

Midnight 711

Chapter 1423 - 711: How Are You Going To Deal With Them?

Alexander didn't get angry that someone else liked Heather because she was so excellent and brilliant, and thus there must be plenty of boys wanting to be around her.

But Alexander would never allow anyone to hurt Heather. Malcolm Carter and Helen Jenkins had challenged his patience this time, and he wouldn't show them mercy!

"How are you going to deal with them?"

Heather blinked and asked. So there would be another good follow-up drama?

"What?" Alexander came to her suddenly, his long arm resting on the back of his chair. It looked as if he were holding her in his arms.

"Heather," he narrowed his eyes slightly, "Do you want to let go of the man who blackens your name? Or... do you have a good feeling for him?"

"No... What are you thinking?" She looked at him, amused. Suddenly her eyes twinkled, and she said, as if she had instantly understood, "Are you... jealous?"

"Do you understand now?" He struck her on the forehead with resignation. How slow this girl was!

"Alexander Christopher, even if you're jealous, you shouldn't be jealous of Malcolm Carter." Heather didn't know whether to laugh or cry as she asked, "Is my taste that bad? How could I possibly like that kind of scum... I didn't say I wanted to let them go. I just didn't want to escalate the incident. After all, I'll graduate soon, and I want to finish my college life with a perfect ending."

His eyes flashed with a hint of unhappiness. "What did you call me?"

"Alex." She instantly corrected herself with resignation. Why did this guy care about this detail?

"Good girl." There was a touch of tenderness in his eyes. He kissed her lightly on the forehead. "Your reward."

Her cheeks flushed somehow. With Alexander, she really couldn't concentrate at all!

"But..." He hadn't told her exactly what he was going to do to Malcolm and Helen!

"Not enough?" He looked at her in surprise. "What about —this?"

His thin lips fell on hers, and her eyes widened in shock!

She didn't mean his reward at all, okay? So why did Alexander always like to kiss her suddenly? Although... she didn't hate this kind of feeling at all, he kept hitting on her so suddenly that she wondered if her strong heart was getting weak.

A sudden phone ringing sounded. Heather hurried to push him away. There was a slight chill in his eyes.

Leila Gray.

It was the name that kept interrupting him and Heather. Great. He remembered this feud.

Heather stole a glance at him and couldn't help but feel shocked. Oh, my god, Alexander suddenly looked so scary! Somehow, her intuition at that moment told her that when they really invited Leila to dinner, Leila would suffer.

Without thinking too much, Heather answered the phone.

"What is it about this time?" she asked helplessly.

"Heather, have you read the forum? The incident takes the tide!" Leila said excitedly. "You're a goddess to a lot of classmates now! It just didn't occur to me that Malcolm Carter was the one who posted to slander you! Damn it! Although I knew he was a womanizer, I didn't expect him to be so shameless! He actually wrote this kind of post to blacken your name with such a post."

"Wait!" Heather asked in surprise. "How did you know those posts were from Malcolm Carter?"

"The smartest curve wrecker of our school computer department specially investigated and found it for you!" Leila's voice was full of surprise as she yelled, "Don't you know that? He has checked all those ID accounts that had slandered you, which turn out to be all Malcolm Carter's and Helen Jenkins's alternate accounts! So now everyone is scolding them!"

"I'll log onto the forum," Heather said and refreshed the forum. She had never expected so many things to happen in such a short time.

"Besides, the curve wrecker accidentally found something funny when he hacked into Malcolm's computer. So now, Malcolm can't recover his good image even if he wants to," Leila said happily. "What goes around comes around!"

"What is it?" Heather was even more surprised.

Leila directly sent her a link to a website in an email. Heather clicked on it before finding it was a video. Clicking on the video, Heather was even more surprised.

Because this was the video of Malcolm pestering her when she went back to school yesterday!

In the video, Malcolm looked proud as he walked up to Heather and said, "Don't be sad, Heather. I know you're remorseful..."

Heather was very speechless. Seeing Malcolm's face again made her sick.

She simply turned off the video and read the comments below it.

"Oh my god! What the hell gave the womanizer courage! What made him think that my goddess was sad for him! Didn't he see that my goddess looked at him with puzzlement on her face?"

"Is Helen Jenkins blind? It seems she looks quite normal, but why is she so mentally retarded? This man obviously intends to trick her out of all her possessions and then go to keep beautiful girls as mistresses. But the womanizer actually laid a hand on my goddess. He should have looked at himself in the mirror to see how incapable and ugly he was. Didn't he himself know about himself in his heart?"

"Do you forget that Helen Jenkins is not innocent? She is one of the main forces that have slandered our goddess! I think both of them are obviously in cahoots with each other! I hope they won't break up, lest they continue to do harm to others!"

"I love my goddess's reply 'in your dream'! Even the voice of my goddess's poisonous tongue is so lovely! Besides, how can her voice be so pleasant to the ear? I'm going to fall in love with her voice..."

"Don't you find the point?!! Our goddess is good at martial arts!!! When she dislocated the womanizer's wrist, she was tremendously handsome!"

"I saw it too. My goddess also made his wrist recover so soon. OMG! How can she be so handsome! Besides, her voice is so pleasant to so handsome that I almost become a lesbian!"

"I almost become a lesbian! +1"

"I almost become a lesbian! +2"

Looking at the long line of comments, Heather didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Although the incident had been settled perfectly, it was not the result she wanted. She really didn't want to be in the limelight.

Thankfully, she had moved out of the dorm now, or she would have been watched all the time in the school.

But now she had another problem to solve.

"Are you sure this video was from Malcolm's computer?" Heather asked as she narrowed her eyes.

"Yes!" On the other end of the phone, Leila said indignantly, "Malcolm Carter is such a pervert. He even had someone secretly photograph you and make a video! I assume he was trying to threaten you with this video!"

Chapter 1424 - 712: Why Do You Ask Me?

Heather's eyes flashed with puzzlement.

She briefly talked to Leila before hanging up.

The matter had come to a close, and Malcolm and Helen had been betrayed by everyone.

The two of them were a little sensible. They knew very well that if they defended themselves now, they would only be targeted by angry classmates.

Moreover, the evidence was stronger than the two photos of Heather that they had taken out when they smeared her. Furthermore, they were in the mood to deal with the curse at present. After watching the video, how could Helen possibly be calm?

She had tried to frustrate Heather. Heather was so much better than her that she couldn't beat her head on. That was why she came up with a bad idea. But she didn't expect this wouldn't give her any feeling of victory. On the contrary, she was utterly discredited now!

How could she think she had stolen Heather's man? In fact, like what the people in the forum said, she was trying to collect the garbage that Heather didn't even bother to cast a glance at. What was more hateful was that she had treasured this garbage!

"Malcolm Carter! I'll kill you!" Helen ran after Malcolm and beat him up.

