

CEOs Baby 861

Chapter 861: Jeanne and Monica's Joint Counterattack

She should have contacted them long ago but chose not to time and time again because of her own reasons.

However, when she opened up the news of Harken to see a piece about Monica and Michael's wedding, she could not control herself and called her.

There was no way Monica would be so sincere about marrying Michael. Something must have happened to her.

She recalled how bad of a friend she had been. Every time she needed help, Monica would risk her life to help her. However, when Monica needed help, she was always absent.

"Jeanne, you were finally willing to call me. Do you know how worried I've been? When you suddenly disappeared, I thought it was going to be a repeat of seven years ago. I couldn't find you no matter what!" Monica cried fiercely. She felt so wronged.

Jeanne wanted to ask if Monica had asked Edward about her disappearance. Although, even if she did, that did not mean Edward would tell her since Edward was probably prejudiced against Monica because of Finn.

She could even imagine that if Monica had went to Bamboo Garden to find her, she would probably have been rejected, especially if she met Nox. With Edward injured as well, Nox definitely would not have left.

Jeanne felt very guilty at the thought of this. She had indeed cared too little about Monica.

She said, "It's not that I wanted to disappear all of a sudden. There were just some things that made it impossible for me to return to Harken for the time being."

Monica was still sobbing. Other than crying, She did not know what else she to say. So she hugged the phone and continued crying. Jeanne cried until she was on the verge of a breakdown. At this moment, she really felt that she had committed an unpardonable crime.

"Don't cry," Jeanne consoled her, little speechless. "I'm not dead."

Monica was suddenly amused by Jeanne. For the first time in forever, she cracked the most sincere smile she ever had.

She had been too depressed recently.

Even though she kept rejecting Michael in her own way, deep down in her heart, she really did not want to court death to this extent. She did not want all these people despising and insulting her, either. All she wanted was to live a peaceful life.

With Jeanne's phone call, she felt that the world was not such a cold and distant place anyway. At least she had the best family in the world and a friend who was sincere. They would never betray her.

In actuality, as long as one's pursuit in life was not too high, one could still discover many beautiful things in the world. Therefore, she did not need to feel that the world had collapsed because of Michael.

She had to live on.

"I saw the news of your marriage to Michael," Jeanne said.

Monica wiped away her tears. Now that she had thought it through, she felt much more relaxed. She said, "It's on the 15th of next month."

"Do you still want to be with him?" Jeanne asked.

She had missed a lot of things between Monica and Michael while she was away. Jeanne did not know if Monica was still oblivious to the fact that Michael had been lying to her, and that's why she was not very emotional about it.

"What else can I do? I can't beat him," Monica said as she calmed herself down.

"You can't win?" Jeanne frowned.

"That's right. You all knew that Michael was lying to me, and I was stupid enough to think that I was only saving the dying and healing the injured, doing the god's work in the world." Monica mocked herself.

"You found out?" Jeanne was almost certain.

"Yep. Michael's mother personally told me that Michael was not in a crisis of unemployment at all. It was just a show for the Sanders so that they would put him in a position of power without any worries. To the Sanders, Michael was a threat if his ambition was too big. Michael had to let the Sanders think that he would give up everything for me. Only then would the Sanders sincerely support and promote him," Monica said angrily. "Michael admitted it too."

When she thought about how she had been deceived by Michael, she hated him to the core.

Jeanne fell silent.

She did not think Michael's goal was that simple. After all, the Sanders would not be so easily deceived.

However, she felt that the most important thing now was not to find out Michael's other purpose, as that would take time. It was to make sure that Monica would not be threatened by Michael and forced to marry him.

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Jeanne asked, "You said just now that you couldn't win against Michael. What did he do to force you to marry him? "

Monica became even angrier as she spoke. However, she did not hide anything from Jeanne and told her everything she had been through. She sounded indignation.

“Do you think I'm stupid?” Monica asked Jeanne.

Now that she had replayed her plan to Jeann, Monica felt she was hopelessly stupid.

Jeanne even gave an affirmative reply, “It was very stupid, indeed.”

Monica felt uncomfortable.

Jeanne said, “While it wasn't the smartest method, and although the outcome wasn't what you hoped for, it did make Michael uncomfortable. So it wasn't a complete loss.”

Monica felt that Jeanne was trying her best to find something to comfort her.

“Although, I do have to say that you've been going about this wrongly from the start.” Jeanne hit the nail on the head.

Monica held the phone, still a little sulky.

“From the beginning, you were only thinking about how you could torture yourself. You thought it was easier, so you chose the shortcut. Perhaps if it were someone else, someone who was not as shrewd and scheming, you would have achieved your wish. However, Michael isn't as simple as you think. In the face of your revenge, he definitely wasn't thinking about how to break up with you but how to force you to let go. This is the difference between you and Michael. You tortured yourself, and he tormented you. That's why you lost so badly.” Jeanne analyzed thoroughly.

