

CEOs Baby 841

Chapter 841 Monica Begins to Fight Back, and Finn Saw Her Wound

“Fourth Master was carried back? Is he injured?” Monica was surprised.

“He's seriously injured, so Dr. Jones and Young Master Winter will be staying to take care of him.”

“What happened? Why is he so seriously injured?” Monica was puzzled.

Teddy shook his head.

He was not too sure.

In the past, he would often accompany the fourth master on business trips and deal with some non-family matters for him. He did not know when it started, but Young Master Nox had been accompanying the fourth master on all his trips instead. Teddy always felt that something big was about to happen.

Monica saw that Teddy really did not know, so she did not ask further.

She said, “I'll wait for George in the hall downstairs. Tell him that I'm waiting for him when he wakes up.”

“Alright,” Teddy said.

Monica left Fourth Master Swan's room and returned to the living room.

In the living room, Nox sat on the sofa and watched TV. He glanced at Monica but did not say anything.

Monica also sat on the sofa very naturally, but she kept a distance from Nox.

Nox was unhappy with Monica, but in the end, he endured it and did not shoo Monica away.

Monica was a little absent-minded.

She did not know where Jeanne had gone!

'Why did Jeanne suddenly disappear?'

She looked at Nox.

If she asked Nox, he definitely would not answer.

After thinking for a while, she took out her phone to call Jeanne.

However, the reply she got was still the robotic female voice. "The number you have dialed is unavailable..."

Monica was a little restless.

She gritted her teeth and could not help but ask Nox, "Where did Jeannie go? "

Nox ignored Monica.

"Nox, I'm asking you a question. Where did Jeannie go?" Monica was also a little angry.

Ever since she was young, she had a bad temper.

"Is that any of your business?"

"F*ck," Monica cursed.

She was angered by Nox.

"Besides, I have nothing to do with Jeanne. How would I know where she is? Aren't you the best of sisters? Is your friendship fake?" Nox mocked.

Monica was infuriated by Nox.

She was furious.

She was filled with anger when she saw Nox holding the remote control and watching TV leisurely.

'F*ck.'

Monica suddenly stood up, walked in front of Nox, and snatched the remote control from his hand.

Just as she was about to turn off the television, Nox suddenly grabbed Monica's wrist tightly.

"Ah!" Monica called out.

It hurt.

Nox had just grabbed the wound on her wrist.

At this moment, he was using a lot of strength, and the pain made her eyes turn red.

Despite that, Nox did not notice at all. He pulled Monica hard, forcing her to fall directly onto the sofa.

Normally, this would just be a small fight. The sofa was soft and would not cause any harm to Monica.

Nox was just deliberately venting his emotions on Monica.

Who knew...

When Monica was forcefully pulled to the sofa by Nox, she instinctively used her palms to support her body. She first placed her hands on the sofa before her body fell. At that moment, due to the strength of her wrists, her newly stitched wound seemed to have split open.

“Ouch...” Monica fell onto the sofa, her face pale from the pain.

Nox thought Monica was pretending and was about to laugh at her.

She saw Monica holding her wrist with her other hand, and a lot of blood flowed through the gaps between her fingers.

Nox was also shocked at that moment.

He hurriedly went over. “Monica, what the hell?”

Although his tone was not good, it was obvious that he was concerned.

At that moment, Monica was in so much pain that she could not speak.

She bit her lip tightly, tears flowing from her eyes in pain.

Just as Nox was about to take Monica to the hospital...

Finn, who had left, appeared with a simple luggage bag.

When Nox saw Finn, it was like he saw his savior.

He hurriedly went over. "Come and see what's wrong with Monica! I just pushed her a little and her hand became bloody."

Nox felt baffled after saying what happened.

'Do I have thorns on my body?'

Finn glanced at Monica, who was sitting on the sofa. In the end, he followed Nox.

When he walked over, he saw Monica covering her wrist with great force. Perhaps she did not notice Finn's sudden arrival. She forced herself to say, "Nox, take me to the hospital..."

The doctor said that she had lost a lot of blood last time.

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This time, Monica was afraid that she did not have enough blood and would just die.

She had clearly said that she would never joke about her body again.

However, she still provoked Nox impulsively just now.

It was too late for regrets.

She called out to Nox in pain.

The next moment, she heard a cold voice say, "Take your hand away and let me see."

Monica's body froze.

She raised her head to look at Finn and saw that he had appeared in front of her without her knowing.

At this moment, Nox had brought a first aid kit over.

The most comprehensive thing prepared in Bamboo Garden was probably the first aid kit. There were at least five of them in total.

“Take your hand off!” Finn's voice became colder as if he was giving an order.

Monica did not want to take it away.

She did not even want Finn to know that she had committed suicide.

She did not want Finn to know about her unbearable side.

She bit her lip and did not move.

Nox could not stand it anymore. He directly went over and used brute force to grab Monica's hand away.

