

The Tide 511

[Chapter 511](#)

Frank drove his SUV in the direction of the airport.

On the way, he had been thinking about his brother-in-law's sudden farewell. Was he not a little interested in that tomboy, Christina? Why did he run away?

According to Joseph's personality, he should have created the opportunities to meet Christina and get along with her. The fact that Joseph had left was an illogical behaviour.

Ethan, who was sitting in the back seat, was also confused. Did he not say that he would go back on the seventh day of Christmas when they were climbing the mountain? It was only the third day today. Had he already lost track of time?

The car arrived at Athana Airport.

Frank dutifully became his brother-in-law and helped Joseph carry his luggage onto the plane. "Let's go. Give me a call when you land."

Joseph nodded. "Okay."

The two of them did not say anything else. Ethan followed them onto the plane. Soon, the plane took off and soared into the sky, disappearing from Frank's view.

Instead of leaving, Frank leaned against the car door with his foot against the tire. After he lit a cigarette and put it in his mouth, he took out his phone and called Chris, "Are you suffering from Alzheimer's? Is it so difficult to answer the phone?"

Chris had just finished his work. It had only been two minutes since he came out of the operating theater and he was about to go home from work. "You fucking placed surveillance cameras in my consultation room, right?"

Frank snorted. "You're not at home?"

Chris sighed. "Do you think I'm as free as you are?"

Frank took a puff of his cigarette. "That's true. Singles can't understand how busy we are."

Chris could not be bothered with Frank. "If that's the reason for your call, congratulations, Frank. You've achieved your goal. If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up. I still have to go home for dinner."

Frank chuckled. "Go home and see if your tomboy is home."

"Why are you asking about my sister for no reason? My sister was set by my mother to go to the company on the eighth day of Christmas. During this period, she has to be brainwashed at home every day until she successfully falls in love. By the way, didn't you say that you were coming to my house? When are you coming?"

Frank replied, "Does your mother want me to come to your house? I'm telling you clearly that I can't come. I'm hanging up."

Chris cursed after hanging up the phone. "Fuck, are you crazy? You didn't even talk about anything serious on the phone and just chatted without any reason. Is your phone bill free of charge?"

However, his mother's intention was indeed not on Frank, but on his future brother-in-law.

She packed her things and prepared to go home.

Half an hour later, Chris stepped into the Yamin family's living room. Only Charlie was sitting in the living room. He frowned as if he was worried about something.

Chris's hungry stomach growled. He said to the servant, "Make me a bowl of pasta."

"Yes, Mr. Chris."

"Charlie, what's wrong?" Chris sat down beside Charlie and asked with concern.

Charlie let out a long sigh. "Your sister went overseas to inspect the equipment. It's all my fault. Why did I mention the equipment?"

"What? My sister went overseas? When?" At this moment, Chris's expression could no longer be described as surprised. What did he say to Frank half an hour ago?

In an instant, Chris thought of Frank's call. Did this guy already know?

Most importantly, how did he know? Chris subconsciously looked up at the ceiling. He really suspected that Frank had installed surveillance cameras in the Yamin family.

Charlie roughly explained the situation, but he did not mention that his daughter was hiding from his urging her to get married. "Have you eaten?"

Suddenly, a sleepy voice interrupted the father and son's conversation.

Stella was wearing pajamas and lying half-dead on the armrest. She happened to see the servant call Chris to eat. "Mr. Chris, the pasta is ready."

The reincarnation of a hungry ghost, Stella, quickly said, "Give me a bowl too. I'm starving."

The father and son's expressions were indescribable. It was even more so for Charlie. He finally understood why Christina was always worried. Stella's eating habits were indeed worrying. "Stella, you only eat two meals a day. Can your stomach take it? If you really want to sleep, you can go back to sleep after breakfast."

Stella leaned on the armrest and waited for the pasta to be served. At the same time, she woke up out of hunger. "Charlie, I only eat breakfast and lunch during the holidays. I'm very professional when I go to work. When have I ever been late?"

These words were true. She was indeed dedicated to her job as the receptionist of the Wilson Group. She was never late, making Charlie wonder why the Wilson Group was so special to her.

After a while, Stella's pasta was done. By that time, Chris had already finished eating and was about to go upstairs. "Where's Christina? Why don't I see her?"

Upstairs, their mother, Angie, had just woken up and was yawning. Her afternoon nap was not long and was at most an hour and a half. If her afternoon nap was too long, she would suffer from insomnia at night.

Seeing her mother come downstairs, Stella thought that her mother knew where her sister had gone. She took a bite of pasta and asked, "Angie, where's Christina?"

Angie replied, "Where else can your sister go? She must be upstairs with her computer. The man who is about to become your brother-in-law is not free today, so your sister can only stay at home."

Angie found it a pity that the man was not yet Stella's brother-in-law.

The father and son coughed awkwardly. This kind of thing could not be hidden for long. After all, Christina would not come back to sleep at night. Sooner or later, she would be exposed, and they could not pretend to be Christina either. With a

Christina just had an emergency..."

strong desire to live, Charlie said truthfully, "Angie C

"Cough, cough, cough..." Stella was about to take a bite of pasta, but before she could slurp it into her mouth, she looked at Charlie in surprise. It was only the third day of Christmas today

Chris lowered his head to reduce his presence. It had nothing to do with him. He only came back to eat a bowl of pasta and had just found out about it. He lowered his head and rubbed his nose.

As expected, Angie immediately became irritable. "Wait a moment. What big matter did you discuss after I fell asleep? Why did

you make Christina leave?"

"Angie, what do you mean? It's just that the company is going to use equipment, so Christina wants to inspect it personally. Besides, hasn't she been doing this all along? She just started work early this year..." Charlie spoke with less and less confidence. His voice was clearly lower.

After listening to everything, Angie was certain that her daughter had left long ago and was definitely on a plane now. Usually, when she wanted to see Christina, it was as if she was trying to schedule a meeting with a leader. Christina was either overseas or flying overseas. Now, even Christmas could not keep her here.

Angie felt that she had woken up from a nap only to find out that Christina had left. No wonder Christina kept asking her to take an afternoon nap. It turned out that she had such ulterior motives. "I think Christina is deliberately trying to anger me to death."

Chris tilted his head and glared at his sister, who was still eating pasta heartlessly. Why did she have to ask this question at this moment? It was not too late to ask this question after he had gone to the hospital. At that time, he would not be implicated!

Sure enough, the next second, the blame was put on Chris. Angie pointed at Chris. "You only know how to stay in the hospital all day long. Forget it, forget it. I won't talk about you anymore. It's useless

even if I scold you. Go do what you need to do. You'll be the death of me."

Angie's head hurt. Seeing that her plan to make Frank bring Joseph to her house was probably going to fail, she sat on the sofa angrily. The speed at which Stella ate pasta subconsciously decreased. She was just short of eating the pasta one strand by strand. She did not dare chew loudly, afraid that she would be implicated if she made a sound.

Chris turned on the precision system and took out his phone to call Frank. He felt that if this matter was not resolved today, the atmosphere at home would not be good until Christina returned.

If Angie was unhappy, the entire family would suddenly change from a lively atmosphere to a gloomy one. He did not know when the thunderstorm would start.

It was not easy for Angie to have some hope, but Christina had caught Angie off guard by going on a business trip. Angie's plan had been ruined, so it would be strange if she was not angry.

The call was picked up very quickly. Chris said directly, "Hello, how did you know my sister wasn't at home?"

On the other end, Frank chuckled. His laugh was puzzling, and it made Chris's hair stand on end. He only said half-jokingly, "It was just a random guess."

Chris groaned. "What do you mean?"

From Chris's tone, Frank could tell that Christina had probably angered Angie again, and the family was looking to expel

her anger. Angie was smart, but she was too easily angry. "Tell Angie that Joseph is also on a business trip."

To Angie, Frank did not dare use too ambiguous words, afraid that she would misunderstand. It would be over if Angie was even more angered.

Now, Chris seemed to understand. After hanging up, Chris said to the angry Angie on the sofa, "Angie, Christina should be on a business trip with your favorite son-in-law. I just called Frank. He said so."

This was not the first time that Christina had gone on a business trip without Angie's knowledge to avoid the problem of urging her to get married. Every time she did it, she angered Angie, who had a bad temper.

Hearing this, Angie asked again, doubtfully, "Really? You're not lying to me? All of you are very capable of lying."

Stella ate quietly in the dining room and muttered, "Who's as capable as you? You're the best at fishing for information."

Chris showed her the call log on his phone to confirm that it was true. He said boldly, "It's true. Why would I lie to you? Angie, actually, you're just pushing Christina too hard. If you didn't keep an eye on her, she wouldn't always want to run."

Angie glared at her son. "If I don't keep an eye on her, she'll be able to hide from all the people chasing her in Athana. In the end, she'll be alone."

Alright, Chris was powerless to refute this. It was indeed something that Christina could do.

A few hours later, at Sapphire Airport, a woman in a red coat, white pants, and a pair of dark purple sunglasses strode towards the exit with a black suitcase.

The 3 inches heels clicked on the clean floor, crisp and rhythmic. Pushing her suitcase with one hand, she called a taxi according to the guide she had made on the plane and reported her destination.

In the taxi, Christina sat in the back seat and asked the driver in Arillion, "Hello, can I ask a question?"

The driver said as he drove, "Sure, go ahead, Miss."

Christina thanked him politely. "Thank you. I want to ask which company is the largest medical equipment company in Sapphire City? I'm a salesperson. Our boss asked me to go out and do a research. She hopes that I can give her a detailed report after Christmas."

The driver expressed his sympathy. "You're an ambitious young lady. The largest company in Sapphire City is Xaynum. This is the largest company in our country, and it's also the most famous brand. Our hospital basically uses this company's equipment. Moreover, this company donates the most charitable donations every year."

The driver was very enthusiastic. He probably heard that Christina was oppressed by the boss and felt sympathy for her. He told her everything he knew. If he knew the boss's gossip, he would probably tell Christina everything.

From the driver's information, Christina understood how long the company had been running for. She did not expect that the company her father forcefully told her would have a good reputation. It seemed that she had to understand it more.

[Chapter 512](#)

Christina paid and got out of the car. The driver enthusiastically helped her take down the suitcase from the boot of the car. "Thank you," Christina said.

The driver waved his hand to indicate that it was no problem. Before driving off, he wished Christina good luck.

This made Christina, who had come to Sapphire City for the first time, have a good impression of this city. She stood at the entrance of the tall hotel with her black suitcase and fell into deep thought.

Christina had always been willing to stay in hotels when she traveled overseas. She had also followed Charlie's instructions and always taken safety first. Hence, there was no way she would treat herself badly.

However, why would such a big hotel still have rooms left? Why were the rooms of the surrounding low-rise buildings full? Was the consumption level of the people in this city relatively low?

Christina had her doubts about this city. This time, she had not booked a hotel before she went out, and had only booked it before she boarded the plane. In the end, all the better hotels were full, and there was not even a standard room.

Only the largest hotel in Sapphire City had spare rooms. The receptionist told Christina that she could have any room she wanted. This was really strange and puzzling.

Christina stood at the door and thought for a while. She looked around and saw that there were people coming and going, but she still could not find an answer to why the hotel still had rooms. Perhaps she would know when she went into the hotel and asked the receptionist.

With this thought in mind, she wheeled her suitcase down the hall and took out her ID. "Give me a room with a big bed, please."

The receptionist quickly booked a room for Christina and handed over the room card, signaling the security guard to help carry the luggage. Just as the security guard was about to step forward to help, Christina politely refused. "No need, thank you. I can do it myself."

Christina did not take the room card and leave immediately. Instead, she continued to ask the receptionist politely, "Hello, this is

my first time in your city. Can I ask you a few questions?"

The receptionist said, "Miss, how can we help you?"

Christina thought to herself, "The receptionist's attitude is quite good. Why are the other hotels full, but this hotel is empty? Isn't it well-run?"

She smiled at the receptionist and asked, "Is business usually not very good in this hotel? I'm sorry for asking so abruptly. You can choose not to answer."

The receptionist lightly, maintaining her professionalism. "Miss, our hotel business has always been very good,"

In that case, Christina did not continue asking. Otherwise, it would seem like she was asking about the enemy's situation. Logically speaking, the business of this kind of hotel should be good during the Christmas season. For example, Frank had earned a lot of money from Grand Manor.

Christina took the room card and

that the layout of the room was not looked very easy to fall asleep on.

to the 18th floor. After swiping the room card and pushing the door open, she found

It looked very comfortable to stay in, especially the big bed in the middle, which

She took off her sunglasses and looked at the time. It was already dinner time. It seemed like there was no way to inspect today. However, the discussion with the driver just now could be considered an inspection.

Since she was already here, she should experience a foreign dinner. Christina did not unpack her luggage and followed the hotel map manual given by the front desk to a restaurant.

In Sapphire Hotel's presidential suite, a man in a sweater suit stood in front of the huge floor-to-ceiling window, looking down at the endless stream of cars coming and going below. This was the form of life.

With his hands behind his back, he did not say a word. After a long while, the man said, "Remember to wear a mask when you go out."

Ethan stood respectfully at the side with his hands folded in front of his chest, and nodded in agreement despite not knowing why. "Yes, Mr. Turner."

Then, he continued saying, "Mr. Turner, before we came, Miss instructed you to eat on time. It's time to eat now."

