

Pregnant 1311

Chapter 1311 A Family's Warmth

Even as he reached her, she rose to her feet, looking deferential.

"Candice," Edward uttered her name.

Candice quickly responded, "Yes."

"We'll be husband and wife from now on," Edward said.

Candice's eyes flickered.

"Don't behave so courteously with me in the future." Edward's tone was light, but firm.

"Okay." Candice nodded.

However, she was obviously still very reserved.

Edward sighed slightly. He suddenly reached out and took her hand.

Candice's fingers moved slightly.

Edward's large hand held her small hand tightly. The moment he held it, his body suddenly moved closer.

He said, "I'm going out for a while. I have an interview later. I'll be back for lunch."

"Okay."

"Candice." Edward suddenly called her again.

She felt that there was a deep emotion in it.

Candice really did not think that they would develop feelings for each other after only meeting two or three times—at least she didn't.

However, Edward's current appearance made her feel that he really liked her.

"Kiss me," Edward suddenly demanded.

Candice was taken aback.

She looked straight at Edward.

She knew that he was a domineering person, but she did not expect him to be so domineering to her.

She bit her lip lightly and refused to do as she was told.

She just thought it would feel very uncomfortable.

There was also a hint of reluctance in her.

Her body seemed to be resisting, telling her not to kiss him.

The two of them were in a deadlock for a while.

Edward gave up. He thought he might have been rushing it.

He let go of her hand and turned to leave before his body suddenly tensed up.

He watched as Candice tiptoed and kissed him on the lips.

Honestly, he would be happy enough if it was a peck on the cheek, like a ritual between parting lovers.

But of course, this would be very much more welcomed.

Just like that, he felt her soft lips carefully kissing his.

They seemed to be hesitating about whether to leave or go deeper.

Edward grabbed the back of her head and exerted force.

Their kiss intensified.

Teddy was standing nearby, so he could only turn around and leave in embarrassment.

It had been a long time since he saw Edward lose his cool.

The couple was smooching for a long time until both of them were slightly out of breath.

Edward let go of her.

Candice blushed.

She really wanted to reject him just now, but for some reason, she kissed him again.

Perhaps it was because Edward was right; they were soon to be husband and wife and there would be many more things to do together.

This was just an introduction to all those things they were going to share, she told herself.

"Wait for my return," Edward said.

The lust in his eyes was apparent.

Candice nodded silently.

Edward seemed to have taken a deep breath and collected himself before striding out of the hall as usual.

He was finally gone and Candice could not help but heave a sigh of relief.

She felt a little uncomfortable interacting with Edward, not just because of his status but also the way he made her feel.

She allowed herself to relax and suddenly remembered that her phone was still in the room, so she quickly went upstairs.

She happened to bump into Teddy and he was extremely respectful to her. "Ms. Nicholson."

"Hello." Candice was very polite.

"My name is Teddy," he introduced himself. "I'm in charge of Fourth Master and Young Master's everyday affairs. In the future, when Ms. Nicholson moves in here, I'll also be in charge of managing your daily life. You can tell me if you need anything."

"Okay, thanks."

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"I won't disturb Mis. Nicholson anymore. I'll go down first."

Candice nodded as she watched Teddy leave.

She somewhat felt another familiar feeling, but still indescribable.

She walked toward the room she slept in last night. The moment she opened the door and was about to enter, a little boy's voice came from behind.

"Are you Candice?"

Candice turned around and saw a little boy, who seemed to already have a sense of youth. He stood there straight and asked her.

She could clearly hear the displeasure in his tone.

Chapter 1312 The First Negotiation With George

"Are you Candice?" The boy's voice behind her made Candice turn around.

She saw George.

She could recognize George because he had appeared in the media, unlike Paige.

Paige was really well protected by Edward. Other than a few people close to her, no one knew what she looked like.

Those who did not know might think that Edward did not care for Paige.

Because in the eyes of outsiders, Edward prioritized things beneficial to him and

Paige was also a product of profit.

Even Candice once thought so herself. It was not until today that she realized how wrong she was.

Edward's feelings for Paige could be seen with the naked eye.

On the contrary, it was George who seemed to be behaving more indifferently.

Perhaps, it was not indifference. Rather because George was older than Paige, and the next heir to the Chief, the requirements for George would definitely be much stricter than for Paige.

She had heard that George was very intelligent and had been nurtured like a genius since he was young. Edward often brought George to various activities. He was only ten years old, but he had already displayed extraordinary abilities.

“Yes, I’m Candice.” Candice’s lips curved into a smile. When she heard George’s displeased tone, she still showed her friendliness. “Nice to meet you, George. I hope we get along in the future.”

