

Midnight 701

Chapter 1413 - 701: A Hateful Womanizer

Malcolm had long seen Heather. So when he saw her absentminded expression from a distance, he instantly felt elated.

It must be because she saw him confess his love to Helen yesterday, and she regretted not agreeing to his confession sooner.

This idea greatly gratified his vanity. He knew that Heather must like him, too. She had been turning him down because she was pretending that she disliked him. She must feel sorry and sad now.

"Don't be sad, Heather," Malcolm said with an affectionate look.

Heather looked at him blankly in puzzlement. What did he mean? Why should she be sad?

"I know you're remorseful that you didn't say yes to my confession earlier, but it's not too late now." He added, "In fact, I still have feelings for you."

She was taken aback. She really wanted to swear at him! Damn it! What happened to Malcolm Carter? What did he say unintelligibly?! So he came to her because he thought she was regretting not agreeing to his confession?!

Who on earth gave him the nerve to be so narcissistic?

Malcolm, who saw her speechless expression, was even more certain that he had cut her to the quick.

Taking a deep breath, she asked sarcastically, "Oh? So you're breaking up with Helen?"

Malcolm's confession became a joke yesterday when it was interrupted, but he succeeded as Helen agreed, which had been posted on a school forum, so Heather knew about it.

"Of course not," said Malcolm, his eyes flashed with greed. "Helen is the headmaster's daughter. Her background is so good. If I am with her, I can benefit a lot. But you can rest assured that the woman I really love is you, so you must suffer for a few years before I make a hit. When the time comes, I will make you my wife!"

A hateful womanizer!

Heather didn't expect that she would meet a womanizer one day!

If he only went after Helen after he couldn't win Heather's heart, Heather wouldn't have thought it was a big deal. However, he was so greedy that he actually wanted her to be his mistress. Who did he think he was?

Heather should have been angry, but now she found it utterly ridiculous. If it had been in the past, with her temper, she would have dragged the womanizer into the woods and beaten him up!

Today, however, she was in a good mood and decided to give him a break. She nodded. "Well, that's a good idea."

He asked, with joy in his eyes. "You agreed?"

There was a hint of sarcasm in her eyes. "I mean, in your dream!"

"Heather!" His face was full of shame and anger. He raised his hand, ready to slap her on the face!

Her eyes turned slightly deep as she suddenly grabbed his wrist and broke it hard!

"Ouch!!" He cried out in pain, and a layer of cold sweat emerged on his forehead.

"Malcolm, I warn you, don't come to me again! I'm in a good mood today, so I'll let you off the hook! Otherwise, you wouldn't be just dislocated!" she said coldly.

Then her hand moved again, and she instantly recovered his dislocated wrist.

He hastily withdrew his hand and looked at her in horror. Heather had been his classmate for four years, but he had no idea she was so good at fighting!

She ignored him and turned around to walk toward the dorm.

Looking at this kind of man for just a second made her feel sick.

Back in the dorm, Leila was still asleep in bed.

She drank a lot last night, too. It seemed that she had been sleeping since she came back last night.

"Wake up!" Heather woke her up. "Leila, time for lunch!"

"Lunch..." Leila rolled over and nearly fell out of bed.

Heather stopped her. "Watch out!"

"Heather?" When Leila saw her, she was slightly dazed and said, "You didn't come back to the dorm last night... No! Where were you last night?"

Heather was very speechless. Hadn't her roommate come to her senses until now?

Instead of answering her question, Heather asked, "How did you return to the dorm last night?"

"Well... I remember someone who claimed to be your friend drove us back to the school and said that you wouldn't come back to the dorm at night and that you would live in your friend's house..." Leila rubbed her head.

"Was that guy really your friend last night?"

Heather was a little surprised. So it must have been one of Alexander's subordinates who sent her friends back to the school. Not only had he asked his subordinate to do that, but he also gave them the right reason so that they wouldn't be suspicious.

Somehow Heather's heart softened at the thought of it.

Alexander was really considerate.

"Heather, I'm sorry, we were too drunk last night, so we didn't think much about it." Leila asked, worried, "Did you really go to your friend's house?"

"... Mm." Heather nodded. She didn't want to say much about what had happened the night before. Even facing Leila, she was a bit tongue-tied.

After all, she was such a beast last night who had raped Alexander last night...

Seeing Leila look incredulous and ready to continue questioning her, Heather said. anxiously, "When I came back just now, I ran into Malcolm Carter."

After that, she briefly told Leila about her conflict with Malcolm.

"Oh my god! He's such a womanizer!" Leila was instantly furious and couldn't help swearing at him. "I thought he was good. I didn't expect him to be a womanizer in his bones!"

"Not only did he deceive Helen, but he also tried to play with you! He should look at himself carefully in a mirror to check if he is a human... By the way, why don't we tell Helen about this and let Malcolm get nothing?"

"Come on, don't make trouble," he said.

Heather lightly said. "Even if we do tell her, she won't believe us. She'll just think I'm trying to drive a wedge between her and Malcolm on purpose."

Her words pointed out the fact sharply. Leila instantly gave up the idea. "Yeah, she has been outclassed by you. No matter if it's a competition or an exam, you always get first place, while she gets second place, which has made her angry for a long time! Do you think she said yes to Malcolm's confession just because he chased you, and it made her feel like she stole your man?"

"Who knows?" Heather smiled lightly and began to pack her things up.

"What are you doing?" Leila looked at her in surprise.

"Moving out of the dorm," Heather replied.

"My house outside is ready, so I'm going to live there. It's quieter there."

"In such a hurry?" Leila asked curiously. "Why do I feel like you're hurrying to meet someone?"

Chapter 1414 - 702: So Fast?

Heather paused as her heart was a little panicky somehow.

Indeed, although she had been sure that she would move before, she didn't have to be in such a hurry.

But when Alexander suggested she move into the villa today, she actually agreed so quickly! Moreover, at the bottom of her heart, she did not seem inclined to refuse him and even looked forward to seeing him again.

Because if she moved there, she would be able to live next door to Alexander...

Heather was suddenly shocked. Was she really hurrying to see Alexander? No, it wasn't that!

"What nonsense!" Heather took the pillow and hit Leila in the face with exasperation.

"Why don't you go and wash up?!"

Leila muttered something. When she came back, she found Heather had already packed things up.

Leila looked at her in surprise. "So fast?"

"Well, my house over there is well furnished, so I don't have much to pack up. As for these things, I'm going to donate them," Heather explained. She had only packed up her textbooks as well as a few suits of clothes and the things for finishing her graduation project.

"... Hearing your generous words, I'm a little convinced now that you're really from a rich family." Leila's lips twitched as she spoke, "Come on, I'll help you move."

"Well, I'll invite you to dinner some other time." Heather smiled faintly. Then she walked out of the dorm with Leila.

Randy had arranged for a car to wait for her downstairs. The car wasn't conspicuous, so not many people noticed it.

