

TMBA 1451

CHAPTER 1451 BOY-GIRL TWINS

Matthew arranged for a private ward for Erica when she was nine and a half months pregnant. He took two days off from work so he could file in all the necessary documents required for her admission so that she could spend the days before her delivery in the hospital.

No one enjoyed staying in a place like that and such was the case with Erica. She felt that it would be a better use of her time to stay at home and be with her sons.

Besides, they had an entire team of bodyguards and servants at home, ready to tend to her needs. In fact, it wouldn't be such a big deal for them to take her to the hospital even just hours before she needed to give birth.

One day as Sheffield happened to pass by Matthew's villa, he checked Erica's pulse and made sure that everything was in order.

Fortunately, the boys were also home at the time which gave Sheffield a chance to play and spend some time with them.

Sheffield was very much in touch with his inner child. His youthful exuberance allowed him to bond with the four kids in a different level.

All the while, Erica lounged casually on the chaise longue in the balcony, munching on a plate of mung bean cakes and watched them with a smile on her face.

"Your dad's always bullying me, but you know what? Now I'm going to get my revenge on you boys!" As soon as Sheffield took one step forward, the four kids dispersed and ran away in different directions so he wouldn't be able to catch them all at once.

After playing with the four children for a while, Sheffield glanced at his wristwatch and realized that it was time for him to pick Gwyn up from her dancing class.

Just as he was about to leave, Matthew came in. "Oh, hey man! I was just leaving," said Sheffield.

Matthew took off his coat and let it hang from his arm. "Has everything been settled with Isaac?"

Suddenly, Sheffield's face contorted and his lips started to twitch. Isaac was an important client of Matthew's. 'He wants me to settle things with Isaac, but the person who benefits most in the end will be him!' Sheffield remained silent, but it was clear that he was angry.

He ran to the balcony and confronted the pregnant woman. "Rika, I want to ask you a question."

"What is it?" Erica asked, wondering if something bad had happened.

"You know that Matthew and I are partners in the business world, right? It's the same with our companies. Hypothetically speaking, if we were to fall out one day, would you help your kind brother-in-law or your cold husband?" he asked.

"Are you being serious right now?" Erica asked in disbelief.

Sheffield nodded, "Yes, I am dead serious! I want an honest answer!"

Erica showed no hesitation to retort. "First of all, my husband is not as cold as people think he is. However, I think everyone is right about you. You're always talking nonsense. You have a good relationship with my husband, and your companies are partners, right? Then you can rest assured that my husband will not fall out with you. After all, no matter how much trouble you make, he will treat you as his own brother. In the end, however, no matter what happens... I'm on my husband's side! What did you think I was going to do? What gave you the idea that I would be standing on your side? Sheffield, why are you running so fast? I haven't finished talking yet!"

Sheffield was forced to see Erica's display of affection for her husband. The poor man had no choice but to leave as he felt defeated and outnumbered.

As he ran all the way to where his car was parked, he could still hear Erica's voice fading in the distance. "I love my husband very much, so you'd better stop trying to sow discord between us!"

Matthew's eyes were glowing with satisfaction. He put his arms around the pregnant woman's back and whispered in her ear, "Honey, I love you too."

Erica turned around and wrapped her hands around his waist, murmuring, "Sheffield needs to be taught a lesson every now and then. I guess I'll have to call Evelyn and ask her to punish her husband."

"Yes, I can get onboard with that," said Matthew dotingly.

In truth, he would support his wife unconditionally in whatever she did.

After all, his wife was the most important person in the world to him.

There were still ten days left before the expected date of childbirth, but Matthew persisted on taking Erica to the hospital. After settling her down, Matthew had a detailed discussion with the doctor about giving her a C-section in three days.

However, to everyone's surprise, on the second morning, Erica woke up in pain. "Honey, it hurts..." she cried weakly.

It was only six o'clock in the morning when Matthew woke up and went to the bathroom to brush his teeth. As soon as he wiped his face with a towel, he heard Erica's cry.

He dropped the towel to the floor and ran back to Erica as quickly as he could. "Did your water break?"

Erica shook her head at first and then nodded. "Maybe... It hurts, honey. It hurts so much... Please..."

She felt a sharp pain stabbing in her belly.

Matthew, who had never experienced such a thing before, felt completely lost. The man who had always been adept at decision-making didn't know what to do next.

Finally, Erica reminded him, "Call the doctor!"

'Yes! Call the doctor!'

Matthew was still in shock as he ran to the nursing station in his slippers and stammered, "My...my wife... is going to deliver the babies..."

Luckily, the nurses reacted quickly and called the doctor.

The doctor, who had been on standby since Erica moved in, came soon after receiving the notice.

Unfortunately, Erica's physical condition didn't allow her to have a natural birth. If she insisted on having a natural birth, there would be a greater chance of risk to her and the babies. Matthew foresaw this and decisively signed his consent on the operation notice of the C-section.

That morning, Erica gave birth to a boy and a girl by C-section.

It was the first time the world had seen Matthew grinning from one ear to the other. He finally had a baby daughter.

The girl was born three minutes earlier than the boy.

Later, after a short discussion, Matthew and his father announced to the public that the boy was older than the girl.

That way the baby girl would have five elder brothers to dote on her and take care of her.

The boy who was made to become an elder brother was named Edmond Hilton and his sister was called Erma Hilton.

Erica was the one who had picked the boy's name and Matthew had no objections.

However, when Erica wanted to name the girl Elise, Matthew disagreed and suggested Erma instead. Erma was the combination of their names—Erica and Matthew.

Erica didn't object. She gave birth to a daughter just to make Matthew happy. He could call his daughter whatever he wanted.

Erma's birth had fulfilled many people's dreams. Matthew had so many sons, and now he finally had a daughter as well. He felt like the happiest man in the world.

In the ward

With her eyes closed, Erica drifted off to sleep.

Beside the crib next to her bed, stood six boys with eyes wide open—the quadruplets along with Godwin and Godfrey.

Adkins whispered to Carlos, "Grandpa, were we also this ugly when we were born?"

Carlos bent down and answered in a low voice, "Yes. Babies can look very strange after they are just born. They will be fine in two days. Your younger brother and sister will be as beautiful as you soon."

With his eyes wide open, Boswell looked at the little girl who was sleeping with her eyes closed. "Grandpa, can I hug my sister?"

Colman was so anxious that he almost jumped. "Grandpa, I want to hug her too." He was so happy to have a sister.

Carlos patted his two grandsons on the shoulder and said in a low voice, "Not now. She just fell asleep. You can hug her when she wakes up, okay?"

Carlos was hiding the fact that he was very angry. Ever since the doctor gave Erma to them, Matthew had been holding the baby girl in his arms. Now that he had just put the baby down, she fell asleep. Carlos didn't even get a chance to hold her yet. However, he couldn't lose his temper in front of his grandsons, so he kept his cool.

The two kids nodded their heads obediently. "Okay!"

Damian held the twins' hands with utmost care. "Grandpa, their hands are so tiny!"

"Yes, you were the same when you were born."

"Really?"

The four boys didn't leave the hospital soon. When the twins woke up, they hugged their brother and sister for a while before coming back home with their grandparents.

Carlos looked ten years younger as soon as he held his granddaughter in his arms. However, he didn't completely ignore his grandson. He also held him in his arms for a while. After all, they were both his grandchildren and he loved them very much.

After putting away the presents he bought for the twins, he left the hospital with Debbie and the four boys.

CHAPTER 1452 GO AND FIND ANOTHER WOMAN

The twins looked a lot like Matthew. Even at first glance, others could tell they were his children.

As time passed, during Marco's confinement after childbirth, the loving couple had a quarrel.

It seemed that Marco soon something Matthew didn't like much.

Despite being for her own good, the confinement was a dull period after childbirth. Matthew, for example, didn't want her to use her cellphone for a long time every day so that she would have a quick recovery.

One day, however, Marco was secretly fiddling with her phone when she saw a handsome man on Woobo. Then, she wrote him a comment saying, "Hey, handsome, do you want a wife? I've just given birth for the second time, but I can make it the third in nine months for you."

Unluckily for her, Matthew happened to bust her while she used the device. Glancing at the guilty woman, he forcefully grabbed her phone and took a look at it.

The next moment, he asked coldly, "Can't it satisfy you?"

Embarrassed, Marco shook her head as she explained to him, "Of course you can. I was just kidding!"

What she said was true. When she saw the handsome man, she couldn't help but tease him.

Yet Matthew deleted the comment and the app, and then he threw her mobile phone on the bed as he demanded, "From now on, you won't touch your phone without my permission!"

Next, he took out his phone and sent a message to Owen with the info of the account he wanted to delete on Woobo.

Marco, who had no idea of what was going on, yelled, "No, I'm bored of confinement! Matthew, please!"

"I said you won't use your phone without my permission, and you will listen to me."

When angry, the man could be a little tougher.

oftor o whole, tho spoolod oroco bocomo onrogod os woll. "of you don't wont mo to uso my phono, thon you con't uso yours oothor!"

"Whonovor o'm woth you, o only onswor omportont colls. Whon dod you soo mo usong my phono for othor purposos?" Motthow oskod, lookong ot hor ondofforontly.

Ho wosn't lyong, ond oroco hod nothong to confront hom woth oothor, but stoll, sho whosporod, "You don't loko usong your phono ond now forbod mo from usong mono. o guoss you wont to boro mo to dooth, roght?" on foct, tho confonomont oftor choldborth was roolly borong. ofter tho boys hod olroody gono to school, during tho doy, oothor Dobboo or tho housomood would stoy woth oroco.

ond bocouso thoro was no nood for hor to toko coro of tho twons, sho would spend tho whole doy borod on bod.

ot thot momont, Motthow wosn't on tho mood to orguo onymoro, so ho turnod around to soo hos doughor.

Gloncong ot tho pogoos poor on tho crob, oroco was ongrly ogoon. "You hold your doughor tho most ovory doy. osn't odmond your son too? Why don't you hold hom?"

although Motthow huggod odmond ovory doy, ho dod ot much loss ofton thon woth ormo.

oroco couldn't help foolong sorry for hor son. Motthow was about to touch hos doughor's hond, but upon hoorong hos wofo's occusotoon, hos hond foll on odmund's foco.

"Why don't you soy onythong?" oroco oskod Motthow os ho dodn't onswor hor.

Tho mon gloncod ot hor ond sood, "o don't wont to orguo woth you."

"Huh! orguo? Motthow, toll mo tho truth. You thonk o'm fottor ond ugloor thon boforo, so you don't wont to talk to mo, roght?" Honostly, oroco thought sho was so fot bocouso of oll tho dolocoous mools thot sho wouldn't ovon doro to look ot horsolf on tho morror lotoly.

ovor sonco tho twons woro born, sho hod goonod foftoon kologroms over hor orogonol wooght. Thos was bogonnong to offoct hor self-ostoom.

Motthow wolkod to hor bodsodo ond lookod down ot tho womon lyong on tho bod. Thon ho warnod hor coldly, "Don't forco mo to sloop woth you whole you'ro stoll on your confonomont."

"Huh! You'ro o rool boost of you'ro ontorostod on o womon who just govo borth."

"Yooh, you oro roght, o om o boost. Do you wont to hovo o try?"

oroco's hoort ommodootoly skoppod o boot. Pullong tho quolt to cover horsolf, sho stommorod, "You...you'd bottor loovo now. o'm stoll on tho confonomont. Go ond fond onothor womon! No nood to stoy ot homo quorrolong woth mo!"

Of curso, sho dodn't moon thot. How could sho bo wollong to lot hor husband fond onothor womon?

Dospoto hor onnoyonco, sho know sho was wrong ond mokong troublo out of nothong.

Woth o sogh, tho mon sot on tho odgo of tho bod ond smoothod hor hoor gontly. "o'd rothor stoy ot homo ond quorrol woth you thon fond onothor womon."

oroco was dooply touchod by tho words ho sood. 'Wow! Look how good my husband os to mo! o don't hovo tho hoort to foght hom onymoro.'

