

Chapter 34 A Hot Woman

"Okay, I got it. If you have nothing more to talk to me, I'll hang up," said Richard.

"Okay, Richard, enjoy."

The phone was hung up.

Richard massaged his temples, put the phone into his pocket, and his eyes looked at John.

"Do you make it clear to her?" Richard asked John.

"Yes, sir. Only Clark is still there. I'm afraid, sir, you will need to stay with her for a while," John replied.

Richard's eyes swept over his desk and rested on the crystal bowl Caroline had just brought in. "Clean up the table," Richard said.

"Yes," nodded John.

Richard walked out of the study.

John looked at the bowl on the desk. The fruit pudding was finished and the bowl was so empty!

The master ate all the pudding!

Not a single bite left?

Not only did he have spicy food today, but he also had dessert?!

How come? Once that woman, Caroline, appeared, Richard changed so much!

Richard passed by the bedroom, paused for a moment, yet still walked straight over. He got on the elevator and went down to the third floor.

He didn't like the idea of some messy women leaving their scent in his bedroom, so the women sent by his

mother were arranged in the leftmost room on the third floor.

When he came to the room, he opened the door directly and walked in.

The woman in the room was obviously startled. Joan Bloomer, a second-line actress, made her debut at seventeen. She filmed a lot of movies and TV series, however, her career was always tepid. She wanted to be famous, a big star. That was why she was here.

She wore a red deep-cut dress down to her stomach, and with the slightest movement, her smooth skin was exposed.

Flaming red lipstick matched her dress. Her long eyelashes, snow-white skin, and long wavy hair on her back made her charming. She was confident with her appearance.

Unfortunately, Richard did not even look at her and went straight to the sofa, and sat down. There was a small bookshelf next to the sofa. He took a book and turned it over.

Joan was stunned. At the crew, all the directors or other men loved and wanted her, but this man actually did not even give her a glance!

She was dressed so boldly today, and she couldn't get a glance from him.

When Richard's mother, Katherine Rivers, contacted Joan, she promised her that the Hints Group would immediately invest \$300 million in a new movie and

would make her the leading role only if Joan spent one night with her son.

But her ambition was more than a leading role.

What if she became his lover or better girlfriend?

Then Joan could get everything all the women in the world have dreamed of. Even if it was only for one night, countless women would fight for it, desperately.

Joan walked towards the man on the sofa. Her heels clacked on the floor.

"Mr. Preston," She croaked and then leaned down.

If at this time, Richard looked up at her, then he would be able to see everything.

It was a pity that even this didn't make Richard look at her.

Joan wouldn't give up, "Mr. Preston, you must be tired after a long day. Why don't you let me give you a massage?"

Saying that Joan tentatively touched his long legs, and her fingers gently traced up to his thighs.

"Get out!" Richard suddenly swung his long arm and directly flipped Joan to the ground.

Joan flopped down on the floor in shock, "Mr. Preston..."

"Didn't John explain to you properly?" Richard's face was cold and gloomy, with ice in his eyes.

Joan covered her chest and hung her head. John made it clear, but she was unresigned.

"Yes," Joan said.

"Then are you looking for death?" Richard asked.

"Mr. Preston...I..." Joan was frightened and her face was even whiter than the plaster!

Richard stood up and walked straight to the bed. He pulled open the drawer, took out a rope, and looked at Joan, "Come here."

Joan saw the rope in Richard's hand and did a jig in her heart. Was he interested in her and did he want to do something kinky in bed?

It seemed that this man was mild outside but wild inside.

Joan obediently walked with her model steps toward Richard and directly stretched out her hands, signaling Richard for bondage.

Richard bound her without mercy.

Not only did Joan Bloomer not resist, but she also looked like she was enjoying herself a lot.

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In the bedroom

Caroline was still lying in bed, sulking when her phone rang.

The screen showed Shaw the Editor.

Caroline answered the phone, "Hey, Mr. Shaw."

"Excuse me, is this Miss Caroline who has been way late on your schedule?" Shaw asked.

"Shaw, how come? Isn't my last book all finished?"

"God, you still know your last book is finished? You might as well not finish it! It's obviously a sweet story

about two childhood friends who grow up together and get married. But you make a male lead elope with a mistress, and the female lead decides to never get married!"

"Quite in line with the reality to me. This is the cold, harsh adult life, not a fairy tale!" Caroline said.

Caroline lowered her eyes. She wrote the story of Wendell and her online, and the sweet love story of childhood friends immediately got many people's attention.

But when Caroline found Wendell and Coco together, she was furious and wrote a big tragic end.

"Come on, this is a novel, not reality. If they want to see the drama, they can see themselves in their everyday life. Why should they spend money to see your novel? The readers' comments were so harsh, do you know about this?" Shaw asked Caroline.

"I didn't check that, and I don't actually care about that," said Caroline.

"I care! You'd better write a new book right now! Or you can continue the story of two childhood lovers, reverse the end that they get back together," said Shaw.

Caroline mulled it over for a moment, "It depends on my mood."

"My good Caroline, my performance all depends on you. You know, I only have you. Please, Miss. Fowler, have pity on your poor editor."

"I will think about it," Caroline promised.

"What do you need to think about? Think of Money, think of your fans, and think of me!"

"Okay, well, I can start a new book," Caroline finally nodded.

"Then it's a deal!" Shaw hung up the phone.

Caroline sighed!

She majored in economics at university, and each academic year she failed some subjects, so she nearly failed to graduate. The only thing that Caroline was proud of during her college years was writing romantic novels.

Because of her humorous writing style and colloquial dialogues between characters, she was very popular among her readers.

If she gave up writing, Caroline was afraid she had nothing left.

Start a new book!

After hanging up the phone, Caroline felt sleepless. She went out for a walk.

Anyway, there was nothing to do, so she did not take the elevator but took the stairs.

A red figure appeared at the corner of the third floor.

Reward

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Comments

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Marry My Rich Uncle

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