

Crazy Love 111

Chapter 111

“Ben, are you finished? Where’s Miss Smith? Why hasn’t she come out yet?” Susan looked at Ben, who had emerged alone, her face wearing a puzzled expression.

Ben raised his eyebrows. “She might need more time to think things through.”

“That’s true.” Susan didn’t understand, so she said, “Marriage is a significant decision in one’s life. We really have to give her some time to contemplate.”

“What’s there to think about?” Leo was anxious. “Everyone knew what happened between her and me. If she doesn’t marry me, how can she endure such shame?”

“Yes, things had already happened. If she doesn’t marry Leo, she might remain single for the rest of her life,” Penelope said with a sense of superiority, “She is so bold. If it weren’t for her sincerity to Leo, I wouldn’t have agreed to this marriage.”

“Really?” Isabella regained her composure and came out. She happened to overhear the audacious words spoken by Penelope and Leo. She was so furious that she nearly passed

out.

Isabella pointed at Penelope with a trembling finger and said, “I’m telling you, even if I have to be single for the rest of my life, I won’t marry Leo.”

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Hearing this, Penelope was unhappy. “What do you mean? You have a tarnished reputation now, and it seems that no one wants you. I kindly offered you a way out. It’s perfectly fine if you don’t want to

marry Leo, but spouting nonsense like this won't help your case. Watch out, Leo might truly decide not to marry you."

"Isabella, don't be willful," Leo said. "Quick, apologize to mom."

Leo's behavior was as if he believed Isabella was already married to him.

Isabella was so furious that she felt like she might just burst a blood vessel.

She finally understood why Ben had chosen Leo as the instrument of revenge against her.

Leo and Penelope utterly disgusted her.

Isabella felt like she had been bitten by a snake, yet the snake still aimed to sink its fangs into her again!

"Shut up." Isabella looked at Leo angrily. "What kind of delusion are you entertaining? In this day and age, you expect me to marry you simply because we slept? Leo, do you truly believe you deserve me?"

Leo was stunned. "Isabella, how could you say that..."

However, Penelope was completely upset now.

She suddenly grew displeased, grabbed Leo's hand, and marched out. "Leo, let's leave! We're not going to marry her. The thought of her being naked in front of so many people is humiliating. Why don't we marry a virtuous girl? Come on, let's go. I'd like to see who else would marry her besides you?"

Isabella was so angry that she couldn't help shouting, "You don't have to worry about it!"

Leo had wanted to say something more, but seeing Isabella's attitude, he immediately held

his tongue.

Penelope was right. No one would marry Isabella except him.

Although she was so arrogant now, if he indeed chose not to marry her, it wouldn't be long before she to cry and beg him.

With that in mind, Leo allowed Penelope to lead him away.

Isabella was still trembling with anger.

Charlie frowned.

Leo and Penelope left just like that?

Leo and Isabella weren't in love with each other?

It seemed Isabella was not willing to marry Leo at all!

"Mr. Landor senior, I'm sorry. Penelope's words were incredibly offensive, and I let my anger get the best of me," Isabella said to Charlie, showing a much more gracious attitude.

Thinking about what Penelope had said, Charlie felt that Isabella shouldn't be blamed for being angry!

Most people would have erupted in anger.

Charlie sighed. "Isabella, Penelope certainly has a sharp tongue. But if you really like Leo, you can marry him with ease. Penelope doesn't have the authority to dictate the affairs of the Landor family."

"I'll think about it, Mr. Landor senior," Isabella replied without committing to a definitive answer. She remained polite and gentle.

Ben couldn't help sneering when he saw her like this, but he didn't say anything.

As he had said before, he had already sought revenge, so he would let it go.

From now on, as long as Isabella did not hinder him and Susan, he would not do anything

to her for the sake of the fact that she had saved his grandfather.

"Then think it over thoroughly," Charlie patted Isabella's hand and then stood up.

Susan hurried forward to support Charlie.

Then they left first.

By the time everyone was gone.

Isabella sneered.

Marry Leo?

Absolutely not!

Even though Ben seemed to dislike her judging from the current situation.

Isabella did not give up.

She was a seer, a chosen one. Since fate made her reborn, she was confident that her wishes would undoubtedly be fulfilled.

Hence, the minor setback she faced at present was merely the final vestige of darkness. before dawn.

However, she might have to change her strategy a little.

In the Landor's house.

"Who does she think she is? How dare she look down on Leo..." Penelope was still cursing

indignantly.

"Shut up," Charlie couldn't stand it anymore and said, "Even if you don't find it embarrassing, I certainly do!"

"Dad, how could I possibly have made you feel embarrassed? It's that woman who should be blamed," Penelope said.

Charlie couldn't be bothered to talk to her anymore. Why hadn't he realized before that Penelope was so disgraceful, even Leo had been misled by her.

Fortunately, Ben had been under his guidance since childhood. Charlie shuddered to think about the consequences if he had allowed Penelope to take charge of Ben's education.

"If you're unclear about where you've erred, return to your room and contemplate it. Don't go out if you haven't thought it through," Charlie said with a straight face.

"Dad!" Penelope looked at Charlie in disbelief. "Isabella humiliated Leo like that, and you still want me to be grounded?"

“Get lost. Don’t appear in my sight.” Charlie couldn’t help rubbing his forehead.

Ben saw it, he looked at Penelope expressionlessly. ” Penelope, please do as Grandpa says.”

Penelope was a little confused, she subconsciously looked at Leo.

Leo lowered his head nervously, not even daring to speak up for his mother.

Penelope could only grit her teeth and reluctantly make her way upstairs.

“Grandpa.” Leo didn’t care about Penelope at all. He just looked at Charlie with a flattering face and said, “I’ve thought about it carefully. The main reason Isabella said no is because I haven’t established a successful career yet. She usually admires Ben. If I can make a name for myself, Isabella will surely see me in a different light.”

What Leo said made sense.

Charlie nodded and was about to say something.

Ben continued, “I’ve already promised to provide you with the initial capital of two million dollars. Moreover, I can also assist you in connecting with influential figures in the industry. You don’t need to trouble grandpa about launching a business in the future.”

“Ben, you’ve been treating me kindly,” Leo turned to Ben. “It’s just that I’m afraid two million dollars...”

Ben glanced at him and said indifferently, “Do you want it or not?”

“Of course, I want it! Two million dollars it is!” Leo said with determination, grinding his teeth.

Ben made a call and asked someone to transfer two million dollars to Leo.

Leo glanced at the account balance with a spark of joy in his eyes.

After Ben took over the Landor family, he wasn’t mistreated at all.

The food and clothing were all of the highest quality.

However, Ben didn’t give him much cash.

For Leo, two million dollars was a huge sum of money.

Should he take the money to start a new business right away?

Well, it didn’t appear that there was a need to rush.

Leo remembered that he had a few friends who kept inviting him to drink.

He didn’t go because he was short of money before.

Now that he had this huge amount of money in his pocket, he could drink any wine he wanted!

Leo stood up impatiently. "Ben, then I'm going to start a business now."

"Go ahead," Ben said indifferently.

Leo left quickly. As soon as he went out, he called his friends. "Come on, let's drink. It's my treat today!"

"Leo is quite ambitious." Charlie sighed.

Ben remained silent.

He didn't believe that Leo had actually embarked on a business venture, but as long as it brought Charlie happiness, he had no interest in uncovering Leo's true intentions.

In the next few days, Leo went out every day, saying that he was busy starting a business.

Charlie became even more pleased with the situation.

Ben remained silent.

His men had told him everything about Leo.

Starting a business?

Hell no!

But Ben couldn't be bothered to care less.

He only gave him these 2 million dollars and no more.

If Leo was willing to advance in his career, he would assist by making some connections due to their family ties. As long as Leo was willing, he could still make some headway.

However, if he squandered all his money on entertainment, there would be no more money left once his funds were depleted.

Dinner time.

Ben and Susan came back a little late today, so they were the only ones having dinner.

Susan looked at the bottle of wine she had painstakingly found, and her eyes displayed a hint of delight.

She picked up a glass and carefully poured a drink for Ben. "Ben, take a sip," she said to him.

Ben had no reason to refuse the wine poured by Susan.

