

TMBA 1461

CHAPTER 1461 EXTRA STORY ABOUT ADKINS PART TWO

"Excuse me, Mollie. Would you please tell me what the sentence for going through someone else's belongings without their knowledge and consent is?" Erica asked.

For a moment, Mollie looked stunned, but she responded duly, "That would be considered an invasion of personal privacy. Under normal circumstances, a defendant would be required to pay damages to the victim, but under severe circumstances, the defendant could face up to a maximum of three years' imprisonment or detention."

Erica picked up the purse next to her and placed it on top of the table before her.

"Do you recognize this purse?" she asked. Of course, Mollie recognized the purse. After all, it belonged to her!

"I found this purse in my son's room. I know my son well; he must have looked through it and, consequently been in violation of your privacy. What would you charge him with, Mollie?" It was becoming increasingly clear that Erica was doing everything in her power to make her son's relationship with Mollie work.

Mollie's cheeks blushed red instantly. After an awkward pause, she mumbled, "Erica, he won't be facing any charges as I was the one who accidentally left it..."

"No!

He must be punished!" Erica said firmly. Mollie had feelings for Adkins, and moreover, he was now the ruler of Deplua. How could a mere lawyer like her file a lawsuit against him? She began to wonder if Erica had just come here to make things difficult for her.

The nervousness that was displayed on Mollie's face amused Erica quite a lot. "In my opinion, you should sentence him to a lifetime of imprisonment, if you know what I mean," she said with a cheeky wink.

Mollie was completely dumbfounded as she couldn't believe what she had just heard. All her cleverness and eloquence in court had evaporated into thin air.

"Let's just cut to the chase, dear. Among the quadruplets, only Adkins is single now. I would be lying if I told you that I haven't been doing my own research. I know that the two of you were in the same class more than ten years ago. I also know that the girl he took to see the starry night sky was you," said Erica.

It was quite clear that Erica had conducted an extensive and detailed investigation about the two of them.

Matthew used to take her to that place as well. This one time when they both went there again, the person taking care of the place told them that Adkins had brought a girl there.

Before Mollie could say anything, Erica continued, "I've already checked his schedule. Adkins is expected to arrive in the city tomorrow and he will be staying at the six-star hotel in the city center."

Mollie didn't know how to respond as she was both moved and unsettled. After a while, she said, "Erica, then you must have heard that... I am already engaged..."

"Yes, I have. You don't have to worry about that because I happen to know your fiance's mother. I've already arranged for some beautiful girls for your so-called fiance to go on blind dates with. You can consider the engagement cancelled. You will receive a call from your ex-fiance tonight to finalize the details," said Erica. Erica was like an unstoppable train. Now that she had made up her mind to pair Mollie with her son, she was hell-bent on making sure that nothing could ever come between them.

Mollie fidgeted in her seat. "Erica, this is all happening too fast." Mollie's instincts were telling her that Erica was setting her up with Adkins. But why?

"I am sure this is all a bit overwhelming, but you are not married yet and neither is Adkins. Why complicate things if all you two want is to really be together?" Just like every caring mother in the world, Erica was worried about her eldest son because his life revolved around his work and she barely got to see him.

The least she could do for his happiness was to make sure that he ended up with the woman he loved.

An hour after Erica had left, Mollie was still stuck in her seat, dazed and confused.

Came nightfall. She received a call from her fiance just as Erica had said. "Mollie, I am very sorry. I don't know how my mother found out about what happened between us. She wants me to call off the engagement. We shouldn't see each other anymore.

Good-bye!" There she was, single again.

The next day, Mollie called in sick and decided to spend the rest of the day waiting at home.

The waiting time was always long. All day long, she kept thinking about Erica's words that Adkins would stay in the hotel in the city center tonight. The hours she spent waiting were dreadful and agonizing. All day long, she kept repeating Erica's words in her head—"Adkins will be staying at the six-star hotel in the city center."

The time to face the truth was drawing near. After she got out of the shower, Mollie took out a strapless black dress and a pair of crystal high-heeled shoes from the wardrobe. In the end, she decided to go with only some light make-up and walked out of the house with her long hair hanging loose on her back.

Although she was a jittery nervous wreck, Mollie still managed to drive herself to the six-star hotel Erica had told her about.

When she reached the hotel, the entire place was swarming with countless plain-clothed security guards. As she stood just outside, Mollie started to have second thoughts and she decided to leave.

She was just a lawyer. How could she dream of being with Adkins?

If she didn't deserve him ten years ago, she most definitely didn't now all the more.

Just as she turned around to leave, a man in a suit walked towards and said, "Mollie?"

Mollie turned around and saw a bodyguard.

"Erica sent me to pick you up. Adkins is in his room now. Please follow me,"

he said with a polite smile.

On the 66th floor of the hotel

A dozen of bodyguards were going back and forth in the corridor like well-oiled machines. When they saw the two people getting out of the elevator, they stopped and nodded to greet them.

The bodyguard who accompanied Mollie upstairs whispered to one of the men and the two continued to walk forward.

There was pin-drop silence in the corridor and the atmosphere was quite tense. It would be normal for anyone to think that there was a big shot currently residing on the floor.

The bodyguard stopped at the door in the end of the corridor and gestured at Mollie with his hand. "Mollie, Adkins is expecting you in this room. I will be leaving shortly."

Mollie nodded at him politely. "Thank you!"

"You're welcome, Mollie."

The bodyguard left, leaving only Mollie and two bodyguards standing in front of the door.

Mollie hesitated for some time before she decided to ring the doorbell.

The door was pushed open from the inside by Adkins' secretary. His eyes widened when he saw who was standing outside. He greeted Mollie with a smile and said, "Please wait a moment."

The secretary scampered back to report. "Adkins, Mollie is outside."

'Mollie?' Adkins strode to the door, confused. The woman standing outside was none other than Mollie.

The secretary slid out sensibly, leaving the two of them alone.

When the door was closed from the outside, Mollie's heart skipped a beat.

She licked her lips and said, "I'm sorry to bother you..."

Adkins, however, kept staring at the woman like a fool, almost as if he didn't know what language she was speaking.

Ten years had done wonders on this woman because she looked more matured and feminine.

On their second meeting in a decade, the first thing that came out of Mollie's mouth was—"I'm sorry to bother you."

Mollie felt so embarrassed at herself that she fell into an awkward silence. Such a reaction wasn't completely unexpected; after all, they hadn't seen each other for a long time. It was almost as if they were just strangers meeting for the very first time. Perhaps they no longer had anything in common anymore.

Mollie tried to smile. "Well, if you are busy, I'll leave you to it..."

She nodded her head awkwardly and turned around.

Adkins stepped forward immediately, grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms.

The fresh scent of mint on the man was so alluring that her heart was about to jump out of her chest. In order to steady herself, she clutched at his sleeves tightly.

Holding her waist with one arm, Adkins looked down at the nervous woman and asked, "Have you made up your mind?"

'Have I made up my mind?' In truth, she hadn't. Although she had been at home all day, her mind was in a mess and she couldn't think about anything properly.

When he sensed her discomfort through her silence, Adkins displayed a rare look in his eyes. "Well, now that you're already here, it's too late to think about it." Before she knew, the man lowered his head and kissed her red lips.

He wasn't going to let her go now that she had come to him on her own.

Adkins' secretary, however, stood outside the door anxiously because his boss was supposed to be at a

very important dinner party that night. Even he didn't have the courage to knock on his door.

The only occupants of the master suite were a man and a woman. It wasn't very hard to imagine what was going on inside.

About an hour later, Adkins opened the door and walked out, neatly dressed and looking fresh. The way he carefully shut the door behind his back indicated that he was afraid of disturbing the sleeping woman inside.

Taken by curiosity, his secretary secretly looked him up and down. His usual serious expression was now full of joy and he wasn't wearing the same clothes he was wearing before Mollie arrived. In fact, it was quite clear that he had just taken a shower.

Three months later, Adkins got married. The wedding was deliberately kept low-profile and the only people on the guest-list were either family or close friends of the family. The name, identity and profession of his wife were kept out of the general public's knowledge for the sake of privacy.

However, Adkins was always seen with a woman after that and when someone would ask about the woman's identity, his secretary would simply answer—"Mrs. Hilton."

As time went by, people eventually came to see that Adkins and his wife loved each other very much. In fact, they were inseparable.

Besides, there was a female lawyer in the Hilton Group's legal team. Even Boswell, the CEO of the company, had a lot of respect for her. Only a few of his assistants knew that the female lawyer was actually their CEO's sister-in-law.

After all, she was the only employee of the company that could come and go with Adkins as she pleased. Why else would the boss give her that privilege if she weren't important to his family?

Eventually, more and more people came to know about Adkins' wife, the remarkable lawyer, named Mollie Rane.

CHAPTER 1462 EXTRA STORY ABOUT DAMIAN PART ONE

As Matthew had said, five years later, Angelina was brought back to the Hilton family from the welfare house. Although she didn't hold the same status as Erma, she was still regarded as almost like a biological daughter to Matthew and Erica in the eyes of everyone else in the family.

Since there was no spare room on the third floor when she came, she had to stay on the second. However, afraid that she would be scared and all alone in there, Boswell and Damian told Matthew that they would move their rooms from the third to the second floor to make her company.

As time went by, Damian became a well-known pianist described as the prince of the piano by his fans.

While he was still studying, he participated in several piano performances and graduated from the school of music when he was only twenty-two years old.

Most of the time, his family would only hear from the young pianist through the TV.

After he had gone abroad at the age of twenty-two, he had been living there for five years now. For some reason, he hadn't returned home in these past five years.

When he was twenty-seven years old, Erica gave him an ultimatum. She said she would break off all relations with him if he didn't show up at home for Angelina's birthday that year. Damian then took the first plane to Alorith, and once he landed, he hurried back to the Hilton family's house.

It was Angelina's birthday, and the first time in years that Damian was coming back from abroad, so the Hilton family decided to organize a dinner at home.

Therefore, the servants had spent the entire day decorating the first floor for the party. In the end, there were even balloons with the words "Happy Birthday Angelina" hanging from the living room ceiling.

By dinner time, almost everyone was on the villa's ground floor, except the two girls upstairs and Damian, who hadn't come home yet.

At last, the prince of the piano walked into the living room. He hugged every family member present and then asked in confusion, "Where are Erma and Angelina?"

"Damian! I am here!" A crisp sound came down the stairs.

Soon, two girls hand in hand showed up at the corner of the staircase.

Erma wanted to run downstairs and give her brother a hug, but considering the girl around her, she gave up the idea temporarily. She said out loud, "Ha-ha, look at Angelina's makeup. Haven't I outdone myself again?"

Immediately, everyone's eyes fell on the girl next to Erma. Besides the exquisite makeup Erma had done on her, Angelina wore a blue starry dress with her long hair tied up into a delicate princess bun.

"Erma, I can't believe you asked Angelina to be your model again," Erica asserted helplessly.

Her youngest daughter loved to do other people's makeup and hair. Since Angelina had always been so obedient, she had become Erma's model from an early age.

Colman approached the two girls and praised Angelina exaggeratedly, "Oh, Your Highness, you're so beautiful. Erma, you're a fabulous makeup artist!"

Erma bared her teeth and raised her chin as she said, "Colman, you're so sweet. I'll do you a haircut next

time. I promise to make you the brightest star in Alorith."

With a smug smile, he smoothed his short hair and answered, "I'm already the brightest star in Alorith. But if Erma Hilton dresses me up, I'm sure I'll attract young girls from all over the world, won't I?"

"Of course! Colman, you have to trust yourself and me!" As they finished walking down the stairs, Erma gave Angelina's hand to Boswell and then ran to hug Damian, who she hadn't seen for a long time.

Raising one hand to his chin, Boswell stared at Angelina and said thoughtfully, "Well, I have to admit that Erma really succeeded this time. Angelina looks beautiful like this."

