

Her Riches 291

Chapter 291 Drama At The Ferguson Residence

Gwendolyn was not there.

The only people lying in bed were two men!

Everyone was shocked to see two naked male bodies on the bed.

Sherman exhibited an abnormal complexion on his face, appearing dazed. The other man was restrained with bound hands and feet, and a gag covered his mouth. His body displayed visible marks of recent intimacy.

Nico rubbed his nose and chuckled. "Mr. Ferguson's taste is indeed unique!"

Eloise, who had been expecting Cedrick to explode, was puzzled when she saw how composed he was.

It was not until she clearly saw who was on the bed that she understood. "What are you doing here? Where's Gwendolyn?"

To her astonishment, the man on the bed was none other than Samuel, the male housekeeper she had sent to drug Gwendolyn!

Wyatt and Emma were just as dumbfounded.

Wyatt roared, "You useless brat! You've tarnished the reputation of the Ferguson family!"

Emma, too, was at a loss for words. She exclaimed, "Pull up the blanket! This is so embarrassing!"

Yet, no one heard what she said as they were still taken aback by what they saw.

The room was abuzz with noises amidst the terrified muffled sounds Samuel made.

Meanwhile, Sherman seemed to be in a deranged state. He hugged Samuel and kissed him repeatedly. "Gwendolyn, you're finally mine. Gwendolyn, my Gwen..."

Cedrick's eyes darkened, and in an instant, a surge of killing intent arose. "How dare he utter my fiancée's name! Nico, beat him up!"

"Yes, Boss!" Nico got up and punched Sherman twice in his face.

The blows caused bruises to bloom on Sherman's face, and a tiny bit of blood trickled from his cut lip. He also appeared disoriented.

Nico grabbed his hair and pointed at Samuel. "Mr. Ferguson, take a closer look at the man you slept with!"

Under the influence of drugs, Sherman was unable to see and think clearly. Like a broken record, he repeated, "Gwendolyn, you're mine! You must marry me..."

Wyatt felt utterly embarrassed and planned to drive Cedrick and Treyton away. After all, this was a family matter that needed to be dealt with behind closed doors.

However, before he could speak, a clear and feminine voice sounded from outside the door.

"Did someone call for me? What did I miss? I just went away to do some stuff." Gwendolyn smirked, exuding her usual noble and aloof demeanor.

She was not alone,

Behind her stood the journalists who had been in the garden earlier. They swiftly aimed their cameras at the Epean-style bed and began capturing photos.

Neville also wore a duckbill cap and blended in with the crowd. In his hands, he held a video camera as he broadcasted the scene live to the screen in the garden downstairs.

In the garden, a high-definition screen was displaying a backdrop for a popular female celebrity performing on stage.

Suddenly, the screen's image shifted, displaying the intertwined figures on the bed inside the Ferguson residence.

The entire audience erupted in an uproar, many of them shocked to the point where their jaws almost dropped.

For the socialites, this was their first time witnessing two men engaging in intimacy. Taken aback, they let out shrill screams, their faces turning pale.

The garden descended into chaos.

"Oh, my god! Didn't the housekeeper say that Ms. Harris slept with Mr. Sherman? How did it become him sleeping with a man instead?"

"S6, Mr. Ferguson is into... Oh, my god, that's disgusting! How could he do such a thing during his sister's birthday party? This is too much! His initial plan was to tarnish Ms. Gwendolyn's reputation. I can't believe the Fergusons have resorted to such a dirty tactic!" another guest echoed.

Before this, Sherman had always appeared as a soft-spoken and humble gentleman, always treating others with kindness.

Yet, the good reputation he had cautiously cultivated over the last two decades was completely shattered by this live broadcast on the big screen.

Some people began to mock and ridicule him, while others took pleasure in the misfortune, capturing the scene with their phones.

Some ill-tempered individuals from prominent families even started smashing their wine glasses, vowing to break business ties with the Ferguson family.

Things were no better inside the villa.

When Cedrick saw Gwendolyn coming in, he walked over, stood before her, and covered her eyes.

Gwendolyn, displeased with his action, pouted and insisted, "I want to see what's so special about it. Let me take a look."

Cedrick's displeasure was evident on his face as he lifted her in his arms. His deep voice carried a gentle tone. "You're the youngest here, and what you'll see might not be appropriate for your age. Come, let's go back."

Gwendolyn wrapped her hands around his neck, not struggling or refuting.

As they were about to walk out of the door. Cedrick halted, his tone icy as he addressed Wyatt. "This is not the end of it. Just wait and see!"

Wyatt and Emma called the housekeepers to disperse the journalists and stop them from taking photos

and videos.

Overwhelmed by everything that was happening, Wyatt felt a splitting headache coming in. "Cedrick, about this..."

Cedrick ignored his attempts to explain and carried Gwendolyn away.

Gwendolyn clung to his arm and turned to look at her brother, Treyton. Her gaze was filled with concern as she silently mouthed a few words to him.

Treyton immediately understood what she said.

She was telling him to keep an eye on Jennifer.

Treyton knitted his brows and went deep in thought for a moment.

A sudden thought crossed his mind, prompting him to swiftly turn around and run in the opposite direction to look for Jennifer.

Eloise stopped him from leaving. "Trey, where are you going?"

Chapter 292 You Are Way Worse Than An Animal

"Don't call me that! It's disgusting! Eloise, I won't let you off if you lay a finger on Jennifer!"

He shoved Eloise's hand away and rushed down the stairs.

Eloise's face twisted with jealousy as she watched Trey's hasty departure.

In a fit of anger, she smashed a colossal porcelain vase along the corridor.

She was well aware that after what just transpired, Sherman's reputation was utterly ruined while Gwendolyn escaped that fate, and the Fergusons were in big trouble.

However, none of that mattered to her at this point.

Since she had failed to destroy Gwendolyn, she was determined to ruin Jennifer!

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Meanwhile, Emma was handling the reporters gathered in Sherman's room while Wyatt attended to matters in the garden.

Many guests had already departed even before the tower cake made its grand entrance as they were unable to endure the footage on the large screen.

Eloise couldn't care about anything anymore as she hurried down the stairs and took a shortcut to get to Jennifer before Treyton.

Moments ago, Jennifer had been clinking glasses with her fellow members at the Papilio Girls' backstage room before she took a sip of fruit juice.

However, within a matter of minutes, her body temperature began to rise. She tried her best to endure the discomfort, thinking that a trip to the washroom would alleviate it.

As she walked along the corridor in a daze, leaning on the wall for support, a rugged man with an unkempt beard suddenly grabbed her and forcefully carried her away to the basement.

Moans and groans could be heard emanating from behind the tightly shut door.

Eloise hastily arrived with a camera and five bodyguards in tow, intending to capture a compromising photo of Jennifer..

However, she was met with profound disappointment when she opened the door.

Jennifer stood against the wall, her eyes bloodshot, gripping a bloodstained metal rod in her hand. Despite the visible trembling, she was still standing strong.

Her exquisite costume had been torn to tatters, but her gaze remained resolute. Instead of succumbing to distress, she emitted a fierce resolve, ready to fight till the end.

Earlier, she had only taken a sip of the drugged beverage, so she was not particularly affected and was able to maintain a shred of her composure.

“What’s the hold-up? Why haven’t you completed the task?” Eloise felt her frustration reaching its peak.

Everything seemed to be spiraling out of her control lately.

The man whom Jennifer had fiercely beaten was slowly making his way toward her, but upon hearing

Eloise’s voice, he abruptly changed course and limped toward Eloise instead.

“Ms. Ferguson, she’s too strong. I can’t take her down!”

“Useless piece of trash!”

Eloise delivered a resounding slap that left him disoriented. She then fixed a piercing glare on Jennifer, who was backed into a corner, and instructed her bodyguards, “All of you, have fun with her, and I’ll reward everyone with one million each!”

The bodyguards’ eyes gleamed like feral beasts as they lunged at Jennifer at Eloise’s command.

“Stay away from me! Ah!” Jennifer fiercely swung her metal rod, but she was outnumbered by the five bodyguards.

In a matter of moments, her weapon was wrested from her grasp, plunging her into a torrent of fear and despair.

Determined to avoid being violated by these vile men, she contemplated biting her tongue to end her life.

However, before she could act, Treyton swiftly intervened, kicking the bodyguards away and breaking their wrists before they could even lay a hand on her shoulder.