"Helen, listen to me. I can explain..." Malcolm grimaced as he used his arms to protect his face and explained eagerly, "It's nothing like that..."

"How dare you explain!" Helen was dying to rip him. How could she possibly listen to all his sweet words?

Elsewhere, there was a weird atmosphere in Heather's study.

All of a sudden, Heather rose from her chair and came to Alexander with a half-smile.

She suddenly stretched out her arm to close his computer.

He cocked an eyebrow and looked at her blankly. "What happened?"

"I have something to ask you," she said as she leaned slightly over and caught his tie with her finger.

"... What are you asking?" Her breath was almost audible. His eyes turned deep, and his breath became a little heavy.

"It's not urgent." She smiled even more seductively. Her fingers took his tie off. "Let's do one thing first."

"Okay," he agreed without hesitation. His decision slowed down her movements. But soon, she held the tie and continued her seductive smile. "Put your hands behind your back and close your eyes. Let's do a magic trick."

"Mm." He obediently did as she said.

She took the tie and tied his wrists up.

"It's done." Then, after making sure the tie was tight and he couldn't get away from it, she said, "Open your eyes."

He opened his eyes and saw her looking at him with a playful smile as she held a belt in her hand.

He looked at the belt more tenderly. "So... you keep the token of our love?"

She freaked out. "What token of our love? You, you nonsense!"

Looking at her rosy little face, the affection in his eyes was more intense. "I didn't know you cared so much about the gift I gave you."

"You didn't give it to me!" Her face looked more flushed. She felt the belt she was holding seemed to be getting very hot. Finally, she blurted out angrily, "I grabbed it!"

The moment she said it out, she was dying to bite her tongue off! But, unfortunately, her answer was no better than the one she had vetoed!

After she grabbed it that day, she left it in the study because she couldn't find a place to put it, and she felt it was impolite to throw it away. After tying up Alexander, she took it out in passing, but she didn't expect Alexander to tease her with it!

"Be serious!" She banged the belt on the table angrily. "If you don't obey me, I'll really hit you. I'm not kidding!"

He smiled indulgently and seemed completely blind to her movements.

"I see," he said in a low voice, "you enjoy playing like that. Don't worry. I will let you enjoy it."

Her face darkened. What did he mean? She just wanted to scare him. How could she possibly really whip him? She wasn't a sadist! For some reason, she felt that Alexander misunderstood her...

Her lips twitched, and she hastily came to her senses. Then, with a stern look on her face, she asked, "Why was a video of me talking to Malcolm Carter on his computer?"

He cocked an eyebrow, but his look was much gentler.

Sure enough, Heather was very smart. Most of the time, she didn't fight with others, but that didn't mean she was easy to fool. Malcolm had that video on his computer, which seemed ridiculous indeed.

"When you went back to school yesterday, I was worried about your safety, so I secretly arranged for someone to protect you," he explained in a soft voice. "She made that video. Then, to punish Malcolm Carter, I had the video hacked into his computer. In fact, he didn't know that."

Heather froze.

She had imagined various kinds of scenes, but in every scene, it was Alexander trying to deny it or make up excuses to defend himself. She had even thought of all kinds of words to retort him.

But she had never expected he would admit it!

Not only did he admit it, but he admitted quite frankly that he had arranged for someone to follow her in secret!

Heather, who was about to flare up, suddenly didn't know what to do. It was because she had guessed that he had done all this that she was angry that he had someone follow her.

'I don't like people following me in the dark!" After thinking for a while, she finally said angrily. She couldn't waver!

"Okay, I'll pull her back," he nodded and agreed.

"..." She was tongue-tied again, helplessly looking at him. Couldn't he stop obeying her like that? She didn't know how to get mad at him since he was so cooperative!

Finally, she asked with resignation, "Aren't you worried about my safety?"

"Then I won't pull her out?" he asked, smiling.

"Why do you ask me?" she almost vomited blood and said, "Isn't her your subordinate?"

"Yes, but I'll let her protect you if you want. If you don't want her, I'll pull her back." He looked at her with quiet eyes. "Heather, I won't do anything to make you uncomfortable."

Her heart beat faster. Could Alexander....stop hitting on her like this? It made her seem totally defenseless when she faced him!

Heather gritted her teeth and finally said, "Forget it this time, but..."

Chapter 1425 - 713: Do Something

"I won't forgive you next time!" She grabbed his collar and bit him hard on the shoulder.

There was a pain in his shoulder. He let out a dull groan, his eyes full of indulgence.

Heather seemed to care more about him, which was the reason why she only made such a weak threat to him. Their relationship seemed to get better and better.

"Heather..." He suddenly broke loose from the tie that had tied his wrists up.

He clasped his hands around her waist and held her in his arms.

"You, what do you want..." She looked at him in surprise. She had made sure that she had tied him tightly with the tie, but he actually shook it off easily?

Above all, she suddenly felt that she was in

danger!

"Do something that a boyfriend and a girlfriend would do..." he whispered, his soft voice sounding bewitching.

She instantly blushed. What did he mean? Why did his words make her imagination run wild?

A special ringtone sounded, which scared her.

His face instantly darkened. "Are you so busy every day?"

"No..." Her face was pale somehow. She pushed him away hard, "Let go of me, it's my brother!"

He loosened his grip, helpless. Judging from Heather's previous words, Randy admitted his ability, but that didn't mean he was okay with his being with Heather.

Heather hurried to pick up her phone and answered it.

"Brother..." she said in a well-behaved voice as she suddenly became a quiet little white bunny.

"Heather," Randy cut to the chase, "are you getting into trouble at school?"

Heather took a deep breath. Randy was so busy, but the incident actually reached Randy's ears so quickly. Now she just hoped Randy didn't know what had happened. If he kept digging, he would definitely find her relationship with Alexander!

She wasn't trying to hide it from her family, but she wasn't confident that her family would accept Alexander. Plus, if they knew she and Alexander became a couple because they slept together, she thought Joshua and Randy would break Alexander's leg first.

She wished she could tell her family about their relationship later on, to figure out their attitude.

"Mm, I've had some trouble, but it has been solved. Don't worry, brother," said Heather sweetly.

"Really?" Randy didn't say anything more. Since Heather told him not to worry, she meant that she didn't want him to meddle.

The Denmark family coddled Heather, but they also respected her and didn't want her to be comfortable because of their interference.

Suddenly, Randy seemed to think of something, and he asked in surprise, "By the way, I heard that this incident was related to H & C INC?"

"It was just that its design director wanted to invite me to join their design department, but I said no. Maybe someone saw us and photographed us, so there was a misunderstanding. But rest assured, everything is settled now," Heather hurried to explain.

"I was just asking. What are you nervous about?" Randy asked in amazement.

"I... I want to graduate smoothly, do I?"

Heather said guiltily.

