

Her Riches 301

Chapter 301 Perfect For Each Other

Elven nodded. "Got it."

Gwendolyn retracted her gaze and glanced at the phone number Charles had written her. "Contact Shadow Bell and have them investigate this number."

"Understood, Ms. Gwendolyn."

Meanwhile, Cedrick made his way into the living room of Valentino's villa and bowed respectfully at him. "You wanted to see me, Grandpa?"

Valentino, who was sitting on the couch, looked up at him from across the coffee table.

For a moment there, he almost didn't recognize Cedrick when he saw him standing there in a wool coat.

"You sure have changed a lot after finding yourself a woman. I mean, just look at you! You look a lot more approachable now!" Valentino said with a relieved smile as he eyed Cedrick from head to toe.

Cedrick simply kept quiet and stood there with a calm look on his face.

on,

"Go take a seat." Valentino fiddled with the head of his cane with his wrinkled hands. "Actually, I summoned you today because someone wanted to see you and ask you for forgiveness. I had no choice but to play the role of the middleman."

Cedrick had a little furrow between his eyebrows when he heard that.

Valentino cleared his throat and said, "Come on in."

Wyatt stepped into the living room with a stern look on his face.

Sherman followed closely behind with his head held low. He had mostly recovered from the beating he received a few days ago.

Cedrick maintained a cold look on his face as he elegantly poured himself a cup of coffee and gently blew on it.

Wyatt sat down on the couch in front of Cedrick and greeted Valentino with a smile before asking, "Hello, Cedrick. How have you been throughout the past few days?"

Cedrick simply ignored him and sipped on his coffee. He couldn't even be bothered to look at Wyatt,

Valentino lightly tapped his cane on the floor. "You shouldn't be so rude to your elders,

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+15 Bonus

Cedrick. Hurry up and greet him!"

"Why should I respect an elder who couldn't even teach his son proper manners?"

"Cedrick!"

Sherman, who was standing next to Wyatt, got mad when he heard Cedrick insult his father.

"It's fine." Wyatt maintained a friendly smile on his face. "It's true that Sherman was at fault for what happened that day. As punishment, I have given him a beating at home and brought him over today to apologize to you. If you find this insufficient, you may feel free to whip him to your heart's content. I will not have any complaints, so go ahead if you wish."

He then shot Sherman a look, prompting the latter to suppress his feelings of shame as he walked up to Cedrick and bowed deeply.

"I hereby apologize to you for what I did that day. I only called out Gwendolyn's name because the drug had taken over me. I have no intention of doing anything bad to your fiancée. In fact, I respect the relationship that you two have."

Cedrick let out a soft chuckle after hearing that.

He put his coffee cup down and shot Sherman an icy-cold glare as he replied, "You and I both know if you truly mean what you said. There's no need to put on an act like this, All it does is waste both of our time." He stood up and turned toward Valentino. "Is there anything else, Grandpa? If not, I will be on my way now. I still have a video conference to attend tonight."

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Valentino was clearly displeased at how firm his attitude was.

Sherman has already come over and apologized to him, so why can't he just let it go?

Even so,

Valentino simply nodded and said, "Go on, then. You are currently the one in charge of the Jenson family. You can do as you see fit."

Having obtained the green light, Cedrick turned around and walked away.

Refusing to be disrespected like that, Sherman called out to him, "Why must you be so unforgiving, Mr. Jenson? I know I was at fault, but I didn't do any actual damage to you or the Jenson family! Gwendolyn's reputation isn't affected in any way either, and I even came here to apologize! Why can't you just forgive me?"

"Are you saying that I must forgive you simply because you apologized?" Cedrick asked with a sneer and walked straight out the front door.

Wyatt was angered by Cedrick's stubborn attitude as well, but he could only say to Sherman softly, "Try to talk to Cedrick again in private. Make sure to be polite, okay? I'll stay here and chat with Old Mr. Jenson for a bit."

"Okay." Sherman nodded and ran out the door.

It was drizzling at the time, but Sherman couldn't even be bothered to grab an umbrella as he ran toward Cedrick.

"Mr. Jenson!" Sherman called out, but Cedrick ignored him completely and carried on walking with Nico holding the umbrella.

Sherman then tried a different approach by saying, "If you're so bothered by the fact that I said her name, then why are you okay with her being married to someone else before? This isn't the first time

she has done it!"

Sure enough, Cedrick paused in his tracks when he heard that.

Realizing that his strategy had worked, Sherman quickly ran up to Cedrick and continued, "Regardless of whether you like her or not, it is unwise to cut ties with my family because of her. The Ferguson family may have encountered a crisis, but it has a solid foundation, so it is only a matter of time before we resolve the crisis. Why won't you lend us a hand so we can get through this sooner and resume our mutually profitable relationship?"

-Cedrick narrowed his eyes and exuded a dangerous aura as he said, "Nico."

Naturally, Nico understood what he meant by that. He nodded and handed Cedrick the umbrella before punching Sherman square in the face.

That punch was so powerful that it knocked Sherman to the ground instantly. The corner of Sherman's lips was swollen, and two of his teeth were loosened from the impact.

Sherman spat out a mouthful of blood and stared at Cedrick in confusion. "M—Mr. Jenson?"

With one hand holding the umbrella and the other hand in his pocket, Cedrick walked up to Sherman and stared him down. "Sherman, you'd better stay away from me from now on. Otherwise, I'll give you a beating every time I see you!"

"Why? Because I said a few nasty

i about Gwend,

stuff about Gwendolyn?"

A deep frown creased Cedrick's brows when he heard that.

Nico nodded in acknowledgment and stomped hard on Sherman's stomach.

Sherman curled

up

into a ball and clutched at his stomach while screaming in pain.

The look of displeasure in Cedrick's eyes became less intense as he enjoyed watching Sherman suffer,

Lend your family a hand? Resume our mutually profitable relationship? I'm afraid that's not going to happen ever again! Working with a family that has a sc*mbag like you in it would be an insult to the Jenson family's reputation!"

Sherman was furious. "Just you wait, Cedrick! One day, you will fall from that high and mighty throne of yours! When that day comes, I'll be sure to laugh at you to my heart's content!"

Cedrick simply reached out and asked Nico for some cash.

Nico whipped out a wallet made of crocodile skin and began counting the money inside, but Cedrick snatched it from him before he could finish.

There are only a few thousand in here. It's not much, but... Given the state the Ferguson family is in, I'd say this is plentiful.

Cedrick whipped out the bank notes and tossed them onto Sherman.

The banknotes were instantly wet from the rain as they scattered on the ground.

"I'm a fair man, Mr. Ferguson. This should cover your medical bills. Feel free to make a claim with Jenson Group's finance department if this isn't enough," Cedrick said sarcastically before retracting his gaze and walking off.

Nico followed closely behind him and whispered with a smile, "You looked a lot like Ms. Gwendolyn when you tossed those banknotes at him, Boss! You two sure are perfect for each other!"

Chapter 302 All I Want Is You

Cedrick nodded in satisfaction when he heard that. we get back."

Waid, Nico. I'll give you a raise when

"Hahaha! Thanks, Boss! Honestly, you and Ms. Gwendolyn look like a perfect couple! I've "Hahaha! Thanks, Boss! Honestly, you and Ms. G Gwendolyn look like a perfect couple! I've never seen a more fitting pair!"

Sherman's eyes were bloodshot with rage as he watched the two disappear into the distance, but all he could do was punch at the ground to vent his frustration.

Cedrick went back to his usual self upon returning to Harrick Villa. "Nico, I want you to continue pressuring Ferguson Group and make them go bankrupt within three days! Make sure to acquire everything they own! I want the Ferguson family to stay down for good!"

"Understood."

"Eloise did a lot of bad things in the past. It was the Ferguson family that helped clean up after her messes. Put up an ad with a huge reward on the dark web for evidence of her crimes. I want to help Gwenny send Eloise to prison!" Cedrick continued.

Given how the Ferguson family had taken a huge hit, there would surely be others who. would strike them while they were down.

After all, being able to kick an enemy, who had been a thorn in their side for years, was not an opportunity that came by often.

"Leave it to me, Boss!" Nico reassured him.

Having made the arrangements, Cedrick glanced at the sky outside the window.

The sky had gotten dark rather early lately due to the rainy weather and winter being just around the corner.

Cedrick lowered his gaze as he felt a little lonely on the inside.

Gwendolyn would spend the entire day outside whenever she left the house, and she wouldn't even call him throughout the day.

Ah... It's already seven in the evening, and Gwendolyn still isn't home yet...

Cedrick slumped weakly against the couch and looked as dejected as a person who had lost the will to live.

Nico let out a sigh when he saw that. "Are you missing Ms. Gwendolyn again, Boss?"