He took a sip and found it to be quite enjoyable, so he couldn't help but inquire, "What brand of wine is this?"

"I don't know either. It's probably from some random brand. Just take a sip," Susan replied gently.

Ben was confused and took a few more sips.

Observing his willingness to partake, Susan was eagerly anticipating the wine's effects.

The person who sold the wine had mentioned that unless one was a heavy drinker, they wouldn't be able to tolerate this wine.

However, Ben couldn't drink too much of this wine.

After Ben finished a small glass, Susan put the bottle away.

"It tastes good. Pour me another glass, Ben said.

"No, it's enough for today," Susan hurriedly said.

Was there a set amount to drink?

Ben was a little confused, but he didn't dwell on it.

In the evening, the two of them returned to their room.

Ben still had some work to deal with.

Susan sat on the bed and peeked at him.

The wine was about to take effect, wasn't it?

Susan suddenly got out of bed, walked over, and hugged Ben from behind.

She leaned over to Ben and whispered in his ear, "Ben."

Ben tensed up, and a warm sensation surged from his lower body.

Damn it!

Was he this susceptible to a Susan's temptation now?

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Ben couldn't take it anymore.

Ben could clearly feel a surge of desire welling up within him.

If he were to lie down with Susan, he feared he might lose control of himself instantly.

With great self-control, Ben slowly said, "No need for that. I don't usually work in bed."

"How could he resist it?" Susan pondered and glanced at Ben's lower body.

"Is this wine effective or not? Then I should try again!" she thought.

Susan wasn't accustomed to such sweet talk. She was so affectionate that it nearly made her nauseous.

However, if this could arouse desire in Ben, then all the sacrifices would be worthwhile!

After Susan finished speaking, she noticed that Ben had turned red in the face.

Looking at him, Susan inexplicably found him somewhat adorable.

She was about to tease him further.

Ben suddenly stood up and took the laptop. "I'm going to the study."

"Hey..." Susan shouted from behind.

Ben pretended not to hear and ran away.

Susan looked at his back and couldn't help blinking.

Why... why did Ben run away?

Was he that afraid of her?

But... could it be that he was... shy just now?

Susan thought uncertainly.

In the study.

Ben promptly locked the door and called Thomas.

"Hello, Ben." Thomas's voice sounded very delightful.

Gritting his teeth, Ben said, "You're in a good mood, aren't you?"

Thomas was puzzled. "Is there a reason for me to be in a bad mood?"

Ben was even angrier!

He couldn't help asking, "Have you made the potion?"

If he couldn't return to his original appearance, he might explode on the spot.

"I need a few days more, Thomas said casually. "Maybe three days."

"Three days?" Ben gritted his teeth. "Can't you be faster?"

"What? I'm already working quite quickly. Moreover, it used to be around this time in the past. I've never seen you push me like this before, Thomas replied.

"How can it be the same?" Ben asked.

He had no prior expectations. Whether his appearance was restored or not didn't matter.

But now, every minute he spent waiting was torturous.

"Why is it different now?" Thomas didn't comprehend.

"That's why you're still single," Ben gritted his teeth. "You have two days. I want to see the potion by then!"

"Why did you humiliate me for being single? What's wrong with being single? And you want me to give you the portion in two days? How can I reduce your time by one day? You..." Thomas retorted.

All of a sudden, the phone was ended.

Thomas was speechless.

He felt desperate and couldn't help but scratch his head.

"Mr. Smith, what's wrong?" A stunning woman next to him approached him with a smile.

Thomas reluctantly pushed her away. "Maybe next time. Let's meet next time."

He left with a sad look on his face.

It was Ben again.

Again!

That jerk had interrupted his romantic encounter twice in a row.

However, he had to accept his fate and return to finding a way to expedite the completion of the potion.

The hot girl looked at his back with a strange expression.

That rumor was actually true?

She was a model.

It just so happened that she had a friend who was also a model.

Her friend had once complained to her that all the attractive men in the world were

attracted to other men.

Her friend also showed her a photo of Thomas.

Due to Thomas's flamboyant style, she remembered him.

This time at the bar, for some reason, she approached him and flirted with him.

In the beginning, Thomas appeared to like her very much!

However, after taking a call, his demeanor changed abruptly, and he departed.

She faintly heard some voices.

The person on the other end of the call was evidently a man.

Tsk, tsk, tsk. What a pity.

She also shared this matter with her friends in the modeling industry.

“Hey, girls, I’m feeling down. It’s rare to encounter someone who matches my preferences.

I was just about to flirt with him, but it turns out he’s not into women.”

She even displayed a photo of Thomas looking dejected.

“Yes, I know this guy. He’s so handsome. What a shame...” another attractive woman who had hooked up with Thomas abroad last time chimed in..

The other girls also said, “It’s normal. Just look at him. He dresses so extravagantly, and his makeup is even more intricate than a girl’s. I can discern his sexual orientation at a

glance.”

“Calm down. Nowadays, handsome guys are into other guys. We girls should do the

same.”

“Alas.”

As a result, everyone in the modeling industry knew that he was into men.

“Thomas?” a beautiful woman recognized him in the photo at a glance.

She suddenly laughed.

Interesting.

Wasn’t he the one who was going on a blind date with her in a few days?

She didn’t expect him to have such a sexual orientation.

If that was the case... that would be perfect.

At first, she didn’t intend to go on a blind date at all, but now she suddenly changed her mind.

She couldn’t help but call her mother, who was forcing her to get married.

“Mom, the guy you mentioned last time, Mrs. Smith’s son, is he still single?”

“That’s right. He’s quite accomplished. I asked you to meet him before, but you weren’t willing to. Why are you so picky?”

Her mother began to complain incessantly.

The woman listened patiently for a while, and then said, "I'll meet him this time."

"You're too selective, and you'll probably remain single for the rest..." her mother suddenly paused, and she asked in disbelief, "Wait, what did you say? You're going to meet him?"

"Yes, help me contact him. I'm quite interested in him." The woman smiled.

"Alright, I'll get in touch with Mrs. Smith immediately." Her mother was instantly thrilled and promptly hung up the phone to make the arrangements.

In the group chat, the girls were still discussing Thomas.

That girl couldn't help but chuckle.

Thomas... could be the perfect partner for her.

However, Thomas didn't know if there would be any romantic luck waiting for him.

He had no choice but to return to his room to study the potion.

In the evening, Mrs. Smith called and told him about the blind date.

Just as he was about to refuse...

Mrs. Smith burst into tears. "Are you going to say no? Your father passed away a long time ago, and I raised you just to let you disappoint me at this moment?"

Mrs. Smith cried even harder as she spoke.

Thomas had a headache from her crying and couldn't help but agree. "Alright, I'll go. Just tell me the time."

"Okay, I'll send you the time and location right away." Mrs. Smith quickly stopped crying.

Thomas remained silent.

After a while, Thomas glanced at the time. The blind date was a week later. By that time, the potion Ben had asked for would have been settled, so he could go and meet that

Woman.

Therefore, Thomas put this matter to the back of his mind for the time being and focused on finding a way to expedite the completion of the potion..

As a result, he really did it in two days.

He quickly called Ben and said, "You'll need to set aside three days of your schedule. I'm going to work on softening the scar for you. After that, you'll need some time to recover."

"Okay." Ben quickly agreed.

Thomas felt a sense of relief in Ben's tone.

Hmm... that's not possible.

He must have thought too much.

With this in mind, Thomas calmly hung up the phone.

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What Thomas wasn't aware of was that Ben had experienced both pain and happiness over the past two days.

To him, Susan appeared to be growing increasingly tempting.

Especially last night, When Susan had just taken a shower and emerged in transparent pajamas, he had actually involuntarily had a nosebleed!

Nosebleed!

It was as if he were still a teenage boy.

Ben was instantly filled with desperation.

If it weren't for the fact that he wanted to show Susan the real him, he probably wouldn't have been able to hold back at that time.

But in order to give them a perfect first night, Ben endured it.

But that night...

He had to take a cold shower seven or eight times.

Now he even didn't dare to go home!

What if Susan unconsciously seduced him again, and he completely lost self-control?

Perhaps... he should solve the scar issue as soon as possible.