After she put all the things in the car, Heather thought for a bit and invited Leila to her new home.

Leila was her best friend, so she wasn't going to keep it a secret anymore.

In fact, Heather didn't plan to hide it from them at first, but because she and her family wanted her to live a normal life, she kept a low profile, which made her friends think she always bragged.

"No, no, I've got a headache. I'm going back to bed," Leila refused without hesitation.

"Do you know whose invitation you are turning down?" Heather asked with a depressed expression.

"This is an invitation from the lady from Denmark Group."

Leila's lips twitched. "Are you finished?!"

"Come on, go back to the dorm for sleep. You can't keep your eyes open." Heather said with resignation, "We'll talk about this later."

Leila waved to her and turned around to head for the dormitory.

Soon, Heather went back to the villa. A servant had already waited for her at the gate.

"Miss Denmark, I am a servant from the house

of Master Alexander next door," the servant beamed. "Master Alexander asked me to help you."

Heather's cheeks were slightly flushed somehow. Anyway, Alexander was really very thoughtful.

After helping Heather carry the things into the house and putting them away, the servant directly took her to leave.

Heather was relieved and went to her study to work on her graduation project.

After quite a long time, she suddenly felt a twinge of hunger in her stomach and put down her brush.

"Are you hungry?" A gentle voice sounded.

She was so startled that she almost jumped up and looked at Alexander sitting on the sofa. "You, you... How did you get in here?!"

She remembered locking the door!

"I opened the door and directly walked in," he said, looking innocent.

"Impossible, tell me the truth!" She freaked out. "The only way I can open the lock is my own fingerprints!"

"Have you forgotten it?" He looked at her quietly, "Last night, you took me by the hand, insisting on inputting my fingerprint and saying it would be convenient for me to enter in the future."

She was instantly petrified. Was there such a thing? Was it possible? She couldn't remember anything because she had been too drunk to remember anything! Alcohol sucked!

It looked like she would have to be a teetotaler like her mom Hazel!

Looking at her vexed face, Alexander asked in dejection, "Can't... I come?"

Heather was very helpless. He looked as if he had been hurt, she really couldn't say anything harsh!

"Forget it..." She waved helplessly, "Before you come next time, at least give me a call!"

A triumphant smile flashed across his eyes.

"Okay."

The next moment, he came to her. She unconsciously covered the drawing board. "No, you mustn't see it!"

He chuckled. "I've been watching it for a long time."

In an instant, she was a little depressed. He had been looking at it for so long that it was pointless for her to hide it now.

"Why do you study fashion design?" He looked at the drawing board and was a little surprised.

"Because Denmark Group doesn't set foot in the clothing industry," Heather took a deep breath and replied. "I don't want to inherit the family business, so I have to choose the industry that Denmark Group doesn't set foot in. Besides, my parents always forbade me from learning it. They thought I would give up halfway, so I decided to study hard and achieve something to show them how awesome I am!"

Looking at Heather's earnest face, his lips twitched slightly despite himself.

He recalled, when they met in their childhood, it seemed that Heather tended to do whatever her parents didn't want her to do.

Now she seemed to remain rebellious.

Besides, it looked like Joshua and Hazel were really very kind to her. If they really didn't want Heather to learn fashion design, there would be a million approaches they could adopt to stop her instead of sending her to the best college to study it. They were trying to motivate her in a different way.

"By the way, hasn't your H & C INC. quickly become the leader since it entered the clothing market four years ago?" she asked, looking uneasy, "What do you think of my graduation project?"

Alexander's eyes turned deep. Four years ago, Heather went to college to study fashion design. He had done it only for her, but he could not tell her now.

"Is this your graduation project?" he asked.

"Yes, what do you think?" She looked at him nervously.

"It looks very smart," he said generously. "If they were made into real objects, they would stun everyone."

"Is it really that good?" she felt inwardly happy to hear his praise.

"Yes." he said with a serious look on his face, "Heather, as the President of H & C INC., I'd like to invite you to join the design department... Would you like to join us?"

She instantly froze and thought for a moment before saying, "Are you doing this for personal affection?"

"I never do anything for personal affection." He said in an earnest tone, "You deserve to own everything."

Apprised by him, she was too happy in her heart to think why he didn't say 'the position,' but 'everything.'

"I'd love to join H & C INC., but not in this way," she said after thinking.

Chapter 1415 - 703: The Lingering Kiss

He felt a little surprised. "Huh?"

"H & C INC. has been focusing on high-end clothes recently, so it has always been very strict with designers," she said, looking a little more serious. "If the design department suddenly hired me because of you, I'm sure there would be a lot of people who would feel it is unfair."

She added as if she was afraid that she couldn't convince him, "In fact, I study fashion design just because I like it. If I want to be a designer or even create my own brand, Denmark Group has the resources to do everything for me and give me everything I want. But what's the point? I want to succeed on my own. If I can't get it, it just means I'm not good enough."

Alexander's eyes sparkled. He had underestimated Heather. It was true that given her identity, she could get anything as long as she said, but she disdained it.

"So what are you going to do?" he asked.

"There will be a fashion show in our university, and our graduation work will be on display. Whoever wins the championship can sign with H & C INC." Her eyes glowed as she said, "I'm going to win the championship and enter your company fair and square!"

"Okay," He chuckled. Since Heather had her own plan, what he needed to do was support her.

"You mustn't help me in secret!" she said uneasily.

"I promise," he said with a very serious look.

Her eyes and face were full of joy. "Thank you, Mr. Christopher!"

He slightly raised his eyebrows. The next moment, he moved towards her.

She was taken aback. Unconsciously, she took a few steps backward and was soon against the wall. His long slender arms were reached out and pressed directly against the wall behind her.

Her heart leaped fast. Though katedon or something was rather romantic, Alexander's face was definitely angry now.

"What do you call me?" he asked in a deep tone.

She froze. So he was angry because she called him Mr. Christopher? Indeed, if they were a couple of lovers, it would sound distant if she called him like that.

"... Alexander?" she asked ingratiatingly, blinking her bright eyes.

He curled his lips with a half-smile, held out his finger, and lifted her chin. "Heather, I'm your boyfriend. Why do you call me in such a distant way?"

Looking at his handsome face, which was getting closer and closer, she felt as if her heart were about to jump out from her mouth!

If she didn't call him by his name, what should she call him? Would he not want her to call him? They hadn't had that kind of relationship yet!

"You... You stay away from me, I can't breathe!" She shyly pushed his chest away.

"Really?" Looking at her cheeks, which were getting redder and redder, his mouth tilted upwards slightly at the corners.

"Then... I'll give you breath."

She looked up blankly. "Ah... hmm!"

His thin lips fell and gently touched her lips. The kiss made her so hot and nervous that she even forgot to push him away!

Why did he always... suddenly kiss her? However, she didn't seem to dislike this kind of feeling...

