

## **Crazy Love 201**

### Chapter 201

“Ben, get up. It’s time to change the bandages,” Susan said as she leaned in close to Ben’s ear.

Ben had woken up a long time ago, but he couldn’t bear to get up.

Hearing that, Ben closed his eyes and said shamelessly, “I’m the sleeping prince now, and I need a kiss from the princess to awaken me,”

“Ben!” Susan was annoyed,

“If you don’t get up and change the bandages, my wound is going to rot.” Ben refused to open his eyes..

Looking at him angrily for a long time, Susan had no choice but to bend down and kiss him.

Ben’s eyes opened instantly, and he pushed her head down, deepening their kiss.

Half an hour later.

Finally, they were about to change the bandage.

Ben started acting up again.

One minute he wanted her kiss, the next he wanted her hug, and then he wanted her to feed him water with her

mouth.

Susan endured it all.

He was injured. She had to endure it.

Ben was satisfied after taking so many advantages of her.

He felt that it was great even if this wound healed a little later!

Ben stole a glance at the potion and came up with a plan.

He took a picture of the package of the potion and sent it to his secretary. "Find a substitute similar to this potion within a day. Remember, the substitute must not aggravate the wound or work on it."

The secretary looked at the strange instructions, confused.

Everyone in the company knew that Mr. Landor was injured.

In this case, it was normal to use some potion.

But why did he want to find a substitute for it?

And it had to be a substitute that couldn't work on the wound. Why?

However, no matter how strange the request was, he had to do it since it was the boss's request. The secretary did

as he was told obediently.

Ben finished his breakfast happily and then asked Susan, "Susan, are you coming to the office with me today?"

Susan put down her fork and said, "I've been absent from work for a few months. Can I still be considered an

employee?"

Ben hurriedly said, "Yes, of course! You finished this AI project in just a few months. If I treated these last few months as you skipping work, the other employees would call me a heartless boss."

With that, Susan couldn't help glancing at Ben, "Although I have completed part of it, the last and the most important part was completed by you! Did you create an AI NPC?"

Ben smiled. "Probably. We'll just do the final test. However, this can only be used in our new series. Our new phone will be installed with a higher-speed microchip so that it can support the operation of the new game."

The Storm Group's Phantom Series phones were both fashionable and charming, boasting better performance than the existing mobile phones on the market, though not overwhelmingly so

Ben required that each iteration of the Future Series phones had a groundbreaking advancement over the previous generation.

Due to t

the high demand, this series of mobile phones had been in development for a long time but had never been

released.

This time, with the installation of the new AI, we could call it a groundbreaking product.

Ben was confident that Future One would achieve unprecedented achievements.

Without thinking too much about it, Susan's eyes lit up and she hurriedly said, "I want to be the first one to take the

test."

Ben stroked her hair with a smile. "That's for sure. Then... will you go to the company with me?"

"Let's go, let's go." Susan was eager.

At the entrance of the Storm Group.

Just as Susan was about to get out of the car, Ben suddenly said, "My waist hurts, Susan."

"Shall we go home and rest first? How are you going to work with such injuries?" said Susan worriedly.

Ben shook his head firmly. "I can't put off my work any longer. Susan, just help me up."

Susan glanced at Ben worriedly and then carefully helped him up.

Ben smiled and gently wrapped his arm around Susan's waist.

Susan felt a little uneasy, but when she thought that he was injured, she endured it.

They entered the company.

Ben was even more insatiable. His entire body was practically leaning against Susan, with elation on his face. He seemed to eagerly announce to the world that he had gotten his wife back.

“Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Landor,” The receptionist held back her laughter and said loudly.

Ben nodded calmly.

Susan was so embarrassed.

After getting into the elevator and reaching the floor of the Programming Department, Susan wanted to get out

first.

Ben held her in his arms and refused to let go. “My wound hurts so much, Susan. What if I faint halfway without your help?”

Looking at his pale face, Susan was worried about him.

So, she helped Ben go upstairs.

The people from the secretary’s office looked at them intently and said in unison, “Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Landor.”

Ben couldn’t help complaining. “Alas, it’s just a minor injury. Susan was worried, so she insisted on sending me up. There’s nothing I can do about it.”

Susan was speechless again.

She chose to endure it.

The people from the secretary’s office also began to hold back their laughter.

"All right, all right, don't worry. I'm a grown-up. I can take care of myself. You can go back to work first, Ben said as he held Susan's waist tightly.

Susan was speechless again.

Susan continued to endure it.

Finally, she sent Ben back to his office.

"If there's nothing else, I'll..." Susan said.

"Ouch, it hurts!" Ben suddenly exclaimed. "I don't know what's wrong, Susan. It hurts as soon as you let go of me."

Susan was speechless again.

She strongly suspected that Ben was playing tricks on her!

However, she had no proof.

"Then what do you want?" Susan asked gently.

Ben struggled to move and said, "Susan, do you think I'm too troublesome? I understand if you do, so just go and leave me here all by myself."

Susan was speechless again.

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Despite being aware that it was highly likely that Ben was putting on an act, she couldn't help but wonder if there was a chance it was genuine.

Susan had no choice but to walk over, gently holding his hand. "Are you feeling better now?"

Ben immediately relaxed. "Much better."

He held onto Susan's hand and refused to let go.

The secretary came in to report on his work, but Ben refused to let Susan go. He wouldn't let her go even when he had to sign a contract.

The meeting was about to begin. Susan thought that Ben would let go of her this time.

However, Ben pulled her to the meeting.

Susan sat beside Ben. The senior managers gave Susan strange looks.

Susan wished that she could go back to the morning when Ben asked her if she wanted to come to the office and she would definitely refuse him firmly.

Unfortunately, it was too late!

Ben was thick-skinned. He smiled and said, "Sorry, I've made a fool of myself in front of you. My wife likes to make a mountain out of a molehill. She said that she was worried about my wound and must keep an eye on me all the time. I'm... sorry."

Susan was speechless again.

man

All the senior managers understood and began to flatter him.

The senior managers went on and on about how affectionate they were, hoping they would grow old together, and other things indicating their close relationship.

Hearing this, Ben was in high spirits.

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Susan felt like she was about to go crazy at the end of the day.

Ben had been holding onto her hand for the entire day, never letting go.

Finally, it was time to get off work. Susan thought that she was finally free.

However, the next day.

Ben asked eagerly, "Will you go to the office?"

Susan quickly shook her head. "No."

Ben sighed. "All right, I'll go alone. If I don't feel good and you're not there, I can only endure it myself."

"Fine... I'll go," Susan said.

And so began another miserable day for Susan.

Ben took advantage of his injury to get what he wanted.



One minute he complained that his wound was hurting, the next that he felt dizzy, and then that his stomach was

aching.

Whenever Susan remembered Ben's bloody injuries, she would always make concessions.

That night.

Susan changed the bandage for Ben.

She frowned as she looked at the wound of Ben.

The physician had actually said that the wound was not serious. With the application of the potion, it would get better in two or three days.

However, Ben's wound didn't seem to have changed at all.

Once Susan had finished changing bandages for Ben, she asked, "Is there something wrong with this potion?"

"What's wrong?" Ben felt his heart skip a beat.

Susan frowned and said, "The potion doesn't seem to work as well as the physician said. Should I take it back to the hospital and ask for an explanation?"

Ben swiftly replied, "No need. I feel that this potion works pretty well."

"But you've been in more and more pain lately." Susan frowned. "No, I'll go to the hospital tomorrow... No, I'll go

now.”

Susan said before she left with the potion, “Wait for me at home. I’ll be right back.”

Ben’s eyebrow twitched. He grabbed Susan’s hand and said, “It’s so late. Leave it tomorrow.”

“I’m starting to feel like there must be an issue with this potion. I can’t wait any longer,” said Susan.

“No!” Ben held onto Susan’s hand and refused to let go.

Susan looked at him with a glimmer of doubt in her eyes. “You look a bit strange.”

What

Ben calmly replied, “No, I just feel that this potion is pretty effective. you’re going to do seems to challenge the physician, and I’m afraid that it might hurt his feelings.”