Damian glanced at his brother and swallowed the compliment he was about to give Angelina.

In his camouflage uniform, the cool and handsome Edmond put his phone away and stood up before saying helplessly, "Erma, stop bullying Angelina."

Calmly, Angelina looked away from a certain man as she turned to Edmond and shook her head. "No, no. She didn't bully me."

"Edmond, it's not every day that you manage to come home. Do you want Dad to beat you up now that you're here?" Erma snorted at him. Edmond and Erma were twins and were often found quarreling as they grew up. Of course, Matthew always took his daughter's side, so every time the twins had a fight, he would teach Edmond a lesson.

When Edmond was sixteen, Matthew sent the naughty boy to a military school in order to ease his stubborn temper. However, now it seemed that it was a useless thing to do.

At that moment, Edmond seemed to have sensed a cold gaze towards him and quickly changed the topic. "Hurry up. I'm starving. Beautiful princess Angelina, come and cut the cake!"

From the sofa, Adkins put down the newspaper in his hand and stood up as he glanced at his brothers and sister. "Let's cut the cake. I have something else to do later," he said.

"Adkins, you are always so busy!" Erma complained, holding his arm.

She felt that among her five brothers, the eldest was always the busiest one.

Stroking her hair, Adkins asked her affectionately, "Do you think everyone can work by fits and starts like you?"

His sister was just like his mother. A naughty soul whose passion for anything didn't last very long.

In response to his question, Erma stuck out her tongue awkwardly at him and said, "It's not every day that we get to have Damian at home, and now you snitch me like this. Do you want him to scold me or

something?"

Hearing her words, Damian chuckled and pinched the tip of her nose. "You little fool."

As they began to move towards the dining room, Angelina lifted the hem of her dress and caught up with Damian. "So, how many days will you be staying this time?" she asked.

Damian slowed down so she could keep up with him and said, "About a week. How are you doing in your studies?"

Angelina nodded and obediently reported, "Not bad, thanks to Boswell. He often tutors me."

An odd emotion briefly flashed through Damian's eyes, but it was gone long before she could point out what it was. "Great."

Boswell looked back at the two and commented, "Angelina has always wanted to learn to play the piano. If you're at home, you could teach her yourself. In fact, I think you should stay in Alorith for good instead of going back abroad."

"It doesn't matter, Boswell. Damian is probably busy. I can learn from the piano teacher," Angelina said hurriedly. She didn't want to cause Damian any trouble.

Damian smiled but didn't say anything.

Angelina's birthday was a happy one. Except for Carlos and Debbie who were on a trip, the whole family gathered at the villa to celebrate with her.

During the meal, Angelina received gifts from everyone.

But only when she got back to her room, she started opening them. The first one she picked was the pink handbag Damian had given to her.

In the beautifully packaged gift box, there was a lovely glass piano model with keys crafted in black and white crystals. Although the style was gorgeous, it wasn't over the top.

Angelina carefully caressed the piano model, unwilling to let it go.

Later at night, after she unwrapped all of the gifts she had got, she took out a handbag from the cupboard before leaving her room. Making sure that there was no one else in the corridor, she knocked on the door across hers.

Damian had just taken a shower when he opened the door. Surprised to see Angelina standing there, he asked in confusion, "Angelina. What's wrong?"

Avoiding his gaze, Angelina put her busy hands behind her back and walked into his room. "Damian, first, I want to thank you for my birthday gift. I really love it."

Before closing the door, Damian took a look at Boswell's room. The door was closed.

"You're welcome. I wasn't at home in the past few years so I couldn't celebrate your previous birthdays. This time, I could make it."

Angelina took out the bag she was hiding on her back and handed it to him. "This is my gift for you. Please, don't refuse it!"

Damian, however, didn't make any mention to take the bag. "No, you don't have to..."

Realizing that he was about to refuse her, Angelina quickly pushed the bag into his arms and said, "I've learned how to knit. Since it's starting to get cold in the country you've been living in, I thought you could use a scarf. So I made it for you. I hope you like it, Damian! Now go to bed!"

Afraid that he would refuse her gift again, Angelina rushed out of the room before he could say anything.

However, as soon as she closed the door behind her, she ran into Boswell, who had just walked out of his room. "Angelina, are you looking for Damian?"

Startled, Angelina shook her head. "No, no. I'm just passing by."

Looking at the girl running back to her room, Boswell was confused. After all, he had seen clearly the moment she came out through Damian's door.

He intended to go downstairs to get some water, but instead, he knocked on Damian's door and opened it next. "Damian, what's going on with Angelina?" he asked in confusion.

Still standing where Angelina had just left him, Damian didn't have the time to put the bag away when his brother walked in. Nonetheless, he explained, "There was something she wanted to talk about."

"What's in your hand?" Boswell asked casually.

Damian was silent for a moment. Then he walked over to Boswell and handed him the bag. "It's a gift from Angelina."

"A gift for me?" Boswell took the handbag even more confused. "Why didn't she give it to me herself? Why did she have to do it through you?"

"Maybe... she is shy," Damian answered.

"Shy?" Boswell burst into laughter. "Why is that silly girl shy about this?"

In his eyes, Angelina had always been silly.

But now it seemed she has just outdone herself. If she wanted to give him a gift, she could just hand it to him directly. Why did she have to do it through Damian?

Damian shook his head and didn't say anything.

Boswell didn't wait for an explanation, either. He just left with the bag in his hand next.

CHAPTER 1463 EXTRA STORY ABOUT DAMIAN PART TWO

Two months later, the weather in Alorith started to cool down. Boswell took out the scarf Angelina gave him on her birthday and casually wrapped it around his neck before heading downstairs.

On the ground floor, Boswell found that Angelina had already gone to school. While eating her breakfast, Erma spotted her brother and asked in confusion, "Boswell, when did you begin to wear a scarf?" Somehow she thought the accessory was more like Damian's style than his.

"Oh, I suddenly remembered I have one. Since it's really cold today, I took it out," Boswell explained casually.

As he walked past her, though, Erma unexpectedly unwrapped the scarf around his neck while he looked at her puzzled.

After checking out one of the corners of the piece of clothing, she said, "I knew it. This looks so much like Damian's style because it belongs to him! How could you have it?"

"What nonsense are you talking about? This is my scarf. Angelina gave to me as a gift!" Boswell emphasized.

Erma cast him an odd glance as she revealed in a low voice, "But Damian's name is on it. If you don't believe me, take a look yourself!"

Following her gaze, he saw a name on the scarf—Damian.

Boswell couldn't believe his eyes. What was going on?

After that, he spent a while trying his best to recall what happened that night two months ago. Finally, he came to the conclusion that the scarf wasn't a gift for him, but for Damian.

Realizing that there was something wrong with Damian that night, he thought it was necessary to find out the reason why he decided to give him the scarf.

At the end of the year, knowing that Damian would come back home to celebrate the New Year, Boswell brought a girl back to the Hilton family manor.

As soon as they arrived together, he introduced the girl to his family. "Grandpa, Grandma, Dad, Mom, guys, this is my girlfriend, Patti. Patti, say hello to everyone."

The moment his words left his mouth, his eyes fell upon Damian.

As Patti was busy greeting everyone else, Boswell took the opportunity to study his brother's face.

Damian didn't notice he was being looked at. In fact, he was way too busy, staring at Angelina's smile. At that moment, sympathy was written all over his face. He couldn't help it, but his heart ached for Angelina.

A few hours later, Boswell was finally free to go to his brother and get the confirmation he wanted, but Damian had only been waiting for Patti to leave his side to pull Boswell into the back garden and start a fight with him.

As shocking as it was, Damian really threw a punch at Boswell.

The Hilton brothers had always been united and friendly among themselves. This was the first time in their lives they had fought like this against each other.

It was unbelievable that Damian, who was always so considerate, had just hit Boswell.

Since he was his brother, Boswell didn't return the punch and asked patiently, "Is Patti your girlfriend?"

"No."

"Then why did you hit me?" Boswell really wanted to scold his brother.

Furious, Damian looked at him and roared in a low voice, "Have you considered how Angelina would feel when you decided to bring a woman here?"

Boswell had a few theories in mind already, but at that moment, many of them were proved right. Pretending that he didn't understand his brother's anger, however, he asked, "I've thought about it. But Angelina seemed happy. Didn't you see it? I just don't get why you're so angry. Don't you approve of your brother's girlfriend?"

As a matter of fact, Damian didn't even look at her. In his mind, there was only Angelina. But just as Boswell said, she seemed quite happy to have Patti around.

He then asked impatiently, "Did you break up with Angelina? Or didn't Angelina agree to be with you?"

After a short pause, Boswell smiled. "Do you think I have feelings for Angelina?"

"Don't you?"

"Well, I do like Angelina," Boswell said slowly.

Damian's heart couldn't help but break at Boswell's admission that he liked his beloved girl.

"But just as a brother loves his sister, understand?" Boswell added. His suspicions were only getting more real.

Damian was stunned. "But you said that Angelina was yours, and no one could compete with you for her..." For over ten years, he had kept Boswell's words in his mind.

Boswell walked over his brother and patted him on the shoulder. "I picked Angelina up from the forest. Isn't she mine? 'Nobody is allowed to compete with me for her.' I said that when I was a child. Did you really take it seriously? Damian, was it because you thought I had feelings for Angelina, and you didn't want to compete with me that you've lived abroad for so long?"

This was definitely what his sensible brother would do.

Damian parted his lips, but no words came out. Boswell was right.

Damian fell in love with Angelina, the girl who would always giggle behind them when they were kids. He used to think that she was as cute as a little bunny.

But since he believed Boswell liked her too, he didn't want to get in the middle. Therefore, he left the country on the first opportunity in order to avoid keep seeing her. In the end, he had stayed away from home for five years without ever contacting Angelina. Only when he would video chat with others, would he occasionally say hello to her. God knew how he had survived these past five years.

Taking his brother's lack of response as a yes, Boswell burst into laughter and said, "Oh my God, Damian! Couldn't you have just asked me? You and Angelina are a perfect match. Seriously, the scarf you gave me had your name on it, so it wasn't hard to conclude she had given it to you." Thinking about it made Boswell feel as if he had witnessed a public display of affection between the two.

Damian was speechless.

Just then, the girl who was the main subject of their conversation came out looking for them. Foolishly, she asked, "Damian, Boswell, it's so cold outside. Won't you come in?"

Boswell waved at her and said, "Come here, Angelina."

Angelina trotted to him until she was at his side. "What's wrong, Boswell?"

Putting his arm around her shoulder, he grinned wickedly and asked, "Who did you make the scarf for?"

Angelina's face turned red all of a sudden. Out of the corner of her eye, she glanced at Damian and realized he was staring at her. She immediately looked away and whispered, "It was a gift for Damian..." Then she raised her head to meet Boswell's gaze and asked in surprise, "How do you know about it?"

Boswell had to hold back a laughter when he answered, "Damian thought you made it for me, so he gave it to me. Well, my work here is done. You two talk it out and make things clear!"

After that, Boswell walked away, leaving Damian and Angelina behind. As soon as they were alone, she hurried to explain, "Damian, the scarf was really for you."

Damian looked at her in conflict as he asked, "Don't you really like Boswell?" He had avoided dealing with feelings and relationships for several years, but it seemed it had all been in vain.

"Yes, I do." Angelina's answer was the same as Boswell's. "But it has nothing to do with being in love."

Damian didn't know what to say at first. But then he clenched his fists and reunited the courage to ask, "And what about me?"

Taking a leap of faith, Angelina dared to run into his arms and confess, "I like you very much." She had always liked Damian but never had the guts to tell him how she felt. In the past few years, while he was abroad, she had missed him every day but never dared to tell him so.

She wasn't the Hilton family's biological daughter. As an adopted child, she didn't feel like she deserved to be with Damian anyway.

