it in various channels.

There were some good shows, and the main roles looked like a real couple. The audience was happy to see that, but the fans simply can not accept it.

Even, there were a lot of extreme fans who will do some very bad things.

Matilda didn't want to get involved in the craziness after all.

Francis put down his coffee cup, looked at Matilda, and asked, "Matilda, you weren't so resistant when I told you before. What's wrong now? Is it so unacceptable?"

Matilda froze the moment she was asked.

Of course, her selfishness did not want her to do business like this.

After all, she had a boyfriend now.

If Miles, who got jealous easily, saw her and August showing off their "love", he'd probably be pissed off.

Matilda said, "All of a sudden, I don't think it's a good idea. Why don't you think about it, Mr. Snider?"

"About what?" August happened to come back and hear Matilda say so.

### **Chapter 574 Can be trusted**

"Talking about your business," said Francis.

August looked at Matilda and asked, "Is there a problem?"

Matilda said, "Your fans are a little bit awesome. I'm a little bit scared."

August paused and looked at Matilda with an inquisitive gaze.

It was hard for him to imagine hearing the word "scared" in Matilda's mouth.

For him, it was simply incredible.

August said, "They're just a little enthusiastic. They don't hurt me."

"That's because you're safer," Matilda said. "You don't do things that make them sad."

August was known for being a clean slate in the circle, and he was even voted by his fans as an artist who could never let them down and could be trusted.

In the past, Matilda hadn't been paying attention to these, so she didn't know this.

Having recently learned this, Matilda had to pay attention to a few things.

In particular, Matilda had to think more about the enthusiasm of August's fans today.

August said, "If you really have that much to worry about, go with your gut."

Matilda smiled at August and said, "Let's be casual and not follow the script."

August nodded his head in agreement.

However, when he reached for the coffee, he looked down, but it was difficult to hide his loneliness at the bottom of his eyes.

Francis sighed silently as he listened to their conversation.

He said, "You two, you're really..."

When Matilda and August looked over at Francis, August said, "Don't be sad, Mr. Snider. If we have to work outside the show to get people interested in it, then there's no way out of the show."

As soon as Francis heard August say that, he instantly became anxious.

"Don't talk nonsense," he said. "I'm very confident in my work. If I can't do that, I don't need to do it."

"That's exactly what Matilda wants," August said.

Francis shook his head helplessly and said, "You just spoil her."

August didn't say anything.

Matilda, on the other hand, had a strange look in her eyes when she heard Francis say that.

This kind of words sounded ambiguous.

She didn't say anything, just silently wondering if she should tell Miles in advance.

She had a premonition that, in Francis's tone, something might happen.

When the time came, it may not end well.

By the time they landed in Canport, it was evening.

Three people went to the hotel together. After taking the room cards, they then returned to their rooms.

Matilda walked to the balcony with her phone, stared at the screen for a long time, and finally made a call.

There was only one ring, and the other end picked up.

Miles's voice came over. "I was wondering if you were going to call me."

"And if I don't? What will you do?" Matilda asked.

"I'll call you," Miles said.

Matilda laughed, then tensed up and said, "You didn't call me."

There was something wronged and lost in her voice, as if Miles were some big bad guy.

Miles smiled and said, "I was wrong. I'll call you from now on, Okay?"

Matilda was soothed in an instant.

After talking to Miles for a while, Matilda told Miles about Francis's plan.

When Miles heard that, he said, "He really doesn't stop."

Matilda said, "So, you're mad?"

"Not really," Miles said.

Matilda's eyebrows twitched in surprise, and she was surprised to hear that answer.

"You're really not mad?" Matilda couldn't believe it when she heard Miles say that.

She was a little aggrieved.

"Have you forgotten what I do for a living?" Miles said. "If I didn't know any better, I'd still be in the game?"

"If you say so, I'll let go," Matilda said.

Miles's voice turned cold. "No," he said, "You're not like other people. Other people can do this, but you can't."

After talking for a long time, he was still angry.

"Miles, are you playing with me?" Matilda snorted, almost annoyed by Miles's wickedness.

Miles chuckled and said, "I can't look stingy, but I tried. I'm still stingy."

Matilda laughed at his words.

She said, "Okay, I get it. I told you I wouldn't do that."

"Yeah, I know," Miles said.

After they ended the call, Matilda's smile lingered.

Holding her cell phone, she stood on the balcony, still finding it hard to believe how she had become like this.

She was becoming less and less like herself, a version of herself she had never thought she would become.

She can not say what kind of feeling she was having.

It was novelty, not dis-likeable.

Moreover, she liked it more.

There was a knock on the door, and Matilda came to herself and went over.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Francis and August standing at the door, looking at her helplessly. "What are you doing? I can't get through."

Matilda remembered her phone call with Miles. With a laughter, she said, "What's wrong?"

"Go down and eat. Aren't you hungry? We're both starving," said Francis.

It wasn't the meal time when they were on the plane, and Francis had always been very averse to airplane food, believing it to be the worst thing in the world.

Therefore, as soon as he settled his luggage, he couldn't wait to find the two of them for dinner.

Matilda was really hungry when she heard Francis' words.

She touched her belly and asked, "So, what are we going to eat?"

"The Curry Chef in Canport. I've already made a reservation, and you're going to love it," Francis said.

Without further delay, Matilda grabbed her backpack and went out.

The three went directly from the hotel to the restaurant. However, they underestimated the traffic jam in Canport.

