

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 56

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 56– Stay Away From Seaview City

Although sealing the deal with Omni Group seemed like an uphill task, it wasn't entirely impossible for that to happen. After all, Shirley believed Rachel would offer to sleep with anyone from the top management just to persuade them to sign the contract.

Despite the gravity of the situation, Shirley would rather pass up on the chance to work with Omni Group than allow Rachel to join Yates Corporation. She deemed Rachel as an ambitious woman with ulterior motives, so she was certain that the Yates Family would lose its harmony if her sister entered the company.

"Rachel, Omni Group is notorious for being stubborn, so I don't think you should waste your time on something that's not going to work." Shirley then added, "If you wish to do something for Yates Corporation, why don't you try engaging with Mr. Hardy..."

Nevertheless, Rachel smiled and raised her eyebrows in response. "What the Hardy and Zeus Family can offer is nowhere as good as the project from Omni Group. I'll make sure the person in charge of Omni Group signs the contract within three days."

Rachel's tone sounded a little arrogant, but no one else really believed she could pull that off despite secretly harboring a glimmer of hope that it would work. After all, Yates Corporation wouldn't have to worry about finding more clients if they could work with Omni Group.

Soon, Victor made the first move and said, "You're getting ahead of yourself, lady. I suppose you'll need more than three days—you might even need a month to get it done."

"If you manage to seal the deal with Omni Group, it would mean that you're capable and competent, Miss Rachel." Kevin then added, "After all, handling a difficult client with success means you have what it takes to assume the position of Key Accounts Manager."

In the meantime, Shirley was unable to stop Rachel from making her advances as the discussion continued. Therefore, she took a deep breath and said, "A business negotiation is not a game, Rachel."

"I hope you could think twice before making up your mind." No matter how slim it might be, Shirley swore to herself that she had to eliminate any opportunity that would work in Rachel's favor since she refused to let that woman join the company.

"If I fail to close the deal with Omni Group, I will never attend the shareholders' meeting ever again," said Rachel. She then continued, "But if I succeed, I hope you all will keep your promise and let me become the Key Accounts Manager, gentlemen."

Upon hearing that, Shirley was rendered speechless; her mouth was wide open as she had no idea what to say. At the same time, her intuition told her that Rachel would most likely succeed, but even so, she didn't know what she could say to stop her from moving on. As she heard the shareholders come to a consensus and Francis' approval to give Rachel a chance, it was decided that Rachel would go ahead with her plan.

After that, Rachel packed her stuff and walked out of the meeting room. In reality, she only needed to make a phone call in order to sign the contract with Omni Group right away. However, she deliberately requested three days to be given because she wanted to give Shirley some time and see if the latter would disappoint her.

As soon as Rachel stepped out of the meeting room, Shirley caught up with her and said, "Hold on, Rachel. I have something I want to talk to you about."

Rachel turned around with her red lips puckered up. She said tauntingly, "Well, there is no one else here but you and me, so quit acting like we're sisters who are close with each other."

"Let's strike a deal. What do you say?" Shirley jutted her chin. "I want all of your shares, so just name your price."

"Oh, do you want to acquire all of my shares?" Rachel seemed interested in Shirley's offer, which was evident in the smile that appeared on her face. "Well, the share price of Yates Corporation has recently suffered from a huge drop, so I doubt I can sell them off anyway. Would you buy them for 10 billion?"

While Yates Corporation wasn't even worth 30 billion as a whole in the market, Rachel was obviously pushing her luck by demanding 10 billion in exchange for 25 percent shares. Much to her surprise, Shirley nodded her head as she gritted her teeth. She then said, "Deal. I'll pay you 10 billion for your shares under one condition."

"I'm listening," Rachel casually responded.

"I'll give you an extra one billion on top of the ten billion you want, but as soon as you get the money, I want you to leave Seaview City and get away as far as you can. Remember, never return to this place ever again!" In truth, Shirley was feeling sorry for herself in spite of her intimidating words.

After all, she didn't have that much money in her bank account, and she had to borrow from the bank to raise 11 billion. However, what other choice did she have? Dmitri had sent someone to keep an eye on her, which stripped her of the option to hire an assassin to go after Rachel.

Furthermore, she was well aware of the severe consequences that would cost her chance to marry into the Ford Family if she was found to be behind the attempted

assassination. Well, I can always earn the money that I've lost, but if that matter gets exposed, there will be no turning back for me anymore.