His heart, however, blossomed with her words.

Putting his arms around her shoulder, Damian kissed her hair and gently expressed his feelings to her. "Angelina, I like you too." He never thought he would have the chance to tell her that in his life.

He couldn't see it, but Angelina smiled broadly at his confession. She never felt so good!

Besides the street lamps, the back garden was completely in the dark, but all of a sudden, all the lights were turned on. Erma jumped out from one side, and when she saw the two together, she screamed, "Wow, look at what we have here!"

Boswell told her she would run into a big secret in the back garden, so she came to check it out. It turned out he was right!

Angelina tried to get out of Damian's embrace immediately, but he didn't let her go. Holding her in his arms, he warned his naughty sister, "Erma!"

"Damian, I know. I won't tell the others," she promised with a smile.

Damian shook his head helplessly. He didn't trust her at all.

And of course, he was right not to do so. Within a few minutes, the whole Hilton family knew that Damian and Angelina were now a couple.

Surprisingly, Erica was the one who was caught off guard the most by the sudden news. She had always thought that Boswell would get married to Angelina and, therefore, had mentally got herself ready to have the girl as her second daughter-in-law. But now that Angelina and Damian were together so unexpectedly, she needed some time to digest the news.

Matthew, on the other hand, was very calm. This was a matter between the children, and he would not interfere. If they were really together, he would be happy for them.

Despite Damian confessing his feelings for her, Angelina thought they would date for a few years before they got married.

But as soon as she finished her studies, he caught her by surprise when he got down on one knee and proposed to her. According to him, dating without envisioning the marriage wasn't right.

So at the age of twenty-six, Angelina got her marriage certificates with Damian.

On the groom's twenty-ninth birthday, the couple had a grand wedding in Alorith.

CHAPTER 1464 EXTRA STORY ABOUT BOSWELL PART ONE

Boswell had no feelings for Angelina, but not because he looked down on her.

He thought of marriage as useful, not necessarily for love. If he could get something out of it, something good for himself or Hilton Group, then it was worthwhile. But marrying Angelina wouldn't achieve that end.

Boswell thought if he really loved a girl, he wouldn't have to marry her. There were a few celebrities who just lived together, and refused to wed. When it came to marriage, he would marry someone who could help him in business. It would be even better if he could get along with his wife.

It was not that his career needed a woman's help, but that he wanted someone around to help when he needed her. He could bring her along to social engagements, or hand the reins of the company over to her when he couldn't be there to handle those affairs himself.

To put it bluntly, he needed a businesswoman for him, the businessman. And she should be well-educated, so she might be interesting to talk to. And she'd make fewer mistakes when she took control

of the company.

So he thought about marrying a woman with a similar family background.

As for Angelina, he had brought her home to become a member of the family. She wasn't a bad person, and he wanted to see her do well. If it weren't for Damian, who liked her so much, he would have arranged another good man for her.

Damian seemed to be head over heels for her, so that made his brother happy. Angelina could marry into the family and would be taken good care of by Damian, so Boswell didn't have to worry about her anymore.

Now that Angelina and Damian were together, Boswell only needed to concern himself with Erma's marriage.

Colman was a playboy, with a new girl on his arm every night. Boswell decided to leave well enough alone.

Edmond was the bad boy. He had a reputation, and girls tended to avoid him. Boswell didn't even want to try and fix him up with anyone.

So that left Erma, his dearest sister. Because he was her brother, he would find the best husband for her after he settled down.

He had been trying to find a wife who fit his standards, and by the time he was 28, he did. Her name was Chloe Bunney. And when he found her, he didn't want to lose her. So, having been invited for dinner, after some pleasant conversation, he made an offer to her father.

Because he was all about business, Boswell wrote it out as a contract and handed it to the man. "Sir, I'd like to marry your daughter, Chloe. I'm prepared to pay—10 million dollars. Besides, as my wife, she'd be Mrs. Hilton. There are a lot of women clamoring for that title. Of course, I would like to learn how to fashion the Purple Charm, so we can preserve the secret. It's dangerously close to being lost, and I'd like to change that, with your permission, sir."

The Purple Charm was a special silk produced in the Bunney family in Elm Town of Alorith. The people who fashioned it used a special chemical dissolving process to treat silkworm cocoons, leaving their molecular structure intact. This process prevented shrinkage, leaving it bleach-resistant, and it wouldn't be yellowed by perspiration. Obviously, this made the Purple Charm material rare and expensive. It was known as "soft gold" in the silk industry.

The fabric was cool and pleasant, like silk usually was. It would dry quickly after getting wet and did not wrinkle easily. It had been produced for nearly a thousand years.

There were no boys born to this generation of the Bunney family, and few people were willing to learn.

It was not mass-producible thus far, so it didn't really turn a hefty profit. Gradually, fewer and fewer people knew how to make it. The ones who knew would age and die off. The secret could be lost to the mists of time. The contract would prevent that.

Chloe's father had never had much interest in money, nor did he look at the contract. He asked Boswell, "Why do you want to marry her?"

With a confident smile, Boswell answered, "Chloe is your favorite daughter. I'm sure you want her to marry a good man and have a happy life. I'm the CEO of Hilton Group, so I can give your daughter that life. She'll never go hungry, she'll always have nice things to wear—she'll want for nothing. Of course, if she's good to me, I'll be good to her. I'm offering her everything."

Chloe's father had never teamed up with such a big company before, but he knew why Boswell came to him. Once Boswell's men learned the technique of making the Purple Charm, it would bring endless benefits to Hilton Group.

Looking at the neatly dressed young man in front of him, he thought of his mother, Erica.

Because she was spoiled by Matthew, Erica was a childish woman, despite her age. His daughter was the same. The two should get along splendidly. The father could definitely see his daughter and Erica as happy in-laws.

However, Boswell resembled his father a lot in business, who was a decisive businessman. Even in his teens, he had a powerful stake in Hilton Group, and made some decisions that grew the company even more—before he had stepped into the CEO role.

Chloe's father was quiet for a long time, but Boswell was in no hurry. After all, it took time to figure this out. And Boswell was prepared to wait quite a while.

Fortunately, Chloe's father didn't make him wait too long and signed the contract in front of him.

Before leaving, he left a message to Boswell. "I don't need the bride price. Keep your ten mil. You guys need time to figure out if you're compatible. If you don't like her, you can just send her back to me." No matter what happened, he didn't think Boswell had the right to discipline his daughter.

Boswell nodded. "Don't worry, Dad. We'll be okay."

When he was 29 years old, Boswell married the youngest daughter of the Bunney family—Chloe, three years his junior. Although the two of them didn't love each other, he still gave her everything a woman should have when she got married.

A bride price of ten million, a grand wedding ceremony, three plots of real estate in the city, five percent shares of Hilton Group and so on.

Since then, Chloe had become a member of the famous Hilton family.

Chloe was the most beautiful girl in Elm Town, and she had many suitors. Now that she had married Boswell, most of them had no choice but to give up on courting her. After all, they knew they were no match for the rich and powerful Boswell.

Not all was peaceful, though. As CEO, Boswell still had responsibilities. He needed to go on a business trip on the day of their wedding. Something was going down in one of the branch offices, and he was not comfortable sending someone else. So he attended to it personally. In the bedroom, he held his wife's chin. She hadn't yet removed her makeup. "Wait for me at home. I got this," he said confidently. "And after I get back, we have a lot of catching up to do." There was a glint in his eyes that said they wouldn't be getting much sleeping when he returned.

If it weren't for the emergent business trip, he would have made love to her right now, and then caught the flight. 'Forget it. I'll make it up to her when I come back!' he thought to himself.

With an expressionless face, Chloe nodded and watched him leave.

On the second night, Boswell met an interesting girl on his business trip outside the country. She was as cute as his sister, and he was very happy when she was around.

The girl was not happy. She had just offended the boss and was fired by the company. She went to the local watering hole to drown her sorrows, and that was where she met Boswell.

After she'd had a few, she became a chatterbox. The girl was like a talk show host, and every word out of her mouth made Boswell laugh.

When Boswell was about to leave the bar, she held his hand tightly and insisted on following him. "Hey, listen. I have no job, and no parents to help me, either. Treat me right, and I'll do anything for you," she said in a pleading tone.

'Do anything for me?' Boswell was amused. Many people were willing to do anything for him as long as they could get associated with him, and yet he was not interested. However, after thinking for a while, he agreed, "Okay, let's go."

And that was how the girl got to Alorith. Then, Boswell took her directly to his and Chloe's wedding villa.

The man stood in the living room, hands in his pockets, quietly watching the woman coming downstairs. The woman wore a long dress made of beige silk, which outlined her nice figure vividly. She was elegant and graceful, and it showed in every step she took.

Boswell clicked his tongue and he suddenly changed his mind. He turned and told the butler behind him, "This girl is Rosa Carman. Show her to her room."

"Yes, Boswell."

Boswell walked up to his wife, who was already on the first floor. Before she could say anything, he lifted her into his arms and strode upstairs.

The moment Chloe was gathered in his arms, she put her arms around Boswell's neck and stared at the girl being led away by the butler.

The girl glared at Chloe with obvious jealousy in her eyes.

Chloe gave her a scornful smile. She could tell what was on the girl's mind. She hugged Boswell tightly and said, "You must be tired after your trip, honey."

Chloe didn't mind romantic rival came so soon. She was not a kind person either.

"No matter how tired I am, I still have the strength to deal with you," Boswell said. He had no idea what was happening between the two women. All he could hear was the soft voice of the woman in his arms.

In the master bedroom on the second floor, when the sun hung high in the sky, Boswell and Chloe explored each other's bodies for the first time since they were married.

After that, Boswell put on his pajamas and walked out of the walk-in closet. He told the sleepy woman in the bed, "I brought the girl back here so she could serve you. You can give her whatever orders you like."

Chloe was so tired after their lovemaking session that she didn't even have the strength to laugh, but she still answered, "Okay."

So, was her husband good to her? If he was a good husband, why would he bring a woman to their villa two days after the wedding?

But he said that he brought the woman here so that she could serve her and told her she could tell the girl what to do.

Well, as long as he didn't use that as an excuse to have an affair with that woman, Chloe didn't mind. She would make sure that didn't happen.

Thinking of this, Chloe gradually fell asleep.

She didn't wake up until midnight, and then only because she was ravenous.

Before leaving, Boswell had told her that he had to work and had a heavy workload. If nothing went wrong, he'd sleep in his office after he was done.

CHAPTER 1465 EXTRA STORY ABOUT BOSWELL PART TWO

Chloe had a hard time getting out of bed. She mustered the little strength she had and pressed the button to call the maid.

Although she had been asleep for hours, Chloe was still quite exhausted and sore. Boswell must have ridden her like a stallion on steroids.

The girl Boswell brought back pushed the door open, but she wasn't dressed in a maid's uniform. As she entered the room, Rosa greeted Chloe with a half-hearted enthusiasm. "Hello, Mrs. Hilton."

The mess in the room stung her eyes. Anyone with an ounce of sense could tell that Boswell and Chloe were engaged in some kind of wild sexual adventure in this room.

Leaning against the headboard of the bed, Chloe glanced at Rosa with a hint of arrogance and said, "Prepare some food for me."

"Yes, ma'am!" No matter how reluctant Rosa was, she had to do as Chloe said because it was her duty as a maid of the Hilton family.

After Chloe came out of the bathroom, almost an hour later, she looked around and realized that the maid still hadn't brought her midnight snack yet.

She shook her head, dismissing all thoughts on the matter and replaced the sheet that had traces of blood on it with a fresh one.

At around two o'clock in the morning, Rosa finally served Chloe the midnight snack—two slices of bread and a cup of yogurt. Rosa pretended to be guilty and said, "I'm sorry, ma'am. I don't know how to use the toaster as this is my first time being a maid. Would you like to have something else instead?"