George scanned her from head to toe. At such a young age, he really had a maturity that did not match his age. It was a stark contrast to Paige.

Candice wondered if Edward had really given all his gentleness to Paige to make her so innocent, romantic, lively, and cute. George, on the other hand, was obviously different.

She could actually imagine how much responsibility he had to bear as the successor of the leader.

At this moment, she suddenly felt a little sorry for George—a ten-year-old child without a mother was forced to shoulder such a burden.

He said, “I don’t like you.”

She was caught off guard by George’s frankness, which was a little overwhelming like an arrow had pierced through her heart.

She even suspected that Edward had drugged her.

Otherwise, why would she have such... abnormal feelings for Edward and her daughter?

Her feelings for Paige were a little unacceptable.

There was also a sense of familiarity when seeing George right in front of her, apart from having the same feelings as she did for Paige.

Was she once... involved with them before she lost her memory?

Candice was shocked when she thought of this possibility. Hence, she denied her thoughts in the next second.

She still believed that it was fate; some fates were just so wonderful.

She quickly composed herself and smiled. “I know.”

George frowned.

After all, he was ten years old. He was much taller and bore the mien of a young man. He looked very mature, but he was still only a ten-year-old boy. No matter how complicated the world was at that age, it was still much simpler than the world of adults.

George was surprised by Candice’s answer. He stared straight at Candice, at this strange woman.

Truth be told, he knew before anyone else that his father would marry Candice.

Before the charity banquet that night, his father had told him that he was getting married. The moment George thought that his father would never remarry, he announced that he was getting married.

His father clearly still loved his mother. All these years, he had never forgotten, even if he did not show it. He knew that his father had been unable to let go of his mother because his father had come home drunk once and kept calling her name “Jeannie”.

That was his mother's name.

Although his father had a brief relationship with Susan and even brought her here to stay for a period of time, he had never seen his father and Susan sleep together. Teddy also said that the two of them did not live together. Susan only appeared for certain benefits.

Therefore, Susan and his father did not last long.

That was the reason he had never thought that his father would marry someone else so soon.

Was he putting on an act again?! Was there some benefit to gain from such an act again?!

Either way, George did not like it.

He was very content with his current family.

Although his mother was missing, it had been so many years. He had learned to accept it. He did not want another person to disturb their peaceful life.

He always felt that other than his mother, he could not accept anyone else in this world.

Chapter 1313 The First Negotiation With George

Hence, George had been hostile to the woman in front of him from the moment he knew of her existence.

When he went to the charity banquet that night, he just wanted to see who Candice was. He had known from a young age what it meant "to know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles".

He even knew a lot about this woman. He knew that she had been unconscious for many years and had just woken up from a vegetative state, so dealing with this woman should not be too difficult.

"But since your father is going to marry me soon and we're about to become a family, I think you should try to accept me," Candice said bluntly.

"That's my father's business. It has nothing to do with me." George looked at her. "My father never forced my feelings. He wouldn't have forced me to do something I didn't like because of you."

Candice felt that she could not treat George as a child.

"I didn't come looking for you today to get to know you, or please you. I just wanted to tell you that my sister, Paige, is young. She doesn't know the dangers of the world, or that Mom is gone. You'd better be nice to her. If you hurt her, I won't let you off the hook," George said solemnly.

George probably loved his sister very much, and that came as no surprise.

Even Candice herself could not resist loving Paige's cuteness, let alone George, who was Paige's brother.

She said, "George, since I chose to join your family, I'm prepared to treat everyone in it with all my heart, including your father, Paige, and you. I don't know how much you dislike me, but I'll definitely tell you that I'll try to get you to accept me."

"No," George refused directly.

His tone was so determined that Candice felt hurt.

Her sincerity was denied so blatantly.

"I won't accept anyone but my mother. Don't try to please me," George replied affirmatively.

Candice was speechless. George did not seem to be a talkative person. He explained what he wanted to say clearly and no need to drag it out. He turned around and left.

Candice watched George leave. For some reason, there was an indescribable pressure.

It was clear that for a long time, her feelings for others were faint. Even when she returned to the Nicholson family and knew that her mother and sister did not welcome her or even have any hostility toward her, she could not care less.

However, the little boy in front of her made her want to win him over. The more he rejected her existence, the more she wanted him to genuinely like her.

She did not know that she had such a strong fighting spirit and such a huge pursuit.

"By the way," George suddenly turned around and said as he was about to leave. He seemed to have thought of something to add, "Only people close to me can call me George. You can call me Elias Swan from now on."

