

No Remarriage: You Don't Deserve Me (Lenora and Zachary) Stay Away

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Chapter 281 Are You Crazy

Uncle Zachary!"

A child's voice shattered the silence.

Harrietta was the first to react, gleefully running over. "What brings you here?"

"I had some business around here, so I thought I'd drop by and check on you guys"

Though Zachary spoke to Harrietta, his gaze was fixed on Lenora, with a hint of worry and reproach in his tone. "Your head injury hasn't healed, and you only just recovered from your ankle sprain yesterday. The doctor said you need plenty of rest, yet here you are, out on Lenora's gut told her that Zachary wasn't here on business but had followed her.

Lenora didn't call him out and responded calmly, "I'm fine. You go ahead. We're off."

She glanced at Ezekiel. "Let's go. The guide should already be here."

Upon noticing Lenora's cold demeanor toward Zachary, Ezekiel wore a faint smile on his face. "Okay" Lenora didn't forget to ask Harrietta, "Hattie, are you staying with your uncle, or...."

Before she could finish, Zachary interjected, "Where are you heading for the shoot? It's my first time in Newcove, and I've got some free time, so I'll tag along

Lenora shot him a glance, remaining silent.

Ignoring her look, Zachary remained unfazed, adding if you get tired, I can give you a piggyback

Ezekiel glanced at Zachary, a gleam flashing in his eyes. "Mr. Fuller, I assumed you'd be extremely busy. I didn't expect you'd want to join us."

"Not as much as you, Mr. Hoffman, who, while leading the Hoffman family, still finds time to travel out of town as a photographer," Zachary replied evenly.

Lenora pinched his waist and smiled at Ezekiel, "Time's short. Let's get going."

Without another word, Ezekiel turned and headed out of the lobby.

Jerry cast a discreet look between Zachary and Lenora before following them out.

Sophia gave Zachary a sidelong glance. She hooked her arm through Fiona's and muttered, "I thought Yankovich was annoying, but looks like Zachary isn't any better."

Once everyone had left, Lenora kept a neutral expression, casting a sidelong look at Zachary. "Aren't you coming with us? Hurry up."

Zachary casually grabbed Harrietta's small backpack and lifted her effortlessly with one arm as he caught up. Glancing at Lenora with a guilty look, he remarked, "I thought you'd be upset." Haph Lenora shot him a stern look. "Do I look happy?"

Zachary fell silent.

Harrietta answered for him, "Not happy"

I won't say anything in front of others to save you so face, but when we get there, you'd better behave yourself. Got it?!"

Her tone was serious, like a teacher scolding a naughty schoolboy.

"Yes, I got it." Zachary rubbed his nose.

Outside the hotel, a minibus was parked, complete with a driver and a tour guide. It was originally intended to serve small groups of individual tourists, but Lenora and her group had pooled their funds to rent it out. Everyone else had already settled inside. Zachary was the last to board, and just before he stepped on, an older man

passing by patted him on the shoulder, visibly outraged. "Son, let me tell you, you can't just pamper your wife like that. You've got to act like the man of the house! A man fearing his wife-what's that about? Zachary glanced at him. "Thanks, but I'm happy like this."

He liked it when Lenora occasionally pinched him or shot him a glare. Outsiders might think she couldn't stand him, but Zachary saw it as a sign their relationship was growing closer.

Just now, Lenora had politely smiled at Ezekiel while showing nothing but indifference to him. Only with someone close would she freely show her feelings.

The man looked at Zachary in shock, dismayed that a grown man could be so spineless.

At one hundred and eighty-six centimeters tall, Zachary stood hunched slightly inside the cramped minibus, surveying the seats.

The scheming Sophia sat apart from Fiona so that Lenora could sit beside her with an aisle separating her from Fiona

That left Zachary and Harrietta to sit in front of Lenora

Even though the New Year holiday had passed, Newcove was still bustling with tourists.

When they reached a scenic area, Lenora got off the bus with her camera in hand.

For different landscapes, there were various photography techniques. As they walked, Ezekiel explained his own habits, and Lenora listened intently, while Fiona shared her opinions. Not knowing much about photography, Sophia wandered off on her own to take photos and act as their model.

With a hint of resentment, Zachary glanced at Lenora, then turned his attention to accompany Harrietta in admiring the scenery.

Vendors were selling local snacks and souvenirs in designated stalls. Harrietta showed interest in almost every stall they passed.

"Unele Zachary, I want to try this." Harrietta stood in front of one stall, licking her lips.

Zachary glanced at the sign, "Potato Wedges" After asking for the price, he bought ten servings.

Harrietta had a small appetite, so she only took a tiny free and nibbled on it slowly.

When Zachary glanced up, his gaze darkened.

Not far off, Lenora was showing Ezekiel her recent photos. Their heads were nearly touching, standing close together.

Zachary lifted Harrietta and briskly approached them, waving the bag in his hand. "Potato wedges. I bought extra. Anyone want some?"

Lenora looked up, and her appetite was instantly piqued.

She took the bag, picked up a piece to taste, and then asked Ezekiel beside her, "Want some, Ezekiel

Zachary's expression froze momentarily as he cast a steely look at Ezekiel.

Ezekiel smirked. "I'll pass.

Lenora picked up another piece then stuffed the bag back into Zachary's hands. She resumed checking her camera. "Go see if Sophia and Fiona want any." Holding the bag, Zachary listened to her ordering him around, his expression quietly resentful.

Seeing he hadn't moved, Lenora glanced up. "Oh, and don't forget to ask Jerry."

Zachary said nothing.

While Lenora was walking alone a bit later, Zachary sidled up to her, squinting. "Didn't you say you can't remember your time as an exchange student abroad?" "Yeah." Lenora grabbed another potato wedge from his bag, taking a bite as she nodded earnestly.

"Then why call him Ezekiel?"

"He asked me to."

"And just because he asked, you agreed? Why won't you call me Zack?"

Lenora looked at him as though he were an idiot. "Zachary, you're delusional."

He tried to say something else, but Lenora suddenly focused on him, her gaze intense. "How do you know I met him abroad? You've been investigating me?"

"I..." Zachary's face stiffened as he averted his gaze, stammering. "Hattie, do you want to try that? I will buy it for you."

Not waiting for Harrietta's response, Zachary carried her off.

Lenora was speechless

In no time at all Zachary's hands were filled with a variety of snacks such as potato wedges, tacos, quocchi beef jerky, and cookies. In addition to these, he also had some ninkets and keychains. He kept track of Lenora's position, making sure not to fall too far behind.

After paying Zachary accepted a tuwl of meatballs from the vendor, stuck one with a toothpick for Harrietta, and looked ahead, scars hing for Lenora

And when he saw her, Zachary's expression darkened ce more

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Not far away, Lenora was showing her camera to Ezekiel. A few of the shots had a good angle and color. Ezekiel affirmed Lenora's skill but also shared some feedback. Despite searching for multiple angles, Lenora still had captured the results she wanted.

Ezekiel positioned himself behind her, guiding her hands-on to find the best angle.

From Zachary's perspective. Ezekiel seemed to be embracing Lenora, their posture suggesting intimacy.

Narrowing his eyes, he pressed his lips together, a vein on his forehead pulsating subtly. With Harrietta by his side, he strode determinedly towards the two people.

Just as he was nearing. Ezekiel stepped back, looking at the camera screen from the side. "How's this?"

Lenora scrutinized the photos on the camera, then glanced at Ezekiel with a smile. She praised, "It's true. The same scene from this angle

gives a completely different impression from the previous one. You truly live up to your reputation as a renowned international photographer!"

Standing close. Ezekiel could see her cool, pale skin, delicate and smooth like silk, her round, expressive eyes softly curved, and her dark, long lashes framing bright, lively pupils. Her smile was both radiant and genuine. Ezekiel's heart skipped a beat. After a brief moment of surprise, he let out a subtle smile.

This scene made Zachary's face darken even further. His eyes seemed to be shrouded in a storm cloud as if a tempest was about to break loose any moment

He approached and interrupted their conversation, "Lenora, want some meatballs?"

Hearing this, Lenora turned with a smile. "Sure."

She casually slung the camera around her neck and flexed her wrist. After picking up a skewer to nibble on a meatball, she complained, "Whew, it's so hot. Is this supposed to be a meatball? It tastes more like dough!" Zachary couldn't help but let his lips quirk up, but then catching sight of Ezekiel nearby, he quickly flattened his smile and asked coolly, "Mr. Hoffman, would you like to try some?"

Ezekiel politely declined, "You enjoy. I'll go take a look over there."

Zachary watched Ezekiel's retreating back, his expression darkening.

Ezekiel targeting Fuller Group was one thing, but him eyeing Lenora was absolutely unacceptable.

"I want more," Lenora said, her words contradicting her actions as she continued to spear and eat the meatballs.

Zachary snapped back to reality and immediately held out the bowl. Lenora speared one, then another, eating while walking forward.

Carrying a tuckered-out Harrietta, Zachary walked alongside Lenora and asked casually. "Do you enjoy photography a lot?"

The smile she'd just shown Ezekiel was so genuine, pure, and sincere.

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Since the beginning of their divorce talks, it was the first time he'd seen her with such a radiant smile

It not only captivated Ezekiel but also left Zachary with a mix of jealousy and sadness.

He loved seeing her smile, but he feared that the one leading her out of her gloom and bringing back that smile wouldn't be him.

"Yeah, I've liked it since I was a kid."

"Never saw you doing it before."

Lenora pulled out a piece of cookie from the bag dangling from his fingers, eating it while brushing off the crumbs from the corner of his mouth. Casually, she said, "Never had time." "How come? I remember that Juxshire University had a photography club. Why didn't you join?"

Lenora hesitated a moment, glancing at Zachary, "Do you want the truth or a sugar-coated version?" [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The truth, of course."

"There were two reasons. The first is that my father's death hit me hard; from his passing until the divorce, I barely touched a camera."

"And the second one?"

