

## Our Billion 291

Chapter 291-“Your mother is a nightmare when she’s angry,” Joanne mumbled, then leaned back against the couch. “Tell me,” she spoke as she smiled at Miles, “what did you do to make your mother this angry?” Miles immediately tried to appear as pathetic as possible. “Mommy brought Big Demon into the room to make babies with him. No one will love me from now on...” “Goodness, what are you even talking about? I’ll always love and care for you, Miles!” “Really?” Miles stopped fake-sobbing and stared at Joanne unblinkingly with his innocent, large eyes. He did not play the victim card all that often, but when he did, the way he looked at people with doe-like eyes could melt hearts.

Joanne’s heart softened at the sight and nodded. “Of course. No one can bully Miles! Still, you have to tell me what you did.” Miles hesitated for a moment before, finally, he came clean.

Joanne gulped audibly at his explanation with resignation. “You’re too much! It’s no wonder your mother got so angry. That guy is going to think that Catelyn was the one who drew on his face!” “Godmother, I didn’t do it on purpose.” Miles batted his eyelashes, and Joanne admitted defeat.

Cedrick felt slightly better after taking the medicine Catelyn gave him, yet he still felt dazed.

By the time he drove back to Mason Estate, it was already past twelve.

The lights on both sides of the road that led to Mason Estate were always on, shining brightly as though they were awaiting the return of their master. Upon arrival, Cedrick handed the hand over to his servant to help drive it back to the garage.

Albert overheard the sound of the car engine and ordered the servants to bring the reheated soup out, but when he saw Cedrick, he could not help but stumble, almost spilling the soup in his hands.

Cedrick removed his jacket and the servant took it respectfully. The servant, too, was trembling as he suppressed his laughter while looking at Cedrick’s face. The smile on the servant’s face was only for a brief moment before his usual serious expression returned.

Cedrick had always been superior with countless people fawning over him.

Naturally, he would not expect someone would be bold enough to draw on his face.

The temperature of the soup was just right, and Cedrick took his seat before the dining table elegantly.

Albert's heart throbbed anxiously as he thought to himself, 'Who'd dare play such a prank on Master Cedrick? Master Cedrick has always been sharp, so it's not like him to not notice anything after being made to look like that. Was it...Miss Clark?' "Master Cedrick, did you go to visit Miss Clark this evening?" Albert probed gingerly.

Cedrick took a sip of soup. He could still smell the citrus scent of Catelyn's lipstick somehow. He lifted an eyebrow lazily. "We ran into each other. Why?" Albert realized that it was indeed Catelyn who drew on Cedrick's face. 'It's no wonder that Master Cedrick didn't bother to wipe it off! It's just... Since when has romance between younger people become so odd?' he thought "No-nothing," Albert responded with his usual smile as he felt glad. "I'm just amazed by how loving your relationship with Miss Clark is." Cedrick set the ceramic bowl down and wiped the corner of his mouth. "She's clingy, so I have to compromise." Cedrick's tone sounded defeated, but his expression was smug, and the sight made Albert reel in shock. He had never seen Cedrick behave in such a way, like a man that was deeply in love.

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Chapter 292-Cedrick finished his soup and went to stay in the mansion's study by habit. He had left the office early, after all, and there was unfinished work that needed to be done.

By the time he completed all the tasks, it was already half past two in the morning.

He pinched the bridge of his nose and felt a thin layer of sweat on his skin, so he reached out for a tissue paper and wiped his face, only to see a flash of red.

Cedrick's composed feature froze. Where did this red smudge come from?

He thought back to the odd expressions on Albert and the servants' faces and hurried to the bathroom. He kicked the door open and stared at his reflection in the mirror to find a face painted red as though his face was a whiteboard meant for children.

The faint citrus scent he smelt was indeed from Catelyn's lipstick when he foolishly thought that it was merely her scent lingering on him.