Cedrick ignored him and stared at the empty road outside the window.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn's car was parked about two hundred rs a

She had an icy-cold look in her eyes as she sat there and

+15 Bonus

away from the Jenson

stened to Elven's:

"I'm sorry, Ms. Harris. He managed to shake us off shortly after discover

us, so we were unable to tail him." When he noticed the increasingly gloomy look in Gwendolyn's eyes, Elven's voice grew even softer as he continued, "I'm truly sorry..."

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“It’s all right. He was trained by elites, so he’s highly capable in every aspect. He’s also very smart. Shaking you guys off his tail would be a piece of cake anyway.” Gwendolyn then looked at the phone number that Charles had written down on the paper. “What about this phone number? Did you manage to find anything about it?”

“It is indeed a Chanaean number. While it isn’t registered to anyone in particular, we managed to track down the location of its user. It’s currently in Erihal.”

Erihal?

Gwendolyn narrowed her eyes as she went into deep thought.

If I recall correctly, Charles’ mother is from Erihal. However, I’ve never heard Charles mention his mother when I was little. In fact, he never said a word about Erihal at all. Apart from those blue eyes of his, he is practically no different from your average Chanaean. Could it be that he is in contact with people from Erihal? Does he have some kind of secret that no one knows about?

“Go investigate Charles’ mother. I want detailed information on her and all individuals from Erihal who have entered Chanaea up to six months ago.”

“Six months is too big of a range, Ms. Harris. There are far too many individuals for us to screen through, which would make it even more time-consuming. Even Mr. Asher would have a hard time conducting this investigation,” Elven replied with a conflicted look on his face.

“That’s fine. I’m in no rush, so you can take your time with this one.”

Their conversation was interrupted when Gwendolyn’s phone rang all of a sudden.

A glance at the caller ID revealed that it was a call from Cedrick.

Oh, my! I got so carried away that I ended up staying out until eight in the evening! I bet he must be missing me dearly!

A sweet smile spread across Gwendolyn's face at the thought of that.

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Instead of answering the call, however, she put her phone on silent and said to Ezra, "Turn the car around. We'll drop by Grand Essence Restaurant before heading back to the Jenson residence."

Right as Cedrick was on the verge of breaking down from depression, he heard the sound of the door being unlocked.

He ran toward the door as quickly as his legs could carry him and pounced on Gwendolyn the moment he saw her.

His arms were trembling as he wrapped them tightly around her waist.

Waiting for her was such an excruciating process that he felt as though he would die if she kept him waiting any longer.

Gwendolyn was so caught off guard that she had to take a few steps backward before steadying herself.

Fearing that he would cause her to spill the soup she had bought, she held it far

away from him as she said, "It's winter today. According to tradition, we need to have some hot soup to warm ourselves up. I didn't have time to make us soup, so I bought some from a restaurant on the way back from work. That's why I took so long to get home."

Cedrick buried his face in her neck and sniffed hard to take in her fragrant scent. "I don't need soup!"

All I want is you!

Gwendolyn let out a silent sigh in response. She wanted to pat him on the back of his head, but she had both hands occupied with carrying the soup she bought.

She had no choice but to comfort him verbally instead. "All right, are you hungry? Let's go inside and have dinner. I'll be able to keep you company every day once I'm done with my work."

"How much longer will you need?"

"About a few more days, I guess."

"What is going on at Angle Corporation? Why are things so busy that you need to work this hard?" Cedrick exclaimed with displeasure written all over his face.

Gwendolyn froze for a few seconds before replying, "I recently hired a new batch of artists. We're in the process of breaking them in at the moment. Because they're newbies, I need to personally supervise

them. On top of that, we're also planning some new collaborations, so things are indeed pretty hectic there,"

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Cedrick rested his head against her shoulder and let out a depressed sigh.

He knew that Gwendolyn valued her career very much, but he wished she would spend more time with him since he didn't have much time left to live.

Of course, Cedrick would never voice those feelings of his out to Gwendolyn.

He would always support her no matter what her decision was.

Even if she wanted to leave him right then and there, he would not do anything to stop her from leaving.

Gwendolyn, too, was distracted thinking about Charles.

It wasn't until she felt her back start to ache from the position they were in that she snapped out of it.
"Come on, let's go have some soup."

Both of them were lost in their own thoughts during dinner.

After having dinner, Gwendolyn went to keep him company in his bedroom. She would always stay with him for a few hours until he fell asleep before going to bed in the next

room.

This time, however, she noticed something was off the moment she sat down on his bed. Huh? Nico would usually let me know if Cedrick has been taking his medication on time. Why haven't I heard anything from him tonight?

"Have you taken your medication for the night?"

Cedrick tensed up briefly before replying with an awkward chuckle, "N-No..."

Those medications were bitter and barely did anything to help with his condition, so he didn't want to take them.

"Wait here. I'll get it ready for you."

Gwendolyn returned a few minutes later with a glass of warm water and a box of pills.

“You came back really late tonight. Could you at least reward my patience by feeding me the medication?” Cedrick asked weakly,

“Sure thing.”

She sat down beside him and held the back of his head affectionately as she fed him two tablets orally,

Despite how smooth her movement was, Cedrick noticed it and frowned immediately after

swallowing the pills.

“Hey! That’s cheating, Gwenny! You need to feed me the pills one at a time!”

As Gwendolyn had been busy with work throughout the entire day, she barely had any time to rest and was hoping to get it over with sooner.

“I’d have to give you over a dozen kisses if I fed you one pill at a time! Don’t you ever get sick of that?” she snapped at him impatiently.

Cedrick’s face went pale almost instantly. “H—Have you gotten sick of it already?”

Those who are sick would often get paranoid, so I need to be more careful with

my

words...

Having noticed the change in his expression, Gwendolyn said, "Of course not! You're so tasty that I could never get tired of kissing you, Ceddy! Come on, let's keep those kisses going!"

She was about to give him another kiss when her phone started ringing on the nightstand.

Gwendolyn glanced at the screen and saw that it was an unknown number.

Her eyes grew cold when she realized that the number belonged to Charles.

What? Why is Charles calling me right now?

Cedrick turned around and looked at the phone.

"Who's calling you this late at night?"

Chapter 303 Serum

Gwendolyn's eyes darted around, and she couldn't stop blinking. "Maybe someone called by mistake. Ignore it. Let's take the medicine first."

"By mistake?"

Cedrick perceptively noticed the panic in her gaze. Doubts rose in his heart.

The phone kept ringing as if it wouldn't stop until someone picked up the call.

Cedrick's face darkened as he stood up to grab her phone. "I'll answer it for you."

"No, it's okay!"

Gwendolyn grabbed his hand tightly.

Her action aroused Cedrick's suspicion. Why is she so flustered?

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Gwendolyn realized she had overreacted. She hurriedly pulled him to sit down. "I remember now. It must be the business partner from earlier calling. I forgot to save his number."

Cedrick's doubts didn't diminish the slightest. "It's half past nine at night. Who would call to talk about business at this hour?"

"How would I know? I'll answer it and ask."

Gwendolyn put down the glass of water and calmed her beating heart before answering the call and lowering the volume to the minimum.

"Hello. How can I help you?"

On the other end of the phone, Charles was taken aback, but he immediately understood the situation. "Gwen, is Cedrick with you now? Oh my, did I call at the wrong time and interrupt your couple's quality time?"

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After taking a deep breath, Gwendolyn looked at Cedrick, who was staring at her. She stood up, walked to the balcony, and muttered coldly, "Just get straight to the point."

Charles chuckled playfully and said. "Sure. Let's talk business. Come to the abandoned factory in the eastern suburbs of Salinsburgh before eleven tonight. You can bring bodyguards with you, but remember this; only you can enter Room 302 on the fifth floor!"

Gwendolyn didn't answer immediately. She turned around and glanced at the bedroom.

Cedrick was sitting perfectly still beside the bed with his back facing her, seemingly lost in

thoughts and not paying attention to her phone call.

Covering the phone, she uttered in a low voice, "I can't go right now. We'll talk again

tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Charles was disgruntled. "Do you know how much I went through to get medicine? There won't be another chance like this after tonight. I can't give it to you again even if you put me in a high— security prison!"

She could tell he was not lying on purpose from his tone.

After pondering for a while, she said, "Okay. I know what to do."

She hung up and strode over to Cedrick hesitantly.

"Ceddy, I've got something urgent to do and must go out for a while. I will probably come home late. Rest early, and don't wait for me."

Cedrick's expression was as cold as ice as he grabbed her arm. "It's cold outside. Besides, it's dangerous for a young woman to go out late at night. Why don't I go with you?"

“Have you forgotten that I know jiu-jitsu? It’s not easy for anyone to get close to me. Besides, it’s more dangerous for you to go out at night. Don’t worry. I will be back soon.”

Cupping his face, she leaned over to place a peck on his forehead.

