

## Chapter 23

"Alright, I'll bite my tongue for a bit," Sarah agreed with Ashley; after all, experience matters, and she needed to stay calm for now.

Once she successfully swindled Leslie's shares, she could indulge herself as much as she wanted.

"Alright, let's not be angry anymore. It's lunchtime; let's go eat!"

Ashley said with a beaming smile, soothing Sarah.

However, as soon as they opened the door, Leslie's furious voice could be heard from the opposite side.

"I told you to pack your things! What's all this, Josephine? Do you think I'm jinxed after my hospital stint, and you don't want to serve me?"

Leslie's haughty tone echoed through the air.

Ashley and Sarah exchanged glances, both suppressing smirks. Leslie occasionally played the princess card, and it seemed Josephine had pushed her buttons completely.

"No, no..."

"Hit the road right now. I'll have my dad square away your pay!"

Leslie coldly declared, then walked out confidently.

Leslie deliberately stirred Josephine's temper, not just for her sake but also to ensure Josephine's safety.

Because Leslie vividly remembered in her past life, Josephine warned her about Ashley, but Ashley noticed it.

Then Josephine met with a fatal accident a week later.

Although Leslie was not sure whether the death of Josephine in her previous life was planned by Ashley herself, Leslie wasn't willing to take any chances.

Following Leslie, Josephine walked away with a bowed head, tears welling up.

"I'm sorry; I really didn't mean it... Considering I've been here for so many years, don't fire me, please!"

Josephine cried pitifully. After all, she had spent over twenty years here and had some attachment to Leslie and this house.

"Why cry? What bad luck. If you don't leave now, I'll have the housekeeper dock your salary for a month!"

Leslie turned around, her eyes flashing with a hint of disgust.

Josephine was shocked, but quickly lowered her head. "Yes..."

To deduct a month's salary would be a huge loss. Josephine couldn't afford to stay any longer. She had no choice but to leave immediately.

"What's wrong?" Ashley walked over, gently taking Leslie's hand.

Leslie snorted, subtly pulling her hand away, pointing at Josephine.

"She ruined my favorite clothes. How can I not be angry?"

"It's just a small matter, not worth getting upset over. Come, let's go downstairs for lunch!" Ashley said with a smiling face, feeling that the old Leslie was back.

Leslie snorted again, casting a sidelong glance at Sarah, then walked briskly downstairs.

After lunch, Leslie went back to her room to rest. As soon as she entered the room, she received a call from Josephine.

"Leslie... it's Josephine. I've received my salary and just wanted to remind you, Leslie... Ashley and her daughter might seem good to you, but it's only on the surface. Please be careful of them!"

Josephine choked up on the other end.

Leslie's eyes welled up with tears. Josephine had always been sincere to her, but for Leslie's safety, she had to drive her away.

Because at this moment, Leslie couldn't protect her.

"I'm sorry," Leslie thought for a moment, saying softly.

"Leslie... don't blame yourself. It's just that that wretched woman has spoiled you. Alas, Leslie, take care."

"Josephine, take care."

"Yes, if you need anything, I am willing to do anything for you unconditionally. Remember this number, Leslie."

"Okay, Josephine. Don't mention what happened today in front of Ashley. Don't speak ill of her either..."

Josephine hesitated for a moment. "Alright, I understand. Goodbye."

Leslie hung up the phone, feeling melancholic.

When could she become strong?

But Leslie immediately opened her computer and transferred a hundred thousand as compensation to Josephine.

A hundred thousand was a considerable amount for an ordinary person. Leslie hoped she could live a better life.

Leslie took a short nap and was awakened by a call from Carlos.

"Hey there, sweetheart, what's your decision? Hmm?" His voice, draped in a lazy, seductive cadence, brought back memories of his breath against her ear in the hospital.

"Carlos, do you have to spill my secret to Riley?" Leslie's brow furrowed. There were plenty of ways he could win her over without resorting to that.

"Of course, you're still on the fence,"

"Alright, but I've got conditions!" Leslie bit her lip, having mulled it over for three days. Carlos was a force to be reckoned with, and she couldn't afford to be on his bad side.

If he truly cared for her, he'd respect her terms. So, she framed them in her favor.

"Oh? Now you learned to negotiate with me? Lay it on me,"

Carlos responded, a playful smile evident in his voice.

"Firstly, I'm on board with marrying you, but that's after I graduate from college. If I decide otherwise, hands-off policy, okay?" Leslie bit her lip, unwilling to have an intimate relationship with Carlos.

If that was the case, she would not have fallen for him so quickly. After all, a man like Carlos by her side, she could not guarantee that she would not fall in love with him!

"Deal!" Carlos's agreement came without hesitation, sending Leslie's heart into a frenzied beat.

"Secondly, if I opt to keep our relationship low-key, I expect you not to claim me as your girlfriend. Also, when I need you, I want you to be there pronto," Leslie spoke softly.

Her terms were stringent.

However, if Carlos genuinely wanted her, he'd have to agree.

"Heh, little one, you think I'm your personal bodyguard?" Carlos chuckled, his cold gaze almost palpable.

"If you don't agree..." Leslie hesitated, a tinge of sadness coloring her words.

She held something over Carlos, but if he refused, there was little she could do.

On the flip side, if he exposed her secret, her life wouldn't be a walk in the park.

"Alright, considering you're a few years my junior, I'm in," Carlos said, a light laugh accompanying his words.

Leslie was stunned. She didn't expect that he would actually agree.

"If you're free now, meet me at the café outside your house,"

Carlos said before ending the call.



Leslie hastily got up. She really didn't remember such a man called Carlos Lester in her previous life, but she had no other option.

Changing into a dress, she left her home and made her way to the café across the street.

As she stepped into the café, a waiter guided her to a private room.

Leslie walked in and was stunned. Opposite Carlos was a very stunning beauty.



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