Staring at Shirley's dramatic change in her expression, Rachel chuckled and said, "Shirley, you're not someone who'll ever get into a business deal on a losing end.

If someone takes advantage of you, you retaliate and make sure you get it back tenfold. Thus, why would you want to buy all of my shares without a good reason? I suppose my shares are not what you care about because all you want is for me to leave Seaview City, right?"

As Shirley's facial expression froze, she instinctively denied it by saying, "Well, I simply don't want you to compete with me for power in Yates Corporation."

"But it's obvious that you're scared..." Rachel took a step forward. "Why are you so afraid of me joining Yates Corporation? Tell me what your fear is, Shirley."

"You're imagining things. Why would I be afraid of you?!" Shirley denied. "I just don't want to see you anywhere near my domain. In fact, I want you to stay as far away from me as you can and never return to my world!"

Nonetheless, Rachel responded with a glacial chuckle, wishing things were that simple as the reality said otherwise. After all, there was no need for Shirley to hire a hitman to go after her if she simply didn't want to see her. Thus, Rachel believed that Shirley must be trying to keep her from discovering something she didn't want her to know.

However, she had no idea what it was even after running through all kinds of possible reasons in her head, but even so, she quickly got over it, thinking she still had plenty of time to gather the evidence needed to prove Shirley guilty. Therefore, she only shot a cold gaze at Shirley and walked away.

"Rachel, you haven't promised me to leave Seaview City!" Shirley began chasing the woman in her high heels. "I'm not through with you, so don't you dare to walk away just like that."

"Here is my answer—no can do!" Rachel dodged Shirley's hand, her eyes filled with coldness and nonchalance. "You wish! Seaview City is my hometown. I was forced to leave this place against my will four years ago. Yet, you want to strip me of my right to come back to my hometown forever! What a pipe dream!"

"You!" Shirley grew so mad that she wished she could just push Rachel down the stairs. No matter how hard she tried to change her sister's mind, Rachel was simply too stubborn to be persuaded.

In the meantime, Rachel was gleeful at the sight of Shirley's disheartened look. As she smiled and chuckled, she then said, "Shirley, it seems that you're pretty close with Mr. Ford from Ford Inc., aren't you?"

"What do you mean?" There was a look of panic in Shirley's eyes as she wondered if Rachel knew her dark secret.

"I'm going to Ford Inc. to talk about work later. Do you want to come with me?" Rachel asked while observing Shirley's facial expression.

"Work?! I don't need you to handle it!" Shirley seized Rachel's arm. "I struck the deal for the project with Ford Inc., so I should be the one in charge. Don't you ever think that you can warm up to the Ford Family with that excuse!"

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 57

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 57— Damian's Stepmother

"Didn't you know, Shirley? I just opened a studio, and I'm currently planning to work with Ford Inc." Rachel smiled complacently as she twirled her hair with her fingers. "What I'm doing with Ford Inc. has nothing to do with Yates Corporation at all, so what rights do you have to stop me from going there?"

Shirley's eyes widened. "No way! Ford Inc. will never work with you! What dirty tricks did you use to get what you want? I'm warning you—stay away from the Ford Family and Jordan!"

Rachel squinted in an unconcerned manner, wondering what Shirley was so afraid of since she was so touchy. Does it have anything to do with Ford Inc.? Is Shirley afraid that I'll take Jordan away from her?! Haha! Nonsense!

Since she no longer had any interest in playing Shirley's game, Rachel proceeded to walk away.

In the meantime, Shirley's heart was torn into pieces amidst Rachel's sniggering laughter. With no idea on what to do, she instinctively tried to assert her dominance. "Rachel, I'm the mother of Jordan's son, which means I'm the future matriarch of the Ford Family. No matter what dirty tricks you might use, you can never threaten me..."

"What did you say?!" Rachel turned around, her eyes filled with coldness.

It was only then did Shirley realize she had run her mouth off and said something she shouldn't have. In fact, her mother specifically told her not to mention anything about Damian to Rachel, so she couldn't help but blame herself for giving in to her impulse. Just as she puckered her lips and tried to right the wrong, Rachel had already beaten her to it and started to speak.

“Shirley, do you really think I know nothing about what went on in Seaview City when I was away for four years?” Rachel added with a sneer, “Jordan’s son is four years old this year, but when I left Seaview City, you weren’t pregnant at all.”