His expression darkened maliciously. 'Darn that Catelyn Clark!' he growled internally. 'She dared to draw on my face? Not one of the servants in Mason Estate told me about this!' "Achoo!" Catelyn woke up with a sneeze as though something ominous was about to happen.

Miles knew that he had made a mistake and hid in Joanne's house, refusing to come out; Joanne had locked the door and refused to let Catelyn in.

Catelyn gritted her teeth furiously as she sent message after message to Miles. In the end, Joanne replied to all her messages, seemingly siding with Miles.

Just as Catelyn considered if she should find someone to break the lock on Joanne's door, her phone rang Chills ran down her spine the moment she saw the caller display.

It was Cedrick She came close to dropping the phone at the sight of his number like she was holding onto a burning piece of charcoal.

It would be a disaster whether she chose to answer the call or not, so despite the guilt, she wordlessly pressed the (Answer) button. With a sweet voice, she said, "Hello? Good morning, Master Cedrick! Have you had your breakfast yet? The weather is a bit chilly today, so remember to wear an extra jacket..." Cedrick was about to lose his temper, but he choked on his words when he heard her sweet, flattering tone.

It was not that he felt less furious, but he realized how childish his action was. It almost felt like persistently confronting someone for stepping on his feet.

Snap! With a dark expression, he hung up.

Catelyn was struggling to think of a way to appease his anger when she heard the line being cut off.

'He hung up?' she confusedly asked herself. 'Did he just hang up?' Not daring to call him back, she intended to pretend that nothing had happened since Cedrick hung up. However, she kept getting a feeling that Cedrick was building his anger up to a bigger act of revenge.

The weekend arrived within a blink of an eye.

Catelyn had wanted to visit Ollie in Mason Estate but refrained from doing so out of fear of Cedrick's wrath.

Since she had the time, she went to the hospital on Saturday for a full body check and submitted the medical report to Mason Group.

Chapter 293-It was the day for the Chandier Jewelry contest's final round.

Catelyn had heard that the initial rule of the contest dictated that the higher management, including Lola, was to collect the drafts before submitting them to Granny Atherton to ensure fairness when the winner was chosen. However, she had a change of heart and amended the rules as she wanted to appear in the contest herself.

All the contestants were divided into three groups to go up to the stage to explain the concept behind their designs. Granny Atherton and the other judges were to mark the design on the spot until they eventually settled on a winner.

The fact that Lola was no longer involved in the process was good news to Catelyn as she would not have to worry about Lola trying to screw her chances.

Catelyn happened to be in the group that was scheduled in the morning. She had to head out earlier and had skipped breakfast, deciding that she would simply pick up food from stalls by the road.

She went downstairs and was about to cross the road to get to the bus station when she noticed that Cedrick had been waiting for her.

After not seeing one another for two days, Catelyn was slightly taken by surprise.

He had been so angry the other day that she thought he would not be willing to drive her to the contest. Cedrick unlocked the car door and glared coldly at her through the glass window. "What are you doing, standing on the side of the road?"

"Get in." Catelyn pouted at his short temper, but smiled regardless and said, "Thank you for giving me a ride. Sorry for the trouble." She pulled the door open and went in. Before she could fasten her seatbelt, Cedrick stepped onto the accelerator and the car darted forward onto the highway. Catelyn was tossed backward by the sudden shift of gravity, bumping her head into the door. She gritted her teeth at the sharp pain and turned to glare at Cedrick. "What are you doing?" She had not asked him to pick her up, and he could have not come at all if he was not willing to.

Satisfied by the disgruntled look on her face, he narrowed his eyes casually. At least he was not the only one who could be pranked.

He curled his finger and tapped calmly on the steering wheel. "My feet slipped." "...". Catelyn knew he did it on purpose. It was his way of taking revenge on her for drawing on his face. She could not actually explain to him that she was not the one who did it, however, so she could only accept it in silence.

Catelyn looked away to stare outside the window, sulking.

The sun was gentle early in the morning and the streets were filled with people hurrying to work; they all had different identities and different looks on their faces but were all working toward a better future.