Since the portion was ready, Ben didn't want to delay any longer.

That night, he booked a hotel in Anaville and decided to stay hidden there for three days. When he came out, he would give Susan a surprise.

Since it was meant to be a surprise, he couldn't tell her in advance.

Ben thought for a moment and called Susan. "Susan, I'm going on a business trip for a few days. You can go home yourself tonight."

Susan was stunned for a moment and was slightly disappointed. "Why don't you go home?"

She was still wondering whether she should increase the dosage of the medicinal liquor today.

Ben coughed lightly.

Though he was very happy that Susan was reluctant to part with him, it was too painful to see Susan so beautiful but not be able to be intimate with her.

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Ben couldn't help but say, "I'll be back in three days."

"Okay," Susan, not being a reckless person, reluctantly agreed. "Then go ahead and give me video calls every day."

Ben hurriedly said, "I'll be too busy the following three days. I'm afraid I don't have time to make video calls with you."

"Then just phone calls..." Susan said.

"I'm afraid that won't work either," Ben hurriedly replied. He was in Anaville, but his excuse was that he was on a business trip. If Susan called and found out that he hadn't left the city, his lies would be exposed. "I might not turn on my private phone for a few days. You probably won't be able to get in touch with me."

Was he that busy?

He didn't even have a moment to rest? He couldn't even make a phone call or send a

message?

Susan found it strange, but she didn't think too much about it. She just replied obediently,

"Okay."

Ben heaved a sigh of relief, then sent the hotel location to Thomas and asked him to bring the potion over.

In the evening, Ben went straight to the hotel instead of going home.

"Shall we begin?" Thomas asked Ben with the concocted portion.

"Let's begin." Ben slowly nodded.

Thomas dipped the cotton swab into the potion and applied it to Ben's scar little by little.

These scars were made of special materials.

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They had to be softened by the potion before removing them.

As Thomas worked, he couldn't help but sigh. "In the past, every time I had to remove those scars and then put them back on your face, I felt like I was ruining your perfect face. This time, I finally don't have to be haunted by my conscience."

"Haunted by your conscience?" Ben glanced at him.

"That's right," said Thomas. "Your face is as perfect as a work of art, but every time I have to destroy it myself, I feel like I'd lose sleep for three days."

Thomas's tone was very exaggerated.

Ben looked at his scarred face in the mirror, and his eyes flickered slightly. "So, will Susan like it?"

"Of course." Thomas said without hesitation, "Susan will definitely love you even more when she sees your true appearance."

"She is not such a superficial person," Ben said with a smile.

Susan already liked him a lot now.

When he removed these scars, would she like him more and go crazy?

Alas, being charming was also a sin.

In the Landor's' house...

"Ben is on a business trip?"

Hearing the news, Leo breathed a long sigh of relief.

For the past few days, he had been so engrossed in entertainment that he hadn't done any work at all. He had been worried about how he would explain it if Ben came to ask about it, but now that Ben was on a business trip, there was no problem at all.

"What are you happy about?" Charlie looked at him in confusion.

Leo changed his expression and quickly pretended to be depressed. "I'm not, Ben is not here. No one can guide me. I'm very sad, really sad."

Charlie was speechless.

"Grandpa, I'd better run the program first. Ben is not here. I have to work harder." Leo said and left again.

Charlie couldn't help complaining to Susan. "I'm not sure if he's occupied with something important, since he's been out all day."

Susan comforted him, saying, "Leo wants to build a career. I don't think he'll act impulsively."

"I hope so." Charlie rubbed his forehead, feeling a little tired.

In the past few days, Leo had been enjoying his time with friends. Today, he finally remembered Isabella, whom he admired.

Although Isabella was disrespectful to him last time, he had given her the cold shoulder for several days. She should know that she was wrong.

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Therefore, Leo decided to forgive Isabella.

He called Isabella.

Isabella answered it casually.

“Isabella, it’s me...”

Isabella’s face changed and she was about to hang up.

However, Leo said, “Isabella, I’ve decided to forgive you for what happened last time. Since Ben is not around, no one will inquire about my new business. Come out. I’ll take you out

to have some fun.”

Isabella’s eyes flickered, and she decided not to hang up first.

“Is Ben on a business trip?” she asked.

“Yes, he’s been on a business trip for three days,” Leo said. “He seems to be very busy this time. He doesn’t even let anyone call him. He said that he would devote himself to work.”

As Isabella listened, her eyes slowly lit up.

She had a guess when she heard that Ben was on a business trip.

Now that she heard that Ben didn't even allow anyone to call him, Isabella was

immediately certain of her assumption.

Ben wasn't on a business trip.

Judging from the time, he should have decided to remove the scars.

He had written it down in his memoirs. At that time, he found an excuse and stayed in the hotel for three days.

Three days later, when he resurfaced, he had returned to his original appearance.

Recalling Ben's previous appearance, Isabella couldn't help but smile.

Ben's faithfulness in relationships was indeed an important aspect.

However, the primary reason she felt tempted was that Ben was incredibly handsome and unforgettable.

Isabella recalled the contents of the memoirs.

The hotel that Ben chose should be a five-star hotel in Anaville, the Green Light Hotel.

Fortunately, her obsession with Ben in her previous life had been intense. She had read Ben's memoirs and watched his interviews a dozen times. Otherwise, she wouldn't have

remembered this detail now.

This also proved that she and Ben were indeed a perfect match.

Otherwise, why would fate allow her to know so much about Ben and lead her here?

“Isabella, are you coming out or not?” Leo was still asking.

“Sorry, I’ve got something to attend to!” Isabella already had a plan in mind. She couldn’t be bothered with Leo and hung up the phone directly.

This time, she planned to change her strategy.

Why was she determined to let Ben leave Susan?

Wouldn’t convincing Susan to let go of Ben achieve the same result?

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After hanging up the phone, Isabella quickly made a plan.

No one knew that she had been reborn, so except for Thomas, who was Ben’s good friend and responsible for removing his scars, she was the only one who knew that Ben was in the Green Light Hotel

Even Ben himself had never imagined that she would know about this matter.

In that case, there would be many things she could do.

She first bribed the receptionist of the hotel with a large sum of money and got the check-in list from yesterday.

As soon as she saw Thomas’s name on it, she knew that this had to be the room where Ben stayed.

What she needed to do next was sow some misunderstandings.

Her eyes flickered, and she asked the receptionist with a smile, "Excuse me, is there any other room with the same layout as room 3308?"

The receptionist confirmed it and said, "Room 3308 is the presidential suite of our hotel. There are only two of them in total. Currently, there's only one suite available. The layout and decoration of both rooms are identical."

Isabella was delighted and felt that she was meant to succeed.

She quickly said, "I'll book that room."

"Okay." The receptionist quickly went through the formalities for her.

Isabella checked in immediately.

In the presidential suite, there were special services available.

Isabella made a phone call and requested room service.

As soon as the waiter entered the door, she took out 2,000 dollars in cash and placed it in front of him.

The man's throat became dry after seeing this. With some difficulty, he said, "Madam, I... I

don't provide that kind of service."

Isabella was amused. "Did I say that?" she asked angrily.

Only then did the waiter heave a sigh of relief. "What can I do for you then, madam?"

Isabella said slowly, "You can have the money. I just need you to do one thing for me."

"What is it?" the man hastily asked.

Isabella asked, "You must know the waiter currently serving the other presidential suite, right?"

"Of course I know him. We're colleagues," said the waiter.

Isabella smiled and said, "There should be two people in that presidential suite. One of them often appears, and the other basically doesn't, right?"

"I... I don't know," the waiter said blankly. "We don't usually talk about our guests."

"It doesn't matter if you don't know. He should know." As Isabella spoke, she placed down another 2,000 dollars. "Tell him that as long as he can take a picture of that man who hasn't shown up, this

money will be his. If you help me with this matter, you'll also get 2,000 dollars."

One photo was worth 2,000 dollars.

As for him, one message also was worth 2,000 dollars.

The waiter couldn't help but swallow. Isabella was indeed generous.

"What do you think?" Isabella raised her eyebrows.

"But it's the guest's privacy..." the waiter said with hesitation.

