

Six Brothers 1171

Chapter 1171 Heating Up

This was the first time Wynter had experienced this dizzying and somewhat addictive sensation in all the years she had lived.

Every inch of her mouth was filled with Dalton's unique woody fragrance. Even his fingertips felt astonishingly hot.

All other sounds seemed to fade away, leaving only the rumble of the train passing through the tunnel. The two of them were very close to one another.

As he kissed her, the gentle biting left her feeling somewhat disoriented.

With her eyes covered, she instinctively sought some form of support. She could hear his heartbeat, steady and powerful, each beat making it impossible for her to

break free.

His kiss was the opposite of his outward appearance—fervent and domineering, allowing no resistance from her, as if he wanted to embed her entirely into his embrace.

Yet, it was impossible to dislike. On the contrary, it was easy to get lost in it.

Some sound gradually returned. The sudden presence of light signaled the end of the tunnel.

He paused his actions. Only his fingers were still brushing against her wrist.

No one would know what had transpired here.

Their breaths had become slightly labored.

With her eyes still covered, Wynter couldn't see her own appearance. Her long hair

was disheveled, her lips slightly reddened from the biting, her top wrinkled, and her chest rising and falling.

As her hand clutched him, her fingertips barely touched the scarlet rosary bracelet on his wrist. Everything looked as alluring as they were a taboo.

In contrast, Dalton remained impeccably dressed in his suit. Except for the heat of his breath, his face betrayed no emotion, save for the lingering intensity. His eyes

were so dark that they were almost impossible to look into directly.

Who could imagine that this high-and-mighty, untouchable man would be so

passionate in love?

The contradiction of icy purity and sensual restraint was perfectly embodied in him

at this moment.

Even though Wynter almost pulled off his bracelet, he seemed to laugh softly in response. With how captivating and handsome he was, people would have described someone like him as “bewitching” in the past.

The passengers on the train were unaware of the changes in him. However, the curved blade that Wynter brought on the train, although not unsheathed, was trembling slightly through its sheath.

Outside the train, the previously overcast clouds suddenly dispersed. The sky was clear and sunny, with sunlight streaming down onto the endless shrubs.

The forest animals seemed puzzled by the sudden change from rain to sunshine.

Others might not understand the reason for these changes, but the Savior Crow, the only one who retained all his memories as he wasn't struck by the heavenly thunder,

sensed something.

Perched on a branch, he gazed down slightly with his pitch-black eyes. "How strange. What could have happened to put the lord in such a good mood?"

The rumble of the train passing through another tunnel echoed again. This time, even through the eye mask, Wynter could sense a faint light.

Dalton was still holding her hand when he whispered in a captivatingly tender voice,"

Open your eyes."

"You..." Wynter began to speak, only to realize that her voice had become softer. Her body felt weak. If Dalton hadn't been holding her waist, her nearby cup might have

fallen onto the seat behind them.

As he gazed at her, the dappled light from outside the window seemed to shatter in his eyes. It seemed that, apart from her, there was nothing else in his gaze.

Wynter suddenly recalled a line she had once read in a book—A lover's eyes held a

beauty unlike any other in the world.

She soon removed the eye mask. Even though the corners of her eyes were still slightly flushed, her face was calm. She half-raised an eyebrow and, with a reverse grip, pressed down on Dalton's scarlet rosary bracelet.

Chapter 1172 Their Intimacy

Their positions were reversed in an instant.

When Dalton was pinned down, his tousled hair fell over his face. His long, dark

eyelashes gave him a somewhat coy appearance.

Wynter, on the other hand, looked particularly domineering with one hand pressing down on his wrist and the other on his shoulder..

This was the scene the stewardess saw when she approached them. She lightly cleared her throat before announcing, "Your fruit, sir."

The sound caught the attention of Albert in the last row. He put down his tablet and looked over. What he saw was Wynter pinning Dalton's wrist, seemingly teasing him.

Albert couldn't help but raise his hand and pinch the bridge of his nose, somewhat unsure how to express his current feelings.