Lenora said softly, "The second, I had a crush on someone, a really big one, and he was outstanding. I felt like I had to work hard in my studies and career just to barely keep up with him."

Zachary's whole body went rigid. A painful bitterness welled in his throat, tangling around his heart. making it hard to breathe.

He'd always known she liked someone, but hearing her say it herself, he could finally understand just how deeply she'd liked him, enough to emphasize it twice.

Who is that guy? Lenora was among the top two in her university class, and after graduation, she joined the prestigious Fuller Group. With such an impressive resume, coupled with the backing of the Fuller family, she is a match for anyone. How could anyone possibly not? Then again, maybe it was a blessing that this guy was blind because, otherwise, there wouldn't have been any room for Zachary.

Zachary's voice was as rough as if he had swallowed sand. "And then? Did you confess your feelings to him?"

No. Actually, when I met him, he already had a girlfriend. They were very close, so I never dared to express anything around him."

Zachary clenched his fists tightly, his knuckles turning white. His heart felt like it was drowning, bitter and salty, the ache reaching even the root of his tongue.

Lenora must have felt gutted to watch that guy with his girlfriend. Her heart felt like it was being torn apart, but she was forced to put on a polite smile, retreat to the background, and lick her wounds alone. Maybe, late at night, she even cried in secret. The thought of that scene made Zachary's heart ache.

He was consumed by a wild jealousy,

If Lenora had loved him, he would never have let her go through such pain.

Zachary took a deep breath and asked, "So, do you still like him now? Have you thought about being with him? If he pursued you now, would you say yes?"

"Definitely not. Lenora replied firmly. "It's different when you're in love and can't see clearly. You ignore someone's flaws and exaggerate their strengths. But once you step back, he's not that special-

chauvinistic, stingy, selfish, morally ambiguous, authoritarian, and completely lacking respect for others.

Zachary relaxed imperceptibly and raised an eyebrow, So many flaws? I don't get what you saw in him back then! Good thing you've come to your senses, or you'd have wasted a lifetime!"

Lenora couldn't help laughing at Zachary's earnest expression.

Zachary paused, watching her smile. Unable to help himself, he found the joy contagious. He smiled and asked. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing, I just think you're right," Lenora said with a smile.

She could only imagine Zachary's reaction if he ever found out that the guy she'd liked was him all along. That would never happen. She'd never tell him. Otherwise, he'd puff himself up and become even more shameless in pestering her. Zachary chuckled along.

Suddenly, a shout came from nearby. "Stop, thief!"

The voice was unmistakably Sophia's. Lenora turned her head and saw Sophia furiously chasing a man in black not far ahead.

A few people stopped to watch. Two men ran after him, but the thief was quick, putting more distance between them.

Zachary set Harrietta down, ready to join the chase, but just then, someone dashed out ahead, knocking the thief over with one kick. In two swift strides, the person retrieved the phone from the thief's hands and handed it back to Sophia. Upon closer inspection, Lenora sighed and shook her head.

Zachary picked Harrietta up again, puzzled. "The thief's been caught. What's there to sigh about?"

"The guy who caught him is Sophia's ex, someone she's desperate to avoid. I'm guessing she'd rather lose the phone than get tangled up with him."

"Ah." Zachary nodded in understanding.

Lenora added, "Just like when you found my wallet back in Nardor."

Zachary fell silent.

He pressed his lips together. "You could have left out that last part."

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Sophia's thought was exactly as Lenora pointed out.

When Zephyr came over with her phone, Sophia didn't want to take it, but with so many people watching, she had no choice but to reach out and accept it. She wiped the phone screen and said, "Thank you." "Don't mention it. It's not a big deal," Zephyr said with small smile. His gold-rimmed glasses shimmered. with a captivating metallic sheen.

Sophia asked indifferently. "What brings you here?"

"I heard the view around here was quite nice, so I came to clear my mind. I didn't expect to run into you."

Sophia cast him a dubious glance.

Zephyr turned his head to glance at the thief pinned down by a passerby on the ground. He then took out his phone and dialed 911 to report the incident.

After hanging up the phone, he said, "The police will be here soon, let's wait here for a bit."

Lenora quickly strode over. "SugarSoph, are you all right?"

Sophia assured, "Don't worry, you guys go ahead. Once the police arrive and take my statement, I'll meet up with you."

"What is he doing here?" Lenora glanced at Zephyr standing next to her.

Sophia rolled her eyes, shooting Zachary a glance. "He claimed he came here to clear his mind, but who knows!"

Zachary, the subject of the insinuation, remained calm, lifting his gaze to glance at Zephyr.

For a fleeting moment, their eyes met. Zephyr then averted his gaze, letting it fall upon Sophia. Zachary also shifted his gaze and offered a meatball to Harrietta in his arms.

Lenora understood. "Then I'll wait here with you."

"No need, we're already pressed for time. You should go ahead with the cultural excursion.

"Give me a call once you're done."

"Okay,"

Lenora turned to Zachary and said, "Let's go."

As the two crossed paths, Zephyr caught a fleeting glimpse of Zachary's profile and felt a sense of familiarity wash over him as if he had seen his face somewhere. However, the familiarity wasn't due to any resemblance between Zachary and Ezekiel. Yet he couldn't recall where he had seen it before.

Perhaps a brief encounter when Zachary was on a business trip abroad.

Zephyr watched as the two departed, casually asking. "Is that Zachary Fuller, the newly appointed chairman of the Fuller Group?"

"Yeah

"Didn't they get a divorce?"

"Yes, they're divorced, but Zachary is similar to a relentless nuisance that won't let go, Sophia said wistfully.

Ignoring Zephyr's expression, she went over to the two men, holding the thief, and thanked them. She offered to treat them to a meal once they'd given their statements.

One of the men remarked, "No need, this is not a big deal. If you ask me, you should treat that young man to a meal. Without him, we might not have been able to catch the thief."

Sophia glanced back at Zephyr, smirked, turned around, and reassured with a smile, "Don't worry, I'll make sure to treat him to a meal. You two should come along as well."

"It's fine. You don't need to." The two men waved their hands in refusal.

Sophia headed to the supermarket in the scenic area and purchased some water and gifts for the two men.

Before long, the police arrived. They collected surveillance footage and took statements from a few individuals. Then, they escorted the thief away.

Sophia watched as they walked away, releasing a sigh of relief. She called out to Zephyr, turned around, and started to walk away. As she walked, she dialed Lenora's number. "Everything is good now, I'm leaving ""Wait."

""Anything else?"

"Didn't you just say that you're going to treat me to a meal?"

"When did I ever-" Sophia began, her words trailing off as her memory surfaced. Her expression darkened slightly. "I was talking to the men, so you don't have to take it seriously."

"But, I did."

Meeting Sophia's displeased gaze, Zephyr responded with a slight smile, adding, "I've already decided what I want to eat. As the esteemed young miss of the Tortell family, you won't be stingy and take back your offer, right? Besides, they haven't gone far. As he spoke, Zephyr glanced in a certain direction.

Sophia followed his gaze, spotting the two men engaged in conversation not too far away.

She gritted her teeth. "Fine, I'll treat you since you insist."

The call connected, and a soothing voice came from the other end. "SugarSoph, are you done? We're at-

"Nora. I'm going to treat Yankovich to dinner now, so I won't be joining you. We'll talk after dinner."

Lenora hesitated for a moment. "You should treat him, but be careful. Call me if anything comes up."

"Don't worry."

After hanging up the phone, Lenora slipped her phone back into her pocket and picked up her camera, directing it at Zachary and Harrietta, who were a few meters away. "Come a little closer... Yes, just like that! Smile... Perfect!"

Zachary wasn't fond of taking photos, yet Harrietta insisted on having her photos taken with him.

He walked over and joined Lenora to look at the photos on the screen. Casually, he asked, "Was that Ms. Tortell on the phone just now?"

"Yeah, she said she won't be joining us," Lenora casually responded as she earnestly looked at the photo.

Her ex-boyfriend was biracial?"

Lenora was taken aback for a moment, raising an eyebrow as she glanced at him. "What makes you say that?" "His eyes and facial features."

"I don't recall SugarSoph ever mentioning it," Lenora said.

Perhaps Zachary was just speculating, Zephyr's features were strikingly defined, but it wasn't obvious that he was of mixed heritage at first glance.

Zephyr had done his homework in advance, opting for a barbecue restaurant that boasted local flavors.

The two of them took their seats across from each other, and the waiter approached with the menu. "What would you like to order? With Valentine's Day just around the corner, our restaurant has recently introduced a couple's special. It's good value for money. Would you t "No."

"Let's go with this one."

Sophia and Zephyr simultaneously responded in unison.

Their eyes met, and Sophia was the first to break the silence. "Let's not, just choose whatever you like. It's not like I can't afford it."

How generous of you, Ms. Tortell!" Zephyr said sarcastically with a smirk.

He took the menu and began listing down his orders, one after the other.

sophia knew Zephyr had intentionally put in a large order as a form of revenge

Once the waiter had left, she sighed. "Zephyr, you've changed."

Zephyr raised an eyebrow. "Hmm?"

Not only have you become petty, but your appetite seems to have grown too. Surely, you weren't starved abroad, were you?"

Zephyr flashed a slight smile, his gentle and refined demeanor accentuated by his gold-rimmed glasses. He saw you at an Epean restaurant a few days ago with a man. He must have been your blind date, right? The man was balding and looking to be in his forties or fifties, it must have been tough for you to sit through that meal.

Whenever the topic of a blind date came up, Sophia would immediately think of her stepbrother, which stirred intense agitation.

She retorted, "I bet you don't even have a single prospect for a blind date, do you?"

Just as Zephyr was about to say something, suddenly, the phone on the table lit up, accompanied by a pleasant ringtone.

Zephyr made a hushing gesture, then answered the phone with his tone softened considerably. "Isla what's up?"

Isla, the name itself suggested it belonged to a woman.

After the speaker on the other end of the phone said something, Zephyr gently reassured, "Don't worry, I'll be back in a few days. I'll bring you a gift then... All right.. Bye."