“Promise me you’ll take your medicine and sleep early.”

“All right.”

His expression remained solemn.

After Gwendolyn rewarded him with another kiss, she turned around, took the jacket from the coat rack, put it on, and quickly left.

Cedrick stood on the balcony and watched.

After her silhouette disappeared from the courtyard walls, he turned around, walked to the bed, sat down, and tilted his head to look at the box of medicine containing ten pills on the bedside table.

What is so important that she has to leave in a rush before helping me take my medicine? Besides, she’s been acting weird today, like she’s lying. I think I heard a man’s voice on the phone earlier.

His suspicion drove him to call Nico.

“Find out what Gwendolyn has been doing lately—where she went during the day, what did

she do, and...” He went silent briefly before continuing, “I bet she is driving the Maserati MC77 from the garage tonight. The plate number is A04551. Check the surveillance footage, find out where the car is going, and have someone follow her.”

On the other end of the line, Nico was stunned and didn't say anything for a long time.

"Nico?"

"Boss, did I hear you wrong? You want to investigate Ms. Gwendolyn?" Countless questions rose in Nico's heart. "Boss, are you sure you want to do this? If Ms. Gwendolyn finds out, will she think you don't trust her and get mad?"

Cedrick fell into silence.

Nico added, "You know how smart Ms. Gwendolyn is. It's impossible to keep your investigation on her a secret. I bet this will cause a rift in your relationship. Boss, are you sure you want to do it?"

Cedrick hesitated.

I'm not sure... Gwendolyn said before that she hoped I could trust her forever no matter what and have faith in her feelings for me. I should trust her!

Although he had such thoughts, Gwendolyn's every flustered gesture tonight kept replaying in his mind, indicating she was lying, keeping secrets, and hiding something from him.

"Boss?"

After being in a dilemma for a few minutes, Cedrick sighed and said, "Forget it. You don't have to investigate. I trust her."

He hung up the call. His gaze shifted back to the pile of pills. After taking them obediently, he went to wash up in the bathroom.

Meanwhile, a Maserati MC77 pulled up steadily at an abandoned factory entrance in the eastern suburbs late at night.

Elven helped Gwendolyn open the car door.

Clutching her jacket, Gwendolyn turned around and ordered, "I'm going in alone. You guys guard the door. If something goes wrong, listen closely to the sound of my movements."

"Understood."

Without wasting more time, she hurriedly entered the factory and went to Room 802 on the fifth floor.

Just when she was about to knock on the door, her gaze shifted to the corridor, and she was met with a suspicious-looking black figure approaching her.

She hurriedly took out her gun and quickly pointed the frigid muzzle at the figure.

Facing a threat, the figure stopped in his tracks immediately and took off his black cap, mask, and sunglasses, revealing Charles' beautiful sapphire-like blue eyes.

"Gwen, it's me."

Gwendolyn didn't put her gun away. She cut to the chase and asked, "Where is the serum?"

Charles was slightly displeased. "Gwen, do you really have nothing else to say except this? Why can't

be thoughtful and ask if I was in danger today or if I get

hurt?"

you

She didn't want to know any of that and would have stabbed him if it wasn't for him bringing her the serum.

"Enough nonsense. Give it to me!"

"All right, all right, I'll give it to you. You're indeed cruel to me, Gwen."

As he grumbled while smirking, he straightened his back, pulled the black zipper on his shirt, took out a blue ice box, and handed it to her.

Gwendolyn took it, opened it, and examined it. A syringe the size of a thumb containing a blue liquid was inside.

"What serum is this?"

"Gwendolyn, you're so smart. Why don't you find out yourself?"

Gwendolyn remained silent. She closed the ice box, turned around, and left.

Charles called out to her, "Gwen, when will you agree to my last two conditions?"

Narrowing her eyes, she said coldly, "We'll talk after I verify the serum. You better make sure this is real, or else..."

Her words were clearly a veiled threat.

Charles, who was not intimidated by her investigation, stared at her back and reminded warily, "Gwen, you better think fast. The serum can only relieve the disease. Only I know which serum can cure Cedrick!"

If you take a long time to consider and cause any problems later on, don't blame me for it!

Chapter 304 Devastated

Underneath the dim moonlight, the corner of Charles' lips curled into a smile. With his sea-blue eyes, he stared at Gwendolyn's leaving silhouette with an admiring gaze that bordered on obsession.

Despite hearing what he said, Gwendolyn didn't turn around and quickened her pace instead.

Now that she had the serum, she had to hurry back to the lab.

She was worried about arousing Cedrick's suspicions if she were to return too late.

After washing up, Cedrick went to bed obediently, but sleep just wouldn't come to him.

He stared into the dark of the night. His mind was unsettled by the frantic look on Gwendolyn's face before she left.

All he could do was space out while looking out the window.

Two hours passed with no sign of Gwendolyn's return. The growing concern he felt added to the emptiness in his heart.

He sat up and picked up his phone to give Gwendolyn a call to ascertain her safety. Coincidentally, he received one from Neville.

Considering the late hour, it definitely had to be something important.

Once the call connected, Neville spoke immediately. "I'm sorry, Boss. I've made a mistake. I've just gotten news from the high-security prison!"

Cedrick's brows furrowed. "What happened?"

"Charles was released on bail yesterday!"

An icy glint flashed across Cedrick's eyes a An icy glint flashed across Cedrick's eyes as they emitted a murderous aura.

"Who bailed him out?"

"Mr. Asher of the Federal Bureau of Investigation!"

Asher?

Cedrick's fingers quivered, and his phone slipped through them before he could end the call.

His breathing came to an abrupt stop. He felt as if someone had squeezed his heart and

ripped it apart.

When Neville didn't hear a reply, he grew worried. "Boss, you have to stay calm. Your health is everything. Don't let your chest pain act up again. Perhaps there's some misunderstanding here!"

As there was still no answer, he continued, "Ms. Gwendolyn knows how much you hate Charles. She must have a reason for making such a decision. Boss, you-"

A call-end tone interrupted him abruptly, as the outraged Cedrick didn't want to hear another word.

All of a sudden, he recalled that Gwendolyn had been acting strangely in recent days. He just didn't pay much attention to it.

On top of that, he had just heard a man's voice in the background of his call with her.

As the growing suspicions began to suffocate him, he ordered Nico to track Gwendolyn's movement over the last few days.

Half an hour later, he received all the information on his phone.

Gwendolyn picked Charles up when he was released yesterday. Does this mean that she went to meet him at this ungodly hour?

Upon leaving the abandoned factory, Gwendolyn rushed back to the lab.

Joshua, who was sleeping, was dragged up by her to get to work.

After handing him the blue serum for further examination, she waited outside anxiously.

Finally, Joshua emerged ten minutes later.

"There's nothing wrong with the serum. It looks good. From my preliminary tests, I can see that it is capable of suppressing the S404 RNA virus. On top of that, it won't harm the patient post-injection." Joshua handed her the data which he had printed out. "This is amazing! Where did you get the serum, Ms. Harris?"

Gwendolyn took the report. She was equally delighted. However, she didn't answer Joshua's question as she carefully studied the report.

Joshua continued, "That said, since the source of the serum isn't clear and our database doesn't have any information on it, my advice is for you not to give it to Cedrick in haste. Leave it with me so that I can study it further over the next two days."

"All right. Thanks for the trouble."

“Not at all. This is my responsibility after all. Cedrick is really lucky to have someone like you do everything you can for him.”

After smiling in response, Gwendolyn realized that it was midnight upon checking her watch.

“Sorry for interrupting your night. I got to go now. Let me know if there’s any progress with the serum.”

“Sure.”

Joshua nodded as he watched Gwendolyn hurry off.

Gwendolyn returned to Harrick Villa as fast as she could.

As she calmed herself down from the excitement, she stood at the villa entrance to tidy up her messy hair and clothes.

Only then did she carefully turn the knob and open the door.

Inside the dark living room, Gwendolyn could sense a solemn aura within it, causing her to turn on the lights.

The moment she did, she was gripped by the sight of a grim-looking figure seated on the couch.

As it was already dawn, the low temperature made the room feel chilly. Yet Cedrick was just wearing a thin woolen robe.

Despite the fact that his lips were blue from the cold, he didn’t seem bothered by it. Just like a stone statue, he sat there motionless and without expression.

“Didn’t I ask to go to bed early? Why are you waiting for me on the couch? You didn’t even turn on the lights or get something proper to wear.”

Gwendolyn immediately grabbed a coral fleece jacket from the coat stand and put it on for him.

The moment she came into contact with his body, she realized he was already frozen stiff.

Angry and pained by the sight, she quickly rubbed both his hands and blew hot air on them to warm him up,

Cedrick didn’t resist. All he did was watch her quietly before saying in a deep voice, “I couldn’t sleep until I know that you have returned home safely.”