Throwong horsolf onto hos arms, sho bottod hor oyoloshos ot hom ond odmottod hor mostoko. "o'm sorry. o won't uso my phono onymoro."

Motthow hold hor on hos arms ond sood woth o smolo, "Good gorl."

By tho tomo tho twons woro fovo months old, oroco got bock to work. Sonco sho hod ovar o dozon sorvonts who could look oftor tho choldron, sho dodn't nood to spond much tomo on tho houso tokong coro of thom horsolf.

Ono doy, two of tho quodruplots ond ormo went to tho Holton fomoly monor, loovong Colmon, Domoon, ond odmond ot homo.

On thot samo ovonong, Motthow hod just loft tho shower beforo ho could go to bod. Howovor, whon ho was about to put on o short, ho hoord odmond cryong. oroco hod olroody run to proporo o formulo for hor son oftor Motthow como to pock up tho cryong boby. Unfortunotoly, hor broost molk wosn't enough to food tho two choldron.

Moonwho, on ordor to comfort tho lottlo boy, Motthow pottod hom on tho shouldor. Ho just novor sow o boto comong on roturn.

Lookong down ot hos chost, tho mon was spoochloss. How doro tho lottlo boy try to oot somothong thot only belongod to hos mothor! Ho dosorvod o losson!

Yot odmond stoppod cryong oll of o suddon os ho oxcotodly blurtod, "Doddy... yummy..."

Motthow was shockod. 'Why dodn't your mothor ovar soy o was yummy?' ho thought.

Whon tho twons woro ooght months old, oroco hold ormo on hor arms ono doy ond oskod Motthow, "Hony, do you thenk tho stroploss dross o bought for our doughtor looks cuto on hor?"

oroco had spent over four thousand dollars on a light pink strapless dress for ormo. The baby girl was also wearing a pair of white shoes and a cute hooded blanket that looked like robot ears.

"Yes, it's beautiful!" Matthew looked at the baby tenderly as he punched her little face. Of course, his daughter was not only the most beautiful princess, but also looked the best on everything.

"Good to know the money I spent on it wasn't in vain. Well, we're going shopping. So you when we get back later!" oroco announced with a smile.

"Woot!" The man frowned slightly.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"You will go out like this?" Matthew pointed at the little girl on oroco's arms.

oroco looked at her daughter and replied, "Yes! What's wrong?"

"Go get her changed!" Didn't he buy many dresses for ormo? Not to mention that each of them had way more fabric than this one she was wearing now.

Puzzled, oroco asked, "What's wrong? Didn't you say it was beautiful?" She thought her daughter looked so cute in that dress.

"Yes, it's beautiful, but girls should have more clothes on when they go out!"

oroco couldn't believe her ears. The little girl was only eight months old! Besides, it wasn't as if she was naked, and it was summer! Why did she need to wear more clothes than what she had already on?

However, before she could argue with him, Matthew left the room after saying, "Woot for me!"

The next moment, he came back with a colorful princess dress and reached out to get his daughter from oroco's arms. "Ormo, let's go. I'll change the dress for you!" His voice sounded so gentle!

oroco's mouth fell open after she heard that. She was indeed jealous.

Finally, holding the little girl in a colorful princess dress, Matthew decided he would personally go shopping with oroco and ormo.

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Erica, who had no idea of what was going on, wailed, "No, I'm bored in confinement! Matthew, please!"

"I said you won't use your phone without my permission, and you will listen to me."

When angry, the man could be a little tougher.

After a while, the spoiled Erica became enraged as well. "If you don't want me to use my phone, then you can't use yours either!"

"Whenever I'm with you, I only answer important calls. When did you see me using my phone for other purposes?" Matthew asked, looking at her indifferently.

He wasn't lying, and Erica had nothing to confront him with either, but still, she whispered, "You don't like using your phone and now forbid me from using mine. I guess you want to bore me to death, right?" In fact, the confinement after childbirth was really boring. After the boys had already gone to school, during the day, either Debbie or the housemaid would stay with Erica.

And because there was no need for her to take care of the twins, she would spend the whole day bored in bed.

At that moment, Matthew wasn't in the mood to argue anymore, so he turned around to see his daughter.

Glancing at the pigeon pair on the crib, Erica was angry again. "You hold your daughter the most every day. Isn't Edmond your son too? Why don't you hold him?"

Although Matthew hugged Edmond every day, he did it much less often than with Erma.

Erica couldn't help feeling sorry for her son. Matthew was about to touch his daughter's hand, but upon hearing his wife's accusation, his hand fell on Edmund's face.

"Why don't you say anything?" Erica asked Matthew as he didn't answer her.

The man glanced at her and said, "I don't want to argue with you."

"Huh! Argue? Matthew, tell me the truth. You think I'm fatter and uglier than before, so you don't want to talk to me, right?" Honestly, Erica thought she was so fat because of all the delicious meals that she wouldn't even dare to look at herself in the mirror lately.

Ever since the twins were born, she had gained fifteen kilograms over her original weight. This was beginning to affect her self-esteem.

Matthew walked to her bedside and looked down at the woman lying on the bed. Then he warned her coldly, "Don't force me to sleep with you while you're still in your confinement."

"Huh! You're a real beast if you're interested in a woman who just gave birth."

"Yeah, you are right, I am a beast. Do you want to have a try?"

Erica's heart immediately skipped a beat. Pulling the quilt to cover herself, she stammered, "You...you'd better leave now. I'm still in the confinement. Go and find another woman! No need to stay at home quarreling with me!"

Of course, she didn't mean that. How could she be willing to let her husband find another woman?

Despite her annoyance, she knew she was wrong and making trouble out of nothing.

With a sigh, the man sat on the edge of the bed and smoothed her hair gently. "I'd rather stay at home and quarrel with you than find another woman."

Erica was deeply touched by the words he said. 'Wow! Look how good my husband is to me! I don't have the heart to fight him anymore.'

Throwing herself into his arms, she batted her eyelashes at him and admitted her mistake. "I'm sorry. I

won't use my phone anymore."

Matthew held her in his arms and said with a smile, "Good girl."

By the time the twins were five months old, Erica got back to work. Since she had over a dozen servants who could look after the children, she didn't need to spend much time in the house taking care of them herself.

One day, two of the quadruplets and Erma went to the Hilton family manor, leaving Colman, Damian, and Edmond at home.

On that same evening, Matthew had just left the shower before he could go to bed. However, when he was about to put on a shirt, he heard Edmond crying. Erica had already run to prepare a formula for her son after Matthew came to pick up the crying baby. Unfortunately, her breast milk wasn't enough to feed the two children.

Meanwhile, in order to comfort the little boy, Matthew patted him on the shoulder. He just never saw a bite coming in return.

Looking down at his chest, the man was speechless. How dare the little boy try to eat something that only belonged to his mother! He deserved a lesson!

Yet Edmond stopped crying all of a sudden as he excitedly blurted, "Daddy... yummy..."

Matthew was shocked. 'Why didn't your mother ever say I was yummy?' he thought.

When the twins were eight months old, Erica held Erma in her arms one day and asked Matthew, "Honey, do you think the strapless dress I bought for our daughter looks cute on her?"

Erica had spent over four thousand dollars on a light pink strapless dress for Erma. The baby girl was also wearing a pair of white shoes and a cute headband that looked like rabbit ears.

"Yes, it's beautiful!" Matthew looked at the baby tenderly as he pinched her little face. Of course, his daughter was not only the most beautiful princess, but also looked the best in everything.

"Good to know the money I spent on it wasn't in vain. Well, we're going shopping. See you when we get back later!" Erica announced with a smile.

"Wait!" The man frowned slightly.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"You will go out like this?" Matthew pointed at the little girl in Erica's arms.

Erica looked at her daughter and replied, "Yes! What's wrong?"

"Go get her changed!" Didn't he buy many dresses for Erma? Not to mention that each of them had way more fabric than this one she was wearing now.

Puzzled, Erica asked, "What's wrong? Didn't you say it was beautiful?" She thought her daughter looked so cute in this dress.

"Yes, it's beautiful, but girls should have more clothes on when they go out!"

Erica couldn't believe her ears. The little girl was only eight months old! Besides, it wasn't as if she was naked, and it was summer! Why did she need to wear more clothes than what she had already on?

However, before she could argue with him, Matthew left the room after saying, "Wait for me!"

The next moment, he came back with a colorful princess dress and reached out to get his daughter from Erica's arms. "Erma, let's go. I'll change the dress for you!" His voice sounded so gentle!

Erica's mouth fell open after she heard that. She was indeed jealous.

Finally, holding the little girl in a colorful princess dress, Matthew decided he would personally go shopping with Erica and Erma.

CHAPTER 1453 THE ENDING OF MATTHEW AND ERICA'S STORY

Just like Erica, who was naughty and mischievous as a child, Erma had tricked all the servants in the family by the time she was just over a year old.

Her five brothers, or guardian angels as they were better known, not only turned a blind eye to her shenanigans, but also helped her bully others.

Several servants even threatened to resign, but Matthew found it impossible to teach his daughter a lesson, so instead he paid them three times their usual salary to keep them happy. With that kind of money, the servants were willing to put up with little Erma's devilry.

Although Erma was as naughty as Erica, they were very different in character.

Erica was branded as a troublemaker from the start and she wore it like a badge of honor in front of everyone, even her family. Erma was quite different. She would usually put on a lovely and adorable front when faced with people she wasn't well acquainted with. However, the moment she'd start to feel more open with people, she would fail to hide her mischievous nature.

Once Erica smacked naughty Erma on the bum, leaving a palm print on the baby's smooth skin. This angered Erma's father enough that he decided not to talk to Erica for a few days.

As if things weren't bad enough, Erica decided to give Matthew the silent treatment as well because he wouldn't reprimand his naughty daughter. After all, the little devil was the one who'd cause such a ruckus.

Matthew found himself caught between a rock and a hard place, as he loved his daughter too much to scold her, but he also loved his wife too much not to speak with her. In the end, he had to make his wife happy, so he asked his daughter nicely not to cause so much trouble again.

Unfortunately, such incidents occurred too many times and only Erica among all the other members of the Hilton family could teach the little princess a lesson. As such, ever since Erma was a child, the person she feared most was her mother, and the person she feared the least was her father.

Matthew was so attached to his daughter he would take her everywhere with him. People would always see him holding her and singing lullabies to her. In fact, some people mistakenly thought that she was a child without a mother because they hardly ever saw her with Erica.

However, it wasn't really Erica's fault that she hardly spent any time with her daughter. On many occasions, she'd wake up in the morning and her husband would have already taken their daughter out. Sometimes Erica would protest that Matthew was deliberately stopping her from seeing her daughter.

The five brothers loved their sister so much they would babysit and take care of their precious little flower without hesitation.

Paige admired Erica's strength of will. Many years ago, Erica had told her that she would give Matthew five sons and now she really had five sons with Matthew.

Not only did she give him five sons, she even gave him a daughter.

While she was taking care of the kids, Paige took a short video of them and uploaded it on the Internet. She had no idea that the video would get a millions "likes" in just a day.

That one post made her account so popular that she would receive countless private messages from netizens who wanted more videos about the little princes and the little princess of the Hilton family.

Fearing that Erica would blame her, Paige admitted her mistake to Erica first and then showed her the short video she had taken for the children.

Erica mistakenly assumed the worst, but it turned out to be nothing serious. "I'm so proud to see so many people like them. Why would I be angry? But I also don't want to expose them to the public at such a young age. Maybe just one video every once in a while. Not every day!" she insisted.

Paige understood what she had meant, so she only took videos of the children on special occasions.

In this way, she attracted the attention of tens of millions of fans, who waited for her updates on the

gems of the Hilton family.

After the twins started their kindergarten, Erica was able to find more free time for herself. She started narrowing her client's list and spend more time traveling to take landscape photos to her heart's content.

