

Chapter 5: Truly in Love with Her

"Darling!" I raised my voice, calling out, "I need to talk to you!"

The conference room fell silent immediately.

Ralph frowned and looked at me with disdain, making gestures for me to leave.

He had a gentle personality but detested me just like Dwayne did.

After a brief standoff, a voice came from the conference room, "Let her in."

It was Dwayne.

Ralph had no choice but to open the door.

I took a deep breath, closed my eyes for a moment, and then walked in.

Around the oval-shaped conference table, impeccably dressed elites filled the room. The large electronic screen was on, and a middle-aged executive stood straight on one side.

Not far from him, Dwayne's tall figure leaned against the chair, smiling as he looked at me.

Although I knew he would probably react this way, I couldn't help but be mesmerized by his smile.

He smiled at me just like that when we first met.

I still remember him saying with that smile, "Hello, Miss Moore, I'm Dwayne."

I knew how cheap it was to think of such things now, but I...

Truly loved him.

Lost in my thoughts, I suddenly heard Dwayne's voice, "Why did you suddenly barge in?" His tone was fond.

I regained my composure and looked at him intently.

I saw him squint his eyes slightly, and his tender gaze paused on my face for a moment before landing on my leg, where it froze.

Then, he quickly stood up, walked over, and hugged my waist with a pained expression. "What happened to your leg?" He instructed Ralph, "Quick, call a doctor."

"I have something to say..." I started.

Suddenly, he lifted me up.

I couldn't help but be stunned.

It was the first time he hugged me like this.

After all, while he spoiled me in front of others, I never dared to be seen with him unless absolutely necessary.

Dwayne took two hurried steps and placed me on his chair.

In the presence of all the company's executives, he knelt down on one knee, gently holding my bleeding leg with his palm, taking out a handkerchief, and gently dabbing at it. Then he raised his head to look at me, as if I were the only thing in his eyes.

"Does it hurt?" he asked.

It did.

It really hurt.

I looked into his eyes and said, "It's okay..."

"Be more careful," he continued to look into my eyes, his tone gentle yet candid, "You are always so careless."

I couldn't help but be dazed.

Just then, there was a knock on the door—Ralph.

He came in with a doctor and said, "The meeting is continuing here. You can go to the next room for first aid, Dr. Hanks, please help Madam."

Dr. Hanks immediately bent down to support my arm.

I hurriedly said, "No need," and firmly held onto Dwayne's neck. "Honey..."

Dwayne held my arm, gently caressing it, looking at me tenderly, and said, "Don't make a fuss; I have a meeting to attend."

I said, "Then carry me there."

I only needed two to three minutes.

Dwayne's gaze flickered slightly, and he chuckled softly, "Do you really want me to carry you?"

He was threatening me.

I held him tighter, acting coquettishly, "Please!"

"I can't resist you," he laughed and mumbled, extending his arms to pick me up, "Alright then, little troublemaker."

I clung to his neck, smiling wryly in my heart.

To be treated like this by him before I die might make it all worthwhile.

The next room was another small meeting room.

Dwayne put me down on a chair, smiling as he instructed Ralph and the doctor who followed, "You can all leave. Leave the medicine box here."

My heart skipped a beat.

My chance had come.

But I knew he was angry.

I was both excited and afraid.

Soon, everyone else left the room.

The sound of the door closing made Dwayne immediately throw the gauze he had picked up at me, and his face turned dark. "Finish bandaging and get out."

I held the gauze tightly and said, "I'm willing to die."