Chloe smiled and politely refused, "It doesn't matter."

After Rosa left the room, Chloe took her phone out and called Boswell. "Can you get something to eat when you're back?" "Hmm... what should I call this man from now on? Honey or Boswell?" she thought to herself.

Boswell hadn't finished his work yet, but when he heard her words, he recalled how beautiful she looked in the afternoon, and took it as an invitation of some sort. He put down the document in his hand and said, "Sure! I'll be right over!"

Half an hour later, Rosa was in the kitchen munching away at some fruits when she heard the sound of engine turning off. She scrambled to put the fruits away and pretended to clean the counter.

After changing into his slippers, Boswell walked past the living room and went upstairs without looking at the kitchen.

Five minutes later, Rosa was called upstairs.

In the room, Chloe had a casual, nonchalant expression on her face as she nibbled on a piece of bread, as though nothing had happened.

However, the cold expression on Boswell's face drove shivers down the nervous girl's spine as he glared at her furiously and yelled, "Is this your idea of a midnight snack?"

Rosa's heart skipped a beat. "Please don't misunderstand me. I just don't know how to use the toaster yet..." She gave Boswell the same excuse she gave to Chloe earlier.

Burning rage hissed through Boswell's body like deathly poison. "So what if you knew how to use it? Were you going to let my wife eat toast at night? What is the point of me bringing you here if you can't even take care of my wife?"

"I'm sorry, Boswell. I'll learn how to cook from tomorrow," Rosa apologized tearfully.

Boswell didn't have the patience to continue this argument anymore, so he waved at her dismissively and said, "You can leave now."

He knew that the reason why Chloe invited him back for midnight snack was that she wanted him to see how Rosa treated her. Boswell quickly sat down next to the woman with an embarrassed look on his face as he couldn't believe that Rosa would treat his wife like that. "I'm sorry. It's actually my fault."

Shaking her head, Chloe swallowed the food in her mouth and comforted him with a smile, "Don't blame yourself over this. This bread isn't that bad. Besides, something is better than nothing."

Boswell took out his phone and called his assistant to rectify the situation immediately. He ordered him to bring over some food from the best restaurant in the city.

Chloe didn't stop him. Since he went through the trouble of asking someone else to bring her some food, she was appreciative of his efforts.

Soon after, spread over the dining table downstairs was an expansive range of dishes, hot enough to guarantee satisfaction.

Boswell proudly took Chloe's hand and brought her downstairs so she could have a taste of whatever she wanted. After a seemingly satisfying "midnight snack," the couple decided that it was time to get some sleep and retreated to the bedroom.

On the second day, things were much quieter at home. On the third night, however, when Boswell returned to the villa, he found a stranger in his home.

A handsome young man, perhaps in his twenties, was mopping the floor quietly in the living room. As

soon as he noticed the startled man, he quickly walked up to him and said, "Good evening, Boswell."

Boswell couldn't place that person's face in his memory and his eyebrows furrowed as he looked at him and said, "Good evening. I'm sorry, who are you?"

"Oh, I'm the new servant Chloe hired. Don't worry, Boswell, I can do everything. I can cook, do housework and repair household electrical appliances." The young man's positive attitude and confidence annoyed Boswell all the more.

His eyes looked up towards his bedroom and he understood what was going on. "Where is my wife?" he asked in a polite manner.

"She's upstairs. She fell asleep right after I gave her a massage," the young man answered innocently.

'You gave her a what?' Did he hear that right?

Boswell turned around and strode upstairs without saying another word.

It was dark in the bedroom when he pushed the door open and walked inside.

He walked to the bedside and looked at the woman who had her eyes shut tight. "Are you asleep?" he asked.

Chloe opened her eyes and answered, "Not yet."

Before she could get up, however, the man pressed his body against hers. Running his fingers down her smooth face, he whispered, "What have you been up to?"

The woman answered honestly, "I had a really bad headache, so I asked the butler to find someone who can give me a head rub. Turns out the man is really good at giving massages too. He knew all about unblocking the meridians.

The moment he pressed my temples, I started to feel so much better." 'How dare she admit it!'

Gritting his teeth, he gently bit her earlobe and said, "I'll have Rosa sent away tomorrow, but you'll have to say good-bye to the young man downstairs too. Do you hear me?"

With a cheeky flash in her eyes, Chloe feigned confusion and asked, "Why? Aren't they good at what they do?"

Tightening his grip on her slender waist, Boswell said, "I brought a young woman back and you brought a young man back home. What would people think of us?"

"Well, when you put it like that... it does sound very inappropriate..." Chloe pretended to be innocent

still.

"Well, it's good that you've realized it. Don't forget to send them away tomorrow!" he asserted.

"And where exactly do you want me to send them?" she asked.

"Wherever, I don't care. It's up to you." Boswell had no time for such trifle.

After getting what she wanted, Chloe put her arms around the man's neck with a satisfied grin on her face. "Okay!"

Although her feelings for him hadn't quite grown into love yet, she was his wife now. After all, she had to preserve her position as Mrs. Hilton, didn't she?

The following day, things were back to normal in the villa. The team of help in the house were still the ones the old butler had arranged as they were doing their jobs well.

As time went by, Boswell came to realize that his wife was very smart, especially when it came to dealing with the women around him. Chloe always found a way to deal with the clingy types without making a scene.

More importantly, it seemed as though she had won his heart.

Chloe was also starting to contribute heavily in the company's affairs and before long, Boswell handed over all the power to her to deal with the design of the Purple Charm.

When she was with Erica, she could win the favor of her mother-in-law without even doing anything.

Boswell couldn't tell when she began to give him orders. She wouldn't allow him to drink too much; she wouldn't allow him to stay up late; she wouldn't allow him to work overtime... Slowly, but surely the list of things she wouldn't allow him to do grew bigger.

It was just as Colman had told him, Boswell had fallen into the trap set by Chloe.

Just like his grandfather fell into the trap of his grandmother and his father fell into the trap of his mother, Boswell couldn't help but allow history to repeat itself.

From then onwards, Boswell formed tremendous respect for Colman's words of wisdom.

Even just two years before her 30th birthday when Chloe said that she didn't want to have a child so soon, Boswell didn't challenge her wishes. Instead, he assured her that she wouldn't have to worry about having a child until she was ready.

Every single night, he would hold the sleeping woman in his arms and think about how his life had come

to this.

He finally found out the reason. Although she was not as shrewd as him, she was a woman and she would act like a spoiled child and make him obsessed. And just like that, she was the one who had the final say in everything.

He had no idea of what was going to happen after he gave her his heart because by that time it was already too late. He had completely given himself to Chloe!

Fortunately, the two of them lived a happy life and Boswell didn't have to spend the rest of his life worrying. Since he wasn't the high-maintenance type, he was happy just to be able to hold his wife in his sleep every night.

Chloe gave birth to a daughter at the age of 29, and her daughter was the spitting image of her mother. Boswell, who was a slave for his wife, was now also a slave for his daughter. His position in the family now was worse than it was before.

As the old fisherman's proverb goes, "There is always a bigger fish in the sea."

Boswell, who had been scrupulously methodical in the business world, was controlled by a woman called Chloe, and he had never been able to turn the tables ever since.

CHAPTER 1466 EXTRA STORY ABOUT EDMOND PART ONE

The fifth son of the Hilton family, Edmond, was infamous for having the worst temper in the family. He had always been unruly and disobedient from childhood to adulthood. Matthew even tried unpopular methods of disciplining him by giving him the good old threshing, but unfortunately, it didn't work.

When Wesley and Gifford were in their mid-twenties, they had been promoted several ranks in a row in the military.

However, the story of the 24-year-old Edmond, was very different because he was still just a junior official—only one level higher than the rookies. He never made any attempt to make progress but instead, caused trouble all day long. It was as if his mind was wandering elsewhere.

The reason for his depression stemmed out of the big fight he had with Ernie when he was twenty years old. It all started when Matthew told him the truth. "Ernie was born three minutes earlier which makes you the youngest member of the family. But we wanted your sister to have five older brothers so your grandfather and I decided to tell everyone that you were older than Ernie."

Edmond was shocked by the news.

In fact, he didn't speak for three days after that.

The poor young men could do nothing but bottle up his anger, after all, he couldn't turn back the hands of time.

All of a sudden, Erme started bossing him around. She was so proud of the fact that she was older than him that she kept pestering Edmond to show her more respect.

Fortunately, Edmond's anger didn't last long. After all, he loved his sister from the bottom of his heart. It really didn't matter whether he was the older or the younger between them. He was happy to have her as his sister anyway.

One day during the training, the superior announced in public that a high ranking official would be paying them a visit in two days, and this person was a woman.

This caused a heated discussion in his platoon, but Edmond brushed it off disdainfully as he couldn't care less about some woman just because she was a superior officer. In his mind, he could beat ten women with one hand.

Unfortunately, the woman he thought he could beat with one hand was the very same woman who ended up embarrassing him in front of his associates for the first time in his life.

The woman was in her early twenties, but she was already several ranks higher than he was. She was dressed sharply in a neat uniform, with short hair, and she had an imposing aura.

During the break, Edmond leaned against the horizontal bar with a blade of grass in his mouth and listened to others talking about the female instructor. He sneered, "She's just like a herd ass. She didn't even smile for one moment."

His voice was neither loud nor low, and everyone within a few meters could hear it.

"Edmond!" The voice of an infuriated woman exploded in his ears.

Startled by the voice, Edmond's heart throbbed violently. He rubbed his ears nervously and turned around slowly. "Yes!"

The woman's glare could burn a hole through his skull. "You sound unconvinced?" She had heard about the notorious member of the team who was well-known for giving the other instructors a headache. On top of that, most of his antics would go unpunished. After seeing him in person today, the woman realized that the rumors were all true.

Even if everyone else didn't dare to punish him, she did!

"It took you that long enough to figure that out? Why don't you just go back and let Lves do the teaching. We can continue to follow him!" 'A group of men trained by a woman? How ridiculous!' Edmond sneered.

"Why don't we settle this with a little contest? If you can beat me in the five-kilometer swimming race, I will ask Lves to come back immediately. Are you up for it?"

The female instructor's words caused an uproar in the place. 'Five kilometers? That's awesome!'

The furthest distance Edmond swam in record was four kilometers. However, the thought of one extra kilometer didn't seem like such a big deal to him and he sprang up to his feet. "It's a deal!" As long as they wouldn't have to be trained by women anymore, he was willing to face the challenge.

"All right then!"

The swimming competition was set for two o'clock on that very same day.

The swimming pool in the training ground wasn't big enough, so they went to the river outside the military base.

The river just outside the suburbs was several kilometers long and was in perfect condition for swimming.

Standing by the river, the female instructor took off her coat, revealing the green military vest underneath. She smirked at Edmond and said, "The one to reach that bridge first, wins."

"Okay!" Edmond looked away, took off his coat and jumped into the river to assume position.

When the race started, it went quite smoothly for Edmond. He managed to keep a reasonable lead in the first two kilometers, but after that he began to fall behind, despite his efforts.

The women began to pick up the speed and swam forward without taking a rest.

Edmond emerged from the water, panting helplessly. He looked at the women swimming in front of him and murmured, "Humph, she must be a boring woman. If anyone marries such a woman in the future..." The mere thought of it gave him goose bumps. Luckily, he would not have to marry this kind of woman because he preferred gentle girls.

Thinking of this, he plunged into the water and swam forward with all his strength.

When he reached four-kilometer mark, he knew that he wouldn't be able to catch up with her. However, for the sake of bringing Lves back, he rolled his eyes and decided to play tricks. "Help! Help..." he screamed.

The moment she heard his voice, Olivie Evens, the female instructor, turned around and swam to his rescue without hesitation.

"Edmond, are you okay?"

When she got closer to him, Edmond suddenly pulled her under water. The two people tussled and tangled under water in each other's arms and finally... their lips pressed together without their will or knowledge.