“Now that I’m back, let’s get you into bed.”

Instead of budging, Cedrick asked, “Where did you go tonight?”

Gwendolyn was ready with an excuse. “Treyton wasn’t at home, and Jennifer had a lot to drink, so I went back to the Harris residence to take care of her. I only came back after tucking her in.”

Cedrick didn’t comment as he lowered his head in silence. Underneath his sleeves, his fingers had already balled into fists.

Noticing the strange mood Cedrick was in, Gwendolyn raised his jaw by force.

She was greeted by the sight of his reddened eyes with tears welling up inside them.

“Ceddy?”

Cedrick’s face darkened as he shoved her hand aside.

“Why are you lying to me still? Did you meet Charles tonight?”

Gwendolyn was slightly stunned. “It seems you already know.”

Her affirmative answer suffocated Cedrick further. He had never felt more devastated in his life.

Tears began to cloud his eyes as a sense of sorrow gripped his being.

This was the very first time he had cried in front of her.

Gwendolyn’s eyes were equally moist. Knowing that he had gotten the wrong idea, she frantically explained, “I wasn’t intending to keep it from you, as it would be impossible to do so. I just didn’t know how to break it to you yet.”

She had wanted to wait for Joshua to give the green light on the serum before sharing the good news with him. Only then would she sneak in the news about Charles.

Little did she expect Cedrick to find out first.

“Ceddy, I—”

Gwendolyn extended her hand to wipe his tears away.

However, she felt him grab her wrist so tightly that his fingers were trembling.

Even breathing had become painful for Cedrick, and the sadness in his tone was unmistakable as he said, “Gwen, I’m aware that my days are numbered. That’s why I have no intention of holding you back. Even if you leave me right now, I won’t stop you at all. I accept that you’ll find another man to love you after I’m gone, but why, of all people do you

have to choose Charles?"

Chapter 305 Argument

Gwendolyn's heart ached.

So, that's how he sees it all this while. He thinks that he's going to die and feels guilty for being a burden to me.

Letting out a sigh, Gwendolyn reached out to comfort him.

"Ceddy, listen to me-"

For the second time, Cedrick pushed her hand away and turned his back to her. Soft sniffles soon accompanied his trembling shoulders.

Unable to contain his emotions anymore, he came to a decisive decision. "I know that he's your first love and both of you have history. If you... still love him and are firm in choosing him, I will not stand in your way!"

With that, he headed back upstairs without looking back.

The outburst left Gwendolyn shocked and furious at the same time.

Upon regaining her senses, she ran after him. "Cedrick, what the hell are you talking about? Did hit your head somewhere?"

you

Cedrick quickened his pace and flew to the third floor like the wind. He then slammed the door before locking it from the inside.

As Gwendolyn was right behind him, she managed to stop in the nick of time. Otherwise, her head would've been at the receiving end of the closing door.

The sight of the tightly shut entrance caused her blood to boil.

“What’s wrong with you, Cedrick? How dare you slam the door in my face? What are you throwing a tantrum for? What’s so difficult about hearing my explanation? Open the door right now!”

Two minutes later, there was still no indication that the door was going to open anytime soon.

As it was already late and Gwendolyn had busied herself the entire day, exhaustion began to take its toll on her.

Coming home to be at the receiving end of Cedrick’s temper drained the very last of her patience.

“Since you refuse to listen to my explanation, so be it. We’ll talk only after

All she heard in reply was a long silence.

you

calm down.”

Without another word, Gwendolyn turned around and headed to the room next door.

Once he heard the door from the room next to his close, Cedrick slumped to the ground with his back against the door. He then curled into a ball with his arms wrapped around his knees.

With the room lights still off, he simply sat alone in the darkness.

Fortunately, his chest pain didn't act up, a sign that the medication he had consumed for it was working well.

Yet, he could feel pain everywhere else in his body.

The air in the surroundings was so still that it triggered a sense of dread within him.

With his ear to the door, he listened carefully for any movement outside.

It seems quiet. Has Gwendolyn fallen asleep so quickly?

Just as he was lost in thought, the room lights were turned on with a click.

The sudden burst of illumination was so jarring that he couldn't open his eyes at all.

He suddenly felt his wrists tied up with a belt within the few seconds he was caught off guard.

Thereafter, Gwendolyn's beautiful face emerged right before his eyes.

"It's you?"

Staring right into his eyes, Gwendolyn flashed a taunting smile. "You left the balcony door open, so I snuck in from next door. Am I a genius or what?"

Exasperated at having his hands bound, Cedrick struggled desperately to free himself. "Untie me!"

"Are you still trying to calm down? If I don't show you any attention, do you think you can actually fall asleep? Or were you planning to sit by the door the entire night?"

Gwendolyn gently lifted his chin with her finger. Cedrick turned his head away, the jealousy he exuded was undeniable.

"After meeting Charles late at night, why do you still care about me? Pack your things and go to him tomorrow."

Gwendolyn couldn't help but frown. "Why are you being so jealous? Can you not give me a chance to explain?"

"The first thing you did when you came back was lie to me. Why should I continue to tolerate your bullsh*t? The only thing I trust is the result of my investigation."

Gwendolyn was incensed by his words. "Have I been spoiling you too much lately? Why are you kicking up a fuss over nothing? Must you make me force you to listen instead?"

The frustrated Cedrick snorted as he refused to look at her.

Unfazed by his defiance, Gwendolyn grabbed a shirt from the wardrobe and stuffed it into his mouth.

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She then carried him up by his waist before hurling him onto the bed with all her strength.

Due to how soft the bed was, the impact didn't hurt Cedrick at all.

After rolling across the bed, Cedrick glared at her while making muffled sounds.

Ignoring his protests, Gwendolyn grabbed another belt from the coat stand and tied his kicking feet up.

She lifted both his hands above his head and tied them to the bedpost.

“Stop moving! You’ll hurt yourself if you struggle, and then I’ll have to apply medication for you!”

Her actions continued to outrage Cedrick.

With his chest heaving intensely, he stared daggers at her. Never in his life had he been so angry at Gwendolyn.

Sitting by the bed, Gwendolyn was a sea of calm as she watched him struggle fruitlessly.

She stroked his chest in an attempt to calm him down but didn’t pass up the opportunity to tease him. “Looks can’t kill, so don’t waste time. If you refuse to listen to my explanation, I’ll have to force it upon you my way. I hate it when there’s a misunderstanding, especially when it’s one you have about me!”

Finally, Cedrick’s breathing began to steady. Nonetheless, he continued to struggle with his

wrists.

Gwendolyn let out a sigh before putting on a serious expression. “Listen well, I’ll only say this once. You’re absolutely not a burden to me. Since I’ve made my decision to be with you, I’ll never leave you regardless of how hard the path ahead is. Charles is just someone I admired when I was young. Those feelings have disappeared a long time ago. Now, all I feel for him is

you

hatred and the urge to rip him apart after the torment he has caused you with the virus. We’ve been through so much together. Is my love for you not obvious enough? Why do still doubt me and assume that I chose Charles? Am I that disloyal to you? It’s true that I got Asher to bail him out and met with him

tonight, but that's because he has the cure to your virus. Saving your life is the only reason I'm doing all this!"

The moment she finished, Cedrick finally stopped struggling.

As he lowered his gaze, teardrops could be seen at the tip of his long eyelashes.

Due to the fact that he was being tied up, his expression looked inexplicably pitiful, especially when juxtaposed against the domineering Gwendolyn.

Caressing his face, Gwendolyn gave him a gentle and teary-eyed look. "Are you still angry?"

Cedrick shook his head.

Gwendolyn removed the shirt she had stuffed in his mouth and gave his sore jaws a massage. "Is there nothing you want to ask me?"

Cedrick swallowed the lump in his throat and replied, "I'm sorry."

His apology elicited an affectionate smile from Gwendolyn. "Don't be a fool. I forgive you. It's normal to say things we don't mean in an argument."

It would be unreasonable for her to hold it against a sick patient.

As the rage within him eased, Cedrick felt like snuggling up to her. It was then that he remembered that he was still tied to the bedpost.

"Untie me, Gwenny."

Once he was free from his bonds, he wrapped his arms around her waist and climbed greedily into her arms.

“Do you really have no more questions?” Gwendolyn repeated.

Cedrick gave it some thought, then freed himself from her embrace and locked gazes

with

her.

“I learned that you visited Charles in prison half a month ago. Was he the one who told you about my sickness?”

Gwendolyn was stunned,

Nico had told her that Cedrick had ordered the matter to be kept a secret. Since it was a breach of discipline to reveal it to her, terrible consequences awaited whoever did it.

With that thought in mind, she gave him a firm look. “Yes.”

