

Reborn 901

Chapter 901 For Una

Susan was poured red wine all over by Manuel and pinned on the dining table in the hall full of passionate air. The bright red liquid on her fair skin was a visual shock for Manuel, triggering off a violent sexual reaction of him.

He leaned down and kissed her deeply.

Following the tracks of the wine, he kisses down.

Susan couldn't help moaning and trembling, having a sense of foreboding that she would be run out under him.

Justine came back without finishing the spa.

She intended to pack her stuff earlier since she would set off for the Capital the next morning. But never did she expect that things in the open kitchen would have been in a mess.

She left there quickly without seeing carefully the things in the kitchen, though she knew what could have happened between Manuel and Susan when she wasn't at home.

Susan might be the only one on earth who could drive her son crazy, Justine reckoned.

Susan was still lying on the bed, motionless, the next morning.

The man beside her got up since he had to leave for the Capital.

And Susan suddenly regretted it a little because the man who had been lain with her all night would leave the next morning. That made her annoyed with him.

What's more, after a whole night of orgy, how could he get up so early as usual?

Susan got to admit that she had been exhausted, as she hadn't even slept for a few minutes while Manuel was bumping her.

She was simply looking at him, a hidden horrible man, who was getting himself dressed. She saw traces of her scratches on his back and those dense love bites on him. Somehow, she started to find excuses for herself to evade her shyness. Anyway, it was Manuel who had taken the lead all the time last night, she told herself.

And her mind started to wander-how could a man's skin be so tender? His skin seemed to be more delicate than hers.

In the meantime, Manuel finished dressing, and he looked back at Susan, who was hiding inside the blanket, with only her small face exposed in the air. She was just staring at him with her big eyes.

Seeing the adorable girl staring at him like that, Manuel was so hesitant to leave.

"Are you up?" asked Manuel, a little surprised.

His voice was extraordinarily soft.

Susan pouted while glaring at him.

He was the bad guy who had deprived her of sleep last night, who should offer her an apology instead of that question.

Her throat hurt because she screamed so much last night.

Manuel walked to Susan's side, squatted down to caress Susan's face and said, "You must be exhausted, get some more sleep."

Susan huffed because Manuel did not stop when Susan resisted him midway last night. And now he was playing a considerate and innocent gentleman.

Manuel, you bastard!

"If you don't wanna go to work today, I'll give you the day off, with pay." Said Manuel, with a meaningful smile.

Susan continued to glare at him.

"I'm going to accompany my mom to the Capital for a party for Una's birth, I'll try to leave and be back early this evening." Manuel volunteered in accounting for his schedule.

Susan didn't listen to him.

Manuel knew she was in sullen silence for he kind of scared her last night.

He then kissed her forehead and said, "Be good at home, I'll be back soon."

Susan closed her eyes, wishing he to get out of her sight as soon as possible. Scare conquered her for the time being when this hidden wolf disguising himself as a decent gentleman was standing in front of her.

Manuel got up with some reluctance and left.

Inside the lobby, Justine got a little impatient waiting.

When she saw her son finally come out, she said in a huff, "I thought you weren't going today."

Manuel was rendered somewhat blushed.

If she hadn't bumped into that scene in the kitchen last night, Justine would have thought that Manuel was being forced to sleep with Susan. But now she still insisted that her son deserved better, for she needed time to persuade herself into the fact that it was her son who took the initiative.

"It's late, Mom, let's go." Manuel opened his mouth abruptly.

Driven by her reason and her desire for a grandchild, Justine didn't make a detailed inquiry.

Two of them left together.

Sitting in the limo, Justine began, "How old is Sal?"

"Almost eight months."

“Time flies.” Justine sighed, somehow a little sentimental.

“Hmm.” Manuel nodded, knowing that Justine was despondent about the truth that fate had dealt a crappy hand to Salem Wells.

When they arrived at the Capital, Manuel and Justine went to the banquet hall, where there was a great number of media reporters outside. There were blockades set up inside the building, so anybody unrelated could not get in there.

By the time they arrived, quite a few people were coming and going into the hall. Given the relationship between Manuel, Justine and Oscar, most people showed great respect for them.

After talking with some other guests, they went directly to the baby room behind the hall, which was cosy but luxurious, and soundproof. When the baby was sleeping inside, she would not be disturbed when the door was closed.

They happened to see Oscar putting the baby to bed.

In the big room, in addition to Oscar, Lillian and the baby, there were Theodore, Rowan and two nannies. Oscar greeted them with a nod and continued to put Una to bed. There was still some time before the banquet began when Una could still get some sleep.

Justine resisted the temptation to hug the baby.

“Aunt Justine.” A sweet voice called out to her.

Justine turned her head and met Lillian’s smiling face. Currently, she felt no animosity towards Lillian, perhaps because of Cian, or her unfamiliarity with her.

Justine responded.

“It’s been a hard flight for so long. Aunt Justine, come and sit here for a while.” Lillian warmly greeted her. And she came over to hold Justine’s arm.

Justine didn’t like much physical contact with people, but she forced herself not to avoid Lillian.

Sitting on the couch next to her, Lillian began, “Aunt Justine, when I saw you last time, Una was scarcely one month old, and now she was 100 days old.”

“Yeah, time flies,” Justine exclaimed.

“You can come to the Capital more often and see Una in the future,” Lillian said in a rush.

“Okay, I’ll come and visit her sometime.” Justine chimed in.

It seemed to be a nice conversation, but Justine didn’t enjoy such an amicable talk with someone she knew very little.

Chapter 902 A Father-daughter Conspiracy

In Justine’s perspective, Lillian was not Oscar’s wife, Hannah was. Lillian was Cian’s wife.

But both were her nephews' wives, so she was not too repulsed by Lillian. Moreover, it was supposed to be a genial relationship between her and Lillian, since they wouldn't see each other that often.

Therefore, she also found something to say, "Is it usually hard to take care of Una?"

"Not really." Lillian said, "I'm not working, so I'm at home with Una full time, and I got a lot of time. There are a lot of servants and nannies at home helping me care for Una. But more importantly, when Oscar comes back from work, he'll take care of Una. And she likes Oscar a lot. As long as Oscar is around, Una only sticks to him."

There was conspicuous pride and bragging right in her words. But Justine did not reveal it. So did Theodore and Manuel.

Theodore gave Manuel a look, which was a hint for Manuel to walk out of the baby room with him. They went to the smoking area and took out their cigarettes.

"What kind of person do you think Lillian is?" Theodore asked Manuel, puffing on his cigarette.

"What do you think?"