He ended the call and placed his phone back on the table. Turning to Sophia with a smile, he asked. "What were you saying earlier?"

"It's nothing." Sophia raised an eyebrow, curiously asking. "Girlfriend?"

Zephyr chuckled lightly, his gaze focused intently on Sophia. He studied her facial expressions with great attention, without denying anything.

Sophia let out a sigh. "Ah, I really don't know what she saw in you."

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Seeing Sophia's composed expression, showing no signs of jealousy, Zephyr pressed his lips together and took a sip of water. "Isla is often praised for having a good eye." "For shitty men, maybe."

Zephyr was rendered speechless.

The waiter began to serve the dishes one after another, which included a bottle of expensive white wine. Sophia uncorked the bottle of wine, pouring a glass for

herself and then another for Zephyr. Zephyr didn't drink, instead, he noticed that Sophia had already downed two glasses in no time at all. Seeing Sophia reaching to pour more into her glass, he cautioned, "Don't drink so much." "It's none of your business!" Sophia retorted without any hesitation and then filled her glass to the brim once again.

Just as she was about to take a drink, Zephyr teased with a smirk and a hint of smug satisfaction in his tone, "Don't tell me you're jealous because you found out I have a girlfriend?"

Sophia paused as if she had just heard a joke. "Jealous? Me getting jealous over you? Are you kidding me? In your dream!"

"Why are you drinking so much then?"

"I just have some upsetting thoughts."

"I can tell you're just jealous."

"I'm not jealous!"

"Yes, you are!"

A twitch tugged at the corner of Sophia's mouth as she set her glass down on the table. "Fine, I'm not drinking anymore, happy?"

Zephyr quirked an eyebrow, his lips unconsciously curved into a smile. Seeing Sophia glance his way, he quickly schooled his features and lamented theatrically, "I thought you're still hung up on me!" "Hah!"

In order to save time, Lenora and her group didn't return to the hotel for lunch. Instead, they grabbed a quick bite outside before rushing off to the next filming location.

After a full day of travel, Lenora was utterly exhausted, her feet aching and sore.

Halfway through, Zachary had carried her on his back like she weighed nothing.

Upon returning to the hotel, Lenora collapsed onto the couch, not wanting to move an inch.

After finishing her lunch, Sophia went straight back to the hotel. After some rest, she casually strolled around the city before returning,

Seeing Lenora and Fiona looking quite worn out, she took the initiative to order takeout for four people.

By the time the takeout arrived, Lenora had already regained her energy and turned to Sophia, asking, "How was your lunch with Zephyr today? He didn't do anything inappropriate, did he?" Sophia shook her head and said, "No."

"You seem a bit unhappy?"

"No way! There's no such thing!" Sophia immediately denied it.

I was simply irritated that Zephyr already had a girlfriend yet he had the audacity to flirt with me, acting as if he wanted to rekindle our past relationship. Ugh, jerk! In retrospect, I wonder how on earth I ever fell for someone like him!

The next afternoon, the group made their way back to Jacaster. After getting off the highway, Lenora bid farewell to Ezekiel and the rest.

Jerry drove straight to the airport.

That morning, he received a call from Bertram, demanding that Ezekiel return to Jeahron immediately?

In an instant, Ezekiel understood the purpose behind his father's summon.

An hour later, Ezekiel boarded the plane headed for Jeahron.

Two hours later, the plane landed at Jeahron's airport. A driver was already waiting. As soon as Ezekiel disembarked, he hopped into the car and headed straight for the Hoffman residence.

The Hoffman residence wasn't old at all. It was a quaint mansion situated in the heart of Jeahron. Its location was prime real estate. It was as valuable as an antique house.

The car pulled into the courtyard, and Ezekiel got out, striding into the living room.

Donovan Hoffman was sitting on the carpet, engrossed in playing with building blocks, but his expression immediately turned guarded at Ezekiel's return. With a swift motion, he stood up from the ground. "Zeke."

Donovan was born to Bertram when he was fifty years old. The age gap between Donovan and Ezekiel was considerable, so they didn't spend much time together. Moreover, they didn't share the same mother, which made him particularly fearful of Ezekiel. "Hmm." Ezekiel responded nonchalantly, took off his coat, hung it on the rack, and slipped on his slippers.. "Where's Dad?"

"In the study." Donovan gestured upstairs.

Ezekiel went straight up to the second floor. Arriving at the study door, he raised his hand to knock.

A commanding voice came from inside. "Come in."

Ezekiel entered. "Dad, you were looking for me?"

Bertram was over sixty years old. He used to be quite robust but suddenly fell seriously ill earlier that year, which drained him of much of his life force. Despite this, he maintained a dignified appearance. His sharp, and he still exuded an aura of authority that demanded eyebrows were slightly furrowed, his eye

attention.

It was striking how much he resembled Ezekiel, making it clear that he too had been a strikingly handsome man in his youth.

"I heard you've been in Jacaster recently?" Bertram asked in a deep voice.

"I did."

"What did you do in Jacaster?"

have Ezekiel paused, lifting his gaze to meet his father's. "Didn't you already know? Why else would you called me back?"

Bertram no longer concealed his intentions and ordered. "Manage the projects well since you've already seized them. Return to Jeahron immediately, and stop singling out the Fuller family from now on."

Ezekiel chuckled. "Dad, I assure you I have nothing against the Fuller family. What I'm doing is strictly in line with our company's future development plan. It's just that our plan might have clashed with the Fuller Group's strategy, leading to your misunderstanding." Bertram also laughed, but there was no mirth in his eyes. "Future development plans, huh? Do you think I'm too old and incapable of taking charge any more that you're now even trying to pull the wool over my eyes?"

"No." Ezekiel immediately denied.

"Stay put in Jeahron, then. I entrusted the Hoffman family to you, hoping that you'd lead it to greater heights, not to use it as a tool for your personal vendettf and putting the Hoffman family at risk!"

Ezekiel suddenly chuckled. "Putting the Hoffman family at risk? Are you truly concerned about the Hoffman family, or is it the mother and son that you're worried about?"

Bertram's eyes darkened, and his lips moved slightly, uttering, "Of course, I'm concerned about the Hoffman family!"

With a cold snicker, Ezekiel made it clear he didn't believe him. "If you're so concerned about the Hoffman family, then you should be at ease. I won't dare to toy with the Hoffman family."

Bertram gazed at him intently. "Jacaster is a long way from Jeahron, it's not our home turf. What's the point of what you're doing? You're my eldest son, I've raised you single-handedly. I hope you can bring our family to greater heights, rather than wasting your energy on these trivial matters."

"I'm working on bringing the Hoffman family to greater heights! It's just that you've always favored them!"

Ezekiel fell silent for a few seconds before suddenly looking up. "You've never actually seen him in person, have you? I have, and he's unmistakably your biological son. He looks just like you and not at all like a member of the Fuller family... Bertram paused.

He had indeed never seen Zachary in person and had only occasionally caught glimpses of him in financial news reports. Zachary's outstanding performance gave him a sense of subtle satisfaction. He even wondered if Zachary would be even more remarkable had he sta After observing his expression, Ezekiel let out a mocki laugh and said, "It's just unfortunate that he's still unaware of his true identity and assumed Ronald is his father."

Bertram had lived for over sixty years, his emotions tended to surge quickly and fade just as fast.

He glared sternly at Ezekiel, berating, "Enough said, now is not the time to deal with the Fuller family. You've only just assumed your position, acting so rashly will inevitably backfire. Don't go to Jacaster again, do you hear me?" "That's impossible," Ezekiel responded resolutely.

Bertram's expression turned stormy. He was on the verge of lashing out, but Ezekiel simply turned around and walked away. "I'll be going now if you have nothing else to say!"

Bertram's furious voice came from behind. "Get back here!"

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Chapter 285 There Is A Mole Among Us

With regard to Lenora, she was set to report to Susanna's company the next day. Hence, she planned to hand over Harrietta to Zachary.

Once the cultural excursion was over, Tamara was intent on taking Harrietta back to Lofbury. As for Zachary, would he insist on keeping Harrietta here or would he relent?

Glancing at the rearview mirror, Lenora noticed Zachary's car maintaining a steady distance behind hers.

She pulled out her phone and sent Zachary a message. Afterward, she spoke to Fiona, "Fifi, stop the car up ahead. Hattie and I will get off."

"Do you need me to wait?"

"No need. I have something to discuss with Zachary."

"Alright." Fiona found an opportunity and pulled over to the side.

Lenora and Harrietta had just stepped out of the car when Fiona drove away. No sooner had she left than Zachary's car pulled up right in front of them.

Lenora opened the back door of the car and got in with Harrietta.

Zachary's large hands gripped the steering wheel, his wrist revealing an expensive watch. He removed the Bluetooth earpiece from his ear with his other hand and glanced at the rearview mirror. "What would you like for dinner?" "I'm fine with anything."

"Hattie, what about you?"

Harrietta tilted her head in thought. "I feel like having duck confit."

"Alright, let's have duck confit then."

Harrietta was quite the foodie, often seen with traces of grease lingering around her mouth.

Taking advantage of the situation, Lenora asked, "Hattie, is it okay if you go back with Uncle Zachary today?"

Harrietta was taken aback, she glanced at Zachary, then back at Lenora. Her large eyes blinked. "Why?"

"I'll be busy for a while, so I won't have time to take care of you."

Before Harrietta could even ask, Zachary beat her to it, inquiring, "What are you busy with?"

Lenora paid him no attention, continuing to coax Harrietta, "It's a very important matter. We can play together once I'm done with my work, okay?"

Harrietta nodded sensibly. "Aunt Lenora, try to wrap things up quickly. I'll miss you."

"Sure, I'll definitely do that."

After reassuring Harrietta, Lenora glanced at Zachary, who wore a curious expression. However, she continued to eat with a calm demeanor, showing no intention of explaining. Zachary pressed his lips together, maintaining a calm exterior, but inside, he was in utter turmoil.

