



Nathan lifted Queenie into his arms and consoled the rest of them, “Let's not get upset over it. Who knows? Derek Harvey might turn up at our house all of a sudden and offer his apology.”

His words only aggravated them and elicited a slew of angry remarks.

“What nerve you have to say such a thing!” Leah vented all her rage on him, “Don't you know that it's all because of you? If you didn't beat up Mr. Harvey and May, Samuel wouldn't have come to our house and made a big fuss about it!”

Penny could not blame Nathan since she knew that he had done so because of her.

“You must be out of your mind to say such a thing,

Nathan.” She heaved a frustrated sigh, “Why in the world would Mr. Harvey apologize to us? I'll be counting my blessings if he doesn't hold us responsible for beating him up, and it'll be a miracle if he continues his business relationship with Diva.”

“Just relax, everybody,” Nathan said with an air of nonchalance. “I am sure that he will turn up tomorrow to apologize. You can take my word for it.”

Penny and the rest knew better than to take his word. It was simply against Derek Harvey's insolent nature to apologize when he had been humiliated in such a devastating manner. Pigs could fly if that came true!

Even if he found his conscience and became repentant, it was practically impossible for him to show up at their house and apologize, at least from a physical standpoint.

That was because Derek Harvey was still lying in the hospital nursing his broken leg, all thanks to Nathan.

Would it be possible for Mr. Harvey to leave the hospital on crutches and drag himself here to offer an apology? It was simply inconceivable.

Benson's lips curled in disdain at Nathan's whimsical blabbers. "This is not the time for fantastical ideas," he quipped soberly, "Let's get down to business and think about how we can offer an apology that would please Mr. Harvey."

"Penny, we'll go to the hospital tomorrow to visit Mr. Harvey and seek his forgiveness. Nathan, you'd better come along with us."

With those instructions, Benson hoped that they could appease Mr. Harvey when they visited him at the hospital tomorrow. Soon, he and Leah retired for the

night.

Meanwhile, Penny brought Queenie to the bathroom for her bath. Nathan took this opportunity to step outside to the balcony and called Colin Dixon, “Colin, I want you to get hold of Thomas Dunn and make sure he...”

That night, Penny struggled to get accustomed to having Nathan sleep in her room with Queenie, even though he was only sleeping on the floor.

She briefed him on some house rules before she went to bed. “I've heard of the unsightly behaviours when men sleep. I'd appreciate it if you could behave yourself and show us some basic decency.”

“Oh?” Nathan was at a loss for words. “Sure!” He replied amusedly.

Queenie watched with curiosity as Nathan rolled out a mattress onto the floor. “Mama, why isn't Papa sleeping with you?”

Penny blushed at the question, trying to pass it off as anger. “What silly question is that?” She chastised, “What makes you think that Mama and Papa have to sleep together?”

“Isn't that what they always do on television?”
Queenie blinked her innocent eyes.

“Those programs are having a bad influence on you.”
Penny admonished, “No TV for you for two days.”

Queenie pouted her lips and sulked, wondering what she had done to deserve this.

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The next morning, the Smiths woke up to a wonderful aroma.

When they noticed the scrumptious spread Nathan had prepared, the adults exchanged glances at each other while Queenie bubbled with joy, “Wow! Yummy!”

It was a breakfast packed with nutrients. The table was filled with cereal, eggs, milk, and fruits.

Benson kept his composure as he sneaked a glimpse at Nathan. “Tuck in, everybody.” He pulled out a chair and sat down, “There's a long day ahead for us. We need to drop Queenie off at kindergarten and buy some fruits and flowers before we visit Mr. Harvey at the hospital.” He muttered, “Let's pray that he would forgive us and not pursue the matter any further.”

He had barely ended his mutterings when somebody knocked at the door, “Hello, is anybody at home?”
Came a polite voice from outside the house.

“Who could it be at this hour?” frowned Leah.

“Probably some salesperson looking to sell us some water purifiers? Let me get it,” offered Penny as she headed for the door.

“H-How could it be...” Penny's eyes popped out when she opened the door, “W-what are you doing here?”
She let out a loud gasp of surprise.

“What's the matter, Penny? Who's at the door?”

Benson and Leah were worried when they heard Penny's gasp. They put down their bowls hastily and rushed to the door. They ended up motionless at the door with their mouths hanging wide open.

A bald, middle-aged man donning a white patient's robe was standing at their door. He was leaning on crutches with his left leg in a plaster cast.