“How can I torture him? He's in a high position and has great power now.” Monica had no confidence at all.

“You just aren't cruel enough,” Jeanne said bluntly.

Monica gripped her phone tightly.

“You just dare not to hurt others. That's why you put everything on the line. Even though you knew that Michael was the cause of everything, you still bore all the consequences! At the end of the day, even if you used this method to divorce Michael, he still wouldn't be affected in any way. In fact, you left him a bright path,” Jeanne said, feeling helpless toward Monica.

Though, it was understandable. As Monica had never been hurt since she was young, it would not be the way she would retaliate first.

Silly Monica. It is that simple.

While Jeanne really did not want her to lose her innocence, this was the reality. Monica must learn to grow up.

When society began to test her, she could only accept the cruelty of reality.

“Monica, are you willing to marry Michael?” Jeanne suddenly asked her in a serious tone.

“No!” Monica said firmly and without hesitation.

At the thought of living under the same roof as Michael, sleeping with Michael, she was honestly afraid that she would suffocate to death.

“Then, listen to me. Do not give Fu Kang any leeway,” Jeanne said word by word.

“There's no way I can win against him!”

“You can.” Jeanne was very certain.

Monica was still not confident.

"I think it's the easiest thing to do in this world reject a marriage," Jeanne said.

Monica had obviously been dealt a huge blow and had already started digging her own grave.

Jeanne could actually say that it was the easiest, but the distance between them was probably a galaxy away.

Jeanne said, 'First, a peaceful breakup. Second, a one-sided breakup. It's obvious you failed both ways.'

"Yeah."

"Therefore, we only have the third option, force the other party to break up. In fact, you have thought of it and even done it. You just didn't do it perfectly," Jeanne said tactfully.

However, Monica knew. Her plan had not been flawed but completely useless.

"What you need to do now is not to make Michael undesire you. None of us know the bottom line of a person. You don't know Michael's bottom line, either. If he dared expose your private photos, then he shouldn't have any bottom line," Jeanne said sarcastically.

Monica gritted her teeth. Michael was indeed crueler than she thought.

"So, you should push Michael out of your league."

"..." Was Jeanne joking?

Though she did not say it out loud. She was afraid Jeanne would scold her if she did.

She heard Jeanne say, "The way to make Michael fall short of you is not by showing how outstanding you are, but how much of a scumbag he is."

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Monica was stunned.

Those words seemed to have opened the door to a whole new world for her.

She had always felt that from the looks of it, she was unworthy of Michael. He was now the youngest director of Harken, and with the Sanders' support, his future was limitless. She was just a girl from a rich family with no merit.

Michael was more than enough of a match for her.

“Expose Michael's scandal.” Jeanne had given her the answer.

Monica gritted her teeth. She had never thought about it like that and felt she could not expose herself.

What scandal could Michael possibly have?

While she had always been diligent, serious about her work, and polite to her relatives and friends, even if she exposed Michael's schemes, she had no evidence. It was her word against his. Who would believe her?

Jeanne had indeed dug a big hole for her.

“No. Just make some for him,” Jeanne said bluntly.

Monica was stunned again. How?

“Monica, this is a world where the strong prey on the weak. If you don't become stronger, you'll only be constantly bullied and compromised. The first step to being powerful is to be ruthless.” Jeanne did not want to teach Monica these things, but she had to.

It was clear she could not always be by Monica's side. She did not know if she would even still be alive in this world in the near future. She could not provide help to Monica whenever and wherever she needed it, only forcing Monica to develop on her own.

“I— What should I do?” Monica was still not confident.

“First of all, you have to be sure that you're doing this not to let Michael down, but because Michael has been lying to you since the start, and even threatening your family now. You're protecting yourself. There's no need to feel guilty about it. ”

“Mm.” Monica nodded.

Jeanne was right. Michael had forced her hand. She could not pity Michael, not at any time.

“Next, you have to think carefully about what you can do to ruin Michael's reputation.” Jeanne reminded her.

This made Monica think of how to harm people, but her mind was blank.

She broke down. “I really don't know.”

“It's okay. I've thought of something for you,” Jeanne said.

Monica's eyes almost popped out. How could Jeanne have thought of it within a few minutes of their phone call?

“Do you remember when Finn was drugged?” Jeanne asked.

“Why would you suddenly bring up that matter?” She was already trying her best to forget.

She didn't want to remember. It hurt to remember.

"It was Michael," Jeanne told her frankly.

If she were to tell Monica all the truths now, she would believe her and accept it, even. It was unlike before when she might have had a mental breakdown.

"Michael bribed two of Sarah's classmates and got them to instigate Sarah into using this method to get Finn. The purpose was to make you completely give up on Finn and be with Michael. However, the plan went wrong, and in the end, led you to consummate your marriage with Finn. However, since Michael used such a despicable method to get you, you can use it back on him. An eye for an eye."

