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yet triumphant expression could be seen. Gareth's face turned dark and cloudy. Julia was immediately satisfied and pulled Elisa up. She grabbed his hand as she walked out and passed Gareth's side. "Don't delay. Go right now! Liz, go and record it in person!" Gareth was forced to stand up. Even though he could easily break free from Julia's grasp, he was afraid he would accidentally hurt her. In the blink of an eye, he saw Elisa looking at him with a victorious smile in the corners of her mouth. Gareth gritted his teeth. Amazing. This woman is excellent! Elisa naturally knew that the scum-like man was about to go mad from rage, but he had done such a thing to her earlier in the day. This man deserved to be punished! These were the consequences of his actions! Just as Julia was pulling them along, they were brought to the sea of flowers in the backyard. There was a vast number of roses, and they were incredibly fresh. No one could look away. The servants here had painstakingly taken care of each flower. It looked even more perfect than from a flower shop. Elisa stood on the spot and didn't move. She didn't take out her cell phone, so Julia immediately spoke to her in bewilderment. "Girl, you have to record it. Otherwise, how can you restore your reputation? You have to send this to everyone in the company so they can see it." Julia reminded Elisa again and again, but Julia had her own schemes. If Elisa and Gareth continued being affectionate, maybe there would be a show to witness. It would be beautiful if their broken mirror was joined together. She was now impatient for Gareth to pick the flowers. Elisa played along and nodded as she took her cell phone out of her bag. "Alright. I'll

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holding onto her cell phone trembled. There was an uncontrollable smile on the corners of her lips. Grandma was very humorous. Elisa almost burst out laughing. Gareth continued picking roses in frustration. One rose. Two roses. Three roses. Four roses... Time passed, and Gareth was still picking roses. Although the sky was dark, lights illuminated the entire backyard brightly. The view from every corner could be seen clearly. Elisa's hand that was holding the cell phone was slightly tired. But Gareth picked three hundred roses in a row and hadn't broken a sweat. His breathing was regular, and he didn't seem to have any problems. She turned around to look before placing her cell phone on a table in front of them. It could capture Gareth perfectly. At the very least, the cell phone wouldn't have to be moved for the next two hundred roses that Gareth would pick. Julia kept staring at her grandson and would encourage him occasionally. Still, everything she said would infuriate Gareth to the point of spitting blood. Elisa couldn't hold back and wanted to laugh. What Julia said next made Elisa unable to control herself as she burst out laughing. "Good boy. You're much faster than your grandad. Back then, when he pursued me, he was slower than a snail at picking flowers, whining while doing it. You're much more thoughtful than he was." Elisa couldn't hide the small traces of joy in her eyes. She was the thoughtful one, not Gareth. She felt

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he thought that he was above everyone else? He still had to personally pick roses here for the person he despised and hated the most. The corners of Elisa's lips curved slowly. Upon seeing Gareth's cloudy face that was about to break into a storm, she couldn't help but laugh lightly. "Thanks for picking the roses, Mr. Wickam." Gareth glanced at her coldly but didn't say anything as he turned to leave. Julia's brows wrinkled. "You brat! What kind of attitude do you have? This is what you should be doing. You're not

allowed to have any complaints against Liz, do you understand?" Gareth didn't say anything. The best way he could exercise patience was to not lose his temper. Elisa stared at his icy figure, and the corners of her lips curved slowly. "Grandma, this is good enough. At the very least, those in the company won't talk about me anymore. When the time comes, I'll show them proof." "Ah... you're so gracious!" Julia

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instant. He enunciated her name calmly. "Elisa Benett." It seemed to be nothing, but it had a bone-chilling quality. It was as if there was a breeze indoors. A trace of a smile flickered across the corner of Elisa's mouth. "It's fine. You can eat if you're hungry. We eat to live. This is a normal occurrence." Gareth's sharp eyes instantly glanced at Elisa. His gaze was as cutting as a knife. Anyone else wouldn't have been able to hold their own because his face was unbelievably dark. Julia was slightly stunned. She never thought that Elisa would say such things. Hmm? It was as though something fishy was going on between the two of them. Liz will never pick on him in the past. What did this brat do to torment Liz? This wouldn't do. Julia had to get people to make some inquiries. These two kids would never tell her. The smile in the corner of Elisa's lips deepened upon seeing Gareth silent. "Thanks to you today, my reputation is restored at the company. But I have Grandma to thank as well. Without her, I'm sure you would be unwilling to do this. It's my fault for forcing you to pick roses. Do unto others as you would have done unto yourself. Remember that, Mr. Wickam." Gareth suddenly sneered. He turned to look at her. "Do unto others as you would have done unto yourself?" His deep voice was filled with frost. Elisa felt a chill on her spine, but in the next second, she smiled and nodded. "Yes." For the rest of her life, she would never forget how this man had forced himself onto her! But since it was Gareth, and he was Old Madam Wickam's grandson, she wouldn't argue with him too much. Edgar sneered, and he didn't say a word. Contempt was intertwined between his slightly curved thin lips. It made others inexplicably feel that something was wrong. But Elisa couldn't be bothered. She sat down and