Matilda rested her chin on the window and looked at Francis. "Mr. Snider, are you sure you don't want something else to eat first? I think you're going to get carsick."

At their speed, by the time they arrived at the restaurant, they might have already died, let alone if they had any appetite to continue eating.

Francis said, "No, we're almost there."

Matilda had no choice but to let Francis do what he wanted.

She wondered how good The Curry Chef was to make Francis want it so badly.

Finally, more than half an hour later, they arrived at the restaurant.

Francis was already carsick and stroked his stomach as he got out of the car.

But he did it for food.

The three of them entered a room. Before they arrived, Francis had ordered a few dishes and had Matilda and August add a few to their liking.

When the food was served, Francis was still holding his forehead, looking listless.

Matilda poured him a cup of barley tea and said, "Mr. Snider, you're exaggerating. It's just a meal. Why are you doing this to yourself?"

"Would it be the same?" Francis said, finally suppressing the discomfort in his stomach after a cup of barley tea.

He said, "Why do you think I brought you to Canport a day early?"

Matilda and August looked at each other and really didn't know.

Francis said, "Just to eat the food here. I tell you, this place is very difficult to book. I used a little bit of connections to book it."

"Mr. Snider," Matilda said, "If you set my expectations high, you're not afraid I'll be disappointed?"

"I still have that confidence," Francis said.

Matilda smiled and said, "That's true. Your taste can be trusted."

### **Chapter 575 I'm going to bed early**

The food was finally served, and Francis immediately perked up, not the least bit carsick.

Matilda and August were helpless. They had seen people change their expressions so quickly, but they had never seen anyone recover so quickly.

But, these dishes really did look very appetizing.

Matilda had picked up her fork and was about to taste the meal that Francis had boasted about.

Matilda was really surprised when she took the first bite.

Her eyes lit up. She gave Francis a thumbs up and said, "Mr. Snider, you're a gourmet. The food is really good."

With that, Matilda took out her phone and took a picture of the table.

Francis and August looked at Matilda in unison. "Since when do you take pictures?" They asked, puzzled

The three of them used to eat together, but no one ever took a picture of the food.

Matilda sent Miles the photo and said, "No, I'm not used to it. I'm just sending it to someone."

Their eyes fell on Matilda, and they always felt that Matilda seemed to have changed a lot, so they were a little bit not used to it.

Matilda put her phone away and looked up to see them looking at her. "What's wrong?" She asked, puzzled. "Is there something on my face?"

"We haven't seen each other for a long time," Francis said. "Why do I feel like you've changed so much?"

Matilda said, "Did I? Mr. Snider, don't talk nonsense."

Francis said, "So tell me, why did you suddenly take a picture?"

Matilda looked at Francis and said, "Mr. Snider, aren't you too curious?"

Hearing Matilda say that, Francis probably guessed something.

He looked at Matilda, then at August, and sighed silently.

Francis said, "Well, I don't want to know. Let's eat."

When Matilda was almost full, she forced herself to put the fork down.



“If it isn’t for the press conference tomorrow, I’d really like to eat some more,” she said helplessly, holding her chin.

Although the dishes were delicious, they still tasted quite strong.

Despite her natural beauty, Matilda also needed to keep an eye on her body control.

“If you like it, you can eat as much as you want after the conference,” Francis said. “Eat as much as you like. It’s on me.”

Matilda was amused. She looked at Francis and said helplessly, “Mr. Snider, you make me sound like a greedy cat.”

August laughed, too, and his eyes fell on Matilda’s face. For a moment, the emotion in his eyes could not be concealed.

Matilda, however, did not notice.

She was looking down at her cell phone, texting Miles.

The look on Matilda’s face, too, was unabashedly sweet.

That look, in the eyes of Francis and August, was a different story.

In August’s eyes, in particular, it was a “death sentence”.

Francis noticed something was wrong with August, tapped him on the shoulder and gave him a look.

August looked over at Francis and gave him a bitter smile.

Matilda put away her cell phone and saw the two of them winking at each other.

She frowned suspiciously and asked, “What are you two doing?”

“Nothing,” said Francis. “You’ve had your fill. Let’s go back and be fresh for the press conference tomorrow.”

Matilda looked at Francis suspiciously, always finding his expression strange.

But she didn’t ask any questions.

After the three people got out of the restaurant, the number of vehicles on the road was obviously less, so they arrived at the hotel much smoother.

Matilda was still texting Miles, feeling the clock was ticking.

Back at the hotel, the three returned to their rooms.

Matilda spoke to Miles and went into the bathroom to take a bath.

By the time she got out, two hours had passed.

She wiped her hair dry and didn’t notice any new messages coming in from her cell phone.

When the doorbell rang, Matilda looked suspiciously towards the door, not knowing who might be looking for her.

Putting the towel aside, Matilda walked over, didn't open the door immediately, but looked through the peephole.

When she saw who was outside, Matilda's eyes widened.

She opened the door of the room and looked at him in surprise. "What are you doing here?"

Matilda got excited and jumped on Miles.

Miles put his arm around her waist, took a few steps inside, and kicked the door shut.

Matilda held Miles' face in her hands, pinching it from side to side, as if unsure if the person in front of her was real.

"Tell me quickly, what are you doing here?" Matilda held Miles' face and stared at him with burning eyes.

Miles said, "I miss you, so I come over."

Innisrial was very close to Canport. After Miles came out of the office, without thinking twice, he drove straight up the highway towards Matilda.