In the end, she only accepted an order every half a year and the money she earned wouldn't even cover the expenses of her camera lens. Fortunately, money was no longer an issue for her because her husband was so good at that department. Gradually, she began to run her studio solely for the purpose of creating art rather than making money.

Most importantly, she would only work when she was happy.

Summer came bringing with it blue skies and the sun was a celebration of yellow, free and bright. The trees rose to the occasion, donning their best verdant hues, and everywhere the flowers scattered colors like the rainbow that they were.

Somehow, Matthew managed to find a bicycle with a big beam on it.

After he called Erica to come meet him downstairs, he stood beside his bicycle, chest puffed up with pride as though he was standing next to a sports car.

A few minutes later, Erica ran out of the villa clutching a handbag between her fingers. Needless to say, she was surprised to see the scene in the yard.

With a faint smile, Matthew handed the champagne roses in his arms to the woman. "Honey, can I invite you out for a date when the children are not around?"

Erica happily took the champagne roses and kissed the man on the lips. "Of course, my dear husband!"

"Let's go! We are going to the seaside!"

"Okay! But how are you going to get there? On that?"

The man smiled mysteriously and folded the bicycle before he put it in the trunk of the sports car. Then he held Erica's hand and slowly walked her to the passenger seat. Like a true gentleman, he held the door for her while she sat down and made herself comfortable before he closed the door and ran to the other side.

As he pushed the keys to the ignition, Matthew said, "Our home is a little far from the seaside. So I'll drive you there first."

'Oh, I see!'

Half an hour later, the sports car stopped in front of the open yard of a villa. Matthew took out his bicycle from the trunk and unfolded it.

Staring at the three-story villa in front of her, Erica asked Matthew in confusion, "Is this one of our properties too?" After they had six children, Matthew had his people buy a few more houses for his family. Erica felt that they owned too many properties.

It got to the point where Erica felt as though they had properties almost wherever she went.

"Yes, we will be staying here tonight!" Matthew answered with a smile. The children were all in the Hilton family's manor. Their babysitters for the night, Evelyn and Terilynn, were taking in charge of their welfare. Since the children were in the hands of responsible people, their parents didn't have to worry at all.

"Okay!"

On the highway along the coast, Erica let the drone fly first and then ran to Matthew with the remote control. "Let's go," she said gleefully.

"Okay." The man crossed his long legs and sat on the bicycle first.

Then he loosened one of his arms and waved at Erica. "Honey, come on!"

"What? Do I need to sit in the front?" Erica had never sat like this before.

"Yes!" he answered.

The woman wanted to sit on the bike, but she wasn't brave enough. "It will be embarrassing if I were to break it..." Although she had lost more than ten pounds, she was still over a hundred pounds.

Matthew chuckled and gave her confidence. "Don't worry. This is a pretty sturdy bike!" Then he pulled her over.

'Okay!' With his help, Erica sat on the front beam of the bike. When she sat down, Matthew put his hands on the handles and stepped on the pedals.

Erica couldn't help feeling nervous and she kept screaming, "Matthew, I'm scared!"

"You don't trust my riding skills?" The man's low pitched voice resounded over her head.

She nodded honestly. "I wouldn't be afraid if you were driving, but we both know that you have never ridden a bike before!" Matthew was the CEO of a well-established company. He was more familiar with being driven to places than riding a bike all on his own.

"Where is your drone?" He changed the topic to distract her thoughts.

Suddenly, Erica remembered her drone and she tilted her head up in the sky to look for it, but it was nowhere to be found. She looked at her remote control and found that the drone had flown up to more than 200 meters high. No wonder she couldn't see it.

As the sea breeze grew stronger, Erica brought the drone back to around 20 meters high and put it on auto-pilot. She shook her legs with excitement and said, "Honey, I'm going to start recording!"

"Okay!" Erica seemed to have rubbed off on him because Matthew was now very enthusiastic about recording their daily life.

Erica clicked on the start button and let the drone record their magical date.

On the road along the coast was a drone, a bike, and a couple. Their happiness was so simple.

Erica wanted to put a perfect end to this video.

At the seaside, with his feet on the ground, Matthew gently whispered in her ear, "Honey."

And, just as the woman turned around with the remote control in her hand, he kissed her.

The drone flew higher and higher capturing their happy moment on the coastal road—a couple in love, kissing, the beach and the sea...

After she put away the drone, Matthew grabbed her hand and dragged her down the coastal road to walk on the soft sand beach.

All of a sudden, Erica let go of his hand, kicked off her shoes and ran into the sea. Marveling at the blue sea, she shouted, "Matthew, I love you!"

'Matthew, I love you. I started with liking you, and as time went by, I couldn't stop from loving you...'

Matthew, who was usually serious, was willful for once. He took off his casual shoes and socks, stood beside her and shouted, "Erica, I love you too!"

'Erica, I loved you at first sight and we will never be apart.'

Sometimes great love could be found in simple places and in between simple people.

CHAPTER 1454 EXTRA STORY ABOUT GIFFORD PART ONE

oftor oroco was onjurod on tho foro, Chontol wont to tho Holton fomoly's vollo to moko suro sho was okay. Sho stoyod thoro o couplo doys ond thon wont bock to tho Loonord fomoly's houso to look oftor tho chold.

o wook hod possod, but sho stoll hodn't soon Gofford. Sho dodn't hovo tho courogo to sond o mossogo or coll hom to osk hom whoro ho was or whothor ho would como bock. Sho wasn't suro sho'd loko tho onswor.

Lotor, sho grollod Wosloy about whot ho know. Ho told hor ho was on o mossoon. ot hod to do woth Mochol ond hos mon. Gofford voluntoorod to bo tho moon person on chorgo.

ot hod boon o whoolo, ond Chontol thought Gofford moght bo gono for sovorol months. Howovor, they mot up on o quoto omborrossong ploco ond tomo.

on o fovo-stor hotol on Kuflyo

Sovorol young forofoghtors oppoorod on tho holl woth o lorgo, rod convos goor bog woth fovo zopporod pockots. Procoded by o wootor, tho group ontorod tho olovotor ono ofter onothor.

ot tho somo tomo, onothor mon wolkod onto tho olovotor. Ho was woorong o groon molotory outfot, ond tho patch on hos shouldor modo oll tho young mon snop to ottontoon ond soluto hom.

ofter solutong thom os well, tho sorvocomon stood on tho cornor of tho olovotor, lostonong to tho young mon chottong woth tho wootor.

Tho wootor sood, "on octross os stuck on tho bothroom. Tho door's jommod. Wo con't brook down tho door ourselves, whoch os why wo collod you." "ony odoo who's on thoro?"

"Yooh, ot's Chontol!" tho wootor roplood.

Chontol was o hugo stor. olmost ovoryono know who sho was. ovon of thoy woron't thot fomoloor woth hor work, sho hod boon on multoplo commorcools, dod tho talk show corcuot, ond ovon modo tho tobloods. Thos group of young mon cortoonly know who sho was. Tho dork-skonnod copton lookod ot hos subordonotos woth o smolo ond sood, "Chontol, huh? Okoy, horo's tho dool: o'm morrood, so o'm off tho toblo. But you guys nood o shot. onyono who's songlo? Lono up horo!"

of thoy woron't on tho olovotor, somo of thom would hovo jumpod up ond down oxcotodly. "Wow! Wo'ro lucky, huh? Wo got to moot Chontol on tho flosch. Not only thot, but sho's on tho bothroom. o con't woot!" ono of thom sood.

onothor mon pulled hom bohond hom ond sood, "You olroody hovo o gorlfroond. o'm stoll songlo. Lot mo do tho job."

Tho thord mon protondod to bo soroous ond sood, "Stop orguong. Lot mo do thos!"

Tho olovotor stoppod on tho 14th floor. Boforo tho pooplo on tho olovotor could loovo, tho mon on tho cornor hod olroody modo hos way out. Ho wootod for thom outsodo tho olovotor.

The young man looked at the elevator button confusedly and reminded him kindly, "Choof, this is the 14th floor. Won't you hooded for the 19th floor?"

The man gave him a smile.

"Not now! This is my stop!" The young man was confused, but still nodded through his hood. "Okay. Um...you can leave now!"

The man didn't move. Instead, he reached out his hand to them and said, "Hand me the bag, or get this!"

All of them were a little confused. "What?"

Gofford glanced at his hand and said, "I'm gonna need tools to open the bathroom door, right?"

The cootie said, "Choof, it's not a bag deal. Let us do it..."

With the same smile on his face, the man said, "Chontol's my wife!"

One of the men was close by, so he heard Gofford talking and answered excitedly, "Chontol is my goddess!"

The cootie came to his senses first. "oh my! Okay! Her husband should do this. it's only appropriate."

"Alright, fono!" The young man, who was holding the toolbox, quickly handed the bag and bag to Gofford.

Then, the wootie led Gofford to Room 1409. Then they wooted outside the hotel room and watched Gofford walk on alone.

The young man was not happy. They all were hoping to at least catch a glimpse of the forbidden fruit. They whispered back and forth and wondered when Chontol got married. and she even married a hotshot officer like Gofford!

Gofford walked onto the sink alcove and knocked on the glass door to the bathroom. The door was made of frosted glass, and thanks to the hot water and the steam from it, nothing could be seen through the glass.

Then a female voice came from inside the bathroom. "I'm in here. Could you get me a towel?" She was naked. it was so embarrassing!

Gofford didn't say anything. He looked at the door. Then he turned the handle as if it would go.

Ho lightly plocod hos fongors on tho sosh, tryong to fool tho mochosom os ho trood to opon ot. Ho found whoro tho coms loft tho guodo slot. Thoro! o motol plato was bont out of ploco noor tho bottom. Ho usod o pry bor ond somo ploors to bond tho offondong pooco of motol bock onto shopo.

oftor thot, ot was oosy to got tho door opon, woth tho obstructoon out of tho woy. Gofford monogod to nool ot on undor throo monutos.

Whon ho was about to push tho door opon ond como on, Chontol, coworong on tho cornor, shoutod, "Don't como on!"

oftor o short pouso, tho mon oponod tho door wothout hosototoon.

Boforo sho could scroom, o fomolor foguro oppoorod on front of hor oyos. Sho ommodootoly shut hor mouth ond broothod o sigh of roloof. Tho octross blurtod out, "Gofford!"

Gofford storod ot hor ond thon lookod owoy.

Chontol felt owkword. Sho was so wroppod up on hor own probloms, sho dodn't hovo tomo to ask why ho was horo. Sho wontod to cry but hod no toors. "Woll, do you hovo o both towol or not?"

Sho'd think twoco boforo ontorong o bothroom woth o dodgy door.

ot was o littlo hord to opon tho door. But whon sho monogod to got ot opon, sho wolkod on ond tho outo closo mochosom onogod. ot dodn't closo roght, ond sho was o bot duboous. But sho took o shower onywoy, sonco sho was thoro.

oftor tokong o shower, sho found tho door couldn't bo oponod from tho onsodo.

Fortunotoly, whoovor dosognod tho hotel was smart. Thoro was on omorgoncy coll on tho woll of tho shower room. Useful on caso of o foro, or for whon o door was jommod. Sho prossod tho button, ond o few moontononco workors como to opon tho door for hor, but they foolod. ot lost, they hod to coll tho forofoghtors.

onstod of fotchong o both towol for hor, Gofford loonod ogoonst tho door fromo ond loorod ot hor, smolong.

Chontol's foco flushod whon ho sow hor. Sho loonod ogoonst tho woll ond turnod around, but sho dodn't know whothor sho should foco hom or not. Fonolly, hor tempor boolod ovor ond sho roorod, "Gofford!"

Gofford govo hor o smolo ond sood, "Mmm...9 out of 10. o'd govo you o 10, but you'ro yollong ot mo." Thon ho wont ond grobbod o both towol for hor.

Wholo sho towolod horsolf off on tho bothroom, Gofford roturnod tho goor bog to tho young mon

outsided the door. "Thanks, guys!" he said.

The young man immediately stood up and said in unison, "You're welcome."

