

## **Our Billion 161**

Chapter 161-“I just want to be safe. What if?” “There is no ‘what if’. Only one woman in this world can conceive my child,” retorted Cedrick curtly, his gaze darker than ink. The sunlight was refracted by the windowpanes and onto his body as though casting a faint halo on him.

She could not see through him. She could not understand.

Catelyn’s fists that rested on her knees retracted as she tugged lightly at her pant legs. Was Cedrick talking about Maia?

His engagement with Maia was not supposed to be called off. Was she truly a homewrecker?

Catelyn’s lashes quivered at this, and she fell silent.

Catelyn was dropped off at the entrance of Ocean Park Residence.

She was supposed to get some groceries along the way home, but she was so exhausted that all she wanted was to lie on the bed.

As she was nearing her apartment, the guard greeted her.

Catelyn had a good relationship with most of her neighbors, and she would, at times, buy fruits and share with the guards.

“Ah, you’re back, Miss Clark! A man has been waiting for you for some time now.” “A man?” Catelyn was surprised to hear that.

“Yes.” The guard nodded and briefly told the height of the man as he spoke, “He resembled Miles, so I didn’t stop him and allowed him to wait inside. He should still be waiting below your apartment.” The man resembled Miles? It was Jamie, no doubt.

“Alright. Thanks, Chad.” “No problem! It’s my pleasure.” Catelyn thus made her way to her apartment, even though she was dead tired. True enough, she saw Jamie sitting on the bench by the swimming pool. Dressed in his suit, he looked worn-out as though he had a very terrible day. Catelyn recalled seeing him and Louella in his car earlier, and she smiled sarcastically. This man came to see her right after sending Louella back! He was pure trouble. What did Louella see in him, anyway?

The pale-faced Jamie felt a pair of eyes staring at him and turned, noticing it was Catelyn. He the 161 stood up and slowly walked toward her, visibly lethargic and eyes bloodshot.

“Where did you go last night?” he asked. Catelyn ignored him and entered her password, about to enter her apartment. “I’m asking you a question, Catelyn, answer me!” Jamie’s large palm slammed flat on the password keypad, blocking her vision. Catelyn was forced to look him in the eyes, and Jamie’s eyes were lit with jealousy. It was as though he just caught Catelyn with someone. He bumped into Lori at the hospital last night after smashing his phone.

It was then he was told that a few men had assaulted Queenie and, worse still, was even broadcasted to the whole hall. Numerous media, reporters, and guests recorded the scene. The clip went viral! Catelyn, however, had no clue what Queenie experienced.

She looked at Jamie quietly. Other than irony, she felt disappointed.

The Jamie she once knew was opportunistic but was still ethically sensible.

At this moment, a few years later, he had turned into a stranger that she no longer knew. “No matter who I was with, I won’t entertain you.”

Chapter 162-2 “Was it Cedrick? You’re such a sl\*t, Catelyn. How dare you rob Maia’s fiancé from her? What do you think will happen to you if she hears about this?” “You could say whatever you like, but can you move along now?” Catelyn was far too exhausted; she did not want to argue with Jamie anymore. However, her unbothered attitude served to only provoke Jamie. With bloodshot eyes and a mind too deep in chaos like a beast on the loose, he grabbed Catelyn by her throat.

“What about Queenie? She’s only twenty! Even if she did something wrong, she’s still my baby sister. How could you be so cruel to her and hired those men to sully her? I even have to take the blame from everyone now! You alone ruined our whole family’s reputation, so you better give me an explanation,

Catelyn!” Catelyn, amid her struggle of being choked, took two steps back but was pushed against the wall. She had nowhere else to run.

Her small-sized face grew scarlet as her blood circulation was obstructed, but her expression was willful.

If she remembered correctly, those men were to assault her!