He also thought that he was impulse and mad by doing so.

By the time he came to his senses, however, the car had already pulled into the Canport.

Matilda wrapped her arms around Miles's neck and said, "You dropped me off at the airport at noon, and now you miss me. You can't leave me alone?"

"Yeah, what are you going to do? Take me with you," Miles said.

Matilda said, "I want to, but can I?"

Miles thought for a moment and said, "I hope so."

"But no," Matilda said, lying in Miles' arms. "Just come this once. Don't come next time."

When Miles heard this, he squeezed Matilda's hand and said, "Are you judging me?"

"I don't hate it. I just don't want you to work so hard," Matilda said.

In particular, he came at this time, and it was obvious that he drove here himself.

Matilda said, "Haven't you eaten yet? Are you hungry?"

"A little," Miles said.

Matilda said, "I'll order you some takeout. What do you want?"

Miles chuckled and said, "The one you had for dinner."

This guy was jealous of her dinner?

She looked at Miles and said, "So you didn't really come to see me. You actually came to eat?"

Miles sighed and said, "Why do you think I'm here?"

Matilda purposely teased him. She tilted her head and said pitifully, "Oh, I even touched myself a little. I didn't expect that. I was totally overthinking it."

Miles was really pissed off at her.

When he heard her say this, his hand that fell on her waist, with a firm grip, pinched Matilda's itchy flesh.

Matilda screamed and tried to bounce out of Miles' arms, but was held firmly in his.

"I see you," Miles said. "You really want me to kick your ass."

Matilda understood, of course, what Miles meant by saying this.

Matilda immediately lost her nerve and gave a silly laugh. "Well, Miles, don't get excited," she said. "Let's talk about this."

With that, Matilda pulled herself out of Miles' arms.

If he did, was she going to the event tomorrow or not?

She didn't want to be scoffed by Francis and August.

And, tomorrow was actually her first official appearance, so she absolutely can not make any mistakes.

Matilda said with a straight face, "I'm going to order you some take-out. I'm going to bed early."

### **Chapter 576 Do you have any explanation**

Miles had no choice but to let Matilda go.

He didn't come here to do that. He just missed her.

After that, Matilda had to travel further and further away from Innisrial. He himself had to work, so it was impossible to visit her just because he wanted to.

So, while Matilda was still in Canport, he came here.

Matilda ordered Miles some barbecue.

But when the takeout arrived, Matilda regretted it.

She was just asking for it.

The smell of the barbecue was really too heavy but good.

She had been very controlled at night and did not eat too much, but Matilda was dying from the smell right now.

Miles looked at Matilda with amusement, pulled her to his side, and sat her down. "That look on your face," he said, "Makes me feel like I'm bullying you."

Matilda burrowed into Miles's arms and said, "It's okay, but it smells good."

Miles chuckled and said, "Should I be eating a kebab and kissing you right now, like in those TV shows?"

Matilda thought about it, and it was...

"But I wouldn't do that," Miles said

Matilda was intrigued. She looked at Miles suspiciously and asked, "Why?"

"I don't think you're the kind of woman who likes it, and I'm certainly not the kind of man who likes it," Miles said.

"That's true," Matilda said, chuckling. "I really don't like it that way."

Matilda had watched many teleplays for her acting.

What she could not understand, however, was the kiss with food in the mouth.

Noodle kisses, ice cream kisses, marshmallow kisses, almost all of which were Matilda's "mined area".

She did not understand that young girls nowadays liked to watch strange things, but for herself, if she were to act in such a play, she might fall out.

Matilda, however, did not expect Miles to have such an understanding with her.

She smiled and said, "It seems that the two of us really hit it off."

Otherwise, just thinking about it, if Miles had just kissed her with his greasy mouth, she might have really wanted to die.

After Miles finished his dinner, he put his things in order, went to brush his teeth, came over, and put his hand on Matilda's chin, saying, "It's hard."

Matilda blinked, looked at Miles, and burst out laughing.

She said, "You look so aggrieved, but it seems that I am bullying you."

Miles curled his lips and said nothing more, kissing on Matilda's chin.

He kissed her passionately. If Matilda hadn't remembered to get up early tomorrow morning to prepare for the event, she would have been "bullied" by this guy again.

Miles was cooperative, pushed aside by Matilda, and lay on his side obediently, waiting for Matilda to slip into his arms.

Matilda found a comfortable spot, and for some reason thought she might still be a little out of it tonight if Miles hadn't come over.

\*

The next morning.

Matilda's cell phone rang, waking two people in their sleep.

Matilda fumbled over and answered.

On the other end of the phone, August said, "Matilda, it's about time. Mr. Snider and I are going to get ready for hair and makeup. You might need to hurry up."

Matilda answered and hung up.

When she opened her eyes, she was met with a pair of jealous eyes.

Miles frowned at Matilda and his voice sounded annoyed. "He calls you a lot? So thoughtful?"

Matilda wasn't fully conscious and didn't quite understand what Miles meant.

She looked at Miles suspiciously and asked blankly, "Who is it?"

"August," Miles said.

His hand had already landed on Matilda's waist. His expression clearly meant that if Matilda did not answer this question properly, then he would...

Matilda looked at Miles innocently and said, "Would you believe me if I tell you this is the first time I'd heard from him?"

Miles didn't say anything, but his face was still telling Matilda that he was very upset.

Matilda was amused by his expression.