Monica could not resist at all, and the bloody gauze on her wrist was shown in front of him.

“F*ck! “So much blood!” Nox cursed.

In fact, he still felt a little guilty.

He did not even think that Monica had a wound on her wrist.

If he had known, he would not have treated her like that.

No matter how much he hated her, he had never thought of torturing her.

He just watched as Finn reached out and suddenly pulled Monica's hand in front of him.

Monica bit her lip.

“Bear with it,” Finn said.

There was still no warmth in his tone.

Monica kept biting her lip, trying to endure the unbearable pain.

Finn held a pair of medical scissors with his slender fingers and used them to remove Monica's gauze. Under the gauze, there was a long wound on her delicate wrist. The wound had been stitched up, and at this moment, it was obvious that the stitch was torn open, and blood was flowing out continuously.

Finn took out a medical cotton ball, dipped it in disinfectant alcohol, and pressed it hard on Monica's wrist.

“Ah!” Monica shouted.

She could not help but cry out.

It was too painful.

It was so painful that her whole body was spasming.

She could not stand it.

It was unbearable.

Her tears flowed wildly, and her vision was blurry. Her body was instinctively resisting, and she could not control her other hand as she ruthlessly pushed Finn away.

Monica pushed him hard.

She felt like she was going to die from the pain at this moment.

She could not stand it.

She shouted loudly, "Let me go! Finn, let me go!"

Finn's eyes moved.

He did not let go.

He allowed Monica's other hand to push him non-stop. When the pain reached her limit, she even scratched his skin with her nails.

Nox, who was watching from the side, was also a little shocked.

He had seen many people get injured with injuries a hundred times more serious than Monica's, but whether it was him, Fourth Master Swan, Finn, or his subordinates, no one would show their pain as much as Monica did.

Even Nox felt pain.

"Finn, I'm begging you to let me go. I'm begging you to let me go," Monica mumbled as she cried. She seemed to be in so much pain that she was in despair.

Nox even suspected that Monica was about to die from the pain.

'F*ck.

'Women are good at acting.

'Fourth Master Swan had almost died from his injuries, but he wasn't in so much pain.

'It's just a small cut. Does it hurt so much?

'Say, why is there a wound on Monica's wrist?'

The position of the wound was hard to ignore.

In the hall, Monica's cries were heard.

There were screams.

She even woke George up.

He rubbed his eyes and came down the stairs in a daze. He saw his godmother, who never played by the rules, shouting and wrangling.

In the end, George was still calm.

He just walked over obediently and looked at his godmother. He stood beside her and looked at her.

At this moment, Monica did not even notice George's arrival.

Otherwise...

Otherwise, she might have been able to bear it in front of George.

Okay, the truth was that she would not be able to bear it no matter who was present.

At this moment, she wanted to die from the pain.

Finn, who was holding her hand, had no intention of letting go of her wrist.

Gradually, Monica seemed to be numb from the pain.

She calmed down a little.

She calmly looked at Finn's cold face.

He was completely indifferent to her pain.

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Well, Finn could not feel pain at all, so how could he possibly understand how much pain other people were in?

Besides, even if he could feel it, there was no need for him to care about Monica.

It was already very kind of him to save her.

Although Monica was in so much pain that she was about to collapse, she still knew that Finn was trying to stop her bleeding.

He pressed hard on her wound to stop the bleeding.

A long time passed.

Finn relaxed his hand that was pressing on her wound, then he slowly raised his hand. He looked at the wound that he was pressing on and saw that there was no more blood coming out.

“Nox, give me an anesthetic using the smallest syringe,” Finn called out to Nox.

Nox hurriedly helped Finn prepare it and handed it to him.

Finn injected anesthetic into Monica's wrist.

After a while, Monica did not seem to feel the pain from her wound.

If he had known that there was anesthetic, he should not have made her feel so much pain.

Monica complained internally.

She could not say a word in front of Finn.

Especially after she had calmed down, she could not say a word.

Finn said, “Your wound was opened, I'll stitch it up.”

It meant that the wound needed to be stitched up again.

Without Monica's consent, he started to stitch her up.

It did not hurt anymore because of the anesthetic.

Finn was also very fast.

He was fast and good.

After he finished stitching, he applied medicine on Monica's wound and then bandaged it.

Very quickly, Monica's wrist was wrapped up again.

After wrapping it up, Finn turned around and tidied up his first aid kit. He disinfected and reassembled all the things he used before putting them back in their original positions for the convenience of next use.

"Thank you," Monica said to Finn.

Finn did not say anything.

He took the first aid kit and walked away from her to put it in a place not far away.

Monica pursed her lips.

She felt that whatever she said seemed to be unnecessary.

"You committed suicide?" Nox's voice was suddenly heard.

Monica's body froze.

At that moment, she unconsciously glanced at Finn, who was not far away.

Finn should be able to hear Nox given the volume.

Monica quickly denied, "You're thinking too much. I was just cooking on a whim the other day and accidentally cut myself."