“She deserved it.” “You-” Jamie’s murderous intent was triggered, and his five fingers sunk deeper into her skin. “I’m going to kill you, you b\*tch!” Jamie was surprisingly strong. Catelyn tried to push him away, but her efforts were in vain.

She started to see hallucinations, and her eyes rolled to the back of her head. Air grew thin in her lungs.

Just when Catelyn thought she would die in Jamie’s hands, Louella dashed out of nowhere and tugged at Jamie’s hand. “What are you doing, Jamie? Let go of her!” Jamie had sent her back home that morning. She wanted to keep Jamie for lunch, but he picked up a phone call and left in a hurry.

This unsettled her, so she decided to send her driver to follow him quietly.

It turned out that he was headed to Catelyn’s.

Louella could no longer sit still and got someone to send her over.

She was initially happy to see the two in conflict. After all, she was the last person to wish the two to reunite. To her surprise, however, she saw Jamie choking Catelyn shortly into the argument.

His eyes were unprecedentedly evil. He looked like he would only let go once he strangled her to death!

Jamie, alas, did not listen to a word Louella said but instead tightened his grip.

“Calm down, Jamie. Think of our baby! If you kill Catelyn, how will our baby and I do without you?” Louella panicked. Tears pooled in her eyes as she slammed her hands against Jamie’s arm desperately “I beg you; please don’t be so impulsive!” Perhaps Louella’s plea brought some sense back into his head that his fingers around Catelyn’s neck loosened a little. Catelyn mustered all her strength onto her thigh, lifted her knee, and gave a fatal blow to Jamie’s family jewels.

“Argh!” Jamie howled in agony as he hunched over in pain and clutched his nether regions, his handsome face twitching. Catelyn quickly unlocked her door and squeezed herself into the doorway. She slammed the door shut and laid her back against the door, panting heavily as she gasped for dear life. Chills ran down her spine. She did not wish to die today. In fact, she was terrified of death. “A-Are you okay, Jamie? Quick, let me send you to the hospital!” Louella helped Jamie up, all while wishing this would be the last time he would seek after Catelyn.

“Catelyn,” he screamed, emptying his lungs, “I’ll never let you get away with this!”

Chapter 163-Meanwhile, Lori was at the hospital, tending to Queenie.

The moment Queenie woke up, she took a glance at the mirror and was mortified by her face. Ever since then, she was an emotional wreck and curled herself into a ball. She would shout at anyone that got near her, refusing to be in touch with people.

The doctor explained that Queenie was traumatized and that she must heal in peace for the time being.

Lori bawled her eyes out at this and prayed for mercy. To add to the mix, she found out that Louella sent Jamie to the hospital. When Lori was told that Jamie was kicked between his legs, she gnashed her teeth, wanting nothing more than to tear Catelyn apart with her bare hands.

Jamie walked out of the examination room, though his legs were visibly wobbly.

“Catelyn, that pig! It was terrible enough that Queenie got assaulted because of her, and now she hurt you, too! Jamie, we can’t let her get away with this!” Lori wept as she pulled Jamie by his sleeves. “You must take revenge!” “Don’t worry, Mom. I’ll get Catelyn to kneel before Queenie and apologize for what she did!” vowed Jamie, ignited with rage. “Catelyn has the support of both Cedrick and Edwin now, Jamie, so don’t get caught in the crossfire,” reminded Lola caringlly. In truth, she was happy with this turn of events.

Lori, however, was not. "We can't let Queenie just suffer for nothing!" "I have an idea. This should make Catelyn suffer." Jamie lowered his voice, asking, "What idea?" "As far as I know, Catelyn's son is her most cherished person. To have her wallow in regret, we must take away whatever's most important to her." Lori frowned. "I don't want the little brat." "Aunt Lori, I'm not suggesting you adopt her son. I'm suggesting that once we have the kid in our hands, Catelyn will do as we say. By then, you can do whatever you want to the kid," spoke Lola thoughtfully, covering her mouth as she giggled softly.