Ethan did not ask if Joseph wanted to go down and eat, or if he wanted Ethan to buy takeaway and bring it back for him to eat. This was up to Joseph to think about himself.

Joseph turned around, and the corners of his lips twitched. "You sure know how to listen to Ava. Wear a mask and go buy takeaway. We won't be returning to the manor tonight. We'll stay here."

"Alright, Mr. Turner. I'll go now."

After Ethan left, Joseph was left alone in the presidential suite. He continued to look at the scenery outside the windows and

looked down.

Half an hour ago, he had already informed Ava and the others that he had safely landed.

After dinner, Christina returned to her room and prepared to work overtime to search for information about the boss of this company. She began to do a background check seriously. It would be great if she could find the boss's preferences and hobbies. If she was satisfied with the equipment, she could find an entry point.

However, Christina was more curious. Why did her mother not scold her to death after she escaped this time? This was strange.

Entering the website provided in the computer's web browser, the brand was Xaynum from the past. However, the website mainly contained introductions to the company's history, information about investments, the number of employees, and the land area. It lacked other details, including the fact that even the legal representative had an Arillion name: family.

Family?

This was either a married man or a married woman. By using the word "family" as an Arillion name, it seemed that regardless of whether this person was a man or a woman, one could tell from this word that this person found family to be very important.

Christina stared at the word on the computer screen and pondered. Why did such a big company not introduce the founder at all?

The next morning.

Christina woke up early. After washing up, she took out a white-colored double cashmere sweater, a long white dress sweater, and a coffee-colored checkered scarf from her suitcase.

After putting on simple makeup, her long eyelashes fluttered like feathers. She wore large round earrings on both sides of her earlobes and applied conditioner to her hair. Her originally frizzy curly hair instantly became smooth and soft.

After all that was done, she walked to the door and put on the Doc Martens she had brought over. She carried a limited edition bag on her back. Inside the bag was a summary of the Yamin Group's hospital.

Once she took a taxi and reached Xaynum's company building, she found that it was a combination of a factory and a company. In Athana, the company was basically separated from the factory. The civilians were in high-rise buildings and the factory was in the suburbs, but this company was a combination of both.

Christina got out of the car and paid for the taxi fares. The thing she hated the most when she was overseas was taking a taxi. People who were used to driving cars would feel extremely uncomfortable to have to take the subway and the taxi.

Christina stood at the door and shouted at the top of her lungs, "Is anyone there?"

This was the disadvantage of combining a factory and a company. One had to shout loudly at the guard. If it was a tall building, one could just go to the front desk to make an appointment and register.

The guard did not open the door. Instead, he stood inside and asked, "May I know who you're looking for?"

Christina smiled. "Hello. Can you let me in? I have something very important to discuss with your boss."

The guard quickly waved his hand. "No, you can't enter casually unless there's a phone call from our boss. Besides, our boss isn't around during the Christmas season."

In the end, Christina started to gain sympathy with the guard. She chatted with the guard for 30 minutes and even lied that her dead grandfather was ill and needed the company's equipment. The guard was stunned by what Christina said and praised her for being a good child. "Just say that you're my friend's niece. Don't say it wrongly. I've worked here all my life. The boss is a very good person."

The guard was worried and continued to instruct Christina.

In the presidential suite of Sapphire Hotel, a man was lying on the bed with a tablet in his hand. The collar on his chest was open, and his tanned skin was faintly discernible. When he saw the exaggerated acting skills of the woman on the screen, his lips curled into a faint smile. So this was how cooperation was done previously.

If she could not find any information, she would make friends with the guard. Her strategy was not bad.

The progress bar on the phone screen was pulled back by his slender fingers again. A woman's voice overflowed from the tablet. As he ate his breakfast slowly, his ears seemed to be listening to music. "Oh, you don't know this, but I came from overseas. My grandfather is already in his eighties and is seriously ill now. The hospital said that they want to use your company's equipment to treat my grandfather. The medical fees are so expensive. Our family... Our family's conditions are not good to begin with. My

mother is especially good at giving birth and gave birth to the three of us. You know that it's not easy to have three children now. My father doesn't have a proper job either. Can you help me understand the company's situation? I'm afraid that the hospital will lie to me."

The guard thought that the hospital would not lie. After all, the boss worked with big hospitals. "Young lady, the hospital probably won't lie. You might be paranoid about this."

Christina continued to pretend. "No, we're from a small county and don't have the money to go to a large county for treatment, but our village chief used his connections to get a device from this company. The doctor said that it was quite good, but I..."

If the security guard did not let her in, Christina would feel that she was about to make up a whole new life. She could barely go on making things up.

The guard said, "Hey, go ahead. Remember what I said, and don't forget to say that you're my niece."

Hearing this, Christina heaved a sigh of relief. Fortunately, the guard did not ask her what her grandfather's illness was. Otherwise, she would really be speechless.

Christina was extremely grateful. "Thank you."

"You're a good child. The children of poor families take care of themselves early. Our granddaughter is too doted on. She can get whatever she wants."

Christina, who had walked a little further away, secretly said to her dead grandfather, "Grandpa, we've worked together again. I had no choice but to do it for the Yamin family's career. You have to remember my efforts."

When the man who was eating heard this, he almost spat out the food in his mouth. Ethan also listened expressionlessly. Questions swirled in his mind as he handed a packet of tissues over to Joseph.

Joseph took the tissue and pushed the food in front of him away. He instructed, "Take it away. I'm not going out today. I'll stay in the hotel."

Ethan began to organize the lunch box. "Yes, Mr. Turner."

After tidying up, he left in time. After a while, Daniel, who was far away in Athana, called. Joseph wiped his hands and picked up the phone. "Daniel."

Daniel said, "Why did Xaynum call me and say that the director of the Yamin Group's business department wants to see me? Her name is Christina. Is she the girl who played with us last time?"

It seemed that the registration was done. As for whether it would be successful or not, it was another matter. Joseph just wanted to see how Christina usually conquered customers.

Joseph replied unhurriedly, "Yes, it's fine. I'll take care of it."

Daniel reminded him. "Treat the young lady well. It's not easy to come to our place for business during the Christmas season. Take care of her."

"Got it."

After hanging up the phone, the corners of Joseph's lips curled up. He knew that this woman's coldness was a protective mask.

[Chapter 513](#)

In the Roberts family's living room, everyone was staring at Daniel's phone call with burning eyes.

By the time he hung up, the people in the living room had already understood why Joseph had rushed back. Ava had yet to

react to Daniel's words.

She was both surprised and shocked.

Sitting on the sofa with one hand on her knee, she pondered and muttered softly to herself, "So Joseph went to chase after Christina. Then, Christina went to Sapphire City. How did Joseph know?"

Frank felt that the little girl's question was very good. He could not help but touch her neck. He did not answer her question, but the others more or less knew the reason. He casually said the most fake excuse, "Maybe Christina told him."

Ava continued to hold her chin and think. It made sense for Frank to say that. After all, Christina went to Sapphire City, the place where Joseph was born and raised.

The corners of her lips curled up, and her eyes were filled with joy. "Alright, then we'll wait here for Joseph's good news."

Frank pinched the little girl's ear and said with a smile, "That depends on Joseph's speed."

Grace continued to pat Emma's hand to comfort her. "Don't worry, Joseph has his own way of doing things."

Emma was not worried that her son would not know his limits. At most, she was afraid that her son would not understand his feelings and make the wrong decision.

After returning from Xaynum, Christina did not waste any time. She felt that it would be a waste/not to explore the exotic culture of the foreign country. This trip was spontaneous, as her father had mentioned it casually. It was uncertain whether she would succeed or not. The timeline was not tight and the tasks were not burdensome, so she was not that anxious.

Instead, she wanted to relax. If she made an appointment and did not see the boss, she would continue tomorrow.

After discussing so many businesses, which boss did not rely on their charisma? Which boss did not put on some airs? To Christina, this situation was very normal.

She hailed a taxi from the company to the mall in Sapphire City and started shopping alone.

When she walked into Sapphire City's mall, she quite liked the environment.

All the luxury brands were placed on the top floor of the building. Those with relatively low prices were placed on the first to fifth floors. They did not restrict people with limited conditions to enter this building.

She was suddenly interested and wanted to walk around floor by floor. The buildings in Sapphire City had their own unique architectural style, and every building had removed the “14th” and “4th” floors. It could be said that they had gotten rid of the unlucky numbers. This building only had 16 floors, and the top floor was a cafe.

Christina discovered a special point. The people here liked to make full use of the roof. Sapphire Hotel was the same. The top floor was also a sunny recreation area.

Starting from the first floor for a shopping spree, Christina did not assume that inexpensive items were not of good quality. Sometimes, hidden treasures could be found among them. Christina had no self-torture tendencies, so she planned to explore a few floors and then buy a pair of flat shoes she liked at her favorite shoe store. Otherwise, her legs would hurt too much to walk tomorrow.

After shopping for a full three hours, she bought a lot of things. It was not convenient to carry them back, so she opened an errand app and called an errand boy to send the things in her hand back to the hotel.

The moment she turned her head, she felt that someone was following her. However, when she turned her head again, she did not see anyone. She narrowed her eyes and frowned.

However, she did not think too much about it and continued shopping.

When she reached the entrance of a branded fountain pen shop, Christina’s footsteps froze. She wanted to go in, so she did. Under the transparent glass display case were expensive fountain pens. Under the light, the pens glowed.

Christina’s finger swiped across the display case, following a straight line all the way to a fountain pen with a golden body. Her footsteps stopped, and Joseph’s face appeared in her mind in a second.

Yes, the first thing she thought of when she entered this shop was that Joseph was a university professor. She actually wanted to buy a fountain pen for him.

This golden pen was very dazzling and very gentlemanly. Christina felt that it suited Joseph very well. The counter staff quickly understood her intentions from her expression. She could tell that Christina liked this pen and took it out with gloves.

The counter staff introduced the pen, even taking a piece of white paper and writing on it with the golden fountain pen. The puke white paper was lightly dyed by the tip of the pen. Every word fell on the paper as if a musical note was beating

Christina could not help but ask to wear gloves to hold the pen. The pen was of normal length and felt very comfortable to

hold. She bought it generously without asking for the price.

When she was still wondering if she should send it out, she bought it and swiped her bank card.

Christina had always been a person who followed her heart. She would not endure it and hide her feelings. If she liked something, she would bring it back home. Regardless of whether she could use it in the future, at least when she thought of it, she would not regret it. She did not want herself to feel like she should have bought the item back if she had known earlier.

If it was useless, then she could place it at home and scold herself for having bought it.

When Christina walked out of the building, the sky was already dark. She had stayed in the mall for an entire day, eating and shopping. She had another bag full of spoils of war in her hands.

Coincidentally, when she came out, a taxi stopped in front of her. The driver rolled down the window and asked, "Miss, are you leaving? I happen to have an empty car."

After walking for a day, Christina could not wait to go back and rest. "Okay, send me to Sapphire Hotel. Thank you."

The driver was a young man and was very straightforward. "Okay." As he spoke, he slipped out of the car and opened the trunk to help Christina put the things in.

After getting into the car, no one said anything. They were silent all the way until the car arrived at the hotel. The driver helped take the things down and said goodbye and thank you.

When she arrived at the front desk, Christina asked, "Hello, I'm a customer here. Did you receive the things I sent an errand boy to bring back?"

The receptionist replied politely, "Yes, Miss. You have a lot of things. I'll arrange for someone to send them up for you."

"Thank you."

Christina did not force herself to carry all the things up to her room. She felt that the service in this hotel was not bad.

When she returned to her room, she looked at the pile of gifts, boxes, and various brands on the floor. Christina was too tired and was not in the mood to tidy them up. She took off her coat, turned on the air conditioner, and casually tied her hair up. Everything could wait until she had taken a shower.

20 minutes later, Christina came out of the bathroom wearing bright red silk pajamas. Her curly hair was tied into a loose bun, and her face was still covered with a face mask. Her hands constantly rubbed hand cream on her hands.

With one-hand on her waist, she gently leaned against the wine cabinet, thinking about how to deal with these bags. She seemed to have forgotten to buy a luggage. How could she have forgotten the most important thing?

At this moment, the doorbell rang. Feeling puzzled as she had not ordered room service, she walked over to open the door. The door opened and two white suitcases were pushed in.

Without waiting for Christina to speak, the person with the hotel manager's name tag spoke first. He also sized up Christina. "Hello, Miss. Our hotel discovered that you bought a lot of things in the

afternoon. Since it's your first time staying in our hotel, we'll give you two suitcases as a token of our hotel's appreciation. We hope you can come and stay again next time."

Hearing this, Christina was stunned for a moment. This was the first time she had encountered such a situation. She asked suspiciously, "Does your hotel send suitcases to everyone? And not just one, but two?"

She emphasized on the word "two".

As she spoke, Christina raised two fair and slender fingers and waved them in the air, full of suspicion.

The manager replied without changing his expression, "Yes, we not only sent two suitcases to you, we also sent it to other customers today. You can investigate. You're not the only one. You don't have to be afraid of our hotel having any bad intentions. If there are any, it's our monthly performance. I hope you can continue staying in our hotel next time."

The door was open, but the manager did not enter. It could be said that he did not even step in. Outside the door, another waiter delivered a suitcase. "Hello, this is a gift from our hotel today. Thank you for checking in."