Susan nodded. “You’re right.”

Ben let out a sigh of relief. “So, you...”

Susan smiled brightly at him and said, “So, I’d better go.”

Ben was dumbfounded.

Susan looked at him with a smile. “Tell me what’s going on with this potion!”

Seeing Ben like this, she believed that he had kept something from her.

Now, Susan hated herself for not discovering the secret of the potion earlier.

“Nothing.” Ben refused to admit it.

Susan raised her eyebrows and said, “Then I’d better go ask the physician.”

She pretended to leave.

Ben held her tightly.

“This is your last chance.” Susan bared her pearly white teeth.

Ben didn’t know what to say.

Five minutes later.

Susan glanced at Ben expressionlessly.

“So, you swapped the potion on purpose.

“So, the reason why you swapped the potion is that you don’t want the wound to heal too quickly.

“So, you just want to torture me for a few more days.

“Ben!!!!”

Ben felt a little guilty, but he forced himself to calm down. “Calm down, Susan. I actually...

Susan smiled and suddenly bent down to give him a deep kiss.

Ben's pupils violently contracted.

Just as he couldn't help but want to deepen the kiss, Susan calmly pulled away.

She said calmly, "Goodbye. I'll sleep in the study tonight."

She quickly walked to the door and waved at Ben. "Good night."

After that, she closed the door and left.

Ben was perplexed.

His life was so hard, truly.

The next day..

Ben looked at Susan eagerly. "Susan, I've already swapped the potion back last night."

"Oh," said Susan with a smile.

"I knew I was wrong. I won't do it again."

"Oh." Susan continued to smile.

Ben took a deep breath and said, "We're going to run the first test today. Shall we go together?"

Susan's gaze flickered slightly.

She had made up her mind to ignore Ben today.

However, it was the first test!

The temptation was irresistible.

“Yes.” Susan stood up decisively.

Ben let out a long sigh of relief.

When they went out, Susan supported Ben out of habit.

Ben looked at her cautiously. “Actually, it doesn’t hurt that much.”

Susan snorted coldly. “You can tell me this when your wounds have healed.”

As she spoke, she gave Ben a warning look. “Don’t swap the potion again!”

“Got it.” Ben straightened his back subconsciously.

At the Storm Group.

In the program testing room.

Due to the project’s development progress, its details remained confidential.

Ben only allowed Susan in.

“In the past few days, I used our new program to set up two NPC models. You can run a test on them,” Ben said as he turned on the computer.

Susan’s eyes lit up with anticipation as she gazed at the computer screen.

The AI program she and Ben created was highly intelligent.

This program’s AI lacked true intelligence but was able to convincingly mimic real behavior with its impressive

imitation capabilities.

“Each NPC needs a pre-set character. The more detailed the pre-set, the higher the NPC’s wisdom. To ensure the NPCs are as lifelike as possible, we should compare each character with a real person. So I used our personalities as a pre-set for the 2 NPCs of the first batch.” Ben operated a small program.

Our personalities?

Susan became even more curious.

A few seconds later, the program was successfully loaded.

Ben said, “Typically, a program should open in 0.1 seconds; however, due to the many pre-set content’s, it may take

a bit longer, which may become the only flaw in our future game.”

“A delay of this degree should be acceptable to players,” Susan said.

Then, she looked at the screen.

At this time, two little guys had appeared on the screen.

One was the Q version of Ben, and the other was the Q version of Susan.

They looked very cute.

“Susan, you can set up a scene first and Input a simple plot.”

“Alright.”

Susan typed a simple line of words.

“In the bathroom, Little Ben didn’t bring any clothes and asked Little Susan to help him with it.”

Ben remained motionless for a long time.

Susan looked at him curiously. “And then?”

Ben hesitated for a moment and said, “There are no 18 Forbidden mosaics available. Would you like to... select a

different scene instead?”

“Ben!!!” Susan glared at Ben.

“It’s Little Ben, not me.” Ben defended himself.

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Susan took a deep breath, then changed it to the campus scene. She had even come up with a slightly heart- wrenching opening, intending to make this into a dramatic campus love story.

“Little Ben and Little Susan were classmates and secretly in love, Little Ben was born into a wealthy family, but he hid his identity in school. Little Susan's family was framed and were about to go to jail. When Little Susan was in despair, Little Ben’s mother appeared and asked her to leave Little Ben. Otherwise, her family would be in prison for the rest of their lives. It was then that Little Susan knew that it was Little Ben’s mother who framed her family! Overwhelmed with anger, sadness, and desperation, Little Susan agreed to the request to end her relationship with Little Ben. To ensure complete heartbreak, Little Ben’s mother asked Little Susan to act as if she was a gold

digger.”

Susan read the storyline again, then nodded in satisfaction. “Not bad, not bad. Quite dramatic. Come on, let's run the test with this story.”

“Easy.” Ben found some materials from the database and built a simple school as fast as he could. Then, he put the two NPCs into the scene and pre-arranged the storyline.

The two NPCs began the story according to the pre-arranged storyline automatically.

In the beginning, Little Susan handed over a breakup letter.

She said coldly, “It’s time we go our separate ways, Little Ben.”

Susan was instantly agitated.

The heart-wrenching part was about to begin.

She liked this kind of dramatic sence.

Little Ben frowned. “What did you say? | didn’t hear you.”



"It's time we go our separate ways," Little Susan repeated.

Susan was surprised to find that Little Susan was quite good at acting! Her cold expression concealed hints of restrained grief. That was amazing.

"Sorry, I still didn't hear it." Little Ben calmly took out a book. "Class begins. Listen carefully."

"Here's the letter. Read it yourself. I'm going to transfer to another school. Goodbye, Little Ben." Little Susan stood up and was about to leave the classroom.

Little Ben grabbed her and asked, "Why?"

"Why?" Little Susan said sarcastically, "Of course it's because you're poor, Little Ben. Life has its cost. My father introduced me to a rich second generation. I've already agreed to date him. You should just stick to being the broke

student you are."

"Tut-tut, tut-tut, she's so ruthless." Susan read it with great interest. "Let me tell you, a web novel with a storyline like this, fights, misunderstandings, making up, fights again, more misunderstandings, and making up again, it could easily be drawn out into 100,000 words at least. So Little Ben and Little Susan have a long way to go."

As soon as Susan finished speaking, Little Ben took out a stack of items and placed them on the table. What was that?

Little Susan and Susan looked over at the same time.

Then, they fell silent at the same time.

Little Ben took out a stack of property certificates.

Susan glanced at Ben.

This scene looked kind of familiar.

Ben raised his eyebrows. "It's not surprising. It's based on my personality." Susan continued to look at the screen.

Little Ben asked, "Check these certificates. Are they enough?"

Little Susan was stunned. "You, you, you, you... What do you mean?"

Little Ben frowned. "If that's not enough, I have more at home. I'll go get it for you. Little Susan, don't break up with me. I can give you more than that trust fund baby."

Little Susan said, "... Is that the point? Don't you realize that I'm a gold digger and I don't like you?"

Little Ben's frown deepened and said, "It doesn't matter. If you like money, as long as I become the richest person, I will definitely be your favorite person. If that's the case, it actually simplifies a lot of problems."

Little Susan was speechless.

Susan was also speechless.

The

story came to a

an end.

After a moment of silence, Susan glanced at Ben and said, "I designed this storyline planning to write 100,000 words. You're ending it after just a few hundred words?"

Ben raised his eyebrows. "There's nothing we can do about it. It depends on our personality. You can try some other storylines."

Therefore, Susan began to frantically create a new storyline.

"When Little Susan saw an intimate photo of Little Ben and another woman, she thought that he had cheated on her and wanted to divorce him. However, within two minutes, the misunderstanding was cleared up when Little Ben revealed that the photo had been doctored. After the confusion was resolved, the couple lived happily ever

after."

Susan glanced at Ben and asked, "The photo had been doctored? Why?"

Ben was very calm. "Little Ben is based on my character. It's impossible for him to have intimate photos with another woman."

"... Okay," Susan said.

It didn't matter. She could continue to create another storyline.

