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so she quit the application quietly. "Say something!" Rachel demanded. "What's going on between both of you? Something must have happened! I bet you guys hooked up with each other!" Elisa's lips twitched in protest. "Nothing will ever happen between us! The other day, I was putting pressure on my team, telling them that I won't hesitate to be ruthless if they disobey my instructions." "And?" Elisa explained the entire situation to Rachel. When Rachel understood the actual situation, her jaw dropped. "What? You're not lying, are you? Is that all?" she asked incredulously. "That's all." "Wha—? How did things end up like this? Those people are really—" "What if Carle sees it?" Elisa asked worriedly. "Oh!" Rachel gave a jolt. "W-What should we do? I bet he'll be devastated when he sees it. Perhaps he will give you a call." As soon as she finished her sentence, Elisa received a call. "Speaking of the devil, he's calling me right now." Rachel paused for a moment before asking, "What are you going to do? Are you... going to pick it up?" Elisa sighed. "Let's hang up. I'll take his call first." "... Alright." After a pause, Rachel added, "It's good I briefed you about the situation beforehand. Since you already have a heads up, just talk to him." "Sure." With that, she took Carle's call. "Hey, Carle." "Hey. Are you busy?" Elisa's eyes flickered. Though he sounded calm, she could tell that something was wrong. "Kinda. I'm still working. What's up?" Elisa sounded nonchalant, making Carle unsure if she knew about the situation. He didn't know how to breach the topic. Should I ask her about it directly? But what should I say? If I don't say anything, I'll be even more anxious! Conflicting thoughts appeared in his mind. He had no idea how to approach the situation. Sensing his silence, Elisa asked, "Carle?" He returned

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him the reality of the situation, and that was all he wanted to know. They fell silent again. Elisa had nothing more to say, while Carle didn't know where to begin. "Are you still busy with work?" "Yeah." "Can't you stop working for Wickam Group?" Carle asked resentfully. "No. Since things have reached this stage, it's not something I can stop, and neither can Gareth and Will." But you know that my relationship with them is entirely platonic, Elisa thought. Still, she didn't say it out loud, thinking it was unnecessary. "Elisa..." Carle sighed. The call was still ongoing, but Elisa didn't utter a word. After a moment of pause, Carle said gently, "Sometimes I feel like I'm a begrudging person. I know I can't restrict your freedom or where you work, but... I feel sad sometimes." A look of guilt flitted across Elisa's eyes, but her tone was rather callous. "Carle, you know that I'm planning my revenge. I can't afford to have anything go wrong. I will remove any obstacles in my way, including you." Carle's heart jolted when he heard that. When he recalled how she lost her father and marriage and how she was tricked by her relative, he convinced himself to understand her current position. Taking a deep breath, he said, "I know... Elisa, I will help you." Elisa's expression changed upon hearing that. Even after how I treated him, he's still willing to help me out. Why? If I didn't meet Gareth and marry him, I might be moved by Carle. At that moment, she was riddled with guilt. What should I do next? She paused for a moment and sighed. "Take care of yourself. That's the greatest favor you can do for me." Carle tried to brush off the bitterness he was feeling. Elisa still cares about me. Otherwise, she wouldn't take care of me personally at the hospital. Even when she had a severe car accident, she didn't tell me so I wouldn't worry about her. However, he was terrified of knowing her feelings, worried that she might regard him as a brother, worried that it might not be...

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his thoughts, staring blankly into the air. Holly walked to the couch and sat down beside him. "A penny for your thoughts?" she asked gently. Carle returned to his senses and turned around to look at her. However, when he looked at her, he immediately retracted his gaze and looked thoughtful again. Worried about him, she held his hands. "Hey, are you ignoring me now?" "No." Carle returned to his senses again and gave a brief reply. Holly's eyes narrowed when she looked at her son. He's always like this – he doesn't like to tell anyone his thoughts and only reports the good news to me. I bet it's a great shock to him, and he might not be in control of his emotions. Elisa means the world to him. "Alas..." She shook her head helplessly. "What's wrong?" Carle looked at her. "I'm sad." The expression on his face changed after hearing her reply. "Out of a sudden?" he asked tentatively. He was worried that she might have seen the news on Twitter, but she seldom used the application. Worried that his mother might get the wrong impression of Elisa, he didn't dare to breach the topic. If she didn't know about it, I would've spilled the beans. I don't want her to be displeased with Elisa. While he was hesitating, Holly did not hide the fact that she had already seen everything. Looking into Carle's eyes, she said, "I saw it." Carle's expression took another turn. He shook his head firmly, "Mom, things are not what you imagine." Holly looked at her son with a conflicted expression. "Carle, I know you love her dearly, and you want to be with her for the rest of your life – her past doesn't bother you at all. But... do you know that you are giving her

