

Chapter 0024

Meanwhile, in a particular living room at Belmont Hills...

Patrick, sporting reading glasses, held an Ol' Mare Evening News, marking job postings with a pencil. His face was etched with deep wrinkles, and he had several new gray hairs in just three days. Although he was in his early fifties, he looked instead to be in his sixties.

Patrick frowned and occasionally shook his head with a deep sigh.

Finding work was not easy, especially at his age. Most opportunities were limited to jobs like being a security guard in older neighborhoods, offering meager pay, usually around 150 dollars at best. Factory work was too demanding for him, and he could not handle construction labor.

As for Susanne, she was physically weaker than Patrick.

Their situation was bleak, and they faced the harsh reality of their circumstances.

"Dad, Mom..." Amber, holding a smartphone, was also searching for suitable job openings. She occasionally glanced at Alexander, who was playing with Olivia, and then quietly looked away.

Amber could not help but sigh. She could not possibly return

to the bathhouse. After Alexander fractured Elliot's numerous bones, there was a looming threat of retaliation from the Dorvall family.

It was like a sword hanging over their heads, ready to fall at any moment.

Meanwhile, Alexander did not seem to have any plans to find work.

"Alex..." She bit her lip, preparing to say something.

Suddenly, a loud banging echoed through the living room as the security door was pounded from outside. A cold, piercing female voice soon followed. 1

"Open the door!"

Patrick, Susanne, and Amber immediately focused on the security door, recognizing the voice even without seeing the person.

It was Zoe.

"No one is letting you in. You're not welcome here," Alexander said calmly, cradling Olivia. He spoke through the security door, adding, "If you have something to say, say it from outside."

Zoe, standing outside, clenched her fists tightly. She knew that it was the worthless Alexander speaking.

Panting due to her anger, Zoe refrained herself and spoke

icily, "Patrick, Susanne, listen up! I'm giving you a chance now to return to the company! Head to Severn Group immediately and get that contract for the project signed. You can't afford the consequences of delaying this!"

With that, Zoe turned and was about to leave.

In the living room, Patrick's face lit up with excitement. He quickly got up to open the door for Zoe. While walking, he kept calling out, "M—Miss Chesire! Susanne and I..." 2

However, he did not finish his sentence.

Alexander stepped forward and stopped Patrick. He slightly shook his head at Patrick and sneered. "Zoe, who do you think you are? You called my in-laws in for help because you couldn't handle this issue, yet this is your attitude? Well, I have something to say: Get lost!" 1

Patrick and Susanne remained silent as they stared at Alexander's imposing figure. They tried to speak, but they could not make a sound. 1

Was this worthless man standing up for them?

Was he really worthless?

Amber bit her lip and walked to Alexander's side. She tugged at his sleeve and gazed at him pleadingly. "Alex... My parents need the job, and the Chesire family has an important contract to secure with Severn Group. Grandpa must be very anxious!"

"Don't worry," Alexander assured Amber, seemingly unfazed, and shook his head. He continued to stare at the security door and scoffed. "Zoe, I won't repeat myself. Don't stand outside. We don't need a bodyguard at home, and you wouldn't make a good one anyway. Now get lost!" 2

Outside the door, Zoe was furious. She never endured such humiliation in her entire life, but she had no choice. If she did not get Patrick and Susanne to return, Donovan would not rest and would surely come after her! 1

"Alexander!" Zoe clenched her fists and, through gritted teeth, shouted, "What do you want? We were married once, even if it was just in name. I'm still your ex-wife. Let Patrick and Susanne come with me, and we'll call it even on any past grievances."

Alexander laughed.

His ex-wife? She had some nerve to say that!

Alexander had torn their divorce certificate on the street, ending a marriage that should never have existed in the first place.

There was only one woman in his life, and that was his wife Amber!

"Two words: your attitude," Alexander, holding Olivia, spoke indifferently from behind the security door, "Show me your sincerity and ask again. Remember, you're not commanding

or inviting but begging! Do you need me to teach you how to beg? If your performance isn't good enough, you know the consequences."

Zoe was enraged, and the malice in her eyes became evident. Her sharp, blood-red, manicured nails almost pierced her flesh.

Alexander was making her beg?!

Oh, how she wanted to tear him to pieces!

"Alex—"

Patrick and Susanne, standing behind Alexander, seemed to have realized something. They were initially willing to agree instantly, but they fell silent, waiting for Zoe's response.

They wanted to add insult to her injury.

This wicked-hearted woman was surely driven by tremendous pressure to come here in person. It was the perfect time to get revenge on the five years of grievances!

"Alexander..." growled Zoe in anger.

She reflected on the unbelievable profit of 1.5 billion dollars, Donovan's wrath, and everything she owned...

Zoe took a deep breath, knowing full well that nobody could see her, yet she strained to muster a smile. Then, she lowered her head and spoke with the most humble tone she had ever used.

"Uncle Patrick, Auntie Susanne, I admit I was wrong before. I'm sorry! The company needs you to sign a contract with Severn Group. It's a massive deal of 4.5 billion dollars. I—I knew I couldn't keep it from you. That's why I'm here. I hope you can forgive me for my ignorance and my disrespect." 1

She continued, "I'm outside the door, bowing to you."

With that, she deeply bowed until she almost touched the ground, her hands clenched tightly. The fierceness in her eyes only grew stronger.

"Is she really bowing and apologizing?" In the living room, Patrick and Susanne exchanged glances and looked at Alexander and Amber hesitantly.

This was good enough, was it not? Should they just agree? After all, the blood of the Chesire family flowed through their veins, and the contract with Severn Group held immense significance for the family.

Alexander smiled and pointed at the clock hanging on the living room wall. "There's no rush. Time will tell if she's genuine. Since it's a massive deal of 4.5 billion dollars, let her bow for four hundred fifty minutes!"