

## **Our Billion 1001**

Chapter 1001-atelyn forced herself to calm down as she met Cedrick's eyes with her own, though brimming with tears.

Catelyn stared at Cedrick as she yelled, "If you think my sadness is just to hide my guilt, then tell me: How can I not think about our deceased child whenever I look into your eyes? Even though it was just an embryo that hasn't taken shape, I still have nightmares every day, dreaming that they'd come and ask why I didn't want them!"

Cedrick's sharp stare loosened its intensity, and so did his grip on her lower jaw.

'Have you ever heard of a fetal spirit?' said Catelyn, laughing sardonically.' Rumor has it that every fetus has a fetal spirit, and if their parents cruelly abort them, they'll stalk their parents for the rest of their life!"

"It's just a rumor, and we chose to abort the child because they weren't cared for in the womb. The fetus would've threatened your life if they stayed! Even with a fetal spirit, they'd understand that you chose to do that to protect yourself."

"Is that so?" Catelyn could not help but question that.

Cedrick's face changed sharply, and his eyes narrowed. "What did you say?"

Catelyn shook her head. 'I mean, even though the fetal spirit will protect me, I'll still think about them every time I see you. Your face will remind me that we signed the consent to the operation that ended their life!"

Catelyn had rehearsed her refutation countless times in her mind.

Her blindly conceding in their relationship would only make him more domineering in their marriage, so she must preemptively make him feel the pain that she had felt first to make him believe in her.

He could not tell whether he was relieved or even more uncomfortable to hear her explanation as he stubbornly stared at Catelyn silently.

Ba-bump. Ba-bump. Ba-bump.

Catelyn could feel her heart beating fast.

His seemingly glowing eyes were glued onto her.

'Should he not believe me for such an absurd explanation?' She then shoved him, trying to run away quickly, but he refused to let go of her.

The zipper of her purse was pulled open in their struggle.

"What do you have in your purse?" asked Cedrick, sweeping his eyes into a corner of the medical record that was exposed. He ordered, "Show me that.

IV Catelyn's heartbeat accelerated, tightening her purse in her hand. "Nothing nice."

"Take it out," he repeated in an accentuated tone.

He had a premonition that Catelyn, along with Joanne, was lying to him.

'Isn't she avoiding me because of the pain of losing our child? What's she hiding now, then?' Of course, Catelyn would not hand over the medical record. She and Joanne exchanged glances when Cedrick asked for it again.

Joanne immediately came over to block Cedrick's vision, and Catelyn took the opportunity to run away, but she failed. Joanne's strength could not stop Cedrick at all. He shook off Joanne and went straight around Catelyn's purse to get that medical record.

“Give me back my belongings!” Catelyn shouted, but it was too late.

Cedrick took out the medical record.

Opening the first page, he saw the name [Catelyn] and something about obstetrics and gynecology written below the name.

A thought flashed in his mind and he looked deeply at Catelyn. “You went to the hospital again for a pregnancy check? Why?”

“I—I...” Catelyn stammered.

‘What should I do now?!’ She had no reason to hide the fact that she had been to the obstetrics and gynecology department because as a patient who just had an abortion, it was normal for her to return to the department for body checks.

However, the fact that she did make everything seem odd to him...

‘Will he find it out? If I don’t explain it now, it’ll just be a matter of time...’ Catelyn had an impulse to just tell him the truth and confront him later, but looking around, she was not in Atherton Manor and there were only a few bodyguards that she brought with her.

‘What if he takes me upstairs to get an abortion for real this time?!’

Chapter 1002-They were in a hospital after all, so it could not be easier for Cedrick to find an operating room for the abortion.

‘That medical record is mine!’ blurted Joanne, quickly whipping up a reason as she pointed at the medical record in his hand. “Master Cedrick, you know that Grandma wants me to give birth to a child for the Atherton family. That...Wild Beast and I have been trying, but I just can’t get pregnant. I’m afraid that I may be unwell somewhere, so I’m here for a check-up.”

Cedrick stared at her, and the tension in the air seemed to dissipate. ‘Why did you write Catelyn’s name in your registration, then?’