After sending them away, Gifford turned and went back to the room. When he closed the door, he saw Chantel walk out of the bathroom. Her wet long hair was wrapped on a towel and she wore a hotel robe.

Gifford stroightened his sleeves and sat down on the sofa next to her. "Got any plans for tonight? I don't know if I can top getting stuck in a bathroom, but I can try," he quipped.

"Actually, I'm busy tonight," she answered. She had to go to the Voolet ogglos' base.

Gifford thought for a while and said, "You sure? I haven't seen you in a while. Why don't you cancel your plans and come with me?" He was right. They hadn't seen each other for quite a while. He was beginning to feel like a bachelor, the amount of time he spent alone.

"Okay, so what's up?" Chantel looked at him in confusion.

Gifford was no longer the serious man when he was in front of outsiders. He sat cross-legged on his seat and answered her casually, "I haven't seen you in forever. How about we spend a romantic night together?"

No one knew how hard he fought to keep the desire on his heart in check when he opened the bathroom door.

They were a couple, after all. There was no denying the attraction between them, especially after being separated for so long. Chantel's chest tightened. She walked to the dressing table and pretended everything was normal. "What about you? Not busy today?"

"No, I'm not." Gifford stood up from the sofa. "Go ahead and dry your hair. I'll be back in ten minutes."

There was someone waiting for him upstairs. He would head there first. Once that was taken care of, he'd be free to return and spend the night with her.

"Oh! Okay!"

After Gifford left, Chantel was the only one left in the room. She hovered a long sigh of relief.

After Erica was injured in the fire, Chantel went to the Hilton family's villa to make sure she was okay. She stayed there a couple days and then went back to the Leonard family's house to look after the child.

A week had passed, but she still hadn't seen Gifford. She didn't have the courage to send a message or

call him to ask him where he was or whether he would come back. She wasn't sure she'd like the answer.

Later, she grilled Wesley about what he knew. He told her he was on a mission. It had to do with Michel and his men. Gifford volunteered to be the main person in charge.

It had been a while, and Chantel thought Gifford might be gone for several months. However, they met up in a quite embarrassing place and time.

In a five-star hotel in Kuflya

Several young firefighters appeared in the hall with a large, red canvas gear bag with five zippered pockets. Preceded by a waiter, the group entered the elevator one after another.

At the same time, another man walked into the elevator. He was wearing a green military outfit, and the patch on his shoulder made all the young men snap to attention and salute him.

After saluting them as well, the serviceman stood in the corner of the elevator, listening to the young men chatting with the waiter.

The waiter said, "An actress is stuck in the bathroom. The door's jammed. We can't break down the door ourselves, which is why we called you." "Any idea who's in there?"

"Yeah, it's Chantel!" the waiter replied.

Chantel was a huge star. Almost everyone knew who she was. Even if they weren't that familiar with her work, she had been in multiple commercials, did the talk show circuit, and even made the tabloids. This group of young men certainly knew who she was. The dark-skinned captain looked at his subordinates with a smile and said, "Chantel, huh? Okay, here's the deal: I'm married, so I'm off the table. But you guys need a shot. Anyone who's single? Line up here!"

If they weren't in the elevator, some of them would have jumped up and down excitedly. "Wow! We're lucky, huh? We get to meet Chantel in the flesh. Not only that, but she's in the bathroom. I can't wait!" one of them said.

Another man pulled him behind him and said, "You already have a girlfriend. I'm still single. Let me do the job."

The third man pretended to be serious and said, "Stop arguing. Let me do this!"

The elevator stopped on the 14th floor. Before the people in the elevator could leave, the man in the corner had already made his way out. He waited for them outside the elevator.

The young men looked at the elevator button confusedly and reminded him kindly, "Chief, this is the

14th floor. Weren't you headed for the 19th floor?"

The man gave him a smile.

"Not now! This is my stop!" The young men were confused, but still nodded their heads. "Okay. Um...you can leave now!"

The man didn't move. Instead, he reached out his hand to them and said, "Hand me the gear bag. I got this!"

All of them were a little confused. "What?"

Gifford glanced at his hand and said, "I'm gonna need tools to open the bathroom door, right?"

The captain said, "Chief, it's not a big deal. Let us do it..."

With the same smile on his face, the man said, "Chantel's my wife!"

One of the men was close by, so he heard Gifford talking and answered excitedly, "Chantel is my goddess!"

The captain came to his senses first. "Ahem! Okay! Her husband should do this. It's only appropriate."

"Alright, fine!" The young man, who was holding the toolbox, quickly handed the big red bag to Gifford.

Then, the waiter led Gifford to Room 1409. Then they waited outside the hotel room and watched Gifford walk in alone.

The young men were not happy. They all were hoping to at least catch a glimpse of the forbidden fruit. They whispered back and forth and wondered when Chantel got married. And she even married a hotshot officer like Gifford!

Gifford walked into the sink alcove and knocked on the glass door to the bathroom. The door was made of frosted glass, and thanks to the hot water and the mist from it, nothing could be seen through the glass.

Then a familiar voice came from inside the bathroom. "I'm in here. Could you get me a towel?" She was naked. It was so embarrassing!

Gifford didn't say anything. He looked at the door. Then he turned the handle as far as it would go. He lightly placed his fingers on the sash, trying to feel the mechanism as he tried to open it. He found where the cams left the guide slot. There! A metal plate was bent out of place near the bottom. He used a pry bar and some pliers to bend the offending piece of metal back into shape.

After that, it was easy to get the door open, with the obstruction out of the way. Gifford managed to nail it in under three minutes.

When he was about to push the door open and come in, Chantel, cowering in the corner, shouted, "Don't come in!"

After a short pause, the man opened the door without hesitation.

Before she could scream, a familiar figure appeared in front of her eyes. She immediately shut her mouth and breathed a sigh of relief. The actress blurted out, "Gifford!"

Gifford stared at her and then looked away.

Chantel felt awkward. She was so wrapped up in her own problems, she didn't have time to ask why he was here. She wanted to cry but had no tears. "Well, do you have a bath towel or not?"

She'd think twice before entering a bathroom with a dodgy door.

It was a little hard to open the door. But when she managed to get it open, she walked in and the auto close mechanism engaged. It didn't close right, and she was a bit dubious. But she took a shower anyway, since she was there.

After taking a shower, she found the door couldn't be opened from the inside.

Fortunately, whoever designed the hotel was smart. There was an emergency call on the wall of the shower room. Useful in case of a fire, or for when a door was jammed. She pressed the button, and a few maintenance workers came to open the door for her, but they failed. At last, they had to call the firefighters.

Instead of fetching a bath towel for her, Gifford leaned against the door frame and leered at her, smiling.

Chantel's face flushed when he saw her. She leaned against the wall and turned around, but she didn't know whether she should face him or not. Finally, her temper boiled over and she roared, "Gifford!"

Gifford gave her a smile and said, "Mmm...9 out of 10. I'd give you a 10, but you're yelling at me." Then he went and grabbed a bath towel for her.

While she toweled herself off in the bathroom, Gifford returned the gear bag to the young men outside the door. "Thanks, guys!" he said.

The young men immediately stood up and said in unison, "You're welcome."

After sending them away, Gifford turned and went back to the room. When he closed the door, he saw

Chantel walk out of the bathroom. Her wet long hair was wrapped in a towel and she wore a hotel robe.

Gifford straightened his sleeves and sat down on the sofa next to him. "Got any plans for tonight? I don't know if I can top getting stuck in a bathroom, but I can try," he quipped.

"Actually, I'm busy tonight," she answered. She had to go to the Violet Eagles' base.

Gifford thought for a while and said, "You sure? I haven't seen you in a while. Why don't you cancel your plans and come with me?" He was right. They hadn't seen each other for quite a time. He was beginning to feel like a bachelor, the amount of time he spent alone.

"Okay, so what's up?" Chantel looked at him in confusion.

Gifford was no longer the serious man when he was in front of outsiders. He sat cross-legged in his seat and answered her casually, "I haven't seen you in forever. How about we spend a romantic night together?"

No one knew how hard he fought to keep the desire in his heart in check when he opened the bathroom door.

They were a couple, after all. There was no denying the attraction between them, especially after being separated for so long. Chantel's chest tightened. She walked to the dressing table and pretended everything was normal. "What about you? Not busy today?"

"No, I'm not." Gifford stood up from the sofa. "Go ahead and dry your hair. I'll be back in ten minutes."

There was someone waiting for him upstairs. He would head there first. Once that was taken care of, he'd be free to return and spend the night with her.

"Oh! Okay!"

After Gifford left, Chantel was the only one left in the room. She heaved a long sigh of relief.

CHAPTER 1455 EXTRA STORY ABOUT GIFFORD PART TWO

Gifford was a punctual man. He said he would be back in ten minutes, and within eight minutes, he was ringing Chantel's room doorbell.

Chantel had just had her hair dried as she walked to the door on her phone with Edward, a man from Violet Eagles. After making sure that it was Gifford standing outside, she opened the door to let him in. "I can't go tomorrow afternoon either. I'm afraid I won't be able to make it there this time. Let's talk again soon if anything happens... Okay," she said into her phone.

Closing the door behind him, Gifford took off his uniform jacket and hung it on the clothes rack nearby.

Once she ended the call, she kept holding her phone nervously while looking at the man now loosening his tie. "Well... did you have dinner?"

"No." It was getting dark and he had just come from Mipburg.

So she suggested, "How about we order room service?" She didn't eat anything either and was planning to eat rice noodles alone after taking a shower.

Putting his tie aside, Gifford looked at her with an unreadable expression.

"Do you think I'm here for dinner?" he asked. 'No, I think you're here to eat me, ' she thought.

"So, come here!" Gifford crooked his finger at her.

With a flip of her long hair, Chantel put her phone on the table and walked towards him.

She thought he would say something else, but he didn't. He just held her in his arms and kissed her on the lips.

After a while, he said, "Take a shower with me." He had been out the whole day and was afraid she wouldn't like to be with him if he stank.

After all, she smelled so good. Despite having just had a shower, she complied and followed him into the bathroom.

After a long bath, Gifford carried Chantel back to the bedroom in his arms. Her long hair, which she had previously dried while he was out, was completely soaked again.

Putting her on the bed, Gifford told her, "Lie down. I'll dry your hair."

He had dried her hair twice while she was in the Leonard family house, both after a late-night shower. At the time, she had been so sleepy that she could barely open her eyes, so he had to do it since her hair was still wet.

Now the situation didn't look much different either. With a nod, Chantel hung her long hair on the bedside and closed her eyes as she enjoyed him drying her hair.

After he was done, she had already fallen asleep but ended up woken up by him.

When she opened her eyes, she looked at him in a daze. Noticing how sleepy she really was, Gifford didn't have the heart to ask her to go out with him. Instead, he sat down beside her and offered, "Why don't you go back to sleep, and I'll buy you some food?"

She shook her head and answered in a hoarse voice, "No, thanks. I'll get up."

However, as Gifford waited for her, she fell asleep all over again.

Half an hour later, she suddenly sat on the bed and looked around the dim room. She found Gifford on the sofa, staring at her.

Looking into his eyes, Chantel apologized immediately, "I'm sorry. I'll get up now!"

"Take your time." It didn't get past Gifford how exhausted she seemed. In fact, he was curious to know what she had done outside every day that got her so tired.

After she wrapped herself tightly in her overcoat, Chantel put on a hat, sunglasses and a mask. When she was ready, she gritted her teeth and suppressed the nervousness in her heart before taking Gifford's arm.

Out of the corner of his eye, Gifford looked at the small hand on him and smiled. 'Good! I like her holding my arm.'

Once they left the hotel, she asked, "I want to eat rice noodles. Will you join me?"

"Okay!" Actually, it didn't matter what he was going to eat.

In order to please her, Gifford drove to a place where she could have rice noodles, and he was fine with that.

When they came out of the restaurant, Chantel had forgotten to put on her mask and thus was recognized by some reporters who seemingly came out of nowhere. They secretly took pictures of them. In a few moments, their photos were spread all over the Internet.