Since they could not hurt Catelyn, they could hurt her emotionally.

Jamie closed his eyes. He had a plan.

Mason Group was caught in an ominous tension.

The CEO's office was filled with white smoke.

– 163 In fact, it was rare for Cedrick to smoke at work unless someone really got to him or when he was extremely bothered. He would smoke to relieve his stress.

At this moment, several cigarette butts lined up neatly in his ashtray on the table.

The man sat in front of his desk quietly and opened a folder in front of him. The paper was crammed with thousands of words. "Did you hear? I heard that the Finance Department's bonuses were all revoked!" "What? Wasn't it just a mistake in the decimal places?" "It was ten times the difference because of the wrong decimal places! No wonder the CEO was so pissed..." "Well, you're wrong. He was not in a good mood today, to begin with. The marketing director was still reprimanded, though. Who hurt the CEO, anyway?" "Did you not see the news?"

He and Miss Clark attended the dinner function. They probably had an unpleasant encounter at that time." Edwin arrived at the top floor and exited the elevator. He whistled. "Everyone seemed to be in a good mood today." "Edwin!" The staff were all familiar with Edwin and thus welcomed him.

Right at this moment, the marketing director and Charles exited the CEO's office.

The director held a folder of documents to his chest, and he looked like he was in pain.

Chapter 164-Edwin raised his brows in curiosity and looked at Charles. "What happened?" "Not sure." Charles shook his head in displeasure. He slid his finger across his neck as though motioning a slit across his throat, and it was enough to convey his feelings. "Cedrick has been like this since morning." Edwin tried to recall the situation last night. He then tutted and entered Cedrick's office. Cedrick glanced at him through the corner of his eyes, his brows knitted together in visible irritation. "Is my office a public toilet for you? Don't you know how to knock?". Edwin merely scoffed, seemingly unbothered by Cedrick's remark. Nonetheless, he walked out the door and knocked three times for formality. Without waiting for Cedrick's permission, he put his hands into his pockets and strode into the office.

He then sat on the sofa nonchalantly and crossed his legs. Cedrick's face sank "Nothing happened." He recalled what happened during the dinner event. When he went to the room Lola had told him about, he saw a mess. Catelyn had a broken wine bottle at hand, with its sharp ends pointed at the men. One of the men had a fractured skull, and blood oozed out of the gash.

It seemed as though a fight had taken place.

The atmosphere was tense and, oddly enough, Queenie stood by the side and watched on.

Cedrick was ruthless and easily took down the men. He looked at Queenie coldly and told them, "Whatever Queenie asked you to do to Catelyn, do it to Queenie herself. Anything less than that, you won't be seeing the morning sun tomorrow." The men then pounced on Queenie after that. Cedrick did not bother staying as he brought Catelyn out of the room.

Cedrick wanted to take her to the hospital so she could be sedated. However, the drugs and alcohol in Catelyn's system had kicked in by then, and she went wild.

She kissed him and threw her hands all over him, which was the total opposite of her usual distant self.

Cedrick could not drive properly and had no choice but to bring her to the closest hotel, and he would not take advantage of a drunk woman.

Finally, he rang up Eason and asked him to bring sedatives with him. They administered the substance to Catelyn, to which she finally succumbed and fell asleep.

Cedrick himself was worn out by then, and he, too, passed out soon after.

He wanted to tell her the truth this morning, but Catelyn stared at him so judgmentally as though he was a criminal. With that, he decided to let her indulge in her own misunderstanding.

ato: 164 “You haven’t taken her down? Bro, aren’t you a little too slow?” Edwin was intrigued as he rambled on about his ‘analysis’, “Based on my experience, women would usually be all over me within three days. You’ve been in this for too long, and it’s either she’s playing games with you, or you’re not good enough for her.

Did you give her designer bags? Shoes? Is your mansion title transferred to her?” Cedrick tapped his cigarette lightly, and white ashes fell into the ashtray.