"You mean, you want me to find someone to drug Michael? Then, find a woman to sleep with him and take an indecent photo of him?" When Monica said this, Jeann was surprised.

"Yep," Jeanne answered affirmatively.

"But..."

"Why don't you just marry Michael, then? Live under the same roof with him for the rest of your life, sleep on the same bed, and even give birth to a bunch of children for him."

"Jeanne, don't disgust me like that!" Monica couldn't stand it at all.

"He was so despicable that he even implicated your parents and threatened you with your family business. Why do you think you need to show him mercy?"

"I don't need to!" Monica gritted her teeth.

Michael was evil. She did not need to leave him any room for negotiation.

“Success is not defined by whether or not you win a round, but by making the opponent unable to get up again,” Jeanne said. “If you don't completely suppress Michael, then the next to suffer will be you, your parents, and maybe even your entire family. Monica, you can't be soft-hearted to your enemies at any time.”

“Alright,” Monica agreed.

Jeanne was right.

Mercy to the enemy was cruelty to oneself.

“Now, let me tell you what to do. How are you going to get Michael to walk into your trap with him unprepared?” Jeanne meant business.

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Monica meant business too.

She really felt that her conversation with Jeanne had opened up her entire world. She used to think that Jeanne was very capable, but she never knew just how capable she was.

This time, she had been willing to give it all up.

Jeanne spoke to Monica for a long time. She explained that Monica was not actually stupid. She just did not want to work hard and was content with the status quo.

If she honed her potential, Monica would surprise everyone.

When Jeanne put down her phone, Lucy appeared beside her and handed her a cigarette.

Lucy was the one who taught her how to smoke. She said that the life of an assassin would be rather boring. Therefore, she used cigarettes to relieve that boredom.

They each smoked one.

After half a month of recuperation, Lucy's body had recovered a lot.

They stood on a large balcony, overlooking Delta Island.

"Was the person you were chatting with just now, Monica?" asked Lucy.

"Mm." Jeanne smiled.

"Best friend?"

"Yep." Jeanne nodded.

"That's great." Lucy smiled. She seemed envious.

Nothing awaits an assassin. Family, friendship, and love were all extravagant hopes.

"You didn't contact George?" Lucy asked.

"Not yet."

"Don't know how to face Fourth Master Swan?" Lucy was very smart. There had been many times that she had given Kingsley advice beyond the scope of an assassin.

"Right again." Jeanne did not hide it.

The cruelty she had previously shown to Edward could at least be forgiven. He, in turn, stabbed Lucy's heart.

Now, it seemed like they were too embarrassed to face each other.

In fact, she had told George before, when she decided to keep him by Edward's side, that if she left one day, regardless of whether she died or returned with Kingsley to turn against Edward, her departure would be her choice. She had told him not to blame anyone, and that he should not wait for her. If she could come back one day, she would return by herself. If she didn't, he would have to take care of himself.

George was more mature than the average child. He also knew much more than kids his age. As long as she told him, he would accept it.

Besides, George had grown up in the Hills. Although he was not exposed to the bloody world, she did not deliberately hide the existence of the Hills from him either.

From the moment George could remember, he had already seen many cruel scenes. Therefore, his ability to accept things was much stronger than the average person.

"In the future, you and Fourth Master Swan..." Yu Jia extinguished her cigarette. The woman in her thirties still had her charm. "Are you really going to fight each other?"

"What choice do I have?" Jeanne asked.

From the moment she returned to the Hills, she had no choice.

At least her mother had been courageous enough to leave and did not return, even until her death.

However, she could not. There were too many factors, and so she was forced back into living this life.

"Maybe you do," Lucy said. "Mr. Hill would give it to you."

Jeanne smiled.

That depends on the outcome. National hatred and family feud, the winner would always be the King.

Lucy did not say anything more. She turned around and said, "I'm going to look for Mr. Hill."

"Alright." Jeanne nodded.

Before Lucy left, she turned to glance at Jeanne. She was envious of Jeanne. She was the cleanest woman she had ever met, even if she did live in a murky world.

She walked to Kingsley's room.

With her having recuperated for half a month now, she should report to Kingsley. Regardless of whether or not Kingsley allowed her to come out, she still came out in the end.

She knocked on the door, but there was no response from inside.

Lucy waited at the door for a long time before Melinda opened the door. She casually wrapped herself in a bath towel in Kingsley's room. While Kingsley was not there at that moment, the sound of someone taking a shower could be heard from the bathroom.

He had just probably finished.

"Sister Lucy?" Melinda said, deliberately respectful and affectionate.

"Just call me Lucy."

"You're a senior, after all." Melinda appeared very humble. "Besides, I'm only twenty-five this year."