Elias Swan.

Is he for real?

He looked serious though.

Anyway, Candice seemed to have seen it on some news before that George took her mother's surname. However, because he was Edward's only heir, he naturally had to bear the Swan family name.

The name was Elias Swan.

However, many people still habitually called him George. It was probably a kind of affection for George. After all, George was still young. There was nothing wrong with the outside world calling him affectionately.

Perhaps as George grew older, the name Elias would be used more frequently. On formal occasions, it would completely replace the name, George.

She suddenly felt a little suffocated. It was likened to a surging sympathy.

And that was for George's mother. After all, she had raised her own son for many years, yet he had completely become someone else's child.

Candice took a deep breath.

She took a deep breath and walked into the room.

It was clearly an unfamiliar room, but there was an indescribable sense of familiarity.

She took her phone and saw that there were two messages.

Both messages came from Monica. Candice suddenly realized that her world seemed a little too lonely. After not returning for the entire night, the only person who cared about her was Monica, whom she had only known for a day.

She could not help but find that amusing. What was once filled with indifference, she had been overwhelmed with strong emotions in her heart ever since she stepped into Edward's house.

She clicked on Monica's message. "How were you last night? Were you drunk? Are you awake now? How do you feel? Did the Chief treat you well?"

Chapter 1314 The First Negotiation With George

Candice looked at Monica's messages. Even though she had only known Monica for a day, she seemed to know that this was Monica's style, full of vibrance.

Monica did not get a reply from her, so she sent another message: [Remember to reply to me when you wake up.]

She probably thought that Candice was still asleep, so she did not call to wake her up.

Candice looked at her phone and wrote: [I'm fine. I was indeed drunk last night. I'm not feeling too well now that I've woken up. The Chief didn't do anything to me. Don't worry.]

Right then, Monica called.

Candice answered, "Monica."

"Are you really alright?" Monica asked.

"No, I did feel a little dizzy last night and even blacked out, but I woke up early this morning and felt refreshed."

"That's good." Monica heaved a sigh of relief and could not help but ask, "Did the Chief really not do anything to you? Did you forget how he treated you last night?"

No matter how she looked at it, she felt that with Edward's personality, he should be very unhappy that Candice went to such a place.

After all, Edward was now the leader of the country and had to pay attention to everything.

And she was still challenging his limits.

"I had a blackout last night, but not today. He didn't give me any foul mood today..." Candice had yet to finish her sentence.

"Did you spend the night at the Chief's house last night?!" Monica was super excited.

Candice pursed her lips. She had never thought of hiding anything from Monica.

But right now, she regretted it. It was obvious that Monica had misunderstood.

"It was because I was drunk that he brought me straight to his house. But we didn't do anything."

“Nothing?” How could Monica believe it? “A man and a woman, an engaged couple, didn’t do anything?! Edward has been holding it in for so many years. How can he let you off?!”

In the beginning, she even pretended to call him Chief but now, she had completely switched her form of address for him.

“Really, nothing,” Candice explained. “I was drunk. What can he do?”

“It’s because you were drunk that he was able to get his way.” Monica was certain.

How could she explain?

“F*ck.” Monica could not help but curse. She knew that she could not have any expectations for that Sc*mbag Swan. Men only thought with their d*cks.

Now with a new woman, how would he still remember the old ones?

Not to mention the old one died.

The thought of Jeanne being buried alone underground while the man she loved the most was now living a good life really made Monica explode with anger.

When she woke up today, she was a little worried that Candice would be implicated because of her. Now, she felt that she was indeed overthinking.

Candice and Edward were a couple, while she was being... nosy.

She hung up the phone angrily.

Every time she encountered something related to Edward, she would completely lose control of herself. She lay on the hotel bed and faced the ceiling, throwing a tantrum.

A text message notification chimed. Monica glanced at it casually.

He looked at the message from Candice. “Thank you for yesterday. I had a great time.”

‘Well good for you because I didn’t.’

Monica ignored the text. Just as she was about to put down her phone, she saw another message from someone else.

It was Brandon. He said, “Monica, are you awake? If you’re awake, send me a reply. I’ll come and look for you.”

Monica took a deep breath and replied, “I’m awake.”

Not long after, there was a knock on the hotel door. It was as if that fellow had been waiting for her at the door.

She got up lazily from the bed. Fortunately, it was Saturday and she did not have to go to work, so she could still get up slowly. She opened the door and saw Brandon holding a few bags in his hands with a bright warm smile on his face.

That moment touched Monica for some reason. She just thought that a man looked quite good when he smiled.

