

The Returning Ex Chapter 1301

A man like Shawn Long wasn't even comparable to Logan. Shawn went on to say, "But Lola, since we'd gone on a date before, I'd like to remind you that you should know your place. It's not easy trying to get married to a rich man. With all the money in the world, why would Logan have his eyes on a country girl like you? Don't cry over spilled milk when he eventually decides to dump you."

Unable to hold it in anymore, Lola and Logan burst into a fit of giggles. Hearing that, Shawn fell silent in an instant. After letting out a long breath, Logan threatened, "Shawn, it seems that you've forgotten your lesson." Shawn yelped and immediately hung up the call.

Logan had wanted to ask him out for a meet-up, but he wasn't given that chance. Turning over, Lola snuggled up to him and said, "Ignore that clown." Putting down the phone, Logan grunted and pulled her into his embrace. Lying on the bed, however, he couldn't have a shut-eye because he was troubled by a thought. Lola mentioned to him before that the people in her hometown had gossiped about her, so certainly, Shawn made the call because he must have heard something.

Now that they had received this call, Logan reckoned that while the villagers said bad things about Shawn, they wouldn't have complimented Lola either. The people who frequented his clubhouse came from all walks of life, so he knew how complicated human nature could be. There were many people out there, especially those underachievers, who were jealous of others' achievements and would mock them behind their backs.

After making sure that Lola was sound asleep, Logan got out of the bed and stepped into the living room. When he was certain that he was out of her earshot, he fished out his phone and made a call. A short moment later, the call was connected as the person on the other end inquired respectfully, "Young Master, how may I help you?" Logan replied, "I need you to do something for me." The person laughed in a flattering manner. "Young Master, you don't have to be overly polite with me. I'm always at your service." Turning time forward, when it was time for Lola to go to work, Logan drove her to her workplace and told her that he had to prepare for the wedding before speeding off. Having taken a break for a long time, Lola wasn't used to it when she was seated in her office. Fortunately, not much work had piled up after she was absent for a few days. After going through the personal trainers' schedules and the list of new customers, she went on to examine their workout packages. It was the afternoon when she was done with all that. Leaning against the chair, she gazed out the window as her lips curved into a smile. I can't believe I'm married now, and more surprisingly, that man is Logan. In the past, if anyone told her that she would eventually marry Logan, she would rebuke that person right away. It wasn't like she couldn't find a good man, so there was no way she would marry him. However, she now thought that she was lucky to be married to him. After she took a rest for a while, her phone on the table started ringing. Picking up the phone, she realized that her mother was calling her. When the call was connected, she asked softly, "Mom, what's the matter?" In a flustered voice, Fiona asked, "Lola, did you send all these to us? This is too much." Lola was startled as she didn't understand what her mother was talking

about.

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After giving it a thought, Fiona decided to hang up the call and made a video call instead.

Lola immediately picked it up. Since Fiona was using the rear camera of her phone, Lola could see the sight of her home's entrance. A few loaded pick-up trucks were parked in front of her home, and there were workers unloading the items from the vehicles.

On the side, Langdon was so shocked that he didn't know what to do. Fiona continued, "Lola, are these from Logan? This is simply too much." On the screen, Lola could see that there were bottles of wine, baskets of fruits, health supplements, and many more that she couldn't even make out what those things were. Equally puzzled, she replied, "I'm not sure. I'll ask him about it now." After hanging up the call, she then dialed Logan's number.

Logan picked it up and called out sweetly, "Honey."

Lola let out an embarrassed laugh and said, "There's something I need to ask you about. A few trucks are parked in front of my parents' home, and some workers are unloading the gifts now. Have you sent those items there?"

Not knowing the details either, Logan replied, "I told someone to send some gifts over for me, but I'm not sure what those items are. Are there a lot? Tell me if the items are not good enough. I'll scold that person."

I knew it. In a helpless manner, Lola said, "Why have you sent so many items over?"

In fact, Logan's main goal was to fix Shawn rather than simply sending gifts. He reckoned that since the person was going to Lola's hometown, he could send some gifts to her parents as well.

On the previous day, Logan learned a thing or two about the traditions in Lola's hometown and found out that they had to hold a banquet before the wedding. He wasn't certain what he needed to do for the banquet, so he decided to just send some gifts over.

Lola said, "You have no idea how dumbstruck my parents were when they saw so many trucks. Others might think that we're getting into wholesale business!"

Logan chuckled. "It's fine. You can just pass the gifts to the guests during the banquet."

"Why should I give them the gifts?" Lola muttered under her breath. She had seen from the video call that those were all expensive items. Since the villagers had said bad things about her, there was no way she would give them such exquisite items.

Logan smiled as he didn't know the value of the items that were sent to Lola's home. Also, he didn't care whether something was valuable or not as long as it could be bought with money. Nevertheless, he loved the fact that Lola wouldn't let others take advantage of her.

With a smile, he said, "If you don't want to give the things to the villagers, just keep them for our parents. Just use them as you wish. I can always send more."

Lola was stunned when he said 'our parents'. However, after giving it a thought, she didn't find any problem with it, since they were already married. They didn't have to wait until the wedding before Logan started calling her parents 'Mom' and 'Dad'.

Knowing that her husband was wealthy, she simply said okay. Suddenly thinking of something else, she asked, "Have you also sent some people over to fix Shawn?"

Startled, Logan replied, "How did you know?"

Lola heaved a sigh. If Logan tells someone else to send gifts to my parents but he wasn't the one to choose them, it proves that sending gifts isn't his main goal. What else could he have intended to do?

There's nothing attractive in my small hometown. So, the only reason I can think of is the phone call last night.

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Lola persuaded him against it by saying, "You don't have to get mad over what Shawn had said. It's a waste of your time."

In a nonchalant manner, Logan replied, "It doesn't take much of my time. Moreover, I'm pleased to teach him another lesson."

He's such a vengeful man. In order to fix the people he doesn't like, he'll do whatever it costs, even if he'll also be hurt in the process. Shaking her head, Lola smiled in a helpless manner. "Alright. I will stay out of this." After a pause, she inquired, "Do you want to have dinner with me later?"

Logan replied, "Of course. I can't eat anything without you around."

With a smile, Lola questioned, "Who else did you say such sweet words to before?"

In a meek manner, Logan inquired, "Are you talking about Jasmine?"

"No. I've promised not to talk about her again. I'm just curious if you had ever said such sweet things to other girls before."

"No!" Logan protested. "There are no other girls around me other than Sophia, but she's married with a kid now."

Given how bad-tempered Logan was, he wasn't a likeable man for other girls. Moreover, he wasn't attracted to any other women easily. That was why he couldn't find someone to spend the rest of his life with until now.

After pondering on it for a moment, Lola realized that what he said was right, as only John, Sophia and Ian showed up when he gathered up his friends to celebrate his marriage. He really didn't have many friends. Smacking her lips, she said, "Alright. I'll be waiting for you to come over and have dinner with me."

After she hung up the call, she called her mother and told her that those gifts were indeed from Logan. Also, if they were to hold a banquet, these items could be given to the villagers as gifts.

Upon hearing that, Fiona reacted in the same way as Lola did. "There's no way I will pass such expensive items to those people. Have you got no idea how they talk about us behind our back? I'm magnanimous enough to not have settled a score with them!"

Lola burst into laughter. "I've always wondered from whom I got my temperament. Now I know it's from you!"

Fiona went on to say that the trucks had yet to be fully unloaded, but their yard was already crammed with the gifts. Fortunately, those workers were responsible enough to move those items into their house. However, they had little space within their home, so the gifts were then moved into the room they had prepared for Logan. Currently, the room was filled with many things.

The next day, Lola received news that Shawn had lost his job. He was accused of siphoning off money from his workplace.

It was Lola's mother who told her about this. Fiona didn't know that it was Logan's doing, so she told her daughter about this jokingly.

After Shawn was made redundant, he went to make a scene at his workplace in resentment. Nevertheless, not only did he not get his job back, but his wrongdoings were also exposed to the public.

Now that he had become infamous in his hometown, it was no longer possible for him to get a job in the local area.

Although Lola knew that it was Logan's doing, she couldn't break this to her mother. Therefore, she nodded and replied, "He only has himself to blame for his misery because he stole money from his workplace."

Smacking her lips, Fiona said, "When the matchmaker introduced Shawn to us, she said that he held some power at the government body

he worked in. However, she never said how much his salary was, but she did mention that he had other sources of income.”

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Lola batted her eyes. So, Logan didn’t make up the accusation against Shawn.

After a sigh, Fiona said, “At that time, I didn’t read too much into it and thought that the matchmaker was just exaggerating. Thinking back now, how could he be so proud of his wrongdoing? What was more, he even shared this with the matchmaker!”

Before Lola could reply, Fiona went on to say in a disdainful manner, “Fortunately, you did not fall in love with him. Otherwise, your reputation would have been ruined.”

When Lola resigned from her previous job, she maintained a good reputation as a policewoman. Although she was a woman, she was braver than most men when she was on a mission.

Her leader had persuaded her to stay, and he even went to her home to ask her parents about the reason for her resignation. At that time, Lola had suffered a serious injury during a mission. Terrified that such a thing would happen to their daughter again, her parents forced her to resign from her job.

Upon hearing what her mother said, Lola was somewhat at a loss for words.

In fact, Logan didn’t have a good reputation either. Since she had gotten together with him, it would be awkward for her if she came across her former colleagues in the future.

Fortunately, Logan had never committed any serious crimes, which was why the police could never send him to jail. It was just that the customers at Logan’s clubhouse engaged in questionable activities, so it made him look like he was part of those people as well.

Instead of shifting her focus to Logan, Fiona went on to talk about Shawn.

In fact, Shawn didn’t live in their village, but the villagers became familiar with him after he went on a date with Lola.

Moreover, Shawn, his parents and the matchmaker made a fuss at their house before, so the moment the neighbors got wind of any news about Shawn, they would go over to tell Fiona about it.

Now that Shawn’s wrongdoings were exposed, he became infamous not only in their village, but the entire town.

Fiona was no saint, so she couldn’t help but gloat over his misery. “I was waiting for their retribution to come. All three of them were problematic, so I was sure they would end up in misery. Look, I’m proven right so quickly.”

Lola laughed. “Alright. You can gloat over their misery, but don’t go and meddle in this. They’ve received this punishment because of what they’ve done. However, we have to mind our own business.”

Fiona grunted. “I just can’t help it.”

After Lola hung up the call, she dialed Logan’s number. When the call was connected, she could hear over the phone that it was noisy in the background. It seemed that someone was giving orders on how things should be arranged.

After going to a quiet place, Logan asked, “Yeah?”

“Do you know that something happened to Shawn?” Lola questioned.

In fact, Logan was clueless about this. Although he had told someone to fix Shawn, he didn’t ask that person what he would do. Currently, Logan was busy with the preparation of the wedding, so he had no time to care about what happened to Shawn.

Lola sighed. “My mom got the news from the neighbors. She then called

to tell me that Shawn had lost his job, and his reputation was ruined.” Logan giggled. “It seems that God has decided to punish that jerk.” Pressing her lips together, Lola questioned, “Are you trying to call yourself ‘God’?” Logan was silent for a while, then he guffawed. “If you’d like to think so, I won’t object to it.” A moment later, Lola asked, “How did you do this? Is it true that he siphoned off money from his workplace?” “Of course it’s true,” Logan replied matter-of-factly. “It wasn’t hard to find out his wrongdoings because he received kickbacks frequently. Maybe he didn’t think it was a problem, so he did it blatantly.”

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It didn’t take the person Logan sent a long time to find out all of Shawn’s crimes.

In fact, Shawn had committed so many crimes that it took Logan some time to decide on how to deal the heaviest blow to him using his own wrongdoings. Since Shawn was most proud of his job, Logan decided to make him relieved of his duty.

Lola thought that Logan had made the right decision because if Shawn were to hold on to his duty, the reputation of the civil service would be tarnished.

After giving it a thought, Logan said, “I have a house in the city center. It’s been renovated and ready to move in. When you’re free, we’ll go have a look together. After the wedding, we’ll move into that house. Also, I’ve prepared another house in the same residential area for our parents.”

Lola was touched by his considerate action. Since they had been dating, Logan would always keep his promises and fulfill her needs. In a soft voice, she replied, “Okay. I got it. I’ll see you later.”

After the call ended, Lola unwittingly placed her phone on her chest and smiled.

Logan arrived at the gym in the evening. When some personal trainers, who hadn’t gone home, saw Logan, they started teasing him. Lola was always serious at work, so the personal trainers had wondered what kind of man would fall in love with her, considering her temperament. They even made a bet that her husband had to be a domineering man. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be able to tolerate her bad temper.

To their surprise, Logan seemed like a gentle guy who always kept a smile on his face. They didn’t know Logan well, so they reckoned that he was a really easy-going guy. What they didn’t know was that this was what Logan wanted them to see.

On the other hand, Lola would pretend to be obedient whenever she was with Logan, so no one could tell what they were really like in private.

Ignoring their teasing, Logan waved his hand and retorted, “Well, single men like you guys know nothing about love.”

“Hey, look, he’s mocking us!”

“Yes, that’s what I’m doing,” Logan replied in a confident manner. “If you don’t look for a girlfriend, you can only be envious of us.” Upon finishing his words, he shouted into Lola’s office, “Honey, I’m here!” The personal trainers immediately hugged themselves. “Oh God, it’s giving me goosebumps. I can’t take it anymore.”

On the other hand, during the preparation of Logan and Lola’s wedding, Ian had to go back to his company to sign a contract. After the contract was signed, he would then be swamped with work.

Since the talent show he had joined was still rather popular currently, he had to start working as soon as possible. Before the departure, he

gathered up with his friends again.

Sophia and John arrived at a later time. When they entered the private room, they were seen holding hands, looking all lovey-dovey. Leaning against the chair, Ian gazed at them and smiled without uttering a word. After John sat his wife down, Lola said, "Your belly is huge. Is your due date around the corner?"

"I'll be giving birth in a month," Sophia replied joyfully. "I'm relieved that I'll unload this baby soon. You have no idea how exhausted I've been in the past months."

John nodded. "That's the same case for me."

Sophia gazed at him from the corner of her eyes and thought that rather than him being exhausted, he was just disgruntled that they hadn't engaged in physical love for a long time.

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John even vowed that after the child was born, he wouldn't want another child because if Sophia was impregnated again, it would affect his sex life.

If it wasn't because Sophia had to be careful with her movements, she would have beaten him up. Why is this man so obsessed with sex? Doesn't he think it's a blessing to have a kid?

A moment later, Sophia turned to Ian and asked him about his work arrangements.

Ian replied that his company had come up with a schedule for him and sent it to his mailbox. This proved that his company was serious about his career planning.

After going through the schedule, he was relieved that he wouldn't be overburdened with work, but there wouldn't be much time for him to take a rest either. All in all, the arrangements were reasonable.

Just then, John said, "His company has a clear policy on the career planning of their artists. Normally, all of them will be assigned jobs according to their strengths. The company also doesn't create gossip for the artists in order to make them famous."

Relieved to hear that, Sophia nodded. "When you become a superstar, please introduce some hot guys in showbiz to me."

John frowned and stared at her. "Shouldn't you be more concerned about the baby in your belly now?"

Placing her hands on her belly, Sophia guffawed.

Turning to Lola, Logan asked, "Do you think I'm a hot guy?"

Lola shot him a contemptuous look. "How are you so confident in your looks?"

At that instant, Logan recalled that Lola once said that he wasn't attractive enough for her. Then, he leaned close to her and whispered into her ear, "You said that I wasn't attractive enough for you, but why were you so immersed in it when we had sex?"

Blushing, Lola then recalled the first time they engaged in intercourse. She didn't dare to settle a score with him publicly, so she furtively stretched out her hand and pinched his waist.

Without flinching, Logan leaned closer to her and asked with a smile, "Do you want to do it again tonight?"

With her face turning red in embarrassment, Lola exerted more force and glared at him. "Shut up!"

Logan chuckled and directly landed a kiss on her lips.

Seeing that, Sophia immediately covered her eyes with one hand and placed her other hand on her belly. "My child, we shouldn't look at the shameless act of that guy over there!"

Lola's face turned crimson when she heard that.

Unabashed, Logan leaned against the chair and said in a playful manner, "Are you implying that you can't take it anymore? If so, just kiss your

husband in front of us.” Then, he shifted his attention to Ian. “Why aren’t you covering your eyes when you’re the one who’s supposed to do so? Aren’t you jealous of how loving we are?”

Ian picked up a cup of tea and took a sip. “If you knew I’d be jealous, why are you doing this in front of me? Are you trying to make me feel even more heartbroken?”

The atmosphere turned awkward when the others heard this.

Still holding the cup, Ian suddenly realized what he had just said. He only meant to tease them, and his words contained no innuendos or whatsoever.

To break the awkwardness in the air, Logan guffawed. “Oh, you must be really angry with me because I haven’t been able to spend more time with you, since I’m busy preparing my own wedding. When you come back to attend my wedding, I’ll make sure to spend some time with you, alright?”

Lola immediately went along by saying, “Yes, we’re really sorry that you feel this way. When you come back, we’ll make sure to meet up with you.”

Without explaining himself, Ian grunted.

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Seated beside Sophia, John leaned his back against the chair and put on a faint smile.

When the dishes and bottles of wine were served, Logan directly gulped down three glasses of wine as a gesture of apology because he hadn’t been able to spend more time with them the last time they met up. Then, he turned to Ian and apologized to him for not having enough time for him recently, which served as a continuation of the previous topic.

In response, Ian took a sip of the wine politely.

Finally, Logan held out his glass at John. “I’ll try to make Lola impregnated with a girl. In the future, maybe our kids can marry each other.”

The corner of Sophia’s mouth twitched. “No, no, no! We shouldn’t interfere in our kids’ love life because no one can say for sure when it comes to love. We shouldn’t make that decision on their behalf. If they grow up and never fall in love with each other, they’ll blame us.”

John turned to his wife. “Why do I feel like there’s a hidden message in your words that’s directed at me?”

Patting his shoulder, Sophia replied, “You’re so clever. Yes, it’s directed at you.”

Letting out a sigh, John shifted his attention to Logan. “See? Don’t ever displease a woman because you never know when they’ll settle a score with you.”

Logan nodded. “Fortunately, I have never displeased Lola before, so there’s no score to settle.”

In a cold voice, Lola retorted, “Are you sure? Do I have to remind you about Jasmine?”

In an instant, Logan kept his mouth shut.

Although there was nothing ambiguous going on between Jasmine and him, he would feel embarrassed whenever Lola mentioned her. It was because he agreed to date Jasmine and then dumped her, so he was eternally guilty for this.

On the other hand, though Shawn kept pestering Lola, she was innocent in this farce. So, compared to what Logan did to Jasmine, Lola had every right to pick on him.

Putting on a smirk, Logan said in a meek manner, “Honey, please don’t get angry with me. We’ve been getting along well, so don’t let someone else sow discord between us.”

Sophia burst into laughter. "How could you say my husband sowed discord between you and Lola when you're in the wrong?" At that moment, she couldn't help but defend her husband.

With a proud expression, John pulled Sophia's hands toward himself and stroked them.

It was a messy situation as these two couples were bantering with each other.

Seated on the side, Ian gazed at them and put on a gentle smile. I guess this is the best outcome after all. I'm really happy for them.

On the other hand, Lola never asked her husband about the progress of the wedding preparation. Since she couldn't offer any help, she reckoned that she shouldn't be too picky.

However, after Logan returned home every day, he would hug her and explain to her what he did for the day.

Lola would always nod in response and say, "Alright. I got it."

Still, there was once when Logan couldn't help but pull a long face because Lola didn't seem to care about their wedding.

In a helpless manner, she explained, "It's because I don't know what to say. I don't really understand the things you've been explaining to me, so I can only tell you that I get it."

Seeing that he remained silent, Lola went on to say, "It's a really luxurious wedding that you've been preparing for us. I haven't even heard of most of the things you've gotten, so I don't have anything to say."

However, Logan just stared at her.

Left with no choice, Lola went over and draped her arms around his shoulders. "What do you expect me to say then? Tell me and I'll say it."

Logan's heart softened when he saw her being so tender to him.

Hugging her tightly, he said, "It's my fault. I've become grumpy from all the preparations." No matter how bad-tempered he was, he could never be mad at her.

Without saying anything, Lola stroked his face. In fact, she was excited about the wedding, but she just didn't have any opinions to voice out, and she was fine with their arrangements.

That night, Logan laid himself on top of her in bed and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm so sorry. I've been impatient recently because I've been swamped with wedding preparation."

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Lola kissed his lips. "It's fine. I know you've been exhausted."

All of a sudden, Logan changed the topic by saying, "Sophia is about to give birth to her child. I think we should also try to have our own baby."

Deep in the moment, Lola grunted in agreement without thinking about it. It took Logan some time until he was done.

When Lola woke up the next morning, she realized that she was late for work. Fortunately, she was the owner of the gym, so nobody would mind it even if she was late. After they went to a breakfast place to have their meal, Logan then sent her to her gym.

Still tired from the sex, Lola felt sleepy while she was in the car.

Stroking her head, Logan told her, "Have a shut-eye. I'll wake you up when we arrive."

Since the gym wasn't far from the breakfast place, Lola couldn't have a good nap. Therefore, she decided to just close her eyes and take a rest. She immediately knew that they had arrived at the gym the moment they stopped, but before she opened her eyes, Logan stormed out of the vehicle and cursed at someone. "What the heck! How dare he come to this place again?"

Shocked, Lola hurriedly gazed out the window.

There was a man standing outside the gym. With his hands tucked inside his pockets and his shoulders hunched, he looked desolate.

Lola frowned, for she didn't expect that Shawn still had the guts to look for her. Is he trying to get himself punched by Logan?

When Lola got out of the car, Logan had already reached Shawn.

Seeing Logan, Shawn flinched in fright, but Logan stretched out his hand and pulled him toward himself.

Grabbing his collar, Logan exerted more force on his hand.

Shawn tried to struggle out of his grip as he yelled, "Let go of me!"

In a cold voice, Logan threatened, "What are you doing here? Are you so eager to get punched?" As he was speaking, he exerted more force on his hand and even lifted him a little off the ground.

Shawn's face turned red while he was forced to tiptoe. "I'm looking for Lola..." Seeing Logan's hideous expression, he hurriedly explained, "I'm here to apologize to her. I spouted nonsense when I called her previously because I was drunk. I'm so sorry. Please forgive me..."

Before he finished his words, he caught a glimpse of Lola and quickly waved his hand at her. "Lola, it's me. Look at me."

Lola didn't want to have anything to do with him. In fact, she didn't mind it one bit when she heard what he said over the phone some time ago because he didn't matter to her at all.

Walking over, she ignored Shawn and patted Logan's shoulder. "I'm getting in now. See you during lunch time."

Facing her, Logan replied gently, "Alright. See you in the afternoon."

Hearing what she said, Shawn became flustered instantly and shouted, "Lola, hear me out. I'm here to apologize to you. Please give me one more chance."

Ignoring him superbly, Lola walked past the entrance and headed for the elevator.

When she was no longer in sight, Logan turned his head back and put on a glacial expression. Grabbing Shawn's collar, he lugged him to another place. "Come on. We'll settle this somewhere else. Don't make a scene at my wife's workplace."

Shawn yelped and tried to pull his hand away. However, Logan's grip was so strong that his attempt was futile.

After opening the car door, Logan shoved him into the vehicle and circled around the car. Seeing this, Shawn opened the door and tried to flee.

Turning around, Logan pointed at him and demanded, "Get back in!"

Faced with the threat, Shawn pressed his lips and had no choice but to get back into the vehicle.

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After starting the engine, Logan then stepped on the gas pedal. Upon entering her gym, Lola gazed out the window and saw Logan's car speeding off. In the past, if she came across such a potential bully case, she would step forward and save the victim. However, at this moment, she would love Logan to teach Shawn a lesson in her stead.

Knowing that Logan wouldn't really harm him, she wasn't worried at all. Shawn had to be taught a harsh lesson so that he would stop pestering Lola.

Since Lola didn't have much work at hand, she just walked around the place for the entire morning. When it was lunch time, she gave her husband a call. After the call was connected, Logan said in a calm manner, "I'm going to your place now."

With a smile, Lola inquired, "How about Shawn? Did you send him home?"

"Send him home? Should I also buy some gifts for him?" Logan burst into laughter.

Lola grunted. "I saw him getting into your car. I thought the two of you had become friends and gone to grab a beer."

"Friends?" Logan muttered. "You can ask him whether he has the guts

to be my friend." After a pause, he continued, "I'm sure he won't contact you again. He promised that he'll get the heck out of your life." Clenching her phone, Lola shook her head helplessly. Shawn has to be terrified of Logan now. In fact, Logan didn't have to go hard on him. Just ignore him and he'll stop pestering me soon.

After they agreed on where to have their lunch, they ended the call. Stretching her back, Lola circled around the desk and placed her phone on the desk. Just then, her phone started ringing. Picking up the phone, she realized that Lorraine was calling her. Of course, she had to connect the call as quickly as possible.

With a smile, Lorraine said, "Lola, I'm somewhere near your gym. Do you want to have lunch with me later?"

Lola immediately agreed to it. Thinking that Lorraine probably knew that Logan was coming to her gym, she reckoned that she didn't have to tell her about it.

After a halt, Lorraine went on to say, "There's this Thai restaurant around here that Logan loves. Why don't we have lunch there?"

Lola agreed to it and said, "He'll be here soon. Let's meet up at the restaurant."

In fact, Lorraine came to look for them to talk about the bridal price. Since the wedding was just around the corner, the bridal price had to be passed to the bride beforehand.

Lorraine asked Logan when he would have the time to pass the bridal price to Lola's parents with her. There had to be a ceremony to do this. Lola never uttered a word because she didn't think she should join the discussion of this topic. Furthermore, Lorraine and Logan never talked about the exact figure of the bridal price; they only discussed when they would be free to go to Lola's hometown. Since the ceremony was an important matter, Logan had to postpone his work to make time for this.

Lorraine nodded. "I'll be free the day after tomorrow. Let's do it two days later."

After Logan said okay, he turned to Lola and asked, "Are you okay with this?"

Lola nodded. "My working hours are flexible. I'll go with you."

With a smile, Lorraine said, "Alright. I'll call the two of you by then." Since they had come to an agreement, they proceeded to enjoy their meal. After that, Lorraine left the place because she had something else to do. Then, Logan and Lola spent some time together in the gym before he returned to his company.

Following that, Lola called her mother and said, "Logan and I will go home and pass you the bridal price two days later. Please get prepared."

Surprised, Fiona replied, "Oh, I didn't expect that this day would come so quickly."

Is it quick? Maybe that's true. The progress of my relationship with Logan has been rapid anyway. Not long after we got together, we decided to get married. Now, we're going to hold a wedding ceremony soon.

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We've only been together for about three months since we started dating. So, it sure is a sudden and quick marriage for us, Lola thought. Then, Fiona asked, "Did they mention the value of the bridal price?"

Lola replied, "No."

Afraid that her daughter might be displeased with this question, Fiona hurriedly explained, "I don't mean to be rude. I just want to find out about it beforehand. Your dad had bragged to the neighbors that we'd receive an expensive bridal price. So, when Logan comes over to pass us the bridal price, our neighbors will surely come here to ask about it. If we get to know the value of it in advance, we'll be better prepared..."

Lola understood that her mother was trying to say that they would be better prepared to face the neighbors if they knew the exact figure in advance. Not knowing the value of it either, Lola replied, "I don't know. They never talked about it."

Fiona said, "Never mind. We shouldn't ask them about it. No matter how much they'll give us, we'll just take it. I'll discuss with your dad how to stop our neighbors from coming over."

Since there was nothing else to say, Lola hung up the call.

When she returned home in the evening, she never talked to Logan about the bridal price, and he seemed to have forgotten about it as well.

On the day of the ceremony, Lorraine arrived at Logan's home in her own car, which was crammed with gifts.

Seeing this, Lola said, "You don't have to pass more gifts to my parents. There's one room in their home that's packed with gifts. They won't be able to use them all."

Without getting out of the vehicle, Lorraine replied, "It's fine. I don't think I should visit your parents empty-handed. There aren't a lot of gifts here anyway."

There aren't a lot of gifts here? Her car is filled with them! Lola thought. Following that, Logan and Lola entered their own car as they headed for Lola's hometown.

Langdon and Fiona were already waiting for them in the living room with desserts and fruits on the table.

When they were about to reach Lola's home, Lola could see that many neighbors were waiting outside her home. Do these people have nothing better to do?

Lorraine's lips curled up when she saw this.

After they entered the house, Fiona and Langdon told them to have a seat.

Normally, parents from both families had to be present when the ceremony took place. However, since Old Mr. Jefferson had been under the weather, Lorraine had to do this on his behalf.

Already seated, Fiona and Langdon were fine with this arrangement.

While Logan and Lorraine were seated together, Lola took a seat beside her parents. They hadn't unloaded the gifts from the car yet.

Just then, Lorraine placed a packet on the table and pushed it toward them. Although the packet was bulging, it certainly didn't contain a lot of cash.

With a calm expression, Fiona took over the packet and poured some tea for Logan and Lorraine. Logan's expression did not change when he saw it. After taking a look at the packet, Lola retracted her gaze. The atmosphere didn't seem to be affected by the gesture.

Then, Lorraine went on to talk about the wedding ceremony with Lola's parents. Fiona and Langdon were fine with the Jeffersons' arrangement. As long as their daughter was happy, they didn't have to get involved in the preparation.

After that, Logan mentioned to them that he had prepared a house for them, which was near where Lola and he would live.

Elated, Langdon said, "Of course we'd love to stay near your home. Lola was swamped with work when she was a policewoman. Not long after she resigned from the job, she got married to you. Honestly, it's disheartening for us to think that she might leave us. Fortunately, you're willing to let us live near where you are. However, will we be a burden to you?"

"Of course you're not a burden to us. We're family now," Lorraine replied.

Hearing that, Fiona laughed in a joyful manner.

When they were done with the discussion, Lorraine rose from the couch and told Logan to help her unload the gifts from her car.

Lola had wanted to help them out, but Lorraine patted her on the shoulder and said, "Stay here to talk to your parents. We'll be leaving soon, so you won't have much time to stay with them."

Lola nodded and returned to the living room.

At that moment, Fiona had opened the packet and saw a pile of cash. Surprisingly, there was also a bank card with the passcode written on it. Astonished by the sight of it, Fiona and Langdon then realized that they had underestimated the value of the bridal price.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1311

Since the Jeffersons had agreed to give them a seven-figure bridal price, it certainly wouldn't be in the form of cash. So, this bank card probably contained a few million.

After taking a look at the card, Fiona turned to Langdon, who then eyed his daughter with a hesitant expression.

Although they had no idea how much money the card contained, they didn't think it was a small amount of money. Fiona and Langdon had lived modestly for all their lives, so they were nervous to have received so much money all of a sudden.

When Lola saw them like this, she said, "The card is yours now. Just take it."

Trying to remain calm, Langdon replied, "Since we're moving to live near your home, we won't need so much money anyway. We'll keep the money first. It'll still be yours in the future."

Just then, Logan and Lorraine came in with the gifts and placed them on the floor. After they chatted with Lola's parents for a while longer, they returned to the city. In the past, Lola would feel reluctant whenever she had to leave her parents' home. This time, however, she was relieved because her parents would be moving to live near her soon.

After they were gone, the neighbors started streaming into the house. While Fiona was cleaning up the table, one of the neighbors asked, "They were here to pass you the bridal price, right? How much is it? Is it really a seven-figure bridal price?"

Some of them were taking a look at the gifts, but they were shocked upon hearing that it was a seven-figure bridal price, so they turned to look at Fiona. "No way! How rich is their family to afford a seven-figure bridal price? Could it be a bluff? Where's the money? Show us!"

Ignoring the gossipy neighbors, Fiona picked up the empty cups and plates before entering the kitchen.

One of them was relentless and walked over to pat her shoulder.

"Seriously, how much is it? They've promised to give you a seven-figure bridal price, so they shouldn't go back on their word. If that's the case, you have to make a scene at their place. You didn't force them to make such a promise."

Despite having received the card, Fiona had no idea how much money it contained, since the amount of money wasn't written on it. With a smile, she replied, "We've received it."

One of them questioned, "How much is it? We have to know the exact figure!"

Seated in his room, Langdon gazed at the bank card in his hand. This thing is so light. I can't believe it contains a few million.

Since the neighbors couldn't get the answer from Fiona, they went to look for Langdon. Seeing the bank card in Langdon's hand, one of them shouted, "Hey, Langdon! Is that the bridal price the Jeffersons have given you? Did they tell you how much is in the card?"

When the others saw this as well, they started gossiping. "You have to check the amount of money inside the card. Don't just believe what they tell you. We're all modest villagers, but they're smooth-talking business people. Maybe they've told you that this card contains a few

million, but there's no money in it at all! After everything is settled, it'll be too late for you to regret it!"

"That's right. Quickly confirm how much money is in the card. They told you it's a seven-figure bridal price, but maybe there's only ten thousand in this. You have to be wary that they might have lied to you!"

One jealous villager even said mockingly, "You're just a modest family, so I don't think they'd be willing to give you so much money. If they had to fork out a few million, they would have looked for a girl who came from an equally wealthy family. I don't think they're serious about accepting your daughter into their family."

One of them motioned for the jealous villager to shut up.

At this point, Langdon didn't really care about the value of the bridal price. Previously, Logan had sent them a large amount of gifts. Langdon told a friend to check the prices online and found out that these gifts were worth more than a hundred thousand, which was a significantly higher amount of bridal price than other families would ever receive. So, he didn't think that Logan would lie to him. Moreover, Logan and Lola had gotten their marriage certificate.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1312

No matter how much the bridal price was, as long as Lola was happy, they would be content with it.

A moment later, Fiona came into the room in an attempt to retrieve the bank card.

One of the relentless neighbors said, "Hurry up and check how much money is in the card. I don't believe they're able to fork out so much money at once. What's wrong? Are you afraid that we'll borrow money from you, so you're not willing to show us?"

With a frown, Fiona stopped what she was doing. It seems that before these people find out how much money is in the card, they won't be leaving anytime soon. If I insist on not showing them the amount of money, they may spread false information to other villagers.

Fiona turned to gaze at her husband, who directly lay down on the bed. It seemed that he decided not to care about this anymore.

After cursing her husband secretly, Fiona fell into a dilemma with the card in her hand. "Well, I don't know how to check the amount of money in this card."

Sure enough, someone among them knew how to do this. The person took over the card and called the bank's careline. The neighbors were so fervent about this that Fiona couldn't even get a word in.

Initially, Fiona was flustered, but seeing that the neighbors were more nervous than she was, she managed to calm down instantly. Then, she went out to pick up the fruits that she had yet to finish preparing and returned.

The neighbor followed the instructions, then he was eventually connected to a customer service representative. Nevertheless, Fiona couldn't hear what the person on the other end was saying.

After the inquiry ended, the neighbor hung up the call. With a conflicted expression, he smacked his lips and returned the bank card to Fiona.

In a curious manner, Fiona asked, "How much is it?"

The neighbor pursed his lips and said in an obviously jealous tone, "They're really generous."

Hearing this, Fiona understood that the bank card indeed contained a lot of money. Langdon, who was pretending to be asleep, opened his eyes immediately.

At this point, the neighbors understood that the Jeffersons never went back on their word, so they stopped pestering the Hunts and streamed out of the house.

After all of them were gone, Fiona closed the main door and returned to

the bedroom.

Seated on the bed, Langdon asked with widened eyes, "Did you hear how much it was?"

Fiona shook her head. "I didn't. Just now, I asked the one who called the bank how much it was, but he just wouldn't tell me. I guess it has to be a lot of money. Otherwise, they would have mocked us."

Yeah. If it's a petty amount of money in the card, they would have laughed at us for sure. Gazing at the card, Langdon asked, "How rich do you think they are?"

Fiona raised her eyebrow. "How would I know? I haven't been to their place."

Well, she's right. We've learned about Logan mainly from our contact with him. We don't even know where he lives, Langdon thought.

At the thought of this, both of them felt guilty. They had always seen themselves as responsible parents, but they didn't even know where their son-in-law lived. Basically, they had allowed their daughter to get married to Logan without much consideration.

After a pause, Fiona said, "You may take a rest first. I'll call Lola now and tell her that we'll go over to their home someday."

They had awakened early in the morning since the Jeffersons were coming to their house. Normally, Langdon would wake up late in the morning, but on this day, he got up earlier than Fiona. However, he couldn't have a shut-eye at the moment. After taking a rest on the bed for a while, he decided to stroll around the backyard.

On the other hand, Fiona hesitated for a long time before calling her daughter.

Still on the road, Lola picked up the call and asked in a languid manner, "Mom, what's the matter?"

With a smile, Fiona asked, "Have you reached home?"

"No. Did something happen?" Lola asked back.

Smacking her lips, Fiona replied, "It's nothing serious. It's just that we haven't been to Logan's home before, so we'd like to visit his place one day. When will you be free? Your dad and I will go over on our own."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1313

1 Comment / The Returning Ex / By Novel Heart

Feeling joyful that her parents wanted to visit her place, Lola asked, "Why don't we go back to fetch you now?"

Startled at that reply, Fiona said, "There's no need for that. I haven't cleaned up the house yet, so I can't go over today. When you're free, just give us a call. We'll hail a taxi. You don't have to come over to fetch us."

After giving it a thought, Lola said, "Alright. You can decide when you'll come to visit us. Just call me in advance."

In a hushed voice, Fiona inquired, "Lola, ask Logan how much is in the bank card." Then, she hurriedly explained, "Those neighbors had come into the house and asked all kinds of questions. One of them even took over my card and helped me call the careline, but I didn't manage to hear what the customer service representative said. After the inquiry, they left the house without telling me the amount of money. I'm a little concerned, so I'd like you to ask him about this. No matter how much is in the card, we won't say anything. We just want to know the exact figure."

Eyeing her husband, Lola grunted and told her mother, "I'll ask him about it." Then, she hung up the call.

Before she could speak, Logan asked with a smile, "Does your mom want to know the amount of money in the card?"

After keeping her phone, Lola replied in a helpless manner, "After we left, those neighbors went into my parents' home and even helped them check the value in the bank card, but they didn't tell my mom about it and left the house. My mom is concerned, so she told me to ask you about it."

Logan chuckled. "Why do your neighbors always have to meddle in other people's business?"

Leaning against the seat, Lola stretched her arms. "I think they just wanted to make fun of us if the card only contained a small amount of money. Then, I'd be the talk of the town again."

Logan took her hand and kissed the back of her hand. "Don't worry. I won't give them the chance."

Leaning close to him, Lola inquired, "So, how much is it? I still have to tell my mom about it."

With a smile, Logan gripped her hand tighter, but he never uttered a word.

When they reached home, Logan had other matters to attend to. After packing up her stuff, Lola returned to her gym. Then, she called her mother and said, "Logan didn't tell me how much it was. Why don't you check it yourself?"

Despite the answer, Fiona was not disappointed, and she simply grunted in response. In fact, she had a feeling that there had to be a lot of money in the card. After a sigh, she went on to say, "In the past, we worked hard in order to improve our living standards. Now that we're rich, our lives don't seem to have changed profoundly."

Lola chuckled. "Rich or not, we still have to live our lives."

After a pause, Fiona continued, "I thought that after you left, the neighbors would gossip about you. For some reason, all of them never said anything."

Having figured the reason, Lola replied, "I think that's because the bridal price is indeed of great value, so they can't say anything bad about us. It's not like they can spread rumors that I've attracted a rich man with my beauty."

When Fiona heard that answer, she replied with a vague 'yeah'.

Following that, Lola taught her mother how to check the value in the bank card. After the call ended, she even sent her all the steps through a message. When she was done with all that, she put down the phone and leaned against the chair, feeling jolly.

Although she didn't care what the neighbors would gossip about her, she would love to keep their mouths shut. Logan really did me proud. Lola didn't have much work to do at the gym. In the evening, she called Logan and asked him where he was. Instead of asking him to come over to fetch her, she would go over to his place on her own.

However, Logan seemed to be busy. After telling her the address, he also reminded her to be careful on the road.

Then, Lola hailed a taxi, but since it was rush hour, she was stuck in a traffic jam.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1314

It seemed that a minor car accident at the front was the cause for the traffic jam.

Slowly, Lola rolled down the window and gazed at the view outside. A moment later, she caught a glimpse of a familiar figure.

Jasmine was walking arm-in-arm with a man as she was speaking to him. Although the man wasn't looking at her, it was apparent that he was attentive to what she was saying.

Lola was surprised by the sight. It seems that she has gotten over Logan. The two of them walked past Lola's vehicle, but none of them noticed her.

Nevertheless, Lola managed to see her expression clearly. Her eyes were beaming with joy. The man was rather different from Logan. He looked solemn when he wasn't smiling.

After letting out a breath, Lola thought, Perhaps that's the best

outcome for her.

Last night, before she went to bed, she was still thinking about Jasmine. She was hesitating whether she should invite Jasmine, Logan's ex-girlfriend, to her wedding. If she invited her, she might appear to be showing off, but if she never did so, she might come across as petty. Now that Jasmine had found a new man, she could finally set her mind at ease.

After the damaged vehicles were towed away, the traffic resumed. When Lola arrived at the hotel, Logan was already waiting for her at the entrance.

Before the taxi pulled over, Lola saw him leaning against the pillar with his hands tucked inside his pockets. There was a cigarette between his lips, but it wasn't lit up. In the past, if she saw him looking so sloppy like this, she would feel disdainful of him. Now, however, she found his every movement adorable.

After paying the taxi fare, she got out of the car and shuffled toward him.

Seeing her, Logan took the cigarette away from his lips and held it between his fingers before walking over. "I—"

Before he could finish talking, Lola suddenly crashed into his embrace so forcefully that he was forced to take a few steps backward before managing to steady himself. Laughing, he hugged her back and inquired, "What's wrong? We just met in the morning. Do you miss me already?"

With her head buried in his embrace, her voice sounded muffled. "Yes, I miss you very much. I'm really happy to see you, so I want to hug you."

Stroking her head, Logan asked, "What happened this afternoon? Did anyone make you angry? Did your neighbors say anything bad?"

"No." Lola shook her head. "Nobody said anything. It's just that I've suddenly realized that I love you more than I had imagined."

Logan was startled at her confession. The Lola he knew was an old-fashioned and shy girl, so she would rarely say 'I love you'.

Normally, she would only be forced to say it when she was teased by him in bed. On this day, however, she said she loved him spontaneously.

Tossing the cigarette away, Logan cupped her face to make eye contact with her and then kissed her right on the lips. "I love you too."

Completely unabashed, Lola wrapped her arms around his neck, tiptoed and kissed him back.

Logan was surprised by her change of behavior. It seemed that she had suddenly learned to be more proactive in expressing her feelings.

Hugging each other, they went on to kiss for a long time before Logan whispered into her ear in a hoarse voice, "Should we go home now?"

Understanding his intention, Lola pinched his waist and chided, "You're so shameless."

Seeing that she never rejected his request, he walked toward his car, his hand still draped around her waist. "In fact, I still have some work to do, but I don't think I can focus on work anymore. I can't hold it in any longer!"

Blushing, Lola followed him to his vehicle.

Then, Logan stepped on the gas pedal and they reached home in no time, even though it was currently rush hour.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1315

Logan had been swamped with work recently. Sometimes, it would take him the entire day to supervise the wedding preparations, so he wouldn't have time to have lunch with Lola. Therefore, he bought a new car for her so that she could drive to work when he wasn't free.

Knowing that her husband was busy with the wedding preparations, Lola never told him that her parents would be visiting them on this day, and she drove to her hometown on her own.

Naturally, her new car attracted the attention of her neighbors. Upon seeing the vehicle, they appeared to be jealous. One of them crossed her arms and said mockingly, "Oh wow, you've bought a new car. How much is it? Are you on a loan? Your husband is rich, so I'm sure he could afford to buy it off in cash, right? Well, nobody takes out a loan to buy a car nowadays. Otherwise, anyone would be able to afford this kind of car. Don't you think so?"

As though Lola wasn't aware of the mockery in the person's voice, she nodded. "Indeed, it's paid off in cash. Why would I apply for a loan to buy a car when I have the money?"

The person was rendered speechless. Unwilling to give up, she went on to say, "How much is it? This car isn't expensive anyway. It can be bought for sixty thousand at most."

After putting on her bag, Lola walked toward her home as she replied, "Sixty thousand? I didn't know the value of my bag alone was enough to buy this car."

The person was lost for words.

Without even looking at her, Lola stepped into her home. These people cannot be treated with politeness, or else they'd keep bothering us. If they're jealous that I'm wealthy, then I have to show them that I can afford to buy anything I want.

Fiona and Langdon had cleaned up the house, and they were ready to go.

After looking around, Lola said with a smile, "Since you're ready, we should get going."

Fiona and Langdon had changed into new clothes, looking energetic. Before they left the house, Fiona made sure to lock all the windows and doors.

When they came out of their home, many people were still waiting outside the yard. Some of them appeared to be jealous, while some seemed ready to mock them. Nevertheless, there were still people who were sincerely happy for them.

One of the women shouted, "Lola, are you bringing your parents to your place? It seems that girls definitely have to go to school and get a good job. Knowledge is useful after all."

With a smile, Lola gazed at the woman and asked, "Mrs. Fraley, how's your daughter's studies?"

The woman chuckled. "Well, she's set to earn a scholarship."

Lola nodded. "That's great. You and your husband will be able to enjoy life after she graduates."

The woman nodded. "I'm looking forward to that day. If she can get a good job and eventually get married to a good man like you've done, we'll be more than happy."

Lola smiled and never responded to her again. After opening the door, she told her parents to get into the car. They took a turn, and the car was soon out of the villagers' sight.

Feeling elated, Fiona kept touching the car interior. "This car is spacious on the inside. Is it expensive?"

"Logan bought it, so I don't know the price." After taking a glance at her mother, who was in the passenger's seat, Lola said, "I've taken a look at your new house. All the furniture and appliances are ready. We're going to have a look. After that, you can tell me what you need to buy for the house. Then, you can move in tonight."

Langdon, who was in the back seat, remained silent while Fiona nodded. "We're fine with your arrangement."

When they reached the city center, Langdon, who was originally calm, couldn't help but lean close to the window and gaze at the view outside.

Then, they moved into a residential area and entered an underground car park. After getting out of the vehicle, Langdon and Fiona traded

glances, for they had no idea which way to go. They had lived in a village for all their lives, so they weren't familiar with this kind of place. Following that, Lola led them to take the elevator and headed for the house Logan had prepared for them.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1316

The house was located on the second floor, and there was only one unit on the floor.

Upon stepping into the house, Fiona was startled. "This place is huge!"

The spacious interior was beautifully decorated, equipped with high-end furniture and appliances.

In a calm manner, Langdon placed his hands behind his back and looked around.

The greenery around the residential area was excellent. Looking down from the window, they could see a small garden on the ground floor.

After taking a look at the place, Fiona could barely contain her excitement.

Upon stepping out of the bedroom, Langdon gazed at Lola in the living room and asked, "Where do you live?"

Lola pointed downward. "Right below your unit."

Langdon couldn't help but smirk. "That's great. We can get to meet you easily." Suddenly thinking of something, he inquired, "Where's Logan? Why isn't he with you?"

After taking a seat on the couch, Lola replied, "He's been busy supervising the wedding preparations. Recently, he'd leave the house in the morning and only come back at night." In spite of that, he still had to make love to her before going to sleep. Lola had no idea how he could be so energetic.

After leaving the room, Fiona took a seat beside Lola, took her hands, and said, "I could not have imagined that you'd get married to such a wonderful man. It seems that Logan really treats you well."

With a smile, Lola looked down at the wedding ring on her finger. "He does."

These days, unlike his past self, Logan would listen to her and take care of all her needs. In fact, she was surprised at his change herself. In the past, she thought that he was a thug who engaged in illegal activities. Now, however, he seemed to be mature and upright.

When he came home a few days ago, he appeared to be solemn. Lola asked him what happened, but he didn't tell her. A while later, his phone started ringing. The police had called to thank him for his bravery to fix a molester. Upon hearing that, Lola was surprised, for she never expected that her husband would help someone in need one day.

On the other hand, Logan nonchalantly said that he just couldn't believe such a disgusting man existed in this world. His worldview was rather simple. The man should pursue the woman he loved and make her fall in love with him instead of molesting any woman on the streets.

Lola was really happy that he was such an upstanding man. Since then, she had grown fonder of him.

Now, Lola and her parents took a rest, then they went out to have a meal.

Fiona and Langdon bought some fruits on the way there, thinking that they should pay Logan's father a visit after the meal. Since they were here, it would be impolite if they never went to meet his father.

After giving it a thought, Lola gave her husband a call.

Logan was apparently busy, but upon hearing that Lola's parents had arrived, he immediately said he could go over. With a smile, he said, "Of course I have to make time for our parents. Wait for me. I'll be there soon."

Logan's voice was so loud that Fiona and Langdon could hear what he

was saying.

After that, Langdon shouted into the phone, "Logan, we should grab a beer later."

Fiona slapped him gently. "It's only in the afternoon. You shouldn't drink beer at this hour!"

After a pause, Langdon said, "I'll drink with Mr. Jefferson then." The Mr. Jefferson he was talking about was Logan's father.

When he arrived at the restaurant, Logan was hot and sweaty.

Apparently, he came back in a hurry.

After sitting him down, Lola said, "You haven't had lunch, right? We can have a meal together."

Seated on the chair, Logan asked, "Why didn't you tell me that our parents would be coming today?"

After a sigh, Lola passed him a bowl of soup. "You've been really busy these days. I wanted to tell you about it last night, but you dozed off very quickly. It's fine actually, since we're family now."

In fact, Logan was exhausted not because of the wedding preparations, but because they made love last night.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1317

Fiona and Langdon didn't mind it as well, since Logan was preparing for their daughter's wedding.

After gulping down the soup, Logan said, "Since you're here, no matter how busy I am, I will make time to keep you company." Then, he asked Lola's parents where they were going next.

Langdon replied, "Since we're here, we'd like to visit your father."

Logan nodded and gladly agreed to it. "That's wonderful. My dad has been wanting to meet both of you."

After lunch, Logan brought them to the Jefferson Mansion in his car.

When they pulled over at the entrance, Langdon and Fiona couldn't believe their eyes. They knew the Jeffersons were rich, but this mansion was much grander than they thought. Compared to this mansion, the money in the bank card they had received was probably peanuts.

After Logan pressed on the honk, the gates of the mansion opened slowly, whereupon he moved the car into the garage. When they got out of the vehicle, Langdon and Fiona realized that eight other luxurious cars were parked in the same garage.

Following that, a servant, who apparently had figured out the identity of Langdon and Fiona, came over and invited them into the mansion.

Looking rather nervous, Langdon and Fiona stayed beside their daughter. Seeing this, Lola held her mother's arm and patted her gently.

After they entered the living room, Old Mr. Jefferson was coming down the stairs with the support of another servant.

Clad in casual clothes, Old Mr. Jefferson looked different from the day when he visited Lola's home in her hometown. With a smile, he said, "Mr. Hunt, I'm so glad that you're here. Have a seat, please." Then, he turned to the servant beside him and ordered, "Bring some fruits and tea here."

Gazing at the servant, Fiona was awed by the fact that the Jeffersons were rich enough to hire quite a number of servants. After that, she turned to face her daughter and wondered how on earth the latter managed to attract such a rich man and eventually got married to him.

After Logan told Langdon and Fiona to have a seat, they tried their best to look calm and collected, even though they were still nervous.

Noticing the anxiety on their faces, Old Mr. Jefferson told the servants to leave the living room so that they could be at ease. Then, he asked with a smile, "When did you arrive?"

Without the servants around, Fiona and Langdon were visibly more relaxed, but they were still sitting in an upright manner, looking like a pair of students who were facing their teacher.

On the side, Lola was amused by the sight that her parents were answering Old Mr. Jefferson's question in a cautious way. Her father was normally talkative in the village, but he appeared to be anxious at the moment.

After they were done with talking about their hometown, the Jefferson ladies returned home. Before Lorraine entered the house, the people in the living room could already hear her loud voice. "Mr. and Mrs. Hunt are here? Oh, I miss them so much!"

Lorraine was a socialite, so she knew how to make the atmosphere lively.

When Langdon and Fiona turned around and saw Lorraine stepping into the living room, they heaved a sigh of relief. They had a good impression of her from their previous encounter because she was polite and talkative. With her around, they could unwind a little.

A moment later, Logan's phone started ringing. The hotel manager called to ask him how to settle a minor issue at the wedding venue. Logan was serious about every detail of the wedding. Should any problems arise, he would solve them personally. So, the hotel manager didn't dare to make the decision on his own.

Since Logan couldn't identify what the problem was, he couldn't give a clear order for the moment. Rising from the couch, he left the living room as he said, "Take some photos and send them to me."

Lola raced after him and said in a hushed voice, "If you're busy, just go back to the hotel. You don't have to keep us company."

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With the phone in his hand, Logan hesitated for a bit and replied, "I'll go over to solve the problem now. After that, I'll come back quickly."

Smiling, Lola hugged him and said, "Don't worry about us. We're family now, so you can be more relaxed. Just treat my parents the same way you treat your family members."

"No way!" Logan stared at her. "Don't you see how I treat my dad? If I treat your parents the same way I treat my dad, they probably wouldn't have agreed to our marriage!"

Unable to hold it in anymore, Lola burst into a fit of giggles.

Logan pinched her face gently and gazed at the living room. Seeing that nobody was paying attention to them, he leaned close to her and kissed her lips. "Alright. Go back to keep your parents company. I'll be right back."

Lola nodded. "Go ahead and be careful on the road."

After Logan's car was out of sight, Lola was still standing at the entrance.

Seeing that, Lorraine tutted. "Did you see how reluctant she is to see Logan go? They're such a couple of lovebirds."

Fiona nodded. "I've never seen Lola so in love with anyone before. I'm surprised as well."

Lynett sighed. "Well, I've never seen my brother so close to a woman before. We secretly suspected that he's gay, but he never brought any boyfriend home as well."

Hearing that, the others chuckled.

"Yeah," Lorraine said. "After he got together with Lola, he transformed into another man. In the past, when he saw that I whispered into my husband's ear, he would make fun of us. Look what he does when he's with Lola now."

They saw Lola and Logan hugging and kissing each other just now.

Leaning against the couch, Old Mr. Jefferson smirked, which caused his wrinkles to deepen. "I can't even discipline my own son, but he'd always listen to Lola."

On the side, Fiona and Langdon were bashful because the Jeffersons were complimenting their daughter so much.

When they saw the luxurious decorations and the number of servants just now, they were worried that the Jeffersons would maltreat their daughter. After getting into contact with them, they understood that they were wrong.

Normally, a rich man would marry a woman who came from an equally wealthy family, so Fiona and Langdon wondered why Logan had fallen in love with their daughter. With his looks and wealth, he could have looked for a more beautiful woman.

Since Langdon and Fiona moved into their new house, their relatives and the neighbors in their hometown kept calling them to ask how they were doing.

Lola wasn't sure whether these people were just gossipy or they really cared about her parents. Anyway, she was really sick of these people who kept asking all sorts of questions.

Later on, Fiona decided to just have a video call with these people to show the house's interior as well as the environment around the residential area.

At a time like this, Lola would just go somewhere else because she knew that these people were not sincere with their praises, and her parents were kind of showing off as well. She wondered why they still had to compete with each other at such a mature age.

After Logan spent two days with Lola's parents to look around the area, he had to get back to the wedding preparations. Langdon and Fiona knew that he was really busy, so they didn't blame him.

Fortunately, Lola's work wasn't burdensome. When she was busy, she would just bring her parents to her gym. When she was free, she would bring them to go shopping and enjoy delicious food.

On the other hand, Logan would call her from time to time to ask what they were doing.

When the wedding photos were ready, Lola brought her parents to the studio in her car. The wedding photos came in many forms and sizes to be placed around their home, so the car trunk and back seats were crammed with these photos.

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Fiona turned to see the photos on the back seats and said, "These photos must be expensive."

Lola just put on a smile, for she had no idea how much money was needed to take these photos. During the photoshoots, she was served by a few assistants, and the photographer kept praising how beautiful she was. Perhaps the money spent was worth it after all.

After they returned home with the photos, Fiona and Langdon started discussing where the photos should be placed. Lola didn't mind where the photos should go, so she just let her parents make the decision for her.

Since they returned home, the smiles on Langdon and Fiona's faces never faded. When they had come up with a plan, Lola called some people to come over and hang the photos onto the walls.

Seated on the couch, Langdon commented with a smile, "In our village, we normally don't ask people to come over and hang the photos onto the walls for us. We'll just do it ourselves."

Lola grinned. "The photos are huge, so it's not safe for you to do it on your own."

After putting down some glasses of juice on the table, Fiona remarked, "Don't you know how clumsy you are? You might damage the photos.

You can fix some things, but you're inept at drilling holes in the walls."

Langdon pressed his lips and retorted, "Even if I damage the walls, Logan will not say anything." Then, he eyed his daughter. "Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes, you're right." Lola immediately went along with her father.

These professionals managed to hang all the photos onto the walls and

place the smaller ones around the house according to Fiona and Langdon's plan in just thirty minutes. Then, Lola passed them the money and thanked them. After they left the house, she closed the door and turned around, only to see that her parents were staring at her. Startled, she asked, "What's wrong? Why are you looking at me like this?"

Fiona beckoned to her and sat her down on the couch before asking in a hushed voice, "Are you financially independent from Logan now?"

Lola shook her head. "No. He's given me a card." She had no idea how much money was in the card, but it was linked to her phone, so she could just make all the payments using her device.

Fiona nodded. "I've been wondering how you can spend so much money when your income is meager."

Lola hadn't gotten her year-end bonus, and she had no idea how much money she would receive. However, during this period of time, she was able to spend a lot of money shopping around and eating fancy food with her parents.

Knowing what their concern was, Lola said, "Don't worry. He's really good to me, and he's very honest with me. He doesn't think I'm inferior to him because I'm poorer. We're equal in our relationship. To be precise, I have more say in most of the decisions because he'd listen to me."

Langdon nodded. "I see. As your parents, naturally, we're worried about your well-being. Alright. We won't ask about this again because it's your life."

After that, Lola started preparing dinner. When Logan came home in the evening, he could smell the aroma of the food permeating across the house.

At the moment, Lola and Fiona were getting the dishes out of the kitchen and placing them on the table.

Logan was exhausted because he had spent the entire day supervising the wedding preparations at the hotel. Moreover, he was stuck in a traffic jam on his way home, so he became a little grumpy. However, when he saw the sight inside the house, his mood was lifted. After taking off his shoes, he said, "You've brought the photos back, right? I'll have a look now."

Lola said, "Mmh, okay. After you're done, wash your hands and come here to have dinner together."

When Logan went upstairs and saw the wedding photo on the wall inside their bedroom, he was satisfied with it. In the photo, Lola and him were seen beaming brightly. He had never seen himself smiling like this before. Happiness was written all over the man's face in the photo. A while later, seeing that Logan wasn't coming down, Lola washed her hands and went upstairs to look for him.

Logan was still staring at the photo on the wall inside the bedroom. Walking over, Lola hugged him and asked, "You like it, don't you?"

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Logan wrapped his arms around Lola and hugged her tighter. "Yes, I like it. To be honest, I didn't expect that I'd be married one day."

Lola smirked. "Neither did I." In fact, she reckoned that she might get married one day, but she never expected that she would be so content with life after marriage.

Unable to hold it in anymore, Logan cupped her face and kissed her lips. Lola tried to push him away. "They're waiting for us. Stop it..." Despite her protest, she gradually lost herself in the kiss and responded to him. When Fiona went upstairs, she knew that she shouldn't walk into their room directly, so she called out to them from the corridor.

Hearing that, Lola immediately pushed him away, her face blushing. After taking a deep breath, she responded to her mother and glared at her husband before speaking in a hushed voice. "Stop it now and go

downstairs to have dinner.”

With a smile, Logan stretched out his hand and helped brush off the saliva from the corners of her mouth.

When the four of them were seated, Langdon suggested drinking some wine.

Since they had a wine cellar in the house, Logan decided to take out his favorite bottle of wine and decant it for a while before pouring it into Langdon’s glass. “Dad, enjoy.”

Langdon beamed because of how Logan addressed him.

Following that, Logan said, “I’ll be busy for the next two days. After that, I’ll have some free time. The invitation cards are ready. Just pass me the list of the guests we have to invite. I’ll tell some people to get the names written on the cards.”

Fiona nodded. “Well, we’ll just have to invite some relatives and friends.”

While Logan was cutting the steak for his wife, he said, “Why don’t we invite the neighbors from your hometown as well? I want them to witness such a happy moment.”

Lola turned to face her husband. “Are you even serious?”

“Of course I’m serious,” Logan replied in a solemn manner. “They always say bad things about you behind your back. I have to let them know how happy you are.”

Two days later, Logan was finally free as the wedding venue was ready. Now, they just had to wait for the wedding day to come and they would go to the venue.

Currently, they had to send out the invitation cards. For the relatives, they could just send the cards by mail. As for the neighbors in their hometown, Langdon insisted upon passing the cards to them personally. There were rules in the village, and sending the cards by mail couldn’t show their sincerity.

Since Logan was free, he decided to tag along so that he could count how many people were coming and prepare some cars to fetch them. Then, Logan brought Lola and her parents back to the village in his car. Naturally, their return caused a commotion in the village.

When the car was parked in front of the Hunt Residence, the neighbors shuffled toward them, and one of these people shouted, “Why did you come back? Isn’t your life in the city comfortable?”

Lola and Logan remained silent while Langdon replied loudly, “Yes, my life in the city is wonderful, so I’m not moving back again. Nevertheless, we haven’t managed to pack up all the things in this house. Moreover, we have to pass you the invitation cards, so we’ve decided to come back.”

Before their return, they didn’t buy anything because the house in their hometown was packed with many things. The gifts from Logan and Lorraine were still lying in the room. It would take them a long time to use up all the things there.

Gazing at the pile of gifts, Fiona and Langdon fell into a dilemma. Even if they wanted to bring these gifts back to the city, they couldn’t do it in one go.

Not wanting them to be troubled by this, Logan took out the invitation cards and suggested, “Why don’t we just share these gifts with the neighbors when we pass them the cards?”

Langdon and Fiona were unwilling to do so. “Why should we share these gifts with them? It’s not like they’ve been good to us.”

With a smile, Logan replied, “Alright. You can pass the good stuff to those who have been good to you. For those who always say bad things about you, you will just give them the cheap stuff.”

The person commissioned to send gifts to Lola’s parents had bought many random things like fruits and drinks, which didn’t cost a lot of money. Thus, they could be given to those gossipy neighbors.

After giving it a thought, Fiona and Langdon agreed to Logan's suggestion and started sorting out the gifts.

The good stuff that they were not willing to let go would be brought back to the city. Meanwhile, the ordinary things would be given to the closer neighbors together with the invitation cards. Lastly, the fruits and drinks that were stored in boxes would be given to those neighbors they didn't like.

Fiona and Langdon took on the task of sending the invitation cards because Logan and Lola were not willing to meet those people.

Although the village was small, it was time-consuming to send the cards to every household.

Therefore, Logan decided to take a rest in Lola's room. He woke up early in the morning, and he was exhausted from driving for a long time. After standing at the entrance for a while, Lola decided to close the door since no one was coming to visit them. Lying on the bed, Logan patted on the space beside him and said, "Come take a rest."

Although Lola wasn't the one driving, she was fatigued as well for having stayed inside the car for more than three hours. After taking off her shoes, she lay beside her husband. Upon snuggling up to him, she closed her eyes and told him, "My back is aching from sitting for too long."

Logan's eyes were closed, but he lifted his eyelids upon hearing that. Then, he slid down his hand from her shoulder to her waist. "Your back is aching? Do you need a massage?"

Lola immediately pressed down his hand. "Stop it. We're in my parents' home now. Maybe someone will come in at any moment."

Burning with lust, Logan replied, "Your parents have gone out to send the invitation cards. Your neighbors know that we're the only ones at home, so they won't come over. Don't worry. I have sensitive ears. If anyone comes into the house, I'll know it."

Unwilling to give in, Lola tried to push him away. "Stop it."

However, Lola was not as strong as her husband. A short moment later, her defense was disintegrated, and her clothes were taken off. Left with no choice, she yelled, "Wait a minute! I'll lock the door first."

Hearing that, Logan let go of her, after which she covered herself with her clothes, went to lock the door, and returned.

At the moment, Logan couldn't contain his lust anymore, even though they had made love last night. Nevertheless, as a young man, his energy recovered pretty quickly.

Lola was still worried that someone might come in at any moment, but fortunately, even though it took Logan a long time to reach climax, nobody had come to interrupt them.

After he collapsed beside Lola, she found the experience rather exciting. It seemed that she had been influenced by her husband as well.

After that, Logan brought in some warm water to help wipe off her sweat and put on some clothes for her. Knackered from the activity, Lola lay on the bed and let her husband serve her.

After Logan put on his clothes as well, he lay down on the bed and wrapped his arms around his wife. Gradually, they dozed off together. Still troubled by some thought, Logan couldn't sleep well. When he awakened, Fiona and Langdon hadn't come home yet. There were many invitation cards, so they might need a longer time to finish sending all of them.

Then, Logan went to the kitchen in an attempt to prepare some food. Although the kitchen was full of ingredients, he suddenly remembered that he couldn't cook anything.

Awakened by the noise, Lola got out of bed and scratched her head.

"Are you hungry?"

Staring at the stove, Logan replied, "Yeah. I'm a little hungry because I

spent a lot of energy just now.”

Chuckling, Lola went into the kitchen and made some noodles for him.

Following that, Logan unlocked the door and stepped into the yard.

After taking out a cigarette from the box, he lit it up and was ready to smoke. Just then, a voice was heard from not far away. “Oh, aren’t you Lola’s husband? Why are you standing in the yard?”

Hearing the voice, Logan turned around and saw an old lady.

With a flattering smile, the old lady stared at him and said, “Just now, Fiona and Langdon came to our house to pass us the invitation card. They said that they had prepared some cars to fetch us on the wedding day. There are many of us in this village. Is your wedding venue large enough to accommodate all of us?”

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After puffing out some smoke, Logan replied, “Sure. It’s definitely large enough.”

The old lady nodded. “How long have you known Lola? She never mentioned you before. Could it be a sudden marriage for the two of you? Well, it’s neither good nor bad. However, if you’re married without getting to know each other first, many problems will arise in the future.”

With a scoff, Logan looked away and kept smoking.

Worried that she was being too blunt with her words, the old lady continued with a smile, “Anyway, Lola is a kind-hearted and well-educated woman. Otherwise, Shawn Long wouldn’t have pestered her for such a long time.”

Logan frowned and turned to face the old lady. Does she think I have no idea what her intentions are? It’s no wonder that Lola and her parents loathe these people. They’re really deplorable.

With the cigarette between his lips, Logan snorted. “You’re right. Shawn Long had been pestering her because she’s a brilliant woman. However, as her husband, I had to fix a man like him who didn’t know his place.” Sensing the defensiveness in his voice, the old lady smiled in embarrassment and added, “That’s right.”

Logan went on to say, “I have known Lola longer than you thought, so I know what kind of person she is, and it’s not a sudden marriage for us. However, I think it comes down to personal choice. If you love someone, then it doesn’t matter whether it’s a sudden marriage. Some people had said things about Lola in front of me before. Fortunately, I was able to differentiate the kind-hearted ones and the ones with ill intentions.”

Utterly embarrassed now, the old lady let out a hollow laugh and fled the scene.

When Logan was done with the cigarette, he turned around and entered the house. Lola happened to have made the noodles, and she called out to him. After taking a look at his expression, she knew that something was amiss. “What happened? You look disgruntled.”

Logan wrapped his arms around her and gave her a deep kiss. “Nothing. I just feel sorry for what you had gone through in the past.”

With her brow arched, Lola asked, “Why are you feeling sorry for my past? Did anyone tell you anything?”

“No. Let’s have the noodles now.” Logan didn’t want to let his conversation with the revolting old lady affect his wife’s mood. Sometimes, he couldn’t understand why some people would behave in the way they did. If they saw that someone had achieved some success, they would want to meddle in this. Even if they couldn’t get any benefits for themselves, they would love to make the person feel miserable.

Since Lola had no idea when her parents would return, she only made enough noodles for the two of them. After they were seated, they

proceeded to enjoy the noodles and had a chat. Logan told her to look around the house and give away the things they didn't need. Seeing as Fiona and Langdon were comfortable in their new home, they didn't have to come back again. After Logan's conversation with the old lady just now, he was left with a bad impression of the villagers. Lola nodded. "That's what I've been thinking of as well. During this period of time, my parents have had a great time living in their new home. Not only have they not burdened us in any way, they have also been helpful to us. So, I want them to stay with us." Logan grunted. "After the meal, we'll look around and discard all the things we don't need. After we leave the village this time, we shouldn't come back again."

After they were done with the noodles, Lola cleaned up the kitchen and packed up the redundant things. Meanwhile, Logan took a stroll around the house.

Other than the vegetables that were grown in the garden, they could easily bring the things they wanted to keep back to the city and give away the things they didn't want anymore.

After that, Logan sorted everything out in the bedroom and placed them in the cabinet. On the other hand, Lola covered some of the things with dust covers.

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A long while later, Lola and Logan were finally done with sorting everything out. Standing at the entrance, they knew that there was nothing else they couldn't let go.

Just then, Langdon and Fiona came home, looking very exhausted. When they entered the house and saw that everything had been packed up, they understood the intention of Logan and their daughter.

Langdon nodded. "That's great. On the way home, I was telling your mom that we should pack up everything and never come back again." Fiona said, "I've also told your uncle about the vegetables in the garden. After we're gone, he'll take care of the vegetables. Everything in the garden belongs to him now." Draping her arms around her mother's shoulders, Lola asked, "It took you a long time to send all the cards. What did you tell those people?"

Feeling worn out, Fiona stretched her shoulders and replied, "Not much, actually. They asked many probing questions, and we just bragged about our new life in the city in response." Hearing that, Lola chuckled. "Are you hungry? Why don't I make some noodles for you?" Fiona waved her hand. "There's no need for that. We ate a lot of fruits and desserts while we were sending the cards. We're full now."

Since there was nothing else to do, the four of them got ready and left the village. When they came back to the village, many people gathered outside their house. However, when they were leaving, nobody came to see them off.

While Logan was driving, Fiona and Langdon took a rest in the backseats. After they left the village, Fiona turned around to take one last look and sighed. "We're leaving the village we've lived in for decades just like this."

Without gazing out the window, Langdon said calmly, "I don't want to come back again."

Hearing that, Logan figured that Lola's parents must have been mocked when they were sending the invitation cards. Do those people have nothing better to do? Why can't they mind their own business? They are just jealous that there are people out there who live a better life than they do. This kind of people will never achieve any success in the future.

When they reached home, Langdon and Fiona directly went to their bedroom and fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Lola took a seat in the living room. A short moment later, some people came to the house to send her the wedding dresses, which were tailor-made. After the tailor got her measurements, the wedding dresses were then designed and hand-made in a foreign country. The dresses, which were stored in sturdy boxes, reached the country on the previous day. A few boxes of formal dresses were also sent to her home.

Logan and Lola opened all the boxes and took out the dresses, which were so intricate that she wasn't even sure how to wear them. Now that there were so many dresses in front of them, the two of them had no idea what to do. Eventually, Logan gave Lorraine a call and asked her for advice.

Lorraine guffawed and told them to wait, for she would send someone to help them sort out the dresses.

While they were waiting, they opened the remaining boxes. In total, there were eight formal dresses and two wedding dresses. Although Lola loved the embroideries and the embedded diamonds on the dresses, she did not dare to touch them, for she was afraid that she might damage the dresses.

Hugging her from behind, Logan asked, "Do you like them?"

Lola nodded. "I never imagined before that I would be able to wear such beautiful wedding dresses one day."

After planting a kiss on her cheek, Logan said, "Whatever you want, I'll get it for you as long as I'm able to do so."

Lola giggled and snuggled up to him. "I don't need many things. I'm content with what I already have." Everything Logan had given her so far had exceeded her expectations. She was both surprised and grateful for what he had done for her.

A short period of time later, a professional stylist, sent to them by Lorraine, came into the house and sorted the dresses for them. With a smile, she said, "Mr. Jefferson, you love your wife so much. These dresses are all costly. Also, these patterns are embroidered by hand." Logan smiled back at her, but he never uttered a word.

On their wedding day, both of them woke up early.

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It took Lola a long time to get changed into the wedding dress and put on make-up. Meanwhile, Logan had sent a fleet of cars to fetch the neighbors in Lola's hometown.

Logan had to get himself ready as well, but a short moment later, his phone started ringing. After checking the screen, he picked up the call and asked, "John, what's wrong?"

In an apologetic voice, John replied, "Logan, I'm so sorry. Sophia feels pain in her stomach, so we can't attend your wedding today. We're in the hospital now, and the doctor has said that she's going to give birth soon."

Despite being startled for a bit, Logan then said with a smile, "That's great! It's fine. The baby is more important. Please take good care of her now. After the wedding, I'll go to the hospital to see her."

Since John was indeed busy, he hung up the call soon.

After giving it a thought, Logan went to look for Lola, who was having her hair styled. Leaning against the door frame, he told her, "John and Sophia are not coming to our wedding. They're in the hospital now because Sophia is about to go into labor."

Lola asked in surprise, "Really?"

Smacking his lips, Logan replied, "Yeah. Perhaps her child has decided to come out of her on this day to congratulate us."

Lola chuckled. "That's great. After the wedding, we should pay her a visit. However, I'm not sure if the baby will have been born by then. I

heard that it's time-consuming and excruciatingly painful to give birth to the first child."

Knowing nothing about this, Logan stood behind her and looked at her reflection in the mirror. Lola was done with her make-up, so she looked softer than her usual self. Pressing his hands on the back of the chair, he said, "We have to work harder."

Knowing what he was trying to say, Lola snorted. "Go and get ready now. There are many things you need to do today."

As soon as she finished her words, the phone in Logan's pocket buzzed. After reading the message, he patted her head and said, "I'll get ready now. See you at our wedding later."

Lola grunted. "I'm afraid that you won't be able to recognize me later. You have to remember that I'll be on the red carpet."

Logan giggled. "Don't worry. I know who I have married."

After he left the room, the stylist continued styling Lola's hair for her. The stylist was the same person who was sent to them by Lorraine to sort out their dresses. With a smile, she said, "I had seen Mr. Jefferson several times before, and I knew that he could be pretty unpredictable. I've always wondered what kind of girl would make him fall for her."

Gazing at the stylist through the mirror, Lola replied, "That was the question I had in my mind as well. I wondered if any girl could tolerate his bad temper."

Hearing that, the stylist burst out laughing.

With her lips curved into a smile, Lola continued, "Turns out that I'm the girl I was talking about."

When Lola was done with everything, her parents came into the room. Fiona and Langdon had their own personal stylists as well, and they had changed into vibrant clothes. When they saw that their daughter was so beautifully dressed up, their eyes welled up with tears in an instant. Fiona had wanted to touch her daughter's face, but thinking that the latter already put on some make-up, she immediately retracted her hand. "I can't believe that you're a married woman now. I still remember that when you were a young kid, you would always ask me to play with you. But now, you're a grown-up lady."

Hearing that, Lola felt a lump in her throat as well.

Langdon added, "Last night, I told your mom that time waits for no man. You've grown up to be a young lady, but at the same time, we've also grown old." After a sigh, he went on to say, "Very soon, you'll have a child of your own, and your child will grow up one day too..."

Lola flashed a smile at them. "Stop it. You're making me cry."

The stylist immediately consoled them. "This is a jolly day for all of us. Let's not cry on this day."

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Fiona quickly composed herself. "That's right. This is a jolly day for us, so we shouldn't cry. I'm really happy that you're married to a decent man like Logan."

As they were speaking, a housekeeper came into the room with a tray of food. Since this was a busy day, the housekeeper said that Logan had told her to prepare some food for Lola.

With a smile, Fiona said, "He really loves you, doesn't he?"

Excited for her big day, Lola couldn't really eat anything. However, she knew that she should eat something to have more energy, so she took over the tray.

Just then, Langdon's phone started ringing. It was a call from someone from his hometown.

After he left the room to pick up the call, Fiona took a seat beside her daughter and said, "Yesterday, I spent the entire day answering calls. Almost everyone from our hometown gave me a call. I don't understand why they seem more excited than I am. Some of them even said that they had bought new clothes to attend your wedding. They also asked

me when the cars would arrive so that they could get ready earlier.”

While enjoying her food, Lola replied, “Those people will certainly say something unpleasant during the wedding. If Dad gets drunk and hears those people mocking us, he might argue with them. So, you have to keep an eye on him.”

Fiona nodded. “I already told your dad that no matter what those people will say, he shouldn’t get angry because we have to pay due respect to the Jeffersons. They have spent a long time preparing for this wedding, so we shouldn’t ruin it.”

All of a sudden, she shifted the focus to Logan. “If those people are clever enough, they won’t say anything unpleasant on this day. Even if your dad won’t teach them a lesson, I don’t think Logan will tolerate it.” Hearing that, Lola thought that her mother had a point, for Logan was such a bad-tempered man. He was only gentle to Lola and her parents, but it wasn’t the same case for outsiders, for he wasn’t someone who could tolerate people who mocked his family members.

After Lola was done with the food, a car arrived at her house. The chauffeur said that Lola would go to the hotel and wait inside the room. Following that, five assistants streamed into the house and picked up her other wedding dresses and formal dresses.

After Lola and Fiona stepped out of the house, they saw that a limousine was parked right outside the entrance. The vehicle was spacious on the inside, so they had a comfortable time on their way to the hotel.

When they arrived at the hotel, they were led to a presidential suite. All this while, Lola was accompanied by her mother. The presidential suite had been decorated to look like a wedding room.

After the assistants stepped into the room, they put down the boxes, took out the dresses, and hung them on the racks carefully.

Although Fiona had witnessed a number of weddings in the village, she had never seen a wedding so formal and grand before.

While Lola’s wedding was about to commence, the pain in Sophia’s stomach became unbearable.

Lying on the bed, she blamed herself for having to give birth on Lola and Logan’s wedding day. She was truly sorry that she couldn’t witness their happy moment.

Gripping her hands firmly, John kept consoling her and told her that he had given Logan a call. Logan didn’t mind it one bit, and he told her to take care of herself.

They could watch the video recording after the wedding was over, but childbirth was the most pressing issue for them at the moment.

Touching her belly, Sophia could feel that her baby was writhing about in her stomach. Gasping in pain, she complained, “Why can’t you come out tomorrow? This is an important day!”

John chuckled. “Maybe the child would like to attend Logan’s wedding as well.”

Then, the doctor entered the room to check on her. She said that her cervix hadn’t opened, so they could only keep waiting.

Lying on her side, Sophia kept moaning in pain.

Seeing this, John was equally anxious.

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After a while, Matilda and William arrived, carrying many bags in their hands.

Just now, Sophia and John were too anxious about getting to the hospital that they didn’t bring anything with them.

Matilda brought over a towel and a plastic basin, whereas John took the initiative to fetch water from the bathroom and wiped Sophia’s face and hands. Matilda pulled up a chair and sat next to the young lady.

“Relax a little and don’t be too nervous. The more nervous you are, the more uncomfortable you’ll be.”

Having been through labor, Matilda understood how painful it was to give birth. When she gave birth to her son, she had truly felt that she had one foot in the grave then.

Sophia's cervix hadn't dilated yet, so the pain should still be bearable. The contractions that would come later would feel much worse.

As Sophia's belly constricted with pain, there was no other way for her to deal with it except to force herself to close her eyes.

She wanted to go to sleep in the hope that the pain would disappear, but all this gurgling in the belly forced her to stay wide awake.

Therefore, she could only carefully but constantly toss and turn in bed.

William waited for more than half an hour, but his calls never stopped.

They were all from the company, as there were many things waiting for him to deal with. In the end, he had no choice but to tell Matilda to call him if there were any issues, and he would return to the company first.

After reassuring him, she didn't forget to jokingly comment that when she gave birth, he didn't appear to be so considerate back then.

When William was leaving, he told Sophia, "Sophia, relax a bit. The more nervous you are, the more you'll suffer."

Sophia was in so much pain that she actually had no patience anymore, but this was William after all, and she couldn't snap at William like she could at John.

So, she said in a mild voice, "I get it."

After William left, Matilda came over with an apple and slowly peeled it. John was holding Sophia's hand and staring at her.

In a low voice, Matilda said to him, "Don't be so nervous. The more nervous you are, the more nervous she will be. Relax. You'll probably see your son today."

With that said, John's nervousness slipped away, and he became excited instead.

In fact, he was exhilarated when he thought that he could see his child today.

He had really begun to look forward to the child even before Sophia got pregnant, as he wanted a child of his own so much.

Matilda cut the apple into pieces, then speared a piece with a toothpick.

"Sophia, are you asleep? Do you want to eat some fruits? You'll feel more comfortable if you eat some fruits."

Sophia hadn't fallen asleep at all. Opening her eyes slowly, she looked at what Matilda was holding and struggled to sit up.

But before she could take the toothpick, her stomach churned.

Waving her hand, she got up and rushed to the bathroom. As she lay at the edge of the sink, she started throwing up terribly.

This scared John out of his wits, so he hurriedly rang the bell and called the nurse to come in.

The nurse came very quickly. John's face was pale with worry as he asked, "Why did she throw up?"

The nurse patted Sophia's back and briefly asked her how she felt, and then patiently explained to John, "Different people have different reactions to the pain. It may be that she feels nauseous when the pain starts. There is nothing we can do. If she wants to throw up, let her throw up."

After the nurse said so, John felt a little relieved.

Sophia stood by the sink, her stomach roiling aggressively.

She hadn't eaten anything in the morning, and now her whole stomach felt cramped after throwing up.

Matilda came over with a towel. Sophia wiped her face and lay back on the bed, but after lying down for a while, she felt nauseous again.

Rushing back to the bathroom, she lay next to the sink and threw up uncontrollably.

John felt terribly distressed next to her, and for the first time, he felt a little lost.

He wanted to bear Sophia's suffering for her, but it was impossible.

Matilda patted Sophia on the back.

After Sophia was done throwing up, she raised her head and looked at herself in the mirror with tears in her eyes. "I feel so uncomfortable."

Matilda nodded. "I understand, I understand. Be patient. Everything will be fine when the baby is born."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1327

Looking sallow and exhausted, Sophia turned around and returned to the bed. She couldn't sleep anymore now.

Staring ahead of her, she asked, "But when will this baby come out? I'm so scared. Will it hurt more and more? I can't even bear the pain now."

Seeing how much pain the young lady was in, Matilda couldn't bear to tell her that it would hurt even more later.

John, on the other hand, sat on the edge of the bed, holding Sophia's hand. "If it hurts, hit me."

Hit you? Sophia squinted at John and snorted. Although she was in pain, she was still sensible. It wasn't possible for her to hit John. After tossing for a while, it was almost noon.

John called Logan and asked him how the wedding was going. Clearly very excited, Logan stuttered over there, saying that he was going to go down the aisle soon. John smiled. "Congratulations."

"I'm going to say congratulations to you in a while too," Logan said.

John smiled faintly. "Maybe."

They didn't talk much, after which Logan hung up due to the preparations he had to make.

John kept the phone away. When he turned around, Sophia opened her eyes and looked at him. "How is Logan's wedding coming along?"

John smiled. "He's going to go down the aisle soon."

Going down the aisle was a big moment, so Sophia said regretfully, "It's a pity that I won't get to see it."

Matilda spoke next to her. "Do you remember the things you did when you got married?"

Sophia was still in the mood to joke, so she curled her lips and replied, "I don't remember much. Only about you constantly finding fault with me."

Everyone laughed when she said this.

After some brief laughter, Sophia raised her hand to support her belly as a wave of pain coursed through her again.

The smile on her face disappeared in an instant as she turned over and said, "What a torture."

Sitting next to her, John really didn't know what to do. To ensure she felt more comfortable, all he could do was stroke her arm.

Arm in arm with her father, Lola stood on one end of the aisle. She was a little nervous at first, but now, when she saw Logan on the other end of the aisle, she suddenly calmed down.

Logan stood with his back straight in his suit. He was standing not far away and staring at her with a scorching gaze.

At that moment, Lola let out a long sigh and turned to look at her father. "Dad, please walk slower later. I'm afraid I'll be so nervous that I'll fall."

As a sign of agreement, Mr. Hunt nodded. "Don't worry, I will give you away to him safely and securely."

There were rows of chairs on both sides of the aisle. Many people had come to witness this moment.

The neighbors invited from the countryside and the relatives from the village were already sitting in their respective seats. It was obvious that many of them had dressed up especially for the occasion.

But they still looked very different from Logan's relatives and friends.

On the way here, those people were still making snide remarks in their

cars, but when they actually arrived, they were at a loss for words.

A fairytale castle was built behind the hotel.

It was specially erected for the wedding of Lola and Logan.

The walls of the castle and the doors were all decorated with roses.

Everyone heard the rumor that all the roses in the florists in the city were bought out, and the rest were shipped in by Logan from other places early in the morning.

There was a rockery and a fountain outside the castle, all of which were made to a European architectural style.

As soon as the guests entered from the hotel to the back of it, the entire ground was covered with petals.

These flowers alone cost a pretty penny, not to mention everything else.

At this moment, someone stared at Lola's wedding dress and whispered, "That dress looks very expensive. It should cost a lot of money to rent it for a day, right?"

A woman next to her heard this. She turned her head and looked over.

"Rent it? It's custom-made abroad."

The person asking the question widened her eyes. "Abroad? How much does it cost?"

"I don't know the specific amount. Such dresses cost a few hundred thousand on the lower end to a few million on the upper end." The woman turned her head and looked toward the aisle as she spoke in a casual tone.

Hearing what she said, someone nearby let out a low whistle.

When the music started, Mr. Hunt walked Lola slowly over to Logan.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1328

Logan was initially smiling at Lola, but his eyes slowly turned red. When Lola saw this, she couldn't help but start tearing up too. Before Lola came right up, Logan went over to her in a few steps.

Mr. Hunt stopped and looked at Logan, who was standing in front of him. "I'm handing my daughter over to you. You have to be good to her."

Vigorously, Logan nodded in assurance. "Dad, don't worry, I will do everything I can and love her with all my heart."

Mr. Hunt then placed Lola's hand in Logan's.

Raising her eyes to look at Logan, Lola's tears couldn't stop rolling down her face like pearls slipping off a string. Logan wiped away the tears for her, hugged her, and then took her by the hand and went up to the master of ceremonies.

Mrs. Hunt was sitting in the seat as tears overflowed from the corner of her eyes.

Someone nearby handed a tissue to her and patted her on the back.

"It's a happy day today, so you should be happy. Don't cry."

Mrs. Hunt took the tissue, wiped her tears, and looked toward the aisle.

Someone next to her asked in a low voice, "Mrs. Hunt, does this son-in-law of yours have any brothers or sisters?"

Taken aback, Mrs. Hunt then turned to look over at the person talking. It was a woman from their village.

She replied, "He has four sisters, but they're all married."

The woman looked startled for a moment, and then she laughed. "Does he have a cousin?"

Mrs. Hunt turned her gaze away. "I don't know about this. I didn't ask."

The woman's question was so blatant that everyone who heard it knew what she meant.

If the Jefferson Family were so rich, surely Logan's cousin wouldn't be far behind.

Besides, if Logan could be interested in Lola, surely it would not be impossible for his cousin to be interested in another village girl.

The other guests might not have thought so much at first, but when they were reminded by this woman, all of them started hatching plans. If they were able to be affiliated with Logan's relatives, they might also be like the Hunt Family, who literally went from rags to riches.

Mrs. Hunt was aware of the thoughts of these people. She really looked down on them. At first, they had been snarky toward Lola behind her back, but now they were all trying to curry favor with the Hunt Family.

Mr. Hunt came over, sat next to Mrs. Hunt, and held her by the hand.

During the bouquet toss, a lot of single girls joined the session.

Lola could tell with a glance that almost all of them were girls from her village. These girls were all well-dressed today, but some differences could still be perceived.

She turned around and threw the bouquet vigorously.

The girls who were aiming to grab the bouquet cried out excitedly, but Lola didn't even care to see whose hands the bouquet ended up in. She only turned to look at Logan. "Your friends should be careful."

Holding her face, Logan kissed her like nobody was watching. "There is only one Lola Hunt in this world. My friends won't be interested in these girls."

Then everyone moved to the reception hall, which was divided into two halves, with a buffet on one side and a sit-down meal on the other.

The reception hall was relatively large, with dozens of tables set up for the event.

Those people from Lola's village hurriedly formed groups and grabbed their seats first.

Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt did not follow as they were seated at a table with Lola and some members of the Jefferson Family.

Lola ate a few bites of food before hurriedly changing into her reception dress.

This dress did not have such a big skirt as the previous one, which made it easier for her to move.

Lola and her stylist went to the hotel room together. When they reached the door, Lola saw someone standing there, waiting.

Pausing briefly, Lola smiled. "You came."

Jasmine looked a little uncomfortable. "I just wanted to come and say congratulations."

The assistant went over to open the door of the room. Lola gestured for Jasmine to enter. "Why didn't you bring your boyfriend here? The reception has just started. Let's have a drink together."

Jasmine was taken aback. "How did you know..."

Lola went to sit down on a chair and allowed the stylist to restyle her hair. "I saw you two passing along the streets before. That guy looks very decent."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1329

At the mention of her boyfriend, Jasmine looked even more uncomfortable now. "We just got together."

Nodding, Lola explained, "I know. You don't need to explain anything. I'm not doubting you, and I think you two look pretty good together."

She continued, "Call your boyfriend and tell him to come over so that we can have a drink together. You're a friend after all, so there is nothing to feel awkward about."

Pursing her mouth, Jasmine didn't move. Seeing that the girl did not reply, Lola laughed and said, "Why are you so reserved? I thought you should be comfortable around me."

Jasmine stared at the various dresses hanging on the side and commented after a long while, "He is really kind to you."

"Well, I'm married to him now, so of course he should be," Lola said matter-of-factly. She didn't talk to Jasmine much but took out her phone and called Sophia.

Meanwhile, Sophia was still suffering from her contractions, lying on

the bed groaning in pain and wanting to cry. Therefore, John was the one who answered Lola's call. He suppressed his voice as much as possible. "Miss Hunt."

Lola paused before asking, "Is Sophia asleep now?"

John looked back at Sophia, who was lying on the side of the bed and still groaning. Her hands were placed on her belly, and her voice was clearly breaking.

"No, she is not feeling well now, and it is inconvenient for her to answer the phone." John sighed.

Lola could only comfort him when she heard that. She told John to talk to Sophia and also told him not to be too nervous. No one could help Sophia in this matter, so everyone could only wait.

John nodded and told Lola not to worry about them but just try to enjoy her wedding.

Since Sophia didn't answer the phone, Lola hung up the call after chatting for less than a minute. She then turned her head and looked at Jasmine, who was still in the room. "Have you not called your boyfriend yet? Call him over and have fun together. You don't have to be so polite."

Pursing her mouth, Jasmine hesitated for a long time before she actually found her phone and dialed a number. The other party picked up quite fast. Lola couldn't hear the voice on the other side of the phone. She could only hear Jasmine saying, "I'm at a friend's wedding. Come over so I can introduce you to them."

After the other person responded, Jasmine paused and then laughed.

"Since when have I felt that you're not good enough for me to introduce to others? Nonsense." Having said this, she seemed to feel uncomfortable, so she got up with the phone, opened the door, and went out to continue the conversation.

The stylist quickly touched up Lola's makeup, redid her hairstyle, and helped her into her reception dress. After Lola was done here, Jasmine came in again, looking more at ease now than before. "He's on the way here, so he should arrive in a bit."

Lola nodded. "Come, let's go over first. We'll have someone bring him in when he's here."

Following that, Jasmine followed Lola to the back of the hotel. She didn't know anyone at the ceremony, so Lola arranged for her to sit with Logan and herself. When Logan saw Jasmine coming, he was obviously surprised, but he was friendly to her. "You came, after all. Come, sit down."

There were not many people sitting at this table, and there was still room. Jasmine was a little embarrassed, so her cheeks flushed slightly. Lola then introduced her to everyone around the table. "This is Jasmine Xanthos, a friend of ours. She just arrived."

Neither the Jefferson Family nor the Hunt Family recognized Jasmine. At Lola's introduction, they nodded at her and even said to her, "Hurry up and eat. The food is very good. Were you very busy to have just arrived?"

Jasmine was a little cautious in her reply. "Yes, I'm only free now."

Lola sat down and ate no more than two mouthfuls before the emcee came over and asked her and Logan to go up on the stage. The champagne had been prepared. The emcee told Lola and Logan to take the stage and make a speech, then pop the champagne and make a toast.

When Lola and Logan walked over there, the former said in a low voice, "I just called Sophia. It was John who answered, though. Listening to him, I have a feeling it's not going very well there."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1330

Hearing about the situation of his best friend, Logan frowned. "I just looked it up online. Apparently, it's common for the first birth to experience some complications. When I read it, I felt a little scared."

Laughing, Lola chided, "What are you afraid of? It's not like you're the one giving birth."

Logan replied solemnly, "If only I can give birth, you won't have to go through this suffering."

Lola fell silent immediately. She stretched out her hand to pinch Logan's waist.

Taking her hand over, Logan squeezed it in his palm.

The two looked at each other and smiled.

Upon seeing this, the emcee began to mock playfully, "What are the bride and groom whispering about? Let's hear it."

Logan turned to look at the emcee, smiled, and just said, "It's our little secret..."

Before he could finish speaking, some girls nearby suddenly started screaming.

Both Logan and Lola were taken aback. Reflexively, Logan pulled the latter into his arms as the two of them looked toward the source of the sound.

Those girls were the ones who had rushed over to grab the bouquet just now.

Some of them covered their faces in exhilaration. "Oh my God, that's Ian Morgan! He looks as handsome as he does on TV."

Someone nearby echoed, "That's right! I watched his talent show before, and I've always felt that he's such a gentle soul. Look, he's coming, he's coming!"

Lola and Logan looked toward the door. It's just Ian who had arrived with all his charms.

Ian wore a neat suit and looked like he had come from somewhere else. He also brought a large gift with him.

Logan couldn't help rushing over and greeting him. "I was gonna call you and ask where you were. There would be nothing left for you to eat if you come any later."

Ian laughed and thumped his hand on Logan's shoulder. "How can I not come when you're getting married? Your marriage is a big deal, and everything has to make way."

Smiling, Logan held Ian's shoulders and walked him toward the reception. "To be honest, this date is well chosen. Sophia is giving birth right now, and so she isn't able to come over. Her baby wants to come out and congratulate me."

Ian was surprised, for he didn't know about this at all.

In fact, he thought he would meet Sophia and John when he came here, but after doing the math in his head, it was indeed about the right time for her to deliver the baby anyway.

Ian curled his mouth. "Is she in the hospital? Have they contacted you about her current condition?"

Logan smacked his lips. "Lola just called them, and they said that it looks like it's not going too well. I suppose she's still in the middle of it. It's not possible to deliver a baby so quickly. I've looked online, and apparently, the woman needs to suffer for a long time first."

Ian nodded slowly without speaking, whereas Logan then took him to his table.

A girl ran over from not far away. "Ian, I like you so much! Will you sign here for me?"

When she came over, a group of other girls followed.

Logan laughed helplessly. "This is about to become your celebrity meet-and-greet."

Ian turned his head and looked at the girls who came over to get his signature. "Let's eat first. We shouldn't overshadow the newlyweds.

Can you wait until the ceremony is over for the signature?"

His voice was very gentle, so even his refusal sounded pleasant to the

ears.

The girls all nodded with flushed cheeks. "We'll be waiting for you."

Logan sucked in a breath next to him.

It felt like they were waiting for Ian to choose a girlfriend.

Sure enough, good looks were an advantage regardless of men or women.

On the other hand, Sophia's contractions went on and on. The doctor came several times, but Sophia's cervix was barely dilated, so they could only wait.

Sophia was already dizzy from her constant vomiting, and her stomach was almost empty.

Matilda was quite calm at first, but now even she couldn't sit still. She asked John to buy porridge for Sophia.

If Sophia only vomited without eating anything, her stomach would suffer.

However, Sophia waved her hand. "I'm not gonna eat. Don't buy it."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1331

Matilda didn't want to go up against Sophia now, so she just winked at John. He didn't go out by himself, but instead, he took out his phone and sent a message.

Sophia was in so much pain that she was barely conscious. She felt a buzzing in her mind as many chaotic images appeared alternately, and she couldn't even figure out where she was at a certain moment.

After a wave of pain passed, Sophia gasped for air, and then in a trance, she felt as if she saw someone.

The man stood not far from her, and his slightly rickety figure was clad in old linen clothes. He looked at her and smiled. Seeing him, Sophia felt like she was standing on the ground and slowly walked toward the figure as she whispered, "Grandpa."

The man didn't speak; he just looked at her and continued smiling, after which Sophia reflexively held her belly with one hand as she walked a little faster. "Grandpa, are you here to see me?"

After walking forward a few steps, Sophia pursed her lips, looking like she was about to cry. She could see the person in front of her very clearly. It was how her grandfather looked before he became very old. Sophia had already forgotten what her grandfather looked like when he was healthy. In the end, the old man was so tormented by his illness that he had been reduced to a disfigured and frail sack of bones. Sophia's memory of him, except for what she saw in photos, stayed at that time.

The old man was wearing rubber shoes on his feet. He walked two steps toward Sophia and looked down at her belly.

At the sight of him approaching, Sophia felt her tears threatening to overflow out of her eyes. She didn't know what else to say, so she repeated, "Grandpa."

John heard Sophia mutter something next to him. In order to get what she was saying, he hurried over and put his ear to Sophia's lips.

After hearing what Sophia said, John paused and then let out a long sigh.

Sophia's hallucinations didn't last long. The next time the pain struck, the image of her grandfather disappeared.

Frowning, she tried her hardest to curl up.

John felt very distressed at the sight of her suffering. Turning his head to look at Matilda, he suggested, "Let's get the doctor to come over and give her a C-section. Her cervix hasn't dilated for so long, and we don't know how long she's gonna suffer for."

Matilda didn't take John's suggestion to heart. "This is how a woman gives birth to a child. If it's a natural birth, she'll suffer now but recover quicker. If it's a C-section birth, she'll definitely suffer more later."

Although there is no pain during the surgery, there will be many more post-surgery complications, and it also negatively affects the body more compared to natural birth. Be patient now. After a natural birth, she'll recover quickly. If you opt for surgery right now, you're harming her instead of helping her."

John frowned. Right now, he couldn't even bear to look at the writhing Sophia.

Matilda went on to say, "The first birth is usually harder. It's normal. The next one will be easier."

"One is enough. I don't dare to think about the next one," John said at once.

Matilda shook her head with a smile. "You say this now, but perhaps when you see this child all lovely and cute, you may be eager for a second one."

Raising his eyebrows, John looked at Matilda. "Then did you think of having another child back then?"

"I did consider it when you were very lively and cute. I liked you so much that I wanted to have another baby just like you." Matilda writhed her lips and continued, "But at that time, your dad was busy, so I decided to talk about it later. But after some time, you became very annoying, so I didn't want another baby anymore whenever I looked at you."

John couldn't hold back and cocked the corner of his mouth.

Matilda's eyes fell on Sophia. "But truthfully, I think you're quite lonely over the years. If you had a younger brother or sister, you might develop a better temperament and know how to deal with the interpersonal relationships around you. And there wouldn't be so many conflicts between you and Sophia back then as well."

John squeezed Sophia's hand in his palm. "When I was younger, I really wanted to have a younger brother or sister. As you said, I really felt lonely back then."

"That's why." Matilda smiled. "When you and Sophia want to have a second child, don't delay it. When the first child becomes naughty and mischievous, you may no longer feel like having more."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1332

John still didn't dare to think about the second child. After all, he had just witnessed the suffering Sophia was going through.

Once is enough.

Sophia's labor pains became more intense in the afternoon, but when the doctor came to check, her cervix was still barely dilated.

At this point, John couldn't sit still anymore. Sophia hadn't eaten for almost a day and was still throwing up. There was nothing in her stomach anymore and what she threw up was all foamy mucus. Her whole person looked completely devoid of life. John frowned. "She has suffered for so long. How could it be that her cervix isn't dilated enough yet?"

The doctor sighed. "Perhaps it's because she doesn't have very good uterine resiliency. Wait for a while longer. We will check the situation again at night."

Irrked by the reply he received, John fumed, "Wait for a while? Is she supposed to lie there and suffer the whole day?"

The doctor comforted John with a few words and then said that he could give Sophia a shot. This shot would make her feel groggy, which might relieve her pain a little.

But the doctor couldn't guarantee its effects, and he could only give one shot. No matter how much pain Sophia was in the next time, she couldn't take it again.

John didn't even listen to the doctor's explanation as he immediately replied, "Give it to her, hurry up." Therefore, the doctor went away to prescribe the medication, and John came over and held Sophia in his

arms.

Sophia was sweating all over. Her whole body was in so much agony that she seemed to have lost consciousness, and this caused John much distress. I wish I knew what to do to make Sophia more comfortable.

After answering a call, Matilda came in and then sighed. "Your grandmother wanted to come over, but I didn't let her. After all, she can't help with anything and will only be worried. She's getting old, so I think we shouldn't let her come and wait here. We'll have her wait at home, and when Sophia enters the delivery room, we can then ask someone to fetch her over."

John nodded. "Okay, let her stay at home."

Old Mrs. Constance didn't come. However, Jennifer came to visit in the evening. Jennifer pursed her lips when she saw Sophia writhing about on the bed. "This is such a torture. I still feel scared after so many years have passed."

Dylan stood at the door, not approaching the bed. He frowned, looking like he was upset.

John held Sophia in his arms. Although the doctor gave her the shot, she was still hurting all over.

The doctor had no choice but to say that it might be because the fetal movement was vigorous that the cervix was barely dilated, and her uterine resiliency was not good enough, so the pain would be doubled. Sophia's tears constantly flowed from the pain. The most unbearable thing to John was her tears. As soon as she shed her tears, his heart constricted terribly.

Dylan stood at the door with his eyes on Sophia. After a while, he slowly turned to John.

His expression was still dark. After staring for a while, he didn't greet anyone but turned around and left.

Sophia's cervix had only dilated by 2 centimeters at two o'clock in the middle of the night.

The doctor thought for a while and had her moved to the waiting room. Family members could not follow the patient into the waiting room. So, Sophia went over by herself. Initially, when she was lying in the ward, her tears kept flowing, and she even choked over them.

But when she got to the waiting room, she suddenly stopped crying, because she knew there were no family members around her. So, if she still cried, it would've been for nothing.

Thus, she kept away those useless tears and simply lay on the bed, taking deep breaths.

The cries from other women in the waiting room were rather terrifying, much more so than Sophia's previous state in the ward.

More than a dozen hospital beds were full of pregnant women waiting to give birth.

Some of them couldn't bear the pain, so they were crying desperately, shouting loudly, or even calling for help.

Sophia suddenly felt that this shouldn't be a big deal, since she could at least bear the pain.

Her mind was muddled, and she could no longer tell the time. She only knew that at the end, a doctor came over to check her and then said that her cervix was almost fully dilated and asked her if she wanted the epidural.

Sophia seemed to see the light all of a sudden. Her voice trembled as she quickly said, "Yes, hurry up and give it to me."

The doctor was probably informed to better take care of her. He laughed and said, "Okay, then I'll get a wheelchair over here. Let's enter the delivery room, and I'll give you the epidural."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1333

Perhaps these words gave Sophia hope, because she felt that her whole body was full of strength in an instant. She even struggled to sit up from the bed and got out of it, then waited for the wheelchair to come over. Sitting down in it by herself, she was then pushed to the delivery room.

Lying in the room, an anesthesiologist came over and gave Sophia the epidural.

This is the best invention ever. After a while, Sophia didn't feel any more pain.

She felt like she had gone from hell to heaven in one single step, and instantly, she felt that she was alive again.

After a while, John changed into a sterile suit and entered the room.

When Sophia saw him, she immediately pursed her mouth. The tears she had saved up in the waiting room just now came rushing out at once.

John couldn't help but laugh. "The doctor said you're not feeling any pain anymore."

Sophia snorted softly and said unhappily, "I'm angry. I suffered the most back in the waiting room, yet you didn't even witness it."

Going over to her, John helped wipe the sweat from her forehead. "I know, I know you have suffered a lot, and I will compensate you well after this."

With that said, Sophia felt overwhelmed with emotion again, and tears flowed down freely.

Then the doctor who came in also laughed. "Don't cry. Save your energy up when you're pushing the baby out later."

The cervix was not fully dilated yet, so they were still waiting. But because the pain had ceased, Sophia was able to sleep well.

Sitting next to the bed, John held Sophia's hand and looked at her sleeping face. The woman had been suffering for almost the entire day. Now even if it didn't hurt anymore, her small face remained pale, and the sight of it pained John tremendously.

Sophia didn't sleep well. She woke up once in a while, opened her eyes, and took a look beside her. Every time she turned around, she'd see John by her side. "I'm here, so just sleep peacefully."

In a low voice, she uttered, "I don't want to sleep here. I want to go home to sleep. When is he gonna come out?"

John didn't know either. "I'll call the doctor over to take a look."

Sophia closed her eyes and fell asleep in a daze.

After a while, a doctor was walking around the door of the delivery room, so John called her in and asked her about Sophia's situation.

The doctor checked Sophia, then frowned and said, "The condition of her cervix is not very good. It may still be related to the poor resilience of her uterus."

She turned around and called several midwives over.

John didn't understand what they were talking about and only accompanied Sophia by the side.

Sophia's belly no longer hurt, and so she became bolder now. When she awoke and found that so many doctors were surrounding her to discuss her condition, she was not afraid at all.

In a daze, she mumbled, "You call me when I'm about to give birth."

Although it wasn't the right time to laugh, John really felt like snickering.

After sleeping for a while, a doctor came over to manually expand the uterus.

Sophia didn't feel anything. Because it didn't hurt or itch, she wasn't fearful. She even looked at the doctor and asked, "I'm a little hungry. Can I eat right after giving birth?"

The doctor raised her eyebrows and looked at her. "You have an excellent mental state."

After working for a while, the doctor finally removed the epidural, and the pain came again in a rush after that.

The doctor said that this would help her exert force later to push out the baby. If there were no pain, Sophia would not know how and when

to push.

Good God, the pain was coming again, and Sophia's tears started flowing as well.

John turned his head to the side; he really couldn't bear to see Sophia's tears.

The instrument by the bed showed the waves of pain, and the doctor taught Sophia how and when to push during the contractions.

It was not as complicated as the doctor had previously mentioned, so Sophia was very cooperative.

Perhaps the pain had been going on for too long, and the baby felt that it was enough suffering, as, during the latter half of the labor, the baby was very cooperative. There was an electronic clock in the delivery room, and within just half an hour, Sophia heard the doctor say that the baby was delivered.

She felt her belly releasing something, which came out from within her body.

However, the baby didn't cry at once. At this, Sophia, who hadn't panicked all this while, started becoming nervous.

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John was a little dazed by the side, not because the baby was not crying, but because the baby was born all of a sudden, and he could not wrap his head around it for a moment.

The doctor held the baby with his hands and came over to John. "Come on, let your father see if you're a boy or a girl."

It was very obvious. John could tell at a glance that the baby was a boy. "It's a boy."

There was a crib next to them, and the doctor went to put the baby down and began to wipe the blood off him.

It was at this time that the baby suddenly kicked his legs and started crying in a small and weak voice.

Sophia turned her head and looked over at him. She wasn't used to her new role as a mother yet, so she was rather confused.

The baby kicked his legs again and turned halfway to his side. One of his eyes was still closed. The other was open, but it was uncertain if he could actually see much.

After a few cries, there was no more noise from him.

The doctor laughed beside the crib. "Such a plucky little boy. He only made a short announcement."

Raising his hand, John carefully placed it on the child's face and touched him with the back of his fingers. The baby's skin was tender, which surprised him.

The doctor then began to examine the child's whole body. Ears, nose, eyes, fingers, and toes... He counted them one by one to John.

John just nodded beside him. "He's very healthy."

After all the checks were completed, the doctor began to dress the child. It was at this time that Sophia finally reacted and realized that this was her child.

He had been in her womb for nearly ten months, and he had caused her to not eat nor sleep well. It was because of him that she had thrown up and shed tears.

Now, this little baby had finally come out, looking all pink and tender and staring at her with one eye open. He had made her suffer until midnight of Logan and Lola's wedding day before arriving at the world. Logan and Lola knew that Sophia had not yet given birth to the baby, so they did not rush to the hospital after their reception was over.

When they woke up the next morning, the two of them packed up and hurried to the hospital. Upon arriving, they learned that Sophia had entered the delivery room.

All the people in the Constance Family were waiting outside the delivery room, including the Second and Third Constance Family.

Old Mrs. Constance wore her best outfit and brought her rosary beads. She sat at the door of the delivery room while holding the beads, praying for the safety of the mother and child.

Initially, Matilda was the calmest of these people, but now she was also nervous.

Seeing Logan and Lola coming, she reached out and grabbed the latter's hand. "My heart is pounding. They haven't come out after entering for so long. It wouldn't happen to be twins, would it?"

William scratched his nose next to her, seemingly amused.

He raised his hand to tuck the hair beside Matilda's ear away.

"Nonsense! The prenatal check-ups have always shown only one child. It's impossible to make another copy in the delivery room, right?"

Matilda knew that William was teasing herself. She patted William's hand and said, "How could you still be in the mood to joke? I'm so nervous I'm gonna faint."

Old Mrs. Constance mumbled next to her, "It's okay, it's okay.

Everything will be okay. Sophia is a thoughtful and kind girl, so the mother and child will definitely be safe and sound."

There was an electronic screen outside the delivery room. When the mother had already given birth in the delivery room, the family members would be notified in real-time outside whether it was a boy or a girl.

Every time the screen flashed, the notification was about a baby from someone else's family. It made the Constance family members feel agitated.

When Logan looked at them, he seemed to see his own future self.

He said, "When Sophia was pregnant before, she exercised frequently. She should have a smooth delivery and will be fine."

As soon as he finished speaking, the notification sound on the screen rang out across the hall. Then, the announcement about Sophia and her baby came.

Old Mrs. Constance paused for a minute. Blinking, she then turned to look at Matilda. "Did you hear that? Did they announce Sophia just now?"

Matilda nodded mechanically. "It looks like she gave birth to a boy."

Old Mrs. Constance couldn't hold back a delighted yelp, and then she made a sign of the cross and thanked the heavens for the good news.

On the contrary, the Second and Third Constance Families looked much calmer than them.

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After all, for this kind of thing, there was no way to empathize if it wasn't happening to one of them.

In the delivery room, Sophia kept looking at the baby, who fell asleep after a while with a pouting look.

The attending doctor and midwife left, saying that Sophia should stay for further observation for half an hour before leaving the delivery room. John was still sitting next to Sophia's bed. "How are you feeling now? Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?"

Sophia shook her head. "No. Move aside please, I want to see my son." Immediately, John's face fell. "You no longer need your husband when you have your son."

Sophia went along with his words and retorted, "Why do I need you when I already have my son?"

John grinned but didn't answer, whereupon he shifted his position and turned to look at the baby on the bed. The baby slept soundly. His face was a little wrinkled, and they couldn't tell who he looked like more with his current facial features.

Looking at her newborn son, Sophia had a gentle-looking expression on her face. "So, it turns out to be a boy. I thought it would be a girl."

John was pleased. It was not that he preferred boys to girls, but perhaps he would have more shared interests with a boy.

Sophia paused, then said, "I must bear a daughter next."

Next? John was taken aback. "Did you forget the pain?"

She had been desperately sobbing in pain for hours, and yet she was thinking about a second child before she even got off the bed.

After half an hour's observation, the midwife came and said that Sophia could go back to the ward. Sophia was energetic. Sitting up, she put on her pants and got out of bed.

The midwife was startled. "What are you doing?"

Sophia looked at her in a matter-of-fact way. "I'm going back to the ward."

A nurse came into the delivery room.

After hearing Sophia's words, she pushed the bed in and immediately said, "Is it your first time giving birth, girl? How is it possible for you to get out of bed right after giving birth? Come, lie down here. We'll push you back to the ward."

Sophia replied, "Oh, but I feel fine, so I can walk back by myself."

The midwife smiled. "You shouldn't get out of bed and walk around even if you feel fine. You have to lie down and try not to get out of bed for at least two days."

Sophia moved from her bed to the mobile hospital bed and was pushed out of the delivery room by the nurse. She didn't forget what she needed to do. Turning to face John, who was still standing in the delivery room, she shouted, "Don't forget the baby! Bring the baby out."

John looked a little exasperated. "Don't worry, I still know what to do."

The midwife helped to wrap up the baby in blankets and handed him to John.

John walked out of the delivery room next to Sophia's bed with the baby in his arms.

As soon as they came out, the Constance family members crowded around.

Although Old Mrs. Constance was usually cool and collected, tears were streaming down her face at this very moment. She came over and touched Sophia's face. "Thank you for your hard work."