Alexander let out a sudden chuckle when the lingering kiss ended as he looked into her misty eyes.

"Heather, you like me, too."

It wasn't a question but an affirmative sentence.

"..." She unconsciously tried to retort but could not say anything.

Indeed, she had a good feeling for Alexander. Otherwise, why did she agree to be his girlfriend? Even if she had slept with him, she didn't have to be afraid or worried.

She would say yes to him because she didn't think he was annoying. So, besides that, she liked him? No, no, that was not true. She must contradict him!

"Call me Alex," he said suddenly.

"Huh?" She looked up at him blankly.

"You don't want to?" There was a look of disappointment on his face.

"No." She just felt as if she had been silly. Was she misled again?

"Then call me," he whispered.

"Ale... Alex" After gently calling his name, she was a little absentminded somehow. Why did the address give her a feeling that it sounded familiar?

"Good girl, I'll reward you." He leaned over and kissed her lips again.

She was exasperated and angry. Had she forgotten something? It seemed she should contradict him, for he said she liked him? Why was she misled and forget it again?

But after he kissed her, her whole body was so weak that she forgot what she had been thinking.

"Wait..." She tried hard to concentrate. "I seem to have something to say."

"Come on, it's time for dinner. I'll treat you," he took her hand quite naturally and said.

"Oh..." She walked out with him. What did she want to say that they should go to dinner? Forget it.

All of a sudden, she stopped.

Damn it! She was actually misled by him again!

"What's the matter?" He turned his head and looked at her tenderly.

She was instantly tongue-tied. Would it be too narrow-minded of her to contradict him now that a long time had passed?

She suddenly stood on tiptoe and bit him hard on the lip!

Alexander's eyes turned a little deep. So the little girl actually teased him? He held out his arm, trying to grasp her body and kiss her back, but she wriggled like a loach and ran away from him.

"Aren't you going to dinner?" She came up to his car and winked with a wicked smile.

"Hurry up!"

Seeing her get in the car, he could do nothing but sigh helplessly. Then he also got into the car.

Alexander took Heather to a nice western restaurant and ordered what she liked.

She ate happily. Although she was surprised that Alexander knew what she liked to eat, she didn't think too much as she had been distracted by the delicious food.

"I bought two tickets. Let's go to the cinema later." He put a steak on her plate.

"What's the movie named?" she asked curiously.

"A comedy called Never Say Goodbye. It is said it's very interesting," he replied.

"I know this movie. I've been thinking about when I should see it recently. Good, we'll go later!" She was very interested. What made her happier was that she and Alexander actually had something in common!

His mouth tilted upwards slightly at the corners. He knew what kind of movies and TV shows she liked. How could she possibly dislike the movie he carefully selected?

Chapter 1416 - 704: Do I Pester You?

After dinner, Heather went to the bathroom.

Hardly had she come out of the bathroom when she met someone she didn't want to see again.

It was none other than Malcolm.

Heather was in a bad mood. She actually met him. She was really out of luck.

She pretended she didn't see him, but the moment he saw her, his expression changed dramatically as he yelled, "Heather, are you stalking me?"

Heather's lips twitched. This man was really narcissistic.

Before she could speak, Malcolm looked at her with a panicky face. "I'm warning you, now that you say you don't like me, don't make trouble and drive a wedge between us!"

Heather was slightly stunned, but soon she understood.

It must be because Malcolm, who told her 'the truth' today, realized something was wrong after leaving, so he went to ask Helen to be on guard against Heather, fearing Heather had said something bad about him to Helen.

However, he didn't realize Heather hadn't said anything. Instead, his sneaky behavior aroused Helen's suspicion. Finally, after questioning him for a while, she found something was wrong. Malcolm tried his best to coax her and got her to stop pressing at long last.

Heather sneered and said, "When will you stop being such a narcissist? Who gave you the confidence to believe that I'm here to stalk you and destroy your relationship?"

"Isn't it?" Malcolm sniffed. "Then why are you here? Do you think a person like you can afford this fancy restaurant?"

Heather was speechless. This restaurant was quite upscale, but why couldn't people like her afford it?

Thinking that Alexander was still waiting for her, she took a deep breath and tried hard to hold back the impulse to teach him a lesson. She said coldly, "It's a good thing the owner of the restaurant doesn't look down on people like you do. That's why he is the boss while you are not."

"You!" Malcolm was instantly ashamed and angry. Although he had known that Heather was distant and it was very difficult to win her heart before, he had never expected her to have such a poisonous tongue!

What made him even more depressed was that when Heather, who was always gentle, said these words, her whole body emitted a cold, noble aura that made him feel very ashamed.

"Also," Heather interrupted him without hesitation, "I'm here with my boyfriend for dinner. Please look in the mirror often and see yourself clearly. Don't make a fool of yourself anymore, okay?"

"You!" Malcolm was so pissed off that he was tongue-tied. Heather didn't say anything vulgar, but it cut him to the quick, which made him almost spit out blood in anger. Suddenly, he said in disbelief, as if he had realized something, "Your boyfriend? Heather, you actually have a boyfriend?"

"It's not strange," she said, rolling her eyes at him. "I'm the most beautiful girl in the school anyway. All the boys chasing me can line up outside the school, can't they? Do you really think you are the only man in the world, and if I don't choose you as my boyfriend, I will die?"

"Heather Denmark! I didn't expect you to be so shameless!" he looked at her angrily and shouted. "You actually get a boyfriend immediately after I'm with Helen. How dare you say you don't like me? As soon as Helen and I came here for dinner, you brought your so-called boyfriend with you. You just want to piss me off on purpose so that you can save your face, don't you?"

Heather was shocked!

A word popped out of her mind somehow.

"I've never seen such a brazen person!"

Just then, a shrill voice came behind her, "What are both of you doing? Are you cheating on me, Malcolm Carter?"

Heather turned her head around and had a headache. The person who came was none other than Helen. What a mess!

"Helen..." Malcolm's face instantly changed. He ran to Helen and said quickly, "It's not that. I only have you in my heart. How can I possibly cheat on you? It's her fault!"

Malcolm pointed at Heather and said angrily, "She is seducing me on purpose! I never expected she'd be such a shameless woman and come here to pester me!"

Heather clenched her fist. Malcolm was really capable as he had refreshed her perception, again and again, showing her how hateful he really was! She couldn't bear it anymore!

Furiously, Helen glared at Heather and snapped, "Heather Denmark, you are too shameless! Malcolm did chase you, but now he likes me! If you keep pestering him, I'll let you know how powerful my Jenkins family is... What, what are you doing?"

All of a sudden, Helen's face changed dramatically. Little did she think that Heather would turn a deaf ear and directly approach them to drag Malcolm by the collar!

Malcolm was a big tall man, but Heather dragged him away very easily as if he were a sack.