Christina had a keen eye and knew that the price of these two suitcases was already equivalent to the amount she had paid in advance at the hotel. She was still suspicious, and the hotel's operation puzzled her.

She had reason to suspect that this boss was a rich second-generation heir who did not know how to run a business. How could he give things away like this?

Was this not a waste?

This should be a method to appease the customers when there was an accident in the hotel. She did not give a bad review and had just checked in not long ago. Why would the hotel suddenly give her two branded suitcases?

In the end, when the manager continued to explain to Christina, she could not help but accept it. She even promised to stay in this hotel in the future. The manager seemed to have completed his mission and left with a heavy burden. Before he left, he even wiped the sweat on his forehead.

Looking at the two tall white suitcases, Christina shook her head helplessly. It was a waste not to use them. What was there to

be pretentious about? She was already short of suitcases. Thinking of this, she squatted down and started to open the boxes. Then she opened the suitcases and arranged everything in order inside.

Two hours later, Christina was a little thirsty. She realized that there was red wine and white wine on the wine rack. There was mineral water, drinks, and milk on the table.

The operation of this hotel was rather abnormal. Christina, who had checked in for the first time, was wary and did not dare drink red wine. She opened a bottle of mineral water and sat on a chair, deep in thought. For some reason, she was a little curious about the owner of this hotel.

The next morning, when Christina woke up, it was already 8:30 am.

She hurriedly changed into a black suit and put on a white down jacket and black high heels that she had bought yesterday. Then, she went to the company again.

When she went downstairs, the cold wind was bone-chilling. The wind in Sapphire City was quite cold.

Coincidentally, the taxi driver downstairs was the young man who had sent her back last night. He was downstairs again this morning.

“Hey, young lady, why is it you again? Are you planning to go out?”

He sounded as if he was trying to solicit customers. This made Christina stop asking. Perhaps because this was a hotel, the driver liked to wait here to receive customers.

After getting into the car, Christina still asked, “Do you often attract guests here?”

The driver started the car steadily and said in a normal tone, “That’s right. The quality of the customers who check in here is especially high. I like to attract guests here.”

So that was how it was.

However, rich people did not necessarily have high standards. Poor people did not necessarily have low standards either. It was just that Christina did not intend to debate this topic with the driver.

Perhaps the people he met were all of high quality.

The driver was a chatterbox and was very talkative today, forming a contrast to the quiet trip yesterday. “Miss, what do you think of our city?”

Christina glanced at the scenery outside the window and said truthfully, “It’s quite good. The people here are very enthusiastic.”

The driver was slightly proud and raised his chin like a child. “Of course. Our management here is still relatively strict. You can rest assured about the security in our city. We have a great philanthropist here who spends a lot of money every year to manage the security here.”

“A great philanthropist?” Christina asked,

[Chapter 514](#)

The driver chatted with Christina all the way and told her a lot of good things about this kind person.

The more he spoke, the more excited he became. If he was not driving, he would probably be dancing with joy.

Christina really admired this kind person. Out of curiosity, she asked, “Then why isn’t there any information about him in this city on the Internet?”

There was indeed none. When she browsed the webpage, she did not find any of the information the driver had mentioned. It could be said that there was not a single piece of information.

“He’s low-key and never accepts interviews. You guys definitely don’t know him. He does good deeds without leaving his

name.”

“That’s really low-key.” In Athana, some people donated two thousand dollars and even bought a spot in the trending topics, for fear that others would not know.

When Christina entered the company, the driver enthusiastically said that it was not easy to get a taxi here, so he might as well wait for her to come out and drive her back. Christina was also happy to do so.

Half an hour later, Christina came out, disappointed as expected. A gust of cold wind made her shiver. The person at the front desk told her that the boss was not at work yet and that the appointment had been reported, so she had to wait a little longer.

As Christina got into the car, all the cells in her body warmed up. She adjusted her jacket and said, “Let’s go back to the hotel.”

“You said your name is Christina, right? Christina, you still haven’t seen the boss?” asked the driver.

Christina was not in a very good mood and only said lightly, “Yes, maybe he doesn’t want to see me. Let’s go back to the hotel. I’ll give you more money later.”

The car started, but the driver did not drive too fast. “Christina, don’t be unhappy. Do you see the clouds in that corner? It should snow at night. It looks better in our city because our buildings aren’t very tall. The snow accumulated on the roof is like a palace in a fairy tale. It’s beautiful. Just wait and see, I believe it will definitely snow.”

Christina was amused. “If you’re so eloquent, why aren’t you in sales?”

“The sales results and salary are unstable. I need a stable income. Otherwise, I won’t feel at ease. I’ll always be worried that I won’t be able to have another meal.”

“I guess that’s true to a certain extent. Everyone’s choices are different. Some people like this kind of uncertainty as a kind of challenge. Others like an easy life and don’t like to run around. It depends on what life a person wants.”

The driver smiled and scratched his head. “Haha, Christina, what you said makes sense. Although I don’t understand, it sounds very right.”

Christina was amused again.

Because it was too cold, the car drove back to Sapphire Hotel.

The driver placed a hand on Christina’s shoulder and was about to tell her to go over to watch the snow at night when Christina threw him over her shoulder.

Her reflexes took over and she instinctively took precautions.

The driver was lying on his back, grimacing in pain. Christina stood awkwardly at the side and reached out to grab his hand, but she was rejected. “Christina, I just wanted to tell you that it would look better if you went to that place at night to look at the snow. Sapphire Hotel has a viewing platform that can look at the snow.”

The driver rubbed his butt and shoulders while groaning in pain.

This made Christina even more apologetic. "Sorry, it's a conditioned reflex. In the future, stand in front of me and talk to me. Don't pat my shoulder or touch me from behind."

After saying that, she was still a little worried. "Why don't I take you to the hospital to take a look? Just in case you hurt your bones."

He had fallen quite hard.

The driver quickly waved his hand and shook his head like a rattle drum. "No need, no need. I'm wearing a down jacket. I just fell on my butt. I'll be fine after resting for a while."

"I'll compensate you. Give me your number and I'll transfer it to you."

As she spoke, Christina glanced at the QR code on the car. "I'm sorry. I'm just like this. I feel more at ease if you give me a number."

"Just transfer me 100 dollars. If there's a problem, I'll just take a break in the afternoon."

Christina transferred 400 dollars to him. "I've transferred it to you. You can rest for the next few days. Now that you have my phone number, feel free to contact me if you have any problems. I'll be in charge of the follow-up treatment."

"No need, no need. Christina, it's really not necessary. It's a small matter. Goodbye, Christina. I'll get going first." The driver limped and opened the car door. He started the car and left quickly, afraid that Christina would drag him to the hospital for

treatment.

Christina nodded and waved goodbye. Sigh, she had caused him to have such a hard fall onto the ground. Why couldn't she change this habit of hers?

On the top floor.

The man stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window with one hand on the window and a cigarette in the corner of his mouth. Because of his smile, the cigarette trembled and the lighter lit up with a click. The smoke surrounded his handsome facial features and blurred his smiling face. He instructed Ethan behind him in a low voice, "Give Benjamin compensation."

Ethan nodded and asked, "Mr. Turner, should we get someone else to protect you?"

Joseph took a puff of his cigarette and blew out a smoke ring. His voice was low and magnetic. "There's no need. She has been running around for two days and it has been quite cold. It's going to snow at night."

He would not torture her anymore.

Ethan replied respectfully, "Yes, Mr. Turner."

At night, it really snowed. Christina treated it as a vacation. She calmed herself down, ate, and played as she should. Fortunately, her mother did not blow up her phone.

Snowflakes fell from the sky and danced in the air. There were already many people standing at the hotel's snow observation platform/ Perhaps they had already known that snow would descend at night.

The snowflakes in the sky were getting heavier and heavier. Without the rain mixed in, the snowflakes piled up faster and faster. Just like the driver said, the city was really beautiful when it was covered in snow.

There were more people at the snow observation platform, and Christina did not want to squeeze amongst them.

After changing her clothes and putting on a blue sweater, Christina threw on a white coat, jeans, and Doc Martens. It was very casual and simple.

Gathering her white coat, the cold wind crept into her sweater. It was a little cold. She turned around and went to a quiet place in the hotel. There was a swing, a table, and three chairs.

On her first day here, Christina realized that this place was very quiet. Not many people came and went, causing the snow to be accumulated. Christina sat on the chair and looked up at the snow falling slowly from the sky. Every snowflake was so pure, so white, and its shape was so clear.

Suddenly, when she felt a weight on her shoulders, she turned her head and realized that someone had placed a black down jacket on her shoulders. Just as she was about to get up, a familiar voice came from behind. "Ms. Yamin, you're quite leisurely and elegant. Are you watching the snow?"

Christina turned her head with a swoosh and a big black umbrella appeared above her head. The man was wearing a black coat with a high gray collar. His handsome and impeccable facial features were above her. He was busy fixing the big umbrella on the shelf.

At this moment, Christina was already in a daze. Her heart was racing, and she did not know where to start. Should she ask him why he was here? Or should she ask him how he knew she was here?

Without waiting for Christina to ask, Joseph slowly walked to another seat and sat opposite Christina. His lips curled into a charming smile. "Are you looking for me?"

Christina scoffed. When did she look for him? Wait a minute, why was he the one to ask her this question? This was not right.

"Wait a moment. I'll ask you a few questions first." Christina was about to take off the jacket on her shoulders and return it to Joseph.

Joseph sat on the chair elegantly. He crossed his legs and looked at Christina's exquisite face. "Put it on. It'll be cold later. It's snowing and it's not suitable to wear a coat. The jacket is new and hasn't been worn."

"Thank you." Christina thanked him.

Joseph continued to look at her calmly. He raised his hand and said gently, "Ask away."

After a moment of silence, Christina stared at Joseph. At this moment, his aura was different. For some reason, she felt like he was suppressing her, but she did not lose. "Firstly, how did you know I was here? Secondly, did you misunderstand something? I'm not looking for you."

The snow was still falling. Under the big black umbrella, the two of them were chatting. At first glance, it looked like they were talking about everything under the sky. Joseph spoke softly, his pace neither fast nor slow. He simply pulled his aura back. "Ms. Yamin, I'm afraid you've misunderstood something. This hotel is my permanent hotel. I'm from Sapphire City. Secondly... aren't you looking for Xaynum's boss?"

Christina was speechless. If she still did not understand what he meant, she would be an idiot.

Therefore, the person she was looking for was originally the Roberts family. She had traveled thousands of miles to look for someone she already knew. It was really funny.

After sorting out her thoughts, Christina asked, "So when did you come to Sapphire City?"

Joseph asked calmly, "When did you make an appointment?"

Christina took a deep breath. She placed her elbows on the table and spread them out, feeling speechless. "So you're saying that I called you back from/Athana? Are you joking with me? All because of a deal that might not succeed?"

At this moment, Christina thought of something and was confused. "Wait, aren't you a university professor?"

Christina remembered that Joseph had not denied it last time.

Joseph looked at Christina's serious expression and chuckled. "I never said anything about my profession."

The two of them seemed to be in a debate. "But you gave an example of Frank, didn't you?" At that time, Joseph gave an example of Frank as a CEO who wouldn't want to work with her on such a project.

She thought that it definitely would not happen, so she naturally ruled out his identity as CEO. Coupled with his serious expression, there was no doubt at all.

Joseph's lips curled into a smile as he bewitched Christina. His pleasant and magnetic voice sounded again. "Frank is Frank. I'm me."

This reason was not bad, not bad at all.

Christina was speechless. She silently gave Joseph Turner a thumbs up. However, she was a little angry in her heart and felt that she had been tricked. "You're amazing. I should call you Mr. Turner now, right? Mr. Turner, may I ask why a big CEO like you lacks the hundreds of thousands of dollars I gave you?"

Joseph naturally noticed Christina's unhappiness. "What if I say it's because of you?"

Because of her? These words inevitably made Christina's heart tremble. Their eyes met, and Christina's heart skipped a beat. She subconsciously held her breath and did not say anything.

Joseph's eyes were dark and deep, like a bottomless ocean. He stared fixedly at Christina's exquisite facial features, and the hot air he exhaled on a cold day dissipated.

Christina licked her slightly dry lips and looked away. She had already forgotten her displeasure just now. "Didn't you say that you believe in non-marriage?"

Moreover, they had agreed not to talk about feelings. She was almost 30 years old, so she naturally understood the other meaning in Joseph's words. He was flirting with her.

"Plans can't keep up with changes. Plans change with the person you meet. Does Ms. Yamin have such an idea?"

Joseph gave Christina an open-ended question again.

Why was it that every time Joseph asked her a question, she would subconsciously think about it and ponder over it faster?

"You're silent. I'm not in a hurry. This answer can be answered slowly. Weren't you anxious to find me? Tell me what you

think."

Joseph did not like people making decisions under pressure and nervousness. Wanting a clear-headed answer from Christina, he began to change the topic. The snow continued to fall and the weather was quite cold. He also noticed that Christina's hands were moving and figured that she should be cold. "I don't like to talk about cooperation outside in the cold. Ms. Yamin, shall we change the venue?"

Christina felt quite cold. So be it. She agreed readily. "Sure. Where are we going?"

"My room, do you mind?"