She cradled Miles in her arms and pinched his face. "Are you jealous?" She said

Miles said, "If I'm not jealous, it's not normal."

Matilda cocked her head and thought for a moment.

She giggled and said, "There's no need to be jealous. I'm in your arms, aren't I?"

When Miles heard that, he was almost mad at Matilda.

She was proud to say that, wasn't she?

He pinched Matilda hard on the waist and said, "If I had known, I wouldn't have signed you."

Matilda was overjoyed. She kissed Miles on the lips and said, "Okay, I really have to get up. Mr. Snider and the others are ready."

Miles was helpless, but he needed to keep the priorities straight.

He patted Matilda on the head and said, "I'll be right back. I have an important meeting today."

Matilda nodded, a little reluctant to part with him for a moment.

She could not have imagined that one day she would become so clingy.

Matilda stayed in Miles' arms for a while longer before she backed out.

The first campaign, for Matilda, was very new.

However, she did not have any nervous feeling, but just a kind of that she seemed to see another world of fresh feeling.

Matilda, however, had such an attitude toward others that others did not have such a good attitude toward her.

Almost after the initial pleasantries, the questions began to come in twos, hurling themselves at Matilda.

The questions focused on Matilda, a little-known entertainer who had never produced a work of any kind, and who had never been in the circle before, and who had become the heroine of Alby's Memoir, acting with August.

Most importantly, the role was given to her by Jaylah.

Although Jaylah had since been exposed to all kinds of scandals, making her a despised actress, there were many works in her past and many diehard fans.

What did that make Matilda in comparison?

What was more, there were many people coveting this role, with strength, background, and so on.

And Matilda, the person who took Jaylah's place, suddenly appeared in the showbiz and, without any warning, stole the chance.

That put Matilda squarely in a position to be hated.

"Matilda, do you think you deserve this role?"

"There are so many good actresses in our country. How could you take this part?"

"Matilda, do you have any explanation for the online rumor that you took this role by unfair means?"

"..."

One sharp question after another was thrown at Matilda, very unfriendly.

Francis and August's faces darkened, and Francis even tried to answer Matilda's questions directly.

Matilda, however, smiled and spoke in a relaxed tone, "Are you so unhappy with me? Then nothing I say now will be accepted. I won't say anything more. Let's just wait and see how the show plays out. Is it suitable for me or not? It's hard to believe me if I say it out loud, isn't it?"

Matilda's answer did not satisfy everyone.

Most of them, in particular, had bad thoughts about Matilda, and after they heard her say it, they thought she were speaking out of turn.

Just when the crowd wanted to continue the verbal assault on Matilda, they heard her say, "However, I have taken down everything you have said about me. I hope that when the time comes, you should be responsible for what you said today oh."

**Chapter 577 A kind of indescribable emotion**

When Matilda said this, it made people feel very bad about her.

She didn't mind it at all, but found it rather amusing.

Although this was her first time dealing with the media in a formal way, she knew the ins and outs of it.

In this circle, this was too normal thing.

Matilda could also imagine how many people were involved in this. They had deliberately bribed the journalists to come and make things difficult for her on an occasion like today.

However, these difficulties, in fact, for her, were superficial.

If someone really wanted to defeat her and attack her in this way, it would be foolish.

She wanted to see what these people would do if they wanted to maintain a good relation with her in the future.

The first campaign, in fact, did not go too smoothly.

When Francis and August returned to the break room, they both looked terrible.

Matilda was the only one who looked like she was having a good time.

Matilda opened a bottle of sparkling water, took a sip, and said, "I'm not angry. You two, are you going to be so mad?"

"These guys, they're out of line," Francis said.

The corners of Matilda's lips curved up and she smiled. "It's realistic and understandable," she said. "I think they're really upset that I'm playing this role."

Francis said, "I chose you. Why are they upset? Why aren't they coming after me?"

Matilda said, "Mr. Snider, there's no need to be so angry. I have confidence in your show, and I have confidence in my own acting skills. Why don't we wait and see how they apologize to me?"

Wasn't that how the world worked?

People who were mean and flattering were actually one and the same.

Now, because she was not famous and robbed someone else's role, she was targeted, which was a very normal thing.

And when she became famous and worthy of the acting opportunities, these people would act as if nothing had happened. They would turn from scolding her to flattering her.

Matilda herself thought it was ironic.

Therefore, she would not care about these people to attack her now. If she can not even bear this, then her future was worrying.

However, the fact that Matilda was positive did not mean that others can be like this as well.

Miles got the news as soon as he arrived at the company.

He watched the video his secretary showed him, and got mad.

“Find out who’s behind all these media outlets,” Miles said.

The secretary did as he said at once, and soon brought back the information.

“Boss, someone did buy a slandering press release to attack Miss Duncan,” the secretary said.

He handed Miles a document and said, “Boss, it looks like Mr. Chandler had someone do it.”

Miles’s eyes fell on the secretary’s face, filled with irrepressible anger.

Where did he get the nerve to pull this crap?

The secretary asked carefully, “Boss, do you want me to tell him?”

“No, I’ll see what else he can do,” Miles said.

Since Joseph Chandler had already done so, it meant he had a plan B.

He waited to see how far he would go.

“What about Miss Duncan?” The secretary asked tentatively.

The secretary knew best how important Matilda was to Miles.

He could not imagine what would happen next.

Miles thought for a moment, then said, “Go prepare some press releases and, if necessary, issue them.”