“Shallow,” he drawled.

“Women are shallow and simple like that, but it is reasonable. After all, it is a materialistic capitalist world. People get humiliated for being poor; not for being promiscuous.” Cedrick took a side glance at him and put off his cigarette. “I meant you.” Edwin was about to nod but stopped himself upon realizing what Cedrick meant. He exaggeratedly clutched his chest. “You wound me. I was trying my best to help you!” Meanwhile, at the Mason Estate... Miles had struck up a bet with Cedrick that if he could learn how to swim in three days, Cedrick had to fulfill his request. Ollie was extremely terrified of water, and he would have spasms once he was in the water. Cedrick wanted to use his fear of water to cure his lying tendencies and punished him with swimming lessons if he lied.

Who would have thought that barely three days in, Cedrick would receive a call from the Estate, ‘Ollie’ was ready for the race

Chapter 165-Cedrick and Edwin returned to Mason Estate, and the servants rose to greet them as they arrived. “Master Cedrick, Mister Atherton.” Edwin winked at the head of the servants, to which she blushed and felt her heart soar at the gesture. All the maids were delighted to see them.

Both men then made their way to the swimming pool, where Miles was already waiting with a dark-colored towel wrapped around him. He was ready to win the challenge.

"Master Cedrick, you've returned," greeted Albert as he came forward, his lips wearing a light smile. Cedrick looked at Miles doubtfully, not believing the boy could win the bet. "Did he really learn how to swim?" Over the past year, Cedrick had tried numerous ways to get Ollie to learn swimming but to no avail. Miles dashed forward excitedly. "Don't underestimate me, Big Demon. I'm very good at swimming!" Cedrick snickered. "If you can come out there without cramps, it'll be impressive enough." Miles' cheeks inflated at this. His tiny hands tugged his towel away from his form and dumped it at the side, exposing his small frame. He put his hands on his waist and wiggled his waist and behind cheekily, seemingly warming up before the swim.

It was Edwin's first time seeing an adorable side of Ollie, and his lips curved upward. "He seems to be well-prepared, Ced. What's the bet again?" "It was a blank check bet," explained Albert. "As long as Young Master Ollie learns how to swim, Cedrick will fulfill his request." "Would you agree if he says he wants Catelyn to be his stepmother?" Edwin smirked, ready to watch the show.

"Even if he knows a lot of fancy tricks, he'll lose once he's in the water." Edwin found a strategic spot to settle in-under the umbrella. He laid on the lounging chair lazily and held a bowl of grapes in his chest, leisurely enjoying himself. "Uncle Edwin will be the referee to your bet with Ced, alright? Do your best; I have faith in you!" "Thanks, Uncle Sissy! I'll win this!" Edwin could feel the corner of his lips twitching when he heard this nickname. "If you address me in a more respectful manner, I'll cheer for you even more." Miles was not bad at reading people's emotions; he was merely good at treating people based on how he was treated. He had a bad impression on Cedrick, so he was very rebellious against Cedrick.

star 105 He grinned cheekily at Edwin, "Oh, pretty brother!" Edwin cringed at this. "Forget it! Just get yourself into the water. I look forward to your performance." Miles nodded and asked Albert excitedly, "Is the camera ready? I'm about to start." Albert was very proud of him. "All ready, Young Master." Miles put on his goggles, raised his hands above his head, and leaped into the water crisply, causing the water to splash upward. Miles' little head floated in the water, his tiny body agile as he interchanged between backstrokes and breaststrokes, occasionally slapping his hand on the water surface. He was a natural. "Good job, Young Master Ollie!" Albert burst into cheers as he watched Miles through the camera.

He could probably make it to the first three if he participated in any swimming competition. Miles swung his head back proudly. "That was nothing. I could show you more!" Miles then dived right into the deepest section of the pool. 10 seconds passed, and it became 20.



45 seconds.