Randy said in a soft tone, "Okay, forget it. H&C INC isn't that great. If you don't want to go, don't go. Anyway, Alexander Christopher isn't a good guy..."

"Huh?" His last words were not loud, but they were loud enough for Heather to hear.

She said in shock, "Didn't you praise him, brother? Why do you say he's bad now?"

Heather resisted the impulse to look at Alexander, puzzled. She had thought her brother had a good impression of Alexander.

"When have I ever praised him in front of you?" Randy asked as his face darkened.

"You praised him in front of dad. I heard it several times!" Heather shouted.

"Why do you remember these kinds of words? Forget all of it!"

"Brother, why do you sound so strange?"

Heather whispered curiously. "Has he ever offended you?"

Randy's face was a little gloomy. But, of course, Alexander had offended him!

Heather had a broad heart, so she didn't remember the past. But he did remember that she had been with Alexander when she had been kidnapped as a child.

Because he was too young, Joshua and Hazel didn't take him with them when they rescued Heather. But after Heather came home, she mentioned Alex for almost half a year and cared more about him than her brother.

Nearly half a year later, Heather met a lot of new friends, and Alexander had never shown up, so she gradually forgot about him.

Anyway, in Randy's opinion, Alexander was his enemy who would take his sister from him! He and Alexander were classmates in the university, but he always completely rejected Alexander's intimacy because his sixth sense told him that Alexander would never give up winning Heather's heart!

He wouldn't give Alexander a chance!

"Don't worry about it," Randy said quietly.

"Stay away from him even when you see him. He's up to no good."

When she hung up, Heather looked at Alexander, speechless. "Have you ever offended my brother?"

He thought for a while and shook his head seriously. "No, but when we were in college, he seemed to hate me."

"Why?" she asked in bewilderment.

"I don't know," he answered with a wry smile. This was what he hadn't figured out until now. Otherwise, he'd have gotten Randy to agree with his relationship with Heather.

"Forget it," she said. "We'll find out what's wrong with him later."

The incident was over. Heather began to work hard on her graduation project day and night. With so many supporters paying attention to the fashion show in a month, she didn't want to disappoint them.

No matter how busy Alexander was, he would make breakfast for her. Then, he would accompany her in his spare time, but he would never let her feel any discomfort.

This kind of relationship made Heather very comfortable. Gradually, she began to feel that it seemed a good choice for her to be with Alexander.

Heather was so busy with her graduation project that her roommate Leila had to start harassing her.

"Heather, have you forgotten something important?"

"What?" Heather asked in puzzlement.

"Let your boyfriend invite me to dinner!" Leila was frustrated as she said, "You didn't forget about it, did you?"

Chapter 1426 - 714: Are You Busy?

"Sorry," said Heather, laughing. "I've been so busy lately. I really forgot."

"Don't you just need to design a dress?" Leila couldn't resist ridiculing, "Are you so busy?"

Heather smiled. "I'm not just designing a dress, but a whole suit."

"A whole suit?" Leila gasped. "Really? Have the requirements for our graduation project been changed? What should I do? I'm only designing a skirt, and I haven't finished it yet..."

"No, our graduation project only requires us to design one piece of clothing," Heather said in a soft voice, "but after I win the championship and join H & C INC., it will require me to show them something real. So I'll design this whole suit as the leading style for H & C INC. this year."

"... Curve wrecker, I admire you!" Hearing this, Leila's knees were weak. This was the difference between her and a curve wrecker who was already thinking about what would happen after she joined H & C INC. and was even well prepared for everything. However, what Leila wanted was just a diploma.

Oh no, she didn't call to ask Heather about it.

Leila came to her senses and said, "Heather Denmark! We're talking about your boyfriend who will treat me to dinner!"

"Oh, yeah," Heather said and came to her senses. "Let's go tonight."

"Really?" Leila yelled excitedly.

"Of course," Heather said as she didn't know whether to cry or laugh. "Do you think I'm lying?"

"Why not?" Leila responded by asking, somewhat dumbfounded. "In fact, I don't really have much hope! You said your boyfriend was Alexander Christopher last time, but it was the design director of H & C INC. who invited you to dinner! Do you know how disappointed I was at that time? I thought you'd give me some excuse to cancel it in a couple of days!"

Heather was speechless. She had been too busy to contact Leila for the past few days.

It seemed that the students at Quantum University believed the explanations on the forum and Leila. Hence, Leila took her earlier statement that Alexander was her boyfriend as another boast?

Heather was helpless. That was the bad thing about being low-key these days because people wouldn't believe her no matter what she said.

"Rest assured. I'll show you, Alexander Christopher, tonight," Heather swore.

Suddenly, she asked quickly, as if she had remembered something, "By the way, do you know Alexander Christopher? After I take him with me if you say he's not Alexander but someone I casually bring, we'll be embarrassed."

It was not that Heather was being alarmist.

It was just that Alexander also usually kept a low profile. Many people had only heard of his name but had never seen his face. He rarely appeared in the media, but he became more and more mysterious and popular among many young girls.

"You don't have to worry about that," Leila said. "I'm going with Lana tonight. She once met Alexander by chance, so she wouldn't be mistaken."

"All right, let's meet tonight at Shangri-La," Heather said. Lana was also her trusty friend. It would be okay for her to join too.

"Will we go to Shangri-La for dinner?" Leila's eyes lit up as she said, "It's very expensive there, Heather. But you have never been so generous. Is it because you have a boyfriend now that you're ready to spend money?"

"... The places where I used to treat you were not expensive, but their food was very delicious. If you don't want to, we can just go to have hot pot," Heather said with resignation. She wanted delicious food instead of the most expensive. It was a pity that her friends didn't understand.

"Hot pot is good too," said Leila, feeling pity. "The most important thing for us is to meet your boyfriend. It doesn't matter what we eat."

"Are you saving money for me?" Heather laughed and spoke, "Okay, that's a deal. Let's meet at Shangri-La. If you don't come, I won't care."

"I'm coming," Leila quickly agreed.

Hanging up, Heather called Alexander.

Alexander was in a meeting. He was surprised to see her number.

It was the first time that Heather had called him.

He paused the meeting with a slight raise of his hand.

Everyone in the meeting room eyed each other. Alexander had been a workaholic and very strict in his work. That was why H & C INC. could be what it was today. Alexander had never answered the phone at any meeting. In the past, anyone who dared to answer the phone in a meeting would have a very sad end!

But now... Alexander, who was the strictest and most self-disciplined, actually answered the phone at the meeting!

Whose call was so important?

"Alex," Heather began sweetly, "are you busy now? Am I disturbing you?"

"No, I'm not busy at all. What's the matter?" he asked softly.

Everyone was speechless. What had their president said? They were incredibly busy now, okay? They were about to be tormented to death by him. How could he say he wasn't busy?