"There's nothing to mind. We're only talking about cooperation, so there's no need for me to make a fuss. I believe in Mr.

Turner's character."

Joseph chuckled, making Christina doubt whether she could trust him. This man was starting to be unpredictable. Christina

felt like she had been tricked.

[Chapter 515](#)

Joseph brought Christina to the presidential suite on the top floor.

They took the private elevator.

When she arrived at Joseph's room, Room Christina finally saw the facilities of this room. The decor was completely different from her room. She had never been to other rooms, so she naturally thought that this was the unified decor of the presidential suite.

Little did she know that this was Joseph's exclusive room in the hotel. It had been specially renovated, and this room would not be used externally.

Joseph glanced at Christina and said, "Make yourself comfortable."

Christina nodded politely and sat down on the sofa. The temperature in the room was very high. She took off the jacket that Joseph had put on her, folded them, and placed them on the side of the sofa. Right then, Joseph handed her a cup of hot

milk.

“Warm yourself up and don’t catch a cold.” Joseph glanced at the neatly folded jacket from the corner of his eye.

Indeed, Christina’s heart was warmed in an instant. She took the milk and the temperature of the glass spread throughout her body through her palm. “Thank you. I want to talk to you about cooperation and the price of the instrument.”

Joseph took a sip of warm water and placed the cup on the table. The two of them sat opposite each other in the living room and talked for a while. Joseph got up to take off his coat, then hung it on the

back of the sofa and glanced at Christina. “Take off your own coat. The temperature in the room is a little high. The temperature difference when we go out later will make it easy to catch a cold.”

“Yes,” Christina replied calmly. She thought that Joseph was quite meticulous.

Christina put down the glass of milk and took off her coat. She folded her coat habitually and placed it aside.

Joseph looked at her steadily. Seeing that she picked up the cup, took a sip, and wanted put it down, he said, “Let’s talk after you’ve finished drinking the milk. There’s no hurry.”

“Alright,” Christina replied. It was her first time negotiating, and she felt a little uncomfortable.

A few minutes later, Christina put down the glass and Joseph handed her a tissue. She looked up and stared at Joseph for a few seconds. Her lips curved into a smile as she took it generously and wiped her lips. “Do you take care of everyone so well?”

“You’re the sixth,” Joseph replied as he leaned against his back.

Upon hearing this, Christina did not feel good. She felt a sense of loss in the depths of her heart. The smile on her face was a little stiff, but it disappeared in a few seconds.

The next second, Joseph’s lips curled into a faint smile. “Ms. Yamin, aren’t you going to ask me if the other five were my girlfriends? No matter what, we’ve worked together once before Aren’t you concerned?”

If there were five other girls, they couldn’t all be his biological sisters. Why should she ask? Christina’s tone was neither good nor bad, and was rather cold instead. “I don’t think this is something I should be concerned about. It should be something your parents care about.”

Joseph nodded and looked like he agreed. He clasped his hands in his lap and explained, “Yes, that makes sense. Three are family. One is Sherri, and the other is Rose. You’re the sixth.”

The disappointment on Christina’s face gradually dissipated, and she smiled despite herself. “No wonder your Arillion name is ‘family’.”

Joseph shook his head. “That’s my father’s Arillion name, not mine.”

Daniel valued his family more than anything else. His family was his bottom line, so he liked this Arillion word very much.

Christina felt that the topic would deviate if she continued. "Alright, can we start talking about work now, Mr. Turner?"

Joseph raised his hand to signal her to start, and this single gesture was full of CEO vibes. How did Christina misjudge him? Several times, she felt his aura was similar to Trevon's, but her mind played tricks on her, and she actually thought he was a professor.

"Ms. Yamin?"

Joseph looked at Christina, who was staring at him in a daze, and called out playfully and gently.

Christina, who had lost her composure, came back to her senses and could only chat off script. The documents were all in the room. Fortunately, she already memorized them. "First of all, let me talk about our Yamin Group's hospital. I think..."

During this period, Joseph paid a lot of attention to Christina's feelings. From time to time, he would react so that Christina would not be singing a one-man show. He could also feel that Christina was listening seriously and was not being perfunctory. When one person was serious, the other person's perfunctory attitude was the most disgusting.

During the negotiations, Christina was very serious and did not lose focus at all. This made Joseph experience the scene of Christina's usual negotiations.

Two hours passed, making this negotiation the longest one in Christina's history. She said nervously, "Mr. Turner, what do you think? Can you give us a discount? Athana Hospital only has one general hospital, but the Yamin Group has many. We will continue to open branches."

After a moment of silence, Joseph spread his legs and got up to pour water. He came over with two glasses of warm water in his hand. His slender legs were wrapped in pants, and his tight sweater outlined the perfect proportions of his figure.

Joseph handed over the water. "Drink some water to moisten your throat. We'll do as you say. However, the contract will be sent over in a few days as the civilian staff hasn't gone to work yet. I can't call the people from the legal department to work during the holiday season. Ms. Yamin, do you mind waiting a few days in Sapphire City? Let's celebrate the success of our collaboration again at noon tomorrow."

Why did it sound so strange that they had succeeded in working together again?

After the negotiation, Christina had already looked at Joseph several times. Damn, this man was really fucking handsome. "Sure, it's what I should do."

It was not easy to negotiate the price until it was a few times cheaper than Haililand's. If she went back immediately and did not sign the contract, she would have wasted a few hours. Her two days of traveling would have been in vain.

Naturally, she had to sign the contract before going back. At most, she would treat it as an annual relaxation and give herself a break.

Joseph glanced at Christina with a faint smile and continued to cross his legs. A few minutes later, Christina stood up and picked up her jacket from the sofa. As she put it on, she said, "I'll take my leave first. Tomorrow, I'll treat you to a meal. Please contact me by phone."

“Okay.”

Joseph did not stop Christina from leaving. He could already tell that Christina was uncomfortable. If one person had nothing to do with the other, then there would be no such discomfort.

However, this discomfort would disappear in a few days.

Christina returned to her room. Her heart was beating a little fast, and she was no longer as calm as when she was negotiating just now. She held her chest with one hand and held her phone with the other.

She walked to the window in a daze and pulled open the curtains. The snow was still falling. A snowflake drifted to the window and stuck to it like a white flower.

Her phone dinged, bringing her back to her senses. It was a message from Joseph, “I’m the host, so it’s not right for you to treat me to a meal. You can treat me next time. During the period of your stay in Sapphire City, I’ll take care of your food and accommodation.”

Christina felt that things were out of her control, including her...

She wanted to refuse, but before she could, her phone showed that he was typing. Joseph’s message came a step earlier, “Ms. Yamin, give me a chance to perform.”

It was very difficult to refuse. Plus, Christina was not a pretentious person. She replied to his message, “Then I shall shamelessly freeload on Mr. Turner.”

Joseph replied, “It’s an honor. Ms. Yamin is indeed straightforward.”

Just as she replied, a call from Charlie came in. “Christina, how is it? If it doesn’t work out, come back. I saw that the weather over at Sapphire City is quite cold. It’s snowing, but it hasn’t snowed yet in Athana.”

Christina reported her results truthfully. “Charlie, the matter has been settled. The price is even lower than the price we paid in Haililand. It’s just that the contract can only be signed in a few days.”

“We’ve already negotiated, but the price is even lower now? Christina, how did you negotiate this price?” Charlie was in disbelief and he spoke in a higher tone.

“Charlie, don’t worry. I’ve been negotiating with the boss for two and a half hours. It’s just that the company’s legal affairs have to go to work in a few days.”

Actually, Christina knew that the legal department could work at any time as long as Joseph said one sentence. However, she could not bring it up. Joseph had already given her benefits. She could not force the company’s employees to work and sign

a contract for her.

Charlie quickly said, “I don’t mean that. I’m just curious why the price is lower than Haililand’s. Did you promise anything?”

“No, I just compared it to him and explained everything. The other party agreed readily.”

Since his daughter had completed the business negotiation, Charlie did not say much. He said with concern, "Since it will take a few days, why don't you come back first?"

Charlie was also heartbroken that Christina had to be alone outside during the holiday season.

"Charlie, I'll stay here for a few days and treat it as a holiday. By the way, did Angie fly into a rage when she found out that I ran away?"

Charlie snorted. "You only remembered now if we would be implicated. Don't worry, nothing happened. It's all because Joseph saved you. After you left, he went to Sapphire City. Your mother was overjoyed when she heard that."

"Your mother would love it if you got married right there in Sapphire City and then returned to Athana," Charlie thought to himself.

Christina thought to herself, "Angie is really resourceful. She even knows that Joseph is here in Sapphire City. How will Angie feel if I tell them that the boss of the equipment company is Joseph?"

"Forget it, let's not talk about it. I'll talk about it when I get back."

"It'll be awkward if Angie is too surprised and comes to Sapphire City to confirm it."

Christina said, "Alright, Charlie, I'll hang up first. I'll be back in a few days. If you have nothing to do, persuade Angie to stop disrupting the matchmaker's work. Tell her to practice yoga and stop watching those television dramas."

They were the ones who suffered when Angie could not stop watching television dramas.

After hanging up the phone, Christina was still standing in front of the window and looking at the snow. Naturally, she thought that Joseph had really rushed over because of her appointment.

She looked out of the window without blinking. Another snowflake was stuck to the glass. Through the glass, she touched it with her fingers, as if she could touch that cold feeling.

She blew a breath of hot air on the glass, which blurred the snowflakes outside. Using her index finger, she wrote two words on the window, "Joseph Turner".

What kind of person was he? He was sometimes cold, sometimes warm, and sometimes unfathomable...

At noon the next day, Christina specially dressed up. She wore a white, unconventional high-neck sweater, a black cashmere coat cinched at the waist, and a pair of flesh-pink high heels. Her wavy curls cascaded over her shoulders, and a tassel earring swayed naturally from one ear.

She gave off a simple and magnanimous feeling. Her temperament was feminine, charming, and attractive.

Sapphire Hotel's restaurant was on the eighth floor. Today's temperature was even lower than yesterday's, and the snow was twice as heavy as yesterday's. It could be said that it was snowing heavily. There was thick snow on both sides of the road, as if there was a thick blanket covering them.

All the greenery and branches were also white. The entire Sapphire City was like a white imperial city.

It was a beautiful, pure city.

In order to make Christina feel at ease, Joseph did not book a private room. Instead, it was in the hall. At this moment, there were still a few couples in the hall.

Joseph gentlemanly pulled out a stool for Christina to sit down. "Please sit."

"Thank you."

Joseph took off his black coat, revealing the white sweater inside. The two of them were dressed like a couple. This made Christina subconsciously want to tie her hair, but she realized her hair was loose.

Noticing her movements, Joseph asked, "Do you need to tie your hair?"

"No, thank you."

After dressing up, the woman was indeed good-looking. When the food was served, Joseph was still a gentleman. "Do you need my help to cut the steak?"

Christina was the type who did everything herself. She refused again, but Joseph was not embarrassed. He picked up his fork and asked, "Do you find this scene very familiar?"

This was Joseph's second time asking this question. Christina had a good memory and remembered that the last time he asked this question was in the car.

[Chapter 516](#)

Christina thought, "This scene?"

In just a few seconds, Christina seemed to have already understood what Joseph meant. She smiled inexplicably and looked up at the man who was cutting the steak seriously.

Joseph gave off the vibe of being restrained. Furthermore, this vibe was overlaid with refinement, elegance, and mystery...

As Christina looked at Joseph, she was lost in thought. The steak in front of her was taken away by a slender hand. In its place, what was brought over was a steak that had already been cut into chunks of meat that were of the same shape and size.

Joseph's lips parted slightly. Before Christina could refuse, Joseph spoke first. He said spontaneously, "It's only right for a man to take care of a woman at the dining table. Don't feel any psychological burden. If you really feel uncomfortable, just consider it as giving me a chance to act like a gentleman."

Joseph had addressed everything, and any attempts to refuse thereafter were completely blocked. Even if Christina did not want to eat, she still had to eat. Christina did not refuse anymore. The corners of her lips curled into a beautiful smile as she said, "Joseph, no one can refuse anything that you offer, right?"

There were always plenty of reasons that could make people accept this kindness willingly. It could still warm their hearts.

Joseph placed Christina's steak in front of himself and continued to use the knife and fork to cut. He said unhurriedly, "Ms. Yamin, I'm afraid you've misunderstood. I'm not a central air conditioner. I don't intend to warm everyone."

In saying so, it meant that Christina was an exception. Once again, she felt her heartstrings being subtly tugged at.

Right after that, Joseph took out his phone, tapped the screen to unlock it, and enlarged a photo before placing the phone in front of Christina. This picture was one that Christina had photoshopped for them. It was also a scene of eating in a restaurant, but the clothes they wore were different. After all, the season when the photo was edited was different. It was winter now.

In the photo, Christina wore a red V-neck dress, while Joseph wore a white shirt. They were sitting face to face, with

Christina giving a charming and alluring smile, and Joseph helping her with her food.

Christina was at a loss for words. She thought to herself, "This scene is really the same as it is now."

Joseph noticed a slight trace of awkwardness on Christina's face. Feeling awkward, she instinctively wanted to touch her hair, again. All her actions were observed by Joseph, who smiled faintly and said, "The photo has become a reality. What are your thoughts about it, Ms. Yamin?"