Neither of them expected this to happen. In fact, Edmond just wanted to buy time. When their eyes met, he felt the softness of her lips and Edmond felt a tingling feeling in his heart.

Suddenly, he pulled Olivia into his arms and gave her a deeper kiss.

This was the first time someone had dared to do this to her. When she came to her senses, Olivia was so angry she wanted to grab his neck and drown him. However, Edmond reacted quickly as he let go of her and swam ahead before she could catch him.

Unfortunately for Edmond, Olivia wasn't the type to be pushed around, that too by a bed boy. She immediately swam after him, vowing to smother his head in for stealing her first kiss without her consent.

When they were about to reach the finish line, Edmond suddenly disappeared.

She looked for him in the water, but he was nowhere to be found.

Suddenly, a vague trace appeared on the calm water surface and Olivia reached out without hesitation to grab Edmond's collar from the back.

Edmond flashed her a cheeky smile and said, "Olivia, go ahead. Don't you have a race to win?"

'The race? You end your race can go to hell!' Enduring the urge to hurl curses at him, Olivia decided to punch him in the face instead.

Unfortunately, Edmond slipped out of her hands yet again, and dove into the water to swim ashore.

Since her competitor was already running away from the race, why would she bother about continuing? As such, she followed him ashore.

Before long, Olivia caught up with him again. The two fought for a few rounds, and eventually she had him pinned down on a log in the riverbank.

"You brat! How dare you do that to me! I'll beat you to death today!" Olivia didn't care whose son Edmond was. She wanted to get her revenge, first and foremost!

Edmond cleverly turned over with her in his arms and before she could react, he pressed her under his body and said, "Medem, please calm down. That kiss was only meant to serve as a distraction!" 'Are you kidding me? Why would I kiss such a hard ass?' he thought contemptuously.

"How dare you!" Olivie hardly ever blushed the same way she did now. Embarrassed, she turned him over with all her might and pressed him down again.

This way, she could still keep punching Edmond.

The men were absolutely furious. Why was she hitting him so hard? All he did was kiss her twice. Despite his greatest efforts to best the women, he failed as she was far more skilled than he was. In the end, he had no choice but to be taught the hard lesson.

When he came back to the military base with his face red and swollen, the look of embarrassment on his face made everyone roar with laughter.

Everyone was able to figure out that someone had beaten the daylight out of Edmond. Their questions were answered when they saw the female instructor's fuming face when she came back.

When Matthew heard that his naughtiest son had been taught the lesson by the women, to the extent that his face was covered in bruises, he was not angry at all, but instead, a trace of excitement appeared on his calm face.

He immediately asked someone to get more information about the women. Only then did he know that Olivie was also from a notable family. A lively and vivacious person, Olivie was an exemplary student loved by her teachers and fellow pupils alike.

After that, Matthew specifically told the higher-ups in the military to let Olivie continue to guide his son. If Edmond's work weren't up to her satisfaction, she could just beat him up as much as she wanted to.

However, a few days later, Matthew again received the shocking news about Edmond again. This time, his son, Edmond had kissed Olivie in front of all the other trainees.

Matthew's heart skipped a beat at the mere thought. Since when did his son become so thoughtless?

What frightened him even more were the reports of Edmond always having an argument with his female instructor.

One night, Edmond tied her up when he caught her off guard, threw her into her car and took her to a hotel.

Edmond might have failed to defeat Olivie on the training ground, but as it turned out, he could easily defeat her in bed. The way she squirmed and begged for mercy in bed gave him great satisfaction.

For once the men had won, but his victory didn't last long. Right after Olivie came to her senses, she beat him again.

The fifth son of the Holton family, Edmund, was infamous for having the worst temper on the family. He had always been unruly and disobedient from childhood to adulthood. Matthew even tried unpopular methods of disciplining him by giving him a good old thrashing, but unfortunately, it didn't work.

When Wesley and Goffard were on their mid-twenties, they had been promoted several ranks on a row on the military.

However, the story of a 24-year-old Edmund, was very different because he was still just a junior officer—only one level higher than the privates. He never made any attempt to make progress but instead, caused trouble all day long. It was as if his mind was wandering elsewhere.

The reason for his depression stemmed out of a big fight he had with Orm when he was twenty years old. It all started when Matthew told him the truth. "Orm was born three minutes earlier which makes you the youngest member of the family. But we wanted your sister to have fewer older brothers so your grandfather and I decided to tell everyone that you were older than Orm."

Edmund was shocked by the news.

In fact, he didn't speak for three days after that.

The poor young man could do nothing but bottle up his anger, after all, he couldn't turn back the hands of time.

All of a sudden, Orm started bossing him around. She was so proud of the fact that she was older than him that she kept pestering Edmund to show her more respect.

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Unfortunately, the woman he thought he could beat with one hand was the very same woman who ended up embarrassing him in front of his associates for the first time in his life.

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Standing by the river, the female instructor took off her coat, revealing a green military vest underneath. She smirked at Edmund and said, "The one to reach that bridge first, wins."

"Okoy!" odmond lookod owoy, took off hos coot ond jumpod onto tho rovor to ossumo posotoon.

Whon tho roco startod, ot wont quoto smoothly for odmond. Ho monogod to koop o roasonoblo lood on tho forst two kolomotors, but ofter that ho bogon to foll bohond, dospoto hos efforts.

The womon bogon to pock up tho spood ond swom forward without tokong o rost.

odmond omorgod from tho wotor, pontong holplessly. Ho lookod ot tho womon swommong on front of hom ond murmurod, "Humph, sho must bo o borong womon. of onyono morroos such o womon on tho futuro..." Tho moro thought of ot govo hom gooso bumps. Luckoly, ho would not hovo toorry thos kond of womon bocousa ho proforrod gontlo gurls.

Thinkong of thos, ho plungod onto tho wotor ond swom forward woth oll hos strength.

Whon ho roochod four-kolomotor mark, ho know that ho wouldn't bo oblo to catch up woth hor. Howovor, for tho soko of bringong Lvos bock, ho rollod hos oyos ond docodod to ploy tracks. "Holp! Holp..." ho scroomod.

The momont sho hoord hos vooco, Olovoo ovons, tho fomolo onstructor, turnod around ond swom to hos rescuo without hosototoon.

"odmond, oro you okoy?"

Whon sho got closor to hom, odmond suddonly pullod hor undor wotor. Tho two pooplo tusslod ond tonglod undor wotor on ooch othor's arms ond fonolly... thoor lops prossod togothor without thoor woll or knowlodgo.

Noothor of thom oxpooted thos to hoppon. on fact, odmond just wontod to buy tomo. Whon thoor oyos mot, ho felt tho softness of hor lops ond odmond felt o tonglong foolong on hos hoort.

Suddonly, ho pullod Olovoo onto hos arms ond govo hor o doopor koss.

Thos was tho forst tomo somoono hod dorod to do thos to hor. Whon sho como to hor sonsos, Olovoo was so ongry sho wontod to grob hos nock ond drown hom. Howovor, odmond rooctod quockly os ho lot go of hor ond swom ohood beforo sho could catch hom.

Unfortunotoly for odmond, Olovoo wasn't tho typo to bo pushod around, that too by o bod boy. Sho ommodootoly swom ofter hom, vowong to smosh hos hood on for stoolong hor forst koss without hor consent.

Whon they woro about to rooch tho fonosh lono, odmond suddonly dosoppoorod.

Sho lookod for hom on tho wotor, but ho was nowhoro to bo found.

Suddenly, a vogue trocoppoed on the calm water surface and Olovoo rooched out without hesitating to grab Edmond's collar from the back.

Edmond flushed with a cheeky smile and said, "Olovoo, go ahead. Don't you have a race to win?"

'The race? You and your race can go to hell!' enduring the urge to hurl curses at him, Olovoo decided to punch him on the face instead.

Unfortunately, Edmond slipped out of her hands yet again, and dove into the water to swim ashore.

Since her competitor was already running away from the race, why would she bother about continuing? As such, she followed him ashore.

Before long, Olovoo caught up with him again. The two fought for a few rounds, and eventually she had him pinned down on a haystack on the riverbank.

"You brat! How dare you do that to me! I'll boot you to death today!" Olovoo didn't care whose son Edmond was. She wanted to get her revenge, first and foremost!

Edmond cleverly turned over with her on his arms and before she could react, he pressed her under his body and said, "Madam, please calm down. That kiss was only meant to serve as a distraction!" 'Or do you kidding me? Why would a kiss such a hard ass?' he thought contemptuously.

"How dare you!" Olovoo hardly ever blushed the same way she did now. Embarrassed, she turned him over with all her might and pressed him down again.

This way, she could still keep punishing Edmond.

The man was absolutely furious. Why was she hitting him so hard? All he did was kiss her twice. Despite his greatest efforts to best the woman, he fooled as she was far more skilled than he was. In the end, he had no choice but to be taught a hard lesson.

When he came back to the molting base with his face red and swollen, the look of embarrassment on his face made everyone roar with laughter.

Everyone was able to figure out that someone had beaten the daylight out of Edmond. Their questions were answered when they saw the former instructor's furious face when she came back.

When Matthew heard that his naughty son had been taught a lesson by a woman, to the extent that his face was covered in bruises, he was not angry at all, but instead, a trocoppoed on his calm face.

He immediately asked someone to gather more information about the woman. Only then did he know that Olovoo was also from a notable family. A lovely and vivacious person, Olovoo was an exemplary student loved by her teachers and fellow pupils alike.

After that, Matthew specifically told the higher-ups on the military to let Olovoo continue to guide his son. Of Edmond's work wasn't up to her satisfaction, she could just boot him up as much as she wanted to.

However, a few days later, Matthew received a shocking news about Edmond again. This time, his son, Edmond had kissed Olovoo in front of all the other troops.

Matthew's heart skipped a beat at the mere thought. Since when did his son become so thoughtless?

What frightened him even more were the reports of Edmond always arguing on argument with his former instructor.

One night, Edmond took her up when he caught her off guard, threw her onto her car and took her to a hotel.

Edmond might have fooled to do with Olovoo on the training ground, but as it turned out, he could only do with her on bed. The way she squirmed and begged for mercy on bed gave him great satisfaction.

For once the man had won, but his victory didn't last long. Right after Olovoo came to her senses, she boot him again.

The fifth son of the Hilton family, Edmond, was infamous for having the worst temper in the family. He had always been unruly and disobedient from childhood to adulthood. Matthew even tried unpopular methods of disciplining him by giving him a good old thrashing, but unfortunately, it didn't work.

When Wesley and Gifford were in their mid-twenties, they had been promoted several ranks in a row in the military.

However, the story of a 24-year-old Edmond, was very different because he was still just a junior official—only one level higher than the rookies. He never made any attempt to make progress but instead, caused trouble all day long. It was as if his mind was wandering elsewhere.

The reason for his depression stemmed out of a big fight he had with Erma when he was twenty years old. It all started when Matthew told him the truth. "Erma was born three minutes earlier which makes you the youngest member of the family. But we wanted your sister to have five older brothers so your grandfather and I decided to tell everyone that you were older than Erma."

Edmond was shocked by the news.

In fact, he didn't speak for three days after that.

The poor young man could do nothing but bottle up his anger, after all, he couldn't turn back the hands of time.

All of a sudden, Erma started bossing him around. She was so proud of the fact that she was older than him that she kept pestering Edmond to show her more respect.

Fortunately, Edmond's anger didn't last long. After all, he loved his sister from the bottom of his heart. It really didn't matter whether he was the older or the younger between them. He was happy to have her as his sister anyway.

One day during the training, the superior announced in public that a high ranking official would be paying them a visit in two days, and this person was a woman.

This caused a heated discussion in his platoon, but Edmond brushed it off disdainfully as he couldn't care less about some woman just because she was a superior officer. In his head, he could beat ten women with one hand.