Furrowing his brows, Cedrick began to analyze the situation. “Even Joshua was at his wits’ end when it came to the S404 RNA virus, so how did Charles know about the cure? Even if he did, he would never give it away for nothing. Did he use this to demand something in return from you?”

Gwendolyn took a deep breath after being put in the spot.

Just as expected from my man. He’s capable of cornering me with just a few words.

Chapter 306 I Am Not Afraid Of You

Cedrick’s frown deepened when she did not speak. “Gwenny?”

Snapping back to her senses, she explained firmly, "My gut feeling tells me he's hiding something and that there is more to this than meets the eye. I sent the

from him to the laboratory to be tested, and they said everything like he genuinely found a cure for you."

"What did he ask in return when he gave you the cure?"

"Bail him out. He wants his freedom back."

"That's all?" Cedrick was suspicious.

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"You're right, but I don't know his ulterior motive. Regardless, he has no one to help him out now, so I guess there's nothing substantial he can do."

Here, Gwendolyn clenched her fists and changed the topic. "Anyway, it's getting late, Caddy. Get some rest first. We'll think about this tomorrow."

Despite her trying to digress from the subject, Cedrick was adamant about getting to the bottom of it. "If he knew S404 was the antidote, I am at his mercy. He has too big of a bargaining chip to ask for just this."

"I mean..." Gwendolyn hesitated, forcing a smile to hide her uneasiness. "How would I know what he's thinking? He probably has a plan cooked up but didn't tell me about it."

She had already decided to keep the other two terms she agreed to from Cedrick, for if the latter found out about it, he would utterly knock back the idea of injecting the cure Charles

gave.

Moreover, she needed more time to consider her strategy moving forward regarding dealing with Charles and planned on drawing more helpful information from the man to get hold of the antidote.

When Cedrick was bent on finding out more, she rubbed her tense shoulders and looked at him with tired eyes, saying, “Why don’t we leave this for some other time, Ceddy? I’m so tired. It’s been a long day.”

“But, Gwenny...”

Looking at the persistent man, Gwendolyn held his face and kissed his thin lips, a gesture that happened to be their bedtime ritual.

“Goodnight, Ceddy.”

“All right, then. Goodnight,” Cedrick replied, finally giving in under her listless gaze.

“You take an early rest too. I’ll go to the next room when you’re asleep.”

“Okay.”

+15 Bonus

While he had snuggled down in his blanket and closed his eyes, Gwendolyn gazed at him until his breathing slowed down before turning off the lights and leaving for the next room.

But little did she know, the supposedly asleep man opened his eyes the moment she shut the door behind her.

From the pair of dark and cold eyes staring into the ceiling, it was apparent that Cedrick had seen through Gwendolyn—she was such a bad liar Cedrick could not help but notice the minute details in her body language.

Judging from her behavior, he was confident that she was hiding something from him, but the more she tried to keep it to herself, the more Cedrick was convinced that Charles had asked for something valuable from her.

But at the same time, he did not want to burden Gwendolyn any further, for it was already too much to put her through all the suffering because of him, so at that moment, he decided to find out the truth himself.

As he pondered the matter, he heard the door clicking from the next room.

Although it was just a faint noise, Cedrick still caught it in the night's quietness.

Quickly, he got out of bed and closed the windows carefully before pulling out his phone to call Nico, who sounded frustrated when he picked up since he had barely fallen asleep.

“Seriously? This is the third time you have called. Can’t you tell me in one go what you want me to do? How am I supposed to sleep if you call every few hours?”

At the complaint, Cedrick lowered his voice and noted, “It seems like you don’t like your job.”

“No

way. I love it! I was just thinking about staying up the night to play some games while I wait for your orders,” Nico replied.

Cedrick paused for a moment and continued in a softer tone, “Count this as overtime. Go to the finance department and ask for double your rate for this. I don’t want you saying I mistreat you.”

Nico suddenly felt a surge of energy shooting through his body.

“Oh, no! I would never say that! You’re the best boss ever, and I love you so much!”

“Don’t fall for me. I’ll never love you,” Cedrick dissed, the disgust apparent on his face from his frown.

I belong to Gwenny. I’m not letting anyone touch even a strand of my hair, not even if it’s a man.

“Um, okay. Don’t get ahead of yourself, boss. I’m straight, so I’m not interested in you.”

Fed up with the nonsense, Cedrick cut to the chase. “I want you to investigate what Charles has been up to since he got out of jail. I want him apprehended at all costs. Don’t let Gwenny know about this. I have some questions for him, so ensure you get him fast.”

“Right away, boss!”

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn had fallen into a deep sleep after pulling an all-nighter the day before.

When morning came, Cedrick woke up early and bought some seafood. A few hours then elapsed with him preparing a meal in the kitchen until he realized Gwendolyn was still not up, so he went to her room and crept into her bed lightly.

Gwendolyn, who had been sleeping soundly, shivered when she felt exposed to the cold air as Cedrick pulled her warm blanket aside.

Sensing someone moving around her, she opened her groggy eyes only to spot a head with neatly-cut black hair sticking out of the blanket. From how still Cedrick was after getting into the blanket, he must have thought she was still asleep.

Giggling, Gwendolyn felt the urge to play a prank on that man, so she closed her eyes and pretended to sleep.

When Cedrick slowly inched toward her to not wake her, she leaned onto him suddenly and hugged him tight, pulling him into her embrace.

Caught by surprise, Cedrick raised his head and peered at her through the gap in the blanket, but Gwendolyn seemed asleep still, so he buried his head in her chest.

The man took a deep breath with his nose against the fair fullness showing faintly under her sleeping gown.

Mm! She smells so good! This is way better than ten cigarettes.

His action rendered Gwendolyn speechless.

Trying to do perverted things to me, huh? Well, I can do that too. I'm not afraid of you.

With that thought in mind, she lowered her hands from his shoulders, moving past his waist and going all the way down to his muscular bottom, where she squeezed his cheeks with all

her strength.

"Mm! You little snack. You feel good!" she moaned, trying to suppress her laughter.

Little snack?

Cedrick, who was just about to continue discreetly taking in the woman's scent, suddenly felt alarmed.

She's never called me that before. It's always Caddy. Don't tell me she's fantasizing about someone else while holding me. Does this mean she actually minds my disease despite what she said?

Cedrick's stamina was deteriorating because of his condition, so it went without saying that that would affect their sex life.

While Gwendolyn was doing her best not to burst out laughing, the man in her embrace stiffened, and she felt the air tense.

Alerted, Gwendolyn sat up and pulled the blanket away, but Cedrick turned to another side instantly and rolled into a ball with his back against her, holding his head.

Because Gwendolyn could not see his expression, she could only poke his back with her finger.

"Ceddy?"

Cedrick took a few deep breaths, his back heaving.

"You... Are you seeing someone else?" he asked. With his face buried between his arms, his usually deep voice sounded whiny.

Chapter 307 You Are The Snack

Gwendolyn was left utterly confused by the man's words.

Cedrick's anxious but endearing voice almost made her choke out of surprise.

What on earth is he thinking? Didn't I tell him yesterday night that I only have eyes for him? Has he forgotten about it, or does he not believe me?

Upset, she tried to pry open his arms so she could speak to him properly, but looking at him curled up in a fetal position reminded her of what she had seen the night before.

She caught him in the same position on the floor beside the door in the dark when she had crossed over from her room to his and turned on the lights.

From what she studied previously in psychology, this was a position people assumed when they were nervous and anxious—a sign of an immense lack of a sense of security.

The realization grieved her, for she had noticed that Cedrick had been struggling emotionally and physically since he fell ill and felt inferior around her.

It was as if he was struggling between his fear of losing her and his unworthiness to love her, so much so that Gwendolyn had almost forgotten how he used to be before all that happened.

In the past, he was a proud and forbidding man that everyone in the business sphere recognized as successful and decisive, but despite all his exceptional elegance, he was reduced to a humble man in front of her.

The thought of it hurt Gwendolyn so much that she felt her heart pound by a great weight until she could not breathe.

She took some time to calm down before lying down behind him and putting her arms around him tightly.

“You’re the snack I was talking about, Cedly. You are everything I love—you will be everything I love for the rest of my

life.”

The rigidness in her arms slowly dissipated away until Cedrick lowered his arms, revealing his charming face.

“Do you mean that?” he asked in uncertainty.

Gwendolyn hugged him tighter. With her chin resting on his shoulder and her face leaning against his, she hoped everything she did could make him feel her love for him.

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“Ask me the same question when you are doubtful and lost, and my answer will still be the same,” she whispered patiently.

Her words appeased and comforted Cedrick.

“Thank you, Gwenny.”

“What for, Ceddy? We’re a couple. We are the only ones for each other. I’m your fiancée, a fact that the entire nation is aware of.”

Turning back toward her and resting in her embrace, Cedrick felt his heart was full.