When the phone rang, Zachary picked it up and took the call in the hallway.

The call was from Elijah.

After receiving the threat the other day, Lenora called for the property management to check the surveillance footage. The person who knocked on the door was dressed in black, completely covered up, making it impossible to tell who it was. They had skillfully maneuvered in and out of the blind spots of the surveillance cameras during their arrival and departure.

It took Elijah some time to track down the culprit, a low-level thug from a bar. When captured and interrogated, the thug quickly confessed, stating that he was merely following someone else's orders. As for the person who ordered him, he was heavily armed and the thug had no idea who he was. After a long interrogation, the thug finally disclosed an odd detail-the man had six fingers on his left hand. Even though he kept his left hand hidden in his sleeve, the thug had still managed to notice it.

A glint of complexity flashed through Zachary's eyes.

Lenora was conducting a private investigation into the kidnapping case when she received the threats.

Setting aside the reasons behind Lenora's investigation, the kidnapper had never been brought to justice, a fact that bugged Zachary's.

Despite the police's comprehensive preparations, the person still managed to escape, leaving no trace behind.

At that time, a thought had formed in Zachary's mind-there was a mole among them.

He knew someone with six fingers on their left hand-Johanne's driver.

Could he possibly be the mole? What role did Johanne play in all of this?

Elijah continued, "She recently met with Chief Lawson who was in charge of that case. I heard from an insider that the kidnapping case seemed to be related to her father's death. Apparently, her father had taken a photograph years ago that had led to his untimely demise..."

After hearing it, Zachary was completely taken aback.

Unexpectedly, Fernando's death in a car accident was no accident at all.

Zachary was quite upset.

She could have easily informed me about something so dangerous. Why did she have to take such a risk alone? So, she doesn't trust me at all and wants to sever ties with me?

While his anger surged, he felt a hint of heartache accompanying it.

Given how much she loved Fernando, learning that her father figure had been murdered must be devastating.

Lenora was a very serious individual, undeniably so.

She was never one to be indecisive or half-hearted. She studied with dedication, worked diligently, lived earnestly, treated those she cared for with sincere affection, and remembered the people from her past earnestly.

She was relentlessly seeking revenge for her father in her own way. Even though Fernando had been dead for ten years and there was a chance she might face retribution, ending up just like him, she never wavered in her determination.

After ending the call, Zachary had a smoke outside before returning to the private room.

Lenora was in the midst of a discussion with Harrietta about why crabs walked sideways. Zachary gazed deeply at her beautiful profile, a complex emotion flickering in his eyes.

Before even finishing dinner, Harrietta was already so sleepy she could hardly keep her eyes open.

After Zachary lifted her into the backseat of the car, he started the engine.

It was already past nine in the evening. Outside the car window, the streetlights and neon lights blurred into a canvas of colors, punctuated occasionally by the distant honk of passing cars.

The car was silent, so quiet that only the sound of breathing could be heard.

Zachary spoke softly. "What are you up to in this upcoming period?"

Lenora didn't respond. Instead, she asked, "I recall Aunt Tamara mentioning that after the cultural excursion, she plans to take Hattie back with her. What's your opinion on this? Do you agree or not?"

"I don't. I won't let Hattie go back."

"I doubt Aunt Tamara would just let the matter rest."

"I'll handle it," Zachary assured as he glanced at Lenora through the rearview mirror. "You haven't answered my question yet."

"There's no need for me to share my personal affairs with you," Lenora said nonchalantly.

"Let me ask you a different question then. That day at the restaurant, was it Susanna who pushed you down the stairs and hit you? Why didn't you tell me?"

While Zachary was driving back from Newcove, he received a call from Miles, who had relayed the information to him.

Lenora raised an eyebrow. "Why should I tell you? Don't you like her? You could even forgive her for causing Grandpa's death, so why would my injury matter to you?"

Zachary pursed his lips, sighing in frustration. "Even if you misunderstood that I had feelings for her, how could you tolerate her treating you like that?"

Lenora remained silent, watching as the streetlights outside the window swiftly receded into the distance.

course she didn't want to endure it. She simply had no choice.

Zachary speculated that Lenora's tolerance of Susanna's actions might have been due to the case.

Due to his grandfather's death, she held a grudge against Susanna. In order to avenge her father, she could even tolerate being slapped and pushed down the stairs by Susanna. Zachary's heart ached for her, frustrated that she kept pushing him away, insisting on bearing the hardship herself rather than accepting his help.

Zachary couldn't help but ask, "Nora, have you been keeping something from me recently? Are you investigating the kidnapping case from back then? Why?"

Lenora was still unsure of how to respond when Harrietta, lying beside her, stirred.

She hurriedly patted Harrietta gently.

Harrietta fell asleep again, but Lenora didn't stop. She continued to do so until Galaxy Bay.

Zachary didn't speak again, his eyes focused on the road ahead as he drove with full concentration.

The car halted at the front of the mansion. Lenora understood Zachary's intentions and said, "Hand me the car keys. I'll go home by myself."

Zachary remained silent as he got out of the car, lifting Harrietta in his arms and carrying her upstairs. He also took the car keys with him.

A few minutes later, he returned to the car and started the engine to drive Lenora home.

"Can you answer now? Why were you investigating that kidnapping case?" Zachary asked again.

Lenora rubbed her forehead in frustration. "It has nothing to do with you."

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Chapter 286 Are You Watching Me Again

Zachary pursed his lips, his gaze fixed intently on Lenora in the rearview mirror. Gritting his teeth, he asked, "This has nothing to do with me?"

I have already given her the chance to tell the truth, but she prefers to risk the danger of retaliation than tell it to me. Am I truly not worthy of her trust? Does she really have such little regard for her own life?

Lenora looked up, meeting Zachary's eyes that were seething with anger. She was somewhat puzzled by it. "My affairs were never any of your business to begin with. Also, how did you know I was investigating the kidnapping case? Have you been prying into my life again? I haven't even settled the score with you for following me to Newcove!"

Upon hearing Lenora's matter-of-fact rebuttal, Zachary felt frustration welling up within him. His grip on the steering wheel tightened, veins bulging on the back of his hand. "I had you watched because you were threatened. I followed you to Newcove because you had been injured the night before. I care about you. Now, all I want is to help you."

Lenora gave a faint smile. "Zachary, your concern and assistance, all come with an agenda. You expect something in return. I'm unable to give you what you desire, so I cannot accept your help." Zachary stared intently at Lenora, a bitter look emerging on his face. "Is that really what you think of me?"

She believes that my offer of help is merely a way to force her to be with me out of gratitude. So, she would rather face retribution, risking her life like Fernando, than be with me, is that it? Lenora retorted, "Isn't that what this is?"

Zachary's eyes dimmed as he responded with silence, his entire being radiating a deep, icy aura.

The atmosphere within the car instantly grew tense.

With her hands tucked in her pockets, Lenora leaned against the back of the chair, gazing listlessly out of the window without another word.

Once they reached the entrance of Lenora's Residential Area, Zachary parked the car by the roadside. Through the rearview mirror, he silently gazed at Lenora.

Lenora attempted to open the car door but failed. She then turned her head and met Zachary's gaze in the rearview mirror. Ignoring the emotions in Zachary's eyes, she raised an eyebrow and asked, "Aren't you going to open the door?"

Zachary couldn't help but smile wryly as he unlocked the door. Without uttering another word, Lenora opened the car door, stepped out, and entered the residential area.

Zachary's gaze was firmly fixed on her retreating figure, lingering until she disappeared around the corner.

He withdrew his gaze, staring intently at a certain point ahead with a gloomy expression. Suddenly, he pounded the steering wheel.

At home, Sophia hadn't yet gone to bed. Seeing Lenora return, she asked, "Has Hattie left?"

"Mmm-hmm." Lenora took off her coat and poured himself a cup of water.

"She is probably going back to Muprany soon, right?"

Lenora paused, took a sip of water, then said, "Zachary wants her to stay."

"Huh? Doesn't that mean she'll frequently come looking for you?"

"Mmm-hmm..."

Sophia wore a complex expression, "I see it's quite hard for you to break free from Tyrant Fuller." With a sigh, Lenora sunk lazily into the couch. "Let's just take i one step at a time."

Regardless of how persistently Zachary pursued her, she would never agree to remarry him.

Zachary had once brazenly declared either Lenora would remarry him, or she would remain single for the rest of her life.

In that case, she chose to remain single.

Moreover, what mattered most to her for the time being was avenging her father.

"By the way, is Zephyr of mixed parentage?" Lenora changed the subject.

Sophia was taken aback. "How could that be? He's a bona fide Clusian. I've met his parents before. Why would you think that?" "No reason. It's just that during our recent encounter, he felt somewhat like that," Lenora said with a chuckle.

The very next morning, Lenora made her way to Susanna's studio to report for work.

Susanna had always maintained her own studio. However, after the recent turmoil, only three people, including herself, remained.

The studio was located in an office building. When Lenora arrived, the young woman in charge of operations glanced at her. Presumably, she had already been informed by Susanna that Lenora would be coming, so there was no surprise on her face. She said, "Susanna mentioned that once you arrive, you should go see her on the film set. She's currently shooting a scene there."

Lenora traveled to the address given by the young lady, checking it out online along the way.

Susanna was currently involved in the production of a fantasy film.

Without Zachary, her resources were not as abundant as before. In this drama, she only had a special appearance, and her role was minimal. However, Susanna no longer had the luxury of being choosy.

After arriving at the film set, Lenora sent Susanna a message. A few minutes later, a staff member with an ID badge on their chest came out to escort her inside.

Susanna was in her costume, with a down jacket thrown over it. She was simultaneously engrossed in a conversation with the director, script in hand, while also stealing occasional glances outside.

Upon seeing Lenora enter, Susanna broke into a smile. She gestured toward Lenora and said, "Director Stone, let me introduce you. This is my assistant and also my body double, Lenora Wilkin. She will be taking over the scenes I can't act in." While warmly greeting Tyler with a smile, Lenora discreetly shot Susanna a questioning look.