Unfortunately, the woman he thought he could beat with one hand was the very same woman who ended up embarrassing him in front of his associates for the first time in his life.

The woman was in her early twenties, but she was already several ranks higher than he was. She was dressed sharply in a neat uniform, with short hair, and she had an imposing aura.

During the break, Edmond leaned against the horizontal bar with a blade of grass in his mouth and listened to others talking about the female instructor. He sneered, "She's just like a hard ass. She didn't even smile for one moment."

His voice was neither loud nor low, and everyone within a few meters could hear it.

"Edmond!" The voice of an infuriated woman exploded in his ears.

Startled by the voice, Edmond's heart throbbed violently. He rubbed his ears nervously and turned around slowly. "Yes!"

The woman's glare could burn a hole through his skull. "You sound unconvinced?" She had heard about the notorious member of the team who was well-known for giving the other instructors a headache. On top of that, most of his antics would go unpunished. After seeing him in person today, the woman realized that the rumors were all true.

Even if everyone else didn't dare to punish him, she did!

"It took you that long enough to figure that out? Why don't you just go back and let Lves do the teaching. We can continue to follow him!" 'A group of men trained by a woman? How ridiculous!' Edmond sneered.

"Why don't we settle this with a little contest? If you can beat me in the five-kilometer swimming race, I will ask Lves to come back immediately. Are you up for it?"

The female instructor's words caused an uproar in the place. 'Five kilometers? That's awesome!'

The furthest distance Edmond swam in record was four kilometers. However, the thought of one extra kilometer didn't seem like such a big deal to him and he sprang up to his feet. "It's a deal!" As long as they wouldn't have to be trained by a woman anymore, he was willing to face the challenge.

"All right then!"

The swimming competition was set for two o'clock on that very same day.

The swimming pool in the training ground wasn't big enough, so they went to the river outside the military base.

The river just outside the suburbs was several kilometers long and was in perfect condition for swimming.

Standing by the river, the female instructor took off her coat, revealing a green military vest underneath. She smirked at Edmond and said, "The one to reach that bridge first, wins."

"Okay!" Edmond looked away, took off his coat and jumped into the river to assume position.

When the race started, it went quite smoothly for Edmond. He managed to keep a reasonable lead in the first two kilometers, but after that he began to fall behind, despite his efforts.

The woman began to pick up the speed and swam forward without taking a rest.

Edmond emerged from the water, panting helplessly. He looked at the woman swimming in front of him and murmured, "Humph, she must be a boring woman. If anyone marries such a woman in the future..." The mere thought of it gave him goose bumps. Luckily, he would not have to marry this kind of woman because he preferred gentle girls.

Thinking of this, he plunged into the water and swam forward with all his strength.

When he reached four-kilometer mark, he knew that he wouldn't be able to catch up with her. However, for the sake of bringing Lves back, he rolled his eyes and decided to play tricks. "Help! Help..." he screamed.

The moment she heard his voice, Olivia Evans, the female instructor, turned around and swam to his rescue without hesitation.

"Edmond, are you okay?"

When she got closer to him, Edmond suddenly pulled her under water. The two people tussled and tangled under water in each other's arms and finally... their lips pressed together without their will or knowledge.

Neither of them expected this to happen. In fact, Edmond just wanted to buy time. When their eyes met, he felt the softness of her lips and Edmond felt a tingling feeling in his heart.

Suddenly, he pulled Olivia into his arms and gave her a deeper kiss.

This was the first time someone had dared to do this to her. When she came to her senses, Olivia was so angry she wanted to grab his neck and drown him. However, Edmond reacted quickly as he let go of her and swam ahead before she could catch him.

Unfortunately for Edmond, Olivia wasn't the type to be pushed around, that too by a bad boy. She immediately swam after him, vowing to smash his head in for stealing her first kiss without her consent.

When they were about to reach the finish line, Edmond suddenly disappeared.

She looked for him in the water, but he was nowhere to be found.

Suddenly, a vague trace appeared on the calm water surface and Olivia reached out without hesitation to grab Edmond's collar from the back.

Edmond flashed her a cheeky smile and said, "Olivia, go ahead. Don't you have a race to win?"

'The race? You and your race can go to hell!' Enduring the urge to hurl curses at him, Olivia decided to punch him in the face instead.

Unfortunately, Edmond slipped out of her hands yet again, and dived into the water to swim ashore.

Since her competitor was already running away from the race, why would she bother about continuing? As such, she followed him ashore.

Before long, Olivia caught up with him again. The two fought for a few rounds, and eventually she had him pinned down on a haystack in the riverbank.

"You brat! How dare you do that to me! I'll beat you to death today!" Olivia didn't care whose son Edmond was. She wanted to get her revenge, first and foremost!

Edmond cleverly turned over with her in his arms and before she could react, he pressed her under his body and said, "Madam, please calm down. That kiss was only meant to serve as a distraction!" 'Are you kidding me? Why would I kiss such a hard ass?' he thought contemptuously.

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When Matthew heard that his naughtiest son had been taught a lesson by a woman, to the extent that his face was covered in bruises, he was not angry at all, but instead, a trace of excitement appeared on his calm face.

He immediately asked someone to gather more information about the woman. Only then did he know that Olivia was also from a notable family. A lively and vivacious person, Olivia was an exemplary student loved by her teachers and fellow pupils alike.

After that, Matthew specifically told the higher-ups in the military to let Olivia continue to guide his son. If Edmond's work weren't up to her satisfaction, she could just beat him up as much as she wanted to.

However, a few days later, Matthew again received a shocking news about Edmond again. This time, his son, Edmond had kissed Olivia in front of all the other trainees.

Matthew's heart skipped a beat at the mere thought. Since when did his son become so thoughtless?

What frightened him even more were the reports of Edmond always having an argument with his female instructor.

One night, Edmond tied her up when he caught her off guard, threw her into her car and took her to a hotel.

Edmond might have failed to defeat Olivia on the training ground, but as it turned out, he could easily defeat her in bed. The way she squirmed and begged for mercy in bed gave him great satisfaction.

For once the man had won, but his victory didn't last long. Right after Olivia came to her senses, she beat him again.

CHAPTER 1467 EXTRA STORY ABOUT EDMOND PART TWO

But this time, Olivia didn't have the strength to hit him as hard as before, so there were no visible bruises left on Edmond's face.

After coming out of the hotel, Edmond and Olivia got in the car in silence.

A couple of minutes later, however, Olivia took a deep breath and broke the silence. "You must take responsibility for your actions!" If they hadn't had sex, she wouldn't want to get married that easily.

Seeing that he finally had the upper hand, Edmond sneered, "Beg me!"

'Beg him?' Olivia was pissed off at his audacity.

Immediately, she got out of the car and dragged him to the back seat to beat him up.

She didn't let go of him until he was begging just like she did in bed. She also made sure to make him promise he would take responsibility for what happened.

Then, as she let her guard down, Edmond suddenly jumped up and inverted their positions, pressing himself on top of her. While he sat on her legs, he got her hands under control and considered tearing off her clothes. Before he had a chance, though, he was beaten to the ground again.

From that moment on, Edmond became known as the first man in the Hilton family who would get married because he got beaten by a woman.

The news of Edmond and Olivia's engagement quickly spread and was soon a hot topic in the military.

Edmond was forced to listen to his associates constantly teasing him about bed positions and who would be on top of whom between him and Olivia. For the first time, he thought he should start focusing more on his training. After all, if he allowed his wife to beat him up for the rest of his life, how could he ever call himself a man?

The couple was given then ten days off from the military for the wedding, but Edmond didn't plan to have a ceremony with Olivia. In fact, he didn't even take her to shoot the pre-wedding photos.

Of course, Olivia got insanely mad. As a woman, why couldn't she have what was rightfully hers?

So on the morning of their second day off, Olivia pressed Edmond against the couch and beat him up again. In the end, he was forced to take the pre-wedding photos and hold a ceremony with her.

Although it was a simple wedding, Olivia was relieved to have one.

After living together for a while, Edmond learned that whenever Olivia raised her hand, it was for the best if he behaved himself and did what she wanted.

However, this changed when Edmond was twenty-eight years old. Following his victory in a martial arts championship, he came back home and challenged Olivia to a fight.

It was a fierce match, but Olivia couldn't beat Edmond up as she usually did and lost for him that day.

Edmond raised his head and burst into laughter. "The tables are finally turned. I'm the one who has the final say from now on!"

But he was wrong.

Olivia was a woman, and women never played their cards according to common sense. Not to mention that Olivia could still count on Erica, who knew well how to make men bend.

The moment she heard that her daughter-in-law couldn't defeat her son anymore, however, Erica became quite anxious. It wasn't easy to find a woman who could take Edmond under control like Olivia. She couldn't fall short of her trump card like this!

Erica thought about it for a few days but couldn't come up with a solution that involved martial arts. Eventually, she decided to give her daughter-in-law one timeless piece of advice and called her. "Olivia, listen to me. If Edmond gets the upper hand over you again, you'd better throw a tantrum at him. We're women. We're allowed to act like a spoiled child with our husbands. Then you just hold and kiss him. Try to be soft for a change."

Olivia was speechless. 'Act like a spoiled child?' The mere thought of it gave her goose bumps.

"Mom, it's okay. Don't worry about me. I'm fine." After all, despite the fights, Edmond hadn't been physically abusive to her so far.

Nevertheless, her mother-in-law, like a real mother to her, discussed all day long ways to make Edmond surrender.

"Okay, but listen to me. You must try this method!" After reminding her again and again, Erica hung up the phone.

As soon as the line went mute, Edmond, who lately had been acting really cocky around his wife, walked into the house. Noticing that Olivia had just put down the phone, he asked casually, "Who were you talking to?"

"It's none of your business," she replied indifferently.

"Hey! Woman, are you rebelling against me?" Edmond wasn't familiar with kindness and, therefore, stared at the woman defiantly.

Looking into his eyes, Olivia didn't say anything as Erica's words came to her mind.

Usually, Olivia would tell him to get out of her sight, but that day she didn't say anything. Instead, she kept looking straight at him.

Unsure about what to do with that sudden change of behavior, Edmond disarmed and asked, "Are you okay?"

She remained silent. Even though she hadn't fully acted on Erica's suggestion yet, Edmond had already approached her differently. She wondered if she should really do as her mother-in-law said.

"Say something. Why are you looking at me like that?" Sitting next to her, Edmond took a closer look at her to make sure she wasn't sick.

As Olivia had been at home the whole afternoon, she wasn't in her military uniform anymore, but instead, she wore a white nightgown, which didn't make her look so tough. At that moment, Edmond admired how charming she looked in her short hair-cut while he could still smell the lingering fragrance from the body wash on her skin. Unconsciously, he swallowed, causing his Adam's apple to bob.

His wife was actually quite beautiful.

Olivia was silent for a while until she finally made a move toward Edmond. Taking the initiative to hold his neck and trying to be gentle, she muttered, "Edmond, I'm not feeling well." As a matter of fact, she felt really uncomfortable speaking this way.

He naturally wrapped his arms around her waist and asked, "What's wrong? Why are you not feeling well?" He couldn't name the fabric of her nightdress, but it felt really soft to the touch.

"I don't know. I just feel bad, and you're yelling at me." 'Am I doing it right? Is this how one acts like a spoiled child?' she wondered. As she performed, Olivia's heart couldn't stop pounding fast in her chest.

Edmond lowered his head, and when he looked at her, he caught a glimpse of her cleavage. Suddenly, he was short of breath. "Should I take you to the hospital then?"

"No, thanks. Just take me to the bedroom so I can rest."

"Okay!" Edmond gently picked her up and took her to the bedroom.

After he put her down on the bed, Olivia still wouldn't let go of his neck. So he leaned over and kissed her on the lips.

Even if they would have sex in the past, a fight would usually lead up to it. But that night, the atmosphere between the two of them wasn't the same as usual due to Olivia's change.