The secretary nodded and backed out of Miles’ office.

Miles pinched the space between his eyebrows and sat down behind his desk.

He picked up his cell phone and texted Matilda.

Soon, Matilda replied.

“Don’t worry. I’m fine,” Matilda said. “These questions don’t bother me.”

Seeing Matilda’s reply made Miles even more anxious.

He tapped on the screen and sent it to Matilda. “Let me know if you need anything.”

Matilda returned Miles an emoji of stroking head.

Miles was a little helpless that she was coaxing him like a child.

Matilda finished her message and rested on the sofa.

She liked working in this industry more and more because there were so many interesting things. She also really wanted to see what she can do.

\*

Hayden’s Mansion.



Casey rushed back from the outside and headed straight for Aimee's room.

"Aimee, I hear you're cooking." Casey jumped up to Aimee and looked pitifully at her.

Aimee was startled and then thought of the oxtail bones she made at Solomert Villa.

She looked at Casey helplessly and said, "You're very well-informed."

"Aimee, you're biased. You haven't made me food in a long time." Casey looked at Aimee pitifully, as if she was a little victim of bullying.

Aimee said, "Well, let me give you a chance to tell me what you want to eat. I'll make it for you right now."

"Really?" Casey asked.

Aimee nodded. "So, do you want to think about what you want to eat?"

Casey immediately perked up and didn't have to think about anything else. "Oxtail bones," she said

She was so jealous when she saw the picture that Walter sent her.

Such delicious food unexpectedly did not have her share.

Aimee chuckled and said, "OK, let's go buy some oxtail bones first."

"That's easy. I already bought them," Casey said.

Aimee flicked Casey's forehead and said, "Look how smart you are."

Casey giggled. "Aimee, let's go to the kitchen."

Aimee nodded. What can she do but say yes?

They went into the kitchen together, and Casey followed Aimee around like a little clingy cat, watching her work on the ingredients.

Aimee was amused by her appearance.

She said, "You're acting like I'm going to eat your bones."

Casey beamed up to Aimee and said, "I'll be the first one to take a bite."

Aimee had no choice but to let Casey go.

Casey watched and flattered Aimee

"Aimee, you're amazing," Casey said, almost clapping at Aimee.

Aimee got startled a little bit and just said, "Is it? Is it really that amazing?"

"Of course, literally," Casey said.

She leaned over to Aimee and said, "I may never cook as well as you do."

“You don’t have to force it,” Aimee said. “There’s no rule that a girl has to know how to cook. It’s all up to you. If you’re not interested, you don’t have to force yourself.”

“But,” Casey said, “I feel happy cooking for someone I like.”

When Aimee heard this, she looked at Casey and said, “Are you trying to cook for Kelvin?”

Casey blushed, looked at Aimee, blinked, and said, “I want to help him share some of the burden.”

Aimee said, “If you want to learn, I can teach you.”

“Yeah, yeah, teach me how to do that,” Casey said.

Her eyes lit up in an instant, and her gaze on Aimee was full of hope.

Aimee chuckled and said, “That’s why you came back today, isn’t it?”

Casey immediately laughed and hugged Aimee’s arm affectionately. “I want to eat the food you cook,” she said.

Aimee tapped Casey’s hand and said, “All right, come on, I’ll teach you.”

Aimee told Casey the steps to make the oxtail bones, watching Casey write them down with an indescribable feeling in her heart.

## **Chapter 578 It all goes to him**

La Grande Maison.

Casey fiddled with the phone while Kelvin was out.

She learned how to make oxtail bones from Aimee yesterday, remembering all the ingredients she needed.

Casey did some work on her phone and bought all the ingredients she needed.

Casey really didn’t know and was not at all sure if she can do what Aimee did.

The ingredients were delivered quickly, and Casey checked them one by one, making sure nothing was missing. She rolled up her sleeves, ready to show off her skills.

Aimee said that oxtail bones can be simmered, and she didn’t need to be afraid to wait too long.

On the contrary, the longer the stew was made, the more flavor can enter the oxtail bones, which will be more delicious.

With Aimee’s words, Casey wasn’t nervous at all.

She didn’t believe she can not make delicious oxtail bones following Aimee’s instructions step by step.

The more Casey thought about it, the more confident she became.

However, when Casey did get started, she found that some of these things were really easier to think about than to do.

She overestimated her skills and imagined that she had the same amazing cooking skills as Aimee.

At every step, Casey stumbled, and most importantly, at every step, she took great care.

Especially during the dressing step, Casey was literally walking on eggshells.

But even so, Casey was subjected to the cruel reality.

She did not control her strength and directly sprinkled down a handful of peppercorns. When she reacted, she hurriedly fished them out.

Casey was really worried that the peppercorns will destroy the whole pot of oxtail bones.

That would be embarrassing.

Fortunately, Casey was able to mend it and not let it end too badly.

When Kelvin returned, he opened the door and smelled a strong smell.

He was stunned for a moment, and then walked in somewhat incredulously.

Walking into the kitchen, Kelvin saw Casey in her little apron, staring at the pot.

Little did she notice that he had come back.

Kelvin felt a little helpless that it was her first time to neglect him.

He walked over, stood behind Casey, wrapped his hands around Casey's waist, put his chin on her shoulder, and asked, "What are you doing?"

Casey then looked up at Kelvin in surprise, and her voice was full of joy, "Kelvin, you're back. I made delicious food. Am I good?"