60 seconds.

90 seconds.

“Goodness!” Albert exclaimed in surprise. “Young Master Ollie not only conquered his fear of water, but he’s even able to hold his breath for a long time underwater?” Cedrick’s fingers grew tense in his pocket. Truth be told, he was baffled.

It was already impressive for a normal person to hold his breath underwater for 45 seconds. However, this boy, who only learned how to swim in three days, could hold it for one and a half minutes?

Chapter 166-Albert, nonetheless, was worried that Ollie would hurt himself for holding his breath too long and shouted, “That’s good enough, Young Master Ollie! You can come up now.” It was all quiet at the pool. There was no response. All of a sudden, Miles floated in the middle of the pool, unmoving.

Albert’s smile froze. “Y-Young Master Ollie? Master Cedrick, has he drowned?!” Cedrick’s expression changed at this moment. He instantly took his coat off and dove into the water swiftly, swimming toward Miles.

The pool was not big nor too deep, but it was nonetheless dangerous for a child like Miles.

Cedrick swam with vigor to finally reach Miles. He stretched his long arm out and grabbed Miles firmly.

He was about to take a close look at what happened when Splash!

Miles’ eyes opened widely as he impishly scooped water from the pool and splashed Cedrick’s face.

“You fell for it, Big Demon!” Cedrick stuck his head out of the water, his dark hair sticking to the sides of his temple. Water glided along his perfect jawline and dripped. His dark eyes locked on Miles sternly.

"You've grown so bold that you dare trick me. Is that so, Ollie?" Miles looked at Cedrick's exasperated face and placed his tiny hands on his waist, rolling his eyes. "I did say that I'm good at swimming. Now, you believe it." He even puffed his chest as he spoke, "Grandpa Albert, did you record it?" Albert was about to nod but was stopped by a death stare that was shot his way.

He tried hard to suppress his laugh and said, "Yes, all recorded. Still, you should never trick people like that anymore, Young Master Ollie. Grandpa Albert is old now, and my heart nearly stopped." Miles widened his beautiful gemstone eyes and cheekily spoke, "It's all a piece of cake- ah!" Before he could finish his sentence, Miles was held tightly by a pair of strong arms. It was Cedrick, flinging him over his shoulder. Miles' tiny feet flailed in the air, and the entire world turned upside down. He slammed his hands against Cedrick's back 166 "Put me down, Big Demon!" Smack! A loud slap landed on the boy's buttcheck "Shut up," hissed Cedrick Miles' face turned red in irritation and shock Did Cedrick just slap his rear? Not even his mother laid a finger on him before!

Miles placed his hands on his hips and twisted his body around.

"Who allowed you to beat my behind?" "I want you to apologize." "You smacked me because you lost the bet, didn't you?" "Objection!" ☹

Chapter 167-7 Miles felt like he was meat on a chopping board. He put up a vehement struggle, and Cedrick had a hard time holding him still. Luckily, it was a short distance from the center of the pool to the side.

Cedrick moved so swiftly that he was already making his way out of the pool in the blink of an eye. Water dripped down from his body as he got to the side of the pool and placed Miles on the ground carefully. Miles, not expecting he would be put down, ended up punching the air instead. He took two steps back to balance himself. His eyes widened and looked at Cedrick unblinkingly. Since his clothes were entirely drenched, Cedrick started unbuttoning his shirt and took it off along with his belt, revealing his buff build. It was Miles's first time to see such a good and strong body, and his jaw dropped at the sight. He secretly clenched his fist to flex his biceps before pinching it, only to feel mere fat. It was nothing like Cedrick's muscular body.

"Master Cedrick, here's your robe." Albert handed him a bathrobe.

Cedrick casually threw it on himself and tied the robe loosely around his waist. He then received the towel and used it to wipe his dripping hair, his every movement suave and elegant.

Miles' tiny lips pursed into a pout as he stared at his own tiny frame, then toward Albert.

putting them on him.