"Little Ben had a first love. The reason why he was with Little Susan was because she looked like his first love. Later, when his first love appeared again, Little Susan planned to leave silently to let them be together. But the day after she left, Little Ben found her because she had been secretly installed with a tracker. After Little Ben found her, they cleared up the misunderstanding and lived happily ever after."

"Why is there a tracker?" Susan looked at Ben.

Ben calmly said, "The last time you left made me reflect on myself. So, I added something to make Little Ben more vigilant."

Susan narrowed her eyes and looked at Ben suspiciously. "So, is there a tracker on me now?"

Ben quickly said, "Why don't you try another storyline?"

Susan took a deep breath, and her thoughts were brought back. "Today, I must create a story with a bad ending." Preset: Little Ben and Little Susan were martialists. Their families had been at odds with each other for generations. Their parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, and nephews all disagreed with them being together. "Hahaha, the families of them are at odds with one another. I'm going to see how they can be together this time," Susan thought. Ending: Little Ben united the world and resolved the feud between the two families! The two of them were living a happy life.

"Why is this Little Ben so powerful?" Susan wondered.

After a moment of silence, Susan continued to try.

Preset: Little Ben was a member of

the God Realm, and Little Susan was

a member of the Devil Realm. Their

hands were blood of

clan. Although they fell

in love with each other by accident,

they still had to fight against each

other. In a battle between gods and

devils, Little Susan mercilessly

stabbed Little Ben.

“If the family’s hatred doesn’t bring a bad ending, then surely the hatred between clans will! | can’t wait to see how this story plays out and whether it’ll turn into a happy ending,” Susan thought.

Ending: Little Ben did not dodge and was stabbed, leaving Little Susan in shock and anguish. Taking advantage of her walrgerability, Little Ben proposed the two of them leave the gods and devils battle behind and start a new life together. Little Susan actually agreed. From then on, the two of them were neither gods nor devils. They wandered their lives and lived a happy life.

Susan couldn't help but look at Ben. “Is there something wrong with your worldviews? They Just left their clansment behind.”

Ben turned off the screen with a smile and pinched Susan's face. The most important thing (oO Littl@Ben is terlqye Nite Susan forever, which is beyond his worldviews. So, it’s impossible for you to get a bad ending in this life.”

Ben was clearly referring to Little Ben and Little Susan

judging from his tone, Ben was as if talking about himself and Susan.

Susan suddenly blushed a little.

She jumped to her feet and stammered, “These two NPC models are not fun! Hurry up and create a new model. I... Ill go first.”

Susan slipped to the door and suddenly said, “Though it’s not fun, do send me a copy of the template. I’ll reluctantly use it to relieve my boredom.”

“Yes, my dear wife.” Ben agreed with a smile.

Susan slipped away as if she was fleeing.

Chapter 204

After the initial model was completed, the following progress would be very fast.

Susan had established a team for the AI project with the aim of overcoming any challenges within a year.

However, she and Ben indeed suffered from a misunderstanding and finally, the AI was created by them under

such circumstances.

The newly formed team didn’t even get a chance to contribute before the AI entered the testing phase.

After testing Little Ben and Little Susan, the two NPCs, Ben and Susan modified some bugs. After confirming that there was nothing wrong with their AI program, Susan took the lead and officially announced the start of commercial research and development.

Ben participated in the commercial research and development meeting, but it was presided over by Susan.

Susan didn’t back down. She took a while to prepare and then started the meeting.

The people who attended the meeting were the members of the AI team that had been formed, and the senior managers of all departments of the Storm Group.

In the beginning, the people attending the meeting were all careless.

They didn't think that the team led by Susan had really made any amazing achievements. They just thought that Ben had lost his bottom line for doting his wife.

Although Susan was capable, Mrs. Landor was still viewed as her most prominent identity in the eyes of most people

Looking around at everyone's expressions, Susan knew what was going on.

She was not angry and could only calmly say, "The reason why I invited everyone to the meeting today is to tell everyone that under the collaborative efforts of Mr. King and myself, our team has made incredible progress on the AI project. If there are no objections, we hope to begin the commercial research phase."

"The AI project?"

Everyone looked at each other with doubts in their eyes.

When the project was initially announced, it was met with opposition from many.

Over the years, AI-related products had become a trend, resulting in a surge of capital investments and a proliferation of projects.

However, a few years had passed.

Where were the people who had made great achievements on it?

Not a single one.

The progress of AI remained at the same level as it was a few years ago, with no signs of improvement.

The current business of the Storm Group was communication, intelligent product hardware, intelligent product software, and so on. The hardware included computers, mobile phones, tablet PCs, and so on. The software consisted of systems and operating software developed in-house by the group.

The Storm Group had always been at the forefront of science and technology. So its businesses had been developing very well at present, occupying a large market share in the Coraland and even the world.

Under such circumstances, taking the risk to set up an AI project would naturally lead to a lot of objections.

However, in the Storm Group, Ben had absolute authority. As he insisted, the team was formed.

Outwardly, they didn't say anything, but privately, many people criticized Ben for spoiling his wife.

Furthermore, after Susan disappeared, Ben abandoned the company for her and went around the world to look for her. Although no one dared to say anything in front of him, they all had some opinions about Susan behind her

back.

Now that Susan had just returned, she suddenly announced that the AI project had been successfully developed.

How could they believe it?

Many people had spent a huge amount of money on it, but no progress was made after several years.

As for Susan, she had established the project team less than six months ago, and for three of those months, she wasn't even at the company.



However, she announced that her research was successful.

They didn't believe in her words.

Everyone was certain that Susan was boasting.

But on the surface, they were still smiling.

Someone said, "Mrs. Landor..."

Ben knocked on the table. "You should call her Director Miller on such an occasion. The people working on the AI project will form a new department in the future. And Susan will be the manager."

Everyone was speechless.

It was obvious Ben was saying this to stand up for Susan.

The person who spoke paused, then said, "Director Miller, we can understand your eagerness to make progress. However, commercial research and development is not a small matter. It requires a lot of investment. If we don't see any real outcomes, we can only handle this by the book and vote against it."

"That's right. Since we've gathered the senior managers to the meeting to discuss it, we'll have to follow the procedure. If there are no stunning results, I won't agree to the funding," said the finance manager.

The others also expressed their opinions one after another.

Most of the people were asking Susan to show them the outcomes.

The atmosphere in the Storm Group was relatively relaxed. Everyone spoke in a professional manner, not worried that Ben would be angry.

After all, Ben was democratic most of the time.

Everyone shared their doubts.

At this moment, Ben was not in a hurry to stand up for Susan,

He just sat there and waited for Susan to speak.

After listening carefully to everyone's opinions, Susan said with a smile, "I heard that we need at least two-thirds of

the present people to agree before investing in a project."

"True, going by the book, that's the way it should shake out," Someone cautiously said.

"But if Mr. Landor insists, we'll listen to him." Someone glanced at Ben.

Ben raised his eyebrows. "Don't look at me. This time, I won't interfere with it. Everything depends on the result of your vote."

Many people heaved a sigh of relief.

As long as Ben wasn't out of his mind, everything would be fine.

Susan saw everyone's expressions.

"Then I'll make it a bit more difficult. If the number of people voting in favor does not exceed 90% for this vote, then it will be considered as not having passed," said Susan calmly.

90%?

Everyone couldn't help but look at each other.

Everyone at their own consideratio

Dego's thoughts were different

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In the past yes, there were only a dozen projects that had earned two thirds of votes in favor

Only a project with a 100% profit could have such a vote rate

But how many projects in the work could make a 100% profit? Very few?

Someone couldn't help but laugh. "Director Miller, you're kind of exaggerating."

In my opinion Director Miller may have an impressive outcome Luke laughed. "Instead of rushing to question it, we should first take a look at the results Director Miller has produced."

As Luke spoke he gave Susan an encouraging look.

Susan offered a thankful look to the Programming Department manager, who had always been supportive of her.

Then, she calmly turned on the computer, then projected and enlarged the screen image.

This is the AI NFC that I created with a new AI program. You can call it No.1."