"Monica, I vomited on your clothes last night. I'll compensate you with a new set of clothes." Brandon waved the bags in his hand. This man actually went to buy clothes for her so early in the morning?!

Her plan was to wait for when she woke up and slowly get one of the brands she usually frequented to send new clothes over.

However, since Brandon had already bought it, she could not refuse.

From the looks of it... Brandon also bought a set for himself.

Of course, they could not wear their clothes from last night.

Chapter 1315 The First Negotiation With George

"Okay." Monica accepted the clothes.

"Monica, do you have any plans later? It's Saturday today."

"Why? What's the matter?"

"No. Remember I mentioned my parents are back here too. They heard that I'm working at your place now, so they want you to come over for dinner."

"Are you bribing me?" Monica looked serious.

"I can't say that I'm bribing you, but I want to suck up to you," Brandon said seriously.

"Alright, if you work for me in the future and don't make any mistakes, I won't treat you badly."

"So is that a no?"

"I want to go back to my mother's house today. I haven't been back for a long time. Let's meet again next time."

"Oh, it just so happens that my parents have an appointment with your parents." Brandon smiled.

She had a feeling that she had fallen into a trap.

Brandon added, "Moreover, my family just happened to move back to our old house. It's your neighbor."

Monica just stared at Brandon. It was obvious that there was no way to refuse.

She said, "Then give me a minute. I'll wash up and change."

"Mm." Brandon nodded.

Monica carried the clothes bought by Brandon into the bathroom.

Brandon stood and stared outside from the floor-to-ceiling hotel windows, looking at the streets of South Hampton, waiting for her.

It had been so many years since they parted. She had probably forgotten the joke she had said when she was young.

Brandon turned around and saw Monica walking out of the bathroom.

He bought her a set of casual and simple clothes. It was a white T-shirt, a pair of jeans, and a pair of white shoes. She looked really youthful.

Monica realized that Brandon's attire was really similar to hers. It was also a white T-shirt, a pair of blue jeans, and a pair of white shoes.

"I bought it from the same shop, so the styles of both men and women are similar," Brandon quickly explained, seemingly noticing Monica's gaze.

"Don't tell me you have a crush on me?" Monica did not mind.

Moreover, she was wearing a white t-shirt and jeans. It was not a couple outfit.

"I..." Brandon's face turned red.

However, Monica did not take these words to heart at all. She walked to the side and looked at herself in the mirror.

Looking at her outfit, although it was simple, it was really quite good-looking. She liked it.

"Do you have a girlfriend?" Monica asked.

"Huh?" Brandon was still feeling a little awkward when he suddenly heard Monica's straightforward question.

"You must have a girlfriend. You're so handsome and rich, you must have many women out there." Monica did not even need an answer to know. The reason she asked was, "To be able to grasp a woman's measurements so well, you must have seen countless women."

Monica was actually talking about the size of the underwear.

What Brandon bought for her was just right.

"Are you talking about the size of the clothes?" Brandon took a while to react.

"Yes, it's quite fitting," Monica affirmed.

"I couldn't tell." Brandon blushed. "I went to the lingerie shop to ask. You should be the VIP of this lingerie shop. They knew your size when I asked, so they recommended the one you're wearing."

This guy was quite smart.

"And I don't have a girlfriend," Brandon explained.

"Did you break up?" Monica asked.

It was not like that but Brandon did not know how to answer.

"That's true. Even long-distance relationships don't end well." Monica tidied up her clothes and patted Brandon's shoulder.

She suddenly felt that this guy was quite tall, and seemed to be similar to Finn.

Finn was six feet one, but this guy was at least six feet.

She said, "There are many beautiful girls in Nancheng. I'll introduce a few to you."

Brandon smiled. "Then keep your word."

"Of course." Monica's face was full of certainty. The smile on Brandon's face was obvious. It was the feeling of a sunny boy, and his heart was warm.

He did not seem to be so liked when he was young.

After Monica was done packing, she left the hotel with Brandon. Brandon drove while Monica sat in the passenger seat and looked at her phone.

When she opened her eyes this morning, she was looking for news of what happened yesterday. Fortunately, she did not find any. Still, she was worried and wanted to confirm it again.

"Monica, I'm going to that place in front to buy breakfast." Brandon parked the car by the roadside. "I heard from a friend that the Chinese soup dumplings are tasty. I'll buy some for you."

Chapter 1316 The First Negotiation With George

"Alright," Monica replied.

By now, she had finished browsing the news and was dealing with some company matters.