Sophia smiled at her. "Don't mention it. I actually don't think delivering a baby is that tiring."

Matilda grinned next to her. "How can you say such shameless words without even blushing? Who was the one lying on the bed crying just now and saying that she would never have a second child again?"

With that said, John spoke next to her. "She told me just now that she is going to have a daughter next."

When Matilda heard it, she immediately said, "Look, didn't I tell you that she'll forget the pain after giving birth?"

Old Mrs. Constance used her sleeves to help Sophia wipe the sweat from her forehead before she went over to see the baby in John's arms. The baby slept soundly with a puckered mouth.

Old Mrs. Constance's heart softened instantly. "The baby is so perfect. He looks wonderfully tender."

Indeed, there was nothing else to praise about him now other than his tender skin.

Lola, too, went over to talk to Sophia first. She asked the latter if there was any discomfort. Sophia grinned before saying, "I'm telling you for real. It's really a huge suffering to have a baby."

Logan hurriedly went over and covered Lola's ears. "Let's not listen to her. We won't listen to anything. Don't be nervous, okay? It'll hurt even more when you are nervous."

Lying on the bed, Sophia laughed. "John, tell Logan how nervous you were. I don't believe he won't be nervous when the time comes."

Lola went over to see the baby, but he looked so tender that she did not dare to touch him and softened her voice unconsciously. "He's so small and cute."

Standing at the side, Matilda said, "You'll think your own child is cuter in the future."

Since they couldn't continue chatting at the entrance of the delivery room, John and the others pushed Sophia back to the ward.

Lying on the bed, Sophia smacked her lips. "I'm so hungry."

After all, she had vomited everything in her stomach before giving birth.

I mean, the doctor said that I could eat right away if I give birth naturally.

Old Mrs. Constance had asked someone to prepare brown sugar porridge, and the temperature was just right at this time. As soon as Sophia said she was hungry, Jennifer quickly brought it over. She didn't wait for Sophia to thank her but simply turned around and went to see the baby instead.

After eating some, Sophia regained some strength and sat on the bed chatting with Lola.

She felt sorry that she could not attend Logan's wedding. So, she grabbed Lola and asked her all kinds of questions, such as whether the wedding was grand and whether there was anything interesting about the wedding.

Lola laughed. "I still feel giddy when I think about the whole wedding now. We were so busy until midnight yesterday, and I was completely in a daze afterward."

She did not have an outgoing personality and was prone to headaches when her surroundings were crowded and noisy. Yesterday, after the wedding was over, she returned home with a headache so terrible that she couldn't help but take two tablets of painkillers.

Sighing, Lola expressed, "Fortunately, I only get married once in my life. I'll never be able to stomach it for a second time."

Finding her reply interesting, Sophia laughed. "Logan probably wanted to give you the unforgettable wedding of a lifetime."

Lola nodded. It was really unforgettable. Now that she thought about it, if she had known that it would be this eventful during the wedding, she would have definitely asked Logan to cut down on it.

It was beyond tiring.

In any case, that wedding was so grand yesterday that she gained renewed respect and admiration from many, especially those neighbors from her village. They had come over to her at the wedding yesterday and complimented her to high heavens, their intentions clear as day. They would never have lowered themselves like this in the past. It was only because they saw that she had now married into the wealthy Jefferson Family and gained a significant status within it that they had all come to curry favors with her.

Lola thought about a section during the wedding yesterday. Old Mr. Jefferson came out with the support of others to give her a welcome gift. The gift was a set of emerald green jewelry, and Lola couldn't tell how precious it was supposed to be.

Most ordinary people would not really care for it, but it was, in fact, very valuable.

The emcee said that this set of jewelry cost several million. Hearing the price of the item, the people in the village opened their mouths for a long time without closing them.

Then, someone spoke from the guest area and said that the betrothal money given by the Jefferson Family was 8.88 million. The sum of the jewelry and betrothal money was terrifyingly high.

Although Lola was taken aback by the amount, she was actually more elated than anything. All those people who were waiting to laugh at her

had lost. I have the last laugh now!

Those who had spread her rumors in the village now became the targets of similar rumors.

Sophia turned her head and looked at Logan on the side of the crib. She lowered her voice and commented, "You guys should hurry up as well. Look at Logan. His eyes are about to fall out on seeing someone else's child. You should quickly give him a child of his own."

At this, Lola turned to look at Logan as well. Standing next to the crib, he obviously wanted to touch the baby's face, but he didn't know how to.

Lola replied after a few seconds, "My parents also mentioned children yesterday. I actually really want a child too, but to be honest, I prefer to enjoy some peace with Logan first."

Sophia's gaze then fell on John nearby. He had pulled up a chair and was sitting beside the crib, staring at the baby lying in bed with an instinctive smile on his face.

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Sophia said, "Yes, you guys just got married and are blissfully in love. You do have to get bored of each other first, unlike John and I, who are so annoyed at seeing each other that there must be a child to mediate between us."

"Who are you kidding? When John looks at you, his eyes are always full of stars," Lola teased.

Sophia chuckled. "Nonsense."

After talking with Lola for a while, Sophia became drowsy because she hadn't slept much last night. Now that her stomach was full, her sleepiness kicked in again. Lola reached out to support her and help her lie down. She told Sophia that the latter didn't need to entertain anyone and should sleep if she wished.

Sophia yawned. "Then I won't chat with you anymore. When I get better, let's meet up again."

With that, she got into a comfortable posture, covered herself with the quilt, and fell asleep at once. She hadn't slept well during the whole pregnancy. Now that the baby had popped out, she felt that even her quality of sleep had improved. She could sleep comfortably now.

When the people next to her saw that she was asleep, all of them lowered their voices and went over to check out the baby.

The baby mumbled a few times, and then the nurse came over and said that he could be fed some water first. Matilda was quite an expert in taking care of children, so she prepared some warm water and fed the little one a bit.

The baby didn't know how to hold a bottle. Even when the nip of the bottle was placed in his mouth, he still didn't know what to do.

Logan laughed from the side. "Look at him! He is a little confused."

John gently touched the baby's face with the back of his finger. Matilda also laughed. "Children are often confused at the beginning, and they will gradually learn a lot of things. In fact, I think that children growing up is a very magical process. You don't even realize when or where they learn their skills from."

The little baby drank a little water, then yawned and fell asleep again.

On the other hand, the Second and Third Constance Families looked on for a while and then left. After all, there were still company matters for them to attend to.

John sent them off at the door of the ward. Just then, he swept his gaze around and saw Dylan leaning against the wall in the corridor. The latter had only entered the ward to glance at the baby before leaving to wait outside.

Actually, John couldn't figure out what he was upset about or in denial about. In fact, after Old Mr. Constance's proposal was rejected by the

Second Constance Family, John and Sophia had nothing to do with them anymore. This included their divorce and remarriage later, which were their private matters anyway.

None of what we've done had anything to do with Dylan. I really think Dylan didn't need to show such an attitude toward us.

After the Second and Third Constance Families left, John hurriedly entered the ward to take a look at his wife. She was sleeping well, and her whole face began to gradually turn rosy.

Old Mrs. Constance was sitting next to the crib. She had regained her composure by now, and she simply sat smiling without a word.

After a long sleep, Sophia finally opened her eyes by the time evening came around. She felt hungry again, and when she sat up, she saw Matilda holding the baby with a loving look. Old Mrs. Constance hadn't gone back yet. As a matter of fact, she was sleeping on the bed next to Sophia.

William and John were not in the room. Nobody knew where they went. Turning her head, Matilda saw that Sophia was awake, so she quickly put the baby down. "They brought over some soup, so you should have some first." After informing her daughter-in-law, she set the small table for Sophia and brought over the thermos with the soup still warm inside.

As she poured out a bowl of soup for Sophia, the latter's gaze floated toward the crib. "Mom, bring him over to me."

Matilda hurried over to the crib with a smile and brought the baby over. "He was awake for a long time just now and was just staring at us. I don't know if he can actually see, but his eyes were moving about." Sophia had just slept for a while, yet she somehow felt that the child was a little different from before. He was no longer so wrinkled.

On the third day after Sophia gave birth, Isabelle unexpectedly came to see her.

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Isabelle's hair was cut short, giving her a fresh and neat image. Her entire self looked completely different from before.

When Sophia saw Isabelle, she was vaguely reminded of the Bailey Family. Perhaps it was because life was going well for her that she hadn't kept those who tried to harm her in her mind for the longest time.

Isabelle came over with a gift and stood at the door. When she saw Sophia, she smiled. "Wow, you haven't changed at all."

Sophia stared at Isabelle for a long time before recognizing her. Then she replied with a grin, "You have changed a lot though."

John was not in the ward, as he had gone to the nurse's station. Matilda had taken the baby out to show off to other people as well, so she wasn't in the ward either.

Placing her things down, Isabelle came over and looked at Sophia. "Your complexion is pretty good. I heard people say that pregnancy will make one fat, but why are you still so slender?"

Sophia leaned on the bed. "That's great then. I don't have to lose weight after having the baby."

The way they talked was as if they had forgotten all the previous discord.

Sophia changed the subject and asked Isabelle, "How are you? Have you gotten used to things over there?"

Hearing the questions, Isabelle nodded. "In the beginning, it was a little unnerving. After all, I was too unfamiliar with how things are like over there. We had to start everything from scratch. But after staying for a while, I think that it's pretty good. My mother is by my side again. We two actually spend better days there than here."

Then, she added, "When my mother left, her grief eased too. Now she is happily going out shopping every day and chatting with the elderly people downstairs. I think she is getting better and better. We made the

right choice to leave this place.”

After she finished speaking, Matilda walked past the door while holding the baby. She wasn't intending on entering the ward, but suddenly, she saw Isabelle, so she was startled. She slowly came over with the baby. “Belle?”

Isabelle twitched her lips. “Matilda, long time no see.”

Matilda was quite surprised at the sight of her and looked her up and down. “Oh, you look like a different person altogether. I couldn't recognize you for the longest time.”

Isabelle fiddled with her short hair. “I cut my hair when I left here. I think it's refreshing to change my style. It changes my mood too.”

As a sign of agreement, Matilda nodded. “That's true. You look much better than before.”

Isabelle's gaze fell on Matilda's arms. The little baby was awake, and she hurried over to take a look at him. She writhed her lips. “He looks like John.”

Nobody knew if it was simply a compliment or if she really saw John in the baby. But Matilda was happy upon hearing that. “I think so too. It is better for a boy to look like John. When a girl is born next, she will look like a little Sophia.”

Isabelle nodded. “Yes, Sophia is pretty. It's better for their daughter to resemble her.”

At this point in life, she had completely let go of her previous conflict with them, and she now appeared very easygoing.

As they sat chatting for a while, John came back, holding a pile of bills in his hands. Seeing Isabelle there, he was also a little startled.

Isabelle greeted him first. “Look, I'm here to surprise all of you.”

John put the bills away and then asked, “Did you come to see your father and the others?”

Sophia turned to look at Isabelle. Regarding the Bailey Family's trial, she never asked John what the result was. But when she thought about it, the exposure was so high, and the impact was so large at that time that it should be severely judged.

Pursing her lips, Isabelle explained, “I also came to see them. I heard that my grandfather is not in good health and wants to see me.”

John went over and touched the baby's face. “How is your mother's health? Is she alright?”

“She's in the pink of health. I'm certain she'll live comfortably over there.” Isabelle smiled immediately. “She was telling me two days ago about divorcing my dad and finding another companion. She said it with a smile, so I'm not sure if she was joking or serious.”

Sophia noticed that when Isabelle talked about these things, she looked unruffled and seemingly not minding about any of it.

John also smiled. “If both of them can think it through and let go, it's better to get a divorce. After all, they don't live together anymore. Both of them have their future ahead of them, so they shouldn't remain together and drag each other down like this.”

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Agreeing with John's statement, Isabelle nodded. “Yeah, I think so too. So, I came to ask my dad's opinion this time as well. I think if they really have no feelings for each other anymore, it's best to get a divorce.

Although my mom is not that young anymore, she still has quite some time left, so she can totally get together with someone better.”

Matilda laughed next to her. “You're quite clear-minded, aren't you? Nowadays, there are not many daughters who are as sensible as you.”

Isabelle laughed too. “I'll take it as a compliment then.”

Nodding, Matilda replied, “I'm indeed complimenting you.”

Isabelle didn't stay in Sophia's ward for too long. After all, she still had to see Elder Mr. Bailey and Old Mr. Bailey.

John sent her off. After Isabelle left, Matilda went to Sophia's side.

“What did you two talk about just now?” Sophia found a comfortable position and leaned back. “What? Are you afraid that I will say nasty things to her, or are you afraid that she came here to agitate me?”

Matilda rolled her eyes at her. "Look at her. When was she ever a match for you? She had always gotten bulldozed by you. It's just that I saw she came to see you with a gift, so it wouldn't be nice for you to snub her." Let out a long sigh, Sophia uttered, "It seems that you still like her." Matilda retorted, "You speak so well that I don't think you've ever suffered under her at all."

At that moment, the baby gurgled slightly next to them. He was probably feeling a little uncomfortable. Therefore, Matilda brought him to Sophia and lifted the quilt, allowing him to move his arms and legs. The baby's small hands and feet were not as big as Sophia's palms, and they looked pink and tender. Sophia gently held the child's foot, her heart melting into a puddle all at once.

Waving his little arms around, the baby twisted his head, turned to Sophia, and looked at her with large, blinking eyes. Seeing how adorable her son is, Sophia couldn't hold back and leaned in to kiss him gently. The little baby opened his mouth and gurgled twice.

Matilda looked at Sophia. "How does it feel? Do you feel that all the suffering before is worth it?"

Sophia nodded. "I've never felt like this before. I can't explain it clearly, but I especially want time to stop at this moment."

Matilda stretched out a finger and touched the baby's fingers. The baby naturally curled his fingers around her finger. "This is maternal love. You'll find that this feeling will become more and more noticeable as the child grows up." After saying this, Matilda paused and added, "You know what? I got up last night and found John sitting next to the crib, just staring at the baby. You have no idea what the scene looked like. Let me tell you. It's not just you who has changed. John has also changed a lot."

Sophia did feel that too. Many times, when she had fallen asleep, John would also stare at her from the side. He didn't speak nor move but would just stare at her with a gentle gaze and a smile between his eyebrows. John used to treat her well, but he never did that.

So, with this child, both of them were slowly changing. Because it was a natural birth, Sophia did not stay in the hospital for too many days and was discharged after four days.

The confinement room at home had been prepared in advance, and the postnatal caregiver had been hired. The nursery had also been set up, and all the preparations were completed.

After coming out of the hospital, John held the baby while Matilda helped Sophia button her coat. Sophia took the opportunity to turn her head and look at Matilda, then whispered to her, "Did Ian come over?" She had heard from Lola that Ian was there during Logan's wedding. He even mentioned during the wedding that he would find some time to visit her in the hospital. But Sophia had never seen Ian, and so she felt a little strange.

When Matilda heard Sophia asking this question, she glanced at John first, and her voice was even softer than Sophia's as she replied, "He came, but you were asleep then."

Sophia was taken aback, as she really didn't know that. "Then why didn't you guys wake me?"

Matilda smiled. "Look at the one holding the baby over there. He was there at the time. Do you think he'll let us wake you?"

Raising her eyes, Sophia glanced at John, who was walking in front of them, then pursed her mouth without saying a word.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1340

This was indeed something that John would do.

Everyone got into the car with the driver, and John held the baby steady. The baby had been sleeping all along with his eyes closed, looking a little silly. John couldn't hold back and bowed his head to kiss the baby.

Matilda smiled next to him. "You are behaving better than your dad.

When I gave birth to you, your dad didn't even dare to touch you.

During the whole month, your dad never held you, saying that you were

too soft, and he feared hurting you.”

Sophia couldn't help laughing at the side. “I didn't know that Dad is so cowardly when it comes to this.”

“Right?” Matilda continued, “You see, since this little boy right here was born, we've all taken turns holding him, but your dad still doesn't dare to touch him. He asked me last night what it's like to hold a baby, so I told him to try holding the baby today, but he didn't dare at all.”

Sophia thought of when William was in the ward. Indeed, he only walked around the crib all the time and didn't dare to touch or stroke, let alone hold the baby.

After thinking about it, Sophia said, “I saw Uncle Owen holding the baby the other day, and I felt that he was quite good at it.”

Matilda nodded. “Owen was very good to children back then. When Dylan was young, he took him wherever he went.”

Hearing this, John also spoke up. “Yeah, I used to envy Dylan very much and thought that Uncle Owen was very good to him.”

When Matilda heard John's words, she wanted to put in a good word for William. “Your dad is good to you too, but he is not very good at expressing it. In the past, when you were asleep, your dad watched over you by the side. He could sit there and watch you sleep for more than an hour.”

John chuckled. “What are you so nervous about? I just agreed with what you said and never said that my dad wasn't good to me.”

Matilda nodded. “I'm just siding with my husband.”

With that said, the others somehow felt that she was showing off her love for William.

The car drove all the way back to the Constance Residence, and Old Mrs. Constance was already waiting in the parking lot.

After the car stopped, she hurried over. She first asked if Sophia was alright, then went over to John and stared at the baby in his arms. The baby twisted his body, and upon hearing the noises, opened his eyes.

Old Mrs. Constance laughed. “Oh, he knows he's home.”

The postnatal caregiver came over too and helped Sophia. But Sophia did not want her help. Waving her hand, she said, “No need. I'm fine.”

With that, she strode to the main building first.

The postnatal caregiver thought for a while before carrying the baby and following her into the main building. There was a baby crib in the living room on the first floor of the main building, which was convenient for the baby during the day.

There was also a nursery room upstairs.

Now that the baby was awake, the postnatal caregiver put him in the crib and lifted the quilt a little bit. The baby immediately stretched out his legs and waved his hands.

The postnatal caregiver laughed and massaged his soles with her fingers. “This little boy is quite vigorous. See how powerful his kicks are.”

Old Mrs. Constance was also watching by the side, her eyes full of contentment and joy.

At this moment, she said, “In fact, I had a dream before Sophia gave birth. I dreamed that there was a dragon above the main building of the Constance Residence. Now look, Sophia gave birth to a boy.”

John laughed. “Why didn't I have any dreams?”

Sophia leaned on the sofa. “I had a dream a few days ago. I dreamed that there were two fish in the pond. I thought I would give birth to twins.”

“That really was a dream then,” Matilda commented from the side, causing everyone to laugh.

After the postnatal caregiver massaged the baby's hands and feet, she went to the kitchen and poured a bowl of soup for Sophia. This soup had been stewed since the morning, so it was rich. The grease had been removed, so it was not greasy.

Sophia held the bowl and looked at it for a long time. Then, as if drinking medicine, she raised the bowl and finished the soup in a few mouthfuls. The postnatal caregiver laughed. “It's not that bad, is it? I tasted it, and

it's okay."

Sophia waved a hand. "I've eaten too many supplements since my pregnancy, so much so that I think I'm allergic to fish and meat now."

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Learning how Sophia was sick of healthy soups, the postnatal caregiver said in a soft voice, "Then I'll try to make a lighter version of the soup for you in the future."

Although there were professionals in the Constance Residence's kitchen, she was the best candidate to prepare Sophia's postnatal food. Sophia nodded. "Okay, sorry for the trouble."

After a while, Jennifer came to visit. Her attitude was much better than before, and she rushed over to the crib. "I heard that Sophia had been discharged from the hospital, so I'm here to see the baby."

The baby was being held by Matilda. He was staring wide-eyed at something random.

When Jennifer saw him, her expression immediately softened. "Oh, what are you looking at, baby? You look so serious."

Matilda asked, "How is Dylan?"

Jennifer's eyes were still on the baby. She just sighed and replied, "I don't care anymore. He can do whatever he wants. It's his life, after all. If we micromanage too much, he'll be upset at us again."

Agreeing to her statement, Matilda nodded. "He's all grown up now. I'm sure he knows what to do and what not to do."

Jennifer reached out and touched the baby's face. "Actually, I just want to experience the joys of having a grandchild earlier. He only needs to give birth to a child, and he can do whatever he wants in the future. I won't bother him anymore after that." Then, she added, "You don't know how much I envy you now."

Matilda held the baby and bounced him gently. "You can't force this kind of thing. It's someone else's life, and it's someone else's child."

Jennifer stopped talking but continued looking at the little baby lovingly. After sitting downstairs for a while, Sophia got up and went upstairs. Seeing that, John followed her.

A room was prepared for Sophia's confinement to ensure her peace and quiet. If she and John slept separately, she would not be disturbed when John woke up in the morning or went to see the baby in the middle of the night.

However, John felt that it was a little too unnecessary. The child wasn't sleeping with them, so there was no need for him and Sophia to be separated.

He followed Sophia into the confinement room. The furniture and decoration in the room were minimalistic, and there was not much difference.

Sophia went over and lay down on the bed. John couldn't help but lie down and hold her in his arms. After a brief pause, he then kissed her. Sophia pushed him a little but failed to push him off. Turning over, John pressed her down and kissed her fiercely.

After struggling a bit, Sophia gave up and put her arms around John's neck.

They kissed passionately and desperately, and it was John who took the initiative to stop at last.

He buried his head in Sophia's neck, his breathing somewhat unstable. "I have to wait more than a month, right?"

Blinking, Sophia stared at the ceiling. "After that, it's up to you how you want to deal with me."

John chuckled. "You say this now, but if you cry and refuse to go along with me, I can't do anything to you either."

Sophia laughed too. She had indeed done such a thing before.

Sometimes when there were things that she needed John's help with, she would promise to reward him in bed, but when John was about to get his reward, she would push and kick him away or cry and beg him to let her go.

Raising a hand, Sophia stroked John's hair and suggested, "I won't cheat

you of it this time. Or should I write you an IOU?"

John really took it seriously, after which he immediately turned away from her and got out of the bed. Rushing all the way to their previous bedroom, he brought back a pen and paper, then asked Sophia to write the IOU on the spot.

Sophia really didn't intend to cheat this time. Therefore, she sat up and flattened the paper before drafting a proper IOU. The gist of it was that after the confinement period, Sophia guaranteed that she would let John do as he pleased to her in bed.

John took it over and read it twice. Feeling a little satisfied, he folded the note and put it in his pocket.

Sophia squinted at him as she held the pen. "Am I not trustworthy enough that you have to make me write it out in black and white?"

John snorted. "Not when it comes to sex."

Sophia curled her lips. "You're the one who kept tormenting me every time."

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John stared at her. "Don't you like me like this? But you always tell me to continue."

Sophia pulled a pillow from the side and threw it at John. "You jerk, shut up!"

The two bickered for a while, then Sophia waved her hand. "I'm gonna sleep. I'm a little tired."

Getting up, John went over to shut the curtains and then closed the door.

Sophia thought he went out, but he didn't. Instead, he came over and lay down on the bed. "I'm tired too. I want to sleep as well." She smiled and snuggled into his arms.

The room was dim, so after the two of them lay down for a while, they both fell asleep.

John was in the hospital for the past two days staying right by the baby, but he couldn't sleep well. He kept waking up and wanting to take a look at him.

At last, there was nobody other than Sophia beside him, and now he slept peacefully.

However, his phone rang on the bedside table not long after. He quickly took the phone over. He was afraid that the ringing would wake Sophia, so he picked it up without even looking at it.

Isabelle's voice was a little low. "John, will you do me a favor?"

John replied, "What's wrong? What happened to your family?"

Taking a deep breath, she uttered, "My grandfather is gone. My dad is now hospitalized again. He is filing for compassionate release, and I'm currently busy with the procedures. So, I don't think I can handle my grandfather's matters. As for Uncle Ernest and the rest, they're probably still angry with my grandfather and refuse to deal with it."

Isabelle paused and then said, "John, will you help me? Just send my grandfather's body to the funeral home for cremation. There's no need for anything complicated. Bring the ashes back after it's done. Can you help me with that?"

At that moment, Sophia had also opened her eyes next to John. As the two of them were close to each other, she heard everything Isabelle said on the phone.

John agreed and then asked where Elder Mr. Bailey's body was.

Isabelle sighed. "Still in the hospital. I haven't really done much over there. I called Uncle Ernest, and he immediately said that he doesn't care. My dad still doesn't know about my grandfather's passing. I don't dare to tell him yet, so I can't find an excuse to leave his side. I really have no other options."

Learning that she was in a difficult situation, John asked her to relax and said that he would go over to the hospital now. After the phone hung up, he got up and put on his clothes.

Sophia also sat up. "Don't worry, take your time."

"I'm not worrying. It's not our family's business anyway. I'm just going

over to help out.”

John continued flatly, “That old geezer treated you so badly before. To be honest, if it weren’t for Isabelle, I really don’t wish to help collect his body.”

Sophia didn’t mind so much. “He’s dead now. All you have to do is throw him into the fire pit.”

Smiling, John turned his head and touched Sophia’s face. “You’re really forgiving, aren’t you?”

Sophia found a comfortable position and lay down again. “I really don’t have anything to worry about now. Sometimes I think about the members of the Bailey Family, and I really have no idea what they’re fighting for. What’s the use of more money at their age?”

John leaned in and kissed her. “It would be nice if everyone could think like you.”

He stood up and tidied his clothes. “You should sleep for a while more. I’ll go out first.”

Sophia nodded, then snuggled under the quilt.

Coming out of the room, John went downstairs quickly and spotted Old Mrs. Constance and Matilda checking on the baby.

Seeing John coming down, Matilda was a little surprised. “What’s the matter? Are you going out?”

John nodded. “Elder Mr. Bailey has passed away, and Old Mr. Bailey is now in the hospital. Isabelle has too much on her plate right now, so she asked me to go and help her send Elder Mr. Bailey for cremation.”

Old Mrs. Constance was stunned. “Is that old man really gone?”

However, after thinking about it for a while, she thought that it was natural. Elder Mr. Bailey’s health was not that great in the first place, so such a big event would have been a big blow to him.

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It was a miracle for Elder Mr. Bailey to live for so long with that frail body of his.

Old Mrs. Constance then sighed. “This is why we shouldn’t commit any crimes. This is retribution.”

If Elder Mr. Bailey was content with his life and took care of himself in his later years, he probably wouldn’t die so quickly.

John didn’t say much but went out at once. Actually, what Isabelle asked him to do was pretty easy. Since Elder Mr. Bailey was dead, the procedures were simple enough.

After the death certificate was issued, the body was taken out and sent to the funeral home for cremation. The usual cremation time was in the morning, which seemed to be a rule of sorts. But John didn’t care that much, so he went to the funeral home and asked when the cremation could be done soonest. The funeral home staff told him that there were no affairs slated for that afternoon. If John didn’t mind, they could do it immediately.

John paid the fee at once. “I don’t mind. Go ahead and burn him.”

The staff was startled at his callousness, but since John had paid the money straight away, she didn’t say anything else either and quickly asked someone to push the body in.

John sat on a chair outside and waited. The ashes were transported out in just half an hour.

Urns were sold at the funeral home. John bought the cheapest one, and he didn’t even stick a photo on it but simply dumped the ashes directly into the urn.

Wrapping it with a red cloth, he put it under his arm and left the funeral home.

John went to the hospital to find Isabelle with the urn. Although he didn’t like Old Mr. Bailey, he didn’t brazenly bring the urn into his ward. Instead, he called Isabelle outside Old Mr. Bailey’s ward.

Isabelle knew what he wanted to say as soon as she answered the phone. She mumbled something without sounding too obvious about it.

John sat on the chair outside and put the urn aside.

There was a family member nearby who was supporting a patient to

walk around. No one would ever expect that the thing under the red cloth was an urn filled with ashes.

After waiting for less than a minute, Isabelle came out of the ward.

She looked around, then came toward John. "John, thank you."

John didn't say a word but simply pointed to the thing wrapped in red cloth next to him.

Isabelle glanced at it. Naturally knowing what was inside, she nodded. "I will take care of this in a moment."

There was no trace of sadness in her tone and demeanor.

Standing up, he asked her, "How is your father?"

At the mention of her father, Isabelle sighed. "Not very well. He is used to living a pampered life, so now that his life is suddenly turned upside down, he isn't taking it well at all."

Physical maladaptation was just a factor. In the end, the most important thing was still the psychological changes.

Old Mr. Bailey's will was completely gone now, so his entire being had probably aged overnight.

Isabelle didn't dare to leave the ward for too long. Now that Old Mr. Bailey was not in a good mental condition, he would get angry even if she went out for a moment to buy food.

John nodded. "Go back in. I should leave too."

Isabelle nodded but stood still without moving. John glanced at her, then turned around and left. It didn't take long for him to get home from the hospital.

Sophia had gotten up and was walking around with the baby downstairs. John stopped at the door of the living room, and Sophia turned around. "You're back."

"Don't come here," John said. "I just came back from the hospital, and there is a lot of bacteria on my body. You better stay away from me."

Matilda came out from the kitchen and laughed. "Hurry up and take a shower."

After John went upstairs, Matilda suppressed her voice and said, "It's probably not the hospital."

Sophia also knew that John should have gone to the funeral home.

Perhaps he thought that the place was inauspicious or that he had touched something unlucky. Although John was not a superstitious person, it was better to be safe than sorry now that he had a child.

John returned to the bedroom and went into the bathroom.

When the hot water rushed down toward his body, he thought of Elder Mr. Bailey's body that he had just seen.

Elder Mr. Bailey was thin and small and looked completely different.

Perhaps it was due to being in the freezer for too long. His face had turned blue, his skin was sunken, and his teeth protruded from his mouth.

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Elder Mr. Bailey looked rather frightening like that. Who could have imagined that the man who had lived a lifetime of glory would end up like this?

When John poured the ashes of Elder Mr. Bailey into the urn, some of it fell out due to his vigorous movements. But John didn't care about it and simply swept aside the bits that fell out.

Therefore, the contents of the urn were not complete.

John pursed his mouth. It was more than enough for him to send Elder Mr. Bailey to cremation, considering that the old geezer had wanted to harm Sophia and almost caused the destruction of his family.

Now that he ended up like this, it was all his own fault.

John took a shower, changed into clean clothes, and went downstairs.

The baby was awake and looked energetic, blinking his eyes and staring at Sophia.

Carrying him, Sophia walked around slowly. John went over and pulled Sophia and the child into his arms. "Is he a good boy?"

"Yeah, pretty good." Sophia was full of smiles. "You have no idea how adorable he is. He was hungry just now, but he didn't wake up

completely yet, so he did sucking motions with his mouth in the air and kept his eyes closed.”

John bowed his head and kissed Sophia on the forehead with a smile.

“You’re also very adorable.”

Sophia snorted. “All you’re good at are saying sweet nothings.” She handed the baby to John and then began to ask, “How is Isabelle’s family doing?”

On the topic of Isabelle, John didn’t know either, for he didn’t ask about the situation of the Bailey Family. The Bailey Family affairs had come to an end, and he no longer cared about them.

Sophia sat on the sofa to the side and took a blanket to cover herself.

“Why did Elder Mr. Bailey suddenly die though? I never heard that he was ill.”

John carried the baby, leaning against his face gently. The baby opened his mouth and turned his head to look for something to eat.

John’s voice was filled with happiness that couldn’t be concealed. “It’s probably because we didn’t pay enough attention. I heard Isabelle say that Ernest Bailey doesn’t even care to ask about Elder Mr. Bailey and Old Mr. Bailey. I’m sure he hates them deeply.”

The Bailey Corporation was thoroughly investigated before, and it was found that the internal accounts were in a mess. Elder Mr. Bailey had misappropriated a lot of company money. Moreover, there were also suspicions of money laundering within the Bailey Corporation.

These were all kept secret from Ernest, so when he found out, he was completely flabbergasted.

In fact, everyone was shocked when Bailey Corporation was found to have committed so many crimes in secret. The company seemed to be liquidating its assets now, and it was planning to declare bankruptcy. All in all, Ernest was completely dragged into the mess.

John hadn’t been to the company for a long time and instead had been accompanying Sophia all the time. He didn’t inquire about those affairs either.

Anyway, now that the Bailey Family couldn’t recover itself anymore, he didn’t care at all.

Sophia leaned on the back of the sofa and sighed quietly. “It’s quite pitiful, isn’t it?”

John didn’t know who she was talking about.

After a while, the baby twisted his body and looked upset. John didn’t understand what was going on. Sophia leaned on the sofa and said indifferently, “He has probably shat or peed himself. Check his diaper.”

Although John was clumsy, he could change diapers for children.

He put the baby in the crib and started spreading the blankets. Sophia spoke next to him. “By the way, did Ian come to the hospital to visit?”

John’s movements paused, and then he gave a slight nod.

Sophia spoke again. “Then why didn’t you wake me? Was I asleep at the time?”

John nodded again.

After being silent for two seconds, she questioned, “What are you nodding for? I asked why you didn’t wake me?” Her tone wasn’t upsetting, but it was definitely a little serious.

John replied, “What are you talking about? He came to see the baby and not you. Why should I wake you?”

Is he for real?

Sophia snorted angrily. “John, oh, John. I didn’t expect you to become so shameless.”

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“Do you only know that I’m shameless today? I’ve been like this long ago,” John said matter-of-factly.

Sophia initially wanted to have an argument with John. However, when she heard him say this, her anger dissipated in an instant.

After John changed the baby’s diaper, he helped him put on the little clothes and wrapped him up, then looked back at Sophia. “Why aren’t you talking anymore?”

Sophia said faintly, "All of a sudden, I find that I'm unable to communicate with you."

John nodded. "If we can't communicate with each other by language, we can communicate in bed in the future."

"Pfft." Sophia snorted.

Scoffing, John reminded his wife by saying, "I have your IOU here. You'd better fulfill it."

Lola and Logan were planning to have their honeymoon. Logan had researched some overseas tourist attractions for two days and wanted to visit them with Lola. But Lola flipped through the brochures he had collected before throwing them aside. "I don't want to go to these places."

Logan thought she didn't like the attractions he chose, so he leaned over immediately. "Then where do you want to go? Tell me."

Squinting at him, she explained, "Our country is so big. Why should we go to those overseas attractions? I haven't even visited all the places in my homeland, so I don't want to visit other countries yet."

Upon hearing her reasoning, he smiled. "Initially, I didn't intend to go abroad either. It would be very troublesome, and communication would be difficult, but I was afraid that if I chose a local attraction for you, you would think I am tightfisted."

Lola laughed before she asked, "Am I that kind of person?"

Logan thought for a while. "I chatted with Lorraine a few days ago, and I heard that Ian is going somewhere to participate in a show. Why not follow him there? That location has good attractions."

Ian? Ah, I remember Ian. He came to attend my wedding back then. When he left, Logan was so unwilling to say goodbye.

She didn't know how close the two of them were in the past, but Logan's reluctance to let the other leave had never appeared before. So, she nodded. "Sure, Ian is kinda cute. It would be pleasant both to visit him and the attractions."

Logan closed the distance between them. "What about me?"

Lola held his face, looked at him very seriously for a while, then nodded. "You're cute too. In fact, you're the most good-looking man in the world."

Delighted, Logan leaned over to kiss her. Both of them hadn't been to work recently. They snuggled with each other at home every day.

Both Old Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Hunt said in private that if the two of them continued this, good news would come their way shortly.

When Logan pressed Lola on the sofa, he suddenly asked, "Do you like children?"

Lola suddenly thought of Sophia's child. At that time, the baby had his eyes closed, and his hands and feet were not as big as her palms. Him looking like that really made people go all mushy.

Lola put her arms around Logan's neck and said, "I do."

After getting her reply, he did not speak further. Pinning her down, the two made love from the sofa to the bedroom.

Halfway through it all, Logan thought of something and suddenly said, "Jasmine's boyfriend contacted me the other day."

At that moment Lola was giddy, so she merely nodded.

Logan added, "He said a lot of bizarre things."

Clutching the quilt, Lola had no time nor brain capacity to process what Logan said.

Logan leaned forward to kiss her. "You are much better than her."

In fact, Lola being much better than Jasmine was something that was obvious to all, so why did that man call Logan and ask him why he didn't like Jasmine?

Logan was truly dumbfounded by the man's question.

How could feelings ever be explained?

The man also enumerated Jasmine's various advantages to him.

Why did he want to tell Logan this sort of thing? What did it have anything to do with Logan?

All in all, Logan was really confused by the phone call.

The two made love for a while more before finally calming down. Lola turned over and snuggled into Logan's arms. "What did you say to me just now?"

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"Nothing." Logan ran his fingers through her hair. "Go to sleep if you're tired."

Lola was indeed tired and fell asleep after closing her eyes.

In contrast, Logan felt very energetic after the activity. He got up to fetch water and helped Lola wipe her body.

I remember that man also asked me what I liked about Lola.

Logan thought about this issue for a long time.

What do I like about Lola?

He couldn't really explain it.

In any case, he was happy to see her and distraught if he didn't.

No matter what had happened, he would first think of her.

He didn't know what he wanted from Lola.

Perhaps he just wanted her.

He put on Lola's pajamas for her and covered the quilt. After a quick bath, he lay down in bed.

They had been spending their days without any sense of shame recently.

Just then, the image of John's baby passed through his mind again.

When the four ladies of the Jefferson Family gave birth one after the other, he had visited them all in the hospital.

However, he was too young at that time and didn't have much thought about it.

Now when he tried to recall what it was like to see his nieces and nephews, he realized that he had forgotten. He couldn't even remember what those children were like when they were born.

But after seeing John's child, his heart seemed to be touched by something.

All of a sudden, he longed for a child.

If such an adorable and tender child appeared in his own life, it would be a particularly beautiful event.

In the end, Logan held Lola and fell asleep with some yearning in his heart.

The two of them slept until night fell. Lola woke up hungry and prodded at Logan with her eyes closed. "I'm hungry."

Logan was also hungry. He had exhausted his physical strength before and didn't notice it before going to sleep. It was only when he woke up did he find that his whole body was weak.

He pulled Lola into his arms again. "Then let's go upstairs to eat."

Upstairs lived Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt, who usually asked them to eat together. Logan and Lola didn't do much cooking themselves.

Lola said, "But I don't feel like moving."

Smiling, Logan got up slowly.

He brought the clothes over and changed Lola's clothes like he was helping a child, then bent over with his back to her. "Come on, I'll give you a ride."

Lola laughed aloud, and she really got on Logan's back.

Logan left their bedroom with her on his back. They went upstairs and knocked on the door.

Mrs. Hunt came to open the door and was shocked when she saw the two of them. "What's the matter? What happened?"

"Nothing happened. Lola didn't want to move, so I carried her up."

Logan carried Lola to the sofa and put her down.

Mr. Hunt frowned when he came out of the room. "Why are you so lazy?"

Lola curled up on the sofa with a smile. "I'm hungry."

"Well, we're ready for dinner. I was about to go down and call you."

Mrs. Hunt hurried to the kitchen after speaking and began to set the table.

Logan eagerly went over to help her.

As the two stood in the kitchen, Mrs. Hunt suppressed her voice and asked, "Is she really okay? I noticed her looking quite lethargic. Do you think she should go to the hospital for a checkup?"

Logan knew what Mrs. Hunt meant, so he waved his hand quickly. "No, we're not this fast. She is indeed just lazy."

Mrs. Hunt blinked, and after trying to make sense of the timeline, she realized that they had gotten married not long ago. Indeed, it was impossible for Lola to get pregnant so soon.

She exhaled, slightly disappointed. "Then we'll wait and see."

Logan asked Lorraine about Ian's traveling date and then booked a flight on the same day for himself and Lola.

The hotel they would stay at was also arranged to be the same one as Ian's.

However, he didn't tell Ian any of this.

Lola smiled and suggested, "I think it's better for you to tell him in advance. Don't knock on Ian's door and end up finding a woman inside. If this really happens, everyone will be embarrassed."

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Logan laughed aloud. "Impossible! How long has it been? According to my understanding of Ian, he won't be able to let go of Sophia so quickly."

Lola raised her eyebrows but said nothing.

They left for their trip after staying at home for two days, and the two of them arrived at the hotel first before Ian did.

Their room was on the same floor as Ian's too. When carrying the luggage to the room, Logan went to the door of Ian's room to make sure that Ian hadn't arrived yet.

Lola felt sore throughout her plane journey. Hence, she immediately threw herself on the bed. "I'm going to lie down for a while. I'm too tired."

She had gotten quite pampered over time. Before this, her job was of a special nature and required her to do unusual things. Sometimes she would hide in a car for a few days when she was on a mission, eating and sleeping in it.

At that time, she didn't feel tired, but now she felt uncomfortable all over after being on a plane for a few hours.

Logan put the luggage away, closed the curtains, and then lay beside her. "There is still time, so you can still get some shut-eye." After saying so, he set the alarm clock. Since he knew the time of Ian's flight, after some calculations, he roughly estimated the approximate time of Ian's arrival at the hotel.

The two lay in bed for a while, and then the alarm clock rang.

Quickly turning off the alarm clock, Logan reached out and patted Lola on the shoulder, signaling her to continue her sleep.

He suppressed his voice and said, "I'll go over and take a look. If you haven't rested enough, then sleep for a while longer."

Lola cocked the corner of her mouth. Indeed, she did not feel like getting up, and she said lazily, "Why does it sound like you're gonna catch him red-handed? I really doubt your relationship with him is purely platonic."

After squeezing Lola's face, he leaned in to kiss her. "What nonsense! Haven't you experienced how interested I am in women?"

Lola pushed him a little, then snuggled further under the quilt. "Okay, off you go then. I'm going to sleep for a while more."

Logan walked out of the room quickly and then considerately closed the bedroom door. He then opened the door of the suite and looked toward Ian's.

Just now, he had factored in some buffer time. Even if there was a traffic jam on the road, Ian should have arrived by now.

Logan tidied his clothes and then walked over slowly. He stood at the door of Ian's room and listened sneakily for a few seconds, only to hear nothing.

Is this hotel's soundproofing that good?

Finally, Logan raised his hand and knocked on the door.
About two seconds later, he heard a woman's voice. "Who is it?"
Stunned, Logan widened his eyes.
No way!
Lola really got it right.
Logan didn't speak but simply knocked some more.
The woman inside said, "I'm coming. I'm coming."
After a few seconds, the door was opened.
It was indeed a woman who had opened the door. She looked petite, and her hair was tied back into a ponytail.
Frowning, Logan raised his hand to push the door open. "Who are you?"
The woman took two steps back, her expression a little confused.
Then Logan heard a familiar voice coming from further inside. "What's the matter?"
As soon as Logan heard this, he went directly into the suite.
The layout of this suite was the same as the one he had arranged for himself. As soon as he entered the door, there was a small living room ahead. Right now, Ian was sorting the clothes in his suitcase there.
It seemed that he had just arrived.
"Ian," Logan called out.
Ian slowly stood up straight, looking shocked. "Logan, why are you here?"
Of course, he was happy to see Logan. A few seconds later, he quickly rushed over and patted Logan on the shoulder. "Why are you here? Did you come here by yourself? Didn't your wife come with you?"
Logan's expression didn't relax at all. He turned halfway and looked at the person behind him. "Who is this?"
Ian smiled. "Oh, this is my assistant Ms. Selby."
Cindy Selby closed the door. She didn't know who Logan was, but since he was Ian's friend, her attitude changed for the better. "Hello."
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Logan then took a closer look at Ms. Selby, who looked ordinary and rather plain.
He withdrew his gaze. "Lola and I chose one of our honeymoon locations here so that we can meet you. Our room is next door. Do you have work arrangements throughout this trip? If you have time, let's visit some nearby attractions."
Ian looked at his assistant. "I don't have a packed schedule for tomorrow, right?"
Hearing the question, the little assistant hurriedly nodded. "You'll have half a day off tomorrow afternoon. But the schedule will be full after that."
Logan nodded. "Then let's go out and have fun together tomorrow afternoon."
After speaking, he smiled and commented, "Just now, when I knocked on the door and heard a woman respond, I nearly jumped out of my skin."
Ian continued to organize his clothes. "Don't you know me well?"
"I do. I know you so well that I sometimes pray that someone of the opposite sex can appear at once and save you."
After Logan finished speaking, he went to the sofa and sat down by himself.
Ian paused briefly in his movements, and then a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. "What is there to save? I'm fine now."
Logan sighed. "Did you see Sophia's baby that day? I only went and took a single look, but for reasons unknown, now all I can think of every night when I close my eyes is the baby's face."
Leaning on the sofa, he writhed his lips. "How happy I would be to have such a child in my family."
Ian laughed. "If you work hard, you'll be able to have one too next year."
Logan immediately looked expectant at Ian's words. "I too hope that my family will have an addition next year. My parents will be delighted."
The little assistant waited for a while before saying to Ian, "Let me do it

for you. You can go over there and chat with your friend.”

But Ian actually didn't like other people touching his things, so he frowned. “I'll do it myself.”

The little assistant pursed her lips and stepped aside. “Okay.”

Ian hung up the clothes and then dragged the suitcase aside.

Turning his head, Logan looked at the assistant. “How long have you been serving him?”

This question sounded a little ambiguous, and the little assistant blushed at once.

Ian came over, rolling his eyes at Logan. “Mind your words.”

“Hey, both of you are the ones misunderstanding me, and yet you blame me. Your heads are full of filth.” After Logan finished speaking, he turned to look at the assistant again. “I mean, how long have you been his assistant? Girl, don't think dirty about what I meant, okay?”

The assistant blushed again. “Less than a month. I just started.”

Logan nodded. “No wonder you two don't get along very well. Well, that's natural at the start. Your relationship will get better and deeper in the future.”

Ian frowned beside him. “Can't you speak properly?”

Laughing at his friend's question, Logan stated, “Look, you always misunderstand what I mean.”

Sophia slept in the confinement room alone, and it was so comfortable. She felt that she hadn't slept so comfortably for a long time. The whole big bed belonged to her, and she could roll around as much as she wanted.

Compared to her, John felt more distraught. He also had a big bed, and he could roll around as he pleased too. But when he tossed and turned, there was no one in his arms.

Tonight, while Sophia was sleeping soundly, she suddenly felt that there was someone else beside her.

Shocked, she almost screamed.

However, his breathing was too familiar. It was so familiar to her that before her brain could respond, her body had automatically moved closer.

John carefully embraced her in his arms.

He thought that Sophia was not awake, but her eyes then opened.

Rubbing her forehead, he then left a peck on it.

Sophia originally wanted to snap at him, but when he kissed her like this, her heart softened.

So, the two of them held each other and slept till dawn broke.

When Sophia woke up in the morning, she got out of bed first, then put on her clothes and went to carry out her morning routine.

After she was done, John also sat up on the bed.

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John turned his head to look at Sophia. “I finally slept well after holding you last night.”

Sophia huffed. “I was scared out of my wits last night when someone sneaked into my bed. I almost screamed for someone to catch the pervert.”

Curling his lips, he leaned directly against the head of the bed. “So you woke up last night and even deliberately snuggled into my arms.”

Sophia tutted at him. “I'm not gonna bicker with you anymore. I'm going to see my darling.”

With that, she went out of the room and headed to the nursery. The baby woke up a long time ago and had been carried downstairs by the postnatal caregiver.

Sophia turned around and went downstairs. When she reached the stairs, she saw the baby kicking his little feet and waving his little hands in the crib.

He had changed into red clothes, making him look very feisty. The red color also caused his skin to look fairer by contrast.

Compared to how he looked a few days ago, he looked way better now. Sophia's heart was a gooey mess as she looked at him. Indeed, as

Matilda said, maternal love would get deeper and deeper with the passage of time.

Just then, Matilda came out from the kitchen with a bowl of soup in her hands. "Oh, you've come down. I wanted to bring this up to you. Come and drink the soup."

Sophia skipped down the stairs.

Seeing her, Matilda shook her head helplessly. "You look as if you have never given birth. I remember that when I gave birth to John... Ugh, I was as fat as a ball."

Sophia chuckled. "Perhaps it's genetics. No one in my family gets fat."

Or perhaps it was because she was malnourished during her childhood, so she had always remained thin.

Sophia took the bowl of soup and went to the crib. The little baby blinked his eyes, staring at her without any expression.

He didn't seem to be able to make any expressions other than the crying one for now. Sophia put out a hand and touched the baby's hand, which was soft and fair.

Matilda came up from the side. "This little one woke up at night. But unlike other children, he just looked for something to eat with his mouth open without crying."

Sophia didn't wake up in the middle of the night to feed the baby and instead slept soundly until the next day. Naturally, she didn't know what it was like when the child woke up in the middle of the night.

So, she asked, "Does he wake up often in the middle of the night?"

Matilda shook her head. "This boy is very sleepy. Sometimes when I think it's time to feed him, he would still be sleeping."

The postnatal caregiver came out from the kitchen. "Right? This boy is really easy to look after. After peeing, he'll twist his body to let us change his diaper, and he doesn't cry like other children either."

Sophia remembered how he didn't cry as soon as he was born in the delivery room either. Instead, he twisted his body and opened one eye to look at her and John. He even parted his lips into something that resembled a smile.

Sophia didn't believe that a baby could smile as soon as it was born, but his expression at the time was definitely not a crying one.

Recalling what happened, Sophia touched the baby's face. "This little boy is probably here to enjoy a blessed life."

That was why he was so happy to be born.

After Sophia finished the soup, John finally came down.

Now that the baby was born, William had talked to John last night and asked him to go back to the company to start work. However, John refused at once.

When the child was not born yet, he wanted to accompany Sophia throughout the pregnancy, but now when the child was born, he wanted to accompany the child.

He had only become a father recently, so he wasn't bored of it yet. How could he let go of his child and go back to work?

Old Mrs. Constance came back from a walk outside. When she saw John, she said, "How was your talk with your dad yesterday? Did you guys decide when you'll return to the company?"

"Yes," John replied. "When the child can walk, I'll go back. There is no shortage of employees at the company right now anyway."

Matilda frowned beside her.

When William and John were talking about this yesterday, she was listening to the side, and she never heard them deciding for John to go back to the company after the baby could walk.

In fact, William was extremely anxious and wanted John to return to the company and start working immediately.

Since when has John learned how to speak such nonsense?

It wasn't clear whether Old Mrs. Constance believed John's words, but she simply said, "It will take a long time for the baby to learn how to walk."

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“Yes.” John went over to play with the baby. “When a child grows up, his father needs to be with him. This stage is critical.”

Sophia couldn't bear to listen to his nonsense anymore, so she turned away to go and sit on the sofa.

Old Mrs. Constance looked at the baby and then at John. “Okay, okay. You're a first-time father, so I understand how you feel.”

Laughing, John walked toward the dining hall with his arms around Old Mrs. Constance's shoulders. “I'm thinking of finding some time to visit Grandpa's grave and tell him the good news.”

Old Mrs. Constance nodded. “Yeah, I've thought about this too. Your grandfather will be very happy when he learns about this.”

On the sofa, Sophia was reminded of her own grandfather. She also remembered the hallucinations she had when she was in labor. It was etched in her mind that who she saw was her grandfather.

The old man was probably there to see her and her child.

After Sophia drank the soup, she followed everyone to the dining hall for breakfast.

The baby waved his arms alone in the crib in the living room without crying at all.

John seemed to be unable to bear the baby staying alone in the living room. After a few bites of food, John rushed out and carried him over. The postnatal caregiver reminded him, “Try not to carry him all the time. Children are smart. If you keep doing this, they'll become clingy in the future.”

John didn't care about that. “It's okay. If he clings to me, then I'll hold him. I have a lot of time.”

He had just become a father, and it was still a novel experience to him, to the extent that he wished he could hold the baby forever.

Sophia leaned over and teased her son a little. “If he likes it, then just let him hold the baby. In the future, if the child becomes clingy, he'll be responsible for carrying him.”

John looked a little prideful. “It's my own son, so I'm happy to hold him.”

Matilda tutted a few times next to him. “Look at him. It's as if he is the only person in the world who has a son.”

Old Mrs. Constance spoke up. “Before you chide your son, think about what your husband was like back then.”

At the beginning of the confinement period, Sophia felt quite content, but after a few days, she couldn't bear it anymore.

She wasn't allowed to do anything except eat and sleep every day. Life was even more boring than when she was pregnant.

Sophia sighed while lying on the bed. She had wanted to check her phone, but the phone was confiscated.

Then, she wanted to watch TV downstairs, but Matilda had nagged her not to.

The child was asleep, so she couldn't even play with him.

She had eaten and slept, so she really didn't know what else to do.

After a while, John pushed the door to enter, holding a plate of fruits in his hands.

Sophia rolled over and looked at him. “I'm so bored.”

Smiling, John went over to put down the plate, then sat on the bed and ran his fingers through her hair. “Everything will be fine when the confinement period is over. Just bear with it for a while more.”

Sophia held John's hand against her face. “I don't know what to do right now.”

Leaning down, John kissed her with passion out of nowhere. “You don't know what to do? I have a lot of things I want to do with you.”

Sophia pushed him away. “You jerk! I'm being serious with you.”

John smiled. “I'm being serious too.”

He brought the fruits over. “If you don't know what to do, eat these fruits first.”

Sophia's stomach was already full, for she had just eaten a meal and was still digesting it. Right now, she couldn't even drink water.

She waved her hand and said, “I don't want to eat anything now. I'll

watch you eat instead.”

Putting the plate on the bed, John sat cross-legged beside Sophia. With one hand, he slowly stroked her stomach while he ate fruit with a fork in the other hand.

He had intended to help Sophia rub her stomach and speed up her digestion, but after a while, his hand slowly moved upward.

Sophia did not breastfeed her child, nor did the Constance Family insist that she must do so.

They thought of Sophia’s difficult pregnancy and hoped for her to take a good rest after giving birth. Thus, the baby started drinking formula milk right after he was born.

After stroking for a while, John commented, “Your chest is so big even though you’re not breastfeeding.”

The Returning Ex Chapter 1351

Sophia slapped his hand. “Why have you become naughtier by the day?”

Sighing at her question, John cheekily replied, “At present, my naughtiness can only be expressed through my lips.”

Sophia turned to face him. “What happened to Isabelle’s family?”

John couldn’t eat anymore after eating just a few pieces of fruit, so he placed the plate aside and lay down beside Sophia. “I don’t know. I didn’t ask, and she didn’t contact me.”

After Isabelle had gone through the Bailey Family’s affairs, she had become a lot more sensible and knew when to keep a distance.

In the past, she would have called John over every little issue.

Sophia yawned. “Elder Mr. Bailey had already passed away for quite some days now, but I haven’t seen an obituary from the Bailey Family. It seems that they really don’t care.”

John nodded. “I heard someone say yesterday that Ernest is planning to move out. I think he’s waiting for the company’s assets to be liquidated before withdrawing from the scene.”

Honestly, Ernest was a rather unfortunate man. He was never favored by Elder Mr. Bailey since young, and in the end, he was even deceived by the latter.

Ernest was past the prime of his life now, so if he were to move to a new place, everything must be started from scratch, including his personal connections.

It was clear that he really hated the Bailey Family for him to have made such a decision.

Sophia really didn’t have much to do, so she simply closed her eyes and said, “He can still get out of all the mess. It’s fortunate enough that his unscrupulous father didn’t drag him down.”

John leaned in and kissed Sophia on the corner of her mouth. “You’re right.”

After kissing her, he was still a little unsatisfied. His lips moved greedily down the corner of Sophia’s mouth to her neck. Sophia couldn’t help but laugh and stretch out her hand to push him away. “Don’t.

Otherwise, you’re the one who suffers later.”

Holding Sophia’s hand, John changed the subject. “Looks like Logan and Lola have gone on their honeymoon.”

Sophia was a little surprised. “I was on the phone with Logan last night, but he didn’t tell me about it. Where did they go for their honeymoon?”

John buried his head in her neck, then said vaguely, “I think they’re going to visit Ian. Ian has been involved in many events recently. They’re probably following him and going around the country.”

“Ian.” Sophia sighed. In fact, she didn’t know what she wanted to say.

But whenever she thought of him, her heart softened somewhat, mainly because he had helped her a lot when she was at the lowest point in her life.

It was also because of him that she met Logan and got his protection.

But it was clear that her mentioning of Ian had made John upset.

Opening his mouth, he bit down on Sophia’s neck.

Sophia yelled, not in pain but shock. “What are you doing? If you want to eat something, go and eat the fruit.”

Lifting his body, John stared at Sophia. His tone was slightly serious as he spoke. "What's wrong? Are you feeling uncomfortable when you think of him? It seems like there's some regret in your voice."

"Why should I feel uncomfortable? What's so regrettable about him?" Sophia then cursed, "You're crazy."

John pursed his mouth and stared at Sophia for a long time, and then suddenly kissed her. The kiss was passionate but at the same time forceful, and this made her uncomfortable.

As John's body pressed down upon Sophia's, she was unable to break free. After a long time, he finally propped up his upper body and panted slightly. "I just don't want to hear you mention him nor think of him. Not unless one day he gets himself a girlfriend and then gets married to her. Only then can I let down my guard. Before that happens, you'd better behave in front of me in the future."

Sophia was initially a little angry. But when she saw John acting like this, she felt amused after thinking about it.

Her wrists were still pinned to the bed by John on both sides of her body. When she spoke, her chest rose and fell visibly. "John, you're really a lunatic, you know that? I have been married to you for a few years now, and we even have a child. How could you still say something like this to me?"

John didn't care about what she said at all. "So what if you've been married for a few years and even have a child? As long as someone is thinking about you, I just can't allow it."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1352

Sophia stared at John. After a long while, she said, "No one else is interested in me since I'm only a touch alluring in your eyes. Don't tell me you truly think those young, single guys will take a liking to a married lady who has conceived a child like me?"

John's expression remained tense. "What has your allure got to do with whether you're married or have a child? In my opinion, you're more beautiful than the average woman, so you're more alluring than them." The two of them were initially headed for a row, but it veered off tangent at this remark, so the argument was no longer on the horizon. After all, this was obviously a somewhat corny complaint.

Sophia struggled for a bit. "Get up quickly. Get up! You're crushing me." John didn't move, so she heaved a sigh. "Let me tell you that no one else is interested in me. Even if someone were interested in me, I'm not interested in anyone else. You, John Constance, are so alluring that I'm worried that if I were to let go of you, Isabelle would quickly snatch you away."

Upon hearing this, John's expression eased. He flipped over and got off her, lying down beside her instead.

Sophia then continued, "Don't keep harping on the fact that Ian is interested in me. I'm not even guarding against Isabelle on your side, so this is the pot calling the kettle black. Do you really want things to persist like this?"

Pursing his lips, John resentfully muttered, "That's different."

"What's the difference?" Sophia flipped to her side to face him. "Do you dare say that Isabelle doesn't have feelings for you? Do you believe that if we were to get divorced now and you were to go back to her, she'd still be willing to get together with you?"

John shot her a glare. "Stop talking nonsense. What divorce? Don't simply say such a thing!"

Snorting, Sophia continued pursuing the subject, saying, "You can't tell me that Isabelle has no feelings for you, so she's no different to me than Ian is to you. However, do I guard against her as you guard against Ian? Was my attitude toward her amiable when she came over a few days ago? And did I object when you rushed over to help her with Elder Mr. Bailey's cremation with a mere phone call from her?"

John's brows furrowed, but before he could say anything in response, Sophia added, "Be honest with yourself, John. If this matter is reversed, and it was me rushing over to help Ian, will you be this calm now? Are

you as magnanimous as I am?"

At this, John went silent. He thought, If this matter is reversed, and I know that Ian is in trouble, I wouldn't be able to stomach her running over to help him. Even if I don't say anything, my attitude will still be different.

As Sophia looked at his expression, she knew that her words had gone through. Snorting, she turned onto her back and stared at the ceiling.

"I'm far more magnanimous than you."

John was rendered speechless, and Sophia didn't want to continue arguing with him either. After all, some things would damage the relationship if they were put too clearly. Anyhow, she believed that he understood her meaning. Closing her eyes, she composed herself, but a bout of drowsiness assaulted her. Just when she was on the verge of dozing off, she felt him leaning close to her.

John gave a soft sigh, his breath hitting her ear. Then, he carefully pulled her into his arms. "It's because I care about you." His voice was very low, so much so that it wasn't certain whether he intended her to hear those words.

Sophia merely turned and burrowed into his embrace, reaching out to hug him around the waist. With this action, no other words were necessary.

Meanwhile, Logan took Lola to visit the attractions nearby. After Ian had taken half the day to come out with them, he didn't have any more time on his hands. While his work wasn't really packed, he didn't have much time to spare. Nonetheless, Logan was in no hurry, so he strolled around with Lola. They had a lot of time, so they wanted to kill time while waiting to follow Ian to his next work destination.

Lola, on the other hand, had never been so relaxed. Besides eating, drinking, and having fun, nothing else existed in her mind every day.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1353

The two of them visited a canyon nearby and spent the better half of the day there. On the way back, Lola dozed off in the car, so Logan gathered her into his arms and kissed her gently on the forehead.

The road was rather bumpy out of the canyon, so Lola couldn't quite sleep well, hugging Logan tightly around the waist instead. Lowering his voice, Logan suggested, "I noticed that you're worn out after going out for such a long time today, so how about only going out in the afternoon tomorrow?"

Lola was indeed tired. Perhaps I've been living the pampered life for too long that it's truly exhausting after running around and living it up today. My legs are sore. Thus, she murmured an acquiescence. "Okay. We've never been idle these few days, so it's indeed time to take a breather."

Logan pulled her tighter into his embrace. While the driver was distracted, he dipped his head and captured her lips. Lola didn't dare react much, so she merely pinched him on the waist. However, Logan wasn't at all intimidated, only releasing her after he'd had his fill. Feeling a tad embarrassed, Lola hurriedly buried her head into his chest.

After a while, Logan asked, "Did you notice Ian's assistant?"

Startled, Lola mulled it over, but she didn't have much of an impression toward Ian's assistant. The previous time they went out with him, she merely caught a glimpse of his assistant in the hotel corridor from afar, so she didn't even get a good look at her countenance. Slightly surprised, she questioned, "What's wrong? Is there a problem with his assistant?"

Logan smacked his lips. "I think his assistant seems to like him."

At this, Lola laughed. "Do you still remember the fact that he is Ian Morgan? He's a celebrity. His assistant will definitely adore him, and they both work together, so it's probably an innocent liking."

Pursing his lips, Logan mused, "Say, when they've interacted for a long time, will some not-so-innocent liking come into play?"

Lola didn't dare deny this since love developed in time for many people. However, there were also plenty of childhood sweethearts in this world

who broke up in the end. Hence, it all depended on the individual's choice.

Logan didn't know whether he was reading too much into things, but he couldn't help thinking that the presence of another woman around Ian might possibly negate the devastation brought by Sophia. Then, he slowly let out a sigh. Anyway, matters of the heart are difficult to predict.

The car then arrived back at the hotel entrance. After paying the fare, Logan alighted from the car and carried Lola back to their room on his back. The two of them collapsed onto the bed together. A while later, he flipped over and pinned her under him. At first, Lola allowed him free rein, but she later pushed at him. "Let's take a shower first since we're both sweaty."

Logan had already removed most of her clothes, so he then yanked the rest off her before carrying her into the bathroom. "We'll shower together."

At this time, Lola was no longer shy. After being married for such a long time, they'd seen all of each other and done everything under the sun. They didn't go into the bathtub. Logan treated her like a kid, putting her aside before turning on the shower, testing the temperature, and finally, carrying her over again.

Lola leaned against him. "I don't feel like moving, so you help me wash." Of course, Logan would not decline performing such an easy and delightful chore. Young and turned on in the first place, desire consumed them both, and they got it on in the bathroom.

There were condoms in the hotel room, but neither of them used any. In the beginning, Logan deliberately skipped using them, but Lola later realized it as well. After ruminating on it, she didn't offer any objection. If she hadn't seen Sophia's child before, she might not be too keen to have a child, but she wasn't so opposed after seeing the child. Rather, she was even vaguely looking forward to it.

Initially, Logan planned to spend a month bringing Lola around.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1353

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The Returning Ex Chapter 1354

However, something went awry with Lola's condition when a little over half a month had passed. Her reaction toward everything turned ambivalent; she ate a lot at times, but other times, she felt like heaving no matter what was in front of her. Besides, she became increasingly lethargic.

Logan had been wondering whether she'd end up with child, so now that he saw her in such a condition, he instantly compared it with the information he got from the Internet. Regardless of whether it was truly what he thought or otherwise, he was still excited.

He initially wanted to take her to the hospital for a blood test and a thorough examination, but Lola was too lazy to move. Curling into herself on the hotel bed, she squinted. "I don't want to go anywhere." After saying that, she smacked her lips and added, "I want to eat tomatoes."

Without even thinking about it, Logan blurted, "I'll buy you whatever you want to eat." Even if she'd wanted ambrosia, he'd figure out a way to procure it for her, not to mention tomatoes. He didn't even bother using the hotel service to have them delivered but went out to buy them personally since he'd only rest easy if they chose the really ripe ones.

Lying on the bed, Lola grew drowsy again. She'd gone to bed very early the previous night, but still, she was very sleepy now. It wasn't that she hadn't considered the possibility that she was pregnant, but she also wondered whether she was simply too exhausted from going out every

day recently. She didn't want to harbor too much hope lest it all turned out to be a misunderstanding in the end. If it was possible, she hoped to avoid the grief.

She then groggily dozed off on the bed. When she awakened, she saw Logan sitting by the bed, staring at her with a tender expression on his face. Propping herself up, she reluctantly sat up. "Where are the tomatoes?"

"I bought them and even washed them all for you. They're here." A plate sat on the bedside table at the side with two types of tomatoes inside—one was the tiny cherry tomato, while the other was the larger tomato grown in farmyards. Logan carried the plate over. "I'm not sure which type you want, so I bought both types."

Lola wasn't picky about it. Snagging one, she took a huge bite out of it. Upon seeing this, Logan took a tissue from the side and wiped her mouth. "Slow down. No one is going to steal them from you." Now that she'd finally gotten to eat it, gratification instantly flooded Lola.

Subsequently, Logan took out something else from beside him. "Why don't you take a test tomorrow morning?"

Startled, Lola took it from him and studied it. It's a pregnancy test! All at once, she giggled. "Weren't you embarrassed when you bought this?"

"What's there to be embarrassed about? It's nothing out of the norm," Logan countered self-righteously.

Lola nodded. "You're right." It's indeed not a big deal, but I just find it difficult to imagine that a super blunt man like him will do such a thing. Putting it aside, she said, "Don't get your hopes up. Perhaps I'm just too tired these days."

Logan rubbed her arms with his hands. "It's okay. Nothing to be disappointed about if you're not pregnant. We can enjoy having more time with just the two of us then." At his remark, the pressure on Lola diminished significantly.

Nausea again started battering Lola after she'd eaten a few tomatoes. Rushing to the washroom, she dry heaved for a long time while Logan patted her on the back at the side. His brows creased. "I'd rather you're not pregnant if it means having to suffer so much. I'd prefer it to be gastroenteritis, for you'll be fine after taking some medicine." After washing her face, Lola turned around and hugged him.

Logan ordered lunch at the hotel and had room service deliver the food. Earlier, Lola clamored to pick a few dishes, but when the food was delivered, a wave of nausea hit her the moment she saw and smelled the dishes. Since she wasn't certain whether she was pregnant or suffering from a stomach problem, she didn't dare simply take medicine.

Seeing her in such a condition, Logan was at a loss and could only move the dishes she found offensive away. "How about going to the hospital right now?"

Lola waved a dismissive hand. "I don't want to go out. I'm not feeling very well."

Since she'd said as much, Logan couldn't do anything.

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Logan could only get Lola a bottle of water. "Why don't you drink some water? Perhaps you'll feel better."

Waving a dismissive hand, Lola returned to the bed and lay down.

Since she wasn't eating, Logan lost his appetite as well, merely sitting by the bedside and stroking her back. A little over half an hour later, Lola turned and glanced at the food on the dining table. "I think I can stomach some food now."

However, the food was already cold, so Logan suggested, "I'll put in a new order. This is already cold, so you'd better not eat it."

"No, it's fine." Getting out of bed, Lola headed over to the dining table. "There's no need to put in a new order. It's precisely because it's cold that the smell isn't too pungent." Her appetite now was entirely different than before.

Logan couldn't say anything to that, so he could only follow her over. The two of them then ate a completely cold lunch. Perhaps it was truly due to the less pungent odor that Lola wasn't put off but even ate slightly more compared to the previous two meals.

After she'd finished eating, Logan helped her back to the bed. Then, he washed some fruits and placed them on the bedside table for her to eat later.

Lola's stomach churned, so the food she ate didn't seem to stay where it should. Not long after she was lying on the bed, she suddenly sprang up again.

Taken aback by such an abrupt move from her, Logan quickly rushed after her. Sprinting to the bathroom, Lola barfed and threw up everything she'd eaten just now. Turning on the faucet, she then held onto the sink for support. Logan promptly went over and patted her back, even gathering her hair back from her face. "Why did you retch again? Maybe it's truly gastroenteritis. Why don't you take some medicine?"

Subsequently, Lola hurled again, emptying the contents of her stomach for real. However, she then seemed to feel much better. Washing her face, she took a towel and wiped it dry. "It's okay. I'm feeling much better now."

Logan sighed. "How about booking flight tickets home?"

Slowly going back to the bed, Lola replied, "Let's go home. I'm missing home as well."

They both lay on the bed, and Lola nestled into Logan's embrace. Perhaps it was because she was feeling unwell that she easily grew emotional, for she felt her eyes begin to water as she hugged him around the waist. "I really miss home."

Logan kissed her on the forehead. "I'll reserve our flight tickets at once, and we'll go home tomorrow." In response, Lola merely plastered her face against his chest without saying anything. Logan could still make her laugh if she were down in the dumps because of something happening around her, but he truly couldn't think of anything when she was feeling so melancholic.

Lola was indeed feeling much better after throwing up, so she fell asleep in no time as she lay there, resting.

At this time, Logan took out his cell phone and sent a message to Lynett. Thereafter, Lynett promptly called him. Hesitating for a moment, he then carefully shifted Lola to the side and slid out of bed, going to the sitting area outside to take the call. The moment the call was connected, Lynette blurted, "What's wrong? Is Lola pregnant?" "We're not sure yet," Logan hastily answered. "We haven't taken the pregnancy test, so I'd like to ask you what your symptoms were when you were pregnant."

Pregnancy is different for every individual, but it's highly probable to have a few overlapping symptoms. After contemplating for a moment, Lynette replied, "During the early stages, one will probably be slightly nauseous and suffer a loss of appetite. However, some will experience an increase in appetite instead. Besides, one will be lethargic, drowsy, or perhaps even a bit feverish."

Logan had tried surfing the Internet for answers, but the replies were varied. There were some which he felt fit Lola's condition, but not others.

After Lynette had said that, she instantly asked, "Is there good news from Lola?"

Logan scratched his head over here. "We're not sure yet. We'll be

taking a test tomorrow.”

Although he said they weren't sure, Lynette was already exclaiming in delight on the other end. “I'm truly impressed with the two of you. That's quick, so great job! In this case, don't linger out there. Come home. Hurry up and come back. Come back and stay home. The pregnancy is precarious in the early stages, so she's got to keep off her feet.”

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Logan grunted in acknowledgment. “I've booked tickets for tomorrow morning, so we'll be coming back tomorrow itself.”

Lynett's voice was still tinged with a hint of elation. “Logan, I'm truly afraid that Dad will be so worked up when he learns about this that he passes out at once.”

Logan was initially nervous, but after hearing this, he instantly chuckled. “You struck fear in me with that remark. I'm afraid that it'll all turn out to be a misunderstanding on my part.”

On the other hand, Lynett dissolved in laughter. “Nah, no worries. I'll give him some hints beforehand.”

Pursing his lips, Logan deliberated for a moment. “Don't tell him anything first since we're not certain yet at the moment. I'm afraid that we might be rejoicing too soon.”

“I know, so don't worry, Logan.”

The two of them didn't chat for long before hanging up. Taking a few deep breaths, Logan then whirled around and went back to the room.

Lola was still sleeping in the same position when he left, so he gently slipped back into bed and pulled her into his arms again. So, a woman starts suffering from morning sickness so early. It's truly not easy.

Although Lola had hurled all the contents of her stomach, she could sleep very well. Her sleep lasted the entire day until dusk fell. A pang of hunger assailed her when she awakened, so she flipped over for a bit, not quite in the mood to move about. She reached out and pushed Logan who was beside her. “I'm hungry.”

Logan immediately jolted awake. “What would you like to eat?”

There wasn't any particular thing which she wanted to eat, so Lola thought about the dishes she ate this afternoon. However, the moment she did so, a wave of nausea hit her. Smacking her lips, she deliberated for an eternity before saying, “I want to eat wrap.” Logan frowned. There's no wrap here. However, he definitely couldn't say that to her. She finally feels like eating something, so I've got to make sure that she gets it no matter what. Thus, he merely got out of bed. “Wait for a while, then. I'll go and get it right away.”

Lola murmured an assent. “Okay, I'll be waiting.”

Quickly getting out of bed, Logan dressed and left the room to head over to the hotel restaurant. There were no wraps, so he could only pay to have the chef make some on the spot. Since he wasn't sure the kind of filling she wanted for the wrap, he had the chef make a wrap of everything he could think of.

Making wraps was rather tedious, and Logan requested for quite a variety of fillings, so it took almost an hour. Then, he swiftly carried the wraps back to their room, only to see that Lola was already out of bed and had even washed her face. At this time, she was sitting in the sitting area outside, waiting for him. Taking the wraps over, he asked, “Do you still feel like eating now?”

When Lola saw the feast before her, she nodded. “Yup.”

Logan took each type out as he told her the filling inside. There were some that caused a surge of nausea rising within her the moment

she heard them, but some piqued her curiosity. Picking two, she ate them both. While the wraps weren't all that big, she had enough after having two. Logan ate two as well before placing the rest aside. Lola then went over and fetched the fruit platter back before sitting cross-legged on the sofa. Upon seeing that her condition seemed to have improved, Logan breathed a sigh of relief. The two of them sat together and watched television for a while before a call came in from Lorraine.

The moment Logan saw it, he knew that Lynett must have said something to her. Worried that Lola would feel pressured if she heard the conversation, he hastily went into the bedroom with his cell phone in hand. Sure enough, the first question out of Lorraine's mouth when the call was connected was whether Lola was pregnant. In response, Logan heaved a sigh. "Lynett promised me not to tell anyone, but she told you all in the next heartbeat."

At this, Lorraine laughed. "You know how Lynett is. She's tight-lipped toward outsiders, but she doesn't have a filter when it comes to family."

"We're still uncertain whether she's actually pregnant or merely suffering from gastroenteritis, so don't spread this any further. I'm worried that she'll feel pressured if she hears it," Logan explained. Lorraine understood this, so she reassured him by saying, "Don't worry. I'm just calling to ask about her current condition."

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Her condition? Logan peered out the door over his shoulder. "She's okay now, and she ate a bit. She doesn't seem to be feeling as bad as she was earlier. At noon, she threw up everything she'd eaten."

"This is normal during pregnancy. From the very beginning when the embryo is formed to delivery at the very end, not a single day passes without discomfort." Lorraine's voice was gentle. Then, she urged, "Be nicer to her. Her temper might get increasingly volatile as time passes, so just put up with it."

Logan gave a bark of laughter. "You speak as though you're certain that she's pregnant."

Lorraine said nothing, but she felt that it was undoubtedly the case. Lola is young, so it's no surprise that it's easy for her to conceive. However, she couldn't swear by it since she was afraid of giving Logan too much hope as his disappointment would certainly double if it all turned out to be a misunderstanding. She merely told him to buy some fruits with an antiemetic effect before saying that Lola should start taking folic acid supplements. Then, she also informed him of some other things he should note. Logan nodded. "Okay, got it."

They didn't talk for long. Logan then hurried back out to watch television with Lola. During the day, Lola was in such distress, but she was increasingly better at this time. While watching the television program, she laughed uproariously. Upon seeing her in such high spirits, Logan felt that perhaps he'd read into things too much. There's nothing wrong with her now, so maybe it was just a stomach problem. He couldn't put a finger on whether he was disappointed. I don't want to see her suffer, but I do yearn for a child. Such a feeling was rather unsettling, so he tried his best to compose himself.

After watching two episodes of television series with her, he took her out of the hotel for a stroll. While strolling, he gave Ian a call to inform him that he would be leaving with Lola. Surprised, Ian asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

Logan didn't dare tell him the truth, afraid that he'd drawn the wrong conclusion. "No. Lola isn't feeling very well, and she didn't eat much today. Perhaps she's too tired since we've been away from home for too long."

Ian was actually very understanding of him, so he promptly reassured him that it was fine and urged him to take Lola home to rest. Anyway, he'd been feeling rather guilty in the first place that they came all the way here because of him and went all over the place with him, so he felt all the more worse now that Lola had fallen ill from the weariness. This is originally their honeymoon, yet it's now coming to such an end.

Logan then told him not to take it to heart, assuring him that they'd been having much fun in the half a month they'd been away.

On the other end, Ian sighed. "I'll find a time to take some time off and go back for a gathering."

"It's okay. Your job is more important now, and I'm all the more happy the better you do. In the future, no one from the Morgan Family will dare pick on you anymore."

After the two of them had exchanged a few more words, Ian then had something to do, so they hung up.

There was a slight breeze at night, so Lola felt very much energized after enjoying some wind. Hooking her arm around Logan's, she mused in a voice threaded with hope, "Say, if I'm truly pregnant, will it be a boy or a girl?"

Logan chortled. "We're not certain yet, so don't pin your hopes on it."

Lola nodded. "You're right, but we can ponder upon it first. Would you like a boy or a girl?"

Without even thinking about it, Logan blurted, "I like both." He'd never thought that he'd have a child, so if he truly had one, it'd be precious to him regardless of gender.

Lola giggled airily. "I really loved Sophia's son when I saw him the other day. I think it's good to have a son. A boy doesn't require much care since he'll be tough, and we won't be too tired either."

His head snapping to the side, Logan stared at her. "You're just trying to save yourself some trouble."

Lola guffawed. "Yup! I've never been a mother, so I definitely won't know how to take care of our first child. Thus, it's best to have one who isn't too finicky."

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Logan nodded. "That's true. If it's a boy, I can bring him out to expend some energy when I'm free." With that start of a conversation, the two of them continued discussing the topic at length, seemingly planning out their entire life ahead.

After strolling around, they went back to the hotel whereupon Lola took a shower. Standing beside her, Logan helped to blow-dry her hair. Then, he helped her with her pajamas. Lola was initially not sleepy at all, but she again started yawning incessantly when she climbed into bed.

When Logan came out after washing up, she was already dozing off. Chuckling, he went over and switched off the light, leaving only a dim light by his bedside. Lola had her back to him, but when he plastered himself to her, her hand snaked back to push him away. "Keep your distance. I want to sleep peacefully by myself." Her body was stretched out in a slightly exaggerated posture. She felt knackered no matter how she changed positions on the bed, but this odd posture had her feeling a smidge better.

Groping for a bit under the covers, Logan then laughed. "What yoga pose are you doing?"

Lola rubbed against the pillow. "It's comfortable to lie like this." She occupied most of the bed, so Logan could only squeeze to the side.

Upon seeing that she even wanted to stretch her leg over the edge of the bed, he chuckled as he pulled the covers over her.

Since he'd slept for half the day in the afternoon, he was certainly not sleepy now. Thus, he pillowed his head with an arm and stared up at the ceiling. As he recalled the beautiful future they'd imagined while strolling outside, the corners of his mouth lifted, and he just couldn't help smiling. I've been living each day in a haze back then, never once considering how I wanted to live the rest of my days. Now, however, it's different. I'm filled with anticipation for the future, and every day is meaningful.

After lying there with his thoughts for a good while, he turned to gaze at Lola's back. "I've got us a flight tomorrow, but it's not too early, so you can sleep in for a bit." She didn't reply, so he leaned over after a brief contemplation, only to discover that she'd already fallen asleep. It takes her no time to doze off. He then turned off the light on his side and scooted over to hug her before closing his eyes as well.

It was during the wee hours when he finally fell into slumber. As the flight tomorrow wasn't at the crack of dawn, he slept for a while. In the end, he was awakened by Lola. Sitting on the bed at his side, Lola looked down at him. "Wake up, Logan. I've got something to tell you."

Logan squinted. "What is it?"

Lola's expression was a touch complicated since she seemed to be smiling yet not, appearing all mysterious.

Turning over, Logan lay on his back. "What is it that you want to tell me?"

Lola said nothing, merely whipping out the item she hid behind her back and placing it before him. It was something he bought yesterday. He'd scrutinized the packaging at that time, so he more or less recognized it now. He was a tad stunned at first, but he snapped back to his senses in mere seconds and sat up instantly, snatching it out of her hand. "Two lines?"

The corners of her mouth tilted upward, Lola nodded. "Yup. It's two distinct lines." The significance of this was plain as day.

Logan stared at the item in his hand for ages before he shifted his gaze to her. Then, he lowered his head again. Lola was the first to react, scooting closer to hug him. "Are you happy?"

For some inexplicable reason, Logan felt shaky all over that he didn't quite dare hug her. "Of course, I'm happy! How could I possibly be anything else?" Gently stroking her back, he then released his hold on her and cupped her face, giving her a hard kiss. "I'm at a loss now. Tell me, what should I do now?"

"You should get out of bed to wash your face and brush your teeth now. We'll pack our things, then we need to leave for the airport after eating," Lola replied with a smile.

Logan hastily seconded her words. "We're going home today. We'll tell them the good news when we arrive home today!"

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Logan's movements were exceedingly swift. Springing out of bed, he dashed over to the bathroom to wash his face and brush his teeth, a whirlwind of activity. Meanwhile, Lola had already packed up, so she merely changed and sat in the sitting area to wait for him. Logan then packed his luggage as well, but there wasn't much luggage since most were odds and ends they bought during their trips out.

When everything was done, the two of them went downstairs and ate a simple breakfast at the hotel restaurant. Then, they took a taxi to the airport. They got the time just right, for they boarded the plane shortly after arriving at the airport.

Logan was so excited that despite his initial plan of surprising his

family after going back, he gave Old Mr. Jefferson a call while the plane hadn't yet taken off. When Old Mr. Jefferson answered the call, his voice was no different than usual; he merely knew that they were coming back today, but not Lola's possible pregnancy. Perhaps Lynett and Lorraine didn't tell him anything out of worry for his health. Bouncing off the walls, Logan declared, "Dad, I'll tell you something, but you've got to stay strong, okay?"

All at once, a bolt of fear lanced through Old Mr. Jefferson. "Have you done something reprehensible again, you damn kid? Let me tell you, I'm not going to help you if you've created a huge mess. You've got to take responsibility by yourself!"

Logan hooted in laughter over the phone. Then, he asserted, "It's not something reprehensible. It's something good."

However, Old Mr. Jefferson obviously didn't believe him. "Have you ever done anything good? You've never done anything decent since young."

This remark truly saddened Logan.

Beside him, Lola could hear everything Logan said. A tad embarrassed, she raised her hand and patted him on the arm, shaking her head to signal him not to publicize her pregnancy. After all, it's not certain yet since a pregnancy test may be wrong.

After a while, Logan again insisted through the phone, "It's truly a good thing. Say, why can't you just trust your son once?"

"Cut the crap!" Old Mr. Jefferson blurted. "I know your despicable character all too well. So, what trouble did you wreak this time?"

Logan hissed. "Old man, if you continue speaking like this, there's nothing more to be said between us. I won't tell you, then."

Old Mr. Jefferson had no intention of yielding to his threat. He snorted, "Whatever! I'm not interested in whatever deplorable thing you've done. Just settle it yourself." After saying that, he hung up the phone before Logan could respond.

Exclaiming, Logan's face was filled with surprise as he gripped his cell phone in his hand. "This old man's temper has gotten worse with me gone."

Beside him, Lola burst out laughing. Dad is becoming increasingly child-like. At times, he's even cuter than a child!

The plane's cabin doors started closing after a while, so Logan turned off his cell phone.

Still feeling a touch discomfited, Lola leaned back in her seat wanly. Lifting a hand, Logan stroked her hair. "We'll be home very soon, so just put up with it first. Everything will be fine when we're home."

Murmuring an assent, Lola closed her eyes and leaned against his shoulder. She felt as bad today as she was yesterday, but she could endure it since she'd learned that it was good news.

She didn't sleep much throughout the entire flight, for nausea remained her ever-present companion. Despite having drunk a few glasses of water, the nausea was still at the forefront. The distress she felt throughout it all was just indescribable; she just felt uncomfortable no matter how she sat, and she wanted to sleep, yet she just couldn't doze off.

Actually, she could tell that Logan was also restless beside her when she was feeling ill at ease, but she truly couldn't feign nonchalance. She was just so harrowed that she simply didn't know what to do. She ate some fruits mid-flight, but nausea rose after she'd eaten them. In the end, she could only lean back against her seat and inhale deeply. It seemed that it was the only way to reduce the irritating queasiness within her.

When the plane landed, Lola almost burst out in tears. Finally, we're home!

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They didn't have much luggage, so they disembarked from the plane right away. When they went to the airport terminal to retrieve their luggage, Lola instantly caught sight of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt at the exit. All at once, tears streamed down her face. Logan came over after retrieving their luggage and walked out with an arm wrapped around her shoulder.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt knew that they were coming back today, but they weren't aware of the specifics. Thus, Mr. Hunt immediately panicked when he saw Lola crying now. He fixed his gaze on Logan. "What happened?"

Logan beamed. "It's good news, so don't worry."

Mrs. Hunt rushed over and stroked Lola's head. "What good news actually made you cry?"

Lola dashed her tears. "I was just missing home, nothing more. Logan didn't bully me."

This wasn't the place to talk, so they all left the airport terminal and went to the parking lot. Logan then turned and looked at Lola. "How about going back to Jefferson Mansion first? Our family doctor is there."

After contemplating for a moment, Lola nodded. "Okay."

Upon hearing that, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt grew a tad anxious. "What's wrong? Why do you need to see a doctor? Are you not feeling well?"

Lola suddenly didn't know what to say. She just felt that she'd seem fussy no matter the kind of tone she adopted, so she pursed her lips and said nothing for a long while. Beside her, Logan chuckled. "Let's all talk about it back at Jefferson Mansion."

At this, Lola nodded. "Let's talk back at Jefferson Mansion."

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt's brows knitted together without easing throughout the entire drive. Traffic was smooth, and they arrived home without having to stop at a single red light.

Meanwhile, Old Mr. Jefferson was sitting in the living room with all four young ladies of the Jefferson Family. Old Mr. Jefferson wore a long face, while the four ladies had elation written all over their faces.

When Logan walked in with Lola hand in hand, Lynett immediately rushed over. "Quick, come over and have a seat, Lola. You must have suffered much on the way back. Is there anything you wish to eat? Tell me now, and I'll have the kitchens prepare it."

Lorraine, on the other hand, lifted a hand and had a servant summon the family doctor. At this, Old Mr. Jefferson frowned. "Why are you summoning the doctor? What utterly reprehensible thing has this brat done that it'll even enrage me to the point of suffering an attack?"

Lorraine burst into laughter. "It won't enrage you to the point of suffering an attack. I didn't summon the doctor for you, but there's also a possibility that you'll pass out from exhilaration."

The moment Mr. and Mrs. Hunt heard this, they could somewhat guess the crux of the issue. Mrs. Hunt promptly helped Lola to the sofa. "What's wrong with you? Are you not feeling well?"

Lola placed a hand over her stomach, her expression slightly conflicted. "I'm not all that certain yet."

Mrs. Hunt's gaze fell on her hand, only realizing after an eternity had passed that she should be wearing a smile on her face. "Did you take a test?"

Lola nodded. "Two lines."

Mrs. Hunt clapped her hand, her gleeful expression clear as day. "It's undoubtedly true, then. That means you're pregnant. You're with child!" After saying that, she looked up and glanced at Mr. Hunt

before turning to look at Old Mr. Jefferson. "Lola is pregnant!" Old Mr. Jefferson's reaction was much slower than Mr. and Mrs. Hunt's. His gaze was pinned on Lola for a long while before he swung it over to Logan. Logan likewise stared at him. "Is this considered a reprehensible thing?"

It was ages before Old Mr. Jefferson finally reacted, but his first action was to snag the cane beside him and swing it at Logan. "You brat! You were toying with me earlier, huh?"

Beside him, Lysa dissolved into laughter. "You didn't know how much your phone call terrified Dad! He phoned us to ask whether you'd wrought trouble, how huge a problem it was, and whether it could be settled with money. Thereafter, he'd been sitting here, awaiting your arrival."

Logan then went over to Old Mr. Jefferson and sat down beside him, but Old Mr. Jefferson swung his cane at him. "Why didn't you just tell me such great news outright, you little b*stard? I was wondering whether you'd killed someone or committed arson that'd land you in prison!"

At the side, Lola couldn't stifle her laughter, feeling much better possibly because she was in a good mood.

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A while later, the family doctor arrived. He first took Lola's pulse, but since it wasn't a foolproof method, he then took a blood sample and said that the result would be out at night. Despite the lack of a definite result, everyone had already taken it for granted that Lola's stomach housed a tiny life.

Mrs. Hunt's eyes were red-rimmed. "You gave me a scare, child. I thought you weren't feeling well."

Lola hugged her arm. "While I was indeed feeling indisposed out there, I'm fine now."

After she'd chatted with them for some time downstairs, a wave of weariness enveloped her. A room had already been prepared upstairs, so Logan took her up for her to rest. Since he'd clocked her distress throughout the entire journey, he was determined to have her as comfortable as she could be now that they were home. As soon as Lola entered the room, she went over to the bed and sprawled out. Perhaps it was because she was feeling happy that she was physiologically feeling fine, so she let out a long sigh of relief. "It feels great to be home! I'm refreshed in the blink of an eye!"

Chuckling, Logan caressed her face. "Is there anything you want to eat?"

Lola pondered for a moment. "I want to eat ice cream!"

Logan's smile instantly vanished. "Then, it can only remain a craving. That's too cold, so you shouldn't be eating it since your stomach isn't so good now."

Upon hearing that, Lola snorted and flipped over, giving her back to him. Sitting down beside her, Logan stroked her arm. "Be a good girl and listen to me."

Still, Lola snorted as she shrugged. Such an adorable gesture had Logan's heart softening. After deliberating for a moment, he gentled his voice. "What about just eating a bit? You can't eat too much. Will a few bites do?"

All at once, Lola flipped back over and hugged his arm, a smile instantly blooming on her face. "Yes! A few bites will do!" Logan truly loved her kittenish expression. Abruptly leaning down, he captured her lips. Lola didn't struggle either, hooking her arms around his neck and responding gently. Logan definitely couldn't devour her at this time, so he could merely satisfy his desire with a

kiss. In the end, he hoisted himself up. "What flavor do you want?" Pursing her lips, Lola thought for a while. "Strawberry." Logan nodded. "Okay. Wait for me here, and I'll get it for you right away."

He then got up and left, so Lola lay back down on the bed while hugging the covers. She was initially a touch sleepy, but her drowsiness was all gone now even as she felt as snug as a bug. Logan was gone a long time, so he'd probably gone out to buy the ice cream since there wasn't any in Jefferson Mansion.

Lola sat up and snagged her cell phone over, but it was as clean as could be without any messages or missed calls. The employees over at the gym all knew that she'd gone on her honeymoon, so they wouldn't bother her under normal circumstances. Thus, she was resigned to trawl the internet for some gossip, but this wasn't quite her cup of tea, so she quickly grew bored after glancing through a few headlines. In the end, she put her cell phone down and slipped out of bed, going over to the window. When she'd reached the window, she was greeted by the sight of the empty space in front of the main building as soon as she lowered her head.

It so happened that Logan had just come in from outside and was striding across the empty space with a plastic bag in his hand that probably contained ice cream. After a few steps, he stopped. Mulling it over for a moment, he then slipped off his jacket and draped it over his arm to cover the plastic bag.

All at once, understanding dawned upon Lola. He's probably afraid that the others will see it. After all, I'm in a delicate condition now, so they might not necessarily agree to let me eat such a thing.

Subsequently, Logan marched into the living room. Meanwhile, Lola went back to bed and waited for him. In no time, he came up, but he didn't carry everything upstairs, merely a single carton of ice cream. This is enough! Lola hurriedly beckoned to him. "Come here, come here."

Never had Logan seen her this enthusiastic toward any food, so while he was still a smidge hesitant earlier, he now felt that it wasn't a big deal after a moment's contemplation.

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Logan went over and opened the cover. "Just a little. You can only eat a few bites, remember?"

Lola impatiently snatched the spoon from him. "Yes, yes."

Then, she proceeded to dig up a huge spoonful, whereupon Logan quickly stilled her hand. "Slow down. If you eat such a big bite, your stomach won't be able to take it." Dipping his head, he ate half the spoonful of ice cream before humming thoughtfully. "You can only eat this much in a bite."

Lola rolled her eyes at him, instantly switching over from her docile demeanor earlier. Amused at her expression, Logan guffawed.

"You've got two sides to you, huh?"

Subsequently, Lola ate two bites of ice cream. It was indeed too cold, so she couldn't quite stomach it though it was also mainly because she was a tad worried that it might affect the baby. Thus, she put the spoon down. "Let it thaw for a bit first. I'll eat it later."

Logan hurriedly moved the carton of ice cream aside. Lola then returned to the bed and leaned back against the headboard. "I feel like eating strawberries."

"I'll buy some. I'll buy whatever you want to eat." Logan didn't find it troublesome at all. As soon as he'd finished speaking, he got up to leave, but Lola hurriedly called after him. "I'm not craving it all that much, so don't go first." She found herself rather demanding, and she'd only now realized that she'd be utterly humiliated if the result were to turn out negative.

Logan stood by the door. "I'll go and buy some now if you want to eat

it. If I don't do so right away, you might not want to eat it anymore later."

Lola beckoned him over. "I'm not craving it now, so come over here. I want you to keep me company."

Upon hearing that, Logan finally turned around and walked back to the bed. Lola tugged at his arm and pulled him down to the bed. Then, she nestled into his embrace. As though scooping up a child, Logan heaved her onto his lap. "Are you still feeling unwell?"

Lola shook her head. "Nope. I'm feeling much better now that I'm home." Indeed, she looked much better from her countenance. Burrowing into him, she then closed her eyes.

Downstairs, both the Jeffersons and Hunts were still gathered, discussing the changes in the menu now that Lola was pregnant. Earlier, Logan came back while hiding ice cream and even secreted a carton upstairs, thinking that no one saw it, but everyone's eyes were sharp. They merely pretended not to see anything since Lola must have suffered much on the way back. Besides, she was in the early stages of pregnancy, so it wouldn't have much of an effect if she only had some.

However, some restrictions were inevitable as the pregnancy progressed. Considering Logan's indulgence of her, he'd definitely give her whatever she wanted, so everyone needed to keep an eye on this. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had always gone along with her wishes as well, but in this matter, they were of the same opinion as the Jeffersons. Mrs. Hunt nodded. "Yes, we can't allow Lola free rein. She doesn't know anything, so she'll surely eat whatever she pleases." "Since they'd be living in their own house, you've got to keep an eye on things, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. I'll hire a maid, but they definitely won't listen to her, so you've still got to supervise for a bit. What do you think about this?" Lorraine suggested at once.

Mrs. Hunt waved a dismissive hand. "There's no need for a maid. No, no, it's not necessary. Her father and I don't have much to do, so we'll be fine taking care of her. My daughter isn't such a pampered person, so she might feel uncomfortable instead with a maid in her house."

Lorraine nodded after a moment's contemplation. "Alright, then. But you must tell me if you need any help, and I'll then hire someone."

Lola's blood test result came out at night, and she was indeed pregnant. Old Mr. Jefferson was like a dog with two tails, on cloud nine after truly receiving the result albeit having guessed that she was with child earlier. He had someone buy back firecrackers and fireworks, declaring that they were going to celebrate.

Logan, however, was slightly apprehensive. "What if you scare my son with such a racket?"

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Old Mr. Jefferson raised his cane again. "Do you really need to be so fastidious?"

Logan wasn't fastidious. Rather, he was truly afraid. People always say that the first trimester is precarious, so one has to be exceedingly careful. I don't even dare to speak loudly to Lola now, yet Dad wants to set off firecrackers? He vehemently opposed.

Disregarding his opposition, Old Mr. Jefferson went upstairs in search of Lola and told her that they'd like to celebrate with some firecrackers and fireworks, asking whether it was okay with her. Lola naturally knew what he meant by the so-called celebration, so she instantly nodded. "Sure." Everyone is happy, and they want to express it through such a method, so it's fine. While she felt rather embarrassed to have a celebration just because she was pregnant, a bun in the oven was truly a momentous occasion to the Jeffersons considering their resignation of Logan never getting married or having a child.

Old Mr. Jefferson turned and shot Logan a glare. "Fortunately, it isn't you who's pregnant. If the baby were in your stomach, you'd probably sew our mouths shut."

His face scrunching into a tense mask, Logan stared at Lola. "Are you sure it's okay to set off firecrackers when you're pregnant? Will it scare you?"

Lola truly wanted to cover her face with both hands. Is this guy an idiot? What's there to be scared of?

Logan then continued, "Even if you're not afraid, what if the child gets frightened? Such a racket is terrifying."

At this, Lola didn't even feel like seeing him anymore. No matter how much common sense he lacks, he can't be ignorant of the fact that the firecrackers won't suddenly be set off next to me, so what's there to be terrified of?

Old Mr. Jefferson didn't want to argue with Logan anymore. "Never mind, I don't want to talk to an idiot." Having said that, he then slowly stalked away with a hint of smugness.

This was no joke to Logan, so after Old Mr. Jefferson had left, he sat on the edge of the bed and took Lola's hand. "Are you sure it's okay? Firecrackers emit such a booming noise that I'm afraid it'll affect you."

Lola initially wanted to laugh, but she couldn't quite bring herself to do so as she gazed at his solemn expression now. Lifting a hand, she touched his face. "Why are you so adorable?" Taking his hand, she placed it on her stomach. "This little peanut probably won't even be visible on a B-scan. It's too tiny, so it doesn't have any perception of the outside world. Don't worry. Even if the sky explodes at this moment, it won't affect him in any way."

Logan caressed her stomach gently. "But I just worry." There's a tiny life in her stomach, after all, so my understanding of life states that I've got to protect it wholeheartedly.

Lola's heart softened. "Don't worry. Actually, kids are even stronger than we give them credit for. They're not that fragile." At this, Logan sighed and said nothing further.

Everyone in the Jefferson Family as well as Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had dinner at Jefferson Mansion, so it was naturally lively with so many people. Lola had been suffering from a lack of appetite previously, but as she sat at the dining table and stared at the dozen or so dishes on the table today, she instantly started salivating. Beside her, Logan urged, "Tell me what you want to eat. I'll take the ones you can't reach."

At the side, Lorraine tsked. "I just loathe eating with Logan. Did you all notice that he kept shooting daggers at me when I took a few prawns the previous time we ate together? I had no idea why he did that at first, but I later learned that Lola loved eating prawns as well."

Startled, Lola then gave an embarrassed chuckle. Conversely, Logan shamelessly admitted, "I glared at you several times then, but you just didn't get it."

At the side, Lynett made a long sound of understanding. "No wonder you asked the kitchens to prepare an extra plate of prawns when they were cooking today. I was wondering why you did that since you usually don't favor it all that much, yet you carried the dish out yourself."

Everyone else at the table laughed. Raising a hand, Old Mr. Jefferson pointed at Logan while directing his words to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. "I've raised this brat for almost 30 years, yet he has never treated me with such reverence."

Mr. Hunt smilingly commented, "Young people lack foresight, so it's understandable. It's par for the course."

Logan didn't feel that he'd done anything wrong. There were two plates of steamed prawns on the table, so he moved one of them right before Lola. "I was a touch embarrassed to do this earlier, but now that everything is on the table, there's nothing to be embarrassed about anymore. Here, this is all yours, Lola."

Lola truly admired his level of shamelessness. They've already mocked him that much, yet he can still be so brazen in his speech. At the side, Mrs. Hunt couldn't quite stop laughing. "I never knew that Logan's so hilarious!"

Old Mr. Jefferson harrumphed. "You think he's hilarious, but I feel like beating him to death!"

Not at all bothered, Logan peeled two prawns for Lola and placed them into her bowl. "You don't need to bother about them. They're just jealous." His voice was exceedingly tender.

Failing to stifle her laughter, Lola guffawed. Jealous? The thing is, what could these people at the dinner table be jealous of?

At this time, the usually taciturn Lysa giggled as well. "Logan's mental fortitude is particularly strong. He has a set of personal standards, and he doesn't care whatever people may say. I think such a spirit is quite valuable." As this remark fell, one couldn't tell for certain whether it was a compliment or scorn.

Logan nodded, looking all proud to have received a compliment. "Therefore, all of you have to learn from me. Got it? You've got to strengthen yourself mentally every day. Look at me. No one can hurt me." He was actually right, for he was both mentally and physically strong, so it was indeed true that no one could hurt him. After the bout of laughter, everyone started eating. It was a joyous occasion today, so all the men at the table indulged.

The kitchens prepared freshly-made grape juice for Lola, claiming that it had an antiemetic effect. The Jeffersons truly care a lot for me! In a good mood, her appetite was likewise great, and she ate more than usual.

Although Logan was clinking glasses beside her, the focus of his attention had always been centered on her. The moment she turned to get to her feet, he swiftly asked, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Placing her hand on his shoulder, Lola patted him gently. "I'm fine. I'm just going to the washroom."

Logan's worry wasn't an act at all, and Mrs. Hunt saw it plain as day at the side. Lola ate a lot, yet she was also quick, so she was already full while the others were still eating as they chatted. She languidly made her way to the refrigerator in the kitchen. After a moment's contemplation, she rummaged in the freezer.

Logan had been keeping an eye on her out of his peripheral vision, so he instantly sprang up when he noticed her opening the freezer. Without even saying a single word to the others, he strode toward the kitchen. His movement was so sudden that everyone around him was shocked.

Mrs. Hunt knew that Lola had gone to the kitchen, so now that she saw him hurrying over, she hastily followed, thinking that something might have happened to Lola. However, before she'd even reached them, she saw Lola crouched in front of the refrigerator while Logan stood beside her, stilling her hand that happened to be holding a carton of ice cream.

Since Logan had imbibed, his eyes were slightly red at this time. "No. You've just had dinner, and this is too cold."

Pressing her mouth into a flat line, Lola put on a pitiful expression.

This was exactly the expression Logan couldn't stand, so he loosened his hold on her hand after some deliberation. "Just a little bit. You can only eat a tiny bit."

All at once, Lola beamed. "Okay!"

However, just when she'd stood up with the ice cream in hand, Mrs. Hunt came over. "No, you can't eat that."

Startled at the sight of her, Lola's voice turned feeble. "I'll just eat a bite."

Mrs. Hunt went over and took the ice cream away. "You can't eat this. You've just had dinner, and you drank a lot of juice, so your stomach won't be able to take this now. Your nausea lately has been severe to begin with, so your stomach is already in distress. Don't eat such stimulating stuff."

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Pouting, Lola turned and gazed at Logan. Logan initially felt that Mrs. Hunt was right, but the moment he glimpsed her pitiful expression, he went over and pulled her into his arms. Then, he patted her on the back. "It's okay, it's okay, we'll talk about it later." Subsequently, he lowered his voice. "I'll sneak some for you later."

Upon hearing this, Lola's expression finally eased a fraction.

Mrs. Hunt placed the ice cream back into the freezer, her voice turning gentle. "You've had some today, so have a care for your body. Just wait until you're no longer suffering from nausea, then you can have some. It'll always be there."

Lola nodded reluctantly. As she recalled Logan's promise earlier, she settled down. "Okay, got it."

Mrs. Hunt turned and went back to the dinner table. Meanwhile, Logan was still holding Lola in his arms. "Mom is right." The moment Lola looked up at him, he instantly changed his tune, his voice filled with righteous indignation. "I'll sneak it for you later. Wait for a while first, and I'll sneak some for you when they're otherwise distracted. You're pregnant, so you've got to get some of everything you want to eat. Don't worry."

Giggling at his expression, Lola pinched him on the waist. "I want melon flavor."

Logan nodded. "Sure, sure, anything you say." These few words had Lola in high spirits.

Lola wanted to go out for a walk after dinner, so Logan abandoned his dinner and held her hand before taking their leave from the others in the dining room since her affairs took precedence, though he hadn't yet finished drinking. Then, they went to the courtyard for a stroll.

Mrs. Hunt stared at Logan, shaking her head in exasperation. He whispered to Lola earlier, thinking that no one could hear him, but I heard it all. Sneak her some at night? I just can't believe he actually said that. Sure enough, if Lola's care is entrusted to him, he'll only look on while she does as she pleases.

Logan took Lola out to the courtyard to have a stroll by the fountain that housed goldfish alongside some aquatic plants. The Jeffersons are indeed wealthy to enjoy such a life. With an arm hooked around Logan's, Lola related the jokes she saw this afternoon on the internet. The jokes weren't all that funny, but her smile had the corners of his lips curving upward.

They both made two rounds around the fountain before heading to the backyard. There was a small garden in Jefferson Mansion though Lola had no idea what the flowers in there were since she hadn't much romantic sense, unlike other young maidens who loved flowers. However, when they drew close to the garden, she could smell the slightly pervasive fragrance of flowers in the air. After

taking two steps in that direction, she stopped short. "I can't take it. The smell is too strong, inducing nausea."

Logan hurriedly pulled her two steps back. "We won't go there, then." As he said this, he even covered her nose.

At this, Lola pushed at him. "Your acting is a bit over the top."

Chuckling, Logan wrapped an arm around her shoulder, and they walked around for a while. A little over ten minutes later, he abruptly recalled something important. He swiftly whipped out his cell phone. "Wait a moment. I actually forgot to tell John and Sophia such a crucial matter. How remiss of me!" I was too absorbed in merrymaking today that I actually forgot to publicize this fact! Lola shook her head with a smile. "It's not necessary to do so deliberately, no?"

Not necessary? Logan's eyes bugged. "Do you know how momentous this is? Of course, I've got to inform them with all the solemnity and seriousness in the world!"

Lola simply kept mum and allowed him to put on a show.

All geared up, Logan phoned Sophia, waiting impatiently for her to take the call. Sophia was probably sleeping, for she only answered the phone after an eternity, her voice groggy. "What's up, Logan? Why are you calling me while on your honeymoon? Are you going to make a public display of affection through the air?"

Logan snickered with a hint of smugness. "I'm not on my honeymoon. I'm home. I came back this morning."

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Sophia was probably a touch surprised, for she only spoke after a long time, asking, "Why are you back? I remember you saying that you're going to spend a whole month away from home."

Logan again chuckled to build up the atmosphere. "Naturally, I'm back because something happened."

Sophia's voice turned somber. "What's wrong? What happened?" As soon as she finished speaking, John's voice drifted over. "Who's that?"

Sophia's voice then sounded slightly farther. "It's Logan, saying that he's already home."

John's voice slowly drew near. "He's home? Hasn't he just been gone for a little over half a month?"

John came over and took the phone from her. "What's wrong, Logan? Did something happen? Didn't you say you're going to be away for a month? Why are you back now?" They knew Logan all too well; if he said he was going to be away for a month, then it'd definitely exceed a month instead of falling short of that figure. Thus, John was indeed rather surprised that he was back now when it'd only been half a month.

Unbidden, a chortle escaped Logan's mouth. "Something happened. Lola wasn't feeling too well, so I quickly brought her back."

At this time, Lola had already found a chair and sat down at the side, looking on as he showed off.

For some time, nary a peep came from John and Sophia. Logan initially planned to wait until they asked before telling them the good news, but there was no sound from the other end even after he'd waited for several seconds, making him edgy. When he failed to obtain any questions after waiting for an eternity, he cleared his throat.

However, just when he was about to speak, Sophia blurted, "So, you two are back, huh? How about this? We'll go over and visit Lola when we're free. My son is crying, so we'll talk another time, okay?" After saying that, she hung up right away without giving him any time to respond.

Logan held the cell phone to his ear, stunned for a long time. His forthcoming words were just on the tip of his tongue, but Sophia unexpectedly cut him off with a single remark.

At the side, Lola didn't hear what Sophia said, but she noticed that his expression wasn't quite right, so she quirked a brow. "What's wrong? What kind of expression is that?"

Putting his cell phone down, Logan whirled around and strode over to her. Snorting, he commented, "These people are simply irritating." Lola giggled. "Why? What did Sophia say just now?"

What did she say? It's precisely because she said nothing that I'm now incensed. I was just waiting for her to ask me before uttering what I've got to say, but what did she do? Not only did she ask nary a question, but she even cut me off before I could say anything! Logan snorted, not knowing how to answer her.

His conceited expression appeared a touch childish, so Lola raised a hand and stroked his head in consolation.

Meanwhile, Sophia placed her cell phone down and turned to look at John. John stared at her as well, his expression similar to hers. After a moment of silence, Sophia nodded. "Lola is probably pregnant. You didn't hear how smug his chuckle was earlier. I just knew that he wanted to gloat the moment I heard his triumphant laughter."

Lifting a hand, John caressed her face. "Just let him gloat for a while if that was his intention. You cut him off outright and even hung up the phone, so he must be aggrieved."

Mulling it over, Sophia snickered. "I'm petty, so I'm the only one allowed to make a public display of affection. I don't allow others to do the same before me." On second thought, she lamented, "Logan works really fast." I don't think he's been with Lola all that long, yet they've gotten married and even conceived in such a short time. It's truly undeniable that he's the fast-moving type. He thoroughly wasted all the days past, then settled everything within the year! John was worried that they'd gotten it wrong, so after a moment's deliberation, he suggested, "Why don't you give Miss Hunt a call later? If she's truly pregnant, it's only proper that we congratulate her."

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Sophia nodded. "I'll just antagonize him for a while. He's definitely with Lola right now, so I'll call and inquire later." John felt like laughing. She already has a child, yet she's still so mischievous! Sophia truly waited for about an hour before giving Lola a call. She was quite accurate in her timing, for Logan wasn't with Lola then. Lola had already returned to her room on the second floor, while Logan went down to sneak her some ice cream. When she received Sophia's call, she chuckled. "Sophia."

"Is Logan with you?" Sophia surreptitiously asked.

Lola glanced at the door. "No, he's downstairs."

At this, Sophia breathed a sigh of relief and hastily said, "Logan phoned me earlier, and I could somewhat guess what happened. Are you pregnant, Lola?"

Sure enough, she guessed it! Lola had harbored a vague suspicion about this, so she laughed. "You're really smart!"

It's not that I'm smart, but Logan was too obvious! Sophia burst out laughing as well. "His voice was too anxious on the phone. If he'd kept himself in check, I wouldn't have guessed it so quickly." Also, his laughter was too exuberant. In the next moment, her voice turned concerned as she asked, "How are you feeling now? Is it very bad? When I was first pregnant, I almost chucked up my stomach."

As though having found a sympathizer, Lola promptly nodded.

"Exactly! It's truly a torture." When she was at the hotel, in particular, it felt like she was on the verge of death.

Sophia sighed. "It all depends on an individual's constituent. For some, nausea merely persists for a brief time, while others have to put up with it for ages. I hope you're the former." Nonetheless, I think she can probably take it since her body has been honed due to her former profession, so she isn't as fragile as the average lady. Sliding down, Lola lay on the bed. "I heard that it'll persist for three months at least. The mere thought of it sends a shudder through me."

Now that she'd given birth, Sophia had almost forgotten how she felt back then. Even the agony she experienced during childbirth was almost gone from her mind, so she could only urge, "Think happy thoughts and avoid placing your focus on this. That might help. Also, eat more fruits."

Lola murmured in acquiescence, "My appetite now is very odd. I don't know what I want to eat at times, but other times, I feel like eating everything."

Smacking her lips, Sophia commented, "When you're in your second trimester, that's truly when you feel like eating everything." That period is relatively better without any nausea and great appetite. However, one's stomach expands rapidly, so sleep will be affected. Logan was gone for a long time, so Lola and Sophia chatted a lot, Sophia teaching her a lot of things regarding pregnancy. As Lola murmured in acknowledgment, she got out of bed and went to the bedroom door, very much surprised that he'd been gone for so long just to sneak her some ice cream. While listening to Sophia, she walked over to the second floor landing and looked down, but there was no sign of him. She pursed her lips. Where has this fella gone now?

Pivoting, she returned to the room and chatted with Sophia for another ten minutes or so before Logan finally came back. When she heard footsteps, she said to Sophia on the other end, "He's back." Sophia hurriedly lowered her voice. "I'll be hanging up, then. I'll go over and visit you when I'm free. Don't tell him that I'm aware of your pregnancy. I want to see how he'll react."

Chortling, Lola acquiesced and hung up the phone. Just after she'd hung up, Logan came in with a carton of ice cream in his hand. She stared at him. "What took you so long?"

Logan heaved a sigh. "What else could it be? Mum took all the ice cream when she left, so I went out and bought it for you."

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Lola instantly beamed. Beckoning Logan over, she then cupped his face and gave him a peck. "A reward for you."

Lifting a hand, Logan held the back of her head and deepened the kiss. How could a reward be a simple brush of lips? That's not sincere at all. When the kiss had ended, he asked, "Who was on the phone with you earlier?"

Lola hummed thoughtfully. "A coach from the gym. I asked whether anything happened at the gym lately, to which he said everything was good."