When Tobias suggested that Wynter was pursuing Dalton, he hadn't thought much of it. Seeing it firsthand, Albert could only think of ways to help Wynter keep Dalton

around.

But they couldn't be too forward as they weren't married yet.

Thinking of this, Albert deliberately let out a cough.

Wynter turned and looked in his direction. Seeing his disapproving look, she raised an eyebrow as if to ask, "What's the matter?"

Albert, ever patient with his sister, gave her a once-over and then gestured for her to be more reserved.

Only then did Wynter realize that their current posture could easily be misunderstood. Most importantly, she was the one who would be misunderstood.

Just as Wynter was about to explain, Albert signaled for her to check her phone first.

Reluctantly, Wynter retracted her hand and gave Dalton a look that said she would let him off for now.

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She took out her phone and, upon unlocking it, saw messages in the group chat.

CEO Albert: Wynter, we support your liking Dalton, but you should still act like a lady when necessary.

Tobias immediately made his appearance after seeing this message.

Toby the Celebrity: No way, Wynter. Did you pounce on him again?

Wynter: It's not what you think.

CEO Albert: What were you doing, then?

Wynter glanced at Dalton, who was adjusting his suit. He turned to look at her, seemingly smiling.

In short, she had to take the blame. She couldn't very well say in the group chat that he had kissed her on the train. That would cause an uproar.

Albert might even punch Dalton right there, and Fabian would definitely support that.

Wynter shook her head after imagining that. Besides, she had a strange feeling of familiarity about him, as if they had been this close before... No, it felt like they had

been even closer.

Her hand holding the phone paused.

Before she could type, Dalton had already buttoned his suit with his long fingers and opened a can of drink for her.

Given his gesture, Wynter felt she couldn't refuse, especially since she was thirsty after that kiss. She took the drink and then replied in the group chat, "I'll be more

careful next time."

Toby the Celebrity: Next time? Wynter, there shouldn't be a next time. Dalton is a sly old fox. He's just taking advantage of the fact that you like him.

Toby the Celebrity: I've never seen him stop you, so it's all a calculated act. He doesn't treat anyone else like this. Remember that chick from the Winston family? He

refused even an eraser from her.

Toby the Celebrity: I'm talking about when we were kids. He was always hard to

approach. Even though he's not much older than me, he always acted like we were little kids and he was the adult.

Toby the Celebrity: Wynter, with someone like him, you can't always be the one to make the first move. I have a feeling that guy is keeping something secret.

Chapter 1173 A Trap for Wynter

Tobias was typing so fast that Wynter suspected he had honed this skill by arguing with internet trolls.

Wynter couldn't even get a word in edgewise as Tobias flooded the chat. His typing speed was even faster than hers, despite her being a hacker, leaving her at a loss for words.

Toby the Celebrity: No, I don't feel comfortable with Wynter being there alone. I should have taken the train, too!

Wynter freed her hand to reply. "No need to worry about me. Albert is here, too."

Toby the Celebrity: Albert has never been in a relationship himself, so what does he know?

CEO Albert: Tobias, don't you think you're getting too full of yourself lately?

Tobias furiously typed with his head hung low. His concern for Wynter was consuming him.

Unbeknownst to them, a mysterious person at the airport was watching Tobias intently, their gaze filled with an unsettling fervor. It was the kind of look that seemed ready to erupt into hatred-fueled chaos at any moment.

Only after Tobias entered the VIP lounge did the person look away. As they retreated into the restroom, they flashed a sinister smile at the mirror.

They weren't in a rush. Anyway, there would be plenty of opportunities for them to make a move in Hawford.

Meanwhile, the sound of a saxophone playing could be heard at a café with classic decor in Hawford. The place was filled with the aroma of coffee and the sweet, caramel scent of freshly baked bread.

The pastry most famous here was the palmier with the traditional taste of Shanga, attracting many foreigners to try it out. However, due to the café's membership-only policy, not all tourists could enter.

Having existed through monumental periods and now standing for over a century, the cafe had a historical significance.

The rich ladies of Hawford liked to come here for afternoon tea. Almost every couch here had Hermès crocodile leather bags and tea sets for drinking tea, combining aesthetics from different countries.