"Nothing special," said Heather. "Haven't I promised my roommate some time ago that I would invite her to dinner with you? I happen to be free this evening. So let's go together."

He raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Tonight?"

"Mm, will you be free?" she asked.

"Yes. Do you want me to pick you up?" he whispered.

"No. I've made a reservation. I'll go first with my friends. I'll send you the address. Come straight after work," she said happily.

"Okay," he agreed.

Everyone in the conference room was taken aback when he hung up. How could Alexander possibly be free tonight? But, to their surprise, although they could not hear Alexander clearly, they could vaguely hear a woman's voice from the phone.

They had thought Alexander was asexual... because he seemed interested in neither men nor women. Several pretty female employees and several ladies with a very good family background had tried every means to get close to him, but they were all rejected by him in the coldest manner!

Now it turned out it was because Alexander hadn't met the woman he loved before.

"Mr. President, you're flying to Country R tonight. There is something very important..." the assistant on the side couldn't help but remind him.

"Put it off. It's not so urgent. I'll go tomorrow," Alexander said quietly.

Everyone was so shocked that they couldn't speak. They even began to wonder if it wasn't the real Alexander! But come to think of it, it seemed Alexander had been in a good mood these days. Was it because of the woman?

"Come on, let's get back to the meeting,"

Alexander said in a cold voice. "You'll have to work this out before leaving work in the afternoon!"

Everyone was instantly sad in their heart. It was just their illusion, as expected. He was really their strict president!

Chapter 1427 - 715: It's Mine

In the evening, Heather drove to a restaurant named Shangri-La.

She got out of the car and directly called. Leila. "Have you guys arrived? Where are you?"

"We're at the door...." Leila said in a weak tone. "You'll see us later."

Heather felt Leila's voice sounded a little weird.

Looking back, she did see Leila and Lana standing at the door. They were both looking in her direction, shocked.

Heather felt it was very strange. Why did she feel there was something wrong?

She walked to them and asked with puzzlement, "Why do you both wear weird expressions?"

"Heather," Leila said, taking a deep breath and looking at her with a grave face, "If you're in trouble, you can tell Lana and me, and we'll find a way to help you."

"Yes!" Lana nodded in agreement as she looked at Heather with a worried face.

"What are you talking about?" Heather asked, frowning tightly. "Why are your words so confusing?"

"You're not going astray, are you?" Leila asked bluntly after thinking for a while.

"What the hell!" Heather was even more helpless. "Why do you think I'm going astray?"

"Whose Ferrari is that?" Lana pointed to her car.

They had just been attracted to the Ferrari, but when Heather got out of the car, they couldn't believe their eyes! Anyway, it wasn't their fault. After all, during her four years in college, Heather had never shown any signs that she was rich or had a car. After moving to the villa, she had recently bought a car to make it more convenient for her to travel, so it was hard for them not to think of something bad.

Heather turned her head to give the car a look and said, looking blankly. "It's mine."

"Why do you have such an expensive car?"

The two girls looked even more grave.

"I bought it with my pocket money," Heather replied truthfully.

"Are you kidding?" Leila was instantly speechless and then said angrily, "Do you think this is a model car that costs only hundreds of dollars? Do you think you can really buy it with your pocket money?"

"Come on..." Heather knew what they were worried about at long last. She said helplessly, "As the lady of the Denmark family, although I have no interest in inheriting the Denmark Group, the amount of dividend I get from my shares every year is astronomical, okay? So buying such a car is a piece of cake!"

"You..." The two friends apparently didn't believe her as they looked at her anxiously.

Heather spoke with resignation, "Well, how about going with me first? When Alexander comes, you'll believe me anyway, won't you?"

Leila and Lana eyed each other suspiciously. They couldn't stand in the doorway all the time. Perhaps meeting Heather's boyfriend would solve the problem they were worried about.

"Good," they agreed and went into the hall with Heather.

When the three of them approached a waiter, Heather spoke calmly, "Hello, we've booked the Lincoln hall..."

"Heather Denmark?" A familiar voice sounded.

Heather instantly frowned. It was a really annoying sound, and its owner was haunting.

She turned her head around and saw Malcolm Carter standing next to an old woman dressed in sexy clothes. The two of them were so close that it was obvious that they had an unusual relationship.

Heather was a little surprised. She couldn't help but look at Leila and ask, "Isn't his girlfriend Helen Jenkins? Besides... isn't this woman a little old?"

"There was such a big incident. How can Helen Jenkins possibly be with him now even if she was stupid?" Leila sniffed and said under her breath. "They broke up. I heard that Malcolm Carter had a bad reputation at school, and thus he couldn't seduce his rich female classmates, so he went out and found an old rich woman to keep him. I thought it was a rumor, but it's actually true!"

Heather was very speechless. She had never agreed to be Malcolm Carter's girlfriend partly because she could sense that the man wasn't a good guy, but she had never expected him to be so bad.

At the sight of her, Malcolm Carter's eyes were filled with unbridled hatred.

If it hadn't been for Heather Denmark, he wouldn't have ended up like that now! At least Helen Jenkins was young and pretty, but now her lover was just a flabby old woman! Helen Jenkins hated him so much even asked her father to use his private right to distort his diploma. Hence, he had no choice but to suck it up and curry favor with the old woman!

It was all Heather's fault!

Malcolm blamed it all on Heather. He didn't seem to think that he would never have such a bad ending if he hadn't written those posts to insult Heather.

His thoughts increased his hatred. But the more he hated Heather, the more he wanted to humiliate her and make her submit herself to his rules!

Heather looked at him coldly. His obscene eyes really made her sick. This kind of person wasn't worth her time.

Ignoring him, she turned to the waiter and continued, "Please take us to the Lincoln hall."

"Your friend?" asked the woman next to Malcolm.

"Patty, what are you talking about?" Malcolm sneered and gnashed his teeth. "I don't dare make friends with such a woman!"

"Oh, then you must have a feud," Patty Sanchez said.

"Patty, can you lend me your gold card for two minutes?" Malcolm said in a soft voice, fawning on her.

"All right, little brat," Patty said with a laugh. "Don't disgrace me!"

As the waiter was about to lead the three girls upstairs, Malcolm stopped him.

Malcolm said with a smirk on his face.

"Have they booked the Lincoln Hall? I want it! Ask them to give it to me!"

"Sir," said the waiter, somewhat embarrassed, "It's them who have booked it first..."

"I'm a VIP! I have priority!" With a haughty look, Malcolm took out a gold card.

Heather was very speechless at the sight of his complacent face. "Do you really think if you have a gold card, you can do whatever you want? Waiter, please explain to him."

The waiter said with embarrassment, "The priority of gold card members is limited to the situation where there aren't empty rooms. But, Sir, there are empty rooms now, so you have no right to request the other guests to give you the private room."

There was a touch of shame and anger on Malcolm's face. He said furiously, "Get me your boss. I want to make a complaint!"

