

Sweet Wife 221

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 221 Mr. McCarthy Is Jealous

No matter what was in their mind, they looked just as happy and gentle as they could ever be.

Jessica's gaze wandered down. Her heart seemed to be pounding out of her chest. The excitement of the moment filled her soul.

Shawn came to his senses after a terrible shock. He'd got his father's intentions.

His face tightened. However reluctant he was, he could only keep silent.

Henry left with Shawn after making a deal with Clara.

When they got out, Shawn asked, "Dad, why do you promise them? You don't want me to marry Jessica, do you? What happened?"

Henry kept a cold expression, looked at Shawn and said in a deep voice. "I have no choice.

"To be honest, Miller Group encounters its crisis. A mysterious overseas group rich in funds wants to acquire Miller Group. Miller Group is still independent today all thanks to your uncles.

"Recently, that group kicks up buying the shares of Miller Group. You know members of the board very well. Except your uncles, they only work for money."

"As long as the company can offer a good price, they'll sell their stocks sooner or later. By then, I can do nothing but lose control over Miller Group.

"You are my only son. Miller Group is mine now, but yours in the future. Those members are hesitating. I'll try my best to persuade them to keep their shares."

"However, if the scandal of you abandoning Natalia was brought to light, what would they think?"

"Natalia had been with you for six years and worked for Century Entertainment for two years, but you could abandon her willfully. Do you think those senior members that support you will ever believe you whole-heartedly again?"

"Trust is hard to breed but easy to lose. Shawn, we cannot afford mistakes. Even if you have to marry that woman, you just have to."

Shawn had never expected the prosperous Miller Group to get into such a trouble.

He was both shocked and reluctant.

"But..."

"Stop it. If you dislike her, you can just marry her and take her as a decoration.

"I am wondering. You loved that woman very much, didn't you? Why do you refuse to marry her now? I am really angry that you're such an irresponsible man!"

With that, Henry got into the car.

The car door was slammed with a bang, which stopped Shawn from going further.

He opened his mouth, watching the black car driving away, but failed to say anything.

At the end, he could only sigh and walk towards his own car.

In McCarthy Properties.

Archie sat in the president office. The atmosphere was depressing.

Brian stood opposite him with a cautious look. Looking at his boss's gloomier face, he felt his heart beating in his throat.

Brian persuaded, "Mr. McCarthy, it's just part of Mrs. McCarthy's plan. Don't worry. She has called you and detailed her plan, right?"

Archie sneered.

"Her plan? Does she plan to let those airheads abuse her like this?"

Brian was at a loss.

How could he give Mr. McCarthy a pleasant answer?

"Mrs. McCarthy is trying to let Shawn and Jessica pay for the price. You should support her instead of bringing her any trouble."

Archie kept silent.

He seemed to agree to Brian.

Brian felt a bit relieved.

In the next second, however, Archie's voice sounded, "She did so many things for this Shawn. Does she still love him? She wants to break up that couple so as to throw herself into his arms?"

Brian's eyes widened.

Seeing his boss's colder eyes with a touch of cruelty, Brian kept shaking his head.

"Of course not, Mr. McCarthy, why do you have such thoughts? Look at you. You're the president of McCarthy Properties. You're handsome, rich and nice with Mrs. McCarthy. It's impossible for her to turn her back on you."

Archie thought for a while and nodded, "That's true though."

Brian wiped the cold sweat hurriedly.

"Who do you think looks better? Shawn or I?"

Brian was surprised.

He was done.

What was wrong with Mr. McCarthy?

Mr. McCarthy always distained to compare himself with other men and thought himself the most handsome man. However, today Mr. McCarthy even raised such a question.

Brian felt his boss too poor.

But he hurried to answer, "You're more handsome. At best, I would say that Shawn is not bad. How could he be compared with you?"

"Really?"

"Of course. Your appearance and temperament are both remarkable. Shawn is good for nothing. Look at you. You're so masterful and manly. Every woman will have a crush on you at the first glance. Even Mrs. McCarthy is no exception."

Archie turned his head and looked into his handsome face in the window.

"Quite reasonable."

Brian breathed a sigh of relief.

He saved himself from getting into trouble by virtue of sweet words.

Then, Archie said, "Natalia forbids me to go for her. I think, though we're on good terms, I can't be apart from her for so long, right?"

Brian forced a smile.

"Mr. McCarthy, what do you want to do?"

Archie thought for a while, "Well, you go to pick some interesting gifts for her. Natalia doesn't like jewelry. She likes something creative. Give me some advice. I'll do it myself."

Knowing that Mr. McCarthy wasn't about to go for Natalia himself, Brian felt relieved, agreed and walked away.

On the set.

The shooting nearly came to an end. Everyone was busy with filming. The crew almost worked overnight.

As the heroine, Natalia stayed up three nights to finish her part and was visibly wilting. Only then did Vicente allow her to rest for half a day.

When she went back to the filming site, she saw a black Audi parking there. Shawn carried a bunch of roses, got off his car and walked to Jessica with a smile.????????????????

Chapter 222 Turns Facts Upside Down

"Well, you come to see Jessica again!"

"The roses are so beautiful! I feel so envious!"

"Jessica is so happy. I heard that you've been married. Really?"

Shawn walked to Jessica and handed over roses to her. With Jessica in his arms, he smiled at the public.

"It's true. Thank you for the blessing."

His answer touched off waves of applause.

"Shawn, when will you hold the wedding?"

"Well, we are all expecting your wedding party!"

Shawn smiled, "I am making preparations. Today, I bring some sweets for everyone."

Then, an assistant carried several large cases from the car, took some heart-shaped chocolates from them and gave everyone a box.

The gift box was exquisite, with their wedding photo on it. They looked very happy in the picture.

Everyone sent his congratulations.

Then, the assistant took two boxes of sweets to Natalia.

She handed them over to Natalia and said, "They are for you. Hope you can share the happiness of Shawn and Jessica."

Nancy clenched her fist in anger and literally wanted to throw her fists on her face.

Natalia stopped Nancy, smiled and took the boxes.

"Thank you."

That assistant's expression froze as Natalia took the boxes, but she went on handing out the remaining chocolate boxes without a word.

An unknown actress mocked, "Someone turns the facts upside down and flatters herself, saying that someone stole her boyfriend. How embarrassed that woman must be as her lie is nailed."

That actress said with sarcasm. People around understood what she meant, but they were in dumb silence.

Natalia glanced at her and chuckled.

"No wonder some actress can only play some unknown roles all her life. Directors do have a sharp eye."

"You just cannot give some strut in borrowed plumes any important task, or it will certainly ruin everything. Nancy, do you think so?"