"You're pretty accurate," Nox mocked, obviously not believing her.

Monica did not want to explain further.

"You should've cut a little deeper. That way, the scourge won't be able to live for 1,000 years," Nox continued to mock her.

Monica gritted her teeth.

She could not refute it at all.

If she had cut a little harder, she might have really died.

She did not even dare to mention that she regretted it the moment she cut herself.

She still wanted some face.

"What's wrong?" Of course, Nox did not believe that she got injured while cooking and started to find out the truth.

"Nothing."

"Aren't you getting married on the 15th of next month?" Nox purposely brought it up.

Monica's eyes were fixed on Finn.

She watched him put down the first aid kit then stood up and went straight to the second floor.

Perhaps he just did not want to be under the same roof as her.

Monica turned back to Nox. "Don't feed the money to the dogs. I'll send you an invitation."

"F*ck," Nox blurted.

He thought Monica would say that there would be no wedding.

He felt like his feelings were cheated.

He even thought that perhaps Michael had pushed Monica too hard, so she chose to commit suicide.

'F*ck.

Nox felt that it was Monica's business, so why should he be so kind?

He stood up and left.

When he left, he did not forget to say, "Don't come here for no reason. We don't welcome you!"

Monica also did not expect Finn and Nox to be here.

If she had known, she might have said it over the phone.

Monica knew very well how much Finn hated her. She also knew how much Nox hated her.

She was not bored enough to torture herself like this.

Monica took a deep breath.

Since she was here and they had met, she had to finish her purpose for coming here today.

She turned to George.

Compared to those stinky men, George was much more pleasing to the eye.

When George saw Monica, he could not help but ask, “Godmother, is your wrist injured? ”

“It doesn't matter.” Monica did not care.

'Who was it that sounded like a pig being slaughtered just now?!' George thought to himself.

“I came to find you today for something important.” Monica was full of excitement.

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George was calm.

“Aren't you an expert hacker?” Monica could not wait.

She wanted to quickly forget many unhappy things.

“What do you want to do?” George felt his blood run cold.

“I'll send you some stuff. Can you keep them online and not let them be taken down? ”

"I should be able to," George answered conservatively.

"Great." Monica was very happy.

She felt that she had suddenly become smarter.

At home, she had been thinking about how to stop Michael from marrying her. Now that the media was under Michael's control, she could not expose any news at all. Just as she was at her wit's end, she had an idea. Was her godson not a great hacker?!

With such huge backing, it would be a waste not to use it.

After that, Monica came to Bamboo Garden in a hurry to find George.

"For the next few days, you'll listen to my arrangements. I'll send you some stuff, and you'll help me make them trending such that they won't be taken down for a few days, okay?" Monica confirmed again.

"I can try."

"My son is the most reliable person," Monica could not help but praise George. "I love you so much."

As she said those words, she even hugged George's face and kissed him.

George's face turned red.

"George, are you shy?" Monica teased him.

"No, I'm not."

“You're blushing,”

“...A man and a woman can't be too intimate with each other. Stay away from me.” George was exasperated.

“That won't do. Now that you're young, I can still take advantage of you. When you grow up, you'll belong to your wife!”

'No way,' George thought to himself.

He would always belong to his mom.

At most, he would let his godmother have a piece of him.

The two of them laughed in the living room.

They seemed very happy.

Finn just stood on the second floor and looked at Monica's carefree smile.

He was holding a box of anti-inflammatory medicine for her to prevent infection.

He had searched the hall for a while just now but could not find it, so he went upstairs to Fourth Master Swan's room to get a box of it.

“Do you think that Monica is heartless?” Nox suddenly appeared beside Finn.

Finn took the opportunity to put the box of medicine in his hand into his pocket.

“I thought that Monica would be in great pain after being forced to get married by Michael. When I saw the wound on her wrist just now, I really thought that she was in great pain. I didn't even dare to score 0

points on my exam when I was young, but Monica was the kind of person who would do that and would still feel good after that. The key is that even when Jeanne scored 100 points and created such a strong contrast between them, Monica's mentality was still surprisingly good. I always felt that someone like her would never commit suicide unless she was really living in pain, but obviously, I seem to have misjudged her again," Nox muttered.

Finn did not reply.

Nox continued, "In that case, her suicide might've been by impulse. Just like me, she never considers the consequences. In the past, seeing her made me feel like we're old friends... Forget it. I'm a loyal friend, so I'll definitely stand on your side."

'As for Monica, I'll let that unsophisticated girl live and die on her own.'

"Dr. Jones, Young Master Winter, lunch is ready," the chef suddenly called out to Finn and Nox from the main hall.

As Teddy had been accompanying Edward in the room, the chef had to get them himself.

"Alright," Nox responded.

At this moment, Monica was still playing with George in the living room. She did not expect it to be noon already.