After they had lain in bed for a while, the two got up to prepare lunch together in the kitchen.

They were each in charge of different things—Cedrick cooked while Gwendolyn seasoned the food. They could find joy in doing even the most mundane task in their everyday life.

Since it was almost afternoon when they got out of bed, Gwendolyn figured she might as well take leave that day to keep Cedrick company.

The following day, they two woke up earlier to make breakfast together. While eating, Gwendolyn read through the news that day and came across a trending topic online.

The Ferguson Group had declared bankruptcy.

Perplexed, she clicked on the news to find out what had happened.

To her knowledge, the Fergusons were no match for the Harris, Jenson, and Newton families, but it was undeniable that their pockets still ran deep enough to own a considerable business.

Although she expected the event to deal the Fergusons a heavy blow, she did not expect them to lose everything in a matter of days.

Here, she lifted her gaze to the man who was all focused on his breakfast. "I bet hand in this," she commented, showing him her phone.

"They brought it on themselves," he replied without even looking up.

"You're right. They brought it on themselves," Gwendolyn agreed.

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Breakfast went on peacefully until a notification appeared on Cedrick's phone. Seeing it was from Nico, Cedrick glanced at Gwendolyn and felt relieved she was so engrossed in the news that she had not

noticed his phone ringing.

"Gwen, they're not just liquidating the company; the bank will also send someone to transfer ownership of the Ferguson residence. Are you going over for the good show?"

"Am I the opportunistic kind who takes advantage of others' misfortune?" Gwendolyn asked with her brows arched.

Cedrick pursed his lips and smiled. His silence meant his answer could swing either way.

Then, he turned on his phone and showed Gwendolyn a document.

Earlier, he had asked Nico to get dirt on Eloise from the black market. With a high reward promised to informants, Nico managed to gather much evidence and sent the digital compilation to Cedrick.

“Take a look. Do you want to bring this over to them?”

Gwendolyn smiled when she read through everything. “Well, I might not be the kind to push someone off the cliff, but I don’t mind adding to their misery. After all, things are already bad for them. I’ll go watch everything unfold later.”

Since Gwendolyn also had something to clarify with Eloise before the latter served a jail sentence, she got ready and left home after breakfast.

As for Cedrick, he stood in the garden as he watched her leave alone. That was the first time he did not offer to go out with her.

Once Gwendolyn disappeared out of his sight, the indulgent smile on Cedrick’s face turned cold and cruel.

Nico had arrived beside him through a path that allowed him to evade Gwendolyn. “Boss, we got Charles yesterday night. He’s in the outskir

now. Do you want to go over?”

Cedrick nodded. “We’re leaving in thirty minutes.”

Half an hour later, Nico drove Cedrick to a suburb where he had Charles locked up secret interrogation room in the garden villa.

When Cedrick arrived, the prisoner was bound on his hands and legs to an upright wooden beam.

Seeing that the man with a drooping head was still unconscious, Nico threw a bowl of cold water at him, waking him up in a jolt.

As Charles' blur vision finally became clear, he saw a sophisticated but hostile man sitting on a chair opposite him.

"Ha. I feel honored that this is the second time the one and only Mr. Jenson from the Federal Bureau of Investigation went to great lengths to find me," Charles uttered, his words laced with a hint of derision.

Nevertheless, his sarcasm had no effect on Cedrick, who had come solely for business. "I heard you knew where the antidote is."

Charles stared at him briefly and said candidly, "It seems like Gwen told you about it. You're right. I know where it is all along."

"So you knew who I was at Realm Bar. You came at me on purpose."

"Well, it's not exactly true," Charles corrected with a smile. "No one expected someone like you to take up a CEO position at a small place like Fairlake. I have to say you're pretty good at concealing your identity."

"In that case, your target's Gwenny, then. You must be trying to play both sides. You wanted to gain from the collaboration with Hector and Luke and get Gwenny to think she owes you something by trying to be the nice guy who has the antidote," Cedrick analyzed, unperturbed by his foe.

Charles laughed and sneered, "Spot-on! You read me like a book, Mr. Jenson!"

His remarks put a deep frown on Cedrick's bitter face.

Reading that cue, Nico grabbed a bat and swung it into Charles' belly twice.

At the two loud thuds, Charles felt a gush of wetness in his throat as blood trickled down the corners of his lips.

Here, Cedrick poured himself some coffee, savoring the drink and the undisguised pain evident in Charles' slender and blue eyes. "You thought everything was going according to plan until I came into the equation. Is that why you wanted me dead?"

"Why are you asking me? Isn't it obvious?"

"What deal did you make with Gwenny?" Cedrick asked, pouring the second cup of coffee.

Chapter 308 Gwendolyn Intends To Send Someone To Hell

Narrowing his eyes, Charles fixed his gaze on Cedrick before bursting out in a hysterical laugh.

"So Gwen didn't tell you anything! She's even hiding our deal from you! There's no trust in your relationship with her."

Cedrick's hand shivered briefly, and the coffee scalded his fingertips.

"Why? Did I just call you out?" Charles was pleased with himself. "Hmph. You've done so much for her and have endured so much pain, but you'll only end up worse if she decides to be with me."

His insults had no effect on Cedrick. With his face still expressionless, Cedrick lifted his hand gracefully to pick up a wet tissue and dry the coffee on his hand before applying a cold compress on his scalded fingers.

"Not talking, huh? In that case, continue hitting him."

On Cedrick's words, Nico lifted the bat again, but just then, Charles yelled, "Okay! I'll tell you everything!"

Deep down, he was dying for Cedrick to find out about the deal, which would only make things more fun for Charles.

“She has to renounce her engagement with you and marry me in return for the antidote. She agreed to the terms two days ago when I gave her the antidote.”

Crash!

A shattering sound cut Charles off just as he finished speaking. Cedrick had smashed the pot of hot coffee on the ground, sending the broken pieces flying off and the liquid splattering.

Some of the sharp broken glasses happened to scratch Charles' calf and cut open his skin, but he grew more maniac when Cedrick lashed out.

“There's no point in living for you, Mr. Jenson. You'll have to lose her to me and watch me have her for the rest of your life. I bet that's worse than dying.”

Those words provoked a thirst for violence in Cedrick as his eyes shot red with blood and murderous intent.

When Nico sensed that Cedrick was on the verge of killing Charles, he stepped in and pointed at Charles, ordering the guards, “Beat the sh*t out of this b*stard! Spare none of the tools on that wall. I want him to be barely living.”

1/4

“Yes, sir!”

Since Nico had spoken, Cedrick found it unnecessary to say anything else and got up to leave the room, with Nico following closely.

Behind them, Charles was still laughing heartily. “I feel so sorry for you, Mr. Jenson! By the time you recover, Gwen will be panting underneath me! It’s going to be fun, so much fun!”

Cedrick clenched his fists tight, with veins bulging out on his forehead.

Watching Cedrick consumed by an impulse to exterminate Charles, Nico rushed over and assured the former, “What he said might not be true. He used to be the head of the Central Intelligence Agency.

They’re all pros at getting into people’s heads, so take what he said with a pinch of salt. We should verify everything on our own.”

Over in the underground room, Charles could be heard crying in agony and laughing intermittently.

Listening to his spooky voice, Cedrick took a deep breath and steadied his gaze. Then, he walked away without looking back.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn spotted a small grey truck at the roadside when she arrived at the Ferguson residence.

Beside it, Wyatt and Emma were loading their luggage into the vehicle.

From the looks of it, the family had dismissed all their housekeepers and bodyguards, leaving the once-promising couple in the upper circle in a humbling state where they had to carry their own baggage. Gwendolyn was sure that Cedrick had ensured they paid for what they did.

When Gwendolyn’s Maserati MC77 happened to pull up beside the truck, the two vehicles formed a stark contrast.

Having first spotted the car, Emma turned grim and asked, “Are you here to add salt to our wounds, Ms. Harris? Isn’t it enough that we’ve lost everything?”

“Don’t be rude, Darling!” Wyatt rebuked, eyeing her. Then, he turned to Gwendolyn and said kindly, “Our families go way back, so Ms. Harris is always welcome here. She’s our guest. She’s not here to cause trouble.”

Gwendolyn smiled at the tactful old man who had just spoken the right words to ease the tension.

“Rest assured, Mr. Wyatt. I’m just here to see Eloise. I wish to speak to her privately.”

“She’s packing her stuff upstairs,” Emma said, looking more friendly.

Gwendolyn nodded and went to the mansion. When she reached the third floor, where Eloise’s room was, the door was found to be left ajar.

Pushing the door gently, Gwendolyn caught Eloise looking reluctantly at her luxury bags and jewelry.

Gwendolyn knocked on the door with her knuckles, then reminded the woman calmly, “You can’t take any of these with you. The bank will confiscate them and sell them off to repay your family’s loan, so you can stop mulling over them.”