"I used to think that she was innocent."

Manuel laughed a little.

"I never felt that way." Said Manuel.

Theodore turned to look at him, thinking that Manuel was a wise man who always had clarity of mind.

"What's Oscar's plan?" Manuel asked bluntly.

"I don't know." Theodore shook his head.

Oscar never told him what he was going to do. And his plans were always impossible to speculate about.

"But, she is Una's mother, perhaps he would have mercy on her."

"Maybe." Manuel nodded.

It depended, in the end, on how far Lillian would go.

The two of them were chatting a lot while smoking. As they spoke, Theodore saw a hickey partly hidden on Manuel's neck.

"Did you bang her?"

Manuel was frozen for a second, then realized what Theodore was asking about.

Somewhat uncomfortably, he responded.

"Finally, she got you." Theodore couldn't help but laugh.

Manuel didn't say a word. After all, who took the lead in their sex was a secret.

"That's all I need to hear about you. Now I'm worried about Oscar." Theodore said in a rare moment of sentimentality.

Manuel echoed him.

“I thought Hannah appearing to generous, considerate and peaceful by Oscar’s side was what he wanted the most. He could protect Cian’s daughter, and have his own happiness at the same time. But now it’s a bit different. Lillian is showing her ambition, while Oscar becomes more taciturn. Manuel, I’m worried that how things are going will make him depressed.”

Manuel didn’t think he was exaggerating, since he could understand the repressed emotions inside Oscar.

“Alright, we’d have to see.” Theodore gave up dwelling on it. He put out the butt and joined Manuel back in the room.

At this moment, Una had been put to bed by Oscar, while Justine was watching the baby with Oscar.

Soon, they went out to the hall, except for Rowan and Lillian, who were left in the baby room.

Lillian was in a great mood today because she did not expect Oscar to prepare the banquet for her baby in such a big way. And at the thought of the poor son of Hannah, whose existence might not be known by people, she felt somehow triumphant.

It seemed that there was no need for her to worry about the genders of her child and Hannah’s.

After all, Una Wells, Cian’s only child, would obtain all of Oscar’s love and tenderness. And she would be the only heir of the Wells family.

And as Una’s mother, Lillian thought she had the biggest advantage.

“Lillian,” Rowan uttered.

Now that no one else was in the room, Rowan couldn’t hold back some of his words. Lillian could tell right away that her father had something to say to her. Thus she dismissed the two nannies going out first.

Apart from Una, they were the only two left in the room.

“Father, is something wrong?”

“How have you been with Oscar?” asked Rowan.

Since Lillian gave birth to Una, she had been living with Oscar.

“He’s nice to me. But...” Lillian found it was not easy to raise that topic.

“Haven’t had sex yet?” Rowan could tell at a glance.

“Hmm.”

“I had some anxiety during this time, but because you just had a baby, I didn’t want to push you so I just kept it to myself.” Rowan sighed heavily.

“What’s wrong?” Lillian hastened to ask.

“Oscar is now too strong in power. He had the final say while making a decision most of the time. He always denied my proposals without allowing me to discuss them with him.” Said Rowan, worried.

Lillian frowned on hearing that.

“We’ve worried that after giving birth to the baby, Oscar would do something to us. You said he is nice to you, so I just don’t think that way. But when I saw how good Oscar was to Una today, I suddenly felt foreboding.”

“He’s good to Una. Doesn’t it mean he loves this child and will compromise many things for her?” Lillian was a little agitated. She didn’t wish to deny her mind.

She even deemed boldly that Oscar could give up Hannah and his son for Una, since Oscar had never left Una’s side since her birth, and he had never let Hannah move to the Capital, neither had he come back to Kensbury to be with Hannah.

Rowan shook his head, “What I’m worried about is that Oscar’s kindness to Una now would make your daughter dependent on him. Once that happens, Una will live well without you as long as she has Oscar. Do you know where this is going?”

Lillian was startled by Rowan’s warning. What her father meant was that Oscar was growing Una’s dependence on him on purpose, to keep her away from her daughter.

Lillian looked at her father in horror, “You mean, Oscar is planning something for himself?”

“Right.” Rowan nodded, “You’re living with him now. I start to worry that you and Una will immediately be under Oscar’s control once something happens. When Oscar has Una, we won’t survive if we fail.”

Chapter 903 “Papa”

Lillian got into panic as she heard Rowan’s remark. If that was what was in Oscar’s mind, everything he was doing now, including being kind to her and Una, was all his disguise to serve his ambition.

“What should we do now? Are we a match for him?” asked Lillian, agitated.

“It’s hard to say.” Rowan shook his head, unsure of his idea. But he in no way would put Mathew’s matter behind him. One of Mathew Collins’s legs had been broken by Oscar and now Mathew was grounded inside the house.

Rowan was not sure whether Oscar would have an idea to deal with Lillian and the Collins family, besides, Oscar did not target him in power as he told. All he said to Lillian was to drive a wedge between her and Oscar, to lead Lillian to help him take Oscar down.

During this period, Lillian’s love for Oscar was visible to him. And his daughter seemed to forget all about the mission of their family. He intended to stop her from getting too attached. If Lillian had given birth to a boy, who would be destined to be the only heir of the Wells family, he would possibly allow Lillian to get attached to her love. But if Hannah’s son became the heir in the end, he would refuse to die even if the Collins family would be doomed to death.

Of course, the most wonderful thing was that Rowan took the throne himself. There was nothing but cruelty left in his heart now. He was eager to kill Oscar, to get back the position of commander-in-chief, and to avenge his son.

Lillian felt a little apprehensive and anxious.

“There’s only one way I can think of.” Rowan looked very deliberate.

“What’s the solution?”

“If Oscar has fancied you, I would be very supportive of you being together, and if you were able to have another boy, and the boy became a real heir, I would bury the hatchet with Oscar. But now, Oscar doesn’t have the heart to start a family with you.”

Lillian’s face darkened more.

“In that case, Lillian, we shouldn’t place all our bets on your being able to get Oscar’s heart in. The odds are too great. The only way we can truly defend ourselves and have no worries against Oscar is to keep Una with us for good.”

“You mean?” Lillian’s heart was racing.

Rowan gave a nod, “Now that Oscar kept with Una at all times, I suspect he’s just afraid that we’ll take Una and give him a threat, and since he cares so much about Una, we should use Una to get what we want.”

“But how can we get Una out under his nose?”

As she asked this question, Lillian turned livid, since she was upset to know Oscar’s intention by ordering so many people to protect Una and asking her to move in with him. She used to think he had done all these for Una’s sake. But as she heard what Rowan said, she deemed that Oscar was just using her and her daughter.