“I’m afraid that Grandma will find out that I’m not pregnant when she discovers the medical records. If I’m pregnant, there’s no need to go through these checks!” replied Joanne confidently, afraid that he would not believe her. “A gynecological examination is very troublesome. Since Cat’s child has left, she can go through that examination as a non-pregnant woman for me.” Hearing that, Cedrick’s eyes dimmed.

Catelyn felt her heart sink too.

Joanne felt it was unfair for Catelyn to be the only one upset because of the abortion. She thus wanted Cedrick to taste the same pain too.

Taking the advantage that Cedrick was distracted, Catelyn pushed him away and ran. It was not until she got out of the hospital and got into the private car that she gasped in shock.

‘Cat, are you okay? You’re sweating buckets!’ Joanne handed her a clean tissue paper.

Catelyn shook her head, grabbed Joanne’s hand, and asked nervously, “He probably hasn’t found out yet, right?”

“Surely he didn’t. Otherwise, how did we get out of there?” Joanne hurriedly comforted her and poured her another glass of warm water to calm her.

Catelyn’s heart raced non-stop. She knew that if he continued to interrogate her, he would find out the truth.

Hence, she could not come out for a check-up in the future. She needed to prepare all the equipment for a pregnancy check-up in Atherton Manor.

Joanne, on the other hand, was curious about what Cedrick was up to in the hospital.

The car headed back to Atherton Manor.

Catelyn's phone suddenly rang, and the number that showed on the screen was new. Only when she accepted the call did she find out that it was Ezekiel.

'My previous phone number has a series of unlucky numbers, so I changed to a new one,' Ezekiel explained.

Catelyn then saved the new number into her contact list.

"What's the matter?" she asked, her tone monotonous.

"I want to talk to you about something. Are you free now? Can you come to the gallery at 73 Lincoln Road? I'll wait for you there."

Ezekiel seemed to want a peaceful talk with Catelyn as he sounded sincere on the phone.

Catelyn glanced at her lower abdomen. "If you have anything to say, just say it now."

'There are things I can't say through the phone, and I have something to give you,' he said.

Catelyn rubbed her forehead. "What is it?"

'You'll know when you come to the gallery.'

Before Catelyn could say anything, Joanne silently mouthed to her that they had just escaped from Cedrick, and it would be better to not cause any trouble for the time being.

Ezekiel, too, wanted Catelyn to miscarry, and he was under the impression that the child was no longer alive.

"If you don't tell me anything, I don't want the stuff. I'll get it later when I have the time."

Catelyn was about to hang up the phone when Ezekiel quickly said, "It's something related to your mother."

Are you sure about that?"

Catelyn went to the gallery on 73 Lincoln Road. Joanne made her way to the toilet due to a stomachache, but she reminded her to not spend too much time with Ezekiel for fear that he might harm her.

Catelyn called Ezekiel, but the line was busy, so she had no choice but to wander around.

This was a gallery that had been open for many years, housed various rare paintings, and also had a special zone specifically reserved for paintings by new painters to promote the creation of art among youths.

Catelyn was surprised to find several paintings in the gallery, all of which had been in the Clark Villa before.

She still remembered that those paintings were auctioned off after Ezekiel went bankrupt...

Chapter 1003-Catelyn stared at these paintings, dazed and fascinated.

In one of the paintings, a woman was standing in front of an easel-holding a paintbrush in one hand and holding a drawing board in the other-and was painting the man opposite.

The man leaned lazily on the chair and tilted his head sideways, looking elegant and extravagant.

She never looked at this painting carefully before, and it was only at this moment that she noticed the woman's eyebrows and eyes...

"She looks very similar to you, doesn't she?" came the voice of an old yet familiar male voice from behind her.

Catelyn turned and saw Ezekiel walking toward her in a suit and leather shoes.

Staring at the painting, his eyes sank. "I burned all of Summer's photos and buried them with her. This is the only painting that was left because she drew this. It was found out later that the court auctioned off this painting, and I spent a long time looking for it before I finally retrieved it."

Catelyn could not help but want to reach out and touch the woman in the painting.

The painting had been hanging in Ezekiel's study for many years. He never mentioned the source of the painting, and she only thought it was a masterpiece by a famous artist out there, but she never knew that the painter was her mother.

After all, she was just a kid, so she was not so similar to the woman in the painting.

However, the model in the painting did not seem to be Ezekiel. Although Catelyn could only see him sideways, his facial features were different from Ezekiel's.