Didn't she say I was to be her assistant? How did I end up as a body double too?

Susanna chuckled, choosing to ignore Lenora's gaze.

When Tyler was speaking, Lenora was standing off to the side, listening.

When Tyler left to converse with the others, Lenora finally seized the opportunity to question Susanna in a soft voice, "We agreed that I'd be your assistant. Why have I now become a body double too? I can't act!"

Susanna calmly crossed her arms, lifting her chin slightly. "You must do as I say. If you're unhappy, you're free to leave anytime."

Lenora pursed her lips tightly, her hands clenched into fists as she gave Susanna a seething stare.

Susanna knew Lenora would have to accept it begrudgingly. With a raised eyebrow and a smile, the look of triumph on her was telling.

She pushed the script she was holding into Lenora's hands. "Hold this."

Before Lenora arrived, she had familiarized herself with the job of being an actress' assistant. Most of the considerate artists would not ask their assistants to carry their scripts, yet there were still a number of unreasonable ones who would do so. Susanna was bound to give her a hard time. Thus, Lenora wasn't surprised when given the script. She spread the script in her hands and held it up to Susanna.

"Higher. How am I able to see it like this?" Susanna chided.

Lenora slightly raised her hand.

Susanna, at that point, chose not to say anything.

Soon, Lenora's arms began to ache and tremble.

It wasn't until the production staff called for Susanna to start filming that Lenora finally lowered her arm, shaking it vigorously.

Susanna took off her down jacket and tossed it over.

In a frantic moment, Lenora managed to catch it, her eyes widening in surprise as she took in the sight of Susanna dressed in her costume.

The costume was incredibly revealing, exposing her chest and thighs.

Judging from the attire and makeup, it seemed like she wasn't one of the protagonists.

In this scene, Susanna's counterpart was the male lead.

From their lines, Lenora deduced that Susanna was playing the role of a seductive vixen. Just by looking at her, one could tell that she would be the vixen who would seduce the male lead in the movie.

Meanwhile, Tyler was seated in front of the monitor, his assistant whispering a few words into his ear.

Surprised, Tyler cast a glance at Lenora. Only then did he become aware of her identity.

Zachary had divorced his ex-wife. Previously, there were industry rumors that Susanna was planning to leave the entertainment circle to marry Zachary. However, in no time, Susanna made her come back. Her career seemed to have taken a step back and everyone could tell what had happened.

Attitudes toward Susanna within the industry have greatly changed. However, it seems like Lenora took the initiative to become Susanna's assistant, didn't she?

In a hushed tone, Tyler instructed his assistant, "Pretend you know nothing. Proceed with the filming as usual."

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Chapter 287 The Stunt Double

While Susanna was filming, Lenora approached the stage supervisor to obtain a shooting schedule. That day, Susanna had two scenes to film. The first scene was happening at that moment, and the second was scheduled for the afternoon. The first scene took over an hour to film before the director was finally satisfied.

Before Susanna could even utter a word, Lenora immediately stepped forward, draping the down jacket over her.

Susanna raised an eyebrow at her, then headed straight out. "My sup is within the tent, the pink one. Fill it with coffee for me and bring it to the car."

"Alright." Lenora went to the shed to get the cup and handed it to Susanna filled with hot coffee, leaving a two-finger gap from the rim to prevent any spillage.

Susanna casually took the cup. She glanced at Lenora. "I'll rest in the car for a bit; you stay outside and keep watch. Call me if anything comes up."

After saying that, she closed the door.

Lenora glanced at the time, noting that lunch was still an hour away. She leaned against the minivan, surfing on her phone for a while. When her legs began to ache from standing, she squatted down. When lunchtime arrived, Lenora went to collect two lunch boxes.

Susanna was a bit of a clean freak, so she always used her own utensils. After she finished eating, she handed the utensils to Lenora for washing.

In order to prevent Susanna from finding fault with her, Lenora meticulously washed them several times, leaving no room for Susanna to criticize her.

After a brief rest, Susanna stepped out of the car and returned to the set. The makeup artist touched up her makeup while the stylist adjusted her hair and outfit, all in preparation for the next scene. On the film set, both the props and lighting teams were busy fine-tuning their respective equipment.

Lenora stood off to the side, waiting.

At that moment, the stylist took an outfit from the clothes rack nearby, identical to the one Susanna was wearing.

She walked straight toward Lenora. Under Lenora's puzzled gaze, she thrust the clothes into her hands. "Ms. Wilkin, please go inside and change into this."

Bewildered, Lenora stared at her, then glanced at the clothes. "Me? Change?"

"Right, aren't you Ms. Carston's body double?" The stylist turned to Susanna, seeking confirmation with a glance.

Susanna nodded, looking at Lenora in the mirror. "Go and get changed!"

Lenora hadn't expected that she'd have to act on her very first day after Susanna declared her as her body double.

She held the clothes, standing rooted to the spot. "But I have no idea what to act or how to do it..."

Susanna spoke impatiently. "Once you're dressed, come with me to listen to the director's instructions. Whatever the director asks you to do, you do it!"

Lenora pursed her lips, lowering her gaze as she took the clothes and headed toward the changing room.

The clothing was thin, revealing more than what Lenora had expected, especially around the chest.

It was because Susanna had a smaller bust size, which made the outfit look relatively normal when she wore it.

When it was Lenora's turn, the fair skin of her breasts was exposed. Her cleavage was quite noticeable, giving the impression that her clothes were about to burst at any moment. *No, I absolutely cannot do this.*

Lenora pulled back the curtain, poking her head out to ask the stylist, "Excuse me, do you have a larger size for this outfit? It doesn't quite fit."

The stylist walked straight in, unabashedly sizing up Lenora. Her gaze swept over the latter's chest and thighs, her stare so blatant that it made Lenora blush from embarrassment.

"The fit is pretty good. There's no need for changes." The stylist nodded in satisfaction.

"Um..." Lenora glanced down at her own chest. "This won't do! It must be changed!"

"No need. This is exactly the effect the director wants."

Taken aback, Lenora looked up.

"Isn't it obvious?" The stylist glanced outside, lowering her voice to say, "Think about it. What role is Susanna playing? A seductive vixen! She's supposed to be alluring, but because she didn't want to play the part and her figure isn't up to par, they had to find a stunt double!"

A sense of foreboding filled Lenora's heart. "The next scene... It couldn't possibly be..."

The stylist nodded. "Yes, it's the scene where Melody seduces the male lead, drains their energy, and then kills them."

Rendered speechless, Lenora was filled with complex emotions.

Could I still back out now?

The stylist reassured her, "Don't worry. It isn't going to be too risqué. With the current strict regulations, anything slightly explicit wouldn't make it on air. Come on, we still need to do your hair." Lenora stood still for a moment, slipped on her down jacket, and then left with the stylist.

Susanna's gaze momentarily fell on Lenora, then swept over the makeup artist's envious look. She thought to herself sarcastically, *Lenora has given birth before. Of course she has big boobs!* The stylist gave Lenora a hairstyle that was identical to Susanna's.

Stepping out of the dressing room, Lenora was greeted by a blast of cold wind. Although her upper body was snug in a down jacket, her legs were chillingly cold. .

With that, Lenora followed Susanna to seek out the director.

Tyler glanced at the two of them, then turned to Lenora and asked, "Have you read the script?"

Lenora replied, "No."

Tyler handed her the script, allowing Lenora to look it over as he explained, "The plot is quite straightforward. Susanna will handle all the dialogue scenes. You just need to act in some close-up shots." Lenora had read the script.

The plot was indeed straightforward. Melody had been injured and managed to seduce a young priest from the monastery, draining him of his life force.

The seduction involved not only verbal teasing but also a physical display.

Clearly, Lenora was to act in the latter.

The role of the priest was merely a tool to highlight Melody's ruthlessness.

The actor who played the doomed priest was an extra, a young man with fairly decent looks. He had already finished his makeup and arrived to listen to Tyler's instructions. From facial expressions, body language, to camera movements, Tyler explained everything in detail.

After discussing the script, Susanna and the young priest went through it twice. Following some guidance from Tyler, they officially began filming.

As the shoot progressed, Lenora's brows furrowed deeper and deeper.

The seduction in the beginning was one thing, but what followed was quite another. The young priest, entranced by lust, clung to Melody, his hands wandering recklessly. Just as he was about to savor her beauty, a sudden twist occurred. The priest's face turned deathly pale, a look of pain flashing across his face as he succumbed to utter despair.

The two individuals were in physical contact, their posture hinting at an intimacy between them. It even emphasized the detail of the young priest's hand gently caressing Melody's thigh.

Lenora wrestled with her emotions, reminding himself that for the sake of avenging her father, this was nothing.

Fine. I'll bear with it. It's just like getting bitten by a dog!

Nearly an hour later, the scene came to an end. Tyler gestured for Lenora to come over.

At that moment, the director, stage supervisor, producer, and other on-site staff all turned their attention over.

If Lenora was an artist who had been through the baptism of fire in acting and being swarmed by fans, this scene would have been nothing to her.

However, she was just an ordinary person, one who despite having been the subject of trending searches, was unwilling to expose herself to the media spotlight.

The gazes came from all directions, each one filled with varying emotions. Subconsciously, Lenora adjusted her dress, feeling as if she was sitting on pins and needles, so much so that she had even forgotten about the cold.

She was like a marionette, manipulated by Tyler. He guided her to stand as Susanna once did, positioning herself just right. His fingers even casually brushed across her chest.

Within the entire frame, she was the only one present.

After several close-ups, Tyler filmed a scene of Lenora steadily approaching. Skipping the dialogue in the middle, he directed the young priest to step forward and embrace Lenora.

The priest glanced up at Lenora, shyly murmuring an apology. Then, he embraced her, nuzzling his face against the fair skin of her chest, mimicking the sensation of a kiss, as though he was eager for what was coming next.

Observing Lenora's pained expression, Susanna felt an unparalleled sense of satisfaction.