“I can’t think of a better way right now.” Rowan shook his head and continued, “I just want to make the situation clear to you, you gotta know that. I know you had always been a smart girl since nursery. We can’t rush it. I gotta figure out a way to take Una away. Do not alert him. Once Oscar finds out what we’re thinking, we’ll be in danger.”

“I see.” Lillian nodded.

Lillian had never been stupid, but she was a little blinded by her feelings a while ago and almost fell for Oscar’s trick. It was a good thing her father warned her just in time. And she had another terrible thought in mind-if their family controlled Oscar, it would be her doing whatever she wanted Oscar to do, instead of what she was doing now, being dominated by Oscar. Therefore, she had to play along first.

A sinister look was shown on her face. With that, Rowan put on an evil smile.

In Kensbury City, Hannah was playing with Salem on the lawn in the garden.

Salem was 8 months old and had grown chubby. He had just learned to crawl. He was practising on a soft mat there, with his little legs and arms, exceptionally happy.

Michelle, who had been playing with Salem as well, suddenly sighed heavily.

Hannah glanced at her and knew what she was lamenting. But she said nothing and kept playing with her son.

"I saw that photo of Una's birth party today. I feel so sorry for Sal, our Sal can only be hidden at home, while Una can be blessed by the whole country."

"Sal is not old enough to know anything right now, he isn't as sentimental as you are, Mom." Said Hannah.

"That's why I feel sorry for him. How could Oscar be so heartless to Sal?" Michelle huffed to continue, "Since Una was born, Oscar hasn't come to see Sal once more. I'm cross when I know the first word Sal learned to speak was 'Papa'."

Salem could speak the word "Papa" when he was 7 months old. He was not taught to say that word so on purpose, but occasionally when Oscar called and videoed Salem, Hannah teased Salem to say that word, to her surprise, Sal's first word was "papa". And so far, that was the only word he could say.

But Hannah didn't tell Oscar this, thinking that it didn't matter to him. And she deemed that it was just because the pronunciation of that word was easier than others. It had nothing to do with affection.

"Don't you dislike Oscar? Wouldn't it be better if he didn't come here, so you won't be angry." Hannah was comforting Michelle.

"That's true, but he's Sal's father, how can a father's love be absent?" Michelle complained in a huff.

"Children are stronger than we think. And the world is a place where anyone can live without anyone." Hannah said in a bland tone.

"Hannah," Michelle was about to say something else.

But Hannah's phone suddenly rang.

"I'll take a call." Hannah glanced at the screen and said.

She was kind of relieved to get away from Michelle's topic. In addition, she wasn't willing to see Oscar coming back home actually. She didn't take it personally but knew that Oscar must be taking his moves if he didn't come back to Kensbury. She knew Oscar kept with Una at all times to control the Collins family.

There were some things she could sit back and enjoy, or she could be an enabler.

Chapter 904 Manuel's "Threat"

Hannah got Susan on the phone and heard the tiredness in her voice.

"Hannah, I can't be with you today."

Hannah could tell that she was self-condemned.

"Are you in the Capital?" asked Hannah.

She was just asking, having no mood swings at the thought of the banquet for Una.

“No.” Susan said while clenching her teeth, “Going there would kill me.”

Hannah laughed. This love-hate personality was going to follow Susan around the rest of her life, Hannah reckoned. But if Susan remarried Manuel, she would see members of the Wells family at that time. That was the ending to a whole other story. Since Manuel loved Susan so much, he would possibly promise her everything. So, Hannah didn’t consider a need to worry that Susan’s relationship with the Wells family would be influenced by her and Oscar.

Her worries now are also superfluous.

Most importantly, she was relieved now that Susan and Manuel were back together. Manuel would have been the best man in the world for Susan. No, Manuel should be the best man, in this world.

“I was going to sleep late today and come over, and I’m not going to work, I was too tired last night. Manuel said he could give me paid leave.” Said Susan, a bit indignant.

“Too tired?”

“Hee hee hee! Manuel’s mine.” Susan used a different tone, smirking.

Susan had complained to Hannah multiple times that she had not had sex with Manuel since she had been dating him. She thought he was a freak, who could do nothing even when she was nearly naked in front of him and thus she was doubtful about herself and Manuel’s feelings for her. Although Hannah reassured her that Manuel deserved her trust and told her not to rush, Susan just couldn’t settle down.

Now, Hannah could feel Susan’s excitement through the phone.

“Congratulations.” Said Hannah while giggling.

“I used to think he didn’t attach too much to me. I thought he hated me, and he was reluctant to be with me because I was pestering him. But after last night, I think Manuel loves me to death.” Susan said in glee.

“Hannah, what was it like for you when you have sex with Oscar?” Susan suddenly asked.

Hannah was speechless. She didn’t want to mention anything about that.

“Will you...” Susan’s words just started.

“No.” Hannah interrupted her, “We just make love for physical needs, unlike you and Manuel. I got no other feelings.”

Susan froze for a second and felt a little sad to hear that. As she thought, Hannah was forced to be with Oscar. How she wished that Hannah could leave that jerk for good!

“You were just saying that you could have taken a paid day off.” Hannah reminded her.

Susan realized that she had been diverted from the topic and said, “Oh, yea. Manuel let me rest at home for a day, and I was thinking of coming to you after a good sleep, but I just received a phone call from

my secretary. I got an important business event in the afternoon followed by a dinner party. When the dinner party is over, it will be at least 9 o'clock. I'm afraid you will be asleep at this hour."

"Yeah."

"So I couldn't come and keep you company." Susan was again full of self-loathing.

"I'm fine with Sal and my parents. You just go about your business."

"I'll come over next time."

"Okay."

"Hannah, are you alright?" Susan sounded worried.

"Do I look sad to you?"

"Hannah, how can you move on so fast? If I were you, I might have cried myself to death in the toilet."

"Don't worry, Manuel won't let you cry to death in the toilet."

"I think so." Susan was now so pleased with Manuel that she simply didn't hide it, "You say they all come from the same ancestor, how could Oscar and Manuel be so different?!"

"..."

"Right, I gotta get up before it's too late."

Susan ended the conversation in a hurry. She jumped out of bed, but she stumbled and fell on the ground unexpectedly. Her knees were weak.

"Ouch!"

She was being punished after a whole night of orgy.

Susan steadied herself on the floor, rose to her feet slowly, then trembled on her legs and went to the bathroom to wash up.