"Who is this guy?" asked Catelyn as she pointed to the man in the painting.

"Did he hurt Mom?\*

Ezekiel stared at her steadily and said, "I asked Summer the same question before, and she said that she never wants to talk about this person in her life, so I guess it must be the man who broke her heart."

Catelyn clenched her hands tightly. If it was not for that man, her mother and grandmother would not have been separated for so many years...

Ezekiel suddenly asked, "Is your relationship with Cedrick not going great recently? I heard that you ordered the bodyguards not to allow Cedrick to enter the manor again."

"There are ups and downs in every relationship. This doesn't affect our love, however. Don't worry, I still love him very much. Dad, leave US alone."

She knew that Ezekiel did not just come to catch up with her.

'How can I not care? You're my daughter, and I'm responsible for you. Don't be caught up with the passing of your child, and stay away from him to be safe.

"You have to believe that Dad can find someone who loves you more than him for you, and you're destined to be with someone else who loves you even more."

Ezekiel's words were like needles that pricked her heart.

The moment Ezekiel showed his dislike toward Cedrick, Catelyn lost her affection for him.

No matter how many conflicts there were between her and Cedrick, even if she was very angry that he wanted to kill their child secretly, she never thought of leaving him.

'Dad, what are you talking about? What do you mean, 'stay away from him to be safe'? What do you mean, we can't be together forever? I feel that you've changed a lot since you came back!"

"I've never changed; it's the world that's changing. It's not like you don't know that Cedrick has a hereditary virus in his body. He won't live long!"

if what you're worried about is the virus, then there's no need for that. He has an entire medical team under him. Sooner or later, he'll find an antidote for it."

"Cat-"



"I don't want to quarrel with you anymore. You said you wanted to give me these paintings, right? I'll go to the manager and deal with them. You don't need to bother yourself anymore now." Catelyn bit her lower lip and fled in a hurry.

She did not know what Ezekiel would say if she stayed any longer, but she had a strong feeling of what it might be.

One day, she might be in a dilemma to choose between Cedrick and Ezekiel.

On Catelyn's way to find the gallery manager, she bumped into Janice, who had just walked in.

"Cat? Why are you here?"

Catelyn was stunned for a moment, then quickly greeted her with a smile as she always did.

Janice turned to the direction opposite to where Catelyn was heading in a puzzled look, just in time to see Ezekiel's back who turned and left hastily.

Her brow furrowed.

'The man's figure. Looks very familiar.' "Aunt Janice, are you here for the art exhibition?"

Catelyn's question brought Janice out of her thoughts

Chapter 1006-Catelyn instinctively took a step back and shielded her belly with her hands, her terrified eyes visibly hardening in vigilance.

The anger in Cedrick's eyes flared. It was as if there was a thin film between them, and he only needed to stretch out his hand to poke for it to burst.

The film of their relationship.

Anger, annoyance, and various other negative emotions were intertwined and finally turned into helplessness.

All of a sudden, Cedrick lowered his head and captured her lips in a kiss.

It felt that it had been a century since he last kissed her so deeply. Her sweetness and softness made him so intoxicated that the kiss became delicate and lasted long.

It was just that when the kiss got out of control, Catelyn smelled a very faint smell of medicine wine on his body, and nausea suddenly surged in her stomach.

Catelyn could not hold it anymore. She pushed Cedrick away, covered her mouth with one hand, and rushed toward the women's bathroom frantically.

"Blergh!" With one hand propped on the washstand, Catelyn lay beside the trash can, vomiting profusely.

The scent of antiseptic on Cedrick's body made her lips and teeth feel rather numb. It had been a long time since she felt such strong nausea, and she wanted to throw up all the food she just ate.

Cedrick did not care that Catelyn just went into the women's bathroom and followed in right away, just in time to see Catelyn puking.

The anger in his eyes exploded.

It was as if the film she had carefully maintained was punctured because the child was still there.

Cedrick realized Catelyn must have conspired with the doctor and lied to him so she could keep the child.

Catelyn's body reaction said it all.

When Catelyn finally finished vomiting and stood up, propping herself up with the sink, her vision was blurred as though gold stars spun in her vision. She turned on the faucet and washed her face. With the help of the freezing tap water, she gradually regained consciousness.