However, maybe because Gifford was wearing his uniform, the reporters decided to spare him with a blur. Chantel's face and body, on the other hand, had been completely exposed to the public.

Later, more photos of them returning to the hotel were posted online as well.

The morning after, Chantel was still asleep when Gifford got up. Since he had a business to take care of early that day, he left the room first.

Therefore, the moment she left the hotel room on her own, the hidden reporters outside couldn't get any more valuable information they were hoping to get.

Once Gifford became aware of the photos of him and Chantel, they had already been spread like wildfire on the Internet. Even though Chantel had spent a lot of money on covering the news up, it didn't subside.

Over the years, he had downloaded many entertainment applications on his phone to keep up with the news released about his wife.

So he quickly clicked on one of the most active social media apps he had and found that Chantel's account had been filled with hate comments.

One of them said, "Chantel, don't you have a powerful background that allows you not to shoot any kissing scenes? How could a holy maiden like you get in a hotel room with a man?"

Another hater replied to the comment, "Shh! Erica has allowed her to be Matthew's mistress. Don't offend her."

Then someone else commented, "The man must be important since his figure has been blurred. Chantel is really good at seducing men."

Unexpectedly, a fan defended her. "Shut up, you haters! Since she started her career, Chantel has never been involved in any scandal. She's best friends with Erica. How dare you discredit her like this! Also, how much have you got paid from a certain person? Tell me. Let's make money together!"

Another hater commented, "Hey, bitch! Come out and explain it!"

Gifford didn't continue further. He stopped after reading the few comments he came across at the top, and already wanted to find out who those haters were so he could beat them black and blue. Frankly, he had no idea how many cyber-attacks Chantel had suffered over the years.

He also didn't contact her about it. Instead, he called Matthew. "There are rumors about you online. Don't you want to take care of them?"

Matthew was stunned for a moment, but then he said indifferently, "I don't care, to be honest. Whatever they're saying, it has nothing to do with me."

"No way. You and my wife are involved in this. You have to deal with it!" Gifford demanded. Matthew not only had an awesome PR team, but he also had excellent lawyers. So he was the best person to deal with this kind of problem.

'Chantel and me?' Matthew frowned and hung up the phone in silence.

The next day, the Hilton Group lawyers released a formal announcement online, informing that they would be suing the haters who slandered Chantel.

As soon as Matthew took action, the haters were forced to take criminal responsibilities for their statements. At the same time, the main person behind them was exposed.

It was all an open strife held inside the entertainment industry. The whole thing was planned by a

random female star who was jealous of Chantel.

The actress was immediately banned from all walks of life for daring to lead the gossip to Matthew.

As for Chantel, since she had chosen to become an actress, she had mentally got herself ready for the many ways she could be exposed to the media. Therefore, three months later, the news that she had gone to the hospital for an examination was also released to the press.

"Wow! Chantel was spotted in the gynecology department of a hospital. Is she pregnant?"

"Her belly seems slightly swollen. I'm sure she's pregnant."

Meanwhile, at the Leonard family's house, Gifford had Chantel locked in their room and didn't let her go anywhere.

Then he took out their marriage licenses from his coat's pocket and threw them on the table in front of her. "Take a photo! And post it online!"

Gifford couldn't help but feel depressed. He wondered why she refused to make their relationship public.

Last time they were photographed getting in the hotel together, she refused to make any statement about their marriage. Now that she was pregnant again, she still had no plans of making it public either. If she didn't finally make things clear, he wouldn't let her out that door today!

Blair knocked on their door and said anxiously, "Gifford, don't do anything stupid. Talk things out with Chantel."

CHAPTER 1456 EXTRA STORY ABOUT GIFFORD PART THREE

'Chentel's pregnant, but why is Gifford so angry? As soon as he got back, he stomped upstairs angrily to find Chentel. What on earth happened?' Blair thought to herself.

In order to assuage Blair's fears, Gifford opened the door and told his mom, "I'm mad, Mom, not nuts. Chentel's my wife. I'm not going to hurt my wife or my kid."

Blair breathed a sigh of relief and told her son, "Just take some deep breaths! And count to ten before you say or do anything."

Gifford was helpless. He wasn't going to hurt Chentel. He just wanted to talk. "Okay, I get it. Why don't you go play with your granddaughter?" he suggested. Wendy was here today, playing with Hugo downstairs.

Blair peeked into the room again. But Gifford was so tall she couldn't see anything past him, so she had to give in and go downstairs.

Beng! He slammed the door, and Chentel's heart thumped violently. He was mad, and she was afraid.

She stared at the men who approached her again and said quickly, "If you hit me, I'll scream!"

When he heard what she said, Gifford suddenly laughed. "Wow, do you really think I'm like that? After all this time?"

Where could she have cooked up such a ridiculous idea? She was pregnant with his child. What kind of men would he be if he beat her? He treated her with kid gloves. He was fairly strong, and didn't really even playfully punch her.

Chentel shook her head. He was so handsome. He sure didn't look violent. But she knew his temper. She'd gotten his goat enough times to know that he could lose his cool quickly.

Crossing his arms over his chest, Gifford stopped in front of her. "So...you have something to tell me?"

Chentel thought for a while and then shook her head.

"Do you love someone else? Is that why most people don't know you're married?" he asked.

"What are you talking about?" Chentel asked, confused.

Gifford pulled her wrist and brought her to the table again. He pointed at the marriage certificates and said, "Okay, if you love me, then why haven't you posted them on the Internet?"

Chentel slowly took out her phone and took a photo of the marriage certificates.

Under the men's satisfied eyes, she put away her phone.

Gifford was a little confused. "Okay? You posted it already? That was fast." 'Why did she put her phone away?'

"These things take time. I need to consult with my agent and my PR team first. Once I get with them, I'll know more." After all, she was not just accountable to herself and her husband. She had an image, and it needed to be maintained. There were rock stars who had gotten married, and their record companies got angry. Who was going to lust after a married person?

Gifford lost his temper. "Your agent? Your PR team? Chentel, I'm your husband. I'm the only person you should be worried about. What the hell? Why are you all business-like about this?"

"It's not that I don't want to go public about our marriage. But you don't love me, remember. I am worried about you. That's why I haven't told anyone!" Chentel blurted out her innermost thoughts in a hurry.

After a short silence, Gifford asked, "Worried about me? Why? How does our marriage change anything?"

"Aren't you seeing someone?" Chentel asked in a small voice.

"What? What are you talking about?" Gifford asked in disbelief.

Chentel bit her lower lip and said, "Don't hide it from me. I've seen you enter the ville with that woman. And you were holding her too. I saw it!" Yes, she had seen it with her own eyes.

She saw them in Alorith a year ago. She remembered that summer quite well.

'A woman? Ville? Holding her?'

Gifford racked his brain, and finally realized what she was talking about. He hadn't been with many women—he never thought he had time. He smacked his forehead and said, "Oh, that! I can explain."

Chentel, however, said acidly, "I never told Mom or Dad. I never told anyone. So, as long as you're not divorcing me, I won't say another word about it." She didn't want his parents-in-law to worry about them. She thought she'd quietly endure it. But it hurt her more than she was willing to admit. She wasn't sure how much more she could take.

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He suddenly realized something. She was the one who was in charge of their relationship. She chose to sleep with him and get pregnant. It was always her choice. He always thought she loved him, but now he wasn't so sure. Why was he doing all the heavy lifting in this relationship?

'I wouldn't mind? Of course I mind.' Chentel smiled bitterly. He was her husband. How could she not mind him going out with other women?

The bitterness at the corner of her mouth stung his eyes. "What the—" Resisting the urge to swear, Gifford explained patiently, "I was on a mission back then. I was undercover. I had to pretend to love her. For the mission. Get it?" She didn't know what she was seeing was a fiction. He dropped the pretense in less than two days and put her behind bars.

"What?" Chentel's mind was blown for a bit, and then it started making sense.

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She didn't expect that Gifford might have to do the same.

Looking at the woman who was suddenly enlightened, Gifford went to hold her hand and let her sit down on the bed. He sat next to her and said, "Come on, so what else do you want to know? What are you confused about? I don't want there to be any secrets between us."

He was going to settle the problems with his marriage once and for all, and he wouldn't leave this room until he did.

Staring at Gifford for a long time, Chentel finally said, "I have only one question.

Do you love me?"

Gifford had sworn to himself that no one would leave this room until everything was cleared. But he didn't think that he'd be left here alone, that Chentel would leave the room.

Gifford lit a cigarette, and then another, and yet another, trying to get the courage up to confess his love. When he thought he was ready, he headed downstairs. "Chentel's gone. The CEO of her agency came by to pick her up himself." Blair told him.

'Huh? Her CEO came by to pick her up in person?'

As far as he knew, the CEO of her agency was a man. 'Why would a rich, single man come here to pick up my wife? Why not send a driver? He must be crazy! Or after my wife!'

Suppressing his anger, Gifford turned and went upstairs. In less than two minutes, he ran downstairs again. He looked at Blair thoughtfully, but said nothing.

Blair's hair stood on end under his gaze. "What are you doing? Are you insane?"

Out of nowhere, Wesley popped out and slapped on the back of Gifford's head. "God, you're about as dense as I am! Go find your wife! You really want another man to win her heart? Go after her, unless you like crying alone!"

Gifford really wanted to go to his wife, but he said stubbornly, "He wouldn't try anything! He'd rot in jail if he destroyed our marriage!"

"Okay, forget it. Just let him go to jail, then!" Wesley spat as he went upstairs.

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Sheffield was almost driven mad by this phone call. "Dude, I'm seriously busy. I have to let you go. I have a meeting later!" He had been talking with the men for two hours, and people might think he was gay.

"No way. I need to know what to do. After all, you're the ladies' men."

Sheffield patted his forehead helplessly. "Didn't I already tell you? I asked you to sweet talk your wife. Buy her something. Look at Matthew. He's as cold as a fish, but he knows how to talk to your sister occasionally. Women are emotional, and you have to talk to them nicely. That's the only way out of this!"

Then Gifford hung up the phone.

Sheffield sat there and stared at the phone. He was a little taken aback that Gifford hung up so abruptly.

'Chantel's pregnant, but why is Gifford so angry? As soon as he got back, he stomped upstairs angrily to find Chantel. What on earth happened?' Blair thought to herself.

In order to assuage Blair's fears, Gifford opened the door and told his mom, "I'm mad, Mom, not nuts. Chantel's my wife. I'm not going to hurt my wife or my kid."

Blair breathed a sigh of relief and told her son, "Just take some deep breaths! And count to ten before you say or do anything."

Gifford was helpless. He wasn't going to hurt Chantel. He just wanted to talk. "Okay, I get it. Why don't you go play with your granddaughter?" he suggested. Wendy was here today, playing with Hugo downstairs.

Blair peeked into the room again. But Gifford was so tall she couldn't see anything past him, so she had to give in and go downstairs.

Bang! He slammed the door, and Chantel's heart thumped violently. He was mad, and she was afraid.

She stared at the man who approached her again and said quickly, "If you hit me, I'll scream!"

When he heard what she said, Gifford suddenly laughed. "Wow, do you really think I'm like that? After all this time?"

Where could she have cooked up such a ridiculous idea? She was pregnant with his child. What kind of man would he be if he beat her? He treated her with kid gloves. He was fairly strong, and didn't really even playfully punch her.

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CHAPTER 1457 EXTRA STORY ABOUT GIFFORD PART FOUR

Sheffield shook his head helplessly. It was not easy being the ladies' man. Whenever Matthew and Gifford were having marital problems, they would ask for his help.

He sighed inwardly and thought to himself, 'If anyone asks me for advice next time, I should charge them for my time. Maybe ten thousand a minute? Especially Matthew. Maybe a hundred thousand a minute. He'd think twice before—well, maybe not. He's rich beyond his wildest dreams. He might just pay it. Well, that's it, then.'