Shirley’s eyes were wide open. “How did you know that Jordan’s son is four years old this year?” Deep down, she knew how well Jordan had always protected his sons. He kept them from any unnecessary public attention, so there was no way that any outsider could know about the child’s age.

“I even know that Jordan’s son is called Damian.” Rachel then continued, “So, being the boy’s stepmother is what you’ve been working toward all this while.”

As Shirley’s heart sank, she couldn’t stop wondering how Rachel came to know about Damian. Has she seen Damian before? Nonetheless, she tried to keep herself together despite her anxiety and took a deep breath. “You’re right, I’ve been trying to be Damian’s stepmother. What’s the matter with that? Does that bother you?”

“I wish you all the best, then.” Rachel shot a gaze at Shirley one more time before entering the elevator. As soon as the elevator doors closed, Shirley weakly leaned against the wall like she was about to collapse...

Half an hour later, Rachel pulled up outside the entrance of Ford Inc., which was one of the most iconic landmarks in Seaview City. After all, the building was 88 stories high as its height presented a magnificent sight like it was towering over the clouds. Meanwhile, the entrance was occupied with employees walking hastily since everyone had a job to do.

Rachel, who was wearing a pair of high heels, soon entered the building, but she immediately lost her way upon arrival since it was her first visit to Ford Inc..

Thus, she approached the front desk and asked, “Excuse me, may I know how to get to the president’s office?”

At that moment, the receptionist, who was attending to her work at the front desk, was stunned when she saw the lady before even speaking. After all, the lady who showed up in front of her was utterly beautiful. Even without makeup, her good looks seemed as if they were the most beautiful scenery to behold, and anyone who had their eyes on her face could never break their gaze.

Although Seaview City’s Aphrodite was widely known across town, only the city’s most elite were aware about it. In addition, the employees of Ford Inc. were so above themselves that they never bothered reading gossip on the internet, the receptionist included. Therefore, she failed to recognize Rachel even though Rachel struck her as the prettiest lady she had ever seen at first sight.

It wasn't until Rachel faked a cough that the receptionist snapped out of her trance and asked, "I'm so sorry. Did you just say you'd like to go to the president's office?"

Rachel nodded.

"Do you have an appointment?" asked the receptionist.

"No." Rachel shook her head. "The arrangement was made verbally between me and President Ford."

As soon as the receptionist heard Rachel's reply, her eyes were filled with contempt and disdain. After all, there were many pretty ladies who often came to their company and asked to see Jordan.

Although Rachel seemed prettier than those ladies who had been there before, she didn't think a lady's nature would change at all and assumed that Rachel was there to seduce Jordan. Hmph! This lady thinks she can just win President Ford's heart with her beauty instead of doing anything.

The receptionist coldly answered, "No one can enter the building without an appointment. Please leave."

Rachel tried to explain herself. "I have an appointment with President Ford. If you don't believe me, you can call the president's office to confirm."

"If everyone who comes here wants me to call President Ford to confirm their appointment, his secretary will probably not have time to do her work because she is going to be busy answering phone calls." The receptionist impatiently asked, "Since you made the arrangement with President Ford, why don't you call him yourself and tell him to come see you instead?"

Then, Rachel curled her lips upward and chuckled. "Fine, I'll leave first." Without showing any hard feelings, she turned around and directly walked away.

For some reason, the receptionist felt somewhat jittery after witnessing Rachel's reaction. If this lady really has an appointment with President Ford, wouldn't I be making a mistake for turning her away? No, she did not have a formal appointment, so I haven't done anything wrong according to the company's policy. At the thought of that, the receptionist eventually calmed her mind and felt relieved.

On the other hand, Rachel walked out of Ford Inc. in a calm manner. With too many things to handle about her new studio, she had no time to argue with the receptionist at the front desk. As she continued walking, she was greeted by the sight of two men dressed in decent suits coming her way.

It turned out that Quentin and Howard were both chatting with each other while heading toward the lobby of Ford Inc. The moment they looked up, they saw Rachel's calm expression as she exited the building.

"Isn't that Seaview City's Aphrodite?" Howard squinted. "Why is she leaving Ford Inc.?"

Quentin thumped his shoulder and commented, "See? I told you that Jordan is interested in Miss Yates. Who knows if both of them have taken their relationship one step further?"

"I doubt Jordan has what it takes to win her heart." Howard grunted. "He is just more handsome and richer than I am, but other than that, he is no match for me. As long as she isn't blind, Miss Yates knows who she should choose."

