

Crazy Love 221

Chapter 221

Susan regained her composure and responded with a smile, "I'll ask Mr. Landor. If he agrees, we'll definitely have a

bonus.

The faces of her team members immediately lit up with excitement.

One of them boldly suggested, "If Mr. Landor disagrees, Director Miller, you should make him kneel on durians at

home."

"Yeah, yeah, and take a picture of it! I'd love to see Mr. Landor kneeling on durians." another chimed in.

Someone else added jokingly, "Kneeling on a keyboard would work too!"

The room erupted into cheerful laughter, clearly in high spirits.

Susan, too, couldn't help but smile along.

Her department, established only a few months ago, had already generated such significant revenue, which was indeed a cause for celebration.

However, the success of "Starry Romance" could be attributed to its pioneering intelligent NPCs and high degree of game freedom. The recent debate on Twitter had also helped catapult the game to peak popularity.

That first week, many players were drawn by novelty, which explained the high revenue.

The real test was whether this momentum could be sustained.

If the revenue dropped significantly in the following week, it would indicate that the game hadn't truly won over players. On the other hand, maintaining or increasing revenue would confirm its genuine success.

As everyone anxiously awaited the results, the revenue report for the second week arrived.

The person delivering the report was visibly astonished, their mouth agape in disbelief.

"How is it? Did the revenue drop significantly?" Susan asked curiously, glancing at the report.

Then, she too was stunned.

In the second week, the revenue astonishingly doubled to four hundred million dollars.

In just two weeks, the revenue hit a total of six hundred million dollars, shattering the national record for the highest monthly revenue of a game.

So far.

This game had undeniably become a phenomenal success, incredibly popular to an almost maddening extent.

"Our game..." Susan mumbled in disbelief, "is it really this popular?"

"Director!" someone excitedly interjected, "Have you not been online lately? Just go and see, our game is not just popular. It's a nationwide craze."

“Really?” Susan was somewhat taken aback.

After resolving the online controversies, she had been engrossed in the next development project and hadn’t paid much attention to the game’s ongoing reviews.

“Director! Let me show you directly,” a young woman said, handing over her phone.

“Take a look, Director, these are player reviews. I specifically saved some screenshots.”

Curious, Susan began to read through them.

[How do I cope? I feel like I’ve genuinely fallen in love with the Marshal. Is he really just an NPC? He seems so real. I used to worry that artificial intelligence could gain consciousness and cause disasters. But when Storm Group announced that the AI is merely personified and not human, why did I feel somewhat upset? Why can’t my Marshal be a real living being?] followed by a string of crying emojis.

[The Marshal is too cunning for my taste. I prefer the proud and aloof King! I’ve reset over 100 times just to win him over. Alright, enough talk, back to my quest.]

[I’m a guy, tell me, why do I wake up every midnight on schedule, eagerly boosting the favorability of the Prime Minister in the game? I’m a straight guy, for heaven’s sake.]

[I’m in love with the rebel leader! To help overthrow the king’s rule, I’m poring over tons of books on economics and management. My mom, seeing my dedication, said she’s relieved someone finally made a sensible game. Hilarious and tear–jerking at the same time.]

The game’s hyper–realism meant that players could apply their real–world skills in the game.

For those pursuing the King’s storyline, a grasp of political science made a big difference.

For the rebel route, knowledge in management and military tactics proved advantageous.

Pursuing the Marshal required a more naïve and sweet approach, but cooking and floral arrangement skills were a plus. The game tested these skills in various ways, making the Marshal a challenge to win over without expertise.

The last male lead, the Empire's Prime Minister, favored gentle and artistic girls. Those with singing and painting skills got major bonus points.

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After figuring out these preferences, girls and quite a few guys started learning and practicing new skills to woo these characters.

Surprisingly, 'Starry Romance' earned rave reviews from parents.

That was an unexpected bonus.

Beyond the heartfelt player reviews, authoritative websites also lavished praise:

[A low-budget romance game that's dominating the gaming world! Intelligent NPCs are definitely the future trend.]

[Innumerable possibilities, countless endings. 'Starry Romance, a world truly under your control.]

Susan felt a bit bashful just reading these headlines.

"Anyway, Director, our game is on fire right now, blazing like crazy," the young woman said proudly.

Susan smiled, "Alright, I got it. Let's not get complacent and keep up the good work. When the monthly revenue is out, I'll treat everyone to a big meal."

"Yeah!"

"Wow."

Everyone cheered excitedly.

Those online accolades, after all, seemed a bit distant compared to the real excitement here.

In the evening, Susan received a frantic call from Theresa.

"Hey, Susan, you have to help me this time. If you don't, I swear, I'll just die, Theresa blurted out in a panic.

Susan, concerned that something serious had happened, quickly asked, "What's wrong. Theresa? Tell me what's going on."

Theresa replied, somewhat dramatically, "Let me cut to the chase. I was doing so well in courting the Prime Minister in the game, but then I said something, and suddenly all the favorability points vanished! Is this some kind of bug? I don't care, you have to restore my points."

Susan was speechless.

Susan was slightly taken aback. "You're playing the game too?"

"Who isn't playing it these days? Stop beating around the bush and fix this bug for me," Theresa urged.

Susan explained, "It's probably not a bug. The game's NPCs have high autonomy. It's likely that your words hit a

nerve with him.”

“What? It can be like that?” Theresa sounded on the verge of tears. “Can you send me his character profile, so I know what to avoid?”