She sensed Finn and Nox coming down from the second floor and hurriedly stood up from the sofa. She patted George's small head. "I'm going back. Don't forget our agreement."

George nodded.

The moment he nodded, he was a little reluctant to part with Monica.

Even so, he would not say it.

Monica smiled at George and waved him goodbye. She left the hall before Finn and Nox came down.

Nox watched Monica leave.

He suddenly felt that she looked lonely, and he felt a little uncomfortable about that.

He did not think too much about it and said indifferently, "Monica still knows her limits. She's not thick-skinned enough to stay for lunch."

From the beginning to the end, Finn did not say a word after Nox mentioned Monica.

Monica walked out of the Swans' courtyard.

The smile on her face also gradually faded away after she left.

She suddenly felt that it was not easy to live alone.

Monica walked far away from the main gate before she managed to hail a taxi and got in.

She looked out of the window at the scenery of South Hampton City.

Monica seemed to be lost in her thoughts frequently during this period of time.

She could not help but look down at her bandaged wrist.

Sometimes, she felt that everything was a luxury.

She felt that it was a luxury to get Finn to get close to her no matter what method she used.

Monica pursed her lips.

She took out her phone.

With one hand, she opened her contact list and made a call.

“Miss Monica, what made you call me?” An excited voice could be heard from the other end. “Aren't you getting married to Director Ross soon? Are you sending me an invitation?”

“Let's not talk about the invitation for now. You said that I'm getting married soon, so I should seize my last chance to have fun while I'm still single.”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. What's your grand plan before your wedding?” The other party could not help but tease her.

“Let's meet at the usual place tonight. Call all the pretty boys you have over.”

“Monica, you're not joking with me, right?”

“When did I ever joke?”

“You're getting married soon. This isn't good.”

“I only want it since I'm getting married. That's all. See you there at 8:00 pm tonight.”

“...”

Monica abruptly hung up the phone.

Michael could not possibly marry a woman who did not know how to behave, right?!

Chapter 845 Finn, Haven't You Lost Out With Monica Like This?

It was a dark and luxurious night. The Charm Club, the most popular nightclub in South Hampton City, was crowded from 8 p.m. until 2 a.m. Monica sat in a corner of the hall, looking at the young men swaying wildly on stage. The sound of music, commotion, and drunken energy filled the space.

“Didn't you ask me to find you a handsome man to play with? So instead of sitting here and drinking, shouldn't you be on stage, dancing and flirting?” Her fair-weather friend, Elsa, said over the loud and noisy live music.

Monica did not know why she was suddenly uninterested in a place like this. Elsa really had found her a few young hunks, all of whom looked like K-pop stars with killer figures. While she would not have said how much she liked these young and handsome men in the past, she would have at least screamed when she saw them.

Now, it didn't seem much fun anymore.

“Hey! If you're not going, I'll go!” Seeing that Monica was unmoved, Elsa called the five young hunks to the dance floor.

Monica took a few sips of her wine. She watched as Elsa writhed around on stage with the five young hunks surrounding her. The atmosphere seemed much more lively now.

She lowered her head and picked up her phone to send a message. After a while, a man rushed over, panting, “Miss, why did you call me to a nightclub so late?”

It was editor-in-chief of a magazine.

“To take some photos and videos of me, of course. I can't take them myself, can I?” She said.

He was a reporter, not a photographer.

“Get a good shot of everything. You can use what you want, but the rest has to be given to me.” Monica ordered.

The reporter nodded. "Alright. I'm fine with that."

They couldn't afford to offend these big shots anyway.

Monica downed all the wine in the glass. The burning taste made her feel a little dizzy, but this was the state expected at a nightclub.

She was wearing a loose white shirt tonight, with one corner of it slightly revealing her slender shoulder. It revealed the black spaghetti strap on her shoulder, making her look very sexy. Below, she wore a pair of super short black hot pants. The length cut just above her thighs, exposing her long, white, straight thighs. On her feet was a pair of super high-heeled sandals, which made her figure look even more slender and enchanting.

She walked onto the T-shaped stage. As her white shirt was a little long, the wind deliberately created for the dance floor made the shirt flutter on her body. It outlined her body sexily and gave off a hint of a fairy-like aura, especially now that she had released her ponytail. With her soft hair flowing and charming smile, she looked like a beauty in the world.

Everyone who was dancing wildly on the dance floor seemed to be attracted to her and stopped. They even subconsciously left a little space for her to display her charm to the fullest.

Monica was not the kind of beauty that could cause the downfall of a city. However, when she was seductive, she could make all men bend over backward for her.

Her fair-weather friends had even given her a nickname, "Night Fairy" because she seemed to turn into a different person in this environment.

She stopped in the middle of the dance floor. The moving lights flitted back and forth over her body. She stretched out her arm, pointed her slender fingers at the young men who were dancing with Elsa, and smiled seductively. The five young hunks immediately walked through the crowd to her side.