Eloise looked up toward the voice, and her eyes were filled with hatred when she saw Gwendolyn.

“What are you doing here? Are you trying to put salt on my wound?”

“Of course. This could be my last chance to see you,” Gwendolyn admitted.

“I thought you’d at least say some nice things and play the good guy, but you’re always this blunt with me. I shouldn’t have gone soft and let you live back in Fairlake,” Eloise replied, laughing lightly.

Then, she dropped the things in her hands and stood with her chin held high before Gwendolyn as if to show that she would never back down.

Gwendolyn could not understand her unrepentance and ego.

“Your parents worked hard their whole lives, but they ended up living in an eighty–six square feet house in their old age because of you. Your brother’s good reputation is in tatters because of you too. None of the big companies dared to take him in despite his qualifications. To maintain a livelihood, he will have to settle for labor work like being a bricklayer or a car detailer. How could you not feel remorseful when you’ve caused them so much pain?”

Eloise scorned her. “That’s life for them. They are my family, but they didn’t contribute to my endeavors either. It’s their fate that they end up like this. Also, you might have defeated me this time, but don’t get ahead of yourself. Someone will be coming for you, and I’m waiting for that.”

Gwendolyn approached Eloise and whispered, “By ‘someone,’ do you mean Evelyn?”

Eloise’s face stiffened as she stared at Gwendolyn without saying a word.

“I bet she’s the one who orchestrated everything during your birthday party, right,” Gwendolyn pointed out.

The truth was, she had long suspected Evelyn since the first time they met.

“You mean that actress? She’s nothing. Who is she to order me around?” Eloise scoffed, retracting her icy glare.

Gwendolyn was unconvinced. “You don’t have to admit to it. I’ll find out one day.”

Speaking, she took out the printed evidence from her bag and read them aloud. “You drove under the influence of alcohol five years ago and hit someone dead. Wyatt forged a report explaining your mental condition and pumped money to clear you of the charge, but dissatisfied with the verdict, the victim’s family condemned you online. After discovering this, you had your bodyguards teach two of the family members a lesson, leaving them deeply injured. Wyatt then interfered again to quell the issue.”

Eloise stared at Gwendolyn with her eyes wide like saucers. “How did you know?”

Gwendolyn ignored her question and continued, “Four years ago, you were offended by a waiter you claimed to be rude at a socialite party, so you beat him to a pulp. That guy ended up

with several comminuted fractures. In the same year, you-

“That’s enough!” Snarling, Eloise snatched the document from Gwendolyn and ripped everything to pieces. “It’s your words against mine. I’m not admitting to any of these charges!”

Gwendolyn folded her arms and curved her red lips into a smile at Eloise’s reaction. “Say that again when you’re behind bars.”

Eloise felt a chill down her spine, realizing things could be worse than she expected.

“W-What do you mean?”

Just as she spoke, a commotion broke out from downstairs.

Chapter 309 Cannot Afford To Offend

In the garden of the Ferguson residence, a group of police officers in special uniforms were presenting their identification to Wyatt and Emma, explaining the purpose of their visit.

Eloise rushed to the window. Upon seeing the people from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, she gritted her teeth hatefully. "Gwendolyn, how dare you call the police to arrest me! You're too despicable!"

Gwendolyn laughed. "What I'm doing is helping the victims to seek justice. I'm not making anything up, so I think the word 'despicable' is better suited for you."

Eloise trembled all over. Only at that moment did she register fear. It doesn't matter if the Ferguson family goes bankrupt. We can always rise again. However, if I go to jail, I'll be done for, doomed to be tormented and suffer a fate worse than death. I must escape! I cannot sit idly by and wait for my doom. Evelyn will definitely help me!

"Just you wait, Gwendolyn!" Eloise figured there was still time for her to escape via the back door of the villa.

However, Gwendolyn grasped her wrist and skillfully immobilized her.

"So naive. Do you think you can get away when the people from the Federal Bureau of Investigation are already here? If you really don't want to be imprisoned, I can consider helping you as long as you tell me Evelyn's true identity."

Eloise replied mockingly, "Aren't you very capable? I'm surprised there are people whose background you can't find out."

"It seems like you're closely acquainted with her, willing to go to jail than betray her. Off you go, then."

Gwendolyn let go of the woman's hand indifferently. Eloise spun on her heels and tried to escape, but the police had already dashed up the stairs, blocking the door of the room. They walked in aggressively and swiftly handcuffed Eloise before taking her away.

Eloise struggled desperately as the police pushed her out of the room. She glared back at Gwendolyn, her gaze filling with resentment. "Gwendolyn, Evelyn is someone you cannot afford to offend! You'll never win against her. I'll be waiting to see your downfall!"

She blatantly expressed her intense hatred for Gwendolyn, seemingly implying something with the last part of her sentence,

Gwendolyn remained silent, watching as Eloise, who was baring her teeth at her, was forcibly taken away by the police.

She looked around Eloise's room and finally saw a photo album in the drawer of her dressing table.

When she opened it, there was a photo of Eloise and Evelyn standing at the entrance of Flans University.

Gwendolyn stared solemnly at the photo featuring Evelyn, who was wearing a radiant smile.

The familiar feeling washed over her again.

When Gwendolyn first met Evelyn, she felt something was off with the latter, especially since Evelyn knew about her past in Fairlake.

Now that she thought about it, it seemed Evelyn had deliberately revealed her close relationship with Eloise to her. What exactly is Evelyn playing at?

When Gwendolyn exited the Ferguson residence, Eloise had already been escorted into the car by the police.

Wyatt and Emma were speaking to a man whose back was facing Gwendolyn, seemingly pleading for leniency. Emma even appeared to be on the verge of crying.

Looking at the back of the man dressed in military attire, which resembled Charles', Gwendolyn calmly strode over.

Hearing the approaching footsteps, Craig turned around to gaze at her, his eyes twinkling with a trace of cheerfulness. "Do you still remember me, Ms. Harris?"

Craig's eyes and brows were strikingly similar to Charles, but when he grinned, his amber eyes seemed more piercing than the latter's.

"Good to see you, Mr. Craig," Gwendolyn responded with a courteous smile. "You're now the head of the Newton family. Naturally, everyone knows who you are."

Craig was the second son of the Newton family and also the second in command at the Federal Bureau of Investigation, ranking just below Cedrick.

The man felt sentimental when he saw Gwendolyn. He reached out, attempting to pat her head. "You used to love playing with my younger brother at the Newton residence. We haven't seen each other in years, and you've become more beautiful."

She stepped back and decisively avoided his hand.

"I'm sorry, but I have a jealous fiancé at home. He will be displeased if he finds out another man patted my head."

"You two really are enviable." Craig retracted his arm and smiled amiably, not feeling

awkward at all. "I haven't seen Mr. Jenson for quite a while. He hasn't been back at the Federal Bureau of Investigation either. I wonder how is he recently?"

Gwendolyn slightly narrowed her eyes, analyzing the implicit probing in his words. They all worked together at the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Nico and Neville knew about Cedrick's illness, but Craig appears to be completely unaware.

She replied casually, "Of course. He's always in the pink of health. He's not one to get sick easily, unlike me."

“In that case, you should take good care of your body, Ms. Harris. Also, send my regards to Mr. Jenson.”

They exchanged pleasantries for a while before getting interrupted by Emma’s crying.

“Craig, Eloise is young and immature, so she made mistakes. She was diagnosed with a mental illness previously. Please help her, Craig!”

The man smiled in response. “Don’t worry, Mrs. Ferguson. The Federal Bureau of Investigation will never falsely accuse anyone. We won’t treat her harshly during the investigation.”

With nothing else to do, Gwendolyn turned around and planned to leave.

Just then, Sherman suddenly exited the villa. Since he hadn’t recovered after getting beaten up by Nico, he could only lean against the door frame for support, calling out to Gwendolyn from a distance.

“Gwendolyn, are you really going to side with Cedrick to target the Ferguson family? Considering we’ve been acquainted since childhood, can’t you let Eloise off the hook?”

Everyone at the garden shifted their attention to Gwendolyn after hearing that.

She stopped in her tracks and answered coldly without turning around, “Sherman, she deserves the punishments that await her. This is the consequence of your family’s indulgence in her since she was a child.”

She took two steps forward. Then, as if recalling something, she turned to Craig and said, “If Eloise truly has a mental illness, she should be sent to a psychiatric hospital for treatment. That shouldn’t be an excuse to evade the law. Don’t you think so, Mr. Craig?”

Craig beamed at her. “Of course.”

“My poor daughter..” Emma failed to catch her breath and would’ve collapsed to the floor if Wyatt hadn’t supported her in time.

Not bothering herself with the Fergusons' dramatics, Gwendolyn left without hesitation.