Chapter 1428 - 716: You're Really Something

"Do you know who the owner of this gold card is? How dare you refuse me?" Malcolm snapped.

The waiter's face changed in horror. She really didn't expect to meet such an unreasonable guest.

The owner of the restaurant happened to be there. Seeing the conflict, he hurried over to ask. "What's the matter?"

The waiter hastened to tell him what had happened.

Patty, who hadn't bothered to get involved, had waited at a distance, but when Malcolm couldn't fix it for quite a while, she came over with displeasure.

"Mr. Watson, I just want a private room for you. Can't you get it for me?" she asked, displeased.

At the sight of her, Mr. Watson's entire face immediately changed.

He said quickly and obsequiously, "Miss Sanchez, don't say that. It's just a private room. If you like it, I'll find a way."

After that, he helplessly said to Heather and the others, "I'm sorry, girls. I'll take you to another private room and give you a 15% discount, okay?"

"Forget it, Heather," Lana whispered, her neck shrinking. "The woman looks very tough."

"Don't worry. I know what I'm doing," said Heather lightly.

Malcolm had thoroughly pissed her off.

Usually, she would not fight with the others for a private room. But now Malcolm was clearly picking on them. Unfortunately, it was bad timing for him.

It was Alexander who would show up today to invite her roommates to dinner. She wouldn't allow anything unpleasant to happen to them during this meal. She was the lady from the Denmark family, and Alexander was President of H & C INC. If they were bullied, weren't they too useless?

The next moment, Heather looked coldly at Mr. Watson. "Sir, isn't that against the rule?"

"This... Please understand." Mr. Watson said helplessly.

"What if I don't understand and insist?"

Heather asked coldly.

"Heather..." Lana and Leila called her name and tugged helplessly at her sleeve. They could see that even the owner of the restaurant was afraid of the old woman. How could they provoke such a woman?

"Ho-ho," said Patty with a sneer, "Mr. Watson, these chicks look like poor students. How much can they spend? I think you'd better directly throw them out, or it will affect your business!"

"Patty, you're right," said Malcolm, relying on his master's might to bully others. "Mr. Watson, you might as well throw them out!"

"Leila, Lana, do you have a word in mind?" said Heather with an indifferent smile. "An ugly dog is barking!"

"You...!" Malcolm turned livid with anger and said angrily, "Mr. Watson, I want you to kick them out now!"

Mr. Watson was a little hesitant before finally saying helplessly, "Ladies, could you please go to other restaurants for dinner?"

"What if I don't?" Heather continued asking.

"Heather, forget it. Let's go eat something else," Lana hurried to persuade her. They were very worried. Why was Heather so stubborn today?

"The little girl is a little grumpy, but unfortunately, you're too young," Patty sniffed and said. "I'll show you today what the word 'if you're rich enough, you can do whatever you want means!'"

"Well said, Patty," said Malcolm, even more proud. He looked at Heather with malice. "If you guys are willing to kneel down and apologize to us, I may ask Mr. Watson to let you in!"

"You... Heather, let's go. Who wants to eat in such a shabby place?" Leila said angrily. Mr. Watson was out of patience and shouted, "Girls, please leave. Guards!"

"So, Mr. Watson, have you decided not to follow the rules of your restaurant?" said Heather calmly, taking out a black card as she said with regret, "So my black card doesn't work anymore? Then I'll return it to you."

Mr. Watson instantly lowered his head.

When he saw the number of the black card in her hand, his legs went limp, and he almost fell to his knees!

This black card's number was 1. He knew who owned it!

Back then, when Heather, the lady of the Denmark family, came to his restaurant for dinner and praised the delicious seafood, he personally gave her a black card with the number 1, which represented her noble status. Unfortunately, Heather was very young, and she hadn't come to their restaurant for years.

He looked at Heather carefully. Wasn't the girl in front of him exactly Heather who had grown up?

He was dying to slap himself in the face! How could he not recognize her after she grew up? Was he blind?

Noticing Heather was about to walk out with her roommates, he hurried to run after her. "Miss Denmark! Miss Denmark! I'm very sorry that I failed to recognize you. I was wrong. I was so old that I was blind. Please stay here for dinner! Waiter, hurry up and clean up the Lincoln Hall and give it the highest standard VIP treatment!"

The waiter hurried off, leaving Leila and Lana stunned.

They had never expected that the boss would be so scared after Heather took out a black card!

They looked at Heather suspiciously as if they had thought of something. Did it mean.... she was telling the truth when she usually said she was the lady of the Denmark family?

"Mr. Watson, what do you mean?" Malcolm felt very ashamed as if he had been slapped in the face, "You're not going to give Patty a face?"

"Mr. Watson, what are you doing?" Patty looked coldly at Heather, holding back her anger. This restaurant rarely offered black cards, but there were a few people who owned them. Even though she wasn't eligible to get a black card, how could Heather's identity possibly scare Mr. Watson out of wits?

In an instant, Mr. Watson's face changed. He didn't even want to explain much but simply grabbed Patty's gold card and said, "Miss. Sanchez, you can't have your gold card anymore, and you are not welcome to dine here in the future. So, guards, show the two people out!"

"You, you..." Malcolm was so angry that he couldn't speak fluently.

Patty felt more ashamed.

She smacked Malcolm in the face and said angrily, "Get out of here! Who wants to come to such a shabby place!"

As she turned her head and headed for the exit, Malcolm angrily walked past Heather.

"Heather Denmark," he said, clenching his teeth, "you're really something!"

Chapter 1429 - 717: You're Generous

"No," she said lightly. "I just wanted to show you what 'if you're rich enough, you can do whatever you want' means. By the way, I wouldn't forgive you even if you got down on your knees and apologized."

"You!" He was so irritated that he almost vomited blood. He snorted and ran after Patty. Coming to the door, Patty, who saw him, got angrier.

She raised her hand and slapped him in the face again!

She asked crossly, "What on earth is that woman?"

"Patty, don't hurt your hands." He endured the pain, rubbed her hands, and said obsequiously, "She is a poor student in our school. I don't know where she got the black card, and she actually bluffed with it!"

She cooled down. "Really?"

"Of course!" he swore. "I've been her classmate for four years. How can I possibly not know about her background? She can't have a powerful background!"

"It sounds like you know her well," she said with a sneer. "Have you run after her?"

"That's because I haven't met you before," he said, trying to wear an expression full of affection. But, unfortunately, he had a palm print on his face now, so he looked particularly funny.

He continued, "Patty, I'm on your side with all my heart. She's just an ignorant little girl, but she actually dares not give you face. You can't let her go!"

His eyes flashed with a hint of coldness. He knew that Patty had some gang friends. As long as she was willing to teach Heather a lesson, Heather would be in great trouble! He would make Heather beg him, getting on her knees!