It was impossible for Susan to demonstrate with Little Ben and Little Susan. No.1 was a new model that she had

established in the past few days.

“I created a personality dataset of about 10,000 words for No. 1. On the basis of the personality dataset, he will automatically simulate human behavior to achieve a highly realistic effect. Now, I’m going to conduct some demonstration.”

Susan’s demonstration was carried out step by step.

In the beginning, it was the language interaction.

Generally, no matter how advanced an AI was, it followed a pattern.

However, except that No. 1’s personality that was programmed into the Chip would never change, it was completely free in all other aspects.

If Susan asked No.1 the same question ten times, its answers would be varied. Sometimes, it would even impatiently refuse to answer and turn around to show her its butt.

Its actions were pretty similar to a human’s

The eyes of all the senior managers slowly lit up.

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After that, Susan put No.1 within a fixed scenario, entering test mode for behaviors.

No.1’s reaction was even more amazing.

Half an hour later.

Susan turned off the program and said, "The demonstration ends here. Do you have any questions?"  
"There is someone controlling the NPC, right?" Someone

early asked.

Susan smiled gently. "Of course not. Our Intelligent program can highly imitate human characteristics, making it far more advanced than any other product on the current market."

When Susan finished speaking, murmurs of conversation broke out among them.

Their questioning expressions were gone. This time, everyone's faces were lit up with surprised smiles. The atmosphere changed in an instant.

After a heated discussion, everyone requested for them to interact with No.1.

Naturally, Susan agreed.

Everyone was excited to interact with No.1 and it continued for a long time.

"The interaction session ends here," said Susan.

Only then did everyone reluctantly return to their seats.

"Now, let's start voting. Please raise your hand if you think this project can be approved to start commercial research and development," said Susan calmly.

As soon as she finished speaking, they raised their hands in unison.

With an AI of this level of intelligence, even a fool could make money, let alone the Storm Group. Whoever didn't vote would be an idiot.

Ben raised his hand last after all the others had already done so.

The AI project was passed by all the votes.

The meeting was over.

A group of people surrounded Susan.

Susan used to receive flattery and respect primarily due to her status as Mrs. Landor.

But now, everyone was truly impressed by Susan's capabilities.

With such capabilities, even if she was not the wife of Ben, they had to please her.

"Director Miller, you've successfully developed such a project in just half a year. You're a genius."

"Yeah, yeah. Director Miller, No.1 is amazing. I've never seen such an intelligent AI before. I've already thought of many ways to develop it. The project has the potential to generate at least 200 million dollars in revenue!"

"200 million dollars? You've underestimated this project. I think it has the potential to generate at least 20 billion dollars in revenue." The crowd was talking happily.

Glancing at Ben, who was standing outside the crowd, Susan felt a little embarrassed and said, "I told you from the start that this was developed by me and King. The credit for this belongs to the two of us."

“King’s mysterious nature makes it unsurprising that he can develop anything. But Director Miller, it is an impressive achievement to be on the same level as him.”

“Yes, that’s right. King seems beyond human. We shouldn't be compared with him.”

“But it's good that King is part of our team. Sometimes, just thinking about the consequences of King leaving for another company makes me break out in a cold sweat.”

Luke and Susan, who were the only two people who knew the truth, couldn’t help glancing at Ben secretly.

“Well, Director Miller, you should have met King, right? Could it be that your three-month absence was just a cover, and you were actually working with King on this project the whole time?” someone asked curiously. “Who on earth is this King?”

Susan coughed gently and said, “I can’t tell you the details, but don’t worry. He won't leave our company.” After all, he was the boss, so he wouldn't leave for another company.

“That’s true. The Storm Group’s conditions are the best of all.”

I

“That’s right. But King is too mysterious. I was once curious about him.”

“So do everyone.”

After a discussion, the crowd slowly dispersed.

After everyone left, Susan looked at Ben and asked, “Aren’t you going to announce King’s true identity?”

Ben rubbed her hair. “It’s better not to announce it. There are too many patents in King’s hand.”

Ben had two identities the president of the Storm Group and King

The identity of the president seemed more conspicuous in the world

However, without Ben, the Storm Group would be able to continue to move forward.

But King was different

Most of the Storm Group patents belonged to King himself. If King left for another company or was murdered, the company's foundation would be shaken to a certain extent

For years, individuals, organizations, and even the government have conducted secret investigations into King's true identity Once they found out that King was Ben Ben would be in great danger After all, who would allow such a genius to continue to grow and progress endlessly? If he was unwilling to work with them, they would destroy him This was what most people thought Understanding what Ben meant Susan nodded and solemnly said, "Then we have to be more careful in the future" Following the approval of the vote for commercial research and development, Susan's desk was presented with the corresponding plan the following day There were many ways to develop this AI program. 1. It could be installed on the Storm phones and become a highly intelligent personal assistant

2. It could be used in providing customized services such as virtual boyfriends, virtual girlfriends, virtual fathers, and virtual children for specific groups

3. It could be applied to different types of robots, including educational, companion, household, and more

4. We could also develop the game business with it. Highly intelligent NPCs could provide games with a high degree of freedom, paving new ground in the gaming industry

Susan took a look and saw that there were a dozen directions in commercial applications.

Susan chose some projects from them and handed them over to Ben for review.



Ben confirmed it at last.

The AI program would be applied to commercially upgrade five projects, which would be carried out simultaneously. Since the research and development results were ready-made, the upgrade wouldn't be hard.

Among the five projects, there was the development of the game project that Susan had been longing for.

As for the game project, after the discussion, eee tomakee small g ste give th y rather than alga the that needed a lot of investment.

For example, a romantic game.

Once the direction was confirmed, a big company like Peesresne we operate Se fun speed, which be very amazing.

Susan was also fully immersed in her work and was extremely busy.

However, the game could only be released after the Future One mabile phone developed aha t ey would bé-released together. So there was some time left.

At night.

Leaning against the bed, Susan let her mind wander and lazily flipped through a book.

After Ben came out of the shower, he deliberately opened his bathrobe to reveal his great muscles. He deliberately walked up to Susan and said, "Susan."

"What?" Susan didn't even raise her head.

Ben frowned, unwilling to give up. He called out again, Susan, look up."

"Hold on a moment, I'm just getting to the part where the female protagonist is about to show her true abilities and impress the others," Susan said without hesitation.

Ben was speechless. He lowered his head and looked at the book in Susan's hand.

"Reborn: Revenge of the Precious Daughter?"

Fine.

Is it possible that a book like this holds more charm than |, Ben Landor, do?

Impossible!"

Chapter 206

Ben bent down deliberately and whispered in her ear in an attractive voice, "Susan."

"Hey don't, it tickles." Susan patted him impatiently.

Ben was speechless.

He didn't want to concede, definitely.

Gritting his teeth, Ben immediately used his ultimate move.

He stretched out his hand and pressed Susan down on the bed. Then, he said in a low voice, "Stop reading and

look at me."

He subtly blocked the books from her view.

Susan could only look up at Ben.

Ben was so close to her that Susan could see the tiny pores on his face.

Ben had such a handsome face.

Susan couldn't help but blush. "What are you doing?"

It worked.

Ben was delighted, but he maintained an indifferent expression. "Look at me. Did you notice any changes on me?"

What had changed?

Susan looked at him carefully and then shook her head. "Nothing."

"Take a look again." Ben was unwilling to give up.

Susan checked him again.

This bastard really had a good figure, which made her blush a little.

She coughed lightly and said, "Still nothing."

Ben looked at her gloomily.

Susan felt scared under his gaze. She couldn't help but ask, "What exactly do you want..."

Ben sighed, "Women are indeed bad. They won't cherish the thing they got and they will pretend to forget what they promised."

His gloomy expression made Susan feel uneasy.

She felt that she was some kind of unfaithful lover.

"What did I promise you?" Susan asked cautiously.

Ben looked at her. "Didn't you notice that I've removed the bandage?"

"Yes," said Susan blankly, "I told you this morning that the wound is almost healed. You can remove the bandage."

Ben took a deep breath. "And then?"

"And then...?" Susan looked innocent.

Ben took a deep breath again. "What about the reward you mentioned before?"