Lucy's lips curved into a faint smile.

She could gather what Melinda meant. It meant that she was old, and she could forget about peeping at Kingsley.

However, she did not need Melinda's reminder. She, at least, still had this bit of self-awareness.

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"The Hills have always been ranked by status. Since you're now the closest person to Mr. Hill, naturally, your status is different from ours. Though I'm indeed much older than you, I won't address you respectfully, and you don't have to be so polite to me. It's best if you call me by my name."

"Since you've said so, I'll call you Lucy from now on." Melinda looked pleased with herself. When she heard Lucy say that she had a higher status, she couldn't help but feel smug.

Lucy nodded. "I'm looking for Mr. Hill."

"He's showering."

The bathroom door opened, and Kingsley walked out naked. Lucy glanced at him before shifting her gaze away.

Melinda walked over self-assuringly and tied the bathrobe she had been wearing around Kingsley's waist. "Mr. Hill, Lucy is looking for you."

"Okay," Kingsley responded.

After receiving permission, Lucy entered the room.

Naked, Melinda climbed onto Kingsley's bed while he took a cigarette and walked to the balcony. Lucy followed him and stood behind him respectfully.

"What's the matter?" Kingsley asked.

"Nothing. I'm just here to report to you," Lucy said. "I've fully recovered."

Kingsley turned to glance at Lucy and sized her up.

He fixed his gaze on her chest and said, "You've lost weight."

Lucy felt his gaze eyeing her up and down.

She smiled. "You get smaller when you're old."

"Is that so?" Kingsley smiled at her response, the corners of his mouth seemingly mocking.

"Yeah." Lucy appeared very respectful.

"Get out. I understand." Kingsley shifted his gaze to the balcony.

As Lucy turned to leave, Kingsley asked, "How's Jeanne? "

In Kingsley's world, the only person he cared about was Jeanne.

"She's fine physically. As for her heart, she might still carry some burden." Lucy did not hide anything from him.

"Enlighten her."

“Understood.”

When Lucy saw that Kingsley had stopped talking, she got up and left his room.

The moment she left, Melinda called out to her. “Sister Lucy— No. Lucy.”

Lucy turned to look at Melinda.

“Could you go to my room and get me some clothes? I was with Mr. Hill just now, and they were torn.”

“Sure,” Lucy agreed.

She walked out of Kingsley's room and into Melinda's. This was where she used to live... She was really a beauty in her twilight years!

She randomly found a set of clothes for Melinda. When she returned to Kingsley's room, she saw a glaring scene on the balcony.

She had missed it previously, but from where she was standing now, she could clearly see a long wound on Kingsley's abdomen. It looked like a new wound, it was obviously just healed into a scab.

As expected, Melinda was good at making men like her. So, it was not that she had lost weight, only that some people's breasts were more voluptuous.

She placed Melinda's clothes on the bed and left, even closing the door behind her. She did not notice, but a line of sight from the balcony watched her leave.

When Lucy returned to her room, Jeanne was already gone. These past few days, Jeanne had been spending time with her from time to time. She was well aware that Jeanne had a lot on her mind and her heart. Unable to express it, she could only find someone to accompany her to ease her emotions.

Lucy picked up another cigarette and started smoking. She wondered what the future had in store for her, and what would happen to the Hills.

...

South Hampton City.

Monica sorted out all the information Jeanne had told her. She took a deep breath and decided to take a gamble.

Although she did not know the final outcome, she called Michael anyway.

"Have you thought it through?" The other party asked immediately.

"Will you let my family and my parents off if I agree to marry you?" Monica said through gritted teeth.

Jeanne had told her not to let Michael think that she would accept his proposal easily. Though, she did not need to perform. The thought of accepting Michael, even if it were fake, made her feel terrible.

"Yep," Michael said bluntly.

"Alright, then," Monica said. "I'll marry you."

Michael was a little surprised.

Monica said coldly, "You'll always know what I care about the most."

Jeanne also said that she had to make Michael believe that she was really compromising, so she deliberately spoke a lot of guiding language.

Michael believed her.

From what he knew, Monica not only treated her family but the people she acknowledged as well. She would even help them at the cost of her own life. Back then, he was able to use Monica to get what he wanted because of his grasp of Monica's mentality.

"So, can you solve our family's crisis?" Monica asked.

"Sure," Michael said.

It was so straightforward that even Monica was surprised.

'However, I need you with me to clear up all the previous misunderstandings and announce our engagement,' Michael said bluntly.

Monica was fuming. She was so angry that she wanted to vomit blood.

However, at that moment, all she said was, "Okay."

"I'll pick you up at 9 a.m. tomorrow." Michael was not someone sloppy. "Remember to dress appropriately. If you play any tricks, not only will Cardellini Medical Technology fire its Chairman, I'll make the Cardellini's bankrupt too!"