Nancy nodded with a smile, "Yes."

That actress was enraged, "Natalia, what are you talking about?"

"What? You certainly know what I mean."

"You!"

That actress was about to go forward to her. Nancy stood before Natalia, protective and powerful, and the actress immediately knew better than to continue.

All knew that Natalia's bodyguard was good at fighting and should not be provoked.

That actress could only flick her sleeves, turned her head and said to Jessica, "Jessica, just ignore her. She is jealous of you, like a fox that cannot eat the grapes."

Jessica looked embarrassed.

"Eva, my sister is straight-forward. She said that not on purpose. Please do not argue with her."

"Jessica, look at her arrogant look. Why do you stand for her?"

"You insulted her, so she paid you back. She is my sister and doesn't get me into trouble, why don't I stand for her?"

Eva was speechless.

People around chuckled.

"Mind her own business. Even if Jessica and Natalia are not on good terms, they are sisters, after all. Why did she have the guts to walk over to bullshit Natalia?"

"Well, she's just as snobbish as always."

"Natalia is the heroine, but she's just a nobody. Mr. Langes arranged some scenes for her. She really takes herself for a big shot."

The discussions and derisive laughter went into Eva's ear, and she felt so embarrassed. She flushed with anger.

After a while, she snorted, "You are so ungrateful. I won't ever bother to say anything for you anymore. I have something else to do, so I'll go ahead."

Then Eva fled.

Jessica walked over, holding Shawn's arms.

"Natalia, thank you for your help."

Natalia looked at them with a faint smile.

"Don't flatter me. It's a deal, anyway. I can get ten percent of the Dawson Group."

Shawn didn't look well.

Natalia ignored it. Jessica held Shawn's arms tightly and chuckled, "No matter what, I appreciate you very much. Without your help, Shawn and I wouldn't have got married so soon. Am I right, Shawn?"

Shawn tightened her face, with suppressed anger on his gentle face.

After a while, he took a deep breath and said in a cold voice, "Yes, thank you, Natalia."

Natalia's mouth twitched.

Why did Shawn look at her like that?

Did he blame her for minding their business?

Natalia didn't bother to be on a second thought. Glancing at the clock, Natalia said calmly, "I'll go do my make-up. You go on handing out the boxes of sweets. Goodbye."

With that, she left with Nancy.

The audience saw them talk in a peaceful manner for such a long period of time and couldn't help being astonished.

They had no idea that their issues with each other had stirred up a heated discussion.

Why were they as calm as usual?

The outsiders didn't know the deal between the Dawson family and Natalia.

Natalia, who was now going through a torrent of verbal abuse on the Internet, didn't put on a sad or depressed look.

They just felt it weird.

So weird.

However, no matter what others were thinking, Natalia lived a busy and full life.

She seldom fiddled her phone or minded what people said online. Though she didn't mind what those people said, she wouldn't ask for trouble.

Shawn had a bunch of flowers delivered to the set every day.

He and Jessica just got married. Though he didn't come every day, his concerns and romance clung to Jessica.

The ladies in the crew that didn't get married envied that very much.

Some articles about their story were posted.

The articles stated that they'd known each other since high school and been in love for five years.

As these articles got more clicks, more people began to criticize Natalia on the Internet.

Victoria couldn't stand it and refuted those comments.

Her deed invited trouble. Some even commented that Victoria, as Natalia's good friend, must be a b*tch!

Victoria was so angry that she smashed her keyboard.

Her agent persuaded her not to be involved, but failed, and almost cried when looking at the broken keyboard.????????????????

Chapter 223 Present Flowers

In the end, Victoria turned off comments on all her tweets.

She decided not to involve herself in the argument.

Natalia could do nothing else.

To comfort Victoria, Natalia even told Victoria her plan in advance.

Victoria, however, was too candid. She knew what people said about Natalia, and she couldn't help reading the comments. Then she was enraged by them.

Natalia had been very indifferent all the time yet Archie was even more so.

Brian was confused. His boss was so fond of Mrs. McCarthy. Why did he sit back and do nothing when everyone was just slandering Mrs. McCarthy?

Brian even hinted at the possibility of doing something for Natalia.

Even if he couldn't quash rumors, it could comfort Mrs. McCarthy more or less.

A woman would be very fragile when getting into trouble.

If Mrs. McCarthy knew her husband sat back and did nothing, she'd be disappointed."

His boss, however, remained indifferent. Brian even suspected it was just someone in his boss's disguise.

Finally, Archie moved.

He asked Brian, "Tell me something about the filming."

Brian got refreshed and knew it was time to express his opinion, "The shooting will be over in a week. Mrs. McCarthy has been busy with the shooting these days. Basically, she has to work around the clock."

Archie's brow tightened.

He raised another question, "Anything else?"

Brian was wondering what Archie wanted to know.

So, he rolled his eyes, thinking about an interesting thing that he heard, and he said tentatively, "I heard that Mrs. McCarthy has been on good terms with Jessica. She isn't affected by what those people say on the internet, but some people are still making things difficult for Mrs. McCarthy.

Just because Shawn had flowers delivered to Jessica every day, everyone thought that Mrs. McCarthy had really done something wrong..."

Archie stopped writing.

Brian's heart began to thump.

He just knew it!

He just knew it!

Mr. McCarthy would certainly care about it.

Then, he heard Archie's question, "What kind of flower?"

"Red Roses."

"Poor taste."

Archie paused for moments and suddenly said, "Prepare nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine red roses and have them delivered to Natalia."

Brian was confused.

His boss said it was poor taste.

However, his boss still asked him to order red roses.

Archie coughed very unnaturally as Brian stood still.

"Well, I mean, it's a waste to give Jessica those roses. "

Brian was speechless.

"I see."

His boss always told the truth, anyway.

Brian went down to prepare the flowers. Archie sat for a while, thinking about something, tapped on his phone and looked at a picture on it.

On it was a colorful pottery pot with lovely patterns, which looked artistic.

He frowned.

If he made such a pot for her himself, he could show his affections?

Was it romantic?

He didn't think so.

Looking at his slender and fair fingers and thinking that he had to hold the dirty mold to make a pottery pot, he was somewhat reluctant.

Just then, someone knocked at the door.

After Archie said, "Come in", an assistant entered his office, "Mr. McCarthy, we are ready."

Archie nodded, putting down his phone.

"Let them come in."

"OK."

Soon, a machine for making pottery pots was set and a professional tutor came in.

"Mr. McCarthy, you want to learn doing pottery pots?"

Archie looked a bit embarrassed but nodded.