There was a unique charm to the combination of white porcelain peony flowers and piping hot Earl Grey tea.

However, things were not so peaceful here today.

“Marie, I do want to help you, but the Whitman family has definitely changed their mind. For some reason, they sent word to me not to contact them for you anymore.”

Lynette Wray laid her hand on Marie's as she continued, “Why don't you try another way? I heard that a medium called Ms. Yates recently arrived in Hawford. Maybe she can help you.”

Marie wanted to see her brothers as soon as possible. Even though she had been in Hawford for so many days, there hadn't been any progress.

She had thought there was hope before, but now she was back to square one.

She knew she had hurt her brothers too deeply in the past. She blamed no one, but it was just that she was getting impatient.

However, she had always disliked superstitions like fortune-telling. Wynter's words also played a part in this. Now that Wolf wasn't by her side, she had to make decisions carefully.

"Lynette, thank you." Marie set down her tea cup. "You've been working tirelessly for my sake. I appreciate your kindness.

"However, I won't meet the medium. You know well that the issues between me and Shane all stem from his excessive belief in divination. That's what disrupted our family's peace."

Lynette still wanted to persuade her. "Ms. Yates is different. Many foreigners trust her, and even Angelica holds her in high regard.

Top for Wynter

"Marie, you can't always remain closed-minded. Sometimes, you need to step out and broaden your perspective."

"That's why I'm still learning." Marie smiled, her gaze seemed to waver. "But you, Lynette, you're different from before. I remember you were the least trusting of these things back when we were students."

Chapter 1174 Looking Down on Marie

Lynette flicked her long hair and took a sip of coffee after turning away.

"I was too insecure back then, I always trailed behind you and never had the courage to try. I've come to realize something -everyone has to get exposed to new things.

“Look at the beauty salon I’ve dreamt of opening for the longest time. That’s how I started it. Now, all of Hawford’s ladies come to me for fillers and anti-aging

treatments.

“If you’re interested, you can come and visit, too. I can do your nose for you.”

When Lynette laughed, her facial expression was indescribably strange. It was

probably because she just had an injection.

She quickly covered her eyes. “I can’t laugh. Who knows how many wrinkles I’ll have with this smile alone? I sure do envy your face. You’re so fair and young. How do you

even maintain it, Marie?”

“It’s probably because I’ve always been kept indoors and rarely went out.” Marie

didn’t mention her soul entering the formation.

Lynette seemed quite annoyed at the mention of it. “It’s all because of Shane! How

could he be so despicable?

“You’re to blame as well. Tons of men liked you back then, and you just had to fall for

him, of all people. I’m glad you’ve moved on.

“Do you know how I thought you’d never get better again when I went to see you a

few years back? You looked frighteningly awful-”

At this point, she quickly stopped herself as she realized she shouldn't be saying all

this. "Marie, that's not what I meant. I'm just worried about you."

Marie lowered her eyes as she sipped her tea gracefully. "It's okay. I was indeed blinded."

As she spoke, she pushed the dessert forward. "I made everyone worry just because I encountered a scumbag. I'll be staying in Hawford from now on. There will be plenty of opportunities for us to meet."

"Yeah. In the future, we can go back to being besties, just like when we were in college."

Lynette wore an expression full of warmth as if she welcomed Marie back.

Marie didn't say much in response, nor did she stay for long.

"You must be tired. Let's leave it at that for today. We'll make plans some other day," Marie suggested with a smile as she stood up, maintaining a flawless posture.

Lynette nodded with a smile. "Another day it is. I can't drink alcohol now because of my face. Once the swelling goes down, we must have a good drink together and talk about what's changed over these years."

It was widely known that nothing much had changed for Marie, who was ill for over a decade. Despite that, Lynette still said those words.

The sun outside the café was glaring.

Lynette's eyes narrowed as she watched the slender figure walk out of the café. Her hold on the teacup tightened as well.

A calmness returned to her smiling eyes before it was taken over by an unprecedented jealousy.