"Let me go! Let go!" Malcolm struggled in horror, but what made him panic-stricken was that no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't shake off her hand!

Helen caught up with them angrily. "You, you stop!"

Seeing Heather pull Malcolm into the bathroom, she hurried to follow, but as soon as she reached the door, she stood motionless in shock and didn't dare to step forward.

"You say I seduce you, don't you?" Heather punched Malcolm in the stomach!

He howled in pain as his whole body curled up like a dried shrimp! But then came Heather's second punch!

"Do I pester you?"

"Did you say I'm shameless?"

"I fucking asked you not to provoke me, but you couldn't keep it in mind, could you!"

Malcolm was beaten black and blue by Heather, who spared no effort!

"Helen, Helen, help me!" Malcolm sobbed and howled, asking Helen for help.

Helen's face turned pale. She really had never expected Heather to be so cruel and terrible and Malcolm to be such a useless disgrace! A woman actually beat him up. Helen was dying to leave on the spot!

She agreed to be Malcolm's girlfriend purely because... doing this gave her a feeling that she was stealing Heather's man! But now, she wavered. Was this man worth being her boyfriend?

A cry for help from Malcolm made Helen come to her senses. It wasn't the time to think about other things at present. She must stop Heather from being so arrogant!

She hurried to say, "Heather, let Malcolm go! Or I'm going to call the police!"

"You can just call the police!" Heather grabbed Malcolm by the collar in a wicked manner. The next moment, she pushed him in the direction of Helen! She pushed him so hard that even Helen behind him took a few steps backward, and the two of them almost rolled together.

Heather clapped her hands. She felt rather relaxed after beating Malcolm up.

Chapter 1417 - 705: He Was Taken Aback

Sure enough, in the face of this kind of scoundrel, she should resort to violence!

"Heather Denmark, you are too arrogant!" Helen clenched her teeth. "I'm going to call the police now and ask them to arrest you!"

"Whatever," said Heather with an indifferent smile. "The police will detain me for a few days at most for such a trifle. Don't worry. When I get out of the police station, the number of times I beat you up will depend on the number of days I'm in jail!"

Malcolm's legs were directly weak. He was really scared by Heather just now! If she really took revenge, how could he possibly stand it?

"Helen, forget it..." Malcolm said quickly. "You!" Helen was furious. Not only did Heather threaten her, but Malcolm became a coward so quickly. This really humiliated her! Besides, she lost face right in front of Heather! If she stayed, she wouldn't know how Heather would laugh at her!

"Get up!" Helen kicked Malcolm in the body and walked away.

Malcolm looked over his shoulder in horror at Heather and followed Helen in dejection.

Heather was amused. These two guys were kind of sensible. She wouldn't be afraid if she were put in jail, but if Randy knew it, he wouldn't let the two of them go.

Now she just wanted to graduate safely and smoothly, and she didn't want to make any trouble before that.

Heather relaxed her fingers and left.

As soon as she walked out of the bathroom, she saw Alexander waiting nearby.

"You, when did you come?" she asked nervously.

Uh-oh, crap. He didn't see how vicious she was, did he? She was nervous and embarrassed at the thought of it.

He came quietly to her. "I've been here. since you dragged that man into the bathroom."

"So you saw it all?" She wanted to cry but failed to shed a tear. Her image! She had only known Alexander for two days, but he had just seen such a transformation in her image. Would he think she was very horrible?

"Yes." He sighed and took her hand lightly.

"Then why didn't you stop me?" She was annoyed. As a boyfriend, shouldn't he help his girlfriend vent her anger?

"I thought you were having a good time beating the man up," he said with a serious face.

"..." She was speechless. Okay... It seemed. to be true. If Alexander had stopped her at that moment, she wouldn't have beaten Malcolm up anymore, but she wouldn't be able to vent her anger, and she would have been unhappy all day long. But...

Heather looked at Alexander in surprise. Why did she feel that the man in front of her seemed to know her better than she did?

"Heather, it's not worth it." He rubbed her palm with affection.

"Are you afraid I'll get into trouble?" she said crossly, pursing her lips.

"No," he said, frowning slightly. "Next time, you should kick him."

"Hahaha!" she burst out laughing. That was what Alexander meant when he said it wasn't worth it?

She couldn't help asking, "What if the incident becomes severe?"

"I'll be around you," he whispered.

She felt an ineffably sweetness in her heart.

She was very popular with the Denmark family. No matter what happened, her parents and brother wouldn't let her be bullied. She had never been a troublemaker, but who didn't like the feeling of being spoiled?

Now, it seemed there was one more person who wanted to spoil her. But, it seemed that no matter what she did, he would always be there for her.

"Come on, let's go," she said, shyly breaking his hand.

With a smile, he caught up with her and held her hand again. She struggled twice but didn't struggle hard.

After leaving with Malcolm, Helen got angrier and angrier! She actually lost face in front of Heather! Even if she was with Malcolm, Heather didn't seem to care about it. What was the point of her stealing her man?!

"No! I can't let it go!" Helen gritted her teeth. "Let's go to the owner of the restaurant!"

"Why?" Malcolm winced and asked.

"To get him to find the monitor in which you were beaten up, of course!" she said in anger. "I'm taking the video to my dad, asking him to expel her!"

He was taken aback.

"Isn't that good?" he said quickly.

"What do you mean?" She stared at her angrily. "Do you still have a good feeling for her, trying to cover up for her?"

"No." He hurried to deny it. How could he possibly be trying to cover up for Heather? His first thought was that he was a man, but Heather had beaten him up. How humiliating would it be if someone else saw the video?

"What do you mean?" Helen asked angrily.

"Helen, this is for your own good." Malcolm said, "We've just been together, but your dad is angry with you about it. Now, if you bother him for my sake, won't that put you at odds with him again?"

Helen gradually calmed down. Come to think of it, she thought he was right. But, for the sake of Malcolm, she didn't have to fall out with her dad.

"Helen, I know you want to do it for me, but it's okay for me to be a bit wounded. As long as you're okay, I'm happy. I'm a man, and I'm supposed to protect you." Malcolm continued speaking affectionately.

Helen snorted, but she wasn't angry now. "I'll let that bitch go this time! I won't show mercy next time!"

"Good!" Malcolm quickly said. Then he started fawning on Helen. Soon she was completely beguiled by his blandishments.

Walking out of the restaurant, they got into Helen's BMW, but before they could leave, Helen suddenly said in surprise, "Isn't that Heather?"

Malcolm followed her eyes and saw Heather getting into a car. Their eyes fell on the car at the same time they did not notice Alexander, who was sitting in the car.

"That is a Bugatti Veyron!" Malcolm screamed in shock, even shaking with excitement. "And it seems to be of limited edition... and cost at least 80 million dollars... Why does Heather get into that car?"

Helen clenched her fists in jealousy.

Heather actually sat in such a nice car? However, she only had the BMW her dad bought her, and the total price was only about 500,000 dollars.