They drove past a restaurant. Feeling hungry, Catelyn asked Cedrick to stop the car so that she could buy something for breakfast.

Cedrick glanced over at the restaurant she was pointing at. It was located by the highway with their stoves set up on the road with dust in the air and crowds swamping the place. He scowled in disgust and said, "Don't eat things that aren't good for your body." "It's good enough if it's filling. I've eaten those sorts of things all these years, and I'm healthy. The things picky-eaters like you eat are the ones that have no nutrition." Catelyn did not attempt to correct Cedrick's view; after all, she used to frown upon roadside stalls as well four years ago. Cedrick showed no intention of stopping the car.

Catelyn watched as the car drove past the restaurant and patiently reminded him.

“Stop driving. Just park right here. That lane ahead is strictly for buses only.” Cedrick stepped on the accelerator and the restaurant instantly disappeared from her sight. Catelyn gaped and stared at Cedrick with disbelief. ‘Is he still angry with me to the point that he won’t even let me have my breakfast?’ she thought to herself.

“Cedrick Mason, is this fun for you?” Catelyn had never seen a man this petty.

Cedrick’s expression darkened at her question and he turned to glare at her, which sent chills down her spine. “I’ll admit that it’s my fault for accidentally painting your face red last time. I’m apologizing now, but since you’ve played your fair share of pranks on me now, we’re even, right? Alright, I can compromise further. Just tell me what I can do to make you less angry, okay?”

Chapter 294-Cedrick’s features tensed further as Catelyn spoke, and he pursed his lips.

Seeing that he did not respond, Catelyn turned to look at him and sincerely added, “There’s an old saying that says children and women are the hardest to please. You’re not a woman nor a child, so can’t you just forgive me? Maybe I can give you my lipstick and you can draw on my face as well.” “...” The silence in the air remained.

Catelyn hated the silence treatment more than anything and began to develop an urge to stop the car by grabbing the steering wheel.

Screech!

He stepped onto the brake abruptly, followed by the piercing noise of the tires, and Catelyn came close to jerking forward again.

Wordlessly, Cedrick unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car. Catelyn was not sure what he was doing at first until she glanced in the direction he was heading toward. The car was stopped before the door of a known restaurant, and Cedrick had gone inside to buy breakfast.

It was likely that Cedrick had informed the restaurant ahead of time, because he walked out carrying a few bags and two cups of coffee in merely a couple of minutes.

He handed the coffee and food to Catelyn and said, "Not everyone has such low standards for food like you do." She opened the bag to find steaming pancakes inside. They were pan-fried to a golden color with syrup drizzled on top of them, oozing a salivating scent as she opened the bag.

"T-These are for me?" Catelyn was shocked.

Cedrick scowled. "Who else are these for?" Catelyn suddenly realized that she had falsely accused Cedrick of being petty.

Although he did not stop the car at the restaurant she pointed at earlier, he only did so to bring her here for breakfast instead. He knew that she was in a hurry and even ordered it ahead of time for her.

"So you weren't trying to get back at me?" Cedrick started the car and reminded her to fasten her seatbelt before giving her a sidelong glance. "I'm not as childish as you think I am." Catelyn took a bite of the pancake. It tasted different from any pancake she had ever had. It looked as though it was fried but was soft, and though she could not quite describe the taste, it was wonderful.

She licked the oil on her lips and felt slightly guilty. After swallowing the bite, she leaned toward him, coquettishly asking, "Why didn't you explain just now? I ... misunderstood you." Cedrick was focusing on driving when he glanced at her face, only to notice her motion of licking the oil at the corner of her mouth.

The sunlight shone into the car, and her lips appeared shiny with the coat of oil on them. 'Kissing her now must taste good,' he thought to himself as his eyes darkened eagerly. He looked away calmly and said, "I just wanted to see just how bad a person you think I am." Considering the things he had done for her, she decided not to argue with him and grinned at him cheerfully. "I was wrong for thinking of you that way. I apologize, okay?" Her eyes darted away before she pinched a piece off the pancake and held it next to Cedrick's mouth. "The pancake says to tell you thanks for buying it for me. It's time to repay you now.