Bit by bit, Monica unbuttoned her shirt. Underneath was an extremely cool black spaghetti strap, revealing her small, chubby waist to everyone. She threw the shirt directly onto the ground, bent over,

sliding her hips gracefully. Then, she removed the pair of sandals off her feet and walked barefoot to the middle of the dance floor.

The DJ played some explosive music, and Monica started swaying sexily to it. Her sexy dance moves made everyone's eyes fall involuntarily on her. Whether it was the sultry smile on her face or beautiful figure that all women wanted to touch, it made the audience scream enthusiastically. This especially affected the five young hunks, who approached her and danced crazily under her seduction. Monica even pressed and grounded her whole body onto the hunks. Her dance was so alluring that it made the people feel like they were going to explode.

Chapter 846 Finn, Haven't You Lost Out With Monica Like This?

Among the five young hunks who had been seduced, one of them got so crazy that he directly tore off his clothes, revealing his six-pack. He pressed tightly against Monica, causing wave after wave of climax at the scene as they continued to tease each other.

It jumped to the extreme so Monica left the dance floor, her entire body covered in sweat. It had been a long time since she had danced like this. If it wasn't for the injury on her wrist, she could have pole danced. Instead, she returned to her seat, panting.

The journalist who was following her looked at her sexy figure. At this moment, because of her sweat, his heart seemed to itch unbearably at the sight of her.

“What are you looking at?!” Monica panted heavily.

The reporter quickly retracted his gaze and couldn't help but say, “It's hard for me to control myself when someone looks like this.”

Monica rolled her eyes. She was used to it. As long as she wanted to dance, all the men's eyes would be on her.

Those fair-weathered friends of hers always said she should be the queen of nightclubs, no matter how rich she was.

Though, could she be considered a wealthy young lady? Even though her family was richer than the norm, her personality was completely different from that of a rich young lady.

She had never liked things that were bound by rules and regulations. She preferred pursuing this kind of free and exciting life where she could do whatever she wanted.

She drank a glass of wine and said, "Are you done filming?"

"I'm done taking the photos and videos." The reporter took out his memory card and handed it to Monica. "Here you go."

"Are you sure you don't want to keep any?" Monica asked.

"I'm afraid Ms. Cardellini wants me dead. How dare I keep such a sexy and enchanting dance? Director Ross has already given us strict orders not to dare touch your news. We'll still give you the original copy. Just don't tell anyone I took the photos for you." The reporter's desire to live was quite strong.

Monica took the memory card and nodded lightly.

"If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first." The reporter said.

"Okay."

The reporter left. However, the moment he did, he couldn't help but turn back. "Miss, did you want to go into the entertainment industry? "

Monica raised her head and glanced at the reporter.

"With a figure and dancing skills like yours, no one could compete with you if you wanted to be in a girl group," the reporter suggested seriously.

"Get lost." Monica was impatient. She was not that bored.

The reporter smiled and agreed. With Monica's family background, being a celebrity was just for fun. So he left.

It just so happened that Elsa had returned from her dance. As soon as she was back, she saw Monica getting up to leave.

“Hey. Leaving so soon?” Elsa was obviously not done. “How about two more rounds of dancing? F*ck. You don't even know how much of a commotion you caused in there. I dare say that 80% of the men here want to take you away tonight, and the remaining 20% are gay.”

It was rare for Monica to talk nonsense with Elsa. “I'm living with my parents right now. If I get back too late, I'll be beaten to death.”

“When did you become so obedient? You're even living with your parents. What? Your parents can't bear to part with you because you're getting married soon or something?”

“Whatever. Go and play on your own. I'm leaving.”

“Really? Come on. One more dance?”

“Dance yourself.”

“I pulled so many handsome boys for you, and you're just going to leave like that...?” Elsa looked at her with puppy dog eyes.

Monica waved her hand. “Keep them for yourself and enjoy.”

“F*ck. How can I even enjoy it now?”

Monica had already left. She didn't know where her shirt was nor where she had thrown shoes since it was rare she found herself in the chaos of the dance floor. Fortunately, she still had a warm windbreaker on her. Otherwise, she would have frozen to death when she walked out.

She sat in the nightclub's dedicated shuttle car and went back. She had never left so early before. Monica was indeed a little bored with nightclubs.

When she returned home, it was 11 p.m. Although it was still early in the night, this was the time most families slept.

She walked into the villa carefully, afraid of disturbing her parents' rest. However, as soon as she entered the living room, she noticed a figure sat on the sofa, which almost made her jump up in fright.

"Dad," she said. Monica was a little flustered and exasperated. It was scary, alright?

Gary watched as his daughter clutched tightly onto her clothes. Seeing as she didn't even have shoes, he couldn't help but ask, "Where did you go?"

"Uh..." She didn't dare to say.

"It's late. Aren't you afraid that your mom and I would be worried?" Chapter 847 Finn, Haven't You Lost Out With Monica Like This?

"But I've always been home late, even since I was young."