Weekends were non-existent to heads of companies. Even if it was an off day, they would need to pay attention to the company's development at all times.

Brandon got out of the car and left.

In just a moment, her phone rang.

She answered the call, "Brandon."

"Monica, what fillings do you fancy? There's braised pork, cabbage, mushrooms..."

"Mushrooms, I guess."

"Okay."

Monica hung up.

It rang again a moment later.

"Monica, would two portions be enough?"

"Sure."

After hanging up, it rang again.

“Monica, soy milk or porridge?”

“Soy milk.

She hung up.

It suddenly rang again.

Monica was speechless.

Did Brandon need to waste so much time buying breakfast?!

She shouted into the phone, “Brandon, are you done?! Did I ask you to buy a full-course eight-dishes Chinese banquet for breakfast?”

There was no sound from the other end of the line.

Monica frowned. At that moment, she saw Brandon walking back with breakfast in his hands.

She quickly looked at the caller ID on her phone. When she saw Finn’s name, she was a little surprised. Most importantly, it was rare for Finn to call her.

She took a deep breath and said, “Finn.”

“Who is Brandon?” the other side asked.

There was not much emotion in his voice.

“A colleague from the company. He just joined the company. He used to live next door to me. We’re neighbors,” Monica explained.

“Mm,” Finn replied.

“Why are you calling me?” Monica asked.

“The itinerary has changed. I might come back early,” Finn said.

“Alright,” Monica replied.

She did not ask when he would be back earlier.

“Monica...” The car door opened.

Brandon carried the Chinese takeouts and got into the car with a smile on his face.

Monica looked at his bags-filled hands and said to Finn, “Finn, if there’s nothing else, I’ll hang up first.”

“Yeah.”

Monica hung up. Then, she quickly took the breakfast from Brandon.

“Why did you buy so much?” Monica frowned.

Did she not tell him she only wanted two dumplings and a cup of soy milk?!

"I was afraid that you wouldn't like the mushroom filling, so I bought two of the other varieties," Brandon added, "Besides, they're not expensive."

He was a typical rich second-generation heir. It was shameful to waste money.

Monica ate slowly. She had never tried the soup dumplings from this restaurant before and she felt it was rather tasty.

"Is it good?" Brandon asked.

"Mm." Monica nodded.

She felt that two were not enough. Fortunately, Brandon bought a lot.

"Have you eaten it before?" Brandon asked.

"No."

"This restaurant is very famous. I've even heard about it overseas. You actually haven't eaten it before?" Brandon was shocked.

"Why do I have to eat in such a small stall?" Monica rolled her eyes.

She was also someone with a high profile, alright?!

Never mind that. These dumplings tasted awesome.

"Then why are you still eating so happily?" Brandon exposed him.

Monica was speechless. "I'm hungry."

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"Speaking of which, were you on the phone with Dr. Jones just now?" Brandon asked calmly. He was just looking for a topic to chat about.

"Yeah."

"It seems like you've been together for years."

"It's been on and off for many years," Monica explained.

"Are you two close?" Brandon asked.

When he asked, Monica's hand holding the soybean milk gripped a little tighter.

"We're alright. We make do with it."

"Monica, you're not the type to make do," Brandon said with a smile.

"You little brat, what do you know?"

"I'm only half a year younger than you," Brandon said helplessly.

Due to his late growth, he was half a head shorter than Monica when she was half a year old, so she naturally felt that Monica was much older than him. Monica also naturally felt that Brandon was much younger than her.

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Until now, it seemed that he could not change it.

"A man's mental age is three years younger than a woman's. This way, I'll be three and a half years older than you."

"That's bullsh*t," Brandon retorted.

Monica could not help but laugh. She really felt very relaxed when interacting with Brandon, not much to be concerned about.

"Monica, if you and Dr. Jones were to make do, would you choose not to make do if there were other outstanding men pursuing you?" Brandon asked nonchalantly.

It was as if they were friends who had not seen each other for a long time and were just casually catching up.

Chapter 1317 The First Negotiation With George

Monica frowned.

Frankly, she had never really thought about this.

After all, for so many years, there did not seem to be any outstanding men pursuing her.

When she thought of Michael, her ex, she felt an inexplicable fear.

"I'm just saying." Brandon saw that Monica was a little embarrassed and quickly added, "However, since you've been with Dr. Jones for so many years, it doesn't matter if you make do or not. It's also because you have feelings for him. Otherwise, who would be willing to waste their youth on anyone?"

Monica felt that what Brandon said made sense.

Besides, she did not want to think too much about it. She felt that the relationship between her and Finn would one day... take its natural course.