Master Cedrick, will you do me the honor and eat this?" she pleaded feebly. When Cedrick caught a whiff of the scent of syrup, he glanced at her sticky fingers and moved away. "Did you even wash your hands? Feeding it to me like that" Before he could finish, she immediately shoved the bite-size pancake into his mouth as he spoke. Cedrick's grip on the steering wheel tightened, and the car came close to swerving.

Chapter 295-Catelyn leaned back against her seat innocently and batted her eyes at Cedrick. "Taste good?" Cedrick's eyes gleamed as though he tried to refrain from certain urges. After a while, he gritted out, "I'll make you pay tonight!" "...". Catelyn sensed that she had provoked something other than anger within him. All things aside, she realized that she had finally appeased his anger.

She had to put out the fire that her son had lit. The life of a mother was hard.

There was already a crowd in the meeting hall owned by Chandier Jewelry by the time Catelyn arrived.

Every contestant was assigned a number, and Catelyn was assigned number 17.

She waited patiently below the stage and occasionally chatted with the other contestants sitting next to her. Because the waiting time was longer than expected, Chandier Jewelry had prepared bottles of water for all the contestants.

A young woman with long hair walked around, handing bottles of water to everyone. When it was Catelyn's turn, she thanked the woman immediately.

She did not like the coffee Cedrick bought in the morning, so the bottle of water came just in time to ease her thirst.

Time ticked by and the twelfth candidate was called.

Catelyn suddenly felt a stomachache stirring. She had been trying to hold it in, but as time went by, her stomach hurt to the point that beads of sweat formed on her forehead. Her stomach even began rumbling, and she could no longer stand it.

After apologizing to the girl sitting next to her, Catelyn walked past her and went straight to the bathroom.

Catelyn had not expected to have diarrhea at such an important time when she had not had any unhygienic food lately.



She sat on the toilet with a hand cradled on her abdomen in pain.

She sank into thoughts as she tried to figure out what had happened to her, until she started questioning whether it was caused by the pancakes Cedrick bought her.

Remembering Cedrick's tendency of taking revenge on people who crossed him, she shuddered at the possibility that he might have done it.

However, Cedrick also knew that today was the final contest and would not actually submit her to such a horrible prank.

She wrote a message and sent it to Cedrick.

At that moment, Cedrick was attending a meeting with the upper management of Mason Group as there was a recent project for Sapphire City Center. It was the main focus for Mason Group for the later half of the year and they were determined to gain control over it.

Just as a heated discussion took place, Cedrick's private phone rang. He frowned and was about to turn his phone off when he noticed that the message was from Catelyn. [Do you have a stomachache?] Cedrick stared at the screen and tapped on it swiftly to reply. (No. Do you?) Catelyn saw his reply, and for some reason, she was willing to believe him as she did not think of him as someone who would not dare to admit to what he did.

She had reached the conclusion that she had accidentally consumed something that caused the stomachache. (Catelyn: A bit, but I'm fine. I won't take you away from your work now.) Catelyn quickly silenced her phone afterward.

After spending some more time on the toilet, she stumbled outside and glanced at her own reflection in the bathroom mirror, only to find her face and lips pale to the point that they looked transparent. She had to present her design later on stage, and she could not show up looking this way!

Chapter 296-Inside the meeting hall capable of housing hundreds of people, the contestants for Chandier Jewelry's contest went up the stage to describe their designs while the judges sat on the front

row. Among the judges sat an old woman in her seventies, and she sported a pair of large spectacles with black frames.

She occasionally lowered her head to intently stare at the submitted drafts while she listened to the presentations, only to grow more and more disappointed. She did not particularly enjoy the hassle, but she had created Chandier Jewelry in the memory of her daughter.

Summer used to study jewelry design, and her biggest dream was to become one of the most renowned jewelry designers. It was a shame that she eventually gave up her dream for the sake of a man.