Within seconds, all five bodyguards lay defeated on the ground, their agonized cries filling the room.

Eloise, who was leaning against the doorframe with her arms folded, was caught completely off guard. She didn't even have time to react or witness how Treyton swiftly took down all of her bodyguards.

Treyton crouched down, removed his jacket, and quickly draped it over Jennifer's trembling form. With urgency, he pried open her mouth to prevent any self-inflicted harm. "Jennifer, it's me! I'm sorry I arrived late!"

Amidst the turmoil of her fight for survival, Jennifer found solace in the familiarity of Treyton's deep, baritone voice. Weary and drained, she surrendered herself to his embrace, allowing her tears to flow freely.

As Treyton gently patted Jennifer's back, trying to soothe her, a tumultuous storm brewed within him.

His eyes flickered dangerously, radiating an icy aura that betrayed his pent-up emotions.

Witnessing their closeness, Eloise completely lost control.

She stormed over, forcefully wrenching Treyton away, her face contorted with envy. "How could you do this to me? Why? I've loved you since our childhood. After much effort, I finally got the opportunity to be engaged to you, yet you've rejected me time and time again. You always treat other women better than you treat me. Treyton, what gives you the right to treat me like this?"

With each word, she struck Treyton's arm with all her might, consumed by fury and jealousy.

Treyton remained motionless, a brewing storm in his eyes. Finally, he snapped and responded with a resounding slap.

Like a delicate princess, Eloise crumpled to the ground under the force of his fierce slap.

Her cheek flushed red as blood trickled from the corner of her mouth.

Shocked and disoriented, she instinctively covered her face and exclaimed, “You struck me? How dare you!”

Treyton’s eyes simmered with disdain as he regarded Eloise as if he had just swallowed a fly. “I never lay hands on a woman, but you’re nothing more than a feral beast!”

With those words, he scooped up Jennifer, who was slowly losing consciousness, and walked out the door.

“Trey! Trey!” Eloise reached out to grab his pants but fell flat on her face.

She had no choice but to watch Treyton walk away with Jennifer in his arms.

“Ahh!” Overwhelmed, she covered her head and screamed like a madwoman.

Two weeks of meticulous planning had unraveled right before her eyes. It was enough to drive her crazy!

Treyton swiftly settled Jennifer inside the car, instructing the driver to look after her while he headed back to the Ferguson residence.

The atmosphere in the garden had somewhat calmed down, with Wyatt reluctantly swallowing his pride and apologizing to the remaining guests, trying to persuade them to stay. However, a considerable number had already departed.

The once elegant birthday banquet had descended into chaos within moments, leaving each individual with their own distinct perspective on the unfolding events.

Treyton stormed into the garden, striding toward the stage with determination. He picked up the microphone, his voice resolute and unwavering as he addressed the remaining guests without hesitation, “I, Treyton Harris, hereby announce the cancellation of my engagement to Eloise Ferguson. Moreover, I am cutting off all business connections and affiliations with the Ferguson family. From now on, you’re on your own, Fergusons!”

With that, he tossed the microphone down and made his exit.

As the microphone fell to the ground, an ear-piercing screech reverberated through the air.

The serene garden was immediately plunged into chaos once again as the previously pacified guests, who had momentarily calmed down due to Wyatt’s efforts, erupted into a frenzy of commotion and confusion.

Meanwhile, at the gate of the Ferguson residence, Cedrick emerged with Gwendolyn in his arms.

Just as he was about to step into his car, Treyton’s announcement caught his attention.

Gwendolyn flashed a thumbs up in approval. “Impressive, Treyton! As expected of my brother!”

“That’s right. He’s your sibling, after all.” Cedrick smiled and gently placed her in the backseat of the car.

Gwendolyn scooted over to make room for Cedrick to join her.

As the car door slammed shut, the cacophony of noise emanating from the Ferguson residence was abruptly silenced.

Nico took the wheel and accelerated toward Harrick Villa.

Unable to contain her curiosity about the earlier events, Gwendolyn turned to Cedrick and asked with a mischievous glint in her eyes, "Ceddy, just now, when you were standing outside Sherman's room door, how were you so sure I wasn't inside?"

Chapter 293 Carried By Gwenny

He sounded frail. Sticking his nose into the crook of Gwendolyn's neck, he blatantly took in whiffs of her body scent, and very soon, he fell asleep.

Gwendolyn held his back and patted him once in a while. She kept her eyes on the street lights outside the window and began to zone out.

When Nico saw that Cedrick had fallen asleep, he slowed down the car and drove more steadily.

After half an hour, they arrived at the Jenson residence.

The Jenson residence was designed in such a way that all the cars had to be parked at a designated garage. The passengers then had to walk through a series of winding paths before arriving at the residential area.

Cedrick was deep asleep. Due to atrophy, his stamina was worse than before.

Gwendolyn could not bear to wake him up and planned to carry him back gently.

Nico was stunned and reached out before saying, "Ms. Gwendolyn, why don't you let me do it?"

"No need she replied tersely before scooping Cedrick into her arms and walking toward Harrick Villa.

Nico stared at her retreating figure in astonishment. It took him a while before he returned to his senses. Is this a case of role reversal where Boss is the princess being carried?

He was utterly shocked!

The sight of Cedrick's one-hundred-and-eighty-eight centimeters tall body in Gwendolyn's arms brought about a sense of dissonance. Yet, at the same time, it looked right.

Nico was truly happy for his boss.

Holding back his tears, he jogged up to them.

Since Gwendolyn was wearing high heels and Cedrick was heavier than her, it was a little difficult for her to carry him. Besides that, they had to walk through the winding paths to get to Harrick Villa.

Nico spotted the sweat on her forehead and felt sorry for her. Even her heels were making loud noises.

"Ms. Gwendolyn, why don't I carry him instead?"

There was no response from Gwendolyn. She took a few deep breaths before continuing to walk forward.

Nico continued to persuade her to do otherwise. "Mr. Jenson's condition doesn't affect his weight. He's quite heavy. If you continue to carry him, your arms will ache tomorrow. Why don't you let me take him?"

Gwendolyn shushed him softly and looked down at Cedrick with heartache.

"I want to experience it for myself, so I know how someone like him with atrophy feels after carrying me all the way down from the Ferguson residence."

Nico was slightly stunned and touched to hear that.

After a while, he decided to take Cedrick from Gwendolyn's arms and carried him on his back.

"You!"

Nico smiled. "To Mr. Jenson, you are more important than his life. If your arms ache tomorrow, he will be heartbroken and feel very guilty. So please, Ms. Gwendolyn, stop arguing with me."

It was easy for him to carry Cedrick, and he walked a lot faster than Gwendolyn. Gwendolyn ended up following behind him.

After putting Cedrick on the bed, Nico left the villa.

Gwendolyn sat on the bed and massaged her sore arms.

Staring at Cedrick's handsome face, she lost herself in her thoughts again.

Recently, she had read up on a lot of information.

At present, the S404 RNA virus was illegal, and there was not much information on it, let alone an antidote.

Cedrick had been taking the medicines prescribed by Joshua, but those medicines were only meant as supplements. Their effects were negligible, and they certainly were not able to treat Cedrick's illness.

Perhaps it's time I consider Charles' method?

What if he really does know how to cure Cedrick?

She had mixed feelings and was very confused.

In the end, she had no choice but to take the risk and give it a try as that was her only option now.

That night, the Ferguson family became a trending topic online.

Treyton had even made arrangements so that all top ten trending topics online had something to do with the Ferguson family.

Wyatt did not sleep that night. He contacted the various public relations departments to forcefully put a cap on the news but to no avail. In fact, the Fergusons became even more popular because of Treyton calling off the engagement and Sherman's scandal.

Things reached such a level that, at one point, the related websites went down due to the high traffic. It was even worse than the announcement of the love lives of celebrities.

The following morning, misfortune befell Ferguson Group.

Cedrick had terminated all collaboration with Ferguson Group.

As the head of the richest family in Chanaea, Cedrick was now the wealthiest man in the country.

That made him an extremely influential man.

With him leading, several other companies also cut off ties with Ferguson Group.

The shares of Ferguson Group dropped drastically overnight.

It was so bad that there did not seem to be any reprieve.

The incident caused Wyatt to lose more than tens of billions.