When Kelvin heard this, he looked at Casey tenderly in the face and asked, "What did you do?"

Casey smiled as she opened the lid and said, "Oxtail bones. I learned it from Aimee. Kelvin, do you have appetite?"

Kelvin smelled it, and it was really good.

He rubbed Casey's head and said, "Why are you cooking so hard all of a sudden?"

"It's not a hard work," Casey said, shaking her head. "I want to see if I have what it takes to be a good wife and mother."

Kelvin's heart softened, and he put his arm around Casey even harder.

He kissed Casey on the ear and said, "Can't wait to marry me?"

Casey blushed, but didn't shy away from saying, "Kelvin, I like you. I want to be with you forever. I want to marry you."

Kelvin turned Casey to face him.

He kissed Casey on the forehead, and then, with great solemnity, he said, "How about I tell your grandpa first?"

Casey was stunned, then a strong sense of tension came over her.

It was one thing to think about things herself, but it was quite another when it came to this moment.

Casey looked at Kelvin and, with great difficulty, asked, "Kelvin, have you really made up your mind?"

"What? You're afraid I'm gonna regret it?" Kelvin wondered. What was the girl worried about?

Casey said, "Not really. I just thought, you know, maybe you'd want to reconsider?"

After all, it really had no room for regret after he did so.

"No regrets, no second thoughts," Kelvin said. "I want you. I want to marry you. That's been decided for a long time. The only thing you have to do is get ready to be my bride."

Casey's eyes lit up.

Kelvin's words were so sweet to her.

She jumped up and jumped on Kelvin.

"Kelvin," Casey said, "I really, really love you."

"I love you too, baby," Kelvin said as he held the girl in his arms

Casey took Kelvin's face in her hands and kissed him hard on the cheek before jumping off him.

"Kelvin, why don't you take a seat in the dining room? We'll be ready to eat in a minute," Casey said.

Besides the oxtail bones, she was going to cook something else.

Casey figured that if she could make oxtail bones, other dishes would be easier to her.

However, she had completely forgotten that she was a rookie and that she can make oxtail bones because Aimee had taught her well enough.

If Aimee hadn't written her steps so clearly, she wouldn't have done so well.

Not wanting to discourage Casey, Kelvin asked tentatively, "Are you sure?"

Casey nodded hard and said, "Of course. I'm good."

Kelvin nodded, and then retreated, leaving Casey to it.

Casey confidently began to prepare the stir-fry, but, without those instructions, she completely forgot to wipe the water off the pan and pour the oil. And the oil splashed all over the place.

Casey shrieked and backed away, far away.

Kelvin heard the noise coming in, and heard the crackling of the pan.

He went over to cover the pan with a lid, turned off the fire, and pulled Casey over to check for her.

Casey calmed down, looked at Kelvin, and said, "It's a good thing I jumped fast, or I would have gotten splashed."

When Kelvin heard her, he felt even more helpless.

This girl still looked happy.

He checked Casey carefully and was relieved to know that the oil had only spilled on her apron.

"You're scaring me," Kelvin said

Casey pouted. "No," she said. "I'm too cute to scare you."

Kelvin saw that she was still able to tease him, so he knew she was okay.

"From now on," he said, "You're not allowed in the kitchen."

When Casey heard this, she immediately became unhappy.

She looked at Kelvin unhappily with her mouth flat. "Kelvin," she said, "You can't be so bossy. There's nothing wrong with me. How can you not let me in the kitchen?"

She just had a little interest in the field of kitchen, and was discouraged by Kelvin, which really made her unhappy.

Casey stared at Kelvin with a pouty face.

Kelvin pinched Casey's face and said, "But I'm worried about you, honey. I can't bear to see you hurt."

Casey snorted, still feeling a little unhappy, but hearing that Kelvin cared so much about her, she became less unhappy.

Leaning into Kelvin's arms, Casey said, "I promise you I'll only go into the kitchen when you're around, okay?"

The girl's voice was soft and delicate, like a spoiled child, and it was like scratching Kelvin's heart.

In the face of Casey, he was afraid that if she wanted his life, he would not hesitate to give her directly.

Kelvin nodded and said, "Okay, let's do that."

Casey saw that Kelvin had agreed, and in an instant she was pushing her luck again.

She smiled as she approached Kelvin and said, "If I learn how to cook, will I be able to cook in the kitchen by myself?"

Kelvin was speechless.

Her cleverness was all applied to him.

### **Chapter 579 You look so excited**

After Kelvin decided to propose to her, he began to plan carefully.

Now that Camdyn didn't know that Casey had a boyfriend, Kelvin thought it was worth letting Camdyn know.

Otherwise, he could guarantee that he would be chased out by Camdyn if he went to his house to tell him what he wanted, not to mention that the marriage proposal would not succeed.

Just thinking about it gave Kelvin a headache.

Casey, on the other hand, was so happy that after Kelvin made up his mind and that she could marry Kelvin.

Kelvin was in a good mood to see Casey so happy.

But he was still a little anxious, and for the first time in his life, he felt a little flustered.

Luckily, Aimee was there to give him a lot of advice.

It was not so much advice as asking him to be well-prepared. After all, Casey was the only little princess in the Hayden family. It was inexcusable that he wanted to marry her without being questioned.

Following Aimee's advice, Kelvin prepared gifts to visit the Hayden family, giving each person what they wanted.

Casey sat cross-legged on the couch, eating fruit that Kelvin had prepared for her, and feeling helpless.