“Okay, then I’ll keep the 4,000 for myself.” She put the money away directly.

Seeing that the money was slowly put away, the waiter couldn’t stand it anymore. He

quickly said, “I can try! It’s just a photo, isn’t it?”

Isabella smiled and said decisively, “Yes, I only want a photo.”

Then the waiter took the money and left.

Isabella took a deep breath, and her heart slowly rose to her throat, feeling a sense of anticipation.

She just wanted to give it a try. It was hard to say whether it would work or not.

In the evening....

That waiter came to look for Isabella.

“Where is the photo?” she couldn’t wait to ask.

He took out his phone and sent a photo to her.

Isabella glanced at it, and a trace of joy flashed in her eyes.

The photo showed only the back of Ben, his face was not visible.

However, having a photo of his back was good enough. Those who knew him would naturally be able to recognize him.

“Very good.” Isabella was satisfied, but she didn’t notice the man’s twinkling eyes.

After tipping the waiter, she couldn’t wait to put her plan into action.

After comparing the photos, she found a location resembling the scene in the photo and took a smiling selfie.

Then, she logged into her WhatsApp account.

She posted the photo of Ben’s back and her selfie together on her WhatsApp.

Because the layout and scene were exactly the same. It seemed that she and Ben were in the same place.

When Isabella posted it on social media, she set the privacy settings so that only Susan could see it.

Then, she added the address of the Green Light Hotel.

Hotels are places that have a rather ambiguous connotation.

Furthermore, she staged a scenario of her and Ben alone in a room.

She didn’t believe that Susan wouldn’t be anxious when she saw it.

Worried that Susan might not see her post, Isabella decided to send her a message.

Isabella: [Susan.]

Susan quickly replied: [Yes?]

Isabella sent a pitiful emoji. [Susan, I fell in love with someone, but I don't know if I should. be with him.]

Susan was stunned. [Is that man Leo?]

[It's not him.] Isabella replied with a crying face. [I'll never like him, Susan. You might not know that what happened between me and Leo that night wasn't my choice. He made me do it, and he intentionally brought many people here. Now, my reputation is completely ruined.]

Susan was shocked.

If that was true, then Leo was truly acting like a beast.

However, it was inappropriate for Susan to believe Isabella's one-sided statement, so she didn't know what to say for a while.

Isabella didn't care whether Susan believed her or not. She continued: [Luckily, I've met someone now. When he found out the truth, he didn't just avoid me, he even felt sympathy for my situation.]

[Isn't that great?] Susan asked.

[Yes, it's very good.] Isabella said: [But I don't think I can accept him.]

[Why?]

Susan replied absent-mindedly as she read.

[He... he is married.] Isabella sent it along with a crying emoji. [I... I can't be a mistress who's involved with a married man.]

Susan wrote casually: [Well, that makes sense. You'd better break off your relationship with him.]

Isabella: [But Susan, he doesn't like his wife at all. He said that he likes me!]

[A man's mouth is full of lies.] Susan replied rationally.

Isabella's gaze shifted and she quickly typed: [He said he feels bored when he sees his wife but has infinite passion when he sees me. And you know what? He's actually quite handsome, but he usually deliberately acts ugly. He mentioned that he would only reveal his true self to those he likes, and I'm the first person to see his real face.]

Susan stared at Isabella's message. After a while, she replied: [Alright.]

Susan had her own values. Regardless of what Isabella said, wasn't this just an affair between a man and a mistress?

She immediately lost interest in talking to Isabella.

However, Isabella didn't intend to let her go. She pleaded with her. [Susan, please take a look at the first post on my social media account. I posted something related to him. Although reason tells me that

I shouldn't get involved with a married man, he's so exceptional that I can't resist. Susan, please check it out and give me your opinion.]

Susan was a little helpless, but she still agreed. [Okay.]

She opened Isabella's WhatsApp.

She didn't have many WhatsApp contacts. When she opened her WhatsApp, she saw Isabella's first post.

She casually enlarged the picture.

Then, she saw a familiar back.

And her eyes suddenly narrowed.

Chapter 115

Five minutes later.

Isabella assumed that Susan should have seen her post.

Only then did she send a message, [Susan? Have you seen my post?]

Susan was still looking at the photo.

Seeing Isabella's message, she reduced the photo and looked down expressionlessly.

Then, she saw the location marked by Isabella.

The Green Light Hotel.

What did Isabella mean?

Did she hint that Susan was cheated?

Susan took a deep breath and forced herself to calm down.

She did her utmost to figure things out thoroughly.

First and foremost, the photos were not photoshopped, neither of them underwent any form of editing.

As a computer expert, Susan was sure of this.

Secondly.

Was that truly Ben's back in the photo?

When she saw the shape in the picture, it kind of looked like Ben, but she wasn't really sure.

What if it was just a similar silhouette?

Moreover, Isabella's description did not match Ben's situation in any way.

Ben had a burned face. It had nothing to do with pretending to look unattractive.

That's right, that alone was enough to deny her guess.

Susan heaved a long sigh when she finally discovered a reason why the figure in Isabella's photo couldn't be Ben's.

She even despised herself a little.

For a moment, she really suspected Ben.

She felt so sorry for Ben.

After regulating her emotions, Susan examined the message sent by Isabella with a relatively composed demeanor.

She replied, [If you insist on me giving you advice, I think that we should have a bottom line. Don't get involved with a married man.]

Isabella pressed her lips together, a trace of disdain flickering in her eyes.

"Don't get involved with a married man?" she thought.

If all women followed this rule, those excellent men would all end up with mediocre women.

She, Isabella, believed that whatever she wanted, she would scheme and seize it for herself.

Although she felt disdainful, Isabella still replied obediently, [Susan, I know what you mean.

I will listen to you and keep a distance from him. Susan, I'm sorry.]

1

Then, Isabella stopped sending messages.

However, Susan frowned deeply.

Why did Isabella apologize to her, especially after saying that she would heed Susan's advice?

She felt that there was a hidden meaning in Isabella's words!

Could it be that the man is really....

Susan shook her head, refusing to believe it.

It couldn't be Ben.

Ben was not that kind of person.

Susan put down her phone and continued to read.

But this time.

She stared at the book and did not flip through it for half an hour.

After a long time, she put the book aside irritably.

For some reason, she had an impulse to rush to the Green Light Hotel to have a look.

However, she managed to hold it in.

It was due to a picture of a similar silhouette and some ambiguous words from Isabella.

If she hurried to the hotel, it would be too dramatic.

Not to mention that Ben was on a business trip. How could he be in the Green Light Hotel?

“Impossible, absolutely impossible,” Susan muttered to herself, then forced herself to calm down and retrieve the book.

She had to trust Ben. She couldn’t let her imagination run wild.

Susan forced herself to read, preventing her mind from wandering, until she finally fell asleep.

She shouldn’t have let her imagination run wild. The only thing she could do was wait for Ben to return and give him a hug.

Yes, that was it.

Isabella never talked to Susan again.

Susan didn’t seem to take it to heart at all. She just led a very routine life, going to work, coming back home, and waiting for Ben to return.

Finally, it was the third day.

Thomas removed the repair mask and said with a smile, “Ben, it’s finished.”

Ben couldn’t wait to look at himself in the mirror.

“How is it?” Thomas smiled proudly. “You’ve been wearing those fake scars for quite some time, but I’ve still maintained your skin so well. Am I a genius?”

Ben was not interested in Thomas’s bragging. He slowly asked, “Will Susan like me if I’m

like this?"

"Isn't that nonsense?" Thomas said with a smile, "I promise that when she sees you, she can't wait to throw herself into your arms and give you a kiss."

The scene described by Thomas was a bit exaggerated.

Ben couldn't wait to stand up. "I'm going home."

He wished he could immediately appear in front of Susan and confront her with his true self.

"Go ahead." Thomas nodded with a smile on his face.

Ben left quickly.

Thomas shook his head and sighed. "Well, love can make people act foolish..."

Ben wanted Susan to be the first to see his true appearance, so he didn't opt to go back to the Landor's house. Instead, he reserved an entire restaurant.

Then, he asked the driver to wait for Susan outside her office building and would pick her up once she finished work.