Chapter 1418 - 706: Is He Real?

"That's a Bugatti Veyron! Do you think Heather, a poor student, can afford such an expensive car?" Helen sneered as her eyes flashed with vicious light. "Those who can afford a car like that are mostly old men. Do you understand why she can get into that car? She prostitutes herself,"

Malcolm's eyes flickered with disdain.

Heather had been keeping a low profile, so he didn't believe she was rich. But when he thought Heather actually succeeded in hooking up with a rich man, he felt angry and jealous.

He sucked up to Helen all day long, but he could at best drive her BMW. Besides, even if he did get the help of the Jenkins family's power in the future, he wouldn't be able to afford a car like Bugatti Veyron! But Heather easily hooked up with a rich man and even reached a height he could never reach in his life.

"What a shameless woman she is!" Malcolm said bitterly.

"Don't you men like such shameless women?" Helen sneered. She felt as unhappy and uncomfortable in the heart as Malcolm!

"I used to be as blind as a bat," said Malcolm coolly, clenching his teeth. "I have to show everyone what kind of person she really is!"

At this time, Heather was sitting in Alexander's car, ready to go to the movies with him. She had no idea that a storm was about to sweep her in.

Her date with Alexander went well, and she had a good sleep at night.

To her surprise, she dreamed of Alexander.

Besides, it was a dream about what had happened when she had been drunk.

They seem to have sex again. It was both real and unreal, and the only thing she remembered well was his handsome face.

"Heather..."

Who was calling her name?

The person in front of her seemed to be Alexander, but his face was too young. But why... did she find that face somehow familiar?

"Heather..."

Someone seemed to be calling her name

again. The face gradually changed into Alexander's.

Heather opened her eyes. She suddenly realized how real Alexander's face seemed.

She was in a trance. Could her dreams be so clear? But since it was a dream, she didn't have to worry about anything, did she?

With a wicked smile, she put her arms around his neck.

Alexander's eyes flashed with surprise. It was clear that her enthusiasm had caught him off guard.

But the next moment, Heather rolled over, placed him directly under her, and smiled wickedly. "Ah, you pretend to be innocent?"

Alexander felt like his whole body was going to explode! A hot stream shot up to his stomach. His lower part changed out of control!

"Heather Denmark!" He gnashed his teeth. Was the sexy girl deliberately trying to seduce him?

The true feeling of her body being pressed against by a solid object awaked Heather.

Not right... It didn't seem like a dream!

Heather rubbed her eyes hard. When she saw that Alexander, who was under her in the dream, was still around, she instantly paled.

Oh, my gosh! Is he real?

The beast in her actually came up again? Why was Alexander real? Why was this not a dream! Now she was even dying to jump off a building!

"Ah!!" With an ashamed scream, she got up subconsciously and wanted to run!

Alexander couldn't let her run away. He put his arms around her waist and pulled her back to him!

But accidentally, his movement made their private parts hit hard together. In a flash, the two people let out a strange dull moan simultaneously.

"You, you let go." She looked as if she were going to cry.

It wasn't because she was wounded that she wanted to cry. It was total embarrassment and shame! Why did this happen? Moreover, her body seemed very strange... it became soft as if all her strength had been exhausted...

"Heather, you made the first move," Alexander said in a husky tone.

"No, it's not like that... You let go." Heather bit her lips shyly. Could she tell him now that she had thought she was dreaming?

But even if she was dreaming, how could she do that to Alexander in her dream?

"Heather, you lit the fire, you must be responsible for putting it out," Alexander said in a deep tone. His feelings had been suppressed for many years.

What Heather did just now was similar to a torch thrown into a gas station. How could he bear it? Now he was about to explode!

"What... I don't know how to..." Heather bit her lip harder and said in a lower voice.

Suddenly, Alexander caught her by the hand, led it to his hard manhood, and stood up high.

"Good girl, I'll teach you," he said seductively.

"I'm scared..."

"Don't be scared, be my good girl."

He took her by the hand to unzip his trousers. The searing heat on her fingers instantly woke her up.

"No!" She was in a panic, wanting to withdraw her hand, but he caught it.

Looking at her panicky look, the flame in his body cooled a little.

He was too impatient.

Although his feelings had been repressed for more than a decade, to Heather, he was just a stranger she had known for a few days, and they hadn't had a deep relationship even though he was her boyfriend.

He loosened his wrist and let go of her.

She looked at him in surprise. Then, noticing her show no sign of getting up, he carried her and put her aside.

"I'll use the bathroom." He got up and went to the bathroom.

A sudden splash of water came out from the bathroom. Heather stared blankly in its direction.

He... actually let her go?

She thought she would not get away today. Why was she a little disappointed in the heart when he gave up?

In fact... if he persisted, she would not resist...

But then again, the little Alexander was really amazingly large...

Heather instantly came to her senses and gave her face a shy pat. Ah!!! What the hell was she thinking about?

Suddenly, she stopped and looked at her hands in embarrassment.

She remembered that her hand had touched his manhood. There was even its warmth and the sense of touch in her hand!

Why did she remember it so clearly?

She almost cried. Suddenly she thought she might as well jump off the balcony! But this was the second floor. Even if she jumped, she wouldn't necessarily have an accident.

While her imagination ran wild, the bathroom door was open.

Chapter 1419 - 707: Don't Look At Me Like That

Alexander simply wore a towel around his waist.

His hair was still wet. Drops of water fell from the ends of his hair and rolled down his chest.

She swallowed subconsciously. He had a nice shape... with a perfect six-pack...

She couldn't see him clearly from the balcony, but he was now a walking hormone!

Uh-oh, oh no. Heather felt something was wrong as her act seemed to be strange again!

"Don't look at me that way, Heather," Alexander said with a gloomy face.

He had taken a long cold shower, and it had taken him a long time to suppress the flame in him, but when he saw Heather's burning eyes, it seemed his newly built defenses were about to collapse again.

Realizing what she was doing, she shyly put her hands over her face. "Who, who told you not to wear clothes?"

"My clothes got wet by accident. I couldn't wear them. Besides, there are not any of my clothes here, so I have to do that," he said. "Can I fetch some of my clothes and leave them here?"

She froze. Not right. If Alexander put his clothes in her house, what would their relationship become? Cohabitants? The point wasn't that there weren't his clothes here!

"Don't change the topic!" Heather gnashed her teeth. "This is my house! What are you doing here?"

Although she had had a good date the night before, she clearly remembered that she hadn't asked Alexander to stay overnight! If it weren't for his sudden appearance, she would not have thought she was dreaming, and she wouldn't have even done such a shameful thing!

"I came to make you breakfast," he replied, taking it for granted, "and wake you up in passing."

She freaked out. "Who asked you to make me breakfast?"

"You."