Looking at the mirror, she found dense love bites on herself. As expected, a good number of hickeys were left on her since Manuel had been the one dominating during sex.

After a while, she walked out of the bathroom and grabbed her phone back, then took a selfie in the mirror.

Susan sent the photo to Manuel with sweet fulfilment.

Meanwhile, Manuel was at the banquet in the Capital. He clicked on the notification and saw that picture. With his heart pounding madly, he turned off his phone in a hurry.

After quite a while, Manuel looked around before turning his phone on and then replied with a text message, "Are you up?"

Susan was brushing her teeth while typing on her phone, "Shouldn't you be asking me if it hurts?"

There seemed to be a second of hesitation on the other side of the phone.

Then Manuel sent a message, "It hurts?"

Susan smiled brightly.

In the face of this obedient wolf, she sometimes found herself softening towards him.

She replied, "How are you gonna make it up to me?"

"I'll be gentle next time."

"How long before a 'next time' happens again?"

"Tonight."

Susan's heart skipped a beat when seeing this word. She didn't mean to seduce him.

"I gotta work."

"Hmm?"

"I just got a call from my secretary. There is a business event tonight and I'll have dinner with the clients."

"I'll reject it for you."

"No, I'm okay."

Susan didn't know when she became so responsible for her work.

"You mean... I didn't try hard enough last night?"

Chapter 905 Bossy Susan

Susan saw the message sent by Manuel.

She turned off her phone instantly, feeling scared by his "threat". More exactly, she was somewhat frightened by his eroticism.

Then she quickly put on makeup and got dressed before going out.

Manuel stared at his phone for a long while, and he got no reply. A smile was revealed on his face.

Sitting next to him, Theodore noticed Manuel's smile and asked him in a whisper, "Who are you talking to?"

Manuel was startled and forced a serious face the next second.

"Susan's hitting on you?" Theodore smiled slyly.

Manuel didn't say anything and put his phone in his pants pocket silently.

"Don't be shy, I get you." Theodore said while putting his arm on Manuel's shoulder, "I'll free you in a while."

"Mhm." Manuel didn't refuse.

Theodore laughed out loud, considering it a perfectly good relationship between Manuel and Susan although he didn't like Susan that much.

Susan was still tired after she arrived at the office. Makeup was not enough to cover her haggard face.

"Miss Phillips, what's wrong with you?" The secretary was a little surprised to see her. Susan was always energetic in her eyes, especially when she was around Manuel. Thus, the secretary deemed she was in low spirits because their chairman, Mr Johnson, was absent today.

"Nothing." Susan said faintly, "Make me a cup of coffee."

"Yes."

"Wait,"

"Yes?"

"Do you think coffee will affect the baby?"

The secretary almost got choked, and she asked excitedly after quite a while of silence, "Miss Phillips, are you pregnant?!"

"No," said Susan.

"You scared me." The secretary breathed a sigh of relief.

"But it shouldn't be too far away." Susan was in a good mood while thinking that soon there would be a baby for her and Manuel.

"You and Mr Johnson..." The secretary hesitated to ask.

"Yeah." Susan nodded.

Never did she manage to hide things from others, especially when it came to good things.

"No wonder you are not in good spirits, it turns out that you overindulged."

Susan didn't retort but murmured, "Manuel looks so weak, how come he has such good stamina in bed?"

The secretary was rendered shy and embarrassed. She bumped into Manuel during her lunch break several times, seeing him running the stairs to work out in the safety lane. And she thought a sweaty man like him was sexy and strong.

"Go make me a cup of milk." Susan took a deep breath and decided to lift her spirits.

"Okay."

The secretary left. She went to the pantry to prepare Susan's milk.

"Why are you drinking milk?" A colleague came over and joked with her, "Milk is prepared for the pregnant ladies at the company. What? Are you pregnant? Didn't you say you don't even have a boyfriend?"

“It wasn’t for me. It’s for Miss Phillips.”

“Miss Phillips?” her colleague sounded surprised, “You mean...”

The secretary smiled meaningfully as she said, “Don’t you spread the word.”

“I’m sure it’s confidential.”

As a result, as soon as the colleague returned to her seat, she excitedly posted inside an online private chatting group of the company, “Miss Phillips is pregnant.”

And she added at the end, “Don’t spread the word, please.”

Then, the news of Susan’s “pregnancy” spread throughout the whole company.

Clara, of course, heard about it as well. Knowing Susan was pregnant with Manuel’s baby, she was in fury. She insisted that Susan had Manuel by her body instead of his feelings for her.

After Susan got the milk, she began to listen to the secretary’s report on the schedules for today’s business event.

“Who did you say the General Department is sending to attend with me?” Susan raised her eyebrows.

“Clara,”

“Why her?” Susan was not pleased.

“Shall I go back and tell them to send someone else?”

“Mhm.” Susan nodded.

Tammy didn’t like Clara either. She still held a grudge against Clara because of Clara’s tricks on Susan and her last time.

A moment later, however, Clara arrived at Susan’s office. She was suppressing her anger at Susan.

“May I ask, what did I do wrong, Miss Phillips? You refused me to accompany you to the event,” said Clara.

“I don’t like you,” Susan said carelessly.

That pissed Clara off, while Tammy snickered beside them.

“Miss Phillips, you are the general manager of the company, so please be clear about what is public and what is private. If it is not because of my work, so please retract your words about not allowing me to accompany you. That will affect my supervisor’s evaluation of my work. I have the right to appeal to the company and the chairman of the board.”

This woman just knew how to use Manuel to pressure her.

At the thought that Manuel had almost failed to come back home last night because of her, Susan got an idea in her mind.

“Since you insist, I allow you to go with me.” Said Susan, with a sly look.

Her sudden compromise made Clara alert.

“What?” Susan raised an eyebrow.

“Nothing. I will go with you to the event on time and do my best to do my duty.” Clara was back to business as usual in an instant.

“Get out.” Susan waved her hand.

Clara paid a bow and left.

When she closed the door, Clara put on a sinister smile.

“Miss Phillips, why did you agree anyway?” asked Tammy, confused.

“I know you hate her, and I hate her too. But we don’t need to avoid her, instead, we can torture her!”

“What does it mean?” Tammy was dumbfounded by Susan’s comment.

“You’ll find out tonight.” Susan smiled wickedly.

At 3 PM, Susan took Clara and her secretary, Tammy, with her to attend the business event.

From the beginning to the end, Susan had been ordering Clara to do things like finding a back cushion for her and looking for a scarf for her. She put aside the premium drinks prepared for her by the organizer and asked Clara to buy her bubble tea in a store a few miles away.