Reward? What reward?

Stunned for a long time, Susan suddenly came to her senses.

Her cheeks suddenly flushed.

Previously, she was worried about Ben, so she promised him that as long as he didn't mess around before his wound healed, she would give him a reward.

However, that was only an excuse she quickly came up with to placate him at that moment.

"You want to go back on your word?" Ben pointed it out sharply.

"Of course not." Susan straightened her neck. "But I haven't got any time to buy it. Just wait for a few more days."

"It's okay. I've bought it," Ben said calmly.

Susan was speechless.

She looked at Ben in shock. "Don't you feel embarrassed?"

Ben shook his head sincerely and then pushed Susan into the changing room.

Half an hour passed.

Under the urging of Ben, Susan walked out bashfully.

Looking at the nearly transparent clothes on her body, she was so embarrassed.

How could she agree to such a condition at that time?

Ben had a lascivious look in his eye.

That night, Susan had no idea how she got through it.

However, the next day, there was an important meeting that she could not miss.

Susan attended the meeting with her tired body. She firmly said that she would stay at the company for the next month to monitor progress.

The employees burst into tears one after another.

However, five minutes later, Ben said that he also had to stay at the company for the next month since he was busy.

Susan was speechless.

Ben specifically asked Susan to his office and said meaningfully, "So, you want to change a place to do that,

Susan?"

Susan said, "No, I don't."

Mrs. Landor's plans to stay at the company were dashed in ten minutes.

Susan took a deep breath.

She swore that she would never give in.

Ben had completely recovered from his injuries. If she allowed him to do whatever he wanted, how could she

survive this?

Susan began to carry out the plan B.

As soon as she got home, she remained close to Charlie.

In the evening, she shamelessly proposed to sleep with Penelope

Susan knew very well that if she slept in the guest room, she would not be able to stop this bastard.

But if she lived with Penelope, she believed that he wouldn't be able to do whatever he wanted.

Penelope thought that Susan had something to tell her, so she quickly agreed.

Susan was delighted.

She thought she would be safe.

However...

Five minutes later, Ben stood at the door.

"Come here, Susan." Ben waved at her.

Susan refused, "No."

"Come here."

"I won't. Make me, if you can."

Ben narrowed his eyes. "Do you really... want me to do that?"

Susan was stunned.

"What's wrong? Did you two have a conflict?" Penelope asked hesitantly.

"Yes."

"No."

Two voices sounded at the same time.

Ben smiled at Susan. "Why don't you tell Penelope how we had a conflict?"

Susan was speechless.

Ben was shameless, but she wasn't.

"If you are unable to tell her, would you like me to help you?" Ben asked deliberately.

"Don't you dare!" Susan was about to go crazy.



"Last night..." Ben said slowly.

Susan rushed over and covered his mouth.

Ben gently licked her palm.

Susan retrieved her hand in a hurry.

Ben took the opportunity to hold her hand and said with a chuckle, "Let's go back to our room together, Mrs. Landor."

With a bitter expression on her face, Susan was dragged out by Ben.

When she was at the door, she clutched the door tightly, as if she didn't want to leave.

When she was finally dragged away, she looked like a warrior who was about to fight on the battlefield.

Penelope found it a little funny.

She couldn't understand what young people were doing now.

In the room.

Susan looked at Ben warily. "I'm warning you, tonight..."

Ben rubbed her hair. "I'm sorry. I went too far last night."

Susan looked at him suspiciously. "Are you apologizing?"

Ben nodded sincerely. "Yes. I won't do it again."

Π

Susan heaved a sigh of relief and patted Ben on the shoulder. "It's good that you're able to own up to your mistakes and make changes."

Ben nodded sincerely.

The next day.

Susan expressionlessly looked at Ben, who looked refreshed.

If she believed this bastard again, she would be an idiot.

"I won't do it again, Susan," Ben looked more and more sincere. "You know, I shortened the time by an hour last

night."

Susan gave him a sneer.

Ben kept coaxing her.

They were bickering. Suddenly, someone knocked on the door in a hurry.

As soon as Ben opened the door, the maid said anxiously, "Mr. Landor, Mr. and Mrs. Miller are here. They are kneeling downstairs and refuse to get up. Mr. Landor senior was very angry when he saw them."

“My parents?” Susan immediately sat up.

She frowned and suddenly understood why

Yana was still in prison!

Me two of them were here!

Ben narrowed his eyes and asked coldly, “How did these two get into my house? I’ve clearly ordered that they were not allowed to get close to my house.”

The maid said softly, “It was Mr. Lynn. He brought Miss and Mrs. Lynn in. Mr. and MI, Lynn with their heads lowered, saying that they were their servants. So they got passed.”

The Lynn family!

The Miller family!

What was the purpose of their collective action?

Ben showed a trace of hostility in his eyes.

Especially the Lynh family.

Did they all think that Ben was too kind?

So they grew bolder and bolder.

Chapter 207

At the Landor residence.

As Ben and Susan descended the stairs together, they saw Susan's parents, Carl and Jane, kneeling before old Mr. Landor.

Each held a bottle of pesticide in their hands.

"Mr. Landor, they say they will drink the pesticide if Mr. Landor senior doesn't help them," a servant whispered. A hint of a cold smile flickered at the corner of Ben's mouth.

He was about to step forward when Susan reached out to stop him.

"Susan," Ben said in a hushed tone, "they are your parents. You should be shielded from dealing with them." "Exactly because they're my parents, I should be the one to settle things with them," Susan stated calmly.

Ben was concerned, but Susan was insistent, so he stepped back.

Susan walked straight to Old Mr. Landor's side.

He was infuriated to the point of a headache when he saw Susan. He paused, then said, "Susan, you don't need to worry about this. Go and rest. I'll handle it here."

Susan smiled softly, "It's okay, Grandpa. I can take care of this."

"Susan, you're here," Jane said with an excited look. "Do you know your sister is going to jail? And they're saying she might get three years. Susan, she's your own sister. You must save her this time."

Carl nodded in agreement, "Yes, if you don't even help your own sister, what will people say? They'll point fingers at your backbone."

Susan furrowed her brows slightly and asked softly, "She's been sentenced?"

Jane thought they were getting somewhere and pressed on, "Yes, your sister is pregnant and in poor health. How can she survive in jail? Susan, I know you're the kindest. You couldn't bear to see your sister in a situation where it's a matter of life and death for both her and her unborn child!"

Hearing this, Susan's frown deepened, "I'm very sorry."

"That's right to feel regret, Susan, you..." Jane started to say something with excitement. Susan continued, "My regret is, why was she only sentenced to three years?"

Jane's words got stuck in her throat, unable to come out.

"What do you mean by this, Susan?" Carl stood up somewhat angrily. "Is this how you treat your parents? Don't you know that family is bound by blood and should help each other?"

Susan glanced at him with an impassive face. "Is that so? All I know is that my so-called father, bound to me by blood, gave me a bank card that was supposedly loaded with 2 million dollars, but in reality, it was empty. I also know that when Penelope was injured, my so-called father was the first to stand up and testify that I had major conflicts with her and suggested I had a motive to harm her."

Carl was speechless.

Carl looked at Susan's indifferent face, frustration and anger rising in him. "We're all family here. How can you bear such grudges? Besides, I was only speaking the truth back then!"

"Oh," Susan said calmly, "I was also speaking the truth about Yana's situation. Let me be clear: I was the one who insisted on calling the police, and when asked if I wanted to mediate, I was the one who refused. If she's capable of doing such a thing, I want her to face the consequences."

"You..." Carl's fingers trembled with rage as he stared at Susan's stern visage. Old Mr. Landor frowned at this.

Carl and Jane had arrived in a flurry of life-and-death urgency, begging him to save Yana, yet they hadn't mentioned "what she had actually done.

He had thought Yana had gotten into trouble for something else, but to find out her imprisonment was linked to Susan? He was about to inquire further when Monica couldn't contain herself any longer.

"Susan, I never imagined you could be so spiteful," Monica said, disbelief etched on her face. "She's your own sister. Even if you're jealous of her receiving more parental affection, you wouldn't-shouldn't-let her end up in jail!"

