

Chapter 0011

As early as five years ago, Belmont Hills had been included in the city's urban development plan. However, it was not demolished due to its remote location and limited development potential. Almost all the area's original residents have moved out, leaving only a few retirees and some low-income workers who rented a few cheap units. Moreover, there were almost no nearby amenities, just a small convenience store selling everyday goods.

The luxury convoy, bearing the 'ALEX' number plate, stopped slowly in front of the apartment building's entrance.

"Ah, ah..." In the back seat of the car, Amber looked at the apartment building's entrance, seemingly worried. Then, she quickly raised her hands, making rapid sign language gestures on her chest.

She said, "Alexander, please don't let the convoy enter, and don't allow these actors to get out of the cars! I'm touched by everything you've done, but my parents are quite traditional and don't like these superficial displays. If they find out the actors were hired and the convoy was rented, they'll be

dissatisfied even if they don't say it out loud."

Alexander chuckled softly.

Rented and hired? He could not believe he had left such an impression on his wife.

After all, he was the Lord of War!

"Alright," Alexander relented, not elaborating further. With a smile, he carried Olivia and got out of the car before waving casually to Maxine and walking into the apartment building with Amber.

In apartment building number two, unit 108, a run-down residence of less than 70 square meters, Patrick Chesire, the third son of the Chesire family, and his wife Susanne, had just finished preparing lunch.

They sat in silence and ate their meal, the atmosphere heavy.

"Grandpa, Grandma!" The door was pushed open, and Olivia ran in, her face filled with joy. "Look, Mommy and Daddy are back together. I have a Daddy now!"

What?!

Patrick shuddered and slowly raised his head in disbelief.

Susanne was also taken aback.

Olivia's father?

A—Alexander?!

"Dad, Mom," Alexander greeted as he and Amber entered the apartment. He deeply bowed to his in-laws, and his face showed both respect and guilt. "I've learned about what happened five years ago. Zoe was never really my wife, and the two of you are my true in-laws. I've been unfilial. I caused Amber and Olivia to suffer and put you both through hardship."

Patrick's face twitched, looking like he wanted to say something. However, after glancing at Alexander's outfit, the camouflage attire and combat boots, he shook his head and stayed silent, returning his attention to his meal.

Susanne mustered a forced smile and nodded toward Alexander. She then signaled to Amber before carrying Olivia to the bedroom.

Amber's expression darkened. Although her parents did not say anything, their attitude was quite apparent. No matter what, Alexander married into the Chesire family. Despite returning from military service, he could not provide much financially. At

best, he added an extra mouth to feed.

Thus, Amber's parents did not like their son-in-law at all.

Patrick remained silent for a long time. It was not until he finished all the food on his plate that he finally raised his head and said in a somber tone, "Amber, how much is the money you've saved from working these past years? Do you have four thousand five hundred dollars after deducting Olivia's kindergarten expenses?"

Amber's face turned a shade paler, and she nodded while biting her lip.

"Give it to me," Patrick uttered as he set down his fork and spoon, his expression darkening further. "You know, since we were expelled from the family by Grandpa, I've been trying to figure out a way to return. Tomorrow is his seventieth birthday, and I want to use this money to buy him a decent gift. I hope he'll like it..."

Amber's eyes welled up with tears, and she felt an indescribable sense of discomfort.

She had the money.

Zoe purposefully forced Amber into working at the

bathhouse to humiliate her. However, she still got some tips from clients when giving them massages or occasionally playing the piano. Her income was not too pitiful, and she had saved up a few thousand dollars over these years.

However, Donovan was ruthless. He would never allow Amber's family to return with a gift worth a few thousand dollars!

"Money..." Alexander glanced at Patrick's expression and patted his pockets.

Oh, dear. How awkward.

When did he, the Lord of War, ever have to buy anything himself? Money was usually a trivial matter, but it was becoming a real problem at this moment.

Patrick watched Alexander reach into his pocket, and his eyes brightened slightly. However, when he saw that Alexander had retrieved nothing, the glimmer of hope disappeared. He shook his head in disappointment before turning back to the bedroom wordlessly.