Lifting her head from the washstand, Catelyn saw the reflection of Cedrick's furious eyes in the mirror, and her heart skipped a beat.

Cedrick clenched his fist tightly and smashed it on the mirror, causing the mirror to shatter. The back of his hand was cut a little by a piece of broken mirror, and blood dripped from the wound.

"So you've been acting all this time, making up weird stories about fetal spirits that made me feel guilty!"

The results were all lies.

Catelyn's stomach was empty, and she felt exhausted. Seeing that the back of his hand was injured, she did not even have the energy to bandage him.

She was too tired to have a quarrel with him as she sneered, "Didn't I learn everything from you? Colluding with doctors to deceive people into acting. In this respect, there are more things for me to learn from you." Cedrick's expression faltered for a moment as though he was hurt. "So you admit that you didn't abort the child?" Dead silence hung in the air, and Catelyn's biggest secret was exposed.

She subconsciously shielded her lower abdomen and leaned her back against the washstand.

Looking at her weak face in the mirror and then at the gate, she knew she could not get past him and escape.

'I won't let you hurt this child, even if I die. They're mine!' she yelled hoarsely, and what answered her was a rhetorical question from Cedrick.

"But what if the child won't be a healthy, normal child like the rest? Do you still want to keep them?"

Catelyn's face turned red instantly, and she looked at him in disbelief." What...did you just say?"

"Do you think I want to be an executioner who murdered my child?! I've never expected less from them than you, but I don't want them to be born with only suffering. No...maybe they won't live until then. Even when you're six to seven months pregnant, you'd still lose the child because it's an ectopic pregnancy..."

"No! It can't be! You're lying!"

Cedrick grabbed her chin and forced her to meet his eyes. "Is this unbearable? Let me tell you: Even if the child can pull through until you give birth, it's just the beginning."

Chapter 1004-With a faint smile, Janice took Catelyn's arm and fondly replied, "Yes. I heard that the gallery has a batch of new paintings, so I came to buy a few.

Your "Same. Dad said there's a painting on display, which happens to be my mother's last piece of work, so I planned to buy it at the auction later."

"Was the man who was with you just now your father?"

"Yup."

Janice could not help but glance in the direction where Ezekiel disappeared. She suddenly became more suspicious, so she suggested that Catelyn take her to see Summer's paintings.

Summer and she were of the same generation. Although they never met, Janice had heard of Summer for her good personality and excellent academic performance, and she has a wide range of interests, not only in vocal music but also in painting.

It should have been a coincidence that they studied at the same university.

However, the Mason family and the Atherton family were always at odds, so Janice used to deliberately avoid meeting Summer. However, the world was a small place, so Janice used to think that they would meet eventually.

Of course, Catelyn would not refuse her request and thus took Janice to see the paintings Summer had left.

A flash of amazement flashed in Janice's eyes but surprise followed. She asked Catelyn, "Is the man your father?"

"Well, probably not. This painting is older than me, so it should be my mother's ex-boyfriend. It's a pity that I can't see the face upfront."

The more Janice looked at it, the more she felt that the man in the painting looked familiar. She must have seen him somewhere before.

"I think I've seen him before.' 'Have you?" Catelyn suddenly became a little excited and nervously grabbed her hand. "Where did you see him? Do you know who he is?"

Janice was surprised.

Catelyn hurriedly let go of Janice's hand and said awkwardly, "Mom fell out with Grandma because of this man, and she didn't even see her for the last time before she died."

"You mean this man betrayed your mother?"

"Well, fortunately, Mom met Dad later and gave birth to me."

Janice racked her brains and thought for a while. Although the more she looked at the man, the more familiar he looked, she still could not remember where she saw that man.

Instead, mentally searching for the answer gave her a headache.

Janice rubbed her throbbing temples and smiled apologetically. "I really can't remember..."

'It's okay. It's been so many years. It's already not easy that you still remember that you've met him before.'

Catelyn comforted her, though her eyelashes quivered, and she would be lying if she said she was not disappointed.

Even if she could not exact revenge on that heartless man, she wanted to see what he was up to the past few years. She wanted to know if he had ever thought about apologizing to her mother...

"I'll call you when I can remember," replied Janice despondently.

"Alright, then. I'll wait for your call."

Janice parted her lips but still did not dare tell Catelyn that she seemed to have seen Ezekiel.