Meanwhile, in the garden of the Ferguson residence, Sherman, who was finally sober, was being hung from the tree and whipped by his father. His body was covered with blood.

Sherman's pained cries, interlaced with the sound of the whip hitting flesh, were horrifically loud and terrifying.

Chapter 294 Feeding Cedrick

In the living room of the Ferguson residence. Wyant sat on the couch, brows furrowed and eyes blazing. His fury showed no sign of diminishing. He closed his eyes, listening to the whipping sounds from the garden wordlessly.

Emma was clutching a handkerchief, her voice already hoarse from crying nonstop.

Unfortunately. Wyatt was really incensed this time and took no notice of her pleas.

As for Eloise, the slap from the previous night had left half of her face swollen. It made it appear as though she had her mouth stuffed with food, which was quite comical. Her face was still wet with tears, and she looked rather pitiful.

She had been kneeling on the cold, tiled floor of the living room for the last hour.

Since she and Sherman were little. Wyatt had doted on them. Any little bump or scratch they had would make his heart ache for a long time. This time, however, he was merciless.

The solemn and unnerving atmosphere went on for another two minutes.

As Sherman was hung up in the garden and whipped, his agonized cries gradually grew weaker. It seemed as though he would not be able to bear it much longer.

Enduring the acute pain in her knees. Eloise shuffled over to her father on her knees and clutched at the hem of his pants. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she pleaded with him. "Have mercy on Sherman!"

He can't take much more. That b*tch, Gwendolyn, tricked him! How could you be so harsh to your children? You should help me deal with Gwendolyn and kill Jennifer!"

He stared at her in shock. Enraged by her words, he yanked her hand away fiercely. "How did I raise a daughter like you? Not only are you arrogant and imperious, but you also defy the law and twist the truth. You're also absolutely vicious, wanting to kill others at every turn. You're a menace!"

After getting thrown to the floor, she stared at him in stunned silence for a moment. Then, she chuckled coldly. "As if you weren't the one who taught me all that. You were the one who told me I'd be able to progress more steadily and further if I handled matters ruthlessly. My only mistake was not doing that well enough."

"You!" Rage surged through him. He pointed a trembling finger at her, too furious to say anything-

Eloise continued. "If my plan succeeds, Sherman may be able to marry Gwendolyn. She has the inheritance rights to her family's fortune, so if she marries into our family, doesn't that mean it'll all belong to us? We won't have to feel inferior because we're ranked last among the four prominent families. I did everything for the sake of our family, so you shouldn't treat Sherman and me like this. Besides, he didn't know anything about it. He doesn't deserve a whipp

Wyatt snorted heavily. "As the older brother and pride of the Ferguson family, it's bad enough that he didn't try to advise you. However, he even caused trouble with you. He should get beaten to death after humiliating our family like that!"

"Dad!"

Wyatt simply looked away, unmoved.

Just then, the housekeeper in the garden rushed inside. "Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Sherman has passed out again. If we wake him up and continue the whipping. I'm afraid it'll mean the end of him. Please have mercy on

him."

Eloise and the sobbing Emma were alarmed when they heard that.

Although Wyatt had a slightly conflicted look in his eyes, he did not say anything.

Emma's eyes flashed with anger. She quickly grabbed the paring knife on the coffee table and pressed it against her neck.

“Mom!”

“Darling! What are you doing? Hurry up and put down the knife!”

Wyatt and Eloise cried out at the same time.

However, Emma did not lower the knife. Instead, she pressed it even closer, and a faint trace of blood seeped through the shallow cut it made on her neck.

“Wyatt Ferguson! That's our son whom I carried for ten months before giving birth to him! If you're going to beat him to death, I don't want to live either! You might as well kill me and our two children, then marry another woman and have kids with her!”

“Okay, okay, I won't continue with the whipping. Put down the knife, and we can talk this out.” After hearing her threaten him with her life, he finally relented.

The housekeeper carried Sherman to his bedroom. Worried about him, Eloise followed them upstairs to tend to his injuries.

Soon, only the couple was left in the living room.

Having blown off some steam, Wyatt was now calmly smoking a cigarette.

Emma was racking her brains for a solution. "At present, the only way to gain control over the downtrend in the stock market is to remove all the trending posts. As for Cedrick's end, let's wait for Sherman's injuries to heal before sending him to the Jenson residence to apologize personally. For Old Mr. Jenson's sake, Cedrick will surely let the matter slide. Once we've dealt with that sticky situation, the companies. who terminated their collaborations with us will surely change their minds."

Needless to say, Wyatt knew how to handle the situation. Cedrick is in a fit of anger now. We'll only be able to deal with this in a few days after he calms down, so let's not talk about that now.

He let out a long sigh. In a steady tone, he replied, "If Treyton refuses to agree, removing the trending posts will be difficult. However, you saw what he's like. He dared to call off the engagement in front of everyone, completely embarrassing our family."

Emma fell silent. Treyton's methods were a little extreme. It's evident he's just as furious as Cedrick, so there's no way he'll agree to that so easily.

"Dad, Treyton doesn't call the shots for the Harris family. It won't work if he's the only one who wishes to call off the engagement. Mr. Marcus has to agree to it." Eloise had wiped away her tears and was descending the stairs gracefully. "You once mentioned that Mr. Marcus owes you a favor. If you meet

with him and ask for his help, I think he'll consider helping us to persuade Treyton. Besides, what do you think will happen if he finds out about Treyton and Jennifer?"

Back then, she had used the same excuse to make Marcus ignore Treyton's objections and insist on proceeding with the engagement. As far as I'm concerned, since Treyton and I aren't getting married, the favor

hasn't been repaid yet. Hence, it's only reasonable to make some other small request.

Wyatt looked grim as he remained silent. Perhaps I've no choice but to set aside my ego and try that method.

Over at Harrick Villa, Cedrick was awakened by the smell of oatmeal.

When he opened his eyes, he saw Gwendolyn sitting beside him with a bowl of piping hot oatmeal in her hand. She was stirring it while blowing on it to cool it down.

What a familiar scene.

He seemed to recall that he and Gwendolyn had had a misunderstanding half a year ago because of Natasha. He had knelt in the garden all night under the pouring rain. After Gwendolyn realized she had wrongfully accused him, she also made oatmeal just like this and blew on it to cool it down. The only difference was that previously, she had viewed him as a target of revenge. Her eyes had been cold with no hint of pity. Now, her gaze was gentle, and her tender affection was evident in her every move.

“You’re awake?” Setting aside the bowl, she propped the pillow upright and helped him lean against the headboard.

His Adam’s apple bobbed as he asked, “How did I get back last night? Didn’t you say you’d wake me up?”

Gwendolyn picked up the bowl of oatmeal again, continuing to stir and blow on it. “I had Nico carry you back. Seeing how soundly you were sleeping, I couldn’t bring myself to wake you.” Scooping up a small spoonful of oatmeal, she held it to his lips. “Here. Eat it slowly. Careful, it’s hot.”

Cedrick was stunned for two seconds. Then, he opened his mouth obediently.

“Why are you feeding me? Why the sudden attentiveness early in the morning?” It made him a little uneasy, and he could not help thinking something felt off.

Gwendolyn lowered her gaze to hide the look in her eyes as she held out another spoonful. “You worked hard last night, so think of this as your reward, okay?”

Her reply rendered him speechless. Those words can easily cause one to misunderstand. All I did yesterday was carry her! I’ve got to correct that response of hers!

Hence, the pair fell into a heated debate about the term “worked hard.” The bowl of oatmeal soon became empty as she fed it all to him.

Gwendolyn arranged for Joanne to handle the company’s affairs for the day as she planned to spend the day at home with Cedrick.

That afternoon, she lounged lazily on the couch with her legs crossed, binge–watching dramas. Meanwhile, Cedrick had his head on her lap while working away on his tablet.

Suddenly, they heard the sound of someone knocking on the front door. It sounded very urgent.

Elven was outside the door. “Ms. Harris, bad news! Mr. Treyton and Mr. Marcus are arguing in the ancestral hall, and it doesn’t sound good. You should quickly go back and check on the situation.”

Chapter 295 Return Home To Support Treyton

Gwendolyn immediately got up to open the door.

“What happened? How did they start arguing?”

Elven panted heavily and replied, “Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson came over in the morning, and I don’t know what they said to Mr. Marcus. Mr. Treyton is still angry about yesterday’s matter, probably because of the engagement with Ms. Weller...”