"Wait, why are my pajamas so childish?" Miles held his palm in front of the pajamas and looked reluctant.

Albert was stunned. "Young Master Ollie, didn't you say this was cute yesterday?" Miles had lived with Catelyn ever since he was born. His mother wanted her boy to have a genuine childhood, so she always bought clothes that were more youthful for him, such as those with prints of cars, alphabets, or cartoon characters.

Miles had spent a long time at Mason Estate. Since he could not see Catelyn, he could only look at his monuments whenever he missed Catelyn. He got Albert to purchase pajamas that resembled the ones he had at home.

He was very fond of those back then, but at this point?

They looked embarrassing to be worn.

"I want one like Big Demon's!" he declared, adopting a more 'macho' behavior as he waved his hand.

Albert was baffled by his behavior but complied, saying, "Alright, I'll get the tailor to make 167 one for you tomorrow. For now, just put your clothes on-you don't want to catch a cold." Miles stretched his arms out and allowed Albert to put on his clothes for him. His tiny hands fumbled around his waist to tie the waistband around it, imitating Cedrick.

Kids at this age had the strongest ability to imitate adults, following the actions of adults subconsciously.

Cedrick, once he was done drying his hair, laid on the chair, crossing his legs lazily.

“Tell me, what would you like me to do?” Miles then leaned against Cedrick’s chair sheepishly with legs crossed, just like how Cedrick did. He used his hand to support his left cheek and looked at Cedrick pensively.

“I want you to stop grounding me. Kids need to run around, you know? You’re boring me at home.” It was an endearing sight to see both of them resembling so much of each other, in terms of their actions and their faces. Albert secretly took a shot of the scene with his camera from afar.

Chapter 168-Albert felt his heart melting at the sight of Cedrick and ‘Ollie’, having captured the moment on the camera. The boy had often expressed his distaste toward Cedrick, yet he would also mimic him.

It was a rare sight to see the two interacting harmoniously.

“Master Cedrick, I forgot to tell you something,” Albert chimed in gently. Cedrick asked, “What’s the matter?” “We received a message from your hometown. Miss Janice misses you dearly and would like you to visit sometimes.” Albert had also just received the call earlier, but he did not have the heart to intrude, seeing the father-son duo were having quality time. Janice was Cedrick’s aunt, who was also one of the relatives that he cared the most about. Cedrick thought that Janice was bothered by the fact that Maia wanted to cancel the engagement and thus replied, “Got it, I’ll go back this weekend.” It so happened that he had something to tell her, too.

Catelyn had a long sleep and finally mustered enough strength to head out and pick up her son from school.

Like the past few days, whenever she reached the school gate, she would be treated like a celebrity parent and would be ‘interviewed’ by everyone. Some would ask how she had raised such a good boy. Some others would ask for her contact, planning to have a private chat with her about her education methods.

Sometimes, other parents would send presents to Miles on behalf of their daughters.

As the mother and son reached home, Catelyn helped to organize Miles' bag and was surprised to find two pink envelopes in his bag.

Ever since he went to kindergarten, Miles would receive love letters like this from time to time.

At first, Miles chucked all of them right into the bin, but she had told him that it was rude of him to do so, so he never threw them away again and brought them all back home instead.

Catelyn would read all his letters for her son in embarrassment.

The girls had limited vocabulary, and their grammar was not correct. Hence, the letters would have a few phrases and a little gift, which was already a confession.

Catelyn would then place all the letters into one box and would draft out a polite decline message so that she would not hurt the girls' feelings and would not leave any room for misunderstanding. She would even sometimes attach some little cookies or snacks in the reply.

At night, Catelyn was organizing Miles' stationery when she received a phone call from the Chandler Jewelry Competition Committee.