“The check, please.” Lynette raised her hand.

A waiter in a tailcoat approached her before politely informing her, “Ma’am, your friend has already settled the bill.”

“She can pay?” Lynette’s eyebrows shot up.

This exclusive café was accessible only to Chamber of Commerce members’ families or Royal Club affiliates. And yet, Marie, who hadn’t been seen in Hawford for so long, could actually pay the bill here!

“You might need to update your membership system. Some previous members seem to still have privileges,” Lynette remarked.

The waiter smiled lightly and nodded. “I will make a note of what you’ve said, ma’am.”

Lynette then gestured for him to leave, her eyes still fixed on the figure outside hailing a taxi.

She pushed away the dessert plate from earlier with a look of disdain on her face. She actually still thinks she’s the person who can get everything she wants as she once did in Hawford.”

Chapter 1175 The Capital

“Everyone has their own career at this point. She’s the only one who has achieved nothing, gone completely mad, and now wants to reconcile with the Whitman family. I can’t tell if she’s naive or just plain stupid.”

Lynette’s words were directed at the person sitting behind her. As she spoke, the person stood up, gradually revealing their face.

It was none other than Madeline.

“She probably doesn’t know that in Hawford’s capital circle, the Wray family’s influence is on par with the Whitman family’s. Especially you, Lynette. Everyone

knows about the club you run.

“As for Marie, she’s so out of touch. At first, I thought she was impressive because of how famous she was as Hawford’s Red Rose. She probably is just all show.”

Madeline chuckled softly, clearly belittling one while praising the other.

Lynette liked what she was hearing. She took a sip of coffee before commenting, “It’s a pity she didn’t listen to me about going to Ms. Yates.”

“Ms. Yates?” Madeline was puzzled. “Lynette, why did you want her to see Ms. Yates?

Lynette didn’t care much. “My brother asked me to tell her that. Who knows what they’re up to again? But from the looks of it, it’s probably his insatiable lust acting up

again.”

Lynette sneered. “It’s one thing to fool around outside, but is he trying to be a stepfather? The child is already so grown.”

“You mean, Mr. Wray...” Madeline seemed to have stumbled upon a shocking piece

of gossip.

Lynette looked at her reflection, still not quite satisfied with the right side of her face.

“Kenton has always liked Marie. He’s been restless since he heard she was coming back. But it’s just because he couldn’t have her before that he wants her now. He

would never get divorced and marry Marie.

“Don’t worry. It’s not the end of the issue with your daughter. If Marie wants to come back, she’ll have to get past me first.”

“I knew you’d stand up for me. The Quinnell family has completely disregarded us,” Madeline complained, fanning the flames on purpose.

Lynette sneered. “That was in Kingbourne. The Capital has already taken action.

They won’t have an easy time in Hawford.”

Hearing that the Capital had taken action, Madeline knew everything was set in motion. She thought that Wynter was overconfident.

Madeline hadn’t wanted to stoop to the level of dealing with someone much younger. However, the issue with Phoebe almost implicated the Boyd family and even affected her position at the law firm.

Since the other party was so inconsiderate of the Boyd family’s reputation, it was time for Wynter to taste the bitterness of being suppressed by the Capital!

Lynette still felt uneasy because of Marie’s beauty.

“How has she stayed the same all these years? It’s like she’s frozen in time. Her face hasn’t changed at all.” Lynette seemed to be talking to herself, yet it also felt like she was asking Madeline.

The Boyd family only rose to prominence later on. Madeline, too, came from an

unknown background.

If Lynette was Marie's follower in the past, Madeline was someone who couldn't even get into their social circles.

She had never seen Marie in person. However, she had heard about Hawford University's dazzling and enchanting campus beauty.

Seeing her just now, Madeline was stunned and took a long time to recover. If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she wouldn't have believed that someone could take care of themselves so well.

Despite being peers, Marie looked like she was just over 30. How could anyone not be jealous? Moreover, her flawless and smooth skin made anyone who saw it want

Chapter 1176 Dehumanizing the Poor

Rumor had it that the Whitman family had a daughter who every household desired.