Logan nodded. A few seconds later, he muttered, "Did Sophia call you?"

Upon hearing such a question from him, Lola almost burst into laughter. Nevertheless, she tried her best to keep a poker face. "Nope. Why?"

Logan smacked his lips. "Nothing. I was just asking." His aggrieved expression was just too adorable that she had to lift a hand and caress his face.

Looking on as Lola took the ice cream, he couldn't help reminding, "Don't eat too much. Have a care for your health."

Lola nodded. Actually, her craving was already gone, so she wasn't

all too keen on eating it now. But since he'd rushed out to buy her this, she just felt that it'd be an affront to his good intentions if she didn't eat any. Thus, she merely took two token bites before leaving him the rest.

Sitting on the bed, Logan stared at his cell phone while eating ice cream, seemingly waiting for a call from someone. When Lola came back after washing her face and saw his gaze alighting on his cell phone every so often, she couldn't bring herself to keep him in the dark anymore. "Are you waiting for Sophia's call?"

Logan didn't hide anything from her, answering frankly, "I just want to see whether they'll call and ask me what happened."

Walking over, Lola ruffled his hair. "Silly man." Logan lifted his eyes to her, and she continued, "Sophia called me."

Logan's expression froze. "When was that? When did she call you?" At this, Lola truly wanted to laugh. "When you were out, buying ice cream. She's already aware that I'm pregnant. They'd guessed it when you phoned them earlier."

Blinking, Logan put the ice cream down after a long time had passed. "They guessed it? How did they guess it?"

How did they guess it? No thanks to your smugness. Lola didn't want to hurt him with the truth, so she vaguely replied, "Sophia is very smart to begin with."

After pondering about it, Logan nodded. "You're right. She's very astute." He heaved a long sigh in clear disappointment. "They didn't give me any chance at all, having guessed it instead. I wanted to blurt it out and give them a shock."

The corners of Lola's lips lifted. What's so shocking about this?

A while later, they both went to bed. "We'll just stay the night here and go home tomorrow. The house has been vacant for too long, so I asked someone to go and clean the place today," Logan explained. Lola nodded as she sought out a comfortable position. "I'm fine with it. It doesn't matter where I stay." She'd never had trouble sleeping on unfamiliar beds, sleep coming to her wherever she went.

After a moment's contemplation, Logan placed his hand on her stomach. In reality, he couldn't sense anything, for her waist was still very slender. His expression serious, he mused, "Where is the little peanut now? In your stomach?" He murmured increasingly more nonsensical remarks, but she merely ignored him. He touched her slowly, his movements gentle as though he could truly sense its location.

Lying on the bed, Lola grew drowsy after a while. Logan's hands then started wandering, upon which she wriggled and slapped his hand away. "Behave."

Logan solemnly heaved a sigh. "I've scoured the internet, and it seems that we can't be intimate while you're with child."

Lola grunted in affirmation. "That's correct."

Logan scooted closer to her. "I just feel that it's too fast for my pleasurable days to have come to an end just after a handful of days."

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Failing to stifle her laughter, Lola doubled over. "How shameless! Don't ever say this in front of others, for it'll only make you seem a pervert."

Logan snorted, a tad snobbish. "I won't even say it if others want to hear it."

"Have you told Ian about this?" Lola reminded him.

Upon hearing her words, Logan abruptly sat up. "Oh yes! I haven't told Ian. How could I have forgotten this?" Mainly, it was because he was peeved by Sophia's response. He initially planned to tell Ian after telling Sophia and John, but Sophia messed up his plans, vexing him so much that he'd completely forgotten what he was going to do.

Taking out his cell phone, he gave Ian a call. As it was late, Ian wasn't busy anymore, so he picked up the call a while later. Logan truly couldn't help himself, snickering before he'd even said a single word. At this, Ian simply asked, "What is it? Do you have good news to tell me?"

This time, Logan decided to say it outright without trying to create any suspense. If he manages to guess it again like Sophia, then it'll be pointless. Thus, he grunted in affirmation. "I do have something to share with you. Ian, I'm going to be a father!"

Ian chuckled. "I knew it."

All at once, Logan's expression froze. "How did you know it as well? Where did I go wrong again?"

"It's quite easy to guess. I know you too well," Ian answered.

Ah, it's no surprise at all!

On the other end, Ian let out a sigh. "It's good. Sophia is already a mother, and you're going to be a father soon. Both of you have your own families now."

While no one could be certain of Ian's feelings when he uttered this remark, a spark of sorrow lodged within Logan after hearing this. "If you so desire it, you can also have a family of your own in no time. Look at your good looks and fame. Many young girls like you," he comforted.

Ian gave a bark of laughter. "All this is superficial." Back then, my mother was also famous and beautiful, with lots of men claiming that they loved her. She'd had a few relationships before she met Bryce Morgan, but in the end, she couldn't escape the same fate. Hence, all so-called looks and fame are nothing more than add-ons. I've never thought of using all this to get myself a spouse.

However, his tone then immediately changed to one threaded with an unmistakable hint of joy. "Congratulations, Logan! You're really far-sighted."

At this, Logan guffawed. "I just came to this point naturally. I've never thought that I'd be here one day." He'd never planned his life in detail. After all, life couldn't be all that bad as long as one had money these days. He was previously scorned by his family who asserted that he might end up spending his twilight years alone, so he thought back then that if all else failed, he'd move himself into a high-end nursing home when he was old and become a wealthy old bachelor who was envied by all. He felt that it wasn't too bad, thus took a laissez-faire attitude toward life. But who could have known that change was ever present, and he'd come thus far with the police officer he detested most in the past?

Beside him, Lola dozed off before he'd finished his phone call.

After exchanging a few more words with Ian, Logan hung up. Then, he quietly went to take a shower and hugged her from behind when he came back. The family of three was truly blissful.

The next day, Sophia again gave Lola a call. She was still in her confinement period and couldn't go out, so she wanted to invite Lola to her house. Lola had nothing to do in the first place, and Sophia's little boy flashed in her mind when she received her call, propelling her to make a visit. "Sure! I'll just get ready for a bit and come over in a while."

Sitting beside her, Logan curled his lips. "Did she mention inviting me?"

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Lola blinked. She truly didn't mention that. However, she then hugged Logan's arm. "Isn't inviting me the same as inviting you? When are we ever apart?"

Still, Logan was a tad chagrined. "Sophia is truly sidelining me increasingly often."

Lola stroked his back. "Say, why are you so petty to take offense at such a trivial matter?"

At this, Logan snorted mildly without saying anything further. It's not just Dad who's getting increasingly childlike, but Logan as well!

In the morning, Logan drove Lola to Constance Residence. John hadn't yet gone to work, so he was sitting in the living room with Sophia. Meanwhile, the child was lying in the crib, babbling slightly in a babyish voice. When Lola reached the door, she couldn't help rushing over to the crib in a few strides. "Aw, let me see how the little guy looks now!"

Sophia was initially leaning against John, but she instantly straightened up at the sight of Lola. "Quick, quick. Come and sit over here."

However, Lola didn't move. Instead, she reached out and stroked the child's face. "He's now wholly different from when I saw him in the hospital back then."

Beside her, Matilda nodded. "Yup, he's really growing up every day." Subsequently, Logan came in with a long face. When Sophia saw him, she truly couldn't keep her mirth stifled, so she ended up hooting in laughter. The corners of John's lips were likewise upturned. "You're angry, Logan?"

"Reprehensible. You're both reprehensible!" Logan snarled.

Sophia was laughing so much that she leaned against John's shoulder. "Ah, look at Logan's expression. It's just too hilarious! He must have been utterly aggrieved yesterday."

Pursing his lips, Logan went over to the crib to look at the child first. The child's gaze followed Lola, his pupils jet-black, looking very much adorable.

Lola originally didn't have much cognizance toward her pregnancy, but when she saw Sophia's child now, a different feeling vaguely flooded her. She placed her hand over her own stomach. There's also a child in here who'll be lying in front of me in no time with its mouth open, babbling while kicking its legs and waving its fists. It was as though something intangible was now slowly taking form in her world.

Matilda knew that Lola was pregnant, so she had a servant quickly prepare some grape juice. "This has an antiemetic effect, so drink some."

Going over to the sofa, Lola sat down. "In the beginning, I was truly tormented."

Sophia nodded. "It's indeed a torture." After saying that, she shifted her gaze to Logan. "You must be ecstatic, Logan."

"Of course, I'm ecstatic." Logan had admitted his feelings outright. "Just look at how jubilant John was when your child was born. I feel exactly the same as he did."

Sophia turned and looked at John, whereupon he nodded. "It's the same as you becoming a mother. The feeling applies for both men and women."

Sophia blinked. "Truthfully speaking, I didn't feel much of anything when the child was first born. Perhaps I was slow to adapt to the change in character."

Beside her, Lola hastily nodded. "I agree. Do you know when I got into character? It was when I saw your child just now."

The few of them joked and talked for a while before Lola's nausea rose again. "Drink the grape juice," Matilda hurriedly said. "While it won't be able to suppress the nausea completely, it can take the edge off it."

Lola guzzled the entire glass of grape juice in a few gulps. Later, she

didn't know whether it was a psychological effect, but she indeed felt much better.

Sophia pinned her gaze on Logan. "Have you told Ian the good news?"

Grunting in affirmation, Logan then replied, "You deliberately played me for a fool, yet you dare mention it, huh?" After that, he turned to look at John. "Can you keep your wife in line? Why are you as bad as your wife?"

John arched a brow. "You talk as though you enjoy a high status at home."

At this rebuttal, Logan was instantly struck dumb.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1371

Indeed, Lola is no different from Sophia; both of them are mistresses of the family. Thus, Logan and John had no room to resist at all. After a while, Logan brought up Ian, saying that Ian was swamped with work now. He related how Ian didn't seem to have any rest when they'd followed him around to a few cities, merely having taken half a day to go out and play tourist with them in the beginning before the rest of his time was all filled with work.

John nodded. "His career has just taken off, so he indeed has to seize the opportunity while his fame and resources are there."

"Ian has an assistant. I've seen her a few times, and I think she's quite good." As Logan said this, he couldn't help stealing a glance at Sophia out of the corner of his eyes.

Sophia chortled. "You're acting anxious on his behalf."

I guess I'm indeed anxious on his behalf. I didn't really think about it when I was single, but now that I've got a family, I just feel as though I've abandoned him. It feels like he's been left out. Beside him, Lola couldn't resist adding, "He's just like an old father now. Whenever a girl appears around Ian, he feels that she's a possible candidate for him."

Logan didn't deny that he indeed harbored such a thought. There hasn't been any woman around Ian so far, so that assistant is truly a possibility. If I were to list all the women around him in the many years I've known him, it'd been Sophia alone in the past whom he then fell in love with. Thus, now that another woman has appeared, I think he'll probably fall for her, too.

At this time, the little guy in the crib at the side who didn't have any attention showered upon him started wailing. The postnatal caregiver hurried over and scooped the child up. "This kid wants to join in the fun at such a young age." Sure enough, when she'd carried him over to Sophia and the others, he stopped crying after being surrounded by people, his eyes darting around.

Matilda took the child from her. "Kids nowadays are prematurely smart. I don't think kids back then matured so quickly."

Sophia was still leaning against John. "It's good that he's smart since he'll encounter fewer tribulations."

John's head snapped to the side, and he stared at her. "You talk as though you've encountered many tribulations."

"That's the truth," Sophia countered. "Let me tell you all, I had a dream last night. I dreamt of the time when I first married John. He didn't even spare me a glance when he came home from work, nor did he eat any of the food I cooked for him. Ah, it just plain ticked me off!"

John's eyes widened. "I was just wondering why she threw a tantrum upon waking up in the morning. I asked her what happened, but she refused to say a single word."

Ignoring him, Sophia continued, "I even dreamed of the time when he asked me for a divorce."

Logan was a tad nosy, so he quickly asked, "How did the two of you negotiate when you divorced back then?" I wonder how John and Sophia brokered their divorced the first time.

Actually, I simply blurted it out. John didn't prepare any script beforehand, or perhaps he didn't find it necessary to make any advance preparations. At that time, Old Mr. Constance had just passed away some time ago, so the atmosphere at home was rather tense. Matilda was also quite the troublemaker back then, always picking fault with Sophia. On the other hand, Sophia was timid and dared not say a single word in protest.

That night, John went home rather early and sat in the garden for a while after dinner before going upstairs. Sophia had already washed up and was sitting on the bed while looking at the cell phone in her hand. When he pushed open the door and saw her, he didn't really have any specific thought in mind, but the moment he opened his mouth, he asked for a divorce.

In fact, I still remember what I said back then. He was leaning against the door frame with his arms crossed and stared at Sophia who was on the bed. "I've got something to discuss with you." Then, he distinctly saw her jolting. Hence, when he later recalled that scene countless times, he felt that Sophia had known what he wanted to say back then.

Sophia looked up at him. "What is it?"

John's voice was placid. "Let's get a divorce."

"What?" Sophia asked again.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1372

John turned around and closed the door before walking over to the bed. This time, he spoke slightly louder and slower to ensure that Sophia could hear him loud and clear. "I said, let's get a divorce." Her gaze followed him until he stood by the bed, looking down at her. He'd initially thought that there'd be a hint of panic and anxiety in her eyes, but surprisingly, she merely looked at him, her gaze even more placid than his tone earlier. Since she didn't answer him, he asked, "Did you hear me?"

Sophia nodded. "I did." Then, she put her cell phone away. "Have you discussed this with your family?"

To be honest, John didn't discuss this with anyone, nor did he think this out in advance. However, he still replied, "Yes. They've all agreed."

Sophia looked thoughtfully at him. "So, you're here to inform me, yes?"

Heaving a sigh, John reassured her by saying, "Don't worry. I'll compensate you generously. I'll give you whatever amount you want."

Sophia was silent for a while. In response, she didn't mention the matter of money, merely nodding. "Okay, I agree."

Actually, this reaction of hers was also within his expectation. After all, a broken marriage was torturous to both parties. Despite knowing that she was reluctant to give up on this marriage, he was also aware that she was likewise unhappy and miserable in this marriage. Thus, he often told himself back then that a divorce was good for them both, for it would set them both free.

Never had he thought that she'd change into an entirely different person after the divorce, suddenly taking on attributes he loved. The Sophia who was timid, apprehensive, and cautious in her speech had ceased to exist with the collapse of their first marriage. The Sophia who was then reborn was one he could no longer hold onto. For that reason, he had to pay the price for the wrong choices he'd made in his first marriage. He knew that it served him right since he was blind in the past and had wronged her.

However, he didn't want to tell anyone about this experience, so he snickered when Logan asked about it. "Why are you asking about this? Do you want to learn from me?"

Logan shot him a glare. "Who wants to learn about proposing divorce from you? I even have a child on the way now, so Lola and I will definitely be a loving couple in the future." He wasn't at all flustered when he said this.

At the side, Sophia's brows furrowed, and she looked at Lola. "Is he this corny usually?"

Lola nodded gravely. "He's usually even worse."

Subsequently, Logan glanced at Sophia out of the corner of his eyes. "What do you know? This is known as putting thoughts into words. I've never concealed my love for my darling. I've been telling her all about it so she knows how much I love her."

Sophia sucked in a breath. However, she also understood that every couple had their own way of communicating. Beside her, John chuckled. "It's good to be like Logan since everything is out in the open." He says whatever he thinks, and he definitely puts it bluntly, so Lola must have a strong sense of security.

Agreeing with John, Sophia commented, "There won't be any misunderstanding between you two, then."

Speaking of misunderstandings, Logan's brows abruptly went up, while Lola couldn't help giggling beside him.

Matilda looked at Lola. "What is it? Is there a story there?"

Logan smacked his lips. "Yup."

Feeling a touch embarrassed, Lola muttered, "Well, keep it to yourself."

Logan, however, ignored her. He blathered on about the entire incident of how he told Lola a tiny lie back when he made preparations to propose to her, only to be misunderstood in the end. With a solemn expression on his face, he grouched, "Say, she should have just asked me outright if she misunderstood me. She should have just asked where I went earlier and why I wasn't at the clubhouse. However, she just wouldn't ask me that, and I didn't understand her meaning, so the misunderstanding was then set in stone. She even talked about us merely being in the early phase of a relationship, so it was probably just novelty that kept us together. I was just so chagrined back then, thinking that she was already sick of me."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1373

Beside Logan, Lola covered her face with both hands. "It's on me. I was wrong, so let's not mention this anymore, okay?"

Logan clutched his chest. "You can't imagine how anguished I was back then. I'd just decorated the gym secretly the night before, and while I was exhausted, I was still very much gleeful at the thought of giving her a surprise the next day, but she wanted to break up with me the next day."

Lola was truly embarrassed, and she also felt that she'd wronged him greatly.

After hearing the story, Sophia nodded. "That was indeed aggravating for you, but any other girl would've probably reacted similarly." As men and women are different physiologically, it also makes them different psychologically. When a woman is confronted with such a situation, she won't ask directly under normal circumstances.

For instance, Lola gave him plenty of chances, asking him where he went the day before. This was of course the most common reaction for most women. Thus, her next course of action was considered reasonable since she didn't get an accurate answer out of him at the end of the day. Regardless, the most innocent party in this was Logan. He was filled with hope, yet he ended up doused with a

bucket of cold water.

Scooting over, Lola hugged Logan's arm. "Don't be angry. I was also incredibly anguished at that time."

Logan turned to look at her. Initially, he wanted to keep his expression somber, but the moment he saw her blinking and gazing at him with those limpid eyes of hers, he just couldn't bring himself to be stern. Hence, he instantly lifted a hand and pinched her face. "In the future, just tell me your thoughts. I'll be furious if you do this again."

Turning his head, John glanced at Sophia and shook his head. "I never thought that he'd have this side to him one day."

"Right? It's shocking," Sophia seconded.

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Logan and Lola then moved back to their house that had been cleaned from top to bottom. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt came over as well. "I don't think you two should cook. Lola has just conceived and will be a bit sensitive, so it's better that she doesn't inhale so much fumes. Just come over to our place when you're hungry."

Lola nodded. "Okay."

Logan loved having free food and drinks, so he instantly agreed.

"Sure! We'll just go along with anything you decide."

Thereafter, Mrs. Hunt said, "I've emptied your refrigerator. Don't simply eat whatever you want on the sly. I just don't understand why you can't endure it for a bit."

Lola knew that this remark was directed at her, so she pursed her lips without saying anything. Beside her, Logan gently rubbed her arm in consolation.

All at once, Mrs. Hunt swiveled and stared at him. "You can't just indulge her. It's your child in her stomach, so you've got to consider the baby as well."

Logan nodded. "Yes, yes. You're right, Mom."

Sometimes, Mrs. Hunt truly didn't know what to say about him. He was too well-mannered, agreeing to anything at all, but putting it into practice was another story.

Then, she whirled around and went to wash some fruits for Lola. As she stood in the kitchen, she remarked loudly, "Your Aunt Violet phoned me a few days ago, saying that she had a dream. She dreamed that you brought your child to visit her. Well, you didn't have any pregnancy dreams, so she had one on your behalf."

Lola, who was sitting on the sofa, was surprised when she heard that. Speaking of pregnancy dreams, she was reminded of something else. She fixed her gaze on his father. "I had a dream last night. I dreamed of someone standing beside my bed, looking down at me. Then, she bent down and touched my stomach." Subsequently, she added, "It was an old woman."

Beside her, Logan was stunned at first before he shook his head. "No matter the veracity of its symbolism, it's probably not my mother."

When his mother passed away, she was still quite young, so she couldn't be included in the ranks of old women.

After a moment's contemplation, Mr. Hunt suggested, "In that case, I'll find a time and go back to visit your grandmother's grave. We didn't visit her grave and inform her when the two of you got married, so we've got to notify her now that you're with child. Regardless of whether your dream meant something else, I'll go back and visit her."

Pursing her lips, Lola hesitated for a moment. "I want to go too. I want to tell her myself."

Logan didn't object. "Then, I'll go with you."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1374

Mrs. Hunt came over after washing the fruits, placing them on the

coffee table. She'd heard some of their conversation earlier, so she commented, "We should indeed go back and visit your grandma's grave. After all, custom dictates that an elder should be informed in the event of any marriage or pregnancy in the family." Since she'd said as much, they all made arrangements to go back on the next day with Logan driving. They would be visiting Lola's grandmother's grave.

After eating some fruits, Lola went to bed. Perhaps it was because they'd talked quite a bit about pregnancy dreams that she had a dream that night as well. She dreamed of a child standing before her though she couldn't discern whether it was a boy or girl. A tad dazed, she stared at the little figure intently. The child was rather short, appearing very much adorable despite the blurred countenance as he or she was holding an apple in one hand.

She took a few steps toward the child before crouching, but she still couldn't see his or her face from such a near distance. The child merely stood there without advancing or retreating, so she then reached out and pulled the child into her embrace after a moment's contemplation. A while later, the child took a bite out of the apple in his or her hand. The bite wasn't loud albeit crisp, but still, it jolted her awake.

Shuddering, Lola's first reaction was to look down into her arms, but it was merely a dream. Her arms were empty, and she was still in Logan's embrace. She took a deep breath, wondering if this was considered a pregnancy dream. Then, she caressed her stomach, feeling a tad regretful that she couldn't discern whether the child was a boy or a girl in the end. After a while, she again closed her eyes.

When she woke up the next morning, the dream was still vivid in her mind. Going into the washroom with Logan, she told him about the dream as she washed her face and brushed her teeth. There wasn't much to say since the dream was brief, but it was significant.

Beaming, Logan placed a hand on her stomach. "Didn't you see whether the child was wearing a skirt or pants?"

Lola shook her head. "I didn't notice at that time." In the dream, she only strived to discern the child's countenance, so perhaps she'd seen the dressing but forgotten it. Anyhow, she couldn't really say for sure.

When they'd washed up, they went up to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt's place for breakfast. The Hunt couple had already prepared breakfast and even gotten ready, saying that they could all set out together after eating. At the breakfast table, Lola again related her dream last night, whereupon Mrs. Hunt chuckled. "Perhaps we'd spoken too much of this yesterday that it affected you subconsciously." Having the same opinion, Lola nodded.

After breakfast, they then departed with Logan driving them all to the Hunts' hometown. Since many were in the car, the journey was filled with chatter and laughter before they arrived in a seemingly short time.

When the car drove into the village, someone by the road caught sight of it and hollered, "Mr. Hunt and his family are back!"

Reclining against her seat, Lola lamented, "The two of you are really popular."

"We're not at all popular," Mrs. Hunt refuted. "It's the grandeur of your wedding ceremony that chastened them."

Lola was too tired that day, so she didn't bother to clock the villagers' states. However, they'd probably been chastened since she herself was shocked by the munificence of the Jeffersons.

When the car came to a stop before their old house, the surrounding

neighbors all came out and gathered around. "Why did you come back?"

"We came back to visit my mother's grave," Mr. Hunt answered. At this, the neighbors were all smiles, their attitudes a far cry from before.

The road was level, but still, Logan helped Lola into the courtyard. The house had been unoccupied for a long time, so a musty smell lingered in the air. Going into the room, Logan removed the dust cover from the bed and had her rest for a while since he'd noticed her changing positions incessantly throughout the three-hour-or-so drive here. Even a hale and hearty person will be weary after sitting in the car for three hours, what's more a pregnant woman like her now.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1375

Just as Lola lay down on the bed, someone came. This time, it was the matchmaker who'd previously introduced Lola and Shawn. Logan loathed seeing her, so his brows knitted together when he saw her entering the courtyard.

Likewise, Mrs. Hunt was taken aback. "Why is she here?" As she said this, she made to go out, but Logan spoke and held her back. "I'll go, Mom." Mrs. Hunt was startled, but Logan then came out of the room and patted her on the shoulder. "I'll go and see what she wants."

Mr. Hunt chuckled. "Let him go. There are some things that would be inappropriate if they came from you, so let Logan talk to her." Logan doesn't mince his words no matter who he's speaking to, especially when it's someone he doesn't like.

Pushing open the door, Logan went out and stopped the matchmaker at the courtyard. The matchmaker's last name was Hayes, so some people outright addressed her as Broker Hayes considering her profession. The matchmaker didn't care what others called her, for her only concern was whether she'd successfully broker a marriage for those she represented. In an occupation like hers, a successful marriage usually secured her a few grand in facilitation fees. Of course, if she managed to broker a marriage for a wealthy family, her facilitation fee would naturally increase accordingly.

Logan's family was affluent, so his relatives were naturally rich as well. While Logan himself was married, he surely had some single relatives and friends. Thus, Broker Hayes' goal was his friends. There were many beautiful girls in the village, and they all dolled up to attend Lola's wedding back then, so there might be a few who caught the eye of some bachelors during the wedding. For that reason, she came over to make discreet inquiries.

Logan stood in the courtyard, having no plans of inviting her into the house. "Yes?"

Broker Hayes thought that he'd forgotten her, so she chortled. "Have you forgotten me, young man? We've met before."

At this, Logan grunted. "How could I have forgotten you? Back then, you were extremely enthusiastic in matching my wife to someone else."

Broker Hayes' expression froze before she chuckled again. "You're hilarious, young man. That was then, so it's different. At that time, you hadn't gotten together with Lola, and I didn't know about your relationship with her. If I'd known, I never would've deliberately split the two of you up."

Logan didn't care whether she knew about it or not. Until now, he didn't like Shawn, so the dislike naturally extended to the matchmaker. He stuck both hands into his pockets, his attitude languid. "So, why are you here this time?"

Broker Hayes peered into the house. "How long are you all staying? Are you going to stay a few days before leaving?"

Logan said nothing. To his ears, all these questions were simply bullsh*t.

Knowing that he put up with no nonsense, Broker Hayes gave a dry cough. After all, rich people usually aren't to be trifled with. "I heard that your wedding was very grand back then. The young girls in the village chattered about it for more than half a month, complimenting your buddies on their handsome looks and gentlemanly demeanor. Many of them were charmed and flocked to me, but my hands were tied. Since I'm not acquainted with those friends of yours, I can't broker an introduction."

Upon hearing this much, Logan could more or less understand what she meant. Sneering, he declared, "I didn't hear my buddies mentioning any girl. They merely told me that it was rather noisy that day with a gaggle of prattling ladies who acted as though they'd never seen the outside world."

When his words reached her ears, Broker Hayes was rendered speechless.

Snorting, Logan then proclaimed, "Lola is the only decent one out of this entire village, yet you think this is truly a place overflowing with respectable ladies?"

Broker Hayes was an old hand, so how could she possibly fail to grasp his meaning? Nevertheless, she still forced a smile. "Some of the girls had indeed never seen the outside world, but we can't deny that they're respectable ladies."

Logan gave a scornful snicker. "What has that got to do with me?" Subsequently, he frowned. "Also, I think you should reflect carefully on your judgment. Back then, you praised Shawn to the skies, but it turned out that he utilized his position to accept bribes. All things considered, this isn't just a matter of character anymore."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1376

Broker Hayes' face flushed bright red at Logan's remonstrations. It was precisely because she'd helped Shawn to find a match that she'd been criticized behind her back for a long time. His flaws that'd been brought to light spread like wildfire, and the fact that Lola later married a wealthy man such as Logan made it even more obvious that the match she brokered back then was problematic. For that reason, when she now brokered an introduction and played matchmaker, the people out there didn't seem to believe her anymore.

Anyhow, she wanted to make money besides making an enviable match that would repair her reputation. As far as an enviable match went, it naturally had to be one with a rich man. She wasn't acquainted with any one of that sort, nor did she have any connections that'd help her to worm her way into their midst. After repeatedly turning it over in her mind, she came to the conclusion that her only resource lay here with Lola. However, it was clear as day that Logan didn't want to give her an opening, merely mocking her to her face.

Not daring to antagonize him, she flashed him an awkward smile before opening her mouth to defend herself. However, before she could say anything, Mr. Hunt's voice drifted out of the house. "What are you doing out there, Logan? Come in and rest for a while. Aren't you tired after driving all the way here?"

Broker Hayes froze, understanding the meaning behind his words. While he was telling Logan to get into the house, it was also a blatant dismissal toward her.

Logan grunted in acknowledgment. "I'll come in after getting rid of our guest." His words were painfully straightforward.

Knowing that she wasn't welcomed, Broker Hayes was naturally

aware that she definitely wouldn't be treated kindly even if she were to get into the house, so she tried her best to maintain a smile on her face. "You all rest, then. I'll be leaving first since I've still got some business to attend to."

The moment her words reached his ears, Logan spun on his heels and went back into the house. Pursing her lips, Broker Hayes turned around and walked out. As soon as she twisted her body, her expression darkened. He looks down on me just because he has a pretty penny. Pah!

When she'd left, the neighbors then came over. Since it was the neighbors, Logan didn't go out. Entering the bedroom, he lay down on the bed and muttered, "These people are simply annoying!"

"I'd found it annoying when they came over back when our family was only doing okay. Their words had always carried barbs as they gloated about things we didn't even care about," Lola lamented dourly. Now that I've married Logan and our family has elevated in status, these people again flock to our house with flattering compliments, lauding us insincerely with their eyes closed. Still, I'm finding it very annoying. Why is it just so difficult to close our doors and live life peacefully?

The moment those neighbors stepped into the house, their eyes darted everywhere. When they spotted Logan and Lola lying down in the room, they lowered their voices and asked, "What's wrong? Are they not feeling well?"

Mrs. Hunt smiled. "No, they're just tired after the long journey here." Nodding, the neighbors followed Mr. and Mrs. Hunt into their room before asking them how life was in the city, whether they'd acclimated to it, and the like. Mr. Hunt's face glowed. "How could we possibly be unacclimated to it? Why would it feel out of place when we're living the high life? If a rich man comes to the village and stays here, he might be unused to it, but we're villagers who went to the city, having good food, resplendent clothes, and a magnificent house. What's there to acclimate to?"

If he'd said this in the past, the neighbors would've all smirked, but now, they all smilingly seconded what he said. "Indeed. What's there to acclimate to when you're there to live the high life? You've got infinite money to buy anything you want."

Mr. Hunt reclined against his bed. "With money, one can acclimate to life anywhere, but without money, one will be ill at ease everywhere."

"Look, Mr. Hunt nailed it right on the head," someone beside him said. "You've acclimated to life there because you've got money. People like us who have to work our *sses off in the city to make money find it better to just stay in the village." After saying this, the person instantly changed his tune, asking, "Do you have any good jobs? Well, do recommend them to us as well so that we too can make some money."

At this, Mr. Hunt could already guess why these people came over. Without any change in expression, he waved a dismissive hand. "What good jobs would I have? I'm merely sitting around, doing nothing in the city. We're just lucky our daughter married well. Personally, I've got no capability at all. We've been fellow villagers for so many years, so you know how I am."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1377

Beside him, Mrs. Hunt echoed, "It's no different for us over there than being here. We merely stay home and do nothing, so what good jobs could we have?"

The neighbors weren't about to give up. One of them leaned over and asked, "Doesn't your son-in-law have some if the two of you don't?"

Mrs. Hunt's gaze shifted to Lola's room for a brief moment. "Did you

think he goes to work every day? Like us, he stays at home and does nothing. His family is rich, so all his money is invested, and he lives off the profits. If you were to ask him what kind of job would make money and ensure quick returns, he might not know as much as you do.”

Beside her, Mr. Hunt chuckled. “You’re right in that. I talked to him about investment the other day, and he told me outright that he doesn’t know anything about it.”

A neighbor at the side was feeling rather incredulous, and he insisted on getting an answer. “Since his family is so wealthy, they must have a lot of connections.”

A lot of connections? That’s probably true. “All four of his sisters and brothers-in-law have companies of their own, so they definitely have plenty of ways to make money. However, we’re not all that close. Furthermore, even if we ask them to help us out, they won’t know how to do so with our paltry sum,” Mr. Hunt said.

Then, he looked up and swept his gaze over all the neighbors around him. “To make money now, the initial investment must be a huge sum, so how would we be able to fork out that much? The investments they do are high-risk, and the losses amount to tens of millions in a single go. If we were to lose that much, we might even be propelled to jump off the building.”

Leaning back against his bed, he continued, “In this society, you’ve got to have a substantial amount of capital if you want to make a lot of money. How could you gain something without paying anything?” After saying that, he added, “Look at me. I don’t even dare to try it. Rather, I prefer living my life honestly. We don’t understand anything about risk factors, so it’s better to just forget about it.”

In the other room, Logan could vaguely hear the ongoing conversation, but the details were rather sketchy to him. Reaching out, he pulled Lola into his arms. “Are you feeling okay? Do you want to sleep for a while?”

Lola truly felt a touch drowsy. “I’ll just doze for a bit, so wake me up in a while.”

Murmuring an acquiescence, Logan then patted her lightly as though patting a child. Sleep came swiftly for Lola, and she slipped into dreamland in less than a minute after she’d closed her eyes. The corners of Logan’s mouth curved into a faint smile. Taking off his jacket, he draped it over her before getting to his feet and leaving the room.

The weather on this day was good, so he stood in the courtyard for a while. Subsequently, the neighbors came out. The moment they set eyes on him, their faces were awash with smiles as though they’d seen their own son, asking whether he was tired from driving and how long he’d be staying here. Logan wasn’t one for small talk, so there wasn’t much expression on his face as he replied curtly, “I’m fine.”

Upon seeing his indifference, the neighbors didn’t force a lengthy conversation. They merely greeted him briefly before leaving one by one. Then, Logan turned around and went to the garden in the backyard. The vegetables in the garden were all matured, seemingly having been well-taken care of.

Logan fished out a pack of cigarettes and lit one. Earlier, he hadn’t dared to smoke in front of Lola, so this was a long-awaited opportunity. However, when he was just halfway through, he faintly heard a voice from the courtyard, a woman’s voice that sounded rather advanced in years. Taking a puff, he narrowed his eyes as he found the voice a touch familiar, yet he couldn’t remember who it was in that instance.

He initially didn’t plan on interfering, assuming that it was probably

one of the neighbors again, but he abruptly heard Mr. Hunt's roar a few seconds later. "Why are you here? Get out!" At this, Logan stilled. Immediately after that, he heard the woman's slightly awkward chuckle as she greeted Mr. Hunt.

Frowning, he finished the cigarette in a few puffs before crushing the cigarette butt on the ground. Then, he whirled around and left the backyard for the courtyard via a small path at the side that led to the front. Before Logan had reached the front, he heard Mr. Hunt's bellow again. "Get out, get out! You're not welcomed here, so don't come again!"

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Logan hurriedly strode forward, worried that Mr. Hunt would end up on the losing end in the dispute. When he reached the courtyard, he then saw that it was only Mr. and Mrs. Hunt as well as a middle-aged woman in the entire yard. The middle-aged woman was indeed someone whom he was well-acquainted with, and they'd even had a squabble back then. It was Shawn's mother. At the sight of Mrs. Long, the crease of his brows deepened.

Mrs. Long had also caught sight of him, whereupon she instantly put on a beaming smile. Putting aside her argument with Mr. Hunt, she pivoted and headed toward him. "Oh, you're here, Logan? It's been a long time."

Stilling slightly, Logan stared at her expressionlessly. We're not even acquaintances, yet this woman addressed me so familiarly!

"Why are you here?" Logan's tone was also disgruntled.

Mrs. Long chortled. "I just passed by, so I came over for a look upon hearing that you're back."

As far as I know, the Longs don't live in this village, so how could she possibly have 'passed by'?

At the side, Mrs. Hunt had also dropped the polite smile from her face, her expression chagrined. "Lola is already married, and she's been over with Shawn for ages. So, what's the meaning of you coming here again?"

Mrs. Long heaved a sigh. "You've misunderstood me, dear friend. I'm not here to bring up the matter regarding Lola and Shawn. I'm truly here just for a look."

"What do you want to see?" Logan demanded.

Taken aback, the smile on Mrs. Long's face looked extremely fake.

"Even if Lola didn't end up with Shawn, they can still be friends.

Thus, it's not necessary for the two families to become enemies. Isn't it good to just associate as fellow villagers?" It was as though she'd forgotten about the fact that their family of three had once come over to kick up a fuss.

Meanwhile, Lola had also awakened. Having been awakened from a deep sleep by the racket, her head was spinning. She sat up in the bed and stared out. From her angle, she just so happened to spot Mrs. Long's countenance. After sitting for a while, she got up and went out.

The moment Mrs. Long saw Lola, her laughter increased in volume.

"Oh, you finally came out, Lola! I was just wondering why I didn't see you."

Lola's face was devoid of expression. "I was sleeping, but your ear-splitting voice disrupted my sleep." She'd seen Mrs. Long before when she was with Shawn. While she found her attitude rather lacking at times, she still treated her respectfully since she was an elder. Now, however, things were different. She was reminded of Shawn at the sight of her, and subsequently, everything Shawn had done. Family background was truly important, so the fact that Shawn ended up in such disgrace now definitely had something to do with

Mr. and Mrs. Long's teaching. Putting it bluntly, it was still the parents' negligence.

Upon seeing such an attitude from her, Mrs. Long's expression changed. But with Logan there, she didn't dare pull a long face with Lola, merely putting away the awkward smile on her face. "Well, aren't I here to look in on you now?"

Lola sneered. "Do I need you to look in on me? Am I very close with you?" No one expected her to suddenly get up in arms when she'd always been amicable.

Mrs. Long was stunned, almost passing out from fury at this rebuttal. Amusement flooded Logan. This was his first time seeing Lola raving at someone else besides him since all of her temper was directed at him in the past. Thus, he went over and wrapped an arm around her shoulder. "Don't get angry. If you don't want to see her, we'll just kick her out." He was a man of his word, for just after he'd finished saying that to her, he turned to Mrs. Long and glared at her. "Get out! You're not welcomed." Then, he again spoke softly to Lola. "Come, let's go back in and sleep for a while longer. You haven't slept much." Going along with his movements, Lola turned around and followed him into the house. After closing the door behind them, Lola recalled Mrs. Long's expression when Logan humiliated her earlier, and she burst into laughter. Pinching her face, Logan leaned over and kissed her. Lola then pushed him gently. "Behave."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1379

Logan pouted. "We can't be intimate, yet I can't even kiss you now?" Lola thumped him. "Lower your voice." After saying that, she glanced out. "Why is she here? What did you all talk about earlier?"

Actually, we didn't talk about anything of significance. Logan hesitated for a moment. "I think she probably came over to worm her way into our good graces. After all, it was me who caused her son to lose his job, so she might be afraid that I'd continue manipulating things to make life difficult for him."

Returning to the room, Lola lay down. "Who'd be so free to bother him if he didn't make trouble in the first place?"

Logan trailed after her. "You're right."

A while later, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt came in as well. Mr. Hunt entered the house with a long face, muttering, "What the hell? Who did she think she was?"

Behind him, Mrs. Hunt stroked his back. "Ah, just don't take offense at someone like her. You know what their family is like, no? Just pretend as though you hadn't heard the pile of drivel she blathered this time. It's not worth it to be upset because of such a person."

Lola wanted to go and inquire about the matter, but just as she was about to get up, Logan held her back down. "I'll go and check on them." Then, he exited the room. "What happened, Dad? What did she say just now?"

Mr. Hunt stomped over to the chair at the side. "She's just like a d*mn leech. Doesn't she know to find the fault from Shawn himself if he isn't doing well in his work? But no, she's adamant that someone must be putting obstacles in his path!"

Logan's brows knitted together. After that, Mr. Hunt continued, "Do you know why she came over earlier? Passing by, my foot! She heard that we came back, so she deliberately came to seek us out. Shawn went looking for a job some time ago, but no one wanted to employ him, and he was rejected by several places. However, she didn't consider the possibility of Shawn himself being less than capable, or rather, his tarnished reputation being the reason. Instead, she pushed the blame on us, assuming that we'd manipulated things behind the scenes to ensure that he can't find a job."

All at once, Logan guffawed. I thought she came to put in a good word for Shawn and implore me to show him mercy, but it turns out that I underthought it. She has already placed the blame on me. He chuckled in exasperation. "I initially didn't want to take things too far, but she came and asked for it."

Mr. Hunt was also infuriated. "What bad luck that we bumped into her when we came back!"

"There's no need to get up in arms with someone like her." Logan tried to calm his father-in-law down. "We'll just straighten her up." Considering Mr. Hunt's temperament, he definitely would've said not to take things too far in the past, but this time, he didn't utter a single objection despite understanding what Logan meant. It seemed that he'd truly been vexed by that old woman.

After some time, Logan went out and made a phone call in the courtyard. He said a few words, whereupon the person on the other end vowed that he'd ensure the smooth execution of the matter. At this, Logan chuckled. "This person is rather easy to handle, so you don't need to spend too much effort. Just make sure that he can't get a job."

The person on the other end chortled as well. "I was thinking of having someone beat him up, but since you said as much, Young Master Jefferson, I'll do away with that."

Logan grunted. "That coward isn't worth you beating him up. He might pee his pants if you just threaten him for a bit."

They merely chatted for a bit before hanging up. When he was done, Logan pivoted and went back to the house. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had gone to rest since they'd be visiting Lola's grandmother's grave in the afternoon, then making the return trip right away. Going back to Lola, Logan had just lay down when she flipped over and hugged him around the waist. "Who did you call just now?"

"A young lady. We talked about something private," Logan said, trying to tease her.

Lola harrumphed. "Who else besides me would take an interest in you considering your attitude?"

As Logan caressed her hair, he murmured, "Jasmine Xanthos took an interest in me."

At the mention of Jasmine, Lola stilled for a moment. "Her taste was bad in the past, but it's now back to normal."

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Logan began talking about business. "I gave my friend a call to have him help settle things with Shawn."

A smile tugged on the corner of Lola's lips. "Being with you makes me feel safe." It was true, and not only was it due to his familial background, but also because of his personality. Lola had a feeling that she could wrap Logan around her little finger, or rather, Logan was willing to allow that to happen, so she never feared accidents.

They took some time to catch their breaths before buying some offerings to pay their respects to Faye Hunt, Lola's grandmother. Having memorized the route, Logan drove them all the way there. He helped Lola while they were traveling uphill, but ended up carrying her on the back later on. In short, Lola didn't expend much energy throughout the process.

It wasn't easy to locate her grandmother's grave, so they spent a long time doing just that before they were able to settle down to pay their respects. Lola babbled about her marriage and pregnancy, all the while reassuring Faye that Logan had been treating her with much care, saying he would also look after her parents.

After going through all the necessary steps for the worship and setting the offerings down in front of the tombstone, the group of people went down the hill. The journey down the hill was less tiresome, so Lola held hands with Logan, and the latter even began humming a tune.

Falling behind the group, Langdon asked in a hushed voice, "I wonder what I saw in Shawn back then. Look at Logan. Shawn can't even compare to him."

Fiona lamented as well, saying, "I never expected Lola to find someone like Logan. All I wanted was for her to have a stable life, but I never envisioned this."

Nodding, Langdon agreed to her. "How did they even get to this stage? I've been racking my brains for an answer. With Logan's familial background, he could easily date any woman he likes, but his love for Lola is so whole-hearted that I couldn't help but wonder if this is too good to be true." Meanwhile, Logan and Lola were walking ahead of them, so neither heard the conversation behind them, as both of them were already discussing what snack to have after getting home.

On the other hand, a full day's filming on set left Ian feeling utterly spent. He heaved a sigh upon sitting down in the lounge, closing his eyes after noticing that no one was around. Although he was only planning to take a nap, he fell asleep just like that after some time, his brain conjuring up a chaotic dream in his sleep even.

He dreamed of when he was young, when Bryce recently took him in under his wing. It was a time when he had yet to get used to life with the Morgans, nor was Bryce nice to him, so life was a bit of an uphill battle. Truth be told, he already forgot those days as time passed, but they somehow came rushing back to him in his dreams.

When Cindy came to fetch him, she saw him asleep on the sofa as soon as she opened the door. Having full knowledge of his schedule, she knew how taxing his job was, so she bit back whatever it was that she was planning to say. There was nobody else in the lounge, so she shut the door quietly before packing up Ian's clothes. Then, she sat down on the chair near him.

Ian's dream was rather chaotic, so he wasn't in fact aware of what the dream was about. Still sound asleep, he stirred his body before muttering, "Mom..."

Frightened by the sudden noise, Cindy stared at him wide-eyed. However, Ian didn't wake up but continued sleeping after shifting to another more comfortable position. Pondering on the situation, she draped on Ian an extra throw that she retrieved from his luggage, whereas Ian remained sound asleep, showing no signs of waking up. She watched him sleep for some time before abruptly heaving a sigh. Ian got some quality sleep until he was roused awake by a phone call from his driver, who inquired if he got into some sort of trouble and if he needed help, as the driver had been waiting for a long while downstairs. With a sleep-addled mind, Ian picked up the call and mumbled a few words before ending it. After that, he turned to see Cindy sleeping soundly while leaning on the table.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1381

Sitting up from the sofa, Ian checked on the throw that was draped on him. He took some time to chill before walking up to Cindy.

"Wake up. We need to go now."

Cindy wasn't deep in sleep, so she shot up as soon as he called out to her. Nodding, her eyes were still blurry from sleep. "Okay. Let's go." She stumbled a little when she stood, but managed to head toward the luggage briskly.

On the other hand, Ian was picking up his own luggage. "I can do this myself."

Cindy quickly shook her hands. "It's fine. Let me carry them." As she said so, she took the two suitcases from him. Ian always knew that despite her small stature, she was in fact extremely strong. He had seen her navigate herself without a problem while carrying two

large suitcases before. Even his manager, Ms. Hannah Jones, commented that Cindy was far more competent compared to the others.

Therefore, Ian didn't fight her over the luggage, leaving the lounge in strides, whereas she followed behind him closely with both suitcases in her hand. Meanwhile, the driver had taken a nap himself when they finally got to the car. Upon seeing them, the driver took the luggage before placing them into the car trunk. "Mr. Morgan, what took you so long? Did something happen to you?"

Ian apologized before adding, "We fell asleep in the lounge." Chiming in, Cindy said, "I'm sorry. I fell asleep when I should've woken you up."

The driver knew how packed their schedule was, so it was understandable that they would feel tired. After the three of them got into the car, the driver started the engine before commenting in a cheerful manner, "It's hard being a celebrity. You hardly ever have any downtime." When Cindy yawned while sitting in the passenger seat, the driver turned to look at her. "The same applies to this young lady who is always as busy as a bee."

She chuckled in response, but made no further remarks. Meanwhile, Ian was feeling a lot more refreshed after the nap. Leaning back in his seat, he turned to watch the view outside the window. Nightlife had just begun, and that was when the place would get lively when he used to sing in a bar.

Taking his phone out, he checked on it to see a message from Logan that inquired when he would be free to meet up. However, Ian didn't have an answer to that, as he already informed Ms. Jones early on that he wanted a full schedule, which was a deliberate move on his part to make sure he wouldn't have time to dwell on the negative things in his life.

On the other hand, Ms. Jones was also happy to do that, so she made sure to fill up his schedule for the coming six months. Seeing that he didn't know what to say, Ian decided to not reply to Logan's message. The car pulled over in front of a hotel after a while. Deftly getting out of the car, Cindy retrieved both suitcases from the car trunk before carrying them into the hotel.

After she got them booked into the hotel, Cindy got the keys to their rooms, then helped carry Ian's suitcases. All the while, Ian followed behind her, watching her leave the suitcases in the corner of the room upon entering it. She knew Ian didn't like people touching his stuff, so she rubbed her hands a little nervously while asking, "Do you need anything else?"

Ian sat down on the sofa. "It's alright now. You can go get some rest." It had been some time since Cindy began working with Ian, but they were still acting formally around each other, as while Cindy was more of an introvert, neither was Ian a chatty person. Even Ms. Jones commented that the other celebrities would be more carefree with their assistants, whereas Ian and Cindy were the only ones who seemed uptight around each other.

Turning to leave, Cindy closed the door from outside, whereas Ian downed half a bottle of water as he looked out of the window. Cindy was staying in the room adjacent to his. As soon as she got in, she washed up as quickly as possible. Ever since she started working alongside Ian, she began working at a faster pace, even cutting down the time which she used to shower. She changed into her pajamas after getting out of the shower, then fell asleep in bed without even drying her hair.

Meanwhile, Ian had a hard time falling asleep, so he checked on the schedule for tomorrow that Cindy had typed into his phone.

In fact, he didn't actually need to remember his schedule, as Cindy would make sure to arrange everything for him. However, he tapped to check on it anyway since he had nothing else to do.

It would be another busy day, as his schedule was full from afternoon to night. Other than jotting down the time required for each activity, Cindy also typed in the list of shows that he would have to make an appearance on, as well as the clothing and accessories required during each show. There were also reminders on the other celebrities who would be present on the show, alongside the details that he should take note of. Admittedly, Cindy wasn't only physically fit but also very attentive to details, which was a rare quality even among assistants.

Turning the lights off, Ian had been lying on bed in the dark for a while when the screen of his phone on the bedside table lit up. The light in the dark was eye-catching, so he reached for his phone to check on it. It was a message from Sean which updated him with the latest situation in the Morgan Family, but there wasn't anything of importance. He also inquired on how Ian had been doing.

Although Sean had sent him a lot of messages prior to this, most of them went unreplyed, as he didn't know what to say to him, which was also the case with the rest of the Morgans. Thus, deleting the message, he put his phone face-down on the table and turned to the other side before closing his eyes.

Recalling the scenarios in his dreams, he was feeling suffocated. If he could lead a normal life, he didn't actually want to become a celebrity. Soon, he got a little groggy before sleep finally overcame him during the latter half of the night. The next morning, he was roused by knocks on his door. He didn't need to check to know it was Cindy who had come over, so he got out of bed to answer the door at a leisurely pace.

As soon as Cindy walked into his room with his breakfast in hand, a string of words began rolling off her tongue. "You'll be doing a duet on the show that you'll appear on later this morning, where a few seniors from the music industry will be acting as judges. They might have a bit of a sharp tongue, so you don't have to take their words to heart. There will also be another guest who is notorious for his insulting words. He has always been roasting people in order to garner himself the attention of the public, so I suppose he would be impolite, if not outright vile. You should treat him as one would a clown. Pay him no heed, as he will have justice served to him some time in the future."

Ian was already used to Cindy nagging him, as she would do that every morning when she brought him his breakfast. Other than reporting to him the programs he was required to attend, she would also make an assessment of possible situations that he would have to be prepared to face. Letting out a hum, Ian replied, "Okay. I get it." Aside from breakfast, Cindy also brought him some fruits. When she was organizing the outfits needed for the various shooting sessions, Ian went to wash up, as it was still early in the morning. She would always arrive earlier so that Ian had ample time to get prepared. Due to the fact that Ian was a bit of a clean freak, he never wore the outfits prepared by the production crew unless it was necessary, but so did the crew wish that he would bring his own outfit, as it would save them a lot of time.

When Ian was all done, Cindy was already sitting by the table, as they had breakfast together almost every morning. Sitting down in front of her, Ian noted, "You don't seem too well."

Cindy touched her face before saying, "It might be because I didn't get much rest. It's alright. I will buy myself a cup of coffee later."

Without a word, Ian nodded before proceeding to eat breakfast in silence as per usual. Not even five minutes into their meal, Cindy's phone rang. Initially, she only checked on it before tucking her phone away, but it rang again after a while.

Ian looked up to check on her, determining from the fact she didn't pick up immediately that it wasn't a call from the agency. Seeing that Ian continued eating, Cindy left the table with her phone after some thought. However, she didn't spend a lot of time on the call, which Ian roughly surmised wouldn't have exceeded three minutes.

When she returned, she seemed unperturbed, and was even wearing a smile while she asked, "How is breakfast? I wanted to buy you some pumpkin porridge that you liked, but it was sold out. Since I didn't want to make you wait, I bought some corn porridge instead."

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As per his usual cold demeanor, Ian told her the porridge tasted good, nor did she think much of it as she sat down with a smile on her face. However, she put her cutlery away after taking a few bites out of her meal, leaving her breakfast unfinished on the table.

Apparently, something must've happened over the phone call, but Ian didn't like to pry into other people's business, so he feigned ignorance regarding the situation.

After their meal, they packed up everything they needed, including their makeup kit, before leaving the hotel, only to see that the driver was already waiting for them. The three of them seemed to work well together, as their schedules were rarely conflicted. While on their way to the filming set, the driver was blabbering away, but as soon as he noticed Cindy seemed a little pale, he let out a chuckle. "What's wrong? Did you overwork yourself yesterday?"

Pinching on her brows, Cindy said, "I'll go buy myself a cup of coffee later."

The driver went on. "Hey, do a lot of people envy you for being able to follow Mr. Morgan around? Whenever I saw his fangirls shrieking as they ran toward him, I was scared that the guards might not be able to hold them off, and they would end up gobbling Mr. Morgan up." He laughed by the end of it.

The driver had been working alongside Ian ever since the latter made his debut. Initially, he would watch his mouth while around Ian due to Ian's cool demeanor, but he soon came to realize that Ian was a rather easy-going person despite his taciturn personality. Therefore, the driver would crack jokes from time-to-time while driving.

Meanwhile, Cindy let out a dry chuckle before leaning against the window while staring out of it. Probably because she didn't dry her hair last night after the shower, she was feeling unwell, and she had a migraine upon getting up.

When they arrived at the filming set, she entered the building with Ian after retrieving all of their stuff from the car. There were quite a lot of people working on the production crew, one of whom showed Ian in with haste upon his arrival.

As they arrived early, Ian was ushered into the dressing room to do his makeup. Cindy readied the makeup kit before backing away to remain standby, whereas a young woman who would be his stylist greeted Ian with a smile. "Oh, Ian! Can I have your autograph? I am your fan!"

Normally, stylists would conduct themselves with more decorum as they were already used to meeting celebrities. However, Cindy made no remarks while watching from the sidelines. Nodding, Ian put on the warm facade that he commonly wore while in public. "How about I give you one after the styling session?"

Immediately, the stylist nodded. "Sure, definitely! I'm holding you to

that now." The stylist was quite young, nor was she overdramatic, so her cuteness was just on point, which Cindy regarded with slight admiration. She figured that girls who were both pretty and decent like the stylist were the ones whom everybody would welcome with open arms.

When they were halfway through their styling session, Cindy brought Ian some water and stuck a straw in the cup. Ian didn't even need to make a request, as she had always been attentive to such details. After a while, a crowd filed into the room. Glancing behind her, Cindy greeted the celebrity who came in next. "Hello, Miss Young. Please have a seat." Cindy even pulled out the chair for her as she said so.

The woman was Sena Young, the celebrity whom Ian would be doing a duet with. She was considered as Ian's senior within the industry, but she wasn't that much older than him, as she rose to fame at a young age. While Ian was about to stand up, the woman came over to prop one hand on his shoulder, giving off the impression that they were close to each other. "You came rather early. I was actually thinking of coming in earlier to wait on you."

Considering she was Ian's senior, he treated her rather warmly, smiling at her. "And here I was worried that I might be running late." Sena sat down on the chair that Cindy pulled out for her. Sitting sideways, she faced Ian as she spoke. "You have nothing to worry about. All you need to do is repeat what you've done a million times. I've seen records of your previous performances, which were great, so I figured we should be able to advance in rank as long as we play it steady." After that, she smiled while tilting her head. "I have been imagining the scenario of our meeting, but you are slightly different from how I imagined you to be."

That was their first time meeting each other. Turning his head, Ian cast her a glance. "What's different about me? Do I look better while on TV?"

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"That's not it." With a fond smile, Sena said, "I think you look better in person. You feel more real. Oh, I don't even know what I'm talking about, but I do think your presence makes people feel comfortable." She ended her sentence rather coquettishly, which sounded even more annoying than what the stylist said. While Cindy wasn't sure how Ian felt upon hearing what Sena told him, she knew for sure that she felt uncomfortable.

After that, Sena chuckled, totally unaware of how coquettish she sounded. Without a word, the stylist wore a faint smile, while there was a hint of mockery in her eyes when nobody was watching. Seeing that Ian made no further attempt at a conversation, Sena stopped before turning to face Cindy with a gentle expression. "I bet a lot of people envy you for your position as Ian's assistant." With a casual smile, Cindy replied, "I do get a lot of people telling me that."

Nodding, Sena pressed on. "What's your name? You seem like a dependable person."

Cindy decided she had nothing to hide, so she told Sena her real name. "My name is Cindy Selby."

Startled, Sena commented, "It has a nice ring to it."

Hanging her head low, Cindy said nothing else, whereas Ian had been facing the mirror without much of an expression on his face. Having her own stylist, Sena adjusted her position before beginning her styling session.

After a while, Cindy's phone buzzed in her pocket. She pondered on the situation before telling Ian in a low voice, "I'll be taking a phone

call outside. Come get me if you need anything.”

Ian hummed in the affirmative by way of a response. The phone call lasted slightly longer than the first one, as she wasn't back even after Ian was finished with his styling session. Recalling that Cindy hadn't eaten much for breakfast after taking the first call, Ian stood to leave, but not before Sena spoke. "I'm almost done, so we can rehearse for a bit later on."

Stopping in his tracks, Ian looked back at her while replying, "Sure." Sena seemed glad when she looked at Ian. With her good looks, she could easily seduce anyone with a single look on her face. However, Ian wore a straight face while examining Sena's makeup. "It seems like you'll need more time, so I'll be off for a while."

Pursing her lips, Sena hummed in response. "Alright, but be quick, as I'm almost done."

Instead of giving her a reply, Ian left the dressing room. He was never one to meddle in other people's business, as he didn't like being a busybody. However, he didn't like Sena's overzealous attitude, so he wanted a break from her. He stepped into a corridor upon coming out of the dressing room, but Cindy wasn't there. Walking along the corridor, it didn't take long before Cindy emerged from the corner in front of him.

Judging from the fact that her face was moist, Ian figured she must've washed her face, but no amount of washing was able to cover up the redness around her eyes. She was slightly taken aback by Ian's presence. "What's the matter? Did something happen?"

Stopping in front of her, Ian said, "I needed a break."

Cindy nodded before starting to offer him more information in a low voice. "Miss Young's career went smoothly ever since her debut.

Despite being a bit of a snob, she seemed to be treating you fairly nicely. However, I do not know how your duet would turn out, and things might change if the results aren't the most favorable, as she might blame everything on you, so please don't take things too personally."

Ian turned to cast her a glance. Although it was apparent from her reddened eyes that she just cried, she still maintained a professional demeanor while talking to Ian. Instead of answering her, Ian asked, "Did something happen?"

Startled, she only understood his question after a while before she combed her hair behind her ears, some of which were damp after she washed her face, an uneasy expression written all over. "It's nothing major. Not something that couldn't be solved."

Ian nodded before replying nonchalantly, "Remember to speak up if anything happens."

Still not disclosing much, she said, "Sure. Thank you."

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Cindy could see that Ian didn't want to return to the dressing room, so she pointed toward a nearby spot. "There's a hall over there. Why not have a seat?"

Waving his hand, he declined her offer, choosing to walk over to a window before opening it to allow some breeze into the building. On the other hand, Sena was soon finished with her makeup, so she had her assistant go fetch Ian.

Due to the fact that the assistant had been working with Sena for some time, she looked down on other assistants. Walking over to them, the assistant didn't even acknowledge Cindy, but she addressed Ian directly. "Mr. Morgan, Sena is ready, so she would like to go through a quick rehearsal with you."

Ian hummed in response before replying, "Sure. Let's go."

While Cindy followed behind them, Sena's assistant blocked her before she could enter the dressing room. "You can stay here. Our presence in the room won't be of much help. Furthermore, it might

even be a disturbance.”

There was a pause before Cindy spoke with an innocent look on her face. “It’s fine. I won’t make a sound while standing inside.”

However, the assistant wasn’t going to relent, as she was still blocking Cindy’s way. “Miss Sena doesn’t like being watched when she is rehearsing.”

While maintaining a soft expression, Cindy didn’t back down. “But I have to stay with Ian at all times during his rehearsals.”

Standing by the door, neither did Ian go in while looking back at Sena’s assistant. “It’s alright. She will be quiet, so she won’t disturb Miss Sena.”

Taken aback, the assistant seemed like she had something to say when she turned to look at Ian, but nothing came out. Ian opened the door to see that the dressing room was empty, as everybody was gone from the room save for Sena. As if unaware of Sena’s intentions, Ian motioned for Cindy to enter the room. “Come on in.”

On the other hand, Sena was already in a new set of clothes, looking both exquisite and elegant. A frown crossed her face as soon as she saw Cindy entering the room alongside Ian. However, Ian gave Cindy his instructions before Sena could say anything. “You can sit on that chair, but try to remain as quiet as possible.”

Nodding, Cindy sat down without a word as meekly as possible, ignoring what Sena’s actions were implying, whereas Sena did her best to school her expression, covering up the annoyance she felt. It had been a few months since Ian’s debut, so Cindy had a fair share of encounters wherein other celebrities tried to blackmail him. A scandal would break out by the next day if Ian rehearsed with Sena in the room alone.

With her phone in her pocket, Cindy turned on the camera function. On the other hand, Sena couldn’t do anything about the situation as Cindy didn’t do anything to disrupt the rehearsal, so she had to stick with the rehearsal without making any suspicious moves. In fact, they never needed the rehearsal to begin with after having gone through multiple beforehand.

After some time, Cindy took out her phone to check on it, while Sena soon ignored her when she realized Cindy wasn’t recording. Upon finishing their first rehearsal, one of the crew came to inform them that the other celebrities would be needing the room. Standing up with a smile, Sena told Ian, “Alright. I’ll see you on stage.”

Ian nodded in return before telling Cindy, “Let’s go.”

The two of them exited the dressing room when the other celebrities were on their way in. Both parties came face-to-face before brushing past each other, taking note of Cindy’s presence beside Ian.

Later on, Ian would be moving to the preparation area to get ready for his stage appearance with Sena, but Cindy couldn’t go there, so she had to wait outside. There were a few chairs near her, so she sat on one, waiting for Ian while leaning back on the chair.

Sena’s assistant arrived soon after. She was slightly older than Cindy, and was a senior in her field of work. Most senior assistants looked down on newbies, so she only snorted while passing by, all the while casting Cindy a side glance. However, Cindy ignored her, as she knew while there were all sorts of people in the entertainment industry, snobs and sycophants were the most common among them all.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1386

Ian had just made his debut recently, so all eyes were on him.

Although Cindy was merely his assistant, she knew people had a tendency to overanalyze her actions, so she was determined to not cause Ian any trouble. She took her phone out, only to return it into her pocket after looking at the time as there wasn’t a lot to go through on it.

The shooting session didn’t last that long, about twenty minutes at

most. As soon as Ian returned backstage, Cindy met him with haste. "How did it go?"

He seemed calm when he said, "It's not bad."

Right after he said so, Sena came to him with a bright smile on her face. "Ian, let me buy you a meal later as a token of my appreciation." Waving his hand, Ian turned down her invitation. "You don't have to thank me, as it's just a part of my job. I have other things to work on, so I'll buy you a meal when I have time."

A smile tugged on the corner of Sena's lips. "Okay. I'll keep this in mind, so you better keep your promise."

After a brief chat, Ian left with Cindy. As the program was under production, the celebrities were mostly scheduled to shoot their parts separately. They bumped into two other celebrities and their assistants while on their way out. Ian greeted both of them politely before leaving in the car. As soon as the car drove off, Ian cast Cindy a glance. "Did you capture the scene?"

Nodding, Cindy fished for her phone, unlocking it to show him the video recordings from back when they were in the dressing room. Ian lowered his gaze to check on the recording. The recording began with a black screen, as the phone was in Cindy's pocket during that time. However, it did capture the conversation between Ian and Sena clearly, which proved that they only ever talked about the upcoming competition.

Handing Cindy's phone back to her, Ian seemed satisfied with the recording. "You look rather sickly, so you should get some rest in the car later on instead of following me around."

Cindy shook her head though. "It's alright. All I need is a cup of coffee."

Their next program was a variety show, in which Ian was invited as a guest. Most variety shows were focused on its comedic effect, so Ian would be playing games and having fun while shooting, thus was to an extent an easier task compared to the rest.

As the set was located some distance away, they had to spend more time in the car. While Ian took a nap while leaning against his seat, Cindy was still having a headache, but she had a hard time falling asleep, so she took out her phone to check on it, only to find that there were no calls or messages still. She wondered if it was because she retaliated too harshly. After spending some time on the phone, she heaved a sigh while leaning back on her seat. It's so unfair that we can't choose where we were born.

Meanwhile, Ian dipped in and out of sleep before waking up when the car stopped. Getting out of the car, Cindy helped him carry the luggage. This time, Ian didn't need to put on any makeup, as he was only required to put on a different outfit. After entering the filming set, Cindy took out his clothes. "I'll leave them here."

Turning around to glance at her, Ian said, "You should get some rest in the car. The program will take some time, so I won't come back out anytime soon. Besides, the crew might even accuse you of being a disturbance if you stay."

Cindy nodded while pursing her lips, knowing that Ian was in fact trying to give her some downtime. "Call me when you're done."

With that, Ian left for the locker room with his outfit, whereas Cindy took some time to herself before leaving, figuring that she wouldn't be getting coffee since it was going to take a while. She lay down on the back seats upon getting into the car. Because the driver was taking a smoke break, it was quiet in there, so she closed her eyes, finally dozing off despite the headache.

However, her sleep was not peaceful at all, as the harsh words she said during her previous phone call replayed itself over and over

again in her dreams. To be honest, she regretted what she said as soon as the words rolled off her tongue, but there wasn't much else that she could do when she was plagued with her own troubles. While she wanted to be more considerate toward her family, nobody was there for her when she needed them to be. Although it wasn't a peaceful slumber, Cindy got quite a lot of sleep up until when the driver gave her a shove. "Cindy, wake up! What's wrong? Are you having a nightmare?"

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Cindy opened her eyes slowly, but her mind was still muddled up. Heaving a sigh, the driver asked, "Why are you crying? What have you dreamed of?"

Running her hand across her face, Cindy realized it was full of tears, which she wiped away hastily using her shirt. "I had a scary nightmare, so thanks for waking me up."

The driver didn't think much of it while he chuckled. "To be frightened by your own nightmares... You're a little girl after all." Smiling, Cindy said, "I didn't realize I was dreaming until you woke me up." After that, she looked out of the window while changing the topic. "Is Ian not finished yet?"

The driver hummed in response. "It's only been half an hour, so I suppose it'll take a while more."

With a nod, Cindy took a deep breath to suppress the overflowing emotions within her, whereas the driver leaned back into his seat with his hands on the steering wheel. "To be honest, I worked with a lot of celebrities, so I can in fact see that Ian is a little different from the rest of them."

Startled, Cindy glanced at the driver. "How is he different? He's the first ever celebrity whom I worked with, so I don't really have a point of reference."

Smacking his lips, the driver elaborated, "I just have a feeling that he never seems happy. The celebrities whom I worked with seemed to enjoy making public appearances, but Ian is different in the sense that he is merely treating it as a job."

Cindy didn't quite get what he meant, but she chuckled nonetheless. "Being a celebrity is a profession in itself."

In response to that, the driver shook his head, but didn't dwell any further on the topic. On the other hand, Cindy no longer felt like sleeping, so she took a peek at the filming set after getting out of the car. Seeing that Ian was still filming, Cindy waited at the entrance of the building. The weather today wasn't too great, as it was overcast, looking to rain anytime soon. After a while, she took out her phone to make a call, which was quickly answered by a woman. "Cindy."

Cindy sounded a little cold when she hummed in response. "Give me some more time, as I no longer have any money. For now, find someone who can lend you money, and I'll send you the money as soon as I have some."

There was a weak hum from the other side of the phone. "So when will you get the money? I have to tell them when I will be able to return the money if I want to borrow from them."

Cindy had reminded herself to be patient, but she couldn't help but be riled up upon hearing what the other woman had to say, so she sounded even colder. "I don't know when I will be able to get the money, as I will also have to go borrow some. I already gave you every coin that I have, and the people around me are all wary of me, so I don't know when I will be able to get my hands on some money."

Upon detecting that Cindy was in a bad mood, the woman on the other side of the phone reduced her voice to a squeal. "Okay, you can send me the money as soon as you've got it. Mom will stop asking." After that, the woman told her, "Take care of yourself out there. I'll be hanging up now since phone calls are expensive."

Without even giving a response, Cindy put her phone away after hanging up. She gave her chest a few punches to loosen herself up from feelings of grief. She had been working a job ever since she graduated from university, and while it might not be the highest paying job out there, she was earning money. However, she didn't get to save any money despite having worked so hard. On the contrary, she was indebted to a lot of people due to a certain individual who was ready to devour her with their boundless greed whenever the opportunity arose.

Cindy stood at the entrance until the filming was done, during which it began raining. There were umbrellas in the car, so the driver handed her two of them in a hurry, whereas she opened and held one over Ian. Taking the umbrella into his hand, Ian said, "I can hold my own umbrella, so you don't have to fuss over me."

After that, he left for the car on his own, whereas Cindy followed suit after opening her own umbrella. Upon getting into the vehicle, they had to make their way to their next destination for a talk show. Due to heavy rain, they had to go slow. Sitting in the car, Cindy took out her phone to go through her list of contacts, only to find that she no longer had anyone to turn to for money.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1388

Cindy owed money to every single person on her contact list. Since they were already wary of her, they wouldn't be answering her calls if she wasn't about to pay them back. Stopping in front of a traffic light, the driver turned around to check on Cindy. "What's the matter? You are frowning. Why do you look so troubled, young girl?" Startled, Cindy smiled at the driver in return. "It's nothing."

There wasn't a lot that she needed to do for the talk show, so she waited outside when Ian was filming. During the half an hour when Ian was in the show, Cindy went through her contacts multiple times while sitting in the car until he was back again, after which they went back to the hotel. Upon arriving, she helped carry Ian's luggage to his room before saying, "I'll be retiring to my room if there's nothing else you need."

Ian cast her a glance while telling her, "You should have room service get you some medicine if you aren't feeling well."

Nodding, Cindy replied, "Sure, I will." She entered her room after bidding him goodbye. Then, she went through her contacts again before steeling her nerves to make two phone calls. In fact, she already knew the reply she would get, as she still owed the other party money, so it was kind of unfair of her to try to borrow from them again.

Fortunately, one of the people Cindy called was her roommate during university. Instead of getting angry at her, her former roommate gave her some much-needed advice. "Your family shouldn't be relying on you like that. You have to think for yourself! Just look at the life you're living! You'll be leading this sort of life forever if you don't learn to put up any boundaries."

Despite understanding every single word she heard, Cindy replied, "I have my own circumstances. With things as they are, I can't just quit." Depressed, she collapsed onto the sofa. "If my family were even remotely close to a normal family, I would've let go a long time ago, but I can't let go now."

Meanwhile, her former roommate also knew that Cindy had her own concerns, so she could only heave a sigh. "Cindy, I'm afraid I can't be of much help. I just started working, so I don't have any savings,

since I spend all of my salary every month.”

Murmuring an assent, Cindy said, “It’s okay. You’ll have to wait for some time before I can pay you back. I’ll try to save up next month so that I can do so.”

After having told Cindy to not sweat about it, her friend hung up, but didn’t seem to believe in Cindy’s words at all. Cindy put her phone away while curling up on the sofa, feeling groggy and out of sorts before eventually falling asleep on it.

Meanwhile, Ian watched some TV after showering and changing his clothes. It was already past dinner time, which, under normal circumstances, Cindy would’ve already ordered or bought him some food. However, she did neither today, so Ian took it upon himself to order both of them some food from the room service before calling Cindy.

However, nobody picked up despite him having made two calls, which was abnormal. After some hesitation, Ian left his room to go check on Cindy, but neither did she answer the door after a few knocks. From what he gathered, Cindy was more of a homebody, preferring to stick to familiar circumstances. With her personality, Ian knew she would inform him if she ever needed to go out.

In the end, Ian gave the room service another call. They didn’t dally while dispatching someone to open the door to Cindy’s room as they were also afraid that something might go wrong. Upon entering the room, Ian saw Cindy curled up on the sofa, while her face was flushed, indicating that she was having a fever.

Frowning, Ian disliked situations like that as they were a bother, but seeing that they only had each other, nobody would take care of Cindy if he didn’t, so he asked for some medicine from the staff before carrying Cindy into the room. On the other hand, Cindy was in a semi-conscious state, but she could sense that someone was hanging around in her room.

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Unaware of her surroundings, she rolled over to hold onto Ian’s arm. “I feel awful.”

Startled, Ian’s immediate reaction was to retract his arm, but he suppressed the urge to do so as soon as he saw Cindy’s flushed face. Meanwhile, she rubbed herself against his arm. “Do you know how hard my life is?”

Furrowing his brows, Ian said nothing, whereas Cindy sniffled, as her nose was stuffed. Then, she muttered, “Why would you study the arts instead of enrolling in a regular course? I won’t be able to support you.”

Ian waited for a while, but upon noticing that Cindy wasn’t about to continue rambling, he retracted his arm slowly. On the other hand, the room service got him some medicine swiftly, while the meal he ordered had arrived as well, which he had them send to Cindy’s room.

In the meantime, Ian stared at Cindy while standing by her bed as he wasn’t sure what to do, since he’d never taken care of a sickly person. As his assistant, Cindy never caused him any trouble, so he figured it would be cruel of him if he were to leave her on her own. Therefore, Ian gave her a light push after a while. “Wake up. You have to eat dinner and take your medicine before going back to sleep.”

However, Cindy didn’t respond to him. Feeling somewhat defeated, Ian held her up while giving her a good shake. “Can you hear me?” Not only did the sudden jolt of movement make Cindy dizzy, but it also upset her stomach. Her brain was still in an addled state when she opened her eyes, and when she did, she shoved Ian away. Then,

she leaped out of bed to make a dash for the washroom before emptying the contents of her stomach into the basin. To be honest, she was only retching, as she didn't eat much throughout the day, whereas Ian watched on impatiently while standing by the door to the washroom with a frown on his face.

After that bout of nausea, Cindy was feeling a lot better. She was about to leave the washroom after splashing some water on her face, only to be caught off guard by Ian's presence by the door. "Why are you here?"

With a frown on his face, Ian remarked dryly, "I have been here all this time. It's just that you didn't notice me." Cindy was taken aback. Turning to leave for the living room, Ian informed her, "I ordered some food, so come have dinner and take your medicine before you go back to sleep."

Humming, Cindy followed him into the room with tousled hair, as well as a dampness to her face and hair. Ian handed her a piece of tissue. "Wipe your face."

Taking the tissue from him, she sat down in front of him while clutching onto it, but didn't use it to dry her face. As Ian had ordered a light meal, Cindy could enjoy it as well, but she didn't have much of an appetite despite having spent a long while staring at her meal. Digging into his meal, Ian lifted his head to check on her later. "You'll have to take a few bites even if you don't feel like it, or else you'll just end up upsetting your stomach after taking the medicine."

Perhaps it was because of the care he displayed toward her, for Cindy was suddenly feeling a little bolder. Licking her lips, she asked, "Can I ask you a favor?"

Ian continued eating after letting out a hum. In a feeble voice, she made her request. "Can you lend me some money? You can deduct it from my next paycheck."

Upon hearing what she said, Ian hummed, seemingly unfazed by her request, which surprised her. "Does that mean you're okay with it?" Instead of providing an answer, Ian asked, "How much do you need?" After some thought, she told him, "I need five thousand."

"Sure. I'll make the transaction in a bit." He didn't hesitate at all. Cindy was feeling rest assured now that her problem was taken care of, and her speech became much more fluent. "Thank you." Keeping a straight face, Ian gave her a warning. "Just make sure to not give me more trouble."

Cindy knew he didn't wish for her illness to deter his work, so she nodded eagerly. "I will feel better tomorrow."

Ian made no remark, so they ate in silence. After that, Ian left the room, whereas Cindy heaved a sigh of relief while standing there.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1390

Now that money was no longer an issue, Cindy felt like she managed to overcome a huge hurdle. She put away the dining utensils before returning to her room. Upon hearing a chime on her phone, she quickly checked it to see that the money had arrived. As always, Ian was swift in his actions. After that, she transferred the money to her family almost immediately.

She didn't even care to inform her family that she had made the transfer. Instead, she switched off her phone before taking a shower. Learning her lesson, she dried her hair thoroughly after the shower, taking the medicine before lying down in bed. Due to the properties of the medicine, she dozed off without sinking into disturbing thoughts.

Out of habit, she woke up on time the next morning despite still feeling slightly groggy. Deftly, she washed up before leaving to buy breakfast downstairs. She was soon back in the hotel, knocking on

the door to Ian's room, which he answered quickly. Staring at her, he questioned, "Have you recovered?"

Nodding, Cindy entered his room as soon as he opened the door to put down the food on the table. However, her phone rang before she could lay the food out. Initially, she assumed it was a call from her family to inform her of having received the money, only to realize it was a call from Hannah after checking the caller ID, so she picked up instantly. "Ms. Jones."

Hannah sounded dour over the phone when she spoke. "What's going on? What are the online articles talking about?"

Startled, Cindy realized she hadn't read anything online. Due to Hannah's volume, Ian could hear their conversation, so he inquired while walking over to Cindy, "What's wrong?"

Cindy shook her head at him before telling him in a hushed voice, "I think some news might've broken out online."

Walking into his room, Ian did a search on his phone to see that scandals of him and Sena were all over the internet. The articles were written in a fashion that made the scandal sound plausible. Other than fabricating that Ian spent time alone with Sena before their duet, there were also parts such as Sena being witnessed coming out from the dressing room in a disheveled state.

Ian didn't mind the scandal at all, even going as far as reading through all the articles that concerned it. On the other hand, Cindy was slightly confused, so she asked Hannah what happened. The latter seemed a little irritated while explaining the scandal to her before complaining, "What's going on? Don't you know how to avoid these sorts of controversies? You're obviously being blackmailed." Despite Cindy's relatively young age, she was unfaltering when it came to such things. Humming, she replied, "Don't fret, Ms. Jones. Those are all lies, as I was also in the dressing room yesterday, so they weren't alone. I even have a recording of the incident that we can utilize as proof."

Hannah was caught off guard by Cindy's report. "What recording is it? Does it show what happened when they were in the dressing room?"

Cindy replied in the affirmative before continuing, "I personally think the scandal might have something to do with Miss Young. She and her assistant were acting suspiciously yesterday."

After having spent many years within the industry, Hannah knew full well who were the possible beneficiaries behind such scandals.

Sneering, she ordered, "For now, don't let anybody know that we have proof. Send them to me, as I want to check on what happened before having the PR settle things."

Cindy agreed with her request, but before she could hang up, Hannah called out to her. "Whose idea was it to capture a recording?"

Blinking, Cindy said, "Ian and I do this all the time, but it was me who came up with the idea initially, if that's what you're asking about." In fact, Cindy was a little worried that her infringement of other people's portrait rights might give Ian some trouble, so she took accountability.

However, Hannah smiled before giving praise. "Good job, girl. You're a thoughtful one." It wasn't until then that relief washed over her. After ending the call, she went to find Ian in his room.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1392

The internet was the best place for verbal assaults, as both Ian's fans and those who were slandering him were both relentless in their apprehension of the other party. Cindy had a softer personality, so she wasn't sure why people were able to spout such vile words online without considering its consequences. However, she

supposed they were pushovers in real life who could only find some power by engaging in such activities online. In the end, she put her phone away, deciding that she would ignore the matter altogether to save herself some anguish.

The sudden free time had Cindy feeling ill at ease. She had been working alongside Ian ever since his debut. As long as he didn't take time off, nor did she. They had been keeping themselves as busy as a bee all this time, so she eventually got accustomed to the lifestyle in the process. However, the scandal forced them to grind to a halt. While she wasn't sure how Ian felt about it, she knew it didn't sit well with her.

She lay in bed for a moment, but got up after a while as she had a hard time staying still. After loitering about in her room for a while, she checked on the web again, only to see that Hannah had yet to offer the public any form of explanation. As long as they remained silent, the scandal would continue to fester. To be honest, Cindy wasn't sure what Hannah was up to, as she figured she would instantly publish the recording she had if it were up to her. Now that things were festering and affecting Ian's reputation, Cindy could no longer remain as calm.

Mulling over the situation, she went over and knocked on Ian's door, which he answered immediately. He seemed to be at ease, seemingly enjoying the rare downtime. Cindy's visit was within expectations, so he let her into his room while asking, "What's the matter? Do you have a hard time calming down?"

However, Cindy could hardly smile, as she wasn't feeling as jovial as him. After closing the door behind her, she questioned in a hushed voice, "Does the recording not suffice as proof? Why else would Ms. Jones withhold from making it public?"

Turning around, Ian went and sat down on the sofa. "Don't worry, since rushing things won't help the situation. We'll just have to wait for a little longer."

Cindy wasn't feeling as unfazed as Ian. "Didn't you see how people have been slandering you online? You won't have much of a reputation left if this keeps up."

Lifting his head to glance at her, Ian figured that she was a young girl after all no matter how steadfast she usually seemed, which was why she had a hard time keeping her cool. He drank some water out of his bottle before explaining, "When it comes to such scandals, a major plot twist will make things more interesting."

With her mouth agape, Cindy hummed in confusion, but Ian wasn't about to explain everything to her, so he muttered, "Just stay still." Pondering on their circumstances, she settled down in Ian's room instead of returning to hers. Without work, they had nothing to say to each other. Although Cindy was waiting for Hannah's phone call to update them regarding their schedule, she ended up getting a call from her family. Checking on the caller ID, she picked up before addressing the caller in a gentle tone. "Keith."

The caller was her younger brother, who, after greeting Cindy, inquired about her recent situation. "Mom told me you sent us some money, but do you have anything left for yourself? You already sent us money twice this month."

Pursing her lips, she inhaled deeply before putting on a cheerful front. "You don't have to worry about me, as I do have a job. Instead, you need to focus on your studies."

Over the phone, Keith heaved a sigh. "I'm feeling uneasy that we're constantly asking for money from you."

Meanwhile, Cindy chuckled before replying, "You shouldn't be overthinking this, as it's not your responsibility to."

Keith spoke after taking some time to calm himself down. "Actually, Mom has quite a lot of money at her disposal, so you shouldn't send her your money the next time she asks. You don't need to worry about us."

Letting out a hum, Cindy didn't want to say much while in Ian's presence. "I understand that. Alright now, take care of yourself. I'll be hanging up since I'm busy."

Keith hung up after bidding her goodbye, whereas Cindy's expression dimmed while putting her phone down.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1393

Cindy had a slightly unconventional family. Her father passed away while she was in university, leaving behind her mother, Keith, and her. Although she knew her mother had some money, she also knew she couldn't possibly touch them after losing the breadwinner of the household. It wasn't that she never felt tired, but she felt shackled down by her family.

Meanwhile, Hannah still hadn't released any sort of statement. Instead, a few of the celebrities who participated in the program during the same day as Sena spoke up regarding the scandal. One of them mentioned seeing Sena and Ian walking out of the dressing room with nobody around them, even adding that Sena seemed to be avoiding eye contact with other people.

Another one then said they heard Sena and her assistant chatting about Sena's date with Ian while at the back of the stage. There were a few people who spoke up in a vague manner regarding the scandal, but despite not having provided substantial proof, all of their statements pointed toward Ian having cheated on his girlfriend with Sena.

Having read their respective statements, Cindy was boiling with rage. She showed them to Ian with a look of disapproval. "Look at the nonsense that they spouted! They saw us coming out from the dressing room together, so how dare they come up with these lies? They're going to be punished for this!"

However, Ian seemed unperturbed while sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed. To kill time, he was playing some games on his phone as he had nothing else to do. With a nonchalant look on his face, he said, "Stop reading those sh*tty articles."

Clutching onto her phone, Cindy thought back on the precautionary measures that Ian and her put in place but never used. She expected herself to be steadfast while in the face of scandals like that, but as soon as one broke out, she couldn't help but get all riled up.

During noon, she went out to buy lunch for Ian, only to find that there were paparazzi outside of the hotel, indicating that they somehow caught wind of Ian's whereabouts. Although she didn't have a keen sight, there were so many of them that she could hardly miss them. With a frown on her face, she pretended not to notice the paparazzi, buying lunch as fast as possible before returning to the hotel. She even took care to check if any of them followed her before knocking on the door to Ian's room.

Upon entering his room, she told him about them being surrounded by paparazzi, but he didn't seem to care, making no comments while maintaining his usual appetite.

Cindy wanted to know what his plans were. While she didn't know when the so-called plot twist would happen, she knew she couldn't allow things to remain as they were, as it had a major impact on his career.

Ian was new to the industry, so he hadn't laid down roots. Therefore, the scandal could easily destroy his career even if it didn't gain as much traction as the other celebrities. That aside, she also wanted to know if the lack of substantiality was the reason for Ian's agency not

releasing the recording. If that was the case, she figured she wouldn't mind standing out to explain things.

Seemingly reading her mind, Ian interrupted her thoughts. "Eat up and stop overthinking this. Stop being a worry wart. The agency has their own agendas."

Cindy lowered her gaze. "I don't want this to affect your career." Will this affect my career? While Ian supposed that it was true, he didn't care even if it did. By that point, he no longer had anything that he cared too much to hold on to. If his career as a celebrity got ruined, he could always pick another career. There are so many options out there other than being a celebrity.

Ian ate in silence before planting himself by the window, whereas Cindy pursed her lips while packing up her food as she didn't have much of an appetite. Later on, the driver gave her a call to inquire about the situation, but Cindy wasn't sure what to tell him, so she kept him waiting by telling him that the agency had something brewing.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1394

The driver heaved a sigh. "It's all because of his fame. I hope he'll be able to overcome this, as life with him is comfortable. I don't want to work with other celebrities."

Cindy couldn't help but agree with him. Although she only ever worked under Ian, she could appreciate that Ian was more of a taciturn character who didn't give her much trouble, which made her life so much easier.

When filming at other sets, she used to see how the other assistants were being criticized and chided constantly, so she knew she had it easy in comparison. Therefore, she wished that Ian would thrive within the industry so that she could remain with him. Besides, she still owed Ian money, so she didn't want anything bad to befall him. Meanwhile, the driver was also feeling slightly dejected upon knowing that things weren't settled yet. After ending the call, Cindy turned to cast Ian a glance, only to find him retaining his stoic attitude. In fact, he was so unfazed that Cindy was worried about him.

It wasn't until afternoon that Hannah called Ian. As the call was for Ian, she didn't dare listen in on their conversation, so she watched him from the side. However, Ian kept a poker face throughout the call, so it was nigh impossible for her to even guess what he heard over the phone by observing his facial expressions.

The call didn't last long, as Ian hung up after a while, putting his phone away. Upon seeing that, Cindy asked, "Is the call from Ms. Jones? What did she say?"

Ian recalled their conversation before relaying the message. "She said we should take some time off. While the scandal hasn't had much of an impact, there are too many paparazzi out there now, so we need to keep a low profile."

Nodding, Cindy queried, "Did she tell you how the scandal will be handled?"

Glancing at Cindy, Ian asked, "Why do you sound so afraid? Even if things go awry, I'll be the one who'll be bearing the brunt of it, so it won't affect you."

In a low voice, Cindy said while pouting, "I still owe you money though."

Although not that appropriate considering the circumstances, Ian couldn't help but laugh. "I won't be going down that soon, so in the least, you'll still be working with me next month, while I'll still be able to deduct the money from your paycheck."

Without a word, Cindy hung her head low in grief. In the meantime, Ian was planning to return to his room when his phone rang, which he realized was a call from Logan upon checking the caller ID. Judging from the fact that Logan went out of his way to read the articles online, he figured that Logan was in good spirits. Picking up the call, he greeted Logan.

But as soon as he did, Logan began wailing. "Ian, what happened? There are a lot of people criticizing you online for cheating on your girlfriend when you don't even have one! How dare those f*ckers criticize you when they don't know sh*t about you? Are you finding it difficult to open up about the truth? Why don't I hire some trolls to teach those people a lesson? Don't be scared! Tell me everything so that I can solve this for you! I'll definitely give them a taste of their own medicine!"

Smiling, Ian chided jokingly, "You need to calm down. I can handle this on my own, so you should focus your attention on your wife and baby instead of worrying about me."

As soon as Logan heard that, he was riled up. "Are they finding fault with you because they think nobody has your back? I was reading the sh*t that people are spouting online. They're literally stepping on you to rise in the ranks! I'll have Lorraine teach them a lesson tomorrow! Don't you worry! I'll make sure they get what they deserve!"

Warmth coursed through Ian's heart when he heard what Logan said. Throughout the years, Logan was always the first to stand up for him no matter what happened. With a smile on his face, Ian consoled, "It's alright. This isn't anything serious, so you should just stay put. I can handle this. If a major slip up happens in the future, I'll make sure to come look for you."

However, Logan didn't care if it wasn't a major slip up, as he couldn't stand anybody messing with Ian. His tone frigid, he said, "I'll gladly solve even the tiniest of incidents for you, as messing with you means crossing me! I'll make sure whoever did this pays for their actions!"

Ian couldn't help but smile gently at Logan's words.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1395

Cindy was taken aback by the sight of such a warm smile. Although Ian would sometimes show that side of him on stage, it couldn't even compare to how he looked while he was making the call.

Unable to figure out the caller's gender as she couldn't hear who was on the phone, she was reminded of the girlfriend whom Ian mentioned long ago. Ian had mentioned the girl twice while on the talent show, wearing a gentle look on his face whenever he did, which Cindy never saw again ever since the show ended.

Meanwhile, Logan was still a little worried about Ian, so he told him that he would give Lorraine a heads up so she would look into the matter. However, Ian had no intention of letting it bother Logan, say less of Lorraine. Although he was familiar with Logan, the same couldn't be said of Lorraine, so he didn't feel comfortable allowing her to clean up his mess for him.

Therefore, Ian quickly stopped Logan. "No, don't trouble Lorraine. My agency already got a grasp on the situation, so we are now waiting for the perfect opportunity to reel in the line. We have definitive proof that will allow us to get out of this mess, so you have nothing to worry about. It's been a while since my debut, so I know better than to allow people to trample all over me."

On the other hand, Cindy sat down on the sofa before averting her gaze. She'd heard Ian speak over the phone before, but he'd never opened up like how he did now even when talking to Hannah, so she figured that the person on the phone had to be someone special to Ian.

Over the phone, Logan asked after a moment's pause, "Are you sure you'll be able to handle this? You don't have to be so courteous with me. We've been friends for such a long time, so we'll go through thick and thin together. I never saw you as a bother, and I'm more than glad to help solve your problems."

Chuckling, Ian answered, "Logan, I'm not withdrawing myself from you. Don't worry. I'm certain that I'll be able to settle this. I promise I'll go to you if something unexpected happens later on, okay?"

There was a moment's silence before Logan let out a hum. "Alright. Contact me if you encounter any problems."

Meanwhile, Cindy didn't want to keep eavesdropping on Ian's conversation, so she browsed the net on her phone to update herself on the latest development. Hannah had issued a statement, but withheld the proof.

The statement announced that everything was a misunderstanding, as Ian and Sena were merely colleagues who only ever associated themselves with each other during work. It was also stated that nothing ever happened between them, so whoever spread the rumors should stop before it was too late.

Despite how righteous the statement sounded, Cindy thought it didn't necessarily hit home. Even after reading through the statement a few times, she was still confused about the intention behind it. On the other hand, Ian hung up after some time. He still had a smile on his face when he turned to look at Cindy. "You should look at the frown you're wearing. What did you see on the web?" Cindy let out a sigh. "Ms. Jones issued a statement without the proof, so nobody is buying it."

Nodding, Ian said, "That's to be expected. Without proof, nobody would buy into something they find online."

As the situation stood, it wasn't that Ian and Sena were having a standoff. Instead, it was more like multiple different factions stepped in to show support for Sena. With so many people against Ian, the public were naturally inclined to believe in the faction that had the support of the majority.

Seemingly in a good mood, Ian resumed his game while sitting down on the sofa. He gave a further explanation when he logged into the game. "We need to take note of how the others are reacting to the scandal while pushing things to its limit. With that, we'll be able to determine who is on our side and who isn't."

Taken aback by his analysis, Cindy caught on to what he meant after taking some time to mull things over. Later on, Ian directed his attention to his game, so he stopped speaking. That day seemed to be his lucky day, as he had a winning streak. Meanwhile, Cindy opted to keep a close eye on the development of the situation after some hesitation, as she wanted to know who else would join in on the fray. Truth be told, neither did Sena's faction manage to show any substantial proof. Loads of people were appealing for the show producers to release footage of the surveillance record in front of the dressing room to verify whether Sena's claims were true.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1396

However, the producers weren't responding to the appeal of the public. Cindy could guess that the producers were aiming to use the scandal as a chance to promote the show. Now that they managed to get the public's attention, which subsequently made the show a trending topic, keeping the surveillance footage out of sight was more beneficial to the producers.

While the scandal stirred up a ruckus online, there were also other celebrities who stepped in to vouch for Ian. The two celebrities who won second and third place on the talent show said that Ian was a humble and polite person who didn't seem like the type to go sleeping around.

Without exception, those who vouched for Ian also ended up being criticized for either being an accomplice or an attention-seeker. All in all, they didn't get much out of it. Cindy made sure to mark down the people who stood up for Ian, as she figured that they were on Ian's side, whereas those who supported Sena weren't.

Despite the fact that Cindy had finally gotten a day off in a long while, she spent it in trepidation. Having never faced such a situation, she had a hard time keeping her cool. When dinner time came, she still didn't have an appetite, thus looked at Ian and offered, "What do you want to eat? I'll go buy you dinner."

Knowing that Cindy was still feeling uneasy about the situation, Ian wasn't exactly sure what to do. "Why don't we order some food from room service? You should avoid leaving the hotel too since there are so many paparazzi outside."

Cindy agreed to his suggestion. "Okay. It's better this way." With that, he made a call to order a few dishes, whereas Cindy leaned against the sofa. "Don't order too much. I don't really feel like eating."

Upon hearing that, Ian cracked a joke, which was rare for him.

"You've got to learn to be more steadfast. We are still in the early stages of our career, and will encounter a lot of similar incidents in the future. Who knows? Something even more profound might happen."

Clutching her chest, Cindy commented dryly, "I sure wish that nothing else comes our way, as I crack easily under pressure."

Ian stood beside the window before muttering, "It's okay. You can always work with someone else if I'm beyond salvage. Ms. Jones won't treat you shabbily."

With a muffled voice, she replied, "I like working with you, so I don't want to work with anybody else."

Ian turned to take a closer look at her while she leaned on the sofa. While she seemed plain, she also looked tidy, which was why Ian chose her as his assistant in the first place. A dreary smile crept onto his face when he told her, "If that's the case, I'll make sure to keep on fighting for as long as I can."

The scandal reached a tipping point that night, wherein the public opinion was being dominated by critics. There were even calls to kick Ian out of the entertainment industry, as well as attempts to uncover Ian's background. In fact, his background was already public knowledge when he joined the talent show, but Lorraine managed to suppress the topic. Now that he was being attacked by multiple factions, his past was dug up once again.

After calls to kick Ian out festered for an hour or so, Hannah finally made her next move by having the agency upload a clip filmed on phone. The clip showed Ian and Sena in the dressing room while wearing their outfit designated for the performance that day. The clip also captured their conversation, which included discussions on how they would work with each other while hitting the high notes, as well as methods to use when they needed to switch.

While they were on it, Ian also inquired on the whereabouts of the other participants, seeing that the show was about to begin.

Chuckling a little too coquettishly, Sena surmised that they were still on their way, and would arrive soon.

The clip was a short excerpt from the footage that Cindy recorded, but it was enough to point out a lot of problems. The release of the clip stirred up another commotion, as those who were criticizing Ian instantly switched sides to criticize Sena as well as those who supported her.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1397

A second clip followed the first, but it wasn't derived from the

recording that Cindy sent to Hannah, but one captured during a negotiation that happened between Sena's manager and Hannah. Sena's team wanted to market her and Ian as a couple. They continued to push the idea even after Hannah indicated that Ian already had a girlfriend, going as far as suggesting Ian to announce that he had broken up with said girlfriend before fabricating some gossip with Sena.

Upon mentioning Ian's girlfriend, Sena's team insisted that she should be more understanding of the situation as they were doing it for the sake of Ian's future. Besides, the gossip would be fabricated anyway.

The one who kept blabbering on was Sena's manager. Despite the manager's relatively young age, the manner in which the manager spoke was brash and arrogant. The release of the second clip only further aggravated the situation, crushing Sena's reputation altogether.

A lot of the netizens switched sides, chastising Sena for being negligent and pinning it as the reason for her lukewarm reception among the audience. Others even criticized her looks, indicating that they knew she was a player all along. All of the grueling insults that they hurled at Ian were now directed at Sena.

In the meantime, all those who supported Sena had shut up. Some of them even deleted their posts that showed support for her. However, the public would remember what they said and did even if they tried to backtrack.

Upon witnessing such a turnaround, Cindy was finally feeling reassured. Throughout the few months that she spent working with Ian, that was her first time experiencing such turbulent emotions. She read through most of the online articles before turning to look at Ian. "Quick! You need to see this! There's a turnaround happening!" However, Ian still maintained his previous nonchalant attitude. "Are you feeling better now?"

Cindy was finally able to smile. "Yeah. I can finally rest assured. But now I'm curious to see what will happen to the people who tried to blackmail you."

Ian wasn't that interested at all, so he entered his room after a while. "It's getting late. We'll probably be going back to work tomorrow, so you better go get some sleep."

Clutching onto her phone, Cindy was still staring intently at the screen. "Sure. Goodnight." After that, she left for her own room, but she had a hard time falling asleep due to the ecstasy she felt, so she sprawled out on bed to check on the situation online.

To be frank, most netizens were fence sitters, so she believed that those who were criticizing Sena most probably had been slandering Ian back then. Talk was cheap especially when it was done anonymously online, and most importantly, there were no repercussions to it. Cindy thought seeing the situation backfire on Sena would free her from her vexation, but reading through the mean comments didn't make her feel any better.

After a while, she put her phone away, deciding that it was pointless to watch other people reprimanding others for their actions. Quickly washing up, she turned the lights off before lying down on bed and shutting her eyes.

A lot had happened that day that she wound up dreaming about the same things that had transpired. She dreamed that Ian was doing some indecent acts with Sena in the dressing room. Rushing over to drag him away, she yelled at Ian, "No! You can't do this!"

The Ian in her dreams regarded her with such a gentle expression when he caressed her face, speaking in a loving tone. "Why can't I?"

Don't tell me you like me as well?"

Cindy jolted awake as soon as she dreamed of that, wiping away a sheen of sweat from her forehead. This is horrible. How could I fall in love with him when I never liked anybody? When she was appointed as Ian's assistant, Hannah already warned her to not fall for Ian, as it was a taboo to do so.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1398

Cindy also made a promise to Hannah that she wouldn't fall for anyone within the industry, as she was disinterested in both the celebrities and the industry itself. Retrieving a bottle of water, she chugged it down before curling up in her bed.

She was certain that she didn't like Ian, as her reason for staying by his side was because he was easy to handle. Heaving a sigh, Cindy reminded herself that neither did Ian fancy her, so she should stop imagining things. Thereafter, she shut her eyes before willing herself to fall asleep.

Her sleep wasn't peaceful, so she woke up in a haggard state. However, she quickly freshened up so that she looked better before going to buy breakfast. She thought the paparazzi would've dispersed by the next morning, but those thoughts were proven to be wishful thinking. Upon stepping out of the hotel, she could see them still standing across the street with their cameras ready. Meanwhile, the paparazzi had also come to recognize her. Seemingly in dire need of some gossip, they immediately began taking pictures of her as soon as she came out. With a frown, she quickly left to buy breakfast without a word, whereas the paparazzi waited at the entrance of the hotel, rushing over to her as soon as she returned. All cameras were aimed at her, and someone even passed a mic over. They bombarded her with all sorts of questions regarding Ian's whereabouts and his relationship status, as well as her opinion on the scandal.

It was the first time ever in Cindy's life that she was put in such a position. In the past, the medias' attention had always been on Ian no matter what happened, but they seemed to be in such dire need that they decided to direct their attention toward her.

With all of the paparazzi closing in on her in front of the hotel, Cindy almost yelped in fear while trying to get away from them.

Fortunately, there were a few guards stationed at the lobby, who seemed to have dealt with similar situations prior to that, as they quickly made their way toward Cindy upon laying eyes on the crowd in front of the hotel.

Grasping onto one of the guards, Cindy begged, "Please, help me! They're all paparazzi!"

The guard with a sturdy build wore a frown as soon as he heard what she told him. Stepping forward, he bellowed at the paparazzi who were gathered at the entrance, "What do you think you are doing? Get out of the way! You'd better behave, or else I'll call the cops!"

All the paparazzi wanted was gossip, not trouble, so they halted as soon as the guard stepped in. Meanwhile, Cindy seized the opening to enter the hotel, but not without first thanking the guards before she hurried to the elevators.

When she knocked on Ian's door, he was already finished with washing up. Upon noticing that she was panting when he opened the door, he was startled. "What's going on?"

Cindy closed the door behind her before stopping to catch her breath. "There are a lot of paparazzi in front of the hotel who crowded in on me as they couldn't catch you. They gave me such a fright!"

Ian burst into laughter. "I see now. They sure work hard at their job." Pacing over, Cindy put the food down on the table. "I suppose they're all trying to get a scoop about the scandal, but to be honest, what use is there in interviewing you? What do they even expect to hear from you?"

Ian sat down by the table before explaining, "They must be from tabloids who couldn't get their hands on important news, nor were they able to secure exclusive interviews with agencies, which is why they had to resort to waiting in front of the hotel."

Heaving a sigh, Cindy said, "But what they do annoys me."

Ian wore a faint smile before commenting, "There are a lot more other things that can be potentially annoying. Compared to those, this is nothing."

Both of them were munching on their food when Hannah gave Ian a call to ask if he was faced with any problems, by which she specifically meant problems with the paparazzi. Calmly, Ian replied, "There isn't really a problem."

Ian could always keep his cool no matter what happened, which was the main reason that Hannah liked him. She informed him about the arrangements made regarding the filming schedule for the variety show they missed out on last night. Aside from that, she also told him to speak up if he had any requests.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1399

Ian didn't ask for anything, as he was easygoing owing to his carefree attitude. However, he told her to loosen his schedule for the upcoming month after some hesitation, as he was feeling a little exhausted after all this time.

Hannah also knew he hadn't been getting much rest. If it wasn't for the scandal, he wouldn't have even gotten the day off. Therefore, she agreed to his request without hesitation. "Sure. It's also important to take care of your health. As long as it doesn't affect your schedule, I will try to give you more downtime." Later on, she added, "However, we have to make use of your popularity and the attention you're getting when you're the hotshot, striking while the iron's hot. There are times when a packed schedule can be a good thing."

Ian responded without much emotion. "Okay."

It was apparent to Hannah that Ian didn't have a lot of ambition regarding his career. In fact, there weren't a lot of people like him within the industry, since it was easy to earn money as a celebrity. As resources equated to money, a lot of celebrities were intent on holding onto them. However, spending a few months working with Ian allowed Hannah to read him like an open book.

After Ian hung up, Cindy asked from across the table, "Are you feeling burnt out? Will we have less work to do later on?"

Ian didn't look her way. "Don't worry. I won't cut your pay."

Pursing her lips, she mumbled, "I wasn't referring to that."

The driver was already waiting for them downstairs when they finished their meal. Although unsure as to what the guards did, they somehow managed to clear the entrance of the paparazzi. However, Cindy was still a little neurotic after her recent encounter, so she was a little anxious when she saw Ian dawdling while leaving the hotel.

Thus, she pushed on his arm from the side while urging him, "Be quick. We won't be able to leave if the paparazzi surround us."

Ian never liked physical contact with people. Even after spending a few months with Cindy, they never really had any physical contact. However, she didn't notice what she was doing as she was getting anxious, which garnered her a frown from him as he turned to stare at her.

Despite so, she was still scanning her surroundings while trying her

hardest to push him into the car. Although Ian was about to shake her off, he decided against it as soon as he saw how anxious she was, which led to him eventually being tucked into the car.

After that, Cindy climbed into her seat hastily while pressuring, "Quick! We have to move!"

Bursting into laughter, the driver was bemused by her actions. "Why are you behaving as if we robbed a bank?"

Cindy snarked at him. "Wait till you see the paparazzi that crowded in on me this morning. It's scary! We won't be able to leave if they manage to intercept us!"

Meanwhile, Ian leaned into his seat as he observed the view outside, only to see that there wasn't a single paparazzi in sight. Before they left the hotel earlier, he had scrutinized the surroundings to confirm that they were all gone.

However, Cindy was still stealing glances out of the window while muttering under her breath. According to her, the paparazzi would do anything to get a scoop, so they needed to be more careful from now on whenever they went outdoors.

She also mentioned that the paparazzi would misconstrue whatever information provided to them, while some might resort to defamation or putting things out of context in order to garner people's attention. Despite how convincing she sounded, Ian knew she hadn't actually had experience dealing with the paparazzi.

They arrived at their destination soon after, with Cindy following Ian to the dressing room with the makeup kit and costumes ready. Upon their arrival, they saw a lot of people in there, who all greeted Ian in kind.

Cindy had done her homework, so she knew quite a lot about the celebrities present for the occasion. Most of them were Ian's seniors, considering the fact that they made their debut years ago. Politely, Ian greeted them all. They obviously knew what happened last night, but everybody was shrewd enough to keep things to themselves.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1400

No matter what they were thinking about, they wouldn't show it on their faces, so at least they were treating Ian politely. Cindy waited for Ian to get his makeup done before handing him his outfit. After that, she found herself a spot in the room and sat down in silence, keeping her presence unnoticeable. However, she kept an eye on Ian so that she would immediately notice if anything happened on his end, which was a habit of hers.

Whenever Ian was at a filming set, other celebrities would greet him to engage in a conversation with him despite the fact that they weren't well-acquainted with each other. However, nobody spoke to him that day, as all of the other guest celebrities seemed to be busy with their own stuff. In effect, it made the dressing room eerily quiet.

After mulling over the situation, Cindy figured it was probably because of the scandal on the Internet that had been spread on the previous day. Ian was currently under the limelight after pulling the rug out from under Sena by using the two clips, which naturally stirred up fear within his colleagues.

In the past, some might approach Ian in order to direct some of the attention that Ian received onto them, but they came to realize that Ian wasn't someone to be trifled with. They also saw him as somewhat conniving, figuring they should leave him alone unless the circumstances were otherwise. Thus, Ian was essentially being ostracized, judging by the current situation.

Cindy knew Ian well enough to know he wouldn't care about it. In fact, he might even think that it was for the best, as associating himself with less people meant less trouble. If it wasn't for his mentality, Cindy would most probably feel sorry for Ian.

After a while, the shoot was about to begin, so the guest celebrities

filed out of the room, leaving their assistants behind, with Cindy being one of them. These assistants, however, were just like their celebrity partners—they were ostracizing Cindy as well. To a certain extent, Cindy was similar to Ian as neither of them liked being in the entertainment industry, nor did they like socializing with people within the industry. Therefore, the situation at that point was actually to her benefit, as she could avoid engaging in pretentious conversations.

Cindy took out her phone to check on the news online, only to see that the netizens were humiliating Sena the same way they did Ian, whereas Sena had remained silent ever since her lie was exposed. She didn't even give an explanation, but Cindy figured that Sena didn't know how she should explain her behavior either.

Although Sena's statement was ambiguous at best, most of the public were aware of its underlying implications to blackmail Ian. Now that Ian's agency had released the recording, she would have a hard time clearing her name. Cindy was no longer interested in reading through the harsh words that the netizens used to insult Sena. While she didn't like Sena, nor did she like plowing through the vulgar content either.

Therefore, she only updated herself regarding the general development of the situation. Meanwhile, Sena's fans were protective of her, whereas some were hurling insults at Ian, deeming him as unworthy of Sena even if they were a pretend-couple. However, Cindy believed that some of the self-proclaimed fans were in fact trying to further tarnish Sena's reputation by making her fanbase look bad. Just like what Ian said, as far as being a celebrity would go, it was essentially a job, so Cindy didn't understand why things would wound up being so complicated.

In the end, she put her phone away before leaning back in her chair, waiting for time to pass as there was nothing else to do. The rest of the assistants were chatting amicably with each other, but none of them spared a glance at Cindy. She was obviously being ostracized, which was a situation that would make anybody uncomfortable. After some time, Hannah gave her a call, so Cindy left the room to answer the call. Hannah predicted that Ian's upcoming shooting sessions might not go as smoothly, so she reminded Cindy to be more careful.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1401

Hannah knew Ian wouldn't care about any of the hurdles people threw at him, but she was more worried that Cindy might not be able to cope with the situation as well. Smiling, Cindy gave her some reassurance. "I know what to do, so you don't need to worry about me."

Heaving a sigh, Hannah went on to say, "Fame comes with its fair share of troubles. You can just assume that people are targeting us because of envy."

Cindy grunted in response before saying, "I know."

As Hannah was busy, the call didn't last long. After the call ended, Cindy didn't return to the dressing room. Instead, she opened the window beside her to air the place out. A few crew members passed by while chatting amicably, and for some reason, Cindy found herself feeling rather envious.

To be honest, she might be able to get by if she found herself a normal office job, but she was in urgent need of money, and there weren't a lot of well-paid jobs available to a fresh grad. She didn't have much time to undergo an internship, as she had two people whom she needed to take care of. Although her work as an assistant was tiring, she was paid a handsome amount of money, or else she wouldn't know what to do with her life.

Leaning against the window, she heaved a sigh. Just hang in there... Things might get better in a few years, she thought to herself. Upon checking the time, she returned to the dressing room to see that Ian was already there. She helped Ian pack up the makeup kit and outfits, then they left after greeting the other celebrities.

As soon as they left the place, Cindy asked in a hushed voice, "Did the shooting go smoothly?"

Slightly taken aback, Ian turned to glance at her. "What could go wrong?"

Cindy was never one to babble, but she couldn't help but nag considering their circumstances. "I'm afraid that they might try to do something to hinder you."

Ian could hardly contain his laugh. "It will be great if they are as simple as you perceive them to be."

People in the entertainment industry could be extremely deceitful. Not only would they not act out in front of Ian, but they might even pretend to be his friends while wishing him ill, which was something that nobody would know even if it were true.

When both of them got into the car, the driver turned to look at Ian before asking, "Did you watch the news? Someone is trying to find out who Ian's girlfriend is."

Cindy was startled as she missed out on it, and so was Ian. A moment later, she looked behind her at Ian before suggesting, "Why don't you have your girlfriend show up for you by posting a statement as support? By doing this, we can also get the ball into our court."

My girlfriend? Ian almost failed to stifle a laugh. He never had one to begin with, as his love was unrequited. Besides, she was now married to someone else and had a child of her own, so they would only ever be friends.

Looking at Ian from the rearview mirror, the driver seconded Cindy's suggestion. "Her showing herself will give her a favorable impression among the fans. If she is going to remain silent, the netizens might end up doing something even worse to her."

Ian knew full well the power the netizens wielded, so they might very well uncover Sophia's identity. Although there was nothing ambiguous about their relationship, she was also his sole female friend, so the netizens would end up targeting her nonetheless.

While Ian never cared about the lies fabricated by the netizens, say less of their accusations and insults, the mention of his girlfriend being implicated had his expression darkened. Cindy saw as clear as day the major shift in his countenance, which startled her. Initially, she wanted to know if his girlfriend would have a hard time showing up for him, but she decided against it as she never liked prying into other people's business.

The driver didn't notice the shift in Ian's countenance as he went on to say, "You have to know how frightening certain possessive fans can get. When the scandal broke out, their hatred toward Sena went off the charts. Since your girlfriend didn't stand up for you, they were also assuming that she played a part in perpetrating the scandal, so you shouldn't expect them to stand up for your girlfriend. In fact, they might very well vent the anger they accumulated since the incident with Sena onto your girlfriend."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1402

Ian wore a cold expression while pursing his lips, as he knew the driver was right. Turning around to adjust her position, Cindy wondered if she was being too sensitive, as she had a hunch that there might be something wrong between Ian and his girlfriend. When they arrived at their next destination, Ian was still looking morose. Although he wasn't a cheerful guy to begin with, Cindy could detect that he was unhappy. His displeasure essentially meant that

he would be silent throughout the shooting process. When Cindy and Ian got to the lounge at the filming set, the other guest celebrities who were in it also pretended to be busy to avoid socializing with Ian. However, he wasn't in the mood to socialize either, as he even omitted the customary greeting.

His sour mood was apparent from the sulk on his face, but she figured the others might assume that he was feeling upset because of the scandal. Therefore, Cindy did her best to keep a low profile while with Ian as she didn't want to make things even more difficult for him when he was already feeling down.

The shooting went smoothly, as Ian was now being feared due to the fact that he had overturned the scandal online. Although none of the guests wanted to approach him, nor were they about to get onto his bad side. Not wanting to be associated with his scandal, they kept a moderate distance from him.

The production crew ordered takeaway for them during lunch. Under normal circumstances, everybody would have lunch together in the lounge, but Ian was a little grumpy, so he left to eat in his car while pulling Cindy behind him.

Cindy could easily imagine that the other guests would be criticizing him behind their back as being arrogant, but she couldn't bring herself to care, as life was too short for such mundane concerns. Meanwhile, the driver was astonished by their presence, so he asked, "What's wrong? Did a fight break out?"