In the meantime, Quentin was rendered speechless by Howard's words, feeling sorry for Howard's overconfidence. Having confidence is a good thing, but being overly confident isn't, young man...

At that moment, Rachel was walking in their direction just as Howard quickly fixed his attire and posed in a way that he thought would make him look handsome. Nonetheless, she concentrated on the walkway ahead of her, so she didn't notice Howard's presence at all and directly walked past him.

"Hey!" Howard was annoyed as he chased after her. "I'm standing right here waiting for you. Didn't you see me?"

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 58

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 58– The Best Revenge Toward Women

Rachel looked up at the man who had approached her. Then, she spoke in her usual cold demeanor. "Oh, it's you, Young Master Howard. I was wondering who had been blocking my way."

Howard's mouth twitched. This woman... Why is it necessary for her to be this sharp-tongued? I haven't done anything to her! Was she implying that I was a bother? Does she not have any respect for the second son of the Sutton Family?

"If there's nothing you need, I shall get going." Rachel continued to walk away.

Howard reached out to grab Rachel's arm, for he was not done talking to her.

Suddenly, Howard felt as if the ground was spinning before he could say anything.

In the next second, he was thrown onto the solid ground.

The ground was covered with grass back at Riverside Estate, so falling on it would barely hurt.

This time, the ground was laid with marble tiles. He felt like his bones had shattered on impact, whereas Quentin gasped at the embarrassing sight.

“Miss Yates is not one to be messed with...” he mused.

Then, Quentin immediately went to help Howard up.

“Have you gone crazy, Rachel?” Howard yelled as his face turned livid. “Do you have any idea what would become of you when you mess with me?”

Rachel casually brushed off the dust on her hand and said, “I hate it when people touch me. Keep that in mind, Young Master Howard.”

The corners of her lips twisted into a cold sneer. In addition, her brows slightly lifted as she exuded arrogance, and her stance was unwaveringly proud. Evidently, Howard’s words had not caused an iota of intimidation in her.

Despite her arrogant demeanor, the way Rachel carried herself was incredibly charming; it was the perfect concoction of toughness and gentleness. Once again, Howard was stunned by her presence.

Meanwhile, Quentin cleared his throat and reeled Howard up from the ground. “Are you all right? Should I get someone to send you to the hospital?”

“I’m perfectly fine! How can a man say otherwise?” Howard shoved Quentin’s helping hands away as he forcefully helped himself up. He then felt a sharp pain in his lower waist that had hit the hard ground moments ago. It was a painful sensation that caused his knees to go weak, and he almost fell to the ground again.

Quentin could not bear to watch the embarrassing scene anymore and broke into dry laughter. “See you, Miss Yates. We shall get going!” With that, he forcefully helped Howard on their way into Ford Building.

“Hey! Let go of me! I am not done teaching her a lesson yet!” Howard protested. “This woman has screwed me up twice, and I will not forgive her for this!”

Quentin rolled his eyes. “Fine. What do you want to do to stand up for yourself?”

Howard was visibly frustrated. There was no way he could win an argument with Rachel, and there was no way he could fight her and win.

It was Howard’s first encounter with someone as hard to handle as Rachel.

Howard rolled his eyes and scoffed. "I'm going to pursue her, make her fall in love with me, and dump her right away. This should be the best kind of revenge on a woman."

"You sure are childish." Quentin was at a loss for words. "You head in on your own. Don't tell people that I know you."

The two bantered on their way to the president's office.

In the president's office, Jordan was studying a document. "The two of you can have a seat. We will discuss it when the person is here," he said.

"I wonder what kind of big shot we are collaborating with this time!" Howard remarked. "There is barely anyone in Seaview City who could make our president willingly wait."

Quentin was just as curious. "Jordan, you mentioned earlier that this person a genius chip designer you scouted from Harvard. Are they just as incredible as they sound?"

Jordan nodded. "Indeed, this person is very skillful. You will understand when you guys meet."

The smart car system was a research and development project started by the three of them. Therefore, it was considered an inter-industry collaboration between three different companies.

Previously, they were unable to find the ideal chip designer, therefore stalling the progress of the project.

As such, Howard and Quentin were surprised when they received a phone call from Jordan saying that he had found a chip designer. Since the project involved using revolutionary technology the nation had yet to experience, a designer without profound talent and capabilities would break under immense pressure in the process of their invention. The two were extremely curious about the person who had earned Jordan's recognition, having been invited for collaboration.