Christina replied, "Um..." She thought to herself, "Isn't this a photoshopped picture? What thoughts could I possibly have?"

Joseph, who went straight to the point, said without any sense of hesitation, "Alright. I'll share my thoughts. The photoshopped picture you created is very captivating, and it changed my perspective. So, starting from this meal, I intend to provide you with real material in the future. You won't need to work hard on photoshopping or thinking about scenes anymore. You can use what's readily available at any time."

Seeing Christina's puzzled expression, as if she did not fully understand, Joseph reduced his words and said concisely, "I plan to pursue you. Do you understand now?"

There was a loud crash.

The knife and fork in Christina's hand immediately fell onto her plate with a thud. This action clearly showed her surprise. She sought to be calm and maintain a smile, saying, "Mr. Turner, you must be kidding. Aren't you someone who is committed to a life without marriage?"

"Before you photoshopped the picture, I was committed to a life without marriage," Joseph said.

Christina recalled what Joseph said last night. Joseph had said, "What if I say it's because of you?"

So, he was not kidding. It was not a casual remark either.

She photoshopped a picture. This picture then made Joseph want to get married, and he even wanted to pursue her. She -thought, "Did I edit the photo so skillfully that it's mesmerizing? Didn't my mom say my photography skills are terrible and

that I made Joseph look unphotogenic?”

Christina stared fixedly at Joseph, trying to see if he was telling the truth. She licked her slightly dry lips, took a deep breath, and composed herself. She asked, “Are you saying that my photoshopped picture made you want to fall in love? Is that what you mean?”

When Christina asked this question, even she herself was in disbelief.

Joseph nodded honestly and smiled seductively, Christina noticed that this man’s smile was really comforting. She looked away, pinched the space between her eyebrows, and put down her fork. She suspected that this man never really intended to treat her to a meal. Not a single bite of the beef went down her throat, leaving her with a head full of questions.

Narrowing her beautiful eyes, she asked, “Mr. Turner, you’re not trying to prevent me from eating, are you?”

“I’m sorry,” Joseph said. “I should have waited for you to finish eating before saying this. My bad. But what I said is true. I’m not joking with you. I never joke when it comes to matters of the heart. I want to turn this into a reality. What do you think,

Ms. Yamin?”

Christina took a deep breath and said indifferently, “Let’s eat.”

“Sure,” Joseph said. He was not in a hurry. He actually smiled when he heard her say those two words.

Christina had a diverse range of complex emotions as she ate. She lowered her head and quickly finished her meal, using the excuse of needing a short nap. Joseph knew that she wanted to process what he had said, so he did not object. After sending Christina back to her room, he carefully told her that the dining place had already been reserved and that he would pick her up when she woke up.

When meeting Joseph’s gaze, Christina always felt that he had a kind of charisma that made it difficult to resist.

Back in her room, Christina began to make all kinds of guesses. When she considered the strange occurrences of the past few days, such as the suitcase, the driver, and even the security guard, it seemed like they were all things that raised suspicions.

She flopped onto the bed and stared blankly at the ceiling. She thought to herself, “Was this all done by Joseph? If so, then coming to Sapphire City has landed me in a trap, and he’s watching me walk right into it.

“I initially thought that I was the one setting up a trap, but it turns out that there’s a trap within a trap. I’ve become the prey,

huh?

“Looking at it from the other perspective, do I not have feelings for Joseph? I’m an adult. I don’t want to lie. I do have feelings

for him.”

She had initially thought that he was really a university professor. When she saw the fountain pen, she wanted to buy it for Joseph. This was the best move. However, she was not sure if she could actually give it to him.

Joseph's sudden and straightforward confession of love had left Christina's heart in turmoil. Her once firm convictions were now changing, and she felt a desire to give it a try. Joseph's handsome face was displayed on the ceiling. It was still that charming smile.

Dazed, Christina shook her head and decided to get some rest before making any decisions. Her mind was in too much turmoil at the moment, and she could not figure out where the thread of her thoughts was leading.

Three and a half hours later, Christina woke up slowly and yawned. At the same time, she received a text message. It was from Joseph. [Are you awake?]

She thought, "Even through the screen, I can sense this man's tenderness. Why didn't he show it in the past?" He hid it well. In the

past, he would at most reply in just two words, namely "Got it".

Had there been any signs of this kind of behavior previously, she would have noticed it long ago. As she looked at this message, her mind became clear, and she was very certain that she had been given a confession of love. It was given by someone she hired, no less.

It was because of the photoshopped picture that Joseph fell for her.

After waking up from her nap, she was quite certain that she had feelings for Joseph, at least in terms of his looks.

Christina was not bothered by the fact that the person who had confessed to her was Joseph, who was someone that she hired. Neither was she bothered by the fact that Joseph was laying a trap carefully due to his liking for her. She only cared about her most genuine feelings, whether she liked him or not, and whether it was a good fit or not.

She had never been in a relationship before. Nonetheless, she had heard of other people's romantic experiences. There were plenty of people around her who were in on-and-off relationships that were filled with drama. There were also people who willingly got deceived into starting a relationship.

The general idea was clear in her mind. Joseph was indeed pursuing her now. She picked up her phone and replied, [Mr. Turner, where do you plan to take me to spend?]

Joseph texted, [Let's talk about it after you freshen up.]

Christina-readily agreed. She texted, [30 minutes. Can you wait?]

Joseph texted, [Sure. There's no hurry.]

Looking back at their chat history, Christina could tell that this man was quite patient.

For Christina, who had never been in a romantic relationship, there was still a tiny bit of fear, internal conflict, and hesitation in the depths of her heart.

Extremely punctual, Christina opened the door thirty minutes later. Joseph was already waiting at the doorway leisurely, with a cigarette that was still lit but had not been fully burned yet.

Seeing Christina come out of the room, he took a few steps back and discarded the cigarette into the designated cigarette-butt receptacle near the elevator. "Sorry," he said. "I thought you still needed more

time. Do you mind if I smoke?"

"I don't mind," Christina said. "I'm used to it. You may smoke if you want. There's no need to avoid it." She thought, "People who run their own business have no reason to mind other people smoking. I've gotten used to it a long time ago."

Joseph

Out a piece of chewing gum from his pocket and chewed on it. He handed a piece to Christina spontaneously,

saying, "Do you want it?"

Seeing Christina shake her head, Joseph gave her an assurance without being prompted, saying, "Don't worry. I won't smoke in front of you again."

In the evening, Joseph brought Christina to a well-known internet-famous restaurant. Throughout the meal, Joseph took care of her, paying attention to every detail, and Christina could also feel his thoughtfulness.

Joseph drove a moderately priced car. He had no intention of telling Christina that he was the richest person in Sapphire City just yet. He was afraid of scaring her away before he even began pursuing her.

His approach was to open a door and then gradually progress step by step.

Joseph, with a blue-dial wristwatch on his wrist, gently parted his lips and said in a soft tone, "Where do you want to go?"

The snow outside was drifting onto the window. It was mercilessly battered by the windshield wipers. "It's snowing," Christina said. "Let's head back to the hotel. Drive slowly."

"Okay," Joseph replied.

Back at the hotel, Joseph parked his car in the designated spot and took Christina to the first floor using a private elevator. The snow-viewing deck was already crowded with many people. It could be said that there were this many people every evening.

Christina's gaze was fixed on the snow-viewing deck, and she did not blink. She felt like playing in the snow. "I'd like to go over there for a while," she said.

"Let's go together," Joseph said. "Wait a moment." A bodyguard behind them handed over a transparent umbrella.

Joseph, with his tall figure, half-embraced Christina and held up the transparent umbrella. There was a kind of hazy beauty

as they stayed dry while still being able to see the snowfall on the top of the umbrella.

In the snow, Joseph was holding an umbrella, and Christina was half-embraced, seeking shelter under Joseph's protection. The umbrella was not huge. A layer of snowflakes had already accumulated on Joseph's shoulder on one side.

They arrived at the tranquil spot from the previous night. The black umbrella had turned into a white transparent umbrella. Christina adjusted her coat, getting ready to sit down on a chair!

Joseph stopped her. He picked up her freezing hands, placed the umbrella into her hands, and said, "Hold this for now."

Christina held the umbrella without understanding why.

Then, Joseph took out a tissue from his pocket and wiped the snow off the stool very carefully. Christina stood still at the side, watching as this distinguished man bent down to wipe the stool for her.

Indeed, there had been people who pursued her in the past, but no one had treated her like this. Most of them would use money to woo her, such as gifting her roses, limited-edition handbags, cars, houses, and so on.

However, Christina also had those things. Plus, these were not things that mattered to her. There were actually many reasons she did not want to get married. For example, the men in the television dramas analyzed by her mother were very unreliable. After getting married, it was all about the mundane aspects of managing household affairs and responsibilities. Another example was immature men. She did not want to get married and ended up looking after a husband who would require the same care and attention as a child. After combining many factors, Christina ultimately decided that she might as well work. Being single gave her freedom.

Christina thought, "Now it seems that being in a romantic relationship would bring a different feeling, and it's not as troublesome as I thought." A pleasant and magnetic voice brought her mind back to the present. "It's done," Joseph said. "Have a seat. Don't you feel cold? We can also watch the snow from the rooftop."

Christina forced a smile, but her earlier thoughts still lingered in her mind. She contemplated, "Would Joseph be a good choice? Would he always be like this? Would our interaction turn into arguments that are related to the mundane aspects of life that often come after marriage?" While pondering these questions, she said, "Thank you."

She was afraid of marriage, fearing that after getting married, the initial happiness would turn into a nightmare. There were too many such examples.

Before marriage, partners would stick to each other like glue, but after getting married, they would have intense arguments.

[Chapter 517](#)

After Christina sat down, Joseph wiped the other stool and adjusted his clothes before slowly taking a seat.

From Christina's perspective, she could see the snow on Joseph's shoulder. She also noticed that the color of his arm on one side was darker. Today's snow had a slight drizzle mixed in.

Christina instinctively looked at her own clothes, and she noticed that there was not a single snowflake on them. This action from Joseph was akin to throwing a stone into the deepest part of the lake, hitting the very center of it.

After staring blankly for a while, she took out a packet of tissues from her handbag and handed it over to him, gesturing for him to wipe. "Wipe your shoulder," she said. "It's a little wet."

Joseph took the packet of tissues and pulled one out, but he could not manage to wipe the particularly dark spot. Christina could not bear to watch. She stood up, walked over to Joseph's back, and took the tissues from the table. Silently, she helped him wipe away the snow from his clothes, gently patting it off first and then absorbing the moisture with the tissues.

Christina spent several minutes doing this, and throughout, Joseph had a smile on his face, remaining still as Christina helped him.

"Done," Christina said, feeling th

fabric with her fingertips and double-checking it.

"Thank you," Joseph said. Just as Christina was about to leave, Joseph quickly grabbed her wrist and asked her a question to sound her out. "Do you want to build a snowman?" he said.

Christina thought, "Build a snowman?"

"What a distant memory. How many years ago was it when I last built a snowman?" Ever since Chris went to college, he had no intention of taking over the company. This heavy burden had fallen on her shoulders.

The major that she chose was not a major that she loved, but she did not regret it. Among the three children, there had to be one to help out as their parents continued to get older.

-She thought, "I think I built a snowman with Stella when I was in my senior years at high school.

"It seems like it. I can't remember."

Joseph had always been observant. He could discern her true thoughts from her silence. He pulled her to sit on a stool. Then, he turned around and went to a spacious place. After choosing a spot, Joseph began to collect snow from the snowy environment. His warm hands were swiftly numbed by the cold.

The busy figure in the snow once again left Christina in a daze. This man was really skilled in understanding Christina's feelings. Step by step, he entered her heart silently. She was completely unguarded.

Joseph did not talk about love or affection. Ever since he confessed, he did not ask her if she wanted to be with him, nor did he rush her to make a decision. It was as if he was not the one who had confessed.

Joseph walked back and forth, exposing himself in the rain. A pile of snow had already piled up in the open space. Christina could not stay seated. Joseph's intention was to capture Christina's attention, not

through his busy figure but through the charm of the snow. However, Joseph did not know that Christina was actually paying attention to him.

She got up, walked over to Joseph, tugged at her coat, and squatted down. No one was holding an umbrella. The snow was still falling. "What should I do?" she asked.

Upon hearing this, the man beside her smiled and said, "I'll collect the snow, and you can form the snow into shapes." He would handle the laborious work. She just needed to work on the design in one spot.

"There's quite a lot of snow here," Christina said. "Don't go to get more snow." Christina felt the urge to hold Joseph's hands, wanting to know how cold his hands were.

In the end, she gave up, thinking that it was somewhat inappropriate. When her hand touched the snow, she no longer needed to feel the temperature of Joseph's hands. The coldness of the snow made Christina shiver, but she smiled happily and began to make snowballs. Joseph helped create the snowman's body, concerned that she might be too cold.

The two of them worked together and soon, they finished making a snowman. Joseph took off the scarf around his neck and wrapped it around the snowman's neck.

The cold wind mercilessly penetrated his neck. He felt cold, so much so that he shook his shoulders. It was really quite cold, but his hands, which were soaked in snow, had already begun to feel warm.

Christina's hands were getting warm as well.

It happened that there was an office upstairs that could enable people to have a view of the scene downstairs. Ethan stood expressionlessly by the window, craning his neck.

