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calm. "Yeah, I will prepare her surprise. Grandma, could you clarify things on Twitter in preparation?" Julia nodded her head quickly, "Of course I can!! You better do a good surprise, or else I won't forgive you!!" Elisa could not participate in their conversation at all. Gareth placed his cutlery down and was about to leave as he had finished dinner. "Stop! There's no need for a surprise!" Elisa blurted out. She wanted to stop him, but his footsteps did not falter. Julia returned from the bathroom and sat back at the dining table. "Don't worry about him. Let's finish our dinner," she said with a smile. Elisa couldn't stop her true feelings from showing on her face. She quickly finished off the food on her plate and made an excuse. "Grandma, it's getting late. I better get going. I still have work to do." "You can't go yet." Julia stopped her by grabbing her hand. Elisa was stumped and felt troubled. "Grandma, I really do have work to do," she explained. Julia sighed pitifully, "I haven't even finished dinner. Do you have to leave now?" Elisa couldn't say anything else. She sat down heavily. A smile lit up on Julia's face. "That's right. You'll always have work to do. You should stop working once office hours are done. I'll have your back if Gareth makes you work overtime!" Julia took Elisa's silence as consent. She turned and shouted to a maid, "Make a new plate for Elisa." The muscles on Elisa's face tightened. "Grandma, I can't eat anymore." "Nonsense! You eat too little. You didn't even have half a plate. Eat with me." The maid heeded Julia's orders and brought a new plate heaped with food for Elisa. Elisa stared at the food in front of her and felt a headache coming. At the same time, Julia was all smiles. "Elisa, I know you went through a lot of pain and lost all feelings for

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still denying it? Why would you give her roses if you had no feelings? You were so romantic," Vincent teased. "You covered the ground with flowers. People had nowhere to go because they were scared of ruining your setup. Mr. Wickam, you're such a mastermind, letting everyone witness your confession to Elisa like that." Gareth's face darkened. "Are you bored?" "Of course not!!" Vincent said as he reached the Rolls Royce. He knocked on the driver's window. The window slowly came down and showed a cool and handsome face. Vincent placed his hands on the sill and displayed his pearly whites, "Want to go somewhere?" "What are you doing here?" "I just finished some work. What about you?" Vincent asked. His eyes suddenly fell on the box on the passenger's seat. "Sh*t. I can't believe you really have a surprise!" Vincent exclaimed. He had seen the posts online and heard what Gareth had said. Gareth's expression stiffened, and his silence meant Vincent was right. Vincent was ignorant of the cold aura emitting from Gareth. He walked toward the passenger's seat and placed his hand on the door. 'Click!' Vincent frowned when he heard the click of the lock. "What the heck? I just wanted to see it! I'm not going to ruin it! Why did you lock the door? Open up!" Gareth ignored him. Vincent became unhappier. He went back to the driver's seat. He seemed like he was ready to drag

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is this? Do you think you know more about a girl's heart than I do? Let me teach you. I can give you some good advice." Gareth started the engine, unbothered by his words. Vincent was curious about what Gareth had prepared for Elisa. But Gareth did not tell him anything, no matter what he said.... Meanwhile, Will was still at the office. He exuded a dangerous aura as he stared at Twitter. Twitter had been glitching the entire day because of the constant debate on the heated topic. The

technicians were exhausted from having tried to fix the problem. Finally, they resolved the problem, and the topic popped

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Gareth brought back. There were cameras recording the living room, and she was worried that Julia might leak the recordings to show the world the surprise Gareth had prepared for her. From what Elisa saw of Julia's behavior, she was sure of it. Julia did not give Elisa time to say anything. She turned to Gareth and urged with a smile, "What are you doing dilly-dallying? Hurry and give Elisa the present!" Gareth stared at Elisa and walked over to pass her the small box. The creases on Elisa's forehead increased. She did not want to touch the box, but Julia pulled Elisa's hand toward the box. "What are you waiting for, silly girl? Open it up and see if it's a surprise," Julia urged and turned to ask Gareth suspiciously, "You better have put in the effort, br*t." Julia was skeptical if Gareth had put in the effort since he came back so soon. "Of course I did. It was your orders," Gareth replied coolly. "Good boy," Julia harrumphed. Elisa was holding the box, but her heart wanted to throw it away. "Open it up, silly girl. I want to see what surprise this br*t prepared for you," Julia said softly. "Yeah, yeah, yeah. Me too. I want to see it!" Vincent could not read the room. He walked over to join in the fun. He had been curious about the present for a very long time. Gareth was sitting on the couch. He showed evident disinterest when he took out his phone to deal with some matters. Elisa was bothered about the blue box in her hands but couldn't deny Julia. The box wasn't too heavy or too light. It was rectangular and about the size of a shoe box. The box was delicately wrapped and had a light blue ribbon on it. The contrast of the box's blue and white made it look expensive. Elisa paused and finally pulled the ribbon after another nudge from Julia. Julia and Vincent had their eyes fixed on the box. They didn't want to miss