As Granny Atherton grew older, she began dreaming more often of the events in the past 20 years ago. Had she not been so stubborn, Summer might still be with her. She could not help but wonder where Summer had been in the past 20 years and if she had been well.

Lola sat obediently next to Granny Atherton. Seeing the crease between her eyebrows, Lola immediately consoled her, "Grandma, we haven't even reviewed twenty of the designs. It's okay if you don't see anything you like at the moment; there are plenty of contestants waiting. We'll surely find a designer that you like." Granny Atherton sighed. "It's not about whether I like it or not, but it's the fact that these designs are soulless. I don't want something new. I just want..." She paused before finishing her sentence. The designer contest was held for the sole purpose of finding Summer or to at least find something that resembled her.

However, all the designs that were submitted mostly focused on the exterior, and she simply could not find a design that contained the boldness in Summer's past designs. Soon, 16 contestants had gone onstage to present their designs, and the host then called for the next candidate.

Silence loomed over the hall as no one responded.

"Next up will be candidate number seventeen, Miss Catelyn Clark. She has brought to us a delicately designed ring." There was no response.

The host repeated himself, but still, there was no response.

A quiet discussion erupted down the stage. "Catelyn Clark? Who's Catelyn Clark?" "Isn't that the girl sitting over there just now? She looked sick just now and went off to the bathroom..." "Seriously? How can she go off to the bathroom at such an important time? Hasn't she heard that Old Madam Atherton hates tardiness the most?" "One of the rules in this contest states that they won't wait for tardy contestants. I guess she's losing her place." Granny Atherton was much more patient than her younger self. Thus, with a simple glance, the host immediately announced that they would be waiting for another three minutes. If Catelyn failed to appear within three minutes, she would be automatically eliminated.

Lola smirked at the announcement. "Grandma, it baffles me that someone would dare to be tardy, even when they know that you're here as one of the judges.

They don't have any respect for you!" Granny Atherton's wrinkled features tightened. "I don't like tardy people, but I can be reasonable about it as well." "You're very thoughtful, Grandma, but..." Lola continued in a soft, innocent voice without a hint of maliciousness, "You might not remember, but Catelyn Clark is the same girl who was accused of plagiarism before." "That's her?" The somewhat mild expression on Granny Atherton's face instantly darkened in contempt.

"Indeed. Cousin Edwin insists that she has to be included in the final contest, and I thought that she'd at least try to be more respectful. She simply ends up ignoring the rules of the contest because she thinks Cousin Edwin will be there to support her whenever." The contempt in the old lady's eyes thickened as the host announced that three minutes had passed. Following the rules, Catelyn was eliminated.

Chapter 297-As for the draft that Catelyn had submitted, it was cast aside before Granny Atherton could even see it-not that she had the mood to view it, regardless. Lola sneered smugly. 'You dare stand against me, Catelyn? Try again in your next life!' Lola had put in a lot of effort and purposefully arranged the contestants with poorer designs ahead of Catelyn so their presentation time on stage would be minimized, making sure that Catelyn would not make it back in time.

Catelyn was stuck in the bathroom.

She had thought that she simply had food poisoning and would soon recover after taking some rest, but the reality had proved her wrong.

She had stayed in the bathroom for almost an hour, and she had asked for the staff's help to purchase extremely strong antidiarrheal. Eventually, her diarrhea finally subsided.

By the time she came out of the bathroom, she was as pale as a ghost. Her lips were numb, and she felt like she would lose consciousness at any moment.

Keeping her hand on the wall as a support, she slowly moved toward the meeting hall.

Catelyn knew that it was long past her number. She had no hope of making it to the stage in time, and the worst outcome would be that she had been eliminated.

However, the rules of the contest also stated that contestants could apply for a later spot under special circumstances.

She would like to consider her current situation a 'special circumstance'.

There were a few bodyguards guarding the entrance, and when Catelyn gave them her name, they informed her that it was past her number and that she was not allowed back inside to disturb the others.