"..." she felt a little sad in her heart. It seemed true. But it was her joke yesterday. She didn't expect Alexander to take it seriously. He was president of H & C INC. but actually came to make her breakfast so early.

"I'll ask the servant to bring my clothes," he said, taking his eyes off her as he strode toward the gate.

"You wash up first, and then come downstairs for breakfast."

He was afraid he would lose control and do something indescribable to her. Heather had just got to know him, and he didn't want to scare her.

"Wait!" Heather jumped out of bed and hugged him from behind. "You mustn't go!"

He wasn't wearing anything right now. What would his servants think if he went out to fetch his clothes like that? He came to her alone, but he suddenly walked out naked. The servants would misunderstand! No, no! She must not let him go!

Her soft body was pressed tightly against his back, and the anger that he had just suppressed surged once again!

"Heather Denmark! Let go!" He gnashed his teeth. The girl was playing with him on purpose!

"No!" she said obstinately.

"You... Fine!" He turned around sharply and kissed her lips hard..

"... Hmm!" She opened her eyes wide. Then she realized what a silly thing she had just done!

Subconsciously, she tried to shake off his grip, but his kiss became more intense. It seemed she had difficulty in breathing, and she felt her body was soft, so she had to lean weakly against his chest.

She... seemed to have sexual arousal, too.

Initially, her eyes, which had just been a little resistant, now glinted and looked extraordinarily attractive.

Alexander took a deep breath, picked her up, and laid her directly on the bed.

Feeling his body come down and press against hers, she was a little panicky in the heart somehow, but she did not resist.

For some reason, she felt that Alexander would never hurt her. So, whatever he did to her, she didn't fight back.

Suddenly, a shrill phone ring sounded.

Heather felt like someone had poured cold water on her, and she instantly woke up.

Good heavens! What was she doing? Why did she seem so ready to accept Alexander even though he hadn't yet done anything to her?

"Ah!!" she screamed in shame and fear.

"You get up, get up!"

Blushing, she pushed him in the chest. He was caught off guard and pushed aside.

"Heather Denmark!" He looked at her angrily and helplessly. Was the little girl tormenting him on purpose? Seduced by her like that, he almost exploded, but she actually stopped him at this time!

"That, that...." She hastily adjusted her clothes. Then, finally, she remembered what she had wanted to say at long last. "I mean... I'll fetch your clothes!"

With that, she grabbed the phone and ran toward the door!

Looking at the door she had slammed, he wore a face with slightly unbearable pain. The little girl could really torment him!

The next moment, he had to approach the bathroom again.

Heather took a few deep breaths to slow her heartbeat and then answered the phone.

"Heather, bad news!" on the other end of the phone, her roommate Leila yelled in a worried voice. "Have you read the school forum?"

"Not yet. What's the matter?" Heather asked in surprise.

"Someone posted that you were a mistress kept by a man!" Leila said crossly.

Heather instantly stood still and looked puzzled. "Who's so bored?"

"I don't know, an anonymous account," Leila said, puzzled. "Anyway, that's strange. Who the hell is giving you a hard time? You're usually a very popular person, and you don't have any conflicts with anyone..."

"I'll go to read the post," Heather said calmly.

"Aren't you angry, Heather?" Leila asked in surprise.

"Why should I be angry?" Heather laughed and said, "It's a rumor. It's not true."

"But..." Leila hesitated. That post was now the hottest on the forum.

"I'm busy now. I'll call you back later."

Heather hung up the phone. She opened the door and saw Alexander's male servant standing outside with Alexander's clothes.

Heather hurried to take the clothes. Although the servant kept smiling professionally, why did she think it was a mocking smile?

Heather dared not think much. she quickly closed the door and went upstairs with the clothes.

Back in the bedroom, Alexander was actually taking a shower again. She froze for a moment before she suddenly understood the reason.

Her mouth tilted upwards slightly at the corners, and she was a little moved. Alexander was really reassuring and reliable. If it were other men just now, they would have never stopped just now. However, because she was unwilling, Alexander directly let her go.

"I put your clothes on the bed," she said, smiling at the bathroom. "Put them on when you're done."

Chapter 1420 - 708: My Future Wife Can Only Be You

With that, she took out a dress from the wardrobe and rushed to another room to change clothes.

She didn't want Alexander to see her do that halfway; she didn't dare to imagine what would happen.

Besides, even if Alexander let her go again, it wouldn't be good for her to torment him again, would it?

After putting her dress on and washing up, Heather saw Alexander coming out of her bedroom with cold air.

"Would you like to drink warm water or something?" she asked, somewhat guiltily. He had taken two cold showers in the morning, which was a real torment.

"No need," he said lightly. "I'm healthier than you think."

She put her hands over her face shyly. Why did she seem to think of something strange when she heard Alexander's usual words? She hurried to walk downstairs. "Come on, let's get something to eat. I'm hungry!"

In the kitchen downstairs, Alexander took out French toast and fruit pancakes that he had made and set them on the table in the dining room.

Heather sat at the table, chin in hand. She watched Alexander as he bustled around. He looked so handsome while doing housework!

"What are you looking at?" He handed her a fruit pancake. "Have breakfast."

"Oh." She took the pancake, tasted it, and felt her heart was full of happiness!

This was really delicious! His cooking was as good as some chefs'!

It was tough to imagine that it was made by Alexander, the president who was busy working!

"Yummy, yummy!" She marveled as she ate.

He smiled softly. "Slow down, I won't compete with you for it."

"Alexander..." She looked at him curiously, but his face suddenly darkened. She hurried to correct herself, "Alex, why can you do everything?"

His eyes were deep as he answered, "Because I want you to meet a better me."

Her cheeks went red. He got her! Why could Alexander speak so sweetly? It seemed that he learned all this for her!

"You have such a glib tongue!" she muttered. "I suppose you learned it for your future wife. I wonder who's going to marry you. She'll be very lucky..."

Thinking that there would be other women around Alexander in the future, she felt strangely uncomfortable. What was wrong with her?

She was in a trance. She hadn't known Alexander for a long time, but why did she care so much about him?

He smiled. "Do you think you're very lucky, too?"

She froze, and her cheeks turned even redder. Why did Alexander tease her again?

"Heather, my future wife, can only be you," he began, looking serious. "I'm dating you for marriage."

She was so scared that she almost threw her fork away. "Really? You're kidding! So suddenly?"

"I'm not kidding," he said, looking more serious. "I heard that after graduation, your mom and your dad were married and got a marriage license. If you want, we can also directly get a marriage license after you graduate."

"Stop, stop, stop it!" She thought her tongue was a little tight. "I've never thought of getting married or anything!"

"Then when you think it over, remember to tell me," his eyes were very deep as he spoke, "and I'll marry you."

She felt her heart was about to jump out of her mouth. Every word Alexander said seemed to have magic power, making her sweet and warm and filling her heart with happiness.

"I'm, I'm full..." she shyly put down her fork and ran straight to the study.