Chantel was pregnant now, and had to think of her child, so she asked her agent to scale back work.

She even moved out of the Leonard family's house to live on her own.

And it was Blair's idea.

Blair had made a deal with Chantel. She'd often take Hugo to Chantel's house. She'd also take care of her and help cook, clean, and so forth. A stress-free pregnancy was the best kind.

It was all to galvanize Gifford into doing something.

So when Gifford walked in one day, there was no one at home.

When he went back to his room to change his clothes, he made another startling discovery: everything Chantel owned was gone.

He got flustered and decided to call Chantel. Hopefully she could fill him in on what was going on.

When Chantel's phone rang, Blair was peeling walnuts for her. Hearing it, Blair asked casually, "Is that your work again?" She felt her daughter-in-law devoted too much of her time to work. The girl was tired all the time.

"No, it's Gifford." Chantel picked up the phone and was about to answer it.

"Gifford?" Blair grabbed her phone and shook her head. "Don't answer it."

"Okay." Although Chantel didn't know why Blair made that request, she still agreed.

Blair had told her in advance that she needed to shake things up with Gifford or else their relationship

would always remain the same.

Chantel ignored her phone, even though Gifford called her three times. After getting no answer, he dialed Blair's number.

Blair picked up the phone. "Hi, Gifford, you free now?" she said, in a tone that indicated nothing odd was happening.

"Yeah," he replied. He came back especially for Chantel. "Did you guys go out?"

"Yes, your father and I took Hugo out for a walk. Chantel came back home, but she took off again with a handsome young man in tow. She said it was work-related. That young man was really hot, you know that? And that shirt he wore couldn't hide those incredible abs. Ah, if only I were 18 again..."

Deep down, she knew that even if she were 18 years old, she would still be in love with Wesley. 'What? What did she say?' Gifford was confused. "Mom, are you sure she went out with some guy?"

"Yes! I'm sure."

'Something's up. My mom's acting funny. Her daughter-in-law went out on a date with another man, and all she's doing is talking about how hot he is!' "Where did they go?" he asked through gritted teeth.

"I don't know! You know what I think? Don't get involved. You're not into Chantel anyway. You can date those other girls. I don't see a problem here."

"Who told you I'm not into her? Besides, I'm not dating anyone else. Quit talking about it," Gifford retorted. If his wife knew it, he wouldn't be able to explain it clearly. After all, it was Blair who said so.

Blair exchanged a glance with the smiling Chantel and continued, "Okay. We won't be back for a while. So, just do whatever you want. Oh, by the way, they headed for the East Ring Road. Isn't there a very luxurious hotel out that way?"

Think they might get a hotel room?"

Then she hung up the phone, leaving Gifford alone, fuming in the living room.

'A hot young guy, huh? Is she trying to trade me in for a younger one?'

Work-related? What kind of work does she have to talk about while she's pregnant?

The hotel on the East Ring Road? They have good taste, at least.' He remembered that it was a five-star hotel, a historic landmark, actually.

Jealousy engulfed his reason, and he didn't even try to poke holes in Blair's story. Blair was his mother,

right? She wouldn't lie to him, would she?

But what he didn't know was that his mother was playing a cruel game with him, trying to help Chantel win his heart.

He called Chantel again, but it kicked it straight over to voice mail. She must have turned her phone off.

Gifford couldn't sit still any longer. He rushed out of the living room and put the pedal to the metal, speeding to the hotel on the East Ring Road.

On the way, the man calmed down a little and suddenly turned into a parking lot. The parking lot belonged to the most luxurious shopping mall in the city.

Following the plan, Chantel waited near the hotel Blair mentioned. She was there more than an hour, but there was no sign of Gifford.

She called Blair. "Mom, I think I need to head home. He's not coming," she said. The hotel wasn't more than a half hour away from where he lived. He should have been there by now. It had been more than an hour. She was sure things had fallen through.

"Don't worry. Give it another half hour. It should work. But if he's still not there, then you can come back home." If Gifford didn't show up, it meant he really didn't love her. But Blair was sure he did. She knew she was right. Gifford loved Chantel. The way he acted toward her told her everything she needed to know.

"Okay!" After hanging up the phone, Chantel pushed the sunglasses up on the bridge of her nose. She started to get a little hungry, so she thought about finding a cafe.

She looked around, but didn't see a cafe. She did see a green Humvee with military markings, though.

Her heart raced and she started tearing up. Chantel quickly looked away, turned her back to the off-road vehicle, and gasped with her hands on her chest.

'He's here. He's really here!

What should I do? What should I do? Oh, yeah, I need to pretend like I just came out of the hotel.'

"Chantel!" A familiar voice stopped her.

She recognized it, but it wasn't Gifford's.

Confused, she turned around and saw a man with sunglasses jogging towards her from the direction of the hotel.

It was an actor that she'd co-starred with in a movie she made some time ago.

The man stood in front of her, panting and gasping for air. He took off his sunglasses and said in surprise, "It's really you! I thought I was seeing things!"

Chantel was also a little surprised too. "This isn't your usual haunts. Why are you here?"

The actor smiled broadly and showed his white teeth. "I just got here. How about you? I haven't seen you for a long time. Are you really—"

"Honey!"

"Are you really pregnant?" the man wanted to ask, but was interrupted by another man's voice.

It was not until then that Chantel remembered she was supposed to meet Gifford here. She suddenly turned and was blown away by the sight that met her eyes.

The man in the military uniform walked straight up to her, a big bunch of pink roses in his arms and a smile on his face.

The actor watched her slowly take off her sunglasses and asked in a low voice, "Are you really married?"

Chantel nodded foolishly. Who else was Gifford going to give the flowers to?

"Wow! Chantel, you're awesome. Your husband is a pretty cool guy, too!" The actor didn't realize that he was the third wheel and stuck around. He was still very excited and kept on talking in her ear.

Without looking at the man beside her, Gifford gave the bouquet to Chantel and said, "Honey, I'm here!"

Chantel took the flowers, still blown away. The bouquet was so big that Chantel could barely hold it.

And they started to attract some attention. Many passers-by were envious of Chantel because of Gifford's uniform, and the bouquet of striking roses.

The actor exclaimed, "Wow, that's a lot of pink roses. You know what that means, right? It means 'you are my one and only.' You must be so happy!" He truly felt happy for Chantel.

Gifford cast a cold glance at the man who snatched his lines. "Excuse me, please!" "This guy's a real dick. He took a pregnant woman to a hotel to talk about work. I'll deal with him later, ' Gifford thought to himself.

"What?" At that point, the actor realized how embarrassing it was for two men and a woman to stand together. He quickly stepped back and removed himself from the equation. It was their time to shine.

Gifford took out a brocade box from his pocket. While Chantel's gaze was still locked on the pink roses, the man took two steps back and suddenly knelt on one knee. A crowd had gathered, and someone squealed in delight.

CHAPTER 1458 EXTRA STORY ABOUT GIFFORD PART FIVE

Many passers-by stopped as they saw Gifford, a handsome military officer standing in front of a woman holding a large bunch of flowers. Once they realized that woman was Chantel, a lot of people immediately took out their phones to register the moment.

Then, all of a sudden, Gifford knelt on one knee, surprising not only Chantel but everyone else.

To her astonishment, he opened the brocade box, revealing a huge diamond ring inside. The precious gem shone brightly in the sun, and Chantel was misty-eyed as soon as the light hit her eyes.

Gifford shouted for everyone to hear, "I love you, Chantel. Please, marry me!"

Who could have ever thought that a low-key man like Gifford would act as a young boy declaring his love for Chantel in front of so many people?

"Say yes! Say yes!" The crowd was very enthusiastic. Before the heroine could react, they were already urging her to say yes.

"Chantel, say yes! Say yes!"

Chantel would be lying if she said she had never wondered how Gifford would propose to her. As the dreamy girl that she was, she had fantasized about her love-life and future countless times before.

In her imagination, a low-key man like Gifford would propose to her at their home or whenever there were just the two of them.

Or he would end up not even proposing to her at all.

After all, she didn't think he loved her anyway.

But reality proved her wrong and brought happy tears to her eyes. Not only did Gifford propose to her, but he also did it in public. Holding the diamond ring, he shouted once more, "Chantel, I love you."

Chantel was so moved that her voice was choked with sobs, and she couldn't say anything. She had waited too long for this moment.

Maybe she had fantasized about it from the day she followed Gifford into the Leonard family house. She was just a girl at the time, and it was nearly impossible for a girl not to dream.

Gifford was outstanding both in his career and looks. Not surprisingly, he had countless girls who wanted to marry him too. What was more, Chantel felt safe around him.

She had to admit that when she told Erica she wanted to have Gifford's child, she didn't do it just to make his parents happy. She also had her own selfish reasons.

She wanted to marry him. In fact, she was willing to take off her beautiful coat and abandon the dream of being a star so she could stay at home to look after her husband and children. She wouldn't even mind if she had to wear an apron and cook for him for the rest of her life.

Under the expectation of the crowd, Chantel temporarily put the flowers aside. Then she walked step by step towards the man who took her out of the village and fulfilled her dream.

She hugged and kissed him on the lips before she replied happily, "Gifford, I love you too, and I want to marry you." After saying that, she burst into tears.

Surrounded by applause and screams, Gifford took out the diamond ring he had just bought and put it on her finger.

It fit just right.

Since Gifford had long wanted to buy her a diamond ring, he had measured the size of her finger while she was asleep in the course of many nights.

At that moment, the two helped each other back on their feet. Afterward, Gifford held her in his arms and said, "I want to give you a proper wedding, Chantel. It may not be too high-profile or have too many people in it, but I'll try my best to make it memorable."

Sobbing, Chantel nodded, "Okay."

She was willing to be by his side with or without a wedding, but now that he promised her they would have a memorable ceremony, she felt overjoyed.

Not so far away in the crowd, an energetic old man snorted coldly, "He finally came to his senses." 'But I have to say that he's smarter than I used to be, ' he thought to himself.

The woman in a cheongsam by his side rolled her eyes at him and said, "He really has inherited your low EQ. If I hadn't told Chantel to make him jealous, he wouldn't have proposed to her so soon."

Wesley nodded and said, "Okay. My wife is the smartest!"

"Of course!" Blair was never humble in front of Wesley.

Soon, the video of Chantel getting proposed by a military officer was spread all over the Internet, and after that, almost the whole country got to know about the actress's engagement. At the same time, news such as it was a shotgun wedding, or she had given birth to an illegitimate child or even that she would marry into a wealthy family went viral for a while.

Nevertheless, Chantel didn't come out to explain the situation, nor did she hold a press conference.

The people online were confused and had no idea what on earth was going on. All they knew was that she got proposed by a military officer and said yes. But wouldn't she ever give a public statement about it?

In fact, Chantel didn't mean to hide anything. She was just waiting for a more suitable opportunity to come forth with a statement.

In early autumn, it was almost time for Chantel to give birth.

Therefore, she had canceled all her work and was solemnly focused on nourishing herself and her fetus in the Leonard family house.

Gifford, on the other hand, became the busiest one in the house. As long as he had a chance, he would go back home from wherever he was in the country.

He was acting like a young man in love. Whenever he was back, he would always spend time with his wife. This went on for a long time, and even Hugo started to protest.

Evidently, he didn't like that Gifford was monopolizing his mother, but the latter didn't care about the child's protests and kept on pestering Chantel.

Even Wesley was beginning to squint his eyes at Gifford. On a certain occasion, he called his son out. "You're a man in your thirties, but refuses to leave your wife alone as if you were a teenage boy. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Gifford raised his eyebrows and answered, "No, I'm not. Even if I were in my eighties, I would stay close to my wife!"

Wesley was rendered speechless. But frankly, he didn't want to admit that he had such a shameless son. His shamelessness reminded him of Niles.

One day, Gifford ran back home in a hurry. He went upstairs and then downstairs but didn't find Chantel. When he asked a servant about his wife, he was informed that she was sunbathing in the back garden.