1

When Susan got off work, she saw Ben's eye-catching car at a glance.

"Mrs. Landor." The driver was already waiting there. When he saw Susan, he bowed respectfully.

"This is..." Susan asked, "Ben is back?"

"Mr. Landor just came back. He invited you to dinner," said the driver.

"Where is he? Why isn't he here?" Susan looked around and asked.

"Mr. Landor is already waiting for you in the restaurant," the driver said respectfully.

Susan nodded and got into the car.

The driver sent Susan to the entrance of the restaurant and left.

The waiter led Susan in.

Susan found the situation a bit peculiar.

"It's just a casual meal. There's no need to reserve the entire restaurant, is there?" Susan thought.

Feeling a little strange, she walked inside and saw a familiar figure.

"Ben?" Susan called out.

Ben stood up and turned to look at her.

His expression was gentle, and his eyes seemed to be shining. He called out softly, "Hey,

Susan.”

Susan froze on the spot.

Ben smiled even more brightly.

Susan must have been so surprised that she was almost dumbfounded.

“Your scars...” Susan asked slowly.

“It’s not real,” Ben said without hesitation. “I just wanted a constant reminder not to trust people too easily, so I’ve kept these scars on my face.”

“Then you...”

Ben walked over and gently took her hand. “Susan, I only... reveal my true self to someone I care about. You’re the first one to see my true appearance.”

Ben had contemplated these words for a long time. He believed that when Susan heard them, she would be deeply moved to tears.

As expected, Susan was deeply moved. She was so overwhelmed that she raised her hand and gave Ben a tight slap.

“S... Susan?” Ben was somewhat bewildered and taken aback.

He didn’t understand what was going on.

Susan gritted her teeth. “You’ve probably said that to someone else before, haven’t you?”

She had thought that she shouldn't have doubted Ben.

But now, what Ben said to her was exactly the same as what Isabella had said two days ago!

"Did he say these words to Isabella and then repeat them to me?" Susan thought.

Susan was about to go crazy when she thought of what Ben had told Isabella.

Chapter 116

"What's wrong, Susan?" Ben was even more confused.

"Are you still acting like you don't know?" Susan was very mad and started crying. Did Ben take her for a fool?

If he didn't like her anymore and wanted to be with someone else, he could just say it. Was he afraid that she would hold onto him?

Did he need to use this method to deceive her?

Ben panicked when he saw Susan crying.

He wanted to hug Susan.

However, Susan pushed him away forcefully.

Susan sniffed and said, "I was wrong. People like you are not worthy of me crying for you at all! Ben, if you don't want to say it, I'll help you. From today onwards, we're going to get divorced, and I'll set you free!"

After saying that, Susan didn't want to stay any longer. She turned around to leave. Ben's pupils rapidly contracted.

What the hell was going on?

Wasn't Susan happy that he had removed his scars?

Was she blaming him for lying to her?

But it wasn't to the point of divorce, was it?

At this moment, Ben couldn't be bothered to ponder.

He grabbed Susan and held her tightly in his arms.

"Ben, let go of me!" Susan pushed Ben away angrily.

However, Ben hugged her tightly.

Even though Susan had tried her best, she was unable to break free.

"What do you want?" Susan was on the verge of a mental breakdown. "Ben, you were the one who flirted with me and said you wanted our relationship to grow. Now, you've fallen for someone else. If you don't have feelings for me anymore, just tell me. I'll move on. Why are you lying to me like this?"

Susan tried to fight back her tears, but they flowed like a busted water pipe. Her tears were scorching, and each one felt like it landed right on Ben's heart. Ben felt a sharp pain in his heart, and his voice was slightly hoarse. "I've never liked anyone else. only like you."

"You're lying." Susan didn't believe him at all. "You're not on a business trip at all, Ben. You know where you are and who you're with."

Ben was briefly stunned before he swiftly replied, "I can explain what happened in the hotel!" "You two had lived together for three days. What's the point of explaining?" Susan was

even angrier.

Ben panicked. "Thomas and are both guys! Nothing has happened in the past 3 days." "Thomas?" Susan frowned. "What does it have to do with him? I'm not talking about him!" Ben was even more confused.

Susan was furious when she saw this. Ben was still trying to conceal it from her, even at this stage.

She couldn't be bothered to expose Ben and said directly, "You don't have to say anything. Let's go and get a divorce decree, and I'll set you free."

" don't want to be set free!" Ben held onto Susan tightly.

Suddenly, a thought flashed in Ben's mind. He remembered something.

He looked at Susan in disbelief. "Don't tell me that you think I'm with... Isabella?"

Susan immediately sneered. "Well, now you admit it."

If he wasn't feeling guilty, why would Ben suddenly bring up Isabella?

It was true that he felt guilty.

Ben calmed down. "I can explain this."

Susan sneered. "Go ahead and explain. I'd like to see what kind of story you can make up." Ben couldn't help but have a headache because something about Isabella seemed really odd.

He didn't know if Susan would believe him.

Ben took a deep breath and said, "Susan, had to use a special potion to remove the scar on my face. It will take about three days. wanted to surprise you, so lied about going on a business trip. In fact, went to a hotel with Thomas to get rid of the scar."

Susan was unmoved. "Oh? You hid it from me and told Isabella? How did she know you. were in the hotel?"

Ben looked distressed. "The strange part is, don't know how she found out."

Susan looked at him with a mocking expression. She believed Ben was making up a story.

With a bitter smile, Ben replied, "Honestly, something unusual happened yesterday while was at the hotel with Thomas. After the waiter entered the presidential suite, he sneakily took a photo of something. Thomas and caught him and questioned him."

4 "And then?" Susan asked with a hint of concentration in her eyes.

"Then, the waiter told me that a woman had given him some money and asked him to take a picture of me. Just a casual photo, didn't even need to include my face," Ben explained with a frown. "I found it very odd, so decided to investigate further. It turns out, the woman was Isabella! She was staying in another presidential suite."

Susan was momentarily taken aback.

“ can’t figure out why she knows my whereabouts or why she did such a thing. So, decided to let the waiter take the photo and wait. want to see what will happen next.” As Ben spoke, he grew a little irritated. “She didn’t use this photo to cause trouble for you, did

she?”

“Wait!” Susan glanced at Ben and quickly opened her WhatsApp. 3

That post had already been deleted.

However, for some reason, Susan had saved these two photos before.

At this moment, it was time to examine things closely.

Susan clicked on the two photos and examined them with her eyes wide open.

The layout and decoration were indeed exactly the same.

Susan stared at it for a long time before she finally noticed something was wrong. There was a faint shadow of a tree on the window of the room where Ben was staying. However, Isabella’s room didn’t have that tree.

Therefore... the two of them were not in the same room at all.

They were just two different rooms with the same layout and decoration!

If one did not look carefully, they wouldn't be able to tell.

In other words, since Isabella had employed this method to indicate that the fight was happening between her and Ben.

Although there was still something strange about it, Susan still believed that Ben was innocent. Susan let out a long sigh of relief.

Putting down her phone, she looked up at the bewildered Ben and didn't repent a/IfG& Quilty. "I'm sorry. Does your face hurt?"

Ben quickly shook his head. "No, it doesn't hurt at all! But Susan, what exactly did Isabella do?"

Susan showed Ben these two photos.

Ben glanced at it, and a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

He thought that Isabella had hired

someone to take

Ben aimed to provoke the hornet's nest, so he let that waiter take the photo. He wanted to

know what she was going to do.

However, Isabella's method of revenge was actually to approach Susan, insinuating that she and Ben had an affair? It was indeed disgusting to Ben.

Ben took a deep breath and said slowly, "I don't think that's enough to make you believe her, right?"

Chapter 117 "Well, didn't believe her." Susan nodded and showed Ben her chat history with Isabella.

If it weren't for the fact that she had proved that Ben was innocent, she wouldn't have taken out the chat history at all. She would've just left and not bothered with Ben anymore!

But now, because all of this was part of Isabella's plan, they could unravel and examine everything.

Ben quickly looked through the chat history and immediately realized why Susan almost believed Isabella.

Isabella actually knew in advance that the scars on his face were fake?