"You still have the cheek to be smug," Gary said sternly.

Monica pouted.

"Go put on your slippers. It's late fall. Aren't you cold?" Gary was speechless.

Monica hurriedly went to the entrance and changed into a pair of slippers.

“You don't even know how to take care of yourself.”

“That's why I'm relying on you guys for the rest of my life.” Monica smiled brightly.

Since her relationships have not been going so well, she felt that she would be alone for the rest of her life. Now, she had to please her parents so she would not be chased out of the house.

“You're talking nonsense again.” Gary chided.

“Dad,” she whined and sat beside her father.

What Gary could not stand most was her sudden act of obedience. She would lose her principles every time.

“I won't marry Michael, okay?”

“You said you—”

“I really don't like him. I'm afraid that after I marry him, I'd end up like how Finn was back then.”

Gary stayed silent.

“I was young before, but I'm all grown up now. I can't keep making mistakes. I just want to live with you and mom now.”

“You can't stay single forever.”

“What's wrong with being single for the rest of my life? If you're afraid that I won't carry on our family's bloodline, I can just make a test-tube baby. I can even make twins— Ah!” Monica hugged her head.

She felt that she had been beaten silly by her father since she was young.

“Don't joke.”

“I'm not. I don't want to get married now, and I don't want to be with anyone either. Could you not force me? I've been hurt deeply and emotionally.” Monica's eyes were a little red, feeling very aggrieved.

Gary swallowed the words that were about to come out of his mouth due to the sight of his daughter's tears.

“Dad, please believe me. I know what I want, and I'm sure that I have no feelings for Michael.” She hated this man to the core.

“Monica, I'm just afraid you'll be alone at the end.”

“There's really wrong with that. In this day and age, women don't have to rely on men to live,” Monica said very seriously. “Don't worry. Once I've settled my personal affairs, I'll follow you to the company and work hard. In the future, I'll carry on our family's business.”

“You?” Gary smiled helplessly. “I didn't even count on you.”

“Dad,” Monica was angry. Was she that unreliable?

“Alright, alright. As long as you know what you're doing, I'll do as you say.” Gary compromised.

He always pretended to be strict with her, but in reality, he would agree to her every request.

“It's late. Head upstairs and get some sleep.” Gary stood up from the sofa and left.

Monica just stared at her father's back.

He had clearly been worried about when she would be home and waited for her. She had such good parents. She must cherish them.

Especially when she thought of Jeanne's inhuman father, she felt really blessed.

"Dad," Monica suddenly called out to him.

"Is there anything else?" Gary turned around.

"I think you should... prepare your heart medicine when you go to work tomorrow."

"What's wrong?"

"I'm afraid you'll vomit blood when you hear my news."

"What are you planning on doing now?!" Gary's face darkened. Could his daughter not stop for even half a second?

"Just brace yourself."

"..."

"I love you, dad." Monica suddenly confessed and ran upstairs, "Goodnight."

Gary was really afraid of Monica.

Fortunately, his tolerance for her had built up over the years. As long as she did not commit suicide, he could accept whatever Monica did.

However, when he saw the news about Monica the next day, he was about ready to vomit blood. Gary had been diligent all his life and had never done anything outrageous. He even worked in a medical company with a conscience. So how could he have given birth to a daughter like Monica? He simply refused to read Monica's news. He was too pissed off!

In fact, Monica was also afraid to look at it. After all, she was embarrassed to expose her coquettish appearance to the media. When she first gave George the video and photos, she was afraid it would affect George's health. Fortunately, George was a cold person and had not reacted at all. He treated it as a task and posted her footage and photos onto the internet headlines.

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Monica just looked on. She felt more and more embarrassed by the minute. How could she have danced like that? In ancient times, she probably would have drowned in a pig cage for what she had done.

She put down her phone and covered herself with the blanket. She did not care anymore. It was time for her to run!

...

Bamboo Garden.

Finn and Nox were having breakfast in the living room. For the past few days, the two of them had been closely watching over Edward.

Nox was looking at his phone, eating his porridge, when suddenly, he choked and vomited so hard he almost fainted. Finn frowned and glanced at Nox, taking in his disgusting appearance. George had a look of disdain as well. So he moved his butt closer to Finn and kept his distance from Nox.

Once Nox had regained his composure, he wiped his mouth and roared, "Monica is simply a disaster."

Finn's brows furrowed even more. He did not know what Nox was up to.

"I almost burped." Nox took a deep breath.

No one seemed bothered with Nox. He leaned closer to Finn, asking, "Have you seen the news today?"

"I haven't."

"Would you like to see it?"

"Not really."

"Are you sure?" Nox's smiled strangely.

Finn remained unmoved.

"It's about Monica," Nox added.

Finn put down his bowl and chopsticks. "I'm done," and left.

Nox looked at Finn's back, "Boring."

He glanced at George with an evil smile. As George did not like him too, he lowered his head and ate.