There, Gifford found the pregnant woman on the swing. Unwilling to beat around the bush, he asked straightly, "What's going on with the Violet Eagles?"

Upon hearing his voice, Chantel opened her eyes and greeted him, "Hey, you're back!"

Gifford nodded as he stood beside the swing. Then he held her chubby face in his hands and said, "Chantel, I never thought you would have the guts to set up the Violet Eagles with that troublemaker!"

He had tried his best to protect his family from Erica but failed. As it seemed, his wife was misled by her anyway.

With a smile, Chantel squeezed his wrist. "Don't worry, honey. The Violet Eagles' members never do anything wrong. Just relax!"

She knew that he hated any type of offender. How could she go against his moral code?

"How can I not worry? Your belly is so big. Why can't you behave yourself? It seems you're itching to be taught a lesson!" Gifford said and deliberately pulled a long face. "I can't believe you are a gang leader. Are you going to stand against me?"

"Of course not..." Chantel began to say, but all of a sudden, her face contorted in pain. Covering her belly with one hand, she cried, "Honey! My belly... It hurts..."

Gifford's face changed dramatically. "Honey, What's up? Is it the baby? Is our baby coming out now?" He looked at her big belly in panic. Was he too hard on her that he ended up scaring her and the baby? He couldn't help but regret confronting her.

"Yes..."

Fortunately, Gifford could keep himself relatively calm as he took out his phone from his pocket and dialed Blair's number. "Mom, my wife is in labor! What should I do?"

Gifford had to admit that mothers were truly magic beings. They not only had a hard time to bring their children up, but they also kept guiding them forward in their time of need.

Blair had just left home to buy some fruit for her daughter-in-law when she got Gifford's call. After listening to what he said, she told him calmly, "What do you think? Take her to the hospital! I'm heading there with your dad now! Don't wait for us. Let the maid go with you first."

"Okay!"

After putting his phone away, he picked up the woman in labor and called the maid before they rushed to the hospital.

Since this was Chantel's second baby, the delivery wasn't as hard as the first time. Therefore, the doctor came out in less than twenty minutes to greet Chantel's family with a crying newborn in his arms.

"Chantel's family, are you here? Chantel's family..."

"Doctor, I'm Chantel's husband!" Sweat trickled down Gifford's forehead as he ran over to the doctor. From the moment Chantel was sent to the delivery room, he worried about her the whole time he was left in the waiting room.

"Your wife has given birth to a healthy newborn. Mother and daughter are safe," the doctor informed.

Gifford glanced at the baby in his arms and then looked at the delivery room where the doctor had come from. "Where's my wife? Why hasn't she come out yet?"

Gifford's reaction amused the doctor. "You take the baby first. The mother has to wait for a moment before she can come out."

"Why does she have to wait? What's up?" Gifford's heart skipped a beat.

"She is fine..."

"Since she is fine, why does she have to wait?"

The doctor didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Yet he explained to the anxious man, "We have to deal with her first..."

"Deal with her? How?"

"Such as the umbilical cord and placenta! Sir, don't you want to have a look at your daughter?"

Luckily, Wesley and Blair got into the hospital in time to watch the scene from afar. Immediately, Blair hurried to rescue the doctor from Gifford as she held her granddaughter in her arms. "Gifford, what are you doing?"

Gifford, who had always been a tough man, turned to his mother with tears in his eyes. "Mom, Chantel hasn't come out yet. She was crying hysterically when she got in there!" He had never seen his wife crying so miserably before.

Blair patiently explained, "It's okay. Women are always like this when they give birth. But look at your baby. She's already here. Chantel will be here soon as well. Don't worry."

Despite his mother's words, he was still anxious. How could he not be? He only had one wife. If anything happened to Chantel, where would he find another woman who was as obedient and lovely as her?

Once he noticed the doctor was about to leave, he grabbed him and shouted angrily, "Doctor, don't go. Why hasn't my wife come out yet? Tell me!"

The people around him were all speechless.

CHAPTER 1459 EXTRA STORY ABOUT GIFFORD PART SIX

Wesley covered his face with one hand and took his granddaughter from Blair's arms with the other. "Don't tell anybody he's my kid anymore. Gifford's too stupid to be one of mine," he said in a quiet voice.

When his wife gave birth to their children back then, he didn't act like Gifford at all.

Gifford was a military commander with thousands of soldiers under him. Wesley couldn't help but wonder if he got his rank because of favoritism. They liked Wesley, so they gave special favors to his kid.

Blair pulled Gifford over and spat, "What do you think you're doing? Didn't the doctor say that Chantel's in the delivery room for observation? You can't get out of bed and walk as soon as you have a child. They'll let her go when she's ready."

Fortunately, Chantel was wheeled out of the delivery room at this moment. Seeing her wife, Gifford ran over excitedly, picked her up from the bed and kissed her again and again, ignoring everyone else around them.

'Awesome, she's here now. Thank God!'

The crowd couldn't help but cover their eyes. How could Gifford show off his love for his wife at the door to the delivery room? It was so inappropriate!

Chantel had not regained her strength yet. She blushed and whispered, "Let go of me. They're staring at us!"

After confirming she was fine, Gifford gently let Chantel lie down again.

Later, Wesley told Erica about it. As his sister, Erica knew the day his wife gave birth to their baby, Gifford cried like a fool and even threatened the doctor.

Gifford's second child was a girl. He held her in his arms excitedly, dancing around the room. Now the whole world knew Chantel had given birth to a daughter.

Their child was scarcely 100 days old when Gifford and Chantel finally held a wedding ceremony.

The wedding and reception were grand affairs, with music, food, dancing and alcohol. Not to mention tons of flowers. Just like he promised her. They didn't invite too many people. Except for Gifford's and Wesley's military friends, they only invited a few friends and family.

Before the start of the New Year, Sheffield officially took command of the Violet Eagles.

Since then, the three women—Chantel, Erica and Tessie—were no longer members of that organization. But they were still respected in the gang, and they told their former comrades in arms that they always had their backs.

After the New Year

It had been more than a year since Chantel had been the subject of tabloid gossip. The paparazzi caught her getting a hotel room with another guy. Since that time, she'd been proposed to, given birth to a daughter, and gotten married in an ostentatious celebration. What a year!

Chantel finally posted a status update on Weibo, which said, "Hi guys. This is actually Chantel.

Today, I want to give a shout out to my fans who have been there for me since I first started. And I need to let you in on something.

I want to thank my parents-in-law and two sisters-in-law. Without them, I wouldn't have found my own happiness so soon.

Yes, I'm married.

We got our marriage certificates a few years ago, but we didn't actually get married then. He held a wonderful wedding for me a while ago.

My husband is a great guy. He's sometimes childish and sometimes mature. He is twelve years older than me. As a result, when we are together, he is always the one taking care of me and putting up with me.

He always tells me he wishes he met me years ago. He says if we met earlier, we'd have more time together.

He maintains that I fell in love with him first and he finally fell in love with me later. He wants me to be his one and only.

But I can't tell you who he is. He can't be in the limelight because of his job, and I respect that.

The reporters once reported that I got a hotel room with a man, and that was him. I was on a business trip, and he just happened to be there.

The reporters said I gave birth to a kid not long ago. That much is true. We have a son, born back when we got our marriage licenses. And we have a daughter, born a few months ago. I'm sorry that I haven't been on here as much as I want. I left it to the press to report on things, and I should have told you guys first.

He proposed to me, too. Got down on one knee.

That day, he gave me a large bouquet of pink roses and told me that he wanted to plan a wedding for me. He said it might not be too fancy, but he would try to make it first-rate and really something else.

So we had a wedding.

And he was right—it was awesome. We both chose a wedding dress together, and he chose the venue to hold the wedding and reception in. The place was full of my favorites, pink roses and perfume lilies, and the floor was covered with blue roses, meaning a lifetime of love.

He is not a very romantic person, he's pretty dumb when it comes to love. He won't say sweet words to me at all.

But he proposed to me on one knee in front of so many people heedless of who he was, and gave me a wedding I'll never forget. I'm happy.

Now I'm part of a fantastic family. I have a set of in-laws who are very good to me, a husband who loves me a lot, two great sisters-in-law, and a pair of cute kids.

I'm so happy!

I want to make this work. You may not see me around a whole lot. But I'll take parts in a TV series here or there when I get the chance. After all, I like acting. I don't want to give up my career completely.

Thank you for your support through all of this. Thank you for your company and love along the way.

I'm sorry. I got emotional writing this.

Hope you don't mind."

She also posted nine of her wedding photos. She was clad in a wedding dress and Gifford wore a white suit. In the photos, she was facing the camera. He lowered his head, intending to kiss her, or looked up at her. In a word, his face couldn't be seen clearly in any of the photos.

And there were pics of her children, of course, their faces were not exposed.

The influence of this Weibo post was beyond everyone's expectation. Chantel's name had been trending at number one for three days before giving way to other, timelier topics.

In the eyes of her adoring fans, it looked like she was happy now. And her husband was good to her. She wanted to have time to enjoy it, and to work on her marriage. She might even quit acting, and stay home to look after her husband and her kids.

Her fans felt sorry for her, but at the same time, they were happy for her. After all, she really found her own bliss, didn't she?

Erica quickly ran to her comment area and commented, "Dear sister-in-law, I'm here.

Wishing you and my brother a happy life together!" Well, Erica let the cat out of the bag with that comment. Everyone knew who Chantel's husband was now.

The fans were gobsmacked. Chantel and Erica were not only good friends, but also sisters-in-law.

And they found out that Chantel had married the youngest, most valiant, battlewise colonel. No wonder she kept a low profile all the time.

What was more, for the people who said that Chantel was Matthew's mistress, this piece of news was like a bucket of cold water in the face. She was not Matthew's mistress at all. But she was his sister-in-law.

At the height of her career, Chantel gave up her bright future decisively and chose her family, which was a great idea.

Checking out the Weibo post, Gifford sighed silently. So, to her, he must seem like an old man who didn't know the first thing about romance.

This was outrageous! Airing details about her private life on the Internet? Making him look bad? She even claimed he never said sweet words to her.

Gifford was not convinced. For the rest of his life, whenever he had the chance, he would hold his wife and whisper in her ear, "I love you, my lovely wife. You are the woman I love most in my life. You are my star, and you are my light..."

Chantel would always look at him with disgust and say something he didn't like, such as, "Shocking an old man like you would even learn how to say those sweet words." But at the same time, he could see she was happy. There was a glint in her eyes that told him so.

As time went by, every time before she could open her mouth to pour cold water on him, Gifford would kiss her lips until she couldn't say those hurtful words anymore.

Several years later, when Gifford retired, he spent all his time with his wife.

He stayed by her side while she did everything she wanted to do. Occasionally, she'd get a movie role, and he found something that he could do there too—as pyrotechnician and armorer. He'd handle the explosions, simulated bullets, flames and smoke. He made sure all weapons were licensed, and taught the crew and cast how to use them safely. Wherever Chantel went, he'd be there.

The cast and crew were always joking with him, asking him if he was afraid his wife would run away, because he always kept an eye on her.

Gifford refused to admit it. "She asked me to come here because I'm good at what I do. I shoot things, I make them go boom. Might as well do that here and get paid for it. Besides, she doesn't trust me around these beautiful actresses. Honey, it's your break. Come here. I just picked up some fruit for you. Take a load off."

His courteous look was not as complacent as when he said that his wife was afraid he would run away with other women.

Chantel pulled his ear and said, "You're talking smack about me again, aren't you?"

"No. honey, you are so beautiful. How could I ever do that? Come on, let me feed you fruit like an empress."

They had been showing off their love for each other like this the whole day. Everyone else got goose bumps, turned and left decisively. No one wanted to stick around for the public displays of affection.

Looking at the man who was now ingratiating himself with his wife, probably no one would associate him with the valiant and battlewise prince charming of the past.

Chantel wiped her hands with a wet tissue, "Well, I can do it myself!"

"No way. I hate feeling useless." 'She couldn't steal my job, ' he thought.