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Julia had a gut feeling that Gareth and Elisa would make peace and get back together. Although Gareth had always been an obedient grandchild and did as he said, today, he had meticulously hand-picked an enormous bouquet of nine hundred and ninety-nine roses. It was unlikely for him to obligate even if she forced him. However, today he undertook the task rather delightfully. Gareth and Elisa had not the faintest idea what Julia was thinking. They hit the road as soon as Julia shut the front passenger seat for Elisa. Julia watched the receding car and beamed with satisfaction before entering the house. She saw Alphonse in the living room and frantically hailed him. "Alphonse, get someone to keep tabs on Garry and Liz in the company. Remember to keep it low and don't get busted." Mr. Jones acknowledged and immediately went off to manage the said task. Meanwhile, neither of them spoke. Gareth and Elisa were still in the car. The ambiance in the car was pensive and gloomy. A hint of hostility was slowly brewing in the air. Elisa kept her guard up. Her faith in this man had expired. The car cruised along the road. Gareth remained silent as if trying to ignore Elisa. Other people might have felt suffocated in a situation like this but not them. They felt at ease to be in gloomy silence. If there were other people in their presence, they would surely feel on edge within the cramped space Elisa and Gareth both occupied. About half an hour later, they arrived at Elisa's house. Gareth remained deadpan, and Elisa wasn't in the mood to talk to him either. She unfastened her seat belt and got out of his car. Gareth drove away as soon as Elisa closed the car door. Before Elisa could gaze at the man, he had already driven away and disappeared from her view. She withdrew her gaze and went into her house. That night, she had a serene sleep over

the opportune moment to exact revenge on Gareth. On the following day at Wickam Manor. A commotion startled everyone in the courtyard. "Where are my roses!!!" Darren stood within a sea of roses and yelled in distressed discovery. Of course, the sea of roses had turned into a void overnight. There were, however, still some more roses left in the shrubs. The mischance ruined Darren's plan. Darren was exasperated beyond words. All the servants shuddered at Old Mr. Wickam's wrath. One of the servants dreadfully walked up

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roses from the florist?! And you ruined my rose shrubs! What are you going to do with those roses? You don't even have a girlfriend! Why did you fu*king pick my roses, and it's not even Valentine's Day?!" Rage got the best of Old Mr. Wickam. He railed at Gareth at the top of his lungs. After lashing out at Gareth, Darren thought Gareth would explain himself, but to his surprise, there was no sound from the other side of the call. "Didn't you hear what I said, brat!?" Darren's tone was seething with acid even though he tried to stifle his bristling rage. Gareth uttered indifferently, "I'm in a meeting, and my phone is being cast on screen." The entire conference room fell into awkward silence. The people in the meeting were caught in a daze after hearing Old Mr. Wickam's words until Gareth's voice nudged them back to their senses. They knew that Old Mr. Wickam was short-tempered, but hearing him spewing swear words still took them off their guard. But most importantly, they were surprised to know that Old Mr. Wickam planted roses for his wife. He was a romantic despite his old age. Didn't the old man say he would never attempt to get on the good side of anyone? He also said men should never pamper women lest they would get spoilt by love. But his endeavor at pleasing his wife by planting roses for her was a slap on his proclamations. Not only that, but a piece of even more explosive news also enthralled the employees. Old Mr. Wickam berated Gareth for picking his roses from the courtyard without permission. According to him, Gareth took quite a substantial number of roses. Old Mr. Wickam was spot on. Gareth did not have a girlfriend, so why did he suddenly want to pluck the roses? Could the rumors be true? Did Gareth fall in love with Elisa? Was he trying to rekindle his romantic flame with Elisa? The people in the conference room looked bewildered. No one dared to say anything. They warily held their breaths, fearing they would rub

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to shape the rose shrubs in a heart shape with a specific number of roses for Valentine's Day. It would be a shocking surprise, but Gareth fortuitously ruined his plan. How could he not be angry? Julia ignored his ranting and probed, "When did you plant these roses? Why didn't I know about that?" "Of course you didn't know." Darren deliberately hid it from Julia from the get-go and did not tell anyone about it. He even ensured nobody saw him plant the roses. But now?! Now! Now!!! His effort had gone down the drain! "What's wrong with Gareth? Why did he pick my roses?!" Julia was touched and pleasantly surprised at his romantic attempt. She couldn't help but stare at him. "Old man, did you mean to surprise me? But even if you told me about it, it would still be a surprise!" "How can it be the same?" Darren blushed and disputed. Despite being furious, Darren was reluctant to admit his intention. Julia beamed and walked up to Darren. She held his arm and comforted him, "Gareth is not an outsider. He's our grandson. He picked your roses for a reason. Let's go in and talk about it. Look at you; why are you so upset? Forget about all the romantic stunts. We've been a married couple for decades." To Julia, seeing the young ones well