When Madeline heard this, she thought it was an exaggeration. After all, no matter how beautiful a woman was, she would age one day.

Marie, no matter how beautiful, would also grow old.

But after seeing her today, Madeline understood that some people could indeed look like fairies.

However, she couldn't show her envy as Lynette was watching her.

"I think she's just average," Madeline remarked with a flattering tone. "She's not as ladylike as you, Lynette."

Lynette glanced at her. "You don't need to force yourself to compliment me. I don't really care. With today's advanced technology, you can have any appearance you want.

"What's important for a woman is to have her own career. But I have to agree that she has a captivating face."

Otherwise, why would people remember her for so many years?

Then again, that didn't change anything. After all, Marie had already been married and had so many children.

Women lost their value the moment they became housewives. After all these years, who in the current circle would remember Marie?

Lynette bet that "that person" wouldn't pay Marie attention even if she stood in front of them.

"Alright, I'm going to get some shuteye. There's been a lot of trouble at the hospital

recently.

“A high school student named Heather Not who couldn’t afford the surgery came in, There were some issues with her own blood, and she tried to blame it on me!

“You’re a lawyer, so I’ll let you handle this trivial matter. She’s not dead, but that face. of hers sure is disgusting to look at.

“I heard her mouth was all crooked from a failed injection. She wants the

organization to compensate her. I don’t want to spend my money on these poor people.

“If this opens the floodgates, imagine how many more lowlifes will come to me. You have to handle this properly,” Lynette instructed.

As she stood up, there was no hiding the contempt in her voice. “These people dream of becoming beautiful even though they are dirt poor.

“They don’t even think about whether they can afford it. After they choose the cheap treatments, they blame us. How ridiculous.

“But fortunately, these poor people are stupid. Who would I make money from otherwise? As usual, if we win the lawsuit, you’ll still get this amount.” Lynette gestured with her hand before grabbing her bag and heading upstairs.

Above the café was a clubhouse where she planned to rest for a while.

This was undoubtedly a mutually agreed-upon arrangement. One look at Madeline’s

expression showed that this wasn’t their first time doing this.

There was once a questionnaire on a certain platform asking if the rich didn’t see others as human beings. One of the replies came from a caddy.

“Labor with a clear price tag is also the least valuable labor.

“This is how the mind of the wealthy works—after selling you something and making money off you, they treat you like a crop to be harvested. They’ll then use a third of

that money to enslave you again.

“Would you defy them? I certainly won’t. I need this job. Compared to working under the scorching sun outside, all I have to do is pick up balls and help the clients with their golf clubs.

“Sometimes, if they’re in a good mood, they might even buy a card from me. Compared to my classmates back in my hometown, I’m already doing well—my

income is at least three times theirs.

“But even so, I still can’t afford the down payment for a house in the city center by the end of the year.

“Later, I overheard the clients chatting about how to package products for their

businesses. Nowadays, selling just things isn’t a fad.

“Instead, they package people, pushing one internet celebrity after another,

constantly generating traffic, and creating topics.

“I wasn’t interested and was about to walk away when I heard them talk about how to inflate housing prices and short the stock market...

“My friends, do you know what I felt like at that moment? I felt like a fool struggling to move forward because of the heavy shell I was carrying.”

Chapter 1177 Trouble Arises

Clearly, Lynette was the type of capitalist mentioned on social media who didn't treat people as human beings. Her approach was simple and devoid of any boundaries.

To make more money, she used medications that had no safety certification. Now that something went wrong, she wanted some clueless individuals to take the fall.

The girl's parents didn't ask for much and were just trying to protect their rights. They only hoped that their daughter wouldn't suffer and that the most basic medical expenses would be covered.

But Lynette didn't care about any of this.

The reason her club managed to become the top club in Hawford within just a few

years never had anything to do with conscience.

If she agreed to fix one person's botched job, what would she do when the second one came along? She couldn't open that door. These poor people would always take a mile when given an inch.

Lynette was already lying in the lounge with a face mask on, about to have a full-

body spa. She only browsed short videos online when she was bored.