She closed the door of the study hastily and leaned against it, panting.

Was Alexander serious? But that didn't make sense!

Why did he treat her with such affection when they had only met for a few days? If he was lying to her on purpose, it was impossible! Besides, if he was lying to her, did he need to try so hard?

All of a sudden, a knock on the door sounded. She was so startled that she hurried. to ask, "What do you want again?"

"I bring you some food," he said in a warm voice outside the door. "You can eat when you're hungry."

So he could tell she wasn't full? She felt her stomach. She couldn't resist the temptation of delicious food at all.

She opened the door, and he came in with a plate.

"You... It would be best if you hurried to the office. It would be best if you weren't late," she said.

His eyes flashed with light. "I won't be late. It's Saturday today."

"Huh?" Her eyes instantly widened. So Alexander wasn't going anywhere?

She said quickly, "I, I have to work on my graduation project."

"I won't disturb you," he said and sat down directly.

She asked with a troubled face, "But aren't you supposed to be busy?"

"Yes," he said lightly, "so I'm going to give myself a holiday and spend some quality time with you."

In a flash, she wanted to cry but had no tears to shed. If Alexander stayed in the room with her, she would be... very nervous.

She moved slowly to the drawing board, but before she could draw, she heard her phone ring again.

She thought it was great nice to have something to interrupt the awkward atmosphere.

She answered the phone hastily. "What's the matter?"

"Heather, you'd better go read the post at once," Leila urged her. "More and more people are scolding you up there now! You'd better find a way to solve it!"

Heather was astonished. How could a single post blackening her name possibly be influential? But judging by Leila's tone, it was not that simple.

"All right, I'll go and read it now." She nodded in agreement.

Then she went to the computer, turned it on, and logged into the school forum.

"Damn it..." She resisted the impulse to swear when she saw the post.

She had caught the post saying she was kept as a mistress at a glance because there were many comments in it.

She clicked open the post and saw some photos. They were taken while she was sitting in Alexander's car last night!

The person writing the post described in a weird tone the value of the car added that Heather Denmark usually didn't spend much money, and she was clearly not from a rich family and then concluded that a rich man must have kept her!

There were many people misleading others in the comments below the post. Then the situation got worse, and now almost everyone believed that she was really being kept as a mistress!

Heather clenched her teeth in anger. The moment she saw the photos, she knew who had created the post!

Malcolm Carter and Helen Jenkins. She had met them last night. They must have been the ringleaders!

Chapter 1421 - 709: Getting Help From Him

These two guys still pestered her!

They should have signed up for many alternate accounts and wrote many posts to mislead others into accusing her of being shameless, prostituting herself for money, and sleeping with an old man as a girl.

One of the posts even directly said he was ashamed to study at the same school as her and asked other students to submit a joint letter to protest and ask the school leaders to expel her.

Heather, the prettiest girl at the current Quantum University, seemed to have become a disgrace to the school.

Heather was helpless. She had thought that because of what had happened last night, Malcolm Carter and Helen Jenkins would be quiet for a while and wouldn't stir up trouble, at least before she graduated.

But it turned out she had been too naive. The two guys dared not confront her face to face again, but they made her sick in this way. "Is it those two people who you met last night?" Alexander's eyes were a little gloomy.

Heather was startled. She looked back and found that Alexander had actually stood behind her at some point.

Since he had read all the posts and comments, she didn't need to hide anything from him.

She sighed helplessly. "I'm afraid it's them. They're both so boring!"

"What are you going to do now?" he asked quietly.

He wanted to fix it for Heather, but he didn't know if she wanted her to do it herself like last night. After all, it wasn't hard for the Denmark family's daughter to deal with the two jokers.

Heather thought for a while and finally said, "Forget it. Anyway, I will graduate in two months. Won't I have anything to do with them at that time? I'll let them keep being arrogant for a while. Anyway, this kind of rumor won't last long."

He frowned slightly.

Indeed, Heather's social circle was beyond the reach of Malcolm Carter and Helen Jenkins. When she graduated, the two people wouldn't even be qualified to see her.

If she dealt with them with the power of the Denmark family, their reaction wouldn't be as simple as them coming over and apologizing and asking for forgiveness. That was why Heather was being so generous.

She wasn't a yes-man. It was just that she didn't care about them at all. There would be only two months left before she graduated. She didn't want to waste her time and energy on these tiresome people.

"Okay," Alexander began in a soft voice, "I'm responsible for this incident. I'll handle it."

"How do you want to handle it?" Heather looked at him in shock. Getting Alexander to help her with something trivial like this was wasting his great talent. Moreover, if he handled it, he wouldn't keep a low profile.

"Rest assured. I will not reveal your identity or involve my identity," he said in an earnest tone.

"... Alright then, I'll leave it to you," she nodded and agreed.

Although she was angry at being vilified, she didn't take it to heart. Since Alexander had given her his word, it wouldn't be bad for her to let him solve it.

Soon, Heather forgot about it.

However, she didn't expect Alexander to act so quickly.

Alexander brought in his laptop. He worked on the side while Heather worked on her graduation project. They didn't interfere with each other's work, which looked harmonious.

Heather was busy when her phone rang again.

"What's the matter this time?" Heather felt helpless. It was Leila again.

"Heather, you don't know Alexander Christopher, do you?" Leila asked in surprise. Heather looked unconsciously at Alexander, who was busy. "Why do you suddenly ask?"

Didn't Alexander promise her that he wouldn't reveal their identities even if he handled it?

Leila asked nervously. "Did you know that the limited edition Bugatti Veyron you had sat in was investigated by someone in the forum? It looks like it belongs to Alexander Christopher."

Heather looked at Alexander again.

His Bugatti Veyron was very eye-catching indeed. It wasn't too hard to find out who its owner was, but it was interesting that students from Quantum University could find its owner in such a short time. Maybe Alexander had allowed its information to be exposed.

Leila's voice came again; she seemed to hesitate for a moment but finally asked, "In fact, I've wanted to ask you before how you got into the expensive car? We are friends. Whatever happens to you, if there's anything you need, you can tell me!"

Heather couldn't help laughing. It seemed she had worried her friend.

After thinking for a while, Heather didn't plan to lie to her, but the truth might scare her, so she asked, "Is it convenient for you to hear the call now?"

"Yes," said Leila more nervously. "I'm in the dorm. I'm alone here. You can talk to me without worry."

"The car I got in last night belongs to my boyfriend," Heather said with a smile.

"What, what did you say?" Leila's shocked voice came out from the phone. "When did you get a boyfriend? Who is it? Who's so lucky? Who is it? Tell me."

Heather shook her head with a wry smile. She knew Leila would react like this. When Leila calmed down a little, Heather continued, "He's its owner."

"... OMG!" Leila couldn't resist cursing.