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the office. Little did she know her world was going to upend! She was caught in a daze until her vibrating phone jolted her back to reality. She answered the call. It was Rachel. "What's up?" "Something happened! Are you free now?" Rachel could not contain her excitement. She couldn't help but interrupt Elisa even though she knew that Elisa was at work. Elisa raised her eyebrow, "Why are you so excited? Are you getting married?" "Nah! It's not about me! I bet someone is getting restless!?" Rachel teased with insinuation. Her prankish humor befuddled Elisa. "What happened?" "Guess what? You are on the trending topics again, my dear!" Elisa didn't understand what Rachel meant. Rachel didn't clarify her confusion but carried on and said, "I think you may as well start a career in the entertainment industry. I bet those celebrities must be super jealous of you over the attention you're getting from the media." Elisa was still largely confused. She logged on to Twitter. Rachel teased, "Look! Did you see that, my dear?" Elisa replied nonchalantly, "I'm checking Twitter." Rachel couldn't hold her curiosity anymore. She probed, "Can you tell me... what happened? This... how did that happen...?" She intended to keep Elisa in limbo and wanted her to find out what happened herself, but she was getting impatient to know the outcome. At this moment, Elisa logged on to her Twitter and came across the trending searches. One of the recent hot topics was about Gareth's grandma making an

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do that? There were three of you in the video. Although it has no sound, he looked busy picking the roses." "Nothing out of the ordinary. It's just because Grandma wants us to reconcile." At that moment, Elisa could only tell Rachel it was grandma's wish. Actually... Grandma intended to repair her bad reputation, but little did she know that it was Elisa's doing that she reaped a bad reputation. Elisa couldn't explain to Rachel extensively. Rachel furrowed her eyebrows, "But something seems off here?" Elisa kept quiet. Rachel said again, "Why did Gareth agree to pick roses for you?" Elisa faked a chuckle, "How do you know he picked those roses for me and not someone else? Grandma's narrative is misleading. Those roses belong to Grandpa and Grandma. They especially asked people to plant the roses in Wickam Manor." "Sounds legit..." Rachel sensed that Elisa's explanation was dubious, but she also thought Elisa was right. Elisa reminded Rachel, "Stop subscribing to scandals and rumors like this. They are baseless and a sheer fabrication of the truth." Rachel hummed and said nothing else. Satisfied with Rachel's discontinued inquiries, Elisa smiled and said, "I still have work to do. Come to my house tonight, and I'll make something for you to eat." "Wow! Seriously?!" "You bet." Rachel was thrilled! Rachel loved Elisa's cooking. She would never get sick of eating Elisa's cooking! She responded, "Okay! Then you quickly get back to work. Don't work overtime, okay?! I'll get the ingredients and pick you up at night!" Elisa curved her lips skyward, "Okay, I shall get back to work. Stop skipping work and get to the bottom of those cases." "Alright. Alright. I know! Go get busy, my chef!" "Mhm." Elisa smiled and hung up the phone. But she couldn't help but glance at Julia's tweet again. Julia noted in her tweet, 'My precious Liz loves the nine hundred and ninety-nine hand-picked roses from a special someone! As their grandmother, I'm so glad and envious of their love.' She didn't mention anything wrong about anyone but told the whole world that Gareth had personally picked roses for her. She also insinuated that the two of them might get back together. Elisa sighed while helplessly pressing her temples. The truth was Elisa wanted to teach Gareth a lesson for neglecting her feelings. She wanted to remind that man to walk in her shoes and think about her feelings before he attempted anything. But, oh well... Grandma deliberately posted the incident on the internet. She couldn't block Grandma's Twitter because it would make the situation worse and also because she didn't want to hurt Grandma's

heart. Elisa felt annoyed and a tad regretful. She shouldn't have sought Grandma's help to punish Gareth. Elisa rested her arms on

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has gotten into you?! Why did you give my roses away to Elisa?!" Gareth, meanwhile, did not appear fazed in the slightest. He didn't deny it but said indifferently, "What's the problem?" "What's the problem!?" Gareth's condescending attitude set Darren ballistic. Gareth didn't make a sound. Darren rebuked, "What the f*ck is wrong with you?! You and Elisa have divorced!! Yet you still bothered to pick roses for her?! You're digging your own grave!" Gareth explained collectedly, "Will Darcey and Carle Samoa are chasing Elisa. Do you know why?" "Carle Samoa and Elisa grew up together. It's normal that they have feelings for each other. Will Darcey is a playboy and also your biggest business rival. He probably wants to use Elisa to piss you off! Do you think she's a trophy? Is that the reason you want her back?" "Will Darcey is not a playboy." Gareth pointed out calmly. Darren barked, "What has it got to do with you then?" Gareth didn't bother to talk to Darren anymore and shunned, "Is there anything else you want to tell me?" Gareth's perfunctory attitude pissed Darren off even further. "I planted the roses for your grandma!!!" Gareth didn't say anything. He could tell that his grandfather felt awkward telling him that. Scolding Gareth for giving his roses to Elisa was just an excuse for him to make this call. Gareth was taken aback. He knew his grandfather was old-fashioned and stubborn. Although he loved grandma, his ego forbade him to show his affection directly to grandma. It never