Most of the comments praised their club. There were some negative remarks, but those would quickly be countered by other comments.

After all, some people couldn't even get into her club. A photo taken and posted at their club could generate a lot of traffic. Her club was the epitome of the social elite.

"The usual essential oil, Ms. Wray?" The technician's voice was soft.

Just as Lynette was about to nod, her phone rang. She furrowed her brow, already sounding impatient when she demanded, "Didn't I tell you to handle things yourself and not disturb me?"

However, she froze the next second, and her expression turned unusually grim. She glanced at the technician, who immediately got up from her kneeling position and walked out the door.

Only then did Lynette's expression change, as she sat up with an exasperated look."

She's dead? How did she die? From infection?

"Contact the Boyd family immediately. Don't let anyone into the club. No, wait, don't stop the beauty party. We must not panic, especially at times like this. Make sure

there are no reporters present.

"We've been discussing Tobias' endorsement for a while now. Just release an

announcement that he's officially joining our club.

"So what if we haven't finalized the deal? I know he's from the Quinnell family, but he's just someone younger than me. He can't say no, considering my relationship

with his mother.

"Who's that girl's main contact? Is there no one? It looks like she doesn't have a good relationship with her family. She took out a loan for cosmetic surgery, you say? Then

there's nothing to worry about.

"Whoever was in charge of her facial project should be prepared. Remember, her

death has absolutely nothing to do with our club."

The phone call ended.

The sky darkened as thick clouds gathered in an instant. Southern rain seemed to

come without warning, leaving no time for anyone to react.

The number of people hailing taxis in Hawford suddenly increased. Since it used to be the Frenda Concession, this area was filled with hotels and banks.

Marie, who emerged from the café, did not have an ignorant or confused look in her eyes. Instead, there was a hint of depth and intent.

If Lynette had seen this look, she would never have thought that Marie had been so domesticated that she lacked any capability.

Marie was not just passively accepting whatever was said and easily deceived after falling ill.

On the contrary, ever since Marie regained her consciousness, she realized she had fallen behind in many aspects of society.

So, during this period, she had been continuously learning, not just about business operations but also about the intricacies of interpersonal interactions and strategic maneuvering.

Chapter 1178 An Old Acquaintance

The entertainment industry was a place where a person could learn quickly.

She could speak to one person in one way, and to others in another. Whoever was popular mingled with others who were as well while avoiding rivals who might suddenly rise to prominence.

Everyone might seem harmonious, but in reality, they were at odds with one another.

Marie might not have been so perceptive in the past. She had no interest in having

conflicts with other women.

In today's world, it was probably what people called "female competition". She had been this way since her school days.

As she didn't care who stood out, she wasn't aware of these dynamics.

However, things were different now. She had seen one too many acts people put on.

Just now, every word Lynette said in front of her had a hidden motive.

Marie suddenly realized that everyone seemed different from what she remembered after so many years had passed.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she would never have imagined that the once timid girl who followed behind her and was scared by the slightest loud noise would

turn out like this.

Marie couldn't understand why Lynette had changed. But then again, the truth was quite straightforward.

Among all the things Lynette said, she got one thing right—even the person Marie chose back then had changed beyond recognition.

Marie glanced back at the café again, thinking this was the end of the road for them both. She would try to avoid her other friends in Hawford as well.

It wasn't that Marie couldn't handle such occasions, but she worried that she would

become Phoebe's Achilles heel.

After all, Wynter was about to arrive in Hawford, and everyone here seemed to be targeting the Quinnell family.

Marie was not a naive sheltered lady.

Lynette and Madeline had overlooked one thing.

Before Marie got married, Aleena had intended for her granddaughter to take over the company.

No one understood the business dynamics in Hawford better than Marie. Perhaps people wanted to exploit her eagerness to mend her relationship with her brothers.

Now, Marie worried that the Whitman family, wanting to avoid her, might make decisions they wouldn't usually make. They might choose other partners over Wynter even if all conditions were equal.

The thought of this made her breathing quicken, and she felt a wave of discomfort and anxiety.