During their wait for their collaboration partner's arrival, time seemed to pass slowly.

Soon enough, the three of them had been waiting for half an hour.

The long wait was getting to them. Even for a well-mannered lad like Quentin, he was annoyed by the tardiness on the part of this mysterious someone. He frowned as he asked, "What is taking this person so long?"

Jordan's cold expression turned into a slight frown as he questioned inwardly, "Has she not been discharged from the hospital?"

Jordan then asked for his secretary and instructed, "Give Miss Yates a call."

The secretary nodded and quickly did as told.

Meanwhile, the other two in the office froze at Jordan's words.

There were only two individuals named Miss Yates that they knew of in their social circle.

Jordan was probably calling the so-called genius chip designer for their meeting, so their imagination ran wild when Jordan ordered his people to phone someone from the Yates Family.

"Jordan, why did you ask for the secretary to ring up Miss Yates?" Quentin questioned. "Is it Miss Rachel or Miss Shirley that you're looking for?"

Jordan responded calmly, "Rachel Yates is our collaboration partner for Project A to F."

Howard was in disbelief at the revelation. "Say what? Rachel's the genius chip designer that you were referring to all this while?" he exclaimed. "You're not messing with me, are you? I couldn't tell that she's a genius at all!"

In Howard's imagination, people who excelled in the chip designing industry would look like some bald men in their thirties or forties—he refused to believe that it was someone like Rachel. Based on his self-professed experiences, he always concluded that pretty women were beauties without brains.

Jordan slightly lifted his brow. "When you see her, you will know why I have chosen her for the collaboration."

"We saw Miss Yates leaving on our way here, though. Have the two of you already discussed the project?" Quentin asked as he scratched the back of his head. "Does that mean we were late?"

Jordan's brows furrowed. "You're saying that she was here before?"

"We met her at the entrance earlier. I barely had the chance to say a word before she threw me to the ground," Howard sneered. "If I'm going to have to work with her, I'm practically over!"

Quentin was amused at the gripe that Howard had with Rachel. "Don't tell me you're afraid of this woman?"

The two began their bantering.

Without delaying another second, Jordan accessed the recordings of the company's surveillance cameras.

He rewound the recordings to half an hour ago and saw Rachel walking into the Ford Building.

Upon seeing Rachel in the recording, Jordan yelled for his secretary and instructed, "Go to the front desk and ask why Rachel left."

The secretary immediately followed his instructions.

At the front desk, the receptionist was seen gossiping with her colleagues. "There was this lady who came in earlier. She was really pretty. Initially, I thought that she was some rich family's daughter. It turned out that she was asking her way to the president's office. She must have thought she could seduce the president with her beauty..."

While she kept on talking, the secretary rushed toward the receptionist.

Zachary Carter was the president's secretary. Since his duties involved assisting Jordan, the other employees were careful not to cause any trouble to him.

Seeing Zachary in a hurry, the receptionist went forward to ask, "Is something wrong, Zachary?"

"Miss Yates was here in the building half an hour ago. Why did she suddenly leave?" the secretary questioned.

The receptionist's heart dropped when she sensed trouble. She replied while trying to maintain a smile on her face, "Who is this Miss Yates?"

"That gorgeous-looking lady. One glance at her and you'd never forget her face. Mr. Ford had an appointment to meet Miss Yates for a collaboration," Zachary explained. "It's been half an hour, but she's not here yet. What exactly happened?"

"S-She was really here to see the president?" the receptionist stammered, her face pale. "I-I was the one who asked her to leave..."

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 59

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 59– Coming Over Personally for the Discussion

Zachary narrowed his eyes and said, "Do you know how long Mr. Ford, Young Master Howard, and Young Master Quentin have been waiting for Miss Yates?"

When the receptionist heard him, her face turned pale. "Zachary, she said she didn't have an appointment. I was merely going by the company's policy. Hence, it's not my fault... Moreover, s-she did not identify herself clearly. How am I supposed to know that she's the president's client?"

“Alright, that’s enough. You’d better think about how to explain yourself to Mr. Ford.” After sweeping an icy glare at the receptionist, Zachary turned around and returned to the president’s office.

When the receptionist heard that, her legs went weak. She was close to collapsing to the ground at that moment.

Meanwhile, Rachel drove to her studio.

Caleb was the one who had found the studio for her. The office spanned over a hundred square meters, and it was located somewhere convenient. Although it was small in size, the cozy studio felt nice to work in.