In her memory, the man in Summer's paintings seemed to appear with Ezekiel at the same time, but she could not recall specifically the scenes where she saw them.

After all, a lot of things had happened in the past 20 years, so why would someone remember a specific scene for 20 years?

Janice finished buying the paintings and left. Seeing that Joanne had not come out of the bathroom, Catelyn was at a loss for words. 'This girl must've fallen asleep in the bathroom, didn't?' In the corridor outside the bathroom, Catelyn was about to go in to find Joanne when a staff member walked over with a tube case and smiled.

"Miss Clark, here is your painting.'

Chapter 1005-“My painting? I don’t even have time to participate in the auction yet.” “A gentleman asked me to give it to you. He said that you’ll like this painting very much.” The man smiled respectfully and gently.

Catelyn did not even need to think about it to know that the person who bought the painting was Ezekiel.

‘But why didn’t he give it to me himself?’ Catelyn looked around but did not see her father.

“Where’s the gentleman?” Catelyn asked the staff.

The staff shook his head. “It looks like he left earlier, and he just told me to hand over the painting as soon as possible.”

That was her mother’s last piece of work. Undoubtedly, Catelyn did not want someone else to have it. She took the painting out and caressed it as if she could still feel her mother’s emotions at that time.

‘She must’ve felt like she was on cloud nine.’ The man she loved acted as a model for her, and she painted a perfect painting with her own hands.

It was just a pity that their love was short-lived.

Just as Catelyn kept the painting back in the tube case and was about to continue looking for Joanne, the sound of steady footsteps came from the corner of the stairs. The footsteps were light, but they sounded all too familiar.

As the sound got closer, a tall figure came into view.

Catelyn was startled. ‘Why.Is Cedrick here?’ Catelyn’s first reaction was to hide in the women’s bathroom, but Cedrick was quicker-with his gaze and movement. His eyebrows furrowed as he rushed over in a few strides, grabbing her wrist.

Cedrick dragged Catelyn out, much to her irritation.

“Where are you taking me? Let me go!”

She subconsciously looked at the staff for help. The staff, too, felt that Cedrick was inappropriate toward the lady, but before he could even step in, Cedrick shot him with a cold look.

This terrified the staff out of his wits, rendering him speechless. His knees trembled as he pretended to not have seen anything and left.

Catelyn was at a loss for words.

After all, she was a customer of the gallery, so how could the staff leave just like that?

There was no one around in the corridor, so Catelyn had to use all her strength to push Cedrick away.

The light in the gallery was bright, and it reflected the chill in Cedrick’s eyes. His deeply drawn lips showed his displeasure at the moment, like a precursor to his anger.

Even though she could barely guess what Cedrick was after her for, Catelyn stood her ground and yelled, “What on earth are you trying to do? Is it fun to make such a fuss?!”

“Did you already know about ectopic pregnancy?” Cedrick turned his head sideways, and his eyes glanced at her cheeks.

Hearing that, Catelyn inevitably froze for a moment.

She knew that she lied too much. Joanne said that the medical records belonged to her, which could not be explained at all.

“Did I know about the ectopic pregnancy?”



“Don’t play dumb with me! The surveillance footage in the hospital was modified! I had people from the technical department investigate it.” Cedrick’s voice suddenly lowered as he frowned. “What happened in that operating room? What did the doctor tell you?”

“I don’t understand what you’re saying.”

“Quit pretending! You know what I mean.” Cedrick leaned over slowly while speaking, and Catelyn could feel his cold breath fanning her face.

His eyes moved from her face to her lower abdomen, and his gaze shook Catelyn to the core.

Chapter 1007-’

Catelyn panted and shook her hand agitatedly. “You’re talking nonsense!

“Yael’s test results have been out a long time ago, and they’re now in my office. It proves that the virus carried in this child’s body far exceeds the amount in my body. Do you know what that means? This child can only live in an incubator with endless medicines and injections every day. The baby is clueless about their fate, yet they’ll suffer horrendously. Do you have the heart to watch such a young infant being tortured every day?

Catelyn, accept reality and send them. Miles and Ollie are more than enough.”

Cedrick’s voice gradually weakened as he, who was often hubristic, became helpless and sad at that very moment. He wanted a daughter, but he could not even protect Catelyn from pain and suffering.