Gwendolyn furrowed her brows.

Did Dad find out about Treyton and Jennifer? Of course they would get into an argument because of that! I have to go back home now to make sure Treyton isn’t at a disadvantage!

“Ceddy, I might come back later at night,” she said to Cedrick as she put on her shoes.

Cedrick got up, put his tablet down, and walked toward Gwendolyn.

“Since it’s an important matter, I’m coming with you.”

Gwendolyn immediately replied, “This is a matter concerning the Harris family. It wouldn’t be appropriate for you to go. Stay home, rest well, and remember to take your medicine!”

Cedrick wasn’t pleased about it but didn’t say anything. He took a white coat from the coat hanger and helped Gwendolyn put it on.

“It’s almost winter. Don’t catch a cold.”

Gwendolyn stood on tiptoe and planted a kiss on his cheek. Then, she and Elven hurried back to Mount Tranquil.

The moment Gwendolyn reached the mountaintop, she spotted Jennifer pacing back and forth at the entrance of Marcus’ villa anxiously.

She got out of the car and walked over. “Jennifer!”

Upon hearing her voice, Jennifer immediately ran over to her.

“Gwendolyn, Mr. Marcus called Mr. Harris over during lunch, and they haven’t come out yet. They won’t let me in, so I can only wait outside. I have no idea what’s going on inside!”

Gwendolyn grabbed Jennifer’s hand and patted it gently. “Don’t worry, I’m here. I’ll definitely help Treyton. I’ll bring you in.”

As Gwendolyn was there, the bodyguards didn’t dare to stop them.

As soon as Leif heard that Gwendolyn had returned, he hurriedly ran over from outside the ancestral hall to greet her.

Gwendolyn asked him, "Leif, where's Asher?"

"Mr. Asher and his wife aren't in Salinsburgh. I don't know when they will be back."

Gwendolyn's expression darkened. She suddenly thought about something and turned to look at Elven.

"Go and contact Asher. If he doesn't pick up his calls, call Sienna and get Asher to return to Salinsburgh within these two days. I have something to discuss with him."

"Yes, Ms. Harris." With that, Elven turned to carry out her order.

Gwendolyn held Jennifer's hand and went straight to the entrance of the ancestral hall.

The entrance to the ancestral hall was tightly closed. There was a sudden sound of a coffee cup shattering inside, indicating things were not going well.

Gwendolyn furrowed her brows and was about to push the door open when Leif stopped her.

"Ms. Harris, although you can enter the ancestral hall, Ms. Weller can't enter because she isn't part of the family."

Jennifer didn't want to cause unnecessary trouble for Gwendolyn, so she uttered tactfully, "It's fine. I don't need to go in. I'll wait for you outside the ancestral hall."

Gwendolyn nodded and didn't delay any further. She immediately pushed open the door to the ancestral

hall.

In the ancestral hall, Marcus was sitting in the main seat, his chest heaving with anger and his eyes clouded with rage.

At the side, Lorelai was sitting on a chair with an indifferent expression as if it had nothing to do with her.

Treyton stood in the middle of the room with his back ramrod straight. He didn't think he had done anything wrong, so he refused to kneel on the ground no matter how much Marcus yelled.

Coffee stained his expensive suit on his right shoulder. Marcus had used the coffee cup to strike at Treyton, which aligned with what Gwendolyn had heard outside.

The yelling stopped once Gwendolyn entered the ancestral hall.

Lorelai shot her a condescending and annoyed look before snickering softly.

Marcus' expression softened. He asked gently, "Why are you back? Did you return home to support Treyton?"

"Dad, what are you saying? Can't I come back home?" As she spoke, she took out a wet tissue to wipe the coffee stains on Treyton's shoulder. "Treyton, was the coffee hot? Did it scald you? Undo a few buttons, and let me see your shoulder."

Treyton shook his head. "It's just warm coffee. It wasn't scalding hot. Don't worry."

Marcus huffed in dissatisfaction. He was slightly jealous.

All Gwendolyn cared about after returning home was her brother. She didn't even ask about him.

Hearing that, Gwendolyn immediately squatted by his feet, her crossed arms resting on his legs, which were covered with a blanket. She lifted her face, smiling adorably.

“Dad, you have always been gentle and never lose your temper. What happened today? You were so angry that you even used a coffee cup to strike at Treyton.”

Marcus was enraged upon thinking about it. He glared at Treyton and said, “He intended to break off the

engagement with the Ferguson family without seeking permission and even hooked up with a celebrity even though he was engaged. Wyatt had to come and humbly request me to persuade this b*stard not to deliberately oppose the Ferguson family and to remove the trending topic for them.”

Treyton clenched his fists, causing his veins to bulge. “I have been courteous enough to refrain from doing anything! How dare they ask me for help! Keep dreaming!”

“You-”

Marcus choked and coughed violently, his countenance turning black and purple from anger.

“Dad, don’t get agitated. Treyton isn’t an unreasonable person.” Gwendolyn immediately patted Marcus’ back and shot a look at Treyton to tell him to stop adding fuel to the fire.

Treyton’s expression darkened, but he didn’t say anything else.

With Gwendolyn placating him, Marcus gradually calmed down.

Just as she was about to mediate the situation, she noticed Lorelai from the corner of her eyes. “You should leave. I have something to say to Dad and Treyton.”

Lorelai, who had been gleefully watching the drama, was very displeased having been called out.

“Gwendolyn, are you chasing me away? I’m part of the Harris family, so why can’t I listen to this

conversation?”

Gwendolyn stared at her coldly. “So what if you’re part of the family? They’re my father and brother. I want to have a private conversation with them. What’s it to you?”

Lorelai was unable to counter her argument, so she turned to Marcus for help. “Hubby, did you hear her? She’s saying I’m an outsider. Aren’t you going to say something?”

However, Marcus was on Gwendolyn’s side. “She must have something she has to say to me privately. You should leave first. Don’t worry. No one will dare to treat you as an outsider as long as I’m here.”

If Lorelai didn’t leave after all that was said by Marcus, Gwendolyn would definitely mock her again.

Lorelai had no choice but to leave. She slammed the door behind her.

Once she was gone, Gwendolyn turned to look at Marcus.

“Dad, there’s something you don’t know. Treyton hates Eloise because she tried to kill me several times in Fairlake. However, the Ferguson family was able to help her cover up because of their influence—and power. I didn’t bring this up because I couldn’t find enough evidence.”

Marcus was shocked. “Is that true?”

“Yes, Dad.” Gwendolyn massaged his legs. “Eloise took advantage of me chatting with Sherman and knocked me unconscious during her birthday banquet last night. She planned to tie me to Sherman’s bed. If I hadn’t been alert, the news headlines you saw during the day would have been about me!”

“What?” Marcus widened his eyes and slammed his hand on the table in rage. “Did the Ferguson family think they can deceive me on this because I’m old?”

That morning, Wyatt and his wife had come over but didn't mention a word about the reasons behind the misfortunes of their family. They had conveniently talked about Treyton calling off his engagement and affair, trying to shift all the blame onto the Harris family.

How evil of them!

Chapter 296 Calling Off The Engagement

Suddenly, Marcus recalled something that quelled his rage. "You may not know about this, Honey, but Wyatt saved me when we were young, so I promised to help him. He's invoking the favor I owe him right

now, so..."

Gwendolyn knitted her eyebrows. "How many times have you secretly helped the Ferguson family over the years, Dad? Besides, this isn't the first or second time Eloise has tried to harm me. You don't owe the Ferguson family anymore. If Treyton wants to call off the engagement, just let him do it. Do you want him to bring a vicious woman like Eloise home as a bride so she can bully me? You should ignore the Ferguson family's crisis and let fate decide their end. If they fail to overcome this obstacle, it's their fault when their company goes bankrupt and they're no longer an affluent family. Whatever becomes of them has nothing to do with you."

Upon listening to her words calmly, Marcus earnestly thought about the matter and nodded. "Very well. I'll do as you say. I can't believe Eloise tried to hurt you. The Ferguson family should be grateful that I'm kindly abstaining from stacking more problems onto their plates."

In response, Gwendolyn grinned. While she seemed satisfied with her father's decision, she wasn't. Dad may have nothing to do with the Ferguson family anymore, but my grudge against Eloise can't be resolved. Soon, a storm will descend upon the Ferguson family and I can't wait to see it.