"Michael, you really are disgusting."

"I've said it before and I'll say it again. It's because I love you."

"You're only doing this for your benefit and future."

"I love you as long as it doesn't affect my future." Michael enunciated each word clearly.

Monica really wanted to kill Michael.

“See you tomorrow.” Michael hung up.

Monica was so angry that she smashed her phone. She must make Michael regret treating her like this!

Chapter 866: Step by Step, the Proposal

Monica tried her best to control her emotions as she slowly walked into her parents' room. If it was not for Jeanne, she might really have compromised.

Gary and Ruby were a little surprised to see their daughter looking for them, but still, they did not tell Monica about Cardellini Medical Technology's current situation.

It was to let her be willful. Even though it was clear she was not doing a good job, they still supported her.

Parents like hers...

Monica's eyes turned red.

She said, “Dad, why didn't you tell me that you're being forced to this point by the Board of Directors?!”

Gary was stunned. “Who did you hear that from?”

“Who else could it be? Michael, that scumbag, of course!”

Gary's expression turned ugly. “Don't be threatened by him.”

Her mother must have told him about Michael's sinister and cunning scheme. That was why her father would rather shoulder everything himself than let her suffer for him.

"I will not be threatened by him." Monica gritted her teeth. "However, I won't let you guys be suppressed by him, either."

"Huh?" Gary frowned.

Monica had never been responsible before. Ever since she was young, his expectations of her were not high. He did not know if he had been spoiling her or harming her by doing so.

"I've agreed to marry Michael..." Monica said.

Before she could finish her sentence, Gary was already enraged. "No matter how bad it gets, I will not sell my daughter out!"

"Let me finish, dad." Monica rolled her eyes. She finally knew who she took after with her impulsive personality.

Gary endured it.

Monica said, "I've agreed to the marriage with Michael first to let down his guard. Then, I'll think of a way to find Michael's scandal and expose him so that he has no choice but to give up marrying me."

"..." Gary just stared at Monica. Was she sleep-talking?

Ruby looked at her in the same way. She obviously felt that this was an unlikely plan.

Monica looked at their expressions. Her parents had not restrained from hiding their thoughts about her plan. Could they not have a little more faith in her?!

"You guys don't believe me!" Monica's face was full of hurt.

"Michael's not as simple as you think," Gary said. "Although I've never fought with Michael, for him to hold such a high position at such a young age, it's a definite that he's not as easy to deal with as you thought. This is also why your mother and I have always been so against you being with Michael. Michael's mind is very heavy. One day, you won't even know how you sold yourself. It seems our worries were not unnecessary too since you've really sold yourself."

"..." Her parents were just adding unneeded salt to her wounds.

"I thought Michael truly loved you. When your mother and I saw you commit suicide that time, we thought it was an act..." Gary said, gritting his teeth. "Who would've expected Michael to be so shrewd that even he deceived me? Just based on this, you can't win against Michael."

This was also why Gary and Ruby did not tell Monica about their situation. Monica was easily swayed by her emotions and would compromise very quickly, just like now. Secondly, it would be useless to say anything and only add to Monica's troubles.

People like Michael were too good at using tricks. They chose to hide in the dark until it was time to emerge and would always achieve their goal no matter what.

Thinking about it made his teeth itch. Gary had also been suppressed by a man in his twenties for many years.

"I thought I couldn't win. I even decided to compromise, but Jeanne's been secretly helping me," Monica said.

Gary frowned slightly. "Jeanne's in South Hampton City?"

"There's something called a phone?" Monica retorted.

Gary was stunned, speechless.

He never used to think that Jeanne was capable. After all, they were all young and in their twenties. To them, they were still growing and inexperienced. However, the results Jeanne had achieved during this period of time had indeed impressed him. Coupled with Michael's suppression of him this time, he had to admit that the world now belonged to the young.

“With Jeanne's help, you still have a chance of winning.” Gary immediately agreed.

Monica expressed her hurt. Her ego had taken a hit.

She said, “I'll discuss with Jeanne about the details, so don't ask me for them yet. I came to you today just to tell you that I'll pretend to be with Michael first to keep Cardellini Enterprise and your position as the chairman. We can't give up the family business for Michael. It's not worth it. After that, I'll know how to prevent us from getting married.”

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“What if it still happens?” Gary was still worried.

It was better to be safe than sorry for this matter. He did not want his daughter's happiness to be destroyed at the hands of Michael.

“Then we'll get married.” Monica was unmoved.

“I won't allow it!” Gary was furious. “I, Gary, have not reached the point where I need to sell my daughter.”

“Michael really likes me.” Monica hugged and comforted her father.

If she could not resist, she would compromise. Then, at least she could say that she tried.

She would not make her family worry anymore nor choose to commit suicide again.