Cuptor 168 The screening results were out. She picked up the call nervously. "Hello, Catelyn speaking." "Hello, Miss Clark," came the voice of a middle-aged woman on the other line. Her tone was not overly enthusiastic, but she was not entirely apathetic-sounding, either. She was all formal. "The Chandler Jewelry Design Competition's preliminary screening is done. Your work was fantastic and has been ranked first place in our first round." Catelyn was delighted to hear the news, but something told her there was more to this phone call. "Thank you." "Don't thank me yet, because unfortunately, you're disqualified from the competition." Disqualified?

Catelyn was flabbergasted upon hearing this. "If I scored number one, why would you disqualify me from the competition?" "Your design was proven to have been plagiarized from someone else's, and we'll disqualify all forms of plagiarism. We consider this as your first offense and would only give you a warning about that.

We hope you will be honest moving forward.” Catelyn’s grip on her phone tightened upon hearing this. She could feel her ears ringing. “Impossible; there must’ve been a mistake. I had created the design on my own! There was no plagiarism!” “Another design was submitted earlier than yours, by a few days. You can stop making excuses now.” “Can you tell me who the other designer is?” Beep, beep! Before Catelyn could finish her sentence, the other party hung up.

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Chapter 169-Catelyn stared blankly at the phone screen, and the light of the desk lamp reflected her eyebrows on the dark screen.

She knew very well that a design draft was of the utmost importance to its creator, so she had kept hers well-protected at all times, not to mention the draft for the competition in which she had completed the entire process at home.

There was no outsider in the house, so it could not have been stolen.

Could Stella have done it? Impossible.

It had to be someone else... It was Queenie! She had intruded on her mobile phone that day, taking pictures around with it!

At that moment, Catelyn’s design draft was placed above the desk Queenie must have discovered it and then used her design on it, which caused the original to be slandered as plagiarism!

At night.

The headquarters of Chandier Jewelry was located in one of the most prosperous business districts in Sapphire City.

The female person in charge hung up the phone and respectfully looked at the woman sitting at the desk “Catelyn has been disqualified from the competition according to your instructions, Miss Lola.

Kelly Preston was a woman in her forties. She was a close associate of Granny Atherton and also one of the executives who assisted Lola in completing her jewelry design-for the competition.

Lola showed a sweet smile. "Thank you, Aunt Kelly." "Think nothing of it. It's my pleasure," said Kelly, neither humble nor arrogant. She then asked hesitantly, "Are you not going to tell the old lady about this? This competition is very important to her." Lola poured a cup of hot water for Kelly and winked playfully. "Exactly, and that's why I don't want a plagiarizer to ruin her mood." "Granny Atherton has been in a very bad mood recently. She'd listen to you and all your arrangements, Miss Lola," said Kelly with a smile as she took the glass of water. "She must be so happy to know that you care so much about her." "I just feel so bad that she has to worry about all these things at such elderly age," replied Atherton as soon as possible. "I'll wait for your good news on the old lady's behalf, then," said Kelly. "It's getting late. Shall I ask the driver to send you home?" Lola pointed to the time on her watch; it was almost nine o'clock Kelly asked, "Miss Lola, aren't you off work yet?" og "There are too many drafts for the competition. I should stay and screen them all with a few judges," replied Lola. Kelly felt even more satisfied after hearing Lola's words, thinking of giving praises of Lola to Granny Atherton when she would meet her later.

The moment Kelly left, Lola took out Catelyn's design from the stack of sifted drafts. She had designed a ring that was fashionable, fresh, multi-purpose, and especially eye catching in material selection and color matching. Lola sneered and threw Catelyn's draft into the shredder. As the machine ran, a perfect design was immediately reduced into long strips of confetti and was rendered to mere trash.