After complimenting Marcus for a little longer, she successfully calmed him down.

Treyton stood silently and stared at the two of them coldly.

Upon noticing that Treyton was standing at the side like a block of wood, Marcus said in a gentler tone, "I don't mind you calling off the engagement, but I still won't agree to your marriage with Jennifer."

Treyton scowled. "Are you going to pair me up with the daughter of another prestigious family? Marriage is something that'll last for a lifetime. I will marry someone I love. I don't care if you want to pick another fiancée for me because I won't allow it!"

"Are you trying to piss me off?" Marcus' rage that had died down reignited. "That little celebrity of yours is just an orphan with no background! Not to mention she didn't graduate from any distinguished institution. What are the benefits of you marrying her, huh? Do you want the Harris family to be laughed at?"

"Benefits?" Treyton's temper sparked. "Are we still talking about my marriage or a shopping trip? Even though you're so calculative, you ignored all our objections in the past and insisted on marrying Lorelai, who has absolutely nothing! Why is it that when you marry a mistress, it's all fine and dandy, but when I'm trying to marry a wife I love, it's wrong? Oh wait, I know why. It's because you're a hypocrite!"

Marcus pointed at Treyton with a trembling finger as he heaved violently, struggling to breathe. "You b*stard!"

If he weren't bound to his wheelchair, he would've already slapped Treyton twice.

Since he couldn't hit his son, he became even more incensed. "Leif! Whip this unfilial son of mine until he apologizes!"

Treyton unbuttoned his coat and removed it. "I'll never apologize. I dare you to beat me to death today so you can have the life you've given me back! If there's a next life, I won't be your son again!"

It had been more than two years since Marcus had tried engaging Eloise with Treyton. Because of that, the relationship between the father and son had become stiff and never recovered.

"You insolent b*stard!" exclaimed Marcus, his eyes red. His countenance had turned black and purple from anger.

Leif hesitated and advised, "You should calm down, Mr. Marcus. Mr. Treyton is--"

Marcus glowered at him. "Tie him up and whip him to death now! I don't care even if you kill him!"

"You can't do that!" Gwendolyn shot Leif a look, telling him to stand down.

"Are you going to disobey me, too?" Lowering his head, Marcus stared at his beloved daughter with a grimace.

"Of course not, Dad." She patted his heaving chest to soothe his emotions.

"Treyton did cross the line a little with his words earlier, but it's only because he's irritated by Eloise's matter, Dad. He didn't mean to talk back to you. I apologize on his behalf." As she smiled, she was secretly glad that her elders were more open-minded than other families. Thank goodness our family doesn't have the type of punishments the Jenson family delivers, like whipping people. Otherwise, Treyton will be in a lot of pain today.

Marcus' breathing returned to normal after she comforted him.

However, when he lifted his eyes, he saw Treyton still removing his shirt. The younger man was staring at his father half-naked as though he was openly challenging the latter's authority.

"Look at him! You apologized on his behalf for nothing because he doesn't regret his actions at all!" Abruptly, Marcus had a coughing fit.

Gwendolyn quickly looked back and glared at Treyton. "Stop messing around, and put your clothes back on. Dad will be heartbroken if you get sick with a cold."

She kept shooting him looks, requesting him to do as she said.

Treyton was momentarily stunned. With a scowl, he put his clothes back on.

Marcus scoffed, "Like heck it'll happen. I won't shed a tear even if he dies of an illness. I should've worn a condom back then so he would've died as a sperm!"

Gwendolyn couldn't help but snicker and did her best to ease the tension. "What are you saying, Dad? If he weren't born, you wouldn't have me, your considerate and adorable daughter."

"True..." Marcus' tone softened. "Fine. I'll let this slide for your sake."

Yes! He's giving Treyton a way out. Delighted, Gwendolyn turned to her brother. "Dad's not angry at you anymore, Treyton. Hurry up and thank him!"

Treyton didn't respond.

Seeing that Marcus was getting riled up again, Gwendolyn shifted her focus back to him. "You're a kind father, Dad. You never hit or scolded us siblings. There's no need for you to be mad at Treyton. Perhaps he'll change his mind in a few days."

Her words once again appeased him. His expression relaxed as he spoke sincerely. "Remember this, Treyton. I'll never hurt you. I'm more experienced than you, so I know what's best for you. It's for your own good to marry a woman of a similar background."

Treyton scoffed and was going to argue with his father again when Gwendolyn covered his mouth. "Let

me handle Treyton, Dad. I'll definitely help you convince him!" Then she dragged Treyton out of the room by his arm and smiled at Marcus. "We'll be leaving now, Dad!"

After the siblings left the ancestral hall, Treyton spoke up before Gwendolyn could. "Back then, you insisted on marrying into the Wright family because you didn't want your life to be dictated by someone else. I'm the same. This is non-negotiable for me. I won't allow him to decide who I marry."

Gwendolyn blinked. "Who's saying I'm persuading you to do as Dad says?"

“Hmm? Didn’t you just tell him you were going to do that?”

“You’re an idiot, Treyton. Trying to convince Dad to think otherwise when he’s angry is a fool’s errand. If you want him to agree to your marriage with Jennifer, you must take things slowly. Convince him she’s a beautiful, nice, kind–hearted lady and not a conniving woman who only wants to become the wife of a

wealthy man. Use a roundabout approach to make him agree to your marriage. That’s what you’re good at!”

Chapter 297 Take Responsibility

Treyton fell into silence before blowing out a long breath. “You’re right. Dad’s stubborn. Convincing him to change his mind is harder than flying.”

“That makes it worth the challenge. Are you scared, Treyton?” Gwendolyn clapped him on the shoulder. “Don’t worry. I’ll help put in a few words for you. Plus, he may be able to control who you marry, but he can’t control who you date. Just do what you want, but keep a low profile.”

Treyton mulled over the wisdom in her words.

The pair chatted as they walked and arrived at the ancestral hall entrance sooner than expected.

Gwendolyn suddenly stiffened in shock as she stared at the empty doorway.

I forgot someone!

She exclaimed, “Oh no! I was so absorbed in our chat that I forgot about Jennifer. Why didn’t I see her while we were heading to the door? She said she would wait for you at the entrance to the ancestral hall!”

Treyton knitted his brows and asked, "Did she follow us here?"

"Yes. She said she was worried about you." Gwendolyn wondered if she should turn back to find Jennifer. "She never breaks her promise. She wouldn't have left unless she saw you. Unless..." Gwendolyn trailed off

and met Treyton's gaze.

Both their expressions grew somber as their thoughts arrived at the same conclusion.

Treyton turned around first and sprinted in the direction of his villa.

Gwendolyn was not far behind as they headed down from the summit to the halfway point.

They were just pushing open the iron gates to the villa when Jennifer walked out with her luggage.

Treyton strode forward and asked, "Why did you pack your luggage?"

Jennifer lowered her head and replied somewhat guiltily, "I'm sorry to have imposed on your kindness, Mr. Harris. Almost a month has passed since Walter's cheating scandal, and I'm sure the netizens have long forgotten about it. It's time for me to move back to my place."

Treyton grasped her wrist and yanked the luggage out of her grip. "I disagree!"

"Mr. Harris, you have no right to stop me from leaving. You've successfully broken off your engagement to Ms. Ferguson, so our contract is void!" Jennifer's annoyance seeped through her words.

This was the first time she had said such harsh things to him.

Treyton pursed his lips, a frosty expression on his face. After some thought, he asked, "Did Lorelai say something to you when she left the ancestral hall?"

Jennifer did not bother to hide the truth and confessed, “She was absolutely right. We belong to different

worlds. I’ll never be a good match for you. I’m just a fake lover you hired for a job. It was improper for me to develop feelings for you, and I should not hold you back from meeting a woman deserving of you. I—”

Her protests were cut off by Treyton, who closed the distance between them, pulled her head to his, and poured his apologies into a passionate kiss.

The atmosphere became tinged with an intimate mood.

That was the scene Gwendolyn witnessed when she barged into the villa grounds.

She smiled in relief and shook her head. Her footsteps instantly felt lighter as she silently took her leave.

Jennifer broke free from the overpowering kiss first.

Treyton hurriedly explained, “I fell for you first. In fact, I should be the one apologizing. Last night... when you were intoxicated, I shouldn’t have done that to you. But 1...”