She said, “You were not deceived by Michael. Michael really does like me. That's why he treats me so well, making you all believe he loves me. In fact, there's nothing wrong with finding someone who loves me. I'm resisting now because I'm not willing to be tricked by Michael. However, if I really can't resist, I won't suffer any losses by marrying him.”

“Monica, I don't want you to live such a depressing life.” Ever since she was young, he could not bear to let his daughter suffer, so how could he allow other men to hurt her?

“Dad, it's not as tragic as you think. Besides, why don't you believe that I can refuse to marry Michael? Even if you don't believe in me, at least believe in Jeanne. She's very powerful now.” Monica did not want her parents to worry. That was why she seemed to be in a particularly good mood.

Before Gary could say something, he was stopped by Ruby.

“Alright. Let's believe in our Monica,” Yan ruling said. “With Jeanne secretly helping her, there's still a chance of winning. We can't back down before things have even started and destroy our own prestige.”

“That's right.” Monica agreed.

“It's a good thing you have a reliable friend.” It was clear Gary had compromised. “Otherwise, with your personality, you'd be helping others count money after being sold.”

“Dad,” she said. Monica was still a little unhappy. Who would say such a thing about their own daughter?

Though this was the truth of the matter, and humans were afraid of being exposed.

“Alright.” Gary smiled kindly. “No matter what happens in the end, your mom and I will support any decision you make. There's no need to put yourself in a difficult position.”

“Thanks, dad.” Monica hugged Gary.

She felt that she would not be able to do anything earth-shattering in her lifetime. While she did not have Jeanne's abilities, she at least had the best parents in the world, and that was enough for her to live life to the fullest!

The next morning, Michael came to the Cardellini villa to pick Monica up.

Monica had chosen a fitting white dress to wear. It was very dignified and elegant. Coupled with the simple makeup on her face today, she looked extremely pure and innocent. She was a completely different woman from the fiery dance that circulated widely a few days ago. It was clear she walked the path of a white lotus green tea b*tch and had forcibly turned herself into a Saint. Even Monica despised herself.

Michael looked at Monica in front of him and sized her up. He seemed to be very satisfied with her dress and opened the door for her like a gentleman. "Get in."

Monica glanced at Michael but didn't show any hospitality.

Jeanne had said she had to act naturally when facing Michael and not let him doubt her. However, it was really hard for her to put on an act.

She suppressed her emotions and sat in Michael's car.

As soon as they got in, Michael began to indifferently explain the press conference they were attending today.

"I've already bribed the reporters at the scene to only speak in a positive manner. As long as you don't mess around, everything will go smoothly."

Monica did not answer back.

"I've also asked someone to re-edit the indecent photos of you a few days ago. It'll be replaced with the profile picture of another low-list female celebrity. The celebrity has already arranged a confession post as well. When the time comes, she'll admit it on Facebook and your unsightly photos will be replaced by someone else. So you'll still be innocent in the public's eye."

Monica couldn't help but glance at Michael. He really had thought of everything. She would have never thought about finding a scapegoat.

Michael was still expressionless. "I'll propose to you at the press conference later, so you'd better be prepared. I don't want to clean up any more messes. My energy is limited, and the time I've spent on you now is my bottom line. If you really want me to resist, I won't have the patience to play with you next time."

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Monica gritted her teeth. Michael had finally stopped hiding in front of her.

This vicious man!

"Here are the questions and the answers you have to say. Take note of them."

Monica took it. How ironic.

The car fell into dead silence, until...

"We're here." Michael reminded her.

Monica took a deep breath and put down the manuscript as the car drove straight to the press conference.

Michael parked the car, opened the door, and got out. Then, like a gentleman, he walked over to Monica, opened the door, and helped her get out of the car.

To outsiders, Michael was a gentleman with outstanding talent and ability. He was probably the pillar of Harken. What a great existence.

Monica held Michael's arm and walked toward the press conference.

All the media outlets in South Hampton City were waiting for them in the hall. It was a bit noisy at first, but once Monica and Michael appeared, it immediately quiet down. The entire venue was instantly filled with voices from every direction, and the camera flashes were non-stop.

Before Michael and Monica sat down, he bowed slightly to the media to express his gratitude. Then, he pulled out a chair for Monica to take a seat and sat beside her after.

The series of opening actions once again received a wave of positive comments from the public.

Facing the microphone in front of him, Michael had not prepared any speech, but his attitude was sincere. "I'm very grateful to all reporters and friends for attending my press conference despite your busy schedules. I'd also like to express my guilt for occupying public resources for my personal affairs. However, to clarify the damage to my fiancée's reputation, I had no choice but to use this method. I hope you can understand."

His voice fell, and the crowd burst into a round of applause. It was an affirmation of Michael.