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pout on her face and spoke gently to the man. "Gareth, I feel uncomfortable in this pair of heels. Can you get me a pair of Rene Caovilla's, please?" Only a pair of Rene Caovilla's would match her gown that night. Gareth scoffed. "A pair of Rene Caovilla's?" His tone was extremely sardonic as he said the two words 'Rene Caovilla's.' He continued even after he saw the color drain out of her face. "Do you think you are worthy of it?" Elisa's lips quivered upon hearing his mocking remarks. After a moment of hesitation, she bit her lips and said shyly, "I just want to change into another pair of heels. I worry I might embarrass you if I cannot walk properly later." Gareth snorted coldly in reply, "Rene Caovilla's are exclusive items meant for high-class people. You are not worthy of it." Gareth turned around to leave as soon as he finished speaking. But he suddenly stopped when he reached the door and added, "Stop dreaming about things you are not worthy of and remember to keep to your stature." Then, he left Elisa on the sofa, trembling. He was right. She could only be a clown forever. She will never be worthy of Gareth.

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she saw the gift? A gift box fell onto the ground suddenly. One side of the Rene Caovilla's dropped out of the box. The heels were about 8cm long. They looked breathtakingly exquisite. Elisa could tell that this was a limited edition designed by Rene Caovilla herself. Her heels had broken during Grandma's birthday banquet last time. Mr. Jones had told her that Gareth had prepared it for her. She was doubtful of it then. She knew that Gareth would not do this for her. Grandma must have ordered Mr. Jones to arrange

it for her. So, from that day onwards, she no longer placed hopes on Gareth. But now, Gareth had prepared this for her. In addition, he had handed it over to her personally. She thought that perhaps Gareth had meant to gift it to another person. This pair of heels was well-known and limited. Money alone does not guarantee the purchase of this pair of heels. Was he hinting to her that she was not worthy? "What's wrong, Elisa?" Julia was distraught. Vincent, too, was curious. He initially wanted to pick up the pair of heels but hesitated. Elisa might not want to take the heels. She was a collected person who barely lost her calm. Something huge must have happened.

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now by gifting women footwear?" Vincent's face turned slightly pale. Holy! Are the rumors accurate? Is Elisa giving up on Gareth? Was she just trying to act cool all this time in front of Gareth? Was she disappointed now after realizing what Gareth wanted when he gave her those pair of heels? But... this didn't make sense. Julia got more anxious when she saw the weird expression on Vincent's face. "Child, tell me, what does it mean to gift a woman a pair of footwear!" She had never heard this rumor before. Vincent did not dare to think further on. He quickly replied, "Oh, it's nothing. It's not even real. It's just a rumor that couples cannot gift each other footwear, or the one who gets the gift will break off the relationship. Could Elisa have mistaken that... Gareth was hinting at her to break up?" Julia's face turned ugly. She scolded, "This rascal! Why couldn't you have given her something other than heels!" Nevertheless, Julia was just saying it out of anger. She paused right after she yelled. "This still isn't right..... Elisa was never someone superstitious. Moreover, it is just a rumor. She would not have acted out just from a mere superstition." Vincent's eyes dimmed. Indeed, Elisa's face was pale just now. It seemed like she was offended. He was too busy teasing Gareth that he didn't notice Elisa's grim expression. It was already too late when he noticed... He was helpless. Although he had the urge to chase after Elisa and Gareth, he could not leave Julia alone. She would feel helpless about the situation. He quickly said, "Grandma, Gareth

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It didn't take Gareth much time to chase up Elisa since she was on foot. He did not bother calling her to stop when he saw her. He merely increased his pace, walked towards her, and grabbed her wrist. Elisa could no longer walk forward at that instance. She glowered in response. Her brows snapped together as she uttered, "Let me go." The icy look in Elisa's eyes made Gareth freeze for a moment. But he did not let her go. Instead, he stared into her eyes and asked calmly, "Why?" "Why?" Elisa scorned. "You said those mean words and did those hurtful things. And now you're asking me why?" Did he want her to go through the whole story with him again about how he humiliated her? Elisa found him unbelievable. Gareth frowned hard. He had no idea what Elisa was alluding to. He tried to suppress his rising annoyance and held onto Elisa's wrist. He spoke in a low voice, "What on earth do you want?" "What do I want?" Elisa snorted coldly. The annoyance and hatred seething within her increased dramatically. "How could you even get yourself to ask that question?" Gareth's lips hardened into a thin line. His eyes tightened around her figure. "Be specific." Elisa looked at the man in front of her in disbelief. Has he forgotten? Or did he want to disgrace her again by making her recount those humiliating events? How could he do that to her? Elisa ignored his question and tried to wriggle free from his grasp. But she could not. She frowned hard and demanded coldly, "Let me go! We should go our separate ways and stop seeing each other. We are done with the agreement!" She sounded so firm that it made Gareth feel that she was as heartless as a stone monument. Nevertheless, Elisa was unable