The night before, when he brought Jennifer back to the villa, the only thing on his mind was to help her get a quick shower and give her some medication to relieve her pain.

He never expected her to completely fall under the influence of the drug and attempt to seek comfort with his body.

Treyton hated how he had given in so easily to his lust.

He had been celibate for years, yet Jennifer had obliterated his restraints.

Recollections of their deeds from last night instantly filled Jennifer's mind.

She blushed in embarrassment.

"L—Last night was an accident. Don't think too much of it, Mr. Harris. I—I will never use it against you as emotional blackmail or anything. Let's just... pretend it never happened!"

Indignance was written all over Treyton's face as he accused, "You! You immoral woman! Aren't you going to take responsibility for me after bedding me?"

"Huh?" Jennifer was puzzled.

What is he saying?

It escaped her imagination that the elegant and well-mannered Treyton would utter such shameless words.

Jennifer's eyes widened in shock. She mustered all her courage and asked haltingly, "Was last night... also your first time, Mr. Harris?"

Treyton's expression shuttered while his ears turned bright red, betraying his mortification.

He mumbled, "What do you think?"

"Well, since it was a first for both of us, let's consider it canceled out?" Jennifer barely managed to voice her suggestion and attempted to slink away.

Her plan was foiled by Treyton, who locked his hand behind her neck and demanded, "Where are you running off to? I'm not some promiscuous man. Since we've slept together, I'll take responsibility for you forever."

“But-”

www

“No buts!” His gaze looked unusually determined. “I vow to sweep away all obstacles in our relationship from now on. You’ll never be alone again. I’ll love and cherish you so you can focus wholeheartedly on

building your career in showbiz and chasing the happiness you desire!”

Jennifer looked at him in a daze, moved by his romantic declaration.

She once believed her heart would forever be closed to any man after Walter cheated on her, but Treyton had somehow slipped in despite her defenses.

Love and family were things she had never dared to dream of.

Jennifer sniffled and muttered, “Can you not be so good to me?”

“Why not?” Treyton cradled her face gently and awaited her reply.

“I’m scared...”

I’m scared I’ll fall deeper in love with you and fail to pull myself out before it’s too late. I’m scared my emotions will take a worse battering from Walter’s cheating, and it’ll sink me further into despair.

Treyton appeared to have guessed her thoughts. He chuckled and said, “Don’t worry. I’m not Walter. I, Treyton Harris, never go back on my promises!”

Jennifer repressed the urge to burst into sobs and reminded him solemnly, "But Mr. Harris, are you sure you want to be with me? I've no idea what my parents look like. My earliest memories are of my days at the orphanage in Fairlake, and they have no information on my family background. I'm an abandoned child. My birth was a mistake."

"Abandoning you was their loss. I'll treasure you from now on." Treyton held her hand, planted a tender kiss on it, and looked at her earnestly. "I'd like to sign a new contract with you, Ms. Weller. This time, the contract deadline is up to you."

Jennifer was utterly dumbstruck.

He was basically giving her the reins to direct their relationship, allowing her to back out if she lost interest.

Is he doing all this to give me a sense of security?

The chilling breeze of late autumn suddenly felt like a warm caress to Jennifer.

Treyton was the source of that warmth.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn was already in a car headed away from Mount Tranquil.

She looked back several times at her rapidly retreating surroundings with mixed emotions in her chest.

If only Cedrick and I could be like Asher and Sienna or Treyton and Jennifer, leading healthy, peaceful lives filled with love. That would be wondrous.

An uncharacteristically despondent gaze appeared in her eyes for the first time.

Just then, her phone rang with a call, disturbing her gloomy thoughts.

It was a call from Asher,

“Kiddo, I heard Elven mention that you were looking for me.”

Gwendolyn inhaled deeply and replied. “Yes...”

Asher checked his schedule and said. “I’m occupied for a couple of days and won’t be able to return to Salinsburgh immediately. Why don’t you tell me about it over the phone? I’ll help you out once I have time”

“Thanks Asher.” Gwendolyn paused for a long moment before saying, “I hope you can help me to bail Charles out of the maximum–security prison!”

Her request rendered Asher speechless.

He did not seem to

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Her request rendered Asher speechless.

He did not seem to anticipate such a request from her. anticipate such a request from her.

Chapter 298 Testing My Patience

Three hours later, in the evening, Gwendolyn returned to Harrick Villa.

As soon as she opened the door, Cedrick saw her carrying bags of various sizes. These bags could easily stack up to a height taller than an average person.

“D–Did you just rob a mall?”

Gwendolyn flashed an awkward grin. “You need to understand what a girl wants. Besides, there are discounts and buy-one-free-one and buy-two-free-three deals everywhere in the mall. How can I resist? I bought them because they were quite cheap.”

Cedrick froze for a moment before exposing her lie. “You’re not poor. Why would you care about those marketing gimmicks in the mall?”

Gwendolyn refuted, “What nonsense is that? This has nothing to do with me being rich or poor. If I can get them at a lower price, why should I buy them at full price? I’m a frugal spender, okay?”

Cedrick was impressed. “Gwenny, I like that you’re careful with your spending. I have no doubt you’ll make an excellent wife who can take care of the family’s finances!”

Gwendolyn chuckled in amusement upon hearing that. “All right, enough with the sweet talk. Come and help me unpack these. I bought lots of winter attire for you.”

He stared at all the exquisite shopping bags in disbelief. “Y–You bought all these for me?”

Gwendolyn arched her brows and casually fibbed, “Well, most of them were buy one, get one free, and there was a fifty-percent off sale. I may have accidentally bought too many because I haven’t seen you wear this style much.” As she spoke, she picked a light-gray sweater from the bag and passed it to him. “Here. Put this on and see if it fits.”

Cedrick frowned, refusing to accept the sweater from her. “I don’t wear this kind of sweater during winter, especially a turtleneck one!”

“From now on, you have to because I’m with you. You have to keep yourself warm. You have a nice model-like body, so I’m sure everything you wear will fit you like a glove.” She nudged his waist several times while holding the sweater. “Go and put it on. This is my first time buying clothes for a man. How could you turn me down?”

Despite having a smile on her face, she was gritting her teeth when she uttered the last sentence with a hint of threat.

Cedrick sighed and accepted the sweater. He then remove his shirt and put on a knitted garment.

Not long after, Gwendolyn handed him another dark gray wool coat, and once again, Cedrick complied and put it on.

Then, Gwendolyn personally helped him wrap the new scarf she bought around his neck.

Without his usual formal attire, Cedrick now appeared less domineering. Like an artistic teenager, he had become more approachable,

His face was remarkably exquisite, with features so handsome that they surpassed those of an ordinary young man.

Feeling satisfied, Gwendolyn pinched his cheeks affectionately. "You look dashing. Ceddy, you must dress like this from now on. I'm tired of seeing you all suited up."

Gedrick lowered his head, examining his appearance. Suddenly, a fearful idea crossed his mind, causing his heart to race. "Gwenny, please don't tell me you bought me a down coat."

He would never wear those bulky clothes that would make him appear puffed up.

As his anxiety continued to escalate, Cedrick could not help but notice that Gwendolyn proceeded to unpack the remaining shopping bags,

She retrieved two long down coats from the bags, which appeared as puffy as fermented buns. Both coats were black but had different styles.

Gwendolyn said, "You indeed know me very well, Ceddy. Not only did I buy you some down coats, but I also bought some autumn clothes, thick cotton pants, and thick cotton socks. Oh! There are also two black fox fur coats. They're super warm and perfect for the coldest snowy days."

She kept talking without a pause. Cedrick felt as if he had been struck by lightning. His face turned paler with each passing moment.

Autumn clothes, down coats, and thick cotton pants were all his biggest nightmares. I will not wear them. Over/my dead body! No way!

Yet, that was not the only thing he needed to tolerate.

Gwendolyn continued, "Come here, Ceddy. I bought these clothes in pairs. You have to put them on for me to take photos of them!"

Once again, Cedrick was thunderstruck. Not only does she want me to wear them, but she also wants to take photos of me wearing them. She might as well kill me!

His chest tightened with an oppressive weight. He fixed his gaze fiercely upon the mound of shopping bags and clenched his teeth in frustration. "Are you testing my patience?"

Gwendolyn sat on the couch, crossed her legs, and folded her arms. With an elegant yet rebellious demeanor, she tapped her arm and gazed into his eyes. "Yes, I am. Are you going to put them on or not?"