Catelyn saw the scandalous video of Queenie and the three men early in the morning, and it was filmed in high-definition settings, no less. The key parts were coded, but Queenie's face was featured in a close-up. The video had also gone viral over the Internet, and the comments below it were pretty filthy. [How much would Queenie charge per night?] (How many people can she take in together?) (How long do you think she can last?) Many people even asked disgusting questions about Queenie publicly. "We've arrived at Stadler Hill, Miss," reminded the driver. Catelyn settled the bill and got out of the car.

Jamie's house was located in Stadler Hill. It was a small villa with a luxurious decoration style, made of white walls and black tiles. The housekeeper of the Mason family knew Catelyn well and respectfully invited her into their residence.

Chapter 170—The housekeeper had instructed the servant to serve Catelyn some tea.

"Please wait for a moment, Miss Clark. Young Master had gone out to run some errands," said the old housekeeper. There was a hint of tiredness in his voice when he spoke.

Catelyn was about to mention that she was here for Queenie when suddenly, a high-pitched female voice came from the second floor. It sounded like a desperate little beast neighing in pain, accompanied by the crackling sound of items smashed “Catelyn! This is all your fault, you wench!” “I’m going to kill you!” “Don’t come any closer! Stay away!” “Save me, brother! W—Where are you?! Please, save me!” This shrieking voice was very familiar to Catelyn. It was Queenie. She looked at the housekeeper in bewilderment. The housekeeper did not have the time to care about Catelyn, thus he called the maid in a hurry and said, “Quick, the young lady is sick again. Prepare a tranquilizer, immediately!” A group of people rushed to the second floor. Catelyn took the opportunity to follow them, eager to find out what was happening. On the second floor, Catelyn stood outside the door and watched through a glass window. She saw the servants enter Queenie’s room and pushed the frenzied woman onto the bed. Then, they injected her with a dose of tranquilizer. The movement was very organized as if it had been done countless times before. It had only been a few days, and Queenie was as thin as wood. She had a pointed jaw and heavy gauze wrapped around her face. Her long hair was all tousled while her eyes were dark and sunken. She seemed to be mumbling something, too. Queenie seemed painfully high-strung and was resistant toward the servants. She was completely different from the arrogant, domineering person she used to be. Catelyn was hesitant to approach Queenie with her question when she saw how demented she looked.

Even if Catelyn’s questions reach the ears of the judges, why would they believe the words of a lunatic?

Catelyn thus decided to leave. As she reached the gates, however, a black Range Raver came driving in.

Jamie helped Lori out of the car. They both looked tired and bitter.

Catelyn was not here for them after all. She pretended to not see them, intending to leave.

However, Lori spotted her and rushed toward her with red-rimmed eyes. “It’s bad enough that you’ve rendered my daughter into a mess, Catelyn, yet you dare show up here?!” “I know I’m not welcome here. Please excuse me, I’ll leave now,” said Catelyn calmly Lori did not appreciate her tone. She stood in front of Catelyn, and her face gradually became grim. “Did you post those videos online?” she asked.

Jamie’s face was cold, and the moment he saw Catelyn, his chest heaved violently. Nonetheless, he had better control of his emotions compared to the day before.



“No matter how arrogant she is, Queenie is just a child,” hissed Jamie. “Don’t blame me for being ruthless, now that you’ve hurt her so badly. You’d better pray for a good lawyer, because Jamie purposely trailed off as he shot Catelyn a dark, ominous stare, as though he was a demon staring at its prey. He then finished his sentence. “I’ll be taking custody of Miles!” “Achoo!” Miles let out a long sneeze and rubbed the bridge of his little nose. Was someone thinking of him? Was that why he kept sneezing? He sniffed as he lay on the bed with his two short legs crossed. He held a mobile phone in his hand, communicating with Ollie. “I’ve won against Big Demon in a match, and he’ll now allow me to go out twice a week at will. Let’s quickly find a chance to switch our identities back. I’ve had enough of being locked in this big villa!” Ollie, at that time, was doing some research, and his eyes sank as he heard Miles’ words. “Say, Miles, have you ever wondered why we look so alike?” he asked.