"Alright, please wear an apron and follow me around."

And while Archie concentrated on learning doing pottery pots.

On the other hand, a big truck broke into the set.

The driver and delivery man jumped off the truck and asked the rest of the team to offload the stuff they had brought.

After a while, bunches of red roses were set on the empty space of the filming site, making a sea of flowers.

"Wow, so many roses? Where are these from?"

"Who else could it be? Shawn keeps sending Jessica flowers these days. It must be him!"

"Oh, my goodness. How romantic he is. I would say it's normal if he just sent those flowers before they are married. However, they've been married now. Jessica must have done a lot of good things to get blessed like this and meet Shawn who loves her so deeply."

"The flowers must cost a lot. We are not on the filming site but in a candy box. I feel so sweet."

"I am so jealous. Jessica must be so happy."

"She doesn't know this yet. Someone should go and tell her!"

Someone found Jessica in the lounge, who was going to have a rest.

"Jessica, why do you just sit here? Go out to have a look. Shawn have sent so many roses!"

Jessica was stunned.

Shawn had been quite cold at home these days, but he didn't embarrass her in front of others.

They were quite estranged from each other since the last incident. She was busy with the shooting and had no time to explain, so she didn't force Shawn to do anything.

She decided to explain to him when the shooting was over, but what did he mean now?

Seeing Jessica stand still, that woman hurried to pull Jessica.

"Anyway, hurry out to take a look."

Jessica ran after that woman. Seeing bunches of red roses on the ground, she was in a daze.

Were they all from Shawn?

There were at least thousands of flowers.

Shawn usually sent just a bunch of flowers.

Jessica knew that he did it for show. That was enough.

But now...

He didn't have to send her so many roses just for show.

Had Shawn forgiven her?

She was excited. Just then, a man walked over and asked. "Are you Miss Dawson?"

Jessica nodded, "Yes."

"Great then! Nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine roses for you. Please sign here."

Jessica took the card and was about to sign, but suddenly saw a letter "M" on it.

She was slightly stunned, but thinking it might be Miller, she didn't get far.

After signing the receipt, she handed it over to him and thanked him with a smile.

Chapter 224 Wrong Person

People around came to congratulate her.

"Jessica, I am so jealous of you. You're so happy!"

"Shawn is so nice with you and these roses must be proof of his deep love for you. If I were you, I would just go home be a happy Mrs. Miller."

"Well, we are not as lucky as you to meet such a handsome and rich man."

Some even took this opportunity to mock Natalia.

"Well, Shawn only likes Jessica. However, somebody thinks too highly of herself, even having the illusion that Shawn had an affair with her."

"Well, she may be paranoid. It's terrible. We'd better stay away from her."

"Yes, she must have used some dirty tricks to get the part, but she thought of herself as some big shot. How ridiculous."

"Call her out, so she can understand how nice Shawn is with Jessica. She must be very embarrassed."

Surrounded by a group of women and praised by them, Jessica was very pleased.

Satisfaction filled her heart and she seemed to be on a cloud. Then she smiled, "Stop that."

Then she explained, "Natalia is very excellent. The devil made her do that. I've forgiven her. Please stop saying those words. Just do me a favor."

"Jessica, you're too kind. You'll be harmed by her sooner or later."

"Well, we'll stop that for your sake."

When they were talking, the delivery man that had left with the card went back.

He frowned, walked to Jessica and asked, "Miss, you're not Natalia?"

It surprised Jessica.

People around were also stunned.

Someone roared the next second, "This is Jessica, not Natalia!"

That man sighed.

"You should make it clear. The flowers are for Natalia Dawson, not for you."

With that, he checked Jessica's name off the card before everyone.

Jessica was lost for words.

People around were lost for words.

Just then, Natalia came over and asked in confusion when seeing everyone's unnatural expressions.
"What happened?"

That man walked over and asked, "Hello, do you know where Natalia Dawson is?"

Natalia was confused.

"That's me. What's up?"

The man was happy as if he discovered some treasure, so he handed the card to Natalia.

"Flowers presented by Mr. McCarthy. Please sign here."

Natalia was confused.

Looking at the red sea of roses before her, she felt somewhat dizzy.

What the hell was Archie doing?

People around stared at her, so she could only take it to sign her name.

When she was signing, she found a name that had been checked off.

Though it was checked off, Natalia could tell it was Jessica's name.

She couldn't help but cock her brow, with a cunning look.

Not far away, Jessica flushed with embarrassment and anger.

She had never been so awkward before.

The several girls that elbowed out and mocked Natalia for Jessica realized this thing did embarrass Jessica, so they looked at Jessica, apologetically, "Jessica, we're not..."

"Stop it!"

Jessica shouted to interrupt, gave Natalia a fierce look and turned around to leave.

Natalia signed her name and handed the card to the man.

The delivery man took it with a smile, "Thank you, Miss Dawson. Hope you can be together happily forever."

With that, the man handed her a letter before leaving with the card.

Some curious people walked over.

"Natalia, who has sent so many flowers."

"He should be a rich man, right?"

"Is that man lusting after you? Or, you've been in love?"

"Natalia, you must be so happy. We're jealous!"

They flattered Natalia the same way they flattered Jessica.

However, Natalia kept an indifferent look, put away the letter and said, "Well, just a friend. Don't go far with it. I have to prepare my part, so I'll go ahead."

With that, she turned around and walked to the lounge.

Someone couldn't help but snort.

"It's so annoying to see her arrogant disposition."

"I agree. She found a sugar daddy since she failed to seduce Shawn."

"How pretentious, right? I was just trying to be polite. Does she really think we're envious? She does take herself as a big shot!"

Anyway, the crowd that had gathered for a show just dispersed like that.

Natalia sat on the sofa of the lounge. She was amused by the pink letter in her hand.

This man...

The pink letter was quite delicate in design, and the paper was obviously of high quality with a granular texture. Gold silk thread circled the paper, and a sentence was written on the middle.

"I've got you under my skin, deep in my heart. –M"

She reached out to stroke those gold letters. After a while, she couldn't help but smile.

Though he failed to sit back and do nothing as she required, he didn't break his promise, for he didn't sign his name on it.

Natalia thought for a while and called Archie.

Archie was having a meeting.

His phone suddenly rang. He paused and said, "Let's take a break. I'll be back in ten minutes."

Then he went out with his phone.

The staff had been used to the fact that their boss would occasionally pick up his phone during the meeting.

Rumors had it that their boss kept a woman in his house and loved her deeply.

For her, their boss did many things he had never done before.

Some were even sad about it.

Their boss had been so aloof and only cared about his work. Why was he so obsessed with a woman now?