Cedrick stared at her with his cold, dark eyes.

A minute later, Cedrick gave up. "Yes, of course. I'll wear them. When I'm with you, there are no boundaries or limits that can hold me back." He smiled and added softly, "It'll be my pleasure to wear them since you bought them for me."

Gwendolyn burst into laughter and stood up, giving him a playful peck on the lips. She then took his hand and led him back to the bedroom, carrying all the new winter clothes with them.

After turning on the heater in the room, she sat on the edge of the bed with her camera, enjoying Cedrick's performance of undressing and putting on the new clothes. With each movement he made, she captured his moments of awkwardness and chilly demeanor.

To Cedrick, the entire process was torturous, but Gwendolyn enjoyed every moment of it.

She shamelessly indulged in admiring his handsome face and perfect physique, occasionally transforming into a mischievous temptress, playfully pinching his abs and teasing him without reservation.

The torture lasted for nearly half an hour, and it finally came to an end when Cedrick was done putting on all the clothes.

Gwendolyn sat leisurely in the middle of the bed, cross-legged, flipping through the camera, engrossed in admiring the private photos she had just taken. She looked particularly focused, and a subtle delight shimmered in her eyes.

Cedrick rested his chin on her shoulder and embraced her from the back, looking exhausted. “Gwenny, I’ve worn the down coat and the cotton pants. Considering how hard I’ve worked, could you give me a little reward tonight?”

His voice lacked strength, soft and pitiful as if he was seeking sympathy from her.

After setting aside the camera, Gwendolyn turned around, grabbed his shoulder, and pulled him into her embrace, allowing him to lean in with his head resting on her shoulder.

Cedrick gently tugged at the silky fabric of her blouse, a silent plea for understanding and comfort.

In a gentle voice, Gwendolyn asked, “What kind of reward do you want?”

His face brightened, but before he could speak, Gwendolyn added, “I can give you anything except for moving in and sleeping together.”

Cedrick’s expression turned desolate. “You knew that’s exactly what I wanted...”

Gwendolyn caressed his face and kissed his eyes. "Be good."

He snorted softly, sulking in silence.

This time, Gwendolyn did not console him like she usually did.

Instead, she concealed her concern and said earnestly. "I may be a bit busy with work at Angle lately. I may not be able to video call you during lunch to supervise your medication, and I may come home later than usual. Maybe..."

Cedrick looked up and gazed into her eyes. "Maybe what?"

"Nothing." She smiled. "It's getting late. Let's go to bed, shall we?"

Cedrick held onto her tiny waist, refusing to let go. He frowned aggrievedly. "How can I sleep when you haven't fulfilled the reward you promised me!"

"What do you want?"

He thought earnestly, concealing the mischievous sparkle in his dark eyes as he gently nuzzled her neck. "Changing clothes is truly tiring. See, I'm all sweaty now. How about you lend me a hand with a relaxing bath?"

Chapter 299 Asking For It

Gwendolyn felt a lump in her throat.

He had changed his clothes earlier, but at least he was still wearing his underwear.

Gwendolyn could feel her heart pound.

Taking a bath means he will have to be naked! I can't guarantee that a pervert like myself can hold back!

+25 Bonus

She was trying to come up with an excuse to refuse when Cedrick said, "It's just a bath. I'll feel horrible if you don't agree, Gwenny. My chest is going to hurt again!"

He appeared melancholy as he spoke, pouting and holding his hand over his chest.

Gwendolyn sighed helplessly. Ever since it became impossible for him to hide his disease, Cedrick became more and more at ease playing the pitiful card.

Frustratingly, Gwendolyn would fall for it from time to time.

"Stop acting already. I'll get the bath ready."

The man smirked, having gotten his way.

Gwendolyn went into the bathroom and increased the temperature of the heater. She filled the tub with water and added the body wash to it.

Once everything was warm and prepared, Gwendolyn shouted, "You can come in now! The bath is ready.""

Cedrick strode into the bathroom. He was wearing the new cotton robe Gwendolyn had bought him.

The woman tested the water temperature again, and it was just nice.

Turning back, she saw Cedrick still standing there blankly like a blockhead.

“Why aren’t you taking off your clothes?”

He raised his arm a little, and his fingers hung limply. With a piteous look, he said, “I don’t have strength in my arms...”

“Oh! Look at how delicate you’re acting!” Gwendolyn’s face darkened, and she stripped him naked the next instant. “I’ll spoil you now since you’re sick. Go on and continue with your act, then. Just you wait. We’ll see what happens once you’re all well,” she said through gritted teeth.

Cedrick slumped weakly against her when he heard that. With his chin on her shoulder, he said feebly, “You’re being mean to me. I might not get well any time soon...”

“Shut up!”

Gwendolyn glared at him.

The man hissed in pain as he buried his face in her shoulder, quietly swallowing the bitterness he was feeling.

Gwendolyn straightened him up and held his face in her hands. “I’m here, Cedrick. You mustn’t have any thoughts of giving up on your life no matter what!” she emphasized with a serious look in her eyes.

I’ll make sure he lives healthily. I don’t care what I have to do to achieve that.

Cedrick felt dejected.

Sensing his sorrow, Gwendolyn pressed a kiss on his lips and said, “I know how amazing you are. Why don’t you prove it to me once you’re all better?”

He didn’t say a thing, but at least he felt a little better than before.

Gwendolyn helped him into the tub filled with bubbly water and wet his shoulders and neck, covering his honey-colored skin with foam.

“Stay in here for fifteen minutes. I’ll come and scrub your back later.”

She dried her hands with a towel and tried to leave, but Cedrick grabbed hold of her wrist and pulled her toward him.

“It’ll only be warm if we bathe together.”

Gwendolyn was not prepared for his strength and fell behind into the tub.

With Cedrick’s hand acting as a buffer, Gwendolyn didn’t cause a huge splash when she fell into the water.

However, the water in the tub started to overflow since there were two people in the tub now.

Gwendolyn looked down at her silk robe, now soaking wet. She gritted her teeth and glared at him.

“Cedrick! You’re really asking for it, aren’t you?”

Cedrick leaned backward lazily and rested his hands on the sides of the bathtub, his legs wide open.

He had a look on his face that seemed to say, “I’m waiting for you to teach me a lesson.”

“Being able to be taught a lesson in the bathroom by you is romantic in its own way, Gwenny.”

Cedrick raised a brow and had a sly smirk on his face as he spoke.

However, Gwendolyn merely rolled her eyes at him.

Has he really no shame?

Seeing that she was ignoring him, Cedrick looked down and pinched his abs.

He confirmed that he still had them, and they were eight-pack abs too.

Then why...

Cedrick felt a little aggrieved. "Gwenny, I still taste as good as before. You've been abstinent for so long. Don't you want a taste of it?"

Mist rose from the tub, giving his face a dewy glow.

His firm honey-colored body was covered in bubbles. Water droplets dotted his eyelashes as he stared at Gwendolyn with eyes full of expectation.

Not wanting to look at him, Gwendolyn shut her eyes close and took a deep breath.

I knew he'd start feeling restless the moment he got the chance. I shouldn't have agreed to help him bathe. I almost fell for his tricks again!

She kept reminding herself about the situation at hand.

Cedrick is sick! He's sick! He's sick! I can't touch him! I must not tarnish him!

Cedrick didn't stay idle either while she took deep breaths and tried to calm herself down.

His hands that were hidden under the foam slowly made their way toward Gwendolyn, wandering, stroking, and teasing her.

Gwendolyn's eyelashes quivered. Her ears reddened as he continued to tease her.

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She tolerated him as much as she could, and she just couldn't bear it anymore.

"Cedrick! Should I break those restless hands of yours?"

Gwendolyn turned around and took the wooden bath brush from the shelves. Fury burned in her eyes as she glared at him threateningly.

Ten minutes passed, and the air in the bathroom turned foggy from the hot water. The atmosphere around them had become a little unusual.

Gwendolyn put down the wooden brush and let out a heavy sigh.

She had just given Cedrick a beating, and he was finally behaving. She could finally be at ease.

However, Cedrick did not feel as good as she did.

He stared at his swollen and red palms and carefully blew on them.

Gwendolyn merely took a cold glance at his hands and went back to scrubbing his back.

This was the first time she had not comforted Cedrick after giving him corporal punishment.