"You really don't have to be so nervous. Grandpa loves me the most. He can't bear to see me sad. As long as I'm determined, he won't give you a hard time," Casey said.

Kelvin walked over, sat down next to Casey, put his arm around Casey's shoulder, and said, "If I do marry you, do you think your grandfather and brothers would beat me up?"

Casey cocked her head, thought about it, and then, seriously, said, "No, my brothers are very gentle, not violent at all."

Kelvin picked up a small fork, stuck a strawberry into Casey's mouth and said, "But I'm a bad guy who stole their little princess."

Casey wheezed, climbed over Kelvin, put her hands around his neck, and said, "But I love you, the bad guy."

Kelvin held Casey close to his chest.

He rested his chin on Casey's shoulder and said, "I guess I really have fallen on you my whole life."

Casey was even more delighted. She hugged Kelvin tightly with her hands, her voice full of tenderness. "Then I'll take you."

\*

April's body was improving, and her relationship with Walter was going very well these days.

Of course, it was all thanks to Walter's straightness, which she liked even though she blushed from time to time.

Aimee had been coming to check on April almost every day these days, and each day brought her a piece of good news.

She had been able to get out of bed and go out into the yard to bask in the sun.

April can't wait to share the news with Tilly, and with Aimee's permission, Tilly can finally come and see April.

When Tilly got April's call, she jumped off the couch and threw herself bare-footed at Ben.

Startled by Tilly, Ben raised his long arm and carried her up. "Why aren't you wearing shoes?" He said helplessly

"It's not cold," Tilly said, blinking.

Ben took her by the legs, carried her to the table, put his hands on her sides, and asked, "Why are you so excited?"

"I can go to see April. Ben, take me to April." Tilly shook her calves, anticipated.

Ben looked at Tilly who was so excited. How could he say no?

He patted Tilly on the head and said, "Well, go and get changed. I'll take you there."

Tilly was even happier, and went up to Ben and kissed him on the lips.

"Ben, you're so sweet," Tilly said.

As she spoke, she jumped off the table and, regardless of the fact that she had no shoes on her feet, began to run toward the cloakroom.

Changing into a more mobile outfit, Tilly jumped in front of Ben again, staring at him and waiting for him to take her to April.

Ben had no choice but to take the key and go out with Tilly.

It wasn't until he got to Solomert Villa that Ben realized that Patrick and Walter were there too.

He took Tilly by the hand and rang the doorbell. Not long after, someone answered. It was Patrick.

Ben asked suspiciously, "Patrick, what are you doing here?"

Patrick replied, "Aimee is here."

His eyes swept over Tilly, and without saying anything, he turned sideways to let them in.

Tilly couldn't wait any longer and asked, "Where's April?"

"Upstairs," Patrick replied.

Tilly looked at Ben and said, "You guys go ahead and talk. I'm going up."

With that, Tilly ran up the stairs.

Ben couldn't help but curl his lips and follow Patrick into the living room.

Patrick said, "You've decided."

"Yeah." Ben had nothing to hide from Patrick.

Patrick, of course, didn't make indiscreet remarks on Ben whom to hang out with.

He just thought of Tilly's father and said, "Let me know if her father gives you any trouble."

Ben smiled and said, "Don't worry, Patrick. I'm not a pushover. If he wants to put on airs with me, it's up to me whether I recognize him or not."

What he said was very conceited.

If he recognized, he would be his future father-in-law.

If he didn't, he would be nothing.

Patrick smiled and said, "You're a tough guy."

"Patrick, you think that because you don't have this problem. If I'm not tough, I won't say if I'll be embarrassed by him in the future. And I won't even guarantee if I can marry Tilly. Tell me, do I have to consider his dignity?" Ben said.

Patrick chuckled, and on second thought, that was exactly the case.

Upstairs.

Tilly ran upstairs, and when she did, she was dumbfounded.

She completely forgot to ask which floor April was on.

She didn't want to go through every room, so she had to come down again and ask Patrick.

Tilly came down the stairs and stood in front of Ben, scratching his palm with embarrassment that was hard to ignore.

Ben laughed, grabbed Tilly's hand, and said, "You can't find it?"

Tilly nodded, almost dying of shame.

It was a good thing she didn't get lost in the villa. Otherwise, it would be so embarrassing.

Ben looked at Patrick and said, "Patrick, please show us the way."

Patrick got up and led the two of them upstairs.

As it happened, Aimee came out of the room, saw Patrick, curled her lips and said, "Are you getting impatient? I'm done here. You can go in."

Then, Aimee saw Ben and Tilly behind Patrick.

Tilly, no stranger, had been at the hospital with April.

Aimee smiled at Tilly and said, "April's waiting for you. Go inside."



Tilly had no time to talk to Aimee, so she rushed into the room.

Tilly's eyes turned red when she saw April sitting on the bed.

She wanted to rush over and hold April, but she didn't dare.

She shuffled over, her eyes blurry, and she couldn't even see April's face.

April was very helpless by her appearance.

"Aren't you happy to see me better?" April asked.

When Tilly heard April's words, she started to cry uncontrollably.

Her tears splashed down.

"April, you're really getting better. That's great." Tilly covered her eyes, laughing and crying, as if in excitement.

### **Chapter 580 I'll try my best**

April waved to Tilly and said, "Come here, let me give you a hug."

When Tilly heard this, she burst into tears even more.