Michael expressed his gratitude once more and said, "During this time, my fiancée and I have been questioned and slandered by all parties, which has seriously affected my personal life and communication with my fiancée, as well as my current job. Now, I will clear my fiancée's name in front of all the media. Those indecent photos on the internet have nothing to do with my fiancée. They are malicious rumors intended to attract people's attention. The woman in the photo was called Reina Wilde. She once played the role of Oliva Scott in the television drama "The Workplace". These photos are private photos of her and her boyfriend, and they deliberately circulated them to create clout. I never expected that it would be stolen by unscrupulous internet merchants who photoshopped my fiancée's profile picture into them, causing the public to misunderstand my fiancée.

"I declare my fiancée innocent. She has never had any improper relationship with another man except me. Even if she chose to marry for personal reasons, she has always kept her innocence for me! Please don't believe those fake photos on the internet anymore. They have caused great harm to my fiancée! Thank you, everyone."

When Michael finished speaking, he stood up again and bowed deeply to the media at the scene. He always showed his humility and courtesy, which made people admire him.

There was another round of applause. It was an obvious show of support and affirmation for Michael.

Michael really was powerful. Even Monica was almost affected by his righteous words just now.

Michael was clearly eager to “protect” his wife. Once the news came out, many people would envy her for having such a “good man”!

Monica maintained her smile without saying anything. She would cooperate with Michael's acting.

Once Michael sat back down, reporters began to ask questions.

“Mr. Ross, will you pursue this matter of slandering your fiancée?”

“The law will pursue this to the end.” Michael enunciated each word.

“About the explosive dance that was previously spread by your fiancée, was that real or...?”

“My fiancée likes to dance. In fact, I accompanied her to the nightclub that day, and the person she was dancing with was also a dancer. The entire dance was just a performance, but it was not on the stage everyone had agreed on. It would have caused a misunderstanding if it were at some other place. Of course, because of her dance, so many things happened after that. My fiancée will not appear on such an occasion again to avoid trouble.” Michael said bluntly.

Monica chuckled but did not say a word. Michael had even told her to quit the nightclubs in public. He was well prepared.

“Miss Cardellini,” a reporter suddenly called out to her. “What do you have to say about your incident and the slander?”

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“I was very glad that Michael trusted me unconditionally. For a while, I hid at home and didn't even dare to go out. It was Michael who lifted me up through this difficult time and even helped me find the source of these photos. I was very touched.” Monica answered, following her standard lines.

“Your wedding will be held on the 15th of next month. Is there anything you would like to share with everyone?” The reporters quickly gossiped.

Monica did not answer. This question had been in Michael's "play".

"Speaking of which, I've been so busy with work that I haven't even given Monica a true proposal yet. Let me take this opportunity to tease you today." Michael paused for a second.

A handsome smile appeared on his face, and suddenly, countless balloons, confetti, and flower petals floated down from the sky.

The reporters on the scene all exclaimed while Monica just looked at him indifferently. She had not expected Michael to do this. Michael had only said he would propose on the spot, not for flowers and confetti to reign down.

She had been married once. However, the wedding had just been a formality, let alone a proposal.

She stared at Michael as he suddenly knelt in front of her, took out a ring, and held it in front of her.

"Monica, will you let me pamper you, love you, tolerate you, take care of you, and accompany you from now on?" Michael asked her affectionately.

Monica's eyes suddenly watered. She was not really touched, just a little sad. In her heart, she knew Michael was still the man who treated her the best in the world. Why would reality give her such a big slap in the face?

What if Michael was still the best man in the world for her? Even if she had broken up with Finn for him, she did not have to make herself feel so bad, nor the stupidest person in the world.

However, Monica's expression at this moment made everyone think that she was touched by Michael's deep affection and love.

Someone even took a photo of Monica's tear and signed it off as "happy and romantic tears".

It was even trending on the internet and was envied by them all.

Jeanne said that the more she performed now, the easier it would be to slap him in the face later on. So, she would cooperate with Michael's performance.

"I do," Monica agreed.

The applause was endless, and the balloons, confetti, and flower petals danced around them, creating a beautiful scene.

Michael put the ring on Monica's ring finger.

Monica's throat trembled.

When she and Finn got married, they did not have wedding rings. How ridiculous! During the ring exchange segment of the wedding ceremony, Monica asked the staff to prepare two decorations. Once their vows were exchanged, they threw them away.

Monica's throat trembled again.

Now that she thought about it, it was possible Finn did not love her that much. He had risked his life to save her back then, but perhaps it really was as he had said. If it were anyone else, he would have done the same.

He was a doctor. It was his job to save the dying and help the injured.

Monica's eyes seemed to water even more.

Michael got up from the ground and looked closely into Monica's eyes.

He lifted her chin.

Then, in front of everyone, he kissed her.

Monica acquiesced.

Not only was she unable to resist, but this might be the only time she would experience this in her life.