Rachel had not gotten to work yet when her phone rang all of a sudden. Soon, she realized that it was Zachary on the line.

She took his call calmly. “Hi, Zachary. What’s up?”

“Miss Yates, Mr. Ford is waiting for you to come over and join us for the meeting about our collaboration. What time can you make it to Ford Inc.?”

With her lips arched into a smile, Rachel replied, “Since Mr. Ford is keen on working with me, please get him to make a trip to my studio. I will send you the address in a moment.”

After Rachel said that, she hung up. Next, she sent the studio’s address over to Zachary on the phone.

As Zachary looked at the message on his phone, he felt goosebumps creep up on his skin.

Since he was aware of Jordan’s temperament, Zachary knew that the latter could not be kept waiting. It was already out of the ordinary that Jordan had waited half an hour that day. After the tormenting wait, the meeting was even canceled in the end.

The bottom line was that Zachary did not know how to explain this to Jordan. Nonetheless, he had to bite the bullet this time.

With a glum face, Zachary walked into the president’s office.

Before he even started speaking, Howard said, “Hang on, Zachary. Let me guess how that woman replied.”

With that, Zachary smiled bitterly.

"She must have told you to fire the receptionist, or else she will not step into Ford Inc.'s premises. Am I right?" asked Howard confidently. He was sure that Rachel would make such a demand as she seemed like a pretty vengeful woman.

In the end, Zachary shook his head and replied, "No, that's incorrect."

Howard stroked his chin and continued, "Well, she must have asked for someone from Ford Inc. to pick her up instead. Otherwise, she will not come over for the meeting. Is that right?"

Zachary continued to shake his head.

As Howard was about to continue his guesses, Quentin covered his mouth instantly. "That's enough. Why can't you let Zachary tell us instead?"

At the same time, Jordan cast a side-eye at Zachary.

Feeling jittery, Zachary finally uttered, "Miss Yates says that if Ford Inc. wishes to work with her, M-Mr. Ford should go over to her studio for a discussion. The address is right here."

"Son of a gun! This woman is being difficult!" raged Howard. "There are so many others out there who want to work with Ford Inc. It's not like an opportunity like this will come by every day. How dare this woman make such a ridiculous request! Jordan, as real men, we cannot compromise!"

However, Jordan stood up and replied blandly, "Get the car. We'll make a trip to her studio."

Howard was speechless. Is this the high and mighty president I know? To think that he is willing to lower his status for a woman like Rachel!

Meanwhile, Quentin bumped Howard on his shoulder and muttered in a low voice, "I'm telling you that Jordan likes that woman."

Then, Howard stroked his chin and uttered, "I can see that. However, he's not as skillful as me when it comes to women. Do you believe that I can make Miss Yates fall for me in just three days?"

"Uh..." Quentin took a deep breath before he continued, "If you are not afraid of death, just go ahead and do it."

Quentin knew that if that happened, the three of them would be stuck in a love triangle. By then, he would steer clear of their matters altogether.

In an instant, Howard suddenly recalled something. He shrunk into the collar of his shirt and declared, "Since I have so many other women, it doesn't really matter to me. However, it is a once-in-a-lifetime experience for Jordan. Since he needs the nourishment of love from a woman, I'll willingly back off. Is that fine?"

When Jordan heard his own name being mentioned, he turned around and asked coldly, "What are you guys talking about?"

"Oh, it's nothing." Quentin covered Howard's mouth as they got into the car with Jordan.

Meanwhile, Rachel was busy in her studio. After handling some trivial matters, she went online to post a recruitment notice.

Before the notice was posted, she heard a knock on her studio door.

At first, she thought that the property's management was there for registration purposes. Once Rachel opened the door, she saw the trio looking back at her.

Rachel broke into a smile. "I'm honored to be in your presence, Mr. Ford. Please come in for a cup of coffee."

Turning her body sideways, she invited the trio into the studio.

To be honest, she was not expecting Jordan to make a trip over. After all, Ford Inc. was the top organization in Seaview City. As the main person in charge of the business, Jordan was so busy that he probably did not have enough time to sleep.

In truth, Rachel had requested Jordan to come over to her studio to test his sincerity, and the man duly arrived.

It was enough to prove that he thought highly of her as a worthy partner, which set the groundwork for a smooth discussion later.

Soon, Rachel served the trio the cups of coffee.

Howard smelled the coffee and snubbed it in contempt. He said, "This looks like instant coffee, Miss Yates. Do you have something better?"