Why is it that I have to sacrifice myself to please those old men, just so I can remain in this industry, while Lenora does nothing and yet, under Zachary's protection, can do as she pleases? Why does he, knowing that Lenora has a child abroad, still accept her without any reservations? Since he's so magnanimous, let's see how forgiving he can be! If Lenora thinks I'll go and testify just because she does as I say, that's incredibly foolish of her!

After several close-up shots had been taken and the director yelled "cut," Lenora immediately turned around, swiftly picked up her down jacket, and threw it on. Susanna said, "You can head home now. Remember to come to my place early tomorrow. Wake me up half an hour before call time and prepare breakfast." "So, you don't need me here anymore?" Lenora asked, looking at her uncertainly.

"Mm-hmm."

Lenora then headed to the dressing room to change her clothes, remove her wig cap, and make herself presentable before leaving the film set. Meanwhile, Zachary finally had a moment to rest after a full day of work. His eyes were tired and sore, his shoulders ached, and he felt utterly exhausted.

He leaned back in his chair, pinching the bridge of his nose as he rested with his eyes closed.

Suddenly, his phone chimed with a new message notification.

He picked up his phone in a nonchalant manner and glanced at it. Then, his eyes hardened as he fixed them on the image displayed on the screen. His hand slowly clenched tighter, and he gritted his teeth.

On the screen, Lenora was dressed in revealing attire and held closely by a man clad in a robe, behaving intimately.

Anger surged through Zachary in an instant, and he stared darkly at the man in the photo, wishing he could tear him apart.

More messages continued to come in as the sender informed him that it was from a scene on a film set and that Lenora was currently serving as both an assistant and a stunt double for Susanna.

He instantly understood why Lenora had chosen to become Susanna's assistant. However, that realization only fueled his anger, making it burn even more fiercely. He was so livid that his eyes turned red.

She hates Susanna so much yet would rather work as her assistant than seek my help! How much does she despise me? How much does she detest me? Lenora, you really are something! There was a brooding look in his eyes as he stood up abruptly and swept his hands to the side.

With a cacophony of clattering sounds, everything on the table including the computer, keyboard, and folders were all sent crashing onto the floor.

The monitor immediately went black.

Miles, who was standing a few steps away with his gaze lowered in a display of deference, held his breath. He dipped his even lower, doing his utmost to make himself less noticeable.

"Go and keep an eye on her. Let's see how long she can hold out," Zachary instructed through clenched teeth while tugging at his collar.

"Understood," Miles responded before promptly slipping away.

Susanna only had one scene the following day. However, it was an action scene with some stunts that had to be executed with the help of wirework.

Susanna had communicated with the director and the stage supervisor in advance, arranging for Lenora to do the action scenes as her stunt double.

Having known nothing about it, Lenora arrived on set early to learn from the stunt coordinator so as not to delay the filming schedule.

The stunt coordinator observed that she was diligent and undeterred by the strenuous effort of hanging from the steel wires. He felt gratified yet could not help sighing. He was gratified that someone was taking the training seriously and not just immediately opting

for a stunt double but sighed because, ironically, the one who was learning was a stunt double herself. .

Once she was pretty much done with learning the stunts, Lenora glanced at the time and drove to Susanna's house.

Susanna lived alone in a two-story mansion.

Upon arriving, Lenora keyed in the password to gain entry.

She stood at the foyer and surveyed the living room before heading upstairs and knocking on the door to Susanna's bedroom. "Susanna? Time to get up! Can you hear me?"

"Got it!" Susanna yelled from inside the room.

Lenora proceeded to go downstairs to prepare breakfast for Susanna, then carried it to the coffee table in the living room.

Suddenly, a flash of white caught her eye. She leaned down and peered under the table, only to find a men's watch at the edge of the table's underside.

A guy spent the night here.

Without making a noise, she kicked the watch under the couch and pretended not to have noticed it.

Her thoughts were whirling. There was no doubt that the person who could make Susanna offer up her body had to be someone who held some influence in the entertainment industry or a particular production.

She quietly sent a message to Gordon.

Lenora was no fool. If I put up with Susanna for a whole month only for her to turn around and renege on her word, who can I turn to? As long as I can get some leverage over Susanna, even if it may not necessarily be enough to force her to testify, it'll at least make her think twice about trying to back out.

After Susanna finished getting ready, she went downstairs for breakfast. Lenora helped her organize her makeup bag and the items she carried with her, such as her mirror, power bank, perfume, contact lenses, hand cream, and so on.

They arrived at the film set just in time for the call time. Once they had changed their clothes, gotten their makeup done, and listened to the director's briefing, they started filming.

Susanna was filming the dialogue scenes preceding the official start of the battle. Opposite her were the female lead and other characters representing the forces of good. After a brief standoff, a disagreement set off the fight. "Cut!" the director called out.

The actors relaxed immediately, taking drinks of water, doing some stretching, or going to touch up their makeup.

Susanna's scenes were over, and she was replaced by Lenora.

Worried that she would not be used to it, the director had her rehearse several times with the actress playing the female lead before officially starting to film.

Perhaps because Lenora practiced yoga regularly, her movements were precise and strong, and her lithe figure added a touch of grace. Tyler could not help nodding in approval, then exchanged a few words with the stunt coordinator next to him.

After filming the ground fight scenes, there was a brief break. The crew members then went to put on wire harnesses and protective gear on Lenora and the other actors.

When filming continued, Melody skillfully evaded the female lead's sword, and with a swift leap, she launched herself into the air.

Several crew members were working hard to hoist the wires together when a burst of commotion rang out in the distance. Nonetheless, Lenora paid no attention to it. Suspended in mid-air, she moved into position and began her intense fight scene with the female lead. On the ground, the sudden commotion was caused by the neighboring film crew who swung by for a visit during their break.

The production team next door was working on a contemporary drama, tentatively titled *Summer Love*. Rumor had it that might be renamed when officially released.

The filming of the drama had started before New Year's Day, so the actors did not get any holiday break. Now, they were almost at the end of filming.

The director of *Summer Love*, accompanied by a few others, arrived on the set where Lenora was filming. He greeted Tyler with a jovial smile. "Busy day, Director Stone?"

"Hey, isn't it Director Zabel? How did you find the time to come over?" Half of Tyler's attention was on his old friend, but he did not forget to keep an eye on the monitor.

"Just dropping by for a quick visit. Jonas, this is Director Tyler Stone. Jonas needs no introduction from me. He's quite the hardworking young man. If you ever come across a good script, do keep him in mind," Kyle Zabel responded, introducing the people around him with a smile.

Every director who had worked with Jonas ended up admiring him a lot. Couple that with his popularity, they were also willing to collaborate with him and help him connect with others.

Jonas greeted politely, "Hello, Director Stone. I'm Jonas Zirk."

"Nice to meet you. Since you've said as much, Kyle, I certainly must consider it," Tyler replied before turning his attention back to the monitor.

On the screen, Lenora was engaged in a mid-air fight scene with the female lead.

Jonas' eyes widened when he saw Lenora, and he quietly slipped away from the director's side.

Meanwhile, Kyle pointed at her curiously and asked, "Who is she? Why haven't I seen her before?"

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Chapter 288 Incredibly Foolish

Observing Lenora's pained expression, Susanna felt an unparalleled sense of satisfaction.

Why is it that I have to sacrifice myself to please those old men, just so I can remain in this industry, while Lenora does nothing and yet, under Zachary's protection, can do as she pleases? Why does he, knowing that Lenora has a child abroad, still accept her without any reservations? Since he's so magnanimous, let's see how forgiving he can be! If Lenora thinks I'll go and testify just because she does as I say, that's incredibly foolish of her!

After several close-up shots had been taken and the director yelled "cut," Lenora immediately turned around, swiftly picked up her down jacket, and threw it on. Susanna said, "You can head home now. Remember to come to my place early tomorrow. Wake me up half an hour before call time and prepare breakfast." "So, you don't need me here anymore?" Lenora asked, looking at her uncertainly.

"Mm-hmm."

Lenora then headed to the dressing room to change her clothes, remove her wig cap, and make herself presentable before leaving the film set. Meanwhile,

Zachary finally had a moment to rest after a full day of work. His eyes were tired and sore, his shoulders ached, and he felt utterly exhausted.

He leaned back in his chair, pinching the bridge of his nose as he rested with his eyes closed.

Suddenly, his phone chimed with a new message notification.

He picked up his phone in a nonchalant manner and glanced at it. Then, his eyes hardened as he fixed them on the image displayed on the screen. His hand slowly clenched tighter, and he gritted his teeth.

On the screen, Lenora was dressed in revealing attire and held closely by a man clad in a robe, behaving intimately.

Anger surged through Zachary in an instant, and he stared darkly at the man in the photo, wishing he could tear him apart.

More messages continued to come in as the sender informed him that it was from a scene on a film set and that Lenora was currently serving as both an assistant and a stunt double for Susanna.

He instantly understood why Lenora had chosen to become Susanna's assistant. However, that realization only fueled his anger, making it burn even more fiercely. He was so livid that his eyes turned red.

She hates Susanna so much yet would rather work as her assistant than seek my help! How much does she despise me? How much does she detest me? Lenora, you really are something! There was a brooding look in his eyes as he stood up abruptly and swept his hands to the side.

With a cacophony of clattering sounds, everything on the table including the computer, keyboard, and folders were all sent crashing onto the floor.

The monitor immediately went black.

Miles, who was standing a few steps away with his gaze lowered in a display of deference, held his breath. He dipped his even lower, doing his utmost to make himself less noticeable.

"Go and keep an eye on her. Let's see how long she can hold out," Zachary instructed through clenched teeth while tugging at his collar.

"Understood," Miles responded before promptly slipping away.

Susanna only had one scene the following day. However, it was an action scene with some stunts that had to be executed with the help of wirework.

Susanna had communicated with the director and the stage supervisor in advance, arranging for Lenora to do the action scenes as her stunt double.

Having known nothing about it, Lenora arrived on set early to learn from the stunt coordinator so as not to delay the filming schedule.