After all, it was normal for her to experience the aftereffects after spending such a long time in the hospital. She used to have a driver with her when she went out, but today was an exception.

Marie took a pill from her bag and, pressing her hand to her chest, slowly calmed her

palpitations. Just as she was about to sit down and rest for a while, a black Rolls- Royce slowly came to a stop beside her.

Marie thought she might be blocking the car's path. However, she was in a rest area.

Puzzled, she looked up, only to hear the driver's voice come through the pouring rain.

"Miss, do you need any help? It's hard to get a taxi in this rain. My boss said he could give you a ride."

Marie was no longer a naive young lady. She politely declined his offer. "Thank you, but there's no need to trouble yourself, I-"

Before she could finish her sentence, the rear window rolled down.

She saw a face she knew all too well.

He had almond-shaped eyes and delicate features resembling those of a woman. He

held a mixed-race appearance and unusually pale skin.

Even at his age, the man possessed an extraordinary beauty that was hard to rival. He wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on his high-bridged nose. Unlike his youthful allure, he now exuded a mature charm.

Chapter 1179 Do Not Marry Him

Lucius Darnell's figure hadn't changed at all compared to his peers.

His suit's color had changed from his usual dark red to a somber gray, showing a sense of maturity and gravitas. There was an indescribable sense of aloofness when he looked at people.

Lucius had a laptop on his lap and seemed to be working. The light cast on his deeply defined features gave him a serious and composed look. It was a stark

contrast to the reckless man he once was.

Marie's gaze froze. The last time he saw Lucius was at her wedding.

The reckless, free-spirited man had called her amidst the wedding crowd. He sounded drunk, or perhaps it was just his usual nonchalant self. His voice was

frivolous.

"Hey, listen to me. Don't marry him. Can't you take a look at me? I'll have you instead

if you agree."

Lucius' Cascadian wasn't very fluent then. He carried an accent he couldn't shake off, having grown up abroad. His classmates used to say it gave him an Emstia gentleman's charm.

Marie found it strange, especially since she had never had any interaction with

Lucius.

How did he even get her phone number, and why was he making such a joke?

Moreover, he was invited by Shane as a groomsman.

Marie didn't think much of it at that time and hung up the phone immediately.

Marie assumed that Lucius was probably drunk and had dialed the wrong number. Even if it wasn't a mistake, it had to be a joke.

She felt uneasy about it back then and hence, had never mentioned it to anyone.

After hanging up, Marie glanced at Lucius a couple of times. She saw him shaking dice at the party, surrounded by crowds of people. Only then did Marie breathe a sigh

of relief.

It was probably just a wrong number, especially since he hadn't mentioned her name

in the phone call.

Nevertheless, the phone call left such a deep impression on Marie that seeing

Lucius now felt almost surreal. She had just vowed to avoid people from her past,

and here he was, right in front of her.

However, Hawford was only so big. Moreover, Marie's social circles were the same as before. It was unrealistic to truly avoid anyone.

With this in mind, Marie smiled gracefully. "Long time no see. What a coincidence."

"Indeed." Lucius had clearly changed a lot.

He used to be more flamboyant. But now he resembled a charismatic successful

man, fitting into the popular portrayal of a "distinguished middle-aged man" often

seen in TV dramas. He was both wealthy and charming.

"I told my driver to stop since I figured it was you. When did you return to Hawford?"

Lucius asked.

Marie shifted slightly to her right. “I’ve been back for a while now.”

“Oh, really? Well, I guess it’s not that coincidental then. We’re only meeting today.” Lucius moved his laptop aside before speaking as if they were old friends, “Get in the

car first.”

Marie hesitated for a moment before she heard more vehicles lining up behind Lucius car. She didn’t want to decline further and risk causing a traffic jam. She adjusted her bag slightly and got into the car sideways.

The Rolls Royce had ample space. It didn’t feel crowded even with two people in the

back seat. There was a space in the middle for cups, and there was a built-in

refrigerator, too.

Marie had experienced illness, but she had never been poor, so she was accustomed

to these luxuries.