When Clara bought the tea back after lining up for two hours on a hot day, Susan said she didn’t want to drink it and gave it to Tammy.

Clara was rendered so exasperated.

Chapter 906 Little Bunny

Finally, they spent all morning on a tight schedule.

Invited by the organizer, they would dine with some celebrities attending this event. Susan, as a brand sponsor, sat in one of the best seats in the house.

Just as she sat down, someone caught her attention. Though doubtful, she saw Little Bunny sitting there at the table next to her with her back turned to Susan.

Susan thought Little Bunny should be at home with her kid. And she didn’t see her at the event in the morning.

“What’s wrong, Miss Phillips?” asked the organizer, seeing Susan pausing in a daze.

“I think I just saw someone I know.”

“Who?” The organizer followed her gaze and smiled, “Did you say, Little Bunny?”

“You know her?” asked Susan.

“Barely knew her. But I remember her appearance fee is quite low.”

"I didn't see her at the scene just now."

"Oh, she's not at the main set, she's inside the recording hall next door." The organizer explained, and said positively, "Miss Phillips, what's your relationship with her, then? If I had known you had a relationship, I should have arranged another job for her."

"It's not much of a relationship." Susan found a reason, "Before she gave birth... Before that, she was invited by Cooper Group to do streaming. Vaguely recall her."

"I watched that streaming." The organizer said, "I invited her to attend the event because of that live event, or she... but it makes me a little confused. It's her rising period now, why did she suddenly disappear for two years? That's her most golden two years of development, what a loss."

Susan muttered in her mind, "She spent two years having a baby, but the baby's dad seemed not to appreciate what she was doing for him."

"Miss Phillips here's to you. Thank you for attending today's business event." The organizer held a glass of wine and offered a toast.

"I'm not feeling too good today, so I'll skip the wine." Susan refused.

Therefore, the organizer asked a waiter to send drinks over.

"I'll just have plain water."

"Right, I can't drink today because I don't feel well, but Miss Stern can hold her liquor." Began Susan. And she turned to look at Clara and continued, "Clara, it's your duty to drink with Mr Hale tonight."

Cross, Clara knew what Susan was up to. She had been ordered around long enough today and thus anger had been holding back her anger all day long. To her surprise, Susan hadn't done with her tricks and now she used her again.

She was showing a flagrant personal grudge, Clara reckoned. What's more, she even saw a smug grin on Susan's face as she met Tammy's eyes.

Susan couldn't drink, so she must be pregnant. At the thought of it, Clara struggled to make herself compose. Anyway, she got her plan tonight, by which she would show Susan something later tonight.

Clara picked up her glass and volunteered, "Miss Phillips is not feeling well today, so I will drink on behalf of her. Here's to you, Mr Hale."

"Cheers."

Clara made a start, and the others followed her. Then a buzz of excitement filled the table, and that's the use of wine.

Susan didn't drink, and she didn't fit into their talks. Besides, somehow, she had been focusing on Little Bunny tonight, who had drunk a lot.

"Is she a good drinker?" Susan wondered. But she felt like arguing for Little Bunny's status, as Theodore Wold's wife, since she should have earned money herself like this.

At that moment, Little Bunny got up and left the table. Susan followed her.

Little Bunny walked into the bathroom in a hurry and began to throw up.

That was the first business endorsement she had received since her return to her career. Although the endorsement fee was negligible, it was a way for her to be exposed to the public again. And she could make some contacts here. Whether capitalists or actors in the circle, they were all resources for her. So she was well-prepared for the event tonight.

But since she had been kept away from wine for a long time, she found herself could barely handle it when she drank a lot again.

She vomited for a while.

After that, she got up and walked over to the mirror. Then she saw Susan in the mirror.

Actually, she had seen Susan earlier today, who was seated in the middle of the house, easy to attract attention. On the contrary, she was sitting in a corner, so Susan did not find her earlier.

Susan handed Little Bunny a piece of tissue.

Little Bunny accepted it with a smile, "Thank you."

Susan nodded and asked, "Why are you out socializing all of a sudden?"

"Hmm... Nicholas is almost two years old, I'm planning to go back into show business." Little Bunny explained.

"Theodore agrees?"

Susan thought Theodore had a responsibility to offer Little Bunny a good life.

"I didn't tell him." Little Bunny laughed. She didn't deem it a good idea to inform him since Theodore didn't care about her.

As Susan was somewhat surprised, Little Bunny spoke up again, "I asked for his father's opinion, and he agreed."

"Did Laird agree?" Susan was even more surprised.

"Theodore and I have no feelings, we are living together because of the child, and at the beginning, he didn't want the baby. It was his father, Laird Wold, who forced Theodore to marry me and keep the child. I didn't mean to hide it from Theodore. But I haven't seen him for a long time, and I'm afraid I won't be able to talk clearly on the phone. I think he wouldn't say no."

Susan knew that Theodore was a heartless playboy, who would not care about his wife's feelings, nor would he care about what Little Bunny was going to do.

"So who's taking care of Nicholas now?" asked Susan.

Nicholas Wold was the son of Theodore and Little Bunny. Susan thought it would be better to name him Nicholas Hoult.

“Old Mr Wold is now retired, and he’s at home to take care of Nicholas, and there are maids and nannies as well. Nicholas had always been well-behaved.”

Susan nodded her head. After all, it was Little Bunny’s choice, and she couldn’t interfere. Besides, according to what Little Bunny said, she wouldn’t intend to rely on Theodore.

Chapter 907 Something’s Not Right About the Water

Susan and Little Bunny were just acquaintances, having some encounters because of Theodore. Susan had nothing else to say after that.

Little Bunny began again, “Can you help me keep it secret that Theodore and I are married and have a child?”

“Sure.”

Although Susan knew little about show business, she knew many unspoken rules of the industry. It would be hard for a married actress with a child to develop, especially when she was not famous.

“But,” Susan looked at Little Bunny and reminded, “Theodore is different. If you make it public that he is your husband, everyone in here, including the organizer who was just being incredibly attentive to me, will treat you with respect.”

To put it bluntly, she wanted to tell her that she could use Theodore.

And she’s sure she doesn’t need it?

Little Bunny laughed and said, “Sooner or later we will divorce, it was agreed before. Things will be much easier for me now for a while by using Theodore, but this is the real world. Once I divorce Theodore, I don’t know how many people will be ridiculed. It’s better to rely on myself from the beginning, and it’s more solid to fight out my career.”

Susan nodded her head. Meanwhile, she was somewhat glad to see Little Bunny thought it through.