Shaking her head, Cindy indicated to him that he should talk less for the day, so he obeyed despite not really understanding the reason behind it. Ian didn't have much of an appetite, as he put his lunchbox down after just a few bites. Leaning against his seat, he seemed to be deep in thought, whereas both Cindy and the driver exchanged a glance as they sat in their respective seats before deciding to feign ignorance.

After a while, Ian's phone rang. Cindy checked on him through the rearview mirror to see him fishing for his phone before staring at it with a frown. Although she didn't know who the caller was, she had a feeling that it wasn't anyone from the agency.

Sure enough, Ian picked up the call after getting out of the car. The call was from John, who read about the news online just now. Almost insipidly, John asked over the connection, "Are you alright? It seems like you're just about settled though."

Sniggering, Ian questioned, "Why would you suddenly care about me?"

John chuckled as well before explaining himself. "Why would I care about you? Sophia wanted to call you, so I stepped in to stop her from contacting you."

Well, he sure doesn't mince his words. Ian said nothing, as he had nothing to say to John.

After a pause, John said, "It's alright if you don't want to talk, since I figured you should be alright. A scandal like that is nothing in your industry, so you shouldn't consider yourself a celebrity if you can't settle things on your own." With that, he hung up before Ian could react.

Ian's face was devoid of expression. Earlier, he was hesitating on whether he should tell John about Sophia's potential predicament as his so-called girlfriend. Although he never got to that point with Sophia, he didn't want to implicate her. However, John's rudeness rendered Ian speechless, so he figured he wouldn't tell him. Instead, he would just take things one step at a time.

Meanwhile, back in the car, Cindy was taking a close look at Ian's expression throughout the phone call.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1403

Ian rarely wore such a disgruntled look on his face, so Cindy figured whoever on the other side of the line couldn't possibly be his girlfriend. All of a sudden, she was reminded of her dream from two nights before. It was odd for her to have dreamt about something so strange. Although she didn't dream about anything outrageous, the scene of Ian asking if she liked him stuck with her. It made her feel uncomfortable whenever she recalled it.

After lunch, she collected everybody's lunchboxes to throw them into the bin beside the car. She was facing Ian when she turned around, and he was also coincidentally looking her way. There was some hesitation on her part before she suggested, "Why don't you contact Hannah if you have trouble handling this? I think she might know what to do."

Ian gazed at her. Initially, she assumed he would ignore her, but he grunted before giving his reply. "I will do that." As per her suggestion, Ian actually gave Hannah a call when he was taking a break from the shoot in the afternoon.

On the other hand, Hannah had also read the article online, and she was also about to contact him to see if he had any plans regarding the netizens' plans to find out who his girlfriend was. Ian lied by telling her, "I'll be frank with you. I already broke up with her before my debut, but I didn't tell you as I consider it as a private matter. So, in short, nobody will be making any statement to show their support for me."

Seemingly having expected a situation like this, Hannah stated, "I figured this was the case when you stopped talking about her by the end of the talent show. However, you can't reveal your breakup at this point in time, as you should avoid giving yourself more trouble now that you're at the cusp of things."

Ian also understood the importance of keeping the truth a secret. "But I don't want anybody to uncover her identity, as I don't want to implicate her in any capacity."

After a moment's silence, Hannah suggested, "Alright, you should come back tomorrow so that we can have a meeting at the agency to discuss the matter. Your current circumstances are favorable to your career, so we must not squander the opportunity. A lot of people are waiting to kick you down the ladder, but we should never give them the chance to do that."

Ian agreed to her suggestion before hanging up. The shooting would be finished by the next day, so it was also time for them to report back to the agency anyway. The shooting session during the remainder of the afternoon went smoothly as well. Although Ian was still being ostracized, he didn't care about it at all. He never was someone who cared about public opinion, so even when the others treated him in a lukewarm fashion, he maintained his gentle smile while he was in front of the camera.

Watching him from the sidelines, Cindy lamented on the fact that even celebrities had it hard. They had to retain their composure no matter what was going on in their personal lives, so they couldn't easily show their true emotions.

When the session was finished that night, the three of them got back to the hotel by car, but this time, the driver followed them to their room. Ian ordered their meal from customer service as he figured they should have a proper meal together before they returned to the agency the next day.

It was customary of them to have a gathering whenever they completed a shooting session, so the driver was used to it. They sat down in Ian's room, where Cindy took out the fruits she bought, and

the driver began peeling himself an orange after sitting down on the sofa. Looking at Ian, he spoke. "I read the news in the afternoon. The netizens sure are something else. They managed to uncover your past."

Ian got a fresh change of clothes before asking, "Did they dig up my past again?" His background was no longer a secret, as it was already public knowledge when he first joined the talent show. It was being viewed in a somewhat negative light, but it never amounted to anything everytime it was being brought up.

However, the driver shook his head. "No, since it was your fans that went digging, they wouldn't dig up anything that is to your detriment. From what I read online, they uncovered who your friends are, and they revealed their identities."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1405

Cindy wasn't quite sure what Hannah had in mind, so she remained silent while waiting for Hannah's clarification, her lips pursed. However, the latter merely said, "It's getting late, so you should get some rest. We'll talk about things tomorrow after you get back to the agency."

Even after Hannah hung up, Cindy had yet to find out what was on the latter's mind. After spacing out for a bit, she washed up, then she lay down on her bed to go through the news again. There wasn't anything new regarding Ian's scandal, and most of the netizens had their focus on Sena, as they were still waiting for a response from her.

Meanwhile, the show that Ian was on also received a lot of negative criticism. The audience suspected that the production team made a pact with Sena in order to garner more attention by creating such a ruckus, only to find that Ian in fact came prepared. There were others who praised Ian for his brilliant tactic, as he would have become the scapegoat if he didn't record what happened in the dressing room. Besides, the incident might also have affected his relationship with his girlfriend.

Cindy sighed at the thought of his girlfriend. Under normal circumstances, celebrities wouldn't hide their girlfriends after making their relationship public, but the identity of Ian's girlfriend was a total enigma. Not only did nobody know who his girlfriend was, but nobody even knew her name, nor did they know what she looked like. Moreover, she didn't even give him a call nor show any of her support when the scandal broke out, which was peculiar when Cindy thought about it.

On the other hand, Sophia was playing with her child when John came in with a sullen look on his face. At the sight of his face, Sophia froze. She didn't recall having a fight with him as of late, so he had no reason to behave like that. Staring at him, she asked, "What's wrong? Did some idiot cross you?"

With his phone in hand, John sat down on the bed before handing the phone to Sophia. "You should check this out."

In her confusion, Sophia tapped on the screen, only to see the gossip on the Internet. She went through the article roughly before letting out a snort. Even after reading through it, she didn't think it was that big of a deal, as it merely showed photos of Logan and her that someone found while digging up Ian's past. The article gave some information about both Logan and herself without saying anything harsh.

She handed the phone back to John while questioning, "What's the matter? What the news wrote is all true."

With a frown, John asked, "Don't you know what this means?"

Upon seeing how serious he was, she blinked and shook her head. "Nope."

Exhaling, John said, "They're trying to find out who Ian's so-called girlfriend is. Do you think you will be able to hide forever?"

Sophia didn't seem to get it. "Why can't I? I never was his girlfriend." She knew Ian mentioned his girlfriend twice when he was on the show, and she also knew he was referring to her. However, they never dated, so there never was a romantic relationship to begin with. Therefore, she figured that the netizens wouldn't know it was her even if they looked into the matter.

Sneering, John made a dry remark. "You are overly simplifying things." The netizens didn't really care about the facts. Although Sophia and Ian were never in a relationship, Ian only ever had a single female friend, who was none other than Sophia. Besides, there was a time gap between the two incidents, as John had not remarried Sophia yet when Ian confessed to her on the show.

Other than that, Logan, Sophia and Ian were known to be close around that time as well, whereas John and Isabelle's relationship was also one of the latest gossip back then. Whoever that looked into the timeline would realize that something was off. With their wild imaginations, the netizens might very well uncover some leads to the truth.

Thus, John figured that Sophia would sooner or later be implicated if things went on, as there were no other possible candidates around Ian. Meanwhile, Sophia carried her child in her arms while patting him. Obviously, she didn't think much of the situation. "I already have a child, so they won't think of me as a possible candidate."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1406

John stared at Sophia for a while with a serious expression before finally deciding to ditch the topic. Whatever... She wouldn't understand anyway. I guess the rumor that pregnancy affects the mother's cognitive abilities is true after all.

He spent some more time playing with the baby before taking him downstairs. Seeing that Sophia wanted to take a nap, he hugged her until she fell asleep. Lying in bed, John mulled over the situation before getting up and leaving the room to give Ian another call in the corridor.

Ian picked up fairly quickly while speaking in an annoyed tone. "Why are you calling again?"

John had a similar attitude. "Why don't you make a freaking guess? Even if you aren't worried about it, I don't like the fact that Sophia's identity is being uncovered."

After a moment's pause, Ian told him, "Don't worry. I will make sure that she doesn't get involved. I will settle things my way."

However, John didn't really trust him. "You'd better make sure that you resolve this without a hitch. Ian, you know me. While I would tolerate any other blunder, this isn't one of them."

On the other hand, Ian wasn't about to submit to John. "You know me too. I would never put her in harm's way even if it means I have to go against the world."

What Ian said bordered on being a confession, which was something that irked John greatly. What the heck? Why would he even say that? He's just another man who's now unrelated to my wife in any way! John hung up without a word due to how frustrated he was.

Meanwhile, Ian was wearing a morose look while still holding onto his phone. After taking some time to calm down, he returned to the office. Hannah and Cindy were sitting in there, and the latter was still spacing out a little, yet to recover from the shock she received from what Hannah told her.

Ian sat back down on his chair while looking at Cindy. "If you help me out, you will be entitled to make any request."

With a frown on her face, Cindy was still at a loss as to what he meant. "Can I literally ask for anything?"

Before Ian could say anything, Hannah nodded. "Yeah. You can make any request, such as a salary raise or some other form of compensation. I hope you will be able to cooperate with us on this. You have been working alongside Ian for some time, so I suppose you want him to thrive in the industry as well, right?"

Cindy shifted her focus to look at Hannah. "I wonder if we will be able to pull this off though. It's not that I don't want to help, but as you can see, I am not really an outstanding person. Things will get even more complicated if anybody exposes us because of me messing up."

Heaving a sigh, Hannah replied, "Yeah. Of course I know that, which is why we have to make sure to execute the plan as flawlessly as possible. Cindy, I trust you, which is a major reason why we asked for your help. I wouldn't be asking this of anybody but you."

Such an outrageous responsibility was a little overwhelming to Cindy. She glanced at Ian while saying, "I don't know what to do, so I am afraid I might become a burden to you."

Ian said, "We don't need you to do anything. All you have to do is follow me around as usual, and I will take care of the rest."

Almost immediately, Hannah agreed with him. "Yeah. You don't have to do anything differently. You're still his assistant, while the agency will take care of the explanation. Just make sure you ignore the critics that you might receive so that you aren't affected."

Cindy wasn't the least bit convinced. After some thought, Hannah pressed on. "I suppose we don't look very sincere since we have yet to show you what we are willing to offer. Well, I know it's not very imaginative of me, but I am willing to offer you some financial compensation. What do you think?" Then, she gestured to Cindy to indicate the amount. "Will this suffice?"

Meanwhile, Cindy was still staring at Ian, whereas the latter was wearing a frown, visibly disgruntled. Cindy never even looked at the amount that Hannah had indicated. After a prolonged silence, she eventually nodded. "I will do my best, but I hope you won't blame me if things go awry."

Hannah was immediately all smiles. "Of course we won't! We're glad enough that you agreed to help! You can take it easy and leave the rest to us!"

The Returning Ex Chapter 1407

After that, Hannah added, "We will be making the transaction in a while, so kindly check when it's done."

Cindy exhaled before finally giving a curt reply. "Sure." While she did wish for Ian to be able to thrive, as it would ensure the continuity of her own career, Hannah's offer was another major factor for consideration. After all, Cindy was in desperate need of the money.

Ian had to attend an interview that afternoon which Cindy would have to follow as usual. However, this time, Hannah picked out an outfit for her that she would be required to wear while following Ian around. Cindy was normally in charge of arranging Ian's outfits, so she quickly realized what was going on when she saw the outfit Hannah gave her. Without a word, she took it from Hannah before changing into it.

There were a lot of people in the agency, but due to Ian's status and the resources he held, the other celebrities would by extension treat Cindy nicely. Such treatment was nonexistent anywhere outside the agency. Ian and her hung around till afternoon, leaving after that to attend the interview. As per usual, Cindy accompanied Ian to the venue, and she waited outside while Ian was being interviewed in the room.

Counting in the break, the interview lasted for an hour and a half.

Throughout the wait, she sat spaced out on the chair outside the room. Most of the time, she was recalling what Hannah told her. Ian didn't want anybody uncovering his girlfriend's identity, so he wanted someone to pretend to be his girlfriend. It just so happened that Cindy was Hannah's first choice when it came to the role of Ian's pretend-girlfriend.

She wasn't sure what qualities Hannah saw in her that made her the first choice. On the other hand, she was also lamenting the fact that Ian had indeed broken up with his girlfriend. How he was trying to protect her even after that showed just how responsible he was. Meanwhile, her mind was still buzzing. Despite having been told that she didn't need to do anything differently, she could imagine the ruckus that their act would stir up. With their incompatibility, she was certain that Ian's more possessive fans would soon be criticizing her harshly.

Cindy was heaving a sigh when there was a chime on her phone. Taking it out, she saw a notification that indicated that two hundred thousand had just been transferred to her bank account. She got back to her senses after staring at it for some time. Then, she logged in to her banking app, only to see a good two hundred thousand added to her account. Truth be told, she never saw such a huge sum of money in her life, as she had to send all of her money back home as soon as she got her salary, leaving her with only a thousand or so to meet her needs.

Previously, she hesitated to help Ian out as she didn't want to get into too much trouble, but the money that she got now was enough to eliminate every single ounce of hesitancy on her part. After all, money was the most reliable resource in the world. Cindy stuck her phone close to her chest, suddenly filled with a sense of security. As soon as Ian's interview was over, they left the venue after bidding the crew goodbye, only to realize they were surrounded by the media as soon as they got out. Before they could even react, their photos were already taken by the media, catching both of them off guard. Ian's immediate reaction was to turn around to block Cindy's face from view. "Let's go!"

Cindy lowered her head upon noticing his reaction. Meanwhile, the driver already had the doors of the car open while waving at them. "Over here!"

Worried that they might get separated by the crowd, Cindy cutched onto Ian's arm while they squeezed through the crowd to make their way to the car. There were a few people who began asking questions while sticking their microphones out, but Cindy didn't even register what they were asking due to sheer anxiety and the amount of questions she was being asked. Despite some setbacks, they eventually managed to get into the car safely.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1408

They quickly shut the door behind them. Patting on her chest to soothe herself, Cindy asked, "What's going on?"

Shaking his head, the driver said, "I don't know. I was waiting here all this time, but there weren't this many people around. They swarmed over as soon as you stepped out of the doorway. I suppose it's because of the latest development online."

Cindy knew Hannah would definitely release some news online as soon as she was able to find someone to play the role of Ian's girlfriend, so she dared not read anything, as reading anything about herself was a completely different matter from reading news about other people. On the other hand, Ian seemed as calm as ever while leaning back in his seat. "Let's leave."

They returned to the agency. Ian was assigned a place to live by the

company, where they would be staying over that night. Upon dropping Ian off, Cindy was ready to leave with the driver, as she had her own dormitory. However, Ian turned to look at her after getting out of the car. "You should come too."

It wasn't until then that it hit her that she was now acting as his girlfriend. Pursing her lips, she got out of the car after some thought, and the two of them returned to Ian's place. It wasn't Cindy's first visit to the deluxe studio apartment. Standing by the door, she said, "I will leave later on tonight."

Ian said nothing when he took off his shoes, then he got himself a change of clothes. After he came back out, Cindy was still standing by the door, so he asked, "Why are you standing there? Have a seat." Without even checking on Cindy's reaction, he sat down on the sofa before taking out his phone to scroll through the most recent news. He was still the center of attention, as netizens were still trying to uncover the identity of his girlfriend. After scrolling through the article, he snorted.

His agency was efficient indeed, as they managed to overturn the situation within a day. While everyone was focused on his photos that they found on social media, they had directed their attention toward the sneak shots. Ian heaved a sigh, seemingly more at ease about the situation now.

After pondering over the situation, Cindy came into the house after changing her shoes. She stood some distance away from him while asking, "What would you like for dinner?"

Ian put his phone down before replying, "I'm fine with anything. You can order whatever you want."

Heaving a sigh, Cindy said, "Let's just order takeaway. I'll go with whatever that I see first."

Aside from giving a grunt, Ian said nothing else. The two of them didn't interact at all while in the same space, as both were busying themselves with their respective tasks on their phone as if they were in their own separate spaces.

Later on, the doorbell rang, which Cindy immediately recognized as a sign that their dinner had arrived. She opened the door to see the delivery man outside the house, and she thanked him while taking the food from him. However, the man didn't respond, but his gaze was fixated on Cindy's face, unnerving her. "Is something the matter?"

Meanwhile, Ian came over from the living room. "What's going on?" The delivery man spoke as soon as he saw Ian. "Oh, it's nothing." With that, he left the place.

Ian smiled as he already had an idea of what just happened. Closing the door, he told Cindy, "Come, let's have dinner." It's tiring to have to constantly put up an act, he thought to himself.

After eating dinner with Ian, Cindy settled down on the sofa, figuring she would leave later on. However, news broke before long regarding sightings of a woman in Ian's house who was wearing his clothes, behaving rather intimately with Ian.

Cindy was taken aback by the news. While it was true that there was indeed a woman in Ian's house, that woman wasn't wearing his clothes. She lowered her head to check on her own outfit that Hannah gave her. Then, she knew what it indicated.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1409

Ian had a similar article of clothing that was a matching set with hers, but the color was totally different, so Cindy wondered how they could get it wrong. Putting her phone down, Cindy heaved a sigh upon realizing that there would be a commotion ahead of them, which might even lead to her identity being uncovered. It would be a lie to say that she wasn't afraid, as laying her personal life bare to the

public was never something that she was comfortable with. She was a humble woman who hadn't been exposed much to the world, so of course she was feeling uneasy about it. At that moment, she recalled the money she had in her bank account. Well, at least I received a handsome sum from the agency. She decided she would bear with the situation for the sake of the money, if nothing else.

The fact that she said nothing after reading the latest update surprised Ian, as he expected her to ask him about their next course of action while putting on her puppy-dog eyes. However, she seemed to have grown accustomed to the role pretty soon. Ian tucked his phone away after reading through the latest articles. "Why don't you sleep in my room tonight? I can sleep on the sofa."

Startled, she cast him a glance. "Do I need to stay? I thought I could leave later tonight."

Ian chuckled while replying, "I don't think you'll be getting anywhere even if you get out of the house. The media might very well already be downstairs."

Blinking, Cindy muttered, "They sure are annoying."

Casually walking up to the window, Ian checked on the situation outside the house. "I suppose you should spend the night here. You can sleep in the room while I take the sofa."

Cindy lowered her head to examine the sofa that she was sitting on. It wasn't huge, but Ian would have no problem lying down on it. However, he was her superior to some extent, and she owed him money, so she was a little averse to the idea of leaving him on the sofa.

After some thought, she suggested, "I suppose I'll sleep on the sofa instead. With your height, you won't be comfortable sleeping here, but I will be alright since there'll be enough space for me here." Turning down her offer, he went on to say, "It's not like I never slept on a sofa before this. You should just take the room."

Cindy wasn't about to argue with him over that, so she changed the topic. "Since I've got some money, I'll return the money you lent me." However, Ian unexpectedly replied, "It's fine. Take it as a token of my appreciation."

Cindy was already swiping on her phone, so she lifted her head to look at him upon hearing that. "Ms. Jones already paid me for acting as your girlfriend. Meanwhile, borrowing your money is a totally different matter, so I will have to pay you back." With a few taps on her phone, she transferred the money to him.

Ian could feel a buzz on his phone, but he didn't check it. Back then, he knew Cindy was having a hard time, or else she wouldn't be borrowing five thousand from him. Initially, he assumed she would take the money just like that if he didn't ask her to pay him back, but now, he came to realize she in fact had staunch principles.

After some time, Ian was ready to lie down on the sofa as he was tired, but Cindy was already there with a pillow in hand. She seemed accustomed to sleeping on the sofa, as she had one pillow under her head while hugging another pillow. Looking toward him, she requested, "Give me a duvet. It might get cold later tonight."

He furrowed his brows, but soon reverted to his original expression. He was never one to fuss over details, so he relented upon witnessing her insistence. Then, he got her a duvet from his room.

Cindy realized the duvet was brand new as soon as she laid eyes on it. In fact, most of the items in the house were new, as he never really spent time there. His schedule was packed to the max, so he spent most of his time in hotels, which resulted in the house his agency prepared being left almost untouched. After thanking him, she covered herself under the duvet.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1410

Before Ian left for his room, he told Cindy, "There are new towels and toothbrushes in the washroom."

There was a moment's pause before Cindy replied, "Okay." After he left, she went into the washroom to wash up using the utensils she found. However, she didn't bring her pajamas with her, so she could only sleep in the clothes she was wearing.

Cindy could sleep practically anywhere, so the only downside to the arrangement was that her clothes were too thick and heavy for her to feel comfortable. Nonetheless, she still fell asleep with relative ease.

If Cindy were her previous self, she might have a hard time falling asleep due to all the stress after the scandal regarding Ian and her broke out. Now, she couldn't bring herself to care anymore, probably because she didn't think things could get any worse. Anything would be fine as long as nobody died, and in case anything happened, she had two hundred thousand in her bank account.

While Cindy was sound asleep on the sofa, Ian had a hard time doing the same while in his own bed. He went through the news online to see that everything was going according to Hannah's plan, which meant that scandals pertaining to both Sena and his ex were basically settled.

Instead of feeling relieved, he was feeling suffocated as if his airway was blocked. After tossing and turning for a long while, he got out of his bed and entered the living room. Cindy was already fast asleep, curling under the blankets into a tiny ball. The curtains in the living room weren't drawn, and the light shining in through the windows provided ample lighting for him to take a good look at her figure. Ian walked up to the sofa languidly before lowering his head to examine her. Without any makeup on her face, he could see her face was clean even in the dark of night. When Hannah assigned Cindy to him, she told him Cindy might be one of the few people who wouldn't be charmed by his looks.

Despite having heard that, Ian didn't really register it in his mind as he didn't care much about things like that. However, he realized Hannah might be right after watching Cindy closely. Cindy was indeed impartial to his looks. Instead of feeling defeated, Ian was actually relieved, as he preferred to maintain a professional relationship with his colleagues, so he needed someone who wouldn't mix their personal feelings into matters.

Without warning, Cindy rolled over while talking in her sleep.

"Money..."

Startled, Ian took a step back in reflex before stopping himself. With a frown, he thought, Money is all she cared to say... I wonder what she is dreaming of to have even said that out loud.

By the next morning, Cindy woke up early. It was already a habit of hers to wake up earlier than Ian and buy him breakfast. After a quick wash up, she tied her hair into a ponytail before turning to check Ian's room. As the door was closed, she figured he was still asleep. She hesitated for a moment before deciding against waking him up, going downstairs alone instead. When she left, she made sure to put on a mask despite knowing that it wouldn't conceal much, but she figured it was better than not having anything to cover her face at all. To Cindy's surprise, the area was quiet in the morning, and there were no paparazzis who swarmed in on her. She bought breakfast somewhere near the house before rushing back. When she got back in, Ian was already up and walking out from his room. The front of his pajamas was unbuttoned, so Cindy could see his bare chest as soon as she laid eyes on him.

Oh, wow... Although he looks thin, he is actually quite muscular. His pectoral muscles look sturdy. Cindy quickly averted her gaze after a while. "I bought breakfast, so come eat after you're done washing up."

Ian was also slightly taken aback, for he seemed to have forgotten that there was another person in his house. With a grunt, he covered himself up. To be honest, Cindy might be able to keep a straight face if he hadn't done that, but the fact that he did it made her blush.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1411

Cindy combed her hair to the side. "You should go wash up."

With that, Ian left for the washroom in strides, whereas Cindy laid the food out on the table before sitting down. She glanced at the entrance of the washroom while letting out a breath of air that she was holding in. I only caught a glimpse of his body, so why does he look so wary? He looks alright, but I don't believe that he was never unclothed in front of someone else.

Meanwhile, Ian changed into a new set of clothes after washing up, and he was once again the gentleman whom she was used to seeing. With the utensils laid out, Cindy lowered her gaze. "Let's eat."

Instead of digging in, Ian asked, "Did you not run into any paparazzis?"

Cindy shook her head. "I found it odd too that there was nobody outside."

Despite his raised eyebrow, Ian said nothing. After they finished their meal, Ian's phone rang with a call from Hannah. As the call was for Ian, he answered the call at the balcony, so Cindy didn't know what their conversation was about. Ian returned after a short while to sit on the sofa. "We'll have to wait. The driver has yet to come." Cindy said nothing, as she had a feeling that something was on Ian's mind. After around half an hour, Hannah's call came again. With his phone in his hand, Ian only gave a light grunt as his response at the end of the call before hanging up. Putting his phone aside, he leaned against the sofa. "We won't be going anywhere in the morning." Startled, Cindy's first reaction was to check on the news online. Sure enough, there was a commotion going on online. This time, it wasn't a revelation from a third party, but Ian's agency posted a short message using Ian's social media account, admitting that Ian was in a relationship with her. In order to spend more time together, his girlfriend was arranged to work as his assistant, taking charge of things regarding his work and personal life. The message also mentioned that their relationship was stable, and they wished to have more personal space.

Although she knew the agency was behind everything, Cindy was still feeling a little uneasy about it. Sure, it was a lie, and the two of them were only faking a relationship, but Cindy had a hard time keeping her cool. Putting her phone away, she was at a loss of words. Meanwhile, Ian was just chill about it. Turning on the TV, he began watching the show while leaning on the sofa.

As she had nothing else to do, she curled up on the sofa. After a while, Ian told her, "I don't have a girlfriend."

Taken aback at his sudden confession, Cindy replied, "I know you broke up with her."

Ian smiled before repeating himself. "I don't have a girlfriend."

Cindy didn't reply to that as she wasn't sure what he was implying. Staring at the TV, he continued, "While I liked that girl, my feelings aren't reciprocated. What I said on the talent show was a means to pressure her into choosing me, as I assumed she might feel concerned. I was hoping that one day, she would come toward me. Alas, she didn't."

When she heard that, Cindy stammered, "Oh... Oh... I... I see..." That was a response that was rarely seen coming from her.

Ian smiled in a self-deprecating manner after recalling his past. "Isn't this pathetic?"

With a frown on her face, Cindy didn't think it was pathetic, as she figured that those who took the initiative in relationships would have their hands tied after that. The first to fall in love would also be the likeliest one to get heartbroken. Such was the iron law in relationships.

Heaving a sigh, Ian said ruefully, "I sometimes wonder if I missed out on her because I joined the talent show. If I stayed with her instead of joining the show, might things have ended differently?"

Cindy wasn't sure what to say, so she listened in silence. On the other hand, Ian didn't seem to be expecting a response, as all he wanted was to vent his feelings to someone. For the longest time, he pushed down a lot of his feelings, which was beginning to suffocate him. A listening ear was all he wanted. Later on, he went on to say, "I used to think that loving someone is easy, but I only came to know that while that's true, it's hard to have the other party reciprocate my feelings."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1412

Ian spoke in a deep and calm voice, which somehow made Cindy feel sad. Although she never got into a relationship herself, she could resonate with some of the feelings. After hesitating for some time, she said, "Humans are not only emotional creatures, but their emotions are also extensive.

Even if you missed out on the first person, you might meet someone you like even more. You might think that the first person was the right person for you, it doesn't mean that the second person wouldn't be a match. You're the right person for each other as long as you love each other."

Turning around with a serious expression, Ian stared at her for a long while. "How many relationships have you been in? You sounded rather experienced."

Cindy couldn't help but let out a chuckle. "Will you discredit what I said if I tell you that I've never been in a relationship?"

Arching his brow, Ian answered, "Your words make sense, but not a lot of people managed to have it figured out."

Cindy nodded while she went on to say, "Talk is cheap though. I've never been in a relationship, but if I were to go through what you went through previously, I might fall into the same pit as you." She was aware that it was easy to give advice, but if the same things ever befell on her, she wouldn't be able to be as nonchalant about it. After that, she asked, "How is she doing now?"

With a nod, Ian replied, "Not bad. She got married and has a happy family."

All of a sudden, it dawned on Cindy who the woman was.

While the two of them stayed at home, rumors were being stirred up on the Internet. However, the agency did seize the optimal moment to reveal the identity of Ian's girlfriend. After Ian's previous scandal, and by using Sena's case as an example, fans reacted to Cindy in a more positive manner, especially after those fans uncovered that she had been working diligently alongside Ian ever since she graduated from university.

Besides, she never stepped out of line while working with Ian, nor did she cause him any trouble. Therefore, compared to Sena, the fans were more tolerant of Cindy. The fact that she didn't brag about having a celebrity boyfriend to promote herself, all the while giving him her full support also showed the fans how righteous and kind of a woman Cindy was. In the end, Ian's fans decided that they would

tolerate anyone by Ian's side as long as it wasn't Sena.

On the other hand, Cindy didn't have the guts to check on the latest gossip, as she knew there would surely be negative comments floating around alongside the positive reviews. It was her first time ever going through such an experience, so she decided to ignore all public feedback so as to not affect her own mood.

They stayed in the house till noon, and it wasn't until then that the driver arrived. After tidying up, Cindy and Ian needed to go back to the agency first before heading to a filming set for their next shooting session. The driver parked the car downstairs, and the two of them got onto the car directly. As soon as they left their community, the driver told them, "There are a lot of paparazzis behind us."

Startled, Cindy looked behind them while saying, "I thought they gave up as I didn't see anybody in the morning. However, I don't think they'll get anything new out of this as they already uncovered most of my personal info."

The driver let out a chuckle before commenting, "They work in the news industry, so they might still see us as valuable sources of gossip even if we don't think so ourselves. I suppose all I can say is that you should be more wary of your actions from now on, Cindy."

In response, Cindy gave a weak smile. "Yeah, I suppose I'll have to be more careful from now on."

Meanwhile, Ian leaned back on his seat in the back with his eyes closed, all the while keeping a straight face, seemingly unperturbed at all by what was happening. Cindy had a hard time reading his mind, as he didn't seem to desire anything in life.

They arrived at the agency soon after. As soon as they got out of the car, those paparazzis were already taking pictures of them from some distance away, the sounds of their cameras clicking away reaching Cindy's ears.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1413

Ian waited until the car stopped, but instead of getting out of the car, he called out to Cindy, who was still sitting in the passenger seat. "Come over here."

Turning around to cast a glance at Ian, she instantly realized what he wanted to do, so she climbed through the space between the driver and passenger seat to get to the back seat. After that, Ian got out of the car before looking back at her with his hand reaching out.

Although Cindy knew it was an act, her heart was still fluttering, and she hesitated for a moment before finally putting her hand in his palm.

In fact, all Ian did was help her get out of the car. As soon as she was out, he retracted his hand before the two of them entered the agency side-by-side. Hannah was already waiting when they got to the meeting room, but Cindy wasn't required to attend the meeting. When Ian entered the room, Cindy peeked inside while passing by, only to see that there were a few other higher-ups in the room. She figured it made sense that they saw the need to call for a meeting, considering the fact that they were experiencing such a major shake-up.

Cindy waited for Ian in the lounge with the driver by her side. While in there, the driver was checking on the latest gossip and tutting from time to time. Although she was curious about the fans' opinion of her, she decided to not ask as she knew that she would crack easily under pressure.

After going through most of the comments, the driver put his phone away. "Cindy, the relationship between you and Ian is currently the trending topic."

There was some hesitation on her part before making a remark. "I

suppose we're the only ones who see this as a big deal when it isn't in fact anything of importance."

The driver couldn't agree more with her. "Yeah. It's pointless to put so much emphasis on such a minor detail. Everybody has their own life, and dating someone else isn't something outrageous, so I don't get why the fans are so critical about it."

Leaning back against her chair, Cindy sighed. "They sure are being overly critical."

After a while, Ian returned to them with an article of clothing in his hand. Needless for them to ask, that dress was prepared for Cindy. All she needed to do was to put her fabricated relationship with Ian on show to verify the post that the agency released using Ian's account. Therefore, she took the outfit from him before changing her clothes in the dressing room beside them.

After that, Ian informed them that the shooting session in the afternoon was pushed back for a bit, so they could go for a meal in the meantime, which Cindy knew was just another assignment from the agency. However, the driver was delighted. He didn't really care if it was arranged, so he left the agency with them in a jolly mood. As expected, the paparazis were also taking photos of them when they boarded the car, during which Cindy turned to glance at them with a look of indifference.

Ian and her got into the back seat of the car, with Cindy sitting beside him. After the car left the agency, Ian told her casually, "You don't need to put too much pressure on yourself."

Upon hearing what he said, she responded with a grunt. "It's not that bad." After brooding on the situation, she smiled. "I suppose I can make a debut soon if this keeps up."

The driver burst into laughter upon hearing her comment. "That's a great idea! You two can work together on your careers! A lot of programs would like to invite couples onto their shows, so you can shoot them together."

After listening to what he said, Cindy was vaguely reminded of their previous incident with Sena. In fact, Ian and her weren't much different from Sena, as they were all garnering attention by establishing fake relationships. It was just that Ian was the passive one in this incident.

Soon, they arrived at a restaurant that was located some distance away from the agency. The paparazis were already behind them when they got out of the car. Cindy tried to keep her expression as natural as possible when she followed Ian into the restaurant. Beside them, the driver noted those paparazis' presence, and he told the other two, "I might be able to make a debut as well if they keep on following the two of you like this."

Although it wasn't the most appropriate of times, Cindy couldn't help but laugh, while Ian wore a smile as he cracked a joke. "I suppose you can join our shooting sessions as well by then. The three of us can form our own band." It was rare to see him joke, so Cindy was pleasantly surprised by it.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1414

Cindy turned to see Ian smiling. To be honest, he looked handsome when he smiled, but he was too uptight of a person. Despite the gentle front he put up during shows, he didn't normally smile while off-camera, seemingly disinterested about life in general.

Meanwhile, John had read the latest gossip online. With a snigger, he mused, So this is how he plans to settle things. I suppose it's fine as long as the public's attention is directed away from us. John went through a lot of the comments, finally feeling more at ease upon making sure that nobody made mention of Logan and Sophia anymore.

Putting his phone away, John entered the living room to see Sophia leaning against the sofa, while the baby was squirming about in the cradle beside it. In the meantime, Sophia was munching on some fruits while watching over the baby. Soon to be a month old, the baby's appearance was changing rapidly. While looking all wrinkled and flushed when he was newly born, he was now a chubby baby with round eyes and black hair.

John carried the child in his arms before sitting down beside Sophia, whereas she plucked a grape that she popped into his mouth. "Why did you sneak away just now?"

John couldn't help but laugh. "What do you mean by sneaking away? I didn't 'sneak away'."

Reaching for his pockets, Sophia retrieved his phone to check on his call logs, messages, and social media before chuckling. "Who were you texting just now?"

John gave her face a pinch with his free hand. "What are you even thinking about? I wasn't texting anybody. I was just checking on the latest gossip."

Arching her brow, Sophia asked, "So what did you find?"

Petting the baby lightly, John replied, "I was reading about Ian's gossip. It turns out that his assistant is now his girlfriend."

Sophia was taken aback by the news. "Really? So he has finally found himself a girlfriend."

Looking at her out of the corner of his eyes, John tutted. "I'm kind of baffled by your simple-mindedness. Anybody could see that it's fake."

Sophia frowned while pondering on the situation. "Is it a distraction to prevent people from digging any further? I don't think they need to go that far though."

John gave the baby a kiss before replying, "I don't care what his reasons are as long as he will not implicate us." Seeing that they were all grown-ups now, John believed that people should solve their own problems rather than allowing other people to step in in their stead.

On the other hand, Sophia pursed her lips while reading through the articles using John's phone. Ian's relationship was currently the trending topic, with almost every single article detailing his circumstances. Sophia came to understand what had transpired upon reading through the article, after which she chuckled. "The entertainment industry sure is interesting."

Slightly surprised, John turned to look at Sophia in disbelief. "Why would you even think that?" For all he cared, the entertainment industry was suffocating. Fans were irrational in their almost blind support of the celebrities, which further complicated the already murky waters of the industry, so John didn't see the appeal in it at all.

Sophia was still reading the article when she commented, "Look, Ian's assistant seems like a nice person. Logan mentioned about her some time ago."

Grunting, John remembered that Logan did tell him about the woman. Logan even surmised that their relationship might eventually grow into a romantic one. However, John didn't care if they might fall in love, as all his attention was on his wife and child. Meanwhile, the baby was making nonsensical noises in John's arms, while his large eyes were staring at him intently. John was still a bit frustrated at the thought of Ian, but all of his anger dissipated as soon as he saw his son. After a few moments, he changed the topic. "I already arranged for a feast to celebrate our son finally reaching a month old. I would prefer to keep it among the family instead of making it a grand event, as it's pointless."

Upon hearing that, Sophia nodded. "Sure. I don't want strangers intruding on a private occasion as well. It's a family thing, so don't turn this into another company event."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1415

Without a word, John smiled, whereas Sophia read through a few more articles before letting out a yawn. She now pretty much led a carefree life that consisted of a daily schedule of her filling up her stomach, having fun and sleeping. There were times she couldn't help but feel like she was a baby herself.

On the other hand, John was walking around while carrying the baby. After some time, he turned around to look at Sophia. "You should get some sleep upstairs if you're tired. I'll go get you when it's time for dinner."

Standing up from where she sat, Sophia stretched out as she spoke. "Last night, Dad wanted me to tell you to go back to work if you have time. You shouldn't be staying at home all day."

"Why is that so?" John didn't think it was unreasonable at all. "Just so you know, I'm working as a househusband, so I'm not lazing around while at home. Don't you dare look down on my profession."

Frowning, Sophia stared at him for a while before leaving for upstairs. "Fine. I'm not going to waste time bickering with you since you always have these silly comebacks."

All the while, John was petting the baby while asking playfully, "I'm sure you want your daddy to keep you company as well, right?"

When Sophia got to the second floor, she glanced down from upstairs to see John holding the baby professionally while petting him. He looked like a househusband indeed, and the sight of it brought a smile to Sophia's face when she entered her room. Upon lying down on bed, she took out her phone again to check on the latest gossip.

Although there were a lot of articles about Ian, she missed out on them as she didn't pay much attention to the entertainment industry. Netizens uncovered photos of instances when Ian was being seen together with his assistant, while other photos showed them in matching outfits on different occasions. These were being taken as early signs that indicated that they were in a relationship.

Sophia spent some time staring at Cindy's photo. With an innocence about her, Cindy seemed like a kind woman. Sophia trusted her first impression of Cindy, as she believed that a person's appearance was an outward projection of their inner character.

It would be nice if Cindy ends up getting together with Ian, she thought. She always felt a sense of guilt toward Ian. Upon checking the comments section under the articles, she realized that while there were both positive and negative comments, there were quite a number of people in general who supported Ian. After reading for a while longer, she put her phone away. Heaving a sigh, she rolled over and shut her eyes.

Meanwhile, Ian was still the center of attention, so the paparazzis were hot on his heels throughout the day. Initially, the paparazzis would put some distance while tailing them, but upon noticing that Ian wasn't trying to hide from them, they began tailing him openly behind his car.

On the other hand, Cindy watched them from the rearview mirror while sitting in the car. She found the whole situation a little bizarre. Ever since she was a kid, she never stood out among the crowd. She was used to being ignored while standing behind a crowd, so the sudden change made her feel a bit uneasy.

After Ian was finished with work, the driver drove them home, but before arriving at their community, Cindy made a request. "Let's stop

by at a mall. I would like to buy some stuff, as we have nothing in the fridge. I suppose we will be staying at Ian's place for some time, so we should buy some necessities."

Nodding, Ian didn't object to Cindy's suggestion. "Sure."

The driver steered the car to slowly stop in front of the mall. As soon as he did so, Cindy was about to hop off alone, but Ian got out of the car as well after putting on a cap and a face mask, which surprised her.

Before she could say anything, Ian gave her a pat on the shoulder while pressing his cap lower. "Let's go." With that, he led the way into the mall, whereas Cindy checked the roadside to see that the paparazzis were still tailing them. Even after Ian covered himself up, it didn't stop them from taking photos of him.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1416

Heaving a sigh, she got what Ian meant. Knowing that they were probably expected to showcase their nonexistent relationship, she entered the mall behind him. She was planning to buy some bottled water and instant noodles, but she then decided to buy some fresh produce since Ian had come with her.

Because it wasn't peak hour yet, there weren't a lot of people in the mall. Cindy asked in a hushed voice, "Will we be able to cook at home?"

Standing beside Cindy, Ian already had an idea of what she was planning. "Yeah."

Without a word, Cindy nodded before proceeding to quickly pick out a few ingredients that she put into her trolley. Ian didn't know much about grocery shopping, so he merely watched beside her. On the contrary, Cindy knew a lot about cooking, so she was confident in her abilities.

Due to her concerns about someone recognizing Ian, Cindy made quick work of the shopping before they would get surrounded by people, and she managed to fill up the trolley within half an hour. When it was their turn at the till, Ian lowered his cap while waiting for the cashier to check out their groceries. In the end, they came back out with a bag of items each.

The driver was already waiting at the entrance of the mall. As soon as he saw them, he took their shopping from them. "That's quite a lot."

Cindy grunted in the affirmative before explaining, "We can store them away in the fridge, so that we can cook whenever we have time to. I'm a little sick of constantly eating takeaway."

In fact, she wasn't the only one feeling like that, as both Ian and the driver were also a little sick of eating takeaway. After a moment of thought, Cindy glanced at the driver while extending an invitation. "Please stay for dinner with us tonight if you have time to spare. I will be cooking, so you can also take it as an opportunity to taste my cooking."

The driver let out a chuckle before accepting her invitation. "If that's the case, I'll stay then."

Soon, they arrived at Ian's house. The driver had been to the place, so he didn't feel alien within the environment. After changing his shoes, he entered the house to settle down on the sofa. Meanwhile, Cindy picked out a few ingredients and chucked the rest into the fridge, whereas Ian changed his clothes in his room. After that, he took out his phone to check on the news, only to see that news of him shopping with Cindy had yet to break.

Ian scrolled through the comments casually, noticing that his supposed relationship with Cindy was received with mixed reviews. Although some preferred Cindy as Ian's potential partner instead of

Sena, the rest didn't think Cindy was worthy of Ian.

To be honest, Ian wasn't sure what that even meant in terms of a relationship. He wondered how they defined the compatibility of a couple. Despite public opinion inclining toward Sophia being undeserving of John, they still ended up having a harmonious matrimony. Upon reaching that point, Ian tucked his phone away with a sigh before leaving the room.

The driver was watching TV on the sofa, whereas sounds of water running could be heard in the kitchen as Cindy busied herself in there, an apron on her front. The feelings that such a scene brought up caused Ian to fall into a daze for some reason. After looking at the kitchen multiple times, he ended up walking into the space.

Upon seeing Ian standing by the entrance when she turned to take something, Cindy spoke. "You should go watch TV. I can settle this on my own."

Ian was feeling a little awkward. "It's a hassle to cook, so why don't we just order takeaway?"

A smile bloomed on Cindy's face when she said, "I have a weak stomach, so eating too much takeaway food makes me feel sick. That's why I think I should cook on my own instead." She didn't take good care of her own health while she was in university, so she had long standing gastric problems.

Upon hearing what she said, Ian stopped talking, but nor did he leave immediately. Instead, he watched her cook while leaning by the entrance with his arms crossed. Cindy worked deftly, which was an obvious indication that she used to cook a lot.

Ian had seen Sophia cook, which she did at a languid pace that bordered on being lackadaisical. Compared to her, Cindy was different in the sense that she was expressionless when she worked, making her appear serious about her work.

Cindy knew Ian was watching her. Although feeling a little uncomfortable under his watchful gaze, she didn't know what to say, so she could only pretend that she saw nothing. Fortunately, Ian left to watch TV with the driver after staring at her for a while.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1417

Heaving a sigh, Cindy picked up speed. She chose to cook some simple dishes, so she was all finished within an hour. After serving the meal on the table, she called out to the men. "It's time for dinner!"

The driver stood up first. "I could smell the aroma since long ago. I'm practically drooling by now!"

In the meantime, Cindy took off her apron before washing her hands, whereas Ian waited for her at his spot after casting her a glance. It wasn't until she came back that they went to the dining table together.

They had to admit that Cindy was indeed a good cook, for the food she prepared was much better than the takeaways. Slowly, she drank the soup she boiled, which was warming and made her stomach feel better. She began eating after that, and she wasn't in a hurry at all as she ate. In this aspect, she was different from Sophia. Upon being reminded of Sophia, Ian also recalled that Sophia had a cheerful disposition, and that she rarely kept silent even when she ate. She would keep on talking while waving her hands around, sometimes even crossing her legs on the chair. In contrast, Cindy would sit quietly by the table. Taking a deep breath, Ian wondered what he was doing by comparing the two women, so he quickly averted his gaze.

On the other hand, the driver was delighted, all the while complimenting how tasty the food was. Later on, he asked if she had a boyfriend out of sheer curiosity, to which she replied with a smile, "No, I don't have one."

Heaving a sigh, the driver lamented, "Why would a pretty woman like you not have a boyfriend? Are you being too picky?"

Cindy chortled while reaching out for one of the dishes. "I'm not being picky, but I'm not really interested in finding a boyfriend at the moment. Since I just graduated, I figured I should make sure that I have a stable job and a secure source of income before I consider dating. Isn't this the norm?"

Nodding, the driver went on to say, "That's true, but I'm pretty certain that we are quite secure while working alongside Mr. Morgan, so you don't have to worry about that. You'll have to find a boyfriend one way or another, or else it will be a waste of your youth."

Cindy chuckled before answering, "It makes sense."

Now that they were on the topic, the driver turned to look at Ian.

"Mr. Morgan, you should also find yourself a girlfriend. However, I suppose it won't be easy now that you two are being marketed as a couple, as the public will accuse you of cheating on each other."

After giving the situation some thought, Cindy had to agree with him, all the while wondering how long she would have to be tied to Ian in such a manner. Without first separating from each other, neither of them could work on their romantic life, which could be slightly troublesome.

However, Cindy realized that on the flipside, she might not be able to find herself a boyfriend anyway considering that she had to pay for her brother's university tuition fees. No man would want to date a woman who had obligations elsewhere. Meanwhile, Ian was a different case altogether. With his age, he should have a girlfriend by now.

After their meal, Cindy cleaned the table and did the dishes in the kitchen, which made Ian feel a little uneasy that he wound up approaching her. "Let me do the dishes instead."

"It's fine," Cindy said. "There aren't a lot of them, so I can do this on my own."

There was a momentary pause before Ian told her, "Since you were the one who cooked, I have to do something in return."

Cindy couldn't help but let out a chuckle. "You paid for the ingredients, so that will do." To her, it was natural that whoever paid for things would get to be exempted from other responsibilities.

In response, Ian pulled his lips into a thin line while checking on the kitchen to find that it was already pretty much cleaned up. Other than washing the dishes, there wasn't anything else to be done, so he left the kitchen hesitantly in the end.

He spent some time watching TV with the driver before the latter bid them goodbye, leaving Ian alone on the sofa. After that, Cindy started preparing more ingredients, as she wanted to cook breakfast as well the next morning. Despite having flipped through a few channels, Ian couldn't stop himself from repeatedly glancing at the direction of the kitchen.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1418

Ian was unused to having a woman busying herself in his house.

After spending some time staring at the TV, he returned to his room as he couldn't focus on watching it anyway. He left the blanket that Cindy used on the sofa, then locked himself in his room before making his way to the window.

Now, he was feeling a little irritated by his unconventional relationship with Cindy, but upon closer introspection, he realized there wasn't anything of substance between them to begin with.

After spending some time by the window, Logan's call came through. With how busy he was taking care of his wife, Ian was surprised that Logan even had time to contact him. As soon as the call connected,

Logan said, "I didn't expect you to create such a huge ruckus when I wasn't looking! Have you finally decided to date your assistant?" Ian didn't need to keep anything from Logan, so he told the latter the truth. "It's fake. We did everything to deal with the scandal." Logan let out a chuckle before continuing, "Seems like my guess was correct. I think you two are quite compatible with each other though. Despite how things started between you two, you still have a chance of turning it into a real relationship."

Ian sniggered. "It's a pity that you aren't working as a script writer." After that, he added, "I can't possibly date my assistant." "Why not? Anything is possible," Logan answered without hesitation. "You can take Lola and I as an example. Nobody expected us to get married. We got off on the wrong foot, so for the longest time, we were practically each other's nemesis, but you should look at us now. Our relationship back then was a hundred times worse than your relationship with your assistant now. Nothing is impossible, as all that is needed is effort."

There was a hint of joy in Logan's voice, which made Ian think that he was trying to show off his relationship with Lola. Therefore, Ian chuckled before replying, "Not everybody gets to be as lucky as you to be able to meet someone who would reciprocate your feelings. It's just too slim of a chance."

Ian figured that Logan was a lucky b*stard, as the latter only ever encountered minor hurdles in life. Since Logan managed to marry the first woman whom he fell for, Ian didn't expect him to understand his situation. With no intention to make Logan understand his thoughts and keep the conversation revolving around the nonexistent relationship between Cindy and himself, Ian changed the topic, asking Logan how Lola and him were doing instead.

Logan got even more chatty at the mention of his wife, telling Ian about how Lola had thinned due to a severe case of morning sickness. Despite the fact that he had hired a nutritionist to prepare Lola's meals for her, she still hadn't been eating much. Besides, she also got a lot more pickier when it came to food, with some of them including seasonal ingredients, so Logan had to buy them from abroad.

Instead of finding the labor arduous, he was proud to fulfill Lola's every request, as was obvious from his tone while he spoke. Meanwhile, Ian listened on in silence while wearing a gentle expression on his face. He figured that Logan's relationship might be the epitome of love, for it was capable of transforming someone as uncouth as Logan into such a caring man.

To be honest, Ian was a little envious of him. The person whom Ian envied the most was John, and Logan was the next. On the other end of the call, Logan had been blabbering for a while, until Lola called out to him. After turning around to answer her, Logan told Ian, "I'll have to let you go now. Lola needs my help. I need to check on her." Ian replied, "Mmh. Go on. Enjoy your married life."

Logan chuckled before saying snidely, "I heard that you're living with your assistant now. Even if it's a fake relationship, at least your life is improving."

A frown crept onto Ian's face, but Logan hung up before he could react. Shaking his head, Ian put his phone away, all the while wondering what Logan meant by that. In his opinion, he didn't consider this as cohabitation with Cindy.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1419

After waiting for some time in his room, Ian took a change of clothes, planning on taking a shower. On the other hand, Cindy was done cleaning up the kitchen, and was laying the duvet out on the sofa.

Upon taking a closer look, Ian realized she bought a new set of bedsheet and duvet cover. She covered the sofa with the bedsheet, as well as tucking the duvet into a cover.

Ian stopped in his tracks to explain himself when Cindy looked his way. "I'm going to take a shower."

Grunting, Cindy nodded her head. After she was finished with setting up her space on the sofa, she watched TV on the sofa. On the other hand, Ian was done showering after half an hour. When she saw that, she retrieved her own clothes from her suitcase.

Ian knew what she wanted to do, so he quickly entered his own room in strides. After a while, Cindy turned off the TV before going to the bathroom. The fact that she was sharing a bathroom with a man while in his house made her feel a little awkward.

She finished showering as quickly as possible, then she got out of the bathroom after drying her hair. Combing her hair while walking toward the sofa, she only managed to take a few steps when she saw Ian coming out from the kitchen.

She was taken aback by his presence, whereas Ian was also feeling a little awkward for some reason. "I came to get myself a glass of water."

On the other hand, Cindy tried to will herself not to blush while replying, "Okay." Tidying her pajamas, she was feeling fortunate that they were all of a conservative style, so it wasn't inappropriate when she wore them in his presence.

Meanwhile, Ian returned to his room in strides. After closing the door, he leaned against it. This is absolutely crazy, having to report to her about everything I do. I feel like I'm living in another person's turf. Taking a few deep breaths, Ian left the glass of water on the bedside table before going to bed. Due to him having a hard time falling asleep, he took out his phone.

Gossip about him and Cindy was still a trending topic online now that photos of him and Cindy shopping together were published. If nothing else, the paparazzis knew how to frame their shots, as they seemed like a sweet couple in those photos despite the fact that they weren't actually being intimate.

There was one particular photo that depicted Cindy turning to inquire about something with a smile on her face. From an outsider's perspective, the photos depicted the interactions of a couple in love. Ian couldn't help but laugh when he went through the articles and photos. They sure know how to tell a story. I could almost believe that we're really in a relationship after looking at these photos.

Ian browsed through the photos roughly before setting his phone aside. Turning the lights off, he tucked himself under the blanket. Although he wasn't used to having Cindy living in his house, he still managed to fall asleep last night. However, he wasn't sure why, but he was feeling even more awkward after eating the food she cooked, so much so that he couldn't sleep at all.

Heaving a sigh, Ian blinked while staring into the darkness of his room. The fact that he couldn't see clearly in the dark enhanced his other senses, so he could hear rustling noises outside of the room, and he knew it was probably Cindy. It sounded like she was heading to the kitchen to get herself a glass of water, but after that, she spent some time walking around. Ian wasn't sure what she was doing, but he only listened in silence.

After half a minute or so, the noises finally died down, which indicated that she finally lay back down. Rolling over in bed, he had his back to the door while closing his eyes. Women are a hassle to deal with, he thought to himself.

Meanwhile, Cindy finally lay down on the sofa. Utterly exhausted,

she fell asleep soon after. However, she hadn't had a peaceful night, as she dreamed of bringing the two hundred thousand home, which she was forced to hand to her mother. Part of the sum was used to pay for her brother's tuition fees, whereas the rest was used to buy a house for him. Nevertheless, what transpired in the dream didn't stir up a lot of emotions within her, as she was already used to being the giver in the household.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1420

Ever since she was young, her mother had begun telling her that she had to be responsible for Keith's life, including paying for his tuition fees, his house, his car, and even for his wedding. Therefore, she knew early on what it meant to carry the responsibilities of a parent. Her mother's indifferent attitude toward her left her feeling defeated. For as long as she could remember, her mother never cared for her, as all conversations between them would eventually lead to money.

While in university, she was told to save up. After she got a job, she was still told to save up so she could send the rest of the money home. Eventually, it got to the point where she didn't even need to ask to know why her mother called her.

It would be a lie to say that she wasn't angry at all, or else she wouldn't be as impatient and resentful whenever her mother called. However, she knew she had to hand the money over no matter how angry she was. Therefore, in her dream, she handed the two hundred thousand over without feeling sorry at all. She knew she wouldn't be able to keep it anyway.

Also, she dreamed that her mother asked her about her relationship with Ian. Her mother liked to nag, so Cindy was afraid that she might be chased out of the house if she told her mother the truth, so she lied. She told her mother that Ian was his real boyfriend, and they shared an intimate relationship with each other. Although she was unsure if her mother was happy about it, Cindy felt uneasy after telling her that.

The muddled dream lasted till morning when her alarm rang, after which she got up. She washed up before making breakfast, whereas Ian came out of his room when breakfast was almost ready. Perhaps what happened the previous morning scared Ian, so he was fully dressed when he came out. Casting him a glance, she said, "Breakfast will soon be ready."

He let out a grunt before dashing into the bathroom, which gave Cindy the impression that he was fleeing from her. In the meantime, she made some pancakes, congee, as well as a few other dishes. She got everything onto the table just in time to see Ian coming out from the bathroom all freshened up.

Examining the food on the table, he suggested, "It's a hassle to cook everyday. We can always eat out if you don't have time to cook." However, Cindy only gave him a smile. "It's alright. It doesn't take that long." More importantly, Cindy liked eating her own cooking.

After laying eyes on the food on the table, Ian said, "If you're going to cook everyday, I will pay you for that. Currently, you are only paid for working as my assistant, but if you're going to handle our meals as well as doing chores, you should be paid for doing them."

As soon as she heard she would be paid, Cindy's eyes lit up, and she agreed to his suggestion almost immediately. "Sure!"

Relief washed over Ian, as he knew monetary compensation could make things a lot easier. The feelings that left him feeling constricted ever since the previous night dissipated as soon as she agreed to their new arrangement. Sitting down by the table, Ian filled up his plate. Now that he knew for sure that he earned everything using his

own wealth, he no longer felt uneasy about it.

Immediately after their meal, Ian transferred the money to Cindy, who was elated upon witnessing that she had more money in her bank account now. Money sure provides people with a sense of security, she thought to herself.

They weren't in a hurry that morning as the shooting session wouldn't begin until later, so they waited for a while in the house before the driver arrived. When the driver arrived, he gave them a call to inform them that they were surrounded by paparazzis. However, Ian and Cindy no longer feared being exposed to their scrutiny, as they now knew for certain that there was nothing between them. In order to further solidify their newfound relationship, they were in fact happy that the paparazzis would tail them.

While on their way down, they assumed that the paparazzis would be waiting outside of the community area, only to realize that they had already gained access into it through unknown means. As soon as they stepped out of the house, they could hear the shutters of the cameras. Although there weren't a lot of shots taken, it was apparent that the paparazzis had captured something worthwhile.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1421

Cindy looked in the direction of the sound. Likewise, Ian turned his entire face in the direction, whereupon another click rang out. Cindy spotted the paparazzi who was hiding behind the tree lawn. Actually, he was rather conspicuous. Ian, however, pretended as though he hadn't seen anything, retracting his gaze. Then, he lifted an arm and wrapped it around her shoulder before getting into the car with her. What was that? Perhaps he gave up the pretense since we were already caught, directly making our relationship known since we'd been photographed countless times. At least, this was Cindy's take on Ian's thoughts.

After they'd gotten into the car, the driver chuckled. "Was it deliberate earlier?"

The corners of Cindy's mouth tilted up. "Ah, you're smart! Say, do you think those paparazzi will be able to tell that we deliberately allowed them to photograph us? If they do, will they contemplate it further and suspect the veracity of our relationship?"

Starting the car, the driver drove out of the community area. As he drove, he replied, "They'll never bother contemplating that. They'll only wonder why the two of you didn't stand there and pose for a series of photos. Veracity isn't something they've got to concern themselves with."

Cindy nodded. Then, she turned to look at Ian. "So, is that why you made it so intentional?"

Glancing at her out of the corner of his eye, Ian arched a brow but said nothing.

When Ian was recording his show, Cindy finally went online to see how her news was brewing. Sure enough, there was a pandemonium on the internet. Many people reviled her, insisting that she wasn't worthy of Ian. She'd already braced herself, so she wasn't particularly anguished to see these curses that dragged her family along. Instead, she was just a tad puzzled at their hostility.

While there were those who condemned her, naturally, there were also people who supported her. Some people compared her with Sena Young, saying that she at least looked far kinder besides having taken such good care of Ian. Thus, they had no objections as long as Ian liked her.

Also, some were probably anti-fans, and they used Ian's background as fodder. They claimed that it was actually pretty fitting for him to be with a girl from an ordinary family considering the fact that he

was an illegitimate child. Such comments mocked her and Ian both.

Cindy herself wasn't really bothered, but she was a touch curious as to whether Ian would be saddened when he saw these comments. After all, his identity was considered a stain, although it wasn't his stain. Rather, it was a stain belonging to Old Mr. Morgan, Bryce Morgan, and Ian's mother. Why does Ian have to bear the infamy of their wrongdoing?

Putting away her cell phone, she then got up to walk around. Just after taking a few steps, she caught sight of a celebrity coming over with her assistant. The celebrity kept a very high profile, having two assistants as well as two bodyguards beside her. I don't quite understand why she needs bodyguards. The set has been cleared, so there isn't any need for two bodyguards to escort her. But well, that's a big shot for you! She didn't dare stare or ask questions. Unexpectedly, the celebrity abruptly stopped mid-stride. Turning her head, she noticed Cindy and said something to the assistant beside her. The assistant then nodded and answered in a rather loud voice, "Yes, that's her." At this, the celebrity chuckled before going on her way.

Cindy could tell that the chuckle was definitely malicious. It's probably another snub at Ian because of my background. Well, this is the entertainment industry whereby people flatter the powerful and scorn the lowly. If I were a boss with resources, people might flock over and ingratiate themselves to me. Nonetheless, I don't give a whit about that. She snorted. After doing so, she felt much better. She then strolled around before seeing a few assistants chatting, probably assistants of the celebrity guests. One of them hurried over at the sight of her. "Ms. Selby!" Cindy was startled. I'm not a celebrity, so why is she showing me such deference? Still, she stood there and looked at the approaching girl. The girl was about her age, appearing harmless with a bright smile on her face.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1422

The girl came over, her eyes gleaming. "I saw the news about you and Ian Morgan. Are you really dating him?"

Cindy didn't know her, but she presumed that the girl wanted some gossip about the scandal between her and Ian. Inwardly sighing, she put on a hint of shyness and nodded minutely. Then, she explained, "We've known each other before his debut."

At this, the girl exclaimed in acknowledgment. "I see. Then, he's really a good man."

Cindy nodded. "Yeah." Her tone was a touch perfunctory. I suppose he's considered a good man to continue standing by his girlfriend after he'd made it big following his debut. Although this is rather unambitious, few men in the entertainment industry can do it. The girl lowered her voice. "I thought the two of you developed feelings throughout the course of working together, so I initially wanted to ask you for advice and try to win over the celebrity under my care."

Cindy chuckled. "It's quite difficult to say for sure. Perhaps he'll fall into your hands if you show a little more sincerity."

The girl shook her head. "It's too difficult." She then peered around. "Look at all these guest celebrities. Every last one of them are young and beautiful, so I'm not their match at all."

She's right in this. Cindy agreed with her thoughts, so she merely inclined her head at her and flashed her a smile in farewell before turning around and heading to the side.

Only when she'd gone a distance away did the girl pivot and return to the group of people whom she was talking to. One of them there—a celebrity assistant as well—had her arms crossed, looking

rather snooty as she glanced at the fast-disappearing Cindy out of the corner of her eye. "I wonder what underhanded trick she used." The person beside her chortled. "Perhaps Ian Morgan likes her type. He's never seen much of the world, so he's easily tempted at the sight of a woman." All the assistants around them laughed; only the girl who'd gone over to talk to Cindy earlier had her lips pursed without a hint of laughter.

After walking around, Cindy stood by an unoccupied windowsill. When she strolled around earlier, many people's expressions changed upon seeing her. She knew why, and she found it quite amusing actually. Love is a personal matter to begin with, yet they're acting as though one has to give the public an explanation when having a relationship.

After waiting for a while, Ian's recording concluded. Cindy hurried over, only to be greeted by the sight of him chatting with a few regular guest celebrities when she was a distance away. She didn't know what they were talking about, but Ian then laughed. He rarely laughs so freely. Stopping short, she stood where she was.

However, Ian's gaze shifted in her direction, and he then lifted a hand and beckoned at her. Upon seeing that, she languidly walked over. She first greeted the few regular guest celebrities, who were gazing at her and Ian suggestively.

Ian lifted a hand and placed it on her shoulder, his voice threaded with a hint of a smile. "I'm not hiding it. I just didn't want her to be harassed, but I never expected things to get to this point."

Beside him was a slightly older host who appeared exceedingly genial. "Now that your relationship is in the open, you've got to be all the more careful in words and deeds. Your girlfriend is dragged into the mess because of you, so you've got to take responsibility until the very end."

"I'll remember your advice, Mr. Zakowski," Ian hurriedly replied with much deference. Beside him, Cindy thanked the host as well. The host then left with the others. When he passed her by, he lifted a hand and patted her on the shoulder without saying anything.

Surprised, Cindy lowered her voice when they'd left and asked Ian, "He seems nice to me, but I don't think I've met him before."

Ian nodded. "He's nice to you because of his personal experience." He didn't expound on that, retracting his hand instead. "Let's go."

Cindy followed him out and got into the car. Since they weren't far from their place, they went straight home.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1423

Cindy had prepared the ingredients for lunch since the recording in the afternoon was rather late, so there was time to cook by herself. As soon as they arrived home, Ian collapsed on his bed. The show he'd recorded earlier was all games with jumping and running around, so it was a tad tiring. He wasn't physically fit to begin with, so he was quite exhausted. Cindy, on the other hand, didn't bother him. She went into the kitchen and started cooking languidly. Meanwhile, the driver sat in the living room, watching television. While the three of them went about their own business, the atmosphere was inexplicably amiable.

After watching television for a while, the driver sauntered into the kitchen and asked Cindy whether she needed some help. At this, Cindy laughed. "No, I can manage."

Crossing his arms, the driver tsked. "Actually, you and Ian make a good match. It'll be good if you two end up together." Lowering his voice to a mere whisper, he mused, "Aren't you tempted when Ian is so handsome?"

Cindy startled slightly upon hearing his words, but she then chuckled. As she cooked, she countered, "There are plenty of handsome guys in the entertainment industry, so if I'm the type to be

moved by someone's countenance, I would've fallen for countless men."

At the side, the driver argued, "That's different. Those people are out of your reach. Besides, Ian is far more handsome than all those guys, and the two of you live under the same roof, so it's very easy to develop feelings when you're together day and night." He was slightly up in years, so he probably felt restless when he saw others being single, wanting to play matchmaker.

Cindy smacked her lips, not taking him seriously at all. "My relationship with Ian is purely business. How could one fall in love with her boss? This isn't something a qualified assistant should do." The driver gave a bark of laughter. "You're truly the proper type, girl." He stood by the door for a while. When he was certain that she indeed didn't need his help, he turned around and went back to the sofa.

Cindy was very apt in cooking, her movements methodical. In no time, she was done, taking off her apron after washing her hands. Very much perceptive, the driver came over and helped to carry out the dishes. Thus, she strode over to Ian's room door and raised a hand to knock on his door. "Lunch is ready."

Ian had dozed off on the bed, so he hurriedly got up when he heard her voice. The moment he stepped out of his room, he smelled the fragrant aroma of the food. In reality, this aroma was usually present at restaurants, but he just found it inexplicably different.

Cindy looked at him. "Go and wash your face. Then, come and eat." Having said that, she spun around and headed toward the dining table.

After living together for the past two days, Ian was no longer that awkward with her. He turned and went to the washroom to wash his face.

Cindy cooked four dishes and a soup that all looked and smelled delicious. Chortling, the driver scooped rice for both Ian and Cindy. "I think my weight is going to soar now that I'm eating such good food with you guys every day."

Cindy giggled. "You're not fat, so it's good to eat more. You'll then have energy to help carry things in the future."

Ian instinctively stole a peek at her. This assistant of mine is famous for her brute strength in the company, but I usually don't see her eating all that much or putting on any weight.

While eating, Cindy talked about the photo shoot in the afternoon later, one for a magazine cover. This magazine was a relatively high-end one in the fashion industry, so it was rumored that it took Hannah considerable effort in securing this collaboration.

Cindy had done her research, so she told Ian that she'd looked into the photographer who'd be handling his photo shoot. The photographer's reputation in the industry was bipolar—her professional capabilities were top-notch, but she had a supercilious attitude. No matter how renowned a celebrity she worked with, she never gave them any face.

"Perhaps all who are talented are fastidious people," Cindy lamented. "So, just put up with it for a bit. This photo shoot for the magazine cover has been a hassle to secure, and Ms. Jones said that it'll open doors to the fashion industry."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1424

Cindy did this every single time, informing Ian of all the possible problems so that he could brace himself.

Ian murmured in acknowledgment. "It's okay. I'm not easily offended. If I'm truly admonished, you don't need to say anything at the side. You don't have to go over and apologize to them, for some people merely want to put on airs."

Surprise gripped Cindy. After all, when she talked to him about all this in the past, he mostly listened and seldom responded, even wearing a slightly impatient look on his face sometimes. Today, however, he picked up where she left off and even consoled her instead. This was an unprecedented situation that had never happened before. She nodded. "Okay, got it."

After lunch, Ian went to take a shower. Sitting in the living room, Cindy felt slightly ill at ease. This house had a bedroom and a living room, so even while she was watching television here, she could still hear the sound of running water from the bathroom. Although she tried her best to corral herself, images uncontrollably flashed across her mind. This is just a torture!

The driver reclined at the side with his eyes closed now that he'd filled his stomach, not at all bothered about everything else happening around him.

Having no other recourse, she got up and went to the balcony. The weather outside was very good. She then took out her cell phone and surfed the internet, only to discover that her photos with Ian were already posted, ones that were taken when they left in the morning. This time, many people gave their blessings, while those who disdained her and mocked Ian had diminished significantly. A little over 20 minutes later, she heard the door of the bathroom open. Ian was actually fully dressed when he came out. He knew that he couldn't be too casual since there was now a woman in the house. Upon seeing that there was still some time to spare, Cindy returned to the sofa and leaned back to rest for a while.

After getting ready in the room, Ian came out. As he stood by the door, he looked up and instantly saw Cindy with her eyes closed. She must be really tired to fall asleep while sitting on the sofa. I might not have it easy, but it's actually even more exhausting for her. He tarried for a while before going over and waking the driver first. "We should make a move."

At the side, Cindy's eyes abruptly snapped open, her gaze still dazed with grogginess. "We're leaving? Oh yes, it's time!" Springing to her feet, she smoothed her hair before walking over and gathering everything Ian had to bring.

The three of them left together. Cindy was probably still half-asleep as she stood in the elevator. Leaning against the elevator wall, she yawned several times.

Ian didn't look at her, merely reaching out and taking the cosmetic box from her hand. "I'll carry it myself."

This action had Cindy snapping to attention. "No, no, I can manage," she hastily insisted. After all, the cosmetic box was actually quite heavy.

Ian said nothing, yet he didn't release his hold on it either. "Never mind, it's just a few steps."

Cindy stared at him. In the end, she pursed her lips and stood at the side with her hands hanging by her sides. The driver's gaze shifted between them, an amused expression on his face. Cindy knew what he was thinking, so she strove to maintain a solemn expression in order to keep her embarrassment from him.

She then sat in the back seat with Ian. "You can nap for a while," Ian suggested.

Cindy was already wide awake at this time. "No, I'm fine. I'm feeling better after dozing for a bit earlier."

Ian didn't say anything further though he scrutinized her out of the corner of his eye. For the first time, he felt that she was stretching herself too thin. He'd never had an assistant, nor had he noticed how other people's assistants were, but Hannah had once lauded Cindy

before him. She said that it was her first time seeing a newbie who was so competent in handling the position of an assistant. The assistants she arranged for other artists in the past all made various blunders, so she was truly surprised by Cindy.

Retracting his gaze, he turned and gazed out the window. Could she possibly be bad at her work when she stretches herself so thin? But she's probably very tired.

The car drove all the way to the photo shoot location provided by the magazine publisher. When they alighted from the car, Cindy went over to take the cosmetic box, but Ian was a step ahead of her, carrying it himself.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1425

Ian glanced at Cindy. "I'll carry it."

Cindy seemingly understood his meaning within seconds, so she merely nodded. "Thank you."

The magazine's associate editor was already waiting, so when he saw Ian approach, he quickly came over and smilingly extended a hand. "Oh, you're finally here, Mr. Morgan!"

Ian flashed him a smile, putting on a modest expression. "Sorry for making you wait."

Ian exchanged a few words with the associate editor before they headed in the direction of the publishing house. The associate editor said that the studio was ready, merely waiting for Ian to start. Beside Ian, Cindy frowned and surreptitiously glanced at the time. It's not yet the agreed-upon shooting time, so why are they making it sound as though Ian is putting on airs, thus arriving late?

On their way to the studio, the people around furtively shifted their gazes over. When they noticed Ian carrying his own cosmetic box, in particular, their expressions turned all kinds of conflicted when they next looked at Cindy.

When Ian turned to speak to the associate editor, he didn't forget to occasionally glance at Cindy. While he didn't say anything to her, the fact that he cast her glances in concern spoke volumes. The associate editor was an astute person, so he then directed the conversation to Cindy upon seeing Ian's actions. He asked whether she was troubled by the comments on the internet and even urged her to take things easy since this was par for the course in the entertainment industry. He was very glib, saying, "Only famous celebrities with high amounts of traffic can generate such a huge entertainment effect. Those in the lower ranks can't make any waves despite racking their brains."

Cindy smiled. "I'm fine. I've already anticipated this, and it was why I wanted to keep it under wraps in the beginning."

As they talked while walking, they then arrived at the studio. The studio was a small room with some blurred backgrounds. The photographer was already inside, adjusting her camera. Upon hearing movements, she turned around and stared at Ian before shifting her gaze to Cindy. "You're here."

Cindy respectfully inclined her head at her. "Nice to meet you."

Ian greeted the photographer as well. Then, he turned and looked at Cindy. "Wait for me at the side. I don't think it'll take long."

Cindy docilely nodded. "Okay, will do."

Subsequently, Ian went over to the photographer. The photographer took out a few design drawings and finalized the basic style she wanted to shoot today with him, her attitude toward him amicable, her tone pleasant. In fact, if one were to look at this scene, she didn't quite seem as rumored.

Finding herself a seat, Cindy sat down and observed them as she leaned back against the wall. When the photographer was finalizing the style with Ian, she occasionally looked up at him and even

smiled. From a woman's intuition, Cindy felt that this had to do with her favorable impression toward Ian. After all, such a good-looking face will definitely give others a better impression compared to the average person.

Then, she shifted her gaze to the photographer. The photographer was known as Yulia Noble, a renowned photographer within the industry who'd shot magazine covers for many A-list celebrities. The discussion on Ian's side was quickly settled, whereupon he then changed and had his makeup done. The entire process wasn't all that long, but it had Cindy feeling a tad sleepy as she sat there. She was jolted awake from sleep earlier, so she didn't get proper rest at all. Now that she was idle, drowsiness assailed her.

However, she definitely couldn't doze off here no matter how sleepy she was. After all, it'd be preposterous for an insignificant assistant to slumber while Ian was working. Thus, she hurriedly got to her feet and walked over to Ian, standing beside him.

Ian's gaze shifted to the side, and he glanced at her. "Go and take a walk if you're tired." He spoke in an exceedingly gentle voice befitting a boyfriend.

Cindy murmured an acknowledgment before declining, saying, "It's okay. I'll just stay and watch you work."

At this, Ian chuckled. "I knew I shouldn't have allowed you to come with me this afternoon. You could've slept at home since things here are going smoothly anyway."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1426

Cindy knew that these words were meant for the people around them, so she played along. "I was dreaming when you roused me. Since I was jolted awake, my mind feels rather fuzzy."

The corners of Ian's mouth curved upward. "What were you dreaming about?"

Humming thoughtfully, Cindy answered in a voice colored with mild frustration, "I dreamed that I suddenly had a lot of money that just won't finish. Just when I was planning to have a good laugh, you woke me up."

Ian's gaze went to her face for a few moments. I wonder if she made this dream up on the fly, but it is very likely true as well. He merely snickered without saying anything.

This public display of affection had others around them feeling rather discomfited. The makeup artist shot Ian a look before stealing a glance at Cindy. It was blatantly obvious that she wanted to say something, but she swallowed her words in the end.

During a lull in her conversation with Ian, Cindy looked around. All at once, she saw Yulia looking at her a near distance away. Yes, she was looking at her instead of Ian, and her expression was cold, wholly different from when she interacted with Ian earlier. Nonetheless, Cindy didn't shy away. She looked her right in the eye, her gaze far more placid compared to Yulia's slightly hostile gaze. After staring at her for a few seconds, Yulia was the first to avert her gaze, lowering her head to look at her camera. Cindy raised a brow, a touch puzzled. Could it be that she's Ian's girlfriend fan, so she detests me because of my relationship with him? This isn't entirely impossible.

When Ian was done with his makeup, he then started with the photo shoot. Cindy looked on from her chair. The entire process was smooth sailing, but Yulia's favoritism toward Ian was painfully obvious that even the waiting crew at the side smacked their lips and commented, "This is the first time Miss Noble is so amicable toward someone."

"Exactly," another person seconded. "A few A-list celebrities came back then, and while Miss Noble didn't berate them, she maintained

a wintry expression throughout the shooting. But look, she's even smiling today."

Cindy looked over, and Yulia was indeed smiling. It wasn't only when she was interacting with Ian, but she was still all smiles even when teaching him how to pose. Perhaps it was because she had an inherently aloof countenance, so it was exceedingly obvious when she had the faintest smile on her face. Inwardly, Cindy lamented, It's indeed nice to be handsome. After all, he has won over Yulia Noble without any effort!

Ian changed into several sets of attires and shot a few styles. When everything was done, Yulia again went to him with her camera and showed him the preliminary pictures she'd taken, one by one.

Again, Cindy heard someone at the side exclaiming, "This is huge! In the past, Miss Noble always spun on her heels and left without a single word after the shooting session, but she actually stayed today to discuss the photos in detail."

The person beside him tsked. "Sure enough, beauties have a weakness for Adonises."

Cindy tittered. Indeed, everything is correlative. Heroes have a weakness for beauties, and beauties have a weakness for Adonises. What a common occurrence! She studied Yulia carefully for some time. It's true that she's entirely different toward Ian compared to others. In fact, if someone likes another person, some minute details shine through very clearly no matter how one tries to hide it.

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While Ian's news was raging on the internet, Sophia and Lola were both spectators. Huddled together, they both stared at the photo of Ian and Cindy. Sophia smacked her lips. "They seem to make a good match."

Lola nodded in agreement. "Judging from her looks, she's not too bad. She looks quite pure, and since looks are a reflection of the heart, she should be a decent girl."

"I hope the two of them will end up together at the end of the day," Sophia lamented.

Lola chuckled. "But I heard from Logan that their relationship is fake."

However, Sophia didn't think it was a big deal. "Many lies become the truth as they spread, and many things that are staged turn real as they play out. Don't mind those insignificant details."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1427

All at once, Lola laughed. "That makes sense. It's rumored that they both live under the same roof now, so this is a golden opportunity. After all, feelings develop alongside interaction."

At this point in the conversation, John came over with fruits from the kitchen, so Sophia echoed, "That's true. Familiarity breeds fondness, just like me and John."

Lifting his eyes, John swept his gaze over Sophia's body. The sudden gleam in his eyes didn't go unnoticed by Sophia, whereupon she abruptly realized that she'd spoken too hastily and used the wrong words. That scoundrel, John Constance, must have his mind in the gutter again!

Upon hearing her words, Lola giggled. Turning her gaze on John, she changed the topic. "You haven't gone back to work, Mr. Constance? Logan keeps harping on how blessed you are."

John nodded. "I'm indeed blessed. Thanks to my son, I get to enjoy a leisurely life at home."

Sophia was truly impressed by his shamelessness. She leaned back against the sofa. "My confinement period will end in a few days, so hurry up and go back to work. You're not needed at home."

John didn't take her words seriously at all. "Of course, I'm needed."

Our son wails and cries for me every night, so I've naturally got to rest up during the day so that I can deal with him at night."

This brought Sophia up short. He's not wrong. For some inexplicable reason, the little guy keeps waking up at night lately and wailing incessantly. No one can quieten him except John. It's only when John picks him up that he ceases his cries.

None of them knew why the child always became docile the moment he caught the sight of John when he was misbehaving a heartbeat ago. At times, Old Mrs. Constance even joked that the little guy could discern faces. The entire family mollified and indulged him, so he wasn't afraid of any one of them. John was the only one who kept a straight face with him, so he was afraid of him, knowing who he could bully and otherwise at such a tender age.

Having no retort, Sophia merely snorted. She then turned and looked at Lola, her gaze falling on her stomach. "Are you still nauseous recently?"

When this subject came up, Lola could only sigh. "Yeah. I feel as though I'm going to hurl my entire stomach up. And for some reason, I keep waking up in the middle of the night to throw up these days, and it's so bad that it persists for the rest of the night."

Sophia nodded. "I understand you all too well." She then stroked Lola's inconspicuous belly. "I hope your little peanut will be a little more considerate of you later on and torture you less. Hopefully, it'll also be less demanding during delivery." Speaking of giving birth, she again recalled the excruciating agony she experienced back then. It's truly something I'll never forget for the rest of my life!

As they chatted, Logan came in from outside a while later. He'd just rushed over from Jefferson Mansion, having been summoned back by Old Mr. Jefferson for a lesson. The first thing he did was to head to the crib. At this time, the little guy was sleeping, his hands lax on both sides of his head, looking adorable. Upon seeing the child, Logan's heart melted. "Ah, this little darling is just too cute!"

Sophia chortled. "You've never seen him when he's howling, and no one can quieten him. That's when he's truly cute."

Hooting with laughter, Lola patted her on the arm. "You're going to make me bust a gut."

Sophia cast a glance at Logan. "Have your husband relate how he got taught a lesson when he went back. That'll really make you bust a gut."

Speaking of this, Logan's face fell. Whirling around, he stalked over to the sofa and plopped down beside Lola. "My old man's temper is truly getting increasingly volatile recently. He said he had a dream last night in which I punched him. He then woke up in the middle of the night and was so incensed that he couldn't sleep for the rest of the night, waiting to summon me over at first light to straighten me out!"

Even John at the side dissolved into laughter, let alone Lola and Sophia.

Logan, however, found nothing funny about it. Yanking up his sleeve, he showed them his arm. "I didn't even know what had happened when I went back, and he outright rained two blows on me with his cane, claiming that he wanted to take revenge for last night. Look, it's still red here where he hit me."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1428

Sophia slumped against John's shoulder, laughing uncontrollably.

"Logan, don't you think your old man is deliberately picking fault with you? I think the dream is secondary. Perhaps he just wanted to beat you up."

Chuckling, Lola rubbed Logan's arm. "What did you do to offend him recently?"

Logan had no idea what he did to offend his old man recently. I just chided him for a bit on the phone when he called me a few days ago. There's nothing else. He truly couldn't think of anything, but he didn't think it'd be a grudge over the insignificant chiding. After all, it was several days ago.

After a while, he changed the subject. "Have you all seen the news? Ian and his assistant are really together now."

Sophia peered at him out of the corner of her eye. "We've already discussed it at length, yet you're only now giving us the scoop? Isn't it a little too late?"

Logan snorted. "I'm not giving you the scoop. I just want to discuss this with you guys—say, is it possible that Ian and his assistant end up together? I think they seem well-matched."

Great minds think alike! Sophia shot him a look. "What a coincidence! We think so, too."

Subsequently, Logan chortled. "I've met that girl before. She has a nice voice, and she's unhurried in everything she does. Furthermore, she's really good at taking care of people. If Ian were to get together with her, he'll definitely enjoy a great life."

Upon hearing this, Sophia grew chagrined. "If that's the case, then forget it. Why isn't it the girl enjoying a great life if she gets together with Ian? Why is she obligated to take care of him?"

Lola nodded as well. "Yes, I'm of the same opinion. When two people get together, both parties have to make sacrifices. It can't be one of them hoping to improve his life by relying on the other. If that's the case, then they should just scrap it from the beginning itself."

"No, no," Logan denied. "I was merely thinking for Ian from a friend's perspective. Perhaps Ian will be the one to sacrifice more after they'd gotten together. This is still uncertain." After all, if he truly gets together with Cindy, he'll have to sacrifice more compared to her considering his identity now.

...

Meanwhile, Cindy helped Ian pack up everything and waited for him to finish speaking to Yulia before leaving together. However, she wasn't sure whether it was a problem with the photos or something else, but they were still talking after an eternity had passed. Waiting while leaning against the makeup table at the side, she then took out her cell phone, only to be greeted by a message from her mother. Probably because Cindy was vexed when she called the previous time, Mrs. Selby didn't call this time but sent her a text message. She'd seen the news on the internet, so she was now asking whether it was true. From the sound of it, she didn't quite believe that Cindy could possibly be involved with Ian since she knew her daughter's capabilities.

Cindy stared at the text message for some time without replying, irritation swamping her. She couldn't quite bring herself to outright admit that she was Ian's girlfriend, but she couldn't tell her mother the truth either. Telling her mother would be tantamount to telling the whole world, for she'd make it common knowledge in less than two days. Deleting the message, she put her cell phone away and continued waiting.

When Yulia spoke with Ian, even her eyes were smiling. Ian, on the other hand, didn't think much of it. His gaze was fixed on the photo in the camera. "I trust you, Miss Noble. I've seen the photos you took in the past, so I trust your taste."

Yulia smiled. "You have a calm aura, so I really want to portray that aura. However, I worry that it might not fit your thoughts, so I'd like to ask for your opinion."

Ian actually had no opinion at all since he wasn't all that interested in photography. Nevertheless, he certainly couldn't say that, so he

put on a gentle smile on his face. "I think all these photos you took are quite good, so I won't presume to know better in front of you."

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After saying that, Ian turned and looked in Cindy's direction.

Although he didn't say anything, his meaning was already plain as day.

Yulia lifted her head and glanced at Cindy. "Is she really your girlfriend? She looks... quite sweet," she commented languidly, her tone so placid that one couldn't tell whether it was a compliment or an insult.

The corners of Ian's mouth lifted. "She's really a little girl who knows nothing, simple and plain." After saying that, he shifted his gaze back to her. "If there's nothing else, Miss Noble, please excuse me."

Yulia murmured an acquiescence. "Sure, go ahead."

Inclining his head to her, Ian then walked toward Cindy. Cindy promptly put on a smile and feigned a honeyed expression. Going over, Ian took the cosmetic box. "I'm done, so let's go."

Cindy followed him out of the room. When they reached the door, she couldn't resist glancing over her shoulder at Yulia. At this time, Yulia was looking at her camera with her head lowered, her expression having reverted to its initial chilliness. Swiftly retracting her gaze, Cindy walked beside Ian. She was convinced that her intuition hadn't steered her wrong. I don't dare say that Yulia likes Ian, but she at least has some feelings for him. Ah, an Adonis is truly entrancing!

When they went out and got into the car, Cindy and Ian went straight home. The photo shoot today is over, and it isn't too late, so we can have a good rest today!

The moment they arrived home, Cindy started on dinner, while Ian went to change. As the driver had already gone home and wasn't going to eat with them, Cindy only needed to cook for two, so it was less work for her. When Ian came out of his room, he went to the sofa. Plopping down, he turned on the television.

After Cindy had cooked a dish, she turned around and peered out. Ian was reclining back against the sofa, but he wasn't watching television. Instead, he was looking at something on his cell phone, a faint smile tugging on his lips. This is quite a beautiful picture. She giggled to herself. I wonder who'll be so lucky to bag him in the future.

She was very quick to finish cooking. As soon as she was done, she removed the apron. Ian then voluntarily stood up and came over to help carry the dishes out. Cindy, on the other hand, took their tableware out. "Is there anything you want to eat? You can list them down. Otherwise, I don't know what to cook either."

"Sure. I'll think about it tonight and give you the menu tomorrow," Ian replied, truly going along with her suggestion.

Cindy grunted in assent. "That's good. It'll save me from having to rack my brains for different dishes every day."

Ian sat down. "Everything you cook is pretty good, so it doesn't matter even if you repeat the dishes."

At this, Cindy was again surprised. He's complimenting me! This is quite a feat since he's usually very reserved. He never says anything hurtful, yet he hardly compliments anyone. She smiled without saying anything.

The two of them then ate in silence. Thereafter, Ian got up and took their tableware to the kitchen. In the kitchen was a plate of fruits which Cindy had just washed and cut, so he took it to the sofa. "I'll buy a dishwasher back tomorrow. Then, you won't need to do the dishes by hand."

Cindy had just rolled up her sleeves to do the dishes when she stilled upon hearing his remark. "It's okay," she declined. He has paid me, so doing the dishes isn't pro bono on my part. There's no need for such fussiness.

Ian didn't say anything further, eating fruits as he watched television. After Cindy was done straightening up the kitchen, she also went and sat by the sofa. Ian didn't return to his room, so the two of them sat there and watched a television series.

When the time grew late, Ian finally stood up and said to Cindy, "You should sleep earlier, too."

Cindy nodded. "Okay."

Actually, Ian was embarrassed to say that he could hear every single sound from outside if she didn't go to sleep, and his mind would even supply him with various images of her going about her business. It wasn't that she was disturbing him, but he just couldn't help softening his breathing and perking his ears to the movements outside. He then went to the washroom and washed up quickly before returning to his room.

Cindy contemplated for a moment and decided not to take a shower at night. She then hurriedly got ready and lay down to sleep as well.

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It wasn't all that tiring today, but Cindy was still quite happy that she got to go to bed early for a change. She was already used to sleeping on the sofa, so she groggily fell into slumber in no time. However, she heard a noise in the middle of the night, jolting her awake. She didn't move, merely opening her eyes and looking in the direction of the light.

It was Ian going to the washroom. Every single time this happened, she found it extremely awkward because the washroom had truly bad soundproofing, so she could hear the slightest noise loud and clear. She then quickly closed her eyes and continued feigning sleep.

Meanwhile, Ian had also tried his best to make as little noise as possible. After flushing the toilet, he washed his hands before turning off the lights and coming out. Upon seeing that Cindy was still in the same position on the sofa, he breathed a sigh of relief and hurried back to his room.

When he'd gone back in and closed the door, Cindy who was outside breathed a sigh of relief as well. For some inexplicable reason, her face was slightly flushed. Such days are truly torturous! Perhaps it was because of the incident that her sleep was disrupted for the rest of the night, for she kept jolting awake and glancing at Ian's room. For some reason, she just felt uneasy.

Finally, the gossip on Ian and Cindy slowly subsided. After all, things like gossip couldn't receive endless attention, else it'd turn stale.

When it was almost time, it was always necessary to turn down the heat. Despite the diminished popularity and attention, both Ian and Cindy breathed easier. After all, it wasn't pleasant to be tailed by the paparazzi, and both of them were similar in that they wanted a life with more freedom.

Having lived under the same roof for half a month, both of them had somewhat gotten used to the other. The only thing that had them feeling discomfited was the house. There was only one room in the house, and while Cindy had no problems sleeping on the sofa, it was indeed inconvenient. Besides, the slightest movement in the washroom was clearly audible to the person outside. Ian was better off since he could hide away in his room, but Cindy had nowhere to go. When Ian was in the washroom, she could only endure it outside. Ian was aware of this issue, so he made some time for a house viewing with Cindy to resolve this problem that was embarrassing yet difficult to speak of. The house they looked at had two rooms and was slightly bigger. Otherwise, it was not much different. He was

very respectful of Cindy's opinion, asking her whether she had any dissatisfaction toward the environment or décor.

Cindy wasn't a fastidious person in nature. After taking a look around, she realized that the two rooms had similar lightning and could be considered a double master bedroom. He's probably showing me consideration. She then nodded. "I'm fine with this."

The house owner was an elderly couple who were up in years. They probably didn't pay attention to the news usually, for they didn't recognize Ian at all. Rather, they regarded Ian and Cindy as a young couple who were looking for a place. Chuckling, the elderly man remarked, "This house of ours is both fruitful and prosperous. After living in our house for a little over a year, the few tenants before this enjoyed smooth sailing in their jobs, securing promotions and salary increments before purchasing a house themselves. Some couples also conceived after living here for a few months. Thus, this house has good juju."

Cindy merely smiled politely without saying anything. Ian didn't explain much either since their relationship now was indeed that of a couple.

As Cindy and Ian both looked decent, the elderly couple had no qualms renting the house to them, even saying that the rent could be lowered slightly if they were going to rent it long-term. The elderly man was very frank, outright admitting, "I don't want to find another tenant just after a year. That's too troublesome, so I'd prefer tenants who'll be renting long-term."

Ian turned to look at Cindy, indicating that the decision was in her hands. Looking around, Cindy then recalled the house in which they were living now. This was a much better improvement, so she nodded. "Not bad." By saying this, it meant that she liked this place better. Right then and there, Ian talked to the elderly man about signing the lease.

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The elderly man was ecstatic, insisting that they could sign the lease anytime.

Ian hesitated for a moment. Both he and Cindy could no longer stand the house with a single room and a living room, so he blurted, "If possible, I prefer signing the contract today and moving in tomorrow."

Eager to have them confirm the lease, the elderly man instantly said sure, repeating it thrice to portray his sincerity. Thus, Ian and the elderly man handled the signing of the contract.

Cindy, on the other hand, took another round in the house and briefly studied the layout. When she was done, she could almost picture living here now.

By noon, Ian and the elderly man had already signed the contract. In the afternoon, Ian went to record a relatively short show, so they arrived home in the evening. Cindy packed everything. Since the movers would be coming early the next morning, many things had to be sorted out on this day. For that reason, they ordered takeaway for dinner. After eating, they spent the rest of the time packing up. When everything was done, Cindy then cleaned the house. As this house was assigned to Ian by the company, it'd be returned to the company upon moving out, so she naturally had to clean the place.

Ian initially wanted to help, but Cindy found him more of a trouble than help, so she waved a dismissive hand. "It's okay. I can manage by myself. You go and sit there. Don't wander around."

Very much obedient, Ian went to the sofa and sat down cross-legged. Then, he turned on the television. Washed fruits were on the coffee table, so he snagged an apple and bit into it. Then, he looked at the

item in his hand before shifting his gaze to the fruit platter on the coffee table. She's really taking good care of me.

After mopping the floor, Cindy became sweaty, and it had her feeling ill at ease. She wavered slightly by the sofa, but in the end, she took a change of clothes and furtively went into the washroom.

The moment the sound of running water started in the washroom, Ian jumped up from the sofa in surprise. He knew that Cindy had gone to take a shower. The washroom had a frosted glass door with faint light showing through. If one were to look closely, one could even make out the person's silhouette. He didn't dare to look in that direction at all, the tips of his ears burning hotly. Swiftly turning off the television, he spun around and went back to his room.

Even after he'd closed the door, his heart was still pounding wildly. Although he didn't see anything, he felt as though he'd seen everything. He paced for a bit in his room, knowing that he'd overreacted. It was a long while before he finally calmed down. Then, he went over to the door and listened for movement outside. A few minutes later, Cindy came out of the washroom and was seemingly packing her things since rustling sounds came from outside. Inhaling deeply several times, Ian went back to his bed, feeling inexplicably agitated. He slapped himself on the forehead, thinking, Everything will be fine tomorrow. When we've both moved into the new house, such an awkward situation can be totally avoided.

He waited for a good while before opening his door and going out, so Cindy was already lying down. Every time she lay down, she curled into a tiny ball. Her blanket was very fluffy as well, so he mostly had to strain to see her since she was almost invisible after burrowing into the blanket considering her naturally slim and petite build. After that, he went for a shower as well and finished in record time before hurrying back to his room.

When his room door was closed, Cindy opened her eyes and let out an exasperated sigh. Her thoughts were similar to Ian's. When we've moved tomorrow, all the awkward situations will be a thing of the past.

That night, both of them were occupied with their own thoughts. The next day, the movers came early in the morning. Cindy woke up even earlier, sorting out everything that was to be transported. Since Ian hadn't been living here for long, there weren't many things. Thus, the movers managed to take everything in a single trip.

Ian and Cindy had also packed, so they followed the movers in another car. Since there weren't many things, the entire process didn't take long. When everything was settled, Cindy even had time to make breakfast in the new house. Ah, it's truly nice not to be under the paparazzi's watchful gaze! Or else I can't even imagine the crowd that would've been tailing us to snap photos as we moved houses this time.

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Ian straightened his room for a bit. When he came out a while later, Cindy was already done cooking breakfast, so he went over to the dining table. As he sat down, he said, "I'll help you clean when we come back later. Leave all the heavy work to me."

Cindy gave a bark of laughter. "There's no heavy work. This house has been kept very clean in the first place, so I only need to arrange everything."

At this, Ian chuckled as well. "I'll handle all the large furniture and appliances. I'll feel bad if you don't allow me to do anything."

Cindy looked at him. "You've already paid me, so why would you feel bad?"

All at once, Ian burst into laughter. "I've always wanted to ask you

this question—are you that strapped for cash?”

Cindy nodded seriously. “Yes, I’m that strapped for cash. It’s too bad that I’m not valuable, else I’d even want to sell myself off.”

Cindy and Ian then left for a show. While their scandal had abated on the Internet, they were still targets of criticism when they went out and faced others. It was better for Ian since no one dared to outright point fingers at him before his face, but it was different for Cindy. Many people felt that she was only dating Ian because of some twist of luck, so they regarded her with hostility out of either jealousy or abhorrence. By now, Cindy was used to it, so every time she was confronted with these gazes that discomfited her, her bank balance flashed in her mind. At the thought of money, all gloom dissipated. This time, Ian was singing the finale for a show, so it was just the span of a song’s length and their work would be over in 10 or 20 minutes. Cindy waited for him backstage while scrolling through the news on the Internet on her cell phone alone. The entertainment industry suffered no lack of gossip, so when news of her and Ian had subsided, another news naturally took its place.

Currently topping the search engine was news of a particular lady inserting herself into a particular director’s marriage. There were still plenty who condemned the lady since many were timid in real life, so they could only unleash their wrath on the Internet. She inadvertently glimpsed some of the comments, only to see that they were even more vicious than the censure against her and Ian back then. When she saw those comments, she heaved a sigh. I wonder if these people would dare to be so ruthless when they encounter something they loathed in real life.

Putting her cell phone away, she leaned against the window and let out a sigh again. Before she’d even finished sighing, someone spoke beside her. “It’s you?”

Startled, Cindy turned and looked over. What a coincidence! It’s the assistant who previously asked me how I bagged Ian. Straightening, she asked, “You’re also here today?”

The assistant nodded. “Did you just arrive? My celebrity is already done.”

Cindy murmured an acknowledgment. “Why aren’t you with him if he’s done?”

The assistant curled her lips. “My handsome celebrity is in his dressing room. There’s a senior celebrity there who wants to chat with him, and he even ordered me to wait outside. I just wonder what they’re talking about that’s so secretive.”

Cindy’s brows furrowed, her wariness ever present. Since she wasn’t quite certain which celebrity this assistant worked for, she questioned, “Is your celebrity newly debuted?”

The assistant blinked. “It has been over a year.”

Cindy couldn’t outright ask about the celebrity’s status, so she could only remind that assistant tactfully by telling her, “Be careful that you’re not set up by others as Ian once was.”

The assistant promptly giggled. “It probably won’t happen. Everyone is still scared since your celebrity’s matter went out of hand. So, who would still dare to take the risk of doing such a thing? After all, the person won’t be able to stay in the entertainment industry anymore if he’s found out.”

Cindy hesitated slightly. Her celebrity has debuted for more than a year, so he probably guards against such a thing. Thus, she nodded. “Hmm, you’re right.”

The assistant stood there with her for a good while, chatting about their usual work. Since her celebrity had a rather free schedule, the assistant didn’t have much work. Thus, she had it relatively easier.

Nonetheless, the assistant still envied Cindy. "Although you've got a lot to do, it's just different. You're dating while working, yet I'm only working, so I've got no motivation."

Cindy patted her on the shoulder. "Think of money. When there's money, there's motivation."

The assistant shook her head. "I don't have much of a desire for money now."

All of a sudden, Cindy envied her. How I wish that I too won't have much of a desire for money one day! After all, one would only have no desire for something because one already has it. I wonder when I'll have enough resources to support me that I no longer have any desire for money.

It was only when Ian came over did the assistant leave.

Ian glanced at the assistant. "You're acquainted with her?"

Cindy nodded. "Just got acquainted a while ago. Thanks to you, my popularity has gone up, so people take the initiative to strike up a conversation with me."

Ian chuckled. "Well, get used to it. You might even debut in the future."

The two of them could joke around now since their relationship was much closer than before. They then left the studio while chatting and laughing as they returned to the house. Thereafter, Ian truly put his words into action by helping Cindy to move the furniture. Cindy, on the other hand, took up the task of cleaning the house. Despite the house having two rooms and a living room, it was actually not particularly big. Furthermore, it was relatively clean to begin with, so it wasn't all that tiring to clean.

They were done in no time. Ian's room had an attached bathroom, so he went back to his room for a shower. Meanwhile, Cindy washed up outside and started cooking lunch when she was done. Ian then sauntered out and meandered into the kitchen. After a moment's contemplation, he took the spring onions at the side. "I'll help to chop the onions."

Cindy didn't even look at him. "Sure." After they'd both cleaned the house, she was now accustomed to him helping her.

When Ian was done with the onions, he moved on to the garlic before helping to wash the vegetables as well, rendering his services for all the prep work. In the end, Cindy cut the vegetables and cooked, finding the entire process smoother than usual.

When they were eating, Ian truly took out a piece of paper and handed it to Cindy. "This is the menu I came up with. If there's anything you like, you can also add them in. Just pick a few dishes from here each day."

Cindy laughed. "You really made a list? I thought it was just a joke."

Ian was extremely serious. "It was no joke. I seldom joke."

Suddenly, Cindy recalled his remark that she might debut. Failing to stifle her laughter, she again tittered.

Ian arched an eyebrow. "You don't believe me?"

"I do." Cindy immediately put on an innocent expression. "I believe everything you say. Really."

Snorting, Ian lowered his head and continued eating without bothering her anymore. Their interactions grew increasingly harmonious.

After eating, they reclined against the sofa and watched television.

For the first time, Ian asked Cindy the kind of genre she liked for movies or television series. Her brows knitting together, Cindy pondered for a moment. "Horror."

Surprise gripped Ian. "I never expected you to like such a genre."

Cindy thought for a moment before explaining, "Perhaps it's because

I don't quite believe in sweet romance dramas, so I find it amusing sometimes when I see all the lovey-dovey stuff."

Amused, Ian dissolved into laughter. "Hannah even said that she's planning to have me go into idol dramas in the future since it'll gain me many fans." At times, when a drama is popular, the characters will then stand out. The characters of rich young men, especially, attract tons of female fans.

Cindy shifted her gaze to him. "If you really accept an idol drama, I promise that I won't laugh on set."

Nodding solemnly, Ian replied, "Then, I truly thank you." After saying that, both of them burst out laughing.

Ian took the remote control and actually found a horror movie.

There wasn't much of an atmosphere to watch a horror movie at noon, so they were both rather grave as they watched it. When the female ghost appeared, Cindy frowned. "Her eye makeup is rather bad. It's not scary at all. Rather, it just looks dirty."

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The corners of Ian's mouth curved upward. "Do you usually watch horror movies with such an attitude?"

Cindy solemnly nodded. "Didn't you realize that this horror movie appears less frightening after I'd said that? I can adjust the atmosphere with my attitude and make people less afraid."

Ian stared at her for a while before he nodded without saying anything. It seemed as though he was only now beginning to understand her slightly.

At the end of the month, Ian took a day off because his mother was coming. Cindy had never heard him mentioning his mother before, but back when news of his background circulated widely on the Internet, she'd read a bit of it. Thus, she knew that his mother, Aurora Peyton, was once a renowned singer and was a huge hit in the entertainment industry. However, she then met Ian's scumbag father, and her entire life was ruined.

Ian's mother came in the morning, whereupon Cindy and Ian both waited for her outside the community. His mother had permed hair while wearing a tight-fitting shirt and wide-leg pants, coupled with kitten heels. Undeniably, she still looked very much attractive.

Ian didn't go over to his mother but stood by the community gate, so Cindy stood beside him. His mother was even wearing sunglasses, and as she stepped out of the taxi, she studied Ian for a while before walking over. Then, she remarked, "This is quite an easy place to find. Come, let's go in. I forgot to have some water before leaving home, so I'm rather thirsty." She acted as though this was her own territory.

Cindy was a tad awkward, not quite sure how she should greet her. Nonetheless, Aurora didn't even look at them, walking into the community area herself. Ian turned, and at the same time, he said to Cindy, "Let's go." With just that meeting, Cindy could tell that Ian's relationship with his mother wasn't good.

After walking a distance, Aurora slowed down and waited for them. When Ian and Cindy had caught up with her, she then commented, "I saw the news about the two of you on the Internet. Are you both truly dating?"

A tad embarrassed, Cindy didn't quite know what to say. This is Ian's mother, so I can probably tell her the truth, but it's best to have fewer people in the know when it comes to this matter. She turned and looked at Ian, telling him without words to answer this question himself. He can decide himself whether to tell her the truth.

While Ian didn't look at her, he understood her meaning. He merely grunted in assent as an answer to Aurora.

Subsequently, Aurora shifted her gaze to Cindy, looking her up and down. It wasn't certain whether she was satisfied, but she then retracted her gaze a few seconds later.

The three of them went back to their place upstairs. The moment Aurora stepped into the house, she looked around before heading straight to the sofa and sat down. "I actually arrived yesterday, but it was too late. I didn't want to bother you, which was why I stayed the night at the hotel. This time, I mainly came back to see you."

Taking a bottle of mineral water and juice from the refrigerator, Ian went over and placed them on the coffee table. "What's to see about me?" His words and tone sounded rather rude.

On the other hand, Cindy walked over and sat down beside him without interrupting them.

Aurora wasn't at all offended. Slipping off her sunglasses, she placed them on the coffee table before snagging the juice and twisting the cap open. In a single go, she guzzled half the bottle. When she put it back down, she said, "I was planning to come some time ago, but I was delayed."

Ian looked at her thoughtfully. "Even if you'd come earlier, I was very busy, so I wouldn't have had time to entertain you." He was so brash in his speech that Cindy turned and glanced at him, gently patting him on the arm. Although she didn't quite like Aurora either, feeling that her affair with Bryce Morgan had dragged Ian down, she still thought that there wasn't any need for impertinent remarks that would make the atmosphere awkward since Aurora was already sitting here in the house.

Aurora chuckled, not at all bothered about his words and tone. "I'm actually very surprised that you debuted. But it's a good thing since your brilliant voice isn't wasted," she noted.

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Ian leaned back against the sofa. "Why did you come today? This is the only day I'm free. I've still got something to do tomorrow, so I can't keep you company."

Aurora nodded. "I'm actually not here for anything specific. It's just that I haven't seen you in a long time, so I wanted to come and see you." Her hands were crossed on her lap, and she subconsciously rubbed them. "I just wanted to come and see whether you're doing okay."

Dropping her gaze, Cindy glanced at her action. Her intuition told her that Aurora had something to say, so she stood up. "Would you like some fruits? I'll wash some fruits for you." Without waiting for her response, she spun around and went to the kitchen. There were indeed fruits on the kitchen counter, but she didn't take any, merely leaning against the counter with her arms crossed.

Meanwhile, Aurora breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing that Cindy had left. Straightening, she remarked, "I broke up with him."

Ian wasn't at all surprised. "Well, it's normal to break up if a couple can't get along."

Aurora licked her lips. "He's a decent man, but we have different goals, so both of us will be tired if we carry on."

Ian didn't pick up where she left off by inquiring what different goals she meant.

After waiting for a while, Aurora had no recourse left, so she could only say it herself. "Our opinions differ. He wants us to stay in that small place and live a steady life, but I'm not resigned to that. I still want to try my luck."

When she said this, Ian instantly understood her meaning. So, it seems that she came and looked for me because she wants to use my fame to make a comeback. He gave a bark of laughter. "Your life is your business. I don't care, nor am I going to intervene."

Aurora was stunned. Upon hearing this, she grew a touch anxious. "Ilan, no matter what, I'm still your mother, so there's still some affection there. I know you blame me for abandoning you back then, making your life difficult in the past, but my life hasn't been all that easy either. You were better off with your father rather than with me—"

Ilan swiftly held up a hand and stopped her. "Let's not talk about this anymore. It's already in the past, so there's no use even if you bring it up now." Then, he got to his feet. "I'm aware of some things even if you don't say anything, and I think you should also understand the things that I'm not saying. We haven't had much contact all these years, so I don't think anyone would believe that we hold any affection toward each other. Therefore, let's not talk about it. I initially wanted to go and visit you, but it was pushed back due to my busy schedule. On second thought, I think it was a good thing. With your visit today, I think our relationship is really on its last legs." Taken aback, Aurora sprang to her feet quickly. "Ilan, what are you saying? If you don't want to help me, just say so. Do you have to say such awful things to hurt me?"

"Hurt you?" Ian almost laughed. "Will you be hurt?" In the next instance, he shook his head. "You won't because you don't even care." Just when Aurora opened her mouth to speak, he whirled around to face the kitchen. Raising his voice, he said, "There's no need to wash the fruits. She's leaving now."

This is a blatant dismissal! Aurora's expression changed, her face vacillating between shades of red and white. However, she'd experienced every tribulation in the world, so she merely took a few deep breaths before her expression reverted to normal. "Looks like you're still feeling resentful toward me. Well, that can't be helped since I've never fulfilled my responsibility as a mother all these years. But I was also a victim. Back then, I gave birth to you despite tremendous pressure, yet you're truly going to disregard that fact?" Ian had his back to her, neither moving nor saying a single word. Then, Aurora left in less than half an hour of her arrival.

Cindy didn't quite catch their conversation from the kitchen, so she merely had a vague feeling that they'd had a row. However, there wasn't the slightest hint of displeasure on Aurora's face when she left, her expression no different from when she arrived. It's indeed true that people are quick to get over something when they've reached middle age, and they can conceal their emotions well, Cindy thought to herself.

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Ilan didn't see Aurora off. Rather, it was Cindy who saw her downstairs. Aurora looked at Cindy, her expression placid. "I heard that your background isn't that great." Cindy remained calm and unruffled. "It's indeed not great."

Aurora smiled. "Alright, then. I don't think the two of you will last long, so I'll save the speech."

How direct! She's saying whatever she pleases. Fortunately, Cindy wasn't really dating Ian, so she wasn't bothered. She merely mused, if Ian truly dates a girl whose background isn't all that great in the future, she'll really have a tough time dealing with such a mother-in-law!

After Aurora had said this, she put on her sunglasses and strutted away.

Cindy stood there until she was gone from sight before turning around and returning upstairs. Meanwhile, Ian had already gone back to his room, so she stood in the living room and mulled the matter over. No, I just can't bring myself to ask him what had happened. Thus, she then went back to her own room after a while.

He took a day off today to entertain his mother, but from the look of things now, he didn't have to do so.

She took out the menu he gave her back then and went through it from top to bottom. Now that she was familiar with his tastes, she knew that while he wasn't a picky eater, he still had his likes and dislikes. Although I couldn't see anything amiss from his expression earlier, he must be aggrieved after having a row with his mother. So, I'll just cook a few nice dishes for lunch as consolation. She couldn't think of anything else she could do. This is the only thing I can do. After lying on the bed for a while, she left her room and went to the kitchen where she started preparing the ingredients. She'd thought that Ian would hide away in his room to lick his wounds, so she planned to call him when she was done cooking. Unexpectedly, Ian came out just after she'd washed the vegetables. Frowning, he stared at her. "You're cooking lunch so early?"

Cindy grunted. "No, I'm just prepping the ingredients."

Nothing could be gleaned from Ian's face, and he didn't appear sad either. As Cindy carried on with her chore, he sauntered over to the kitchen door. "What did the two of you speak of downstairs?" he asked.

Cindy chuckled. "Nothing much. Your mother disdains my background, but she feels that we won't last long, so she saved the speech." She found it all truly intriguing. "At that time, I wanted to tell her that our relationship is fake to reassure her, but on second thought, I decided to retain some mystery."

"Don't tell her. Don't tell her anything," Ian said. "In the future, stay away from her if I'm not with you."

Stunned, the smile on Cindy's face disappeared. She turned and glanced at him yet asked nary a question. "Okay, got it."

Ian remained standing at the kitchen door. "Don't tell anyone about our relationship regardless of who the person is to me." After saying this, Ian instinctively explained, "Because even those who are related to me by blood may be looking to set me up. Therefore, don't trust anyone."

Cindy nodded, but this time, she didn't look at him. "Okay, okay, got it."

Still, Ian stood there and looked on as she deftly prepared the ingredients for lunch.

Cindy grew a tad self-conscious at his scrutiny. I'm just chopping vegetables. What's so interesting to watch? As she cut the vegetables with her head lowered, she suggested after a while, "You can go out and watch television. It's boring to stand here."

Ian murmured in acknowledgment, but he didn't move. Instead, he commented, "You're very proficient at cooking, so it seems that you must've been cooking since young."

The corners of Cindy's mouth lifted. "Yup, I've been cooking since young. I have a little brother, and my parents were busy back then, so I had to take care of him. For that reason, I learned a lot of life skills very early on."The Returning Ex Chapter 1301

A man like Shawn Long wasn't even comparable to Logan.

Shawn went on to say, "But Lola, since we'd gone on a date before, I'd like to remind you that you should know your place. It's not easy trying to get married to a rich man. With all the money in the world, why would Logan have his eyes on a country girl like you? Don't cry over spilled milk when he eventually decides to dump you."

Unable to hold it in anymore, Lola and Logan burst into a fit of giggles.

Hearing that, Shawn fell silent in an instant.

After letting out a long breath, Logan threatened, "Shawn, it seems that you've forgotten your lesson."

Shawn yelped and immediately hung up the call.

Logan had wanted to ask him out for a meet-up, but he wasn't given that chance. Turning over, Lola snuggled up to him and said, "Ignore that clown."