He struggled to tell Catelyn the truth, but he did not think he did anything wrong.

This child could not be kept.

Catelyn could not take care of this child for a year, two years, or even ten years, let alone a lifetime.

In the future, should the child grow older as Catelyn aged, she would only be able to watch others have happy families while she would not experience it for herself. For him, that would be the greatest sin.

This harrowing news froze Catelyn.

What Cedrick had said was no less than a major blow to her.

From the very beginning, she knew that Cedrick was not a ruthless person, and he would not force her to abort her child for no reason.

It turned out that it was because of the virus inherited due to Draco's mistake.

Maybe she, too, feared and worried about the same thing subconsciously, so whenever she wanted to ask him why he did what he did, a voice in her mind told her to stop.

'But what should we do now?' She panicked as she walked back and forth in the bathroom. "Yael only showed you the report. Maybe his examination isn't accurate? We should go to other doctors for examination-" 'Yael has studied this virus for many years, and no one knows better than him!"

interjected Cedrick, knowing what she was thinking of.

Catelyn was so anxious that tears burst from her eyes, but she was at a complete loss for words at this sudden disclosure.

The bathroom fell silent for a while.

A lady came into the bathroom, but when she saw a man in front of the washstand, she was so frightened that she screamed and ran away.

That did not affect the silent couple at all.

Cedrick sighed helplessly and slowly reasoned, "It's ridiculous when your grandma stopped US from being together. She said I wouldn't live past thirty. It's nonsense, but what if it's true?"

Catelyn's body trembled violently. She did not want him to die before he reached 30.

"If I die before I'm thirty, you and my grandpa would be my only elders of the Mason family. How long do you think the child can live? Your life will be turned by this sickness, too. If you take care of them all day long, won't you break down? Catelyn, stop deceiving yourself-"

'Stop it, don't even say it!' screamed Catelyn as she covered her ears irritably. "Even if it's a sick child, you shouldn't hide it from me and decide on your own!"

'I'm not hiding it from you. Do you see that you're also in this dilemma? Rather than worrying about whether to have this child, I'd rather you know nothing and just think that their condition has nothing to do with US..."

Cedrick's utterance came into her ears no matter how hard she tried to cover her ears.

Catelyn finally broke down and cried bitterly; her heart was in great pain.

The thought of caring for the child did not deter her nor was she afraid of mental breakdowns, but she was afraid that the child would suffer inhumane torture growing up.

'Such an illness and pain can drive even adults to end themselves. How can such a young child endure it?' Meanwhile, Joanne sneaked back to the private hospital

Chapter 1008-Back when she was in the art gallery's bathroom, she discovered that there were paparazzi outside, seemingly chasing after a well-known painter.

After seeing her, the paparazzi gave up chasing the painter and came for her instead.

Joanne managed to shake them off after hiding in the bathroom for a long time, but as she did, she heard the paparazzi talking about Edwin.

Apparently, someone photographed him entering the hospital in the middle of the night, and that hospital happened to be the private hospital where Catelyn had her prenatal checkup.

Joanne inquired about the ward number at the registration desk, took the elevator, and arrived at a ward.

It was after-work hours, so the floor of the hospital was rather vacant.

When she was about to knock on the door, she noticed that the door was ajar and she could vaguely see someone walking inside.

Joanne perked up and listened into what was in the ward, and she heard a woman's voice.

"Eddy, thank you for helping me last night. If you hadn't intercepted that blow for me, I'd be the one lying in the hospital now, and they'd even..." The woman suddenly choked up and sobbed.

Edwin raised his eyebrows casually and said, "The bar you went to was an entertainment industry under my protection. I saved you only because I didn't want anyone to cause trouble in my territory."

"I know your bark is worse than your bite..." The woman's voice became softer.

She looked at Edwin affectionately as if she was his lover.

From Joanne's angle, she could only see the woman's side profile.

She was sexy in a completely different style from hers. She was wearing a low-cut shirt, her coat was wide open, and there was faintly jasmine perfume in the air.

“Wait a minute, don’t move. The gauze on your head is about to loosen.” As Noah spoke, she leaned down slowly, holding Edwin’s head gently with both hands.

Since Noah moved to another place, Joanne could not see her anymore, and she became even more suspicious.