Mr. Lynn also shook his head, addressing Old Mr. Landor, "Sir, if I may say so, Mrs. Landor's actions could leave room for gossip if word spreads. Today, when I came to visit you, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Miller pleading with the guards, desperate for a moment with Susan. But the Landor family's guards kept them at bay. Seeing their plight, I had to help them get in."

"Sir, parents' hearts are full of their children. To think one daughter is in jail because the other called the police, how heartbroken Mr. and Mrs. Miller must be."

Mr. Lynn's face was the picture of compassion.

"Susan, you're truly in the wrong this time," Monica chimed in. "There should be no overnight grudges in a family! You must help with this matter. We are one family, we should support each other."

"Mr. Lynn and Ms. Lynn's words seem more just," Jane said, looking at them gratefully. Susan watched all of this quietly and then suddenly laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" Carl said with annoyance. "Didn't you hear Mr. Lynn and Ms. Lynn? Family doesn't speak in two tongues! This favor, you must do it, whether you want to or not."

Susan's smile grew wider, "And if I refuse, what then?"

"If your sister really ends up in jail because of you, I will drink this pesticide! Then, when you've driven your own mother to her death, let's see where you can stand," Jane said through clenched teeth.

“Your mom and I will die right in front of you,” Carl said furiously. “Let’s see if Ben still dares to be with a venomous woman who drives her own parents to their deaths.”

Ben? They dared to bring up Ben?

Susan paused for a moment.

Did they have no idea why Yana was being sent to jail? Susan narrowed her eyes and asked, “Are you not aware of why Yana is being sentenced?”

“Yes,” Carl frowned. “They said it was for intentional assault! They wouldn't disclose who the Oe ea we might Kars't em, but they mentioned the injuries weren't severe, which is why Yana didn't get a harsher sentence.”

Susan was speechless.

So, they came here to threaten her without knowing anything, hoping to pressure her into helping in the name of family and moral righteousness.

Susan was curious to know if they would still dare to make such a fuss if they knew that Yana had injured Ben. Her expression suddenly became rather peculiar.

Seeing Susan like this, Ben couldn't help but let out a soft chuckle.

Alright

His wife was about to stir things up again.

But...

He quite liked her mischievous side.

"Whoever Yana Injured, why did you have to call the police?" Jane also chimed in. "Yana is your own sister! Even if she had actually killed someone, you should cover for her, not call the police!"

Mr. Lynn coughed, "Jane's words may be a bit rough around the edges, but they're not wit [paso At the e af the day, Ge ust maintain some sense of human kindness. Sending your sister to jail over a stranger, that's just too cold-hearted."

Monica also expressed her disapproval, "Grandpa, Susan, that really is too ruthless. Just a while ago, she Impulsively left Edie alone, disappeared for him the world for her. Now, on a whim, she's ready to send her own sister to jail. It seems her heart lacks any affection. Today, she can do this to her own family; tomorrow, she might do the same to you or Ben. Grandpa, | hope you don't mind my saying so, but I'm genuinely worried about you getting hurt in the future."

Chapter 208

Old Mr. Landor glanced at Monica, then let out a cold snort, "If you know you're being nosy, then shut your mouth."

Monica, after all her talk, was dismissed with just that, looking somewhat wronged at Ben, "Edie, you used me before, and I don't blame you because you have a place in my heart. Whatever you asked of me, I was willing to do it. What I said today was truly out of consideration for you."

Susan looked at Ben expressionlessly.

Ben felt a surge of panic and quickly said, "Susan, I..."

Susan cut him off flatly, "You shut up and stay put."

Ben immediately complied, falling silent.



Monica was nearly bursting with anger.

The man she idolized was being treated this way by Susan?

She was about to say something when Carl couldn't wait any longer.

"Since evening har

made it clear to you, Susan, I want you to call the police right now and withdraw the appeal. Have the police station release your sister quickly," Carl demanded loudly.

"I'll count to three. If you don't make the call, I'll show you how I can die," Jane threatened, picking up the bottle of pesticide.

"I'm with your mother!" Carl also took hold of the pesticide.

"One..." Jane began to count, her voice shaking.

Monica pretended to urge Susan, "Susan, make the call quickly."

But secretly, she hoped Susan would remain stubborn.

In that case, even if Susan had a million reasons, the tag of forcing her own parents to their deaths would be enough to crucify her reputation. Moreover, seeing Susan push her parents to such an extreme, Ben might also grow cold towards her.

Bringing her parents in today, they were aiming to kill two birds with one stone.

"Two..." Jane continued the countdown.

Susan's face was expressionless.

"Three..." Jane's voice was shrill with desperation.

Old Mr. Landor, fearing that they might actually do something drastic, was about to intervene.

But Susan spoke up nonchalantly, "Grandpa, let them do whatever they want. Parents like them, I've been disappointed with them for a long time. If they could just die, it would seem even God is helping me."

Susan's Indifferent stance completely stunned the Millers.

Holding the pesticide bottles, they looked at each other, motionless.

Susan frowned, "Wasn't it until the count of three? Why aren't you proceeding?"

"Susan! You'll bring a curse upon yourself," Jane shouted.

"With parents like you, haven't I already suffered enough curse?" Susan's face remained impassive.

"You... you ungrateful daughter," Carl trembled with anger, yet the pesticide remained untouched.

"Why haven't you drunk it yet?" Susan's eyes narrowed, and then she had an epiphany, "Or is it that the quality of this pesticide isn't good enough, and you're afraid you won't die, only suffer?"

Susan called a servant over and whispered something in his ear.

The servant nodded and left.

She announced to everyone, "I told him to fetch the most potent herbicide we use. Mom, Dad, you might not know this, but ordinary pesticides might not be lethal. This one, however, guarantees death."

Soon, the pesticide was brought in.

The servant gave a vivid description, "Mrs. Landor, this pesticide is extremely toxic. Just a small sip is enough to be fatal. The most harrowing part is, it doesn't kill immediately. Many who attempt suicide with it end up regretting it, wishing to live, but sadly, once ingested, death is certain. Mr. and Mrs. Miller can fully experience the sensation of their insides slowly decaying, their bodies crumbling before passing on. Then, you can hold hands on your perfect journey to the afterlife. How does that sound? The perfect departure."

"Excellent," Susan said with apparent approval, glancing at the servant, "Fill it up for Mr. and Mrs. Miller."

The servant took two small cups and poured a measure into each.

Jane and Carl were nearly out of their minds.

"Susan, what are you doing?" Jane panicked.

Susan wore an innocent expression, "I'm just assisting you with the pesticide. I'm waiting for you to drink it."

Carl raised his voice, "Behaving this way, you'll be despised by everyone."

"Exactly. So, please hurry up and die, so I can continue to live my wealthy life as a pariah," Susan nodded in agreement.

Carl and Jane were speechless, each with a cup of pesticide thrust upon them.

"Why aren't you drinking?" Susan's gaze turned icy.

Jane started to show fear, "Susan, actually..."

"Don't bother with excuses. If you die, I'll bear the consequences. Go ahead on your journey with peace of mind," Susan said coldly.

"Susan, you..." Carl wanted to curse.

"Go on, pour it down their throats!" Susan commanded arrogantly.

The servants glanced at Ben.

With a slight nod from Ben, they stepped forward, ready to make Carl and Jane drink the pesticide.

At this moment, Carl and Jane were genuinely frightened.

Before the servants could get any closer, they threw their cups to the ground.

"We're not drinking this," Jane said, panicked.

"Yes, don't come any closer," Carl shouted.

"Is that so? What a pity," Susan said calmly, signaling the servants to step back.

Why wouldn't her parents drink the pesticide?

Monica, too, seemed disappointed but quickly turned her attention back to Susan, "Susan, how can you force your own parents to drink pesticide? That's murder."

Susan let out a light laugh, picked up a cup, and downed the so-called poison in one gulp.

Everyone's eyes widened in shock..

Susan licked her lips and said softly, "Since when does serving your parents sugar water count as murder?"

Sugar... water?

Monica was taken aback.