Patty sneered. "Won't you feel bad if I don't let her go?"

"How is that possible? The woman that I only love is you," he said with an obsequious smile.

She looked coldly into the restaurant. Her eyes were dark and sinister. She knew why Malcolm Carter got close to her, but he was extremely good at fawning on her. She seemed to like him. She wouldn't let off the woman that he used to love!

In the Lincoln Hall, Mr. Watson was holding the black card and asking Heather to take it back.

She looked at the card with an indifferent manner and had no intention of taking it back.

"Miss Denmark, I was wrong. I'm so sorry that I failed to recognize you..." Her whole body, almost bent to the ground. "You're generous. Can I go to your house someday and apologize in person?"

"Are you eligible to go to my house?" Heather asked coldly.

"No, no. You are right." He wiped the sweat on his forehead and asked, "How about I send some seafood you like to your house?"

She waved her hand. "Enough, don't fawn on me."

She didn't really want to give Mr. Watson a hard time. She looked back at Leila and Lana. "Do you still want to dine here? If not, I'll take you somewhere else."

"Don't..." Mr. Watson hurried to implore them.

"Forget it, let's eat here. I heard the seafood here is very delicious." Lana didn't have the heart to reject him.

"Alright then." Heather looked at him and took the black card. "You're lucky today, but you shouldn't do business like that."

"Thank you for your instructions, Miss Denmark." Mr. Watson hastily nodded his head. He led the three girls to Lincoln Hall in person and closed the door for them.

"Heather," said Leila, who had been dumbstruck, patting her cheek in disbelief, "I think I'm dreaming. Is the black card... yours?"

"Of course." Heather smiled and said, "It's a present."

"You..." Lana looked at her in awe and hesitated for a long time before asking, "Are you really..."

The door of the private room creaked open. A tall figure strode in.

Lana's words were interrupted. When she and Leila looked up together, they instantly froze!

Good heavens! The man who came in was so handsome that he almost suffocated them!

Lana felt as if she had forgotten to breathe, but when she saw the man's face clearly, her face suddenly changed!

"Sorry, I'm late." Alexander calmly came to Heather and sat down beside her. He held out his arm, which rested naturally on the back of the chair behind her.

"Alex, Alexan..." Lana said excitedly, but she stammered and couldn't speak fluently!

"Hello," Alexander nodded calmly at Lana and Leila. "I'm Alexander Christopher, Heather's boyfriend."

Leila was incredulous. She looked suspiciously at Lana. But when she saw Lana seem to be about to faint, how could she possibly not understand the situation?

"You, you are real..." Leila pointed at him with bright eyes. She was so thrilled that she also became tongue-tied.

"Yes, I'm the real Alexander Christopher," Alexander said lightly.

Leila and Lana let out a squeal of excitement and then said nervously, "Quick! Pinch me and let me see... if I'm dreaming!"

Looking at them incoherent and mad, Heather put her hands on her forehead with resignation. When she told them that she was the lady from the Denmark family, they weren't so excited. But when they met Alexander, why did they act so emotionally?

"Just ignore them," Heather said helplessly. "Give them some time to calm down."

"Okay." Alexander smiled.

The next moment, he held out his fingers and gently put Heather's hair behind her ear. Leila and Lana let out another squeal of excitement. When Alexander looked at Heather, his eyes were full of love that was about to overflow, which made the two girls very thrilled.

It took quite a while for them to calm down and accept that the man before their eyes was really Alexander Christopher.

"Well, can we order food now?" Heather asked helplessly.

"Yes, yes!" Leila and Lana nodded quickly.

Lana ordered some seafood at random, and Leila ordered an Alaskan king crab.

"Is a crab enough?"

Alexander suddenly began. "Why don't you order a few more? How about ten?"

When he spoke to Leila, she was instantly thrilled. "Okay, I'll take it! Give me ten!"

"Remember to finish them," Alexander said.

"Sure!" Leila agreed at once.

Heather's face darkened. She gently tugged at Alexander's sleeve and whispered, "What's the matter with you? Has Leila offended you?"

Ten king crabs... Even if Leila had a good appetite, she wouldn't be able to eat them up.

"Yes," Alexander answered. He remembered clearly that Leila had interrupted his kissing Heather several times.

"What has she done to you?" Heather was extremely puzzled.

Chapter 1430 - 718: Something On Your Mind?

Alexander and Leila should have never met. Leila wouldn't have been so thrilled otherwise.

Then how did Leila offend Alexander?

"... She called you too many times," he whispered.

Heather was speechless. Was Alexander actually jealous of Leila?

She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. At last, she said under her breath, "But she's a girl!"

"So what?" he asked disapprovingly.

Heather: "..."

Alright, her boyfriend turned out to be the green-eyed monster. It looked like he was even jealous of girls who were close to her.

She looked sympathetically at Leila. It was clear that Leila had also come to her senses.

She wore an expression full of resentment, but she dared not back out.

Soon, the waiters brought all the dishes. Leila began to eat the king crabs as if she went to her death like a hero.

Knowing that this Master Alexander didn't like a good-natured fellow, Lana and Leila spoke softly.

In the end, Leila ate only six king crabs. Finally, seeing that she could not bear it, Heather forced her to stop eating.

It was Heather who asked her to stop, so Alexander didn't say anything..

"I'm going to the bathroom," he whispered.

Heather nodded. "Okay, go ahead."

After he got up and left, Leila instantly screamed, "Heather, what have I done wrongly? Why does Master Alexander treat me like that!"

"Er... Maybe you called me too many times, so he's jealous," Heather answered with some embarrassment on her face.

"I'm wounded!" Leila rubbed her stomach, aggrieved.

"Well, how do you think I can make it up to you?" Heather looked at her sympathetically.

"I want to take the remaining four king crabs back to the dorm in a doggie bag!" said Leila.

"Haven't you had enough?" Heather didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"They are king crabs! I don't usually afford them!" Leila's eyes lit up as she said, "Master Alexander played a joke on me, but I don't suffer!"

Heather waved her hand helplessly. "Okay."

"But Heather," said Leila, smiling at her, "I

didn't expect your boyfriend to be really Master Alexander! How did you meet?"

Looking at the gossipy Leila, Heather instantly felt embarrassed.

She couldn't tell the two girls that she had been drunk and she had slept with Alexander, so Alexander asked her to be responsible for him, could she?

"Leila, you can't ask her," Lana said like a fangirl. "It's their little secret. How can she tell you? Heather, Master Alexander is really kind to you, giving you a nice car and a black card..."

"Wait." Hearing her words, Heather felt there was something wrong and said with resignation. "Do you think... they were from Alexander?"

"You don't need to be ashamed of it," said Leila, her eyes sparkling. "Heather, his willingness to give these things to you shows that he really cares about you. Isn't it normal for a boyfriend to give his girlfriend presents?"