The stunt coordinator observed that she was diligent and undeterred by the strenuous effort of hanging from the steel wires. He felt gratified yet could not help sighing. He was gratified that someone was taking the training seriously and not just immediately opting for a stunt double but sighed because, ironically, the one who was learning was a stunt double herself.

Once she was pretty much done with learning the stunts, Lenora glanced at the time and drove to Susanna's house.

Susanna lived alone in a two-story mansion.

Upon arriving, Lenora keyed in the password to gain entry.

She stood at the foyer and surveyed the living room before heading upstairs and knocking on the door to Susanna's bedroom. "Susanna? Time to get up! Can you hear me?"

"Got it!" Susanna yelled from inside the room.

Lenora proceeded to go downstairs to prepare breakfast for Susanna, then carried it to the coffee table in the living room.

Suddenly, a flash of white caught her eye. She leaned down and peered under the table, only to find a men's watch at the edge of the table's underside.

A guy spent the night here.

Without making a noise, she kicked the watch under the couch and pretended not to have noticed it.

Her thoughts were whirling. There was no doubt that the person who could make Susanna offer up her body had to be someone who held some influence in the entertainment industry or a particular production.

She quietly sent a message to Gordon.

Lenora was no fool. If I put up with Susanna for a whole month only for her to turn around and renege on her word, who can I turn to? As long as I can get some leverage over Susanna, even if it may not necessarily be enough to force her to testify, it'll at least make her think twice about trying to back out.

After Susanna finished getting ready, she went downstairs for breakfast. Lenora helped her organize her makeup bag and the items she carried with her, such as her mirror, power bank, perfume, contact lenses, hand cream, and so on.

They arrived at the film set just in time for the call time. Once they had changed their clothes, gotten their makeup done, and listened to the director's briefing, they started filming.

Susanna was filming the dialogue scenes preceding the official start of the battle. Opposite her were the female lead and other characters representing the forces of good. After a brief standoff, a disagreement set off the fight. "Cut!" the director called out.

The actors relaxed immediately, taking drinks of water, doing some stretching, or going to touch up their makeup.

Susanna's scenes were over, and she was replaced by Lenora.

Worried that she would not be used to it, the director had her rehearse several times with the actress playing the female lead before officially starting to film.

Perhaps because Lenora practiced yoga regularly, her movements were precise and strong, and her lithe figure added a touch of grace. Tyler could not help nodding in approval, then exchanged a few words with the stunt coordinator next to him.

After filming the ground fight scenes, there was a brief break. The crew members then went to put on wire harnesses and protective gear on Lenora and the other actors.

When filming continued, Melody skillfully evaded the female lead's sword, and with a swift leap, she launched herself into the air.

Several crew members were working hard to hoist the wires together when a burst of commotion rang out in the distance. Nonetheless, Lenora paid no attention to it. Suspended in mid-air, she moved into position and began her intense fight scene with the female lead. On the ground, the sudden commotion was caused by the neighboring film crew who swung by for a visit during their break.

The production team next door was working on a contemporary drama, tentatively titled *Summer Love*. Rumor had it that might be renamed when officially released.

The filming of the drama had started before New Year's Day, so the actors did not get any holiday break. Now, they were almost at the end of filming.

The director of *Summer Love*, accompanied by a few others, arrived on the set where Lenora was filming. He greeted Tyler with a jovial smile. "Busy day, Director Stone?"

"Hey, isn't it Director Zabel? How did you find the time to come over?" Half of Tyler's attention was on his old friend, but he did not forget to keep an eye on the monitor.

"Just dropping by for a quick visit. Jonas, this is Director Tyler Stone. Jonas needs no introduction from me. He's quite the hardworking young man. If you ever come across a good script, do keep him in mind," Kyle Zabel responded, introducing the people around him with a smile.

Every director who had worked with Jonas ended up admiring him a lot. Couple that with his popularity, they were also willing to collaborate with him and help him connect with others.

Jonas greeted politely, "Hello, Director Stone. I'm Jonas Zirk."

"Nice to meet you. Since you've said as much, Kyle, I certainly must consider it," Tyler replied before turning his attention back to the monitor.

On the screen, Lenora was engaged in a mid-air fight scene with the female lead.

Jonas' eyes widened when he saw Lenora, and he quietly slipped away from the director's side.

Meanwhile, Kyle pointed at her curiously and asked, "Who is she? Why haven't I seen her before?"

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Chapter 289 The Unexpected

"She's Susanna's stunt double," Tyler stated.

"Oh." Realization dawned on Kyle as he shook his head regretfully.

In the entertainment industry, stunt doubles were not a rarity.

Due to various reasons, it was rare for a stunt double to step into the limelight.

The martial arts doubles often lacked in appearance, while the drama doubles were expected to resemble the actors in both looks and physique. With one such face already in the spotlight, it was hard for the next one to stand out, especially since they risked facing backlash from the former's fans.

Kyle watched the female stunt double in the air. She was a bit raw, but extremely bold. Her movements were full of tension and aesthetic appeal. He could sense her trust in the rigger, as she was completely focused on the fight.

Had it not been for a stunt double, the bit of action where she personally took the stage would have garnered a decent response if marketed just a tad more. .

Tyler was also very pleased and asked Wen Liang to shoot a few more scenes.

By the time the director had called cut, Lenora was already panting from exhaustion. Her arms were so sore and achy that she couldn't lift them anymore. Despite the thinness of her clothes, she didn't feel cold at all. Instead, she was drenched in sweat. She let her head droop, her entire body relaxed, allowing the rigger to gently lower her down.

Standing behind the camera, Jonas held a cup of warm water, his mind filled with confusion. He watched as Lenora was about to collapse and decided to walk over to offer the water, intending to ask what was going on in the process.

When the scene had to be reshot earlier, Lenora was set aside to receive guidance from the stunt coordinator. It was then that Jonas confirmed that it was indeed Lenora.

How on earth did she end up here as a stunt double? And for Susanna of all people?

Just at that moment, the slender steel wire snapped.

It happened so fast that no one had the chance to react.

With only a steel wire left, Lenora's body suddenly tilted.

The moment Lenora's feet touched the ground, the other wire suddenly snapped.

Jonas was the first to return to his senses. He tossed the water cup in his hand and rushed over. "Nora!"

The other staff members also quickly gathered around, supporting Lenora. They bombarded her with questions. "Are you hurt?"

"Should we call an ambulance?!"

"You've hurt your arm!"

Lenora's heart was pounding relentlessly, her face deathly pale.

She drew in a deep breath, steadying her voice. "I'm fine, there's no need to call an ambulance, it's just a minor scrape."

Fortunately, the other wire broke afterward, allowing her to land safely. As her body tilted during the fall, her arm brushed against a bolt, causing a slight bleed. Thankfully, it wasn't severe. The stage supervisor immediately brought the first aid kit.

Tyler came over, expressing a few words of concern, and urged Lenora to tend to her wounds first.

Lenora donned her down jacket and went with the stage supervisor to the shed, while the rest of the crew busied themselves restoring order.

With a puzzled look, Kyle watched Lenora's retreating figure, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "She's Susanna's stunt double? But they don't seem alike."

Tyler wore a complicated expression, giving Kyle a look that said "you know what I mean". "It's a long story... Her name is Lenora, she came on her own accord..."

"Who is Lenora?" Kyle, who didn't pay much attention to news outside of his circle, took a moment to register the name.

As Tyler whispered Lenora's identity to Kyle, he turned to look at Lenora with a bewildered expression.

Over by the shed, Lenora plopped down onto a chair. She picked up a cup of water and took several large gulps, her chest heaving dramatically.

The stage supervisor retrieved an ointment from the medical kit. Jonas took it from him, saying, "Let me do it."

The stage supervisor looked at Jonas in surprise, then at Lenora, realizing they knew each other. He then handed the ointment to Jonas, saying, "I appreciate your help, Mr. Zirk." Lenora flashed a smile at the stage supervisor. "You go ahead with your work, I'm fine here. Once I'm done applying the medicine, I'll head home to rest."

The stage supervisor shared a few more kind words before leaving the set.

Just earlier, Lenora was surrounded by a crowd, leaving no time to converse with Jonas. It was only now that she found a moment to ask, "Jonas, how did you end up here?" "Our filming crew is right next door, I'm just dropping by for a visit." Jonas squeezed out a bit of ointment, gently applying it to Lenora's wound with a cotton swab. "What a coincidence."

"How did you end up on the film set? I heard you're Susanna's stunt double?" Jonas looked at her, puzzled.

With a smile playing on her lips, Lenora said, "I have a favor to ask of Susanna."

"What is it? Is it necessary to seek her help?"

"Indeed, this matter is something only she can handle."

Jonas wanted to continue asking, but his assistant interrupted him, "Jonas, it's time to start filming."

Jonas hesitated for a moment, then Lenora waved her hand dismissively. "You should go, I'm going to change and head home too."

Jonas stood up and cautioned, "I sense something odd about the broken steel wires today, be careful."

"Sure, I will, thank you."

"Then, I'll head off to film now."

After Jonas left, Lenora scanned her surroundings, Susanna was nowhere to be found.

Lenora handed over the medical kit to the stage supervisor, then headed to the dressing room to change.

She straightened her clothes and made her way toward the rigger.

The rigger apologized, "Ms. Wilkin, I'm truly sorry. It was our carelessness that nearly put you in danger. It's a great relief that you are unharmed."

With a gentle smile, Lenora pursed her lips and asked, "Why did it break? Did you figure it out?"

The rigger said, "Our initial assessment is that there was severe wear and tear due to concentrated stress on a single point. We failed to detect it. I'm sorry."

"It's all right, thankfully nothing serious happened. Be more careful in the future."

"That's for certain."

Lenora then left the film set.

When she got into the car, she received a message from Gordon.

In recent years, Gordon had taken on many similar assignments. It didn't take him long to find out that the person who stayed at Susanna's villa yesterday was an assistant director for an upcoming movie project. He also sent the surveillance footage to Lenora's phone. Lenora once again asked him to look into the matter regarding the steel wires.