Carl and Jane also paused, their lips trembling slightly, but they dared not say anything more.

The Susan they faced now was somewhat terrifying.

What If, in response to any more of their antics, she actually brought out real pesticide?

Valuing their lives Immensely, they didn't want to take that risk.

Seeing the Millers backing down, Monica grew anxious, "That's still intimidation! Anyway, your character is flawed. You're simply not worthy of Ben."

Susan spoke calmly, "Ms. Lynn, It seems you have quite deep and honorable feelings for my husband."

Monica looked at Susan defiantly, "I've never thought to deny that."

"That's good," Susan smiled. "You think I'm so heartless that I don't deserve Ben?"

"You know yourself that you're heartless," Monica said with disdain.

Susan nodded in agreement, "So, according to you, whoever Yana injured, that person had it coming, and I should cover for Yana, right?"

Monica said without hesitation, "Of course. Family is the most important. Even if Yana killed someone, you should

still cover for her!"

"Family is the most important? That sounds quite moving," Susan laughed, then cast a sidelong glance at Ben, "Good thing you divorced her early. Otherwise, if you had been stabbed to death on the spot, no one would've sought justice for you."

Ben nodded vigorously, "You're right, my honey."

He felt like a cheerleader at that moment.

All he needed to do, was to honestly cheer for his wife.

Chapter 209

Monica furrowed her brows, "What are you talking about? If it were Ben, then of course I would..."

Mr. Lynn sensed something was off and pulled Monica aside, signaling her to stop talking.

"Dad, what are you doing? I haven't finished speaking," Monica protested.

Mr. Lynn clenched his teeth and asked directly, "The person Yana stabbed... was it Ben?"

"How could that be!" Monica exclaimed in a high-pitched voice.

Carl and Jane also paused, simultaneously turning to look at Ben and Susan, a flicker of unease crossing their faces.

This... couldn't be possible, could it?

If Yana had injured Ben, then their insistence on Susan helping Yana in front of Charlie and Ben...

Wouldn't that seem... ridiculous?

Under everyone's watchful eyes, Ben casually nodded, "Indeed, the person Yana stabbed was me. It was I who instructed Susan to call the police. If you think what I did was wrong, feel free to speak up."

Monica's face froze.

After a moment, she stood up abruptly, glaring at Carl and Jane, "Your daughter dared to stab Ben! Forget about serving three years. Even if she were sentenced to death, she would deserve it!"

Susan reminded her coolly, "Ms. Lynn, you just said family is the most important. That person who didn't matter, even if they were killed, I should help Yana."

1

"That was before I knew, now that I'm aware, of course..." Monica tried to backpedal with conviction.

Mr. Lynn, embarrassed, pulled her up, "Mr. Landor, today we didn't understand the situation fully and ended up causing confusion. The ensuing matters are your family's business, and we won't interfere."

He began to pull Monica away.

But Monica was reluctant to leave, "Dad, why are you pulling me away? I still have things to say. Ben, I truly didn't know she stabbed you, if I had known, I definitely would have..."

Mr. Lynn quickened his pace, dragging her away.

Monica's voice soon faded completely.

Only then did Old Mr. Landor fully understand the sequence of events..

He looked at Ben with a hint of concern, "Your wound?"

"It's already healed," Ben quickly assured him.

Old Mr. Landor nodded, recalling how Susan had been ushering Ben back to their room early these past days.

He had thought it was just the affection of a young couple, and it had warmed his heart.

But now, he realized Susan had been worried about Ben's injury all along!

Realizing that Ben had faced such a dangerous situation, anger surged within Old Mr. Landor.

He turned to Carl and Jane with a frosty glare, "Now, what do you two have to say for yourselves?"

How could Yana hurt Ben....

Why did Yana on earth stab Ben?

Carl was starting to cower.

Jane pulled at him, her eyes full of unease, "Carl?"



No matter how grievous Yana's mistake was, she was still their only daughter.

Carl wavered, then finally, thick-faced, he ventured, "Mr. Landor, look, you're alright now, and Yana, she's just young and naive. Maybe we could..."

"You don't need to plead with Ben," Susan cut him off sharply. "It's me who insists on Yana being punished.""

"Susan, how can you be so heartless!" Carl exploded.

Susan was about to retort when Ben squeezed her hand, "Susan, they are still your parents. It wouldn't hurt to give

a little."

"Ben!" Susan was confused.

Carl was suddenly elated, "Mr. Landor is being reasonable."

Ben spoke up calmly, "I'm willing to reach an out-of-court settlement with you. But, I have my conditions."

"What conditions?" Carl asked eagerly.

Ben made a gesture.

"What does that mean?" Carl was perplexed.

Ben explained plainly, "Twenty million dollars. I'll agree to the settlement, and I assure you, there will be no further retribution for this matter."

"Twenty million?" Carl's eyes widened dramatically.

"Carl!" Jane looked at him expectantly.

Carl struggled for a few minutes before nodding, "Deal!"

The Miller family's assets weren't abundant. Liquidating everything probably wouldn't amount to twenty million

dollars.

But the circumstances had changed.

Timothy was gone. He had no parents.

Yana and the child she carried were his only heirs.

Now, Yana had inherited everything from him.

With Timothy's wealth, coming up with twenty million dollars wasn't too difficult.

Thinking this way, Carl felt Ben's condition was not too hard to accept.

After Carl and Jane left, Susan turned to Ben, "Why the sudden act of kindness?"

"Kind?" Ben laughed, "Not really."

Susan was puzzled.

Ben began to explain.

“Yana is pregnant. Even though she’s been sentenced to three years, my injuries weren’t severe, so there’s actually a good chance she could get probation. The situation isn’t as dire as her parents imagined.”

Susan nodded, half understanding, “But with Timothy’s inheritance, twenty million dollars isn’t really a punishment,

is it?”

Ben shook his head, his smile conveying a hint of irony. “Timothy didn’t leave behind that much cash.”

FUGI Come?” Susan

was puzzled.

Ben stroked Susan’s hair and said without any reservation, “He was my rival in love. I investigated him thoroughly. About half a year ago, he set up a foundation and poured most of his income into charity. My estimate is that the cash he left behind is, at most, around two million dollars.”

Charity?

Susan was stunned.

Ben raised an eyebrow. “I think he was just too bored with life, filled with too much regret, and found something to pass the time. I thought he was a decent man because of his charity work, and I let my guard down a bit. I never expected him to do something like this in the end.”

Recalling the incident, Ben couldn't help but snort coldly.

Susan fell silent for a while.

The line between good and evil in a person is indeed hard to draw based on a single action.

For the millions who benefited from Timothy's help, he was a great man.

But his final act was indeed too outrageous.

Of course, it wasn't Susan's place to judge Timothy's moral character.

But...

Now, the interesting part arrived.

If Timothy's inheritance was really just that little, how would Carl and Jane come up with such a large sum of money?

Susan suddenly felt a bit eager to see what would happen next.

Carl and Jane rushed out of the Landor family and straight to the police station, spurred on by Ben's earlier call.

This was the first time they saw their daughter since Yana had been detained.

With limited time, Carl quickly explained Ben's conditions to Yana and then had her write a power of attorney for them to receive the inheritance.

Yana, driven mad by her confinement, agreed without hesitation.

Once they had the power of attorney, Timothy's lawyer arrived.

Carl and Jane were dumbfounded.

Jane couldn't help but ask, "Is... is there some mistake? Is this all of Timothy's estate?"

According to the lawyer's disclosure, besides the house he was currently living in, Timothy had sold off all his other real estate not long ago. As for his wealth, he had donated it all to the foundation, leaving himself with less than 2

million dollars in cash.

"Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. Leen is a noble person." The lawyer said seriously, "He told me that 2 million dollars is

enough to guarantee a higher efficiency. As for the rest, he doesn't need it, but more people need it. Although the foundation under his name has only been established for half a year, it is now a super foundation second only to the Landor Group in private. You should be proud of him."

Carl v

was stupefied. All that money, and Timothy had given it all to charity? Had he lost his mind?

"No, we're not dealing with this foundation business anymore. Get the foundation's money back for me, now," Carl demanded brashly.