In a flash, Heather was speechless. "... So you don't believe I'm the Denmark family's lady?"

"We've never believed that, okay?" Lana waved her hand and said, "Besides, it doesn't matter whether you're the Denmark family's lady or not. We won't stop making friends with you because you're not her."

Heather couldn't help but laugh. It was she who had been stubborn.

Whether she was the Denmark family's lady didn't affect the fact that they were good friends, so there was no need for her to prove her identity.

"Okay, whatever you say is fine," said Heather with a faint smile, "but I have to explain. The car and card are mine. It doesn't matter whether you believe it or not."

They asked, apparently choosing not to believe.

"Master Alexander is really much better than Malcolm Carter!" Leila spoke with indignation. "He was so good at pretending, and he ran after you so persistently that I thought he was a nice guy!"

"I also didn't expect him to stoop so low as to do something like that," said Heather. "Has he been upset recently?"

Malcolm Carter used to be self-righteous, but he wasn't so twisted.

"I think it is because of Helen," Lana gossiped, "I heard that she seems to have asked her father to withhold Malcolm Carter's diploma."

Heather understood suddenly. "I see." "You're actually in the mood to worry about other people," said Leila worriedly. "You might as well worry about yourself. I'm sure Helen has a grudge against you in the heart!"

"What can she do even if she has a grudge? Heather has Master Alexander behind her, so she doesn't need to be afraid of her?" Lana said with disdain.

"You're right, but what if she plays tricks?" Leila asked.

Heather said, "Very likely." There was a long feud between Helen with her, and Helen had often played tricks before.

"Do you think she'll screw things up at the school fashion show?" Lana's face changed slightly.

Heather mused and said, "She shouldn't have a chance to play tricks at the fashion show. After all, the judges will be some bigwigs in the fashion world who are upright and outspoken. Helen won't be likely able to bribe them all through her father's connections."

Leila and Lana nodded. They helped Heather think carefully, but they couldn't be sure what Helen would do. "Forget it. Heather, who will be your model?" Lana asked curiously.

"I invited Olive," Heather said. "She's just a student, but she's excellent. She's eligible to sign a contract with Joshua-Hazel Pictures. After she signs, she will have a better future."

"... Come on," Leila and Lana helplessly looked at her as Leila said, "Heather, would you please stop speaking with a relieved expression? You look like your family owns the famous Joshua-Hazel Pictures!"

Joshua-Hazel Pictures really belonged to her family, and it was a token of her parents' affection. But Heather knew her classmates wouldn't believe her even if she told them the truth, so she just smiled and said nothing more.

Soon, Alexander returned. Leila and Lana instantly became fanatical and reserved again.

Heather was very helpless. These two girls were hopeless cases!

After the meal, several people parted at the gate. Because the driver had sent Alexander, he went straight to Heather's car.

As Alexander drove off with Heather, Leila and Lana gave Heather a meaningful look.

Heather was well aware that they had misunderstood again, but she didn't want to explain because even if she did, they wouldn't believe her.

"Something on your mind?" On the way back, Alexander suddenly asked.

"Huh? Yes." Heather frowned slightly and then told him that Leila and Lana had suspected that Helen would play tricks at the fashion show.

Chapter 1431 - 719: It's For Your Own Good

"I can't be sure what she's going to do." She frowned tightly and asked. "She can't bribe the judges, can she? What else can she do?"

"Model," he said in a serious voice.

"That... is impossible!" She denied it almost subconsciously.

"Why not?" he asked quietly. "If your model can't work for you at the fashion show, no matter how amazing your design is, you can't show it."

She felt cold at the bottom of her heart. If Alexander were right, she would be caught off guard. If there was something wrong with the model, she might not be able to find another model in time.

She frowned. "But that doesn't make sense. The model I chose is a student from my school, and I hinted that I would recommend her to Joshua-Hazel Pictures when she graduated. I've even taken her to the company for an interview in advance. So she won't trap me irrationally, will she?"

"Why not?" he said lightly, "Have you told her you are the Denmark Group's, Lady Heather? Even if you did, did she believe you? You haven't even explicitly promised her that you could get her into Joshua-Hazel Pictures. If Helen secretly draws your model to her side and promises her, she'll get her into it. Who do you think she'll choose?"

She was lost in thought with a grave face.

She was Lady Heather Denmark of the Denmark family. As long as she said something, she could guarantee Olive would be able to join Joshua-Hazel Pictures. But would Olive believe her? Even her roommates agreed that she bragged.

Maybe Olive also secretly thought the same thing. If Helen really drew Olive to her side with the same words, how could Olive not choose Helen? Moreover, Helen was the daughter of the president, who had a lot of connections, while Heather was just an ordinary student.

"You're right. I was naive," Heather said in a deep tone, "but that's just our guess. I'll make a call to ask her."

Alexander nodded. He drove with a cool look and didn't say anything else.

Heather took out her phone and dialed Olive's number.

"Olive, this is Heather," Heather said lightly. "You promised me you'd be my model at the show in half a month. I want to make sure you won't change your mind."

It seemed Olive froze on the other end of the phone. Then her perfunctory voice sounded, "Heather, what are you talking about? I thought we had a deal. Have you heard some gossip? It would be best if you didn't believe it. Don't worry. I'll definitely go there that day."

Heather's heart sank. She hadn't said anything yet, but Olive had thought she had heard some gossip, which made her behavior look very suspicious.

Heather said lightly, "It's just that I've finished my dress, and I suddenly thought of you, so I called to make sure of your schedule."

"You've finished it?" Olive's voice was surprised and excited as she yelled, "Heather, let's meet today. Let me try the dress on for you to see if there is anything wrong. You can change it in time."

"No need," said Heather lightly. "I have confidence in myself. So you can rest assured that when you put it on that day, you'll stun the audience."

"I don't think so," Olive said firmly. "Heather, if I put it on now, you'll be able to find out in advance whether it looks beautiful. Don't you think so? It's for your own good!"

Heather cocked an eyebrow. "Thank you, Olive, but I don't think it's necessary. You'll be pleasantly surprised when you see the dress that day."

Olive sneered. Did Heather want to give her a pleasant surprise? Unfortunately, she was going to give Heather a big surprise, too. Nevertheless, someone else would be pleased while Heather would be surprised.

As Alexander had suspected, Helen had already approached Olive to ask her to turn against Heather. Instead, Helen had apparently persuaded Olive.

Thinking of what Helen had told her, Olive didn't give up, "Heather, we're partners. We should establish a rapport between us. Well, why don't you show me your design first? Then, I'll see if there is any part that I can help improve."

"Olive, that's very kind of you," Heather said in a soft voice with a smile. "If it's a stranger, he might think you're trying to steal my design."

Olive's heart was pounding. That was exactly what Helen told her to do! Did Heather say that casually, or had she guessed something?