The bodyguards, one by one, curiously craned their necks. One of them asked, "Ethan, what's our boss doing?"

Ethan replied, "Are you blind?"

The bodyguard said, "Our boss has gotten into a romantic relationship? Wow."

Ethan looked at the bodyguard as if he was looking at an idiot. He thought, "Is this being in a romantic relationship? He's wooing her, idiot."

The two people downstairs felt a sense of accomplishment when they looked at the finished product, especially Christina. She had a long-lost joy on her face that was genuine, relaxed, and free from worries.

Christina was looking at the snowman, while Joseph was looking at her. When she turned around and mentioned wanting to take a photo so that it could serve as a keepsake of this moment, their eyes met. In an instant, sparks flew. A sense of romantic undertones and a romantic element intertwined with the falling snow.

Their hearts began to beat irregularly as the romantic element entered their bodies. The two of them, who were half-squatting, looked as if their energy points had been pressed. They remained motionless, and they only had each other in their eyes.

They kept moving increasingly closer to what their desires guided them toward. Christina followed her heart and tilted her head. Just when both of them were only half an inch apart, a sneeze interrupted the romantic moment that they wanted to continue.

When Christina snapped out of the romantic moment, she immediately stood up awkwardly. She lowered her head, pressed her right index finger against her nose, and said softly, "I'll go back to my room first."

Joseph's gaze turned serious. He nodded and said, "Okay."

Christina quickened her pace and left. Looking at Christina's back as she left hurriedly, Joseph first smiled. Then, he restrained his smile and said coldly, "Come out."

When Ethan, who was upstairs, saw the person coming out, he immediately sprinted downstairs at full speed.

Two minutes later, Ethan stood beside Joseph. The person who sneezed was Benjamin the driver. He was the bodyguard who drove Christina around and protected her.

Benjamin grinned and said, "What a coincidence, Mr. Turner, I just wanted to see how things are developing between you and Ms. Yamin."

Ethan noticed that Joseph had become displeased. He thought, "Who would be happy when their good time is disrupted? If it were me, I would have long removed Benjamin's arm." He had seen it clearly from upstairs just now. Joseph and Christina almost kissed.

In the end, such an idiot appeared out of nowhere. Ethan was afraid that Joseph would get angry, so he kicked Benjamin first, saying, "Hurry up and apologize to Mr. Turner. Why did you come to the hotel instead of staying at home to let your arm heal?"

Benjamin received the eye signals from Ethan. He then looked at Joseph, who was as cold as the snowman nearby. Benjamin began to panic. "Mr. Turner, I was wrong," he said. "I was wrong. Can I go back to let my injury heal?"

He thought, "Is it too late to run now? Can I act as if he didn't see me? Sneezing isn't something I can control.

"There's a gust of cold wind, and then there's a sneeze. That's a natural reaction."

Ethan struggled to hold the umbrella. The height difference became evident. Joseph's tone was very calm as he said, "You're very free. Getting thrown once is not enough."

He was referring to the shoulder throw from Christina.

Benjamin quickly shook his head and said, "No. I'm not. My hand isn't fully healed yet."

Joseph's voice was colder than the winter snow. He glanced at the snowman behind him and said, "I don't want to see any snow on the hotel's steps tomorrow morning.

"If this snowman melts, you will stand in this spot and pretend to be a snowman."

Benjamin looked like he was on the verge of tears but not being able to shed them. He felt deeply regretful. He thought to himself, "Why did I wander around late at night instead of sleeping? And now I can't sleep for the entire night. I need to clear the snow and guard Ms. Yamin's snowman. How miserable."

As soon as Joseph finished talking, he took the umbrella from Ethan's hand and said, "Put the shoe inserts in tomorrow."

Ethan replied, "Got it, Mr. Turner."

Benjamin, who was punished, burst out laughing. He said, "Haha. Mr. Turner thinks you're short. So darn hilarious. Hahaha."

Shoe inserts."

Ethan, a man of few words but resolute, gave Benjamin another solid kick, saying, "Just a reminder. There shouldn't be any snow on the hotel's steps tomorrow."

Benjamin's mind was finally brought back to the harsh reality. He thought, "What? It's still-snowing now. How is it possible for the steps to be snow-free? Isn't this like asking someone to sweep the fallen leaves away and make a courtyard clean all the time during fall? What a joke."

"Mr. Turner is just trying to play a prank on me, seeking revenge. My damn nose. Why didn't I sneeze earlier or later? Why

couldn't I wait for them to kiss before sneezing?"

Benjamin raised his hand and rubbed his nose. He thought, "Mr. Turner might as well ask me to sweep the restroom. At least the hotel's restroom is very clean."

When Christina returned to her room, her mind was filled with images of Joseph and herself getting very close to each other. She raised her hand to touch her cheeks, as if she could still feel Joseph's warm breath on her face. Her face began to blush slightly. She thought to herself, "If it weren't for that sneeze, we would probably have..."

"Why did we end up almost kissing?" She let out a sigh and inwardly predicted that she might not be able to hold on for long. "This man is extremely seductive," she thought.

She could now be sure that she had developed feelings for Joseph. However, she needed to confirm one thing. She wanted to know whether he was naturally gentle or if he was only being exceptionally gentle during this particular period.

What Christina was afraid of was the change between the dating phase and marriage. She could not see this aspect clearly at the moment, and this was where her confusion lay.

She was not a young girl who could recklessly disregard everything, like in a TV drama where young girls ran away and abandoned everything. Marriage involved two families. There were many things she needed to consider.

Furthermore, Joseph was from Sapphire City, while she was from Athana. She still needed to support the Yamin family. She could not abandon everything and do as she pleased. After thinking about it, Christina let out a sigh. "Indeed, adult love isn't that simple," she thought. "We can't just leave as we

please, and we can't just be together with each other just because we want to be together with each other. There are too many things to consider."

Joseph, who had a deep understanding of people's emotions and could connect with people on a profound level, was just so hateful. He deliberately sent a message to remind Christina. [Sorry, in that kind of scene, I can't help but want to kiss you.]

Christina was left speechless.

Christina adjusted her emotions, walked toward the floor-to-ceiling windows, and glanced at the snowy landscape outside. She then removed her wet coat and texted, [I understand. It's a normal reaction for adults.]

Joseph texted, [Thank you for being understanding, Ms. Yamin.]

Christina did not forget to remind him. She texted, [Don't mention that. Change your clothes in time. They are wet.]

Joseph texted, [Okay. Got it.]

Christina tossed her phone onto the bed, and it rolled on the large bed. She took her pajamas and went to take a shower.

Half an hour later, Christina sat under the blanket, adjusting the temperature to a comfortable degree. Sitting on the bed, she started to write post-shift reports, summarizing a series of tasks.

Busy work could temporarily clear trivial matters from one's mind. This was one of the reasons she enjoyed working. When people got busy, they would forget that they needed to think about their worries, forget to be sad, and forget to think about what to do tomorrow.

Meanwhile, inside the presidential suite, Joseph was also working overtime with his laptop on his lap. He was working overtime to adjust the contract with Christina. He had never intended for the legal department to handle this contract from the beginning.

After typing the last word, Joseph picked up the glass of red wine from the corner of the table and took a big sip. He rubbed his fingertips and recalled the scene downstairs. He could feel that Christina had feelings for him as well.

It was just that he could see a trace of worry and hesitation in her eyes.

He thought, "Is it because she is from Athana, while I come from a foreign country? Or is it due to the lack of management within the Yamin Group? I can handle all of these. It's not a problem.

"Or does she not trust me? The previous issues are all solvable, but the last one can only be proven with time.

“Trust between people isn’t built in a day, and I can’t blame Ms. Yamin for having doubts. She’s not a young girl anymore. She moves in the business world and at negotiation tables. She sees more things than the average person. Naturally, she has more things to consider.

“It’s not surprising. If she wasn’t good at thinking, the Yamin Group wouldn’t have completed one business deal after another through her efforts.”

[Chapter 518](#)

At three o’clock in the morning, in a dimly lit room, the person on the bed tossed and turned, unable to fall asleep. After struggling for an hour, it was just hard to drift off. The scene that had happened downstairs invaded her mind like a virus. It kept playing on a loop. Christina suspected that she was feeling lustful.

“Ah... Sigh, I’m going crazy.” Christina, driven to the edge by her insomnia, sat up. Her legs were bent, and her hands were propped on her legs as she covered her face.

She turned on all the lights, getting ready to read. Actually, the night is the best time for a puzzle, but she did not bring the unfinished palace puzzle.

Meanwhile, in the presidential suite, Joseph sat in the living room, holding a document that contained information that Ethan had looked into two hours ago. He was seriously reading it word by word.

Previously, when Joseph was abroad and collaborating with Christina and investing money, he was curious and casually looked into the Yamin family, focusing particularly on Christina. However, he did not investigate the reason behind her unmarried status.

Joseph had always been meticulous. When he met Christina’s eyes in the evening, he could repeatedly detect her deepest concerns and nervousness in her eyes. Logically speaking, a woman who was so direct at work should not have such conflicted emotions.

Christina had mentioned that Joseph was committed to a life without marriage. Initially, he did not take her words to heart. He thought she was just saying it casually to use it as an excuse to reject men. But in the evening, after repeatedly noticing the sense of hesitation in Christina’s eyes, he had no choice but to delve into it and address the issue at its core.

Ethan, who was asked to look into the matter, was puzzled. He thought, “Where am I supposed to investigate in the middle of the night?” He could only ask Pat for help. Meanwhile, Pat, who was far away at Athana, placed his hopes on Frank.

Pat did the right thing by placing hopes on Frank. Indeed, as it turned out, Frank, who was close to Chris, did know the reason Christina remained unmarried. However, Frank was not completely certain. If he wanted to be certain, he had to pull Chris out of bed and ask him.

And Frank had indeed done so. The document that Joseph currently held was the result of Frank waking up Chris late in the night for a one-on-one interrogation. The accuracy was quite high. The information known by family members was more accurate and reliable than what circulated as rumors in the outside world.

“As expected, these are the reasons,” Joseph said in a low voice as he looked at the document.

He thought, "All of these aren't problems. They can be solved. The most challenging part is that Christina has a slight fear of marriage. She is afraid that the state of marriage may decline."

Frank was quite free, and he was quite meticulous too. In the end, he asked Ethan to make a note of the reason behind Christina's fear of marriage and add it in parentheses, fearing that Joseph might not fully grasp the situation. Inside the parentheses, it was written that Angie had been giving Christina lessons on the relationship between a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law.

Joseph was left speechless. He thought, "What reason is that?"

Frank kindly gave Joseph a suggestion. At the bottom of the last piece of information, he asked Ethan to write a message. "Treat her sincerely" was the message.

It was like seeking advice from a pastor at a church.

Meanwhile, in one of the rooms of the Roberts family's villa in Athana, the temperature was continuously rising, creating a stark contrast with the outdoor temperature. The highest state of deep communication was when one forgot everything else.

An hour later, Ava lay in bed in a lethargic manner. Her hands were tired, so much so that she did not even want to move her hands. Her eyes were unfocused, and both sides of her cheeks were flushed, as if they had been applied with rouge. She said weakly, "I won't be able to get up tomorrow."

Frank sat on the edge of the bed to deal with the aftermath. He was about to go to the bathroom to get water to help Ava wash her hands. "If you don't want to get up, don't get up then," he said. "You can sleep as long as you want."

Upon hearing this, Ava waved. Her eyes were sparkling. Her slightly hoarse voice could be heard in the room. "Will you sleep in with me then?" she asked.

Frank replied calmly, "Yep."

While Frank was investigating, Ava was fully engaged throughout, and she had learned about her brother's strategies to pursue her beautiful future sister-in-law. She turned and lay prone on the bed, saying, "Frank, do you think my brother can eliminate the inner fears of my beautiful future sister-in-law?"

Frank brought a basin of water over and helped her wash her slender hands. Then, he wiped them clean with a dry towel and said calmly, "Yep. He can."

He thought, "Joseph is such a scheming person. He has many tricks up his sleeve. There is only one outcome for Christina. She will succumb to him. It's only a matter of time."

Frank thought to himself about this. He did not say it out loud.

Ava's hands were very fair. After exerting effort for so long, the area between her thumb and index finger had turned red. Frank felt a mild sense of sympathy. He said, "Baby Ava, let me apply some ointment for you."

Ava lay flat on her back and raised her hand to look at it. She refused, saying, "It's fine. It'll disappear in a bit."

This time, her period came a few days earlier. Her menstrual cycle lasted for six days, which was relatively long. Adding a three-day recovery period, it amounted to nine days in total. She had to go back a few days before the start of school. She could not let Frank suffocate to death.

"Such benefits still have to be given occasionally," she thought. "Otherwise, it would be so pitiful."

Frank picked up the basin and walked toward the bathroom. "Baby Ava, go ahead and sleep first," he said. "I'm going to take a shower."

"Let me go to the toilet first," Ava said. "It seems like there may have been a leak." Ava quickly got up. Just as she turned over, she stretched out too much while lying down. It seemed like there might have been an overflow.

Frank smiled and said, "I told you to slow down. Do you need me to help you get your close-fitting pants?"

"I'll go check if it got dirty first," Ava said. "You can get it for me later." With that, she was already off to the bathroom, wearing her slippers. She did not even close the door.