Nox could not help but sigh. It seems he was the only normal man left in this world.

After breakfast...

Finn went to Edward's room to change his dressing. After making sure his body was under surveillance and recovering according to his treatment, he left Edward's room and returned to the living room.

In the hall, Nox was still looking at his phone. It seemed today's news had piqued his interest.

He watched as Finn went downstairs and said, "The melons today are very interesting."

Finn ignored him. He was sorting out all the first aid kits in the house, making sure everything was in place just in case he needed them at the last minute.

"Finn." Nox walked over to his side. Finn only lowered his head and continued tidying up.

"Just take a look," Nox said.

Finn frowned.

"Please. I promise you won't die of anger," Nox lied.

Finn felt very annoyed by Nox. So he gave in and took a look. He saw a woman's seductive figure on the screen, seducing men to her heart's content. She was so sexy that it seemed to overflow through the screen.

Finn just watched on.

Nox frowned, "No reaction? Seriously?"

"How did you want me to react?" Finn looked away.

"F*ck. You're not a man at all. Do you know how many men have been fantasizing about Monica recently? Of course, I didn't when I knew it was Monica." Nox quickly clarified herself.

Finn did not care at all.

"Monica's about to get married, but she's still hanging out at nightclubs. Isn't she afraid of being beaten to death by Michael?" Nox could not help but wonder. The video had even been exposed on the news, and it was clear that people thought it was incredible.

“Maybe Michael can't do anything to Monica...” Nox mumbled to himself, “I saw many people in the comments section saying that Michael indulges Monica too much, he's too doting, or he doesn't actually care that she went out to play. Some even said that Michael's sex life is probably miserable.”

Finn remained expressionless.

“By the way, don't you think you've lost out?” Nox suddenly asked Finn.

Finn tidied up the first aid kit.

“Have you ever touched Monica?” Nox asked.

He had felt that he had suffered a great loss. Finn should have slept with this woman until she could not get up. After so many years, Michael, that refined scumbag, had taken advantage of it!

“Yeah. I have,” Finn suddenly said.

Nox thought he had heard wrong. He looked at Finn in disbelief.

“You've really slept with Monica?” He was certain.

“Yeah.”

“No way! When? Why didn't you say anything?” Nox had thought they were pure and always felt sorry for his brother!

“It was quite a long time ago.” Finn did not seem willing to say more.

“How did you feel after?” Nox gossiped.

In any case, Monica was no longer Finn's woman.

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While it was no big deal to gossip about other people's women, Finn didn't answer.

“What's the matter? Flashbacks?” A noob like Finn would have been taken advantage of by Monica, Nox thought. He did not dare imagine.

“No.” Finn said, “I felt nothing.”

“What?” Nox's eyes widened.

He could not even recall what they did that night. In his memory, he was just venting. Any other woman would have had the same experience.

“I'm going back to my room to rest. Call me if anything happens to Fourth Master.” Finn left indifferently.

Nox watched as Finn left, noticing his cold expression.

He did not think he was lying to him. However, what Finn said he experienced was impossible. Nox had seen countless women and could tell at a glance what they were like in bed. Monica was definitely the best in the world. Yet Finn felt nothing?! There must be something seriously wrong with Finn's body!

...

When Finn returned to his room, he laid on the bed and stared blankly at the ceiling. Forget it, he thought, and closed his eyes, preparing to take a nap. Suddenly, the phone rang.

He glanced at the caller before answering, “Director.”

“Finn, how are your private affairs? The cardiology department hasn't been operating well recently. If you're free, could you come back to work earlier? We have no other choice but to ask since many patients insist on waiting for you.” The hospital director said in a gentle tone.

Finn said bluntly, “Give me three days. I should be able to come in then.”

“Three days? That's great.” The director quickly said, “I'll be sure to take this into consideration when it's time for your bonus.”

“Thanks.”

After hanging up the phone, Finn didn't fall asleep. It would be more productive to get up and deal with work matters.

He called the department's assistant director to better understand the current situation and hand over some work.

He opened his WhatsApp and was about to post the work he wanted to assign when he saw a video emoji sent to the group.

It was Monica.

She was currently the trending topic on the internet. The WhatsApp group instantly exploded with messages.

“It's Monica, isn't it? Oh my god. I'm a woman, and even I'm smitten by her figure.”

“What a dance.”

“The man beside her must have gotten a reaction.”

“She's so good at dancing. I want to learn this kind of dance too. It's so mesmerizing.”

“I don't think there's a man alive who could resist her charm.”

They chatted enthusiastically.

Then, a notification mentioning all members was sent out.

“I'll officially start work at the hospital next Thursday. I'll need a report from the department on the situation during my absence, including how many patients were received, the number of operations performed, and all medical records of hospitalized patients.”

There were many terms and conditions to the message. In an instant, the group chat went silent. Awkward...

Then, as one started to reply, the rest of the group chimed in.

“Roger that, Director.”

