

Chapter 56

Frowning slightly, he slowly took out his phone. After reading the contents of the WeChat message, his forehead gradually relaxed. The icy look on his face seemed to have warmed up as well.

Under the scrutiny of everyone else, he replied to the WeChat message with an 'Okay'.

Everyone exchanged looks of disbelief. Ever since Stanley entered the company, he had set a rule that the usage of cellphones was forbidden during meetings. This rule applied to him as well. Whenever his phone rang, he would either hang up immediately or ignore it.

So, what happened to him today?

On the other side, Xyla was thrilled when she got his reply so she simply sent him a voice message, "Shall we meet at Grandview Western Restaurant tonight at seven?" Her voice was gentle and melodious as always.

Stanley quietly put the phone to his ear and listened intently, then replied with another 'Okay'.

Xyla sent another voice message, "I'll send you a WeChat message once I've reserved a room."

'Okay,' he replied again, before nonchalantly putting the phone back into the inner pocket of his shirt.

Glaring at the crowd, he said only what was necessary, "Continue."

The others immediately regained their senses and the meeting continued. Only, everyone could not help but feel curious about who had sent Stanley a WeChat message. That person actually made him allow such an exception.

At seven in the evening, Xyla punctually arrived at Grandview Western Restaurant's VIP room.

She had on light makeup, and her gently curled hair fell naturally on her shoulders, making her face look daintier. Dressed in a white turtleneck sweater and long white chiffon skirt, she appeared even more gentle and dignified.

It was like she was a snow-white peony flower grown on high grounds—her beauty was great, but she was not easily attainable.

Scented candles burned inside the room. The faint smell of rose could refresh one's mind. Xyla took a deep breath of the fragrance-filled air before sitting down at a long table covered in a red velvet tassel

tablecloth. A snow-white rose quietly bloomed on the dining table, enhancing her pleasant mood.

Before long, Stanley pushed the door open and walked in. Dressed in a black shirt, black long double-breasted vintage trench coat, black long pants, and black Martin boots, his figure seemed all the more striking, and his cool temperament was accentuated.

Every time she saw him, Xyla always felt like he was perhaps a long-lost prince to a kingdom.

"My apologies, I was held up by traffic," said Stanley calmly, before sitting down opposite her.

Xyla smiled gently, looking more endearing than the rose on the table. "It's okay. You're only five minutes late."

"Is there something you need from me?" he asked.

"Let's order first."

Xyla's smile was charming as she waved at the waiter, who immediately handed them menus. After they ordered, the waiter poured them each a glass of water.

Once the waiter left, Xyla glanced at Stanley carefully and said, "Actually, I've asked you here because I need your help. Although it's a little abrupt, you're the only one who can help me with this right now."

Stanley looked at her calmly with his usual cool expression. "What is it?"

"I'd like you to pretend to be my husband."

"Huh?" The man cocked up a defined eyebrow, while his eyes held hints of curiosity.

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