As expected, it was a little dirty. Ava, thinking that Frank was by the bed, called out loudly, "Frank, help me get a blue one."

"Is it the blue one?" asked Frank, who was waiting at the door.

Ava, who was in the bathroom, said with certainty, "Yes. The blue one. It's already early in the morning. The lucky color for today's horoscope is blue."

Ava had many pairs of underwear, each in a different color. She believed in horoscopes. She would match her underwear according to the daily prediction and instructions for her horoscope.

The white underwear was thrown into the trash can. Ava mostly discarded the ones stained with blood. This was relatively wasteful. The main reason was that bloodstains on pure cotton underwear were difficult to clean.

Ava took the underwear that Frank handed to her and said, "I'll wash it and come out of the bathroom. Wait for me... Wait – for me for ten minutes."

"There's no hurry," Frank said. "Take your time." Frank stepped out of the bathroom and helped close the door.

Eleven minutes later, Ava came out of the bathroom, walking carefully. As she stepped out of the bathroom, she noticed that Frank was sending a message. "Frank, are you messaging my brother?" she asked.

"No," Frank said. "I'm messaging Grace, asking her to buy you a white one tomorrow." Frank put away his phone and tossed it onto the bed.

"Oh," Ava said. "It's okay. How about I go shopping with my mom and Grace tomorrow, and you can go have fun with your father and the others?"

"Whatever makes you happy," Frank said. "Go to bed now. It's already half

“Okay,” Ava replied.

past

four.”

The next morning, the person who had insomnia the previous night did not wake up early and was still sleeping soundly in bed. As for Benjamin, who had made a mistake last night, he was in a worse state. He was still sweeping the steps, hunched over with a thick coat, looking just like a snow sweeper.

His back looked a little lonely and pitiful.

Ethan felt a bit of sympathy for this young man, so he said, “The hotel warehouse has snow-melting agents and salt. Use your brain.”

When Benjamin heard this, he immediately stopped sweeping the snow. He thought, “Jeez, what kind of people are these people?” Then, he said, “Fuck you. There’s this stuff, but why didn’t you tell me last night? I was like a street sweeper all night.”

Ethan said, “Are you brainless? We use those things to melt snow every year.”

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Benjamin was left speechless in response, unable to say anything.

At 12:30 noon, the snow had already stopped falling. A ray of sunlight after the snowfall seeped through the gap in the curtains and fell onto the snow-white blanket.

The

person in bed stretched out her smooth arms and yawned. She opened her sleepy eyes and raised her hand to place it on her forehead, tousling her curly hair. “No wonder Stella likes to sleep in,” she said. “Naturally waking up is indeed more comfortable than being woken up by an alarm clock. One will enjoy it.”

She straightened the blanket, sat up, and yawned again. She lifted the blanket and placed her feet on the floor, searching for her slippers. Christina had a quirk. She could not find her slippers when she woke up in the morning, forgetting which side of the bed she left them on before going to sleep.

She tied her hair up haphazardly, walked into the bathroom, and looked at her reflection in the mirror. She noticed that her face appeared somewhat fatigued after staying up all night. She turned on the tap and started freshening up, applying various skincare products from bottles and jars.

Once women reached the age of twenty-five, they would gradually start aging. Staying up late was indeed a catalyst for aging.

Thirty minutes later, after washing up and putting on light makeup, the person in the mirror looked alluring and captivating with delicate features. Christina felt that she was not old. She still looked quite young. It was just that she was somewhat

more mature.

However, Joseph was not young. He was almost thirty years old. At least she was a little younger, not yet at the age of thirty.

She was wearing an off-shoulder sweater, a long fishtail skirt, and a white down jacket. After packing up, she wondered if Joseph had woken up.

What Christina did not realize was that the number of times she thought about Joseph was continually increasing, but she was completely unaware.

Opening the curtains revealed a vast expanse of white below, extending to the roof as well. The white color provided a sense of comfort but also conveyed coldness. She took a closer look down below.

This made Christina unable to resist opening the window and stuck her head out to look. She discovered that it was the familiar and friendly driver who was sprinkling something on the steps, while one of the employees nearby was explaining something to him.

The floor was too high, and she could not hear what they were saying.

Christina had a guess in her heart. She just wanted to go downstairs and verify her guess,

The people downstairs were still chatting enthusiastically. Ethan was supervising and directing. It could be said that he was not helping at all. It was as if Joseph had sent him to supervise the work. He was very dedicated. "This way, and this way," he said. "If you want to rework, just underwork."

Benjamin was furious. He said, "Couldn't you help me last night? Mr. Turner is really too much. I merely interrupted his –kiss. Is there a need to punish me like this? Can't he just kiss Ms. Yamin again? Ms. Yamin looks pretty easy to get along with.

She's not a petty person who won't let people kiss her."

Ethan glanced at Benjamin expressionlessly and said, "Shut up. Do more work and talk less."

"I didn't sleep all night, and now I'm not even allowed to talk," Benjamin said. "Why don't you suffocate me to death?" As he spoke, he swept the snow. After sweeping, he sprinkled snow-melting agents and salt. It could be considered a double-layer defense.

Ethan and Benjamin did not notice the person behind them at all. "Are you guys talking about me?" Christina asked.

Christina smiled faintly, the corners of her mouth curled up, but this smile was a little meaningful. Ethan instinctively lowered his head and prepared to leave. "Wait a moment," Christina said.

Ethan, who had just taken a step forward, was stopped. Christina had been staring at Benjamin, who was about to knock his head on the steps. "Lift your head for me to see," she said. "Is your hand healed?"

Benjamin covered one side of his face and struggled. Christina made him abandon the thought of escaping. "Stop covering it," she said. "I've already seen it. Take it down. It's quite tiring."

"Haha, Mrs. Turner, what a coincidence," Benjamin said as he smiled, trying to please her. He looked a bit silly.

Addressing Christina as “Mrs. Turner” was inadvertently giving oneself away. Ethan was already silently cursing this fool. He thought, “Ms. Yamin, being such a smart person, must have guessed the reason immediately.”

Ethan muttered inwardly, “Oh no. When we face punishment shortly, I’ll definitely not be able to escape it.”

[Chapter 519](#)

x

Huh? What did he mean by that?

So that was it. At first, she was suspicious since the other hotels were fully booked and this one was empty.

Christina quickly sorted out the process of coming to Sapphire City from Athana. She was not angry. Instead, she smiled. He had racked his brains.

Christina looked at Benjamin with a faint smile. Her smile was terrifying. It was clearly a beautiful smile, but it made Benjamin’s hair stand on end. He did not dare to offend the person that his boss was protecting. He smiled back at her like an idiot. In the end, Benjamin’s smile looked more like he was crying or something.

Looking at Benjamin’s silly look, Ethan felt so embarrassed that he wanted to dig a hole and hide. He sighed in his heart. He was such a fool.

Christina deliberately pretended not to see the awkwardness between the two of them. She leisurely stuffed her hands into the pockets of her coat and moved her feet which were in black boots. She looked up at the highest point of the hotel and said calmly, “This hotel belongs to Joseph.”

It was an affirmative sentence, not a question!

Joseph Turner and Sapphire Hotel!

Benjamin glanced at Ethan and then at Christina. He nodded and shook his head vigorously.

Ethan wanted to run away from this idiot again!

Christina had already understood Benjamin’s expression. She continued to smile charmingly. “In that case your boss must be quite rich, right?”

The last two words were dragged out. It was directed at Ethan because he was the one who said the word ‘Young Master’. “Have we met before in Athana? Climbing a mountain?”

Ethan did not change the salutation because the boss did not manage to successfully woo her. He said expressionlessly, “Miss Yamin has a good memory.”

Christina continued to guess. “You’re quite honest. Are you a bodyguard or PA then?”.

A series of questions hit the bullseye, and she got everything right. Ethan answered truthfully, but in order to prevent Christina from continuing to ask, he said, "Miss Yamin, the boss did this to protect you. As for his original intention, as his subordinates, we don't know."

Christina didn't want to make things difficult for them, nor did she have the right to do so. She nodded in agreement. Instead, she admired his professionalism. He didn't spout nonsense, spread rumors, or speculate the boss's intentions blindly. He knew his limits.

"Don't be nervous. I just wanted to ask a few questions. Continue." As soon as she finished speaking, Christina stepped on the thick snow and walked towards the hotel.

Her back view was elegant. As if she had understood something, her footsteps were very light.

Joseph slept at around 6 p.m. After Christina left, Ethan immediately called him. Ethan felt that he should remind the boss that the matter had already been exposed.

The phone rang. Joseph picked up the phone in frustration. He opened his eyes and swiped the answer button. He said coldly, "Speak."

Ethan was nervous. "Miss Yamin has already seen Benjamin sweeping the snow."

There was no need for further explanation. With just one sentence, Joseph understood the situation. She was so smart that he could not hide it, and he did not intend to hide it for long.

Unprecedentedly, Joseph did not blame Ethan. He simply said two words, "Got it."

The call ended but Joseph was not in a hurry to call Christina. He wanted to see how Christina would react next. He smiled, lifted the blanket, and went straight to the bathroom to wash up.

Ethan knew that Joseph was about to get up and was about to go upstairs. As soon as he entered the lobby, he found Christina standing at the elevator entrance with her hands still in her pockets. She stood upright and looked at him with a faint smile. "Can you use your clearance to bring me up? It's not easy to meet your boss. It's like trying to see the president."

Ethan couldn't respond to this. He remained expressionless and maintained his professionalism as a bodyguard. "Miss Yamin, please."

Christina did not force his loyal subordinate to say anything. She shrugged her shoulders and entered the elevator first. Ethan followed closely behind. There were only Ethan and Christina in the private lift.

Christina's lazy question sounded in the enclosed space. "Let me ask you a question. Was it a chance encounter or an arrangement by your boss at the Athana golf course?"

Ethan replied expressionlessly. "We bumped into each other by chance. He just wanted to climb the mountain and happened to meet Miss Yamin."

Hearing this, Christina smiled. Oh god. That was some kind of fate. "Thank you for telling me."

"Miss Yamin, you're too kind. I'm just telling the truth."

Ding! The elevator door opened.

Ethan let Christina go out first. Under Ethan's lead, she followed him to the end of the corridor. Just as Ethan was about to ring the doorbell, Christina reached out and stopped him. "Let me do it."

The

person the boss wanted to see was probably Miss Yamin. Ethan nodded and retreated.

The doorbell rang a few times before the door was opened. Joseph, who was dressed in gray pajamas, was still holding a towel in his hand. When he saw Christina, who was looking at him meaningfully outside the door, Joseph instructed Ethan, who was beside Christina, "You can leave first."

"Yes."

The two of them had a different look in their eyes. Christina smiled, and Joseph smiled back and invited, "Ms. Yamin, come in and have a seat."

Christina did not say yes. She walked straight into the room. Joseph stood at the door and smiled before closing the door.

Christina walked into the presidential suite and looked around. She did not walk around but just stood there and looked around. "It's quite comfortable."

"Ms. Yamin, if you like, I can get you a room next door." Joseph turned around and went into the bathroom to put the towel

back.

When he came out again, his hair was a little messy. He must have washed his face and lost his usual elegance. Now, he was much more realistic. He was still as handsome as before.

She had always been teased by Joseph. Christina had the intention to retaliate. She approached Joseph step by step. Joseph did not retreat. He stood there as if he was waiting.

Just as the two of them were a few inches apart, Christina stopped in her tracks. She raised one hand and tidied the buttons of Joseph's pajamas with the other. The dark blue buttons were like the color of the deep sea. She stroked them a few times and slowly said, "This hotel is yours, huh?"

The woman seemed to be investigating and interrogating him. Joseph looked at her restless little hands with interest as she straightened his pajamas from the first button to the second. Then, she helped him tidy up the loose hair on his forehead.

"Yes, is there anything else you want to ask?"

Christina's lips, which were covered in lipstick, opened and closed. "I can tell that you really want to woo me. Mr. Turner has spent a lot of money and arranged for all the hotels by the side to be fully booked while leaving yours empty so that I will choose it. Isn't it a lot of loss in a day? What a pity."

Her face was filled with pity, heartache, and charm. Her voice was sweet and charming, and her smile made one's heart itch.

When Joseph saw how provocative she was, he deliberately lowered his head and whispered. His warm breath landed on her flawless face. "If I can't bear to part with the money, then I can't get anyone."

He thought that Christina would make the next move, but in the next second, she stepped back and took off her coat. The temperature in his room was really too high. She was not suitable for this temperature. Under the ambiguous atmosphere, her body temperature was already slightly higher than usual.

She placed her coat on the sofa and Joseph sat down at the side with a smile. She did not intend to continue teasing him. "Have you eaten breakfast?"

Christina sat on the sofa with her legs crossed and looked up. "You spent so much money just to make me take the bait, huh?"

"So I'll let you cooperate first or you'll hook first."

Christina's tone was very calm and not angry. She was really not angry. Her thoughts were somewhat similar to Joseph. To Succeed in something, one had to plan carefully and not act blindly.

For example, when it came to negotiations, cooperation, and courtship...

Therefore, she was not angry. Instead, she felt that Joseph had put in a lot of effort. Perhaps people in the business world thought differently.

If Christina wanted to chase after Joseph today, she would also use methods to plan how to chase after him. She might also set up a trap, encounter him by chance, help him, and so on.