The driver was sizing up Marie through the rearview mirror. Lucius had many admirers, including younger women in their early 20s who were infatuated with him.

Chapter 1179 Do Not Marry Hum

However, it was common knowledge that he was a staunch non-marriage advocate and had never made an exception for anyone.

Nevertheless, Lucius did have one criterion for his female companions—they had to be fiery and defiant.

The more fiery and defiant they were, the more patient he would be and stay for a few days longer. But Marie, who just got in the car, was clearly not that type.

On the contrary, Marie was calm. It was as if everything was ordinary in her eyes.

Moreover, she was exceptionally beautiful. She had an air of delicate aloofness that seemed beyond her age. When her gaze stopped earlier, her eyes were strikingly clear and pure.

However, it was impossible to conceal one's temperament. The driver was certain that Marie was not an innocent young lady. Instead, she seemed like a well-cared-for wealthy lady.

Lucius was never interested in women like this. Why had he asked the driver to stop from such a distance? The driver kept glancing back at Marie as he was confused and had plenty of questions.

There were still water droplets on Marie's hair ends. After all, it had been raining constantly. It was impossible to not be drizzled.

She deliberately turned her head to avoid facing Lucius. "Do you have any tissues in the car?"

"Yes." Lucius chuckled softly before pulling out a few tissues for her.

The driver's eyebrows furrowed deeply. Lucius seemed unusually accommodating.

As Marie took the tissues from him and started drying her hair, one side of her neck became exposed. It was elegant, like that of a swan. It had such beautiful lines that it invited the thought of taking a bite.

Lucius averted his gaze from the sight and refocused on his laptop. His voice was steady as he said, "Reschedule the meeting for tomorrow." With that, he ended the call.

Marie paused. "Did I interrupt your work?"

"No. It was already going to be rescheduled for tomorrow," Lucius replied with a smile on his face, a stark contrast to his usual demeanor. "We're old classmates. No need to be so formal,"

Marie was surprised that Lucius' Cascadian no longer had any hint of a foreign accent. After some thought, it made sense that any Emstian accent would have faded after all these years of him living in Hawford.

However, one thing did catch Marie off guard. She didn't remember Lucius as

someone who would use a term such as "old classmates".

"I'm just not quite used to it." Maire was having trouble opening a bottle as she continued, "You've changed quite a bit."

Lucius opened the bottle of water and handed it to her. "We're getting older. Change is inevitable. Immaturity can be annoying, after all."

Marie felt his words were familiar but couldn't recall where she had heard them

before. She accepted the water. "Thank you."

"How long are you planning to stay this time?" Lucius asked casually. "You finally returned to Hawford. It would be a shame not to catch up with everyone. I remember you used to love parties, with guests filling the room."

Marie smiled warmly at his words. "That sounds rather frivolous, but I haven't been

meeting people lately. I was ill before, and I'm still in the recovery phase. I wouldn't

want to worry anyone if I relapse."

Lucius' fingers paused, and he didn't say anything further.

Marie looked out the window as she searched for a convenient place to get off. She was looking for a spot where she could easily hail a cab or near a subway entrance.

“Didn’t you come back with Shane?” Lucius suddenly asked. The question caught Marie completely off guard.

It dawned on Marie that people in Hawford might not be interested in the gossip from Kingbourne.

After all, the two cities were over a thousand miles apart. Who had the time to care

about trivial matters like who was getting married or divorced?

“No. I’m actually in the process of finalizing things with him. It should be almost done,

”

Marie replied before smiling politely. “Why is it that you’re the one asking all the questions? What about you? How have you been?”

Lucius gestured to his laptop. “I’m working every day.”

Marie naturally didn’t believe him. Lucius’ family was at the apex of capital. It was

said that he had come to Hawford for half a year of transition during his studies.

He had intended to return to Emstia once Hawford had entered the market. No one

knew why he ended up staying in Hawford.

“The rain doesn’t seem to be stopping anytime soon. I’ve been working all day and haven’t eaten.”

Lucius looked out the window and seemed to be contemplating before he turned to Marie. “How about grabbing some soup together? It’ll warm us up.”