‘This has to be Noah, right?’ It was also because of her that Edwin left in a hurry last night.

Joanne scratched her head and cheeks, trying to see Noah’s face properly, but she was too anxious and did not stand firmly on her feet.

As a result, she accidentally knocked open the door...and fell forward in embarrassment.

The creaking door attracted the attention of the two people inside the ward.

Edwin and Noah turned their heads to look at Joanne and saw her leaning on a table by the entrance.

Bang! The toe of her shoe hit the corner of a cabinet, making a crisp sound.

“Joanne?” called out Edwin, surprised. “What are you doing at the door?”

‘Could she be eavesdropping?’ he thought.

Joanne straightened herself and raised her head, but she was dumbfounded when she saw that Noah’s chest was just above Edwin’s chin.

If she had not broken in suddenly to interrupt, Noah would have bandaged the gauze on Edwin’s forehead.

Gulping and staggering, she awkwardly greeted, “Hi!”

“Did you fall?” When Edwin saw that there was no one behind her, her face was ashen.

He could tell that this was her guilty expression. Joanne must have done something unlawful.

Joanne quickly shook her head, her eyes looking at Noah curiously.

Just as she thought, it completely conformed to Edwin’s aesthetic preference for a perfect girlfriend: the standard model face, with majestic but glamorous facial features.

As Noah’s gaze met Joanne’s, she smiled and introduced herself. “Hello, my name is Noah Sinclair. I’m-”  
“She is my classmate from abroad,” interjected Edwin, who was at Noah’s bedside, before she could finish.

“She just came back to America for career development and is planning to apply for Eclipse.”

Chapter 1009-Joanne scratched her nose and frowned.

‘So she was his first lover? Why did he lie to me that she was just his classmate? Is it because he’s afraid that I’ll tell Grandma?’ Joanne pondered.

“Hello, Miss Sinclair, I’m Joanne. Joanne Winters, a female artist under Mister Atherton’s company!”

“Joanne?” Noah’s sight jumped between Joanne and Edwin, and she smiled gently. ‘Fortunately, I’ve seen your profile before. You supported an entertainment company all on your own.’”

Liking to be praised, Joanne’s eyes seemingly twinkled. She wanted to play it off coolly, but the lifting corners of her mouth said it all.

Edwin looked at Joanne, who was smiling secretly, and his already aching head worsened. Wasn't she eavesdropping at the door? Isn't she suspicious when she saw me with Noah?' "Noah, Joanne's being humble here. She has another identity to her, so let me introduce her to you," said Edwin' smirking.

'Another identity?'"

'Didn't you always want to see my wife? Here she is. You can call her' Sister Joanne' if you want to be more respectful." Edwin smiled slightly and raised his eyebrows playfully.

"Are you kidding? Shouldn't your wife be the daughter of some sort of wealthy, famous family?" Noah looked at Joanne in disbelief.

Joanne was flustered at this. What the hell is he doing?!' "Missus Atherton, come here.' Edwin ignored Noah and waved to Joanne, signaling her to be at his side.

Joanne glanced at the pale-faced Noah, obediently walked over, and saw Edwin handing her a plate of lychees by the bed. "Peel it for me."

"Miss Sinclair is still here," Joanne muttered.

Edwin glanced at Noah as if nothing had happened and smiled at her. "Isn't this just right? Satisfy your vanity and let her see how much we love each other."

Joanne had no choice but to do what Edwin told her to. She thus peeled the lychees one by one and fed them to Edwin.

Edwin opened his mouth to catch the lychee, and his warm tongue inadvertently swept over Joanne's slender fingertips.

Joanne felt like she had an electric shock. She almost dropped the lychee plate onto the floor, and her pretty face flushed red.

She did not usually see him flirting with her like this. She knew Noah still had feelings for him, so he must be trying to use her to irk his ex-girlfriend.

Deep jealousy flashed in Noah's eyes.

She and Edwin used to be that close, but everything changed after five years.

"My stomach hurts a little. Miss Sinclair, can you come and help me feed Mister Atherton?" Joanne swiveled her gaze away, waved to Noah, and quickly ran into the bathroom.

Even when the door was shut, Noah and Edwin still stared at each other.

"Why did you marry...Miss Winters?" Noah could not reconcile herself to the fact that Edwin had married someone else.