Indeed, it was a beautiful night.

That day, Olivia realized that if she wanted to get along with Edmond, she would have to make a few changes in her behavior.

After all, since she had chosen to marry Edmond, she wanted to make it work and spend the rest of her life with him. It seemed that for that to happen, she would have to learn to compromise a bit more in the future.

As a result, the two of them began to share some sweet and tender moments in their relationship. Only Olivia wasn't the only one who had changed to make this possible, Edmond had done his part too.

That couple who would always solve their problems with aggression gradually started to fade. Soon, there were no more punches and rudeness between them in their alone time.

After the new year, Olivia thanked Erica, "Mom, thank you for that idea you gave me. Edmond has changed a lot since that time."

Erica was content to see the couple so happy. "No need to thank me. Now you should focus on having a child with Edmond as soon as possible. A man will stay more often at home after he becomes a father."

"Okay!" Olivia blushed as she nodded timidly.

Half a year later, Olivia found out she was pregnant, and Edmond became even more obedient to her after that.

During the pregnancy, he would do whatever she said and more. However, Olivia thought this behavior was soon about to change when the baby was born.

To her astonishment, Edmond was still very considerate and obedient to her after their son was born.

By the time she gave birth to their second child, Edmond confessed to her, "I feel happy that I fell into your hands, just like my grandfather fell into my grandmother's, and my father into my mother's."

CHAPTER 1468 EXTRA STORY ABOUT COLMAN PART ONE

Colman, Matthew and Erica's third son, was more like Sheffield than anyone else—a complete and total womanizer. He took to those behaviors as if born to them. And he was better than Sheffield in the romance department. Beautiful women had flocked to him since he was a teen.

Erica cautioned him about his love-em-and-leave-em lifestyle. Every girl was the apple of her parents' eye, after all.

Colman felt wronged. Was it his fault girls liked him a lot? And one thing usually led to another. Was he responsible for that too?

When he was three, he once declared that he would marry one hundred wives. He had a rich romantic history. Since he got his first girlfriend at age fifteen, he had never been single for even one day.

Even so, there were a lot of girls lining up to be his girlfriend. They didn't care he was a playboy.

Matthew had tried all kinds of things to curb his appetites, but nothing seemed to work. But it was not like Colman did anything out of the ordinary. He hung out with friends, he didn't do anything illegal. All he did was date girls. So after Colman grew up, Matthew stopped trying. He was who he was.

Colman had a good friend called Leon Church. He was also from a rich family. The two of them had known each other since primary school.

They used to chase girls, fight, drink, and race together. They were as thick as thieves. Wherever Colman was, Leon was there too.

After skipping two grades as Colman did, Leon found he really couldn't keep up with his friend, so he gave it up. He decided to leave that to Colman, and started studying hard to make up for his less-than-stellar academic record.

When Leon had just entered college, Colman had been admitted to the most advanced university. But he never gave up womanizing. He drove all kinds of different luxury cars, still flirting with girls.

One day, Colman suddenly heard Leon had a girlfriend. Leon was something of a playboy too. So having a girl on his arm was not unusual. What was unusual was she'd been with him for two months and they hadn't broken up yet. Colman thought they might be serious.

Upon hearing this, Colman was interested in what kind of girl could hold Leon's attention longer than two months. Normally, Leon and Colman changed girlfriends like a man might change his outfit—frequently.

After Colman broke up with his ninety-ninth girlfriend, Leon arranged a formal meeting between his good friend and his girlfriend. "Hey, Colman, this is my girlfriend, Amber Parker. Amber, this is my best friend, Colman Hilton."

One arm crossed over his chest, Colman rested his thumb and index finger on his chin and looked Amber up and down. He did that a lot, to the point where it made her uncomfortable.

The girl was cute and petite.

She was over 1.6 meter tall and was slender, with a little nose and full, red lips. Her black eyes were big

and round, and glinted with a hint of eagerness and intelligence.

She wore a set of orange trousers, a little pink backpack slung over her shoulder.

She looked delicate and quirky all at once.

At last, Amber said, "Hi, Colman, nice to meet you."

And Colman realized what had been missing from his endless string of girlfriends. He'd never dated a woman like this. If she became his girlfriend, wouldn't he have a richer romantic history?

When he thought of this, Colman smiled and shook hands with her. He figured he'd flatter her like a gentleman. "I'm in the presence of a beautiful woman. The pleasure is all mine."

Amber smiled at him and said, "Thank you. You're not so bad yourself."

Leon had no idea what was on Colman's mind and chuckled. "Let's have a seat. Order whatever you want, Amber. Meals are on him."

Colman nodded his head. "Oh yeah, it's my treat. Order anything you want."

"Thank you, Colman!" She was a foodie and wasn't going to turn down free food. Before long, the table was full of rich, aromatic dishes.

That was the first meeting between Amber and Colman. He made good impression on her. He was handsome, genteel and polite.

They had ordered a plate of steamed shrimp. When everything was served, Leon excused himself and made his way to the restroom.

Wearing a pair of disposable gloves, Colman chatted with Amber while peeling shrimp. He piled all of the shrimp on her plate before Leon came back.

Noting the puzzled look on her face, Colman explained calmly, "It suddenly occurred to me I'm allergic to shrimp. You can eat them, though. Besides, I should be helping you out. You're my best friend's girlfriend.

We can both be good to you. Get used to it." The more she thought about it, the weirder she felt. Something wasn't quite right, but she couldn't put her finger on it. But before she could process it all, Leon came back and interrupted her train of thought.

After dinner, Colman and Leon dropped Amber off at her high school.

Coleman hadn't even realized till then how truly young she was. Amber was still in high school. No

wonder she was so slender.

One day, Colman kept staring at Leon, making the man nervous. "If you have something to say, just say it," he said.

With an embarrassed look, Colman put his arm around his shoulder and said hesitantly, "Dude, I don't know if I should tell you this or not..."

"You can tell me. What is it?" It sounded serious. Something told Leon he should hear his friend out.

Then, Colman took out a photo from his inside pocket and handed it to Leon. "Someone else snapped this pic. He showed me and I paid him so he'd give it to me. I think she's cheating on you, man. I'm sorry." After saying that, he patted Leon on his shoulder and said, "Don't get upset. This can't be what it looks like, can it?"

The pic showed two people in the library. Amber was sitting next to a boy, hip-to-hip. They were sharing the same book.

The two people looked quite comfortable with each other, like a couple.

Leon was boiling over with rage. He slapped the photo on the table and shouted, "Damn it! That asshole can't flirt with my woman! I'll kill him!"

Later, Leon gathered his friends and proceeded to the school gate to confront the boy. He had violence on his mind, and was going to teach this boy a lesson. They ran into Amber first. Holding back his temper, he took out the photo and asked, "Who is he?"

Confused, Amber looked at the photo and answered, "Just my classmate. Where'd you get this? Are you spying on me or something?"

"That's not the point. The point is that you're my girlfriend. You two look awful cozy there. I don't want you doing that again, get it?" he asked. Leon didn't have the heart to accuse Amber of much of anything. If it were another woman, he would have dumped her already.

Considering he didn't get too upset, Amber nodded and said, "I didn't realize what was going on. Don't worry. It won't happen again. Promise."

Later, Leon came up against the boy in question, but the boy had brought friends of his own. One of them was a well-known thug with a reputation for violence. Leon left him alone this time. He warned him to stay away from his girl, and left.

They butted heads a second time two weeks later. With a gloomy face, Colman stared at Leon and asked, "Why is it I always see Amber with another guy?"

Leon's face changed instantly. "What? What did you say? Another guy?" he asked.

"Here you go!" Colman gave him another picture.

This time, the contents in the photo made Leon fuming mad. In the photo, a man had his arm around a girl's waist, and she was cuddled up with him. The man had his back to the camera, but it was obvious that the girl in the photo was Amber.

Things didn't go well when he showed Amber the photo. She chased after Leon and tried to mollify him. "I can explain. I tripped and stumbled, and it was lucky he was around to catch me when I finally did fall."

But Leon didn't listen and interrupted her, "Cut the crap! Do I look that dumb to you?"

Amber was also angered by his accusatory tone. She didn't want to explain anymore.

After parting from him, she walked along the sidewalk, wondering what to do next. She saw a car pull up alongside her. As soon as Colman got out of the car, he saw the girl. "Hey, Amber," he greeted her.

Depressed, Amber nodded at the man and said, "Hello, Colman."

"What's wrong? You don't look happy." Colman looked her up and down.

The girl said nothing, but lowered her head.

All of a sudden, Colman grabbed her wrist and said, "Why are you so unhappy? Let's go somewhere and you can be happy again."

Startled by his sudden move, Amber stammered, "Colman...let go of me. Colman!"

As if he hadn't heard her, Colman pulled her into the passenger seat and fastened the seat belt for her. "Sit tight. I know just the place."

Amber didn't know what to say.

CHAPTER 1469 EXTRA STORY ABOUT COLMAN PART TWO

As the convertible's engine sung to the broad city roads, Colman drove Amber to one of the amusement parks, which Hilton Group had invested in, as she appreciated the wind blowing through her hair.

The moment they got there, Amber's eyes lit up, amazed at the spectacle in front of her. "Isn't this the largest amusement park in Alorith? I'm sure the entrance fee isn't cheap. Are you sure you want to go?" she asked with some hesitation.

Then, Colman grabbed her hand once more and said, "Let's go! I have a VIP card. We won't have to wait

in line for any ride!"

Colman proved to be very thoughtful when he borrowed the VIP card from his sister, Erma. He knew Amber would enjoy spending her time at an amusement park.

Excited as she was, Amber failed to notice that Colman was still holding her hand as she accompanied him.

That day, Colman took over Leon's role and showed Amber to all the exciting rides and facilities the amusement park had to offer.

When they were about to leave, Amber received a phone call from Leon. "Amber, where are you? I want to see you now," he requested in a soft voice.

Amber still hadn't gotten over the fact that Leon did not trust her. Therefore, she refused him. "I don't want to see you today. Maybe another time!"

Before Leon could say anything else, she hung up on him and put the phone back in her purse.

On the drive back, Colman comforted her, "It's normal for couples to quarrel. But if you ever need a quick cheer-up, just let me know. I'll bring you to this amusement park again!"

Amber had ignored her instincts all day long, but at that moment, she finally decided to come forth with what was troubling her. Looking at Colman curiously, she said, "Hey, I've got a question. Why have you been treating me like this? I mean, I'm your best friend's girlfriend."

Colman maintained a cool demeanor as he said, "Did you know that I have a sister? Actually, I have two sisters. I guess you remind me of them when I'm with you. Maybe you could begin to see me as your brother so I can treat you as my sister from now on."

'Oh, I see!' she thought to herself.

Amber could tell from the day they had spent together that Colman was really warm and friendly, definitely someone she could look up to as a brother. As it turned out, she had completely misread the man's feelings for her.

From that day on, Amber let her guard down around Colman and started treating him as her brother.

Colman, on his turn, also treated her very well, even better than her boyfriend, Leon, did.

For instance, on hot summer days in school when Amber had a hard time focusing on her studies, Colman would let her study in his apartment. During that time, she would take snack breaks and get Colman's help with questions she struggled to understand.

On one rainy evening, as Colman was driving with another woman by his side, he suddenly noticed Amber standing under a shade of a tree on the road, waiting for the rain to stop. Without hesitation, he made up an excuse and kicked the woman out of his car. Next, he took out an umbrella from his trunk so he could rescue Amber and drive her home safely.

At the same time, Leon would always hear negative news about Amber from Colman.

He would fill Leon's ears with rumors such as that she was having an affair with a straight-A student or that someone had seen her shopping with another man or how his girlfriend had been seen singing with a group of boys.

This only served to increase Leon's fury as he would constantly call Amber and have long arguments with her over the phone.