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but the truth was staring her right in the face. She knew there was something fishy going on! Rose frowned and shook her head. "I don't think so. His pride alone would prevent him from doing that. Someone must have misconstrued things and made the rumor up. And as I said before, it's more than likely Elisa cooked up the whole thing." Linda's features twisted into a grimace. "I believed in her. I trusted her when she said she lost faith in Gareth and gave up on their relationship. And now, she's going behind

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you can't let go, are you aware of what you will face in the future?" Linda looked up at her mother without thinking. Rose patiently explained, "Here's an example of what could happen if you don't forget about him. If we go through with our plans, and right when we're about to succeed, he suddenly remembers how kind you were to him in the past and decides that he wants to marry you. What will you do? Will your heart soften toward him? Will you throw away all reason and choose to be with him? And then what do you think will happen to you when he gets to the bottom of this and finds out what you did? He will toss you aside without a second thought. What will you do?" Linda's pupils shrank, and she shivered at the thought. She had not thought about this at all. Her mother was right. That was one of the possible outcomes of the future. Because even though she was filled with hatred and could not forget, she still loved him as much as she had before. If she really thought that Gareth would change his mind and stay with her for the rest of their lives, then this entire situation would be... Over. Linda shut her eyes and forced down her upheaving emotions. "Okay." Her voice was much hoarser than before. Not out of impatience but out of conviction. Rose finally felt relieved. She nodded helplessly. "As long as you've thought things through. We need to turn this thing around. Wickam Group. Elisa. We will have our revenge." Linda looked up at her. "Do you have any ideas?" ... Wickam Group. The trending search incident had caused such an uproar that almost everyone knew. Even Gareth had heard about it. Thomas handed his phone to Gareth, only for Gareth to glower at it. Thomas rubbed his nose and coughed. "Do you want

me to take care of it, Mr. Wickam?" Gareth glowered at the page for a few minutes before returning the phone to Thomas. "Leave it." He ground his teeth in irritation. Thomas' eye darted to the side, but he nodded. He left after realizing that Gareth had no other instructions for him. Gareth was the only one left in the office. He slipped his phone out of his pocket and tapped into Twitter. His expression darkened with every word he read. Begged? Gareth Wickam, now reduced to begging like a dog? Was Gareth Wickam actually a beta male? The rows and rows of ridicule darkened Gareth's mood to that comparable to a storm cloud. However... If Thomas knew what Gareth was thinking, he would probably think to himself. Why is Mr. Wickam in a bad mood? Everyone is just questioning it. The Mr. Wickam they know would never do something like that unless he was knocked in

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was written on Will's profile. She was shocked speechless. Will sighed exasperatedly when she stayed quiet. "I know it isn't true. But you got to make it up to me somehow. Do you see what they're writing about me? The least you can do is buy me a meal." The nerve in her cheek twitched. "I'm busy." She was as cold as ever toward him. Will sighed helplessly. "Fine. Stay busy, but I'm coming to pick you up tonight." Elisa frowned. Rejection didn't seem to work on Will. She immediately hung up. She obviously had little to no care about how he felt. Will squinted at his phone. He had expected her

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Mr. Darcey in person. "You're amazing! Why didn't I think of that?" The crowd was engrossed with the topic that someone couldn't help but pipe up when they saw Elisa. "Come look! The main character has arrived! I'm obsessed with this love triangle." They all turned to look at Elisa. Will had been waiting for Elisa to appear, and when she did, he smiled and approached her. Elisa frowned and changed directions as if she did not see him. But... Even though Wickam Group had a large lobby and plenty of people surrounded her, she stood out. After all, her height, amazing figure, and ethereal beauty prevented her from blending into the crowd. Everyone had their eyes on her. "Elisa." There was no way Will would let her get away that easily. He called out to her the moment he saw her change directions. Her colleagues' eyes widened with envy. Where was their Prince Charming... Why, instead of Prince Charming, all they had were frogs? Why! Elisa couldn't pretend not to hear him in front of so many people. She looked up to the sky and took a deep breath. After she had successfully suppressed the annoyance she was feeling, she turned to him. She wasn't going to feign niceties. Everyone knew what he was here for. "Why are you here?" She asked him calmly. Will gave her a slow smile. He stepped toward her and leaned down. His lips were right next to her ear... The women watching were so filled with envy they were about to combust! "Aarrghhh!!! I'm so jealous!!