Furthermore, the opening words, "I'll only drop my disguise for the woman like," were actually said by Isabella in advance. No wonder Susan had such a reaction.

But Ben didn't understand. Even if Isabella found out through various means that his scars were fake.

But those opening words were only in his mind, and no one knew them except himself.

How did Isabella manage to say those words without making any mistakes?

Considering all the peculiar things Isabella had done before.

Ben was lost in thought.

"Is this Isabella really that resourceful?" Susan asked curiously. "I didn't know you were at the Green Light Hotel, but she knew. I didn't know that your scars were fake, but she knew. The most terrible thing is that she even knew what you were going to say?"

The more Susan spoke, the more suspicious she became. "You truly don't have anything happening with her?" "Absolutely not!" Ben replied without hesitation. "I wouldn't do something so distasteful."

Susan snorted, "Then tell me, what's going on with her? She can't be a seer, can she?"

Seer?

Ben narrowed his eyes and suddenly said, "It's actually possible!"

"Are you kidding?" Susan looked at Ben in confusion.

"Listen to me, Susan," Ben contemplated and analyzed, "I had a feeling something was off with Grandpa's situation before. Isabella claimed Grandpa had a heart attack just by noticing his flushed face. That reason seems a bit far-fetched! The next day, when Grandpa did have a heart attack, she intentionally came to the Landor's house. What's more, even before Grandpa showed any signs of a heart attack, she and Leo seemed slightly anxious, as if... they knew Grandpa would have a heart attack later."

Susan was a little confused. "Do you suspect..."

"suspect that Isabella already knew that Grandpa would have a heart attack." Ben said without hesitation, "I've also got a hunch that the lifesaving act the next day was merely a calculated move on her part. We didn't even know Grandpa had heart trouble, yet Isabella did? That's pretty unbelievable. Back then, just had a nagging feeling that something was off and didn't dwell on it. But now, looking at this situation along with everything else, it seems like she might indeed have some sort of foresight."

Susan said, "... still can't shake the feeling that it's a bit surreal."

"No, that's very likely. That's the truth." Ben thought of more and more details and was almost certain of this.

At the banquet that day, Susan and Timothy were confined to the same room on the assumption that both of them were drunk. However, before this, even Susan herself didn't realize her tolerance for alcohol was so low, but Isabella did.

She even took the opportunity to set up a trap.

If it weren't for the fact that Timothy was a decent man, her scheme might have succeeded.

Of course, Ben had always kept what happened that night a secret from Susan.

Now he was going to continue to keep it a secret and didn't say it out loud.

But deep down, he had almost reached a conclusion about Isabella. For some inexplicable reason, she might genuinely possess the ability to foresee the future.

Hence, Isabella knew that his scars were not real, she knew the hotel he was staying in, and she even seemed to anticipate what he was going to say.

No matter how unbelievable it was, this assumption was probably very close to the truth.

Susan had a headache. "The ability to foresee the future? Doesn't that mean that she's terrifying?" "If we didn't know before, it would have been terrible. But now that we've figured it out, it

means nothing," Ben said with contempt.

The last time Isabella had successfully plotted against him, it was solely because of her ability to foresee the future and her acting skills.

But since he already knew it, Isabella's ability became worthless.

No matter how much Ben knew, she was still an ordinary person. He had countless ways to handle her.

"What's your plan?" Susan couldn't help but ask when she saw how confident Ben was.

"That's not the point." Ben didn't answer directly. He glanced at Susan and suddenly wore an injured expression. "You slapped me pretty hard earlier. My face stings a bit."

Susan felt a little guilty. "Didn't you just say it didn't hurt?"

"It's okay if my face hurts, but I can't bear the pain in my heart," Ben said, feeling increasingly aggrieved.
"Susan, I never expected you to doubt me like this. Who do you think I am?"

Susan had an uneasy look on her face. "I... I'm sorry."

But Isabella was so unusual. Who would have guessed that she had the ability to foresee the future?
Even now, Susan was still skeptical.

"It's useless to apologize," Ben said calmly.

"Then what do you want?" Susan asked, her eyes darting around.

When Ben saw that Susan was darting around, avoiding his gaze, he couldn't help lowering his voice.
"Susan, don't you dare look at me?"

"How is that possible?" Susan straightened her neck and denied it, but she still did not look at Ben.

"Then look at me," Ben said.

"Sure," Susan said stubbornly and then looked at Ben.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

Her face visibly turned red.

Susan quickly lowered her head.

Ben suddenly felt an unprecedented joy in his heart. He asked, "Are you... shy?" "No! It's too hot," Susan argued.

"The AC is on, and it's cool in here," Ben said.

"I'm wearing too many clothes." Susan continued to explain.

"You're only wearing a T-shirt. Do you want to take it

Susan was speechless.

She lifted her head and gritted her teeth as she retorted,
Ben looked at her with a smile.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

Susan couldn't stand it anymore and lowered her head timidly! She thought...

Her husband was an ugly man.

But this ugly guy suddenly turned into a handsome man.

And he was even a bit too handsome.

Now, Ben was the most handsome man she had ever seen in her life. However, this alone wasn't sufficient to affect Susan so deeply. The point was...

He had changed a lot.

In the past, when Susan was angry, she just wanted to lash out at him, she was very

shocked. But now, as she gazed at Ben and reminisced about the old Ben... There was always this strange sensation... of having an affair.

It was simply... exhilarating.

Chapter 118

Susan suddenly had a strange look in her eyes.

Ben raised an eyebrow. "What are you thinking about?"

Susan coughed softly, attempting to change the subject. "Why hasn't the food been served yet?"

She appeared quite adorable with a guilty conscience.

Ben watched her with great interest for a while, then lowered his voice and said, "Why don't we eat the other dish first?"

"What dish?" Susan asked subconsciously.

Then, she locked eyes with Ben's intense gaze. "You."

"Susan Miller!"

What did she ask him that question?

Why?

She shouldn't have asked that question!

"Susan," Ben gazed at her, a multitude of emotions swirling in his eyes.

All of a sudden, Susan felt her heart racing.

Ben slowly approached her, wanting to kiss her, and his lips were getting closer.

It seemed as though he was about to kiss her on the lips!

Susan pushed him away!

Ben was stunned. "Susan, I thought the misunderstanding had been cleared up?"

Susan blushed even more. "It's not just about the misunderstanding. Maybe you should put the scars back on?"

Ben was confused. "Dorft you like me looking like this?"

"It's not that I don't like you looking like this," Susan said, feeling even more guilty. "I just

feel... like I'm kissing another man."

Ben was speechless.

He raised his eyebrows and smiled. "Isn't that exciting?"

"No, it's not exciting!" Susan said righteously, "Am I that kind of indecent woman?"

Ben slowly approached her, a smile in his eyes. "Your heart is beating much faster than usual."

"That's because I'm nervous!" Susan tapped his chest. "In short... Stay put! Don't get too close to me! I still need to get used to your new face!"

Ben looked at Susan helplessly. "Susan..."

"Sit tight!" Susan said.

Ben had no choice but to sit opposite Susan with a heavy heart.

After a while, exquisite dishes were served.

Ben served some food to Susan out of habit.

Susan quickly moved her plate away. "No need! I... I'll do it myself!"

Ben was speechless.

He felt extremely desolate deep inside.

Ben couldn't help but want to cry.

He had finally made up his mind to remove those scars. He had thought that Susan would

be ecstatic.

Well, it turned out...

She couldn't accept it?

Damn it!

Then what was the purpose of all these efforts? He almost fell into Isabella's trap!

During dinner, Ben kept looking at Susan plaintively.

Susan didn't dare to raise her head and focused on eating.

She was afraid that if she looked up, she would be completely captivated by Ben's stunning face.

Ben looked extremely handsome.

Susan felt unsure about what to do.

In this peculiar atmosphere, they completed dinner and headed home together.

Ben wanted to grasp Susan, but she evaded him like a startled deer.

Ben was speechless.

He was very depressed.

“Let’s get in the car,” Susan forced herself to remain calm.

“Okay.” Ben opened the car door for Susan helplessly.

The sleek black luxury car drove away into the night.

Neither Ben nor Susan knew that after they got into the car, a woman with a gloomy expression watched their departure with anticipation.

