

Chapter 22

Over the span of a dozen years, Leslie had grown acutely aware that Riley was driven by greed. Anything he couldn't possess, he wouldn't tolerate others having.

It was a chilling reality.

"How about it, have you made up your mind?"

Carlos extended his slender and fair fingers, gently tracing Leslie's face.

Leslie blushed as his fingertips carried an enchanting tenderness, making her heart beat even more intensely.

She turned her head, "Give me... three days!"

Carlos's eyes flickered with a peculiar light, and he lightly curved his thin, attractive lips. "Sure, darling, I'll wait for you."

Leslie couldn't fathom why Carlos would be interested in her.

Sarah may not be a good one. But there were many more beautiful women who were interested in Carlos.

Why did he choose her?

Or perhaps... was it because they shared a similar past?

"Your pseudo-dad should be here soon. I'll leave first... I'll back you up, darling!"

Carlos's eyes twinkled with a teasing smile as he left, leaving Leslie gripping her chest, watching him go.

Was her blood type really Rh-negative?

Leslie realized she needed to find an opportunity to secretly verify it.

As Carlos predicted, Riley, Ashley, and Sarah hurriedly arrived.

Concerned about Leslie's well-being, Riley only felt relieved when he confirmed she had minor injuries. After all, if Leslie encountered

problems, the coveted shares would be at risk.

Riley didn't deny that his kindness towards Leslie was motivated by those shares.

Leslie didn't look well, so after a few minutes of small talk, Ashley took Sarah away.

In the bathroom, Sarah's face contorted with an evil laugh. "Mom, I really wish Leslie die!"

She had some regrets about the accident. If Leslie had died, she and her mother wouldn't be overlooked because of her.

"Silly, if that wretched girl dies, how will you get what you want? Although the shares will go to your dad, you can still get a share of the properties!"

Ashley laughed softly. "Treat her well. Maybe she'll transfer some shares to you!"

Hearing that, Sarah's eyes lit up!

Yes, even if Leslie gave her just one percent of the shares, it would be enough for a lifetime of wealth and luxury!

"Right. Maybe I should treat my sister better. After all, she's worth it!"

Sarah laughed with cunning determination. Once she got those shares, that woman's death would be on the way!

Once she turned 25..

So, Sarah needed to adjust her mindset. If she played her cards right and treated Leslie well, she might acquire what she desired.

Leslie's injuries were not severe, and she spent only three days in the hospital. After a check-up, she was discharged from the hospital.

During these past few days, Leslie had been pondering over Carlos's words. He wasn't in a hurry, nor was he hurrying her.

Leslie returned to her room and noticed several dolls in her room.

"I remember you used to love these dolls, right? I had them specially made by a renowned French artist. Unique, aren't they?"

Sarah smiled warmly, attempting to win Leslie over.

However, Leslie, no longer the naive girl, responded with a subtle nod, "Yes, I love them. Thank you!"

Although the dolls were attractive, Leslie was no longer the naive girl she used to be.

Sarah thought she had made progress, diligently arranged Leslie's belongings.

Suddenly, Leslie's expression changed, "Don't touch that doll!"

Sarah paused, glancing at the unattractive porcelain doll in her hand. It was indeed ugly, likely from a decade ago.

"I told you not to touch it!"

A look of disgust rose on Leslie's face. She grabbed the doll and said, "Be careful not to break my things. This is something my mom left for me!"

This porcelain doll was her favorite, even though it was discarded in her past life.

But in this life, she understood the meaning of this doll.

After all, it was a memento from her mom, how could she not cherish it?

Sarah looked embarrassed, "I didn't know..."

"That's it. Let me handle my own things. Get out!" Leslie coldly snorted, revealing her past arrogance.

Sarah's face turned red. She could no longer stand this troublesome girl. However, for her own gain, Sarah forced a smile.

"Okay, sis. Don't be angry. I'll leave."

Sarah exited, closing the door behind her. Once alone, her expression turned dark, and she ruthlessly kicked the doll on the floor.

"What's going on?"

"What happened?" Ashley happened to walk up, seeing her daughter's troubled expression, and asked in a hushed tone.

Sarah glanced at Josephine, who was behind Ashley. "Mom, come sit with me in the room for a while."

Without waiting for a response, Sarah grabbed Ashley's hand and led her inside. Once the door closed, Sarah took a deep breath and kicked the doll on the floor forcefully.

"That bitch... she just yelled at me again! Mom! Do we really have to endure this until she turns twenty-five?" Sarah shouted loudly.

The room was very soundproof, so she was not worried about being heard by the people outside.

"Oh, why are you getting angry? You're distinguished Miss Byrd; do you need to bother with that loser?" Ashley sneered. "Take it easy. Your dad treats her so well, pampers her, all because she holds shares left by her grandmother. If she dies earlier, those assets will be sold and used as charity funds!"

Ashley said coldly.

Sarah's eyes reddened with anger. "But she told me to leave! I really want to slap her in the face!"

Ashley walked over and gently lifted Sarah's hand. "Be good, don't be like this. Remember, when she turns twenty-five, everything will be yours. Right now, the most important thing is to bring Jensen in, and then you can find a way to catch Mr. Lester's attention."

Sarah remembered the enchanting man and nodded. "Alright, Jensen is also her type. I believe she will be captivated when she sees him!"

In Leslie's past life, she liked talented and versatile men, like Jensen, who wasn't just a young and famous artist but also a pianist.

Moreover, he was exceptionally handsome, even though his family background was much less affluent than Carlos's. Among many young

men, he was outstanding.



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