Catelyn calmly went to sit on a bench in the corridor, trying desperately to breathe and recover, but all strength was drained from her. She did not even notice her phone ringing in her pocket in Mason Group.

"Sorry, the number you've dialed is unavailable. Please try again later." Cedrick scowled at the sound of the monotone voice message.

He had called Catelyn multiple times during the meeting, and not once had she picked up.

His eyebrows twitched in irritation.

The meeting was important with all the stakeholders of Mason Group gathered in one place. Some of the members were seniors of the Mason family, and Cedrick could not afford to leave.

Since the Atherton family was running Chandier Jewelry, he went ahead and called Edwin.

“What? Go help now? No, no way! I still have loads of work here with the entertainment firms I’m running!” Edwin shouted his reluctance at Cedrick’s request. Although matters of the entertainment firms were not pressing, he had to remain in the office.

“Catelyn won’t pick up her phone. You check on her,” said Cedrick, sounding concerned.” Eclipse Entertainment is located near Chandier Jewelry. If you hurry, you should get there in ten minutes.” Edwin was slightly shocked. “Did something happen to Kitty?” “I suspect so.” Edwin did not reject the request again but mumbled, “Why don’t you check on her yourself? This is a chance for you to show what a caring boyfriend you are! Don’t complain to me later about stealing your thunder...” “If Kitty falls for me after I rescue her, I’d feel sorry for you.” “Don’t overthink this. With me by her side, she won’t even dare to think of cheating,” said Cedrick confidently before hanging up. He glanced at her last message and wondered if her stomachache had not subsided.

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Chapter 298-In the corridor outside the Chandier Jewelry’s meeting hall, Catelyn sat on a bench with her back pressed against the wall. Her consciousness was drifting, while her entire body felt like it was swaying. Her head dropped slightly from time to time, only for her to be woken by the motion.

The process repeated multiple times, and just when she thought she was reaching her limit, she heard the door to the meeting hall opening, followed by sounds of people talking. She stood abruptly, before falling back onto the bench helplessly.

By the time she managed to stand upright again, Lola had led Granny Atherton outside.

Catelyn ran after them.

Lola spotted Catelyn from the corner of her eye and felt pleased by how miserable she visibly looked. ‘This is what you get for crossing me!

She carefully supported Granny Atherton as she ordered the bodyguards, “There are too many people here. Stop any unidentified persons from coming to us; don’t let them get in Old Madam’s way.”

“Understood!” The bodyguards sharpened at her command. Granny Atherton was the person with the highest status in the Atherton Family, so they could not afford anything to happen to her. Catelyn was powerless and could not be swift to begin with; very soon, she was left behind.

With the bodyguards there to stop her, she could not get close enough to Granny Atherton to plead for another chance.

She scanned the crowd and the environment around her before hurrying toward the parking lot determinedly.

Granny Atherton probably would leave by car.

From a distance, Catelyn spotted Granny Atherton stepping into a Bently with a car plate number ending with 86.

She summoned the courage and darted to the center of the road just when the car was about to drive right by the green belt she was standing on. She opened her arms and waved frantically for them to stop the car.

“Old Madam Atherton, I’m Catelyn Clark! I’m sorry that I didn’t show up on time, but it was caused by special circumstances. Can you please give me another chance?” she shouted, mustering every last ounce of her strength as she did.

Lola would no doubt try to toy with her if Catelyn went to her, which was why she had to go to Granny Atherton directly, her frail frame swaying in the wind.

At that moment, the driver of the Bently spotted a girl suddenly appearing in the middle of the road and hastily stepped on the brake. The car instantly slowed, and both Granny Atherton and Lola jerked forward from the sudden shift of gravity.

Lola instinctively reached over to cover Granny Atherton’s forehead with one hand and wrapped her other arm around the old woman’s body to steady her. Still, Granny Atherton saw stars from the sudden halt. She rubbed her head and sat back, unable to recover from the shock “Why did you drive like that? Don’t you know that Grandma has a weak spine?!” snarled Lola at the driver.