Women often brought trouble. Their boss should be meticulous!

However, Archie wouldn't hear these discussions.

He stood at the corridor and answered the phone with a gentle voice, "Lia, Did you get the flowers?"

Natalia said neither yes nor no, but asked, "What do you mean? Why do you give me so many roses?"

Chapter 225 As Long As You Like It

Archie's heart thumped.

She didn't seem to be happy!

Would it be that she didn't like red roses?

He explained, "You're busy with the shooting, so I sent some roses to make you happy!"

Natalia sneered, "Why don't you send yourself here?"

Hearing that, Archie was immediately excited.

"Really? Can I?"

Natalia gritted her teeth.

She patted her forehead, speechlessly.

She shouldn't have said that.

She coughed and changed the topic, "Well. the roses are pretty. I like them."

Well, she had to say something to make him happy sometimes.

She was happy for a moment, but she felt it troublesome when thinking about how to handle them. They were in the way. It was a pity to throw them away and it was not good to give them to someone else.

Thinking that the man had sent all these roses and a letter here just to let her know how much he loved her, she'd better not waste them.

Lest he felt heartbroken.

Hearing that, Archie was in a better mood.

"Whatever you like, just tell me. I'll just send them over."

Natalia stopped him, "No, don't send anything next time."

It was not because she wasn't a high-profile person, but that the status of Archie was very special.

She'd better keep a low profile or her relations with Archie might be found out.

Archie felt unhappy hearing that.

"Why do I feel that you dislike me very much."

Natalia chuckled.

"How dare I. I just feel you don't have to make it a big deal. Others will think I am competing.

Archie curled his lips.

"It's not a problem. My lover woman the best."

Natalia was speechless.

"Well, if you say so. It's late. I have to get down to my business."

Archie hurried to say something more before they hung up the phone.

In the next days, they found there seemed to be some sort of competition between Natalia and Jessica going on in the filming site.

Whenever Jessica received a gift, Natalia would receive a better and more expensive gift of the same kind.

For example, Shawn sent Jessica nine hundred and ninety-nine flowers. Natalia would receive nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine flowers.

After Jessica got a diamond ring, Natalia would get a bigger, more dazzling and exquisite diamond ring.

After Jessica got a customized dress, a top-notch dress designer came to the filming site to make a dress for Natalia.

They couldn't help but be astonished.

What happened? Whoever had sent those gifts must be so rich!

Rumors had it that Natalia wormed her way between Jessica and Shawn. So, who gave her so many gifts?

That man could always give better gifts than Shawn and didn't seem afraid of offending him.

It could be seen that that man must be more powerful than Shawn.

Was he Natalia's boyfriend?

Soon all kinds of speculations spread across the crew.

Natalia was at a loss for what to do.

Though she felt it uneasy being stared by them, she raised no objections to Archie's deed seeing Jessica's awkward and angry expression.

Rumors went around.

Some of the girls in the crew had helped Jessica and made fun of Natalia before when they saw Shawn coming to Jessica every day.

And now, to their surprise, Jessica had received so many gifts. Especially when they saw a large ruby sent to Natalia, they were really envious.

An ordinary man, no matter how rich he was, couldn't buy it with money.

It was usually in the collection of some tycoons. Now, it was sent to Natalia as a gift, indicating Natalia's sugar daddy was not only influential but generous to Natalia.

Even a fool understood what it meant.

Therefore, the public opinion in the crew became partial to Natalia.

They elbowed out Jessica just the same way they elbowed out Natalia.

Jessica had never been treated like that, so she got furious.

However, those women didn't mention her name, so Jessica had no way to vent her anger and became more depressed.

That night, she heard someone delivering a set of coral jewelry with perfect quality and craftsmanship to Natalia. It was said to be the dowry of a princess in the Middle Ages.

Most of them at the filming site felt surprised when they saw the set of jewelry, so they were talking about it during the dinner.

Jessica held the meal box and sat down, listening to their conversation, somewhat jealous of Natalia.

How could this bitch be loved so deeply?

She had never seen that set of jewelry with her own eyes. Several years ago, when this set was auctioned, she saw it on a magazine.

It was indeed beautiful and seemed to be bought by a mysterious man at three hundred million or so.

That mysterious man should be Archie.

Was he stupid? He even used jewelry worth three hundred million to please a mistress?

Ridiculous.

It was so ridiculous.

She should feel it ironic, but she was still somewhat jealous of Natalia.

She was not worse than Natalia. Why couldn't she have such a good thing?

More importantly, Jessica couldn't put up with the gazes of those people.

They threw mocking and disdainful gazes at her as if she was a joke.

Just meeting those gazes, Jessica almost collapsed.

Finally, in the evening, Jessica asked Shawn to send something more valuable to her.

Hearing that, Shawn instantly felt Jessica went crazy.

"Why do you ask for expensive jewelry? I've given you several rings and necklaces."

Jessica gritted her teeth.

"They were nothing. You know? Natalia could get a variety of valuable gifts every day. Today, she even received a set of coral jewelry. I just want something better. Do I go too far?"

"So, you just want to keep up with her?"

Jessica bit her lips, somewhat embarrassed.

"Shawn, don't worry. I'll pay you back. You should know the rules of the entertainment circle. Natalia and I are in the same crew. If they think I am inferior to her in all aspects, they will consider letting her endorse luxury brands instead of me. I do all this for my career."

Shawn snorted with a half-smile. ??????????????????

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 226 An Argument

"Enough; don't you think I can tell what's going through your mind? Everything Natalia's had growing up, haven't you always tried to take? Aren't you just jealous that she's having it better than you now, so you want me to make up for it? Have you lost all your brains to the cameras, Jessica Dawson? What do you think the Miller family is? An ATM machine for you to use at your liking?"

Jessica had never expected Shawn to say something so cold.

She sat there in disbelief, her fingers trembling around her phone.

"Shawn! How could you say something like that? Haven't I done my part all these years? If it hadn't been to be with you, would I have had to bow and scrape all these years? And you're treating me like this at the end? Who was it that said he would love me and pamper me all his life and dragged me into this pit in the first place? I've never done you wrong, Shawn, but what about you? Forget your wavering, I'm just having you give me a present. With an attitude like that, do you think you're getting the short end of the stick with this marriage? Or maybe you never wanted to marry me in the first place?"

Jessica shrieked into the phone, while Shawn frowned viciously.

"I didn't say I didn't want to marry you."

"Then what did you mean by that?"

"I..."

His father's warnings echoed in his ear, and Shawn finally managed to tamp down his anger.