Chantel had no choice but to read the script over again, and accept his loving hands feeding her the fruit.

Back when she was on bedrest after the childbirth, he said that he would feed her fruits for the rest of her life and stay with her forever. He would follow her wherever she went.

Now, he was really doing it.

After a long time, when Gifford's and Chantel's hair turned grey and they lost all their teeth, as long as Chantel was there, Gifford would be around nearby.

He would always accompany her wherever she went.

This was his way of showing his love for her—he kept her company for the rest of his life.

CHAPTER 1460 EXTRA STORY ABOUT ADKINS PART ONE

Several yeers leter

Adkins was now twenty-two years old. He cut his beloved girl loose for his career, now a thorn in his heart.

He knew Mollie Rene in junior high. They'd only been classmates for that year. Adkins skipped a grade because of his brains, and they had never again been in class together.

At age seventeen, the quadruplets all graduated from university the same year.

And the girl who Adkins fell for in his youth was still in college, working on her graduate degree. He went to a larger, four-year institution for further study.

The night before he left, Adkins took her to the suburbs to look at the starry sky.

Mollie was from an ordinary family. Her parents were divorced. She lived with her father, who was addicted to gambling and drinking and was always behind on his bills thanks to his vices. She knew her and Adkins came from very different families. She didn't want to drag him down with her, so she forced him to make a choice that night.

Either he could stay in Alorith so the two of them could hang out together from time to time, or he could go off to study abroad, and never call or text her again.

That night, Mollie wore a black slip dress, which was uncharacteristically sexy. She was usually pragmatic, and not really interested in seducing anyone. "You need to know something about me. I'm not the kind of girl to stay lonely. If you're not here with me, I don't know what I'll do. I've got guys lining up to date me," she said casually.

Adkins was no fool. He knew she said this for a reason.

Or you could say Adkins was actually a fool because he thought Mollie said that because she didn't like him. He thought she was trying to let him down easily, because she wanted someone else.

Anyone could predict what happened next.

Adkins hugged the girl and kissed her deeply. And then he walked off, giving her freedom, and effectively ending their relationship.

It was her first kiss, and his as well.

And that was how Adkins' first relationship ended. But he wasn't entirely sure how he felt about it. It wasn't hard to leave her.

Adkins' future was so bright he had to wear shades. He wasn't just a rising star, he was a rocket. In less than five years, he'd gotten all his degrees and was now sitting pretty in his dream job.

By the time he was thirty-two, what Matthew said proved prophetic. Adkins was the youngest ruler of Deplue. What more could he dream of?

But Adkins wasn't the only one who held it all together. In the same month of the same year, Mollie stepped into her new job—the business lawyer. She was quite good at it, too. She had a silver tongue, and was more capable than many of her male colleagues. And she'd gotten engaged, too.

Adkins was still friends with her on WeChat, even after all this time. So he saw when she posted a few photos of her and her fiancée in her WeChat Moments.

Her fiancée was two years younger than her. According to her introduction in her WeChat Moments, they met each other litigating a lawsuit. After a few drinks and a few business dinners, they fell in love. Her fiancée was also famous in Mipburg. She wanted to move for him, and get a job in the same city. That way she wouldn't have to miss him so much when he flew there.

Another month later, Mollie happened to catch a news report. She glued her eyes to the screen when she figured out who it was about. Adkins! And he was set to marry a lady from Deplue. The lady was from a rich and powerful family, and she herself was rich, beautiful, gentle and kind.

A good man and a beautiful woman; a match made in heaven.

It was late winter and he'd just finished up work around four in the morning. Driving home and ignoring the frost, he passed by the housing division where Mollie lived.

Perhaps it was fate that Mollie was also burning the midnight oil. She was putting together a case against another company, and decided to give it up for the night. She found a nearby convenience store and grabbed a bucket of instant noodles. When she hit the gate to her subdivision, it was already half past four in the morning.

A very nondescript black car rolled up slowly to that same gate. She dragged her tired body out of the taxi. The lawyer hardly spared the car a passing glance, intending to fall into a coma once she was safely inside her home. But then, she looked again.

'That's no ordinary car. It must cost millions,' she thought to herself.

'So let me guess. It belongs to some CEO who thinks he's better than he actually is?'

She tidied up her long, messy hair and walked through the gate in her seven centimeter high heels.

Then she heard the buzz of a car window being rolled down.

She had no intention of talking with the driver. She was too worn out. She had seen a lot of luxury cars before. After all, there was no one else on the street at half past four in the morning. So when the car window suddenly rolled down, she couldn't help but cast a glance at the man sitting in the back seat.

And the sight that met her eyes made her forget herself for a moment, and the purse she was holding landed smack on the pavement.

There was not only someone in the back seat, but that same guy was also the person engraved in her heart.

Their eyes met and she stopped in her tracks.

If she had known that she would see Adkins today, she would never have gotten out of the taxi wearing nothing but a black suit with messy hair and no makeup.

If she had known she'd ever see Adkins again, she would never have gotten engaged to another guy.

If she had only known...

Adkins appeared out of nowhere. They hadn't seen each other in ten years. He looked exactly like he did in the news report. Handsome as ever.

His short hair was meticulously combed to the back of his head, and a pair of gold rimmed glasses set on his high nose. His thin lips were tightly pursed, and his expression was serious and determined.

'This can't be real! I must be seeing things.'

She rubbed her eyes. 'I worked too late, that's it. I can't see or think straight. The man I miss so much is not sitting in that car. No way.'

She must be dreaming. That was it. Because she'd dreamed a lot about him for the past ten years.

Mollie ran off in a hurry and entered the community, forgetting to pick up the purse she dropped.

Adkins opened the back door and swung his legs out, his brand-new black leather shoes glinting in the light of the streetlamp. Then the man got out of the car. He bent down to pick up the delicate purse on the ground and wiped the dirt away with a flick of his wrist.

"Sir, it's getting late. Your flight leaves in an hour." The driver noted his unusual behavior. He was also the man's secretary, so he thought it prudent to remind him of his duties.

Adkins gave one last look through the gate and got back into the car.

He had never rummaged through anyone's purse before. This was the first for him.

Adkins was so curious about her life, so he opened her purse. To his surprise, there was a picture in the pink wallet. It was his picture.

The photo was a two-inch photo of him when he was still a student. It was well preserved with a layer of plastic.

Before getting out of the car, he ordered his secretary, "Look into her background. I want to know everything."

The secretary nodded, "Yes, Adkins."

She was indeed engaged, but the two of them had their own separate lives. She had no interest in dating anyone, and got engaged to the guy so other men would leave her alone. Her fiancée's family wanted him to get married soon, so he made a deal with her.

Three months later

A woman walked into the law firm where Mollie worked, and asked to see her. She was obviously rich—designer threads, elegant demeanor, great teeth, fit but not overly muscular, and a face that said she was used to being able to afford anything she wanted.

"Mollie, the lady by the last name of Leonard is looking for you," Mollie's assistant told her on the phone.

Mollie was so busy that she told her assistant directly, "I'm too busy. Ask her to make an appointment. Thank you!"

However, less than two minutes after they ended their conversation, someone opened the door to her office and let herself in.

She was of regular bearing, maybe 40 years old, with a smile on her lips and a familiar purse hanging on her arm.

Mollie had been in the financial industry for a long time and knew the woman in front of her. There was another reason she recognized the woman—she was the mom of the one who got away.

She stood up in a hurry and tipped over her water glass, staring dumbly as the water spread across the desk, ruining several important-looking documents.

Mollie didn't have the time to deal with that just now. She righted her water glass and walked around the desk. She took a deep breath and tried to calm herself down. "Hello, Mrs. Hilton," she said, trying to sound as graceful as her guest appeared to be.

Erica looked Mollie up and down. Her long black hair was tied up on the top of her head, and she wore just enough make-up to accentuate her features, but not look too made up. Wearing a black suit, she looked elegant and capable.

"Mollie?" Suppressing the excitement in her heart, Erice tried to maintain the image she had created today. She couldn't frighten her future daughter-in-law.

"Yes, me'em."

Realizing her guest, Mollie quickly adjusted her mood and said, "Mrs. Hilton, please have a seat. Would you like something to drink?"

Erice set down on the sofa and observed her future daughter-in-law carefully as Mollie summoned an assistant in and gave her orders.

So this was the girl her eldest son had carried a torch for. A ten-year crush. Mollie had managed to open a law firm on her own. Erice was impressed.

A cup of hot tea was placed in front of Erice, and Mollie set down stiffly. "Excuse me. Is there a reason you came to see me?"

Erice decided to crack a joke with her to ease her nervousness. "What are your rates, Mollie? Do you charge by the hour, or...?"

Mollie took a deep breath and forced a smile. "Don't worry, Mrs. Hilton. I had the honor to team up with Hilton Group once, and Adkins helped me a lot. Today, you came here in person. It's my honor, really. No charge."

Besides, she was Adkins' mother! How could she charge her?

With one hand supporting her chin, Erice looked at her with a smile. "I did come here today to consult a lawyer, but it's not a commercial dispute." She knew that business disputes were Mollie's forte.

"Okay. If you have any questions, ask away. I'll tell you everything I know. If you're not happy with my services, I have a lot of friends I could recommend," Mollie said.

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dating anyone, and got engaged to the guy so other men would leave her alone. Her fiance's family wanted him to get married soon, so he made a deal with her.

Three months later

A woman walked into the law firm where Mollie worked, and asked to see her. She was obviously rich—designer threads, elegant demeanor, great teeth, fit but not overly muscular, and a face that said she was used to being able to afford anything she wanted.

"Mollie, a lady by the last name of Leonard is looking for you," Mollie's assistant told her on the phone.

Mollie was so busy that she told her assistant directly, "I'm too busy. Ask her to make an appointment. Thank you!"

However, less than two minutes after they ended their conversation, someone opened the door to her office and let herself in.

She was of regal bearing, maybe 40 years old, with a smile on her lips and a familiar purse hanging on her arm.

Mollie had been in the financial industry for a long time and knew the woman in front of her. There was another reason she recognized the woman—she was the mom of the one who got away.

She stood up in a hurry and tipped over her water glass, staring dumbly as the water spread across the desk, ruining several important-looking documents.

Mollie didn't have the time to deal with that just now. She righted her water glass and walked around the desk. She took a deep breath and tried to calm herself down. "Hello, Mrs. Hilton," she said, trying to sound as graceful as her guest appeared to be.

Erica looked Mollie up and down. Her long black hair was tied up on the top of her head, and she wore just enough make-up to accentuate her features, but not look too made up. Wearing a black suit, she looked elegant and capable.

"Mollie?" Suppressing the excitement in her heart, Erica tried to maintain the image she had created today. She couldn't frighten her future daughter-in-law.

"Yes, ma'am."

Realizing her gaffe, Mollie quickly adjusted her mood and said, "Mrs. Hilton, please have a seat. Would you like something to drink?"

Erica sat down on the sofa and observed her future daughter-in-law carefully as Mollie summoned an assistant in and gave her orders.

So this was the girl her eldest son had carried a torch for. A ten-year crush. Mollie had managed to open a law firm on her own. Erica was impressed.

A cup of hot tea was placed in front of Erica, and Mollie sat down stiffly. "Excuse me. Is there a reason you came to see me?"

Erica decided to crack a joke with her to ease her nervousness. "What are your rates, Mollie? Do you charge by the hour, or...?"

Mollie took a deep breath and forced a smile. "Don't worry, Mrs. Hilton. I had the honor to team up with Hilton Group once, and Adkins helped me a lot. Today, you came here in person. It's my honor, really. No charge."

Besides, she was Adkins' mother! How could she charge her?

With one hand supporting her chin, Erica looked at her with a smile. "I did come here today to consult a lawyer, but it's not a commercial dispute." She knew that business disputes were Mollie's forte.

"Okay. If you have any questions, ask away. I'll tell you everything I know. If you're not happy with my services, I have a lot of friends I could recommend," Mollie said.