Just as she got into the car and was about to go home, her phone rang.

She noticed it was a call from Joshua.

"Ms. Harris, this blue serum has been repeatedly tested, and there are no issues with it. If Cedrick injects it, the symptoms of degeneration and angina caused by the virus can be significantly alleviated and may even vanish entirely."

Gwendolyn was overjoyed. "That's great! I'll be there soon."

After hanging up the call, she returned to Harrick Villa first.

Cedrick was still wearing his thick robe, sitting lazily on the couch and reading a book.

As soon as Gwendolyn returned, she happily cupped his face and showered him with kisses. "Ceddy, hurry up and change your clothes. Follow me to somewhere"

"Where are we going?"

Gwendolyn flashed a mysterious smile. "You'll know when we get there!"

Seeing how thrilled she was, Cedrick didn't ask further and immediately went upstairs to change his coat. Then, he allowed her to lead him out of the house by dragging his hand.

The two arrived at the laboratory together.

Cedrick regarded the blue serum in the syringe held by Joshua solemnly. "Is this what you acquired from Charles via the trade?"

Gwendolyn nodded. She gently stroked his face and replied jovially, "Prof. Mallory has tested the serum many times, and it's safe. You'll be rejuvenated after receiving the injection!"

Nico grinned and chimed in, "Farewell, degeneration syndrome! Mr. Jenson will still be the strongest man in the future!"

Their playful banter filled the laboratory with a lively atmosphere.

However, amidst the cheery ambiance, Cedrick gazed intently at the blue serum. With a pensive look in his eyes, he uttered firmly, "I will not receive the injection. Take it away, Joshua."

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Nico sighed softly.

Not comprehending his reasons, Gwendolyn sat down next to Cedrick and asked, "Why? Atrophy has plagued you for such a long time. Don't you want to cure the complications and live a normal life as soon as possible?"

Cedrick did not elaborate further. With a determined look, he grabbed her hand and clutched it tightly.

Upon seeing his expression, realization dawned, prompting Gwendolyn to send Nico and Joshua out of the room.

"I want to speak to Ceddy in private. Close the door behind you when you leave, but don't wander too far."

Tactfully, Nico and Joshua made their exit.

When the room was quiet, Gwendolyn asked, "Did you manage to get ahold of Charles? Did he tell you?"

“Yes.” Cedrick did not try to hide the fact from her.

Gwendolyn sighed again. I truly can’t hide anything from Cedrick.

Although his body was impaired, his brain still functioned just fine. He was not one to be fooled easily.

Gwendolyn flipped their hands around and gripped Cedric’s hands. “Don’t believe what he said. I-”

“His condition was for you to break our engagement and marry him, wasn’t it?” Cedrick interrupted in an icy voice.

“Ceddy, you know what Charles is like-”

Furrowing his brows, Cedrick interrupted her again, “You just have to tell me if that was his condition?”

Stumped for words, Gwendolyn lowered her head and sighed. “It’s true.”

Cedrick, too, lowered his head to hide the hostility and overflowing killing intent in his eyes. “I’d rather die than sacrifice your happiness just to trade for my health.”

1/5

+15 Bonus

Gwendolyn immediately covered his mouth, scolding him, “Stop talking nonsense! Don’t even talk about dying. I forbid you to mention this word.”

Gripping her hand, Cedrick clenched her palm with an unusually serious expression. “Gwen, if the price to continue living is to lose you and see you marry that scum, it’ll be a fate worse than death.”

Gwendolyn kneeled down by his feet and smiled reassuringly. "Ceddy, it's important that you're able to live on. We'll try to cure your illness with the serum. Everything else can be discussed later, okay?"

Cedrick shook his head in response. He was not going to compromise on this matter. "I refuse to be injected with the serum Charles gave you. I absolutely will not allow it."

"Ceddy..."

Cedrick refused to listen and withdrew his hand from hers before turning his head to the side. The expression on his face indicated that he was not open to negotiation.

Gwendolyn knew that Cedrick was a stubborn person. Once he made up his mind, not even wild horses could force him to change it.

Left with no choice, she stood up and stared at him apologetically. "Sorry, I did not bring you to the lab for a discussion. If you don't agree to it, I can only resort to force."

"Gwen!" Guessing her intentions, Cedrick tried to grab Gwendolyn's wrist.

However, she backed away and dodged his grasp.

Gwendolyn turned her head and shouted at the door. "Nico, come in!"

A

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The door opened, and Nico peeked in with a pleasantly surprised expression. "Ms. Harris, have you managed to convince Mr. Jenson?"

Without bothering to answer his query, Gwendolyn pointed at Cedrick. "Hold him down and don't let him struggle."

"Gwenny!" Cedrick's countenance darkened as he called out to her once more,

Utterly stunned, Nico just stood by the door. "D—Did I mishear something? You want me to use brute force?"

Gwendolyn sighed. Her tone was firm as she replied, "Yes. You heard that right. Hold him down."

Nico entered the room nervously. However, a single look from Cedrick scared him and he rooted to the spot.

Chapter 310 Forcing My Hand

"Don't you dare!" Glaring at the other man, Cedrick uttered through gritted teeth, "Don't forget who you are working for, and whose orders you should be obeying."

"Boss, I..." Nico swallowed nervously. He never thought that he would be forced to make such a choice. "Boss, listen to Ms. Harris. The serum will treat your illness."

Cedrick remained stubborn. "No, that's impossible. Let me ask you again, whose orders are you going to obey?"

"He should listen to me," Gwendolyn answered on Nico's behalf. With her brows slightly raised, and a playful, yet domineering smile on her red lips, she claimed, "Since you're my man, your subordinate should listen to me."

Cedrick was rendered speechless. Woman, what logic is that?

Gwendolyn glanced at Nico. "Don't worry. He won't hurt you as long as I'm here. Hurry up."

Having obtained her reassurance, Nico calmed down and started toward Cedrick determinedly.

Cedrick's body turned cold as he tried to kick the approaching man.

Nico dared not dodge the blow. He grabbed his leg and hopped about in pain. "Ouch! Ms. Harris, he hurt me!"

"Little sh*t, when did you learn to tattle in front of my face?" Cedrick was livid, and he stared daggers at Nico.

Like a coward, Nico backed away and hid behind Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn sighed and called for Joshua to get her a rope. She bent down and personally bound Cedrick's feet.

Nico immediately followed and tied

up

proceed with the injection.

up

Cedrick's hands. He then yelled at Joshua to

Cedrick's whole being emanated a chilly aura. Despite having his movements restricted, his terrifying aura scared Joshua, preventing the other man from moving closer."

"Let me do it." Gwendolyn held out her hand.

Sighing in relief, Joshua passed the syringe to her.

Cedrick raised his head and stared into Gwendolyn's eyes. "Gwenny, don't do this."

Gwendolyn leaned down and planted a kiss on his thin lips. She coaxed, "I'll try to be gentle so I won't hurt you. We'll remove the complications from your body this time, and work on

3/5

"Gwenny..."

"Don't you yearn for a future where the two of us can live like ordinary people? Perhaps we'll even have a cute baby. Our wonderful future will begin from the moment your treatment begins."

Their eyes met.

Cedrick listened to her words and found himself drawn in by her clear and starry eyes.

Gwendolyn took advantage of his distraction and stuck the needle into his internal jugular vein, carefully injecting the serum into his body.

It only took a few seconds for the drug to take effect.

Cedrick's body went limp, and his eyelids began to feel heavy. His dark eyes dimmed and weakened as drowsiness enveloped his entire being.

"Prof. Mallory, what's happening?",

Joshua immediately checked on Cedrick's condition. "Don't worry. It's normal for him to be in this weakened state after being injected with the blue serum. Cedrick will be all right when he wakes up."

Gwendolyn and Nico both sighed in relief.

Placing Cedrick on the bed, Nico and Joshua tactfully exited the room.

1

Once the two men were gone, Gwendolyn took off her shoes and lay down on the bed. She held Cedrick in her arms so that the latter could fall asleep in her embrace.

Caressing his face, she stared at the palm trees outside the window and said softly, "Ceddy, do you know when I started liking you?"

Cedrick shook his head groggily.

"You were the only person who smiled at me the day Old Mr. Wright brought me into the Wright family. Ever since then, I've been infatuated with you. I..."

Cedrick felt the corners of his mouth turn up as her soft and warm voice sounded in his ears, recounting memories of the past.

The palm leaves outside the window rustled with the wind.

Trying desperately to cling to his slipping consciousness, Cedrick asked, "Gwenny, are you

really planning to break our engagement and marry Cha..."

His eyelids drifted shut before he could finish speaking. With that, he fell deeply asleep.

Gwendolyn stared out of the window with an indecipherable expression. “Just sleep. You’ll be all right when

you wake up. We’ll have better days in the future.”