

## A Spoonful of Sugar Don't Beg for Love Chapter 417

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"Mr. Etienne, please come and join us." Hesper walked towards Evon and gave a polite smile. "You're the most qualified and outstanding designer among all of us. I only won the bidding because you went easy on me."

Evon was so exasperated that the wrinkles on his face distorted. He tried opening his lips several times but did not utter a single word in the end."

He had participated in the bidding too and had not refrained at all, but he still lost.

The place that they were going for dinner was recommended by Pennleigh, and because Hesper was not very familiar with this city, she was happy to let him arrange everything.

Everything was going well at first, so Hesper only freshened herself very casually. However, in the afternoon, the face that Stephen had reshaped for her started drooping all of a sudden.

Hesper instantly thought of the message that Mr. Sanchez sent her.

"I've passed the time limit, so there's a risk of my face collapsing at any time. I have to go see -Stephen as soon as possible."

Hesper had thought that the time she left for herself might be rather compact, but she did not expect it to be that tight.

She had added Stephen's phone number before this, but because he was quite a weirdo, Hesper never thought of contacting him herself. Now it did not seem like she had a lot of options.

Before Hesper could send her text, Stephen's message had already come in.

Stephen: Has something gone wrong with your face?

After being stunned for a split second, Hesper did not beat around the bush and explained her current situation to Stephen directly.

Stephen: Time's up. I can't fix it now. This kind of damage is irreversible, so I suggest you remove the substance on your face now, so as not to damage your original tissues.

Hesper could see that Stephen really cherished her look, but she still felt a little helpless.

Hesper: But I have a dinner appointment tonight, so I have to go out to meet people that I know.

Stephen: Then what do you expect me to do? Can you send me your face now? I promise that I'll return it to you after I finish sculpting it!

Hesper was speechless.

In fact, this matter was still her problem, and she knew it.

'From now on, I have to remember the expiry date of the disguise, and I must go back to get it reshaped before that so that mistakes like this won't happen again.'

Although Stephen did not provide her with any useful suggestions, Hesper looked at her face in the mirror and felt that she should get rid of the substance on her face first. After all, she could

still meet others with her own face, but with the disguise that was on the verge of collapsing... No one would think that it was a face.

Having not seen her original face for a long time, Hesper stood in front of the mirror in a daze for a while. She finally realized what it was like to be praised for her looks in the past.

Perhaps it was because she had been insignificant and mediocre throughout her entire teenage years, but even though many people had praised her beauty, she still felt that

they were not genuine and would subconsciously use her beauty as a weapon to hurt others.

Since there was no way to change back to her less flamboyant face, Hesper simply put on glamorous makeup, looked at herself in the mirror, and frowned slightly.

“There won’t be any problems, right?”

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Pennleigh thought that I’d become beautiful only because of my makeup before, so maybe this can get me through the night.”

Thinking of this, Hesper felt even more helpless and sighed softly at her reflection in the mirror.

‘I can’t think of any other way at the moment, so I’ll have to make to go with it.’

As soon as Hesper entered the private room, the whole room went silent for a full second.

“Lady, did you come into the wrong room?” Andris, who came in from outside, bumped into Hesper. “Oh, she’s Halwanese, so maybe she can’t understand Fredonian? Mr. Pisano, can you translate?”

Pennleigh was also a little dumbfounded at first, but when he heard Andris’s question, he returned to his senses. He could not help but feel a little helpless.

“That’s River.”

“What?”

Hesper sat down under everyone in the room’s fixed gazes and cleared her throat in embarrassment. “Is it that strange that I look like this? Everyone’s staring at me...”

“It’s not surprising at all. It’s just that... You look so beautiful!”

“I’m completely astounded. River, you usually look so ordinary/ I didn’t expect you to become so gorgeous after putting on some makeup!”

Hesper had not thought she would get away with it so easily. Although, she thought that things were getting a little too far-fetched.

‘Is this how Fredonians’ brains work? Or is it because everyone has been misled by Pennleigh’s preconceived ideas?’

As the main character of the dinner, Hesper could deeply feel the enthusiasm radiating from her colleagues.

'I have to say, the social customs in Fredonia are more open. These people are so enthusiastic that it could be rather overwhelming at times.'

Evon attended the dinner appointment on time, but he did not say anything throughout the whole dinner and only sat in the corner and glared at Hesper with a piercing gaze.