"You're teasing me, aren't you? Its owner is Alexander Christopher, and you told me you are his girlfriend? Come on. Although you are the most beautiful girl whose heart is the hardest to win at Quantum University, Alexander Christopher is known for the fact that he isn't close to any women, and even some people have long suspected that he likes men! Furthermore, he's Master Alexander! He's the President of H & C INC, equally famous as Master Denmark."

"I mean it," Heather said, unhappy. "Is it a big deal that he's the President of H & C INC? I'm Randy Denmark's sister and the lady of the Denmark Group!"

Leila was so pissed off that she almost spat out blood. "Can't you be a little serious? Are you going to just announce on the forum that you're Alexander Christopher's girlfriend and shut everyone up? But, Heather, even if you do that, you must get them to believe you."

Heather smiled. "Of course not. Even if you don't believe me, how can anyone else possibly believe me? I told you because you're my friend. Don't tell anyone else. As for the forum, Alexander said he would deal with it. Just wait and see. Things will be better."

Leila was speechless. Heather wasn't worried, but she was far more worried than her. She said helplessly. "Okay, okay, I won't be worried about you anymore!"

"Don't be angry," said Heather, smiling. "I'll invite you to dinner with my boyfriend later, okay?"

Leila would believe her if she saw Alexander in person, wouldn't she?

Chapter 1422 - 710: A Slandorous Post

7-9 minutes

"That's a deal! I do want to see who the lucky guy who can win your heart is!" Leila said curiously and instantly forgot what she had been angry about.

"All right, all right." Heather agreed with a smile.

Hanging up the phone, she looked up and saw that Alexander, who had stopped working, was staring at her.

"When?" he asked.

"Huh?"

"Invite your friends to dinner," he said, his mouth tilting upwards slightly at the corners. It would be a good start if Heather was willing to take him to meet her friend. At least it was her acceptance of his identity as his boyfriend.

"A couple of days later," she thought for a while and spoke. "I've had an inspiration for the last two days. We'll do that when I'm done."

He nodded. "Okay."

"Why are you so eager to see my friends?" she asked curiously.

"Only because they are your friends," he replied gently.

"Continue your work," she said as she felt sweet in her heart. He always suddenly sweet-talked her like this.

As Heather had expected, things soon took a turn for the better at the forum.

Another post was soon posted on the school's forum, carrying a direct headline "The mysterious person who had dinner and sat in the same car with Heather Denmark."

The headline was long but eye-catching. Plus, the conversation about Heather had been so hot that lots of people clicked open it.

But after reading it, they were totally disappointed, because the mysterious person was actually a woman!

The post said the identity of the mysterious person was the design director of H & C INC. Because he had seen several of Heather's award-winning fashion works, she was interested in her and came to invite her to join H & C INC.

But when she arrived, her car broke down accidentally, so she borrowed Alexander Christopher's car. Unfortunately, despite her repeated invitations, Heather turned her down as she intended to win the championship at the next month's fashion show and enter H & C INC with her strength.

This truth, without any gossip, let everyone down. But soon, someone found something wrong.

"The design director of H & C INC. came to invite her in person?! That's H & C INC.!"

Good heavens! What makes Heather Denmark win the favor of the design director?"

"You don't know it? Heather Denmark is the most beautiful girl in the university and the most talented woman in our department. Let me show you all the awards she's won over the years! She has got lots of awards, like Best Talent Award and Most Promising Star..."

This was clearly a fan of Heather's. He didn't dare to say much when everyone was scolding Heather. Since the truth had been revealed, now he couldn't wait to show all of Heather's awards to everyone. He wanted everyone to know how excellent she was.

"Oh, my god! Isn't it true?! That really broadened my horizons! But, of course, I've also been in the university for four years but looking at her, and then myself, wah-wah..."

"Worship you, curve wrecker!"

"Worship you, curve wrecker!"

"Wait a minute! Didn't you see the point?! The curve wrecker rejected the design director! Rejected!"

"Awesome! The curve wrecker isn't like ordinary people like me. If this kind of thing happened to me, I would have been so happy that I couldn't sleep for three days, okay?"

"Wake up! Get up to study! That is why she is the prettiest curve wrecker while you are only an ordinary student."

"My goddess said that she would win the championship in the school fashion show next month! I wonder what kind of work my goddess will create on that day. I am so looking forward to it!"

"Is there anyone who will go to the fashion show next month? Let's go in a group to cheer my goddess on!"

"Let's go together to cheer my goddess on!"

No one expected that Quantum University's fashion show would suddenly become a scorching topic.

The situation became better and better, but suddenly an alternate account popped out and said in a weird voice, "They are just the one-sided story of the person who wrote the post, aren't they? Do you know what the truth of the matter really is? H & C INC has an extremely high threshold and strict requirements for its employees. So even if Heather Denmark is very excellent, how can the design director of H & C INC possibly come in person to invite her?"

Soon someone echoed, "Yes, do you think H & C INC is a vegetable market, and anyone can enter? This kind of whitewashing method is really smart! As long as you use an alternate account and make up a post, you can directly change a slut to goodness. It's really awesome. I'm impressed!"

The two alternate accounts were clearly driving a wedge. The people behind them were Helen Jenkins and Malcolm Carter, who had never expected such a surprising turn of events!

Of course, they didn't believe it, and they would never allow Heather's reputation to turn the tide at this moment!

It was a pity that their imagination was good, but some people were not so easy to fool.

"Are both of you morons? Who do you think wrote the post?! It's the design director's biological sister! And she is the President of the Student Council in our school! Do you think everyone is eligible to know the truth?"

"Calm down, don't pay attention to the two jerks. This kind of person is very vicious. I think they are abnormal. Thankfully, the design director and the person posting are female, or the two jerks might blacken my goddess's name!"

"Damn it! Our university is very famous, but why are there such idiots without integrity? Don't you think their ID accounts are a little familiar? Aren't these the two guys who have kept slandering our goddess in the previous posts?"

"Don't you feel it's strange? Our goddess is so excellent, how can she possibly be willing to be kept as a mistress?"

Since the people who took photos could still recognize our goddess, didn't they know how excellent she is?

"But they have thought she is kept as a mistress. Do thoughtfully mean they are deliberately slandering her? Worse still, they wrote so many posts to mislead others. It's clear that they have long premeditated it!"

Reminded, everyone found there was something wrong.

"Someone doxx the ID accounts who slander my goddess, please. Please find out who is deliberately discrediting my goddess!"

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

While reading the posts, Heather couldn't help looking in Alexander's direction in surprise.

Although she trusted him, she had no idea that he would be able to turn the tide in her favor with a single post, making her who had been abused by almost everyone a goddess in the university.

It was no surprise that he could make it, but it was surprising that his tacit was so low-key. He was really very capable.

"Alex," she called his name with a smile, "thank you."

"It's too early for you to thank me," he said quietly.

She felt surprised. "Huh?"

"Some restless people should be punished," there was a chill in his eyes as he said.