Terrified, the driver explained with trembling lips, “I... I’m sorry, Miss Atherton!

Something came before the car, so I..." Lola looked outside through the windshield and recognized Catelyn right away, despite the distance.

Catelyn was dressed in a professional office outfit with her hair tied up. At the moment, strands of her hair loosely hung by the sides of her ears with no trace of her previous elegance.

Lola sneered internally yet outwardly spoke, "Whoever that crazy woman is, she must really want to meet Grandma, but she doesn't have time for people who aren't determined enough to do what's needed. Run over her!" The driver was stunned at her command and turned to stare at Lola in disbelief, wondering if he had heard her wrong.

Lola just ordered him to 'run over her'! Did she seriously just ask him that? "Are you deaf?" Lola barked in frustration, appearing as though she made the command for Granny Atherton's sake. "I've seen this kind of woman around. She just wants to stop the car. If you start driving, she'll move away. "Or are you asking Grandma to lower herself to meet with that woman? She isn't worthy of Grandma's time!" Her tone was filled with frustration toward Catelyn yet somehow sounded as though she was caring for Granny Atherton altogether.

Granny Atherton, too, saw someone standing before the car, but before she could see the woman's face, the car came to a sudden halt.

She had always had a weak spine, and the impact had made her dizzy. She dropped her head into her hands dazedly, and when the driver noticed that she was not saying a word, he took it as a silent approval of Lola's command.

The driver gulped at this, his grip on the steering wheel tightening before he slowly stepped on the accelerator once more.

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Chapter 299-Catelyn noticed that the car Granny Atherton was in slowed down. Assuming that the driver had stopped, she moved to run toward the car.

Much to her bewilderment, the engine roared again as the car seemingly drove toward her. There was a layer of tinted frame on the window of the Bently, so she could not see into the car, but she could sense an icy, viscous stare directed at her, almost like the way a hunter would stare at his dying prey.

It had to be Lola. The driver had not expected Catelyn to stand her ground in the middle of the road, even when he sped up. His hands started shaking, and a thin layer of sweat gathered on his forehead as the car got closer to Catelyn.

Catelyn froze in place, unable to move as her feet felt extremely heavy. 'Lola had the gall to run over me with Old Madam Atherton by her side? Or is this Old Madam Atherton's command?' she thought as her heart sank into her stomach.

Screech!

The driver steered the steering wheel. – Just as the car was about to race past Catelyn's body, she felt a pair of strong arms around her waist from behind.

Following the deafening sound of wind blowing by her ears, she fell to the ground, rolling. The rocks on the road scraped her arms, and blood started gushing out of the wounds. Catelyn's rescuer held her up and nervously scanned her injuries.

Catelyn narrowed her eyes, and the sight of the man's seductive features came into sight. With a lump forming in her throat, she sighed quietly, not knowing if she felt disappointed or glad. "It's you..." With that, she closed her eyes and fell into darkness.

Edwin's face tightened as he moved swiftly to lift her. The car nearly ran into Catelyn but had not caused much damage. Although the driver did not hit her, his eyes widened in fear as he spun his head to speak to Granny Atherton. "That... That man who just ran over seems to be Master Edwin." Edwin?

Granny Atherton slowly recovered from the car's sudden halt and hastily glanced outside the window. Edwin was walking toward the car with the unconscious woman in his arms. Seeing that he was not injured, the old lady sighed in relief.



Lola knew that Edwin hated her and would surely snap at her for Catelyn's sake, so she looked to Granny Atherton timidly and said, "Grandma, it looks like cousin Edwin really cares about Catelyn. I told the driver to run her over... Am I getting into trouble?" Although she had a tendency to spoil Edwin, the old lady did not approve of his lifestyle. "Don't panic. I'm right here." Lola forced a smile at Granny Atherton's reassurance.

Moments later, Edwin arrived by the car, carrying Catelyn. As expected, he spotted Lola in the backseat of the car.