On the road to a breakup.

Or a marriage.

The two of them finished breakfast. Brandon handed a wet tissue to Monica.

"As a man, you've prepared quite a lot of things." Monica could not help but praise him.

After all, other than wet tissues, there was also mouthwash and chewing gum. After eating the dumplings, there was surely an aftertaste in the mouth that would feel uncomfortable.

"Thank you for the compliment," Brandon said cheerfully.

It was just the two of them. There did not seem to be any awkwardness even though it had been so many years since they last met.

When they were done eating, Brandon started the car and drove. When they arrived at Brandon's villa, Monica's parents were already there.

Seeing them come together, they were still a little surprised. "Why are you together?"

It was Ruby. Monica felt her mother's question was a little suggestive.

Brandon quickly explained, "My parents asked me to pick up Monica."

Monica turned to look at Brandon. This guy was quite smart.

Ruby did not think too much about it. However, her sharp eyes saw their attire. "Is this... a couple outfit?"

"Oh you, where has your mind wandered to?" Monica raised her eyebrows.

Ruby was a little speechless. "You kid!"

"Monica, come here. Let me take a good look at you. You've grown so big." A woman in her fifties walked out of the kitchen into the hall and walked toward Monica enthusiastically.

Monica greeted politely, "Hello, Mrs. Hayes."

"Look at you, you're so beautiful. I remember you playing with our Brandon when you were young. At that time, Brandon was running behind Monica's butt. Now that I think about it, it's been many years."

"That's right," Brandon's father chimed in. "When our family left, Brandon cried so sadly. It was only when Monica comforted him and said that she would wait for him to come back that we could successfully take him away."

"Now that you mention it, I still remember that Brandon said that he wanted to marry Monica when he returned!" Brandon's mother smiled and said, "It's true that children's words carry no harm."

The two families chatted happily.

Initially, Monica thought that it would be awkward to not see him for a long time. Unexpectedly, she did not feel anything at all. Instead, she felt very at ease.

Monica's family only left Brandon's house after dinner.

Since Monica's parents were next door, there was no need for anyone to send her home. Monica wanted to leave on her own to her and Finn's apartment, but Brandon insisted on sending her there.

She did not refuse.

They arrived at her neighborhood.

"Thank you for your hospitality today. See you at work on Monday." Monica was obviously very casual with Brandon.

"See you on Monday." Brandon smiled.

Monica opened the car door and got out.

She had just taken a few steps when Brandon called out loudly, "Monica."

Monica turned around.

Brandon walked up to her a few steps and said, "This is a box of cookies that my mother baked herself. She asked me to bring it to you before we left. I almost forgot."

"Thank you." Monica took it. "Mrs. Hayes is still so nice."

"But don't force yourself if it doesn't taste good. Sometimes, my mother does things on a whim."

"Who would say that about their own mother?" Monica was speechless. "It's getting late. I'm going in."

"Take care, Monica."

Monica smiled faintly.

The moment she turned around, she suddenly saw a familiar figure standing at the entrance of the neighborhood.

Chapter 1318 Finn Is Jealous

Monica turned around and saw a figure standing at the entrance of the neighborhood under the dim yellow night light.

When she saw Finn, she was caught off guard.

Was he not on a business trip for a week?!

Oh right, he mentioned a change in itinerary.

She thought the change in schedule meant that he would be back a day or two earlier, but she did not expect it to be a week earlier.

In other words, he had left yesterday and returned today. This change was really unexpected.

What surprised her even more was that Finn was waiting for her at the entrance of the residential area.

Was he waiting for her?!

She was not sure either.

She walked over to Finn and asked, "When did you come back?"

Finn seemed to be looking behind her.

Monica turned around and looked at Brandon's departing figure.

She said, "Brandon, the person I told you about this morning."

Finn turned around and looked at Monica. "Didn't you come home last night?"

So was this a spot check?!

It was quite rare.

Monica smiled. "That's right. I took Candice to the nightclub last night and Edward carried Candice away. The moment I was about to leave, I met Brandon and a few friends drinking at the nightclub. After drinking with them for a while, Brandon got drunk, so I sent him to the hotel. Then, he vomited all over me. I could only make do at the hotel for the night."

"That's all?"

"What else could I do?" Monica chuckled.

"Are you together with him again today?" Finn asked.

“His parents invited my parents for dinner, so we had a meal together at their house,” Monica answered patiently.

She did not want there to be any conflict between them. She knew very well that no matter what, a man would be very possessive.

What she could not accept the most was being cuckolded.