Patently, he said, "I'm just saying that the most important thing right now is to have the outside world believe that we're in a loving relationship. There's no need to compete with her. A real intimate relationship doesn't concern itself with things like that. What matters is compatibility and understanding between the couple. What do you think?"

Jessica clenched her fists, her whole body tightening.

After a while, she said coldly, "And what if I just have to have it?"

On the other end, Shawn's expression darkened too.

“Can you grow up, Jessica?”

“Grow up? So I just deserve getting squashed under her foot? I deserve being worse off than her in every way? I can’t take that! You’re my husband. Your wife is getting bullied out there; shouldn’t you stand up for me as my husband? Or are you really so afraid of Archie McCarthy’s power that you’re wary of even offending Natalia? If you want to be a coward, then just say it! If I really can’t rely on you, I won’t force you. There are plenty of men in the world I can turn to!”

“Jessica!”

A roar came from the other end of the line.

Realizing what she’d said in the heat of the moment, Jessica paled and tried to explain. “Shawn...”

Shawn sneered.

“What? Finally said something you actually meant? Fine! If you think I can’t stand up to other people, go find those people instead. Really, I don’t mind at all.”

“I didn’t mean it that way...”

“I don’t care what you meant! Remember this – your identity as a Mrs. Miller was just a deal we cut with the Dawson family. With the deal over, we’ll go our separate ways. Don’t darken my doorway again. That’s that! Goodbye!”

With that, he hung up.

Jessica froze there.

The dead line stabbed into her heart like a blade of cold steel.

And the man’s ruthless hairpin words dug their way still deeper.

A deal?

Go their separate ways?

Ha-ha...

Some things she’d never been willing to face head-on finally reared their ugly heads into the light, dropping her into the depths of despair.

‘You think of me like that, Shawn?’

‘The real feelings I’ve put on the table all these years was just a deal to you?’

Ha-ha... Hahaha...

What an amusing, ironic farce!

Jessica clutched her phone and started laughing. Tinted with madness, her laughter continued until she trembled, the tears flowing.

Everything Shawn had said today was a personal affront!

'I'll make you regret it one day!'

...

Two days later.

"Strategies for Cannon Fodder" had had its ups and downs, but all the same, the cast was finally clear.

All the shooting was over, and the rest of the people finally got a moment to catch their breath. Still, as the core cast members, Natalia and Mac couldn't completely relax like the rest of them just yet.

They still needed to cooperate with the ad campaign, which included Jessica and two other more important actors to the story.

After finishing a few announcements, it was overall going well.

Jessica still had a problem with Natalia, but for some reason, she didn't look too well these days.

Her whole bearing seemed drowsy, as if she'd taken some huge impact. She'd also lost a fair bit of weight.

Worried she was getting tired, Vicente had her go back and rest, but Jessica didn't agree.

Ever since that night she'd argued with Shawn, she'd never been able to calm down.

At least there was something to do following the cast around on the ad campaign, which took her mind off things.

If she really had to stay home on her own, she would probably go crazy!

Natalia didn't know what had happened between her and Shawn, so she ignored her. Thankfully, because of her foul mood, Jessica didn't have the energy to come and pick fights, which meant a bit of calm all around.

Just today, Vicente gave Natalia a call telling her that there was a charity event for the evening that he wanted her to attend alongside Jessica.

An event like this wasn't just for charity. It was also a large scene where actresses fought to draw attention.

Natalia was in a black tuxedo dress for the day. It gave off an aura of cold beauty. With her hair done up and a starry diamond necklace around her neck, she seemed all the more gleamingly elegant for it.

Vicente took her around the place and chatted for a while with some investors.

He wasn't good at talking business, but as unskilled as he was for such a scene, he couldn't pass it up.

And with all her years in PR, Natalia knew the dance a lot of the time. Between the two of them, they managed to make up for each other.

Jessica was late. In the past, she'd always attend banquets like this with Shawn.

Suddenly having to show up alone today gave her a sick feeling in her gut.

The intense sensation of loss dimmed her carefully made up features a bit.

Ally couldn't follow her in, but she escorted her to the door.

As they got out of the car, she said quietly, "I've asked Mr. Miller, Miss Dawson. Seems like he's busy tonight and won't come."

Jessica's footsteps stopped for a moment. Then she sighed lightly.

"All right."

With that, she strode inside.

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 227 Coming For Her

With their relationship this strained, it was best that she and Shawn not see each other for now.

Just in case more things went down in public.

Still, as logical as that was, knowing that he wouldn't show up still got her down.

After all, she'd deliberately had Ally call Shawn with the intention of softening her stance and submitting. With his brains, Shawn would have gotten the message.

But he still wouldn't come.

Which proved that he didn't accept her gesture. Or that he was sulking with her.

Thinking of that, Jessica laughed self-deprecatingly, her sense of loss growing.

"Jessica!"

At that moment, an overjoyed voice rang out.

She lifted her head and saw a fully dolled-up girl lifting her skirt and jogging over.

Taken aback, she only recognized her after a long while.

"Marie? What's... with your face..."

Marie dipped her head, looking self-conscious. "Not so loud, Jessica. I had the surgery not long ago overseas. It's a high-class exquisite face. Well? Am I pretty or not?"

Jessica was temporarily speechless.

Looking at Marie's chin – you could probably stab someone to death with that thing – and eerily large eyes, she tugged at a corner of her mouth awkwardly.

"Y-you're pretty."

"Hehe, I knew I looked pretty."

Marie took Jessica's arm and smiled, "Sorry, Jessica. I was still in recovery a while back and couldn't come out to see anyone, so I didn't get to congratulate you on getting married with Shawn. I'll make up for it here, then – congratulations."

The moment that came up, Jessica's scarce smile faded.

Mildly, she said, "Thanks."

Not noticing her strange expression, Marie looked around for a bit, didn't see Shawn, and asked, "Eh? Where's Shawn? He's not coming with you today?"

"No, he's got business, so he can't come."

“Say whaaaaat? This man is just different after you got married. Before your wedding, didn’t he follow you wherever you went? Now that you’re newlyweds, he’s not showing up for a scene this important? Really, now!”

Jessica’s face froze, her suppressed rage surging, about to explode from her chest.

She tugged her arm free of Marie’s grip and said coldly, “All right, I’ve got other matters to attend to. Go have fun. I’ll be going now.”

With that, she hurried towards Vicente on her own.

The cold shoulder dazed Marie a little, who stood there unable to react for a while.

At that moment, a male voice exclaimed from the doorway.

“It’s been forever, Shawn; what a surprise it is seeing you here today!”

Jessica’s back stiffened.