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stare at the sweet smile on his face. "I used to think Mr. Darcey only looked hot on screen because of the bright lights and filters but now... Arrghhh!!! He's so hot, I can't take it!" "He's so hot! So hot!!" ...While they were staring at him, Will walked to Elisa and opened the door for her. Without acknowledging him, Elisa stepped into the car. Will quickly got into the car, and a few seconds later, they drove off. Someone in the crowd could not stop herself from recording their sweet interactions. They were blatantly flaunting their love in front of everyone. The thing is... Elisa and Will weren't the ones flaunting their relationship. The people watching were flaunting it for them. Soon after... It was posted on Twitter. However, Gareth knew about it before it had even gone on Twitter! He was surly, to say the

least! And when he saw Will approaching Elisa, grabbing her hand, and whispering into her ear! People all along the hallway could feel the chill emanating from him. Anyone who saw him walked in the opposite direction.... Elisa and Will arrived in a private room reserved for them. They ordered their meals. It was just the two of them in the room. They sat across from each other. Will smiled sweetly at her. The warmth in his eyes could make any other woman fall for him instantly. However, Elisa was not one of those women. She stared at him and said, "Now, will you tell me?" Even though she had been bogged down with work recently, she had not forgotten about her father or give up. All this just proved that Norman and his family were really good at hiding things. She was having trouble finding any sort of evidence. All she could do was slowly piece what little evidence she had together. Will, claiming that he had found some information – even if he could not verify the source's credibility – was a lead. Will chuckled. "I'm not stringing you along on purpose. It's just that you just seem to be in a bad mood, and I didn't want to bother you." Elisa nodded. She could sense his sincerity. While Will wasn't exactly reliable, it really depended on what issue they were discussing. Elisa didn't care if Will had another motive behind his actions; she just wanted to know more about what happened to her

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the rumors say." In other words, he wasn't gay. Brandon Simmons was the issue Anita had Elisa fix when they were in talks for a job. Brandon had set his eye on Anita's son. Rumors floating around about Brandon being homosexual and maybe even a pedophile. It was a worrisome time for Anita. Unfortunately for her, Brandon wasn't someone easily handled. She tried talking to him a few times, but it went nowhere. In the end, Elisa was the one who took care of it for her. Anita was extremely grateful for her help. Elisa met Will's eyes and said, "Thank you for this." "Helping you uncover the truth is also a step forward in your need for vengeance. Don't you think you owe me more than a thank you? Maybe something more physical?" She stared at him wordlessly. Will sighed exasperatedly. "I knew you'd reject me." Will knew what to say to lighten the mood to prevent any awkwardness and how to word things to not sound like he was harassing her. He always put Elisa in a tight spot, but he went about it in a way that she did not find him irritating and didn't feel any pressure from him. Elisa saved the file and slipped her phone back into her bag. Will leaned back against his chair. His legs were crossed, and so were his arms. He stared deep into Elisa's eyes, "So, what do you plan on doing next?" "Look for him." "And after that?" "I'll decide after finding out the truth." She had a feeling Brandon knew much more than any of them did. But maybe he had promised her father to not tell her the truth... That was probably why so much was being kept from her. Will nodded. "Be careful when you meet him. Maybe it'll be better for me to introduce you? That way, I can go with you." Elisa shook her head. "No." This was about her father. Elisa suspected that there was more than what met the eye regarding Brandon and her father. It almost felt as if Brandon saw her father as his own. If this were the case, Will would be considered an outsider. They wouldn't be able to speak freely with him around. Will stayed quiet at her insistence. Soon after, a waitress arrived with their food. Elisa was equally as quiet. They shared the meal in peaceful silence. However... Meanwhile, somewhere else wasn't as peaceful. In fact, there might even be a hint of gunpowder in the air. Rachel had just arrived home from work. She stepping out of the elevator and found a

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to say at all. She closed the elevator door and pressed the button for the ground floor. Even though Vincent had every intention of taking back his mother's belongings, he wouldn't do something drastic

like picking her lock. And although Rachel was completely aware of this, she still felt uneasy with him there and hurriedly sent him away. Rachel ignored all proprieties and dragged Vincent by the arm when they reached the ground floor. Instead of struggling and pulling away, he followed and smiled amicably, "You must be head over heels for me, huh? Are you trying to stake your claim by having everyone see us holding hands?" "Get lost! I wouldn't get with you even if you were the last man on earth!" "Last man on earth?! You know what? The feeling's mutual!" Vincent ground his teeth in anger. This woman was really something else! Just then, he suddenly heard her stomach rumbling. The words stopped in his mouth, and he immediately dragged her by the wrist to a restaurant nearby. This time, he was directly touching her soft, slender wrist. Vincent was surprised. Why is her skin so soft? He looked down at her wrist. He had never felt this way about another woman before. Her skin was so tender. He tightened his grip again just to feel it. Rachel's expression was like that of a thundercloud. Not only could Rachel not pull herself free, but he was molesting her. "You piece of sh*t! Have you lost your mind? You have plenty of women to choose from; why pick on me?! I don't want you to spread your disease to me!! Let me go!!" Vincent's heated expression chilled immediately. "What did you say?!" His tone was biting cold, and his eyes flashed dangerously. Rachel jumped in fright, but she wasn't about to back down now. "What? Am I wrong?! You give in to your bodily urges without any sense of control! You sleep around and flirt incessantly! I honestly cannot tell the difference between you and an animal in heat! One in three sexual partners could garner you a sexually transmitted disease! I'm pretty sure you're a walking encyclopedia for doctors to study!" Vincent was livid! People walking around them could hear what she was saying. Some of them even laughed out