"Heather, how can you think I'll do that kind of thing?" Olive said, feigning anger.

"I was just kidding. But, olive, don't be angry," Heather said lightly. "I'm sorry, it's my personal quirk that I don't want too many people to see the clothes that I design until it's on the stage, so please forgive me."

Olive was afraid that Heather would be suspicious if she insisted, so she said, "Okay, okay. So be it."

Heather's eyes turned deep as she hung up the phone. She was now pretty sure Helen had bought off Olive.

"Alex, thank you." She exhaled slowly and said, "If you hadn't reminded me, I might have been trapped by them."

"Looks like there's going to be a good drama at Quantum University?" Alexander's mouth tilted upwards slightly at the corners.

Now that Heather had guessed what they were going to do, she would be able to deal with it, she wouldn't need him to help.

"You bet!" Heather looked at him. "Will you...come that day?"

She wished he could see how she won brilliantly somehow.

"Heather," he also exhaled slowly and said, "how can I possibly miss such an important moment?"

"Then I'll wait for you!" She happily kissed him on the cheek..

The car stopped abruptly. He looked at her with deep eyes. The little girl was really getting bolder and bolder now. So she actually seduced him on such an occasion?

"You... Hmm!" Before she could speak, he kissed her.

The kiss was so lingering and passionate that Heather felt hot all over her body.

Suddenly, a shrill whistle came, and the owner of the car behind their car angrily shouted at them, "Can you drive? Why do you suddenly stop? If you want to make love, go home!"

In a flash, Heather shyly pushed Alexander away. "Come on, let's go! That's too shameful!"

Chapter 1432 - 720: Why Is She Here?

"Okay," he said with a wicked smile. "Let's go home and make love."

She gave him a shy punch..

Half a month passed quickly, and the day of the fashion show finally arrived.

The stage had been set up in the auditorium of the Quantum University. Although the university had been well prepared, it did not expect so many students to attend this year's fashion show.

It was just that most of them came for Heather. Some students had become her fans and wanted to enjoy her design because of the incident, while others attended it for fun.

There were certainly lots of people who wanted to see Heather fail. After all, in some students' eyes, Heather was too proud as she turned down an offer from H & CINC. and claimed she would win the championship. While the students were discussing, all the judges began to take their seats.

"Oh my god! Isn't that fashion guru Raymond Carver?"

"Isn't that Freya Garland, the school's professor emeritus and world-renowned design guru, who has never shown up in our university?"

The students almost fainted as they watched the awesome judges. Was this really just a school fashion show instead of an international fashion award ceremony?

"Look, look at that!" One student pointed to the front row of the audience and said excitedly, "Isn't that Tess Young, the model who has been very popular recently? Why is she here?"

"Ah! I'm a fan of hers. I heard she graduated from our university too. Maybe the school has invited her?"

"She's now the hottest model at Joshua Hazel Pictures. I don't think she will come because the school has invited her."

"Anyway, I'm going to have to squeeze through the crowd and ask her for the autograph! She's my idol!"

Tess Young caused quite a stir when she appeared. Although the students didn't know why she, a world-class model, appeared in such a little fashion show, they were attracted to her.

"Have you noticed that there are many journalists here today?" asked an eagle-eyed student.

Inside the auditorium, some journalists crowded the front row. They all raised their heads and looked forward as if they were waiting for someone. Even Tess only briefly caught their attention.

"Is there any other bigwig coming tonight?" Everyone guessed expectantly.

They felt somehow that tonight's fashion show would be unusually amazing and give them many surprises.

Backstage, Heather arrived late with her clothes. A draw determined the order, and she happened to get the number behind Helen's.

She didn't think it was a coincidence.

"Here you are, Heather!" Leila clutched her arms in excitement and spoke, "Do you know who's present today?"

Then she began to utter names. She gasped with admiration every time she uttered a name. When she mentioned Tess, her eyes were glowing!

"Ahh! I want to ask her for an autograph!" Leila shouted excitedly. "I like her so much. Her temperament completely overwhelms her looks. She's so graceful!"

"Are you her fan?" Heather asked in surprise. "You should have told me. I can get her autograph or something for you!"

Leila rolled her eyes at her. "Come on. You are addicted to the role of the Denmark family's Lady Heather!"

Heather smiled. Perhaps Leila would soon change her mind.

Suddenly, there were loud screams from outside which were about to take the roof off!

"What's the matter?" Leila looked out curiously. "Wait here, I'll go!"

With that, she ran out quickly.

Heather tried to stop her, but she failed; she guessed something.

It was presumably Alexander's appearance that had caused a stir. She came with Alexander. Then she came backstage while Alexander went to the front.

"Ahhh!!" It wasn't long before Leila came running back while screaming, "Hea, Heather, do you know who's here?"

"Yes," Heather replied with resignation. "I came with him."

"No, I didn't mean Master Alexander..." Leila looked like a dazed fangirl and smiled stupidly as she said, "In addition to Master Alexander, Master Denmark also comes! Ahhh!!! What a day it is! I actually saw two Prince Charming in one day! It's nice to see them both sitting together."

"Who? Which Master Denmark?" Heather's face changed, and her legs were so weak that she almost knelt!

Holy crap! What's going on? It's not Randy, is it? Will I be facing both Alexander and Randy tonight? Oh, my god! Crap! I'm dying!

"Who do you think this Master Denmark could be?" Leila calmed down a bit and said crossly, "You've been obsessed with the role, which is the Denmark family's Lady Heather all day. You don't even know Randy Denmark?"

"It's over," said Heather in despair. "I'm done."

She should have thought of that. The show meant she was about to graduate. How could Randy the sister-con possibly not come to such an important event?

Randy actually ran into Alexander at present! What should she do? How should she explain her relationship with Alexander?

How should she tell her brother that she had secretly fallen in love with a man who he hated behind her family members?

Heather was so anxious that she almost wanted to kill herself. She could even imagine the storm waiting for her after the show!

Randy and Alexander were sitting on the seats for distinguished guests. The two men looked at each other coldly, as if invisible sparks were exploding in the air.

All the journalists around were excited! They heard the news that Randy Denmark and Alexander Christopher might attend Quantum University's fashion show. Although the journalists had arrived earlier, they did not have high hopes.

As long as either Randy Denmark or Alexander Christopher came, the journalists thought it would be good enough. However, no one had expected both of them would come, and the atmosphere between them would be so tense!

The two of them had never been in the same picture before. Now, their pictures alone would be enough to grab the headlines!

"Master Alexander, you're actually so free and come to such a little fashion show," Randy spoke lightly. He behaved as calmly and gracefully as Joshua did.

"Master Denmark, you misunderstood," said Alexander in a soft voice. Randy and Heather were very close. He couldn't afford to offend his future brother-in-law.

He continued, "The winner of the fashion show will be the designer of H & C INC, and the person I care about the most in my life will attend it."