Putting down the phone, Logan grunted and pulled her into his embrace. Lying on the bed, however, he couldn't have a shut-eye because he was troubled by a thought.

Lola mentioned to him before that the people in her hometown had gossiped about her, so certainly, Shawn made the call because he must have heard something.

Now that they had received this call, Logan reckoned that while the villagers said bad things about Shawn, they wouldn't have complimented Lola either.

The people who frequented his clubhouse came from all walks of life, so he knew how complicated human nature could be. There were many people out there, especially those underachievers, who were jealous of others' achievements and would mock them behind their backs.

After making sure that Lola was sound asleep, Logan got out of the bed and stepped into the living room. When he was certain that he was out of her earshot, he fished out his phone and made a call.

A short moment later, the call was connected as the person on the other end inquired respectfully, "Young Master, how may I help you?" Logan replied, "I need you to do something for me."

The person laughed in a flattering manner. "Young Master, you don't have to be overly polite with me. I'm always at your service."

Turning time forward, when it was time for Lola to go to work, Logan drove her to her workplace and told her that he had to prepare for the wedding before speeding off.

Having taken a break for a long time, Lola wasn't used to it when she was seated in her office. Fortunately, not much work had piled up after she was absent for a few days. After going through the personal trainers' schedules and the list of new customers, she went on to examine their workout packages.

It was the afternoon when she was done with all that. Leaning against the chair, she gazed out the window as her lips curved into a smile. I can't believe I'm married now, and more surprisingly, that man is Logan. In the past, if anyone told her that she would eventually marry Logan, she would rebuke that person right away. It wasn't like she couldn't find a good man, so there was no way she would marry him. However, she now thought that she was lucky to be married to him.

After she took a rest for a while, her phone on the table started ringing. Picking up the phone, she realized that her mother was calling her. When the call was connected, she asked softly, "Mom, what's the matter?"

In a flustered voice, Fiona asked, "Lola, did you send all these to us? This is too much."

Lola was startled as she didn't understand what her mother was talking about.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1302

After giving it a thought, Fiona decided to hang up the call and made a video call instead.

Lola immediately picked it up. Since Fiona was using the rear camera of her phone, Lola could see the sight of her home's entrance. A few loaded pick-up trucks were parked in front of her home, and there were workers unloading the items from the vehicles.

On the side, Langdon was so shocked that he didn't know what to do. Fiona continued, "Lola, are these from Logan? This is simply too much." On the screen, Lola could see that there were bottles of wine, baskets of fruits, health supplements, and many more that she couldn't even make out what those things were. Equally puzzled, she replied, "I'm not

sure. I'll ask him about it now." After hanging up the call, she then dialed Logan's number.

Logan picked it up and called out sweetly, "Honey."

Lola let out an embarrassed laugh and said, "There's something I need to ask you about. A few trucks are parked in front of my parents' home, and some workers are unloading the gifts now. Have you sent those items there?"

Not knowing the details either, Logan replied, "I told someone to send some gifts over for me, but I'm not sure what those items are. Are there a lot? Tell me if the items are not good enough. I'll scold that person."

I knew it. In a helpless manner, Lola said, "Why have you sent so many items over?"

In fact, Logan's main goal was to fix Shawn rather than simply sending gifts. He reckoned that since the person was going to Lola's hometown, he could send some gifts to her parents as well.

On the previous day, Logan learned a thing or two about the traditions in Lola's hometown and found out that they had to hold a banquet before the wedding. He wasn't certain what he needed to do for the banquet, so he decided to just send some gifts over.

Lola said, "You have no idea how dumbstruck my parents were when they saw so many trucks. Others might think that we're getting into wholesale business!"

Logan chuckled. "It's fine. You can just pass the gifts to the guests during the banquet."

"Why should I give them the gifts?" Lola muttered under her breath. She had seen from the video call that those were all expensive items. Since the villagers had said bad things about her, there was no way she would give them such exquisite items.

Logan smiled as he didn't know the value of the items that were sent to Lola's home. Also, he didn't care whether something was valuable or not as long as it could be bought with money. Nevertheless, he loved the fact that Lola wouldn't let others take advantage of her.

With a smile, he said, "If you don't want to give the things to the villagers, just keep them for our parents. Just use them as you wish. I can always send more."

Lola was stunned when he said 'our parents'. However, after giving it a thought, she didn't find any problem with it, since they were already married. They didn't have to wait until the wedding before Logan started calling her parents 'Mom' and 'Dad'.

Knowing that her husband was wealthy, she simply said okay. Suddenly thinking of something else, she asked, "Have you also sent some people over to fix Shawn?"

Startled, Logan replied, "How did you know?"

Lola heaved a sigh. If Logan tells someone else to send gifts to my parents but he wasn't the one to choose them, it proves that sending gifts isn't his main goal. What else could he have intended to do?

There's nothing attractive in my small hometown. So, the only reason I can think of is the phone call last night.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1303

Lola persuaded him against it by saying, "You don't have to get mad over what Shawn had said. It's a waste of your time."

In a nonchalant manner, Logan replied, "It doesn't take much of my time. Moreover, I'm pleased to teach him another lesson."

He's such a vengeful man. In order to fix the people he doesn't like, he'll do whatever it costs, even if he'll also be hurt in the process. Shaking her head, Lola smiled in a helpless manner. "Alright. I will stay out of this." After a pause, she inquired, "Do you want to have dinner with me later?"

Logan replied, "Of course. I can't eat anything without you around."
With a smile, Lola questioned, "Who else did you say such sweet words to before?"

In a meek manner, Logan inquired, "Are you talking about Jasmine?"
"No. I've promised not to talk about her again. I'm just curious if you had ever said such sweet things to other girls before."
"No!" Logan protested. "There are no other girls around me other than Sophia, but she's married with a kid now."

Given how bad-tempered Logan was, he wasn't a likeable man for other girls. Moreover, he wasn't attracted to any other women easily. That was why he couldn't find someone to spend the rest of his life with until now.

After pondering on it for a moment, Lola realized that what he said was right, as only John, Sophia and Ian showed up when he gathered up his friends to celebrate his marriage. He really didn't have many friends. Smacking her lips, she said, "Alright. I'll be waiting for you to come over and have dinner with me."

After she hung up the call, she called her mother and told her that those gifts were indeed from Logan. Also, if they were to hold a banquet, these items could be given to the villagers as gifts.

Upon hearing that, Fiona reacted in the same way as Lola did. "There's no way I will pass such expensive items to those people. Have you got no idea how they talk about us behind our back? I'm magnanimous enough to not have settled a score with them!"

Lola burst into laughter. "I've always wondered from whom I got my temperament. Now I know it's from you!"

Fiona went on to say that the trucks had yet to be fully unloaded, but their yard was already crammed with the gifts. Fortunately, those workers were responsible enough to move those items into their house. However, they had little space within their home, so the gifts were then moved into the room they had prepared for Logan. Currently, the room was filled with many things.

The next day, Lola received news that Shawn had lost his job. He was accused of siphoning off money from his workplace.

It was Lola's mother who told her about this. Fiona didn't know that it was Logan's doing, so she told her daughter about this jokingly.

After Shawn was made redundant, he went to make a scene at his workplace in resentment. Nevertheless, not only did he not get his job back, but his wrongdoings were also exposed to the public.

Now that he had become infamous in his hometown, it was no longer possible for him to get a job in the local area.

Although Lola knew that it was Logan's doing, she couldn't break this to her mother. Therefore, she nodded and replied, "He only has himself to blame for his misery because he stole money from his workplace."

Smacking her lips, Fiona said, "When the matchmaker introduced Shawn to us, she said that he held some power at the government body he worked in. However, she never said how much his salary was, but she did mention that he had other sources of income."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1304

Lola batted her eyes. So, Logan didn't make up the accusation against Shawn.

After a sigh, Fiona said, "At that time, I didn't read too much into it and thought that the matchmaker was just exaggerating. Thinking back now, how could he be so proud of his wrongdoing? What was more, he even shared this with the matchmaker!"

Before Lola could reply, Fiona went on to say in a disdainful manner, "Fortunately, you did not fall in love with him. Otherwise, your

reputation would have been ruined.”

When Lola resigned from her previous job, she maintained a good reputation as a policewoman. Although she was a woman, she was braver than most men when she was on a mission.

Her leader had persuaded her to stay, and he even went to her home to ask her parents about the reason for her resignation. At that time, Lola had suffered a serious injury during a mission. Terrified that such a thing would happen to their daughter again, her parents forced her to resign from her job.

Upon hearing what her mother said, Lola was somewhat at a loss for words.

In fact, Logan didn't have a good reputation either. Since she had gotten together with him, it would be awkward for her if she came across her former colleagues in the future.

Fortunately, Logan had never committed any serious crimes, which was why the police could never send him to jail. It was just that the customers at Logan's clubhouse engaged in questionable activities, so it made him look like he was part of those people as well.

Instead of shifting her focus to Logan, Fiona went on to talk about Shawn.

In fact, Shawn didn't live in their village, but the villagers became familiar with him after he went on a date with Lola.

Moreover, Shawn, his parents and the matchmaker made a fuss at their house before, so the moment the neighbors got wind of any news about Shawn, they would go over to tell Fiona about it.

Now that Shawn's wrongdoings were exposed, he became infamous not only in their village, but the entire town.

Fiona was no saint, so she couldn't help but gloat over his misery. “I was waiting for their retribution to come. All three of them were problematic, so I was sure they would end up in misery. Look, I'm proven right so quickly.”

Lola laughed. “Alright. You can gloat over their misery, but don't go and meddle in this. They've received this punishment because of what they've done. However, we have to mind our own business.”

Fiona grunted. “I just can't help it.”

After Lola hung up the call, she dialed Logan's number. When the call was connected, she could hear over the phone that it was noisy in the background. It seemed that someone was giving orders on how things should be arranged.

After going to a quiet place, Logan asked, “Yeah?”

“Do you know that something happened to Shawn?” Lola questioned.

In fact, Logan was clueless about this. Although he had told someone to fix Shawn, he didn't ask that person what he would do. Currently, Logan was busy with the preparation of the wedding, so he had no time to care about what happened to Shawn.

Lola sighed. “My mom got the news from the neighbors. She then called to tell me that Shawn had lost his job, and his reputation was ruined.”

Logan giggled. “It seems that God has decided to punish that jerk.”

Pressing her lips together, Lola questioned, “Are you trying to call yourself ‘God’?”

Logan was silent for a while, then he guffawed. “If you'd like to think so, I won't object to it.”

A moment later, Lola asked, “How did you do this? Is it true that he siphoned off money from his workplace?”

“Of course it's true,” Logan replied matter-of-factly. “It wasn't hard to find out his wrongdoings because he received kickbacks frequently. Maybe he didn't think it was a problem, so he did it blatantly.”

The Returning Ex Chapter 1305

It didn't take the person Logan sent a long time to find out all of

Shawn's crimes.

In fact, Shawn had committed so many crimes that it took Logan some time to decide on how to deal the heaviest blow to him using his own wrongdoings. Since Shawn was most proud of his job, Logan decided to make him relieved of his duty.

Lola thought that Logan had made the right decision because if Shawn were to hold on to his duty, the reputation of the civil service would be tarnished.

After giving it a thought, Logan said, "I have a house in the city center. It's been renovated and ready to move in. When you're free, we'll go have a look together. After the wedding, we'll move into that house. Also, I've prepared another house in the same residential area for our parents."

Lola was touched by his considerate action. Since they had been dating, Logan would always keep his promises and fulfill her needs. In a soft voice, she replied, "Okay. I got it. I'll see you later."

After the call ended, Lola unwittingly placed her phone on her chest and smiled.

Logan arrived at the gym in the evening. When some personal trainers, who hadn't gone home, saw Logan, they started teasing him.

Lola was always serious at work, so the personal trainers had wondered what kind of man would fall in love with her, considering her temperament. They even made a bet that her husband had to be a domineering man. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to tolerate her bad temper.

To their surprise, Logan seemed like a gentle guy who always kept a smile on his face. They didn't know Logan well, so they reckoned that he was a really easy-going guy. What they didn't know was that this was what Logan wanted them to see.

On the other hand, Lola would pretend to be obedient whenever she was with Logan, so no one could tell what they were really like in private.

Ignoring their teasing, Logan waved his hand and retorted, "Well, single men like you guys know nothing about love."

"Hey, look, he's mocking us!"

"Yes, that's what I'm doing," Logan replied in a confident manner. "If you don't look for a girlfriend, you can only be envious of us." Upon finishing his words, he shouted into Lola's office, "Honey, I'm here!" The personal trainers immediately hugged themselves. "Oh God, it's giving me goosebumps. I can't take it anymore."

On the other hand, during the preparation of Logan and Lola's wedding, Ian had to go back to his company to sign a contract. After the contract was signed, he would then be swamped with work.

Since the talent show he had joined was still rather popular currently, he had to start working as soon as possible. Before the departure, he gathered up with his friends again.

Sophia and John arrived at a later time. When they entered the private room, they were seen holding hands, looking all lovey-dovey. Leaning against the chair, Ian gazed at them and smiled without uttering a word. After John sat his wife down, Lola said, "Your belly is huge. Is your due date around the corner?"

"I'll be giving birth in a month," Sophia replied joyfully. "I'm relieved that I'll unload this baby soon. You have no idea how exhausted I've been in the past months."

John nodded. "That's the same case for me."

Sophia gazed at him from the corner of her eyes and thought that rather than him being exhausted, he was just disgruntled that they hadn't engaged in physical love for a long time.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1306

John even vowed that after the child was born, he wouldn't want another child because if Sophia was impregnated again, it would affect his sex life.

If it wasn't because Sophia had to be careful with her movements, she would have beaten him up. Why is this man so obsessed with sex? Doesn't he think it's a blessing to have a kid?

A moment later, Sophia turned to Ian and asked him about his work arrangements.

Ian replied that his company had come up with a schedule for him and sent it to his mailbox. This proved that his company was serious about his career planning.

After going through the schedule, he was relieved that he wouldn't be overburdened with work, but there wouldn't be much time for him to take a rest either. All in all, the arrangements were reasonable.

Just then, John said, "His company has a clear policy on the career planning of their artists. Normally, all of them will be assigned jobs according to their strengths. The company also doesn't create gossip for the artists in order to make them famous."

Relieved to hear that, Sophia nodded. "When you become a superstar, please introduce some hot guys in showbiz to me."

John frowned and stared at her. "Shouldn't you be more concerned about the baby in your belly now?"

Placing her hands on her belly, Sophia guffawed.

Turning to Lola, Logan asked, "Do you think I'm a hot guy?"

Lola shot him a contemptuous look. "How are you so confident in your looks?"

At that instant, Logan recalled that Lola once said that he wasn't attractive enough for her. Then, he leaned close to her and whispered into her ear, "You said that I wasn't attractive enough for you, but why were you so immersed in it when we had sex?"

Blushing, Lola then recalled the first time they engaged in intercourse. She didn't dare to settle a score with him publicly, so she furtively stretched out her hand and pinched his waist.

Without flinching, Logan leaned closer to her and asked with a smile, "Do you want to do it again tonight?"

With her face turning red in embarrassment, Lola exerted more force and glared at him. "Shut up!"

Logan chuckled and directly landed a kiss on her lips.

Seeing that, Sophia immediately covered her eyes with one hand and placed her other hand on her belly. "My child, we shouldn't look at the shameless act of that guy over there!"

Lola's face turned crimson when she heard that.

Unabashed, Logan leaned against the chair and said in a playful manner, "Are you implying that you can't take it anymore? If so, just kiss your husband in front of us." Then, he shifted his attention to Ian. "Why aren't you covering your eyes when you're the one who's supposed to do so? Aren't you jealous of how loving we are?"

Ian picked up a cup of tea and took a sip. "If you knew I'd be jealous, why are you doing this in front of me? Are you trying to make me feel even more heartbroken?"

The atmosphere turned awkward when the others heard this.

Still holding the cup, Ian suddenly realized what he had just said. He only meant to tease them, and his words contained no innuendos or whatsoever.

To break the awkwardness in the air, Logan guffawed. "Oh, you must be really angry with me because I haven't been able to spend more time with you, since I'm busy preparing my own wedding. When you come back to attend my wedding, I'll make sure to spend some time with you,

alright?"

Lola immediately went along by saying, "Yes, we're really sorry that you feel this way. When you come back, we'll make sure to meet up with you."

Without explaining himself, Ian grunted.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1307

Seated beside Sophia, John leaned his back against the chair and put on a faint smile.

When the dishes and bottles of wine were served, Logan directly gulped down three glasses of wine as a gesture of apology because he hadn't been able to spend more time with them the last time they met up. Then, he turned to Ian and apologized to him for not having enough time for him recently, which served as a continuation of the previous topic.

In response, Ian took a sip of the wine politely.

Finally, Logan held out his glass at John. "I'll try to make Lola impregnated with a girl. In the future, maybe our kids can marry each other."

The corner of Sophia's mouth twitched. "No, no, no! We shouldn't interfere in our kids' love life because no one can say for sure when it comes to love. We shouldn't make that decision on their behalf. If they grow up and never fall in love with each other, they'll blame us."

John turned to his wife. "Why do I feel like there's a hidden message in your words that's directed at me?"

Patting his shoulder, Sophia replied, "You're so clever. Yes, it's directed at you."

Letting out a sigh, John shifted his attention to Logan. "See? Don't ever displease a woman because you never know when they'll settle a score with you."

Logan nodded. "Fortunately, I have never displeased Lola before, so there's no score to settle."

In a cold voice, Lola retorted, "Are you sure? Do I have to remind you about Jasmine?"

In an instant, Logan kept his mouth shut.

Although there was nothing ambiguous going on between Jasmine and him, he would feel embarrassed whenever Lola mentioned her. It was because he agreed to date Jasmine and then dumped her, so he was eternally guilty for this.

On the other hand, though Shawn kept pestering Lola, she was innocent in this farce. So, compared to what Logan did to Jasmine, Lola had every right to pick on him.

Putting on a smirk, Logan said in a meek manner, "Honey, please don't get angry with me. We've been getting along well, so don't let someone else sow discord between us."

Sophia burst into laughter. "How could you say my husband sowed discord between you and Lola when you're in the wrong?" At that moment, she couldn't help but defend her husband.

With a proud expression, John pulled Sophia's hands toward himself and stroked them.

It was a messy situation as these two couples were bantering with each other.

Seated on the side, Ian gazed at them and put on a gentle smile. I guess this is the best outcome after all. I'm really happy for them.

On the other hand, Lola never asked her husband about the progress of the wedding preparation. Since she couldn't offer any help, she reckoned that she shouldn't be too picky.

However, after Logan returned home every day, he would hug her and explain to her what he did for the day.

Lola would always nod in response and say, "Alright. I got it."

Still, there was once when Logan couldn't help but pull a long face because Lola didn't seem to care about their wedding.

In a helpless manner, she explained, "It's because I don't know what to say. I don't really understand the things you've been explaining to me, so I can only tell you that I get it."

Seeing that he remained silent, Lola went on to say, "It's a really luxurious wedding that you've been preparing for us. I haven't even heard of most of the things you've gotten, so I don't have anything to say."

However, Logan just stared at her.

Left with no choice, Lola went over and draped her arms around his shoulders. "What do you expect me to say then? Tell me and I'll say it."

Logan's heart softened when he saw her being so tender to him.

Hugging her tightly, he said, "It's my fault. I've become grumpy from all the preparations." No matter how bad-tempered he was, he could never be mad at her.

Without saying anything, Lola stroked his face. In fact, she was excited about the wedding, but she just didn't have any opinions to voice out, and she was fine with their arrangements.

That night, Logan laid himself on top of her in bed and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm so sorry. I've been impatient recently because I've been swamped with wedding preparation."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1308

Lola kissed his lips. "It's fine. I know you've been exhausted."

All of a sudden, Logan changed the topic by saying, "Sophia is about to give birth to her child. I think we should also try to have our own baby."

Deep in the moment, Lola grunted in agreement without thinking about it. It took Logan some time until he was done.

When Lola woke up the next morning, she realized that she was late for work. Fortunately, she was the owner of the gym, so nobody would mind it even if she was late. After they went to a breakfast place to have their meal, Logan then sent her to her gym.

Still tired from the sex, Lola felt sleepy while she was in the car.

Stroking her head, Logan told her, "Have a shut-eye. I'll wake you up when we arrive."

Since the gym wasn't far from the breakfast place, Lola couldn't have a good nap. Therefore, she decided to just close her eyes and take a rest. She immediately knew that they had arrived at the gym the moment they stopped, but before she opened her eyes, Logan stormed out of the vehicle and cursed at someone. "What the heck! How dare he come to this place again?"

Shocked, Lola hurriedly gazed out the window.

There was a man standing outside the gym. With his hands tucked inside his pockets and his shoulders hunched, he looked desolate.

Lola frowned, for she didn't expect that Shawn still had the guts to look for her. Is he trying to get himself punched by Logan?

When Lola got out of the car, Logan had already reached Shawn.

Seeing Logan, Shawn flinched in fright, but Logan stretched out his hand and pulled him toward himself.

Grabbing his collar, Logan exerted more force on his hand.

Shawn tried to struggle out of his grip as he yelled, "Let go of me!"

In a cold voice, Logan threatened, "What are you doing here? Are you so eager to get punched?" As he was speaking, he exerted more force on his hand and even lifted him a little off the ground.

Shawn's face turned red while he was forced to tiptoe. "I'm looking for Lola..." Seeing Logan's hideous expression, he hurriedly explained, "I'm here to apologize to her. I spouted nonsense when I called her

previously because I was drunk. I'm so sorry. Please forgive me..."

Before he finished his words, he caught a glimpse of Lola and quickly waved his hand at her. "Lola, it's me. Look at me."

Lola didn't want to have anything to do with him. In fact, she didn't mind it one bit when she heard what he said over the phone some time ago because he didn't matter to her at all.

Walking over, she ignored Shawn and patted Logan's shoulder. "I'm getting in now. See you during lunch time."

Facing her, Logan replied gently, "Alright. See you in the afternoon."

Hearing what she said, Shawn became flustered instantly and shouted, "Lola, hear me out. I'm here to apologize to you. Please give me one more chance."

Ignoring him superbly, Lola walked past the entrance and headed for the elevator.

When she was no longer in sight, Logan turned his head back and put on a glacial expression. Grabbing Shawn's collar, he lugged him to another place. "Come on. We'll settle this somewhere else. Don't make a scene at my wife's workplace."

Shawn yelled and tried to pull his hand away. However, Logan's grip was so strong that his attempt was futile.

After opening the car door, Logan shoved him into the vehicle and circled around the car. Seeing this, Shawn opened the door and tried to flee.

Turning around, Logan pointed at him and demanded, "Get back in!"

Faced with the threat, Shawn pressed his lips and had no choice but to get back into the vehicle.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1309

After starting the engine, Logan then stepped on the gas pedal. Upon entering her gym, Lola gazed out the window and saw Logan's car speeding off. In the past, if she came across such a potential bully case, she would step forward and save the victim. However, at this moment, she would love Logan to teach Shawn a lesson in her stead.

Knowing that Logan wouldn't really harm him, she wasn't worried at all. Shawn had to be taught a harsh lesson so that he would stop pestering Lola.

Since Lola didn't have much work at hand, she just walked around the place for the entire morning. When it was lunch time, she gave her husband a call. After the call was connected, Logan said in a calm manner, "I'm going to your place now."

With a smile, Lola inquired, "How about Shawn? Did you send him home?"

"Send him home? Should I also buy some gifts for him?" Logan burst into laughter.

Lola grunted. "I saw him getting into your car. I thought the two of you had become friends and gone to grab a beer."

"Friends?" Logan muttered. "You can ask him whether he has the guts to be my friend." After a pause, he continued, "I'm sure he won't contact you again. He promised that he'll get the heck out of your life." Clenching her phone, Lola shook her head helplessly. Shawn has to be terrified of Logan now. In fact, Logan didn't have to go hard on him. Just ignore him and he'll stop pestering me soon.

After they agreed on where to have their lunch, they ended the call.

Stretching her back, Lola circled around the desk and placed her phone on the desk. Just then, her phone started ringing. Picking up the phone, she realized that Lorraine was calling her. Of course, she had to connect the call as quickly as possible.

With a smile, Lorraine said, "Lola, I'm somewhere near your gym. Do you want to have lunch with me later?"

Lola immediately agreed to it. Thinking that Lorraine probably knew that Logan was coming to her gym, she reckoned that she didn't have to tell her about it.

After a halt, Lorraine went on to say, "There's this Thai restaurant around here that Logan loves. Why don't we have lunch there?"

Lola agreed to it and said, "He'll be here soon. Let's meet up at the restaurant."

In fact, Lorraine came to look for them to talk about the bridal price. Since the wedding was just around the corner, the bridal price had to be passed to the bride beforehand.

Lorraine asked Logan when he would have the time to pass the bridal price to Lola's parents with her. There had to be a ceremony to do this. Lola never uttered a word because she didn't think she should join the discussion of this topic. Furthermore, Lorraine and Logan never talked about the exact figure of the bridal price; they only discussed when they would be free to go to Lola's hometown. Since the ceremony was an important matter, Logan had to postpone his work to make time for this.

Lorraine nodded. "I'll be free the day after tomorrow. Let's do it two days later."

After Logan said okay, he turned to Lola and asked, "Are you okay with this?"

Lola nodded. "My working hours are flexible. I'll go with you."

With a smile, Lorraine said, "Alright. I'll call the two of you by then."

Since they had come to an agreement, they proceeded to enjoy their meal. After that, Lorraine left the place because she had something else to do. Then, Logan and Lola spent some time together in the gym before he returned to his company.

Following that, Lola called her mother and said, "Logan and I will go home and pass you the bridal price two days later. Please get prepared."

Surprised, Fiona replied, "Oh, I didn't expect that this day would come so quickly."

Is it quick? Maybe that's true. The progress of my relationship with Logan has been rapid anyway. Not long after we got together, we decided to get married. Now, we're going to hold a wedding ceremony soon.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1310

We've only been together for about three months since we started dating. So, it sure is a sudden and quick marriage for us, Lola thought. Then, Fiona asked, "Did they mention the value of the bridal price?"

Lola replied, "No."

Afraid that her daughter might be displeased with this question, Fiona hurriedly explained, "I don't mean to be rude. I just want to find out about it beforehand. Your dad had bragged to the neighbors that we'd receive an expensive bridal price. So, when Logan comes over to pass us the bridal price, our neighbors will surely come here to ask about it. If we get to know the value of it in advance, we'll be better prepared..."

Lola understood that her mother was trying to say that they would be better prepared to face the neighbors if they knew the exact figure in advance. Not knowing the value of it either, Lola replied, "I don't know. They never talked about it."

Fiona said, "Never mind. We shouldn't ask them about it. No matter how much they'll give us, we'll just take it. I'll discuss with your dad how to stop our neighbors from coming over."

Since there was nothing else to say, Lola hung up the call.

When she returned home in the evening, she never talked to Logan about the bridal price, and he seemed to have forgotten about it as well.

On the day of the ceremony, Lorraine arrived at Logan's home in her

own car, which was crammed with gifts.

Seeing this, Lola said, "You don't have to pass more gifts to my parents. There's one room in their home that's packed with gifts. They won't be able to use them all."

Without getting out of the vehicle, Lorraine replied, "It's fine. I don't think I should visit your parents empty-handed. There aren't a lot of gifts here anyway."

There aren't a lot of gifts here? Her car is filled with them! Lola thought. Following that, Logan and Lola entered their own car as they headed for Lola's hometown.

Langdon and Fiona were already waiting for them in the living room with desserts and fruits on the table.

When they were about to reach Lola's home, Lola could see that many neighbors were waiting outside her home. Do these people have nothing better to do?

Lorraine's lips curled up when she saw this.

After they entered the house, Fiona and Langdon told them to have a seat.

Normally, parents from both families had to be present when the ceremony took place. However, since Old Mr. Jefferson had been under the weather, Lorraine had to do this on his behalf.

Already seated, Fiona and Langdon were fine with this arrangement.

While Logan and Lorraine were seated together, Lola took a seat beside her parents. They hadn't unloaded the gifts from the car yet.

Just then, Lorraine placed a packet on the table and pushed it toward them. Although the packet was bulging, it certainly didn't contain a lot of cash.

With a calm expression, Fiona took over the packet and poured some tea for Logan and Lorraine. Logan's expression did not change when he saw it. After taking a look at the packet, Lola retracted her gaze. The atmosphere didn't seem to be affected by the gesture.

Then, Lorraine went on to talk about the wedding ceremony with Lola's parents. Fiona and Langdon were fine with the Jeffersons' arrangement. As long as their daughter was happy, they didn't have to get involved in the preparation.

After that, Logan mentioned to them that he had prepared a house for them, which was near where Lola and he would live.

Elated, Langdon said, "Of course we'd love to stay near your home. Lola was swamped with work when she was a policewoman. Not long after she resigned from the job, she got married to you. Honestly, it's disheartening for us to think that she might leave us. Fortunately, you're willing to let us live near where you are. However, will we be a burden to you?"

"Of course you're not a burden to us. We're family now," Lorraine replied.

Hearing that, Fiona laughed in a joyful manner.

When they were done with the discussion, Lorraine rose from the couch and told Logan to help her unload the gifts from her car.

Lola had wanted to help them out, but Lorraine patted her on the shoulder and said, "Stay here to talk to your parents. We'll be leaving soon, so you won't have much time to stay with them."

Lola nodded and returned to the living room.

At that moment, Fiona had opened the packet and saw a pile of cash.

Surprisingly, there was also a bank card with the passcode written on it. Astonished by the sight of it, Fiona and Langdon then realized that they had underestimated the value of the bridal price.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1311

Since the Jeffersons had agreed to give them a seven-figure bridal price, it certainly wouldn't be in the form of cash. So, this bank card probably contained a few million.

After taking a look at the card, Fiona turned to Langdon, who then eyed

his daughter with a hesitant expression.

Although they had no idea how much money the card contained, they didn't think it was a small amount of money. Fiona and Langdon had lived modestly for all their lives, so they were nervous to have received so much money all of a sudden.

When Lola saw them like this, she said, "The card is yours now. Just take it."

Trying to remain calm, Langdon replied, "Since we're moving to live near your home, we won't need so much money anyway. We'll keep the money first. It'll still be yours in the future."

Just then, Logan and Lorraine came in with the gifts and placed them on the floor. After they chatted with Lola's parents for a while longer, they returned to the city. In the past, Lola would feel reluctant whenever she had to leave her parents' home. This time, however, she was relieved because her parents would be moving to live near her soon.

After they were gone, the neighbors started streaming into the house. While Fiona was cleaning up the table, one of the neighbors asked, "They were here to pass you the bridal price, right? How much is it? Is it really a seven-figure bridal price?"

Some of them were taking a look at the gifts, but they were shocked upon hearing that it was a seven-figure bridal price, so they turned to look at Fiona. "No way! How rich is their family to afford a seven-figure bridal price? Could it be a bluff? Where's the money? Show us!" Ignoring the gossipy neighbors, Fiona picked up the empty cups and plates before entering the kitchen.

One of them was relentless and walked over to pat her shoulder.

"Seriously, how much is it? They've promised to give you a seven-figure bridal price, so they shouldn't go back on their word. If that's the case, you have to make a scene at their place. You didn't force them to make such a promise."

Despite having received the card, Fiona had no idea how much money it contained, since the amount of money wasn't written on it. With a smile, she replied, "We've received it."

One of them questioned, "How much is it? We have to know the exact figure!"

Seated in his room, Langdon gazed at the bank card in his hand. This thing is so light. I can't believe it contains a few million.

Since the neighbors couldn't get the answer from Fiona, they went to look for Langdon. Seeing the bank card in Langdon's hand, one of them shouted, "Hey, Langdon! Is that the bridal price the Jeffersons have given you? Did they tell you how much is in the card?"

When the others saw this as well, they started gossiping. "You have to check the amount of money inside the card. Don't just believe what they tell you. We're all modest villagers, but they're smooth-talking business people. Maybe they've told you that this card contains a few million, but there's no money in it at all! After everything is settled, it'll be too late for you to regret it!"

"That's right. Quickly confirm how much money is in the card. They told you it's a seven-figure bridal price, but maybe there's only ten thousand in this. You have to be wary that they might have lied to you!"

One jealous villager even said mockingly, "You're just a modest family, so I don't think they'd be willing to give you so much money. If they had to fork out a few million, they would have looked for a girl who came from an equally wealthy family. I don't think they're serious about accepting your daughter into their family."

One of them motioned for the jealous villager to shut up.

At this point, Langdon didn't really care about the value of the bridal price. Previously, Logan had sent them a large amount of gifts. Langdon told a friend to check the prices online and found out that these gifts

were worth more than a hundred thousand, which was a significantly higher amount of bridal price than other families would ever receive. So, he didn't think that Logan would lie to him. Moreover, Logan and Lola had gotten their marriage certificate.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1312

No matter how much the bridal price was, as long as Lola was happy, they would be content with it.

A moment later, Fiona came into the room in an attempt to retrieve the bank card.

One of the relentless neighbors said, "Hurry up and check how much money is in the card. I don't believe they're able to fork out so much money at once. What's wrong? Are you afraid that we'll borrow money from you, so you're not willing to show us?"

With a frown, Fiona stopped what she was doing. It seems that before these people find out how much money is in the card, they won't be leaving anytime soon. If I insist on not showing them the amount of money, they may spread false information to other villagers.

Fiona turned to gaze at her husband, who directly lay down on the bed. It seemed that he decided not to care about this anymore.

After cursing her husband secretly, Fiona fell into a dilemma with the card in her hand. "Well, I don't know how to check the amount of money in this card."

Sure enough, someone among them knew how to do this. The person took over the card and called the bank's careline. The neighbors were so fervent about this that Fiona couldn't even get a word in.

Initially, Fiona was flustered, but seeing that the neighbors were more nervous than she was, she managed to calm down instantly. Then, she went out to pick up the fruits that she had yet to finish preparing and returned.

The neighbor followed the instructions, then he was eventually connected to a customer service representative. Nevertheless, Fiona couldn't hear what the person on the other end was saying.

After the inquiry ended, the neighbor hung up the call. With a conflicted expression, he smacked his lips and returned the bank card to Fiona.

In a curious manner, Fiona asked, "How much is it?"

The neighbor pursed his lips and said in an obviously jealous tone, "They're really generous."

Hearing this, Fiona understood that the bank card indeed contained a lot of money. Langdon, who was pretending to be asleep, opened his eyes immediately.

At this point, the neighbors understood that the Jeffersons never went back on their word, so they stopped pestering the Hunts and streamed out of the house.

After all of them were gone, Fiona closed the main door and returned to the bedroom.

Seated on the bed, Langdon asked with widened eyes, "Did you hear how much it was?"

Fiona shook her head. "I didn't. Just now, I asked the one who called the bank how much it was, but he just wouldn't tell me. I guess it has to be a lot of money. Otherwise, they would have mocked us."

Yeah. If it's a petty amount of money in the card, they would have laughed at us for sure. Gazing at the card, Langdon asked, "How rich do you think they are?"

Fiona raised her eyebrow. "How would I know? I haven't been to their place."

Well, she's right. We've learned about Logan mainly from our contact with him. We don't even know where he lives, Langdon thought.

At the thought of this, both of them felt guilty. They had always seen

themselves as responsible parents, but they didn't even know where their son-in-law lived. Basically, they had allowed their daughter to get married to Logan without much consideration.

After a pause, Fiona said, "You may take a rest first. I'll call Lola now and tell her that we'll go over to their home someday."

They had awakened early in the morning since the Jeffersons were coming to their house. Normally, Langdon would wake up late in the morning, but on this day, he got up earlier than Fiona. However, he couldn't have a shut-eye at the moment. After taking a rest on the bed for a while, he decided to stroll around the backyard.

On the other hand, Fiona hesitated for a long time before calling her daughter.

Still on the road, Lola picked up the call and asked in a languid manner, "Mom, what's the matter?"

With a smile, Fiona asked, "Have you reached home?"

"No. Did something happen?" Lola asked back.

Smacking her lips, Fiona replied, "It's nothing serious. It's just that we haven't been to Logan's home before, so we'd like to visit his place one day. When will you be free? Your dad and I will go over on our own."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1313

1 Comment / The Returning Ex / By Novel Heart

Feeling joyful that her parents wanted to visit her place, Lola asked, "Why don't we go back to fetch you now?"

Startled at that reply, Fiona said, "There's no need for that. I haven't cleaned up the house yet, so I can't go over today. When you're free, just give us a call. We'll hail a taxi. You don't have to come over to fetch us."

After giving it a thought, Lola said, "Alright. You can decide when you'll come to visit us. Just call me in advance."

In a hushed voice, Fiona inquired, "Lola, ask Logan how much is in the bank card." Then, she hurriedly explained, "Those neighbors had come into the house and asked all kinds of questions. One of them even took over my card and helped me call the careline, but I didn't manage to hear what the customer service representative said. After the inquiry, they left the house without telling me the amount of money. I'm a little concerned, so I'd like you to ask him about this. No matter how much is in the card, we won't say anything. We just want to know the exact figure."

Eyeing her husband, Lola grunted and told her mother, "I'll ask him about it." Then, she hung up the call.

Before she could speak, Logan asked with a smile, "Does your mom want to know the amount of money in the card?"

After keeping her phone, Lola replied in a helpless manner, "After we left, those neighbors went into my parents' home and even helped them check the value in the bank card, but they didn't tell my mom about it and left the house. My mom is concerned, so she told me to ask you about it."

Logan chuckled. "Why do your neighbors always have to meddle in other people's business?"

Leaning against the seat, Lola stretched her arms. "I think they just wanted to make fun of us if the card only contained a small amount of money. Then, I'd be the talk of the town again."

Logan took her hand and kissed the back of her hand. "Don't worry. I won't give them the chance."

Leaning close to him, Lola inquired, "So, how much is it? I still have to tell my mom about it."

With a smile, Logan gripped her hand tighter, but he never uttered a word.

When they reached home, Logan had other matters to attend to. After

packing up her stuff, Lola returned to her gym. Then, she called her mother and said, "Logan didn't tell me how much it was. Why don't you check it yourself?"

Despite the answer, Fiona was not disappointed, and she simply grunted in response. In fact, she had a feeling that there had to be a lot of money in the card. After a sigh, she went on to say, "In the past, we worked hard in order to improve our living standards. Now that we're rich, our lives don't seem to have changed profoundly."

Lola chuckled. "Rich or not, we still have to live our lives."

After a pause, Fiona continued, "I thought that after you left, the neighbors would gossip about you. For some reason, all of them never said anything."

Having figured the reason, Lola replied, "I think that's because the bridal price is indeed of great value, so they can't say anything bad about us. It's not like they can spread rumors that I've attracted a rich man with my beauty."

When Fiona heard that answer, she replied with a vague 'yeah'.

Following that, Lola taught her mother how to check the value in the bank card. After the call ended, she even sent her all the steps through a message. When she was done with all that, she put down the phone and leaned against the chair, feeling jolly.

Although she didn't care what the neighbors would gossip about her, she would love to keep their mouths shut. Logan really did me proud. Lola didn't have much work to do at the gym. In the evening, she called Logan and asked him where he was. Instead of asking him to come over to fetch her, she would go over to his place on her own.

However, Logan seemed to be busy. After telling her the address, he also reminded her to be careful on the road.

Then, Lola hailed a taxi, but since it was rush hour, she was stuck in a traffic jam.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1314

It seemed that a minor car accident at the front was the cause for the traffic jam.

Slowly, Lola rolled down the window and gazed at the view outside. A moment later, she caught a glimpse of a familiar figure.

Jasmine was walking arm-in-arm with a man as she was speaking to him. Although the man wasn't looking at her, it was apparent that he was attentive to what she was saying.

Lola was surprised by the sight. It seems that she has gotten over Logan. The two of them walked past Lola's vehicle, but none of them noticed her.

Nevertheless, Lola managed to see her expression clearly. Her eyes were beaming with joy. The man was rather different from Logan. He looked solemn when he wasn't smiling.

After letting out a breath, Lola thought, Perhaps that's the best outcome for her.

Last night, before she went to bed, she was still thinking about Jasmine. She was hesitating whether she should invite Jasmine, Logan's ex-girlfriend, to her wedding. If she invited her, she might appear to be showing off, but if she never did so, she might come across as petty. Now that Jasmine had found a new man, she could finally set her mind at ease.

After the damaged vehicles were towed away, the traffic resumed. When Lola arrived at the hotel, Logan was already waiting for her at the entrance.

Before the taxi pulled over, Lola saw him leaning against the pillar with his hands tucked inside his pockets. There was a cigarette between his

lips, but it wasn't lit up. In the past, if she saw him looking so sloppy like this, she would feel disdainful of him. Now, however, she found his every movement adorable.

After paying the taxi fare, she got out of the car and shuffled toward him.

Seeing her, Logan took the cigarette away from his lips and held it between his fingers before walking over. "I—"

Before he could finish talking, Lola suddenly crashed into his embrace so forcefully that he was forced to take a few steps backward before managing to steady himself. Laughing, he hugged her back and inquired, "What's wrong? We just met in the morning. Do you miss me already?"

With her head buried in his embrace, her voice sounded muffled. "Yes, I miss you very much. I'm really happy to see you, so I want to hug you."

Stroking her head, Logan asked, "What happened this afternoon? Did anyone make you angry? Did your neighbors say anything bad?"

"No." Lola shook her head. "Nobody said anything. It's just that I've suddenly realized that I love you more than I had imagined."

Logan was startled at her confession. The Lola he knew was an old-fashioned and shy girl, so she would rarely say 'I love you'.

Normally, she would only be forced to say it when she was teased by him in bed. On this day, however, she said she loved him spontaneously.

Tossing the cigarette away, Logan cupped her face to make eye contact with her and then kissed her right on the lips. "I love you too."

Completely unabashed, Lola wrapped her arms around his neck, tiptoed and kissed him back.

Logan was surprised by her change of behavior. It seemed that she had suddenly learned to be more proactive in expressing her feelings.

Hugging each other, they went on to kiss for a long time before Logan whispered into her ear in a hoarse voice, "Should we go home now?"

Understanding his intention, Lola pinched his waist and chided, "You're so shameless."

Seeing that she never rejected his request, he walked toward his car, his hand still draped around her waist. "In fact, I still have some work to do, but I don't think I can focus on work anymore. I can't hold it in any longer!"

Blushing, Lola followed him to his vehicle.

Then, Logan stepped on the gas pedal and they reached home in no time, even though it was currently rush hour.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1315

Logan had been swamped with work recently. Sometimes, it would take him the entire day to supervise the wedding preparations, so he wouldn't have time to have lunch with Lola. Therefore, he bought a new car for her so that she could drive to work when he wasn't free.

Knowing that her husband was busy with the wedding preparations, Lola never told him that her parents would be visiting them on this day, and she drove to her hometown on her own.

Naturally, her new car attracted the attention of her neighbors. Upon seeing the vehicle, they appeared to be jealous. One of them crossed her arms and said mockingly, "Oh wow, you've bought a new car. How much is it? Are you on a loan? Your husband is rich, so I'm sure he could afford to buy it off in cash, right? Well, nobody takes out a loan to buy a car nowadays. Otherwise, anyone would be able to afford this kind of car. Don't you think so?"

As though Lola wasn't aware of the mockery in the person's voice, she nodded. "Indeed, it's paid off in cash. Why would I apply for a loan to buy a car when I have the money?"

The person was rendered speechless. Unwilling to give up, she went on to say, "How much is it? This car isn't expensive anyway. It can be bought for sixty thousand at most."

After putting on her bag, Lola walked toward her home as she replied, "Sixty thousand? I didn't know the value of my bag alone was enough to buy this car."

The person was lost for words.

Without even looking at her, Lola stepped into her home. These people cannot be treated with politeness, or else they'd keep bothering us. If they're jealous that I'm wealthy, then I have to show them that I can afford to buy anything I want.

Fiona and Langdon had cleaned up the house, and they were ready to go.

After looking around, Lola said with a smile, "Since you're ready, we should get going."

Fiona and Langdon had changed into new clothes, looking energetic. Before they left the house, Fiona made sure to lock all the windows and doors.

When they came out of their home, many people were still waiting outside the yard. Some of them appeared to be jealous, while some seemed ready to mock them. Nevertheless, there were still people who were sincerely happy for them.

One of the women shouted, "Lola, are you bringing your parents to your place? It seems that girls definitely have to go to school and get a good job. Knowledge is useful after all."

With a smile, Lola gazed at the woman and asked, "Mrs. Fraley, how's your daughter's studies?"

The woman chuckled. "Well, she's set to earn a scholarship."

Lola nodded. "That's great. You and your husband will be able to enjoy life after she graduates."

The woman nodded. "I'm looking forward to that day. If she can get a good job and eventually get married to a good man like you've done, we'll be more than happy."

Lola smiled and never responded to her again. After opening the door, she told her parents to get into the car. They took a turn, and the car was soon out of the villagers' sight.

Feeling elated, Fiona kept touching the car interior. "This car is spacious on the inside. Is it expensive?"

"Logan bought it, so I don't know the price." After taking a glance at her mother, who was in the passenger's seat, Lola said, "I've taken a look at your new house. All the furniture and appliances are ready. We're going to have a look. After that, you can tell me what you need to buy for the house. Then, you can move in tonight."

Langdon, who was in the back seat, remained silent while Fiona nodded. "We're fine with your arrangement."

When they reached the city center, Langdon, who was originally calm, couldn't help but lean close to the window and gaze at the view outside.

Then, they moved into a residential area and entered an underground car park. After getting out of the vehicle, Langdon and Fiona traded glances, for they had no idea which way to go. They had lived in a village for all their lives, so they weren't familiar with this kind of place.

Following that, Lola led them to take the elevator and headed for the house Logan had prepared for them.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1316

The house was located on the second floor, and there was only one unit on the floor.

Upon stepping into the house, Fiona was startled. "This place is huge!"

The spacious interior was beautifully decorated, equipped with high-end furniture and appliances.

In a calm manner, Langdon placed his hands behind his back and looked around.

The greenery around the residential area was excellent. Looking down from the window, they could see a small garden on the ground floor.

After taking a look at the place, Fiona could barely contain her excitement.

Upon stepping out of the bedroom, Langdon gazed at Lola in the living room and asked, "Where do you live?"

Lola pointed downward. "Right below your unit."

Langdon couldn't help but smirk. "That's great. We can get to meet you easily." Suddenly thinking of something, he inquired, "Where's Logan? Why isn't he with you?"

After taking a seat on the couch, Lola replied, "He's been busy supervising the wedding preparations. Recently, he'd leave the house in the morning and only come back at night." In spite of that, he still had to make love to her before going to sleep. Lola had no idea how he could be so energetic.

After leaving the room, Fiona took a seat beside Lola, took her hands, and said, "I could not have imagined that you'd get married to such a wonderful man. It seems that Logan really treats you well."

With a smile, Lola looked down at the wedding ring on her finger. "He does."

These days, unlike his past self, Logan would listen to her and take care of all her needs. In fact, she was surprised at his change herself. In the past, she thought that he was a thug who engaged in illegal activities. Now, however, he seemed to be mature and upright.

When he came home a few days ago, he appeared to be solemn. Lola asked him what happened, but he didn't tell her. A while later, his phone started ringing. The police had called to thank him for his bravery to fix a molester. Upon hearing that, Lola was surprised, for she never expected that her husband would help someone in need one day.

On the other hand, Logan nonchalantly said that he just couldn't believe such a disgusting man existed in this world. His worldview was rather simple. The man should pursue the woman he loved and make her fall in love with him instead of molesting any woman on the streets.

Lola was really happy that he was such an upstanding man. Since then, she had grown fonder of him.

Now, Lola and her parents took a rest, then they went out to have a meal.

Fiona and Langdon bought some fruits on the way there, thinking that they should pay Logan's father a visit after the meal. Since they were here, it would be impolite if they never went to meet his father.

After giving it a thought, Lola gave her husband a call.

Logan was apparently busy, but upon hearing that Lola's parents had arrived, he immediately said he could go over. With a smile, he said, "Of course I have to make time for our parents. Wait for me. I'll be there soon."

Logan's voice was so loud that Fiona and Langdon could hear what he was saying.

After that, Langdon shouted into the phone, "Logan, we should grab a beer later."

Fiona slapped him gently. "It's only in the afternoon. You shouldn't drink beer at this hour!"

After a pause, Langdon said, "I'll drink with Mr. Jefferson then." The Mr. Jefferson he was talking about was Logan's father.

When he arrived at the restaurant, Logan was hot and sweaty.

Apparently, he came back in a hurry.

After sitting him down, Lola said, "You haven't had lunch, right? We can have a meal together."

Seated on the chair, Logan asked, "Why didn't you tell me that our parents would be coming today?"

After a sigh, Lola passed him a bowl of soup. "You've been really busy

these days. I wanted to tell you about it last night, but you dozed off very quickly. It's fine actually, since we're family now."

In fact, Logan was exhausted not because of the wedding preparations, but because they made love last night.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1317

Fiona and Langdon didn't mind it as well, since Logan was preparing for their daughter's wedding.

After gulping down the soup, Logan said, "Since you're here, no matter how busy I am, I will make time to keep you company." Then, he asked Lola's parents where they were going next.

Langdon replied, "Since we're here, we'd like to visit your father."

Logan nodded and gladly agreed to it. "That's wonderful. My dad has been wanting to meet both of you."

After lunch, Logan brought them to the Jefferson Mansion in his car.

When they pulled over at the entrance, Langdon and Fiona couldn't believe their eyes. They knew the Jeffersons were rich, but this mansion was much grander than they thought. Compared to this mansion, the money in the bank card they had received was probably peanuts.

After Logan pressed on the honk, the gates of the mansion opened slowly, whereupon he moved the car into the garage. When they got out of the vehicle, Langdon and Fiona realized that eight other luxurious cars were parked in the same garage.

Following that, a servant, who apparently had figured out the identity of Langdon and Fiona, came over and invited them into the mansion.

Looking rather nervous, Langdon and Fiona stayed beside their daughter. Seeing this, Lola held her mother's arm and patted her gently. After they entered the living room, Old Mr. Jefferson was coming down the stairs with the support of another servant.

Clad in casual clothes, Old Mr. Jefferson looked different from the day when he visited Lola's home in her hometown. With a smile, he said, "Mr. Hunt, I'm so glad that you're here. Have a seat, please." Then, he turned to the servant beside him and ordered, "Bring some fruits and tea here."

Gazing at the servant, Fiona was awed by the fact that the Jeffersons were rich enough to hire quite a number of servants. After that, she turned to face her daughter and wondered how on earth the latter managed to attract such a rich man and eventually got married to him.

After Logan told Langdon and Fiona to have a seat, they tried their best to look calm and collected, even though they were still nervous.

Noticing the anxiety on their faces, Old Mr. Jefferson told the servants to leave the living room so that they could be at ease. Then, he asked with a smile, "When did you arrive?"

Without the servants around, Fiona and Langdon were visibly more relaxed, but they were still sitting in an upright manner, looking like a pair of students who were facing their teacher.

On the side, Lola was amused by the sight that her parents were answering Old Mr. Jefferson's question in a cautious way. Her father was normally talkative in the village, but he appeared to be anxious at the moment.

After they were done with talking about their hometown, the Jefferson ladies returned home. Before Lorraine entered the house, the people in the living room could already hear her loud voice. "Mr. and Mrs. Hunt are here? Oh, I miss them so much!"

Lorraine was a socialite, so she knew how to make the atmosphere lively.

When Langdon and Fiona turned around and saw Lorraine stepping into the living room, they heaved a sigh of relief. They had a good impression of her from their previous encounter because she was polite and talkative. With her around, they could unwind a little.

A moment later, Logan's phone started ringing. The hotel manager called to ask him how to settle a minor issue at the wedding venue. Logan was serious about every detail of the wedding. Should any problems arise, he would solve them personally. So, the hotel manager didn't dare to make the decision on his own.

Since Logan couldn't identify what the problem was, he couldn't give a clear order for the moment. Rising from the couch, he left the living room as he said, "Take some photos and send them to me."

Lola raced after him and said in a hushed voice, "If you're busy, just go back to the hotel. You don't have to keep us company."

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With the phone in his hand, Logan hesitated for a bit and replied, "I'll go over to solve the problem now. After that, I'll come back quickly."

Smiling, Lola hugged him and said, "Don't worry about us. We're family now, so you can be more relaxed. Just treat my parents the same way you treat your family members."

"No way!" Logan stared at her. "Don't you see how I treat my dad? If I treat your parents the same way I treat my dad, they probably wouldn't have agreed to our marriage!"

Unable to hold it in anymore, Lola burst into a fit of giggles.

Logan pinched her face gently and gazed at the living room. Seeing that nobody was paying attention to them, he leaned close to her and kissed her lips. "Alright. Go back to keep your parents company. I'll be right back."

Lola nodded. "Go ahead and be careful on the road."

After Logan's car was out of sight, Lola was still standing at the entrance.

Seeing that, Lorraine tutted. "Did you see how reluctant she is to see Logan go? They're such a couple of lovebirds."

Fiona nodded. "I've never seen Lola so in love with anyone before. I'm surprised as well."

Lynett sighed. "Well, I've never seen my brother so close to a woman before. We secretly suspected that he's gay, but he never brought any boyfriend home as well."

Hearing that, the others chuckled.

"Yeah," Lorraine said. "After he got together with Lola, he transformed into another man. In the past, when he saw that I whispered into my husband's ear, he would make fun of us. Look what he does when he's with Lola now."

They saw Lola and Logan hugging and kissing each other just now.

Leaning against the couch, Old Mr. Jefferson smirked, which caused his wrinkles to deepen. "I can't even discipline my own son, but he'd always listen to Lola."

On the side, Fiona and Langdon were bashful because the Jeffersons were complimenting their daughter so much.

When they saw the luxurious decorations and the number of servants just now, they were worried that the Jeffersons would maltreat their daughter. After getting into contact with them, they understood that they were wrong.

Normally, a rich man would marry a woman who came from an equally wealthy family, so Fiona and Langdon wondered why Logan had fallen in love with their daughter. With his looks and wealth, he could have looked for a more beautiful woman.

Since Langdon and Fiona moved into their new house, their relatives and the neighbors in their hometown kept calling them to ask how they were doing.

Lola wasn't sure whether these people were just gossipy or they really cared about her parents. Anyway, she was really sick of these people who kept asking all sorts of questions.

Later on, Fiona decided to just have a video call with these people to show the house's interior as well as the environment around the residential area.

At a time like this, Lola would just go somewhere else because she knew that these people were not sincere with their praises, and her parents were kind of showing off as well. She wondered why they still had to compete with each other at such a mature age.

After Logan spent two days with Lola's parents to look around the area, he had to get back to the wedding preparations. Langdon and Fiona knew that he was really busy, so they didn't blame him.

Fortunately, Lola's work wasn't burdensome. When she was busy, she would just bring her parents to her gym. When she was free, she would bring them to go shopping and enjoy delicious food.

On the other hand, Logan would call her from time to time to ask what they were doing.

When the wedding photos were ready, Lola brought her parents to the studio in her car. The wedding photos came in many forms and sizes to be placed around their home, so the car trunk and back seats were crammed with these photos.

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Fiona turned to see the photos on the back seats and said, "These photos must be expensive."

Lola just put on a smile, for she had no idea how much money was needed to take these photos. During the photoshoots, she was served by a few assistants, and the photographer kept praising how beautiful she was. Perhaps the money spent was worth it after all.

After they returned home with the photos, Fiona and Langdon started discussing where the photos should be placed. Lola didn't mind where the photos should go, so she just let her parents make the decision for her.

Since they returned home, the smiles on Langdon and Fiona's faces never faded. When they had come up with a plan, Lola called some people to come over and hang the photos onto the walls.

Seated on the couch, Langdon commented with a smile, "In our village, we normally don't ask people to come over and hang the photos onto the walls for us. We'll just do it ourselves."

Lola grinned. "The photos are huge, so it's not safe for you to do it on your own."

After putting down some glasses of juice on the table, Fiona remarked, "Don't you know how clumsy you are? You might damage the photos. You can fix some things, but you're inept at drilling holes in the walls."

Langdon pressed his lips and retorted, "Even if I damage the walls, Logan will not say anything." Then, he eyed his daughter. "Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes, you're right." Lola immediately went along with her father.

These professionals managed to hang all the photos onto the walls and place the smaller ones around the house according to Fiona and Langdon's plan in just thirty minutes. Then, Lola passed them the money and thanked them. After they left the house, she closed the door and turned around, only to see that her parents were staring at her. Startled, she asked, "What's wrong? Why are you looking at me like this?"

Fiona beckoned to her and sat her down on the couch before asking in a hushed voice, "Are you financially independent from Logan now?"

Lola shook her head. "No. He's given me a card." She had no idea how much money was in the card, but it was linked to her phone, so she could just make all the payments using her device.

Fiona nodded. "I've been wondering how you can spend so much money when your income is meager."

Lola hadn't gotten her year-end bonus, and she had no idea how much money she would receive. However, during this period of time, she was able to spend a lot of money shopping around and eating fancy food with her parents.

Knowing what their concern was, Lola said, "Don't worry. He's really good to me, and he's very honest with me. He doesn't think I'm inferior to him because I'm poorer. We're equal in our relationship. To be precise, I have more say in most of the decisions because he'd listen to me."

Langdon nodded. "I see. As your parents, naturally, we're worried about your well-being. Alright. We won't ask about this again because it's your life."

After that, Lola started preparing dinner. When Logan came home in the evening, he could smell the aroma of the food permeating across the house.

At the moment, Lola and Fiona were getting the dishes out of the kitchen and placing them on the table.

Logan was exhausted because he had spent the entire day supervising the wedding preparations at the hotel. Moreover, he was stuck in a traffic jam on his way home, so he became a little grumpy. However, when he saw the sight inside the house, his mood was lifted. After taking off his shoes, he said, "You've brought the photos back, right? I'll have a look now."

Lola said, "Mmh, okay. After you're done, wash your hands and come here to have dinner together."

When Logan went upstairs and saw the wedding photo on the wall inside their bedroom, he was satisfied with it. In the photo, Lola and him were seen beaming brightly. He had never seen himself smiling like this before. Happiness was written all over the man's face in the photo. A while later, seeing that Logan wasn't coming down, Lola washed her hands and went upstairs to look for him.

Logan was still staring at the photo on the wall inside the bedroom.

Walking over, Lola hugged him and asked, "You like it, don't you?"

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Logan wrapped his arms around Lola and hugged her tighter. "Yes, I like it. To be honest, I didn't expect that I'd be married one day."

Lola smirked. "Neither did I." In fact, she reckoned that she might get married one day, but she never expected that she would be so content with life after marriage.

Unable to hold it in anymore, Logan cupped her face and kissed her lips. Lola tried to push him away. "They're waiting for us. Stop it..." Despite her protest, she gradually lost herself in the kiss and responded to him. When Fiona went upstairs, she knew that she shouldn't walk into their room directly, so she called out to them from the corridor.

Hearing that, Lola immediately pushed him away, her face blushing. After taking a deep breath, she responded to her mother and glared at her husband before speaking in a hushed voice. "Stop it now and go downstairs to have dinner."

With a smile, Logan stretched out his hand and helped brush off the saliva from the corners of her mouth.

When the four of them were seated, Langdon suggested drinking some wine.

Since they had a wine cellar in the house, Logan decided to take out his favorite bottle of wine and decant it for a while before pouring it into Langdon's glass. "Dad, enjoy."

Langdon beamed because of how Logan addressed him.

Following that, Logan said, "I'll be busy for the next two days. After that, I'll have some free time. The invitation cards are ready. Just pass me the list of the guests we have to invite. I'll tell some people to get the

names written on the cards.”

Fiona nodded. “Well, we’ll just have to invite some relatives and friends.”

While Logan was cutting the steak for his wife, he said, “Why don’t we invite the neighbors from your hometown as well? I want them to witness such a happy moment.”

Lola turned to face her husband. “Are you even serious?”

“Of course I’m serious,” Logan replied in a solemn manner. “They always say bad things about you behind your back. I have to let them know how happy you are.”

Two days later, Logan was finally free as the wedding venue was ready. Now, they just had to wait for the wedding day to come and they would go to the venue.

Currently, they had to send out the invitation cards. For the relatives, they could just send the cards by mail. As for the neighbors in their hometown, Langdon insisted upon passing the cards to them personally. There were rules in the village, and sending the cards by mail couldn’t show their sincerity.

Since Logan was free, he decided to tag along so that he could count how many people were coming and prepare some cars to fetch them. Then, Logan brought Lola and her parents back to the village in his car. Naturally, their return caused a commotion in the village.

When the car was parked in front of the Hunt Residence, the neighbors shuffled toward them, and one of these people shouted, “Why did you come back? Isn’t your life in the city comfortable?”

Lola and Logan remained silent while Langdon replied loudly, “Yes, my life in the city is wonderful, so I’m not moving back again. Nevertheless, we haven’t managed to pack up all the things in this house. Moreover, we have to pass you the invitation cards, so we’ve decided to come back.”

Before their return, they didn’t buy anything because the house in their hometown was packed with many things. The gifts from Logan and Lorraine were still lying in the room. It would take them a long time to use up all the things there.

Gazing at the pile of gifts, Fiona and Langdon fell into a dilemma. Even if they wanted to bring these gifts back to the city, they couldn’t do it in one go.

Not wanting them to be troubled by this, Logan took out the invitation cards and suggested, “Why don’t we just share these gifts with the neighbors when we pass them the cards?”

Langdon and Fiona were unwilling to do so. “Why should we share these gifts with them? It’s not like they’ve been good to us.”

With a smile, Logan replied, “Alright. You can pass the good stuff to those who have been good to you. For those who always say bad things about you, you will just give them the cheap stuff.”

The person commissioned to send gifts to Lola’s parents had bought many random things like fruits and drinks, which didn’t cost a lot of money. Thus, they could be given to those gossipy neighbors.

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After giving it a thought, Fiona and Langdon agreed to Logan’s suggestion and started sorting out the gifts.

The good stuff that they were not willing to let go would be brought back to the city. Meanwhile, the ordinary things would be given to the closer neighbors together with the invitation cards. Lastly, the fruits and drinks that were stored in boxes would be given to those neighbors they didn’t like.

Fiona and Langdon took on the task of sending the invitation cards because Logan and Lola were not willing to meet those people.

Although the village was small, it was time-consuming to send the cards to every household.

Therefore, Logan decided to take a rest in Lola’s room. He woke up early in the morning, and he was exhausted from driving for a long time.

After standing at the entrance for a while, Lola decided to close the door since no one was coming to visit them. Lying on the bed, Logan patted on the space beside him and said, "Come take a rest."

Although Lola wasn't the one driving, she was fatigued as well for having stayed inside the car for more than three hours. After taking off her shoes, she lay beside her husband. Upon snuggling up to him, she closed her eyes and told him, "My back is aching from sitting for too long."

Logan's eyes were closed, but he lifted his eyelids upon hearing that. Then, he slid down his hand from her shoulder to her waist. "Your back is aching? Do you need a massage?"

Lola immediately pressed down his hand. "Stop it. We're in my parents' home now. Maybe someone will come in at any moment."

Burning with lust, Logan replied, "Your parents have gone out to send the invitation cards. Your neighbors know that we're the only ones at home, so they won't come over. Don't worry. I have sensitive ears. If anyone comes into the house, I'll know it."

Unwilling to give in, Lola tried to push him away. "Stop it."

However, Lola was not as strong as her husband. A short moment later, her defense was disintegrated, and her clothes were taken off. Left with no choice, she yelled, "Wait a minute! I'll lock the door first."

Hearing that, Logan let go of her, after which she covered herself with her clothes, went to lock the door, and returned.

At the moment, Logan couldn't contain his lust anymore, even though they had made love last night. Nevertheless, as a young man, his energy recovered pretty quickly.

Lola was still worried that someone might come in at any moment, but fortunately, even though it took Logan a long time to reach climax, nobody had come to interrupt them.

After he collapsed beside Lola, she found the experience rather exciting. It seemed that she had been influenced by her husband as well.

After that, Logan brought in some warm water to help wipe off her sweat and put on some clothes for her. Knackered from the activity, Lola lay on the bed and let her husband serve her.

After Logan put on his clothes as well, he lay down on the bed and wrapped his arms around his wife. Gradually, they dozed off together. Still troubled by some thought, Logan couldn't sleep well. When he awakened, Fiona and Langdon hadn't come home yet. There were many invitation cards, so they might need a longer time to finish sending all of them.

Then, Logan went to the kitchen in an attempt to prepare some food. Although the kitchen was full of ingredients, he suddenly remembered that he couldn't cook anything.

Awakened by the noise, Lola got out of bed and scratched her head.

"Are you hungry?"

Staring at the stove, Logan replied, "Yeah. I'm a little hungry because I spent a lot of energy just now."

Chuckling, Lola went into the kitchen and made some noodles for him.

Following that, Logan unlocked the door and stepped into the yard.

After taking out a cigarette from the box, he lit it up and was ready to smoke. Just then, a voice was heard from not far away. "Oh, aren't you Lola's husband? Why are you standing in the yard?"

Hearing the voice, Logan turned around and saw an old lady.

With a flattering smile, the old lady stared at him and said, "Just now, Fiona and Langdon came to our house to pass us the invitation card.

They said that they had prepared some cars to fetch us on the wedding day. There are many of us in this village. Is your wedding venue large enough to accommodate all of us?"

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After puffing out some smoke, Logan replied, "Sure. It's definitely large

enough.”

The old lady nodded. “How long have you known Lola? She never mentioned you before. Could it be a sudden marriage for the two of you? Well, it’s neither good nor bad. However, if you’re married without getting to know each other first, many problems will arise in the future.”

With a scoff, Logan looked away and kept smoking.

Worried that she was being too blunt with her words, the old lady continued with a smile, “Anyway, Lola is a kind-hearted and well-educated woman. Otherwise, Shawn Long wouldn’t have pestered her for such a long time.”

Logan frowned and turned to face the old lady. Does she think I have no idea what her intentions are? It’s no wonder that Lola and her parents loathe these people. They’re really deplorable.

With the cigarette between his lips, Logan snorted. “You’re right. Shawn Long had been pestering her because she’s a brilliant woman. However, as her husband, I had to fix a man like him who didn’t know his place.” Sensing the defensiveness in his voice, the old lady smiled in embarrassment and added, “That’s right.”

Logan went on to say, “I have known Lola longer than you thought, so I know what kind of person she is, and it’s not a sudden marriage for us. However, I think it comes down to personal choice. If you love someone, then it doesn’t matter whether it’s a sudden marriage. Some people had said things about Lola in front of me before. Fortunately, I was able to differentiate the kind-hearted ones and the ones with ill intentions.”

Utterly embarrassed now, the old lady let out a hollow laugh and fled the scene.

When Logan was done with the cigarette, he turned around and entered the house. Lola happened to have made the noodles, and she called out to him. After taking a look at his expression, she knew that something was amiss. “What happened? You look disgruntled.”

Logan wrapped his arms around her and gave her a deep kiss. “Nothing. I just feel sorry for what you had gone through in the past.”

With her brow arched, Lola asked, “Why are you feeling sorry for my past? Did anyone tell you anything?”

“No. Let’s have the noodles now.” Logan didn’t want to let his conversation with the revolting old lady affect his wife’s mood. Sometimes, he couldn’t understand why some people would behave in the way they did. If they saw that someone had achieved some success, they would want to meddle in this. Even if they couldn’t get any benefits for themselves, they would love to make the person feel miserable.

Since Lola had no idea when her parents would return, she only made enough noodles for the two of them. After they were seated, they proceeded to enjoy the noodles and had a chat. Logan told her to look around the house and give away the things they didn’t need. Seeing as Fiona and Langdon were comfortable in their new home, they didn’t have to come back again. After Logan’s conversation with the old lady just now, he was left with a bad impression of the villagers. Lola nodded. “That’s what I’ve been thinking of as well. During this period of time, my parents have had a great time living in their new home. Not only have they not burdened us in any way, they have also been helpful to us. So, I want them to stay with us.”

Logan grunted. “After the meal, we’ll look around and discard all the things we don’t need. After we leave the village this time, we shouldn’t come back again.”

After they were done with the noodles, Lola cleaned up the kitchen and packed up the redundant things. Meanwhile, Logan took a stroll around

the house.

Other than the vegetables that were grown in the garden, they could easily bring the things they wanted to keep back to the city and give away the things they didn't want anymore.

After that, Logan sorted everything out in the bedroom and placed them in the cabinet. On the other hand, Lola covered some of the things with dust covers.

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A long while later, Lola and Logan were finally done with sorting everything out. Standing at the entrance, they knew that there was nothing else they couldn't let go.

Just then, Langdon and Fiona came home, looking very exhausted.

When they entered the house and saw that everything had been packed up, they understood the intention of Logan and their daughter.

Langdon nodded. "That's great. On the way home, I was telling your mom that we should pack up everything and never come back again."

Fiona said, "I've also told your uncle about the vegetables in the garden. After we're gone, he'll take care of the vegetables. Everything in the garden belongs to him now."

Draping her arms around her mother's shoulders, Lola asked, "It took you a long time to send all the cards. What did you tell those people?"

Feeling worn out, Fiona stretched her shoulders and replied, "Not much, actually. They asked many probing questions, and we just bragged about our new life in the city in response."

Hearing that, Lola chuckled. "Are you hungry? Why don't I make some noodles for you?"

Fiona waved her hand. "There's no need for that. We ate a lot of fruits and desserts while we were sending the cards. We're full now."

Since there was nothing else to do, the four of them got ready and left the village. When they came back to the village, many people gathered outside their house. However, when they were leaving, nobody came to see them off.

While Logan was driving, Fiona and Langdon took a rest in the backseats. After they left the village, Fiona turned around to take one last look and sighed. "We're leaving the village we've lived in for decades just like this."

Without gazing out the window, Langdon said calmly, "I don't want to come back again."

Hearing that, Logan figured that Lola's parents must have been mocked when they were sending the invitation cards. Do those people have nothing better to do? Why can't they mind their own business? They are just jealous that there are people out there who live a better life than they do. This kind of people will never achieve any success in the future.

When they reached home, Langdon and Fiona directly went to their bedroom and fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Lola took a seat in the living room. A short moment later, some people came to the house to send her the wedding dresses, which were tailor-made. After the tailor got her measurements, the wedding dresses were then designed and hand-made in a foreign country. The dresses, which were stored in sturdy boxes, reached the country on the previous day. A few boxes of formal dresses were also sent to her home.

Logan and Lola opened all the boxes and took out the dresses, which were so intricate that she wasn't even sure how to wear them. Now that there were so many dresses in front of them, the two of them had no idea what to do. Eventually, Logan gave Lorraine a call and asked her for advice.

Lorraine guffawed and told them to wait, for she would send someone to help them sort out the dresses.

While they were waiting, they opened the remaining boxes. In total, there were eight formal dresses and two wedding dresses. Although Lola loved the embroideries and the embedded diamonds on the dresses, she did not dare to touch them, for she was afraid that she might damage the dresses.

Hugging her from behind, Logan asked, "Do you like them?"

Lola nodded. "I never imagined before that I would be able to wear such beautiful wedding dresses one day."

After planting a kiss on her cheek, Logan said, "Whatever you want, I'll get it for you as long as I'm able to do so."

Lola giggled and snuggled up to him. "I don't need many things. I'm content with what I already have." Everything Logan had given her so far had exceeded her expectations. She was both surprised and grateful for what he had done for her.

A short period of time later, a professional stylist, sent to them by Lorraine, came into the house and sorted the dresses for them. With a smile, she said, "Mr. Jefferson, you love your wife so much. These dresses are all costly. Also, these patterns are embroidered by hand."

Logan smiled back at her, but he never uttered a word.

On their wedding day, both of them woke up early.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1324

It took Lola a long time to get changed into the wedding dress and put on make-up. Meanwhile, Logan had sent a fleet of cars to fetch the neighbors in Lola's hometown.

Logan had to get himself ready as well, but a short moment later, his phone started ringing. After checking the screen, he picked up the call and asked, "John, what's wrong?"

In an apologetic voice, John replied, "Logan, I'm so sorry. Sophia feels pain in her stomach, so we can't attend your wedding today. We're in the hospital now, and the doctor has said that she's going to give birth soon."

Despite being startled for a bit, Logan then said with a smile, "That's great! It's fine. The baby is more important. Please take good care of her now. After the wedding, I'll go to the hospital to see her."

Since John was indeed busy, he hung up the call soon.

After giving it a thought, Logan went to look for Lola, who was having her hair styled. Leaning against the door frame, he told her, "John and Sophia are not coming to our wedding. They're in the hospital now because Sophia is about to go into labor."

Lola asked in surprise, "Really?"

Smacking his lips, Logan replied, "Yeah. Perhaps her child has decided to come out of her on this day to congratulate us."

Lola chuckled. "That's great. After the wedding, we should pay her a visit. However, I'm not sure if the baby will have been born by then. I heard that it's time-consuming and excruciatingly painful to give birth to the first child."

Knowing nothing about this, Logan stood behind her and looked at her reflection in the mirror. Lola was done with her make-up, so she looked softer than her usual self. Pressing his hands on the back of the chair, he said, "We have to work harder."

Knowing what he was trying to say, Lola snorted. "Go and get ready now. There are many things you need to do today."

As soon as she finished her words, the phone in Logan's pocket buzzed. After reading the message, he patted her head and said, "I'll get ready now. See you at our wedding later."

Lola grunted. "I'm afraid that you won't be able to recognize me later. You have to remember that I'll be on the red carpet."

Logan giggled. "Don't worry. I know who I have married."

After he left the room, the stylist continued styling Lola's hair for her. The stylist was the same person who was sent to them by Lorraine to sort out their dresses. With a smile, she said, "I had seen Mr. Jefferson several times before, and I knew that he could be pretty unpredictable. I've always wondered what kind of girl would make him fall for her." Gazing at the stylist through the mirror, Lola replied, "That was the question I had in my mind as well. I wondered if any girl could tolerate his bad temper."

Hearing that, the stylist burst out laughing.

With her lips curved into a smile, Lola continued, "Turns out that I'm the girl I was talking about."

When Lola was done with everything, her parents came into the room. Fiona and Langdon had their own personal stylists as well, and they had changed into vibrant clothes. When they saw that their daughter was so beautifully dressed up, their eyes welled up with tears in an instant. Fiona had wanted to touch her daughter's face, but thinking that the latter already put on some make-up, she immediately retracted her hand. "I can't believe that you're a married woman now. I still remember that when you were a young kid, you would always ask me to play with you. But now, you're a grown-up lady."

Hearing that, Lola felt a lump in her throat as well.

Langdon added, "Last night, I told your mom that time waits for no man. You've grown up to be a young lady, but at the same time, we've also grown old." After a sigh, he went on to say, "Very soon, you'll have a child of your own, and your child will grow up one day too..."

Lola flashed a smile at them. "Stop it. You're making me cry."

The stylist immediately consoled them. "This is a jolly day for all of us. Let's not cry on this day."

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Fiona quickly composed herself. "That's right. This is a jolly day for us, so we shouldn't cry. I'm really happy that you're married to a decent man like Logan."

As they were speaking, a housekeeper came into the room with a tray of food. Since this was a busy day, the housekeeper said that Logan had told her to prepare some food for Lola.

With a smile, Fiona said, "He really loves you, doesn't he?"

Excited for her big day, Lola couldn't really eat anything. However, she knew that she should eat something to have more energy, so she took over the tray.

Just then, Langdon's phone started ringing. It was a call from someone from his hometown.

After he left the room to pick up the call, Fiona took a seat beside her daughter and said, "Yesterday, I spent the entire day answering calls. Almost everyone from our hometown gave me a call. I don't understand why they seem more excited than I am. Some of them even said that they had bought new clothes to attend your wedding. They also asked me when the cars would arrive so that they could get ready earlier."

While enjoying her food, Lola replied, "Those people will certainly say something unpleasant during the wedding. If Dad gets drunk and hears those people mocking us, he might argue with them. So, you have to keep an eye on him."

Fiona nodded. "I already told your dad that no matter what those people will say, he shouldn't get angry because we have to pay due respect to the Jeffersons. They have spent a long time preparing for this wedding, so we shouldn't ruin it."

All of a sudden, she shifted the focus to Logan. "If those people are clever enough, they won't say anything unpleasant on this day. Even if your dad won't teach them a lesson, I don't think Logan will tolerate it." Hearing that, Lola thought that her mother had a point, for Logan was

such a bad-tempered man. He was only gentle to Lola and her parents, but it wasn't the same case for outsiders, for he wasn't someone who could tolerate people who mocked his family members.

After Lola was done with the food, a car arrived at her house. The chauffeur said that Lola would go to the hotel and wait inside the room. Following that, five assistants streamed into the house and picked up her other wedding dresses and formal dresses.

After Lola and Fiona stepped out of the house, they saw that a limousine was parked right outside the entrance. The vehicle was spacious on the inside, so they had a comfortable time on their way to the hotel.

When they arrived at the hotel, they were led to a presidential suite. All this while, Lola was accompanied by her mother. The presidential suite had been decorated to look like a wedding room.

After the assistants stepped into the room, they put down the boxes, took out the dresses, and hung them on the racks carefully.

Although Fiona had witnessed a number of weddings in the village, she had never seen a wedding so formal and grand before.

While Lola's wedding was about to commence, the pain in Sophia's stomach became unbearable.

Lying on the bed, she blamed herself for having to give birth on Lola and Logan's wedding day. She was truly sorry that she couldn't witness their happy moment.

Gripping her hands firmly, John kept consoling her and told her that he had given Logan a call. Logan didn't mind it one bit, and he told her to take care of herself.

They could watch the video recording after the wedding was over, but childbirth was the most pressing issue for them at the moment.

Touching her belly, Sophia could feel that her baby was writhing about in her stomach. Gasping in pain, she complained, "Why can't you come out tomorrow? This is an important day!"

John chuckled. "Maybe the child would like to attend Logan's wedding as well."

Then, the doctor entered the room to check on her. She said that her cervix hadn't opened, so they could only keep waiting.

Lying on her side, Sophia kept moaning in pain.

Seeing this, John was equally anxious.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1326

After a while, Matilda and William arrived, carrying many bags in their hands.

Just now, Sophia and John were too anxious about getting to the hospital that they didn't bring anything with them.

Matilda brought over a towel and a plastic basin, whereas John took the initiative to fetch water from the bathroom and wiped Sophia's face and hands. Matilda pulled up a chair and sat next to the young lady.

"Relax a little and don't be too nervous. The more nervous you are, the more uncomfortable you'll be."

Having been through labor, Matilda understood how painful it was to give birth. When she gave birth to her son, she had truly felt that she had one foot in the grave then.

Sophia's cervix hadn't dilated yet, so the pain should still be bearable. The contractions that would come later would feel much worse.

As Sophia's belly constricted with pain, there was no other way for her to deal with it except to force herself to close her eyes.

She wanted to go to sleep in the hope that the pain would disappear, but all this gurgling in the belly forced her to stay wide awake.

Therefore, she could only carefully but constantly toss and turn in bed.

William waited for more than half an hour, but his calls never stopped.

They were all from the company, as there were many things waiting for him to deal with. In the end, he had no choice but to tell Matilda to call

him if there were any issues, and he would return to the company first.

After reassuring him, she didn't forget to jokingly comment that when she gave birth, he didn't appear to be so considerate back then.

When William was leaving, he told Sophia, "Sophia, relax a bit. The more nervous you are, the more you'll suffer."

Sophia was in so much pain that she actually had no patience anymore, but this was William after all, and she couldn't snap at William like she could at John.

So, she said in a mild voice, "I get it."

After William left, Matilda came over with an apple and slowly peeled it.

John was holding Sophia's hand and staring at her.

In a low voice, Matilda said to him, "Don't be so nervous. The more nervous you are, the more nervous she will be. Relax. You'll probably see your son today."

With that said, John's nervousness slipped away, and he became excited instead.

In fact, he was exhilarated when he thought that he could see his child today.

He had really begun to look forward to the child even before Sophia got pregnant, as he wanted a child of his own so much.

Matilda cut the apple into pieces, then speared a piece with a toothpick.

"Sophia, are you asleep? Do you want to eat some fruits? You'll feel more comfortable if you eat some fruits."

Sophia hadn't fallen asleep at all. Opening her eyes slowly, she looked at what Matilda was holding and struggled to sit up.

But before she could take the toothpick, her stomach churned.

Waving her hand, she got up and rushed to the bathroom. As she lay at the edge of the sink, she started throwing up terribly.

This scared John out of his wits, so he hurriedly rang the bell and called the nurse to come in.

The nurse came very quickly. John's face was pale with worry as he asked, "Why did she throw up?"

The nurse patted Sophia's back and briefly asked her how she felt, and then patiently explained to John, "Different people have different reactions to the pain. It may be that she feels nauseous when the pain starts. There is nothing we can do. If she wants to throw up, let her throw up."

After the nurse said so, John felt a little relieved.

Sophia stood by the sink, her stomach roiling aggressively.

She hadn't eaten anything in the morning, and now her whole stomach felt cramped after throwing up.

Matilda came over with a towel. Sophia wiped her face and lay back on the bed, but after lying down for a while, she felt nauseous again.

Rushing back to the bathroom, she lay next to the sink and threw up uncontrollably.

John felt terribly distressed next to her, and for the first time, he felt a little lost.

He wanted to bear Sophia's suffering for her, but it was impossible.

Matilda patted Sophia on the back.

After Sophia was done throwing up, she raised her head and looked at herself in the mirror with tears in her eyes. "I feel so uncomfortable."

Matilda nodded. "I understand, I understand. Be patient. Everything will be fine when the baby is born."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1327

Looking sallow and exhausted, Sophia turned around and returned to the bed. She couldn't sleep anymore now.

Staring ahead of her, she asked, "But when will this baby come out? I'm so scared. Will it hurt more and more? I can't even bear the pain now."

Seeing how much pain the young lady was in, Matilda couldn't bear to tell her that it would hurt even more later.

John, on the other hand, sat on the edge of the bed, holding Sophia's hand. "If it hurts, hit me."

Hit you? Sophia squinted at John and snorted. Although she was in pain, she was still sensible. It wasn't possible for her to hit John. After tossing for a while, it was almost noon.

John called Logan and asked him how the wedding was going. Clearly very excited, Logan stuttered over there, saying that he was going to go down the aisle soon. John smiled. "Congratulations."

"I'm going to say congratulations to you in a while too," Logan said.

John smiled faintly. "Maybe."

They didn't talk much, after which Logan hung up due to the preparations he had to make.

John kept the phone away. When he turned around, Sophia opened her eyes and looked at him. "How is Logan's wedding coming along?"

John smiled. "He's going to go down the aisle soon."

Going down the aisle was a big moment, so Sophia said regretfully, "It's a pity that I won't get to see it."

Matilda spoke next to her. "Do you remember the things you did when you got married?"

Sophia was still in the mood to joke, so she curled her lips and replied, "I don't remember much. Only about you constantly finding fault with me."

Everyone laughed when she said this.

After some brief laughter, Sophia raised her hand to support her belly as a wave of pain coursed through her again.

The smile on her face disappeared in an instant as she turned over and said, "What a torture."

Sitting next to her, John really didn't know what to do. To ensure she felt more comfortable, all he could do was stroke her arm.

Arm in arm with her father, Lola stood on one end of the aisle. She was a little nervous at first, but now, when she saw Logan on the other end of the aisle, she suddenly calmed down.

Logan stood with his back straight in his suit. He was standing not far away and staring at her with a scorching gaze.

At that moment, Lola let out a long sigh and turned to look at her father. "Dad, please walk slower later. I'm afraid I'll be so nervous that I'll fall."

As a sign of agreement, Mr. Hunt nodded. "Don't worry, I will give you away to him safely and securely."

There were rows of chairs on both sides of the aisle. Many people had come to witness this moment.

The neighbors invited from the countryside and the relatives from the village were already sitting in their respective seats. It was obvious that many of them had dressed up especially for the occasion.

But they still looked very different from Logan's relatives and friends.

On the way here, those people were still making snide remarks in their cars, but when they actually arrived, they were at a loss for words.

A fairytale castle was built behind the hotel.

It was specially erected for the wedding of Lola and Logan.

The walls of the castle and the doors were all decorated with roses.

Everyone heard the rumor that all the roses in the florists in the city were bought out, and the rest were shipped in by Logan from other places early in the morning.

There was a rockery and a fountain outside the castle, all of which were made to a European architectural style.

As soon as the guests entered from the hotel to the back of it, the entire ground was covered with petals.

These flowers alone cost a pretty penny, not to mention everything else.

At this moment, someone stared at Lola's wedding dress and

whispered, "That dress looks very expensive. It should cost a lot of money to rent it for a day, right?"

A woman next to her heard this. She turned her head and looked over.

"Rent it? It's custom-made abroad."

The person asking the question widened her eyes. "Abroad? How much does it cost?"

"I don't know the specific amount. Such dresses cost a few hundred thousand on the lower end to a few million on the upper end." The woman turned her head and looked toward the aisle as she spoke in a casual tone.

Hearing what she said, someone nearby let out a low whistle.

When the music started, Mr. Hunt walked Lola slowly over to Logan.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1328

Logan was initially smiling at Lola, but his eyes slowly turned red. When Lola saw this, she couldn't help but start tearing up too. Before Lola came right up, Logan went over to her in a few steps.

Mr. Hunt stopped and looked at Logan, who was standing in front of him. "I'm handing my daughter over to you. You have to be good to her."

Vigorously, Logan nodded in assurance. "Dad, don't worry, I will do everything I can and love her with all my heart."

Mr. Hunt then placed Lola's hand in Logan's.

Raising her eyes to look at Logan, Lola's tears couldn't stop rolling down her face like pearls slipping off a string. Logan wiped away the tears for her, hugged her, and then took her by the hand and went up to the master of ceremonies.

Mrs. Hunt was sitting in the seat as tears overflowed from the corner of her eyes.

Someone nearby handed a tissue to her and patted her on the back.

"It's a happy day today, so you should be happy. Don't cry."

Mrs. Hunt took the tissue, wiped her tears, and looked toward the aisle.

Someone next to her asked in a low voice, "Mrs. Hunt, does this son-in-law of yours have any brothers or sisters?"

Taken aback, Mrs. Hunt then turned to look over at the person talking.

It was a woman from their village.

She replied, "He has four sisters, but they're all married."

The woman looked startled for a moment, and then she laughed. "Does he have a cousin?"

Mrs. Hunt turned her gaze away. "I don't know about this. I didn't ask."

The woman's question was so blatant that everyone who heard it knew what she meant.

If the Jefferson Family were so rich, surely Logan's cousin wouldn't be far behind.

Besides, if Logan could be interested in Lola, surely it would not be impossible for his cousin to be interested in another village girl.

The other guests might not have thought so much at first, but when they were reminded by this woman, all of them started hatching plans.

If they were able to be affiliated with Logan's relatives, they might also be like the Hunt Family, who literally went from rags to riches.

Mrs. Hunt was aware of the thoughts of these people. She really looked down on them. At first, they had been snarky toward Lola behind her back, but now they were all trying to curry favor with the Hunt Family.

Mr. Hunt came over, sat next to Mrs. Hunt, and held her by the hand.

During the bouquet toss, a lot of single girls joined the session.

Lola could tell with a glance that almost all of them were girls from her village. These girls were all well-dressed today, but some differences could still be perceived.

She turned around and threw the bouquet vigorously.

The girls who were aiming to grab the bouquet cried out excitedly, but

Lola didn't even care to see whose hands the bouquet ended up in. She only turned to look at Logan. "Your friends should be careful." Holding her face, Logan kissed her like nobody was watching. "There is only one Lola Hunt in this world. My friends won't be interested in these girls."

Then everyone moved to the reception hall, which was divided into two halves, with a buffet on one side and a sit-down meal on the other. The reception hall was relatively large, with dozens of tables set up for the event.

Those people from Lola's village hurriedly formed groups and grabbed their seats first.

Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt did not follow as they were seated at a table with Lola and some members of the Jefferson Family.

Lola ate a few bites of food before hurriedly changing into her reception dress.

This dress did not have such a big skirt as the previous one, which made it easier for her to move.

Lola and her stylist went to the hotel room together. When they reached the door, Lola saw someone standing there, waiting.

Pausing briefly, Lola smiled. "You came."

Jasmine looked a little uncomfortable. "I just wanted to come and say congratulations."

The assistant went over to open the door of the room. Lola gestured for Jasmine to enter. "Why didn't you bring your boyfriend here? The reception has just started. Let's have a drink together."

Jasmine was taken aback. "How did you know..."

Lola went to sit down on a chair and allowed the stylist to restyle her hair. "I saw you two passing along the streets before. That guy looks very decent."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1329

At the mention of her boyfriend, Jasmine looked even more uncomfortable now. "We just got together."

Nodding, Lola explained, "I know. You don't need to explain anything. I'm not doubting you, and I think you two look pretty good together." She continued, "Call your boyfriend and tell him to come over so that we can have a drink together. You're a friend after all, so there is nothing to feel awkward about."

Pursing her mouth, Jasmine didn't move. Seeing that the girl did not reply, Lola laughed and said, "Why are you so reserved? I thought you should be comfortable around me."

Jasmine stared at the various dresses hanging on the side and commented after a long while, "He is really kind to you."

"Well, I'm married to him now, so of course he should be," Lola said matter-of-factly. She didn't talk to Jasmine much but took out her phone and called Sophia.

Meanwhile, Sophia was still suffering from her contractions, lying on the bed groaning in pain and wanting to cry. Therefore, John was the one who answered Lola's call. He suppressed his voice as much as possible. "Miss Hunt."

Lola paused before asking, "Is Sophia asleep now?"

John looked back at Sophia, who was lying on the side of the bed and still groaning. Her hands were placed on her belly, and her voice was clearly breaking.

"No, she is not feeling well now, and it is inconvenient for her to answer the phone." John sighed.

Lola could only comfort him when she heard that. She told John to talk to Sophia and also told him not to be too nervous. No one could help Sophia in this matter, so everyone could only wait.

John nodded and told Lola not to worry about them but just try to enjoy her wedding.

Since Sophia didn't answer the phone, Lola hung up the call after chatting for less than a minute. She then turned her head and looked at Jasmine, who was still in the room. "Have you not called your boyfriend yet? Call him over and have fun together. You don't have to be so polite."

Pursing her mouth, Jasmine hesitated for a long time before she actually found her phone and dialed a number. The other party picked up quite fast. Lola couldn't hear the voice on the other side of the phone. She could only hear Jasmine saying, "I'm at a friend's wedding. Come over so I can introduce you to them."

After the other person responded, Jasmine paused and then laughed. "Since when have I felt that you're not good enough for me to introduce to others? Nonsense." Having said this, she seemed to feel uncomfortable, so she got up with the phone, opened the door, and went out to continue the conversation.

The stylist quickly touched up Lola's makeup, redid her hairstyle, and helped her into her reception dress. After Lola was done here, Jasmine came in again, looking more at ease now than before. "He's on the way here, so he should arrive in a bit."

Lola nodded. "Come, let's go over first. We'll have someone bring him in when he's here."

Following that, Jasmine followed Lola to the back of the hotel. She didn't know anyone at the ceremony, so Lola arranged for her to sit with Logan and herself. When Logan saw Jasmine coming, he was obviously surprised, but he was friendly to her. "You came, after all. Come, sit down."

There were not many people sitting at this table, and there was still room. Jasmine was a little embarrassed, so her cheeks flushed slightly. Lola then introduced her to everyone around the table. "This is Jasmine Xanthos, a friend of ours. She just arrived."

Neither the Jefferson Family nor the Hunt Family recognized Jasmine. At Lola's introduction, they nodded at her and even said to her, "Hurry up and eat. The food is very good. Were you very busy to have just arrived?"

Jasmine was a little cautious in her reply. "Yes, I'm only free now." Lola sat down and ate no more than two mouthfuls before the emcee came over and asked her and Logan to go up on the stage. The champagne had been prepared. The emcee told Lola and Logan to take the stage and make a speech, then pop the champagne and make a toast.

When Lola and Logan walked over there, the former said in a low voice, "I just called Sophia. It was John who answered, though. Listening to him, I have a feeling it's not going very well there."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1330

Hearing about the situation of his best friend, Logan frowned. "I just looked it up online. Apparently, it's common for the first birth to experience some complications. When I read it, I felt a little scared." Laughing, Lola chided, "What are you afraid of? It's not like you're the one giving birth."

Logan replied solemnly, "If only I can give birth, you won't have to go through this suffering."

Lola fell silent immediately. She stretched out her hand to pinch Logan's waist.

Taking her hand over, Logan squeezed it in his palm.

The two looked at each other and smiled.

Upon seeing this, the emcee began to mock playfully, "What are the bride and groom whispering about? Let's hear it."

Logan turned to look at the emcee, smiled, and just said, "It's our little secret..."

Before he could finish speaking, some girls nearby suddenly started screaming.

Both Logan and Lola were taken aback. Reflexively, Logan pulled the latter into his arms as the two of them looked toward the source of the sound.

Those girls were the ones who had rushed over to grab the bouquet just now.

Some of them covered their faces in exhilaration. "Oh my God, that's Ian Morgan! He looks as handsome as he does on TV."

Someone nearby echoed, "That's right! I watched his talent show before, and I've always felt that he's such a gentle soul. Look, he's coming, he's coming!"

Lola and Logan looked toward the door. It's just Ian who had arrived with all his charms.

Ian wore a neat suit and looked like he had come from somewhere else. He also brought a large gift with him.

Logan couldn't help rushing over and greeting him. "I was gonna call you and ask where you were. There would be nothing left for you to eat if you come any later."

Ian laughed and thumped his hand on Logan's shoulder. "How can I not come when you're getting married? Your marriage is a big deal, and everything has to make way."

Smiling, Logan held Ian's shoulders and walked him toward the reception. "To be honest, this date is well chosen. Sophia is giving birth right now, and so she isn't able to come over. Her baby wants to come out and congratulate me."

Ian was surprised, for he didn't know about this at all.

In fact, he thought he would meet Sophia and John when he came here, but after doing the math in his head, it was indeed about the right time for her to deliver the baby anyway.

Ian curled his mouth. "Is she in the hospital? Have they contacted you about her current condition?"

Logan smacked his lips. "Lola just called them, and they said that it looks like it's not going too well. I suppose she's still in the middle of it. It's not possible to deliver a baby so quickly. I've looked online, and apparently, the woman needs to suffer for a long time first."

Ian nodded slowly without speaking, whereas Logan then took him to his table.

A girl ran over from not far away. "Ian, I like you so much! Will you sign here for me?"

When she came over, a group of other girls followed.

Logan laughed helplessly. "This is about to become your celebrity meet-and-greet."

Ian turned his head and looked at the girls who came over to get his signature. "Let's eat first. We shouldn't overshadow the newlyweds.

Can you wait until the ceremony is over for the signature?"

His voice was very gentle, so even his refusal sounded pleasant to the ears.

The girls all nodded with flushed cheeks. "We'll be waiting for you."

Logan sucked in a breath next to him.

It felt like they were waiting for Ian to choose a girlfriend.

Sure enough, good looks were an advantage regardless of men or women.

On the other hand, Sophia's contractions went on and on. The doctor came several times, but Sophia's cervix was barely dilated, so they could only wait.

Sophia was already dizzy from her constant vomiting, and her stomach was almost empty.

Matilda was quite calm at first, but now even she couldn't sit still. She asked John to buy porridge for Sophia.

If Sophia only vomited without eating anything, her stomach would

suffer.

However, Sophia waved her hand. "I'm not gonna eat. Don't buy it."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1331

Matilda didn't want to go up against Sophia now, so she just winked at John. He didn't go out by himself, but instead, he took out his phone and sent a message.

Sophia was in so much pain that she was barely conscious. She felt a buzzing in her mind as many chaotic images appeared alternately, and she couldn't even figure out where she was at a certain moment.

After a wave of pain passed, Sophia gasped for air, and then in a trance, she felt as if she saw someone.

The man stood not far from her, and his slightly rickety figure was clad in old linen clothes. He looked at her and smiled. Seeing him, Sophia felt like she was standing on the ground and slowly walked toward the figure as she whispered, "Grandpa."

The man didn't speak; he just looked at her and continued smiling, after which Sophia reflexively held her belly with one hand as she walked a little faster. "Grandpa, are you here to see me?"

After walking forward a few steps, Sophia pursed her lips, looking like she was about to cry. She could see the person in front of her very clearly. It was how her grandfather looked before he became very old. Sophia had already forgotten what her grandfather looked like when he was healthy. In the end, the old man was so tormented by his illness that he had been reduced to a disfigured and frail sack of bones. Sophia's memory of him, except for what she saw in photos, stayed at that time.

The old man was wearing rubber shoes on his feet. He walked two steps toward Sophia and looked down at her belly.

At the sight of him approaching, Sophia felt her tears threatening to overflow out of her eyes. She didn't know what else to say, so she repeated, "Grandpa."

John heard Sophia mutter something next to him. In order to get what she was saying, he hurried over and put his ear to Sophia's lips.

After hearing what Sophia said, John paused and then let out a long sigh.

Sophia's hallucinations didn't last long. The next time the pain struck, the image of her grandfather disappeared.

Frowning, she tried her hardest to curl up.

John felt very distressed at the sight of her suffering. Turning his head to look at Matilda, he suggested, "Let's get the doctor to come over and give her a C-section. Her cervix hasn't dilated for so long, and we don't know how long she's gonna suffer for."

Matilda didn't take John's suggestion to heart. "This is how a woman gives birth to a child. If it's a natural birth, she'll suffer now but recover quicker. If it's a C-section birth, she'll definitely suffer more later.

Although there is no pain during the surgery, there will be many more post-surgery complications, and it also negatively affects the body more compared to natural birth. Be patient now. After a natural birth, she'll recover quickly. If you opt for surgery right now, you're harming her instead of helping her."

John frowned. Right now, he couldn't even bear to look at the writhing Sophia.

Matilda went on to say, "The first birth is usually harder. It's normal. The next one will be easier."

"One is enough. I don't dare to think about the next one," John said at once.

Matilda shook her head with a smile. "You say this now, but perhaps when you see this child all lovely and cute, you may be eager for a second one."

Raising his eyebrows, John looked at Matilda. "Then did you think of having another child back then?"

"I did consider it when you were very lively and cute. I liked you so much that I wanted to have another baby just like you." Matilda writhed her lips and continued, "But at that time, your dad was busy, so I decided to talk about it later. But after some time, you became very annoying, so I didn't want another baby anymore whenever I looked at you."

John couldn't hold back and cocked the corner of his mouth.

Matilda's eyes fell on Sophia. "But truthfully, I think you're quite lonely over the years. If you had a younger brother or sister, you might develop a better temperament and know how to deal with the interpersonal relationships around you. And there wouldn't be so many conflicts between you and Sophia back then as well."

John squeezed Sophia's hand in his palm. "When I was younger, I really wanted to have a younger brother or sister. As you said, I really felt lonely back then."

"That's why." Matilda smiled. "When you and Sophia want to have a second child, don't delay it. When the first child becomes naughty and mischievous, you may no longer feel like having more."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1332

John still didn't dare to think about the second child. After all, he had just witnessed the suffering Sophia was going through.

Once is enough.

Sophia's labor pains became more intense in the afternoon, but when the doctor came to check, her cervix was still barely dilated.

At this point, John couldn't sit still anymore. Sophia hadn't eaten for almost a day and was still throwing up. There was nothing in her stomach anymore and what she threw up was all foamy mucus. Her whole person looked completely devoid of life. John frowned. "She has suffered for so long. How could it be that her cervix isn't dilated enough yet?"

The doctor sighed. "Perhaps it's because she doesn't have very good uterine resiliency. Wait for a while longer. We will check the situation again at night."

Irrked by the reply he received, John fumed, "Wait for a while? Is she supposed to lie there and suffer the whole day?"

The doctor comforted John with a few words and then said that he could give Sophia a shot. This shot would make her feel groggy, which might relieve her pain a little.

But the doctor couldn't guarantee its effects, and he could only give one shot. No matter how much pain Sophia was in the next time, she couldn't take it again.

John didn't even listen to the doctor's explanation as he immediately replied, "Give it to her, hurry up." Therefore, the doctor went away to prescribe the medication, and John came over and held Sophia in his arms.

Sophia was sweating all over. Her whole body was in so much agony that she seemed to have lost consciousness, and this caused John much distress. I wish I knew what to do to make Sophia more comfortable.

After answering a call, Matilda came in and then sighed. "Your grandmother wanted to come over, but I didn't let her. After all, she can't help with anything and will only be worried. She's getting old, so I think we shouldn't let her come and wait here. We'll have her wait at home, and when Sophia enters the delivery room, we can then ask someone to fetch her over."

John nodded. "Okay, let her stay at home."

Old Mrs. Constance didn't come. However, Jennifer came to visit in the evening. Jennifer pursed her lips when she saw Sophia writhing about

on the bed. "This is such a torture. I still feel scared after so many years have passed."

Dylan stood at the door, not approaching the bed. He frowned, looking like he was upset.

John held Sophia in his arms. Although the doctor gave her the shot, she was still hurting all over.

The doctor had no choice but to say that it might be because the fetal movement was vigorous that the cervix was barely dilated, and her uterine resiliency was not good enough, so the pain would be doubled. Sophia's tears constantly flowed from the pain. The most unbearable thing to John was her tears. As soon as she shed her tears, his heart constricted terribly.

Dylan stood at the door with his eyes on Sophia. After a while, he slowly turned to John.

His expression was still dark. After staring for a while, he didn't greet anyone but turned around and left.

Sophia's cervix had only dilated by 2 centimeters at two o'clock in the middle of the night.

The doctor thought for a while and had her moved to the waiting room. Family members could not follow the patient into the waiting room. So, Sophia went over by herself. Initially, when she was lying in the ward, her tears kept flowing, and she even choked over them.

But when she got to the waiting room, she suddenly stopped crying, because she knew there were no family members around her. So, if she still cried, it would've been for nothing.

Thus, she kept away those useless tears and simply lay on the bed, taking deep breaths.

The cries from other women in the waiting room were rather terrifying, much more so than Sophia's previous state in the ward.

More than a dozen hospital beds were full of pregnant women waiting to give birth.

Some of them couldn't bear the pain, so they were crying desperately, shouting loudly, or even calling for help.

Sophia suddenly felt that this shouldn't be a big deal, since she could at least bear the pain.

Her mind was muddled, and she could no longer tell the time. She only knew that at the end, a doctor came over to check her and then said that her cervix was almost fully dilated and asked her if she wanted the epidural.

Sophia seemed to see the light all of a sudden. Her voice trembled as she quickly said, "Yes, hurry up and give it to me."

The doctor was probably informed to better take care of her. He laughed and said, "Okay, then I'll get a wheelchair over here. Let's enter the delivery room, and I'll give you the epidural."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1333

Perhaps these words gave Sophia hope, because she felt that her whole body was full of strength in an instant. She even struggled to sit up from the bed and got out of it, then waited for the wheelchair to come over. Sitting down in it by herself, she was then pushed to the delivery room. Lying in the room, an anesthesiologist came over and gave Sophia the epidural.

This is the best invention ever. After a while, Sophia didn't feel any more pain.

She felt like she had gone from hell to heaven in one single step, and instantly, she felt that she was alive again.

After a while, John changed into a sterile suit and entered the room.

When Sophia saw him, she immediately pursed her mouth. The tears she had saved up in the waiting room just now came rushing out at once.

John couldn't help but laugh. "The doctor said you're not feeling any pain anymore."

Sophia snorted softly and said unhappily, "I'm angry. I suffered the most back in the waiting room, yet you didn't even witness it."

Going over to her, John helped wipe the sweat from her forehead. "I know, I know you have suffered a lot, and I will compensate you well after this."

With that said, Sophia felt overwhelmed with emotion again, and tears flowed down freely.

Then the doctor who came in also laughed. "Don't cry. Save your energy up when you're pushing the baby out later."

The cervix was not fully dilated yet, so they were still waiting. But because the pain had ceased, Sophia was able to sleep well.

Sitting next to the bed, John held Sophia's hand and looked at her sleeping face. The woman had been suffering for almost the entire day. Now even if it didn't hurt anymore, her small face remained pale, and the sight of it pained John tremendously.

Sophia didn't sleep well. She woke up once in a while, opened her eyes, and took a look beside her. Every time she turned around, she'd see John by her side. "I'm here, so just sleep peacefully."

In a low voice, she uttered, "I don't want to sleep here. I want to go home to sleep. When is he gonna come out?"

John didn't know either. "I'll call the doctor over to take a look."

Sophia closed her eyes and fell asleep in a daze.

After a while, a doctor was walking around the door of the delivery room, so John called her in and asked her about Sophia's situation.

The doctor checked Sophia, then frowned and said, "The condition of her cervix is not very good. It may still be related to the poor resilience of her uterus."

She turned around and called several midwives over.

John didn't understand what they were talking about and only accompanied Sophia by the side.

Sophia's belly no longer hurt, and so she became bolder now. When she awoke and found that so many doctors were surrounding her to discuss her condition, she was not afraid at all.

In a daze, she mumbled, "You call me when I'm about to give birth."

Although it wasn't the right time to laugh, John really felt like snickering.

After sleeping for a while, a doctor came over to manually expand the uterus.

Sophia didn't feel anything. Because it didn't hurt or itch, she wasn't fearful. She even looked at the doctor and asked, "I'm a little hungry. Can I eat right after giving birth?"

The doctor raised her eyebrows and looked at her. "You have an excellent mental state."

After working for a while, the doctor finally removed the epidural, and the pain came again in a rush after that.

The doctor said that this would help her exert force later to push out the baby. If there were no pain, Sophia would not know how and when to push.

Good God, the pain was coming again, and Sophia's tears started flowing as well.

John turned his head to the side; he really couldn't bear to see Sophia's tears.

The instrument by the bed showed the waves of pain, and the doctor taught Sophia how and when to push during the contractions.

It was not as complicated as the doctor had previously mentioned, so Sophia was very cooperative.

Perhaps the pain had been going on for too long, and the baby felt that it was enough suffering, as, during the latter half of the labor, the baby was very cooperative. There was an electronic clock in the delivery room, and within just half an hour, Sophia heard the doctor say that the baby was delivered.

She felt her belly releasing something, which came out from within her body.

However, the baby didn't cry at once. At this, Sophia, who hadn't panicked all this while, started becoming nervous.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1334

John was a little dazed by the side, not because the baby was not crying, but because the baby was born all of a sudden, and he could not wrap his head around it for a moment.

The doctor held the baby with his hands and came over to John. "Come on, let your father see if you're a boy or a girl."

It was very obvious. John could tell at a glance that the baby was a boy. "It's a boy."

There was a crib next to them, and the doctor went to put the baby down and began to wipe the blood off him.

It was at this time that the baby suddenly kicked his legs and started crying in a small and weak voice.

Sophia turned her head and looked over at him. She wasn't used to her new role as a mother yet, so she was rather confused.

The baby kicked his legs again and turned halfway to his side. One of his eyes was still closed. The other was open, but it was uncertain if he could actually see much.

After a few cries, there was no more noise from him.

The doctor laughed beside the crib. "Such a plucky little boy. He only made a short announcement."

Raising his hand, John carefully placed it on the child's face and touched him with the back of his fingers. The baby's skin was tender, which surprised him.

The doctor then began to examine the child's whole body. Ears, nose, eyes, fingers, and toes... He counted them one by one to John.

John just nodded beside him. "He's very healthy."

After all the checks were completed, the doctor began to dress the child. It was at this time that Sophia finally reacted and realized that this was her child.

He had been in her womb for nearly ten months, and he had caused her to not eat nor sleep well. It was because of him that she had thrown up and shed tears.

Now, this little baby had finally come out, looking all pink and tender and staring at her with one eye open. He had made her suffer until midnight of Logan and Lola's wedding day before arriving at the world. Logan and Lola knew that Sophia had not yet given birth to the baby, so they did not rush to the hospital after their reception was over.

When they woke up the next morning, the two of them packed up and hurried to the hospital. Upon arriving, they learned that Sophia had entered the delivery room.

All the people in the Constance Family were waiting outside the delivery room, including the Second and Third Constance Family.

Old Mrs. Constance wore her best outfit and brought her rosary beads. She sat at the door of the delivery room while holding the beads, praying for the safety of the mother and child.

Initially, Matilda was the calmest of these people, but now she was also nervous.

Seeing Logan and Lola coming, she reached out and grabbed the latter's hand. "My heart is pounding. They haven't come out after entering for so long. It wouldn't happen to be twins, would it?"

William scratched his nose next to her, seemingly amused.

He raised his hand to tuck the hair beside Matilda's ear away.

"Nonsense! The prenatal check-ups have always shown only one child. It's impossible to make another copy in the delivery room, right?"

Matilda knew that William was teasing herself. She patted William's hand and said, "How could you still be in the mood to joke? I'm so nervous I'm gonna faint."

Old Mrs. Constance mumbled next to her, "It's okay, it's okay. Everything will be okay. Sophia is a thoughtful and kind girl, so the mother and child will definitely be safe and sound."

There was an electronic screen outside the delivery room. When the mother had already given birth in the delivery room, the family members would be notified in real-time outside whether it was a boy or a girl.

Every time the screen flashed, the notification was about a baby from someone else's family. It made the Constance family members feel agitated.

When Logan looked at them, he seemed to see his own future self. He said, "When Sophia was pregnant before, she exercised frequently. She should have a smooth delivery and will be fine."

As soon as he finished speaking, the notification sound on the screen rang out across the hall. Then, the announcement about Sophia and her baby came.

Old Mrs. Constance paused for a minute. Blinking, she then turned to look at Matilda. "Did you hear that? Did they announce Sophia just now?"

Matilda nodded mechanically. "It looks like she gave birth to a boy."

Old Mrs. Constance couldn't hold back a delighted yelp, and then she made a sign of the cross and thanked the heavens for the good news. On the contrary, the Second and Third Constance Families looked much calmer than them.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1335

After all, for this kind of thing, there was no way to empathize if it wasn't happening to one of them.

In the delivery room, Sophia kept looking at the baby, who fell asleep after a while with a pouting look.

The attending doctor and midwife left, saying that Sophia should stay for further observation for half an hour before leaving the delivery room. John was still sitting next to Sophia's bed. "How are you feeling now? Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?"

Sophia shook her head. "No. Move aside please, I want to see my son." Immediately, John's face fell. "You no longer need your husband when you have your son."

Sophia went along with his words and retorted, "Why do I need you when I already have my son?"

John grinned but didn't answer, whereupon he shifted his position and turned to look at the baby on the bed. The baby slept soundly. His face was a little wrinkled, and they couldn't tell who he looked like more with his current facial features.

Looking at her newborn son, Sophia had a gentle-looking expression on her face. "So, it turns out to be a boy. I thought it would be a girl."

John was pleased. It was not that he preferred boys to girls, but perhaps he would have more shared interests with a boy.

Sophia paused, then said, "I must bear a daughter next."

Next? John was taken aback. "Did you forget the pain?"

She had been desperately sobbing in pain for hours, and yet she was thinking about a second child before she even got off the bed.

After half an hour's observation, the midwife came and said that Sophia could go back to the ward. Sophia was energetic. Sitting up, she put on her pants and got out of bed.

The midwife was startled. "What are you doing?"

Sophia looked at her in a matter-of-fact way. "I'm going back to the ward."

A nurse came into the delivery room.

After hearing Sophia's words, she pushed the bed in and immediately said, "Is it your first time giving birth, girl? How is it possible for you to get out of bed right after giving birth? Come, lie down here. We'll push you back to the ward."

Sophia replied, "Oh, but I feel fine, so I can walk back by myself."

The midwife smiled. "You shouldn't get out of bed and walk around even if you feel fine. You have to lie down and try not to get out of bed for at least two days."

Sophia moved from her bed to the mobile hospital bed and was pushed out of the delivery room by the nurse. She didn't forget what she needed to do. Turning to face John, who was still standing in the delivery room, she shouted, "Don't forget the baby! Bring the baby out."

John looked a little exasperated. "Don't worry, I still know what to do." The midwife helped to wrap up the baby in blankets and handed him to John.

John walked out of the delivery room next to Sophia's bed with the baby in his arms.

As soon as they came out, the Constance family members crowded around.

Although Old Mrs. Constance was usually cool and collected, tears were streaming down her face at this very moment. She came over and touched Sophia's face. "Thank you for your hard work."

Sophia smiled at her. "Don't mention it. I actually don't think delivering a baby is that tiring."

Matilda grinned next to her. "How can you say such shameless words without even blushing? Who was the one lying on the bed crying just now and saying that she would never have a second child again?"

With that said, John spoke next to her. "She told me just now that she is going to have a daughter next."

When Matilda heard it, she immediately said, "Look, didn't I tell you that she'll forget the pain after giving birth?"

Old Mrs. Constance used her sleeves to help Sophia wipe the sweat from her forehead before she went over to see the baby in John's arms. The baby slept soundly with a puckered mouth.

Old Mrs. Constance's heart softened instantly. "The baby is so perfect. He looks wonderfully tender."

Indeed, there was nothing else to praise about him now other than his tender skin.

