

Chapter 3 Apologize To Her

With her arms crossed tightly, Eleanor shot Helena a sideways glance.

"You're usually the quiet type. What's got you so worked up today?"

Remaining composed, Helena responded with a calm clarity, "It's unprofessional to drag someone's personal life into office gossip, especially when they're a guest on our program."

A sharp laugh burst from Eleanor. "What's it to you? Are you and Alden suddenly best friends or something?"

Closing the gap between them, Helena took a step forward, her taller figure casting a subtle shadow over Eleanor.

"No. We're not close," Helena said flatly, her face showing no emotion. "But that doesn't mean it's okay to talk about someone like that. Everyone has been through something. He's still standing, and that says more about him than most people I know."

Eleanor's lips curled into a sneer. "Well, would you look at that, Helena. I didn't know you had a thing for Alden."

Helena tensed for a moment, and Alden's cold, unreadable, handsome face suddenly appeared in her mind.

He wasn't charming in the usual way, not warm or expressive, not the type she usually went for.

But he had shown decency when it mattered.

That day, when she had fallen into a panic disorder, he hadn't taken advantage of her vulnerability. Instead, he had calmed her.

Because he agreed to the marriage, her father had been safely returned to the nursing home.

That alone was enough for Helena to defend him.

Thinking she had struck a nerve, Eleanor grinned and pressed further. "Let's be honest, someone like you—so plain and

forgettable—could stand before him naked, and he still wouldn't bother to look at you."

A sudden knock broke the tension, stealing everyone's attention. Helena went rigid. When had Alden arrived? Had he been standing there long enough to hear every cruel word Eleanor said?

"The anchors at Nexus TV certainly know how to surprise me," Alden said as he walked in, his voice calm and deliberate, the quiet authority in his presence instantly filling the room.

The moment Eleanor recognized Alden, her face turned pale. "M-Mr. Wilson... I didn't realize you were here," she stuttered.

Everyone understood the power behind the Wilson family name. Their company, Wilson Group, dominated Cheson's corporate world, and Nexus TV wasn't just any network, it had the Wilson family's investments backing it. Even though Alden was disabled, it wasn't her place, as just an anchor, to comment on him.

Those who had joined Eleanor in laughing earlier now stared at the floor, silent and filled with shame.

With her body trembling, Eleanor forced a tight-lipped smile and took a hesitant step forward. "I was just joking. No harm meant..."

Alden toyed with the ring on his finger as he glanced casually at Helena. "And you—the weather anchor—did you think it was funny?"

Helena's breath caught in her throat. How did Alden know she worked as a weather anchor at Nexus TV?

She quickly regained her composure and shook her head firmly. Alden's tone grew icy as he turned back to Eleanor. "Apologize," he commanded.

A shaky breath escaped Eleanor as she hurried to fix the situation. "Of course, Mr. Wilson. I see now that I was out of line. I'm truly sorry. I promise I won't do it again—"

Alden did not let her finish. "Not to me," he interjected. "To her." Helena blinked, startled by his unexpected defense. Was Alden actually standing up for her?

Eleanor, on the other hand, was even more stunned. Since when

had Helena, the quiet, background figure at the station, become someone Alden would stand up for?

Eleanor's expression barely hid the outrage simmering beneath the surface. She was the face of Nexus TV, the news anchor everyone recognized. Yet here she was, being told to apologize to someone whose segment lasted only ten minutes.

She clenched her jaw, humiliation burning in her chest like fire. She had never felt such humiliation in her entire life.

The weight of Alden's icy stare pinned Eleanor in place. Backed into a corner, she forced out the words. "Ms. Ellis, I apologize. That was out of line."

The apology might have been spoken, but the look Eleanor shot Helena was anything but remorseful. Hatred burned behind her eyes. This wasn't over.

Just then, the door creaked open, and Dominick Lloyd, the station's technical director, entered and shattered the tension.

Without any introduction, he handed Alden a script and a wireless microphone. "Mr. Wilson, rehearsal can start whenever you're ready."

A simple nod from Alden confirmed he was good to go.

Dominick glanced around the room. "Helena, would you mind assisting Mr. Wilson with his microphone?"

Before Helena could react, Xavier silently placed the microphone in her hand, offering a quick nod.

One by one, everyone else left, following Dominick, until only Helena and Alden remained in the quiet room.

Moving closer, Helena fastened the microphone onto Alden's collar with careful, practiced hands.

She met his eyes and said sincerely, "Thank you."

Besides her father, Alden was the only man who had ever stood up for her like that.

Lowering his gaze, Alden watched her fingers move lightly against his shirt. Something stirred within him, something unexpected.

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His voice dipped lower. "Don't ever let anyone try to insult you like that again."

Helena looked up, momentarily caught off guard, then gave a faint, bitter smile. "They are always mean. But Eleanor wasn't completely wrong."

Even though Eleanor had been harsh, Helena understood that she was merely expressing what many men believed.

Her own mind, her own body, rejected intimacy from any man. It was the same reason her four-year relationship had ended.

In a flash, Alden's hand closed around her wrist and pulled her toward him.

His breath brushed her cheek, close and warm, and her pulse spiked. "Tell me," he said, his gaze fixed on hers. "Are you still upset that I didn't fall for your attempt to seduce me on our wedding day, just to prove your feminine charm?"



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