She turned around in disbelief. Coming from the door, being greeted and embraced by a middle-aged man, was none other than Shawn Miller.

He was wearing a white suit today and as gentlemanly as ever. His handsome features shone under the lights, making him look like a dazzling medieval prince.

She could feel her heart start thumping uncontrollably.

Did you come, Shawn?

Did you come for me?

She knew that Shawn couldn’t have gone on without her.

Everything he’d said before was just in the heat of the moment!

After all, he’d been spoiled from childhood and had never been angered too badly. It was normal to say things like that when he was in the grips of his temper.

She didn’t blame him, really!

Jessica felt her eyes sting. A hot, slightly salty liquid rolled down her cheeks.

She turned around swiftly and dabbed it off with her handkerchief.

Still, as fast as she was, Marie still saw it from a short distance away.

She looked at Shawn, then back at Jessica, and understood.

Uncertainly, she walked over to Jessica and murmured, “Jessica, did you... argue with Shawn?”

Jessica rubbed her tears off and settled her face. “Don’t make things up.”

“Fine! You don’t need to tell me anything, but now that Shawn’s come over now, he must know that he’s done something wrong and come over to apologize! Husband and wife quarrels are settled soon enough, so cool off and don’t get mad, okay?”

She felt like this cousin of hers was great all around, just too arrogant.

Managing to snag someone like Shawn – if the two maintained a good relationship, maybe as her cousin, she could also reap some benefit.

So, she definitely didn't want to see Jessica utterly offend Shawn because of her own pride.

Having known her for so many years, of course Jessica saw through her private thoughts.

She curved her lips mockingly but didn't say anything. After all, deep inside, she agreed.

It made sense. The two were fighting, but if one side was willing to step down, the other side should step down too if they weren't stupid.

It'd be stupid to hold a grudge on purpose.

She sucked in a deep breath and felt the pent-up tension from days past finally dissipate a little.

She started measuring her posture and attitude if Shawn was coming over to her.

She ought to say something to make it clear she wasn't completely over it, but not so mad that he'd really leave and not turn back.

Complete forgiveness was a no-go since it'd make her seem easy.

Any more friction from now on, and he'd feel no problem hurting her.

So she had to get it just right. Not too much, but not so lax that it seemed like she didn't care.

As she was considering things, Jessica saw Shawn turn towards her after he was done chatting with the man.

Her heart jolted and it almost felt like it would stop.

Biting her lip, she took a deep breath and tightened her posture. Shawn hesitated, then finally stepped towards her.

Tears swam in Jessica's eyes.

He really was here for her!

The bastard!

Why did he have to say those things that day?

In the heat of the moment or not, those had really stung!

Why couldn't he just pamper her more?

She'd been with him for five years!

Jessica felt an urge to cry, but she held it in considering the time and place.

If he'd just say one word of apology, she'd forgive him on the spot!

She'd never compare anything from now on or go after anyone. So long as he'd love her with all his being and stay by her side, she wouldn't ask for anything else.

The value of some things only became apparent when one was about to lose them.????

Chapter 228 For Her Alone

All these years, she'd fought endlessly and ceaselessly, causing her to neglect what she truly, deeply wanted.

She could see it clearly now. What she wanted all along was Shawn's love!

Jessica clenched her fingers close, her knuckles turning almost completely white from the force. Her whole body trembled slightly from her massive emotional upheavals.

Shawn approached, each step bringing him closer to her.

His face showed a happy smile.

Warm and bright, under the lights, it was the smile of royalty.

He was getting closer and closer now.

She could almost smell the nostalgic scent of his cologne.

She'd picked that cologne for him personally. Because she liked it, he'd used it every day.

The brand of cologne was called Lockheart, and it was exactly what she wanted. To lock his heart in place for her alone, for no one else to take.

Jessica's feelings rose and fell like an ocean tide.

Seeing that Shawn was in front of her, her face lit up, and she walked forward, calling lightly, "Shawn..."

But the man simply took one look at her and turned away.

Without stopping, his footsteps brought him past her and behind her.

Jessica froze there.

Her face full of disbelief.

She turned around gingerly towards where Shawn had headed.

In a corner close to the bar, Natalia stood close together with Vicente, discussing something with another middle-aged man.

The group had polite and elegant smiles on their faces. Each held a tall glass. Under the light, the curve of Natalia's swanlike neck looked like a work of art, porcelain pale and gleaming, inviting an irresistible embrace.

Shawn walked next to them and said something. The people there toasted Natalia and left.

Vicente patted Natalia on the shoulder and left with them.

Shawn just stood there, looking with a deep, guilty expression at Natalia. Natalia simply looked at him with a half-smile on her face.

Their gazes met with no hint of hostility or difference. The two stood there, pretty as a painting, both breathtaking.

Jessica seemed to understand something.

And her heart crumbled instantly.

She started cackling with insane laughter, growing louder and madder until she started convulsing as she wept!

Marie jerked back, terrified at the scene. The surrounding crowd looked over, curious.

“Hehehehehehahahahahah...”

Jessica was still cackling, a demented woman who’d fallen into despair. As she convulsed, her tears smudged up her mascara, and her whole being was simply raggedly pitiful. She looked like an abandoned spouse, which she was.

“What – what’s going on?”

Everyone was taken aback.

Someone whispered, “Has – has she gone mad?”

“Maybe she’s high on something.”

At that, everyone looked at each other. Marie reacted quickly and went up to tug at Jessica, urging, “Stop it.”

In the corner, Natalia looked at the scene and cocked an eyebrow.

“Your wife’s over there going nuts, Mr. Miller. Aren’t you going to see to her?”

Shawn shot a glance at the maddened Jessica, his expression cold.

“It’s not enough for her to embarrass herself. She wants me to embarrass myself right alongside her?”

Natalia’s lips twitched mockingly, and she didn’t say anything about it.

Marie had had enough. Unable to rein in Jessica, she walked over.

Pointing to Shawn, she raged, “Jessica’s already like this, Shawn, and you’re still here chatting up this slut? Isn’t she your wife? Aren’t you going to look after her?”

Shawn’s expression was dark as he looked at her.

After a while, he still took up his phone and called in two bodyguards.

The bodyguards moved quickly. Despite Jessica’s loud protests, they muffled her and dragged her away.

Looking at their rough handling, Marie turned white, a little intimidated.

She looked astonished over at Shawn, demanding, "That's your wife, Shawn Miller; how could you?"

Shawn looked at her coldly, not a bit of warmth in his gaze. "I thought you told me to look after her? An important scene like this and she's out here losing her mind; what do you think I should have done?"

Marie had no words.

The Millers had a reputation to protect.