Lola, too, went over to talk to Sophia first. She asked the latter if there was any discomfort. Sophia grinned before saying, "I'm telling you for real. It's really a huge suffering to have a baby."

Logan hurriedly went over and covered Lola's ears. "Let's not listen to her. We won't listen to anything. Don't be nervous, okay? It'll hurt even more when you are nervous."

Lying on the bed, Sophia laughed. "John, tell Logan how nervous you were. I don't believe he won't be nervous when the time comes."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1336

Lola went over to see the baby, but he looked so tender that she did not dare to touch him and softened her voice unconsciously. "He's so small and cute."

Standing at the side, Matilda said, "You'll think your own child is cuter in the future."

Since they couldn't continue chatting at the entrance of the delivery room, John and the others pushed Sophia back to the ward.

Lying on the bed, Sophia smacked her lips. "I'm so hungry."

After all, she had vomited everything in her stomach before giving birth.

I mean, the doctor said that I could eat right away if I give birth naturally.

Old Mrs. Constance had asked someone to prepare brown sugar

porridge, and the temperature was just right at this time. As soon as Sophia said she was hungry, Jennifer quickly brought it over. She didn't wait for Sophia to thank her but simply turned around and went to see the baby instead.

After eating some, Sophia regained some strength and sat on the bed chatting with Lola.

She felt sorry that she could not attend Logan's wedding. So, she grabbed Lola and asked her all kinds of questions, such as whether the wedding was grand and whether there was anything interesting about the wedding.

Lola laughed. "I still feel giddy when I think about the whole wedding now. We were so busy until midnight yesterday, and I was completely in a daze afterward."

She did not have an outgoing personality and was prone to headaches when her surroundings were crowded and noisy. Yesterday, after the wedding was over, she returned home with a headache so terrible that she couldn't help but take two tablets of painkillers.

Sighing, Lola expressed, "Fortunately, I only get married once in my life. I'll never be able to stomach it for a second time."

Finding her reply interesting, Sophia laughed. "Logan probably wanted to give you the unforgettable wedding of a lifetime."

Lola nodded. It was really unforgettable. Now that she thought about it, if she had known that it would be this eventful during the wedding, she would have definitely asked Logan to cut down on it.

It was beyond tiring.

In any case, that wedding was so grand yesterday that she gained renewed respect and admiration from many, especially those neighbors from her village. They had come over to her at the wedding yesterday and complimented her to high heavens, their intentions clear as day. They would never have lowered themselves like this in the past. It was only because they saw that she had now married into the wealthy Jefferson Family and gained a significant status within it that they had all come to curry favors with her.

Lola thought about a section during the wedding yesterday. Old Mr. Jefferson came out with the support of others to give her a welcome gift. The gift was a set of emerald green jewelry, and Lola couldn't tell how precious it was supposed to be.

Most ordinary people would not really care for it, but it was, in fact, very valuable.

The emcee said that this set of jewelry cost several million. Hearing the price of the item, the people in the village opened their mouths for a long time without closing them.

Then, someone spoke from the guest area and said that the betrothal money given by the Jefferson Family was 8.88 million. The sum of the jewelry and betrothal money was terrifyingly high.

Although Lola was taken aback by the amount, she was actually more elated than anything. All those people who were waiting to laugh at her had lost. I have the last laugh now!

Those who had spread her rumors in the village now became the targets of similar rumors.

Sophia turned her head and looked at Logan on the side of the crib. She lowered her voice and commented, "You guys should hurry up as well. Look at Logan. His eyes are about to fall out on seeing someone else's child. You should quickly give him a child of his own."

At this, Lola turned to look at Logan as well. Standing next to the crib, he obviously wanted to touch the baby's face, but he didn't know how to.

Lola replied after a few seconds, "My parents also mentioned children yesterday. I actually really want a child too, but to be honest, I prefer to enjoy some peace with Logan first."

Sophia's gaze then fell on John nearby. He had pulled up a chair and

was sitting beside the crib, staring at the baby lying in bed with an instinctive smile on his face.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1337

Sophia said, "Yes, you guys just got married and are blissfully in love. You do have to get bored of each other first, unlike John and I, who are so annoyed at seeing each other that there must be a child to mediate between us."

"Who are you kidding? When John looks at you, his eyes are always full of stars," Lola teased.

Sophia chuckled. "Nonsense."

After talking with Lola for a while, Sophia became drowsy because she hadn't slept much last night. Now that her stomach was full, her sleepiness kicked in again. Lola reached out to support her and help her lie down. She told Sophia that the latter didn't need to entertain anyone and should sleep if she wished.

Sophia yawned. "Then I won't chat with you anymore. When I get better, let's meet up again."

With that, she got into a comfortable posture, covered herself with the quilt, and fell asleep at once. She hadn't slept well during the whole pregnancy. Now that the baby had popped out, she felt that even her quality of sleep had improved. She could sleep comfortably now.

When the people next to her saw that she was asleep, all of them lowered their voices and went over to check out the baby.

The baby mumbled a few times, and then the nurse came over and said that he could be fed some water first. Matilda was quite an expert in taking care of children, so she prepared some warm water and fed the little one a bit.

The baby didn't know how to hold a bottle. Even when the nip of the bottle was placed in his mouth, he still didn't know what to do.

Logan laughed from the side. "Look at him! He is a little confused."

John gently touched the baby's face with the back of his finger. Matilda also laughed. "Children are often confused at the beginning, and they will gradually learn a lot of things. In fact, I think that children growing up is a very magical process. You don't even realize when or where they learn their skills from."

The little baby drank a little water, then yawned and fell asleep again.

On the other hand, the Second and Third Constance Families looked on for a while and then left. After all, there were still company matters for them to attend to.

John sent them off at the door of the ward. Just then, he swept his gaze around and saw Dylan leaning against the wall in the corridor. The latter had only entered the ward to glance at the baby before leaving to wait outside.

Actually, John couldn't figure out what he was upset about or in denial about. In fact, after Old Mr. Constance's proposal was rejected by the Second Constance Family, John and Sophia had nothing to do with them anymore. This included their divorce and remarriage later, which were their private matters anyway.

None of what we've done had anything to do with Dylan. I really think Dylan didn't need to show such an attitude toward us.

After the Second and Third Constance Families left, John hurriedly entered the ward to take a look at his wife. She was sleeping well, and her whole face began to gradually turn rosy.

Old Mrs. Constance was sitting next to the crib. She had regained her composure by now, and she simply sat smiling without a word.

After a long sleep, Sophia finally opened her eyes by the time evening came around. She felt hungry again, and when she sat up, she saw Matilda holding the baby with a loving look. Old Mrs. Constance hadn't gone back yet. As a matter of fact, she was sleeping on the bed next to

Sophia.

William and John were not in the room. Nobody knew where they went. Turning her head, Matilda saw that Sophia was awake, so she quickly put the baby down. "They brought over some soup, so you should have some first." After informing her daughter-in-law, she set the small table for Sophia and brought over the thermos with the soup still warm inside.

As she poured out a bowl of soup for Sophia, the latter's gaze floated toward the crib. "Mom, bring him over to me."

Matilda hurried over to the crib with a smile and brought the baby over.

"He was awake for a long time just now and was just staring at us. I don't know if he can actually see, but his eyes were moving about."

Sophia had just slept for a while, yet she somehow felt that the child was a little different from before. He was no longer so wrinkled.

On the third day after Sophia gave birth, Isabelle unexpectedly came to see her.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1338

Isabelle's hair was cut short, giving her a fresh and neat image. Her entire self looked completely different from before.

When Sophia saw Isabelle, she was vaguely reminded of the Bailey Family. Perhaps it was because life was going well for her that she hadn't kept those who tried to harm her in her mind for the longest time.

Isabelle came over with a gift and stood at the door. When she saw Sophia, she smiled. "Wow, you haven't changed at all."

Sophia stared at Isabelle for a long time before recognizing her. Then she replied with a grin, "You have changed a lot though."

John was not in the ward, as he had gone to the nurse's station. Matilda had taken the baby out to show off to other people as well, so she wasn't in the ward either.

Placing her things down, Isabelle came over and looked at Sophia. "Your complexion is pretty good. I heard people say that pregnancy will make one fat, but why are you still so slender?"

Sophia leaned on the bed. "That's great then. I don't have to lose weight after having the baby."

The way they talked was as if they had forgotten all the previous discord.

Sophia changed the subject and asked Isabelle, "How are you? Have you gotten used to things over there?"

Hearing the questions, Isabelle nodded. "In the beginning, it was a little unnerving. After all, I was too unfamiliar with how things are like over there. We had to start everything from scratch. But after staying for a while, I think that it's pretty good. My mother is by my side again. We two actually spend better days there than here."

Then, she added, "When my mother left, her grief eased too. Now she is happily going out shopping every day and chatting with the elderly people downstairs. I think she is getting better and better. We made the right choice to leave this place."

After she finished speaking, Matilda walked past the door while holding the baby. She wasn't intending on entering the ward, but suddenly, she saw Isabelle, so she was startled. She slowly came over with the baby. "Belle?"

Isabelle twitched her lips. "Matilda, long time no see."

Matilda was quite surprised at the sight of her and looked her up and down. "Oh, you look like a different person altogether. I couldn't recognize you for the longest time."

Isabelle fiddled with her short hair. "I cut my hair when I left here. I think it's refreshing to change my style. It changes my mood too."

As a sign of agreement, Matilda nodded. "That's true. You look much better than before."

Isabelle's gaze fell on Matilda's arms. The little baby was awake, and she

hurried over to take a look at him. She writhed her lips. "He looks like John."

Nobody knew if it was simply a compliment or if she really saw John in the baby. But Matilda was happy upon hearing that. "I think so too. It is better for a boy to look like John. When a girl is born next, she will look like a little Sophia."

Isabelle nodded. "Yes, Sophia is pretty. It's better for their daughter to resemble her."

At this point in life, she had completely let go of her previous conflict with them, and she now appeared very easygoing.

As they sat chatting for a while, John came back, holding a pile of bills in his hands. Seeing Isabelle there, he was also a little startled.

Isabelle greeted him first. "Look, I'm here to surprise all of you."

John put the bills away and then asked, "Did you come to see your father and the others?"

Sophia turned to look at Isabelle. Regarding the Bailey Family's trial, she never asked John what the result was. But when she thought about it, the exposure was so high, and the impact was so large at that time that it should be severely judged.

Pursing her lips, Isabelle explained, "I also came to see them. I heard that my grandfather is not in good health and wants to see me."

John went over and touched the baby's face. "How is your mother's health? Is she alright?"

"She's in the pink of health. I'm certain she'll live comfortably over there." Isabelle smiled immediately. "She was telling me two days ago about divorcing my dad and finding another companion. She said it with a smile, so I'm not sure if she was joking or serious."

Sophia noticed that when Isabelle talked about these things, she looked unruffled and seemingly not minding about any of it.

John also smiled. "If both of them can think it through and let go, it's better to get a divorce. After all, they don't live together anymore. Both of them have their future ahead of them, so they shouldn't remain together and drag each other down like this."

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Agreeing with John's statement, Isabelle nodded. "Yeah, I think so too. So, I came to ask my dad's opinion this time as well. I think if they really have no feelings for each other anymore, it's best to get a divorce.

Although my mom is not that young anymore, she still has quite some time left, so she can totally get together with someone better."

Matilda laughed next to her. "You're quite clear-minded, aren't you? Nowadays, there are not many daughters who are as sensible as you."

Isabelle laughed too. "I'll take it as a compliment then."

Nodding, Matilda replied, "I'm indeed complimenting you."

Isabelle didn't stay in Sophia's ward for too long. After all, she still had to see Elder Mr. Bailey and Old Mr. Bailey.

John sent her off. After Isabelle left, Matilda went to Sophia's side.

"What did you two talk about just now?" Sophia found a comfortable position and leaned back. "What? Are you afraid that I will say nasty things to her, or are you afraid that she came here to agitate me?"

Matilda rolled her eyes at her. "Look at her. When was she ever a match for you? She had always gotten bulldozed by you. It's just that I saw she came to see you with a gift, so it wouldn't be nice for you to snub her."

Let out a long sigh, Sophia uttered, "It seems that you still like her."

Matilda retorted, "You speak so well that I don't think you've ever suffered under her at all."

At that moment, the baby gurgled slightly next to them. He was probably feeling a little uncomfortable. Therefore, Matilda brought him to Sophia and lifted the quilt, allowing him to move his arms and legs.

The baby's small hands and feet were not as big as Sophia's palms, and they looked pink and tender. Sophia gently held the child's foot, her heart melting into a puddle all at once.

Waving his little arms around, the baby twisted his head, turned to Sophia, and looked at her with large, blinking eyes. Seeing how adorable

her son is, Sophia couldn't hold back and leaned in to kiss him gently. The little baby opened his mouth and gurgled twice.

Matilda looked at Sophia. "How does it feel? Do you feel that all the suffering before is worth it?"

Sophia nodded. "I've never felt like this before. I can't explain it clearly, but I especially want time to stop at this moment."

Matilda stretched out a finger and touched the baby's fingers. The baby naturally curled his fingers around her finger. "This is maternal love. You'll find that this feeling will become more and more noticeable as the child grows up." After saying this, Matilda paused and added, "You know what? I got up last night and found John sitting next to the crib, just staring at the baby. You have no idea what the scene looked like. Let me tell you. It's not just you who has changed. John has also changed a lot."

Sophia did feel that too. Many times, when she had fallen asleep, John would also stare at her from the side. He didn't speak nor move but would just stare at her with a gentle gaze and a smile between his eyebrows. John used to treat her well, but he never did that.

So, with this child, both of them were slowly changing. Because it was a natural birth, Sophia did not stay in the hospital for too many days and was discharged after four days.

The confinement room at home had been prepared in advance, and the postnatal caregiver had been hired. The nursery had also been set up, and all the preparations were completed.

After coming out of the hospital, John held the baby while Matilda helped Sophia button her coat. Sophia took the opportunity to turn her head and look at Matilda, then whispered to her, "Did Ian come over?" She had heard from Lola that Ian was there during Logan's wedding. He even mentioned during the wedding that he would find some time to visit her in the hospital. But Sophia had never seen Ian, and so she felt a little strange.

When Matilda heard Sophia asking this question, she glanced at John first, and her voice was even softer than Sophia's as she replied, "He came, but you were asleep then."

Sophia was taken aback, as she really didn't know that. "Then why didn't you guys wake me?"

Matilda smiled. "Look at the one holding the baby over there. He was there at the time. Do you think he'll let us wake you?"

Raising her eyes, Sophia glanced at John, who was walking in front of them, then pursed her mouth without saying a word.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1340

This was indeed something that John would do.

Everyone got into the car with the driver, and John held the baby steady. The baby had been sleeping all along with his eyes closed, looking a little silly. John couldn't hold back and bowed his head to kiss the baby.

Matilda smiled next to him. "You are behaving better than your dad.

When I gave birth to you, your dad didn't even dare to touch you.

During the whole month, your dad never held you, saying that you were too soft, and he feared hurting you."

Sophia couldn't help laughing at the side. "I didn't know that Dad is so cowardly when it comes to this."

"Right?" Matilda continued, "You see, since this little boy right here was born, we've all taken turns holding him, but your dad still doesn't dare to touch him. He asked me last night what it's like to hold a baby, so I told him to try holding the baby today, but he didn't dare at all."

Sophia thought of when William was in the ward. Indeed, he only walked around the crib all the time and didn't dare to touch or stroke, let alone hold the baby.

After thinking about it, Sophia said, "I saw Uncle Owen holding the baby the other day, and I felt that he was quite good at it."

Matilda nodded. "Owen was very good to children back then. When Dylan was young, he took him wherever he went."

Hearing this, John also spoke up. "Yeah, I used to envy Dylan very much and thought that Uncle Owen was very good to him."

When Matilda heard John's words, she wanted to put in a good word for William. "Your dad is good to you too, but he is not very good at expressing it. In the past, when you were asleep, your dad watched over you by the side. He could sit there and watch you sleep for more than an hour."

John chuckled. "What are you so nervous about? I just agreed with what you said and never said that my dad wasn't good to me."

Matilda nodded. "I'm just siding with my husband."

With that said, the others somehow felt that she was showing off her love for William.

The car drove all the way back to the Constance Residence, and Old Mrs. Constance was already waiting in the parking lot.

After the car stopped, she hurried over. She first asked if Sophia was alright, then went over to John and stared at the baby in his arms. The baby twisted his body, and upon hearing the noises, opened his eyes. Old Mrs. Constance laughed. "Oh, he knows he's home."

The postnatal caregiver came over too and helped Sophia. But Sophia did not want her help. Waving her hand, she said, "No need. I'm fine."

With that, she strode to the main building first.

The postnatal caregiver thought for a while before carrying the baby and following her into the main building. There was a baby crib in the living room on the first floor of the main building, which was convenient for the baby during the day.

There was also a nursery room upstairs.

Now that the baby was awake, the postnatal caregiver put him in the crib and lifted the quilt a little bit. The baby immediately stretched out his legs and waved his hands.

The postnatal caregiver laughed and massaged his soles with her fingers. "This little boy is quite vigorous. See how powerful his kicks are."

Old Mrs. Constance was also watching by the side, her eyes full of contentment and joy.

At this moment, she said, "In fact, I had a dream before Sophia gave birth. I dreamed that there was a dragon above the main building of the Constance Residence. Now look, Sophia gave birth to a boy."

John laughed. "Why didn't I have any dreams?"

Sophia leaned on the sofa. "I had a dream a few days ago. I dreamed that there were two fish in the pond. I thought I would give birth to twins."

"That really was a dream then," Matilda commented from the side, causing everyone to laugh.

After the postnatal caregiver massaged the baby's hands and feet, she went to the kitchen and poured a bowl of soup for Sophia. This soup had been stewed since the morning, so it was rich. The grease had been removed, so it was not greasy.

Sophia held the bowl and looked at it for a long time. Then, as if drinking medicine, she raised the bowl and finished the soup in a few mouthfuls. The postnatal caregiver laughed. "It's not that bad, is it? I tasted it, and it's okay."

Sophia waved a hand. "I've eaten too many supplements since my pregnancy, so much so that I think I'm allergic to fish and meat now."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1341

Learning how Sophia was sick of healthy soups, the postnatal caregiver said in a soft voice, "Then I'll try to make a lighter version of the soup for you in the future."

Although there were professionals in the Constance Residence's kitchen, she was the best candidate to prepare Sophia's postnatal food. Sophia nodded. "Okay, sorry for the trouble."

After a while, Jennifer came to visit. Her attitude was much better than before, and she rushed over to the crib. "I heard that Sophia had been discharged from the hospital, so I'm here to see the baby."

The baby was being held by Matilda. He was staring wide-eyed at

something random.

When Jennifer saw him, her expression immediately softened. "Oh, what are you looking at, baby? You look so serious."

Matilda asked, "How is Dylan?"

Jennifer's eyes were still on the baby. She just sighed and replied, "I don't care anymore. He can do whatever he wants. It's his life, after all. If we micromanage too much, he'll be upset at us again."

Agreeing to her statement, Matilda nodded. "He's all grown up now. I'm sure he knows what to do and what not to do."

Jennifer reached out and touched the baby's face. "Actually, I just want to experience the joys of having a grandchild earlier. He only needs to give birth to a child, and he can do whatever he wants in the future. I won't bother him anymore after that." Then, she added, "You don't know how much I envy you now."

Matilda held the baby and bounced him gently. "You can't force this kind of thing. It's someone else's life, and it's someone else's child."

Jennifer stopped talking but continued looking at the little baby lovingly. After sitting downstairs for a while, Sophia got up and went upstairs. Seeing that, John followed her.

A room was prepared for Sophia's confinement to ensure her peace and quiet. If she and John slept separately, she would not be disturbed when John woke up in the morning or went to see the baby in the middle of the night.

However, John felt that it was a little too unnecessary. The child wasn't sleeping with them, so there was no need for him and Sophia to be separated.

He followed Sophia into the confinement room. The furniture and decoration in the room were minimalistic, and there was not much difference.

Sophia went over and lay down on the bed. John couldn't help but lie down and hold her in his arms. After a brief pause, he then kissed her. Sophia pushed him a little but failed to push him off. Turning over, John pressed her down and kissed her fiercely.

After struggling a bit, Sophia gave up and put her arms around John's neck.

They kissed passionately and desperately, and it was John who took the initiative to stop at last.

He buried his head in Sophia's neck, his breathing somewhat unstable. "I have to wait more than a month, right?"

Blinking, Sophia stared at the ceiling. "After that, it's up to you how you want to deal with me."

John chuckled. "You say this now, but if you cry and refuse to go along with me, I can't do anything to you either."

Sophia laughed too. She had indeed done such a thing before.

Sometimes when there were things that she needed John's help with, she would promise to reward him in bed, but when John was about to get his reward, she would push and kick him away or cry and beg him to let her go.

Raising a hand, Sophia stroked John's hair and suggested, "I won't cheat you of it this time. Or should I write you an IOU?"

John really took it seriously, after which he immediately turned away from her and got out of the bed. Rushing all the way to their previous bedroom, he brought back a pen and paper, then asked Sophia to write the IOU on the spot.

Sophia really didn't intend to cheat this time. Therefore, she sat up and flattened the paper before drafting a proper IOU. The gist of it was that after the confinement period, Sophia guaranteed that she would let John do as he pleased to her in bed.

John took it over and read it twice. Feeling a little satisfied, he folded the note and put it in his pocket.

Sophia squinted at him as she held the pen. "Am I not trustworthy enough that you have to make me write it out in black and white?"

John snorted. "Not when it comes to sex."

Sophia curled her lips. "You're the one who kept tormenting me every time."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1342

John stared at her. "Don't you like me like this? But you always tell me to continue."

Sophia pulled a pillow from the side and threw it at John. "You jerk, shut up!"

The two bickered for a while, then Sophia waved her hand. "I'm gonna sleep. I'm a little tired."

Getting up, John went over to shut the curtains and then closed the door.

Sophia thought he went out, but he didn't. Instead, he came over and lay down on the bed. "I'm tired too. I want to sleep as well." She smiled and snuggled into his arms.

The room was dim, so after the two of them lay down for a while, they both fell asleep.

John was in the hospital for the past two days staying right by the baby, but he couldn't sleep well. He kept waking up and wanting to take a look at him.

At last, there was nobody other than Sophia beside him, and now he slept peacefully.

However, his phone rang on the bedside table not long after. He quickly took the phone over. He was afraid that the ringing would wake Sophia, so he picked it up without even looking at it.

Isabelle's voice was a little low. "John, will you do me a favor?"

John replied, "What's wrong? What happened to your family?"

Taking a deep breath, she uttered, "My grandfather is gone. My dad is now hospitalized again. He is filing for compassionate release, and I'm currently busy with the procedures. So, I don't think I can handle my grandfather's matters. As for Uncle Ernest and the rest, they're probably still angry with my grandfather and refuse to deal with it."

Isabelle paused and then said, "John, will you help me? Just send my grandfather's body to the funeral home for cremation. There's no need for anything complicated. Bring the ashes back after it's done. Can you help me with that?"

At that moment, Sophia had also opened her eyes next to John. As the two of them were close to each other, she heard everything Isabelle said on the phone.

John agreed and then asked where Elder Mr. Bailey's body was.

Isabelle sighed. "Still in the hospital. I haven't really done much over there. I called Uncle Ernest, and he immediately said that he doesn't care. My dad still doesn't know about my grandfather's passing. I don't dare to tell him yet, so I can't find an excuse to leave his side. I really have no other options."

Learning that she was in a difficult situation, John asked her to relax and said that he would go over to the hospital now. After the phone hung up, he got up and put on his clothes.

Sophia also sat up. "Don't worry, take your time."

"I'm not worrying. It's not our family's business anyway. I'm just going over to help out."

John continued flatly, "That old geezer treated you so badly before. To be honest, if it weren't for Isabelle, I really don't wish to help collect his body."

Sophia didn't mind so much. "He's dead now. All you have to do is throw him into the fire pit."

Smiling, John turned his head and touched Sophia's face. "You're really forgiving, aren't you?"

Sophia found a comfortable position and lay down again. "I really don't have anything to worry about now. Sometimes I think about the members of the Bailey Family, and I really have no idea what they're fighting for. What's the use of more money at their age?"

John leaned in and kissed her. "It would be nice if everyone could think like you."

He stood up and tidied his clothes. "You should sleep for a while more. I'll go out first."

Sophia nodded, then snuggled under the quilt.

Coming out of the room, John went downstairs quickly and spotted Old Mrs. Constance and Matilda checking on the baby.

Seeing John coming down, Matilda was a little surprised. "What's the matter? Are you going out?"

John nodded. "Elder Mr. Bailey has passed away, and Old Mr. Bailey is now in the hospital. Isabelle has too much on her plate right now, so she asked me to go and help her send Elder Mr. Bailey for cremation."

Old Mrs. Constance was stunned. "Is that old man really gone?"

However, after thinking about it for a while, she thought that it was natural. Elder Mr. Bailey's health was not that great in the first place, so such a big event would have been a big blow to him.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1343

It was a miracle for Elder Mr. Bailey to live for so long with that frail body of his.

Old Mrs. Constance then sighed. "This is why we shouldn't commit any crimes. This is retribution."

If Elder Mr. Bailey was content with his life and took care of himself in his later years, he probably wouldn't die so quickly.

John didn't say much but went out at once. Actually, what Isabelle asked him to do was pretty easy. Since Elder Mr. Bailey was dead, the procedures were simple enough.

After the death certificate was issued, the body was taken out and sent to the funeral home for cremation. The usual cremation time was in the morning, which seemed to be a rule of sorts. But John didn't care that much, so he went to the funeral home and asked when the cremation could be done soonest. The funeral home staff told him that there were no affairs slated for that afternoon. If John didn't mind, they could do it immediately.

John paid the fee at once. "I don't mind. Go ahead and burn him."

The staff was startled at his callousness, but since John had paid the money straight away, she didn't say anything else either and quickly asked someone to push the body in.

John sat on a chair outside and waited. The ashes were transported out in just half an hour.

Urns were sold at the funeral home. John bought the cheapest one, and he didn't even stick a photo on it but simply dumped the ashes directly into the urn.

Wrapping it with a red cloth, he put it under his arm and left the funeral home.

John went to the hospital to find Isabelle with the urn. Although he didn't like Old Mr. Bailey, he didn't brazenly bring the urn into his ward. Instead, he called Isabelle outside Old Mr. Bailey's ward.

Isabelle knew what he wanted to say as soon as she answered the phone. She mumbled something without sounding too obvious about it.

John sat on the chair outside and put the urn aside.

There was a family member nearby who was supporting a patient to walk around. No one would ever expect that the thing under the red cloth was an urn filled with ashes.

After waiting for less than a minute, Isabelle came out of the ward.

She looked around, then came toward John. "John, thank you."

John didn't say a word but simply pointed to the thing wrapped in red cloth next to him.

Isabelle glanced at it. Naturally knowing what was inside, she nodded. "I will take care of this in a moment."

There was no trace of sadness in her tone and demeanor.

Standing up, he asked her, "How is your father?"

At the mention of her father, Isabelle sighed. "Not very well. He is used to living a pampered life, so now that his life is suddenly turned upside down, he isn't taking it well at all."

Physical maladaptation was just a factor. In the end, the most important

thing was still the psychological changes.

Old Mr. Bailey's will was completely gone now, so his entire being had probably aged overnight.

Isabelle didn't dare to leave the ward for too long. Now that Old Mr. Bailey was not in a good mental condition, he would get angry even if she went out for a moment to buy food.

John nodded. "Go back in. I should leave too."

Isabelle nodded but stood still without moving. John glanced at her, then turned around and left. It didn't take long for him to get home from the hospital.

Sophia had gotten up and was walking around with the baby downstairs. John stopped at the door of the living room, and Sophia turned around. "You're back."

"Don't come here," John said. "I just came back from the hospital, and there is a lot of bacteria on my body. You better stay away from me."

Matilda came out from the kitchen and laughed. "Hurry up and take a shower."

After John went upstairs, Matilda suppressed her voice and said, "It's probably not the hospital."

Sophia also knew that John should have gone to the funeral home.

Perhaps he thought that the place was inauspicious or that he had touched something unlucky. Although John was not a superstitious person, it was better to be safe than sorry now that he had a child.

John returned to the bedroom and went into the bathroom.

When the hot water rushed down toward his body, he thought of Elder Mr. Bailey's body that he had just seen.

Elder Mr. Bailey was thin and small and looked completely different.

Perhaps it was due to being in the freezer for too long. His face had turned blue, his skin was sunken, and his teeth protruded from his mouth.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1344

Elder Mr. Bailey looked rather frightening like that. Who could have imagined that the man who had lived a lifetime of glory would end up like this?

When John poured the ashes of Elder Mr. Bailey into the urn, some of it fell out due to his vigorous movements. But John didn't care about it and simply swept aside the bits that fell out.

Therefore, the contents of the urn were not complete.

John pursed his mouth. It was more than enough for him to send Elder Mr. Bailey to cremation, considering that the old geezer had wanted to harm Sophia and almost caused the destruction of his family.

Now that he ended up like this, it was all his own fault.

John took a shower, changed into clean clothes, and went downstairs.

The baby was awake and looked energetic, blinking his eyes and staring at Sophia.

Carrying him, Sophia walked around slowly. John went over and pulled Sophia and the child into his arms. "Is he a good boy?"

"Yeah, pretty good." Sophia was full of smiles. "You have no idea how adorable he is. He was hungry just now, but he didn't wake up completely yet, so he did sucking motions with his mouth in the air and kept his eyes closed."

John bowed his head and kissed Sophia on the forehead with a smile.

"You're also very adorable."

Sophia snorted. "All you're good at are saying sweet nothings." She handed the baby to John and then began to ask, "How is Isabelle's family doing?"

On the topic of Isabelle, John didn't know either, for he didn't ask about the situation of the Bailey Family. The Bailey Family affairs had come to an end, and he no longer cared about them.

Sophia sat on the sofa to the side and took a blanket to cover herself.

"Why did Elder Mr. Bailey suddenly die though? I never heard that he was ill."

John carried the baby, leaning against his face gently. The baby opened

his mouth and turned his head to look for something to eat.

John's voice was filled with happiness that couldn't be concealed. "It's probably because we didn't pay enough attention. I heard Isabelle say that Ernest Bailey doesn't even care to ask about Elder Mr. Bailey and Old Mr. Bailey. I'm sure he hates them deeply."

The Bailey Corporation was thoroughly investigated before, and it was found that the internal accounts were in a mess. Elder Mr. Bailey had misappropriated a lot of company money. Moreover, there were also suspicions of money laundering within the Bailey Corporation.

These were all kept secret from Ernest, so when he found out, he was completely flabbergasted.

In fact, everyone was shocked when Bailey Corporation was found to have committed so many crimes in secret. The company seemed to be liquidating its assets now, and it was planning to declare bankruptcy.

All in all, Ernest was completely dragged into the mess.

John hadn't been to the company for a long time and instead had been accompanying Sophia all the time. He didn't inquire about those affairs either.

Anyway, now that the Bailey Family couldn't recover itself anymore, he didn't care at all.

Sophia leaned on the back of the sofa and sighed quietly. "It's quite pitiful, isn't it?"

John didn't know who she was talking about.

After a while, the baby twisted his body and looked upset. John didn't understand what was going on. Sophia leaned on the sofa and said indifferently, "He has probably shat or peed himself. Check his diaper." Although John was clumsy, he could change diapers for children.

He put the baby in the crib and started spreading the blankets. Sophia spoke next to him. "By the way, did Ian come to the hospital to visit?"

John's movements paused, and then he gave a slight nod.

Sophia spoke again. "Then why didn't you wake me? Was I asleep at the time?"

John nodded again.

After being silent for two seconds, she questioned, "What are you nodding for? I asked why you didn't wake me?" Her tone wasn't upsetting, but it was definitely a little serious.

John replied, "What are you talking about? He came to see the baby and not you. Why should I wake you?"

Is he for real?

Sophia snorted angrily. "John, oh, John. I didn't expect you to become so shameless."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1345

"Do you only know that I'm shameless today? I've been like this long ago," John said matter-of-factly.

Sophia initially wanted to have an argument with John. However, when she heard him say this, her anger dissipated in an instant.

After John changed the baby's diaper, he helped him put on the little clothes and wrapped him up, then looked back at Sophia. "Why aren't you talking anymore?"

Sophia said faintly, "All of a sudden, I find that I'm unable to communicate with you."

John nodded. "If we can't communicate with each other by language, we can communicate in bed in the future."

"Pfft." Sophia snorted.

Scoffing, John reminded his wife by saying, "I have your IOU here. You'd better fulfill it."

Lola and Logan were planning to have their honeymoon. Logan had researched some overseas tourist attractions for two days and wanted to visit them with Lola. But Lola flipped through the brochures he had collected before throwing them aside. "I don't want to go to these places."

Logan thought she didn't like the attractions he chose, so he leaned over immediately. "Then where do you want to go? Tell me."

Squinting at him, she explained, "Our country is so big. Why should we go to those overseas attractions? I haven't even visited all the places in my homeland, so I don't want to visit other countries yet."

Upon hearing her reasoning, he smiled. "Initially, I didn't intend to go abroad either. It would be very troublesome, and communication would be difficult, but I was afraid that if I chose a local attraction for you, you would think I am tightfisted."

Lola laughed before she asked, "Am I that kind of person?"

Logan thought for a while. "I chatted with Lorraine a few days ago, and I heard that Ian is going somewhere to participate in a show. Why not follow him there? That location has good attractions."

Ian? Ah, I remember Ian. He came to attend my wedding back then.

When he left, Logan was so unwilling to say goodbye.

She didn't know how close the two of them were in the past, but Logan's reluctance to let the other leave had never appeared before. So, she nodded. "Sure, Ian is kinda cute. It would be pleasant both to visit him and the attractions."

Logan closed the distance between them. "What about me?"

Lola held his face, looked at him very seriously for a while, then nodded. "You're cute too. In fact, you're the most good-looking man in the world."

Delighted, Logan leaned over to kiss her. Both of them hadn't been to work recently. They snuggled with each other at home every day.

Both Old Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Hunt said in private that if the two of them continued this, good news would come their way shortly.

When Logan pressed Lola on the sofa, he suddenly asked, "Do you like children?"

Lola suddenly thought of Sophia's child. At that time, the baby had his eyes closed, and his hands and feet were not as big as her palms. Him looking like that really made people go all mushy.

Lola put her arms around Logan's neck and said, "I do."

After getting her reply, he did not speak further. Pinning her down, the two made love from the sofa to the bedroom.

Halfway through it all, Logan thought of something and suddenly said, "Jasmine's boyfriend contacted me the other day."

At that moment Lola was giddy, so she merely nodded.

Logan added, "He said a lot of bizarre things."

Clutching the quilt, Lola had no time nor brain capacity to process what Logan said.

Logan leaned forward to kiss her. "You are much better than her."

In fact, Lola being much better than Jasmine was something that was obvious to all, so why did that man call Logan and ask him why he didn't like Jasmine?

Logan was truly dumbfounded by the man's question.

How could feelings ever be explained?

The man also enumerated Jasmine's various advantages to him.

Why did he want to tell Logan this sort of thing? What did it have anything to do with Logan?

All in all, Logan was really confused by the phone call.

The two made love for a while more before finally calming down. Lola turned over and snuggled into Logan's arms. "What did you say to me just now?"

The Returning Ex Chapter 1346

"Nothing." Logan ran his fingers through her hair. "Go to sleep if you're tired."

Lola was indeed tired and fell asleep after closing her eyes.

In contrast, Logan felt very energetic after the activity. He got up to fetch water and helped Lola wipe her body.

I remember that man also asked me what I liked about Lola.

Logan thought about this issue for a long time.

What do I like about Lola?

He couldn't really explain it.

In any case, he was happy to see her and distraught if he didn't.

No matter what had happened, he would first think of her.

He didn't know what he wanted from Lola.

Perhaps he just wanted her.

He put on Lola's pajamas for her and covered the quilt. After a quick bath, he lay down in bed.

They had been spending their days without any sense of shame recently.

Just then, the image of John's baby passed through his mind again.

When the four ladies of the Jefferson Family gave birth one after the other, he had visited them all in the hospital.

However, he was too young at that time and didn't have much thought about it.

Now when he tried to recall what it was like to see his nieces and nephews, he realized that he had forgotten. He couldn't even remember what those children were like when they were born.

But after seeing John's child, his heart seemed to be touched by something.

All of a sudden, he longed for a child.

If such an adorable and tender child appeared in his own life, it would be a particularly beautiful event.

In the end, Logan held Lola and fell asleep with some yearning in his heart.

The two of them slept until night fell. Lola woke up hungry and prodded at Logan with her eyes closed. "I'm hungry."

Logan was also hungry. He had exhausted his physical strength before and didn't notice it before going to sleep. It was only when he woke up did he find that his whole body was weak.

He pulled Lola into his arms again. "Then let's go upstairs to eat."

Upstairs lived Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt, who usually asked them to eat together. Logan and Lola didn't do much cooking themselves.

Lola said, "But I don't feel like moving."

Smiling, Logan got up slowly.

He brought the clothes over and changed Lola's clothes like he was helping a child, then bent over with his back to her. "Come on, I'll give you a ride."

Lola laughed aloud, and she really got on Logan's back.

Logan left their bedroom with her on his back. They went upstairs and knocked on the door.

Mrs. Hunt came to open the door and was shocked when she saw the two of them. "What's the matter? What happened?"

"Nothing happened. Lola didn't want to move, so I carried her up."

Logan carried Lola to the sofa and put her down.

Mr. Hunt frowned when he came out of the room. "Why are you so lazy?"

Lola curled up on the sofa with a smile. "I'm hungry."

"Well, we're ready for dinner. I was about to go down and call you."

Mrs. Hunt hurried to the kitchen after speaking and began to set the table.

Logan eagerly went over to help her.

As the two stood in the kitchen, Mrs. Hunt suppressed her voice and asked, "Is she really okay? I noticed her looking quite lethargic. Do you think she should go to the hospital for a checkup?"

Logan knew what Mrs. Hunt meant, so he waved his hand quickly. "No, we're not this fast. She is indeed just lazy."

Mrs. Hunt blinked, and after trying to make sense of the timeline, she realized that they had gotten married not long ago. Indeed, it was impossible for Lola to get pregnant so soon.

She exhaled, slightly disappointed. "Then we'll wait and see."

Logan asked Lorraine about Ian's traveling date and then booked a flight on the same day for himself and Lola.

The hotel they would stay at was also arranged to be the same one as Ian's.

However, he didn't tell Ian any of this.

Lola smiled and suggested, "I think it's better for you to tell him in advance. Don't knock on Ian's door and end up finding a woman inside. If this really happens, everyone will be embarrassed."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1347

Logan laughed aloud. "Impossible! How long has it been? According to my understanding of Ian, he won't be able to let go of Sophia so quickly."

Lola raised her eyebrows but said nothing.

They left for their trip after staying at home for two days, and the two of them arrived at the hotel first before Ian did.

Their room was on the same floor as Ian's too. When carrying the luggage to the room, Logan went to the door of Ian's room to make sure that Ian hadn't arrived yet.

Lola felt sore throughout her plane journey. Hence, she immediately threw herself on the bed. "I'm going to lie down for a while. I'm too tired."

She had gotten quite pampered over time. Before this, her job was of a special nature and required her to do unusual things. Sometimes she would hide in a car for a few days when she was on a mission, eating and sleeping in it.

At that time, she didn't feel tired, but now she felt uncomfortable all over after being on a plane for a few hours.

Logan put the luggage away, closed the curtains, and then lay beside her. "There is still time, so you can still get some shut-eye." After saying so, he set the alarm clock. Since he knew the time of Ian's flight, after some calculations, he roughly estimated the approximate time of Ian's arrival at the hotel.

The two lay in bed for a while, and then the alarm clock rang.

Quickly turning off the alarm clock, Logan reached out and patted Lola on the shoulder, signaling her to continue her sleep.

He suppressed his voice and said, "I'll go over and take a look. If you haven't rested enough, then sleep for a while longer."

Lola cocked the corner of her mouth. Indeed, she did not feel like getting up, and she said lazily, "Why does it sound like you're gonna catch him red-handed? I really doubt your relationship with him is purely platonic."

After squeezing Lola's face, he leaned in to kiss her. "What nonsense! Haven't you experienced how interested I am in women?"

Lola pushed him a little, then snuggled further under the quilt. "Okay, off you go then. I'm going to sleep for a while more."

Logan walked out of the room quickly and then considerably closed the bedroom door. He then opened the door of the suite and looked toward Ian's.

Just now, he had factored in some buffer time. Even if there was a traffic jam on the road, Ian should have arrived by now.

Logan tidied his clothes and then walked over slowly. He stood at the door of Ian's room and listened sneakily for a few seconds, only to hear nothing.

Is this hotel's soundproofing that good?

Finally, Logan raised his hand and knocked on the door.

About two seconds later, he heard a woman's voice. "Who is it?"

Stunned, Logan widened his eyes.

No way!

Lola really got it right.

Logan didn't speak but simply knocked some more.

The woman inside said, "I'm coming. I'm coming."

After a few seconds, the door was opened.

It was indeed a woman who had opened the door. She looked petite, and her hair was tied back into a ponytail.

Frowning, Logan raised his hand to push the door open. "Who are you?"

The woman took two steps back, her expression a little confused.

Then Logan heard a familiar voice coming from further inside. "What's the matter?"

As soon as Logan heard this, he went directly into the suite.

The layout of this suite was the same as the one he had arranged for himself. As soon as he entered the door, there was a small living room ahead. Right now, Ian was sorting the clothes in his suitcase there. It seemed that he had just arrived.

"Ian," Logan called out.

Ian slowly stood up straight, looking shocked. "Logan, why are you here?"

Of course, he was happy to see Logan. A few seconds later, he quickly rushed over and patted Logan on the shoulder. "Why are you here? Did you come here by yourself? Didn't your wife come with you?"

Logan's expression didn't relax at all. He turned halfway and looked at the person behind him. "Who is this?"

Ian smiled. "Oh, this is my assistant Ms. Selby."

Cindy Selby closed the door. She didn't know who Logan was, but since he was Ian's friend, her attitude changed for the better. "Hello."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1348

Logan then took a closer look at Ms. Selby, who looked ordinary and rather plain.

He withdrew his gaze. "Lola and I chose one of our honeymoon locations here so that we can meet you. Our room is next door. Do you have work arrangements throughout this trip? If you have time, let's visit some nearby attractions."

Ian looked at his assistant. "I don't have a packed schedule for tomorrow, right?"

Hearing the question, the little assistant hurriedly nodded. "You'll have half a day off tomorrow afternoon. But the schedule will be full after that."

Logan nodded. "Then let's go out and have fun together tomorrow afternoon."

After speaking, he smiled and commented, "Just now, when I knocked on the door and heard a woman respond, I nearly jumped out of my skin."

Ian continued to organize his clothes. "Don't you know me well?"

"I do. I know you so well that I sometimes pray that someone of the opposite sex can appear at once and save you."

After Logan finished speaking, he went to the sofa and sat down by himself.

Ian paused briefly in his movements, and then a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. "What is there to save? I'm fine now."

Logan sighed. "Did you see Sophia's baby that day? I only went and took a single look, but for reasons unknown, now all I can think of every night when I close my eyes is the baby's face."

Leaning on the sofa, he writhed his lips. "How happy I would be to have such a child in my family."

Ian laughed. "If you work hard, you'll be able to have one too next year."

Logan immediately looked expectant at Ian's words. "I too hope that my family will have an addition next year. My parents will be delighted."

The little assistant waited for a while before saying to Ian, "Let me do it for you. You can go over there and chat with your friend."

But Ian actually didn't like other people touching his things, so he frowned. "I'll do it myself."

The little assistant pursed her lips and stepped aside. "Okay."

Ian hung up the clothes and then dragged the suitcase aside.

Turning his head, Logan looked at the assistant. "How long have you been serving him?"

This question sounded a little ambiguous, and the little assistant blushed at once.

Ian came over, rolling his eyes at Logan. "Mind your words."

"Hey, both of you are the ones misunderstanding me, and yet you blame me. Your heads are full of filth." After Logan finished speaking, he turned to look at the assistant again. "I mean, how long have you been his assistant? Girl, don't think dirty about what I meant, okay?"

The assistant blushed again. "Less than a month. I just started."

Logan nodded. "No wonder you two don't get along very well. Well, that's natural at the start. Your relationship will get better and deeper in the future."

Ian frowned beside him. "Can't you speak properly?"

Laughing at his friend's question, Logan stated, "Look, you always misunderstand what I mean."

Sophia slept in the confinement room alone, and it was so comfortable. She felt that she hadn't slept so comfortably for a long time. The whole big bed belonged to her, and she could roll around as much as she wanted.

Compared to her, John felt more distraught. He also had a big bed, and he could roll around as he pleased too. But when he tossed and turned, there was no one in his arms.

Tonight, while Sophia was sleeping soundly, she suddenly felt that there was someone else beside her.

Shocked, she almost screamed.

However, his breathing was too familiar. It was so familiar to her that before her brain could respond, her body had automatically moved closer.

John carefully embraced her in his arms.

He thought that Sophia was not awake, but her eyes then opened.

Rubbing her forehead, he then left a peck on it.

Sophia originally wanted to snap at him, but when he kissed her like this, her heart softened.

So, the two of them held each other and slept till dawn broke.

When Sophia woke up in the morning, she got out of bed first, then put on her clothes and went to carry out her morning routine.

After she was done, John also sat up on the bed.

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John turned his head to look at Sophia. "I finally slept well after holding you last night."

Sophia huffed. "I was scared out of my wits last night when someone sneaked into my bed. I almost screamed for someone to catch the pervert."

Curling his lips, he leaned directly against the head of the bed. "So you woke up last night and even deliberately snuggled into my arms."

Sophia tutted at him. "I'm not gonna bicker with you anymore. I'm going to see my darling."

With that, she went out of the room and headed to the nursery. The baby woke up a long time ago and had been carried downstairs by the postnatal caregiver.

Sophia turned around and went downstairs. When she reached the stairs, she saw the baby kicking his little feet and waving his little hands in the crib.

He had changed into red clothes, making him look very feisty. The red color also caused his skin to look fairer by contrast.

Compared to how he looked a few days ago, he looked way better now.

Sophia's heart was a gooey mess as she looked at him. Indeed, as Matilda said, maternal love would get deeper and deeper with the passage of time.

Just then, Matilda came out from the kitchen with a bowl of soup in her hands. "Oh, you've come down. I wanted to bring this up to you. Come and drink the soup."

Sophia skipped down the stairs.

Seeing her, Matilda shook her head helplessly. "You look as if you have never given birth. I remember that when I gave birth to John... Ugh, I was as fat as a ball."

Sophia chuckled. "Perhaps it's genetics. No one in my family gets fat."

Or perhaps it was because she was malnourished during her childhood, so she had always remained thin.

Sophia took the bowl of soup and went to the crib. The little baby blinked his eyes, staring at her without any expression.

He didn't seem to be able to make any expressions other than the crying one for now. Sophia put out a hand and touched the baby's hand, which was soft and fair.

Matilda came up from the side. "This little one woke up at night. But unlike other children, he just looked for something to eat with his mouth open without crying."

Sophia didn't wake up in the middle of the night to feed the baby and instead slept soundly until the next day. Naturally, she didn't know what it was like when the child woke up in the middle of the night.

So, she asked, "Does he wake up often in the middle of the night?"

Matilda shook her head. "This boy is very sleepy. Sometimes when I think it's time to feed him, he would still be sleeping."

The postnatal caregiver came out from the kitchen. "Right? This boy is really easy to look after. After peeing, he'll twist his body to let us change his diaper, and he doesn't cry like other children either."

Sophia remembered how he didn't cry as soon as he was born in the delivery room either. Instead, he twisted his body and opened one eye to look at her and John. He even parted his lips into something that resembled a smile.

Sophia didn't believe that a baby could smile as soon as it was born, but his expression at the time was definitely not a crying one.

Recalling what happened, Sophia touched the baby's face. "This little boy is probably here to enjoy a blessed life."

That was why he was so happy to be born.

After Sophia finished the soup, John finally came down.

Now that the baby was born, William had talked to John last night and asked him to go back to the company to start work. However, John refused at once.

When the child was not born yet, he wanted to accompany Sophia throughout the pregnancy, but now when the child was born, he wanted to accompany the child.

He had only become a father recently, so he wasn't bored of it yet. How could he let go of his child and go back to work?

Old Mrs. Constance came back from a walk outside. When she saw John, she said, "How was your talk with your dad yesterday? Did you guys decide when you'll return to the company?"

"Yes," John replied. "When the child can walk, I'll go back. There is no shortage of employees at the company right now anyway."

Matilda frowned beside her.

When William and John were talking about this yesterday, she was listening to the side, and she never heard them deciding for John to go back to the company after the baby could walk.

In fact, William was extremely anxious and wanted John to return to the company and start working immediately.

Since when has John learned how to speak such nonsense?

It wasn't clear whether Old Mrs. Constance believed John's words, but she simply said, "It will take a long time for the baby to learn how to walk."

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"Yes." John went over to play with the baby. "When a child grows up, his father needs to be with him. This stage is critical."

Sophia couldn't bear to listen to his nonsense anymore, so she turned away to go and sit on the sofa.

Old Mrs. Constance looked at the baby and then at John. "Okay, okay. You're a first-time father, so I understand how you feel."

Laughing, John walked toward the dining hall with his arms around Old Mrs. Constance's shoulders. "I'm thinking of finding some time to visit Grandpa's grave and tell him the good news."

Old Mrs. Constance nodded. "Yeah, I've thought about this too. Your grandfather will be very happy when he learns about this."

On the sofa, Sophia was reminded of her own grandfather. She also remembered the hallucinations she had when she was in labor. It was etched in her mind that who she saw was her grandfather.

The old man was probably there to see her and her child.

After Sophia drank the soup, she followed everyone to the dining hall for breakfast.

The baby waved his arms alone in the crib in the living room without crying at all.

John seemed to be unable to bear the baby staying alone in the living room. After a few bites of food, John rushed out and carried him over. The postnatal caregiver reminded him, "Try not to carry him all the time. Children are smart. If you keep doing this, they'll become clingy in the future."

John didn't care about that. "It's okay. If he clings to me, then I'll hold him. I have a lot of time."

He had just become a father, and it was still a novel experience to him, to the extent that he wished he could hold the baby forever.

Sophia leaned over and teased her son a little. "If he likes it, then just let him hold the baby. In the future, if the child becomes clingy, he'll be responsible for carrying him."

John looked a little prideful. "It's my own son, so I'm happy to hold him."

Matilda tutted a few times next to him. "Look at him. It's as if he is the only person in the world who has a son."

Old Mrs. Constance spoke up. "Before you chide your son, think about what your husband was like back then."

At the beginning of the confinement period, Sophia felt quite content, but after a few days, she couldn't bear it anymore.

She wasn't allowed to do anything except eat and sleep every day. Life was even more boring than when she was pregnant.

Sophia sighed while lying on the bed. She had wanted to check her phone, but the phone was confiscated.

Then, she wanted to watch TV downstairs, but Matilda had nagged her not to.

The child was asleep, so she couldn't even play with him.

She had eaten and slept, so she really didn't know what else to do.

After a while, John pushed the door to enter, holding a plate of fruits in his hands.

Sophia rolled over and looked at him. "I'm so bored."

Smiling, John went over to put down the plate, then sat on the bed and ran his fingers through her hair. "Everything will be fine when the confinement period is over. Just bear with it for a while more."

Sophia held John's hand against her face. "I don't know what to do right now."

Leaning down, John kissed her with passion out of nowhere. "You don't know what to do? I have a lot of things I want to do with you."

Sophia pushed him away. "You jerk! I'm being serious with you."

John smiled. "I'm being serious too."

He brought the fruits over. "If you don't know what to do, eat these fruits first."

Sophia's stomach was already full, for she had just eaten a meal and was still digesting it. Right now, she couldn't even drink water.

She waved her hand and said, "I don't want to eat anything now. I'll watch you eat instead."

Putting the plate on the bed, John sat cross-legged beside Sophia. With one hand, he slowly stroked her stomach while he ate fruit with a fork in the other hand.

He had intended to help Sophia rub her stomach and speed up her digestion, but after a while, his hand slowly moved upward.

Sophia did not breastfeed her child, nor did the Constance Family insist that she must do so.

They thought of Sophia's difficult pregnancy and hoped for her to take a good rest after giving birth. Thus, the baby started drinking formula milk right after he was born.

After stroking for a while, John commented, "Your chest is so big even though you're not breastfeeding."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1351

Sophia slapped his hand. "Why have you become naughtier by the day?"

Sighing at her question, John cheekily replied, "At present, my naughtiness can only be expressed through my lips."

Sophia turned to face him. "What happened to Isabelle's family?"

John couldn't eat anymore after eating just a few pieces of fruit, so he placed the plate aside and lay down beside Sophia. "I don't know. I didn't ask, and she didn't contact me."

After Isabelle had gone through the Bailey Family's affairs, she had become a lot more sensible and knew when to keep a distance.

In the past, she would have called John over every little issue.

Sophia yawned. "Elder Mr. Bailey had already passed away for quite some days now, but I haven't seen an obituary from the Bailey Family. It seems that they really don't care."

John nodded. "I heard someone say yesterday that Ernest is planning to move out. I think he's waiting for the company's assets to be liquidated before withdrawing from the scene."

Honestly, Ernest was a rather unfortunate man. He was never favored by Elder Mr. Bailey since young, and in the end, he was even deceived by the latter.

Ernest was past the prime of his life now, so if he were to move to a new place, everything must be started from scratch, including his personal connections.

It was clear that he really hated the Bailey Family for him to have made such a decision.

Sophia really didn't have much to do, so she simply closed her eyes and said, "He can still get out of all the mess. It's fortunate enough that his unscrupulous father didn't drag him down."

John leaned in and kissed Sophia on the corner of her mouth. "You're right."

After kissing her, he was still a little unsatisfied. His lips moved greedily down the corner of Sophia's mouth to her neck. Sophia couldn't help but laugh and stretch out her hand to push him away. "Don't.

Otherwise, you're the one who suffers later."

Holding Sophia's hand, John changed the subject. "Looks like Logan and Lola have gone on their honeymoon."

Sophia was a little surprised. "I was on the phone with Logan last night, but he didn't tell me about it. Where did they go for their honeymoon?"

John buried his head in her neck, then said vaguely, "I think they're going to visit Ian. Ian has been involved in many events recently. They're probably following him and going around the country."

"Ian." Sophia sighed. In fact, she didn't know what she wanted to say.

But whenever she thought of him, her heart softened somewhat, mainly because he had helped her a lot when she was at the lowest point in her life.

It was also because of him that she met Logan and got his protection.

But it was clear that her mentioning of Ian had made John upset.

Opening his mouth, he bit down on Sophia's neck.

Sophia yelled, not in pain but shock. "What are you doing? If you want to eat something, go and eat the fruit."

Lifting his body, John stared at Sophia. His tone was slightly serious as he spoke. "What's wrong? Are you feeling uncomfortable when you think of him? It seems like there's some regret in your voice."

"Why should I feel uncomfortable? What's so regrettable about him?"

Sophia then cursed, "You're crazy."

John pursed his mouth and stared at Sophia for a long time, and then suddenly kissed her. The kiss was passionate but at the same time forceful, and this made her uncomfortable.

As John's body pressed down upon Sophia's, she was unable to break free. After a long time, he finally propped up his upper body and panted slightly. "I just don't want to hear you mention him nor think of him. Not unless one day he gets himself a girlfriend and then gets married to her. Only then can I let down my guard. Before that happens, you'd better behave in front of me in the future."

Sophia was initially a little angry. But when she saw John acting like this, she felt amused after thinking about it.

Her wrists were still pinned to the bed by John on both sides of her body. When she spoke, her chest rose and fell visibly. "John, you're really a lunatic, you know that? I have been married to you for a few years now, and we even have a child. How could you still say something like this to me?"

John didn't care about what she said at all. "So what if you've been married for a few years and even have a child? As long as someone is thinking about you, I just can't allow it."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1352

Sophia stared at John. After a long while, she said, "No one else is interested in me since I'm only a touch alluring in your eyes. Don't tell me you truly think those young, single guys will take a liking to a married lady who has conceived a child like me?"

John's expression remained tense. "What has your allure got to do with whether you're married or have a child? In my opinion, you're more beautiful than the average woman, so you're more alluring than them."

The two of them were initially headed for a row, but it veered off tangent at this remark, so the argument was no longer on the horizon. After all, this was obviously a somewhat corny complaint.

Sophia struggled for a bit. "Get up quickly. Get up! You're crushing me." John didn't move, so she heaved a sigh. "Let me tell you that no one else is interested in me. Even if someone were interested in me, I'm not interested in anyone else. You, John Constance, are so alluring that I'm worried that if I were to let go of you, Isabelle would quickly snatch you away."

Upon hearing this, John's expression eased. He flipped over and got off her, lying down beside her instead.

Sophia then continued, "Don't keep harping on the fact that Ian is interested in me. I'm not even guarding against Isabelle on your side, so this is the pot calling the kettle black. Do you really want things to persist like this?"

Pursing his lips, John resentfully muttered, "That's different."

"What's the difference?" Sophia flipped to her side to face him. "Do you dare say that Isabelle doesn't have feelings for you? Do you believe that if we were to get divorced now and you were to go back to her, she'd still be willing to get together with you?"

John shot her a glare. "Stop talking nonsense. What divorce? Don't simply say such a thing!"

Snorting, Sophia continued pursuing the subject, saying, "You can't tell me that Isabelle has no feelings for you, so she's no different to me than Ian is to you. However, do I guard against her as you guard against Ian? Was my attitude toward her amiable when she came over a few days ago? And did I object when you rushed over to help her with Elder Mr. Bailey's cremation with a mere phone call from her?"

John's brows furrowed, but before he could say anything in response, Sophia added, "Be honest with yourself, John. If this matter is reversed, and it was me rushing over to help Ian, will you be this calm now? Are you as magnanimous as I am?"

At this, John went silent. He thought, If this matter is reversed, and I know that Ian is in trouble, I wouldn't be able to stomach her running over to help him. Even if I don't say anything, my attitude will still be different.

As Sophia looked at his expression, she knew that her words had gone through. Snorting, she turned onto her back and stared at the ceiling. "I'm far more magnanimous than you."

John was rendered speechless, and Sophia didn't want to continue arguing with him either. After all, some things would damage the relationship if they were put too clearly. Anyhow, she believed that he understood her meaning. Closing her eyes, she composed herself, but a bout of drowsiness assaulted her. Just when she was on the verge of dozing off, she felt him leaning close to her.

John gave a soft sigh, his breath hitting her ear. Then, he carefully pulled her into his arms. "It's because I care about you." His voice was very low, so much so that it wasn't certain whether he intended her to hear those words.

Sophia merely turned and burrowed into his embrace, reaching out to hug him around the waist. With this action, no other words were necessary.

Meanwhile, Logan took Lola to visit the attractions nearby. After Ian had taken half the day to come out with them, he didn't have any more time on his hands. While his work wasn't really packed, he didn't have much time to spare. Nonetheless, Logan was in no hurry, so he strolled around with Lola. They had a lot of time, so they wanted to kill time while waiting to follow Ian to his next work destination.

Lola, on the other hand, had never been so relaxed. Besides eating, drinking, and having fun, nothing else existed in her mind every day.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1353

The two of them visited a canyon nearby and spent the better half of the day there. On the way back, Lola dozed off in the car, so Logan gathered her into his arms and kissed her gently on the forehead. The road was rather bumpy out of the canyon, so Lola couldn't quite sleep well, hugging Logan tightly around the waist instead. Lowering his voice, Logan suggested, "I noticed that you're worn out after going out for such a long time today, so how about only going out in the afternoon tomorrow?"

Lola was indeed tired. Perhaps I've been living the pampered life for too long that it's truly exhausting after running around and living it up today. My legs are sore. Thus, she murmured an acquiescence. "Okay. We've never been idle these few days, so it's indeed time to take a breather."

Logan pulled her tighter into his embrace. While the driver was distracted, he dipped his head and captured her lips. Lola didn't dare react much, so she merely pinched him on the waist. However, Logan wasn't at all intimidated, only releasing her after he'd had his fill. Feeling a tad embarrassed, Lola hurriedly buried her head into his chest.

After a while, Logan asked, "Did you notice Ian's assistant?"

Startled, Lola mulled it over, but she didn't have much of an impression toward Ian's assistant. The previous time they went out with him, she merely caught a glimpse of his assistant in the hotel corridor from afar, so she didn't even get a good look at her countenance. Slightly surprised, she questioned, "What's wrong? Is there a problem with his assistant?"

Logan smacked his lips. "I think his assistant seems to like him."

At this, Lola laughed. "Do you still remember the fact that he is Ian Morgan? He's a celebrity. His assistant will definitely adore him, and they both work together, so it's probably an innocent liking."

Pursing his lips, Logan mused, "Say, when they've interacted for a long time, will some not-so-innocent liking come into play?"

Lola didn't dare deny this since love developed in time for many people. However, there were also plenty of childhood sweethearts in this world who broke up in the end. Hence, it all depended on the individual's choice.

Logan didn't know whether he was reading too much into things, but he couldn't help thinking that the presence of another woman around Ian might possibly negate the devastation brought by Sophia. Then, he slowly let out a sigh. Anyway, matters of the heart are difficult to predict.

The car then arrived back at the hotel entrance. After paying the fare, Logan alighted from the car and carried Lola back to their room on his back. The two of them collapsed onto the bed together. A while later, he flipped over and pinned her under him. At first, Lola allowed him free rein, but she later pushed at him. "Let's take a shower first since we're both sweaty."

Logan had already removed most of her clothes, so he then yanked the

rest off her before carrying her into the bathroom. "We'll shower together."

At this time, Lola was no longer shy. After being married for such a long time, they'd seen all of each other and done everything under the sun. They didn't go into the bathtub. Logan treated her like a kid, putting her aside before turning on the shower, testing the temperature, and finally, carrying her over again.

Lola leaned against him. "I don't feel like moving, so you help me wash."

Of course, Logan would not decline performing such an easy and delightful chore. Young and turned on in the first place, desire consumed them both, and they got it on in the bathroom.

There were condoms in the hotel room, but neither of them used any. In the beginning, Logan deliberately skipped using them, but Lola later realized it as well. After ruminating on it, she didn't offer any objection. If she hadn't seen Sophia's child before, she might not be too keen to have a child, but she wasn't so opposed after seeing the child. Rather, she was even vaguely looking forward to it.

Initially, Logan planned to spend a month bringing Lola around.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1353

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Lola didn't dare deny this since love developed in time for many people. However, there were also plenty of childhood sweethearts in this world who broke up in the end. Hence, it all depended on the individual's choice.

Logan didn't know whether he was reading too much into things, but he couldn't help thinking that the presence of another woman around Ian might possibly negate the devastation brought by Sophia. Then, he slowly let out a sigh. Anyway, matters of the heart are difficult to predict.

The car then arrived back at the hotel entrance. After paying the fare,

Logan alighted from the car and carried Lola back to their room on his back. The two of them collapsed onto the bed together. A while later, he flipped over and pinned her under him. At first, Lola allowed him free rein, but she later pushed at him. "Let's take a shower first since we're both sweaty."

Logan had already removed most of her clothes, so he then yanked the rest off her before carrying her into the bathroom. "We'll shower together."

At this time, Lola was no longer shy. After being married for such a long time, they'd seen all of each other and done everything under the sun. They didn't go into the bathtub. Logan treated her like a kid, putting her aside before turning on the shower, testing the temperature, and finally, carrying her over again.

Lola leaned against him. "I don't feel like moving, so you help me wash." Of course, Logan would not decline performing such an easy and delightful chore. Young and turned on in the first place, desire consumed them both, and they got it on in the bathroom.

There were condoms in the hotel room, but neither of them used any. In the beginning, Logan deliberately skipped using them, but Lola later realized it as well. After ruminating on it, she didn't offer any objection. If she hadn't seen Sophia's child before, she might not be too keen to have a child, but she wasn't so opposed after seeing the child. Rather, she was even vaguely looking forward to it.

Initially, Logan planned to spend a month bringing Lola around.

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However, something went awry with Lola's condition when a little over half a month had passed. Her reaction toward everything turned ambivalent; she ate a lot at times, but other times, she felt like heaving no matter what was in front of her. Besides, she became increasingly lethargic.

Logan had been wondering whether she'd end up with child, so now that he saw her in such a condition, he instantly compared it with the information he got from the Internet. Regardless of whether it was truly what he thought or otherwise, he was still excited.

He initially wanted to take her to the hospital for a blood test and a thorough examination, but Lola was too lazy to move. Curling into herself on the hotel bed, she squinted. "I don't want to go anywhere." After saying that, she smacked her lips and added, "I want to eat tomatoes."

Without even thinking about it, Logan blurted, "I'll buy you whatever you want to eat." Even if she'd wanted ambrosia, he'd figure out a way to procure it for her, not to mention tomatoes. He didn't even bother using the hotel service to have them delivered but went out to buy them personally since he'd only rest easy if they chose the really ripe ones.

Lying on the bed, Lola grew drowsy again. She'd gone to bed very early the previous night, but still, she was very sleepy now. It wasn't that she hadn't considered the possibility that she was pregnant, but she also wondered whether she was simply too exhausted from going out every day recently. She didn't want to harbor too much hope lest it all turned out to be a misunderstanding in the end. If it was possible, she hoped to avoid the grief.

She then groggily dozed off on the bed. When she awakened, she saw Logan sitting by the bed, staring at her with a tender expression on his face. Propping herself up, she reluctantly sat up. "Where are the tomatoes?"

"I bought them and even washed them all for you. They're here." A plate sat on the bedside table at the side with two types of tomatoes inside—one was the tiny cherry tomato, while the other was the larger tomato grown in farmyards. Logan carried the plate over. "I'm not sure which type you want, so I bought both types."

Lola wasn't picky about it. Snagging one, she took a huge bite out of it. Upon seeing this, Logan took a tissue from the side and wiped her

mouth. "Slow down. No one is going to steal them from you." Now that she'd finally gotten to eat it, gratification instantly flooded Lola.

Subsequently, Logan took out something else from beside him. "Why don't you take a test tomorrow morning?"

Startled, Lola took it from him and studied it. It's a pregnancy test! All at once, she giggled. "Weren't you embarrassed when you bought this?"

"What's there to be embarrassed about? It's nothing out of the norm," Logan countered self-righteously.

Lola nodded. "You're right." It's indeed not a big deal, but I just find it difficult to imagine that a super blunt man like him will do such a thing. Putting it aside, she said, "Don't get your hopes up. Perhaps I'm just too tired these days."

Logan rubbed her arms with his hands. "It's okay. Nothing to be disappointed about if you're not pregnant. We can enjoy having more time with just the two of us then." At his remark, the pressure on Lola diminished significantly.

Nausea again started battering Lola after she'd eaten a few tomatoes. Rushing to the washroom, she dry heaved for a long time while Logan patted her on the back at the side. His brows creased. "I'd rather you're not pregnant if it means having to suffer so much. I'd prefer it to be gastroenteritis, for you'll be fine after taking some medicine." After washing her face, Lola turned around and hugged him.

Logan ordered lunch at the hotel and had room service deliver the food. Earlier, Lola clamored to pick a few dishes, but when the food was delivered, a wave of nausea hit her the moment she saw and smelled the dishes. Since she wasn't certain whether she was pregnant or suffering from a stomach problem, she didn't dare simply take medicine.

Seeing her in such a condition, Logan was at a loss and could only move the dishes she found offensive away. "How about going to the hospital right now?"

Lola waved a dismissive hand. "I don't want to go out. I'm not feeling very well."

Since she'd said as much, Logan couldn't do anything.

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Logan could only get Lola a bottle of water. "Why don't you drink some water? Perhaps you'll feel better."

Waving a dismissive hand, Lola returned to the bed and lay down.

Since she wasn't eating, Logan lost his appetite as well, merely sitting by the bedside and stroking her back. A little over half an hour later, Lola turned and glanced at the food on the dining table. "I think I can stomach some food now."

However, the food was already cold, so Logan suggested, "I'll put in a new order. This is already cold, so you'd better not eat it."

"No, it's fine." Getting out of bed, Lola headed over to the dining table. "There's no need to put in a new order. It's precisely because it's cold that the smell isn't too pungent." Her appetite now was entirely different than before.

Logan couldn't say anything to that, so he could only follow her over. The two of them then ate a completely cold lunch. Perhaps it was truly due to the less pungent odor that Lola wasn't put off but even ate slightly more compared to the previous two meals.

After she'd finished eating, Logan helped her back to the bed. Then, he washed some fruits and placed them on the bedside table for her to eat later.

Lola's stomach churned, so the food she ate didn't seem to stay where it should. Not long after she was lying on the bed, she

suddenly sprang up again.

Taken aback by such an abrupt move from her, Logan quickly rushed after her. Sprinting to the bathroom, Lola barfed and threw up everything she'd eaten just now. Turning on the faucet, she then held onto the sink for support. Logan promptly went over and patted her back, even gathering her hair back from her face. "Why did you retch again? Maybe it's truly gastroenteritis. Why don't you take some medicine?"

Subsequently, Lola hurled again, emptying the contents of her stomach for real. However, she then seemed to feel much better. Washing her face, she took a towel and wiped it dry. "It's okay. I'm feeling much better now."

Logan sighed. "How about booking flight tickets home?"

Slowly going back to the bed, Lola replied, "Let's go home. I'm missing home as well."

They both lay on the bed, and Lola nestled into Logan's embrace. Perhaps it was because she was feeling unwell that she easily grew emotional, for she felt her eyes begin to water as she hugged him around the waist. "I really miss home."

Logan kissed her on the forehead. "I'll reserve our flight tickets at once, and we'll go home tomorrow." In response, Lola merely plastered her face against his chest without saying anything.

Logan could still make her laugh if she were down in the dumps because of something happening around her, but he truly couldn't think of anything when she was feeling so melancholic.

Lola was indeed feeling much better after throwing up, so she fell asleep in no time as she lay there, resting.

At this time, Logan took out his cell phone and sent a message to Lynett. Thereafter, Lynett promptly called him. Hesitating for a moment, he then carefully shifted Lola to the side and slid out of bed, going to the sitting area outside to take the call. The moment the call was connected, Lynette blurted, "What's wrong? Is Lola pregnant?" "We're not sure yet," Logan hastily answered. "We haven't taken the pregnancy test, so I'd like to ask you what your symptoms were when you were pregnant."

Pregnancy is different for every individual, but it's highly probable to have a few overlapping symptoms. After contemplating for a moment, Lynette replied, "During the early stages, one will probably be slightly nauseous and suffer a loss of appetite. However, some will experience an increase in appetite instead. Besides, one will be lethargic, drowsy, or perhaps even a bit feverish."

Logan had tried surfing the Internet for answers, but the replies were varied. There were some which he felt fit Lola's condition, but not others.

After Lynette had said that, she instantly asked, "Is there good news from Lola?"

Logan scratched his head over here. "We're not sure yet. We'll be taking a test tomorrow."

Although he said they weren't sure, Lynette was already exclaiming in delight on the other end. "I'm truly impressed with the two of you. That's quick, so great job! In this case, don't linger out there. Come home. Hurry up and come back. Come back and stay home. The pregnancy is precarious in the early stages, so she's got to keep off her feet."

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Logan grunted in acknowledgment. "I've booked tickets for tomorrow morning, so we'll be coming back tomorrow itself."

Lynett's voice was still tinged with a hint of elation. "Logan, I'm truly afraid that Dad will be so worked up when he learns about this that he passes out at once."

Logan was initially nervous, but after hearing this, he instantly chuckled. "You struck fear in me with that remark. I'm afraid that it'll all turn out to be a misunderstanding on my part."

On the other hand, Lynett dissolved in laughter. "Nah, no worries. I'll give him some hints beforehand."

Pursing his lips, Logan deliberated for a moment. "Don't tell him anything first since we're not certain yet at the moment. I'm afraid that we might be rejoicing too soon."

"I know, so don't worry, Logan."

The two of them didn't chat for long before hanging up. Taking a few deep breaths, Logan then whirled around and went back to the room.

Lola was still sleeping in the same position when he left, so he gently slipped back into bed and pulled her into his arms again. So, a woman starts suffering from morning sickness so early. It's truly not easy.

Although Lola had hurled all the contents of her stomach, she could sleep very well. Her sleep lasted the entire day until dusk fell. A pang of hunger assailed her when she awakened, so she flipped over for a bit, not quite in the mood to move about. She reached out and pushed Logan who was beside her. "I'm hungry."

Logan immediately jolted awake. "What would you like to eat?"

There wasn't any particular thing which she wanted to eat, so Lola thought about the dishes she ate this afternoon. However, the moment she did so, a wave of nausea hit her. Smacking her lips, she deliberated for an eternity before saying, "I want to eat wrap."

Logan frowned. There's no wrap here. However, he definitely couldn't say that to her. She finally feels like eating something, so I've got to make sure that she gets it no matter what. Thus, he merely got out of bed. "Wait for a while, then. I'll go and get it right away."

Lola murmured an assent. "Okay, I'll be waiting."

Quickly getting out of bed, Logan dressed and left the room to head over to the hotel restaurant. There were no wraps, so he could only pay to have the chef make some on the spot. Since he wasn't sure the kind of filling she wanted for the wrap, he had the chef make a wrap of everything he could think of.

Making wraps was rather tedious, and Logan requested for quite a variety of fillings, so it took almost an hour. Then, he swiftly carried the wraps back to their room, only to see that Lola was already out of bed and had even washed her face. At this time, she was sitting in the sitting area outside, waiting for him. Taking the wraps over, he asked, "Do you still feel like eating now?"

When Lola saw the feast before her, she nodded. "Yup."

Logan took each type out as he told her the filling inside. There were some that caused a surge of nausea rising within her the moment she heard them, but some piqued her curiosity. Picking two, she ate them both. While the wraps weren't all that big, she had enough after having two. Logan ate two as well before placing the rest aside. Lola then went over and fetched the fruit platter back before sitting cross-legged on the sofa. Upon seeing that her condition seemed to have improved, Logan breathed a sigh of relief. The two of them sat together and watched television for a while before a call came in from Lorraine.

The moment Logan saw it, he knew that Lynett must have said something to her. Worried that Lola would feel pressured if she heard the conversation, he hastily went into the bedroom with his cell phone in hand. Sure enough, the first question out of Lorraine's mouth when the call was connected was whether Lola was pregnant. In response, Logan heaved a sigh. "Lynett promised me not to tell

anyone, but she told you all in the next heartbeat.”

At this, Lorraine laughed. “You know how Lynett is. She’s tight-lipped toward outsiders, but she doesn’t have a filter when it comes to family.”

“We’re still uncertain whether she’s actually pregnant or merely suffering from gastroenteritis, so don’t spread this any further. I’m worried that she’ll feel pressured if she hears it,” Logan explained. Lorraine understood this, so she reassured him by saying, “Don’t worry. I’m just calling to ask about her current condition.”

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Her condition? Logan peered out the door over his shoulder. “She’s okay now, and she ate a bit. She doesn’t seem to be feeling as bad as she was earlier. At noon, she threw up everything she’d eaten.”

“This is normal during pregnancy. From the very beginning when the embryo is formed to delivery at the very end, not a single day passes without discomfort.” Lorraine’s voice was gentle. Then, she urged, “Be nicer to her. Her temper might get increasingly volatile as time passes, so just put up with it.”

Logan gave a bark of laughter. “You speak as though you’re certain that she’s pregnant.”

Lorraine said nothing, but she felt that it was undoubtedly the case. Lola is young, so it’s no surprise that it’s easy for her to conceive. However, she couldn’t swear by it since she was afraid of giving Logan too much hope as his disappointment would certainly double if it all turned out to be a misunderstanding. She merely told him to buy some fruits with an antiemetic effect before saying that Lola should start taking folic acid supplements. Then, she also informed him of some other things he should note. Logan nodded. “Okay, got it.”

They didn’t talk for long. Logan then hurried back out to watch television with Lola. During the day, Lola was in such distress, but she was increasingly better at this time. While watching the television program, she laughed uproariously. Upon seeing her in such high spirits, Logan felt that perhaps he’d read into things too much. There’s nothing wrong with her now, so maybe it was just a stomach problem. He couldn’t put a finger on whether he was disappointed. I don’t want to see her suffer, but I do yearn for a child. Such a feeling was rather unsettling, so he tried his best to compose himself.

After watching two episodes of television series with her, he took her out of the hotel for a stroll. While strolling, he gave Ian a call to inform him that he would be leaving with Lola. Surprised, Ian asked, “What’s wrong? Did something happen?”

Logan didn’t dare tell him the truth, afraid that he’d drawn the wrong conclusion. “No. Lola isn’t feeling very well, and she didn’t eat much today. Perhaps she’s too tired since we’ve been away from home for too long.”

Ian was actually very understanding of him, so he promptly reassured him that it was fine and urged him to take Lola home to rest. Anyway, he’d been feeling rather guilty in the first place that they came all the way here because of him and went all over the place with him, so he felt all the more worse now that Lola had fallen ill from the weariness. This is originally their honeymoon, yet it’s now coming to such an end.

Logan then told him not to take it to heart, assuring him that they’d been having much fun in the half a month they’d been away.

On the other end, Ian sighed. "I'll find a time to take some time off and go back for a gathering."

"It's okay. Your job is more important now, and I'm all the more happy the better you do. In the future, no one from the Morgan Family will dare pick on you anymore."

After the two of them had exchanged a few more words, Ian then had something to do, so they hung up.

There was a slight breeze at night, so Lola felt very much energized after enjoying some wind. Hooking her arm around Logan's, she mused in a voice threaded with hope, "Say, if I'm truly pregnant, will it be a boy or a girl?"

Logan chortled. "We're not certain yet, so don't pin your hopes on it."

Lola nodded. "You're right, but we can ponder upon it first. Would you like a boy or a girl?"

Without even thinking about it, Logan blurted, "I like both." He'd never thought that he'd have a child, so if he truly had one, it'd be precious to him regardless of gender.

Lola giggled airily. "I really loved Sophia's son when I saw him the other day. I think it's good to have a son. A boy doesn't require much care since he'll be tough, and we won't be too tired either."

His head snapping to the side, Logan stared at her. "You're just trying to save yourself some trouble."

Lola guffawed. "Yup! I've never been a mother, so I definitely won't know how to take care of our first child. Thus, it's best to have one who isn't too finicky."

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Logan nodded. "That's true. If it's a boy, I can bring him out to expend some energy when I'm free." With that start of a conversation, the two of them continued discussing the topic at length, seemingly planning out their entire life ahead.

After strolling around, they went back to the hotel whereupon Lola took a shower. Standing beside her, Logan helped to blow-dry her hair. Then, he helped her with her pajamas. Lola was initially not sleepy at all, but she again started yawning incessantly when she climbed into bed.

When Logan came out after washing up, she was already dozing off. Chuckling, he went over and switched off the light, leaving only a dim light by his bedside. Lola had her back to him, but when he plastered himself to her, her hand snaked back to push him away. "Keep your distance. I want to sleep peacefully by myself." Her body was stretched out in a slightly exaggerated posture. She felt knackered no matter how she changed positions on the bed, but this odd posture had her feeling a smidge better.

Groping for a bit under the covers, Logan then laughed. "What yoga pose are you doing?"

Lola rubbed against the pillow. "It's comfortable to lie like this." She occupied most of the bed, so Logan could only squeeze to the side. Upon seeing that she even wanted to stretch her leg over the edge of the bed, he chuckled as he pulled the covers over her.

Since he'd slept for half the day in the afternoon, he was certainly not sleepy now. Thus, he pillowed his head with an arm and stared up at the ceiling. As he recalled the beautiful future they'd imagined while strolling outside, the corners of his mouth lifted, and he just couldn't help smiling. I've been living each day in a haze back then, never once considering how I wanted to live the rest of my days. Now, however, it's different. I'm filled with anticipation for the future, and every day is meaningful.

After lying there with his thoughts for a good while, he turned to gaze at Lola's back. "I've got us a flight tomorrow, but it's not too early, so you can sleep in for a bit." She didn't reply, so he leaned

over after a brief contemplation, only to discover that she'd already fallen asleep. It takes her no time to doze off. He then turned off the light on his side and scooted over to hug her before closing his eyes as well.

It was during the wee hours when he finally fell into slumber. As the flight tomorrow wasn't at the crack of dawn, he slept for a while. In the end, he was awakened by Lola. Sitting on the bed at his side, Lola looked down at him. "Wake up, Logan. I've got something to tell you."

Logan squinted. "What is it?"

Lola's expression was a touch complicated since she seemed to be smiling yet not, appearing all mysterious.

Turning over, Logan lay on his back. "What is it that you want to tell me?"

Lola said nothing, merely whipping out the item she hid behind her back and placing it before him. It was something he bought yesterday. He'd scrutinized the packaging at that time, so he more or less recognized it now. He was a tad stunned at first, but he snapped back to his senses in mere seconds and sat up instantly, snatching it out of her hand. "Two lines?"

The corners of her mouth tilted upward, Lola nodded. "Yup. It's two distinct lines." The significance of this was plain as day.

Logan stared at the item in his hand for ages before he shifted his gaze to her. Then, he lowered his head again. Lola was the first to react, scooting closer to hug him. "Are you happy?"

For some inexplicable reason, Logan felt shaky all over that he didn't quite dare hug her. "Of course, I'm happy! How could I possibly be anything else?" Gently stroking her back, he then released his hold on her and cupped her face, giving her a hard kiss. "I'm at a loss now. Tell me, what should I do now?"

"You should get out of bed to wash your face and brush your teeth now. We'll pack our things, then we need to leave for the airport after eating," Lola replied with a smile.

Logan hastily seconded her words. "We're going home today. We'll tell them the good news when we arrive home today!"

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Logan's movements were exceedingly swift. Springing out of bed, he dashed over to the bathroom to wash his face and brush his teeth, a whirlwind of activity. Meanwhile, Lola had already packed up, so she merely changed and sat in the sitting area to wait for him. Logan then packed his luggage as well, but there wasn't much luggage since most were odds and ends they bought during their trips out.

When everything was done, the two of them went downstairs and ate a simple breakfast at the hotel restaurant. Then, they took a taxi to the airport. They got the time just right, for they boarded the plane shortly after arriving at the airport.

Logan was so excited that despite his initial plan of surprising his family after going back, he gave Old Mr. Jefferson a call while the plane hadn't yet taken off. When Old Mr. Jefferson answered the call, his voice was no different than usual; he merely knew that they were coming back today, but not Lola's possible pregnancy. Perhaps Lynett and Lorraine didn't tell him anything out of worry for his health. Bouncing off the walls, Logan declared, "Dad, I'll tell you something, but you've got to stay strong, okay?"

All at once, a bolt of fear lanced through Old Mr. Jefferson. "Have you done something reprehensible again, you damn kid? Let me tell you, I'm not going to help you if you've created a huge mess. You've got to take responsibility by yourself!"

Logan hooted in laughter over the phone. Then, he asserted, "It's not something reprehensible. It's something good."

However, Old Mr. Jefferson obviously didn't believe him. "Have you ever done anything good? You've never done anything decent since young."

This remark truly saddened Logan.

Beside him, Lola could hear everything Logan said. A tad embarrassed, she raised her hand and patted him on the arm, shaking her head to signal him not to publicize her pregnancy. After all, it's not certain yet since a pregnancy test may be wrong.

After a while, Logan again insisted through the phone, "It's truly a good thing. Say, why can't you just trust your son once?"

"Cut the crap!" Old Mr. Jefferson blurted. "I know your despicable character all too well. So, what trouble did you wreak this time?"

Logan hissed. "Old man, if you continue speaking like this, there's nothing more to be said between us. I won't tell you, then."

Old Mr. Jefferson had no intention of yielding to his threat. He snorted, "Whatever! I'm not interested in whatever deplorable thing you've done. Just settle it yourself." After saying that, he hung up the phone before Logan could respond.

Exclaiming, Logan's face was filled with surprise as he gripped his cell phone in his hand. "This old man's temper has gotten worse with me gone."

Beside him, Lola burst out laughing. Dad is becoming increasingly child-like. At times, he's even cuter than a child!

The plane's cabin doors started closing after a while, so Logan turned off his cell phone.

Still feeling a touch discomfited, Lola leaned back in her seat wanly. Lifting a hand, Logan stroked her hair. "We'll be home very soon, so just put up with it first. Everything will be fine when we're home."

Murmuring an assent, Lola closed her eyes and leaned against his shoulder. She felt as bad today as she was yesterday, but she could endure it since she'd learned that it was good news.

She didn't sleep much throughout the entire flight, for nausea remained her ever-present companion. Despite having drunk a few glasses of water, the nausea was still at the forefront. The distress she felt throughout it all was just indescribable; she just felt uncomfortable no matter how she sat, and she wanted to sleep, yet she just couldn't doze off.

Actually, she could tell that Logan was also restless beside her when she was feeling ill at ease, but she truly couldn't feign nonchalance. She was just so harrowed that she simply didn't know what to do. She ate some fruits mid-flight, but nausea rose after she'd eaten them. In the end, she could only lean back against her seat and inhale deeply. It seemed that it was the only way to reduce the irritating queasiness within her.

When the plane landed, Lola almost burst out in tears. Finally, we're home!

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They didn't have much luggage, so they disembarked from the plane right away. When they went to the airport terminal to retrieve their luggage, Lola instantly caught sight of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt at the exit. All at once, tears streamed down her face. Logan came over after retrieving their luggage and walked out with an arm wrapped around her shoulder.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt knew that they were coming back today, but they weren't aware of the specifics. Thus, Mr. Hunt immediately panicked when he saw Lola crying now. He fixed his gaze on Logan. "What happened?"

Logan beamed. "It's good news, so don't worry."

Mrs. Hunt rushed over and stroked Lola's head. "What good news

actually made you cry?"

Lola dashed her tears. "I was just missing home, nothing more.

Logan didn't bully me."

This wasn't the place to talk, so they all left the airport terminal and went to the parking lot. Logan then turned and looked at Lola. "How about going back to Jefferson Mansion first? Our family doctor is there."

After contemplating for a moment, Lola nodded. "Okay."

Upon hearing that, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt grew a tad anxious. "What's wrong? Why do you need to see a doctor? Are you not feeling well?"

Lola suddenly didn't know what to say. She just felt that she'd seem fussy no matter the kind of tone she adopted, so she pursed her lips and said nothing for a long while. Beside her, Logan chuckled. "Let's all talk about it back at Jefferson Mansion."

At this, Lola nodded. "Let's talk back at Jefferson Mansion."

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt's brows knitted together without easing throughout the entire drive. Traffic was smooth, and they arrived home without having to stop at a single red light.

Meanwhile, Old Mr. Jefferson was sitting in the living room with all four young ladies of the Jefferson Family. Old Mr. Jefferson wore a long face, while the four ladies had elation written all over their faces.

When Logan walked in with Lola hand in hand, Lynett immediately rushed over. "Quick, come over and have a seat, Lola. You must have suffered much on the way back. Is there anything you wish to eat? Tell me now, and I'll have the kitchens prepare it."

Lorraine, on the other hand, lifted a hand and had a servant summon the family doctor. At this, Old Mr. Jefferson frowned. "Why are you summoning the doctor? What utterly reprehensible thing has this brat done that it'll even enrage me to the point of suffering an attack?"

Lorraine burst into laughter. "It won't enrage you to the point of suffering an attack. I didn't summon the doctor for you, but there's also a possibility that you'll pass out from exhilaration."

The moment Mr. and Mrs. Hunt heard this, they could somewhat guess the crux of the issue. Mrs. Hunt promptly helped Lola to the sofa. "What's wrong with you? Are you not feeling well?"

Lola placed a hand over her stomach, her expression slightly conflicted. "I'm not all that certain yet."

Mrs. Hunt's gaze fell on her hand, only realizing after an eternity had passed that she should be wearing a smile on her face. "Did you take a test?"

Lola nodded. "Two lines."

Mrs. Hunt clapped her hand, her gleeful expression clear as day. "It's undoubtedly true, then. That means you're pregnant. You're with child!" After saying that, she looked up and glanced at Mr. Hunt before turning to look at Old Mr. Jefferson. "Lola is pregnant!"

Old Mr. Jefferson's reaction was much slower than Mr. and Mrs. Hunt's. His gaze was pinned on Lola for a long while before he swung it over to Logan. Logan likewise stared at him. "Is this considered a reprehensible thing?"

It was ages before Old Mr. Jefferson finally reacted, but his first action was to snag the cane beside him and swing it at Logan. "You brat! You were toying with me earlier, huh?"

Beside him, Lysa dissolved into laughter. "You didn't know how much your phone call terrified Dad! He phoned us to ask whether you'd wrought trouble, how huge a problem it was, and whether it could be settled with money. Thereafter, he'd been sitting here, awaiting your arrival."

Logan then went over to Old Mr. Jefferson and sat down beside him,

but Old Mr. Jefferson swung his cane at him. "Why didn't you just tell me such great news outright, you little b*stard? I was wondering whether you'd killed someone or committed arson that'd land you in prison!"

At the side, Lola couldn't stifle her laughter, feeling much better possibly because she was in a good mood.

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A while later, the family doctor arrived. He first took Lola's pulse, but since it wasn't a foolproof method, he then took a blood sample and said that the result would be out at night. Despite the lack of a definite result, everyone had already taken it for granted that Lola's stomach housed a tiny life.

Mrs. Hunt's eyes were red-rimmed. "You gave me a scare, child. I thought you weren't feeling well."

Lola hugged her arm. "While I was indeed feeling indisposed out there, I'm fine now."

After she'd chatted with them for some time downstairs, a wave of weariness enveloped her. A room had already been prepared upstairs, so Logan took her up for her to rest. Since he'd clocked her distress throughout the entire journey, he was determined to have her as comfortable as she could be now that they were home.

As soon as Lola entered the room, she went over to the bed and sprawled out. Perhaps it was because she was feeling happy that she was physiologically feeling fine, so she let out a long sigh of relief. "It feels great to be home! I'm refreshed in the blink of an eye!"

Chuckling, Logan caressed her face. "Is there anything you want to eat?"

Lola pondered for a moment. "I want to eat ice cream!"

Logan's smile instantly vanished. "Then, it can only remain a craving. That's too cold, so you shouldn't be eating it since your stomach isn't so good now."

Upon hearing that, Lola snorted and flipped over, giving her back to him. Sitting down beside her, Logan stroked her arm. "Be a good girl and listen to me."

Still, Lola snorted as she shrugged. Such an adorable gesture had Logan's heart softening. After deliberating for a moment, he gentled his voice. "What about just eating a bit? You can't eat too much. Will a few bites do?"

All at once, Lola flipped back over and hugged his arm, a smile instantly blooming on her face. "Yes! A few bites will do!" Logan truly loved her kittenish expression. Abruptly leaning down, he captured her lips. Lola didn't struggle either, hooking her arms around his neck and responding gently. Logan definitely couldn't devour her at this time, so he could merely satisfy his desire with a kiss. In the end, he hoisted himself up. "What flavor do you want?" Pursing her lips, Lola thought for a while. "Strawberry." Logan nodded. "Okay. Wait for me here, and I'll get it for you right away."

He then got up and left, so Lola lay back down on the bed while hugging the covers. She was initially a touch sleepy, but her drowsiness was all gone now even as she felt as snug as a bug. Logan was gone a long time, so he'd probably gone out to buy the ice cream since there wasn't any in Jefferson Mansion.

Lola sat up and snagged her cell phone over, but it was as clean as could be without any messages or missed calls. The employees over at the gym all knew that she'd gone on her honeymoon, so they wouldn't bother her under normal circumstances. Thus, she was resigned to trawl the internet for some gossip, but this wasn't quite

her cup of tea, so she quickly grew bored after glancing through a few headlines. In the end, she put her cell phone down and slipped out of bed, going over to the window. When she'd reached the window, she was greeted by the sight of the empty space in front of the main building as soon as she lowered her head.

It so happened that Logan had just come in from outside and was striding across the empty space with a plastic bag in his hand that probably contained ice cream. After a few steps, he stopped. Mulling it over for a moment, he then slipped off his jacket and draped it over his arm to cover the plastic bag.

All at once, understanding dawned upon Lola. He's probably afraid that the others will see it. After all, I'm in a delicate condition now, so they might not necessarily agree to let me eat such a thing.

Subsequently, Logan marched into the living room. Meanwhile, Lola went back to bed and waited for him. In no time, he came up, but he didn't carry everything upstairs, merely a single carton of ice cream. This is enough! Lola hurriedly beckoned to him. "Come here, come here."

Never had Logan seen her this enthusiastic toward any food, so while he was still a smidge hesitant earlier, he now felt that it wasn't a big deal after a moment's contemplation.

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Logan went over and opened the cover. "Just a little. You can only eat a few bites, remember?"

Lola impatiently snatched the spoon from him. "Yes, yes."

Then, she proceeded to dig up a huge spoonful, whereupon Logan quickly stilled her hand. "Slow down. If you eat such a big bite, your stomach won't be able to take it." Dipping his head, he ate half the spoonful of ice cream before humming thoughtfully. "You can only eat this much in a bite."

Lola rolled her eyes at him, instantly switching over from her docile demeanor earlier. Amused at her expression, Logan guffawed.

"You've got two sides to you, huh?"

Subsequently, Lola ate two bites of ice cream. It was indeed too cold, so she couldn't quite stomach it though it was also mainly because she was a tad worried that it might affect the baby. Thus, she put the spoon down. "Let it thaw for a bit first. I'll eat it later."

Logan hurriedly moved the carton of ice cream aside. Lola then returned to the bed and leaned back against the headboard. "I feel like eating strawberries."

"I'll buy some. I'll buy whatever you want to eat." Logan didn't find it troublesome at all. As soon as he'd finished speaking, he got up to leave, but Lola hurriedly called after him. "I'm not craving it all that much, so don't go first." She found herself rather demanding, and she'd only now realized that she'd be utterly humiliated if the result were to turn out negative.

Logan stood by the door. "I'll go and buy some now if you want to eat it. If I don't do so right away, you might not want to eat it anymore later."

Lola beckoned him over. "I'm not craving it now, so come over here. I want you to keep me company."

Upon hearing that, Logan finally turned around and walked back to the bed. Lola tugged at his arm and pulled him down to the bed.

Then, she nestled into his embrace. As though scooping up a child, Logan heaved her onto his lap. "Are you still feeling unwell?"

Lola shook her head. "Nope. I'm feeling much better now that I'm home." Indeed, she looked much better from her countenance.

Burrowing into him, she then closed her eyes.

Downstairs, both the Jeffersons and Hunts were still gathered,

discussing the changes in the menu now that Lola was pregnant. Earlier, Logan came back while hiding ice cream and even secreted a carton upstairs, thinking that no one saw it, but everyone's eyes were sharp. They merely pretended not to see anything since Lola must have suffered much on the way back. Besides, she was in the early stages of pregnancy, so it wouldn't have much of an effect if she only had some.

However, some restrictions were inevitable as the pregnancy progressed. Considering Logan's indulgence of her, he'd definitely give her whatever she wanted, so everyone needed to keep an eye on this. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had always gone along with her wishes as well, but in this matter, they were of the same opinion as the Jeffersons. Mrs. Hunt nodded. "Yes, we can't allow Lola free rein. She doesn't know anything, so she'll surely eat whatever she pleases." "Since they'd be living in their own house, you've got to keep an eye on things, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. I'll hire a maid, but they definitely won't listen to her, so you've still got to supervise for a bit. What do you think about this?" Lorraine suggested at once.

Mrs. Hunt waved a dismissive hand. "There's no need for a maid. No, no, it's not necessary. Her father and I don't have much to do, so we'll be fine taking care of her. My daughter isn't such a pampered person, so she might feel uncomfortable instead with a maid in her house."

Lorraine nodded after a moment's contemplation. "Alright, then. But you must tell me if you need any help, and I'll then hire someone."

Lola's blood test result came out at night, and she was indeed pregnant. Old Mr. Jefferson was like a dog with two tails, on cloud nine after truly receiving the result albeit having guessed that she was with child earlier. He had someone buy back firecrackers and fireworks, declaring that they were going to celebrate.

Logan, however, was slightly apprehensive. "What if you scare my son with such a racket?"

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Old Mr. Jefferson raised his cane again. "Do you really need to be so fastidious?"

Logan wasn't fastidious. Rather, he was truly afraid. People always say that the first trimester is precarious, so one has to be exceedingly careful. I don't even dare to speak loudly to Lola now, yet Dad wants to set off firecrackers? He vehemently opposed.

Disregarding his opposition, Old Mr. Jefferson went upstairs in search of Lola and told her that they'd like to celebrate with some firecrackers and fireworks, asking whether it was okay with her. Lola naturally knew what he meant by the so-called celebration, so she instantly nodded. "Sure." Everyone is happy, and they want to express it through such a method, so it's fine. While she felt rather embarrassed to have a celebration just because she was pregnant, a bun in the oven was truly a momentous occasion to the Jeffersons considering their resignation of Logan never getting married or having a child.

Old Mr. Jefferson turned and shot Logan a glare. "Fortunately, it isn't you who's pregnant. If the baby were in your stomach, you'd probably sew our mouths shut."

His face scrunching into a tense mask, Logan stared at Lola. "Are you sure it's okay to set off firecrackers when you're pregnant? Will it scare you?"

Lola truly wanted to cover her face with both hands. Is this guy an idiot? What's there to be scared of?

Logan then continued, "Even if you're not afraid, what if the child gets frightened? Such a racket is terrifying."

At this, Lola didn't even feel like seeing him anymore. No matter how much common sense he lacks, he can't be ignorant of the fact that

the firecrackers won't suddenly be set off next to me, so what's there to be terrified of?

Old Mr. Jefferson didn't want to argue with Logan anymore. "Never mind, I don't want to talk to an idiot." Having said that, he then slowly stalked away with a hint of smugness.

This was no joke to Logan, so after Old Mr. Jefferson had left, he sat on the edge of the bed and took Lola's hand. "Are you sure it's okay? Firecrackers emit such a booming noise that I'm afraid it'll affect you."

Lola initially wanted to laugh, but she couldn't quite bring herself to do so as she gazed at his solemn expression now. Lifting a hand, she touched his face. "Why are you so adorable?" Taking his hand, she placed it on her stomach. "This little peanut probably won't even be visible on a B-scan. It's too tiny, so it doesn't have any perception of the outside world. Don't worry. Even if the sky explodes at this moment, it won't affect him in any way."

Logan caressed her stomach gently. "But I just worry." There's a tiny life in her stomach, after all, so my understanding of life states that I've got to protect it wholeheartedly.

Lola's heart softened. "Don't worry. Actually, kids are even stronger than we give them credit for. They're not that fragile." At this, Logan sighed and said nothing further.

Everyone in the Jefferson Family as well as Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had dinner at Jefferson Mansion, so it was naturally lively with so many people. Lola had been suffering from a lack of appetite previously, but as she sat at the dining table and stared at the dozen or so dishes on the table today, she instantly started salivating. Beside her, Logan urged, "Tell me what you want to eat. I'll take the ones you can't reach."

At the side, Lorraine tsked. "I just loathe eating with Logan. Did you all notice that he kept shooting daggers at me when I took a few prawns the previous time we ate together? I had no idea why he did that at first, but I later learned that Lola loved eating prawns as well."

Startled, Lola then gave an embarrassed chuckle. Conversely, Logan shamelessly admitted, "I glared at you several times then, but you just didn't get it."

At the side, Lynett made a long sound of understanding. "No wonder you asked the kitchens to prepare an extra plate of prawns when they were cooking today. I was wondering why you did that since you usually don't favor it all that much, yet you carried the dish out yourself."

Everyone else at the table laughed. Raising a hand, Old Mr. Jefferson pointed at Logan while directing his words to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. "I've raised this brat for almost 30 years, yet he has never treated me with such reverence."

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Mr. Hunt smilingly commented, "Young people lack foresight, so it's understandable. It's par for the course."

Logan didn't feel that he'd done anything wrong. There were two plates of steamed prawns on the table, so he moved one of them right before Lola. "I was a touch embarrassed to do this earlier, but now that everything is on the table, there's nothing to be embarrassed about anymore. Here, this is all yours, Lola."

Lola truly admired his level of shamelessness. They've already mocked him that much, yet he can still be so brazen in his speech. At the side, Mrs. Hunt couldn't quite stop laughing. "I never knew that Logan's so hilarious!"

Old Mr. Jefferson harrumphed. "You think he's hilarious, but I feel like beating him to death!"

Not at all bothered, Logan peeled two prawns for Lola and placed them into her bowl. "You don't need to bother about them. They're just jealous." His voice was exceedingly tender.

Failing to stifle her laughter, Lola guffawed. Jealous? The thing is, what could these people at the dinner table be jealous of?

At this time, the usually taciturn Lysa giggled as well. "Logan's mental fortitude is particularly strong. He has a set of personal standards, and he doesn't care whatever people may say. I think such a spirit is quite valuable." As this remark fell, one couldn't tell for certain whether it was a compliment or scorn.

Logan nodded, looking all proud to have received a compliment.

"Therefore, all of you have to learn from me. Got it? You've got to strengthen yourself mentally every day. Look at me. No one can hurt me." He was actually right, for he was both mentally and physically strong, so it was indeed true that no one could hurt him.

After the bout of laughter, everyone started eating. It was a joyous occasion today, so all the men at the table indulged.

The kitchens prepared freshly-made grape juice for Lola, claiming that it had an antiemetic effect. The Jeffersons truly care a lot for me! In a good mood, her appetite was likewise great, and she ate more than usual.

Although Logan was clinking glasses beside her, the focus of his attention had always been centered on her. The moment she turned to get to her feet, he swiftly asked, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Placing her hand on his shoulder, Lola patted him gently. "I'm fine. I'm just going to the washroom."

Logan's worry wasn't an act at all, and Mrs. Hunt saw it plain as day at the side. Lola ate a lot, yet she was also quick, so she was already full while the others were still eating as they chatted. She languidly made her way to the refrigerator in the kitchen. After a moment's contemplation, she rummaged in the freezer.

Logan had been keeping an eye on her out of his peripheral vision, so he instantly sprang up when he noticed her opening the freezer.

Without even saying a single word to the others, he strode toward the kitchen. His movement was so sudden that everyone around him was shocked.

Mrs. Hunt knew that Lola had gone to the kitchen, so now that she saw him hurrying over, she hastily followed, thinking that something might have happened to Lola. However, before she'd even reached them, she saw Lola crouched in front of the refrigerator while Logan stood beside her, stilling her hand that happened to be holding a carton of ice cream.

Since Logan had imbibed, his eyes were slightly red at this time. "No. You've just had dinner, and this is too cold."

Pressing her mouth into a flat line, Lola put on a pitiful expression.

This was exactly the expression Logan couldn't stand, so he loosened his hold on her hand after some deliberation. "Just a little bit. You can only eat a tiny bit."

All at once, Lola beamed. "Okay!"

However, just when she'd stood up with the ice cream in hand, Mrs. Hunt came over. "No, you can't eat that."

Startled at the sight of her, Lola's voice turned feeble. "I'll just eat a bite."

Mrs. Hunt went over and took the ice cream away. "You can't eat this. You've just had dinner, and you drank a lot of juice, so your stomach won't be able to take this now. Your nausea lately has been severe to begin with, so your stomach is already in distress. Don't eat such stimulating stuff."

Pouting, Lola turned and gazed at Logan. Logan initially felt that Mrs. Hunt was right, but the moment he glimpsed her pitiful expression, he went over and pulled her into his arms. Then, he patted her on the back. "It's okay, it's okay, we'll talk about it later." Subsequently, he lowered his voice. "I'll sneak some for you later." Upon hearing this, Lola's expression finally eased a fraction.

Mrs. Hunt placed the ice cream back into the freezer, her voice turning gentle. "You've had some today, so have a care for your body. Just wait until you're no longer suffering from nausea, then you can have some. It'll always be there."

Lola nodded reluctantly. As she recalled Logan's promise earlier, she settled down. "Okay, got it."

Mrs. Hunt turned and went back to the dinner table. Meanwhile, Logan was still holding Lola in his arms. "Mom is right." The moment Lola looked up at him, he instantly changed his tune, his voice filled with righteous indignation. "I'll sneak it for you later. Wait for a while first, and I'll sneak some for you when they're otherwise distracted. You're pregnant, so you've got to get some of everything you want to eat. Don't worry."

Giggling at his expression, Lola pinched him on the waist. "I want melon flavor."

Logan nodded. "Sure, sure, anything you say." These few words had Lola in high spirits.

Lola wanted to go out for a walk after dinner, so Logan abandoned his dinner and held her hand before taking their leave from the others in the dining room since her affairs took precedence, though he hadn't yet finished drinking. Then, they went to the courtyard for a stroll.

Mrs. Hunt stared at Logan, shaking her head in exasperation. He whispered to Lola earlier, thinking that no one could hear him, but I heard it all. Sneak her some at night? I just can't believe he actually said that. Sure enough, if Lola's care is entrusted to him, he'll only look on while she does as she pleases.

Logan took Lola out to the courtyard to have a stroll by the fountain that housed goldfish alongside some aquatic plants. The Jeffersons are indeed wealthy to enjoy such a life. With an arm hooked around Logan's, Lola related the jokes she saw this afternoon on the internet. The jokes weren't all that funny, but her smile had the corners of his lips curving upward.

They both made two rounds around the fountain before heading to the backyard. There was a small garden in Jefferson Mansion though Lola had no idea what the flowers in there were since she hadn't much romantic sense, unlike other young maidens who loved flowers. However, when they drew close to the garden, she could smell the slightly pervasive fragrance of flowers in the air. After taking two steps in that direction, she stopped short. "I can't take it. The smell is too strong, inducing nausea."

Logan hurriedly pulled her two steps back. "We won't go there, then." As he said this, he even covered her nose.

At this, Lola pushed at him. "Your acting is a bit over the top."

Chuckling, Logan wrapped an arm around her shoulder, and they walked around for a while. A little over ten minutes later, he abruptly recalled something important. He swiftly whipped out his cell phone. "Wait a moment. I actually forgot to tell John and Sophia such a crucial matter. How remiss of me!" I was too absorbed in merrymaking today that I actually forgot to publicize this fact! Lola shook her head with a smile. "It's not necessary to do so deliberately, no?"

Not necessary? Logan's eyes bugged. "Do you know how momentous

this is? Of course, I've got to inform them with all the solemnity and seriousness in the world!"

Lola simply kept mum and allowed him to put on a show.

All geared up, Logan phoned Sophia, waiting impatiently for her to take the call. Sophia was probably sleeping, for she only answered the phone after an eternity, her voice groggy. "What's up, Logan? Why are you calling me while on your honeymoon? Are you going to make a public display of affection through the air?"

Logan snickered with a hint of smugness. "I'm not on my honeymoon. I'm home. I came back this morning."

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Sophia was probably a touch surprised, for she only spoke after a long time, asking, "Why are you back? I remember you saying that you're going to spend a whole month away from home."

Logan again chuckled to build up the atmosphere. "Naturally, I'm back because something happened."

Sophia's voice turned somber. "What's wrong? What happened?"

As soon as she finished speaking, John's voice drifted over. "Who's that?"

Sophia's voice then sounded slightly farther. "It's Logan, saying that he's already home."

John's voice slowly drew near. "He's home? Hasn't he just been gone for a little over half a month?"

John came over and took the phone from her. "What's wrong, Logan? Did something happen? Didn't you say you're going to be away for a month? Why are you back now?" They knew Logan all too well; if he said he was going to be away for a month, then it'd definitely exceed a month instead of falling short of that figure. Thus, John was indeed rather surprised that he was back now when it'd only been half a month.

Unbidden, a chortle escaped Logan's mouth. "Something happened. Lola wasn't feeling too well, so I quickly brought her back."

At this time, Lola had already found a chair and sat down at the side, looking on as he showed off.

For some time, nary a peep came from John and Sophia. Logan initially planned to wait until they asked before telling them the good news, but there was no sound from the other end even after he'd waited for several seconds, making him edgy. When he failed to obtain any questions after waiting for an eternity, he cleared his throat.

However, just when he was about to speak, Sophia blurted, "So, you two are back, huh? How about this? We'll go over and visit Lola when we're free. My son is crying, so we'll talk another time, okay?" After saying that, she hung up right away without giving him any time to respond.

Logan held the cell phone to his ear, stunned for a long time. His forthcoming words were just on the tip of his tongue, but Sophia unexpectedly cut him off with a single remark.

At the side, Lola didn't hear what Sophia said, but she noticed that his expression wasn't quite right, so she quirked a brow. "What's wrong? What kind of expression is that?"

Putting his cell phone down, Logan whirled around and strode over to her. Snorting, he commented, "These people are simply irritating." Lola giggled. "Why? What did Sophia say just now?"

What did she say? It's precisely because she said nothing that I'm now incensed. I was just waiting for her to ask me before uttering what I've got to say, but what did she do? Not only did she ask nary a question, but she even cut me off before I could say anything! Logan snorted, not knowing how to answer her.

His conceited expression appeared a touch childish, so Lola raised a hand and stroked his head in consolation.

Meanwhile, Sophia placed her cell phone down and turned to look at John. John stared at her as well, his expression similar to hers. After a moment of silence, Sophia nodded. "Lola is probably pregnant. You didn't hear how smug his chuckle was earlier. I just knew that he wanted to gloat the moment I heard his triumphant laughter."

Lifting a hand, John caressed her face. "Just let him gloat for a while if that was his intention. You cut him off outright and even hung up the phone, so he must be aggrieved."

Mulling it over, Sophia snickered. "I'm petty, so I'm the only one allowed to make a public display of affection. I don't allow others to do the same before me." On second thought, she lamented, "Logan works really fast." I don't think he's been with Lola all that long, yet they've gotten married and even conceived in such a short time. It's truly undeniable that he's the fast-moving type. He thoroughly wasted all the days past, then settled everything within the year! John was worried that they'd gotten it wrong, so after a moment's deliberation, he suggested, "Why don't you give Miss Hunt a call later? If she's truly pregnant, it's only proper that we congratulate her."

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Sophia nodded. "I'll just antagonize him for a while. He's definitely with Lola right now, so I'll call and inquire later." John felt like laughing. She already has a child, yet she's still so mischievous! Sophia truly waited for about an hour before giving Lola a call. She was quite accurate in her timing, for Logan wasn't with Lola then. Lola had already returned to her room on the second floor, while Logan went down to sneak her some ice cream. When she received Sophia's call, she chuckled. "Sophia."

"Is Logan with you?" Sophia surreptitiously asked.

Lola glanced at the door. "No, he's downstairs."

At this, Sophia breathed a sigh of relief and hastily said, "Logan phoned me earlier, and I could somewhat guess what happened. Are you pregnant, Lola?"

Sure enough, she guessed it! Lola had harbored a vague suspicion about this, so she laughed. "You're really smart!"

It's not that I'm smart, but Logan was too obvious! Sophia burst out laughing as well. "His voice was too anxious on the phone. If he'd kept himself in check, I wouldn't have guessed it so quickly." Also, his laughter was too exuberant. In the next moment, her voice turned concerned as she asked, "How are you feeling now? Is it very bad? When I was first pregnant, I almost chucked up my stomach."

As though having found a sympathizer, Lola promptly nodded.

"Exactly! It's truly a torture." When she was at the hotel, in particular, it felt like she was on the verge of death.

Sophia sighed. "It all depends on an individual's constituent. For some, nausea merely persists for a brief time, while others have to put up with it for ages. I hope you're the former." Nonetheless, I think she can probably take it since her body has been honed due to her former profession, so she isn't as fragile as the average lady. Sliding down, Lola lay on the bed. "I heard that it'll persist for three months at least. The mere thought of it sends a shudder through me."

Now that she'd given birth, Sophia had almost forgotten how she felt back then. Even the agony she experienced during childbirth was almost gone from her mind, so she could only urge, "Think happy thoughts and avoid placing your focus on this. That might help. Also, eat more fruits."

Lola murmured in acquiescence, "My appetite now is very odd. I don't know what I want to eat at times, but other times, I feel like eating everything."

Smacking her lips, Sophia commented, "When you're in your second trimester, that's truly when you feel like eating everything." That period is relatively better without any nausea and great appetite. However, one's stomach expands rapidly, so sleep will be affected. Logan was gone for a long time, so Lola and Sophia chatted a lot, Sophia teaching her a lot of things regarding pregnancy. As Lola murmured in acknowledgment, she got out of bed and went to the bedroom door, very much surprised that he'd been gone for so long just to sneak her some ice cream. While listening to Sophia, she walked over to the second floor landing and looked down, but there was no sign of him. She pursed her lips. Where has this fella gone now?

Pivoting, she returned to the room and chatted with Sophia for another ten minutes or so before Logan finally came back. When she heard footsteps, she said to Sophia on the other end, "He's back." Sophia hurriedly lowered her voice. "I'll be hanging up, then. I'll go over and visit you when I'm free. Don't tell him that I'm aware of your pregnancy. I want to see how he'll react."

Chortling, Lola acquiesced and hung up the phone. Just after she'd hung up, Logan came in with a carton of ice cream in his hand. She stared at him. "What took you so long?"