In the realm of fantasy dramas, there were always numerous scenes requiring the use of steel wires. The rigger's explanation for the mishap seemed plausible, but Lenora couldn't help but feel it was somehow connected to Susanna. Lenora put down her phone and started the car.

Not only that, every move she made on the set was meticulously documented and relayed to Zachary.

Zachary knew that hanging from steel wires was a tough task. Seeing Lenora suspended in the air, he felt a pang of heartache. Yet, within him, a subtle sense of pride also stirred.

His Lenora performed exceptionally well even though this was her first time performing an action scene while hanging on a steel wire.

When she first arrived at the Fuller residence, she was extremely cautious, even her eyes seemed to be veiled with a layer of gray.

After the divorce, she carried herself with an easy grace, her eyes as clear and serene as a distant mountain on a clear day, captivating his gaze wherever she went. When he saw the steel wire snap, his heart lurched.

Did she injure herself?

In the video, numerous people had surrounded Lenora, obscuring her figure from view.

A few minutes later, Lenora reappeared on the screen, sitting in the shed, wearily propping herself up on the table.

Across from her sat a young man, gently applying ointment on her.

Upon seeing Jonas, Zachary's face froze, his large hand clenching tightly.

He squinted his eyes, watching the scene unfold as Lenora and Jonas chatted and laughed together. His expression grew darker with each passing moment. Jonas really was a persistent nuisance!

Moreover, there was Lenora. He had been sulking for two days, yet she seemed completely unaffected! She even had the audacity to laugh so joyfully with Jonas! Zachary was infuriated.

Between them, it was always him who sought reconciliation. If he didn't reach out to her, she probably would never think of him!

The more Zachary thought about it, the angrier he became. However, he knew that if he continued to let his anger get the best of him, it could potentially leave an opening for another man to step in.

For the sake of his future happiness, he decided to swallow his pride. He pulled out his phone and dialed Lenora's number.

Lenora glanced at her phone screen, raising an eyebrow. She put on her Bluetooth earpiece and answered the call, her gaze idly following the stream of cars ahead. "What made you call?" she asked nonchalantly, "Are you not mad anymore?" Zachary was speechless.

So, she knew he was angry, yet she showed no reaction at all!

Suppressing his frustration, Zachary spoke in a strictly business-like tone. "I need to register Hattie in the family registry, so I need you to come over."

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Stay Away 290

Chapter 290 Does Not Know Chalk From Cheese

"Does Hattie know about it? What's with that attitude? Lenora asked.

"I had asked her, and she was torn between the two, needing someone to help her make a decision."

Lenora hesitated for a moment. "But..."

"No need for any buts. We've only spent so much time with her, and she could already place us on the same level as Aunt Tamara. Do you understand what I mean?" "Yes."

After hanging up the phone, Lenora immediately made a U-turn at the intersection ahead, heading to the relevant department to meet up with Zachary.

She parked her car in front of the relevant government department. Not long after, a familiar license plate number pulled in.

Lenora stepped out of the car, making her way to the open space in front of service department.

Zachary made his way over with Harrietta.

Watching the young girl get off the car, Lenora waved her hand. "Hattie."

Harrietta hurried over, reaching out to hold Lenora's hand. "Aunt Lenora." Thud!

Zachary closed the car door, slipping the car keys into his pocket, and casually glanced at Lenora

She appeared to be largely unharmed, presumably, it was just her arm that was injured?

Lenora cast him a glance, then took Harrietta by the hand and turned around. "Let's go," she said. Zachary's hand tightened as he watched Lenora's retreating figure, silently following her without uttering a word.

Staff members guided them upstairs to the reception room.

Harrietta curiously craned her neck, looking around.

"Hattie, what have you been up to these past couple of days?" asked Lenora.

"Uncle Zachary took me to visit two kindergartens."

"So, which one are you going to choose?"

Harrietta lived abroad in an area densely populated by Clusians. The majority of students in the kindergarten were also Clusians, so there was no fear of not being able to adapt. Harrietta pouted. "Actually, I didn't even want to make a choice... but I know that's not possible.

Lenora gently pinched her cheek.

As the two were engaged in conversation, Zachary handed over Harrietta's identification details, along with the embassy's nationality change request documents, to the staff member. The staff member asked them to wait for a moment and then left with the documents in hand. Only three people were left in the reception room.

Harrietta and Lenora were seated together. With animated gestures, Harrietta was sharing everything she had observed at the two kindergartens. Lenora listened intently.

Zachary's gaze fell upon Lenora, studying her intently

Ever since they met, she had hardly looked him in the eye.

Lenora said to Harrietta, "Once you start school, if you miss me, just call. I'll come and pick you up after school, all right?"

Harrietta wrapped her arms around Lenora's arm, glanced at Zachary, and asked, "Would it be a problem if I just stayed with Aunt Lenora?" Hiss...

Harrietta accidentally pressed on Lenora's injured arm. Lenora's eyebrows furrowed as she sharply inhaled due to the sudden pain.

Harrietta quickly let go, her youthful face filled with worry. "Aunt Lenora, what's wrong?" she asked.

"It's nothing, I accidentally scraped my arm."

"Heh. Zachary chuckled softly.

The rigging wire had broken. If the second one had snapped early, she would have fallen straight down from above, and it would have turned into a mere "accidental scrape" by the time it reached her lips. Lenora detected a hint of mockery in his laughter, raising an eyebrow at him, she asked, "What's so funny?"

"What am I laughing at? You think that if you tolerate Susanna, she will help you?"

He laughed, finding her naive.

She was well aware that all she needed to do was ask him, and he would certainly help her.

Yet, she simply wouldn't.

She insisted on becoming Susanna's an enduring Susanna's unreasonable demands. Wasn't this th epitome of foolishness?

Yet, against all odds, he was fond of her, this fool.

"Not necessarily.

"So, you will."

"I have to at least give it a try, otherwise I'll be out of options."

Moreover, being close to Susanna, Lenora would do her best to find any leverage to use against her

Zachary was at a loss for words,

He clenched his large hand into a fist, pounding it against his knee.

She was truly stubborn as a mule!

Even though there were other methods available, she simply didn't want to use them!

Lenora understood Zachary's intentions. Whether she was accused of being ungrateful or overly dramatic didn't matter. At that moment, she couldn't comfortably accept Zachary's help without feeling burdened After all, Zachary had desires that she simply couldn't fulfill.

She already owed Zachary two meals, and accepting his help would only increase her debt.

The saying goes, accepting someone's kindness makes one feel obligated to them.

Even if she was to start over again with Zachary, she hoped that they could both stand on equal grounds. She didn't want to feel indebted to Zachary right from the start.

Moreover, she had absolutely no intention of remarrying Zachary

A staff member entered the room, placing two forms in front of Lenora and Zachary. They explained. "To register the child, the parents' personal information needs to be filled in." Okay.

Lenora picked up the pen to fill out the form.

Harrietta was lying on one side, observing, Suddenly, she asked, "Aunt Lenora, can I start calling you mom now?"

Lenora glanced up at her, a gentle smile on her face. "Call me whatever you like. It's just a name."

Harrietta blinked her large eyes, a hint of blush spread across her small face as she shyly buried herself into Lenora's embrace.

She really adored Lenora

And the too, would soon have a mother.

The staff member took the completed form away and before long, returned. Handing Zachary his household registration book, they said, "Mr. Fuller, Ms. Fuller's registration is all set."

When they got married, Zachary's household registration was transferred out. As the head of the household, Harrietta was added to the next page, listing their relationship as father and daughter. "Thank you."

Zachary glanced at the document, slipped the household registration into a file bag, and stood up to look at the two. "Let's go," he said.

The trio left the service hall together.

Zachary strode toward the car, simultaneously pulling out his keys to unlock it.

Lenora led Harrietta by the hand, pulling open the backseat car door. She helped Harrietta into Zachary's car. "Hattie, goodbye, see you when you're free."

"Aunt Lenora, goodbye!"

Zachary pulled open the driver's side door, but he didn't get in the car. Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Seeing Lenora about to leave, he finally decided to swallow his pride. He spoke up. "D-Do you have time for us to share a meal together..."

Before he could finish, he saw Lenora helping Harrietta close the car door. She glanced at him, waved and said, "Bye."

Zachary kept quiet at that.

The slid into the driver's seat with a blank expression, forcefully shutting the car door behind him.

With a sudden loud bang, Lenora was given quite a fright.

She moved to the side, allowing Zachary to smoothly drive the car out and quickly speed away.

He seemed even more upset now,

Not long after they drove off, Zachary received a call from Elijah.

He put on his Bluetooth carpiece and connected the call. "Hello, what have you found out?"

Zachary had guessed that Lenora needed Susanna's help with her father's case, yet he was unsure about the specifics,

On the other end of the phone, Elijah had used his connections to get a clear understanding of the situation.

He had a chat with Zachary, and at the end, he sighed. "Richie is Connor's father, I guess Ms. Wilkin was dating him to avenge her father. I really thought Ms. Wilkin was genuinely interested in him....."

After hearing everything. Zachary's forehead throbbed, his grip on the steering wheel tightened.

Lenora's words echoed again and again in his mind: I already

have someone / care about. I'm about to start a new life, can't you just let me go? Is it that if I don't agree to remarry, you'll haunt me forever? I truly do like Connor, I'm not lying to you! He's young handsome, vibrant, and ambitious. Why can't I like him? I'd support him ever waste not to use it.

Lenora was truly remarkable!

What she said sounded so genuine, she completely had him fooled!

He knew, she wouldn't have feelings for Connor.

In pursuit of revenge, she could even endure being with someone she didn't like!

It was only after she received valuable information that she broke up with Connor

What if things hadn't gone so smoothly!

Would she continue dating Connor, doing things that lovers do, until she obtained the useful information she needed!

The mere thought drove Zachary to complete irrationality, his fury beyond control.