

Chapter 31

"Leslie, why bother being so courteous to us? Carlos, you've got to make those rotten women pay!" Mya exclaimed with frustration.

"As long as you're okay, Leslie. If you need help in the future..." Dominick offered his help promptly.

"No need, from now on, she's with me." Carlos interrupted Dominick casually before he could finish.

Carlos eyed Dominick and noticed his injuries were worse than Leslie's. He couldn't help but smirk. "Mr. Cohen, you're quite a gentleman. I think it's time for our families to collaborate. Consider it a token of appreciation for protecting Leslie."

Dominick's expression changed. "Thank you, Mr. Lester. But if it's just for that reason, I think it's unnecessary. The Cohen Group is strong too. If Mr. Lester wants to collaborate, it should be based on our capabilities."

If Dominick agreed, others might think he was only getting close to Leslie because of Carlos.

Dominick was a man with pride and didn't want Leslie to think that way. He didn't need a woman to support him.

"Very well. Let's hope our shareholders approve my proposal at the meeting!" Carlos said with a light laugh, unabashedly taking Leslie's hand.

"Let's go, head to the hotel to change."

Leslie's heart skipped a beat, glancing at Mya. "Mya, are you sure you're okay? Do you want to come with us?"

"No need. We are heading home. We'll catch up later. Mr. Lester, take good care of Leslie. Looks like your troublesome admirers stirred up quite a mess?" Mya snorted. Carlos was indeed handsome, but he was her friend's man.

She had no romantic interest in him. She just hoped Carlos would protect Leslie well.

"Don't worry, Miss Cohen. Thanks for your help today!" Carlos apologized sincerely. Leslie glanced apologetically at Dominick and was then pulled into the car by Carlos.

"Ah, my clothes are dirty. If I mess up your car..." Leslie hesitated as she saw Carlos's clean and tidy seat.

"What a ool!" Carlos couldn't help but chuckle, pulling Leslie down to sit.

Leslie frowned, looking at the stinky eggs on her clothes that now stained the seat.

"So what if it is dirty? Will I let you kneel or something?" Carlos glanced at her with a smile and started the car.

Leslie sighed deeply. "I don't know which jerk I offended to be targeted with such dirty tricks! Mya might not want to hang out with me anymore after this!"

Leslie intentionally said so.

She suspected Pearl, as the behavior seemed fitting for her.

Although Pearl was a miss from a rich family, she didn't behave or behave at all that day.

Or how could act like that that day?

"Once we find out, I won't go easy on them!" Carlos said coldly, his handsome face now displaying a fierce expression.

Leslie was the first woman he admired, and someone dared to harm

her? Bring it on!

Leslie raised her eyebrows, staring at Carlos's handsome face. "Is it true, as Mya said, that your admirer is behind this attack on me?"

"Hmph, Leslie, tell me, what's your relationship with Dominick?" Carlos asked without answering, giving Leslie a cold look.

Leslie pursed her lips. "He's just Mya's older brother. Do you think he would have any relationship with me?"

"Don't you think he's overly protective of you? He ignored his sister's injuries and protected a stranger instead."

"Because those people were targeting me! If he didn't protect me, I might have been trampled by that group of foolish women by now!" Leslie snorted, recalling the infuriating incident.

"Leslie, don't let him hold your hand again, or... I'll chop off his hand!" Carlos's voice turned icy, stunning Leslie.

What kind of freak was this?

Even if Dominick liked her, shouldn't he be grateful? Instead, he suspected Dominick's motives?

Even if this man liked her, he can't do this, right?

"Dominick is my lifesaver..."

"Leslie, I'm your husband!" Carlos's face darkened. "I don't mind getting married to you right away."

Leslie was speechless. She was only eighteen. She had reached the legal age for marriage in Brickelwhyte.

But she was still in high school.

Getting married in her senior year would be a laughingstock

"Remember that?"

"All right!"

"Why does it seem like you're very unwilling? Dominick looks serious, but he's not a simple person!" Carlos snorted.

Leslie couldn't be bothered to argue with him. In less than half a moment, the car stopped in the parking garage of the Lester Venture Hotel.

As soon as they got out, Leslie saw several security guards coming towards them. "Mr. Lester!"

Carlos got out of the car, nodding faintly. He took Leslie's hand and walked into the VIP elevator.

Leslie, still smelling of eggs, wrinkled her nose. Suddenly, she felt a bit silly.

Couldn't Carlos just drop her off at home? Coming to the hotel with him felt a bit odd.

"Well... I'll go home and change my clothes..."

"I'll bury today's chaos. Your spiteful stepmother and conniving sister won't catch wind of it. But if you think they'll use today's incident for gossip, go ahead and let them try!"

Leslie turned her head, unwilling to look into his slightly angry eyes.

Carlos reached out, gently pinching her chin to redirect her gaze.

Forced to meet Carlos's eyes, Leslie found herself under the spell of his starry gaze, her embarrassment mirrored in her face.

"Hold off on the kisses... my face reeks!" Leslie was afraid he would kiss her right there.

Carlos snorted, confidently releasing her chin. "You're overthinking. No plans for smooches, Leslie. What's swirling around in that head of yours?"

Leslie's face blushed. She coldly snorted and turned her face away.

As the elevator doors opened, Leslie followed Carlos, keeping her head low.

This floor was exclusive to the president, so there were only a few service staff, except for a few waiters.

Mr. Lester, welcome back." Upon reaching room 2906, the female attendant bowed, embodying a subservient demeanor.

Leslie felt a tinge of repulsion. Once the door closed, she asked with a gloomy tone, "Was that bowing part of the hotel's protocol?"

"Nope."

Carlos nonchalantly removed his shoes, answering her.

Leslie raised an eyebrow. "Seems like she's aiming to impress you. But you, you didn't even throw her a second glance."

"Jealous?" Carlos looked at Leslie, a smile playing on his lips.

"Nah, not me!"



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