“Alright,” Susan said no more.

“Miss Phillips, I gotta go out then.” Little Bunny had always been overly polite to Susan.

Susan frowned.

“Just call me Susan.”

“I’d rather call you Miss Phillips in public.” Said Little Bunny.

It should be a way to draw a line between them. Susan respected her, thinking that Little Bunny was unwilling to have a relationship with the rich for her career.

Susan simply nodded her head again.

Little Bunny smiled faintly, then left the bathroom.

Susan simply gave herself a make-up fix and also returned to the dining hall.

When she went in, she saw Little Bunny offering another toast. Susan often paid attention to show business, knowing that the relationships with the celebrities were complicated. Perhaps Theodore would be cuckolded, she thought.

Susan returned to her seat. Everyone came over to her again.

“Miss Phillips, why didn’t you tell me earlier that Miss Stern’s father is Stephen Stern from the City Hall? Look, I almost neglected her.”

So just a moment after she left, Clara said who she was. The people here, more or less, would play up to officials from the City Hall, so they treated Clara specially at this moment.

Clara was good at using her resources.

Susan smiled and said, “Miss Stern treats her work diligently and never affects anything at work because of her family. If you guys didn’t tell me, I forgot that Miss Stern’s father is Stephen Stern. Mainly because she is too dedicated, it is hard to imagine that Miss Stern is born into such a noble family. I appreciate the cultivation of her family.”

What appeared to be praise for Clara was a way to embarrass Clara. The reason why she just “unintentionally” identified herself was to avoid the drink and to enjoy a sense of superiority. Thanks to Susan’s words, now she would embarrass herself if she continued to use her identity.

Susan was smarter than she thought. She used to think that Susan had only big boobs but no brain, and was useless without Manuel’s help.

The organizer hastened to echo, “Here’s to you, Miss Stern. I appreciate your dedication.”

Clara gritted her teeth. She simply didn’t want to drink anymore, since she was not a good drinker, and she would get drunk if she kept drinking. And she had things scheduled for tonight.

But she couldn’t fall into Susan’s trap.

Clara held back her words and continued to drink. Because of Susan’s words, the others had another legitimate reason to approach her for a drink, making her drink even more. She was seething.

“Excuse me, I’m going to use the restroom.” After a while, Clara excused herself to leave.

And she did get a little dizzy at that time. But instead of going to the restroom, she left and went straight to the bar, “Give me a glass of water please.”

The barmaid poured her a glass of plain water.

Clara took it and walked to a hidden corner. She took out a packet of powders and put them into the water. The powder melted instantly, and the glass of water looked perfectly the same as before.

Clara had an evil smile on her lips. Susan would know what was worse than death tomorrow morning, she thought.

After that, Clara went back to her seat and placed the water on the table. Her seat was next to Susan’s, and so was her glass. So it was easy for her to swap their glasses.

Although Susan didn't drink, she was still busy chatting with people coming over to her. Out of her sight, Clara quickly swapped her glass with Susan's. Nobody noticed that.

However, Susan had perfectly avoided the water. Susan had drunk little water from the beginning. She didn't like drinking water while others were drinking wine, thus she didn't allow people to toast her, and she drank little water.

Clara got a little impatient since they had been halfway through the meal.

She couldn't resist saying, "Miss Phillips, your water."

Susan took a look at her glass and answered, "Okay."

But she didn't drink it, for she would like to eat the soup.

Then, Clara waited a little longer. Suddenly, she started toasting actively.

Susan frowned, feeling that Clara's move was suspicious. So, she watched Clara toast people at the other tables and finally walk to her with her glass.

"Miss Phillips, it's your turn. Here's to you. You can drink the water."

Susan noticed that Clara had mentioned a lot about the water before her.

Was there a problem with the water?

Chapter 908 Susan's Response

Susan just hid her suspicion and said, "Easy on the wine. We'll get a lot of chances to drink. Not necessary tonight."

Clara almost screamed out at that moment. She drank with more than 10 people to get Susan to drink the water, and she wanted to vomit, but Susan turned her down so easily.

Clara took the glass and insisted, "But that's later on, now a toast to you. I know there may be some conflicts between us, but all was for my job, and I had no other personal thoughts. Miss Phillips, if you do not drink the toast with me, then I will assume that you're not satisfied with my work."

Susan was a bit wordless. However, if she refused in front of all these people, it seemed that their company had internal conflicts. So she picked up her glass.

Clara was a little excited as she saw that, and hastened to say, "Cheers."

With that, she wanted to take a sip.

"Wait." Susan stopped her.

Clara was almost driven crazy.

"Since you're so sincere, it seems a little too inadequate for me to drink just water." Susan said bluntly, "Waiter."

A waiter came forward respectfully.

“Pour me a glass of wine please.” Said, Susan.

Clara was going to blow up, with her face turning livid, which was noticeable to the onlookers. In the meantime, she was shivering in a fury.

“What’s wrong?” Susan looked at Clara’s change in complexion and looked concerned, “Is something wrong? Too much wine?”

“No.” Clara tried to calm herself. She was clear that if she lost control at this moment, her plan would be completely screwed up. Moreover, she didn’t want to embarrass herself in front of so many people.

She got up and said, “Excuse me, I’m going to use the restroom.”

“Do you want me to keep you company? I think you’re not feeling well.” Said, Susan.

“No, thanks.”

After that, Clara left in no time.

As she stormed straight into the restroom, she couldn’t help but scream out.

How she wished to choke Susan to death! That bitch should pay for what she had done to her tonight.

Clara was trying to compose herself in there, while Susan in the dining hall was in a good mood. Susan thought it was a piece of cake to piss Clara off.

Then she glanced at the glass of water in front of her. Clara must have done something to her water, Susan reckoned. If that was in the past, she wouldn’t have thought much about it. In her opinion, she had no desire to harm others, and they certainly would not harm her. But after being through what had happened between her and Henry, she’d changed; she’d evolved.

Since Clara could make her misunderstand that she had a relationship with Manuel in a despicable way, she could have done anything to harm her.

On second thought, Susan switched the two glasses of water in front of her.

She wanted to see what kind of tricks Clara would play.

Clara came back about ten minutes later. When she came back to her seat, she seemed to get her sanity back.

Susan kind of admired her for her patience.

“Are you alright?” asked Susan, sarcastically.

Clara glanced at her, and she almost get furious again as she saw Susan’s face. She secretly clenched her fists, reminding herself to be calm.

“I’m fine. I just got a little bit dizzy, I’m better now.” Clara continued, “I’m sorry.”