“Okay, Director.”

“Director, I'll get it ready right away.”

“I look forward to your return, Director.”

“Welcome back, Director.”

Finn slammed his phone down.

...

In the afternoon.

Monica got out of bed and ate at home. Her father was not coming back at noon, which meant she and her mother were the only ones having dinner at home.

With how popular her dance video had gotten, There was no way her mother had not seen it yet. She looked carefully at her mother and did not dare speak.

“Why are you looking at me?” Ruby smiled gently.

“You're not angry, Mom?” Monica gathered her courage and asked.

“So what if I am? Are you not allowed to dance?”

“...Mom, you're too good to me.” Monica's eyes watered. No matter what she did, her mother seemed to stand by her side unconditionally.

She said, “Mom, I only did it to dump Michael.”

“You've decided, then?” Ruby asked with pity in her eyes.

“I can't be with him. I'd rather die than marry him.”

“Weren't you very good to him before? Why do you suddenly hate him so much?” Ruby was surprised.

“He lied to me,” Monica said, still feeling extremely aggrieved.

“What?” Ruby was a little confused.

So Monica told her about Michael's plan to make her leave Finn. As she did not want her parents to worry, she initially did not want to tell them about it.

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However, she did not want to hide it from them either. So, she told her in the end.

After listening to Monica's story, Ruby was furious.

“We really misjudged Michael!”

“I was blind to think he was the man who treated me best. Who could've known he'd be so sinister and cunning? He said that he liked me, but he just wanted to gain the trust of the Sanders. I won't let Michael get what he wants, Mom.”

“I support you.” Ruby said quickly, “But your video yesterday didn't seem to have much of an effect. I've read many of the comments. Though there were positive and negative comments, they were split evenly. Instead, many were envious of your dancing.”

Monica was speechless. She would be sure to read them later.

She saw that many people had even tagged her on Facebook to post more dance videos. She had also been drunk, then.

“How could the public be so accepting?” She thought that she would be scolded to death after the video was released yesterday.

“The more things you come into contact with, the more tolerance you have.” Ruby was very open-minded.

Monica was a little anxious.

“By the way, when are you going to teach me?” Ruby suddenly asked.

Monica almost spat out the rice in her mouth. She stared at her mother, eyes wide.

She finally understood why so many people had nothing but good words to say about her dancing. Even her mom thought her dancing was cool.

Ruby smiled. “Although it was a little restrained, you looked really good.”

“...”

It seems there was no way to play happily anymore.

When she felt normal, everyone would criticize her and say she was not popular. However, when she was unpopular, she would be praised to the heavens.

So whose worldview was wrong?

She quickly finished her meal and returned to her room in a huff. Just as she was laying on her bed with a look of despair, her phone suddenly rang.

She glanced at it, and her expression changed immediately.

She answered. “Hello.”

“Monica, have you no sense of shame?!” It was Reese's irritable voice on the other end.

There were still some people who could not stand it.

She rubbed her ears. "That's right."

"You!" Reese gritted her teeth in anger.

"I'm so shameless. Please tell your son not to be with me." Monica deliberately provoked Reese.

"You b*tch."

"Your son's even more despicable, don't you think? For him to still want a woman like me, how could he be anything good?"

"Shut up! Who are you to talk about my son like that?!"

"Mrs. Ross, I don't want to argue with you anymore since it's a waste of my energy. So let me tell you one more time. No matter what kind of person I am, my goal is very simple. It's to keep your son away from me. If you can persuade your son to leave, you'll never hear from me again. However, if you can't, I'll destroy the Rosses' reputation!"

"Monica!"

Monica had already hung up the phone. She even blocked Reese's phone number.

Reese was indeed about to call back after Monica hung up on her, but she kept getting notifications that her call was still connected. In her anger, she called Michael.

Michael was not in a good mood today. He had obviously seen Monica's video, and no man would be able to tolerate it. Fortunately, the comments were not too bad. However, he did have some internet trolls write some good things about him to make his presence known. Deep down, he could not bear to see Monica do such things.

He saw his mother calling and answered. "Hi, mom."

"Monica really is lawless!" Reese was furious.

“Mom, I think it's best you don't interfere in the matter between me and Monica.”

“How can I not?! I'm so angry with Monica. She's embarrassing us by fooling around out there like that.”

“Monica didn't cause too much public repugnance, so there's no need to say anything more, mom. I'll take my time once I marry Monica.”

“Are you saying that I have to wait until Monica is in the family?” Ruby said through gritted teeth.

“Yes.”

“Alright, then,” she said fiercely. “When Monica enters the Rosses, I'll let her know how powerful I am!”

Michael dare not say more. He had to calm his mother down so the wedding could at least go on as planned. He was definitely marrying Monica.

He gritted his teeth and sent a message to Monica. “You'd better not do anything rash,” he threatened her.

Monica took a look at his message and sneered. She wanted Michael to give up on marrying her.