He had already guessed that Lola was behind everything, thus he shot her a cold stare and commanded, "Get out." "1-I'm sorry, Cousin. I really didn't think that she'd just stand there..." Lola bit her lower lip with tears in her eyes as she was about to open the door and get out.

Granny Atherton, however, grabbed her arm and stopped Lola from getting off.

It was unpleasant enough that Edwin had not greeted her immediately, but he had confronted Lola right before her face! Her expression darkened.

Chapter 300-"Edwin, I was the one who ordered the driver to run her over. It has nothing to do with Lola." Edwin sneered and said nothing. He forced the driver out of the car and placed Catelyn in the passenger's seat before driving to the hospital, much to Granny Atherton's chagrin at how much Edwin seemed to care for Catelyn. "Are you taking her to the hospital?" Edwin kept both hands on the steering wheel and through the rear-view mirror, he saw the enraged expression on his grandmother. He turned his attention to Lola's innocent-looking face and narrowed his fox-like eyes coldly. "Catelyn Clark isn't as horrible as you pictured her to be." At this moment, Granny Atherton sat at the back and could not see Catelyn's face as she was seated in the passenger's seat.

She had already had a bad impression on Catelyn before this, and the more Edwin defended her, the more irritated she became. "I'm not too old to tell right from wrong. Catelyn Clark was accused of plagiarism. She ignored the rules of the contest, was late to her presentation, and tried to stop my car by standing in front of it. How is any of that something an ordinary woman would do?" Edwin did not respond and simply focused on driving. The car raced forward to the closest hospital in the city center.

Granny Atherton grew more agitated and glared at Edwin, losing the usual majesty in her tone, yet Edwin still would not respond to what she said at all!

"Are you even hearing me?!" Edwin hummed absently, and her chest burned with frustration at his careless attitude. Soon, they arrived at the hospital. Edwin stepped on the brake and carried Catelyn up the stairs to the entrance. Seeing that he was leaving without responding, Granny Atherton hurried out of the car and shouted, "Edwin, I might be the one who ran her over, but sending her to the hospital is more than enough! Just get the doctor to bring her in; you stay right there. I need to talk to you!" Edwin glanced at Catelyn, who was resting in his arms. Due to dehydration, her face was pale and her lips were dry; the faint heaving of her chest was the only visible sign that she was breathing.

"I'll listen to what you need to say once I get her to the doctor." Without pausing, he continued his way into the hospital at a faster pace.

Granny Atherton scowled and went after him.

Lola was more than happy to watch the drama unfold and supported Granny Atherton's weight to ensure she would walk properly.

Because Granny Atherton was frail, she started to pant after taking a dozen steps forward, her face flushing.

When they finally caught up to Edwin as he stopped to wait for the elevator, Granny Atherton grabbed hold of his clothes before catching her breath, forcing Edwin to turn and face her. "I said to let that woman down-".

Before she could finish, Granny Atherton suddenly had a clear look of the woman in Edwin's arms and instantly froze.

The rage on her face froze in place, and her lips shivered.

"Grandma, this is Catelyn." Taking her chance, Lola wrapped her arms around Granny Atherton's and said, "She sure is pretty. It's no wonder that Cousin Edwin here decides to ignore your words for her sake." "This is Catelyn Clark?" Granny Atherton's eyes were filled with awe as she recognized that the young woman before her was the same person who recommended jewelry to her in Chandier Jewelry's boutique a few days ago. Lola's heart danced in joy at the shock on Granny Atherton's face, thinking that Granny Atherton had come to hate Catelyn. Desperate to fan her anger, Lola jumped at the chance of adding oil to the fire. "Yes, she's Catelyn Clark, the woman who gave birth to Jamie Mason's child. She's

been clinging onto the eldest son of the Mason Family, and now, she even got her hands on Cousin Edwin.” She paused briefly and continued before the old lady could respond. “Of course, Cousin is a brilliant man, so I know he won’t be fooled. I’m just worried that some women are far too skilled in the art of seduction.”