As the young master of the Miller family, Shawn naturally cared even more about face.

Jessica's sobs and laughs had already drawn plenty of attention.

If he'd gone over and Jessica had thrown another tantrum, everyone here tonight would know that Shawn Miller had no ability to control his own wife and erupted into an argument with Jessica in full view of the public eye.

So having the bodyguards remove her was the best solution.

Marie shook her head, looked at the mild-mannered man before her, unable to believe that this was still the same Shawn who'd showered Jessica with affection.

She took two steps back, muttering, "That's too much! That's just too much!"

With that, she sprinted after Jessica.

The farce came to an end.

Plenty of people had still been shocked, but they hadn't had the time to react and weren't too sure what was going on.

Lifting his glass, Shawn walked up and toasted with a smile. "Apologies. My wife has had a bit too much to drink and disturbed everyone here. I'll apologize in her place."

Seeing that, everyone managed to react and raised their own glasses.

"No need for that. So long as Mrs. Miller is all right."

"Yeah, no need to be so formal, Mr. Miller."

Natalia looked at the scene and suddenly found it all very funny.

She knew better than anyone what kind of person Shawn was.

This man had deceived her under the guise of tenderness all those years ago, and now he had deceived Jessica too.

When in reality, from start to finish, he'd only ever loved himself.

Thinking of that, Natalia's eyes dipped, and she felt that she was actually quite lucky now.

Lucky enough to see him for what he was early on. Lucky enough to meet that man now who gave her a new life.

She strode off towards the other side.

Seeing that, Shawn followed her.

"I've still got something to talk about with you, Natalia."

"Mr. Miller!"

Natalia stopped in her footsteps and turned around, smiling.

"If you need anything, tell me over the phone another time. Calling after me like this in broad daylight will draw misunderstandings, you know."

She turned around and went on her way.

Shawn's face changed subtly.

"Do you still hate me, Natalia?"

Natalia blinked.

She looked at him, amused.

"Why would I hate you?"

"Because..."

The words caught in his throat and wouldn't come out for some reason.

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 229 I Don't Hate You

After a while, he lowered his head and said dejectedly, "Because I betrayed you and did so many things to you. I even bullied you along with other people. Would you keep on hating me for that?"

Natalia raised an eyebrow.

Was this gesture of lowering his head one of guilt?

She chuckled and shook her head.

"No, I don't hate you."

Shawn shook, looking at her in disbelief as his pupils expanded slightly.

"Why?"

"Because hatred means I still keep you in my mind. I have no real need to keep in my mind someone who doesn't matter to me at all for petty hate."

With that, her lips parted slightly, and she really turned around and left.

Shawn stood there, rooted to the spot as he looked at her receding back. His heart throbbed, and his brain felt like it had taken a lightning bolt right down the middle. His whole body stiffened.

What did she say?

She didn't hate him, just because he was someone who didn't matter to her in her life.

He didn't matter?

Heh! Heh heh hah hah hah!

Six years. Six years she'd given to him, and she could let it all go this easily?

She could say she didn't need him just like that?

She could say she didn't like him just like that?

She could say he didn't matter just like that?

Who gave her the right?

What made her think she could say he didn't matter?

Weren't those six years the best time of her life?

Even with the flow of time, even with someone else beside her, she shouldn't have lumped him in with those people who didn't matter!

After all, he was her first love. Weren't first loves supposed to be the one, the deepest and most secretive part of the heart?

No, he didn't believe it!

He wouldn't believe it!

As if thinking of something, Shawn's eyes shone with gleaming heat.

Stepping out, he chased after her.

Natalia didn't linger in the banquet.

For no other reason than that it was getting late, and the old ball and chain was starting to get antsy at home.

Archie was holding a grudge for her going out without bringing him along.

He swore, whichever day she saw fit to go public with their relationship, he would let the whole world know he was her man, and what really was between them!

Hmph!

The man was sitting at home sulking when he heard the car trundle up from outside. His eyes lit up and he stood.

Then he sat back down again the next second.

What was he getting so excited for?

She was just coming back, wasn't she?

She had to come back eventually!

Hmph!

He sat down heavily on the leather sofa. To show how casual he was being, he crossed one long leg over the other.

It still wasn't enough. He took up a nearby financial magazine, flipped it open and pretended to read.

That was what Natalia saw when she stepped foot inside.

In the spacey, luxurious living room, a certain handsome man sat on the sofa, legs crossed, magazine in hand, reading the heck out of it.

She had to smirk as she changed her shoes and walked over.

"I'm back, husband dear."

Archie didn't even look up.

He just grunted.

Natalia put her bag down and sat down next to him, encircling her hands around his arm.

"It's been a few hours; did you miss me? Have you been a good boy at home?"

Archie kept his face cold as he tugged his arm out of her grasp.

Without an expression showing, he said, "No."

Natalia cocked an eyebrow at his gesture.

Playing hard to get, was he!

She stood up and walked upstairs.

Archie blinked, not understanding why she'd just up and left.

Wasn't she supposed to pamper him at a time like this?

He was this low and wasn't coming out of his shell with a bit of pampering, so couldn't she just pamper him a bit more?

Was she this disinterested in him now?

She'd gotten impatient after not even five minutes of pampering him?

Thinking of that, the man's already ill mood got even worse!

He set the magazine down heavily on the tea table and scoffed, sitting there sulking.

If she didn't want to pamper him, she didn't want to pamper him; he didn't care!

As they said, women got worse the more you got used to each other. It looked like he'd been too lenient with her, and now she didn't care about him anymore!

He just sat there and continued to sulk.

Then Natalia came downstairs with something in her hand.

"All right, don't get mad. I know you're unhappy because I didn't bring you out with me. My bad, okay? Come on, now, be a good boy and take your medicine."

Archie had been sick the past couple days. The doctor had prescribed some cold medicine for him and had him take one pill before sleeping every night.

Archie looked at the small, pale hand passing him the pill, then at the warm water in her other hand, then at her face.

His depression swept away in an instant.

She wasn't ignoring him.

She was just going to get his cold medicine.

With this much care, it proved that he was still important to her.

Archie cheered up immediately.

Still, he was the Mr. McCarthy. He didn't let his happiness show on his face.

Without changing his expression, he grunted, took the pill and swallowed it with water before saying, "When can we go public with our relationship?"

Natalia chuckled dryly, "I happen to think it's quite nice now!"

"Nice my ass!"

The man swore, dissatisfied.

Natalia had no reply.

"Am I an eyesore? Enough that you didn't want the public to see me?"

She shook her head hurriedly.

"I definitely never thought like that. Er... the main reason is the right time hasn't come yet."