to break free from this man's grasp. So she raised her leg and kicked him in the groin. Gareth dodged the kick while his grasp was still on her wrist. Elisa stood no chance at all in freeing herself from Gareth. "Are you done yet?" Gareth's eyebrows creased in annoyance. "I will not let you go until you explain it to me clearly." Elisa sneered, "Right. I shall tell you then, and you can go on and humiliate me again! Fine!" So Elisa recounted the events that occurred at the last banquet once more. Gareth's pupils shrank as he heard Elisa's story. Elisa scoffed, "I do not need you to keep reminding me who I am. I know what I'm worthy of and what I'm not. You don't have to humiliate me publicly with your actions. Nevertheless, you have won." Gareth opened his mouth thoughtfully to speak but closed it again. Elisa quickly struggled off him and left while he was distracted. She was at the Wickam Manor. It was halfway up the mountain, so no car would ever pass by. If Elisa wanted to go home, she would have to walk down the mountain first, then call a cab. She did not wish to have anything to do with Gareth anymore or talk to him, so she just walked away. Gareth stood still with his lips pursed into a thin line. He had already forgotten about that incident. But with Elisa's recollection of the events, he finally remembered. He watched her leave with cold determination. His frown deepened as the look on his face became bleaker. In the end, he decided not to chase after her. However, soon, he heard the sound of footsteps. Vincent stopped at Gareth's side. He took a glance at the surroundings but did not see anyone. He asked, "Where is she? Why are you alone?" Then, he looked around again. But he did not see a single shadow. He turned towards Gareth helplessly once more.

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He said in a low voice, "Can you frigging tell me already? Did you manage to catch Elisa up? Did you talk to her? What happened?" Gareth did not intend to tell him anything. He continued to walk on, but Vincent grabbed him by his arm. Gareth glared at the hands on his arm instantly. He disliked people touching him without his consent. But Vincent did not care anymore. "Elisa must have lost her temper today over something serious. Why did you not chase after her?" Vincent had arrived late because he had to accompany Julia earlier. He only came because Julia told him to, out of concern. But the only person he saw when he arrived was Gareth's lonesome figure. "Hey! Can you speak? What on earth happened just now? Grandma is worried." Gareth frowned even harder. Finally, he spoke in a low voice, "You should leave." Gareth's state of defeat flustered Vincent. Was he being chased away before he had even eaten? "My car broke down. I can't leave." Gareth did not even look at Vincent. He ordered coldly as he walked towards the manor, "Drive my car." "I'm not leaving!" Vincent increased his pace and chased Gareth up. He knew it was no use for him to persuade Gareth. Gareth would never do something that he didn't want to. But Vincent wanted to know what caused Elisa to act this way. Gareth walked so fast that Vincent had to run a bit to keep up with him. Vincent continued, "Can't you tell me what's going on?" Gareth clenched his fingers into a hard ball until his fingernails left marks on his palm. Vincent tried his best to find out what happened but failed. In the end, he gave up. Gareth walked back to the manor. Julia was waiting for him anxiously. When she saw Gareth and Vincent, she quickly got up. But then...she realized that Elisa was not behind them. Her eyebrows knitted in worry. "What's wrong? Where is Elisa? Why didn't you bring Elisa back?" Julia was very anxious now. She even had the urge to post a missing person notice online now to let everyone know that she was looking for her granddaughter, cum granddaughter-in-law. But now...What did Gareth do? Gareth's face was dreary as he spoke gloomily, "She had something to do, so she left first." "She does not have anything to

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of a sudden? Why is your face so pale?" He could not help but blurt out. Elisa looked extraordinarily calm. She was no longer as worked up as when she talked to Gareth. She replied indifferently, "Nothing." Elisa did not feel like talking too much. Because there was no point in discussing the matter. Elisa did not have a good impression of Vincent either. Moreover, he was Gareth's friend. Elisa naturally wanted to avoid him. Although Vincent did not manage to retrieve any information from Elisa, he continued to ask, "What happened? Why don't you tell me? Perhaps I can help you analyze the matter? Did the pair of heels remind you about what happened in the past?" A light flickered in Elisa's eyes. She remained quiet. She did not want to answer Vincent. But her silence seemed like a 'yes' to him. He continued, "Did something bad happen between the two of you in the past?" Elisa scoffed. "When did anything