She threw herself at April and held her in her arms.

"April, you're good," Tilly said.

April patted Tilly on the back and said, "Well, I'm all right now, so stop being sad and tell me what's been going on."

When Tilly heard this, she felt a little embarrassed.

She looked at April and smiled. "I'm in love," she said

April paused, and seeing Tilly like this, she knew that she must have a boyfriend in Innisrial.

"Who is it?" She wondered

Tilly's face turned even redder.

"His name is Ben," she said sheepishly. "He's downstairs."

April's interest was piqued.

It had been a long time since she had been involved in any excitement, and now her curiosity was piqued.

"Really? Can I meet him?" April asked.

Tilly, still a little embarrassed, nodded and said, "But you mustn't be too hard on him."

"Don't worry. I can imagine what it's going to be like," April said.

April knew very well Tilly's character. If he was not a very special person, it was impossible for Tilly to fall in love with him.

Over the years, there were many men who pursued Tilly, and there were many men who were too good to be true in the eyes of others, but none of these men were able to win Tilly's heart successfully. It was enough to see how she was not easy to pursue.

So, now that Tilly said she was in love, April was very curious about what kind of man Tilly would find attractive.

However, April thought carefully the name Ben, which was not strange.

She looked at Tilly and asked, "You mean Ben from the Lee Group?"

When Tilly heard this, she was stunned for a moment, then nodded and said, "I think so."

She didn't really ask Ben about his family background.

But she was no fool, and after spending so much time with Ben, she could sense that his background was not simple.

It was just that none of this mattered to Tilly.

Most of all, all she cared about was being with Ben.

As long as Ben loved and pampered her, it didn't matter who he was.

Tilly stopped thinking about Ben's identity, smiled at April and said, "April, you have no idea how amazingly when we met."

April watched Tilly and listened with interest.

"You don't know how much he was out of line," said Tilly. "He asked me to pay his fare. I gave it to him, and as a result, he gave me 10 dollars and 31 cents as the refund"

April looks at Tilly, puzzled, and for a moment had no idea what this meant.

Tilly snorted and said, "You know what he told me afterwards?"

April shook her head, thoroughly intrigued by Tilly.

"He said that because the day we met was 31st October. He gave me the money back as an anniversary for both of us," Tilly said

April was speechless.

Inexplicably, it was quite romantic.

April said, "Is that why you like him?"

Tilly shook her head. "I was so angry," she said

That being said, April could see that Tilly still felt sweet when she brought it up.

"I get it," April said. "You fell in love with him at first sight."

Tilly's face went red and she was completely shy.

She squeezed April's hand and said, "Don't call my bluff."

April was even more curious about Ben than she was about him.

They chatted for a while in the room, and there was a knock on the door.

Tilly turned her head and saw a strange man come in.

He was not totally strange to her.

Walter walked in and was not surprised to see Tilly here. He had just seen Ben downstairs and he knew it was Tilly.

Walter gave April something and left the room.

Tilly looked at April in confusion. "Who is he?" She asked, with a sneaky look on her face

Now it was April's turn to blush.

She bit her lip, trying to get away with it, but Tilly stared at her intensely.

"Just a friend," April said.

"Really?" said Tilly, blinking incredulously. "But I seem to remember that you like him very much."

April choked, looked up at Tilly, and said anxiously, "Don't talk nonsense."

If Walter hadn't gone outside, he would have heard everything, and she wouldn't have lost face.

Tilly thought April was overthinking it.

"You don't have to be so nervous," she said. "I can tell he likes you."

April's face was burning, and she looked at Tilly, as if to see something in her eyes, but only to see her very sincere eyes.

Tilly said, "Believe it or not, I can feel it."

And, most importantly, when April was at Innisrial General Hospital, she had seen Walter more than once.

Although, at the time, Walter was sneaking around, how could he have shown up if he didn't like April?

Tilly leaned over to April and asked cheerfully, "So, are you guys together now?"

"No." April shook her head, confused.

In principle, the two of them can actually feel each other's feelings for each other, and during this period of time, they got along very well.

Even though Walter was always being straightforward to her, it always made her think that they seemed to have a different relationship.

However, there were many times when April was very confused that Walter had not been more specific.

For girls, a clear sense of ritual was something that was very, very important.

Whether she was being pretentious, she just wanted a formal start like that.

In April's mind, it was only when Walter made the relationship clear that she will truly be at ease.

However, there was no way that April could have said this directly to Walter.

She was caught in her own torment, tormenting herself.

Tilly looked at April's state of mind and knew what she was thinking.

Tilly said, "April, I can understand these thoughts, but have you ever thought that there are times when we need to open up? These emotions affect us, which not only don't change any of our problems, but also lock up some of our thoughts. And maybe, with a different approach, we can all be a little bit more relaxed?"

April, of course, understood what Tilly meant, but, for her, it was one thing to know what it meant, and quite another to be able to do it.

April said, "Tilly, you know, there are some emotions that I can't control. And if I could, I wouldn't want to think about them so much, and it makes me feel like I'm a total loser."

"April, you can't think like that." Tilly held April's hand and said, "You are just a kind, lovely, beautiful, and simple girl. You just need to be happy. Don't think too much about other things. The people who love you will naturally love you, and the people who don't love you, no matter how much you worry about these things, it's useless. So, just be happy and express your thoughts. Even if the outcome is not what you think, it doesn't matter."

April was silent for a long time before nodding her head and saying, "I'll try."