What did she see just now?

or even

She actually saw Susan coming out of the restaurant with a strange man, and they got in a luxury car together?

If Ben discovered this, what would happen to Susan?

Thinking of this, the woman was so thrilled that her entire body even quivered slightly.

Sure enough, life was fair. People like Susan would take a tumble eventually!

She, Roy, was about to catch a break this time!

Since Roy was ousted from the Storm Group a few months ago, tarnishing her record, no major company was willing to hire her. She had no option but to accept a lower salary and settle down at a smaller company.

Her life was not that bad.

But she used to be an employee of the Storm Group.

Her life before and now was very different!

Each time Roy dreamed about Susan, who caused her to lose her job, Roy clenched her teeth in anger.

Susan was a bitch!

Susan had put her in such a miserable situation!

But now, Susan was enjoying such a wonderful life!

On what ground?

Roy didn't believe that Susan had any genuine talent. She was Mrs. Landor, and the supposed perfect scores might be because Ben had shown her the test in advance.

So, what was Susan capable of?

She just had a good husband.

Mr. Landor was truly powerful, but his face was indeed terrifying.

While Susan was enjoying the convenience brought by her husband, she was secretly seeking a toyboy.

If this matter were to spread out, would Mr. Landor still want her?

Roy looked at the photos she had just taken on her phone, her expression turning gloomy.

She didn't expect to see Susan being unfaithful to someone else when she went for a walk in her state of depression.

Fortune favored her.

Now, Roy was ready to make her comeback!

Susan, you exposed your affair yourself. If you want to assign blame, point it at yourself.

Roy's eyes blinked, and she headed home immediately, prepared to make a significant move.

Susan, unaware that Roy had already taken photos of her with a toyboy, returned home with Ben.

Leo was not at home as usual. Charlie and Penelope were watching TV in the living room.

Seeing Ben and Susan walking in, they both were stunned at the same time.

Penelope screamed on the spot, "Susan, what are you doing? Ben has only been away on a business trip for a few days, and you're already with another man?"

She shouted, but she was somewhat thrilled.

How good it was!

Penelope didn't expect Susan to be so foolish. Wasn't she getting herself into a difficult situation?

"Dad, look at what Susan is doing!" Penelope couldn't contain herself. "Even though Ben may not be handsome, he has always treated her well, hasn't he? If she dislikes Nicolas's appearance, she could have simply said so. Why did she bring someone like him home to disgrace the Landor family?"

Penelope chirped, and Susan felt somewhat helpless and too apathetic to argue.

It was better to let Ben explain himself.

She glanced at Ben, only to find that Ben looked like he was watching a show.

He deliberately leaned over to Susan and whispered, "Hey, you cheated on me?"

Susan blushed instantly.

As soon as Penelope saw it, she jumped up instantly. "This is outrageous! Dad, we're right here. Susan is actually kissing another man? What's her intention? She wants to provoke you, Dad."

"Shut up!" Charlie shouted.

"Susan, dad told you to shut up!" Penelope said, suddenly feeling a little confused. "Dad, Susan didn't say anything."

Charlie glared at her in exasperation. "You fool! I should have kept you locked up in the room!"

Penelope was speechless with anger.

Why?

Why did Charlie say he wanted to lock her up while Susan was openly flirting with another man? What had she done wrong?

Chapter 119

Penelope said sadly, "Dad, Susan cheated on Ben. Why are you yelling at me? Is it fair for you to treat me like this? Is there really no place for me in this family? Then maybe I should

leave!"

"You're being foolish. You should leave and think carefully about what you just said," Charlie scolded her, glaring. "Take a good look, who is this person?"

"Then who else could it be? It's clear he's

just a toy boy. Susan is using Ben's money to

keep a gigolo. How disgraceful she is," Penelope added angrily.

Ben raised his eyebrows and said lightly, "You called me a 'gigolo'? Thanks, madam, I'll take it as a compliment."

"Hey, you..." Penelope was about to scold him when she was suddenly stunned.

She looked at Ben in disbelief.

Ben looked at her expressionlessly. "Why aren't you continuing."

Penelope looked at Ben in a daze. After a long while, she stammered, "You... you are..."

"I'm a gigolo," Ben said with a smile.

Penelope was upset.

What gigolo?

It was obviously Ben!

"Why are the scars on your face gone?" Penelope blurted out in shock.

Ben ignored her and looked at Charlie with a smile, "Grandpa, how did you recognize me?"

Vas "You were

Charlie looked at Ben with a hint of warmth in his such a handsome young lad when you were ten years old. Throughout the years, every time I glanced at your photos, I couldn't help but wonder what you would be like today if it weren't for the fire. Ben, you look exactly as I had imagined. As my grandson, you should look just like this."

As Charlie spoke, tears welled up in his eyes.

Ben had a bitter expression in his eyes.

He knelt halfway in front of Charlie and took his old hand. "Grandpa, I'm sorry. If I had known how much it would mean to you, I wouldn't have put on these fake scars on my

face."

Charlie touched Ben's face and couldn't help but smile. "You did a good job. Most of the time, a terrifying face can indeed save you a lot of trouble."

Needless to say, the reason Ben had a bad reputation was mostly because of his appearance.

A menacing visage was sufficient to intimidate others.

By the time he was 18 years old, his unsettling countenance had the power to deter individuals within the company. It was likely due in part to his strangely menacing appearance that he was able to exert control over the company through forceful methods.

"I didn't think too much about it at first," Ben said frankly. "At first, I just wanted to remind myself not to forget the harm that woman has done to me."

However, later on, Ben discovered that at times, this disguise was genuinely useful, so he couldn't be bothered to remove the scars.

"Have you moved on since you removed those scars?" Charlie asked.

"I can't say that I've moved on. It's just that now I have someone I want to protect," Ben replied earnestly.

1

Charlie looked at Ben and then at Susan. He couldn't help but smile with relief. "That's good."

Charlie understood that it was not until this moment that Ben finally let go of his past.

All of this was thanks to Susan.

Charlie waved his hand, indicating for Susan to come over.

Susan hurriedly walked over.

Charlie held one of Susan's hands and the other of Ben's. Then, he crossed their hands.

Afterward, he said with a smile, "This time, can I expect to attend your wedding soon?"

Ben nodded calmly. "Sure."

Susan blushed and lowered her head.

"All right, you two should have a lot to talk about. You can go upstairs," Charlie said with a smile.

"Wait, Grandpa, I want to stay and talk to you," Susan said hurriedly.

For some reason, she just didn't dare to face Ben alone.

Ben squinted.

Susan shamelessly took a seat next to Charlie and held his hand tightly. "Grandpa, it's been a while since you told me a story from your time on the battlefield."

Charlie had initially intended to persuade her to return upstairs, but upon hearing this, his interest was piqued. "It's unusual for you to enjoy it so much, then I'll tell you again."

Charlie immediately started to vividly recount the story he had told numerous times before.

Nonetheless, Susan still exclaimed from time to time as if it were the first time she had heard it. This greatly encouraged Charlie, and he couldn't help but speak even more enthusiastically.

Ben was speechless.

Seeing Susan putting in so much effort to feign surprise, Ben couldn't help but laugh.

But there was still a trace of warmth in his eyes.

Now he was accompanied by his grandfather and Susan.

He was content with the current situation, truly content.

Seeing that Charlie and Susan seemed to have a good relationship, Penelope couldn't help feeling upset.

Charlie was her greatest backer in the Landor family. She could not allow Susan to completely win him over.

Penelope recalled something she had looked into and couldn't help saying with a smile, "Susan, I don't mean to criticize you, but even though you and Ben care about each other, you should give Dad the nutritional products before giving them to Ben. How can you only

think about Ben?"

Susan was speechless.

Penelope was intrigued and quickly said, "I heard from the maid that you've hidden a small bottle of wine in the kitchen. It's said to contain various precious ingredients that are highly beneficial for health. You have Ben drink a small glass of it every day. Susan, if this wine indeed works, you should give it to dad first."

That bottle of wine?

Susan immediately panicked.

Why did Penelope know so many things? She even unearthed such a minor detail!