“No worries.” Susan smiled, “I drink a lot too, and I know all too well what it’s like to get drunk. Since you can’t drink more, let’s stop here. I know you’re dedicated, but it’s not for you to take your life.”

That was not what Clara wanted to hear, which only added to her anger.

Of course, Susan didn't mean to care about her. She said so to start the things she was about to do next.

"Didn't you just toast me?" asked Susan.

Clara gritted her teeth and picked up her glass. After all, she had said that she would like to toast Susan before everyone.

Susan took the glass from Clara's hand.

"Sometimes, we can avoid alcohol. I appreciate your sentiment, let's just drink water instead. When we're both convenient next time, we'll make it up with wine." Said Susan.

Clara was a little surprised. But before she could react, Susan handed a glass to her, with another one in her other hand.

"We'll just have water instead of wine." Said Susan.

Clara's heart was racing. Excited, she didn't expect such an opportunity. She had just thought about giving up in the bathroom a few minutes ago and she had been ready for her failure tonight.

Clara smiled slyly, while she thought to herself, "Susan, you're weak in the head, don't blame me for that!"

She hastened to reply, "Okay. I did drink too much and I just threw up in the restroom. Thank you for your consideration, Miss Phillips."

Susan laughed a little. Clara's words made her more trust her guts.

They clinked the glasses.

Clara drained the water in her glass to show her sincerity.

Susan could only finish the water in her glass too. Seeing that, Clara was rendered in a good mood, and she became much friendlier to Susan.

Ignoring all Clara's changes, Susan continued to enjoy the meal.

It was a little late at the end of the dinner. By the time it was over, Clara was passed out on the table. There were some others who got drunk and bent over the table as well.

"Thank you, Miss Phillips, for coming to our business event in person." The organizer reached out in a parting gesture of courtesy.

"My pleasure, Mr Hale. We've all worked hard today, so go home early."

"Please let me send you back." The organizer was enthused.

"No, thanks, my driver is right outside."

"Then take care, Miss Phillips."

Susan nodded. Then she turned her head to Tammy and said, "Help Clara."

Chapter 909 Clara Has It Coming to Her

Tammy was a little upset. Although she did not drink much tonight, and Susan was not sitting at the same table with her, she wasn't supposed to

leave drunk people helpless. But at this moment, looking at Clara sleeping on the table next to her, she was very reluctant.

But since Clara was drunk because she was holding the drinks for Susan, Tammy had to go pick up Clara again and put her phone, which Clara had left on the dining table, into her coat pocket along with it.

Susan helped Tammy along and helped Clara back to the limo.

The secretary sat in the passenger side and said with some irritation, "Miss Susan, you should have just left her there, what do you care if she lives or dies!"

"After all, we came together, and it's not good for others to see us just leave," Susan explained.

She wanted to leave Clara behind too. Tammy could actually understand that and she thought Susan seemed to have become mature. If it was in the past, Susan wouldn't have cared about Clara's life.

The car was running on the highway.

It was silent in the small car. And suddenly a sound notification of a phone rang. Tammy hurriedly took out Clara's cell phone from her pocket.

The phone was on the lock screen, but the message popped up, reading, "Caves Hotel room 3020, how long until you arrive?"

Tammy looked a little puzzled. The incoming message showed an unfamiliar number. She was surprised and showed the phone to Susan, "Miss Phillips, does Clara have a date with someone?"

Susan looked at the message on Clara's phone and frowned as well.

"Boyfriend?" The secretary speculated.

Susan shook her head. If Clara had a boyfriend, she wouldn't be staring at Manuel. And Clara shouldn't be messing around either.

Previously, she was jealous of Clara and Manuel's relationship, and she had actually inquired more or less about her. Clara didn't seem to be a person who just messed around, and being in that kind of family, she would not be allowed to do so.

Just at the moment, Susan thought the text message might have been sent by mistake.

A thought came to her mind.

She couldn't help but glance at Clara next to her, looking at her in a daze at the moment. Susan thought Clara didn't look like being drunk. When she was holding her, she could feel that Clara's body was heated.

Susan remembered how she felt when she had been drugged with Philter last time and couldn't help but be struck by her heart.

Clara had been asking her to drink the glass of water tonight, but she switched it, which meant Clara was drinking the water that she wanted Susan to drink.

Now it was clear all of a sudden.

Clara was planning to send her to a hotel tonight after drugging her and then setting her up.

What a sinister and vicious woman!

To break her and Manuel up, to get Manuel, Clara would do anything. Thanks to her cautiousness, Susan was safe now. Or, everything would be screwed up by Clara.

Susan said to the driver, "Go to Caves Hotel."

"Got it."

"Send her there?" asked Tammy, confused.

"Yeah."

It was all Clara's own doing.

"Oh." Tammy did not know the reason for this and muttered, "I thought Clara is fond of Mr Johnson, it turned out that she has a boyfriend. But how could she ogle Mr Johnson? She's a bitch."

Susan was amused by her words.

The limousine soon arrived at the hotel.

"Marty," Susan called out to the driver.

"Yes?"

"Help me get Clara to room 3020."

"Okay."

He got out of the car and held Clara. As soon as he touched Clara, he was startled for a second by the overly hot temperature of her body.

But he didn't say anything. He just needed to do whatever his boss told him to do.

Then Marty helped Clara into the hotel.

Tammy looked at their backs, a little upset, "Miss Phillips, you are too kind. You even sent her here to her boyfriend! Don't let Marty send her up, just leave her in front of the hotel and let her climb up by herself!"

Susan laughed, "You'll find out tomorrow."

Tammy didn't understand, and she felt that Susan had a deep meaning.

Susan didn't explain either.

She then sat in the car and waited for a while while the driver came out from inside the hotel.

The moment he walked out, he seemed to have some desire to speak.

Susan gave him a look. Then he bit back his words. Susan sent Tammy home first and then Marty sent her home.

“Is there something wrong with the hotel?” Susan asked the driver after Tammy got out of the car.

“Hmm.” The driver nodded, “After sending Miss Stern in, I saw two men inside the room.”

Susan’s heart fluttered again.

Clara was unexpectedly ruthless.

“The room number is correct, right?”

“That’s right.” The driver affirmed, “I was afraid of making a mistake too, so I looked twice. But when we walked in, the man inside said that was the place. And he should be waiting for Miss Stern.”

“OK.” Susan said, “Keep this between us.”

“I understand.” Marty nodded his head in a hurry.

That was his duty to be a private driver.

The limousine arrived at Phillips Manor.