A few men in suits stood behind the bald man. They appeared to be his bodyguards.

Benson and Leah's faces were filled with confusion as they were still grappling with what was going on.

“Hello, I'm Derek Harvey, President of Oceana Corporation.” The bald man introduced himself with a cheesy grin on his face, “I'm deeply sorry for having offended Mr. Cross and Ms. Smith yesterday. It has hit me with such terrible remorse that I could scarcely sleep or eat. That's why I'm here this morning to offer my sincerest apology.”

What?

His words left the Smiths gawking at him with unbelieving eyes. As if their brains were clogged and their throats stuck with bewilderment, they hardly knew what to say.

It hit them with a pang as they recalled what Nathan had told them last night. His words had come true - Derek Harvey would show up at their house to offer his apology.

Synchronously, the three of them twisted their heads to look at Nathan, who was sitting at the side of the table feeding Queenie from her bowl of cereal. The same question popped up in their minds - could it be him who made this happen?

Penny gulped down her shock as she tried to pull herself together. She turned suspiciously to Derek Harvey, "Are you serious, Mr. Harvey?"

Derek Harvey jerked with fear when Penny posed the question.

“Of course, I'm serious,” he replied nervously, “I am here today to express my deepest remorse for causing so much distress to you and your family.”

“To prove my sincerity, I'd refused to let them help me when I was climbing up the stairs just now. It took every ounce of my strength and determination to take each step at a time on my crutches, until I finally reached your house.”

His words only made the Smiths feel as if an avalanche of shock waves were banging their heads.

Yet it was evidently clear to them that Derek Harvey was speaking nothing but the truth, judging by the redness of his face, his sodden robe, and his heavy panting.

How could it be possible?

Hell must have frozen over if someone as haughty as Derek Harvey, who behaved like he wore a halo of superiority above his head, to climb six-stories of stairs on crutches to offer his apology in person.

This was virtually as good as asking the sun to rise from the west!

The muted response from Penny compounded the anxiety and fear in Derek Harvey. He desperately needed her to forgive him.

With a clench of his fists, he resorted to using his most persuasive approach. “It seems like Ms. Smith is still unconvinced about my sincerity,” he announced through gritted teeth.

“I wouldn't blame you at all, Ms. Smith.” He explained humbly, “My arrogance and snobbery has made you doubt my earnestness. Please believe me, Ms. Smith. I'm down on my knees now to beg you, please.”

As if he was determined to follow through with his proclaims, Derek Harvey threw his crutches aside and attempted to get down on his knees, disregarding the heavy cast on his left leg.

His move threw Penny and her family into a complete state of profound shock.

“Please don't force it, boss.” His bodyguards came up to him and pleaded, “It could turn you into a cripple if you knelt on your broken leg.”

Derek Harvey dismissed their pleas in a spurt of rage, “Get away from me, you fools! Don't you know that I'll be as good as dead if I can't get Ms. Smith to forgive me?”

Derek Harvey almost turned hysterical when he shrugged off the helping hands from his bodyguards, insisting on getting down on his knees.

Meanwhile, Nathan casually walked up to the door with Queenie in his arms. “It appears that Mr. Harvey is genuinely sorry for his wrongdoing, honey.” He suggested to Penny, “Why not we just give him a

chance then?”

His suggestion struck her like a bolt from the blue and sharpened her mind instantly. “Yes, I forgive you, Mr. Harvey.” She gesticulated at him, “Please don't kneel and hurt yourself, it would only get me into more trouble.”

“Is that true, Ms. Smith?” Derek Harvey asked in his quivering voice. “Do you mean that you've accepted my apology?”

“Yes, I've accepted your apology.”

Penny was in fact brooding with fear that he might hurt himself and land her deeper in trouble. She was more than happy to accept his apology.

“Hurrah! I've made it! Ms. Smith has accepted my apology!” Derek Harvey was in a state of euphoria as

he clapped his hands as if he had just won the biggest lottery in town.

Giggling and chuckling with ecstatic delight, he retrieved his crutches and turned around to leave.

His men rushed over frantically to carry him down the stairs and whisked him off from the sight of Penny and her family.

“Do you think that he has gone out of his mind?” Penny wondered.

“I don't think so.” Nathan flashed an enigmatic smile, “He's simply elated.”

Penny and her family exchanged quizzical glances with one another. It seemed like a mystery that they could never fathom.

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