Throwing her hands up, Rachel replied in a resigned manner, "Well, I am still setting up the studio. I'm afraid there are insufficient funds to get a coffee machine for now. Please make do with the instant coffee, Young Master Howard."

"Are you really that broke?" asked Howard mockingly. "I'll get someone to send a coffee machine over in a while. Take it as a donation from me."

“Well then, thank you, Young Master Howard.” Rachel did not feel slighted at all. Instead, she accepted the gift with a smile.

As Jordan looked at the duo chatting amicably, his face turned dark.

With an icy tone, he said, “You just got beaten up earlier. Now, you want to give her a coffee machine as a gift. Are you asking for a beating?”

Howard replied nonchalantly, “When a lady slaps you on one side of the cheek, offer her your other side. That way, you can appease an angry woman. Ah, forget it—no matter what I tell you, you will always be a bachelor for life. What do you even know about such things?”

Jordan was speechless and felt like he was being dissed. With a cold sneer, Jordan then muttered, “Don’t digress for now. Let’s get back to business.”

Next, Rachel brought some documents and passed each person a copy. “About two years ago, I worked under my mentor for a smart car research project. Harvard approved of the research results, but the investment needed was too hefty. As a result, the project did not make it to the ground test phase.

Nonetheless, they considered the test results from two years back a success. However, technology has improved so much since then. If we look at those results now, it looks outdated in today’s context. Based on my experience from the research project, this is a newly compiled report. Please have a look at it first.”

After hearing her out, Jordan flipped the pages of the report open.

Although it was only a four-page report, the chip’s design conceptualization and blueprint structure was clearly illustrated.

Since Jordan only suggested the collaboration to her three days ago, he was shocked that she had prepared such a detailed report in approximately two days.

“In recent years, much emphasis was placed on the autopilot function of the smart car. However, my idea is to improve the interaction between humans and smart cars,” explained Rachel in an orderly manner.

She continued, “The crux is all about the sensor when it comes to achieving the perfect driving experience. The best sensor in the world works beautifully in smart household appliances these days. Unfortunately, it has major flaws when it’s used on a smart car.”

After Rachel carried on for another half hour, Howard asked her some questions, to which she answered with several workable solutions.

Meanwhile, Jordan gazed admiringly at Rachel—the respect he felt for her was even more than before.

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 60

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 60—There Will Be Four Kids if You Are Together

“Mr. Ford, Young Master Howard, and Young Master Quentin, do you have any more questions?” Rachel sat down as her gaze swept across the three men before her eyes.

Howard stroked his chin and remarked, “Although I can’t understand most of the terms you used just now, you sound very professional to me. Therefore, I have no problem with that.”

“Miss Yates, you really deserve the title of chip designer,” praised Quentin as he gave her a heartfelt thumbs up. “With you joining Project A to F, I believe the smart car will be rolled out on schedule.”

Meanwhile, Jordan also agreed by nodding lightly. “Let’s sign the contract.”

Without any delay, Quentin took out the contract he carried with him. The profit sharing segment and signature boxes were the only ones left empty on the contract.

Howard cut to the chase and proposed, “The profit is divided equally among the Ford Family, the Sutton Family, and the Ashe Family. Now that Miss Yates has become a part of our project, you will be given the remaining ten percent.”

In truth, ten percent of the profit from such a big project was a considerable amount of gain.

However, just as Rachel was about to agree, Jordan chimed in, “No, let’s make it 25 percent for each partner.”

Howard looked at Jordan in disbelief. “Each of us invested 15 million at the very least. If she alone takes a quarter of the profit by merely designing the chip, that’s too unfair.”

Unperturbed, Jordan said, “If not for Miss Yates, we’d never be able to start the project. Howard, you can quit if you want to.”

Howard was rendered speechless upon hearing that, and he swore inwardly to himself, What a b*stard! Today, I’ve finally learned that he’s a man who takes women more seriously than his buddy.

Quentin rubbed his nose before he said, "Jordan has a point. Miss Yates should get her 25 percent like the other partners with her investment in the technology. Well, that settles it, so let's sign the papers."

After finishing his sentence, Quentin stuffed a pen into Howard's palm.

Feeling helpless, Howard could only sign the contract in vexation.

Rachel slightly quirked her lips into a smile, glancing at Jordan from time to time out of the corner of her eye.