Logan heaved a sigh. "What else could it be? Mum took all the ice cream when she left, so I went out and bought it for you."

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Lola instantly beamed. Beckoning Logan over, she then cupped his face and gave him a peck. "A reward for you."

Lifting a hand, Logan held the back of her head and deepened the kiss. How could a reward be a simple brush of lips? That's not sincere at all. When the kiss had ended, he asked, "Who was on the phone with you earlier?"

Lola hummed thoughtfully. "A coach from the gym. I asked whether anything happened at the gym lately, to which he said everything was good."

Logan nodded. A few seconds later, he muttered, "Did Sophia call you?"

Upon hearing such a question from him, Lola almost burst into laughter. Nevertheless, she tried her best to keep a poker face. "Nope. Why?"

Logan smacked his lips. "Nothing. I was just asking." His aggrieved expression was just too adorable that she had to lift a hand and caress his face.

Looking on as Lola took the ice cream, he couldn't help reminding, "Don't eat too much. Have a care for your health."

Lola nodded. Actually, her craving was already gone, so she wasn't all too keen on eating it now. But since he'd rushed out to buy her this, she just felt that it'd be an affront to his good intentions if she didn't eat any. Thus, she merely took two token bites before leaving him the rest.

Sitting on the bed, Logan stared at his cell phone while eating ice cream, seemingly waiting for a call from someone. When Lola came back after washing her face and saw his gaze alighting on his cell phone every so often, she couldn't bring herself to keep him in the dark anymore. "Are you waiting for Sophia's call?"

Logan didn't hide anything from her, answering frankly, "I just want to see whether they'll call and ask me what happened."

Walking over, Lola ruffled his hair. "Silly man." Logan lifted his eyes

to her, and she continued, "Sophia called me."

Logan's expression froze. "When was that? When did she call you?"

At this, Lola truly wanted to laugh. "When you were out, buying ice cream. She's already aware that I'm pregnant. They'd guessed it when you phoned them earlier."

Blinking, Logan put the ice cream down after a long time had passed.

"They guessed it? How did they guess it?"

How did they guess it? No thanks to your smugness. Lola didn't want to hurt him with the truth, so she vaguely replied, "Sophia is very smart to begin with."

After pondering about it, Logan nodded. "You're right. She's very astute." He heaved a long sigh in clear disappointment. "They didn't give me any chance at all, having guessed it instead. I wanted to blurt it out and give them a shock."

The corners of Lola's lips lifted. What's so shocking about this?

A while later, they both went to bed. "We'll just stay the night here and go home tomorrow. The house has been vacant for too long, so I asked someone to go and clean the place today," Logan explained.

Lola nodded as she sought out a comfortable position. "I'm fine with it. It doesn't matter where I stay." She'd never had trouble sleeping on unfamiliar beds, sleep coming to her wherever she went.

After a moment's contemplation, Logan placed his hand on her stomach. In reality, he couldn't sense anything, for her waist was still very slender. His expression serious, he mused, "Where is the little peanut now? In your stomach?" He murmured increasingly more nonsensical remarks, but she merely ignored him. He touched her slowly, his movements gentle as though he could truly sense its location.

Lying on the bed, Lola grew drowsy after a while. Logan's hands then started wandering, upon which she wriggled and slapped his hand away. "Behave."

Logan solemnly heaved a sigh. "I've scoured the internet, and it seems that we can't be intimate while you're with child."

Lola grunted in affirmation. "That's correct."

Logan scooted closer to her. "I just feel that it's too fast for my pleasurable days to have come to an end just after a handful of days."

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Failing to stifle her laughter, Lola doubled over. "How shameless! Don't ever say this in front of others, for it'll only make you seem a pervert."

Logan snorted, a tad snobbish. "I won't even say it if others want to hear it."

"Have you told Ian about this?" Lola reminded him.

Upon hearing her words, Logan abruptly sat up. "Oh yes! I haven't told Ian. How could I have forgotten this?" Mainly, it was because he was peeved by Sophia's response. He initially planned to tell Ian after telling Sophia and John, but Sophia messed up his plans, vexing him so much that he'd completely forgotten what he was going to do. Taking out his cell phone, he gave Ian a call. As it was late, Ian wasn't busy anymore, so he picked up the call a while later. Logan truly couldn't help himself, snickering before he'd even said a single word. At this, Ian simply asked, "What is it? Do you have good news to tell me?"

This time, Logan decided to say it outright without trying to create any suspense. If he manages to guess it again like Sophia, then it'll be pointless. Thus, he grunted in affirmation. "I do have something to share with you. Ian, I'm going to be a father!"

Ian chuckled. "I knew it."

All at once, Logan's expression froze. "How did you know it as well? Where did I go wrong again?"

"It's quite easy to guess. I know you too well," Ian answered.
Ah, it's no surprise at all!

On the other end, Ian let out a sigh. "It's good. Sophia is already a mother, and you're going to be a father soon. Both of you have your own families now."

While no one could be certain of Ian's feelings when he uttered this remark, a spark of sorrow lodged within Logan after hearing this. "If you so desire it, you can also have a family of your own in no time. Look at your good looks and fame. Many young girls like you," he comforted.

Ian gave a bark of laughter. "All this is superficial." Back then, my mother was also famous and beautiful, with lots of men claiming that they loved her. She'd had a few relationships before she met Bryce Morgan, but in the end, she couldn't escape the same fate. Hence, all so-called looks and fame are nothing more than add-ons. I've never thought of using all this to get myself a spouse.

However, his tone then immediately changed to one threaded with an unmistakable hint of joy. "Congratulations, Logan! You're really far-sighted."

At this, Logan guffawed. "I just came to this point naturally. I've never thought that I'd be here one day." He'd never planned his life in detail. After all, life couldn't be all that bad as long as one had money these days. He was previously scorned by his family who asserted that he might end up spending his twilight years alone, so he thought back then that if all else failed, he'd move himself into a high-end nursing home when he was old and become a wealthy old bachelor who was envied by all. He felt that it wasn't too bad, thus took a laissez-faire attitude toward life. But who could have known that change was ever present, and he'd come thus far with the police officer he detested most in the past?

Beside him, Lola dozed off before he'd finished his phone call. After exchanging a few more words with Ian, Logan hung up. Then, he quietly went to take a shower and hugged her from behind when he came back. The family of three was truly blissful.

The next day, Sophia again gave Lola a call. She was still in her confinement period and couldn't go out, so she wanted to invite Lola to her house. Lola had nothing to do in the first place, and Sophia's little boy flashed in her mind when she received her call, propelling her to make a visit. "Sure! I'll just get ready for a bit and come over in a while."

Sitting beside her, Logan curled his lips. "Did she mention inviting me?"

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Lola blinked. She truly didn't mention that. However, she then hugged Logan's arm. "Isn't inviting me the same as inviting you? When are we ever apart?"

Still, Logan was a tad chagrined. "Sophia is truly sidelining me increasingly often."

Lola stroked his back. "Say, why are you so petty to take offense at such a trivial matter?"

At this, Logan snorted mildly without saying anything further. It's not just Dad who's getting increasingly childlike, but Logan as well!

In the morning, Logan drove Lola to Constance Residence. John hadn't yet gone to work, so he was sitting in the living room with Sophia. Meanwhile, the child was lying in the crib, babbling slightly in a babyish voice. When Lola reached the door, she couldn't help rushing over to the crib in a few strides. "Aw, let me see how the little guy looks now!"

Sophia was initially leaning against John, but she instantly

straightened up at the sight of Lola. "Quick, quick. Come and sit over here."

However, Lola didn't move. Instead, she reached out and stroked the child's face. "He's now wholly different from when I saw him in the hospital back then."

Beside her, Matilda nodded. "Yup, he's really growing up every day." Subsequently, Logan came in with a long face. When Sophia saw him, she truly couldn't keep her mirth stifled, so she ended up hooting in laughter. The corners of John's lips were likewise upturned. "You're angry, Logan?"

"Reprehensible. You're both reprehensible!" Logan snarled.

Sophia was laughing so much that she leaned against John's shoulder. "Ah, look at Logan's expression. It's just too hilarious! He must have been utterly aggrieved yesterday."

Pursing his lips, Logan went over to the crib to look at the child first. The child's gaze followed Lola, his pupils jet-black, looking very much adorable.

Lola originally didn't have much cognizance toward her pregnancy, but when she saw Sophia's child now, a different feeling vaguely flooded her. She placed her hand over her own stomach. There's also a child in here who'll be lying in front of me in no time with its mouth open, babbling while kicking its legs and waving its fists. It was as though something intangible was now slowly taking form in her world.

Matilda knew that Lola was pregnant, so she had a servant quickly prepare some grape juice. "This has an antiemetic effect, so drink some."

Going over to the sofa, Lola sat down. "In the beginning, I was truly tormented."

Sophia nodded. "It's indeed a torture." After saying that, she shifted her gaze to Logan. "You must be ecstatic, Logan."

"Of course, I'm ecstatic." Logan had admitted his feelings outright. "Just look at how jubilant John was when your child was born. I feel exactly the same as he did."

Sophia turned and looked at John, whereupon he nodded. "It's the same as you becoming a mother. The feeling applies for both men and women."

Sophia blinked. "Truthfully speaking, I didn't feel much of anything when the child was first born. Perhaps I was slow to adapt to the change in character."

Beside her, Lola hastily nodded. "I agree. Do you know when I got into character? It was when I saw your child just now."

The few of them joked and talked for a while before Lola's nausea rose again. "Drink the grape juice," Matilda hurriedly said. "While it won't be able to suppress the nausea completely, it can take the edge off it."

Lola guzzled the entire glass of grape juice in a few gulps. Later, she didn't know whether it was a psychological effect, but she indeed felt much better.

Sophia pinned her gaze on Logan. "Have you told Ian the good news?"

Grunting in affirmation, Logan then replied, "You deliberately played me for a fool, yet you dare mention it, huh?" After that, he turned to look at John. "Can you keep your wife in line? Why are you as bad as your wife?"

John arched a brow. "You talk as though you enjoy a high status at home."

At this rebuttal, Logan was instantly struck dumb.

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Indeed, Lola is no different from Sophia; both of them are mistresses of the family. Thus, Logan and John had no room to resist at all. After

a while, Logan brought up Ian, saying that Ian was swamped with work now. He related how Ian didn't seem to have any rest when they'd followed him around to a few cities, merely having taken half a day to go out and play tourist with them in the beginning before the rest of his time was all filled with work.

John nodded. "His career has just taken off, so he indeed has to seize the opportunity while his fame and resources are there."

"Ian has an assistant. I've seen her a few times, and I think she's quite good." As Logan said this, he couldn't help stealing a glance at Sophia out of the corner of his eyes.

Sophia chortled. "You're acting anxious on his behalf."

I guess I'm indeed anxious on his behalf. I didn't really think about it when I was single, but now that I've got a family, I just feel as though I've abandoned him. It feels like he's been left out. Beside him, Lola couldn't resist adding, "He's just like an old father now. Whenever a girl appears around Ian, he feels that she's a possible candidate for him."

Logan didn't deny that he indeed harbored such a thought. There hasn't been any woman around Ian so far, so that assistant is truly a possibility. If I were to list all the women around him in the many years I've known him, it'd been Sophia alone in the past whom he then fell in love with. Thus, now that another woman has appeared, I think he'll probably fall for her, too.

At this time, the little guy in the crib at the side who didn't have any attention showered upon him started wailing. The postnatal caregiver hurried over and scooped the child up. "This kid wants to join in the fun at such a young age." Sure enough, when she'd carried him over to Sophia and the others, he stopped crying after being surrounded by people, his eyes darting around.

Matilda took the child from her. "Kids nowadays are prematurely smart. I don't think kids back then matured so quickly."

Sophia was still leaning against John. "It's good that he's smart since he'll encounter fewer tribulations."

John's head snapped to the side, and he stared at her. "You talk as though you've encountered many tribulations."

"That's the truth," Sophia countered. "Let me tell you all, I had a dream last night. I dreamt of the time when I first married John. He didn't even spare me a glance when he came home from work, nor did he eat any of the food I cooked for him. Ah, it just plain ticked me off!"

John's eyes widened. "I was just wondering why she threw a tantrum upon waking up in the morning. I asked her what happened, but she refused to say a single word."

Ignoring him, Sophia continued, "I even dreamed of the time when he asked me for a divorce."

Logan was a tad nosy, so he quickly asked, "How did the two of you negotiate when you divorced back then?" I wonder how John and Sophia brokered their divorced the first time.

Actually, I simply blurted it out. John didn't prepare any script beforehand, or perhaps he didn't find it necessary to make any advance preparations. At that time, Old Mr. Constance had just passed away some time ago, so the atmosphere at home was rather tense. Matilda was also quite the troublemaker back then, always picking fault with Sophia. On the other hand, Sophia was timid and dared not say a single word in protest.

That night, John went home rather early and sat in the garden for a while after dinner before going upstairs. Sophia had already washed up and was sitting on the bed while looking at the cell phone in her hand. When he pushed open the door and saw her, he didn't really

have any specific thought in mind, but the moment he opened his mouth, he asked for a divorce.

In fact, I still remember what I said back then. He was leaning against the door frame with his arms crossed and stared at Sophia who was on the bed. "I've got something to discuss with you." Then, he distinctly saw her jolting. Hence, when he later recalled that scene countless times, he felt that Sophia had known what he wanted to say back then.

Sophia looked up at him. "What is it?"

John's voice was placid. "Let's get a divorce."

"What?" Sophia asked again.

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John turned around and closed the door before walking over to the bed. This time, he spoke slightly louder and slower to ensure that Sophia could hear him loud and clear. "I said, let's get a divorce." Her gaze followed him until he stood by the bed, looking down at her. He'd initially thought that there'd be a hint of panic and anxiety in her eyes, but surprisingly, she merely looked at him, her gaze even more placid than his tone earlier. Since she didn't answer him, he asked, "Did you hear me?"

Sophia nodded. "I did." Then, she put her cell phone away. "Have you discussed this with your family?"

To be honest, John didn't discuss this with anyone, nor did he think this out in advance. However, he still replied, "Yes. They've all agreed."

Sophia looked thoughtfully at him. "So, you're here to inform me, yes?"

Heaving a sigh, John reassured her by saying, "Don't worry. I'll compensate you generously. I'll give you whatever amount you want."

Sophia was silent for a while. In response, she didn't mention the matter of money, merely nodding. "Okay, I agree."

Actually, this reaction of hers was also within his expectation. After all, a broken marriage was torturous to both parties. Despite knowing that she was reluctant to give up on this marriage, he was also aware that she was likewise unhappy and miserable in this marriage. Thus, he often told himself back then that a divorce was good for them both, for it would set them both free.

Never had he thought that she'd change into an entirely different person after the divorce, suddenly taking on attributes he loved. The Sophia who was timid, apprehensive, and cautious in her speech had ceased to exist with the collapse of their first marriage. The Sophia who was then reborn was one he could no longer hold onto. For that reason, he had to pay the price for the wrong choices he'd made in his first marriage. He knew that it served him right since he was blind in the past and had wronged her.

However, he didn't want to tell anyone about this experience, so he snickered when Logan asked about it. "Why are you asking about this? Do you want to learn from me?"

Logan shot him a glare. "Who wants to learn about proposing divorce from you? I even have a child on the way now, so Lola and I will definitely be a loving couple in the future." He wasn't at all flustered when he said this.

At the side, Sophia's brows furrowed, and she looked at Lola. "Is he this corny usually?"

Lola nodded gravely. "He's usually even worse."

Subsequently, Logan glanced at Sophia out of the corner of his eyes. "What do you know? This is known as putting thoughts into words. I've never concealed my love for my darling. I've been telling her all

about it so she knows how much I love her.”

Sophia sucked in a breath. However, she also understood that every couple had their own way of communicating. Beside her, John chuckled. “It’s good to be like Logan since everything is out in the open.” He says whatever he thinks, and he definitely puts it bluntly, so Lola must have a strong sense of security.

Agreeing with John, Sophia commented, “There won’t be any misunderstanding between you two, then.”

Speaking of misunderstandings, Logan’s brows abruptly went up, while Lola couldn’t help giggling beside him.

Matilda looked at Lola. “What is it? Is there a story there?”

Logan smacked his lips. “Yup.”

Feeling a touch embarrassed, Lola muttered, “Well, keep it to yourself.”

Logan, however, ignored her. He blathered on about the entire incident of how he told Lola a tiny lie back when he made preparations to propose to her, only to be misunderstood in the end. With a solemn expression on his face, he grouched, “Say, she should have just asked me outright if she misunderstood me. She should have just asked where I went earlier and why I wasn’t at the clubhouse. However, she just wouldn’t ask me that, and I didn’t understand her meaning, so the misunderstanding was then set in stone. She even talked about us merely being in the early phase of a relationship, so it was probably just novelty that kept us together. I was just so chagrined back then, thinking that she was already sick of me.”

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Beside Logan, Lola covered her face with both hands. “It’s on me. I was wrong, so let’s not mention this anymore, okay?”

Logan clutched his chest. “You can’t imagine how anguished I was back then. I’d just decorated the gym secretly the night before, and while I was exhausted, I was still very much gleeful at the thought of giving her a surprise the next day, but she wanted to break up with me the next day.”

Lola was truly embarrassed, and she also felt that she’d wronged him greatly.

After hearing the story, Sophia nodded. “That was indeed aggravating for you, but any other girl would’ve probably reacted similarly.” As men and women are different physiologically, it also makes them different psychologically. When a woman is confronted with such a situation, she won’t ask directly under normal circumstances.

For instance, Lola gave him plenty of chances, asking him where he went the day before. This was of course the most common reaction for most women. Thus, her next course of action was considered reasonable since she didn’t get an accurate answer out of him at the end of the day. Regardless, the most innocent party in this was Logan. He was filled with hope, yet he ended up doused with a bucket of cold water.

Scotting over, Lola hugged Logan’s arm. “Don’t be angry. I was also incredibly anguished at that time.”

Logan turned to look at her. Initially, he wanted to keep his expression somber, but the moment he saw her blinking and gazing at him with those limpid eyes of hers, he just couldn’t bring himself to be stern. Hence, he instantly lifted a hand and pinched her face. “In the future, just tell me your thoughts. I’ll be furious if you do this again.”

Turning his head, John glanced at Sophia and shook his head. “I never thought that he’d have this side to him one day.”

“Right? It’s shocking,” Sophia seconded.

...

Logan and Lola then moved back to their house that had been cleaned from top to bottom. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt came over as well. "I don't think you two should cook. Lola has just conceived and will be a bit sensitive, so it's better that she doesn't inhale so much fumes. Just come over to our place when you're hungry."

Lola nodded. "Okay."

Logan loved having free food and drinks, so he instantly agreed.

"Sure! We'll just go along with anything you decide."

Thereafter, Mrs. Hunt said, "I've emptied your refrigerator. Don't simply eat whatever you want on the sly. I just don't understand why you can't endure it for a bit."

Lola knew that this remark was directed at her, so she pursed her lips without saying anything. Beside her, Logan gently rubbed her arm in consolation.

All at once, Mrs. Hunt swiveled and stared at him. "You can't just indulge her. It's your child in her stomach, so you've got to consider the baby as well."

Logan nodded. "Yes, yes. You're right, Mom."

Sometimes, Mrs. Hunt truly didn't know what to say about him. He was too well-mannered, agreeing to anything at all, but putting it into practice was another story.

Then, she whirled around and went to wash some fruits for Lola. As she stood in the kitchen, she remarked loudly, "Your Aunt Violet phoned me a few days ago, saying that she had a dream. She dreamed that you brought your child to visit her. Well, you didn't have any pregnancy dreams, so she had one on your behalf."

Lola, who was sitting on the sofa, was surprised when she heard that. Speaking of pregnancy dreams, she was reminded of something else. She fixed her gaze on his father. "I had a dream last night. I dreamed of someone standing beside my bed, looking down at me. Then, she bent down and touched my stomach." Subsequently, she added, "It was an old woman."

Beside her, Logan was stunned at first before he shook his head. "No matter the veracity of its symbolism, it's probably not my mother."

When his mother passed away, she was still quite young, so she couldn't be included in the ranks of old women.

After a moment's contemplation, Mr. Hunt suggested, "In that case, I'll find a time and go back to visit your grandmother's grave. We didn't visit her grave and inform her when the two of you got married, so we've got to notify her now that you're with child. Regardless of whether your dream meant something else, I'll go back and visit her."

Pursing her lips, Lola hesitated for a moment. "I want to go too. I want to tell her myself."

Logan didn't object. "Then, I'll go with you."

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Mrs. Hunt came over after washing the fruits, placing them on the coffee table. She'd heard some of their conversation earlier, so she commented, "We should indeed go back and visit your grandma's grave. After all, custom dictates that an elder should be informed in the event of any marriage or pregnancy in the family." Since she'd said as much, they all made arrangements to go back on the next day with Logan driving. They would be visiting Lola's grandmother's grave.

After eating some fruits, Lola went to bed. Perhaps it was because they'd talked quite a bit about pregnancy dreams that she had a dream that night as well. She dreamed of a child standing before her though she couldn't discern whether it was a boy or girl. A tad dazed, she stared at the little figure intently. The child was rather short, appearing very much adorable despite the blurred countenance as he or she was holding an apple in one hand.

She took a few steps toward the child before crouching, but she still couldn't see his or her face from such a near distance. The child merely stood there without advancing or retreating, so she then reached out and pulled the child into her embrace after a moment's contemplation. A while later, the child took a bite out of the apple in his or her hand. The bite wasn't loud albeit crisp, but still, it jolted her awake.

Shuddering, Lola's first reaction was to look down into her arms, but it was merely a dream. Her arms were empty, and she was still in Logan's embrace. She took a deep breath, wondering if this was considered a pregnancy dream. Then, she caressed her stomach, feeling a tad regretful that she couldn't discern whether the child was a boy or a girl in the end. After a while, she again closed her eyes.

When she woke up the next morning, the dream was still vivid in her mind. Going into the washroom with Logan, she told him about the dream as she washed her face and brushed her teeth. There wasn't much to say since the dream was brief, but it was significant.

Beaming, Logan placed a hand on her stomach. "Didn't you see whether the child was wearing a skirt or pants?"

Lola shook her head. "I didn't notice at that time." In the dream, she only strived to discern the child's countenance, so perhaps she'd seen the dressing but forgotten it. Anyhow, she couldn't really say for sure.

When they'd washed up, they went up to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt's place for breakfast. The Hunt couple had already prepared breakfast and even gotten ready, saying that they could all set out together after eating. At the breakfast table, Lola again related her dream last night, whereupon Mrs. Hunt chuckled. "Perhaps we'd spoken too much of this yesterday that it affected you subconsciously." Having the same opinion, Lola nodded.

After breakfast, they then departed with Logan driving them all to the Hunts' hometown. Since many were in the car, the journey was filled with chatter and laughter before they arrived in a seemingly short time.

When the car drove into the village, someone by the road caught sight of it and hollered, "Mr. Hunt and his family are back!"

Reclining against her seat, Lola lamented, "The two of you are really popular."

"We're not at all popular," Mrs. Hunt refuted. "It's the grandeur of your wedding ceremony that chastened them."

Lola was too tired that day, so she didn't bother to clock the villagers' states. However, they'd probably been chastened since she herself was shocked by the munificence of the Jeffersons.

When the car came to a stop before their old house, the surrounding neighbors all came out and gathered around. "Why did you come back?"

"We came back to visit my mother's grave," Mr. Hunt answered. At this, the neighbors were all smiles, their attitudes a far cry from before.

The road was level, but still, Logan helped Lola into the courtyard. The house had been unoccupied for a long time, so a musty smell lingered in the air. Going into the room, Logan removed the dust cover from the bed and had her rest for a while since he'd noticed her changing positions incessantly throughout the three-hour-or-so drive here. Even a hale and hearty person will be weary after sitting in the car for three hours, what's more a pregnant woman like her now.

Just as Lola lay down on the bed, someone came. This time, it was the matchmaker who'd previously introduced Lola and Shawn. Logan loathed seeing her, so his brows knitted together when he saw her entering the courtyard.

Likewise, Mrs. Hunt was taken aback. "Why is she here?" As she said this, she made to go out, but Logan spoke and held her back. "I'll go, Mom." Mrs. Hunt was startled, but Logan then came out of the room and patted her on the shoulder. "I'll go and see what she wants."

Mr. Hunt chuckled. "Let him go. There are some things that would be inappropriate if they came from you, so let Logan talk to her." Logan doesn't mince his words no matter who he's speaking to, especially when it's someone he doesn't like.

Pushing open the door, Logan went out and stopped the matchmaker at the courtyard. The matchmaker's last name was Hayes, so some people outright addressed her as Broker Hayes considering her profession. The matchmaker didn't care what others called her, for her only concern was whether she'd successfully broker a marriage for those she represented. In an occupation like hers, a successful marriage usually secured her a few grand in facilitation fees. Of course, if she managed to broker a marriage for a wealthy family, her facilitation fee would naturally increase accordingly.

Logan's family was affluent, so his relatives were naturally rich as well. While Logan himself was married, he surely had some single relatives and friends. Thus, Broker Hayes' goal was his friends. There were many beautiful girls in the village, and they all dolled up to attend Lola's wedding back then, so there might be a few who caught the eye of some bachelors during the wedding. For that reason, she came over to make discreet inquiries.

Logan stood in the courtyard, having no plans of inviting her into the house. "Yes?"

Broker Hayes thought that he'd forgotten her, so she chortled. "Have you forgotten me, young man? We've met before."

At this, Logan grunted. "How could I have forgotten you? Back then, you were extremely enthusiastic in matching my wife to someone else."

Broker Hayes' expression froze before she chuckled again. "You're hilarious, young man. That was then, so it's different. At that time, you hadn't gotten together with Lola, and I didn't know about your relationship with her. If I'd known, I never would've deliberately split the two of you up."

Logan didn't care whether she knew about it or not. Until now, he didn't like Shawn, so the dislike naturally extended to the matchmaker. He stuck both hands into his pockets, his attitude languid. "So, why are you here this time?"

Broker Hayes peered into the house. "How long are you all staying? Are you going to stay a few days before leaving?"

Logan said nothing. To his ears, all these questions were simply bullsh*t.

Knowing that he put up with no nonsense, Broker Hayes gave a dry cough. After all, rich people usually aren't to be trifled with. "I heard that your wedding was very grand back then. The young girls in the village chattered about it for more than half a month, complimenting your buddies on their handsome looks and gentlemanly demeanor. Many of them were charmed and flocked to me, but my hands were tied. Since I'm not acquainted with those friends of yours, I can't broker an introduction."

Upon hearing this much, Logan could more or less understand what she meant. Sneering, he declared, "I didn't hear my buddies

mentioning any girl. They merely told me that it was rather noisy that day with a gaggle of prattling ladies who acted as though they'd never seen the outside world."

When his words reached her ears, Broker Hayes was rendered speechless.

Snorting, Logan then proclaimed, "Lola is the only decent one out of this entire village, yet you think this is truly a place overflowing with respectable ladies?"

Broker Hayes was an old hand, so how could she possibly fail to grasp his meaning? Nevertheless, she still forced a smile. "Some of the girls had indeed never seen the outside world, but we can't deny that they're respectable ladies."

Logan gave a scornful snicker. "What has that got to do with me?" Subsequently, he frowned. "Also, I think you should reflect carefully on your judgment. Back then, you praised Shawn to the skies, but it turned out that he utilized his position to accept bribes. All things considered, this isn't just a matter of character anymore."

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Broker Hayes' face flushed bright red at Logan's remonstrance. It was precisely because she'd helped Shawn to find a match that she'd been criticized behind her back for a long time. His flaws that'd been brought to light spread like wildfire, and the fact that Lola later married a wealthy man such as Logan made it even more obvious that the match she brokered back then was problematic. For that reason, when she now brokered an introduction and played matchmaker, the people out there didn't seem to believe her anymore.

Anyhow, she wanted to make money besides making an enviable match that would repair her reputation. As far as an enviable match went, it naturally had to be one with a rich man. She wasn't acquainted with any one of that sort, nor did she have any connections that'd help her to worm her way into their midst. After repeatedly turning it over in her mind, she came to the conclusion that her only resource lay here with Lola. However, it was clear as day that Logan didn't want to give her an opening, merely mocking her to her face.

Not daring to antagonize him, she flashed him an awkward smile before opening her mouth to defend herself. However, before she could say anything, Mr. Hunt's voice drifted out of the house. "What are you doing out there, Logan? Come in and rest for a while. Aren't you tired after driving all the way here?"

Broker Hayes froze, understanding the meaning behind his words. While he was telling Logan to get into the house, it was also a blatant dismissal toward her.

Logan grunted in acknowledgment. "I'll come in after getting rid of our guest." His words were painfully straightforward.

Knowing that she wasn't welcomed, Broker Hayes was naturally aware that she definitely wouldn't be treated kindly even if she were to get into the house, so she tried her best to maintain a smile on her face. "You all rest, then. I'll be leaving first since I've still got some business to attend to."

The moment her words reached his ears, Logan spun on his heels and went back into the house. Pursing her lips, Broker Hayes turned around and walked out. As soon as she twisted her body, her expression darkened. He looks down on me just because he has a pretty penny. Pah!

When she'd left, the neighbors then came over. Since it was the neighbors, Logan didn't go out. Entering the bedroom, he lay down on the bed and muttered, "These people are simply annoying!"

"I'd found it annoying when they came over back when our family

was only doing okay. Their words had always carried barbs as they gloated about things we didn't even care about," Lola lamented dourly. Now that I've married Logan and our family has elevated in status, these people again flock to our house with flattering compliments, lauding us insincerely with their eyes closed. Still, I'm finding it very annoying. Why is it just so difficult to close our doors and live life peacefully?

The moment those neighbors stepped into the house, their eyes darted everywhere. When they spotted Logan and Lola lying down in the room, they lowered their voices and asked, "What's wrong? Are they not feeling well?"

Mrs. Hunt smiled. "No, they're just tired after the long journey here." Nodding, the neighbors followed Mr. and Mrs. Hunt into their room before asking them how life was in the city, whether they'd acclimated to it, and the like. Mr. Hunt's face glowed. "How could we possibly be unacclimated to it? Why would it feel out of place when we're living the high life? If a rich man comes to the village and stays here, he might be unused to it, but we're villagers who went to the city, having good food, resplendent clothes, and a magnificent house. What's there to acclimate to?"

If he'd said this in the past, the neighbors would've all smirked, but now, they all smilingly seconded what he said. "Indeed. What's there to acclimate to when you're there to live the high life? You've got infinite money to buy anything you want."

Mr. Hunt reclined against his bed. "With money, one can acclimate to life anywhere, but without money, one will be ill at ease everywhere."

"Look, Mr. Hunt nailed it right on the head," someone beside him said. "You've acclimated to life there because you've got money. People like us who have to work our *sses off in the city to make money find it better to just stay in the village." After saying this, the person instantly changed his tune, asking, "Do you have any good jobs? Well, do recommend them to us as well so that we too can make some money."

At this, Mr. Hunt could already guess why these people came over. Without any change in expression, he waved a dismissive hand. "What good jobs would I have? I'm merely sitting around, doing nothing in the city. We're just lucky our daughter married well. Personally, I've got no capability at all. We've been fellow villagers for so many years, so you know how I am."

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Beside him, Mrs. Hunt echoed, "It's no different for us over there than being here. We merely stay home and do nothing, so what good jobs could we have?"

The neighbors weren't about to give up. One of them leaned over and asked, "Doesn't your son-in-law have some if the two of you don't?"

Mrs. Hunt's gaze shifted to Lola's room for a brief moment. "Did you think he goes to work every day? Like us, he stays at home and does nothing. His family is rich, so all his money is invested, and he lives off the profits. If you were to ask him what kind of job would make money and ensure quick returns, he might not know as much as you do."

Beside her, Mr. Hunt chuckled. "You're right in that. I talked to him about investment the other day, and he told me outright that he doesn't know anything about it."

A neighbor at the side was feeling rather incredulous, and he insisted on getting an answer. "Since his family is so wealthy, they must have a lot of connections."

A lot of connections? That's probably true. "All four of his sisters and brothers-in-law have companies of their own, so they definitely have

plenty of ways to make money. However, we're not all that close. Furthermore, even if we ask them to help us out, they won't know how to do so with our paltry sum," Mr. Hunt said.

Then, he looked up and swept his gaze over all the neighbors around him. "To make money now, the initial investment must be a huge sum, so how would we be able to fork out that much? The investments they do are high-risk, and the losses amount to tens of millions in a single go. If we were to lose that much, we might even be propelled to jump off the building."

Leaning back against his bed, he continued, "In this society, you've got to have a substantial amount of capital if you want to make a lot of money. How could you gain something without paying anything?" After saying that, he added, "Look at me. I don't even dare to try it. Rather, I prefer living my life honestly. We don't understand anything about risk factors, so it's better to just forget about it."

In the other room, Logan could vaguely hear the ongoing conversation, but the details were rather sketchy to him. Reaching out, he pulled Lola into his arms. "Are you feeling okay? Do you want to sleep for a while?"

Lola truly felt a touch drowsy. "I'll just doze for a bit, so wake me up in a while."

Murmuring an acquiescence, Logan then patted her lightly as though patting a child. Sleep came swiftly for Lola, and she slipped into dreamland in less than a minute after she'd closed her eyes. The corners of Logan's mouth curved into a faint smile. Taking off his jacket, he draped it over her before getting to his feet and leaving the room.

The weather on this day was good, so he stood in the courtyard for a while. Subsequently, the neighbors came out. The moment they set eyes on him, their faces were awash with smiles as though they'd seen their own son, asking whether he was tired from driving and how long he'd be staying here. Logan wasn't one for small talk, so there wasn't much expression on his face as he replied curtly, "I'm fine."

Upon seeing his indifference, the neighbors didn't force a lengthy conversation. They merely greeted him briefly before leaving one by one. Then, Logan turned around and went to the garden in the backyard. The vegetables in the garden were all matured, seemingly having been well-taken care of.

Logan fished out a pack of cigarettes and lit one. Earlier, he hadn't dared to smoke in front of Lola, so this was a long-awaited opportunity. However, when he was just halfway through, he faintly heard a voice from the courtyard, a woman's voice that sounded rather advanced in years. Taking a puff, he narrowed his eyes as he found the voice a touch familiar, yet he couldn't remember who it was in that instance.

He initially didn't plan on interfering, assuming that it was probably one of the neighbors again, but he abruptly heard Mr. Hunt's roar a few seconds later. "Why are you here? Get out!" At this, Logan stilled. Immediately after that, he heard the woman's slightly awkward chuckle as she greeted Mr. Hunt.

Frowning, he finished the cigarette in a few puffs before crushing the cigarette butt on the ground. Then, he whirled around and left the backyard for the courtyard via a small path at the side that led to the front. Before Logan had reached the front, he heard Mr. Hunt's bellow again. "Get out, get out! You're not welcomed here, so don't come again!"

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Logan hurriedly strode forward, worried that Mr. Hunt would end up on the losing end in the dispute. When he reached the courtyard, he then saw that it was only Mr. and Mrs. Hunt as well as a

middle-aged woman in the entire yard. The middle-aged woman was indeed someone whom he was well-acquainted with, and they'd even had a squabble back then. It was Shawn's mother. At the sight of Mrs. Long, the crease of his brows deepened.

Mrs. Long had also caught sight of him, whereupon she instantly put on a beaming smile. Putting aside her argument with Mr. Hunt, she pivoted and headed toward him. "Oh, you're here, Logan? It's been a long time."

Stilling slightly, Logan stared at her expressionlessly. We're not even acquaintances, yet this woman addressed me so familiarly!

"Why are you here?" Logan's tone was also disgruntled.

Mrs. Long chortled. "I just passed by, so I came over for a look upon hearing that you're back."

As far as I know, the Longs don't live in this village, so how could she possibly have 'passed by'?

At the side, Mrs. Hunt had also dropped the polite smile from her face, her expression chagrined. "Lola is already married, and she's been over with Shawn for ages. So, what's the meaning of you coming here again?"

Mrs. Long heaved a sigh. "You've misunderstood me, dear friend. I'm not here to bring up the matter regarding Lola and Shawn. I'm truly here just for a look."

"What do you want to see?" Logan demanded.

Taken aback, the smile on Mrs. Long's face looked extremely fake.

"Even if Lola didn't end up with Shawn, they can still be friends.

Thus, it's not necessary for the two families to become enemies. Isn't it good to just associate as fellow villagers?" It was as though she'd forgotten about the fact that their family of three had once come over to kick up a fuss.

Meanwhile, Lola had also awakened. Having been awakened from a deep sleep by the racket, her head was spinning. She sat up in the bed and stared out. From her angle, she just so happened to spot Mrs. Long's countenance. After sitting for a while, she got up and went out.

The moment Mrs. Long saw Lola, her laughter increased in volume.

"Oh, you finally came out, Lola! I was just wondering why I didn't see you."

Lola's face was devoid of expression. "I was sleeping, but your ear-splitting voice disrupted my sleep." She'd seen Mrs. Long before when she was with Shawn. While she found her attitude rather lacking at times, she still treated her respectfully since she was an elder. Now, however, things were different. She was reminded of Shawn at the sight of her, and subsequently, everything Shawn had done. Family background was truly important, so the fact that Shawn ended up in such disgrace now definitely had something to do with Mr. and Mrs. Long's teaching. Putting it bluntly, it was still the parents' negligence.

Upon seeing such an attitude from her, Mrs. Long's expression changed. But with Logan there, she didn't dare pull a long face with Lola, merely putting away the awkward smile on her face. "Well, aren't I here to look in on you now?"

Lola sneered. "Do I need you to look in on me? Am I very close with you?" No one expected her to suddenly get up in arms when she'd always been amicable.

Mrs. Long was stunned, almost passing out from fury at this rebuttal. Amusement flooded Logan. This was his first time seeing Lola raving at someone else besides him since all of her temper was directed at him in the past. Thus, he went over and wrapped an arm around her shoulder. "Don't get angry. If you don't want to see her, we'll just

kick her out." He was a man of his word, for just after he'd finished saying that to her, he turned to Mrs. Long and glared at her. "Get out! You're not welcomed." Then, he again spoke softly to Lola. "Come, let's go back in and sleep for a while longer. You haven't slept much." Going along with his movements, Lola turned around and followed him into the house. After closing the door behind them, Lola recalled Mrs. Long's expression when Logan humiliated her earlier, and she burst into laughter. Pinching her face, Logan leaned over and kissed her. Lola then pushed him gently. "Behave."

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Logan pouted. "We can't be intimate, yet I can't even kiss you now?" Lola thumped him. "Lower your voice." After saying that, she glanced out. "Why is she here? What did you all talk about earlier?"

Actually, we didn't talk about anything of significance. Logan hesitated for a moment. "I think she probably came over to worm her way into our good graces. After all, it was me who caused her son to lose his job, so she might be afraid that I'd continue manipulating things to make life difficult for him."

Returning to the room, Lola lay down. "Who'd be so free to bother him if he didn't make trouble in the first place?"

Logan trailed after her. "You're right."

A while later, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt came in as well. Mr. Hunt entered the house with a long face, muttering, "What the hell? Who did she think she was?"

Behind him, Mrs. Hunt stroked his back. "Ah, just don't take offense at someone like her. You know what their family is like, no? Just pretend as though you hadn't heard the pile of drivel she blathered this time. It's not worth it to be upset because of such a person."

Lola wanted to go and inquire about the matter, but just as she was about to get up, Logan held her back down. "I'll go and check on them." Then, he exited the room. "What happened, Dad? What did she say just now?"

Mr. Hunt stomped over to the chair at the side. "She's just like a d*mn leech. Doesn't she know to find the fault from Shawn himself if he isn't doing well in his work? But no, she's adamant that someone must be putting obstacles in his path!"

Logan's brows knitted together. After that, Mr. Hunt continued, "Do you know why she came over earlier? Passing by, my foot! She heard that we came back, so she deliberately came to seek us out. Shawn went looking for a job some time ago, but no one wanted to employ him, and he was rejected by several places. However, she didn't consider the possibility of Shawn himself being less than capable, or rather, his tarnished reputation being the reason. Instead, she pushed the blame on us, assuming that we'd manipulated things behind the scenes to ensure that he can't find a job."

All at once, Logan guffawed. I thought she came to put in a good word for Shawn and implore me to show him mercy, but it turns out that I underthought it. She has already placed the blame on me. He chuckled in exasperation. "I initially didn't want to take things too far, but she came and asked for it."

Mr. Hunt was also infuriated. "What bad luck that we bumped into her when we came back!"

"There's no need to get up in arms with someone like her." Logan tried to calm his father-in-law down. "We'll just straighten her up." Considering Mr. Hunt's temperament, he definitely would've said not to take things too far in the past, but this time, he didn't utter a single objection despite understanding what Logan meant. It seemed that he'd truly been vexed by that old woman.

After some time, Logan went out and made a phone call in the

courtyard. He said a few words, whereupon the person on the other end vowed that he'd ensure the smooth execution of the matter. At this, Logan chuckled. "This person is rather easy to handle, so you don't need to spend too much effort. Just make sure that he can't get a job."

The person on the other end chortled as well. "I was thinking of having someone beat him up, but since you said as much, Young Master Jefferson, I'll do away with that."

Logan grunted. "That coward isn't worth you beating him up. He might pee his pants if you just threaten him for a bit."

They merely chatted for a bit before hanging up. When he was done, Logan pivoted and went back to the house. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had gone to rest since they'd be visiting Lola's grandmother's grave in the afternoon, then making the return trip right away. Going back to Lola, Logan had just lay down when she flipped over and hugged him around the waist. "Who did you call just now?"

"A young lady. We talked about something private," Logan said, trying to tease her.

Lola harrumphed. "Who else besides me would take an interest in you considering your attitude?"

As Logan caressed her hair, he murmured, "Jasmine Xanthos took an interest in me."

At the mention of Jasmine, Lola stilled for a moment. "Her taste was bad in the past, but it's now back to normal."

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Logan began talking about business. "I gave my friend a call to have him help settle things with Shawn."

A smile tugged on the corner of Lola's lips. "Being with you makes me feel safe." It was true, and not only was it due to his familial background, but also because of his personality. Lola had a feeling that she could wrap Logan around her little finger, or rather, Logan was willing to allow that to happen, so she never feared accidents.

They took some time to catch their breaths before buying some offerings to pay their respects to Faye Hunt, Lola's grandmother. Having memorized the route, Logan drove them all the way there. He helped Lola while they were traveling uphill, but ended up carrying her on the back later on. In short, Lola didn't expend much energy throughout the process.

It wasn't easy to locate her grandmother's grave, so they spent a long time doing just that before they were able to settle down to pay their respects. Lola babbled about her marriage and pregnancy, all the while reassuring Faye that Logan had been treating her with much care, saying he would also look after her parents.

After going through all the necessary steps for the worship and setting the offerings down in front of the tombstone, the group of people went down the hill. The journey down the hill was less tiresome, so Lola held hands with Logan, and the latter even began humming a tune.

Falling behind the group, Langdon asked in a hushed voice, "I wonder what I saw in Shawn back then. Look at Logan. Shawn can't even compare to him."

Fiona lamented as well, saying, "I never expected Lola to find someone like Logan. All I wanted was for her to have a stable life, but I never envisioned this."

Nodding, Langdon agreed to her. "How did they even get to this stage? I've been racking my brains for an answer. With Logan's familial background, he could easily date any woman he likes, but his love for Lola is so whole-hearted that I couldn't help but wonder if this is too good to be true." Meanwhile, Logan and Lola were walking ahead of them, so neither heard the conversation behind them, as both of them were already discussing what snack to have after

getting home.

On the other hand, a full day's filming on set left Ian feeling utterly spent. He heaved a sigh upon sitting down in the lounge, closing his eyes after noticing that no one was around. Although he was only planning to take a nap, he fell asleep just like that after some time, his brain conjuring up a chaotic dream in his sleep even.

He dreamed of when he was young, when Bryce recently took him in under his wing. It was a time when he had yet to get used to life with the Morgans, nor was Bryce nice to him, so life was a bit of an uphill battle. Truth be told, he already forgot those days as time passed, but they somehow came rushing back to him in his dreams.

When Cindy came to fetch him, she saw him asleep on the sofa as soon as she opened the door. Having full knowledge of his schedule, she knew how taxing his job was, so she bit back whatever it was that she was planning to say. There was nobody else in the lounge, so she shut the door quietly before packing up Ian's clothes. Then, she sat down on the chair near him.

Ian's dream was rather chaotic, so he wasn't in fact aware of what the dream was about. Still sound asleep, he stirred his body before muttering, "Mom..."

Frightened by the sudden noise, Cindy stared at him wide-eyed.

However, Ian didn't wake up but continued sleeping after shifting to another more comfortable position. Pondering on the situation, she draped on Ian an extra throw that she retrieved from his luggage, whereas Ian remained sound asleep, showing no signs of waking up. She watched him sleep for some time before abruptly heaving a sigh. Ian got some quality sleep until he was roused awake by a phone call from his driver, who inquired if he got into some sort of trouble and if he needed help, as the driver had been waiting for a long while downstairs. With a sleep-addled mind, Ian picked up the call and mumbled a few words before ending it. After that, he turned to see Cindy sleeping soundly while leaning on the table.

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Sitting up from the sofa, Ian checked on the throw that was draped on him. He took some time to chill before walking up to Cindy.

"Wake up. We need to go now."

Cindy wasn't deep in sleep, so she shot up as soon as he called out to her. Nodding, her eyes were still blurry from sleep. "Okay. Let's go." She stumbled a little when she stood, but managed to head toward the luggage briskly.

On the other hand, Ian was picking up his own luggage. "I can do this myself."

Cindy quickly shook her hands. "It's fine. Let me carry them." As she said so, she took the two suitcases from him. Ian always knew that despite her small stature, she was in fact extremely strong. He had seen her navigate herself without a problem while carrying two large suitcases before. Even his manager, Ms. Hannah Jones, commented that Cindy was far more competent compared to the others.

Therefore, Ian didn't fight her over the luggage, leaving the lounge in strides, whereas she followed behind him closely with both suitcases in her hand. Meanwhile, the driver had taken a nap himself when they finally got to the car. Upon seeing them, the driver took the luggage before placing them into the car trunk. "Mr. Morgan, what took you so long? Did something happen to you?"

Ian apologized before adding, "We fell asleep in the lounge."

Chiming in, Cindy said, "I'm sorry. I fell asleep when I should've woken you up."

The driver knew how packed their schedule was, so it was

understandable that they would feel tired. After the three of them got into the car, the driver started the engine before commenting in a cheerful manner, "It's hard being a celebrity. You hardly ever have any downtime." When Cindy yawned while sitting in the passenger seat, the driver turned to look at her. "The same applies to this young lady who is always as busy as a bee."

She chuckled in response, but made no further remarks. Meanwhile, Ian was feeling a lot more refreshed after the nap. Leaning back in his seat, he turned to watch the view outside the window. Nightlife had just begun, and that was when the place would get lively when he used to sing in a bar.

Taking his phone out, he checked on it to see a message from Logan that inquired when he would be free to meet up. However, Ian didn't have an answer to that, as he already informed Ms. Jones early on that he wanted a full schedule, which was a deliberate move on his part to make sure he wouldn't have time to dwell on the negative things in his life.

On the other hand, Ms. Jones was also happy to do that, so she made sure to fill up his schedule for the coming six months. Seeing that he didn't know what to say, Ian decided to not reply to Logan's message. The car pulled over in front of a hotel after a while. Deftly getting out of the car, Cindy retrieved both suitcases from the car trunk before carrying them into the hotel.

After she got them booked into the hotel, Cindy got the keys to their rooms, then helped carry Ian's suitcases. All the while, Ian followed behind her, watching her leave the suitcases in the corner of the room upon entering it. She knew Ian didn't like people touching his stuff, so she rubbed her hands a little nervously while asking, "Do you need anything else?"

Ian sat down on the sofa. "It's alright now. You can go get some rest." It had been some time since Cindy began working with Ian, but they were still acting formally around each other, as while Cindy was more of an introvert, neither was Ian a chatty person. Even Ms. Jones commented that the other celebrities would be more carefree with their assistants, whereas Ian and Cindy were the only ones who seemed uptight around each other.

Turning to leave, Cindy closed the door from outside, whereas Ian downed half a bottle of water as he looked out of the window. Cindy was staying in the room adjacent to his. As soon as she got in, she washed up as quickly as possible. Ever since she started working alongside Ian, she began working at a faster pace, even cutting down the time which she used to shower. She changed into her pajamas after getting out of the shower, then fell asleep in bed without even drying her hair.

Meanwhile, Ian had a hard time falling asleep, so he checked on the schedule for tomorrow that Cindy had typed into his phone.

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In fact, he didn't actually need to remember his schedule, as Cindy would make sure to arrange everything for him. However, he tapped to check on it anyway since he had nothing else to do.

It would be another busy day, as his schedule was full from afternoon to night. Other than jotting down the time required for each activity, Cindy also typed in the list of shows that he would have to make an appearance on, as well as the clothing and accessories required during each show. There were also reminders on the other celebrities who would be present on the show, alongside the details that he should take note of. Admittedly, Cindy wasn't only physically fit but also very attentive to details, which was a rare quality even among assistants.

Turning the lights off, Ian had been lying on bed in the dark for a

while when the screen of his phone on the bedside table lit up. The light in the dark was eye-catching, so he reached for his phone to check on it. It was a message from Sean which updated him with the latest situation in the Morgan Family, but there wasn't anything of importance. He also inquired on how Ian had been doing.

Although Sean had sent him a lot of messages prior to this, most of them went unreplied, as he didn't know what to say to him, which was also the case with the rest of the Morgans. Thus, deleting the message, he put his phone face-down on the table and turned to the other side before closing his eyes.

Recalling the scenarios in his dreams, he was feeling suffocated. If he could lead a normal life, he didn't actually want to become a celebrity. Soon, he got a little groggy before sleep finally overcame him during the latter half of the night. The next morning, he was roused by knocks on his door. He didn't need to check to know it was Cindy who had come over, so he got out of bed to answer the door at a leisurely pace.

As soon as Cindy walked into his room with his breakfast in hand, a string of words began rolling off her tongue. "You'll be doing a duet on the show that you'll appear on later this morning, where a few seniors from the music industry will be acting as judges. They might have a bit of a sharp tongue, so you don't have to take their words to heart. There will also be another guest who is notorious for his insulting words. He has always been roasting people in order to garner himself the attention of the public, so I suppose he would be impolite, if not outright vile. You should treat him as one would a clown. Pay him no heed, as he will have justice served to him some time in the future."

Ian was already used to Cindy nagging him, as she would do that every morning when she brought him his breakfast. Other than reporting to him the programs he was required to attend, she would also make an assessment of possible situations that he would have to be prepared to face. Letting out a hum, Ian replied, "Okay. I get it." Aside from breakfast, Cindy also brought him some fruits. When she was organizing the outfits needed for the various shooting sessions, Ian went to wash up, as it was still early in the morning. She would always arrive earlier so that Ian had ample time to get prepared. Due to the fact that Ian was a bit of a clean freak, he never wore the outfits prepared by the production crew unless it was necessary, but so did the crew wish that he would bring his own outfit, as it would save them a lot of time.

When Ian was all done, Cindy was already sitting by the table, as they had breakfast together almost every morning. Sitting down in front of her, Ian noted, "You don't seem too well."

Cindy touched her face before saying, "It might be because I didn't get much rest. It's alright. I will buy myself a cup of coffee later."

Without a word, Ian nodded before proceeding to eat breakfast in silence as per usual. Not even five minutes into their meal, Cindy's phone rang. Initially, she only checked on it before tucking her phone away, but it rang again after a while.

Ian looked up to check on her, determining from the fact she didn't pick up immediately that it wasn't a call from the agency. Seeing that Ian continued eating, Cindy left the table with her phone after some thought. However, she didn't spend a lot of time on the call, which Ian roughly surmised wouldn't have exceeded three minutes.

When she returned, she seemed unperturbed, and was even wearing a smile while she asked, "How is breakfast? I wanted to buy you some pumpkin porridge that you liked, but it was sold out. Since I didn't want to make you wait, I bought some corn porridge instead."

As per his usual cold demeanor, Ian told her the porridge tasted good, nor did she think much of it as she sat down with a smile on her face. However, she put her cutlery away after taking a few bites out of her meal, leaving her breakfast unfinished on the table. Apparently, something must've happened over the phone call, but Ian didn't like to pry into other people's business, so he feigned ignorance regarding the situation.

After their meal, they packed up everything they needed, including their makeup kit, before leaving the hotel, only to see that the driver was already waiting for them. The three of them seemed to work well together, as their schedules were rarely conflicted. While on their way to the filming set, the driver was blabbering away, but as soon as he noticed Cindy seemed a little pale, he let out a chuckle. "What's wrong? Did you overwork yourself yesterday?"

Pinching on her brows, Cindy said, "I'll go buy myself a cup of coffee later."

The driver went on. "Hey, do a lot of people envy you for being able to follow Mr. Morgan around? Whenever I saw his fangirls shrieking as they ran toward him, I was scared that the guards might not be able to hold them off, and they would end up gobbling Mr. Morgan up." He laughed by the end of it.

The driver had been working alongside Ian ever since the latter made his debut. Initially, he would watch his mouth while around Ian due to Ian's cool demeanor, but he soon came to realize that Ian was a rather easy-going person despite his taciturn personality. Therefore, the driver would crack jokes from time-to-time while driving.

Meanwhile, Cindy let out a dry chuckle before leaning against the window while staring out of it. Probably because she didn't dry her hair last night after the shower, she was feeling unwell, and she had a migraine upon getting up.

When they arrived at the filming set, she entered the building with Ian after retrieving all of their stuff from the car. There were quite a lot of people working on the production crew, one of whom showed Ian in with haste upon his arrival.

As they arrived early, Ian was ushered into the dressing room to do his makeup. Cindy readied the makeup kit before backing away to remain standby, whereas a young woman who would be his stylist greeted Ian with a smile. "Oh, Ian! Can I have your autograph? I am your fan!"

Normally, stylists would conduct themselves with more decorum as they were already used to meeting celebrities. However, Cindy made no remarks while watching from the sidelines. Nodding, Ian put on the warm facade that he commonly wore while in public. "How about I give you one after the styling session?"

Immediately, the stylist nodded. "Sure, definitely! I'm holding you to that now." The stylist was quite young, nor was she overdramatic, so her cuteness was just on point, which Cindy regarded with slight admiration. She figured that girls who were both pretty and decent like the stylist were the ones whom everybody would welcome with open arms.

When they were halfway through their styling session, Cindy brought Ian some water and stuck a straw in the cup. Ian didn't even need to make a request, as she had always been attentive to such details. After a while, a crowd filed into the room. Glancing behind her, Cindy greeted the celebrity who came in next. "Hello, Miss Young. Please have a seat." Cindy even pulled out the chair for her as she said so.

The woman was Sena Young, the celebrity whom Ian would be doing

a duet with. She was considered as Ian's senior within the industry, but she wasn't that much older than him, as she rose to fame at a young age. While Ian was about to stand up, the woman came over to prop one hand on his shoulder, giving off the impression that they were close to each other. "You came rather early. I was actually thinking of coming in earlier to wait on you."

Considering she was Ian's senior, he treated her rather warmly, smiling at her. "And here I was worried that I might be running late." Sena sat down on the chair that Cindy pulled out for her. Sitting sideways, she faced Ian as she spoke. "You have nothing to worry about. All you need to do is repeat what you've done a million times. I've seen records of your previous performances, which were great, so I figured we should be able to advance in rank as long as we play it steady." After that, she smiled while tilting her head. "I have been imagining the scenario of our meeting, but you are slightly different from how I imagined you to be."

That was their first time meeting each other. Turning his head, Ian cast her a glance. "What's different about me? Do I look better while on TV?"

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"That's not it." With a fond smile, Sena said, "I think you look better in person. You feel more real. Oh, I don't even know what I'm talking about, but I do think your presence makes people feel comfortable." She ended her sentence rather coquettishly, which sounded even more annoying than what the stylist said. While Cindy wasn't sure how Ian felt upon hearing what Sena told him, she knew for sure that she felt uncomfortable.

After that, Sena chuckled, totally unaware of how coquettish she sounded. Without a word, the stylist wore a faint smile, while there was a hint of mockery in her eyes when nobody was watching. Seeing that Ian made no further attempt at a conversation, Sena stopped before turning to face Cindy with a gentle expression. "I bet a lot of people envy you for your position as Ian's assistant." With a casual smile, Cindy replied, "I do get a lot of people telling me that."

Nodding, Sena pressed on. "What's your name? You seem like a dependable person."

Cindy decided she had nothing to hide, so she told Sena her real name. "My name is Cindy Selby."

Startled, Sena commented, "It has a nice ring to it."

Hanging her head low, Cindy said nothing else, whereas Ian had been facing the mirror without much of an expression on his face. Having her own stylist, Sena adjusted her position before beginning her styling session.

After a while, Cindy's phone buzzed in her pocket. She pondered on the situation before telling Ian in a low voice, "I'll be taking a phone call outside. Come get me if you need anything."

Ian hummed in the affirmative by way of a response. The phone call lasted slightly longer than the first one, as she wasn't back even after Ian was finished with his styling session. Recalling that Cindy hadn't eaten much for breakfast after taking the first call, Ian stood to leave, but not before Sena spoke. "I'm almost done, so we can rehearse for a bit later on."

Stopping in his tracks, Ian looked back at her while replying, "Sure." Sena seemed glad when she looked at Ian. With her good looks, she could easily seduce anyone with a single look on her face. However, Ian wore a straight face while examining Sena's makeup. "It seems like you'll need more time, so I'll be off for a while."

Pursing her lips, Sena hummed in response. "Alright, but be quick, as

I'm almost done."

Instead of giving her a reply, Ian left the dressing room. He was never one to meddle in other people's business, as he didn't like being a busybody. However, he didn't like Sena's overzealous attitude, so he wanted a break from her. He stepped into a corridor upon coming out of the dressing room, but Cindy wasn't there. Walking along the corridor, it didn't take long before Cindy emerged from the corner in front of him.

Judging from the fact that her face was moist, Ian figured she must've washed her face, but no amount of washing was able to cover up the redness around her eyes. She was slightly taken aback by Ian's presence. "What's the matter? Did something happen?"

Stopping in front of her, Ian said, "I needed a break."

Cindy nodded before starting to offer him more information in a low voice. "Miss Young's career went smoothly ever since her debut. Despite being a bit of a snob, she seemed to be treating you fairly nicely. However, I do not know how your duet would turn out, and things might change if the results aren't the most favorable, as she might blame everything on you, so please don't take things too personally."

Ian turned to cast her a glance. Although it was apparent from her reddened eyes that she just cried, she still maintained a professional demeanor while talking to Ian. Instead of answering her, Ian asked, "Did something happen?"

Startled, she only understood his question after a while before she combed her hair behind her ears, some of which were damp after she washed her face, an uneasy expression written all over. "It's nothing major. Not something that couldn't be solved."

Ian nodded before replying nonchalantly, "Remember to speak up if anything happens."

Still not disclosing much, she said, "Sure. Thank you."

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Cindy could see that Ian didn't want to return to the dressing room, so she pointed toward a nearby spot. "There's a hall over there. Why not have a seat?"

Waving his hand, he declined her offer, choosing to walk over to a window before opening it to allow some breeze into the building. On the other hand, Sena was soon finished with her makeup, so she had her assistant go fetch Ian.

Due to the fact that the assistant had been working with Sena for some time, she looked down on other assistants. Walking over to them, the assistant didn't even acknowledge Cindy, but she addressed Ian directly. "Mr. Morgan, Sena is ready, so she would like to go through a quick rehearsal with you."

Ian hummed in response before replying, "Sure. Let's go."

While Cindy followed behind them, Sena's assistant blocked her before she could enter the dressing room. "You can stay here. Our presence in the room won't be of much help. Furthermore, it might even be a disturbance."

There was a pause before Cindy spoke with an innocent look on her face. "It's fine. I won't make a sound while standing inside."

However, the assistant wasn't going to relent, as she was still blocking Cindy's way. "Miss Sena doesn't like being watched when she is rehearsing."

While maintaining a soft expression, Cindy didn't back down. "But I have to stay with Ian at all times during his rehearsals."

Standing by the door, neither did Ian go in while looking back at Sena's assistant. "It's alright. She will be quiet, so she won't disturb Miss Sena."

Taken aback, the assistant seemed like she had something to say

when she turned to look at Ian, but nothing came out. Ian opened the door to see that the dressing room was empty, as everybody was gone from the room save for Sena. As if unaware of Sena's intentions, Ian motioned for Cindy to enter the room. "Come on in."

On the other hand, Sena was already in a new set of clothes, looking both exquisite and elegant. A frown crossed her face as soon as she saw Cindy entering the room alongside Ian. However, Ian gave Cindy his instructions before Sena could say anything. "You can sit on that chair, but try to remain as quiet as possible."

Nodding, Cindy sat down without a word as meekly as possible, ignoring what Sena's actions were implying, whereas Sena did her best to school her expression, covering up the annoyance she felt. It had been a few months since Ian's debut, so Cindy had a fair share of encounters wherein other celebrities tried to blackmail him. A scandal would break out by the next day if Ian rehearsed with Sena in the room alone.

With her phone in her pocket, Cindy turned on the camera function. On the other hand, Sena couldn't do anything about the situation as Cindy didn't do anything to disrupt the rehearsal, so she had to stick with the rehearsal without making any suspicious moves. In fact, they never needed the rehearsal to begin with after having gone through multiple beforehand.

After some time, Cindy took out her phone to check on it, while Sena soon ignored her when she realized Cindy wasn't recording. Upon finishing their first rehearsal, one of the crew came to inform them that the other celebrities would be needing the room. Standing up with a smile, Sena told Ian, "Alright. I'll see you on stage."

Ian nodded in return before telling Cindy, "Let's go."

The two of them exited the dressing room when the other celebrities were on their way in. Both parties came face-to-face before brushing past each other, taking note of Cindy's presence beside Ian.

Later on, Ian would be moving to the preparation area to get ready for his stage appearance with Sena, but Cindy couldn't go there, so she had to wait outside. There were a few chairs near her, so she sat on one, waiting for Ian while leaning back on the chair.

Sena's assistant arrived soon after. She was slightly older than Cindy, and was a senior in her field of work. Most senior assistants looked down on newbies, so she only snorted while passing by, all the while casting Cindy a side glance. However, Cindy ignored her, as she knew while there were all sorts of people in the entertainment industry, snobs and sycophants were the most common among them all.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1386

Ian had just made his debut recently, so all eyes were on him.

Although Cindy was merely his assistant, she knew people had a tendency to overanalyze her actions, so she was determined to not cause Ian any trouble. She took her phone out, only to return it into her pocket after looking at the time as there wasn't a lot to go through on it.

The shooting session didn't last that long, about twenty minutes at most. As soon as Ian returned backstage, Cindy met him with haste. "How did it go?"

He seemed calm when he said, "It's not bad."

Right after he said so, Sena came to him with a bright smile on her face. "Ian, let me buy you a meal later as a token of my appreciation." Waving his hand, Ian turned down her invitation. "You don't have to thank me, as it's just a part of my job. I have other things to work on, so I'll buy you a meal when I have time."

A smile tugged on the corner of Sena's lips. "Okay. I'll keep this in mind, so you better keep your promise."

After a brief chat, Ian left with Cindy. As the program was under production, the celebrities were mostly scheduled to shoot their

parts separately. They bumped into two other celebrities and their assistants while on their way out. Ian greeted both of them politely before leaving in the car. As soon as the car drove off, Ian cast Cindy a glance. "Did you capture the scene?"

Nodding, Cindy fished for her phone, unlocking it to show him the video recordings from back when they were in the dressing room. Ian lowered his gaze to check on the recording. The recording began with a black screen, as the phone was in Cindy's pocket during that time. However, it did capture the conversation between Ian and Sena clearly, which proved that they only ever talked about the upcoming competition.

Handing Cindy's phone back to her, Ian seemed satisfied with the recording. "You look rather sickly, so you should get some rest in the car later on instead of following me around."

Cindy shook her head though. "It's alright. All I need is a cup of coffee."

Their next program was a variety show, in which Ian was invited as a guest. Most variety shows were focused on its comedic effect, so Ian would be playing games and having fun while shooting, thus was to an extent an easier task compared to the rest.

As the set was located some distance away, they had to spend more time in the car. While Ian took a nap while leaning against his seat, Cindy was still having a headache, but she had a hard time falling asleep, so she took out her phone to check on it, only to find that there were no calls or messages still. She wondered if it was because she retaliated too harshly. After spending some time on the phone, she heaved a sigh while leaning back on her seat. It's so unfair that we can't choose where we were born.

Meanwhile, Ian dipped in and out of sleep before waking up when the car stopped. Getting out of the car, Cindy helped him carry the luggage. This time, Ian didn't need to put on any makeup, as he was only required to put on a different outfit. After entering the filming set, Cindy took out his clothes. "I'll leave them here."

Turning around to glance at her, Ian said, "You should get some rest in the car. The program will take some time, so I won't come back out anytime soon. Besides, the crew might even accuse you of being a disturbance if you stay."

Cindy nodded while pursing her lips, knowing that Ian was in fact trying to give her some downtime. "Call me when you're done." With that, Ian left for the locker room with his outfit, whereas Cindy took some time to herself before leaving, figuring that she wouldn't be getting coffee since it was going to take a while. She lay down on the back seats upon getting into the car. Because the driver was taking a smoke break, it was quiet in there, so she closed her eyes, finally dozing off despite the headache.

However, her sleep was not peaceful at all, as the harsh words she said during her previous phone call replayed itself over and over again in her dreams. To be honest, she regretted what she said as soon as the words rolled off her tongue, but there wasn't much else that she could do when she was plagued with her own troubles. While she wanted to be more considerate toward her family, nobody was there for her when she needed them to be.

Although it wasn't a peaceful slumber, Cindy got quite a lot of sleep up until when the driver gave her a shove. "Cindy, wake up! What's wrong? Are you having a nightmare?"

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Cindy opened her eyes slowly, but her mind was still muddled up. Heaving a sigh, the driver asked, "Why are you crying? What have

you dreamed of?"

Running her hand across her face, Cindy realized it was full of tears, which she wiped away hastily using her shirt. "I had a scary nightmare, so thanks for waking me up."

The driver didn't think much of it while he chuckled. "To be frightened by your own nightmares... You're a little girl after all." Smiling, Cindy said, "I didn't realize I was dreaming until you woke me up." After that, she looked out of the window while changing the topic. "Is Ian not finished yet?"

The driver hummed in response. "It's only been half an hour, so I suppose it'll take a while more."

With a nod, Cindy took a deep breath to suppress the overflowing emotions within her, whereas the driver leaned back into his seat with his hands on the steering wheel. "To be honest, I worked with a lot of celebrities, so I can in fact see that Ian is a little different from the rest of them."

Startled, Cindy glanced at the driver. "How is he different? He's the first ever celebrity whom I worked with, so I don't really have a point of reference."

Smacking his lips, the driver elaborated, "I just have a feeling that he never seems happy. The celebrities whom I worked with seemed to enjoy making public appearances, but Ian is different in the sense that he is merely treating it as a job."

Cindy didn't quite get what he meant, but she chuckled nonetheless. "Being a celebrity is a profession in itself."

In response to that, the driver shook his head, but didn't dwell any further on the topic. On the other hand, Cindy no longer felt like sleeping, so she took a peek at the filming set after getting out of the car. Seeing that Ian was still filming, Cindy waited at the entrance of the building. The weather today wasn't too great, as it was overcast, looking to rain anytime soon. After a while, she took out her phone to make a call, which was quickly answered by a woman. "Cindy."

Cindy sounded a little cold when she hummed in response. "Give me some more time, as I no longer have any money. For now, find someone who can lend you money, and I'll send you the money as soon as I have some."

There was a weak hum from the other side of the phone. "So when will you get the money? I have to tell them when I will be able to return the money if I want to borrow from them."

Cindy had reminded herself to be patient, but she couldn't help but be riled up upon hearing what the other woman had to say, so she sounded even colder. "I don't know when I will be able to get the money, as I will also have to go borrow some. I already gave you every coin that I have, and the people around me are all wary of me, so I don't know when I will be able to get my hands on some money."

Upon detecting that Cindy was in a bad mood, the woman on the other side of the phone reduced her voice to a squeal. "Okay, you can send me the money as soon as you've got it. Mom will stop asking." After that, the woman told her, "Take care of yourself out there. I'll be hanging up now since phone calls are expensive."

Without even giving a response, Cindy put her phone away after hanging up. She gave her chest a few punches to loosen herself up from feelings of grief. She had been working a job ever since she graduated from university, and while it might not be the highest paying job out there, she was earning money. However, she didn't get to save any money despite having worked so hard. On the contrary, she was indebted to a lot of people due to a certain individual who was ready to devour her with their boundless greed whenever the opportunity arose.

Cindy stood at the entrance until the filming was done, during which it began raining. There were umbrellas in the car, so the driver handed her two of them in a hurry, whereas she opened and held one over Ian. Taking the umbrella into his hand, Ian said, "I can hold my own umbrella, so you don't have to fuss over me."

After that, he left for the car on his own, whereas Cindy followed suit after opening her own umbrella. Upon getting into the vehicle, they had to make their way to their next destination for a talk show. Due to heavy rain, they had to go slow. Sitting in the car, Cindy took out her phone to go through her list of contacts, only to find that she no longer had anyone to turn to for money.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1388

Cindy owed money to every single person on her contact list. Since they were already wary of her, they wouldn't be answering her calls if she wasn't about to pay them back. Stopping in front of a traffic light, the driver turned around to check on Cindy. "What's the matter? You are frowning. Why do you look so troubled, young girl?" Startled, Cindy smiled at the driver in return. "It's nothing."

There wasn't a lot that she needed to do for the talk show, so she waited outside when Ian was filming. During the half an hour when Ian was in the show, Cindy went through her contacts multiple times while sitting in the car until he was back again, after which they went back to the hotel. Upon arriving, she helped carry Ian's luggage to his room before saying, "I'll be retiring to my room if there's nothing else you need."

Ian cast her a glance while telling her, "You should have room service get you some medicine if you aren't feeling well."

Nodding, Cindy replied, "Sure, I will." She entered her room after bidding him goodbye. Then, she went through her contacts again before steeling her nerves to make two phone calls. In fact, she already knew the reply she would get, as she still owed the other party money, so it was kind of unfair of her to try to borrow from them again.

Fortunately, one of the people Cindy called was her roommate during university. Instead of getting angry at her, her former roommate gave her some much-needed advice. "Your family shouldn't be relying on you like that. You have to think for yourself! Just look at the life you're living! You'll be leading this sort of life forever if you don't learn to put up any boundaries."

Despite understanding every single word she heard, Cindy replied, "I have my own circumstances. With things as they are, I can't just quit." Depressed, she collapsed onto the sofa. "If my family were even remotely close to a normal family, I would've let go a long time ago, but I can't let go now."

Meanwhile, her former roommate also knew that Cindy had her own concerns, so she could only heave a sigh. "Cindy, I'm afraid I can't be of much help. I just started working, so I don't have any savings, since I spend all of my salary every month."

Murmuring an assent, Cindy said, "It's okay. You'll have to wait for some time before I can pay you back. I'll try to save up next month so that I can do so."

After having told Cindy to not sweat about it, her friend hung up, but didn't seem to believe in Cindy's words at all. Cindy put her phone away while curling up on the sofa, feeling groggy and out of sorts before eventually falling asleep on it.

Meanwhile, Ian watched some TV after showering and changing his clothes. It was already past dinner time, which, under normal circumstances, Cindy would've already ordered or bought him some food. However, she did neither today, so Ian took it upon himself to

order both of them some food from the room service before calling Cindy.

However, nobody picked up despite him having made two calls, which was abnormal. After some hesitation, Ian left his room to go check on Cindy, but neither did she answer the door after a few knocks. From what he gathered, Cindy was more of a homebody, preferring to stick to familiar circumstances. With her personality, Ian knew she would inform him if she ever needed to go out.

In the end, Ian gave the room service another call. They didn't dally while dispatching someone to open the door to Cindy's room as they were also afraid that something might go wrong. Upon entering the room, Ian saw Cindy curled up on the sofa, while her face was flushed, indicating that she was having a fever.

Frowning, Ian disliked situations like that as they were a bother, but seeing that they only had each other, nobody would take care of Cindy if he didn't, so he asked for some medicine from the staff before carrying Cindy into the room. On the other hand, Cindy was in a semi-conscious state, but she could sense that someone was hanging around in her room.

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Unaware of her surroundings, she rolled over to hold onto Ian's arm. "I feel awful."

Startled, Ian's immediate reaction was to retract his arm, but he suppressed the urge to do so as soon as he saw Cindy's flushed face. Meanwhile, she rubbed herself against his arm. "Do you know how hard my life is?"

Furrowing his brows, Ian said nothing, whereas Cindy sniffled, as her nose was stuffed. Then, she muttered, "Why would you study the arts instead of enrolling in a regular course? I won't be able to support you."

Ian waited for a while, but upon noticing that Cindy wasn't about to continue rambling, he retracted his arm slowly. On the other hand, the room service got him some medicine swiftly, while the meal he ordered had arrived as well, which he had them send to Cindy's room.

In the meantime, Ian stared at Cindy while standing by her bed as he wasn't sure what to do, since he'd never taken care of a sickly person. As his assistant, Cindy never caused him any trouble, so he figured it would be cruel of him if he were to leave her on her own. Therefore, Ian gave her a light push after a while. "Wake up. You have to eat dinner and take your medicine before going back to sleep."

However, Cindy didn't respond to him. Feeling somewhat defeated, Ian held her up while giving her a good shake. "Can you hear me?" Not only did the sudden jolt of movement make Cindy dizzy, but it also upset her stomach. Her brain was still in an addled state when she opened her eyes, and when she did, she shoved Ian away. Then, she leaped out of bed to make a dash for the washroom before emptying the contents of her stomach into the basin. To be honest, she was only retching, as she didn't eat much throughout the day, whereas Ian watched on impatiently while standing by the door to the washroom with a frown on his face.

After that bout of nausea, Cindy was feeling a lot better. She was about to leave the washroom after splashing some water on her face, only to be caught off guard by Ian's presence by the door. "Why are you here?"

With a frown on his face, Ian remarked dryly, "I have been here all this time. It's just that you didn't notice me." Cindy was taken aback. Turning to leave for the living room, Ian informed her, "I ordered some food, so come have dinner and take your medicine before you

go back to sleep.”

Humming, Cindy followed him into the room with tousled hair, as well as a dampness to her face and hair. Ian handed her a piece of tissue. “Wipe your face.”

Taking the tissue from him, she sat down in front of him while clutching onto it, but didn’t use it to dry her face. As Ian had ordered a light meal, Cindy could enjoy it as well, but she didn’t have much of an appetite despite having spent a long while staring at her meal. Digging into his meal, Ian lifted his head to check on her later. “You’ll have to take a few bites even if you don’t feel like it, or else you’ll just end up upsetting your stomach after taking the medicine.”

Perhaps it was because of the care he displayed toward her, for Cindy was suddenly feeling a little bolder. Licking her lips, she asked, “Can I ask you a favor?”

Ian continued eating after letting out a hum. In a feeble voice, she made her request. “Can you lend me some money? You can deduct it from my next paycheck.”

Upon hearing what she said, Ian hummed, seemingly unfazed by her request, which surprised her. “Does that mean you’re okay with it?” Instead of providing an answer, Ian asked, “How much do you need?” After some thought, she told him, “I need five thousand.”

“Sure. I’ll make the transaction in a bit.” He didn’t hesitate at all.

Cindy was feeling rest assured now that her problem was taken care of, and her speech became much more fluent. “Thank you.”

Keeping a straight face, Ian gave her a warning. “Just make sure to not give me more trouble.”

Cindy knew he didn’t wish for her illness to deter his work, so she nodded eagerly. “I will feel better tomorrow.”

Ian made no remark, so they ate in silence. After that, Ian left the room, whereas Cindy heaved a sigh of relief while standing there.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1390

Now that money was no longer an issue, Cindy felt like she managed to overcome a huge hurdle. She put away the dining utensils before returning to her room. Upon hearing a chime on her phone, she quickly checked it to see that the money had arrived. As always, Ian was swift in his actions. After that, she transferred the money to her family almost immediately.

She didn’t even care to inform her family that she had made the transfer. Instead, she switched off her phone before taking a shower. Learning her lesson, she dried her hair thoroughly after the shower, taking the medicine before lying down in bed. Due to the properties of the medicine, she dozed off without sinking into disturbing thoughts.

Out of habit, she woke up on time the next morning despite still feeling slightly groggy. Deftly, she washed up before leaving to buy breakfast downstairs. She was soon back in the hotel, knocking on the door to Ian’s room, which he answered quickly. Staring at her, he questioned, “Have you recovered?”

Nodding, Cindy entered his room as soon as he opened the door to put down the food on the table. However, her phone rang before she could lay the food out. Initially, she assumed it was a call from her family to inform her of having received the money, only to realize it was a call from Hannah after checking the caller ID, so she picked up instantly. “Ms. Jones.”

Hannah sounded dour over the phone when she spoke. “What’s going on? What are the online articles talking about?”

Startled, Cindy realized she hadn’t read anything online. Due to Hannah’s volume, Ian could hear their conversation, so he inquired while walking over to Cindy, “What’s wrong?”

Cindy shook her head at him before telling him in a hushed voice, "I think some news might've broken out online."

Walking into his room, Ian did a search on his phone to see that scandals of him and Sena were all over the internet. The articles were written in a fashion that made the scandal sound plausible. Other than fabricating that Ian spent time alone with Sena before their duet, there were also parts such as Sena being witnessed coming out from the dressing room in a disheveled state.

Ian didn't mind the scandal at all, even going as far as reading through all the articles that concerned it. On the other hand, Cindy was slightly confused, so she asked Hannah what happened. The latter seemed a little irritated while explaining the scandal to her before complaining, "What's going on? Don't you know how to avoid these sorts of controversies? You're obviously being blackmailed." Despite Cindy's relatively young age, she was unfaltering when it came to such things. Humming, she replied, "Don't fret, Ms. Jones. Those are all lies, as I was also in the dressing room yesterday, so they weren't alone. I even have a recording of the incident that we can utilize as proof."

Hannah was caught off guard by Cindy's report. "What recording is it? Does it show what happened when they were in the dressing room?"

Cindy replied in the affirmative before continuing, "I personally think the scandal might have something to do with Miss Young. She and her assistant were acting suspiciously yesterday."

After having spent many years within the industry, Hannah knew full well who were the possible beneficiaries behind such scandals.

Sneering, she ordered, "For now, don't let anybody know that we have proof. Send them to me, as I want to check on what happened before having the PR settle things."

Cindy agreed with her request, but before she could hang up, Hannah called out to her. "Whose idea was it to capture a recording?"

Blinking, Cindy said, "Ian and I do this all the time, but it was me who came up with the idea initially, if that's what you're asking about." In fact, Cindy was a little worried that her infringement of other people's portrait rights might give Ian some trouble, so she took accountability.

However, Hannah smiled before giving praise. "Good job, girl. You're a thoughtful one." It wasn't until then that relief washed over her.

After ending the call, she went to find Ian in his room.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1392

The internet was the best place for verbal assaults, as both Ian's fans and those who were slandering him were both relentless in their apprehension of the other party. Cindy had a softer personality, so she wasn't sure why people were able to spout such vile words online without considering its consequences. However, she supposed they were pushovers in real life who could only find some power by engaging in such activities online. In the end, she put her phone away, deciding that she would ignore the matter altogether to save herself some anguish.

The sudden free time had Cindy feeling ill at ease. She had been working alongside Ian ever since his debut. As long as he didn't take time off, nor did she. They had been keeping themselves as busy as a bee all this time, so she eventually got accustomed to the lifestyle in the process. However, the scandal forced them to grind to a halt. While she wasn't sure how Ian felt about it, she knew it didn't sit well with her.

She lay in bed for a moment, but got up after a while as she had a hard time staying still. After loitering about in her room for a while,

she checked on the web again, only to see that Hannah had yet to offer the public any form of explanation. As long as they remained silent, the scandal would continue to fester. To be honest, Cindy wasn't sure what Hannah was up to, as she figured she would instantly publish the recording she had if it were up to her. Now that things were festering and affecting Ian's reputation, Cindy could no longer remain as calm.

Mulling over the situation, she went over and knocked on Ian's door, which he answered immediately. He seemed to be at ease, seemingly enjoying the rare downtime. Cindy's visit was within expectations, so he let her into his room while asking, "What's the matter? Do you have a hard time calming down?"

However, Cindy could hardly smile, as she wasn't feeling as jovial as him. After closing the door behind her, she questioned in a hushed voice, "Does the recording not suffice as proof? Why else would Ms. Jones withhold from making it public?"

Turning around, Ian went and sat down on the sofa. "Don't worry, since rushing things won't help the situation. We'll just have to wait for a little longer."

Cindy wasn't feeling as unfazed as Ian. "Didn't you see how people have been slandering you online? You won't have much of a reputation left if this keeps up."

Lifting his head to glance at her, Ian figured that she was a young girl after all no matter how steadfast she usually seemed, which was why she had a hard time keeping her cool. He drank some water out of his bottle before explaining, "When it comes to such scandals, a major plot twist will make things more interesting."

With her mouth agape, Cindy hummed in confusion, but Ian wasn't about to explain everything to her, so he muttered, "Just stay still." Pondering on their circumstances, she settled down in Ian's room instead of returning to hers. Without work, they had nothing to say to each other. Although Cindy was waiting for Hannah's phone call to update them regarding their schedule, she ended up getting a call from her family. Checking on the caller ID, she picked up before addressing the caller in a gentle tone. "Keith."

The caller was her younger brother, who, after greeting Cindy, inquired about her recent situation. "Mom told me you sent us some money, but do you have anything left for yourself? You already sent us money twice this month."

Pursing her lips, she inhaled deeply before putting on a cheerful front. "You don't have to worry about me, as I do have a job. Instead, you need to focus on your studies."

Over the phone, Keith heaved a sigh. "I'm feeling uneasy that we're constantly asking for money from you."

Meanwhile, Cindy chuckled before replying, "You shouldn't be overthinking this, as it's not your responsibility to."

Keith spoke after taking some time to calm himself down. "Actually, Mom has quite a lot of money at her disposal, so you shouldn't send her your money the next time she asks. You don't need to worry about us."

Letting out a hum, Cindy didn't want to say much while in Ian's presence. "I understand that. Alright now, take care of yourself. I'll be hanging up since I'm busy."

Keith hung up after bidding her goodbye, whereas Cindy's expression dimmed while putting her phone down.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1393

Cindy had a slightly unconventional family. Her father passed away while she was in university, leaving behind her mother, Keith, and her. Although she knew her mother had some money, she also knew she couldn't possibly touch them after losing the breadwinner of the

household. It wasn't that she never felt tired, but she felt shackled down by her family.

Meanwhile, Hannah still hadn't released any sort of statement. Instead, a few of the celebrities who participated in the program during the same day as Sena spoke up regarding the scandal. One of them mentioned seeing Sena and Ian walking out of the dressing room with nobody around them, even adding that Sena seemed to be avoiding eye contact with other people.

Another one then said they heard Sena and her assistant chatting about Sena's date with Ian while at the back of the stage. There were a few people who spoke up in a vague manner regarding the scandal, but despite not having provided substantial proof, all of their statements pointed toward Ian having cheated on his girlfriend with Sena.

Having read their respective statements, Cindy was boiling with rage. She showed them to Ian with a look of disapproval. "Look at the nonsense that they spouted! They saw us coming out from the dressing room together, so how dare they come up with these lies? They're going to be punished for this!"

However, Ian seemed unperturbed while sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed. To kill time, he was playing some games on his phone as he had nothing else to do. With a nonchalant look on his face, he said, "Stop reading those sh*tty articles."

Clutching onto her phone, Cindy thought back on the precautionary measures that Ian and her put in place but never used. She expected herself to be steadfast while in the face of scandals like that, but as soon as one broke out, she couldn't help but get all riled up.

During noon, she went out to buy lunch for Ian, only to find that there were paparazzi outside of the hotel, indicating that they somehow caught wind of Ian's whereabouts. Although she didn't have a keen sight, there were so many of them that she could hardly miss them. With a frown on her face, she pretended not to notice the paparazzi, buying lunch as fast as possible before returning to the hotel. She even took care to check if any of them followed her before knocking on the door to Ian's room.

Upon entering his room, she told him about them being surrounded by paparazzi, but he didn't seem to care, making no comments while maintaining his usual appetite.

Cindy wanted to know what his plans were. While she didn't know when the so-called plot twist would happen, she knew she couldn't allow things to remain as they were, as it had a major impact on his career.

Ian was new to the industry, so he hadn't laid down roots. Therefore, the scandal could easily destroy his career even if it didn't gain as much traction as the other celebrities. That aside, she also wanted to know if the lack of substantiality was the reason for Ian's agency not releasing the recording. If that was the case, she figured she wouldn't mind standing out to explain things.

Seemingly reading her mind, Ian interrupted her thoughts. "Eat up and stop overthinking this. Stop being a worry wart. The agency has their own agendas."

Cindy lowered her gaze. "I don't want this to affect your career."

Will this affect my career? While Ian supposed that it was true, he didn't care even if it did. By that point, he no longer had anything that he cared too much to hold on to. If his career as a celebrity got ruined, he could always pick another career. There are so many options out there other than being a celebrity.

Ian ate in silence before planting himself by the window, whereas Cindy pursed her lips while packing up her food as she didn't have

much of an appetite. Later on, the driver gave her a call to inquire about the situation, but Cindy wasn't sure what to tell him, so she kept him waiting by telling him that the agency had something brewing.

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The driver heaved a sigh. "It's all because of his fame. I hope he'll be able to overcome this, as life with him is comfortable. I don't want to work with other celebrities."

Cindy couldn't help but agree with him. Although she only ever worked under Ian, she could appreciate that Ian was more of a taciturn character who didn't give her much trouble, which made her life so much easier.

When filming at other sets, she used to see how the other assistants were being criticized and chided constantly, so she knew she had it easy in comparison. Therefore, she wished that Ian would thrive within the industry so that she could remain with him. Besides, she still owed Ian money, so she didn't want anything bad to befall him. Meanwhile, the driver was also feeling slightly dejected upon knowing that things weren't settled yet. After ending the call, Cindy turned to cast Ian a glance, only to find him retaining his stoic attitude. In fact, he was so unfazed that Cindy was worried about him.

It wasn't until afternoon that Hannah called Ian. As the call was for Ian, she didn't dare listen in on their conversation, so she watched him from the side. However, Ian kept a poker face throughout the call, so it was nigh impossible for her to even guess what he heard over the phone by observing his facial expressions.

The call didn't last long, as Ian hung up after a while, putting his phone away. Upon seeing that, Cindy asked, "Is the call from Ms. Jones? What did she say?"

Ian recalled their conversation before relaying the message. "She said we should take some time off. While the scandal hasn't had much of an impact, there are too many paparazzi out there now, so we need to keep a low profile."

Nodding, Cindy queried, "Did she tell you how the scandal will be handled?"

Glancing at Cindy, Ian asked, "Why do you sound so afraid? Even if things go awry, I'll be the one who'll be bearing the brunt of it, so it won't affect you."

In a low voice, Cindy said while pouting, "I still owe you money though."

Although not that appropriate considering the circumstances, Ian couldn't help but laugh. "I won't be going down that soon, so in the least, you'll still be working with me next month, while I'll still be able to deduct the money from your paycheck."

Without a word, Cindy hung her head low in grief. In the meantime, Ian was planning to return to his room when his phone rang, which he realized was a call from Logan upon checking the caller ID.

Judging from the fact that Logan went out of his way to read the articles online, he figured that Logan was in good spirits. Picking up the call, he greeted Logan.

But as soon as he did, Logan began wailing. "Ian, what happened? There are a lot of people criticizing you online for cheating on your girlfriend when you don't even have one! How dare those f*ckers criticize you when they don't know sh*t about you? Are you finding it difficult to open up about the truth? Why don't I hire some trolls to teach those people a lesson? Don't be scared! Tell me everything so that I can solve this for you! I'll definitely give them a taste of their own medicine!"

Smiling, Ian chided jokingly, "You need to calm down. I can handle this on my own, so you should focus your attention on your wife and baby instead of worrying about me."

As soon as Logan heard that, he was riled up. "Are they finding fault with you because they think nobody has your back? I was reading the sh*t that people are spouting online. They're literally stepping on you to rise in the ranks! I'll have Lorraine teach them a lesson tomorrow! Don't you worry! I'll make sure they get what they deserve!"

Warmth coursed through Ian's heart when he heard what Logan said. Throughout the years, Logan was always the first to stand up for him no matter what happened. With a smile on his face, Ian consoled, "It's alright. This isn't anything serious, so you should just stay put. I can handle this. If a major slip up happens in the future, I'll make sure to come look for you."

However, Logan didn't care if it wasn't a major slip up, as he couldn't stand anybody messing with Ian. His tone frigid, he said, "I'll gladly solve even the tiniest of incidents for you, as messing with you means crossing me! I'll make sure whoever did this pays for their actions!"

Ian couldn't help but smile gently at Logan's words.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1395

Cindy was taken aback by the sight of such a warm smile. Although Ian would sometimes show that side of him on stage, it couldn't even compare to how he looked while he was making the call.

Unable to figure out the caller's gender as she couldn't hear who was on the phone, she was reminded of the girlfriend whom Ian mentioned long ago. Ian had mentioned the girl twice while on the talent show, wearing a gentle look on his face whenever he did, which Cindy never saw again ever since the show ended.

Meanwhile, Logan was still a little worried about Ian, so he told him that he would give Lorraine a heads up so she would look into the matter. However, Ian had no intention of letting it bother Logan, say less of Lorraine. Although he was familiar with Logan, the same couldn't be said of Lorraine, so he didn't feel comfortable allowing her to clean up his mess for him.

Therefore, Ian quickly stopped Logan. "No, don't trouble Lorraine. My agency already got a grasp on the situation, so we are now waiting for the perfect opportunity to reel in the line. We have definitive proof that will allow us to get out of this mess, so you have nothing to worry about. It's been a while since my debut, so I know better than to allow people to trample all over me."

On the other hand, Cindy sat down on the sofa before averting her gaze. She'd heard Ian speak over the phone before, but he'd never opened up like how he did now even when talking to Hannah, so she figured that the person on the phone had to be someone special to Ian.

Over the phone, Logan asked after a moment's pause, "Are you sure you'll be able to handle this? You don't have to be so courteous with me. We've been friends for such a long time, so we'll go through thick and thin together. I never saw you as a bother, and I'm more than glad to help solve your problems."

Chuckling, Ian answered, "Logan, I'm not withdrawing myself from you. Don't worry. I'm certain that I'll be able to settle this. I promise I'll go to you if something unexpected happens later on, okay?"

There was a moment's silence before Logan let out a hum. "Alright. Contact me if you encounter any problems."

Meanwhile, Cindy didn't want to keep eavesdropping on Ian's conversation, so she browsed the net on her phone to update herself on the latest development. Hannah had issued a statement, but

withheld the proof.

The statement announced that everything was a misunderstanding, as Ian and Sena were merely colleagues who only ever associated themselves with each other during work. It was also stated that nothing ever happened between them, so whoever spread the rumors should stop before it was too late.

Despite how righteous the statement sounded, Cindy thought it didn't necessarily hit home. Even after reading through the statement a few times, she was still confused about the intention behind it. On the other hand, Ian hung up after some time. He still had a smile on his face when he turned to look at Cindy. "You should look at the frown you're wearing. What did you see on the web?" Cindy let out a sigh. "Ms. Jones issued a statement without the proof, so nobody is buying it."

Nodding, Ian said, "That's to be expected. Without proof, nobody would buy into something they find online."

As the situation stood, it wasn't that Ian and Sena were having a standoff. Instead, it was more like multiple different factions stepped in to show support for Sena. With so many people against Ian, the public were naturally inclined to believe in the faction that had the support of the majority.

Seemingly in a good mood, Ian resumed his game while sitting down on the sofa. He gave a further explanation when he logged into the game. "We need to take note of how the others are reacting to the scandal while pushing things to its limit. With that, we'll be able to determine who is on our side and who isn't."

Taken aback by his analysis, Cindy caught on to what he meant after taking some time to mull things over. Later on, Ian directed his attention to his game, so he stopped speaking. That day seemed to be his lucky day, as he had a winning streak. Meanwhile, Cindy opted to keep a close eye on the development of the situation after some hesitation, as she wanted to know who else would join in on the fray. Truth be told, neither did Sena's faction manage to show any substantial proof. Loads of people were appealing for the show producers to release footage of the surveillance record in front of the dressing room to verify whether Sena's claims were true.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1396

However, the producers weren't responding to the appeal of the public. Cindy could guess that the producers were aiming to use the scandal as a chance to promote the show. Now that they managed to get the public's attention, which subsequently made the show a trending topic, keeping the surveillance footage out of sight was more beneficial to the producers.

While the scandal stirred up a ruckus online, there were also other celebrities who stepped in to vouch for Ian. The two celebrities who won second and third place on the talent show said that Ian was a humble and polite person who didn't seem like the type to go sleeping around.

Without exception, those who vouched for Ian also ended up being criticized for either being an accomplice or an attention-seeker. All in all, they didn't get much out of it. Cindy made sure to mark down the people who stood up for Ian, as she figured that they were on Ian's side, whereas those who supported Sena weren't.

Despite the fact that Cindy had finally gotten a day off in a long while, she spent it in trepidation. Having never faced such a situation, she had a hard time keeping her cool. When dinner time came, she still didn't have an appetite, thus looked at Ian and offered, "What do you want to eat? I'll go buy you dinner."

Knowing that Cindy was still feeling uneasy about the situation, Ian wasn't exactly sure what to do. "Why don't we order some food from room service? You should avoid leaving the hotel too since there are

so many paparazzi outside.”

Cindy agreed to his suggestion. “Okay. It’s better this way.” With that, he made a call to order a few dishes, whereas Cindy leaned against the sofa. “Don’t order too much. I don’t really feel like eating.”

Upon hearing that, Ian cracked a joke, which was rare for him.

“You’ve got to learn to be more steadfast. We are still in the early stages of our career, and will encounter a lot of similar incidents in the future. Who knows? Something even more profound might happen.”

Clutching her chest, Cindy commented dryly, “I sure wish that nothing else comes our way, as I crack easily under pressure.”

Ian stood beside the window before muttering, “It’s okay. You can always work with someone else if I’m beyond salvage. Ms. Jones won’t treat you shabbily.”

With a muffled voice, she replied, “I like working with you, so I don’t want to work with anybody else.”

Ian turned to take a closer look at her while she leaned on the sofa. While she seemed plain, she also looked tidy, which was why Ian chose her as his assistant in the first place. A dreary smile crept onto his face when he told her, “If that’s the case, I’ll make sure to keep on fighting for as long as I can.”

The scandal reached a tipping point that night, wherein the public opinion was being dominated by critics. There were even calls to kick Ian out of the entertainment industry, as well as attempts to uncover Ian’s background. In fact, his background was already public knowledge when he joined the talent show, but Lorraine managed to suppress the topic. Now that he was being attacked by multiple factions, his past was dug up once again.

After calls to kick Ian out festered for an hour or so, Hannah finally made her next move by having the agency upload a clip filmed on phone. The clip showed Ian and Sena in the dressing room while wearing their outfit designated for the performance that day. The clip also captured their conversation, which included discussions on how they would work with each other while hitting the high notes, as well as methods to use when they needed to switch.

While they were on it, Ian also inquired on the whereabouts of the other participants, seeing that the show was about to begin.

Chuckling a little too coquettishly, Sena surmised that they were still on their way, and would arrive soon.

The clip was a short excerpt from the footage that Cindy recorded, but it was enough to point out a lot of problems. The release of the clip stirred up another commotion, as those who were criticizing Ian instantly switched sides to criticize Sena as well as those who supported her.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1397

A second clip followed the first, but it wasn’t derived from the recording that Cindy sent to Hannah, but one captured during a negotiation that happened between Sena’s manager and Hannah. Sena’s team wanted to market her and Ian as a couple. They continued to push the idea even after Hannah indicated that Ian already had a girlfriend, going as far as suggesting Ian to announce that he had broken up with said girlfriend before fabricating some gossip with Sena.

Upon mentioning Ian’s girlfriend, Sena’s team insisted that she should be more understanding of the situation as they were doing it for the sake of Ian’s future. Besides, the gossip would be fabricated anyway.

The one who kept blabbering on was Sena’s manager. Despite the manager’s relatively young age, the manner in which the manager

spoke was brash and arrogant. The release of the second clip only further aggravated the situation, crushing Sena's reputation altogether.

A lot of the netizens switched sides, chastising Sena for being negligent and pinning it as the reason for her lukewarm reception among the audience. Others even criticized her looks, indicating that they knew she was a player all along. All of the grueling insults that they hurled at Ian were now directed at Sena.

In the meantime, all those who supported Sena had shut up. Some of them even deleted their posts that showed support for her.

However, the public would remember what they said and did even if they tried to backtrack.

Upon witnessing such a turnaround, Cindy was finally feeling reassured. Throughout the few months that she spent working with Ian, that was her first time experiencing such turbulent emotions. She read through most of the online articles before turning to look at Ian. "Quick! You need to see this! There's a turnaround happening!" However, Ian still maintained his previous nonchalant attitude. "Are you feeling better now?"

Cindy was finally able to smile. "Yeah. I can finally rest assured. But now I'm curious to see what will happen to the people who tried to blackmail you."

Ian wasn't that interested at all, so he entered his room after a while. "It's getting late. We'll probably be going back to work tomorrow, so you better go get some sleep."

Clutching onto her phone, Cindy was still staring intently at the screen. "Sure. Goodnight." After that, she left for her own room, but she had a hard time falling asleep due to the ecstasy she felt, so she sprawled out on bed to check on the situation online.

To be frank, most netizens were fence sitters, so she believed that those who were criticizing Sena most probably had been slandering Ian back then. Talk was cheap especially when it was done anonymously online, and most importantly, there were no repercussions to it. Cindy thought seeing the situation backfire on Sena would free her from her vexation, but reading through the mean comments didn't make her feel any better.

After a while, she put her phone away, deciding that it was pointless to watch other people reprimanding others for their actions. Quickly washing up, she turned the lights off before lying down on bed and shutting her eyes.

A lot had happened that day that she wound up dreaming about the same things that had transpired. She dreamed that Ian was doing some indecent acts with Sena in the dressing room. Rushing over to drag him away, she yelled at Ian, "No! You can't do this!"

The Ian in her dreams regarded her with such a gentle expression when he caressed her face, speaking in a loving tone. "Why can't I? Don't tell me you like me as well?"

Cindy jolted awake as soon as she dreamed of that, wiping away a sheen of sweat from her forehead. This is horrible. How could I fall in love with him when I never liked anybody? When she was appointed as Ian's assistant, Hannah already warned her to not fall for Ian, as it was a taboo to do so.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1398

Cindy also made a promise to Hannah that she wouldn't fall for anyone within the industry, as she was disinterested in both the celebrities and the industry itself. Retrieving a bottle of water, she chugged it down before curling up in her bed.

She was certain that she didn't like Ian, as her reason for staying by his side was because he was easy to handle. Heaving a sigh, Cindy reminded herself that neither did Ian fancy her, so she should stop

imagining things. Thereafter, she shut her eyes before willing herself to fall asleep.

Her sleep wasn't peaceful, so she woke up in a haggard state. However, she quickly freshened up so that she looked better before going to buy breakfast. She thought the paparazzi would've dispersed by the next morning, but those thoughts were proven to be wishful thinking. Upon stepping out of the hotel, she could see them still standing across the street with their cameras ready. Meanwhile, the paparazzi had also come to recognize her. Seemingly in dire need of some gossip, they immediately began taking pictures of her as soon as she came out. With a frown, she quickly left to buy breakfast without a word, whereas the paparazzi waited at the entrance of the hotel, rushing over to her as soon as she returned. All cameras were aimed at her, and someone even passed a mic over. They bombarded her with all sorts of questions regarding Ian's whereabouts and his relationship status, as well as her opinion on the scandal.

It was the first time ever in Cindy's life that she was put in such a position. In the past, the medias' attention had always been on Ian no matter what happened, but they seemed to be in such dire need that they decided to direct their attention toward her.

With all of the paparazzi closing in on her in front of the hotel, Cindy almost yelped in fear while trying to get away from them.

Fortunately, there were a few guards stationed at the lobby, who seemed to have dealt with similar situations prior to that, as they quickly made their way toward Cindy upon laying eyes on the crowd in front of the hotel.

Grasping onto one of the guards, Cindy begged, "Please, help me! They're all paparazzi!"

The guard with a sturdy build wore a frown as soon as he heard what she told him. Stepping forward, he bellowed at the paparazzi who were gathered at the entrance, "What do you think you are doing? Get out of the way! You'd better behave, or else I'll call the cops!"

All the paparazzi wanted was gossip, not trouble, so they halted as soon as the guard stepped in. Meanwhile, Cindy seized the opening to enter the hotel, but not without first thanking the guards before she hurried to the elevators.

When she knocked on Ian's door, he was already finished with washing up. Upon noticing that she was panting when he opened the door, he was startled. "What's going on?"

Cindy closed the door behind her before stopping to catch her breath. "There are a lot of paparazzi in front of the hotel who crowded in on me as they couldn't catch you. They gave me such a fright!"

Ian burst into laughter. "I see now. They sure work hard at their job." Pacing over, Cindy put the food down on the table. "I suppose they're all trying to get a scoop about the scandal, but to be honest, what use is there in interviewing you? What do they even expect to hear from you?"

Ian sat down by the table before explaining, "They must be from tabloids who couldn't get their hands on important news, nor were they able to secure exclusive interviews with agencies, which is why they had to resort to waiting in front of the hotel."

Heaving a sigh, Cindy said, "But what they do annoys me."

Ian wore a faint smile before commenting, "There are a lot more other things that can be potentially annoying. Compared to those, this is nothing."

Both of them were munching on their food when Hannah gave Ian a

call to ask if he was faced with any problems, by which she specifically meant problems with the paparazzi. Calmly, Ian replied, "There isn't really a problem."

Ian could always keep his cool no matter what happened, which was the main reason that Hannah liked him. She informed him about the arrangements made regarding the filming schedule for the variety show they missed out on last night. Aside from that, she also told him to speak up if he had any requests.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1399

Ian didn't ask for anything, as he was easygoing owing to his carefree attitude. However, he told her to loosen his schedule for the upcoming month after some hesitation, as he was feeling a little exhausted after all this time.

Hannah also knew he hadn't been getting much rest. If it wasn't for the scandal, he wouldn't have even gotten the day off. Therefore, she agreed to his request without hesitation. "Sure. It's also important to take care of your health. As long as it doesn't affect your schedule, I will try to give you more downtime." Later on, she added, "However, we have to make use of your popularity and the attention you're getting when you're the hotshot, striking while the iron's hot. There are times when a packed schedule can be a good thing."

Ian responded without much emotion. "Okay."

It was apparent to Hannah that Ian didn't have a lot of ambition regarding his career. In fact, there weren't a lot of people like him within the industry, since it was easy to earn money as a celebrity. As resources equated to money, a lot of celebrities were intent on holding onto them. However, spending a few months working with Ian allowed Hannah to read him like an open book.

After Ian hung up, Cindy asked from across the table, "Are you feeling burnt out? Will we have less work to do later on?"

Ian didn't look her way. "Don't worry. I won't cut your pay."

Pursing her lips, she mumbled, "I wasn't referring to that."

The driver was already waiting for them downstairs when they finished their meal. Although unsure as to what the guards did, they somehow managed to clear the entrance of the paparazzi. However, Cindy was still a little neurotic after her recent encounter, so she was a little anxious when she saw Ian dawdling while leaving the hotel.

Thus, she pushed on his arm from the side while urging him, "Be quick. We won't be able to leave if the paparazzi surround us."

Ian never liked physical contact with people. Even after spending a few months with Cindy, they never really had any physical contact. However, she didn't notice what she was doing as she was getting anxious, which garnered her a frown from him as he turned to stare at her.

Despite so, she was still scanning her surroundings while trying her hardest to push him into the car. Although Ian was about to shake her off, he decided against it as soon as he saw how anxious she was, which led to him eventually being tucked into the car.

After that, Cindy climbed into her seat hastily while pressuring, "Quick! We have to move!"

Bursting into laughter, the driver was bemused by her actions. "Why are you behaving as if we robbed a bank?"

Cindy snarked at him. "Wait till you see the paparazzi that crowded in on me this morning. It's scary! We won't be able to leave if they manage to intercept us!"

Meanwhile, Ian leaned into his seat as he observed the view outside, only to see that there wasn't a single paparazzi in sight. Before they left the hotel earlier, he had scrutinized the surroundings to confirm that they were all gone.

However, Cindy was still stealing glances out of the window while muttering under her breath. According to her, the paparazzi would do anything to get a scoop, so they needed to be more careful from now on whenever they went outdoors.

She also mentioned that the paparazzi would misconstrue whatever information provided to them, while some might resort to defamation or putting things out of context in order to garner people's attention. Despite how convincing she sounded, Ian knew she hadn't actually had experience dealing with the paparazzi.

They arrived at their destination soon after, with Cindy following Ian to the dressing room with the makeup kit and costumes ready. Upon their arrival, they saw a lot of people in there, who all greeted Ian in kind.

Cindy had done her homework, so she knew quite a lot about the celebrities present for the occasion. Most of them were Ian's seniors, considering the fact that they made their debut years ago. Politely, Ian greeted them all. They obviously knew what happened last night, but everybody was shrewd enough to keep things to themselves.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1400

No matter what they were thinking about, they wouldn't show it on their faces, so at least they were treating Ian politely. Cindy waited for Ian to get his makeup done before handing him his outfit. After that, she found herself a spot in the room and sat down in silence, keeping her presence unnoticeable. However, she kept an eye on Ian so that she would immediately notice if anything happened on his end, which was a habit of hers.

Whenever Ian was at a filming set, other celebrities would greet him to engage in a conversation with him despite the fact that they weren't well-acquainted with each other. However, nobody spoke to him that day, as all of the other guest celebrities seemed to be busy with their own stuff. In effect, it made the dressing room eerily quiet.

After mulling over the situation, Cindy figured it was probably because of the scandal on the Internet that had been spread on the previous day. Ian was currently under the limelight after pulling the rug out from under Sena by using the two clips, which naturally stirred up fear within his colleagues.

In the past, some might approach Ian in order to direct some of the attention that Ian received onto them, but they came to realize that Ian wasn't someone to be trifled with. They also saw him as somewhat conniving, figuring they should leave him alone unless the circumstances were otherwise. Thus, Ian was essentially being ostracized, judging by the current situation.

Cindy knew Ian well enough to know he wouldn't care about it. In fact, he might even think that it was for the best, as associating himself with less people meant less trouble. If it wasn't for his mentality, Cindy would most probably feel sorry for Ian.

After a while, the shoot was about to begin, so the guest celebrities filed out of the room, leaving their assistants behind, with Cindy being one of them. These assistants, however, were just like their celebrity partners—they were ostracizing Cindy as well. To a certain extent, Cindy was similar to Ian as neither of them liked being in the entertainment industry, nor did they like socializing with people within the industry. Therefore, the situation at that point was actually to her benefit, as she could avoid engaging in pretentious conversations.

Cindy took out her phone to check on the news online, only to see that the netizens were humiliating Sena the same way they did Ian, whereas Sena had remained silent ever since her lie was exposed. She didn't even give an explanation, but Cindy figured that Sena didn't know how she should explain her behavior either.

Although Sena's statement was ambiguous at best, most of the public

were aware of its underlying implications to blackmail Ian. Now that Ian's agency had released the recording, she would have a hard time clearing her name. Cindy was no longer interested in reading through the harsh words that the netizens used to insult Sena. While she didn't like Sena, nor did she like plowing through the vulgar content either.

Therefore, she only updated herself regarding the general development of the situation. Meanwhile, Sena's fans were protective of her, whereas some were hurling insults at Ian, deeming him as unworthy of Sena even if they were a pretend-couple. However, Cindy believed that some of the self-proclaimed fans were in fact trying to further tarnish Sena's reputation by making her fanbase look bad. Just like what Ian said, as far as being a celebrity would go, it was essentially a job, so Cindy didn't understand why things would wound up being so complicated.

In the end, she put her phone away before leaning back in her chair, waiting for time to pass as there was nothing else to do. The rest of the assistants were chatting amicably with each other, but none of them spared a glance at Cindy. She was obviously being ostracized, which was a situation that would make anybody uncomfortable. After some time, Hannah gave her a call, so Cindy left the room to answer the call. Hannah predicted that Ian's upcoming shooting sessions might not go as smoothly, so she reminded Cindy to be more careful.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1401

Hannah knew Ian wouldn't care about any of the hurdles people threw at him, but she was more worried that Cindy might not be able to cope with the situation as well. Smiling, Cindy gave her some reassurance. "I know what to do, so you don't need to worry about me."

Heaving a sigh, Hannah went on to say, "Fame comes with its fair share of troubles. You can just assume that people are targeting us because of envy."

Cindy grunted in response before saying, "I know."

As Hannah was busy, the call didn't last long. After the call ended, Cindy didn't return to the dressing room. Instead, she opened the window beside her to air the place out. A few crew members passed by while chatting amicably, and for some reason, Cindy found herself feeling rather envious.

To be honest, she might be able to get by if she found herself a normal office job, but she was in urgent need of money, and there weren't a lot of well-paid jobs available to a fresh grad. She didn't have much time to undergo an internship, as she had two people whom she needed to take care of. Although her work as an assistant was tiring, she was paid a handsome amount of money, or else she wouldn't know what to do with her life.

Leaning against the window, she heaved a sigh. Just hang in there... Things might get better in a few years, she thought to herself. Upon checking the time, she returned to the dressing room to see that Ian was already there. She helped Ian pack up the makeup kit and outfits, then they left after greeting the other celebrities.

As soon as they left the place, Cindy asked in a hushed voice, "Did the shooting go smoothly?"

Slightly taken aback, Ian turned to glance at her. "What could go wrong?"

Cindy was never one to babble, but she couldn't help but nag considering their circumstances. "I'm afraid that they might try to do something to hinder you."

Ian could hardly contain his laugh. "It will be great if they are as simple as you perceive them to be."

People in the entertainment industry could be extremely deceitful. Not only would they not act out in front of Ian, but they might even pretend to be his friends while wishing him ill, which was something that nobody would know even if it were true.

When both of them got into the car, the driver turned to look at Ian before asking, "Did you watch the news? Someone is trying to find out who Ian's girlfriend is."

Cindy was startled as she missed out on it, and so was Ian. A moment later, she looked behind her at Ian before suggesting, "Why don't you have your girlfriend show up for you by posting a statement as support? By doing this, we can also get the ball into our court."

My girlfriend? Ian almost failed to stifle a laugh. He never had one to begin with, as his love was unrequited. Besides, she was now married to someone else and had a child of her own, so they would only ever be friends.

Looking at Ian from the rearview mirror, the driver seconded Cindy's suggestion. "Her showing herself will give her a favorable impression among the fans. If she is going to remain silent, the netizens might end up doing something even worse to her."

Ian knew full well the power the netizens wielded, so they might very well uncover Sophia's identity. Although there was nothing ambiguous about their relationship, she was also his sole female friend, so the netizens would end up targeting her nonetheless.

While Ian never cared about the lies fabricated by the netizens, say less of their accusations and insults, the mention of his girlfriend being implicated had his expression darkened. Cindy saw as clear as day the major shift in his countenance, which startled her. Initially, she wanted to know if his girlfriend would have a hard time showing up for him, but she decided against it as she never liked prying into other people's business.

The driver didn't notice the shift in Ian's countenance as he went on to say, "You have to know how frightening certain possessive fans can get. When the scandal broke out, their hatred toward Sena went off the charts. Since your girlfriend didn't stand up for you, they were also assuming that she played a part in perpetrating the scandal, so you shouldn't expect them to stand up for your girlfriend. In fact, they might very well vent the anger they accumulated since the incident with Sena onto your girlfriend."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1402

Ian wore a cold expression while pursing his lips, as he knew the driver was right. Turning around to adjust her position, Cindy wondered if she was being too sensitive, as she had a hunch that there might be something wrong between Ian and his girlfriend. When they arrived at their next destination, Ian was still looking morose. Although he wasn't a cheerful guy to begin with, Cindy could detect that he was unhappy. His displeasure essentially meant that he would be silent throughout the shooting process. When Cindy and Ian got to the lounge at the filming set, the other guest celebrities who were in it also pretended to be busy to avoid socializing with Ian. However, he wasn't in the mood to socialize either, as he even omitted the customary greeting.

His sour mood was apparent from the sulk on his face, but she figured the others might assume that he was feeling upset because of the scandal. Therefore, Cindy did her best to keep a low profile while with Ian as she didn't want to make things even more difficult for him when he was already feeling down.

The shooting went smoothly, as Ian was now being feared due to the fact that he had overturned the scandal online. Although none of the guests wanted to approach him, nor were they about to get onto his

bad side. Not wanting to be associated with his scandal, they kept a moderate distance from him.