Hesper did not plan to let him off either. She walked to the corner under everyone's gaze and

looked down at Evon.

"Mr. Etienne, what are you doing sitting here all by yourself?" She smiled. "If everyone didn't know any better, I'm sure they would think that we're not getting along." Hesper lowered her voice, making herself look a little delicate and fragile, but Evon heard a hint of provocation in her tone. When he raised his head, he saw hostility instead of hilarity in Hesper's eyes.

"You...!" Evon was about to lose his head but was instantly reminded that Pennleigh was still pissed about what happened earlier that day and had promised to find the person who ruined Hesper's dress, so he didn't lose his temper.

'I did it very covertly... No one should've seen me.'

The meal was brought in on time. Hesper uttered a few polite and stilted sentences, and everyone started eating.

"So, the person who splashed ink still hasn't been found yet?"

Hesper, who was still concentrating on wrestling with her macaroni, did not expect Andris to start the conversation.

Andris had always been a very straightforward person; he would say whatever came to mind.

"It was such an amazing design. If River hadn't suddenly thought of covering the ink stains with a landscape painting at that time, it would've been ruined!"

Hearing this, Hesper gave a half-smile. She picked up the cherry tomatoes on the side of the macaroni and fiddled with it.

"We have an old saying back in Halwanest, that goes like 'every dog will have its day, and the tables will eventually turn,' so I've always believed that those who have done evil deeds won't always get it their way and will one day get what they deserve." Hesper looked at Evon again. "Mr. Etienne, what do you think?"

Evon's heart skipped a beat, thinking that Hesper already knew it was him.

But thinking it over, he calmed down instantly.

'So what if she's found out that it was me? What could she do about it? She has no proof!'

"You're right," Evon said coldly and stopped talking immediately.

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It was true that Hesper did not possess any evidence, but she was already sure it was Evon, and she believed that he would eventually show his cloven hoof sooner or later.

There's no such thing as a perfect crime in this world, not to mention that it was just out of pure rage.'

The next day, Hesper went to Stephen's with Roberto first thing in the morning.

Although it was not her first time there, Hesper realized that she still couldn't remember the way to the place.

Roberto took her to the courtyard where she first saw Stephen. Hesper was still a little surprised by the sight.

"When I first used to come here, I would always lose my way and ruin some of his flowers."

Roberto smiled awkwardly. "Since then, he drew a map and forced me to memorize it. Otherwise, I won't be allowed to come again in the future."

With how much Stephen seemed to care about those flowers, Hesper could already imagine that if someone were to ruin them, they might be slaughtered and turned into fertilizer.

'It seems that the relationship between Stephen and Roberto is actually very good.'

This time, Stephen came out of the corridor, and he could not help but nod after seeing Hesper. Just how beautiful do you look now?! Pfft, those who own it will always squander it... What a waste."

Hesper looked at Stephen.

'He's changed his look again. He looks different from last time, more delicate and beautiful now.'

Judging from Roberto's reaction, Hesper instantly knew that it was not Stephen's original

appearance.

Thinking of how Stephen would react every time he saw her face, Hesper frowned and thought about it for a bit.

'So, it could be that Stephen is not very good-looking himself, and he must've gone through a lot in order to learn this method of disguise. That must be why he became so enraged when he learned that I wished to disguise myself as someone who looks more ordinary.'

Thinking about it, although Hesper could not fully understand, it could be regarded as Stephen's sore spot, so she nodded secretly and inwardly.

'I mustn't poke Stephen's sore spot ever again in the future.'

Stephen did not know what Hesper was thinking about, but judging from her expression, his intuition told him that she must be thinking something pointless. He frowned slightly. "Hurry up. What are you thinking about?"

Hesper cleared her throat and followed Stephen into the building. It was only natural that she did

not utter the "truth" that she might have guessed.

The procedure went faster than the last time. Although Hesper was a little curious about how Stephen did it, she kept her eyes tightly closed the whole time.

Stephen suddenly opened his mouth. "Are you curious?"

Hesper hummed.

Before it was finished, Stephen did not say anything, and Hesper did not dare to speak.

Suddenly, her forehead was tapped, and Stephen smiled from above Hesper's head. "Keep dreaming. I'll bring this skill with me to my grave. I'll never teach it to another person again."