Edwin glanced at the fruit plate in her palm and smiled coldly. "If I didn't marry her, do you think I'd marry you?"

'Joanne, that foolish woman, still allowed Noah to be alone with me?!' 'Yeah. I didn't ask you to wait for me for five years." Noah felt choked, and it took her a long time to say something with difficulty. Her eyelashes drooped, and her expression was upset.

However, at a corner where no one could see her face, there was an air of cruelty.

She thought Edwin's wife would be the daughter of a famous family, but it turned out to be just an actress with a poor background and a load of haters.

To Noah, this was her opportunity.

Joanne leaned against the bathroom door.



The sound insulation effect was so good that she could not hear what Edwin and Noah said outside. She started to overthink and imagined that Noah felt stuffily in Edwin's chest, and the two ex-lovers who had not met for years started to rekindle intimate contact.

She then rubbed her belly, feeling thankful that she did not have Edwin's child yet

Chapter 1010-therwise, if Edwin divorced her, she would not know if Noah would take good care of her child.

Biting her lip, Joanne's eyes dulled as though shrouded with mist.

She blinked hard a few times, squeezed her chubby face, showed a cute smile in front of the mirror, and sniffled. She managed to suppress her inner sadness.

Joanne opened the bathroom door, and her long hair, which was originally loose, was tied into a bun, revealing her chubby face.

That appearance made Noah a little jealous again.

After all, she had gone through many things and endured so much stress that her face was full of wrinkles.

Enter title...

'Joanne." Noah walked toward her fondly, took her hand, and winked playfully. 'I want to work in Eclipse, but

Eddy said that you might be unhappy and won't pass my interview."

'Eddy? Such an intimate way of calling him...' Joanne felt a little disgusted by this.

Only someone close to Edwin like Granny Atherton would call him Eddy.

There was a hint of expectation in Edwin's expression, expecting Joanne to

refuse immediately, but Joanne just responded with a smirk as if she did not

take Noah's plan of working in Eclipse to heart.

"I won't be angry, don't worry."

'What right do I have to be angry at you? I'm just a birth-giving machine to

Edwin,' scoffed Joanne sarcastically.

She began to dislike Noah a little more at this point.

If she wanted to work in Eclipse Entertainment, she should find Edwin instead of

hinting at him by using her.

Edwin squinted and reiterated, "Won't you be angry?"

"Miss Sinclair and you were classmates, and she's a talented individual. If she

can work in Eclipse Entertainment to help you, I'm sure Eclipse will have a bright

future!” Joanne said something against her will, her face frozen with a smile.

The air in the ward was terrible.

She desperately wanted to escape from the ward, and she did not want to be in

between the two anymore.

Edwin’s face suddenly became serious, and he smirked. “Since my Missus

Atherton is so generous and kind-hearted, Noah, I want to see you there next

Monday.”

Joanne pursed her lips and gave an excuse to leave the ward.

However, she did not know that an even bigger storm was approaching.

It was already late at night, but the whole Atherton Manor was brightly lit.

Joanne was fetched to the gate of the manor. Unlike the laughter in the past, the

manor tonight was very quiet, so quiet that even a needle dropped on the floor

could be heard.

“Madam Joanne.” Kelly was waiting for her on the walkway outside the living room. Her tone was no longer

as respectful as before. "I thought you didn't dare to come back. Get in. Old Madam Atherton and the elders

have been waiting for you for a long time."

A sinking feeling loomed over Joanne as she cautiously asked, "Did I do something wrong?"

Kelly's face was expressionless. "You'll know when you go in.'

Thud. Thud.

The heels of the shoes made a dull sound as Joanne stepped on the marble floor. Joanne's heart gradually

synchronized with her footsteps.

As she got closer to the main hall, the ominous feeling grew darker, especially when she saw Sylvie and

Harry sitting in the hall with a few bodyguards standing on both sides...and the old folk healer kneeling in front

of Sylvie with a guilty look.

Joanne's heart sank. 'Why is the old folk healer kneeling in the hall?!'

Just as her thoughts went rampant, she suddenly felt a pain in her lower back.

Joanne could not help but let out a low cry as she fell to the ground in embarrassment.

Just when she grinned and tried to get up from the ground, Kelly, from behind her, pressed her down by her

shoulder and snapped, "Kneel before Old Madam Atherton!"