The lawyer shook his head and then showed him a document, "Mr. Leen made it clear that only the foundation has access to its funds. Even he himself couldn't use the money at will."

Carl's face darkened as he read the clear print.

He had thought that with Timothy's inheritance, gathering twenty million dollars would be simple.

But Timothy was a fool.

How could he only leave behind so little money? How were they supposed to come up with twenty million dollars

now?

But if they couldn't come up with twenty million dollars, Yana, being locked up, would probably not last much

longer.

"Honey..." Jane looked at Carl apprehensively.

Carl was livid, "Don't look at me! Even if you sold me, it wouldn't add up to twenty million dollars."

"No, there are the shares of Space Technologies, aren't there?" Jane tentatively reminded him.

Timothy's inheritance wasn't just about cash; it was mostly about shares.

He personally held 30% of the shares of Space Technologies.

Recently, due to Timothy's unexpected death, the stock had plummeted.

But this 30% was still roughly worth two hundred million dollars.

“Selling now would be a huge loss,” Carl flatly refused. “Once the company stabilizes, these shares could multiply

in value.”

“But Yana can’t wait,” Jane couldn’t help but cry. “Moreover, these shares are actually Yana’s. Using them for her own benefit is only natural.”

Carl’s gaze flickered.

Indeed, the heir to the shares was Yana.

Now she trusted him, willing to let him manage it.

But if he wasn’t even willing to use this money, would Yana still trust him?

Carl clenched his teeth, “Save her!”

With a heavy heart, Carl sold a portion of the shares at the lowest price, gathered twenty million dollars, and obtained Ben’s withdrawal from the lawsuit.

Yana could finally go home.

After a few days in detention, she seemed somewhat dazed.

“Yana, why on earth did you stab Ben?” Although Jane was heartbroken for her daughter, she couldn’t help but ask.

Yana stared blankly at Jane for a moment and then let out a cold laugh.

“From now on, don’t do anything foolish,” Jane continued to advise.

Yana nodded emotionlessly.

Don’t do anything foolish again.

Yes, she couldn’t afford to act so rashly anymore.

To seek revenge, she needed to plan more carefully.

Susan, Ben.

These two people had caused the death of Timothy.

Even if it took her whole life, she would get justice for Timothy

Chapter 210

For the next while, Susan continued her deep dive into research and development.

Meanwhile, Ben found the time to keep up with some gossip, which he relayed to Susan in a joking tone.

After listening, Susan couldn’t help but show a bemused expression.

Carl, in a desperate attempt to scrape together twenty million dollars, had sold 10% of his shares at rock-bottom prices, yet he still remained the largest shareholder.

He was now set on making a name for himself within Space Technologies, determined to recoup his losses. Carl had a history of barely keeping a million-dollar company afloat, stumbling along break-even.



Yet, he fancied himself a business prodigy, believing he had merely lacked the right opportunity to showcase his talents.

Now in charge of the vast Space Technologies, he was eager to prove himself and do something monumental.

After taking the reins, Carl set off three measures—streamlining the workforce, redefining the development plan, and aggressively expanding into new ventures

The result of these measures was that, a month in, Space Technologies' situation hadn't improved but had, in fact, worsened significantly.

"Now, Carl believes he's done nothing wrong, that the losses are due to his staff's duplicity. But the other shareholders have lost faith in him. According to the information I control, they're about to

convene a board meeting to formally impeach him," Ben said casually.

Susan wasn't surprised in the slightest.

Carl had always been incompetent. It wasn't surprising to see such an outcome.

What surprised her slightly was that Carl had managed to make such a mess of things in just one month.

He was truly a 'business genius' in his own right.

"And Carl's troubles don't end there," Ben raised an eyebrow. "According to the will Timothy had set up in advance, his wealth goes to Yana and the child. But after inheriting the wealth, Yana is required to donate at least ten million dollars to the foundation annually, a commitment that must be maintained for at least five years. Initially, with the value of the shares she held, donating ten million dollars a year would have been effortless for Yana, even if she did nothing. But with Carl's mismanagement causing Space Technologies to collapse, the annual dividends they'll receive are unlikely to meet that ten million mark. If they fail to fulfill this donation obligation, they could lose their inheritance rights to the shares."

1/5

If Carl had been willing to delegate comp

dividends would have been a breeze.

But his obsession with power led to the company's downfall.

As the largest shareholder, Carl's stubbornness and refusal to relinquish control, coupled with the other shareholders' desire to unseat him, left Space Technologies in a state of internal chaos.

If the company was not stable, how could it develop?

Susan fell into a contemplative silence.

Ben stroked her hair gently, "What's the matter? Can't let go?"

Susan shook her head, "There's nothing to hold onto. They never considered me family, so I have no reason to cling. But I did pour my heart into Space Technologies. Watching the company fall apart is naturally upsetting."

Ben couldn't hide a touch of envy, "That Timothy, he was just lucky to have met you so early."

Had he met Susan earlier, they could have built the Storm Group together, grown together—just the thought was too beautiful.

"What's there to be jealous about?" Susan said softly, her gaze tender, "That was my past. But my present and future are with you."

Ben's gaze flickered, his voice growing husky, "Susan, don't tempt me."

Susan was speechless.

Did she tempt Ben in any way?

Wasn't it just his mind filled with nonsense?

But seeing Ben's increasingly dangerous gaze, Susan got a bit flustered and swiftly changed the subject, "Besides

the Miller family's drama, is there any other gossip?"

Knowing full well that Susan was sidestepping, Ben gave her a meaningful look—before casually mentioning. "Nothing much else. Just that Leo's company has launched a project to develop a dating game."

"Is that so?" Susan paused briefly, not giving it much thought, "Anyone can develop a game. The market will decide who wins and who loses."

In reality, with the powerful AI as her ace in the hole, Susan hadn't considered the possibility of losing.

Ben was aware of this.

So, after sharing this bit of gossip, the couple brushed it aside and moved on.

Two months later.

The Storm Group announced the successful development of a new smartphone.

The Storm Group declared that a launch event would be held the next day, the phone code-named Future One.

The world buzzed with excitement.

Ben had previously stated that the most anticipated smartphone series from Storm Group was the Future Series.

The release of the Future Series would signify that Storm Group had achieved epoch-making progress in a certain

field.

Epoch-making!

Such weighty words.

The previous Allure series phones, equipped with the latest system, received unanimous praise.

But that was just the Allure One.

Not the Future One.

The Storm Group, simply by releasing the name of a phone series, without revealing anything else, had set

countless minds racing.

What breakthrough did the Future One achieve?

Simultaneously.

Isabella also saw the news.

Her face turned deathly pale.

Future One?" Isabella's expression twisted slightly, "Future One! How is this possible, how could it be?"

Isabella, what's wrong? You look terrible," Leo noticed Isabella's distress and asked with concern.

Isabella shook her head, seemingly in a daze.

Leo didn't probe further, saying, "If there's nothing important, can you oversee things at the company? I'm going out to play cards."

Saying so, Leo walked out, preoccupied with his own concerns.

He felt his life was now like a fairy tale.

For company matters, he only needed to set the general direction. Isabella would handle the details.

She was a classmate from his school days, quite capable, and to add to that, she harbored deep feelings for him.

So, entrusting the company to Isabella gave him peace of mind.

Moreover, what pleased Leo the most was that Isabella never interfered with his leisure activities.

She even proactively allocated funds for him, insisting he should enjoy himself to the fullest.

Without Penelope overseeing his personal life and with Isabella managing the company, all he needed to do was spend money liberally.

Life couldn't get any better than this.

After Leo left.

Isabella's hands trembled as she frantically searched for news about Future One.

This shouldn't be happening.

This shouldn't.

Future One wasn't supposed to be released now!

In her memory of the past life, Future One had officially launched at the end of this year.

And yet, it was still early in the year.

The release of Future One only meant one thing.

The Storm Group's AI project had been a success!

But how could that be?

She had poached Marc. Without him, how could Susan develop an intelligent AI?

It was impossible, utterly impossible.

Muttering to herself, Isabella hurried to Marc's lab.