This man is really out of my expectations. Not only does he want to collaborate with me, he even wants to give me a quarter of the profits. Why does he think so highly of me?

Not long after that, the contract was finally signed by the parties.

However, Howard appeared to be unhappy—he had been beaten up and lost a part of the profits on the same day, after all.

He leaned against the couch and sneered, "Miss Yates, you're the biggest winner of this project. I think you should treat us to a meal, right?"

"I'll definitely treat you all to dinner next time. But it's 5.30PM now, and I have to pick up my kids from kindergarten," said Rachel as she packed her things.

Howard was stunned. "Kids? Didn't your kids die four years ago? According to the news, you gave birth to stillborn twins four years ago. Then, you burned down the Yates Residence in rage and absconded from the crime. Could the news be fake?" Howard contemplated out loud.

As soon as Howard blurted out the question, he immediately realized he had said the wrong thing when he saw Rachel's face turn dark.

Rachel shot an icy look at Howard and said, "Young Master Howard, I was honest with you about having kids because you're my partner, but that doesn't mean you can pry into my privacy."

Her voice was so frosty that it sent a chill down Howard's spine. Subsequently, she turned around and walked out of the office.

By that time, Howard heaved a deep sigh of relief. "That woman's eyes are just too scary. They just scared the hell out of me."

"You'd better watch your mouth in the future." Quentin gave him the stink eye.

"How is that my fault?" Howard revealed an aggrieved look. "I read online that she gave birth to two stillborn babies four years ago, so I thought her children had died. Now, she says she has to pick up her children from kindergarten. Can somebody tell me what's going on here?"

Jordan replied impassively, "Her children are alive and well, so stop talking about such things from now on."

Upon hearing that, Howard froze for a second before he gulped nervously and said, "You're saying that she has two children. Meanwhile, you also have two of your own. If you two get together, you will have four kids! Oh, my gosh! Things will get out of control really quickly!"

Jordan shot Howard a cold glare. "Who said we'd be getting together?"

"Alright, say whatever you want." Howard let out a light snort. "Rachel is gorgeous, so I believe many men want to be her kids' stepfather. You will regret it if you don't act quickly."

At that point, Howard's words reminded Jordan of the scene at the hospital from yesterday. Indeed, there were many men around her.

I'm just not sure if one of them is the biological father or the stepfather of her kids, though.

With that in mind, Jordan's heart sank.

Soon, he recollected himself and stood up before saying, "Let's go to Rock Bar! My treat."

"It's rare to see you go to a bar. What has gotten into your mind?" asked Howard in amazement.

Quentin hurriedly gave him a tug. "Can't you see Jordan is in a bad mood now?"

"How could you possibly know what he feels when he pulls a long face every day. He looks like someone owes him money all the time. Alright, let's go for a drink and be his guests!"

On the other side, Rachel was at home making some food in the kitchen after picking up the twins.

Once the meal was ready, Rachel frowned when she found out that Asher had not returned yet. She asked, "Casper, where is Mr. Asher?"

"Sorry, Mommy. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Asher said he has to meet an important client earlier today and will not come back for dinner tonight," said Casper as he set the table.

Rachel nodded and beckoned Olivia for dinner.

Without Asher's prattling, the atmosphere during dinner was peaceful.

After the meal, Rachel received a call from Asher when she was about to play with her two kids.

Before she could speak when she accepted the call, a wailing voice came from the other end of the line, "Rae, you must save me. Someone has set me up. My wallet has been stolen, and all my bank cards are missing. You're the only one who can help me now..."

Rachel almost rolled her eyes when she heard Asher. "Did you drink again?"

"Not much... Just one or two bottles of red wine." Asher's voice was tinged with drunkenness when he spoke. "They're demanding 750,000 for my release. Otherwise, they'll call the police. Rae, you know my father. He would kill me if he found out I was in jail for this kind of a mess."

Suddenly, someone seemed to have snatched his phone and warned with a coarse voice, "Bring 750,000 to Rock Bar within half an hour, or I'll call the police."

As soon as he finished his sentence, he hung up the call.

Upon hearing that, Rachel appeared to be very distressed.

Casper looked at her in worry and asked, "Mommy, did something happen to Mr. Asher?"

"He's drunk. I'll go pick him up now. Stay at home with your sister and be good."

Casper nodded and led Olivia to sit on the carpet together in the living room.

Without further ado, Rachel grabbed her car keys before driving to Rock Bar.

Along the way, she kept cursing Asher inwardly.