"You can take it that your photoshop changed my mind. You're very skilled and have successfully gotten a man who doesn't want to get married to eliminate that idea."

Joseph indirectly praised Christina, who was sitting obediently across from him.

Christina smiled. She did not avoid his gaze and asked bluntly, "Isn't it because I'm good-looking?"

"Yes. You are more attractive in person than in the photos. I was blind, so Ms. Yamin, are you considering our next collaboration?"

As soon as he said this, Christina smiled, but a trace of hesitation flashed across her eyes. Joseph saw her hesitation and retracted his strength. "Do you mind waiting for me for a while? Let me change my clothes and take you to experience Sapphire City's local sights."

The topic was diverted. Christina could tell he was being accommodating to her hesitation. "Sure, I'll wait for you outside."

"Just sit here and wait for me. I can change in the room or bathroom. Isn't it cold outside?" Joseph asked Christina when he walked into the room.

Christina subconsciously said, "It's a little snowy today. You can wear a down jacket."

"Alright. As you say." Joseph said it naturally, but it sounded strange to Christina. Why was this man always teasing her from time to time? She really suspected that she would not be able to keep her cool for long.

He was a living veteran.

Joseph really listened to Christina. Half an hour later, he came out wearing a long black down jacket. Christina looked at the man who came out again and was stunned.

“Let’s go. Do you want Western food for lunch or Sapphire City’s cuisine?”

As he walked, he asked for Christina’s opinion.

Christina was not picky when it came to food. When she was busy previously, she would just stuff hamburgers and bread into her mouth. “I’m fine with anything.”

When they arrived downstairs, Joseph started the car and leaned over to help Christina buckle his seatbelt. “Do you need me to help you buckle it?”

Christina refused. She was not a delicate woman. She could handle this kind of thing herself. “No need. I’ll do it myself.”

The car started, and Ethan and Benjamin’s car followed behind them. Christina noticed it. It was also because Ethan followed openly. If he was hidden, Christina wouldn’t have noticed it.

“That was your bodyguard just now. Was the driver who gave me a ride the same?”

Joseph replied, “Uh huh. My father left me many assets. Do you mind being followed?”

“It’s alright.” It should be a safety issue, but Joseph made it sound so easy. Christina could guess it, so how could she say that she minded? This was a safety issue. “If it’s inconvenient, you don’t have to go out.”

“Concerned about me?” Joseph turned to look at Christina, only to see her looking away in the rearview mirror.

To ease her worries, Joseph smiled and said, “Don’t worry. Before you came, I went out to work every day. Didn’t we meet overseas?”

When Christina heard this, she realized that they had met each other overseas. A man like Joseph should have arranged everything before going out.

[Chapter 520](#)

The car stopped in front of a quaint building.

Joseph turned off the engine and got out of the car. Christina unbuckled her seatbelt at the same time. Just as she was about to open the door, Joseph opened the door first. He stood outside and reached out to help her.

Christina did not argue and reached out to give him her hand. In an instant, his large hand wrapped around hers and held her hand as they got out of the car. His warm palm transmitted warmth. After getting out of the car, she wanted to let go, but she realized that the man had no intention of letting go.

Christina looked up questioningly. Joseph simply said, “The 2
hold your hand.”

Should she say that he was scheming or that he

was meticulous?

snow up ahead, so it will be slippery. It's better for me to

Just like that, he led her into the restaurant. The private room had been booked long ago. It could be seen that Joseph had arranged everything in advance and had a plan. Christina indeed liked to have a plan. He was a mature man and knew what he was doing.

She didn't like immature men who were younger than her. At the very least, it was very tiring when it came to communication.

When they arrived at the private room, Ethan and Benjamin did not enter. Instead, they waited respectfully outside.

After sitting down, Christina said, "Since the driver who drove me previously was a bodyguard, why was he still knocked down by a mediocre person like me?"

Joseph took off his jacket, then took the jacket Christina had taken off as well and put them on the hanger. He pushed up his cuffs, exposing his dark blue wristwatch in the air. He said unhurriedly, "His duty is to protect you, not counterattack." Christina did not say anything else and seemed to understand. She took the menu offered by Joseph and expressed her gratitude. "Thank you. Do you have any recommendations Mr. Turner?"

This time, Joseph did not sit across from Christina. Instead, he naturally pulled the chair closer and sat on the side. He' leaned closer and recommended, "This and this are not bad. Ava asks for takeouts every time. If you like them, you can order them both."

Christina was not a wasteful person. "It's just the two of us. We won't be able to finish it if we over-order. Your sister is quite likable." ..

After ordering, a strand of hair fell down. Joseph couldn't help but reach out to help her push it back. Their eyes met and the atmosphere felt ambiguous. In an instant, it was as if sparks exploded between them. Christina looked away first and subconsciously tidied her hair. Her heartbeat was slightly abnormal.

Joseph did not seem to see anything. He only curled his lips at an angle where Christina could not see. He smiled faintly and said, "Ava is more lively. She says whatever she wants. Don't take it to heart if she does anything wrong. She doesn't have any

bad intentions."

"No, I like her. Joseph?"

Suddenly stopped, Joseph turned around and replied in confusion, "Huh? What?" ..

"Have you wooed other women?" Christina looked at him, waiting for an answer. She did not know why she had asked. Perhaps she was selfish and wanted to hear the answer in her heart.

Joseph said with certainty, "You're the first. Before you, I didn't want to get married."

She did not reply and only smiled. The dishes were served very quickly. Throughout the entire process, Joseph took care of Christina. He remembered that Christina said that she did not like to peel crabs. He rolled up the sleeves of his sweater, put on his gloves, and used a tool to pick the meat.

From the corner of her eye, she saw that this man was taking care of her. He did honest, Christina was very touched. No man had ever treated her like this.

seem to be pretending at all. To be

Charlie Yamin was not very thoughtful, not to mention Chris Yamin. At the dining table, he ate his own food and left after eating. She was the one who peeled the shelled seafood for her younger siblings and put food on their plates.

However, she wasn't sure how long Joseph's gentleness could last. She was also a li

a little afraid. If a person ate delicacies, it would be difficult for her to accept eating pickled vegetables every day.

After dinner, Joseph even took her to a few places. They were all places that Joseph often went to when he was free. It could be considered another way to let Christina understand him.

Just like that, during the day, while Christina was waiting for Joseph to sign the contract with her, Joseph would bring her out to know more about him every day. He wanted her to let go of the hesitation and conflict in her heart without rushing her. He just brought her out to have fun and make her happy.

One afternoon, after Christina and Joseph finished their lunch, Angie finally couldn't hold back her curiosity and called.

"Christina, how are you getting along with Joseph?"

Christina was not surprised that her mother already knew. There must be a reason why she did not call for so long. "Mom, as you wished."

Angie said anxiously, "You've already been gone for a few days. His parents are about to go back, but the two of you aren't together yet. Didn't the two of you already get to know each other for a long time? Now, you've already gone to Sapphire City to get to know each other. Haven't you gotten to know each other well enough?"

Christina sighed. "Mom, it's not a bad thing for me to know more."

Her parents didn't know that Joseph was the boss of the equipment company. Christina hadn't mentioned it yet, nor had she told her parents about the series of events in Sapphire City. Angie said, "I'm telling you, since he's a professor, he might be a little held back when it comes to courtship. If you like him, you can ignore gender and take the initiative first." \

Christina, "...". Was she a wolf? However, sometimes when she saw Joseph, she did have the urge to pounce on him. Perhaps she had been single for too long.

"Mom, have you watched too many television dramas?" How could her mother expect her to attack the guy, right? She really had to hand it to her mother.

“Let me tell you, the TV dramas I watched still have some use. University professors tend to be too disciplined and rigid. After chasing you for so long, you refused to give any answers. There must be something wrong with the way he’s doing it. Let me tell you, it’s not embarrassing for girls to take the initiative. As long as he likes you and you like him, the ultimate goal is to facilitate a beautiful love. If the man doesn’t like you, then it’s a different story. You definitely can’t fall for him. This is completely different. This means you are throwing yourself at him.”

Angie analyzed according to the television dramas she had watched. She was logical like a love expert.

However, Angie did make some sense. People knew it when they liked each other. “Got it. Go back to your TV then.”

Angie urged again, “Hurry up. He has such a good job, is a good man, and has good looks, so he’s a good catch. Do you hear

me?”

“Yes, yes,” Christina repeated perfunctorily.

After hanging up, Christina was speechless. If her parents knew that Joseph was the boss of this company and had the largest hotel in Sapphire City, what would they think?

Her mother probably had some misunderstanding about Joseph. He had set up traps and flirted with her from time to time. She was probably thinking too much about him being rigid. However, Christina felt that Joseph was accommodating her these few days.

He did not press on.

At night, in the sunroom of the Sapphire Hotel, half of the people were already asleep. Outside the transparent glass, was a beautiful starry sky dotted with stars.

Only the sober man and woman were sampling expensive red wine. The red nails added to the woman’s charm. She held the wine glass and kept swirling it while wearing slippers.

Originally, Christina was prepared to sleep. She lifted the blanket and got into bed. Before she could warm up, Joseph said that he would sign the contract at night.

As soon as she came up, he found an expensive bottle of red wine and two wine glasses on the table. It was obvious that they had been prepared in advance. Christina automatically thought it was to celebrate.

Joseph was wearing navy blue pajamas and holding a glass of red wine in his hand. He took a sip and asked, “How does it taste?”

“It’s not bad. After all, the price is there.” At this moment, Christina was not wearing any makeup. It was the first time Joseph saw Christina without makeup.

He had seen photos during the investigation, but he had never seen her without makeup in person.

Christina was also wearing pajamas. Before coming, she had planned to change her clothes. Joseph said that he was also wearing pajamas, so she had no intention of changing. She directly came to sign the

contract in pajamas and slippers. It was a different way of signing the contract. Both parties were wearing pajamas and slippers. It was really strange. Christina ignored the red pajamas she was wearing and raised her glass graciously. "Pleasure doing business with you." The sound of glasses clinking rang out in the silent sunroom. It was exceptionally crisp, like the sound of wind chimes colliding. Joseph smiled and drank the red wine in the glass in one gulp.

Christina's alcohol tolerance was not bad. Seeing that he was so forthright, she naturally drank it in one gulp. After drinking, she even raised his glass to indicate that the glass was empty. Joseph smiled again.

He picked up the bottle and poured half a glass of wine for Christina. He poured two-thirds worth in his wine glass for himself.

After drinking a few glasses, perhaps because she was slightly drunk, Christina no longer paid attention to her image. She bent her legs and raised them to the stool, hugging her knees with one hand.

Joseph didn't mind the real Christina. Instead, he smiled indulgently.

Christina picked up the glass and took a sip of wine. She gently put it down and asked, "Joseph, how many people have your face charmed?"

"Does it work on you?"

Christina nodded. Her cheeks were slightly red as if she had applied rouge. "It's definitely a lie to say no." She rested her chin on her hand. "If I say no, you'll definitely say that I don't have good taste."

"No, you've always had good taste. You can't drink anymore after this glass." It was best to be slightly drunk. It was not good to be drunk.

"Tsk. Joseph, you did it on purpose, didn't you? Do you have the intention of getting me drunk? Or are you being stingy after letting me sample this expensive wine? You have to take it back after letting me drink halfway," Christina complained to Joseph as she pointed at the bottle.

He could clearly feel that the woman was a little drunk. According to his investigation, her alcohol tolerance was not bad. Why was she a little drunk after just a few glasses of wine? However, this was still very cute compared to the usual Christina. It was especially real and relaxed. "If you like it, I'll give you a bottle tomorrow. If you drink too much at night, you'll have a headache tomorrow."

Christina was a little drunk. She looked at him with a burning gaze. Her gaze was straightforward. She put her leg down and rested her chin on her hand. "Joseph, you're indeed good-looking. You've gathered all your parents' strengths. Your sister is also good-looking. Frank, this guy has good taste. His taste is really sharp. I seem to have fallen for you. Will you always be so understanding?"

Joseph got up and stood in front of Christina. Without a word, he picked up Christina, who was already a little drunk. He held the signed contract in his hand and her slippers fell. Christina clung onto Joseph's neck. Looking at his sharp chin, she could not help but reach out and touch it. "If this face was in ancient times, it would be so hot."

Joseph did not speak or stop her. Christina did whatever she wanted. Ethan opened the door of the sunroom and lowered his head, pretending not to see anything.

Benjamin, who was beside him, was different. He looked at the background of Joseph hugging Christina and his jaw dropped in surprise. He snapped a picture. "Oh my god, why do I feel that the boss is a little immoral?"

Ethan said, "Send me the photo."

Benjamin covered the phone. This was dirt. Dirt that no one else could see. "Why should I?"

Ethan stood there without saying a word, but it was a blatant threat. In the end, under this threat, Benjamin forwarded the photo he had just taken to Ethan.

The despicable Ethan was actually not satisfied and deleted the photo from his phone entirely. In fact, Ethan had his own considerations. The structure of this child's brain was relatively simple. If his phone fell into someone else's hands, it would be troublesome.

Benjamin was cursing at Ethan all the way downstairs. He kept asking why he wanted his photo.

Meanwhile, Ethan acted as if he was deaf and did not react to Benjamin's chatter.