The production crew ordered takeaway for them during lunch. Under normal circumstances, everybody would have lunch together in the lounge, but Ian was a little grumpy, so he left to eat in his car while pulling Cindy behind him.

Cindy could easily imagine that the other guests would be criticizing him behind their back as being arrogant, but she couldn't bring herself to care, as life was too short for such mundane concerns. Meanwhile, the driver was astonished by their presence, so he asked, "What's wrong? Did a fight break out?" Shaking her head, Cindy indicated to him that he should talk less for the day, so he obeyed despite not really understanding the reason behind it. Ian didn't have much of an appetite, as he put his lunchbox down after just a few bites. Leaning against his seat, he seemed to be deep in thought, whereas both Cindy and the driver exchanged a glance as they sat in their respective seats before deciding to feign ignorance.

After a while, Ian's phone rang. Cindy checked on him through the rearview mirror to see him fishing for his phone before staring at it with a frown. Although she didn't know who the caller was, she had a feeling that it wasn't anyone from the agency.

Sure enough, Ian picked up the call after getting out of the car. The call was from John, who read about the news online just now. Almost insipidly, John asked over the connection, "Are you alright? It seems like you're just about settled though."

Sniggering, Ian questioned, "Why would you suddenly care about me?"

John chuckled as well before explaining himself. "Why would I care about you? Sophia wanted to call you, so I stepped in to stop her from contacting you."

Well, he sure doesn't mince his words. Ian said nothing, as he had nothing to say to John.

After a pause, John said, "It's alright if you don't want to talk, since I figured you should be alright. A scandal like that is nothing in your industry, so you shouldn't consider yourself a celebrity if you can't settle things on your own." With that, he hung up before Ian could react.

Ian's face was devoid of expression. Earlier, he was hesitating on whether he should tell John about Sophia's potential predicament as his so-called girlfriend. Although he never got to that point with Sophia, he didn't want to implicate her. However, John's rudeness rendered Ian speechless, so he figured he wouldn't tell him. Instead, he would just take things one step at a time.

Meanwhile, back in the car, Cindy was taking a close look at Ian's expression throughout the phone call.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1403

Ian rarely wore such a disgruntled look on his face, so Cindy figured whoever on the other side of the line couldn't possibly be his girlfriend. All of a sudden, she was reminded of her dream from two nights before. It was odd for her to have dreamt about something so strange. Although she didn't dream about anything outrageous, the scene of Ian asking if she liked him stuck with her. It made her feel uncomfortable whenever she recalled it.

After lunch, she collected everybody's lunchboxes to throw them into the bin beside the car. She was facing Ian when she turned around, and he was also coincidentally looking her way. There was some hesitation on her part before she suggested, "Why don't you contact Hannah if you have trouble handling this? I think she might know what to do."

Ian gazed at her. Initially, she assumed he would ignore her, but he grunted before giving his reply. "I will do that." As per her suggestion, Ian actually gave Hannah a call when he was taking a break from the shoot in the afternoon.

On the other hand, Hannah had also read the article online, and she was also about to contact him to see if he had any plans regarding the netizens' plans to find out who his girlfriend was. Ian lied by telling her, "I'll be frank with you. I already broke up with her before my debut, but I didn't tell you as I consider it as a private matter. So, in short, nobody will be making any statement to show their support for me."

Seemingly having expected a situation like this, Hannah stated, "I figured this was the case when you stopped talking about her by the end of the talent show. However, you can't reveal your breakup at this point in time, as you should avoid giving yourself more trouble now that you're at the cusp of things."

Ian also understood the importance of keeping the truth a secret. "But I don't want anybody to uncover her identity, as I don't want to implicate her in any capacity."

After a moment's silence, Hannah suggested, "Alright, you should come back tomorrow so that we can have a meeting at the agency to discuss the matter. Your current circumstances are favorable to your career, so we must not squander the opportunity. A lot of people are waiting to kick you down the ladder, but we should never give them the chance to do that."

Ian agreed to her suggestion before hanging up. The shooting would be finished by the next day, so it was also time for them to report back to the agency anyway. The shooting session during the remainder of the afternoon went smoothly as well. Although Ian was still being ostracized, he didn't care about it at all. He never was someone who cared about public opinion, so even when the others treated him in a lukewarm fashion, he maintained his gentle smile while he was in front of the camera.

Watching him from the sidelines, Cindy lamented on the fact that even celebrities had it hard. They had to retain their composure no matter what was going on in their personal lives, so they couldn't easily show their true emotions.

When the session was finished that night, the three of them got back to the hotel by car, but this time, the driver followed them to their room. Ian ordered their meal from customer service as he figured they should have a proper meal together before they returned to the agency the next day.

It was customary of them to have a gathering whenever they completed a shooting session, so the driver was used to it. They sat down in Ian's room, where Cindy took out the fruits she bought, and the driver began peeling himself an orange after sitting down on the sofa. Looking at Ian, he spoke. "I read the news in the afternoon. The netizens sure are something else. They managed to uncover your past."

Ian got a fresh change of clothes before asking, "Did they dig up my past again?" His background was no longer a secret, as it was already public knowledge when he first joined the talent show. It was being viewed in a somewhat negative light, but it never amounted to anything everytime it was being brought up.

However, the driver shook his head. "No, since it was your fans that went digging, they wouldn't dig up anything that is to your detriment. From what I read online, they uncovered who your friends are, and they revealed their identities."

Cindy wasn't quite sure what Hannah had in mind, so she remained silent while waiting for Hannah's clarification, her lips pursed. However, the latter merely said, "It's getting late, so you should get some rest. We'll talk about things tomorrow after you get back to the agency."

Even after Hannah hung up, Cindy had yet to find out what was on the latter's mind. After spacing out for a bit, she washed up, then she lay down on her bed to go through the news again. There wasn't anything new regarding Ian's scandal, and most of the netizens had their focus on Sena, as they were still waiting for a response from her.

Meanwhile, the show that Ian was on also received a lot of negative criticism. The audience suspected that the production team made a pact with Sena in order to garner more attention by creating such a ruckus, only to find that Ian in fact came prepared. There were others who praised Ian for his brilliant tactic, as he would have become the scapegoat if he didn't record what happened in the dressing room. Besides, the incident might also have affected his relationship with his girlfriend.

Cindy sighed at the thought of his girlfriend. Under normal circumstances, celebrities wouldn't hide their girlfriends after making their relationship public, but the identity of Ian's girlfriend was a total enigma. Not only did nobody know who his girlfriend was, but nobody even knew her name, nor did they know what she looked like. Moreover, she didn't even give him a call nor show any of her support when the scandal broke out, which was peculiar when Cindy thought about it.

On the other hand, Sophia was playing with her child when John came in with a sullen look on his face. At the sight of his face, Sophia froze. She didn't recall having a fight with him as of late, so he had no reason to behave like that. Staring at him, she asked, "What's wrong? Did some idiot cross you?"

With his phone in hand, John sat down on the bed before handing the phone to Sophia. "You should check this out."

In her confusion, Sophia tapped on the screen, only to see the gossip on the Internet. She went through the article roughly before letting out a snort. Even after reading through it, she didn't think it was that big of a deal, as it merely showed photos of Logan and her that someone found while digging up Ian's past. The article gave some information about both Logan and herself without saying anything harsh.

She handed the phone back to John while questioning, "What's the matter? What the news wrote is all true."

With a frown, John asked, "Don't you know what this means?"

Upon seeing how serious he was, she blinked and shook her head. "Nope."

Exhaling, John said, "They're trying to find out who Ian's so-called girlfriend is. Do you think you will be able to hide forever?"

Sophia didn't seem to get it. "Why can't I? I never was his girlfriend." She knew Ian mentioned his girlfriend twice when he was on the show, and she also knew he was referring to her. However, they never dated, so there never was a romantic relationship to begin with. Therefore, she figured that the netizens wouldn't know it was her even if they looked into the matter.

Sneering, John made a dry remark. "You are overly simplifying things." The netizens didn't really care about the facts. Although Sophia and Ian were never in a relationship, Ian only ever had a single female friend, who was none other than Sophia. Besides, there was a time gap between the two incidents, as John had not remarried

Sophia yet when Ian confessed to her on the show.

Other than that, Logan, Sophia and Ian were known to be close around that time as well, whereas John and Isabelle's relationship was also one of the latest gossip back then. Whoever that looked into the timeline would realize that something was off. With their wild imaginations, the netizens might very well uncover some leads to the truth.

Thus, John figured that Sophia would sooner or later be implicated if things went on, as there were no other possible candidates around Ian. Meanwhile, Sophia carried her child in her arms while patting him. Obviously, she didn't think much of the situation. "I already have a child, so they won't think of me as a possible candidate."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1406

John stared at Sophia for a while with a serious expression before finally deciding to ditch the topic. Whatever... She wouldn't understand anyway. I guess the rumor that pregnancy affects the mother's cognitive abilities is true after all.

He spent some more time playing with the baby before taking him downstairs. Seeing that Sophia wanted to take a nap, he hugged her until she fell asleep. Lying in bed, John mulled over the situation before getting up and leaving the room to give Ian another call in the corridor.

Ian picked up fairly quickly while speaking in an annoyed tone. "Why are you calling again?"

John had a similar attitude. "Why don't you make a freaking guess? Even if you aren't worried about it, I don't like the fact that Sophia's identity is being uncovered."

After a moment's pause, Ian told him, "Don't worry. I will make sure that she doesn't get involved. I will settle things my way."

However, John didn't really trust him. "You'd better make sure that you resolve this without a hitch. Ian, you know me. While I would tolerate any other blunder, this isn't one of them."

On the other hand, Ian wasn't about to submit to John. "You know me too. I would never put her in harm's way even if it means I have to go against the world."

What Ian said bordered on being a confession, which was something that irked John greatly. What the heck? Why would he even say that? He's just another man who's now unrelated to my wife in any way! John hung up without a word due to how frustrated he was.

Meanwhile, Ian was wearing a morose look while still holding onto his phone. After taking some time to calm down, he returned to the office. Hannah and Cindy were sitting in there, and the latter was still spacing out a little, yet to recover from the shock she received from what Hannah told her.

Ian sat back down on his chair while looking at Cindy. "If you help me out, you will be entitled to make any request."

With a frown on her face, Cindy was still at a loss as to what he meant. "Can I literally ask for anything?"

Before Ian could say anything, Hannah nodded. "Yeah. You can make any request, such as a salary raise or some other form of compensation. I hope you will be able to cooperate with us on this. You have been working alongside Ian for some time, so I suppose you want him to thrive in the industry as well, right?"

Cindy shifted her focus to look at Hannah. "I wonder if we will be able to pull this off though. It's not that I don't want to help, but as you can see, I am not really an outstanding person. Things will get even more complicated if anybody exposes us because of me messing up."

Heaving a sigh, Hannah replied, "Yeah. Of course I know that, which

is why we have to make sure to execute the plan as flawlessly as possible. Cindy, I trust you, which is a major reason why we asked for your help. I wouldn't be asking this of anybody but you."

Such an outrageous responsibility was a little overwhelming to Cindy. She glanced at Ian while saying, "I don't know what to do, so I am afraid I might become a burden to you."

Ian said, "We don't need you to do anything. All you have to do is follow me around as usual, and I will take care of the rest."

Almost immediately, Hannah agreed with him. "Yeah. You don't have to do anything differently. You're still his assistant, while the agency will take care of the explanation. Just make sure you ignore the critics that you might receive so that you aren't affected."

Cindy wasn't the least bit convinced. After some thought, Hannah pressed on. "I suppose we don't look very sincere since we have yet to show you what we are willing to offer. Well, I know it's not very imaginative of me, but I am willing to offer you some financial compensation. What do you think?" Then, she gestured to Cindy to indicate the amount. "Will this suffice?"

Meanwhile, Cindy was still staring at Ian, whereas the latter was wearing a frown, visibly disgruntled. Cindy never even looked at the amount that Hannah had indicated. After a prolonged silence, she eventually nodded. "I will do my best, but I hope you won't blame me if things go awry."

Hannah was immediately all smiles. "Of course we won't! We're glad enough that you agreed to help! You can take it easy and leave the rest to us!"

The Returning Ex Chapter 1407

After that, Hannah added, "We will be making the transaction in a while, so kindly check when it's done."

Cindy exhaled before finally giving a curt reply. "Sure." While she did wish for Ian to be able to thrive, as it would ensure the continuity of her own career, Hannah's offer was another major factor for consideration. After all, Cindy was in desperate need of the money.

Ian had to attend an interview that afternoon which Cindy would have to follow as usual. However, this time, Hannah picked out an outfit for her that she would be required to wear while following Ian around. Cindy was normally in charge of arranging Ian's outfits, so she quickly realized what was going on when she saw the outfit Hannah gave her. Without a word, she took it from Hannah before changing into it.

There were a lot of people in the agency, but due to Ian's status and the resources he held, the other celebrities would by extension treat Cindy nicely. Such treatment was nonexistent anywhere outside the agency. Ian and her hung around till afternoon, leaving after that to attend the interview. As per usual, Cindy accompanied Ian to the venue, and she waited outside while Ian was being interviewed in the room.

Counting in the break, the interview lasted for an hour and a half. Throughout the wait, she sat spaced out on the chair outside the room. Most of the time, she was recalling what Hannah told her. Ian didn't want anybody uncovering his girlfriend's identity, so he wanted someone to pretend to be his girlfriend. It just so happened that Cindy was Hannah's first choice when it came to the role of Ian's pretend-girlfriend.

She wasn't sure what qualities Hannah saw in her that made her the first choice. On the other hand, she was also lamenting the fact that Ian had indeed broken up with his girlfriend. How he was trying to protect her even after that showed just how responsible he was. Meanwhile, her mind was still buzzing. Despite having been told that she didn't need to do anything differently, she could imagine the ruckus that their act would stir up. With their incompatibility, she

was certain that Ian's more possessive fans would soon be criticizing her harshly.

Cindy was heaving a sigh when there was a chime on her phone. Taking it out, she saw a notification that indicated that two hundred thousand had just been transferred to her bank account. She got back to her senses after staring at it for some time. Then, she logged in to her banking app, only to see a good two hundred thousand added to her account. Truth be told, she never saw such a huge sum of money in her life, as she had to send all of her money back home as soon as she got her salary, leaving her with only a thousand or so to meet her needs.

Previously, she hesitated to help Ian out as she didn't want to get into too much trouble, but the money that she got now was enough to eliminate every single ounce of hesitancy on her part. After all, money was the most reliable resource in the world. Cindy stuck her phone close to her chest, suddenly filled with a sense of security. As soon as Ian's interview was over, they left the venue after bidding the crew goodbye, only to realize they were surrounded by the media as soon as they got out. Before they could even react, their photos were already taken by the media, catching both of them off guard. Ian's immediate reaction was to turn around to block Cindy's face from view. "Let's go!"

Cindy lowered her head upon noticing his reaction. Meanwhile, the driver already had the doors of the car open while waving at them. "Over here!"

Worried that they might get separated by the crowd, Cindy cutched onto Ian's arm while they squeezed through the crowd to make their way to the car. There were a few people who began asking questions while sticking their microphones out, but Cindy didn't even register what they were asking due to sheer anxiety and the amount of questions she was being asked. Despite some setbacks, they eventually managed to get into the car safely.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1408

They quickly shut the door behind them. Patting on her chest to soothe herself, Cindy asked, "What's going on?"

Shaking his head, the driver said, "I don't know. I was waiting here all this time, but there weren't this many people around. They swarmed over as soon as you stepped out of the doorway. I suppose it's because of the latest development online."

Cindy knew Hannah would definitely release some news online as soon as she was able to find someone to play the role of Ian's girlfriend, so she dared not read anything, as reading anything about herself was a completely different matter from reading news about other people. On the other hand, Ian seemed as calm as ever while leaning back in his seat. "Let's leave."

They returned to the agency. Ian was assigned a place to live by the company, where they would be staying over that night. Upon dropping Ian off, Cindy was ready to leave with the driver, as she had her own dormitory. However, Ian turned to look at her after getting out of the car. "You should come too."

It wasn't until then that it hit her that she was now acting as his girlfriend. Pursing her lips, she got out of the car after some thought, and the two of them returned to Ian's place. It wasn't Cindy's first visit to the deluxe studio apartment. Standing by the door, she said, "I will leave later on tonight."

Ian said nothing when he took off his shoes, then he got himself a change of clothes. After he came back out, Cindy was still standing by the door, so he asked, "Why are you standing there? Have a seat." Without even checking on Cindy's reaction, he sat down on the sofa

before taking out his phone to scroll through the most recent news. He was still the center of attention, as netizens were still trying to uncover the identity of his girlfriend. After scrolling through the article, he snorted.

His agency was efficient indeed, as they managed to overturn the situation within a day. While everyone was focused on his photos that they found on social media, they had directed their attention toward the sneak shots. Ian heaved a sigh, seemingly more at ease about the situation now.

After pondering over the situation, Cindy came into the house after changing her shoes. She stood some distance away from him while asking, "What would you like for dinner?"

Ian put his phone down before replying, "I'm fine with anything. You can order whatever you want."

Heaving a sigh, Cindy said, "Let's just order takeaway. I'll go with whatever that I see first."

Aside from giving a grunt, Ian said nothing else. The two of them didn't interact at all while in the same space, as both were busying themselves with their respective tasks on their phone as if they were in their own separate spaces.

Later on, the doorbell rang, which Cindy immediately recognized as a sign that their dinner had arrived. She opened the door to see the delivery man outside the house, and she thanked him while taking the food from him. However, the man didn't respond, but his gaze was fixated on Cindy's face, unnerving her. "Is something the matter?"

Meanwhile, Ian came over from the living room. "What's going on?" The delivery man spoke as soon as he saw Ian. "Oh, it's nothing." With that, he left the place.

Ian smiled as he already had an idea of what just happened. Closing the door, he told Cindy, "Come, let's have dinner." It's tiring to have to constantly put up an act, he thought to himself.

After eating dinner with Ian, Cindy settled down on the sofa, figuring she would leave later on. However, news broke before long regarding sightings of a woman in Ian's house who was wearing his clothes, behaving rather intimately with Ian.

Cindy was taken aback by the news. While it was true that there was indeed a woman in Ian's house, that woman wasn't wearing his clothes. She lowered her head to check on her own outfit that Hannah gave her. Then, she knew what it indicated.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1409

Ian had a similar article of clothing that was a matching set with hers, but the color was totally different, so Cindy wondered how they could get it wrong. Putting her phone down, Cindy heaved a sigh upon realizing that there would be a commotion ahead of them, which might even lead to her identity being uncovered. It would be a lie to say that she wasn't afraid, as laying her personal life bare to the public was never something that she was comfortable with.

She was a humble woman who hadn't been exposed much to the world, so of course she was feeling uneasy about it. At that moment, she recalled the money she had in her bank account. Well, at least I received a handsome sum from the agency. She decided she would bear with the situation for the sake of the money, if nothing else.

The fact that she said nothing after reading the latest update surprised Ian, as he expected her to ask him about their next course of action while putting on her puppy-dog eyes. However, she seemed to have grown accustomed to the role pretty soon. Ian tucked his phone away after reading through the latest articles. "Why don't you sleep in my room tonight? I can sleep on the sofa."

Startled, she cast him a glance. "Do I need to stay? I thought I could

leave later tonight.”

Ian chuckled while replying, “I don’t think you’ll be getting anywhere even if you get out of the house. The media might very well already be downstairs.”

Blinking, Cindy muttered, “They sure are annoying.”

Casually walking up to the window, Ian checked on the situation outside the house. “I suppose you should spend the night here. You can sleep in the room while I take the sofa.”

Cindy lowered her head to examine the sofa that she was sitting on. It wasn’t huge, but Ian would have no problem lying down on it. However, he was her superior to some extent, and she owed him money, so she was a little averse to the idea of leaving him on the sofa.

After some thought, she suggested, “I suppose I’ll sleep on the sofa instead. With your height, you won’t be comfortable sleeping here, but I will be alright since there’ll be enough space for me here.”

Turning down her offer, he went on to say, “It’s not like I never slept on a sofa before this. You should just take the room.”

Cindy wasn’t about to argue with him over that, so she changed the topic. “Since I’ve got some money, I’ll return the money you lent me.” However, Ian unexpectedly replied, “It’s fine. Take it as a token of my appreciation.”

Cindy was already swiping on her phone, so she lifted her head to look at him upon hearing that. “Ms. Jones already paid me for acting as your girlfriend. Meanwhile, borrowing your money is a totally different matter, so I will have to pay you back.” With a few taps on her phone, she transferred the money to him.

Ian could feel a buzz on his phone, but he didn’t check it. Back then, he knew Cindy was having a hard time, or else she wouldn’t be borrowing five thousand from him. Initially, he assumed she would take the money just like that if he didn’t ask her to pay him back, but now, he came to realize she in fact had staunch principles.

After some time, Ian was ready to lie down on the sofa as he was tired, but Cindy was already there with a pillow in hand. She seemed accustomed to sleeping on the sofa, as she had one pillow under her head while hugging another pillow. Looking toward him, she requested, “Give me a duvet. It might get cold later tonight.”

He furrowed his brows, but soon reverted to his original expression.

He was never one to fuss over details, so he relented upon witnessing her insistence. Then, he got her a duvet from his room. Cindy realized the duvet was brand new as soon as she laid eyes on it. In fact, most of the items in the house were new, as he never really spent time there. His schedule was packed to the max, so he spent most of his time in hotels, which resulted in the house his agency prepared being left almost untouched. After thanking him, she covered herself under the duvet.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1410

Before Ian left for his room, he told Cindy, “There are new towels and toothbrushes in the washroom.”

There was a moment’s pause before Cindy replied, “Okay.” After he left, she went into the washroom to wash up using the utensils she found. However, she didn’t bring her pajamas with her, so she could only sleep in the clothes she was wearing.

Cindy could sleep practically anywhere, so the only downside to the arrangement was that her clothes were too thick and heavy for her to feel comfortable. Nonetheless, she still fell asleep with relative ease.

If Cindy were her previous self, she might have a hard time falling asleep due to all the stress after the scandal regarding Ian and her

broke out. Now, she couldn't bring herself to care anymore, probably because she didn't think things could get any worse. Anything would be fine as long as nobody died, and in case anything happened, she had two hundred thousand in her bank account.

While Cindy was sound asleep on the sofa, Ian had a hard time doing the same while in his own bed. He went through the news online to see that everything was going according to Hannah's plan, which meant that scandals pertaining to both Sena and his ex were basically settled.

Instead of feeling relieved, he was feeling suffocated as if his airway was blocked. After tossing and turning for a long while, he got out of his bed and entered the living room. Cindy was already fast asleep, curling under the blankets into a tiny ball. The curtains in the living room weren't drawn, and the light shining in through the windows provided ample lighting for him to take a good look at her figure. Ian walked up to the sofa languidly before lowering his head to examine her. Without any makeup on her face, he could see her face was clean even in the dark of night. When Hannah assigned Cindy to him, she told him Cindy might be one of the few people who wouldn't be charmed by his looks.

Despite having heard that, Ian didn't really register it in his mind as he didn't care much about things like that. However, he realized Hannah might be right after watching Cindy closely. Cindy was indeed impartial to his looks. Instead of feeling defeated, Ian was actually relieved, as he preferred to maintain a professional relationship with his colleagues, so he needed someone who wouldn't mix their personal feelings into matters.

Without warning, Cindy rolled over while talking in her sleep.

"Money..."

Startled, Ian took a step back in reflex before stopping himself. With a frown, he thought, Money is all she cared to say... I wonder what she is dreaming of to have even said that out loud.

By the next morning, Cindy woke up early. It was already a habit of hers to wake up earlier than Ian and buy him breakfast. After a quick wash up, she tied her hair into a ponytail before turning to check Ian's room. As the door was closed, she figured he was still asleep. She hesitated for a moment before deciding against waking him up, going downstairs alone instead. When she left, she made sure to put on a mask despite knowing that it wouldn't conceal much, but she figured it was better than not having anything to cover her face at all. To Cindy's surprise, the area was quiet in the morning, and there were no paparazzis who swarmed in on her. She bought breakfast somewhere near the house before rushing back. When she got back in, Ian was already up and walking out from his room. The front of his pajamas was unbuttoned, so Cindy could see his bare chest as soon as she laid eyes on him.

Oh, wow... Although he looks thin, he is actually quite muscular. His pectoral muscles look sturdy. Cindy quickly averted her gaze after a while. "I bought breakfast, so come eat after you're done washing up."

Ian was also slightly taken aback, for he seemed to have forgotten that there was another person in his house. With a grunt, he covered himself up. To be honest, Cindy might be able to keep a straight face if he hadn't done that, but the fact that he did it made her blush.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1411

Cindy combed her hair to the side. "You should go wash up."

With that, Ian left for the washroom in strides, whereas Cindy laid the food out on the table before sitting down. She glanced at the entrance of the washroom while letting out a breath of air that she was holding in. I only caught a glimpse of his body, so why does he

look so wary? He looks alright, but I don't believe that he was never unclothed in front of someone else.

Meanwhile, Ian changed into a new set of clothes after washing up, and he was once again the gentleman whom she was used to seeing. With the utensils laid out, Cindy lowered her gaze. "Let's eat." Instead of digging in, Ian asked, "Did you not run into any paparazzis?"

Cindy shook her head. "I found it odd too that there was nobody outside."

Despite his raised eyebrow, Ian said nothing. After they finished their meal, Ian's phone rang with a call from Hannah. As the call was for Ian, he answered the call at the balcony, so Cindy didn't know what their conversation was about. Ian returned after a short while to sit on the sofa. "We'll have to wait. The driver has yet to come." Cindy said nothing, as she had a feeling that something was on Ian's mind. After around half an hour, Hannah's call came again. With his phone in his hand, Ian only gave a light grunt as his response at the end of the call before hanging up. Putting his phone aside, he leaned against the sofa. "We won't be going anywhere in the morning." Startled, Cindy's first reaction was to check on the news online. Sure enough, there was a commotion going on online. This time, it wasn't a revelation from a third party, but Ian's agency posted a short message using Ian's social media account, admitting that Ian was in a relationship with her. In order to spend more time together, his girlfriend was arranged to work as his assistant, taking charge of things regarding his work and personal life. The message also mentioned that their relationship was stable, and they wished to have more personal space.

Although she knew the agency was behind everything, Cindy was still feeling a little uneasy about it. Sure, it was a lie, and the two of them were only faking a relationship, but Cindy had a hard time keeping her cool. Putting her phone away, she was at a loss of words. Meanwhile, Ian was just chill about it. Turning on the TV, he began watching the show while leaning on the sofa. As she had nothing else to do, she curled up on the sofa. After a while, Ian told her, "I don't have a girlfriend."

Taken aback at his sudden confession, Cindy replied, "I know you broke up with her."

Ian smiled before repeating himself. "I don't have a girlfriend."

Cindy didn't reply to that as she wasn't sure what he was implying. Staring at the TV, he continued, "While I liked that girl, my feelings aren't reciprocated. What I said on the talent show was a means to pressure her into choosing me, as I assumed she might feel concerned. I was hoping that one day, she would come toward me. Alas, she didn't."

When she heard that, Cindy stammered, "Oh... Oh... I... I see..." That was a response that was rarely seen coming from her.

Ian smiled in a self-deprecating manner after recalling his past. "Isn't this pathetic?"

With a frown on her face, Cindy didn't think it was pathetic, as she figured that those who took the initiative in relationships would have their hands tied after that. The first to fall in love would also be the likeliest one to get heartbroken. Such was the iron law in relationships.

Heaving a sigh, Ian said ruefully, "I sometimes wonder if I missed out on her because I joined the talent show. If I stayed with her instead of joining the show, might things have ended differently?"

Cindy wasn't sure what to say, so she listened in silence. On the other hand, Ian didn't seem to be expecting a response, as all he

wanted was to vent his feelings to someone. For the longest time, he pushed down a lot of his feelings, which was beginning to suffocate him. A listening ear was all he wanted. Later on, he went on to say, "I used to think that loving someone is easy, but I only came to know that while that's true, it's hard to have the other party reciprocate my feelings."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1412

Ian spoke in a deep and calm voice, which somehow made Cindy feel sad. Although she never got into a relationship herself, she could resonate with some of the feelings. After hesitating for some time, she said, "Humans are not only emotional creatures, but their emotions are also extensive.

Even if you missed out on the first person, you might meet someone you like even more. You might think that the first person was the right person for you, it doesn't mean that the second person wouldn't be a match. You're the right person for each other as long as you love each other."

Turning around with a serious expression, Ian stared at her for a long while. "How many relationships have you been in? You sounded rather experienced."

Cindy couldn't help but let out a chuckle. "Will you discredit what I said if I tell you that I've never been in a relationship?"

Arching his brow, Ian answered, "Your words make sense, but not a lot of people managed to have it figured out."

Cindy nodded while she went on to say, "Talk is cheap though. I've never been in a relationship, but if I were to go through what you went through previously, I might fall into the same pit as you." She was aware that it was easy to give advice, but if the same things ever befell on her, she wouldn't be able to be as nonchalant about it. After that, she asked, "How is she doing now?"

With a nod, Ian replied, "Not bad. She got married and has a happy family."

All of a sudden, it dawned on Cindy who the woman was.

While the two of them stayed at home, rumors were being stirred up on the Internet. However, the agency did seize the optimal moment to reveal the identity of Ian's girlfriend. After Ian's previous scandal, and by using Sena's case as an example, fans reacted to Cindy in a more positive manner, especially after those fans uncovered that she had been working diligently alongside Ian ever since she graduated from university.

Besides, she never stepped out of line while working with Ian, nor did she cause him any trouble. Therefore, compared to Sena, the fans were more tolerant of Cindy. The fact that she didn't brag about having a celebrity boyfriend to promote herself, all the while giving him her full support also showed the fans how righteous and kind of a woman Cindy was. In the end, Ian's fans decided that they would tolerate anyone by Ian's side as long as it wasn't Sena.

On the other hand, Cindy didn't have the guts to check on the latest gossip, as she knew there would surely be negative comments floating around alongside the positive reviews. It was her first time ever going through such an experience, so she decided to ignore all public feedback so as to not affect her own mood.

They stayed in the house till noon, and it wasn't until then that the driver arrived. After tidying up, Cindy and Ian needed to go back to the agency first before heading to a filming set for their next shooting session. The driver parked the car downstairs, and the two of them got onto the car directly. As soon as they left their community, the driver told them, "There are a lot of paparazzis behind us."

Startled, Cindy looked behind them while saying, "I thought they gave up as I didn't see anybody in the morning. However, I don't think they'll get anything new out of this as they already uncovered most of my personal info."

The driver let out a chuckle before commenting, "They work in the news industry, so they might still see us as valuable sources of gossip even if we don't think so ourselves. I suppose all I can say is that you should be more wary of your actions from now on, Cindy."

In response, Cindy gave a weak smile. "Yeah, I suppose I'll have to be more careful from now on."

Meanwhile, Ian leaned back on his seat in the back with his eyes closed, all the while keeping a straight face, seemingly unperturbed at all by what was happening. Cindy had a hard time reading his mind, as he didn't seem to desire anything in life.

They arrived at the agency soon after. As soon as they got out of the car, those paparazzis were already taking pictures of them from some distance away, the sounds of their cameras clicking away reaching Cindy's ears.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1413

Ian waited until the car stopped, but instead of getting out of the car, he called out to Cindy, who was still sitting in the passenger seat. "Come over here."

Turning around to cast a glance at Ian, she instantly realized what he wanted to do, so she climbed through the space between the driver and passenger seat to get to the back seat. After that, Ian got out of the car before looking back at her with his hand reaching out.

Although Cindy knew it was an act, her heart was still fluttering, and she hesitated for a moment before finally putting her hand in his palm.

In fact, all Ian did was help her get out of the car. As soon as she was out, he retracted his hand before the two of them entered the agency side-by-side. Hannah was already waiting when they got to the meeting room, but Cindy wasn't required to attend the meeting. When Ian entered the room, Cindy peeked inside while passing by, only to see that there were a few other higher-ups in the room. She figured it made sense that they saw the need to call for a meeting, considering the fact that they were experiencing such a major shake-up.

Cindy waited for Ian in the lounge with the driver by her side. While in there, the driver was checking on the latest gossip and tutting from time to time. Although she was curious about the fans' opinion of her, she decided to not ask as she knew that she would crack easily under pressure.

After going through most of the comments, the driver put his phone away. "Cindy, the relationship between you and Ian is currently the trending topic."

There was some hesitation on her part before making a remark. "I suppose we're the only ones who see this as a big deal when it isn't in fact anything of importance."

The driver couldn't agree more with her. "Yeah. It's pointless to put so much emphasis on such a minor detail. Everybody has their own life, and dating someone else isn't something outrageous, so I don't get why the fans are so critical about it."

Leaning back against her chair, Cindy sighed. "They sure are being overly critical."

After a while, Ian returned to them with an article of clothing in his hand. Needless for them to ask, that dress was prepared for Cindy. All she needed to do was to put her fabricated relationship with Ian on show to verify the post that the agency released using Ian's account. Therefore, she took the outfit from him before changing her

clothes in the dressing room beside them.

After that, Ian informed them that the shooting session in the afternoon was pushed back for a bit, so they could go for a meal in the meantime, which Cindy knew was just another assignment from the agency. However, the driver was delighted. He didn't really care if it was arranged, so he left the agency with them in a jolly mood. As expected, the paparazzis were also taking photos of them when they boarded the car, during which Cindy turned to glance at them with a look of indifference.

Ian and her got into the back seat of the car, with Cindy sitting beside him. After the car left the agency, Ian told her casually, "You don't need to put too much pressure on yourself."

Upon hearing what he said, she responded with a grunt. "It's not that bad." After brooding on the situation, she smiled. "I suppose I can make a debut soon if this keeps up."

The driver burst into laughter upon hearing her comment. "That's a great idea! You two can work together on your careers! A lot of programs would like to invite couples onto their shows, so you can shoot them together."

After listening to what he said, Cindy was vaguely reminded of their previous incident with Sena. In fact, Ian and her weren't much different from Sena, as they were all garnering attention by establishing fake relationships. It was just that Ian was the passive one in this incident.

Soon, they arrived at a restaurant that was located some distance away from the agency. The paparazzis were already behind them when they got out of the car. Cindy tried to keep her expression as natural as possible when she followed Ian into the restaurant. Beside them, the driver noted those paparazzis' presence, and he told the other two, "I might be able to make a debut as well if they keep on following the two of you like this."

Although it wasn't the most appropriate of times, Cindy couldn't help but laugh, while Ian wore a smile as he cracked a joke. "I suppose you can join our shooting sessions as well by then. The three of us can form our own band." It was rare to see him joke, so Cindy was pleasantly surprised by it.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1414

Cindy turned to see Ian smiling. To be honest, he looked handsome when he smiled, but he was too uptight of a person. Despite the gentle front he put up during shows, he didn't normally smile while off-camera, seemingly disinterested about life in general.

Meanwhile, John had read the latest gossip online. With a snigger, he mused, "So this is how he plans to settle things. I suppose it's fine as long as the public's attention is directed away from us. John went through a lot of the comments, finally feeling more at ease upon making sure that nobody made mention of Logan and Sophia anymore."

Putting his phone away, John entered the living room to see Sophia leaning against the sofa, while the baby was squirming about in the cradle beside it. In the meantime, Sophia was munching on some fruits while watching over the baby. Soon to be a month old, the baby's appearance was changing rapidly. While looking all wrinkled and flushed when he was newly born, he was now a chubby baby with round eyes and black hair.

John carried the child in his arms before sitting down beside Sophia, whereas she plucked a grape that she popped into his mouth. "Why did you sneak away just now?"

John couldn't help but laugh. "What do you mean by sneaking away? I didn't 'sneak away'."

Reaching for his pockets, Sophia retrieved his phone to check on his

call logs, messages, and social media before chuckling. "Who were you texting just now?"

John gave her face a pinch with his free hand. "What are you even thinking about? I wasn't texting anybody. I was just checking on the latest gossip."

Arching her brow, Sophia asked, "So what did you find?"

Petting the baby lightly, John replied, "I was reading about Ian's gossip. It turns out that his assistant is now his girlfriend."

Sophia was taken aback by the news. "Really? So he has finally found himself a girlfriend."

Looking at her out of the corner of his eyes, John tutted. "I'm kind of baffled by your simple-mindedness. Anybody could see that it's fake."

Sophia frowned while pondering on the situation. "Is it a distraction to prevent people from digging any further? I don't think they need to go that far though."

John gave the baby a kiss before replying, "I don't care what his reasons are as long as he will not implicate us." Seeing that they were all grown-ups now, John believed that people should solve their own problems rather than allowing other people to step in in their stead.

On the other hand, Sophia pursed her lips while reading through the articles using John's phone. Ian's relationship was currently the trending topic, with almost every single article detailing his circumstances. Sophia came to understand what had transpired upon reading through the article, after which she chuckled. "The entertainment industry sure is interesting."

Slightly surprised, John turned to look at Sophia in disbelief. "Why would you even think that?" For all he cared, the entertainment industry was suffocating. Fans were irrational in their almost blind support of the celebrities, which further complicated the already murky waters of the industry, so John didn't see the appeal in it at all.

Sophia was still reading the article when she commented, "Look, Ian's assistant seems like a nice person. Logan mentioned about her some time ago."

Grunting, John remembered that Logan did tell him about the woman. Logan even surmised that their relationship might eventually grow into a romantic one. However, John didn't care if they might fall in love, as all his attention was on his wife and child. Meanwhile, the baby was making nonsensical noises in John's arms, while his large eyes were staring at him intently. John was still a bit frustrated at the thought of Ian, but all of his anger dissipated as soon as he saw his son. After a few moments, he changed the topic. "I already arranged for a feast to celebrate our son finally reaching a month old. I would prefer to keep it among the family instead of making it a grand event, as it's pointless."

Upon hearing that, Sophia nodded. "Sure. I don't want strangers intruding on a private occasion as well. It's a family thing, so don't turn this into another company event."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1415

Without a word, John smiled, whereas Sophia read through a few more articles before letting out a yawn. She now pretty much led a carefree life that consisted of a daily schedule of her filling up her stomach, having fun and sleeping. There were times she couldn't help but feel like she was a baby herself.

On the other hand, John was walking around while carrying the baby. After some time, he turned around to look at Sophia. "You should get some sleep upstairs if you're tired. I'll go get you when it's time for dinner."

Standing up from where she sat, Sophia stretched out as she spoke. "Last night, Dad wanted me to tell you to go back to work if you have time. You shouldn't be staying at home all day." "Why is that so?" John didn't think it was unreasonable at all. "Just so you know, I'm working as a househusband, so I'm not lazing around while at home. Don't you dare look down on my profession." Frowning, Sophia stared at him for a while before leaving for upstairs. "Fine. I'm not going to waste time bickering with you since you always have these silly comebacks."

All the while, John was petting the baby while asking playfully, "I'm sure you want your daddy to keep you company as well, right?" When Sophia got to the second floor, she glanced down from upstairs to see John holding the baby professionally while petting him. He looked like a househusband indeed, and the sight of it brought a smile to Sophia's face when she entered her room. Upon lying down on bed, she took out her phone again to check on the latest gossip. Although there were a lot of articles about Ian, she missed out on them as she didn't pay much attention to the entertainment industry. Netizens uncovered photos of instances when Ian was being seen together with his assistant, while other photos showed them in matching outfits on different occasions. These were being taken as early signs that indicated that they were in a relationship.

Sophia spent some time staring at Cindy's photo. With an innocence about her, Cindy seemed like a kind woman. Sophia trusted her first impression of Cindy, as she believed that a person's appearance was an outward projection of their inner character. It would be nice if Cindy ends up getting together with Ian, she thought. She always felt a sense of guilt toward Ian. Upon checking the comments section under the articles, she realized that while there were both positive and negative comments, there were quite a number of people in general who supported Ian. After reading for a while longer, she put her phone away. Heaving a sigh, she rolled over and shut her eyes.

Meanwhile, Ian was still the center of attention, so the paparazzis were hot on his heels throughout the day. Initially, the paparazzis would put some distance while tailing them, but upon noticing that Ian wasn't trying to hide from them, they began tailing him openly behind his car. On the other hand, Cindy watched them from the rearview mirror while sitting in the car. She found the whole situation a little bizarre. Ever since she was a kid, she never stood out among the crowd. She was used to being ignored while standing behind a crowd, so the sudden change made her feel a bit uneasy. After Ian was finished with work, the driver drove them home, but before arriving at their community, Cindy made a request. "Let's stop by at a mall. I would like to buy some stuff, as we have nothing in the fridge. I suppose we will be staying at Ian's place for some time, so we should buy some necessities." Nodding, Ian didn't object to Cindy's suggestion. "Sure." The driver steered the car to slowly stop in front of the mall. As soon as he did so, Cindy was about to hop off alone, but Ian got out of the car as well after putting on a cap and a face mask, which surprised her. Before she could say anything, Ian gave her a pat on the shoulder while pressing his cap lower. "Let's go." With that, he led the way into the mall, whereas Cindy checked the roadside to see that the paparazzis were still tailing them. Even after Ian covered himself up, it didn't stop them from taking photos of him.

Heaving a sigh, she got what Ian meant. Knowing that they were probably expected to showcase their nonexistent relationship, she entered the mall behind him. She was planning to buy some bottled water and instant noodles, but she then decided to buy some fresh produce since Ian had come with her.

Because it wasn't peak hour yet, there weren't a lot of people in the mall. Cindy asked in a hushed voice, "Will we be able to cook at home?"

Standing beside Cindy, Ian already had an idea of what she was planning. "Yeah."

Without a word, Cindy nodded before proceeding to quickly pick out a few ingredients that she put into her trolley. Ian didn't know much about grocery shopping, so he merely watched beside her. On the contrary, Cindy knew a lot about cooking, so she was confident in her abilities.

Due to her concerns about someone recognizing Ian, Cindy made quick work of the shopping before they would get surrounded by people, and she managed to fill up the trolley within half an hour. When it was their turn at the till, Ian lowered his cap while waiting for the cashier to check out their groceries. In the end, they came back out with a bag of items each.

The driver was already waiting at the entrance of the mall. As soon as he saw them, he took their shopping from them. "That's quite a lot."

Cindy grunted in the affirmative before explaining, "We can store them away in the fridge, so that we can cook whenever we have time to. I'm a little sick of constantly eating takeaway."

In fact, she wasn't the only one feeling like that, as both Ian and the driver were also a little sick of eating takeaway. After a moment of thought, Cindy glanced at the driver while extending an invitation. "Please stay for dinner with us tonight if you have time to spare. I will be cooking, so you can also take it as an opportunity to taste my cooking."

The driver let out a chuckle before accepting her invitation. "If that's the case, I'll stay then."

Soon, they arrived at Ian's house. The driver had been to the place, so he didn't feel alien within the environment. After changing his shoes, he entered the house to settle down on the sofa. Meanwhile, Cindy picked out a few ingredients and chucked the rest into the fridge, whereas Ian changed his clothes in his room. After that, he took out his phone to check on the news, only to see that news of him shopping with Cindy had yet to break.

Ian scrolled through the comments casually, noticing that his supposed relationship with Cindy was received with mixed reviews. Although some preferred Cindy as Ian's potential partner instead of Sena, the rest didn't think Cindy was worthy of Ian.

To be honest, Ian wasn't sure what that even meant in terms of a relationship. He wondered how they defined the compatibility of a couple. Despite public opinion inclining toward Sophia being undeserving of John, they still ended up having a harmonious matrimony. Upon reaching that point, Ian tucked his phone away with a sigh before leaving the room.

The driver was watching TV on the sofa, whereas sounds of water running could be heard in the kitchen as Cindy busied herself in there, an apron on her front. The feelings that such a scene brought up caused Ian to fall into a daze for some reason. After looking at the kitchen multiple times, he ended up walking into the space.

Upon seeing Ian standing by the entrance when she turned to take something, Cindy spoke. "You should go watch TV. I can settle this on

my own.”

Ian was feeling a little awkward. “It’s a hassle to cook, so why don’t we just order takeaway?”

A smile bloomed on Cindy’s face when she said, “I have a weak stomach, so eating too much takeaway food makes me feel sick. That’s why I think I should cook on my own instead.” She didn’t take good care of her own health while she was in university, so she had long standing gastric problems.

Upon hearing what she said, Ian stopped talking, but nor did he leave immediately. Instead, he watched her cook while leaning by the entrance with his arms crossed. Cindy worked deftly, which was an obvious indication that she used to cook a lot.

Ian had seen Sophia cook, which she did at a languid pace that bordered on being lackadaisical. Compared to her, Cindy was different in the sense that she was expressionless when she worked, making her appear serious about her work.

Cindy knew Ian was watching her. Although feeling a little uncomfortable under his watchful gaze, she didn’t know what to say, so she could only pretend that she saw nothing. Fortunately, Ian left to watch TV with the driver after staring at her for a while.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1417

Heaving a sigh, Cindy picked up speed. She chose to cook some simple dishes, so she was all finished within an hour. After serving the meal on the table, she called out to the men. “It’s time for dinner!”

The driver stood up first. “I could smell the aroma since long ago. I’m practically drooling by now!”

In the meantime, Cindy took off her apron before washing her hands, whereas Ian waited for her at his spot after casting her a glance. It wasn’t until she came back that they went to the dining table together.

They had to admit that Cindy was indeed a good cook, for the food she prepared was much better than the takeaways. Slowly, she drank the soup she boiled, which was warming and made her stomach feel better. She began eating after that, and she wasn’t in a hurry at all as she ate. In this aspect, she was different from Sophia. Upon being reminded of Sophia, Ian also recalled that Sophia had a cheerful disposition, and that she rarely kept silent even when she ate. She would keep on talking while waving her hands around, sometimes even crossing her legs on the chair. In contrast, Cindy would sit quietly by the table. Taking a deep breath, Ian wondered what he was doing by comparing the two women, so he quickly averted his gaze.

On the other hand, the driver was delighted, all the while complimenting how tasty the food was. Later on, he asked if she had a boyfriend out of sheer curiosity, to which she replied with a smile, “No, I don’t have one.”

Heaving a sigh, the driver lamented, “Why would a pretty woman like you not have a boyfriend? Are you being too picky?”

Cindy chortled while reaching out for one of the dishes. “I’m not being picky, but I’m not really interested in finding a boyfriend at the moment. Since I just graduated, I figured I should make sure that I have a stable job and a secure source of income before I consider dating. Isn’t this the norm?”

Nodding, the driver went on to say, “That’s true, but I’m pretty certain that we are quite secure while working alongside Mr. Morgan, so you don’t have to worry about that. You’ll have to find a boyfriend one way or another, or else it will be a waste of your youth.”

Cindy chuckled before answering, “It makes sense.”

Now that they were on the topic, the driver turned to look at Ian.

"Mr. Morgan, you should also find yourself a girlfriend. However, I suppose it won't be easy now that you two are being marketed as a couple, as the public will accuse you of cheating on each other."

After giving the situation some thought, Cindy had to agree with him, all the while wondering how long she would have to be tied to Ian in such a manner. Without first separating from each other, neither of them could work on their romantic life, which could be slightly troublesome.

However, Cindy realized that on the flipside, she might not be able to find herself a boyfriend anyway considering that she had to pay for her brother's university tuition fees. No man would want to date a woman who had obligations elsewhere. Meanwhile, Ian was a different case altogether. With his age, he should have a girlfriend by now.

After their meal, Cindy cleaned the table and did the dishes in the kitchen, which made Ian feel a little uneasy that he wound up approaching her. "Let me do the dishes instead."

"It's fine," Cindy said. "There aren't a lot of them, so I can do this on my own."

There was a momentary pause before Ian told her, "Since you were the one who cooked, I have to do something in return."

Cindy couldn't help but let out a chuckle. "You paid for the ingredients, so that will do." To her, it was natural that whoever paid for things would get to be exempted from other responsibilities.

In response, Ian pulled his lips into a thin line while checking on the kitchen to find that it was already pretty much cleaned up. Other than washing the dishes, there wasn't anything else to be done, so he left the kitchen hesitantly in the end.

He spent some time watching TV with the driver before the latter bid them goodbye, leaving Ian alone on the sofa. After that, Cindy started preparing more ingredients, as she wanted to cook breakfast as well the next morning. Despite having flipped through a few channels, Ian couldn't stop himself from repeatedly glancing at the direction of the kitchen.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1418

Ian was unused to having a woman busying herself in his house.

After spending some time staring at the TV, he returned to his room as he couldn't focus on watching it anyway. He left the blanket that Cindy used on the sofa, then locked himself in his room before making his way to the window.

Now, he was feeling a little irritated by his unconventional relationship with Cindy, but upon closer introspection, he realized there wasn't anything of substance between them to begin with.

After spending some time by the window, Logan's call came through. With how busy he was taking care of his wife, Ian was surprised that Logan even had time to contact him. As soon as the call connected, Logan said, "I didn't expect you to create such a huge ruckus when I wasn't looking! Have you finally decided to date your assistant?" Ian didn't need to keep anything from Logan, so he told the latter the truth. "It's fake. We did everything to deal with the scandal." Logan let out a chuckle before continuing, "Seems like my guess was correct. I think you two are quite compatible with each other though. Despite how things started between you two, you still have a chance of turning it into a real relationship."

Ian sniggered. "It's a pity that you aren't working as a script writer."

After that, he added, "I can't possibly date my assistant."

"Why not? Anything is possible," Logan answered without hesitation.

"You can take Lola and I as an example. Nobody expected us to get married. We got off on the wrong foot, so for the longest time, we

were practically each other's nemesis, but you should look at us now. Our relationship back then was a hundred times worse than your relationship with your assistant now. Nothing is impossible, as all that is needed is effort."

There was a hint of joy in Logan's voice, which made Ian think that he was trying to show off his relationship with Lola. Therefore, Ian chuckled before replying, "Not everybody gets to be as lucky as you to be able to meet someone who would reciprocate your feelings. It's just too slim of a chance."

Ian figured that Logan was a lucky b*stard, as the latter only ever encountered minor hurdles in life. Since Logan managed to marry the first woman whom he fell for, Ian didn't expect him to understand his situation. With no intention to make Logan understand his thoughts and keep the conversation revolving around the nonexistent relationship between Cindy and himself, Ian changed the topic, asking Logan how Lola and him were doing instead.

Logan got even more chatty at the mention of his wife, telling Ian about how Lola had thinned due to a severe case of morning sickness. Despite the fact that he had hired a nutritionist to prepare Lola's meals for her, she still hadn't been eating much. Besides, she also got a lot more pickier when it came to food, with some of them including seasonal ingredients, so Logan had to buy them from abroad.

Instead of finding the labor arduous, he was proud to fulfill Lola's every request, as was obvious from his tone while he spoke. Meanwhile, Ian listened on in silence while wearing a gentle expression on his face. He figured that Logan's relationship might be the epitome of love, for it was capable of transforming someone as uncouth as Logan into such a caring man.

To be honest, Ian was a little envious of him. The person whom Ian envied the most was John, and Logan was the next. On the other end of the call, Logan had been blabbering for a while, until Lola called out to him. After turning around to answer her, Logan told Ian, "I'll have to let you go now. Lola needs my help. I need to check on her." Ian replied, "Mmh. Go on. Enjoy your married life."

Logan chuckled before saying snidely, "I heard that you're living with your assistant now. Even if it's a fake relationship, at least your life is improving."

A frown crept onto Ian's face, but Logan hung up before he could react. Shaking his head, Ian put his phone away, all the while wondering what Logan meant by that. In his opinion, he didn't consider this as cohabitation with Cindy.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1419

After waiting for some time in his room, Ian took a change of clothes, planning on taking a shower. On the other hand, Cindy was done cleaning up the kitchen, and was laying the duvet out on the sofa. Upon taking a closer look, Ian realized she bought a new set of bedsheet and duvet cover. She covered the sofa with the bedsheet, as well as tucking the duvet into a cover.

Ian stopped in his tracks to explain himself when Cindy looked his way. "I'm going to take a shower."

Grunting, Cindy nodded her head. After she was finished with setting up her space on the sofa, she watched TV on the sofa. On the other hand, Ian was done showering after half an hour. When she saw that, she retrieved her own clothes from her suitcase.

Ian knew what she wanted to do, so he quickly entered his own room in strides. After a while, Cindy turned off the TV before going to the bathroom. The fact that she was sharing a bathroom with a man while in his house made her feel a little awkward.

She finished showering as quickly as possible, then she got out of the bathroom after drying her hair. Combing her hair while walking toward the sofa, she only managed to take a few steps when she saw Ian coming out from the kitchen.

She was taken aback by his presence, whereas Ian was also feeling a little awkward for some reason. "I came to get myself a glass of water."

On the other hand, Cindy tried to will herself not to blush while replying, "Okay." Tidying her pajamas, she was feeling fortunate that they were all of a conservative style, so it wasn't inappropriate when she wore them in his presence.

Meanwhile, Ian returned to his room in strides. After closing the door, he leaned against it. This is absolutely crazy, having to report to her about everything I do. I feel like I'm living in another person's turf. Taking a few deep breaths, Ian left the glass of water on the bedside table before going to bed. Due to him having a hard time falling asleep, he took out his phone.

Gossip about him and Cindy was still a trending topic online now that photos of him and Cindy shopping together were published. If nothing else, the paparazzi knew how to frame their shots, as they seemed like a sweet couple in those photos despite the fact that they weren't actually being intimate.

There was one particular photo that depicted Cindy turning to inquire about something with a smile on her face. From an outsider's perspective, the photos depicted the interactions of a couple in love. Ian couldn't help but laugh when he went through the articles and photos. They sure know how to tell a story. I could almost believe that we're really in a relationship after looking at these photos.

Ian browsed through the photos roughly before setting his phone aside. Turning the lights off, he tucked himself under the blanket. Although he wasn't used to having Cindy living in his house, he still managed to fall asleep last night. However, he wasn't sure why, but he was feeling even more awkward after eating the food she cooked, so much so that he couldn't sleep at all.

Heaving a sigh, Ian blinked while staring into the darkness of his room. The fact that he couldn't see clearly in the dark enhanced his other senses, so he could hear rustling noises outside of the room, and he knew it was probably Cindy. It sounded like she was heading to the kitchen to get herself a glass of water, but after that, she spent some time walking around. Ian wasn't sure what she was doing, but he only listened in silence.

After half a minute or so, the noises finally died down, which indicated that she finally lay back down. Rolling over in bed, he had his back to the door while closing his eyes. Women are a hassle to deal with, he thought to himself.

Meanwhile, Cindy finally lay down on the sofa. Utterly exhausted, she fell asleep soon after. However, she hadn't had a peaceful night, as she dreamed of bringing the two hundred thousand home, which she was forced to hand to her mother. Part of the sum was used to pay for her brother's tuition fees, whereas the rest was used to buy a house for him. Nevertheless, what transpired in the dream didn't stir up a lot of emotions within her, as she was already used to being the giver in the household.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1420

Ever since she was young, her mother had begun telling her that she had to be responsible for Keith's life, including paying for his tuition fees, his house, his car, and even for his wedding. Therefore, she knew early on what it meant to carry the responsibilities of a parent. Her mother's indifferent attitude toward her left her feeling defeated. For as long as she could remember, her mother never

cared for her, as all conversations between them would eventually lead to money.

While in university, she was told to save up. After she got a job, she was still told to save up so she could send the rest of the money home. Eventually, it got to the point where she didn't even need to ask to know why her mother called her.

It would be a lie to say that she wasn't angry at all, or else she wouldn't be as impatient and resentful whenever her mother called. However, she knew she had to hand the money over no matter how angry she was. Therefore, in her dream, she handed the two hundred thousand over without feeling sorry at all. She knew she wouldn't be able to keep it anyway.

Also, she dreamed that her mother asked her about her relationship with Ian. Her mother liked to nag, so Cindy was afraid that she might be chased out of the house if she told her mother the truth, so she lied. She told her mother that Ian was his real boyfriend, and they shared an intimate relationship with each other. Although she was unsure if her mother was happy about it, Cindy felt uneasy after telling her that.

The muddled dream lasted till morning when her alarm rang, after which she got up. She washed up before making breakfast, whereas Ian came out of his room when breakfast was almost ready. Perhaps what happened the previous morning scared Ian, so he was fully dressed when he came out. Casting him a glance, she said, "Breakfast will soon be ready."

He let out a grunt before dashing into the bathroom, which gave Cindy the impression that he was fleeing from her. In the meantime, she made some pancakes, congee, as well as a few other dishes. She got everything onto the table just in time to see Ian coming out from the bathroom all freshened up.

Examining the food on the table, he suggested, "It's a hassle to cook everyday. We can always eat out if you don't have time to cook." However, Cindy only gave him a smile. "It's alright. It doesn't take that long." More importantly, Cindy liked eating her own cooking.

After laying eyes on the food on the table, Ian said, "If you're going to cook everyday, I will pay you for that. Currently, you are only paid for working as my assistant, but if you're going to handle our meals as well as doing chores, you should be paid for doing them." As soon as she heard she would be paid, Cindy's eyes lit up, and she agreed to his suggestion almost immediately. "Sure!"

Relief washed over Ian, as he knew monetary compensation could make things a lot easier. The feelings that left him feeling constricted ever since the previous night dissipated as soon as she agreed to their new arrangement. Sitting down by the table, Ian filled up his plate. Now that he knew for sure that he earned everything using his own wealth, he no longer felt uneasy about it.

Immediately after their meal, Ian transferred the money to Cindy, who was elated upon witnessing that she had more money in her bank account now. Money sure provides people with a sense of security, she thought to herself.

They weren't in a hurry that morning as the shooting session wouldn't begin until later, so they waited for a while in the house before the driver arrived. When the driver arrived, he gave them a call to inform them that they were surrounded by paparazzis. However, Ian and Cindy no longer feared being exposed to their scrutiny, as they now knew for certain that there was nothing between them. In order to further solidify their newfound relationship, they were in fact happy that the paparazzis would tail them.

While on their way down, they assumed that the paparazzis would be waiting outside of the community area, only to realize that they had already gained access into it through unknown means. As soon as they stepped out of the house, they could hear the shutters of the cameras. Although there weren't a lot of shots taken, it was apparent that the paparazzis had captured something worthwhile.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1421

Cindy looked in the direction of the sound. Likewise, Ian turned his entire face in the direction, whereupon another click rang out. Cindy spotted the paparazzi who was hiding behind the tree lawn. Actually, he was rather conspicuous. Ian, however, pretended as though he hadn't seen anything, retracting his gaze. Then, he lifted an arm and wrapped it around her shoulder before getting into the car with her. What was that? Perhaps he gave up the pretense since we were already caught, directly making our relationship known since we'd been photographed countless times. At least, this was Cindy's take on Ian's thoughts.

After they'd gotten into the car, the driver chuckled. "Was it deliberate earlier?"

The corners of Cindy's mouth tilted up. "Ah, you're smart! Say, do you think those paparazzi will be able to tell that we deliberately allowed them to photograph us? If they do, will they contemplate it further and suspect the veracity of our relationship?"

Starting the car, the driver drove out of the community area. As he drove, he replied, "They'll never bother contemplating that. They'll only wonder why the two of you didn't stand there and pose for a series of photos. Veracity isn't something they've got to concern themselves with."

Cindy nodded. Then, she turned to look at Ian. "So, is that why you made it so intentional?"

Glancing at her out of the corner of his eye, Ian arched a brow but said nothing.

When Ian was recording his show, Cindy finally went online to see how her news was brewing. Sure enough, there was a pandemonium on the internet. Many people reviled her, insisting that she wasn't worthy of Ian. She'd already braced herself, so she wasn't particularly anguished to see these curses that dragged her family along. Instead, she was just a tad puzzled at their hostility.

While there were those who condemned her, naturally, there were also people who supported her. Some people compared her with Sena Young, saying that she at least looked far kinder besides having taken such good care of Ian. Thus, they had no objections as long as Ian liked her.

Also, some were probably anti-fans, and they used Ian's background as fodder. They claimed that it was actually pretty fitting for him to be with a girl from an ordinary family considering the fact that he was an illegitimate child. Such comments mocked her and Ian both.

Cindy herself wasn't really bothered, but she was a touch curious as to whether Ian would be saddened when he saw these comments. After all, his identity was considered a stain, although it wasn't his stain. Rather, it was a stain belonging to Old Mr. Morgan, Bryce Morgan, and Ian's mother. Why does Ian have to bear the infamy of their wrongdoing?

Putting away her cell phone, she then got up to walk around. Just after taking a few steps, she caught sight of a celebrity coming over with her assistant. The celebrity kept a very high profile, having two assistants as well as two bodyguards beside her. I don't quite understand why she needs bodyguards. The set has been cleared, so there isn't any need for two bodyguards to escort her. But well,

that's a big shot for you! She didn't dare stare or ask questions. Unexpectedly, the celebrity abruptly stopped mid-stride. Turning her head, she noticed Cindy and said something to the assistant beside her. The assistant then nodded and answered in a rather loud voice, "Yes, that's her." At this, the celebrity chuckled before going on her way.

Cindy could tell that the chuckle was definitely malicious. It's probably another snub at Ian because of my background. Well, this is the entertainment industry whereby people flatter the powerful and scorn the lowly. If I were a boss with resources, people might flock over and ingratiate themselves to me. Nonetheless, I don't give a whit about that. She snorted. After doing so, she felt much better. She then strolled around before seeing a few assistants chatting, probably assistants of the celebrity guests. One of them hurried over at the sight of her. "Ms. Selby!" Cindy was startled. I'm not a celebrity, so why is she showing me such deference? Still, she stood there and looked at the approaching girl. The girl was about her age, appearing harmless with a bright smile on her face.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1422

The girl came over, her eyes gleaming. "I saw the news about you and Ian Morgan. Are you really dating him?"

Cindy didn't know her, but she presumed that the girl wanted some gossip about the scandal between her and Ian. Inwardly sighing, she put on a hint of shyness and nodded minutely. Then, she explained, "We've known each other before his debut."

At this, the girl exclaimed in acknowledgment. "I see. Then, he's really a good man."

Cindy nodded. "Yeah." Her tone was a touch perfunctory. I suppose he's considered a good man to continue standing by his girlfriend after he'd made it big following his debut. Although this is rather unambitious, few men in the entertainment industry can do it. The girl lowered her voice. "I thought the two of you developed feelings throughout the course of working together, so I initially wanted to ask you for advice and try to win over the celebrity under my care."

Cindy chuckled. "It's quite difficult to say for sure. Perhaps he'll fall into your hands if you show a little more sincerity."

The girl shook her head. "It's too difficult." She then peered around. "Look at all these guest celebrities. Every last one of them are young and beautiful, so I'm not their match at all."

She's right in this. Cindy agreed with her thoughts, so she merely inclined her head at her and flashed her a smile in farewell before turning around and heading to the side.

Only when she'd gone a distance away did the girl pivot and return to the group of people whom she was talking to. One of them there—a celebrity assistant as well—had her arms crossed, looking rather snooty as she glanced at the fast-disappearing Cindy out of the corner of her eye. "I wonder what underhanded trick she used." The person beside her chortled. "Perhaps Ian Morgan likes her type. He's never seen much of the world, so he's easily tempted at the sight of a woman." All the assistants around them laughed; only the girl who'd gone over to talk to Cindy earlier had her lips pursed without a hint of laughter.

After walking around, Cindy stood by an unoccupied windowsill. When she strolled around earlier, many people's expressions changed upon seeing her. She knew why, and she found it quite amusing actually. Love is a personal matter to begin with, yet they're acting as though one has to give the public an explanation when having a relationship.

After waiting for a while, Ian's recording concluded. Cindy hurried over, only to be greeted by the sight of him chatting with a few regular guest celebrities when she was a distance away. She didn't know what they were talking about, but Ian then laughed. He rarely laughs so freely. Stopping short, she stood where she was. However, Ian's gaze shifted in her direction, and he then lifted a hand and beckoned at her. Upon seeing that, she languidly walked over. She first greeted the few regular guest celebrities, who were gazing at her and Ian suggestively.

Ian lifted a hand and placed it on her shoulder, his voice threaded with a hint of a smile. "I'm not hiding it. I just didn't want her to be harassed, but I never expected things to get to this point."

Beside him was a slightly older host who appeared exceedingly genial. "Now that your relationship is in the open, you've got to be all the more careful in words and deeds. Your girlfriend is dragged into the mess because of you, so you've got to take responsibility until the very end."

"I'll remember your advice, Mr. Zakowski," Ian hurriedly replied with much deference. Beside him, Cindy thanked the host as well. The host then left with the others. When he passed her by, he lifted a hand and patted her on the shoulder without saying anything.

Surprised, Cindy lowered her voice when they'd left and asked Ian, "He seems nice to me, but I don't think I've met him before."

Ian nodded. "He's nice to you because of his personal experience." He didn't expound on that, retracting his hand instead. "Let's go."

Cindy followed him out and got into the car. Since they weren't far from their place, they went straight home.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1423

Cindy had prepared the ingredients for lunch since the recording in the afternoon was rather late, so there was time to cook by herself. As soon as they arrived home, Ian collapsed on his bed. The show he'd recorded earlier was all games with jumping and running around, so it was a tad tiring. He wasn't physically fit to begin with, so he was quite exhausted. Cindy, on the other hand, didn't bother him. She went into the kitchen and started cooking languidly. Meanwhile, the driver sat in the living room, watching television. While the three of them went about their own business, the atmosphere was inexplicably amiable.

After watching television for a while, the driver sauntered into the kitchen and asked Cindy whether she needed some help. At this, Cindy laughed. "No, I can manage."

Crossing his arms, the driver tsked. "Actually, you and Ian make a good match. It'll be good if you two end up together." Lowering his voice to a mere whisper, he mused, "Aren't you tempted when Ian is so handsome?"

Cindy startled slightly upon hearing his words, but she then chuckled. As she cooked, she countered, "There are plenty of handsome guys in the entertainment industry, so if I'm the type to be moved by someone's countenance, I would've fallen for countless men."

At the side, the driver argued, "That's different. Those people are out of your reach. Besides, Ian is far more handsome than all those guys, and the two of you live under the same roof, so it's very easy to develop feelings when you're together day and night." He was slightly up in years, so he probably felt restless when he saw others being single, wanting to play matchmaker.

Cindy smacked her lips, not taking him seriously at all. "My relationship with Ian is purely business. How could one fall in love with her boss? This isn't something a qualified assistant should do."

The driver gave a bark of laughter. "You're truly the proper type, girl." He stood by the door for a while. When he was certain that she

indeed didn't need his help, he turned around and went back to the sofa.

Cindy was very apt in cooking, her movements methodical. In no time, she was done, taking off her apron after washing her hands. Very much perceptive, the driver came over and helped to carry out the dishes. Thus, she strode over to Ian's room door and raised a hand to knock on his door. "Lunch is ready."

Ian had dozed off on the bed, so he hurriedly got up when he heard her voice. The moment he stepped out of his room, he smelled the fragrant aroma of the food. In reality, this aroma was usually present at restaurants, but he just found it inexplicably different.

Cindy looked at him. "Go and wash your face. Then, come and eat." Having said that, she spun around and headed toward the dining table.

After living together for the past two days, Ian was no longer that awkward with her. He turned and went to the washroom to wash his face.

Cindy cooked four dishes and a soup that all looked and smelled delicious. Chortling, the driver scooped rice for both Ian and Cindy. "I think my weight is going to soar now that I'm eating such good food with you guys every day."

Cindy giggled. "You're not fat, so it's good to eat more. You'll then have energy to help carry things in the future."

Ian instinctively stole a peek at her. This assistant of mine is famous for her brute strength in the company, but I usually don't see her eating all that much or putting on any weight.

While eating, Cindy talked about the photo shoot in the afternoon later, one for a magazine cover. This magazine was a relatively high-end one in the fashion industry, so it was rumored that it took Hannah considerable effort in securing this collaboration.

Cindy had done her research, so she told Ian that she'd looked into the photographer who'd be handling his photo shoot. The photographer's reputation in the industry was bipolar—her professional capabilities were top-notch, but she had a supercilious attitude. No matter how renowned a celebrity she worked with, she never gave them any face.

"Perhaps all who are talented are fastidious people," Cindy lamented.

"So, just put up with it for a bit. This photo shoot for the magazine cover has been a hassle to secure, and Ms. Jones said that it'll open doors to the fashion industry."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1424

Cindy did this every single time, informing Ian of all the possible problems so that he could brace himself.

Ian murmured in acknowledgment. "It's okay. I'm not easily offended. If I'm truly admonished, you don't need to say anything at the side. You don't have to go over and apologize to them, for some people merely want to put on airs."

Surprise gripped Cindy. After all, when she talked to him about all this in the past, he mostly listened and seldom responded, even wearing a slightly impatient look on his face sometimes. Today, however, he picked up where she left off and even consoled her instead. This was an unprecedented situation that had never happened before. She nodded. "Okay, got it."

After lunch, Ian went to take a shower. Sitting in the living room, Cindy felt slightly ill at ease. This house had a bedroom and a living room, so even while she was watching television here, she could still hear the sound of running water from the bathroom. Although she tried her best to corral herself, images uncontrollably flashed across her mind. This is just a torture!

The driver reclined at the side with his eyes closed now that he'd

filled his stomach, not at all bothered about everything else happening around him.

Having no other recourse, she got up and went to the balcony. The weather outside was very good. She then took out her cell phone and surfed the internet, only to discover that her photos with Ian were already posted, ones that were taken when they left in the morning. This time, many people gave their blessings, while those who disdained her and mocked Ian had diminished significantly. A little over 20 minutes later, she heard the door of the bathroom open. Ian was actually fully dressed when he came out. He knew that he couldn't be too casual since there was now a woman in the house. Upon seeing that there was still some time to spare, Cindy returned to the sofa and leaned back to rest for a while.

After getting ready in the room, Ian came out. As he stood by the door, he looked up and instantly saw Cindy with her eyes closed. She must be really tired to fall asleep while sitting on the sofa. I might not have it easy, but it's actually even more exhausting for her. He tarried for a while before going over and waking the driver first. "We should make a move."

At the side, Cindy's eyes abruptly snapped open, her gaze still dazed with grogginess. "We're leaving? Oh yes, it's time!" Springing to her feet, she smoothed her hair before walking over and gathering everything Ian had to bring.

The three of them left together. Cindy was probably still half-asleep as she stood in the elevator. Leaning against the elevator wall, she yawned several times.

Ian didn't look at her, merely reaching out and taking the cosmetic box from her hand. "I'll carry it myself."

This action had Cindy snapping to attention. "No, no, I can manage," she hastily insisted. After all, the cosmetic box was actually quite heavy.

Ian said nothing, yet he didn't release his hold on it either. "Never mind, it's just a few steps."

Cindy stared at him. In the end, she pursed her lips and stood at the side with her hands hanging by her sides. The driver's gaze shifted between them, an amused expression on his face. Cindy knew what he was thinking, so she strove to maintain a solemn expression in order to keep her embarrassment from him.

She then sat in the back seat with Ian. "You can nap for a while," Ian suggested.

Cindy was already wide awake at this time. "No, I'm fine. I'm feeling better after dozing for a bit earlier."

Ian didn't say anything further though he scrutinized her out of the corner of his eye. For the first time, he felt that she was stretching herself too thin. He'd never had an assistant, nor had he noticed how other people's assistants were, but Hannah had once lauded Cindy before him. She said that it was her first time seeing a newbie who was so competent in handling the position of an assistant. The assistants she arranged for other artists in the past all made various blunders, so she was truly surprised by Cindy.

Retracting his gaze, he turned and gazed out the window. Could she possibly be bad at her work when she stretches herself so thin? But she's probably very tired.

The car drove all the way to the photo shoot location provided by the magazine publisher. When they alighted from the car, Cindy went over to take the cosmetic box, but Ian was a step ahead of her, carrying it himself.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1425

Ian glanced at Cindy. "I'll carry it."

Cindy seemingly understood his meaning within seconds, so she

merely nodded. "Thank you."

The magazine's associate editor was already waiting, so when he saw Ian approach, he quickly came over and smilingly extended a hand. "Oh, you're finally here, Mr. Morgan!"

Ian flashed him a smile, putting on a modest expression. "Sorry for making you wait."

Ian exchanged a few words with the associate editor before they headed in the direction of the publishing house. The associate editor said that the studio was ready, merely waiting for Ian to start. Beside Ian, Cindy frowned and surreptitiously glanced at the time. It's not yet the agreed-upon shooting time, so why are they making it sound as though Ian is putting on airs, thus arriving late?

On their way to the studio, the people around furtively shifted their gazes over. When they noticed Ian carrying his own cosmetic box, in particular, their expressions turned all kinds of conflicted when they next looked at Cindy.

When Ian turned to speak to the associate editor, he didn't forget to occasionally glance at Cindy. While he didn't say anything to her, the fact that he cast her glances in concern spoke volumes. The associate editor was an astute person, so he then directed the conversation to Cindy upon seeing Ian's actions. He asked whether she was troubled by the comments on the internet and even urged her to take things easy since this was par for the course in the entertainment industry. He was very glib, saying, "Only famous celebrities with high amounts of traffic can generate such a huge entertainment effect. Those in the lower ranks can't make any waves despite racking their brains." Cindy smiled. "I'm fine. I've already anticipated this, and it was why I wanted to keep it under wraps in the beginning."

As they talked while walking, they then arrived at the studio. The studio was a small room with some blurred backgrounds. The photographer was already inside, adjusting her camera. Upon hearing movements, she turned around and stared at Ian before shifting her gaze to Cindy. "You're here." Cindy respectfully inclined her head at her. "Nice to meet you."

Ian greeted the photographer as well. Then, he turned and looked at Cindy. "Wait for me at the side. I don't think it'll take long."

Cindy docilely nodded. "Okay, will do."

Subsequently, Ian went over to the photographer. The photographer took out a few design drawings and finalized the basic style she wanted to shoot today with him, her attitude toward him amicable, her tone pleasant. In fact, if one were to look at this scene, she didn't quite seem as rumored.

Finding herself a seat, Cindy sat down and observed them as she leaned back against the wall. When the photographer was finalizing the style with Ian, she occasionally looked up at him and even smiled. From a woman's intuition, Cindy felt that this had to do with her favorable impression toward Ian. After all, such a good-looking face will definitely give others a better impression compared to the average person.

Then, she shifted her gaze to the photographer. The photographer was known as Yulia Noble, a renowned photographer within the industry who'd shot magazine covers for many A-list celebrities. The discussion on Ian's side was quickly settled, whereupon he then changed and had his makeup done. The entire process wasn't all that long, but it had Cindy feeling a tad sleepy as she sat there. She was jolted awake from sleep earlier, so she didn't get proper rest at all. Now that she was idle, drowsiness assailed her.

However, she definitely couldn't doze off here no matter how sleepy she was. After all, it'd be preposterous for an insignificant assistant

to slumber while Ian was working. Thus, she hurriedly got to her feet and walked over to Ian, standing beside him.

Ian's gaze shifted to the side, and he glanced at her. "Go and take a walk if you're tired." He spoke in an exceedingly gentle voice befitting a boyfriend.

Cindy murmured an acknowledgment before declining, saying, "It's okay. I'll just stay and watch you work."

At this, Ian chuckled. "I knew I shouldn't have allowed you to come with me this afternoon. You could've slept at home since things here are going smoothly anyway."

The Returning Ex Chapter 1426

Cindy knew that these words were meant for the people around them, so she played along. "I was dreaming when you roused me. Since I was jolted awake, my mind feels rather fuzzy."

The corners of Ian's mouth curved upward. "What were you dreaming about?"

Humming thoughtfully, Cindy answered in a voice colored with mild frustration, "I dreamed that I suddenly had a lot of money that just won't finish. Just when I was planning to have a good laugh, you woke me up."

Ian's gaze went to her face for a few moments. I wonder if she made this dream up on the fly, but it is very likely true as well. He merely snickered without saying anything.

This public display of affection had others around them feeling rather discomfited. The makeup artist shot Ian a look before stealing a glance at Cindy. It was blatantly obvious that she wanted to say something, but she swallowed her words in the end.

During a lull in her conversation with Ian, Cindy looked around. All at once, she saw Yulia looking at her a near distance away. Yes, she was looking at her instead of Ian, and her expression was cold, wholly different from when she interacted with Ian earlier. Nonetheless, Cindy didn't shy away. She looked her right in the eye, her gaze far more placid compared to Yulia's slightly hostile gaze. After staring at her for a few seconds, Yulia was the first to avert her gaze, lowering her head to look at her camera. Cindy raised a brow, a touch puzzled. Could it be that she's Ian's girlfriend fan, so she detests me because of my relationship with him? This isn't entirely impossible.

When Ian was done with his makeup, he then started with the photo shoot. Cindy looked on from her chair. The entire process was smooth sailing, but Yulia's favoritism toward Ian was painfully obvious that even the waiting crew at the side smacked their lips and commented, "This is the first time Miss Noble is so amicable toward someone."

"Exactly," another person seconded. "A few A-list celebrities came back then, and while Miss Noble didn't berate them, she maintained a wintry expression throughout the shooting. But look, she's even smiling today."

Cindy looked over, and Yulia was indeed smiling. It wasn't only when she was interacting with Ian, but she was still all smiles even when teaching him how to pose. Perhaps it was because she had an inherently aloof countenance, so it was exceedingly obvious when she had the faintest smile on her face. Inwardly, Cindy lamented, It's indeed nice to be handsome. After all, he has won over Yulia Noble without any effort!

Ian changed into several sets of attires and shot a few styles. When everything was done, Yulia again went to him with her camera and showed him the preliminary pictures she'd taken, one by one. Again, Cindy heard someone at the side exclaiming, "This is huge! In

the past, Miss Noble always spun on her heels and left without a single word after the shooting session, but she actually stayed today to discuss the photos in detail.”

The person beside him tsked. “Sure enough, beauties have a weakness for Adonises.”

Cindy tittered. Indeed, everything is correlative. Heroes have a weakness for beauties, and beauties have a weakness for Adonises. What a common occurrence! She studied Yulia carefully for some time. It’s true that she’s entirely different toward Ian compared to others. In fact, if someone likes another person, some minute details shine through very clearly no matter how one tries to hide it.

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While Ian’s news was raging on the internet, Sophia and Lola were both spectators. Huddled together, they both stared at the photo of Ian and Cindy. Sophia smacked her lips. “They seem to make a good match.”

Lola nodded in agreement. “Judging from her looks, she’s not too bad. She looks quite pure, and since looks are a reflection of the heart, she should be a decent girl.”

“I hope the two of them will end up together at the end of the day,” Sophia lamented.

Lola chuckled. “But I heard from Logan that their relationship is fake.”

However, Sophia didn’t think it was a big deal. “Many lies become the truth as they spread, and many things that are staged turn real as they play out. Don’t mind those insignificant details.”

The Returning Ex Chapter 1427

All at once, Lola laughed. “That makes sense. It’s rumored that they both live under the same roof now, so this is a golden opportunity. After all, feelings develop alongside interaction.”

At this point in the conversation, John came over with fruits from the kitchen, so Sophia echoed, “That’s true. Familiarity breeds fondness, just like me and John.”

Lifting his eyes, John swept his gaze over Sophia’s body. The sudden gleam in his eyes didn’t go unnoticed by Sophia, whereupon she abruptly realized that she’d spoken too hastily and used the wrong words. That scoundrel, John Constance, must have his mind in the gutter again!

Upon hearing her words, Lola giggled. Turning her gaze on John, she changed the topic. “You haven’t gone back to work, Mr. Constance? Logan keeps harping on how blessed you are.”

John nodded. “I’m indeed blessed. Thanks to my son, I get to enjoy a leisurely life at home.”

Sophia was truly impressed by his shamelessness. She leaned back against the sofa. “My confinement period will end in a few days, so hurry up and go back to work. You’re not needed at home.”

John didn’t take her words seriously at all. “Of course, I’m needed. Our son wails and cries for me every night, so I’ve naturally got to rest up during the day so that I can deal with him at night.”

This brought Sophia up short. He’s not wrong. For some inexplicable reason, the little guy keeps waking up at night lately and wailing incessantly. No one can quieten him except John. It’s only when John picks him up that he ceases his cries.

None of them knew why the child always became docile the moment he caught the sight of John when he was misbehaving a heartbeat ago. At times, Old Mrs. Constance even joked that the little guy could discern faces. The entire family mollified and indulged him, so he wasn’t afraid of any one of them. John was the only one who kept a straight face with him, so he was afraid of him, knowing who he could bully and otherwise at such a tender age.

Having no retort, Sophia merely snorted. She then turned and looked at Lola, her gaze falling on her stomach. "Are you still nauseous recently?"

When this subject came up, Lola could only sigh. "Yeah. I feel as though I'm going to hurl my entire stomach up. And for some reason, I keep waking up in the middle of the night to throw up these days, and it's so bad that it persists for the rest of the night."

Sophia nodded. "I understand you all too well." She then stroked Lola's inconspicuous belly. "I hope your little peanut will be a little more considerate of you later on and torture you less. Hopefully, it'll also be less demanding during delivery." Speaking of giving birth, she again recalled the excruciating agony she experienced back then. It's truly something I'll never forget for the rest of my life!

As they chatted, Logan came in from outside a while later. He'd just rushed over from Jefferson Mansion, having been summoned back by Old Mr. Jefferson for a lesson. The first thing he did was to head to the crib. At this time, the little guy was sleeping, his hands lax on both sides of his head, looking adorable. Upon seeing the child, Logan's heart melted. "Ah, this little darling is just too cute!"

Sophia chortled. "You've never seen him when he's howling, and no one can quieten him. That's when he's truly cute."

Hooting with laughter, Lola patted her on the arm. "You're going to make me bust a gut."

Sophia cast a glance at Logan. "Have your husband relate how he got taught a lesson when he went back. That'll really make you bust a gut."

Speaking of this, Logan's face fell. Whirling around, he stalked over to the sofa and plopped down beside Lola. "My old man's temper is truly getting increasingly volatile recently. He said he had a dream last night in which I punched him. He then woke up in the middle of the night and was so incensed that he couldn't sleep for the rest of the night, waiting to summon me over at first light to straighten me out!"

Even John at the side dissolved into laughter, let alone Lola and Sophia.

Logan, however, found nothing funny about it. Yanking up his sleeve, he showed them his arm. "I didn't even know what had happened when I went back, and he outright rained two blows on me with his cane, claiming that he wanted to take revenge for last night. Look, it's still red here where he hit me."

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Sophia slumped against John's shoulder, laughing uncontrollably.

"Logan, don't you think your old man is deliberately picking fault with you? I think the dream is secondary. Perhaps he just wanted to beat you up."

Chuckling, Lola rubbed Logan's arm. "What did you do to offend him recently?"

Logan had no idea what he did to offend his old man recently. I just chided him for a bit on the phone when he called me a few days ago. There's nothing else. He truly couldn't think of anything, but he didn't think it'd be a grudge over the insignificant chiding. After all, it was several days ago.

After a while, he changed the subject. "Have you all seen the news? Ian and his assistant are really together now."

Sophia peered at him out of the corner of her eye. "We've already discussed it at length, yet you're only now giving us the scoop? Isn't it a little too late?"

Logan snorted. "I'm not giving you the scoop. I just want to discuss this with you guys—say, is it possible that Ian and his assistant end up together? I think they seem well-matched."

Great minds think alike! Sophia shot him a look. "What a coincidence! We think so, too."

Subsequently, Logan chortled. "I've met that girl before. She has a nice voice, and she's unhurried in everything she does. Furthermore, she's really good at taking care of people. If Ian were to get together with her, he'll definitely enjoy a great life."

Upon hearing this, Sophia grew chagrined. "If that's the case, then forget it. Why isn't it the girl enjoying a great life if she gets together with Ian? Why is she obligated to take care of him?"

Lola nodded as well. "Yes, I'm of the same opinion. When two people get together, both parties have to make sacrifices. It can't be one of them hoping to improve his life by relying on the other. If that's the case, then they should just scrap it from the beginning itself."

"No, no," Logan denied. "I was merely thinking for Ian from a friend's perspective. Perhaps Ian will be the one to sacrifice more after they'd gotten together. This is still uncertain." After all, if he truly gets together with Cindy, he'll have to sacrifice more compared to her considering his identity now.

...

Meanwhile, Cindy helped Ian pack up everything and waited for him to finish speaking to Yulia before leaving together. However, she wasn't sure whether it was a problem with the photos or something else, but they were still talking after an eternity had passed.

Waiting while leaning against the makeup table at the side, she then took out her cell phone, only to be greeted by a message from her mother. Probably because Cindy was vexed when she called the previous time, Mrs. Selby didn't call this time but sent her a text message. She'd seen the news on the internet, so she was now asking whether it was true. From the sound of it, she didn't quite believe that Cindy could possibly be involved with Ian since she knew her daughter's capabilities.

Cindy stared at the text message for some time without replying, irritation swamping her. She couldn't quite bring herself to outright admit that she was Ian's girlfriend, but she couldn't tell her mother the truth either. Telling her mother would be tantamount to telling the whole world, for she'd make it common knowledge in less than two days. Deleting the message, she put her cell phone away and continued waiting.

When Yulia spoke with Ian, even her eyes were smiling. Ian, on the other hand, didn't think much of it. His gaze was fixed on the photo in the camera. "I trust you, Miss Noble. I've seen the photos you took in the past, so I trust your taste."

Yulia smiled. "You have a calm aura, so I really want to portray that aura. However, I worry that it might not fit your thoughts, so I'd like to ask for your opinion."

Ian actually had no opinion at all since he wasn't all that interested in photography. Nevertheless, he certainly couldn't say that, so he put on a gentle smile on his face. "I think all these photos you took are quite good, so I won't presume to know better in front of you."

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After saying that, Ian turned and looked in Cindy's direction. Although he didn't say anything, his meaning was already plain as day.

Yulia lifted her head and glanced at Cindy. "Is she really your girlfriend? She looks... quite sweet," she commented languidly, her tone so placid that one couldn't tell whether it was a compliment or an insult.

The corners of Ian's mouth lifted. "She's really a little girl who knows nothing, simple and plain." After saying that, he shifted his gaze back to her. "If there's nothing else, Miss Noble, please excuse me."

Yulia murmured an acquiescence. "Sure, go ahead."

Inclining his head to her, Ian then walked toward Cindy. Cindy promptly put on a smile and feigned a honeyed expression. Going over, Ian took the cosmetic box. "I'm done, so let's go."

Cindy followed him out of the room. When they reached the door, she couldn't resist glancing over her shoulder at Yulia. At this time, Yulia was looking at her camera with her head lowered, her expression having reverted to its initial chilliness. Swiftly retracting her gaze, Cindy walked beside Ian. She was convinced that her intuition hadn't steered her wrong. I don't dare say that Yulia likes Ian, but she at least has some feelings for him. Ah, an Adonis is truly entrancing!

When they went out and got into the car, Cindy and Ian went straight home. The photo shoot today is over, and it isn't too late, so we can have a good rest today!

The moment they arrived home, Cindy started on dinner, while Ian went to change. As the driver had already gone home and wasn't going to eat with them, Cindy only needed to cook for two, so it was less work for her. When Ian came out of his room, he went to the sofa. Plopping down, he turned on the television.

After Cindy had cooked a dish, she turned around and peered out. Ian was reclining back against the sofa, but he wasn't watching television. Instead, he was looking at something on his cell phone, a faint smile tugging on his lips. This is quite a beautiful picture. She giggled to herself. I wonder who'll be so lucky to bag him in the future.

She was very quick to finish cooking. As soon as she was done, she removed the apron. Ian then voluntarily stood up and came over to help carry the dishes out. Cindy, on the other hand, took their tableware out. "Is there anything you want to eat? You can list them down. Otherwise, I don't know what to cook either."

"Sure. I'll think about it tonight and give you the menu tomorrow," Ian replied, truly going along with her suggestion.

Cindy grunted in assent. "That's good. It'll save me from having to rack my brains for different dishes every day."

Ian sat down. "Everything you cook is pretty good, so it doesn't matter even if you repeat the dishes."

At this, Cindy was again surprised. He's complimenting me! This is quite a feat since he's usually very reserved. He never says anything hurtful, yet he hardly compliments anyone. She smiled without saying anything.

The two of them then ate in silence. Thereafter, Ian got up and took their tableware to the kitchen. In the kitchen was a plate of fruits which Cindy had just washed and cut, so he took it to the sofa. "I'll buy a dishwasher back tomorrow. Then, you won't need to do the dishes by hand."

Cindy had just rolled up her sleeves to do the dishes when she stilled upon hearing his remark. "It's okay," she declined. He has paid me, so doing the dishes isn't pro bono on my part. There's no need for such fussiness.

Ian didn't say anything further, eating fruits as he watched television. After Cindy was done straightening up the kitchen, she also went and sat by the sofa. Ian didn't return to his room, so the two of them sat there and watched a television series.

When the time grew late, Ian finally stood up and said to Cindy, "You should sleep earlier, too."

Cindy nodded. "Okay."

Actually, Ian was embarrassed to say that he could hear every single sound from outside if she didn't go to sleep, and his mind would even supply him with various images of her going about her

business. It wasn't that she was disturbing him, but he just couldn't help softening his breathing and perking his ears to the movements outside. He then went to the washroom and washed up quickly before returning to his room.

Cindy contemplated for a moment and decided not to take a shower at night. She then hurriedly got ready and lay down to sleep as well.

The Returning Ex Chapter 1430

It wasn't all that tiring today, but Cindy was still quite happy that she got to go to bed early for a change. She was already used to sleeping on the sofa, so she groggily fell into slumber in no time. However, she heard a noise in the middle of the night, jolting her awake. She didn't move, merely opening her eyes and looking in the direction of the light.

It was Ian going to the washroom. Every single time this happened, she found it extremely awkward because the washroom had truly bad soundproofing, so she could hear the slightest noise loud and clear. She then quickly closed her eyes and continued feigning sleep.

Meanwhile, Ian had also tried his best to make as little noise as possible. After flushing the toilet, he washed his hands before turning off the lights and coming out. Upon seeing that Cindy was still in the same position on the sofa, he breathed a sigh of relief and hurried back to his room.

When he'd gone back in and closed the door, Cindy who was outside breathed a sigh of relief as well. For some inexplicable reason, her face was slightly flushed. Such days are truly torturous! Perhaps it was because of the incident that her sleep was disrupted for the rest of the night, for she kept jolting awake and glancing at Ian's room. For some reason, she just felt uneasy.

Finally, the gossip on Ian and Cindy slowly subsided. After all, things like gossip couldn't receive endless attention, else it'd turn stale. When it was almost time, it was always necessary to turn down the heat. Despite the diminished popularity and attention, both Ian and Cindy breathed easier. After all, it wasn't pleasant to be tailed by the paparazzi, and both of them were similar in that they wanted a life with more freedom.

Having lived under the same roof for half a month, both of them had somewhat gotten used to the other. The only thing that had them feeling discomfited was the house. There was only one room in the house, and while Cindy had no problems sleeping on the sofa, it was indeed inconvenient. Besides, the slightest movement in the washroom was clearly audible to the person outside. Ian was better off since he could hide away in his room, but Cindy had nowhere to go. When Ian was in the washroom, she could only endure it outside. Ian was aware of this issue, so he made some time for a house viewing with Cindy to resolve this problem that was embarrassing yet difficult to speak of. The house they looked at had two rooms and was slightly bigger. Otherwise, it was not much different. He was very respectful of Cindy's opinion, asking her whether she had any dissatisfaction toward the environment or décor.

Cindy wasn't a fastidious person in nature. After taking a look around, she realized that the two rooms had similar lightning and could be considered a double master bedroom. He's probably showing me consideration. She then nodded. "I'm fine with this."

The house owner was an elderly couple who were up in years. They probably didn't pay attention to the news usually, for they didn't recognize Ian at all. Rather, they regarded Ian and Cindy as a young couple who were looking for a place. Chuckling, the elderly man remarked, "This house of ours is both fruitful and prosperous. After living in our house for a little over a year, the few tenants before this enjoyed smooth sailing in their jobs, securing promotions and salary

increments before purchasing a house themselves. Some couples also conceived after living here for a few months. Thus, this house has good juju.”

Cindy merely smiled politely without saying anything. Ian didn't explain much either since their relationship now was indeed that of a couple.

As Cindy and Ian both looked decent, the elderly couple had no qualms renting the house to them, even saying that the rent could be lowered slightly if they were going to rent it long-term. The elderly man was very frank, outright admitting, “I don't want to find another tenant just after a year. That's too troublesome, so I'd prefer tenants who'll be renting long-term.”

Ian turned to look at Cindy, indicating that the decision was in her hands. Looking around, Cindy then recalled the house in which they were living now. This was a much better improvement, so she nodded. “Not bad.” By saying this, it meant that she liked this place better. Right then and there, Ian talked to the elderly man about signing the lease.

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The elderly man was ecstatic, insisting that they could sign the lease anytime.

Ian hesitated for a moment. Both he and Cindy could no longer stand the house with a single room and a living room, so he blurted, “If possible, I prefer signing the contract today and moving in tomorrow.”

Eager to have them confirm the lease, the elderly man instantly said sure, repeating it thrice to portray his sincerity. Thus, Ian and the elderly man handled the signing of the contract.

Cindy, on the other hand, took another round in the house and briefly studied the layout. When she was done, she could almost picture living here now.

By noon, Ian and the elderly man had already signed the contract. In the afternoon, Ian went to record a relatively short show, so they arrived home in the evening. Cindy packed everything. Since the movers would be coming early the next morning, many things had to be sorted out on this day. For that reason, they ordered takeaway for dinner. After eating, they spent the rest of the time packing up. When everything was done, Cindy then cleaned the house. As this house was assigned to Ian by the company, it'd be returned to the company upon moving out, so she naturally had to clean the place.

Ian initially wanted to help, but Cindy found him more of a trouble than help, so she waved a dismissive hand. “It's okay. I can manage by myself. You go and sit there. Don't wander around.”

Very much obedient, Ian went to the sofa and sat down cross-legged. Then, he turned on the television. Washed fruits were on the coffee table, so he snagged an apple and bit into it. Then, he looked at the item in his hand before shifting his gaze to the fruit platter on the coffee table. She's really taking good care of me.

After mopping the floor, Cindy became sweaty, and it had her feeling ill at ease. She wavered slightly by the sofa, but in the end, she took a change of clothes and furtively went into the washroom.

The moment the sound of running water started in the washroom, Ian jumped up from the sofa in surprise. He knew that Cindy had gone to take a shower. The washroom had a frosted glass door with faint light showing through. If one were to look closely, one could even make out the person's silhouette. He didn't dare to look in that direction at all, the tips of his ears burning hotly. Swiftly turning off the television, he spun around and went back to his room. Even after he'd closed the door, his heart was still pounding wildly.

Although he didn't see anything, he felt as though he'd seen everything. He paced for a bit in his room, knowing that he'd overreacted. It was a long while before he finally calmed down. Then, he went over to the door and listened for movement outside. A few minutes later, Cindy came out of the washroom and was seemingly packing her things since rustling sounds came from outside. Inhaling deeply several times, Ian went back to his bed, feeling inexplicably agitated. He slapped himself on the forehead, thinking, Everything will be fine tomorrow. When we've both moved into the new house, such an awkward situation can be totally avoided.

He waited for a good while before opening his door and going out, so Cindy was already lying down. Every time she lay down, she curled into a tiny ball. Her blanket was very fluffy as well, so he mostly had to strain to see her since she was almost invisible after burrowing into the blanket considering her naturally slim and petite build. After that, he went for a shower as well and finished in record time before hurrying back to his room.

When his room door was closed, Cindy opened her eyes and let out an exasperated sigh. Her thoughts were similar to Ian's. When we've moved tomorrow, all the awkward situations will be a thing of the past.

That night, both of them were occupied with their own thoughts. The next day, the movers came early in the morning. Cindy woke up even earlier, sorting out everything that was to be transported. Since Ian hadn't been living here for long, there weren't many things. Thus, the movers managed to take everything in a single trip.

Ian and Cindy had also packed, so they followed the movers in another car. Since there weren't many things, the entire process didn't take long. When everything was settled, Cindy even had time to make breakfast in the new house. Ah, it's truly nice not to be under the paparazzi's watchful gaze! Or else I can't even imagine the crowd that would've been tailing us to snap photos as we moved houses this time.

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Ian straightened his room for a bit. When he came out a while later, Cindy was already done cooking breakfast, so he went over to the dining table. As he sat down, he said, "I'll help you clean when we come back later. Leave all the heavy work to me."

Cindy gave a bark of laughter. "There's no heavy work. This house has been kept very clean in the first place, so I only need to arrange everything."

At this, Ian chuckled as well. "I'll handle all the large furniture and appliances. I'll feel bad if you don't allow me to do anything." Cindy looked at him. "You've already paid me, so why would you feel bad?"

All at once, Ian burst into laughter. "I've always wanted to ask you this question—are you that strapped for cash?"

Cindy nodded seriously. "Yes, I'm that strapped for cash. It's too bad that I'm not valuable, else I'd even want to sell myself off."

Cindy and Ian then left for a show. While their scandal had abated on the Internet, they were still targets of criticism when they went out and faced others. It was better for Ian since no one dared to outright point fingers at him before his face, but it was different for Cindy. Many people felt that she was only dating Ian because of some twist of luck, so they regarded her with hostility out of either jealousy or abhorrence. By now, Cindy was used to it, so every time she was confronted with these gazes that discomfited her, her bank balance flashed in her mind. At the thought of money, all gloom dissipated. This time, Ian was singing the finale for a show, so it was just the

span of a song's length and their work would be over in 10 or 20 minutes. Cindy waited for him backstage while scrolling through the news on the Internet on her cell phone alone. The entertainment industry suffered no lack of gossip, so when news of her and Ian had subsided, another news naturally took its place.

Currently topping the search engine was news of a particular lady inserting herself into a particular director's marriage. There were still plenty who condemned the lady since many were timid in real life, so they could only unleash their wrath on the Internet. She inadvertently glimpsed some of the comments, only to see that they were even more vicious than the censure against her and Ian back then. When she saw those comments, she heaved a sigh. I wonder if these people would dare to be so ruthless when they encounter something they loathed in real life.

Putting her cell phone away, she leaned against the window and let out a sigh again. Before she'd even finished sighing, someone spoke beside her. "It's you?"

Startled, Cindy turned and looked over. What a coincidence! It's the assistant who previously asked me how I bagged Ian. Straightening, she asked, "You're also here today?"

The assistant nodded. "Did you just arrive? My celebrity is already done."

Cindy murmured an acknowledgment. "Why aren't you with him if he's done?"

The assistant curled her lips. "My handsome celebrity is in his dressing room. There's a senior celebrity there who wants to chat with him, and he even ordered me to wait outside. I just wonder what they're talking about that's so secretive."

Cindy's brows furrowed, her wariness ever present. Since she wasn't quite certain which celebrity this assistant worked for, she questioned, "Is your celebrity newly debuted?"

The assistant blinked. "It has been over a year."

Cindy couldn't outright ask about the celebrity's status, so she could only remind that assistant tactfully by telling her, "Be careful that you're not set up by others as Ian once was."

The assistant promptly giggled. "It probably won't happen. Everyone is still scared since your celebrity's matter went out of hand. So, who would still dare to take the risk of doing such a thing? After all, the person won't be able to stay in the entertainment industry anymore if he's found out."

Cindy hesitated slightly. Her celebrity has debuted for more than a year, so he probably guards against such a thing. Thus, she nodded. "Hmm, you're right."

The assistant stood there with her for a good while, chatting about their usual work. Since her celebrity had a rather free schedule, the assistant didn't have much work. Thus, she had it relatively easier.

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Nonetheless, the assistant still envied Cindy. "Although you've got a lot to do, it's just different. You're dating while working, yet I'm only working, so I've got no motivation."

Cindy patted her on the shoulder. "Think of money. When there's money, there's motivation."

The assistant shook her head. "I don't have much of a desire for money now."

All of a sudden, Cindy envied her. How I wish that I too won't have much of a desire for money one day! After all, one would only have no desire for something because one already has it. I wonder when I'll have enough resources to support me that I no longer have any desire for money.

It was only when Ian came over did the assistant leave.

Ian glanced at the assistant. "You're acquainted with her?"

Cindy nodded. "Just got acquainted a while ago. Thanks to you, my popularity has gone up, so people take the initiative to strike up a conversation with me."

Ian chuckled. "Well, get used to it. You might even debut in the future."

The two of them could joke around now since their relationship was much closer than before. They then left the studio while chatting and laughing as they returned to the house. Thereafter, Ian truly put his words into action by helping Cindy to move the furniture. Cindy, on the other hand, took up the task of cleaning the house. Despite the house having two rooms and a living room, it was actually not particularly big. Furthermore, it was relatively clean to begin with, so it wasn't all that tiring to clean.

They were done in no time. Ian's room had an attached bathroom, so he went back to his room for a shower. Meanwhile, Cindy washed up outside and started cooking lunch when she was done. Ian then sauntered out and meandered into the kitchen. After a moment's contemplation, he took the spring onions at the side. "I'll help to chop the onions."

Cindy didn't even look at him. "Sure." After they'd both cleaned the house, she was now accustomed to him helping her.

When Ian was done with the onions, he moved on to the garlic before helping to wash the vegetables as well, rendering his services for all the prep work. In the end, Cindy cut the vegetables and cooked, finding the entire process smoother than usual.

When they were eating, Ian truly took out a piece of paper and handed it to Cindy. "This is the menu I came up with. If there's anything you like, you can also add them in. Just pick a few dishes from here each day."

Cindy laughed. "You really made a list? I thought it was just a joke."

Ian was extremely serious. "It was no joke. I seldom joke."

Suddenly, Cindy recalled his remark that she might debut. Failing to stifle her laughter, she again tittered.

Ian arched an eyebrow. "You don't believe me?"

"I do." Cindy immediately put on an innocent expression. "I believe everything you say. Really."

Snorting, Ian lowered his head and continued eating without bothering her anymore. Their interactions grew increasingly harmonious.

After eating, they reclined against the sofa and watched television.

For the first time, Ian asked Cindy the kind of genre she liked for movies or television series. Her brows knitting together, Cindy pondered for a moment. "Horror."

Surprise gripped Ian. "I never expected you to like such a genre."

Cindy thought for a moment before explaining, "Perhaps it's because I don't quite believe in sweet romance dramas, so I find it amusing sometimes when I see all the lovey-dovey stuff."

Amused, Ian dissolved into laughter. "Hannah even said that she's planning to have me go into idol dramas in the future since it'll gain me many fans." At times, when a drama is popular, the characters will then stand out. The characters of rich young men, especially, attract tons of female fans.

Cindy shifted her gaze to him. "If you really accept an idol drama, I promise that I won't laugh on set."

Nodding solemnly, Ian replied, "Then, I truly thank you." After saying that, both of them burst out laughing.

Ian took the remote control and actually found a horror movie.

There wasn't much of an atmosphere to watch a horror movie at noon, so they were both rather grave as they watched it. When the

female ghost appeared, Cindy frowned. "Her eye makeup is rather bad. It's not scary at all. Rather, it just looks dirty."

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The corners of Ian's mouth curved upward. "Do you usually watch horror movies with such an attitude?"

Cindy solemnly nodded. "Didn't you realize that this horror movie appears less frightening after I'd said that? I can adjust the atmosphere with my attitude and make people less afraid."

Ian stared at her for a while before he nodded without saying anything. It seemed as though he was only now beginning to understand her slightly.

At the end of the month, Ian took a day off because his mother was coming. Cindy had never heard him mentioning his mother before, but back when news of his background circulated widely on the Internet, she'd read a bit of it. Thus, she knew that his mother, Aurora Peyton, was once a renowned singer and was a huge hit in the entertainment industry. However, she then met Ian's scumbag father, and her entire life was ruined.

Ian's mother came in the morning, whereupon Cindy and Ian both waited for her outside the community. His mother had permed hair while wearing a tight-fitting shirt and wide-leg pants, coupled with kitten heels. Undeniably, she still looked very much attractive.

Ian didn't go over to his mother but stood by the community gate, so Cindy stood beside him. His mother was even wearing sunglasses, and as she stepped out of the taxi, she studied Ian for a while before walking over. Then, she remarked, "This is quite an easy place to find. Come, let's go in. I forgot to have some water before leaving home, so I'm rather thirsty." She acted as though this was her own territory.

Cindy was a tad awkward, not quite sure how she should greet her. Nonetheless, Aurora didn't even look at them, walking into the community area herself. Ian turned, and at the same time, he said to Cindy, "Let's go." With just that meeting, Cindy could tell that Ian's relationship with his mother wasn't good.

After walking a distance, Aurora slowed down and waited for them. When Ian and Cindy had caught up with her, she then commented, "I saw the news about the two of you on the Internet. Are you both truly dating?"

A tad embarrassed, Cindy didn't quite know what to say. This is Ian's mother, so I can probably tell her the truth, but it's best to have fewer people in the know when it comes to this matter. She turned and looked at Ian, telling him without words to answer this question himself. He can decide himself whether to tell her the truth. While Ian didn't look at her, he understood her meaning. He merely grunted in assent as an answer to Aurora.

Subsequently, Aurora shifted her gaze to Cindy, looking her up and down. It wasn't certain whether she was satisfied, but she then retracted her gaze a few seconds later.

The three of them went back to their place upstairs. The moment Aurora stepped into the house, she looked around before heading straight to the sofa and sat down. "I actually arrived yesterday, but it was too late. I didn't want to bother you, which was why I stayed the night at the hotel. This time, I mainly came back to see you."

Taking a bottle of mineral water and juice from the refrigerator, Ian went over and placed them on the coffee table. "What's to see about me?" His words and tone sounded rather rude.

On the other hand, Cindy walked over and sat down beside him without interrupting them.

Aurora wasn't at all offended. Slipping off her sunglasses, she placed

them on the coffee table before snagging the juice and twisting the cap open. In a single go, she guzzled half the bottle. When she put it back down, she said, "I was planning to come some time ago, but I was delayed."

Ian looked at her thoughtfully. "Even if you'd come earlier, I was very busy, so I wouldn't have had time to entertain you." He was so brash in his speech that Cindy turned and glanced at him, gently patting him on the arm. Although she didn't quite like Aurora either, feeling that her affair with Bryce Morgan had dragged Ian down, she still thought that there wasn't any need for impertinent remarks that would make the atmosphere awkward since Aurora was already sitting here in the house.

Aurora chuckled, not at all bothered about his words and tone. "I'm actually very surprised that you debuted. But it's a good thing since your brilliant voice isn't wasted," she noted.

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Ian leaned back against the sofa. "Why did you come today? This is the only day I'm free. I've still got something to do tomorrow, so I can't keep you company."

Aurora nodded. "I'm actually not here for anything specific. It's just that I haven't seen you in a long time, so I wanted to come and see you." Her hands were crossed on her lap, and she subconsciously rubbed them. "I just wanted to come and see whether you're doing okay."

Dropping her gaze, Cindy glanced at her action. Her intuition told her that Aurora had something to say, so she stood up. "Would you like some fruits? I'll wash some fruits for you." Without waiting for her response, she spun around and went to the kitchen. There were indeed fruits on the kitchen counter, but she didn't take any, merely leaning against the counter with her arms crossed.

Meanwhile, Aurora breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing that Cindy had left. Straightening, she remarked, "I broke up with him."

Ian wasn't at all surprised. "Well, it's normal to break up if a couple can't get along."

Aurora licked her lips. "He's a decent man, but we have different goals, so both of us will be tired if we carry on."

Ian didn't pick up where she left off by inquiring what different goals she meant.

After waiting for a while, Aurora had no recourse left, so she could only say it herself. "Our opinions differ. He wants us to stay in that small place and live a steady life, but I'm not resigned to that. I still want to try my luck."

When she said this, Ian instantly understood her meaning. So, it seems that she came and looked for me because she wants to use my fame to make a comeback. He gave a bark of laughter. "Your life is your business. I don't care, nor am I going to intervene."

Aurora was stunned. Upon hearing this, she grew a touch anxious. "Ian, no matter what, I'm still your mother, so there's still some affection there. I know you blame me for abandoning you back then, making your life difficult in the past, but my life hasn't been all that easy either. You were better off with your father rather than with me—"

Ian swiftly held up a hand and stopped her. "Let's not talk about this anymore. It's already in the past, so there's no use even if you bring it up now." Then, he got to his feet. "I'm aware of some things even if you don't say anything, and I think you should also understand the things that I'm not saying. We haven't had much contact all these years, so I don't think anyone would believe that we hold any affection toward each other. Therefore, let's not talk about it. I

initially wanted to go and visit you, but it was pushed back due to my busy schedule. On second thought, I think it was a good thing. With your visit today, I think our relationship is really on its last legs.”

Taken aback, Aurora sprang to her feet quickly. “Ian, what are you saying? If you don’t want to help me, just say so. Do you have to say such awful things to hurt me?”

“Hurt you?” Ian almost laughed. “Will you be hurt?” In the next instance, he shook his head. “You won’t because you don’t even care.” Just when Aurora opened her mouth to speak, he whirled around to face the kitchen. Raising his voice, he said, “There’s no need to wash the fruits. She’s leaving now.”

This is a blatant dismissal! Aurora’s expression changed, her face vacillating between shades of red and white. However, she’d experienced every tribulation in the world, so she merely took a few deep breaths before her expression reverted to normal. “Looks like you’re still feeling resentful toward me. Well, that can’t be helped since I’ve never fulfilled my responsibility as a mother all these years. But I was also a victim. Back then, I gave birth to you despite tremendous pressure, yet you’re truly going to disregard that fact?”

Ian had his back to her, neither moving nor saying a single word.

Then, Aurora left in less than half an hour of her arrival.

Cindy didn’t quite catch their conversation from the kitchen, so she merely had a vague feeling that they’d had a row. However, there wasn’t the slightest hint of displeasure on Aurora’s face when she left, her expression no different from when she arrived. It’s indeed true that people are quick to get over something when they’ve reached middle age, and they can conceal their emotions well, Cindy thought to herself.

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Ian didn’t see Aurora off. Rather, it was Cindy who saw her downstairs. Aurora looked at Cindy, her expression placid. “I heard that your background isn’t that great.”

Cindy remained calm and unruffled. “It’s indeed not great.”

Aurora smiled. “Alright, then. I don’t think the two of you will last long, so I’ll save the speech.”

How direct! She’s saying whatever she pleases. Fortunately, Cindy wasn’t really dating Ian, so she wasn’t bothered. She merely mused, If Ian truly dates a girl whose background isn’t all that great in the future, she’ll really have a tough time dealing with such a mother-in-law!

After Aurora had said this, she put on her sunglasses and strutted away.

Cindy stood there until she was gone from sight before turning around and returning upstairs. Meanwhile, Ian had already gone back to his room, so she stood in the living room and mulled the matter over. No, I just can’t bring myself to ask him what had happened. Thus, she then went back to her own room after a while. He took a day off today to entertain his mother, but from the look of things now, he didn’t have to do so.

She took out the menu he gave her back then and went through it from top to bottom. Now that she was familiar with his tastes, she knew that while he wasn’t a picky eater, he still had his likes and dislikes. Although I couldn’t see anything amiss from his expression earlier, he must be aggrieved after having a row with his mother. So, I’ll just cook a few nice dishes for lunch as consolation. She couldn’t think of anything else she could do. This is the only thing I can do. After lying on the bed for a while, she left her room and went to the kitchen where she started preparing the ingredients. She’d thought that Ian would hide away in his room to lick his wounds, so she planned to call him when she was done cooking. Unexpectedly, Ian came out just after she’d washed the vegetables. Frowning, he stared

at her. "You're cooking lunch so early?"

Cindy grunted. "No, I'm just prepping the ingredients."

Nothing could be gleaned from Ian's face, and he didn't appear sad either. As Cindy carried on with her chore, he sauntered over to the kitchen door. "What did the two of you speak of downstairs?" he asked.

Cindy chuckled. "Nothing much. Your mother disdains my background, but she feels that we won't last long, so she saved the speech." She found it all truly intriguing. "At that time, I wanted to tell her that our relationship is fake to reassure her, but on second thought, I decided to retain some mystery."

"Don't tell her. Don't tell her anything," Ian said. "In the future, stay away from her if I'm not with you."

Stunned, the smile on Cindy's face disappeared. She turned and glanced at him yet asked nary a question. "Okay, got it."

Ian remained standing at the kitchen door. "Don't tell anyone about our relationship regardless of who the person is to me." After saying this, Ian instinctively explained, "Because even those who are related to me by blood may be looking to set me up. Therefore, don't trust anyone."

Cindy nodded, but this time, she didn't look at him. "Okay, okay, got it."

Still, Ian stood there and looked on as she deftly prepared the ingredients for lunch.

Cindy grew a tad self-conscious at his scrutiny. I'm just chopping vegetables. What's so interesting to watch? As she cut the vegetables with her head lowered, she suggested after a while, "You can go out and watch television. It's boring to stand here."

Ian murmured in acknowledgment, but he didn't move. Instead, he commented, "You're very proficient at cooking, so it seems that you must've been cooking since young."

The corners of Cindy's mouth lifted. "Yup, I've been cooking since young. I have a little brother, and my parents were busy back then, so I had to take care of him. For that reason, I learned a lot of life skills very early on."