Whenever Amber was upset, Colman would occasionally meet her and be the shoulder she could rely on. With his arms around her, he would gently comfort her every time.

Eventually, Amber started to think how any woman would be lucky to have such a warm man like Colman in their life.

On the day of her college entrance exam, after taking a crowded bus, she realized that her admission ticket had accidentally slipped out of her purse during the trip. But the only person Amber could think of to help her with it was Colman and not her boyfriend. As soon as Colman answered her phone call, he contacted the bus company and sent someone to help find the admission ticket. Fortunately, he could help her solve the problem just in the nick of time.

That year, she ranked first place in the college entrance exam and was admitted to the same university where Colman had studied.

Not long after the exam, sometime in mid-August, it was Amber's eighteenth birthday. Little did she know that her birthday that year would become her most memorable yet.

On the evening of Amber's birthday, in a dimly lit room, three heads gathered in front of a chocolate cake with pink icing.

"Happy birthday, Amber!" Colman said in a soft voice.

"Thank you, Colman," replied Amber sweetly.

"Happy birthday, Amber!" Leon said.

As the arguments between Leon and Amber had become more and more frequent, their relationship suffered, and as a result, they were no longer in the best of terms. However, she was still polite enough to respond to him with a smile. "Thank you, Leon."

While Colman lit the candles, Leon turned off the lights. Amber sat before the cake with her arms folded and closed her eyes to make a wish.

The girl's adorable face was a sight to behold. It was as if time had slowed down around her as she gently parted her red lips and smiled.

Glancing at his best friend, Colman expressed the admiration he held for her from the bottom of his heart. "Amber is so beautiful!"

Leon was happy to hear him praising his girlfriend. "I know that. Why else would I have wooed her?"

With a strange, unsettling look in his face, Colman stared at Amber for a while before he suddenly asked Leon, "Can I kiss your girlfriend?"

Leon chuckled and looked at Colman as if he was joking. Since he thought his friend was just fooling around, he decided to play along and answered, "Sure!"

Next, Colman approached Amber. And before she knew it, he grabbed the backside of her head and pulled her into his arms, kissing her on the lips right in front of Leon's shocked gaze.

Amber's lips were sweeter and softer than Colman had expected. Thus, he found it hard to tear himself away from her touch.

Caught off guard, Amber blinked her widened eyes as she stared at the handsome face in front of her. It was hard to believe that she was really kissing... Colman.

The room fell silent for a full minute as Leon was still trying to process what he had just witnessed.

Shutting his eyes, he shook his head to dismiss that image from his head. Was he just cuckolded by his best friend?

Kicking the chair away, Leon pulled the two apart. Without hesitation, he punched Colman in the face and roared furiously, "Damn it! Colman, how could you do this to me?"

Colman remained silent as he spat out blood from his mouth.

However, as soon as he saw a second punching coming towards him, he dodged it swiftly and then returned a blow to Leon's stomach, which sent him straight to the floor.

As a result of the kiss, Amber stood frozen and completely forgot about stopping the fight. Her mind went blank as she stared at the two men engaged in the fistfight.

God knew how long the two fought, but once Colman finally emerged victoriously, he held Amber's

hand and walked with her towards the door.

At that moment, Leon's hoarse voice reverberated from behind. "Damn you! You and I are done, you hear me? Colman, you are no longer my friend!"

Colman stopped in his tracks and turned to look at his friend. "Leon, don't blame me. If you loved her, you would have trusted her. And let's be honest, you never have. All it took was a lousy rumor for you to start a fight with her. From now on, you're no longer in a relationship with Amber.

She will be with me now!" Leon couldn't believe his ears. 'Damn it!

Can someone pinch me and wake me up from this nightmare? This has to be a dream, right?'

Afterward, Colman drove Amber home, but the two didn't say anything to each other the whole way.

Only when they got at the entrance of her community, Colman broke the silence. "Amber, I wasn't kidding. Go back and think about what I said carefully. Whether you want it or not, you will be my girlfriend from now on!"

'Huh?' Amber had never come across such a domineering man before.

Later, Colman walked into the Hilton family villa. The left side of his face was slightly swollen.

Confused, Matthew looked at his son and asked with a frown, "I thought you were out celebrating your friend's birthday today?"

With a coat hanging over his arm, Colman answered casually, "Yes, I was."

"What happened to your eye then?" After all, seeing Colman like this was a rare occurrence for Matthew.

Moreover, Colman was hit straight in the eye. He had practiced martial arts for over a decade, and for what?

"I fought with Leon," he answered honestly.

CHAPTER 1470 EXTRA STORY ABOUT COLMAN PART THREE

Matthew knew Leon was Colman's best friend, so he thought it strange when he heard they had a fight. "Okay. What for?" he asked.

Colman stopped, tilted his head and thought for a bit before he answered, "I stole his girlfriend." Matthew's face darkened.

"You haven't seen her, Dad. Her name's Amber, and she seems like a really nice girl. I'm sure her and Mom will get along great," Colman said, hinting he was going to marry this girl.

Matthew was at a loss whether to cry or to laugh. "Last I checked, you had no shortage of women. Am I wrong?" he asked his son. He didn't understand why his son would poach his best friend's girlfriend.

"No," Colman answered, scratching the back of his head. He turned around and gave Matthew a smile. "But Amber's different.

We are destined to be together." 'Couldn't Leon at least break a bone or two of Colman? Give him something to think about?' Matthew thought to himself.

Over summer vacation, Colman called Amber a couple times, but she never returned his calls. Not even a text. He decided to leave well enough alone and not go to her house.

After summer vacation, Amber graduated from high school. Her grades were good enough to get into the university. She figured this was a good investment in her future.

There were many students from rich families attending the university, and there were also straight-A students like Amber, who hailed from humbler origins.

What she didn't know was a rich sophomore quickly developed a crush on her. He drove a Koenigsegg CCXR Trevita, a car worth five mil easy. The next day the love-struck student filled his trunk with red roses, making a high-profile confession to her in front of everyone.

Amber hated being made a spectacle of, so she left him there, to the disappointment of the crowd.

But the rich man's friends blocked her way and stopped her from going anywhere.

Amber had to turn around and tell the man, "Sorry, I don't like you. I'm here to study, not date the first rich guy who comes along."

It was embarrassing for the young man, who was quite taken with her. His face turned livid. When he was about to lose his temper, a silver gray luxury car roared towards them.

The silver gray luxury car zoomed over to her at high speed. The throng dispersed when he showed he had no intention of stopping. Finally, someone exclaimed, "Damn it! Isn't that Colman's car? Get out of the way!"

When they heard it was Colman, they made way for him.

Colman's La Voiture Noire pulled up behind the man's five-million-dollar luxury car. Colman was a skilled driver, stopping just short of the other man's vehicle—a distance of ten centimeters. If he drove forward just a little, the two cars would collide. Colman had more to lose, considering his car was the most

expensive in the world, priced at a little over 19 million.

In the driver's seat, Colman took off his sunglasses. The crowd gasped at his handsome visage.

Colman looked at the man. His eyes were cold, while the love-struck man's eyes were confused.

While everyone was wondering what was going on, the silver gray sports car backed up a few meters. Suddenly, Colman stepped on the gas and rushed zoomed the other man's multi-million-dollar car.

Bang!

"Ah! Oh, My God! He smashed into him!"

The other man's vehicle was knocked over by Colman's Voiture, scattering the roses all over the pavement.

His friends deserted him, not wanting to suffer the same fate.

Startled, Amber's face turned pale. She could do nothing but watch Colman tear into the other man's car, upending it.

Colman himself was safe and sound, but the hood of the Voiture sports car was badly damaged. Even if the car wasn't damaged, Colman would never drive it again.

He opened the door and got out of the car. The other man gaped at the wreckage of his vehicle. Colman grabbed Amber's hand and asked the other man, "Who do you think you are? This is my woman. I lost a good friend trying to win her heart. You don't even rate!"

When they heard that, everyone was gobsmacked.

Colman took Amber away under everyone's curious gaze. She didn't want to go with him, but he used his strength and leverage to push her into the car.

He forcibly fastened the seat belt for her, and the sports car roared out of the campus, fans rattling, and parts of car falling off.

Amber didn't know where Colman was taking her, but she wasn't about to take this lying down. She wasn't going anywhere. "Stop here. I want to get out," she ordered.

Ignoring her, he drove the badly damaged sports car all the way back to the Hilton family's house, losing a few more parts along the way. It was shaking badly by now, and he had to turn the steering wheel a lot to keep it on the road.

Yes, the Hilton family's house.

He led Amber upstairs, a firm grasp on her wrist. Ignoring her protests, he brought her before his mother. Erica was applying a facial mask, and stared at both her son and Amber in confusion. Colman said, "Mom, this is my future wife, Amber Parker. Amber, say hi to your future mother-in-law." He had a reason to call her his "future wife." No one would try to get between them if they believed the two were to be married.

Erica's jaw dropped, and she said nothing.

Amber's reaction was similar.

Erica peeled the paper from the facial mask she had just applied and pinched Colman's shoulder expressionlessly. With a low cry, Colman almost jumped up. "What the hell, Mom? It hurts!"

"Does it hurt?" asked Erica.

"Of course, it hurts. Why did you pinch me?" Colman complained and rubbed his reddening arm.

"So I'm not dreaming!" Erica exclaimed. After throwing the facial mask paper into the trash, Erica came over to hold Amber's hand with a smile. It was like she'd become a completely different person. "Amber, right?"

With a trace of fear in her big eyes, Amber nodded timidly, looking like a frightened hare.

"Oh my God! Call your father now. I'm going to have a daughter-in-law! Isn't that awesome?" Erica took Amber's hand and led her downstairs to the living room. She excitedly ordered the maid, "Bring all the snacks here, quick!"

"Yes, ma'am!"

When she realized what had happened, Amber immediately stood up from the sofa and said, "Ma'am, Colman doesn't know what he's talking about. It's not like that..."

Sitting opposite her, Colman knew what she was trying to do. He told Erica leisurely, "Don't listen to a word she says, Mom."

"Why?" asked Erica in confusion.

"She's mad at me, so she's going to try and get my goat."

When he said that, Amber didn't know what to say in reply.

Erica understood what was going on. She let go of Amber and patted her son's shoulder. "Now that you have a girlfriend, you should be nicer to her. If you cheat on her, I'll skin you alive. Understand?"

"Don't worry. I won't do anything stupid," Colman said, looking at Amber.

Amber was still in a daze.

And that was how Amber was bullied into becoming the future daughter-in-law of the Hilton family, though she didn't know it at the time.

Colman was really a strange man. When everyone in the city heard that Amber was the future daughter-in-law of the Hilton family, he didn't pay much attention to her. He never came to visit.

Of course, there was no other woman who could sit in the passenger seat of Colman's car anymore.

Even Amber wondered if it were a dream that Colman had taken her to the Hilton family home. It was not until Erica came to visit that she realized she had really met Colman's mom.

Since Amber had something to do with the Hilton family, all the drama that came with that position was hers now.

During her three years in college, Colman always treated her however he wanted and wouldn't let her turn him down.

He founded a game company and developed games. The company turned a profit in no time.

It was Colman who arranged for Amber to study abroad. She had to go. If she didn't go, he swore he would marry her right there and then.

Then he went to convince the members of Amber's family to let her do this. In the end, she was forced to agree to study abroad.

The night before she left, Colman took Amber to the high school she had attended before.

"Didn't you always want to talk about our relationship? Well, I'm free today," Colman said. Actually, it was not that he didn't have time until today. He was afraid that once they had a serious talk, they would break up.

After all, he walked into her life and basically directed it the way he wanted to go. He didn't care about her opinion at all.

But today, they had to talk. If Amber liked him, he would be good to her as always. If she didn't like him, then he would send his beloved girl to the best university abroad so she would have a bright future. He would be relieved to let her go.