“Here, this is a small box of cookies his mother gave me,” Monica explained to Finn as she waved the cookie box in her hand.

“Did you grow up together?” Finn continued to ask.

“Not really. When Brandon was seven or eight years old, he went overseas with his parents and only came back now. So, he can only be considered a childhood playmate.” Monica looked at Finn, “Are you jealous?”

“No,” Finn denied.

Monica guessed so too.

“I was just asking.”

Monica smiled faintly.

It might be true that he was not jealous, but it might not be true for him to be asking casually; Finn would not be so free.

It was usually difficult to talk to him, let alone him suddenly asking about other people’s matters.

It could only be because he did not trust her.

Of course, she did not mind. Anyone would react this way in this situation. She would too.

If this was Finn and any other woman, Monica might have let her imagination run wild.

That was why she explained her situation to him.

She even told him, "Finn, I won't do anything to betray you while we are still dating. Don't worry."

Finn's eyes widened. He looked at Monica with a hint of sarcasm.

He said, "I didn't mean that."

"I'm just telling you what kind of person I am," Monica said bluntly.

He seemed to feel that it was a little... difficult to communicate between them.

Since when did they start to talk less and less? The things they talked about became more and more superficial. They had never interacted deeply once. Even at this time, it was as if the meaning that they wanted to express to each other would be misunderstood by the other party.

Finn wanted to say something else.

Monica said, "It's getting late. You must be tired too. Let's go home."

Without waiting for Finn's reply, Monica walked straight into the residential area.

Finn looked at her back. He was suddenly in a daze.

Nox said that no couple was like them.

He had never thought much of it before. He felt that every couple had a different way of interacting with each other. He and Monica also had their own way of communication and did not need to follow the others' footsteps.

It was only now that he truly felt that Monica had distanced herself from him. Originally, he thought that it was how Monica carried herself in a mature way.

She was beginning to feel less dependent on others. She was beginning to know how to control her feelings. That was why she was showing her independence. It had nothing to do with their relationship.

It was just that a person's personality and expression had changed, and their feelings were still the same.

Chapter 1319 Finn Is Jealous

Was he too full of himself, or had he overestimated their relationship?

In the end, he followed Monica into their residential area.

The two of them walked into the elevator and into the house.

"Do you want to shower first or should I?" Monica asked him.

Actually, the two of them were getting along very normally. They would no longer quarrel or bicker. It was like a couple who had lived together for many years. Their days had become dull.

"You can go ahead," Finn said.

"Okay." Monica did not refuse and walked straight into the bathroom.

After living with Finn for such a long time, the two of them had become much more casual. She took off her clothes on the bed and walked straight into the bathroom.

When Finn returned to the bedroom to take off his formal clothes, she saw Monica taking off her clothes on the bed.

Couple outfits with Brandon?!

But Monica had already made it very clear that she would not do anything to betray him while they were together.

He really believed that Monica would not.

But this feeling was... indescribably uneasy.

Was he jealous?!

He had no clue if this could be considered jealousy.

It was just that he could not sleep the entire night after hearing a man's voice in her room last night. He thought of many possibilities and felt that it was impossible for Monica to betray him.

He, however, felt threatened. He could tell from their conversation that Monica's attitude toward the guy was casual and easy.

The other party's attitude towards Monica was very close too.

Therefore, this morning, when he was participating in an academic exchange, he was distracted for the first time. In front of many experts, he could not concentrate fully. Fortunately, this rarely happened to him, so even if he could not give his full attention, he explained that he was too tired or unaccustomed to the environment. It did not embarrass him too much. He went along with his excuse of being unwell and ended the trip early.

This was an academic exchange that he had led for so many years. He had left halfway or one could say it was only at the start of the event.

He did not know why he suddenly wanted to come back. His mind would be filled with images of Monica and that man.

When he called Monica to tell her that he was coming back early, she mentioned another man's name.

He sounded a little grumbly and emotional. It seemed that in the past three years, he had never heard Monica express her feelings for him again. Thinking about it carefully, their relationship seemed to be as calm as the lake, as if they did not even have any passion.

When he got home at three o'clock in the afternoon and faced the empty room, he felt a strange indescribable feeling.

He picked up the phone a few times to ask Monica where she had gone, but he put it down that many times.

It was only now that he realized that they rarely communicated with each other. He wanted to take the initiative to call her, but he actually felt very awkward about it. He needed to muster his courage.

He suddenly felt that Nox was right. Something seemed to have gone wrong between them from the very beginning.

In the end, he did not call Monica and waited for her at home. He waited for her downstairs at night. He wondered if he should also make some changes, change the way they got along.