Frustration brewed in his chest, making him feel extremely unpleasant.

Refusing to accept his fate, Cedrick raised his arms slightly to show Gwendolyn his palms with an aggrieved look in his eyes.

He was silently complaining that he was in pain.

A scowl appeared on Gwendolyn's face. She acted as if she didn't understand him and glared at him. "Did you not have enough? Should I give you another twenty hits?"

With that said, the woman acted as though she was about to grab the brush.

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Cedrick instantly retracted his arms and hid them under the water. He then obediently lowered his head and stayed motionless.

A horde of emotions tormented him at that moment.

Why can't I win against her? Now, of all times?

Gwendolyn had no idea what he was thinking, but she was relieved to see that he wasn't feeling restless anymore.

It really is better when he's acting all obedient like this.

When she was done scrubbing his back, Gwendolyn cast a glance at the shampoo beside them. She squeezed some of it into her hands, lathered it, and spread it in Cedrick's hair.

She was rough with her hands while she shampooed his hair.

“Be gentle,” Cedrick said with a frown.

His words displeased Gwendolyn. “You’re even ordering me around now? This is the only option you have. Forget it if you don’t like it!”

“All right, all right...”

Cedrick had no choice but to hold back his frustrations and endure her uncomfortable strength, allowing her to

Chapter 300 Who Is Pushing The Limits Now

After some time, Gwendolyn shook her wrist, trying to alleviate the soreness that had settled in. She had never realized that taking a bath could be so exhausting.

She was also completely soaked even though Cedrick was supposed to be the one taking a bath.

Despite her frustration, Gwendolyn swallowed it down and assisted Cedrick in getting out of the bathtub.

Once she dried the water from his body, she led him to the dry tiled floor and tossed the bathrobe at him. “Put it on yourself!”

Cedrick stood still and refused to reach out to take the robe. The robe slipped from his face and fell to the ground.

“I can’t move my arms, and my hands are in pain,” he uttered. I can’t dress myself!

Gwendolyn glared at his feeble state and ground her teeth in frustration. She was about to explode in rage. Who’s pushing the limits now, huh?

Confronted by Cedrick's persistent self-pity and his attempts to push her limits, Gwendolyn gave him a stern gaze. "You've got one minute to pick up your robe, put it on immediately, and fetch me a clean one. If you dare to exceed the time limit, I'll make sure you experience the consequences of the rules I established before. And I might consider not feeding you medicine anymore!"

Cedrick swallowed the fluid lodged in his throat. His knees began to ache, and his hands throbbed with increased pain. She might not want to feed me medicine anymore? No! I can't accept that!

While cleaning herself, Gwendolyn started counting down. "You have fifty-eight seconds left!"

Cedrick's body tensed up as he swiftly retrieved the robe, and deftly secured it around himself. He then opened the door, slipped on his slippers, and hurried to the adjacent wardrobe to fetch a clean robe for

her.

"Ten, nine, eight..." Gwendolyn's countdown echoed in the bathroom. She sounded like an emotionless timekeeping machine.

As the countdown reached the final second, Cedrick accurately hung the robe on the bathroom rack.

Gwendolyn glanced at him and playfully remarked, "Well, it seems you do have the potential to meet my expectations. Not bad, Ceddy!"

Cedrick kept mum.

Gwendolyn saw through all of Cedrick's little schemes. In other words, none of his tricks worked.

Frustrated to the core, he forcefully slammed the bathroom door shut, releasing all his pent-up annoyance onto it.

Gwendolyn gazed at the sulking man behind the closed door, sighing softly and wearing a smile tinged with a touch of helplessness.

Two days later, Salinsburgh transitioned into winter. Gloomy clouds covered the sky, and rain started to fall.

The cold wind, accompanied by a light drizzle, caused the temperature to drop by approximately ten degrees Celsius.

People walking on the streets were shivering in the chilly weather.

The heavy iron gate of the high-security prison creaked open, releasing a deep, resonating sound.

Charles had changed out of his prison uniform and was now dressed in a neat yet lightweight white shirt.

He clutched a black bag tightly in his arms containing the few clothes he possessed during his time in prison.

The prison guard observed as Charles moved at a sluggish pace and gently pushed him through the iron gate. "Now that you've been given parole, take this opportunity to turn over a new leaf!"

Charles stumbled, taking a few unsteady steps before abruptly raising his head to face the somber sky, letting the frigid raindrops cascade down on his face.

His weary and weathered face gradually broke into a faint smile. Turn over a new leaf? Yes. This marks the new beginning of my life!

Suddenly, a black van emerged from the end of the road and pulled up in front of him.

William and Quinton got down, covering his mouth and forcefully pushing him into the back seat.

Charles let out a muffled groan as he slammed his knees harshly against the seat.

As he lowered his head, he caught a glimpse of a pair of delicate high heels.

His heart filled with joy as he glanced up and saw Gwendolyn seated beside him. They were separated by a table.

On her exquisite and charming face, her eyes emitted a profound sense of indifference and disgust.

Charles held his knee and moved onto the seat. "It's been over half a month since we last met, and you're still as stunning as ever, Gwen. My heart skipped a beat when I saw you."

Gwendolyn stifled her revulsion and got straight to the point, unwilling to entertain his nonsense. "Where's the medicine?"

"What medicine?"

Gwendolyn knitted her brows, exuding an icy aura.

She drew out a pistol, loaded it, and pressed it against his forehead. "Are you playing me? If I can get you out of prison, I can send you back!"

She pressed the muzzle of the gun against Charles' head with force, causing his head to tilt slightly.

"Calm down, Gwen. I'll keep my promise. We agreed that if you bailed me out, I'd provide you with the antidote to help with his viral infection. But I don't have it with me at the moment since I just came out of prison."

Gwendolyn kept the gun pointed at him, her voice aloof as she asked, "Where's the medicine? Take me there."

Charles chuckled lightly. "I can't do that. If I take you there, I'll be revealing my trump card. I'm still hoping that you'll marry me."

His remarks made Elven and the other bodyguards feel uncomfortable. They wished they could beat that despicable man to a pulp right away.

Gwendolyn looked away and kept mum for a moment. "What do you want?"

Charles glanced at the drizzling rain outside the window, his eyes filled with indifference. "Do you have a pen?"

Gwendolyn gave Elven a signal with her eyes.

Elven took out a pen from the pocket of his suit, found a piece of scrap paper in the car, and passed them to Charles.

After taking the pen and paper, Charles wrote down a contact number. "I'll contact you using this number before tomorrow night. Follow my instructions and come to the designated location to collect the antidote."

Gwendolyn carefully scrutinized the number, her cold gaze revealing no emotions. "Don't you dare play any tricks. If you do, I swear you'll suffer more than death!"

"I wouldn't dare. As long as I can obtain what I desire, you'll certainly get what you seek too, Gwen." He smiled, gently shoving the pistol aside.

Gwendolyn holstered her gun and passed it to Elven. "Where do you intend to go now? Are you heading back to the Newton residence?"

Observing the surroundings with his serene deep blue eyes, Charles replied, "No. Just pull over on the side of the road. I have some matters to attend to."

Ezra, who was driving the car, stopped by the road. William and Quinton opened the door, grabbed his collars, and were about to toss him out.

"Wait!" Charles stopped them.

Gwendolyn looked up, her face displaying impatience. "What?"

Charles maintained his smile as if he was unbothered by her demeanor. "I don't have any money on me. I'd like to buy some warm clothes, have a decent meal, and perhaps get a pack of cigarettes. Could you spare me some, Gwen?"

Suppressing her anger, Gwendolyn glanced at Elven. "How much cash do you have with you?"

Elven checked the pockets in his suit and pants. "Five hundred."

"Give it to him," she said.

Elven reluctantly slammed a five hundred banknote on his chest. "Consider this as Ms. Gwendolyn's charity. Get lost!"

Charles remained unfazed, bowing his head to collect the money.

After he finished picking up the money, William and Quinton forcefully ejected him from the van and slammed the door shut, and Ezra drove away.

Quinton even spat out of the window in frustration. How dare he dream of marrying Ms. Gwendolyn. He's just chasing rainbows. Dream on, fool!

Gwendolyn did not stop him from overreacting.

Instead, she gazed at the rearview mirror, watching Charles standing motionless as the van drove away. She turned to Elven and instructed, "Find two skilled individuals to follow him secretly. I want to be informed of every location he visits."