'Wait. Again?' Stephen was stunned for a split second. 'Why again?'

Hesper did not think much about it. Logically speaking, she would not be the first on the list even if Stephen wanted to pass this skill down to someone. After all, she had nothing to do with him, and she did not know any medical procedures at all, so she would not be able to inherit this skill from him.

Hesper did not think that she was a genius when it came to things that required a long time to train and learn, and it was impossible for her to master them easily.

"...And we're done."

Stephen suddenly felt a slight headache and waved his hand casually. "You should go now. Tell Roberto to give you a copy of the map that I drew for him earlier so that you don't have to drag at whole group of people here the next time you come over."

"Okay... Got it."

Seeing that Stephen's expression did not look right, Hesper turned her head and asked, "Do you need any help? You seem a little uncomfortable."

Stephen closed his eyes and waved his hands. "It's just an old problem. You're not a doctor that works miracles, so what could you do about it? Leave already so that I can have some peace."

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Hesper felt a little helpless, but she followed Stephen's instructions and left.

After all, Hesper and Stephen were not very familiar with each other just yet, so she raised her concerns only after walking up to Roberto. "Mr. Cyrus seems to be a little unwell. Do you want to go in and take a look at him?"

"Unwell?" Roberto frowned. "His health has always had a lot of issues. Take a seat here and give me a few minutes. He always throws a tantrum whenever he gets sick. He didn't scold you, did he?"

Hesper cleared her throat.

'Although it isn't exactly a scolding, I did get some sarcasm from Stephen.'

Hesper had never seen an adult who would pitch a tantrum like a child when he was ill.

Roberto met her gaze and understood what she was thinking. "Stephen has lost parts of his memories. He was already suffering from all these health issues when I got to know him. He seems to have injured his head and brain, so his memory isn't very good."

"I see." Hesper remembered that Stephen wanted to say something to her last time, but he forgot about it halfway through. "You should go in first. I'll wait for you here."

"Okay."

Instead of going to the hospital, Roberto called the family doctor. The doctor came over, gave Stephen a checkup, and found that there was nothing wrong with his health. His head was only aching for no reason.

"It's probably because Mr. Cyrus's old head injury has recurred. With Mr. Cyrus's current condition, it's best for him to not be stimulated." The family doctor skimmed through all the normal readings, pushed his glasses, and continued to explain. "Because I don't really know how Mr. Cyrus's got his head injured in the first place, I'd

still suggest that Mr. Cyrus should live his life as ordinarily as possible, so try to avoid any form of drastic changes in life.”

“That doesn’t make any sense. It’s my body, so I know it better.” Stephen, who was a little annoyed, turned over on the bed, with his back facing everyone present.

Hesper and Roberto exchanged glances and heard Stephen whispering to himself in Halwanese, “I hate it when people chant mantras by my side when I’m sick. It’d be great if I could eat some canned yellow peaches...”

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After obtaining Stephen’s address from Roberto, Hesper realized that she could miraculously recognize every part of the map after going through it. She probably wouldn’t face any problems going there next time.

“You seem very busy recently. Did you take on some new orders in Eustoma?”

“Yes, it’s a huge deal that’ll bring in considerable profits.”

Hesper did not hide her collaboration with Pennleigh from Roberto, as well as her work at Eustoma.

In Roberto’s opinion, the theoretical knowledge that Hesper could get from school was no longer of great help to her. After all, Hesper had already studied it before, and the process of learning design itself usually leaned more toward the practice than the theories.

I know this lady.” Roberto took a look at Hesper’s contract and nodded. “She really is a very nice lady who has an extremely good temper, and she looks very pretty. Although she’s pure Halwanese, her beauty crosses national boundaries.”

Hesper was a little surprised. She had never heard Roberto praise anyone’s appearance like that so she could tell that this client was a belle.

“The only thing that I have doubts about is that the contract doesn’t specify the number of dresses that I’ll have to produce in the coming year. There isn’t even a minimum or a guaranteed amount,” Hesper claimed. “Or perhaps I’m reading it wrong because I’m not very competent with such contracts?”

“Ah, no,” Roberto explained. “Mrs. Lanning’s health has always been rather under the weather, SO she may not attend many events in a year, but you can rest assured that she’ll definitely bring you quite a few orders that are worth a lot.”

Hesper nodded; she believed in Roberto’s words.