While she could not enjoy marriage and love properly, and even if some rituals were fake, she would take it as it was and leave behind no regrets.

The audience burst into applause again. Everyone was giving their blessings to the couple.

When that day came that Michael's reputation was completely disgraced, would Michael choose to die with her?

That press conference was a triumph. He had successfully cleared Monica's name and shaped himself into a good man. Everyone was talking about it with great relish. It was named the most romantic proposal in history.

Finn had seen it too.

When he went to the ward to check on his patient, the television happened to be broadcasting this news.

In addition to the patient, there were also family members in the ward, especially the granddaughter of the family member, who was quite young. She kept saying, "Michael's so handsome."

"Why's Michael so good to Monica?"

"Monica is simply too blessed."

"I'm so touched that I'm about to cry."

Finn had been listening carefully to the patient's heart.

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“Dr. Jones,” his assistant suddenly called out to him.

Finn came back to his senses.

He put away his stethoscope and said, “You're recovering well. Continue to maintain a calm mind. After a heart bypass surgery, the most important thing is to let yourself relax.”

“How much longer do I have to stay in the hospital?”

“According to your current recovery progress, you should be able to be discharged in a week.”

“Okay. Thank you, Dr. Jones.”

“My pleasure.” Finn smiled professionally.

He gave some more medical advice to the patient before leaving the ward. When he left, he raised his head to take a look. On the screen, the two of them were hugging and kissing.

The assistant beside him also glanced at the television screen before quickly following Dr. Jones's footsteps out.

Speaking of which, back then, Dr. Jones liked Monica, right? If not, why would Dr. Jones, who had always been focused on his work, be in a daze for so long just now?

Finn returned to the office with his assistant. He went on to explain the patient's related matters clearly and seriously with no mistakes at all.

The assistant took a look at his notes.

Had he misunderstood? Dr. Jones did not seem to care as much as he thought. Otherwise, how could he have done his work so perfectly? If he really cared, there would be some small mistakes.

The moment the office door closed once his assistant left, Finn's expression finally turned cold. He pulled out a cabinet beside his desk, took out a document, and threw it directly into the trash can.

The document clearly spelled "Sunny Pharmaceutical".

Sunny Pharmaceutical, a civilian pharmaceutical company, appeared out of thin air and completely replicated the development of Cardellini Medical Technology. Even their products were the same. In that document was all the research reports on Sunny Pharmaceutical.

There was obviously no need for that now. As long as Michael did not act against Cardellini Enterprise, the company would not be in any danger.

Cardellini Enterprise was an established company in the medical industry. Since it was not targeted by the government, it would not be easily banned.

Since it was so easy for her to compromise, he did not need to waste his energy.

...

Once the press conference was over, Monica left in Michael's car.

The car was silent as ever. After all, there was no need for Michael to disguise himself in a place where no one was around, and she did not have to play along with him either.

Monica frowned when the car was parked in the Rosses' courtyard.

"To discuss the wedding," Michael said bluntly.

Monica gritted her teeth and followed Michael out of the car. The two of them walked into the Rosses' living room and were greeted there by Reese.

When she saw Michael and Monica, she sneered. She stood up from the sofa and walked towards them.

Just as she arrived in front of Monica, a slap suddenly landed on Monica's face.

“Smack!”

The speed was so fast that It would have been impossible to guard against.

Monica glared at Reese.

Michael stopped his mother before it could escalate any further. “Mom.”

“Monica, you b*tch. How dare you make my son a cuckold! You even had him clean up your mess too! You b*tch! Who do you think you are?!” Reese cursed.

Monica touched her own cheek. If it were any time in the past, she would have gone crazy and returned the slap.

However, she endured it today.

She said, “I admit that I was in the wrong previously. I accept your slap.”

“B*tch!”

Reese did not seem to have finished venting her anger yet and continued cursing at Monica. Just the thought of what Monica had done during this period made Ruby want to murder her. She could not tolerate Monica treating her son like this!

“Mom, that's enough!” Michael stopped her. “I brought Monica here today to discuss the wedding. I'm already busy enough. Could you not add to my troubles?”

Monica's matter had not only had it affected his work, but he also had to deal with the leader's doubts about him.

No matter what, his personal affairs had taken up too much of his time. Even if he could make the chief believe he was not ambitious, it would still affect his work and the Sanders' contribution. The other party would not have any objections.

So Reese endured it.

When Michael saw that his mother was calm, he said to Monica, “Come. Let's sit here.”

Monica pursed her lips and sat down beside Michael.

Michael did not waste any time to get to the matter at hand. “I won't make the wedding too grand. My status doesn't allow it,” he said bluntly. “However, I will do all the necessary rituals. As for the wedding photos, I've already had some photoshopped. If you think it's necessary, I can accompany you to take them. However, if you think it's dispensable, we'll get it done once I'm done with my work.”