Susan looked at the time. And it had already been 10 PM. She wondered if Manuel had been back yet. He hadn’t sent a message to her.

Was there no other time for him to take the initiative except in bed?

Susan was a little sullen. She walked into the living room, which was empty and unoccupied.

Hadn’t Manuel and Justine come back yet?

Men say one thing and do another. And Manuel was no exception since he had told her that he would come back early tonight.

Susan returned to her room unhappily. But when she pushed the door open, she saw a man sitting on the bed, looking at his phone.

Susan couldn’t help but laugh, surprised and delighted.

“Why didn’t you give me a heads up when you got back?” Susan asked.

“I’m afraid I’ll disturb your work,” Manuel replied.

“So you literally want me to trade my life for your money!”

Manuel was rendered wordless.

“Where’s your mother?” Susan asked again.

She didn’t think Justine would have gone to sleep at this early hour.

“She went to see your father,” Manuel said.

“Amazing, how affectionate your mom is to my dad!” Susan exclaimed.

“She went there tonight because...” Manuel continued after a pause, “We’re too noisy at night.”

Susan froze for a second.

Manuel laughed so obviously and he said, “Screaming too loud.”

Chapter 910 100th-Day

“Go take a shower!” Manuel said.

Susan felt nervous.

What was Manuel trying to do again?

Once she thought about what happened last night, she felt her legs shaking. But she still went to the bathroom and took a shower.

While taking a shower, she was thinking about how to find an excuse to avoid him tonight.

Since Manuel came back early, and he had taken a shower and was waiting for her on the bed, she had a sense of foreboding.

Susan spent quite a long time showering. She changed into a very conservative nightgown and dawdled towards the bed.

When she walked over to the bed, Manuel then got up.

“What are you going to do?” asked Susan, flustered.

Manuel frowned slightly, a little upset at Susan’s sudden wariness of him. He turned to pick up a glass of water next to him and handed it to Susan.

Susan looked at the glass of water, and then at Manuel’s pure and harmless look at the moment, and wondered if she was overthinking things.

She smiled, “How did you know I was a little thirsty.”

Manuel laughed a little and handed her a white pill.

Though this man looked deadly charming while smiling, he seemed to be up to something. And because of Clara, Susan always felt that there was something wrong with this glass of water.

“What’s this?” Susan looked at the pill and frowned, “Sobriety pills?!”

“I haven’t been drinking. And I didn’t smell like alcohol.” She thought.

“The emergency contraceptive pill,” Manuel said.

Susan almost spurted out the water in her mouth. And she coughed, irritated by him.

Manuel patted her back.

Susan managed to stabilize herself and asked, "Manuel, why are you giving me this?"

"I wasn't expecting it last night, so I didn't prepare in advance. I've asked the pharmacy if this is the best contraceptive pill available and if there will be no side effects. I will pay attention in the future." Manuel said it, with self-condemnation.

"Pay attention to what?" Susan was cross, "I'm fucking meant to have a baby with you."

Manuel pursed his lips.

"And you're thinking about killing a life." Susan huffed.

"There's no rush to have a baby," Manuel said.

"Who says there's no hurry, I'm in a hurry." Susan was excited, "I can't wait to have it now and give birth to it tomorrow."

Manuel was somewhat silent.

Susan was hurt a lot by his reaction. She had always thought that Manuel was looking forward to having a child sooner to make up for that miscarriage that had occurred between them like her.

However, it turned out that he didn't want it at all.

Did he want to keep a fuck buddy relationship with her?

Susan's eyes were red at the thought. She even thought that she and Manuel were going to be married. She had thought about themselves. She would not care about a formal wedding with him, after all, she had accepted the fact that she was married to Manuel.

The more Susan thought about it, the more broken-hearted she got. Tears welled up in her eyes.

"Do you want a child?" Manuel asked in a compromising way as he watched Susan seem genuinely upset.

"If you don't want it, forget it."

"I want it, but I want it later."

Susan was still mad at him.

"I don't want to share you now," Manuel said.

Finally, he spoke it out, or he was afraid that Susan would overthink it again.

"Share me?" Susan frowned. And she understood what he meant the next second.

She looked straight at Manuel, who blushed while staring at her. He was easy to be coy, though he was completely different in bed.

Susan suddenly had a grim smile on her face, "So Manuel, you just want to have sex with me."

"... Mhm," Manuel admitted it.

Such a straightforward admission made Susan freeze for a moment. And she was even afraid that Manuel would be hurt once she refused.

Damn, it! This man was so good at manipulating her opinion.

Susan took the pill and put them into her mouth.

Manuel was a little surprised and he smiled.

“Is half a year enough for you?”

She was asking if they could begin their baby-making plan after six months.

Manuel nodded his head.

Susan understood him. An abstinence from sex after last night would be torture to him. But she didn't expect Manuel would and to have sex with her more than he would want a baby.

Sure enough, although he was taciturn, he was the wild in the sack.

“Go to bed then.” Manuel took the glass in Susan's hand.

Susan's hand shuddered. She'd forgotten that she intended to avoid him tonight. She would not be able to get up if she went through what had happened between them last night.

She just watched as Manuel put the glass of water aside, dimmed the lights in the room, and then came over and hugged her in his arms...

“We're not gonna fuck tonight, right?” Susan asked with a shudder.

“What do you think?” Manuel smiled wickedly.

“...”

Somehow, Susan felt she would always choose to compromise in front of Manuel.

In the Capital, Oscar put Una to sleep, while Lillian was standing outside Una's room. The nannies were with Una at night, since Lillian couldn't produce enough milk and thus Una had been weaned from breast milk in less than three months and was now eating formula.

Lillian just watched as Oscar carefully placed Una in her special princess crib. Oscar's kindness to Una made her feel in a trance that Una was Oscar's real daughter. And she aspired to that.

There were more and more feelings growing in her heart.

At that moment it came back to what her father had said to her at the party, which reminded her of being on guard against being fooled by Oscar.

Oscar put Una down and helped her cover the small quilt before leaving the room.

“Una asleep?” Lillian began.

“Mhm.”

“Una is always dependent on you, she refuses to sleep if it's not your embrace,” Lillian said with a smile.

Oscar nodded. To Lillian, he was always lukewarm.

“Oscar,” Lillian couldn’t resist calling out to him, who had already left.

Oscar paused.

“Can I have a drink with you?” Lillian asked.

Oscar looked at her.

“Today is Una’s 100th day, and it’s also Cian’s birthday.”

Oscar’s throat moved slightly.

The day chosen for Una’s 100th-day party was Cian’s birthday.