"Heh!" Archie scoffed. "You think I'd buy that? Out with it! Do you want to huddle away like this forever? Eh?"

Natalia denied it.

"No, I promise."

"If promises were always held, what do we need the police for?"

She had no answer to that, either.

“I don’t care, just give me a date.”

Natalia thought about it. Consider how jealous Archie got and the way they were hiding away, this couldn’t go on.

So she said, “Let’s get a little more time pass. When I’ve completely dealt with my mother’s business, I’ll agree to anything you want.”

That satisfied him.

Seeing that she’d placated the dragon, Natalia sighed.

Then she thought of what she’d gone through at the charity event, found it funny, and told Archie.

He sneered after hearing the story.

“Pond scum like Shawn Miller talking about love? What an insult to the word.”

Natalia cocked an eyebrow.

“He doesn’t get to talk about love, but you do?”

“Of course.”

The man didn’t find anything wrong with what he’d said. He hugged her tightly in his arms and murmured, “Before I met you, I thought that I didn’t deserve it. But after all this, I knew I had to wake up.”

Natalia let out a moan. “Mhn... don’t... go upstairs...”

Chapter 230 Threat of Suicide

Meanwhile.

The bodyguards directly escorted Jessica back to the Miller household.

Henry wasn't home these few days. He'd gone out of the city for business. So aside from the servants, there was only Jessica and Shawn at home.

Seeing Jessica get dragged back by a pair of bodyguards, everyone jumped for shock.

The lead maid came up to see what was going on, but the bodyguards glared her back.

The well-built men looked at them and rumbled, "This is the young master's will. The madam can only stay in her room tonight. None of you are allowed to let her out or see her, and that's that."

"But why?"

"What's with the questions? Whatever the young master says, we do. There's no need to ask about anything else."

With that, the two bodyguards left.

Jessica's hysterical sobs and the sound of crashing and splintering came from the bedroom.

The servants looked at each other and didn't dare say anything.

It took until morning the next day for Shawn to get back.

The moment he entered, the servants in the house looked at him like their savior was here, with burning eyes.

Expressionlessly, he asked, "Where's the madam?"

"S-she's upstairs! She was smashing things for a full night and only stopped at four or five in the morning."

He sneered mockingly.

That's how this woman was.

The moment she came up against something she didn't like, all she knew was to break things and throw tantrums. She wasn't capable of anything else.

Not like Natalia, who always had a logical solution.

He never thought that way when he was with Natalia, and he'd disliked her calmness and rationality.

He'd felt that she lacked feminine pride and sensibility.

At that time, Jessica's tantrums and self-centeredness had seemed cute to him.

The purest expression of girlhood.

Shawn walked upstairs.

Maybe because she'd gone at it all night and really was tired, but when the servants opened the door and he went in, it wasn't the messy interior that he saw but the woman lying on the rug in the center of the bedroom, sleeping soundly.

She'd taken a razor to the entire mattress, the photo frame on the wall, the makeup on the vanity, the clothes in the closet.

All of it had been shredded. Even a full robbery was less devastating than this scene.

As prepared as the servants were, they still recoiled.

Shawn, though, was quite calm.

He'd expected an image like this, so he didn't really feel anything at the sight.

He was just a bit surprised as he looked at the sleeping woman on the rug.

Looked like she wasn't stupid to an incurable degree.

At least she'd only taken the razor to her things, not her wrists.

He muttered, "You can leave."

The servants looked at each other, said "okay" in unison, and left.

Shawn strode inside and shut the door.

Jessica wasn't sleeping that soundly.

She could feel someone coming in.

But she didn't want to get up or react. The whole night's ordeal had already taken all her strength and patience.

All that was left in her heart was failure and numbness.

A soft pair of house slippers stopped before her face.

Shawn looked down at her from above, his voice low. "Is that all you could do? I thought you'd break the door down and escape."

Jessica didn't reply.

She was just a frail woman. As vicious as her heart could get, her physique wasn't up to it.

To make the mess she had in one night, she'd sustained a fair bit of damage herself. Her fingers, for example, had been sliced open by the razor in several places.

Because she'd tried to bash the door open, her arm had amassed some bruises as well.

Lying there in her torn dress, her disheveled state somehow had with it a sort of attractiveness.

After a while, her lips parted.

"If you want to laugh at me, go ahead! Don't hold back."

Shawn cocked an eyebrow.

He crouched down in front of her.

Those eyes that she'd once loved so much bored into her with none of the warmth from before. There was only a glacier inside them.

"You're not going to make a show of trying to commit suicide?"

Jessica smirked.

"Why would I kill myself? Living's great, isn't it? I've got nice clothes. I've got good food. I'm still the daughter of the Dawson family. Even if we divorce, I've still got my money and my lifestyle. Besides, I'm still young. Even if I leave you, I can find a better man and live out the rest of my life nicely. Why would I commit suicide?"

Shawn hadn't expected her to be able to say all that.

He sneered and said softly, "Seems like you're not as true to me as you think! Then what was last night all about?"

Jessica looked at him woodenly, without speaking.

Shawn reached out and brushed her messy hair, murmuring, "Do you know how much damage that insane show you put on has done to me, to the Miller family, to Century Entertainment and to yourself?"

Jessica remained silent.

Her bright eyes had dimmed, looking like the orbs of a dead fish.

Shawn continued, "Luckily, I sealed the news in time. People probably think you just got drunk and won't think about it too much. Otherwise, all that money Century dumped on you and the Kalaneige endorsement is going to go down the drain."

Seeing Jessica still keep her current expression, Shawn raised an eyebrow.

"Don't you have anything to say?"

Jessica smirked.

"What's there to say? You want me to apologize? To admit I've done wrong? To beg you to take pity on me and love me again? What good would that do? A heartless man like you sees nothing but profit. If that's the case, why should I waste the effort?"

Shawn laughed.

"I only just noticed today that you're pretty smart. You're not dumb enough to try crying your way back into a man's heart now that things have gotten as far as they have today."

Jessica's lips curved self-deprecatingly, and she didn't say anything.

Shawn continued, "What should I do? I'm starting to appreciate you again!"

"Thanks for your appreciation, but I don't need it. Out with it, then! What do you want from me?"

"You're my wife, so what could I want from you? I want you to live well and stop giving me trouble. You know that some things are a hassle to deal with, and I've never liked hassles."

Jessica blinked, surprised.

"You're not getting a divorce?"

"Why would I divorce you?"

He bent over slightly, getting closer to her face, so she could see his expression more clearly.

It was such a cold, cruel face, that even with a smile on his lips, it sent chills down the spine.