However, what awaited him was her getting out of another man's car.

He could not describe his feelings.

However, he hid his emotions, hiding the fact that he minded this man's existence very much.

Just now, Monica had also explained to him who that person was and what their relationship was.

After explaining it clearly, the knot in his heart seemed to grow bigger.

It was not that he doubted Monica's words, but... Monica's attitude toward him was so indifferent that he began to doubt if Monica had no feelings for him anymore.

He then looked up and saw Monica coming out of the bathroom.

She saw Finn standing there in a daze with half his clothes off. He seemed to be thinking about something intently.

She casually walked up to him and picked up the clothes that she had placed on the bed earlier. She said, "I'm done showering."

She did not ask him what he was thinking. She assumed it must be about work. If it was, then it would be useless for her to ask if he had any issues; she knew nothing about his profession anyway, so she might as well leave some space for him to think about it.

Chapter 1320 Finn Is Jealous

Monica carried her clothes and walked out. She tossed the clothes into the laundry room, then returned to the living room to watch television.

Although she was drunk last night, she had slept well till this morning. She had been eating and drinking at Brandon's house the entire day, but it was not even ten o'clock. She was not sleepy, so she turned on the television and watched some lively variety shows.

When she was free, she liked to watch these funny shows. It could also relieve stress.

She was laughing heartily alone in the living room.

When Finn came out of the shower, he saw Monica sitting on the sofa with a smile on her face.

In fact, he could not remember how long it had been since he last saw Monica like this. In the past three years, they seemed to have been busy with their own things and did not spend much time together. He had almost forgotten how heartless and indifferent Monica used to be.

When Monica saw Finn coming out, she only glanced at him before continuing to watch TV with a bright smile.

Finn walked over as if wanting to say something to Monica.

Monica's phone suddenly rang. She took a look and picked up the call. "Brandon."

"Monica, have you eaten the cookies that my mother baked?"

"Not yet," Monica replied.

"Why don't you take a bite? My mother insists that I ask you how it tastes."

Mrs. Hayes was still the same, amusing. She said, "Okay."

"Or if you're on a diet and don't want to eat at night, I'll make up a comment for you."

"No need, I'll eat right away. Don't hang up." Monica quickly opened the cookies and took one out to chew on.

Finn walked closer to her and left silently. He walked to the kitchen and made himself dinner.

If not for the discomfort in his stomach, he might have forgotten that he had not even eaten dinner. He proceeded to eat his noodles quietly.

He heard Monica and Brandon chatting. They seemed to be chatting happily for a long time.

Monica hung up the phone and turned around to see Finn cooking in the open kitchen.

She frowned. "Haven't you had dinner yet?"

She asked Finn.

Finn responded, "Nope."

"Isn't your stomach feeling bad?" Monica asked.

"Mm," Finn replied.

Monica thought that as a doctor, Finn should know how to take care of his body better than anyone else, so he did not say much.

She placed the cookies that Brandon gave her in front of Finn, "It tastes pretty good. If you want to eat it, just help yourself. Remember to seal it for me. It won't taste good when air gets in."

Finn nodded.

"I'm going back to the room."

With that, Monica left the living room.

Finn raised his head and looked at Monica after she left.

This was not much different from their usual interactions, but he felt that... something was really wrong.

Finn glanced at the cookies in front of him. In the end, he did not eat it. He sealed it for her and placed it on the coffee table.

He cooked the noodles and ate them slowly.

Halfway through, Monica came out of her room twice. She came out to pour water and returned to her room.

The two of them did not say much. He felt that they were like two guests living under the same roof.

After Finn finished his noodles and cleaned up the kitchen, it was already past eleven.

He suddenly felt like smoking, so he did not go straight back to his room. Instead, he went to the large balcony outside the living room. He stood by the railing and took his puffs, some deep, some shallow.

He finished one cigarette. He silently lit a second one.

He was releasing his emotions. He would never vent his emotions on others. It had always been himself to ease his own burdens.

He took out his phone and made a call. There was no answer.

Finn stopped dialing.

He put down his phone and smoked another cigarette.

Just as he was about to put out his cigarette and return to the room to sleep, his phone rang.

He looked at the caller ID and picked it up. "Nox."

"Why are you calling me so late at night? I was just experiencing the bliss of life." Nox smiled lewdly.

Finn chuckled. Sometimes, he really envied Nox's personality.

In fact, Nox was not heartless. He just understood a lot of things, so he did not care too much about the trivial matters of life and had little worries.

"It's nothing. Have fun." Finn did not want to say anything more.