Observing Susan in a state of unease, Penelope grew excited. "As the younger generation, you can't just claim to be filial. Filial piety should be demonstrated through actions. Since your wine is so valuable, why not bring it out and share it with us?"

"No!" Susan panicked.

How could the wine be shared?

"Why not?" Penelope was unhappy. "Are you stingy?"

Susan forced herself to calm down and said, "Grandpa's health isn't suitable for drinking!"

Charlie glanced at Penelope. "I haven't had a drink in many years. Why are you bringing it up?"

"Dad, even if you can't drink it, I can, can't I? Leo can too, right?" Penelope wiped her eyes as if drying tears. "It's just a bottle of wine. I'm not being greedy. But Susan concealed it and gave it only to Ben. I feel hurt..."

"Penelope, if you want to have a drink, I'll purchase a different type of wine that's good for your health. This particular wine can't be consumed," Susan said firmly to Penelope.

“Why can’t I drink this one? I...”

As Penelope was about to say something, Ben interjected casually, “Susan, it’s your fault.”

Penelope was delighted. “Right? Even Ben thinks you’ve gone too far.”

“You want to buy another wine for her? You should just pour the wine down the drain than to give it to her to drink!” Ben said indifferently.

He didn’t give Penelope any face at all.

“Dad! He is rude to me.” Penelope was angry.

“Enough,” Charlie felt a headache coming on. “As an elder, you’re still causing trouble here all day long. If Ben isn’t tired of it, I’m getting tired of you.”

“How am I causing trouble...” Penelope was a little unconvinced, but she still lowered her voice slightly.

Ben stood up and took Susan by the hand. “Come upstairs with me.”

Afraid that Penelope would bring up the matter of the wine again, Susan hurriedly agreed.

The two of them returned to their room. Susan didn’t even have a chance to breathe a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, Ben pressed her against the wall.

His lips drew closer to Susan's slowly.

Susan felt her heart racing.

Just as Susan was hesitating and wondering if she should push Ben away...

Ben asked, "So... how is this wine beneficial for health?"

Susan didn't know what to say.

She was a little flustered!

Who could help her with this question?

Chapter 120

Susan panicked in silence, but Ben wouldn't release her.

He lowered his head and got closer. "Hmm?"

"It's... it's nothing," Susan stammered. "Just regular tonic wine."

"Oh? In that case, I'll go fetch it and let the others try it," Ben said deliberately.

"Don't!" Susan panicked.

If someone else drank this wine and found out that it had such an effect, who knows what they would think of her! Ben looked at Susan with a faint smile.

He seemed to be saying, "Are you going to tell me or not? If not, I'll share the wine with others."

Susan felt a bit embarrassed and annoyed.

However, Ben's actions were quite unexpected.

If he indeed shared the wine with others, she would be incredibly embarrassed.

Gritting her teeth, Susan replied, "It's... it's for enhancing your sexual performance."

4

"What? Say it again. didn't hear you clearly," Ben asked deliberately.

Susan glared at him angrily, her gaze intense.

Ben couldn't help but chuckle.

"What are you laughing at?" Susan was furious.

Ben suddenly wore a contemplative expression. "I'm just curious... what made you think that my sexual performance is lacking?" After that, he looked at Susan. "Why don't prove it to you?"

"No! There's no need," Susan said in horror.

Ben raised his eyebrows. "As a husband, it's my fault for making my wife doubt my sexual

abilities. have to correct it. Don't worry, will definitely prove it."

Ben took a step forward.

"There's really no need!" Susan retreated in horror.

But Ben continued to advance step by step, while Susan could only keep retreating.

Until she was completely trapped in the corner.

"Tell me, why did you get this kind of wine?" Ben bent down, gritting his teeth. "I've been feeling a bit different lately, and now I know it's because of your meddling. If I had known

you were behind it, I would have made you regret it right away."

I

Ben pretended to be so urgent that Susan felt a little shy.

She straightened her neck and said, "We... We've slept together several times, but you didn't react at all. I was just worried." "A reasonable concern? It looks like I need to address your concerns," Ben said as he picked up Susan.

"Put me down," Susan nervously pounded his back.

Ben had already tossed Susan onto the bed, and the soft mattress immediately formed a sizable indentation. Susan struggled to get up, but Ben pressed down on her expressionlessly.

All of a sudden, they became very close to each other.

It was so snug that not a single gap could be detected.

Ben slowly pressed his lips to hers.

Susan gazed at his face and struggled to contain herself. Eventually, she couldn't hold back any longer and turned her head away.

Ben tried to kiss her again, but Susan kept dodging.

Ben was driven mad. "Susan!" he shouted.

Susan looked at his anxious expression and suddenly burst into laughter. Zs

Ben was speechless.

"Is this funny?"

He was a bit depressed.

"... 'm sorry," Susan stammered. "I just can't get used to your face." "You can't get used to my face? It's still me!" Ben said unhappily.

"That's true, but you look too different now. Give me more time to get used to it," Susan looked around, but she didn't dare to look at Ben.

Ben glared at her for a long time, then gritted his teeth and said, "You'd better get used to it as soon as possible!"

Susan nodded repeatedly.

Ben stood up and walked to the bathroom.

"What are you doing?" Susan asked.

“Take a cold shower.” Ben sounded irritable.

Susan didn’t dare to provoke him. Instead, she swiftly concealed herself beneath the quilt and obediently kept her mouth shut. She couldn’t afford to provoke a man in such a mood!

After Ben came out, Susan took the clothes and slipped into the bathroom.

By the time she finished her shower, Ben was already lying peacefully on the bed.

Susan looked at him hesitantly. “Aren’t you... going to the sofa?”

Ben looked at Susan in disbelief. “You don’t allow me to kiss you, that’s fine. Now you don’t even allow me to sleep on the bed?” “... [didn’t mean that.” Susan dawdled.

Ben waved his hand, and his face became gloomier. “Come here.”

Susan refused to move.

Ben raised his eyebrows. “Why don’t take a sip of that wine...”

“Don’t.” Susan quickly went to bed.

Ben’s face displayed a subtle hint of satisfaction.

However, after Susan went to bed, she still maintained some distance from him.

Ben regretted slightly that the bed in the room was excessively spacious.

Tomorrow, he had to change to a smaller bed.

A Queen-size bed was enough.

Perhaps a single bed was better?

With the idea of changing the bed in his mind, Ben pulled Susan over without hesitation.

Susan didn't dare to look at him, so he gently placed her on his lap and gently turned her head around.

"Hurry up and take a good look at me. Try to get used to my new face as soon as possible, understand?" Ben said fiercely. Susan had no choice but to stare at him.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

Susan couldn't help but laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" Ben asked.

"Nothing," Susan quickly replied, "It's just that your eyes are so large, they remind me of frogs. Ben was left speechless. "... Would you like to witness what frog hunting looks like?" Before Susan could react, Ben had already pressed her under his body.

Then... another cold shower.

As Ben took a shower, he was extremely resentful.

He was so stupid, really.

If he had known that Susan didn't mind his scars at all, he would have taken the initiative sooner.

He didn't need to hesitate about revealing his true appearance to Susan.

However, now Susan had seen his true appearance.

He couldn't even kiss her!

Things were so different before!

What the hell was going on?

Ben angrily sent a text message to Thomas, saying, [I pl Rte investigate YOUR_ case forwho! ows how long first!]

Thomas was once again speechless and sent him some question marks.

Ben could sense Thomas's frustration from the question marks in his messages.

It was only at that moment that his depressed mood improved slightly.

Sure enough, when he felt upset, he just needed to make his friends feel the same way. At night.

Roy sat in front of the computer, her hair disheveled Oy renee! S udaed, eypihGth idusly on the keyboard.

This time, she was planning to make a major move.

She not only crafted a post brimming with images but also enlist d9 team of paid tespetetrIts fo swiftly ekpdse usan to the spotlight of shame.

“It's time for you to pay for what you've done to me, Susan.” she thought.

Not only did Roy prepare to post it herself, but she also sent photos and her carefully written work to various gossip newspapers.

As a result, almost all the newspapers received such a post overnight.

“Breaking News: Wealthiest Man’s Wife Expresses Discontent with His Appearance and Alleged Involvement with a Gigolo!”

The title was indeed eye-catching!