Susan chuckled, “That’s classified information, I can’t disclose it.”

Resigned, Theresa replied, “Fine...” She sounded disappointed but quickly gave up on the idea.

Just as Theresa was about to hang up, Susan interjected, “Wait a second.”

Theresa perked up, “What? You changed your mind?”

“No, no chance of that. I’m just curious, how’s the matchmaking thing going?” Susan asked in a light-hearted tone.

Chapter 222 Theresa's voice suddenly became listless.

“Don’t even mention it. My mom, in an effort to force me into matchmaking, has stopped eating. In defiance, | stopped eating too. Now, both of us haven't eaten for two days.”

Susan was taken aback. “You can’t go on like this, right?”

Theresa sounded a bit gloomy. “How was | to know my mom could endure so much! My body is strong, | can hold out. But she’s of an age, why is she so stubborn? Forget it, the more | talk, the sadder | get. | give up, alright? I'll go check on my mom.”

“Okay, hurry,” Susan urged quickly. Theresa left, and about ten minutes later, she returned with a howl. “What happened?” Susan jumped.

Theresa, almost in tears, said, "I went to my mom's room and saw her curled up in bed, looking very uncomfortable. I felt sorry for her and agreed to the matchmaking."

Susan nodded, "It's best to calm the elder first."

But then Theresa's voice rose dramatically. "The problem is, after I agreed, my mom excitedly jumped out of bed! And accidentally, she also shook out the bread she had hidden under the blanket!"

Susan was speechless.

Theresa was on the verge of tears.

"I literally starved for two days! But my mom? Her face looks even rounder than before! Susan, my life is so hard." Theresa seemed genuinely miserable.

Susan, though, couldn't help but want to laugh.

She tried to hold it back but eventually burst into laughter.

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Theresa, defeated, said in a tone of utter despair, "Go ahead and laugh. I'm going to eat a full meal now, and then, I'll go for the matchmaking tomorrow."

"Go for it," Susan said with a smile.

"Walt, Susan," Theresa suddenly thought of something, her eyes lighting up. "Are you free tomorrow?"

Susan was taken aback, "I happen to be off tomorrow."

“How about you join me for the matchmaking?” Theresa proposed.

Susan was puzzled, “You mean, join you in meeting Thomas? Wouldn't that be impolite?”

Theresa scoffed, “Forget about politeness. You don't know, the first time I met Thomas for matchmaking, he brought along Monica. Monica was so snide and unpleasant. I thought she was just putting on an act and didn't make a big deal out of it. But later, I realized that's just how she is, and it started to annoy me. If Thomas can pull a stunt like that, why can't we? Susan, you've got to help me this time.”

“How can I help?” Susan asked, slightly embarrassed, “Plus, Thomas knows you as Rose, not Theresa.”

“It's simple. we'll cook up a story, find some reason to know each other. All you need to do is sit there, join us for a meal, and prevent any awkwardness.”

Susan thought for a moment. It seemed harmless enough, so she agreed. The next day.

Susan dressed casually, donning a hat and sunglasses, and set out.

She arrived.

the restaurant on time.

Upon entering, she looked around.

“Susan, over here,” Theresa waved from a table.

Susan hurried over.

Thomas was already seated there.

But surprisingly, he had brought another man with him.

What was going on here?

Susan was momentarily stunned.

Disguised, Susan wasn't immediately recognized by Thomas.

Theresa sat opposite Thomas.

Susan hesitated for a moment, then sat opposite another man at the table.

Once everyone was seated, Thomas quickly introduced the newcomer. "Let me introduce you all. This is my college mate from medical school, Allen. I'm planning to open a private hospital and have invited him to work with

me."

Allen, a man from Ethiopia, had black hair and black eyes.

He stared at Susan intently and said

first sight."

olly What's your name, beautiful lady? | think I've fallen for you at

Thomas, Susan, and Theresa were all taken aback.

Susan looked particularly displeased. She glanced at Theresa as if to say, "I thought we were just here for a meal?"

Theresa was also visibly annoyed.

"Mr. Smith," Theresa's voice turned icy. "Last time you brought a woman to mock me, and now you've brought a man to harass my friend. What exactly are you trying to do?"

Thomas was about to say something when Allen interjected passionately, "It's not harassment. How can you call it that? The moment I saw her, it felt like an arrow struck my heart. That's love! An uncontrollable feeling, the most beautiful thing in the world. How can you taint it by calling it harassment?"

Thomas glared at Allen and hastily explained, "Miss Austin, it's not what you think. Personally, I'm not interested in a relationship right now, but my mother has been pressuring me, so I reluctantly agreed to this meeting. However, I didn't want to waste your time, so I brought a companion to potentially set you two up.

"Allen, Miss Austin here is the one I wanted to introduce to you," Thomas added.

Allen glanced at Theresa and quickly averted his gaze, saying, "I find myself more attracted to the other lady." He looked at Susan, his eyes revealing his intense feelings.

Theresa's face darkened completely.

This Thomas, what a straightforward man!

forced to

He was forced to do so.

It seemed that she was not forced.

He even found someone to set up for them. What did he think she was?

If she's the one desperate for marriage?

Exasperated, Theresa firmly decides to leave and pulls Susan along, saying, "Susan, let's go."

Susan cooperatively stands up.

"Hold on, miss, you haven't told me your name yet, Allen pleaded, his gaze fixed on Susan. Susan shot a meaningful glance at Thomas.

Thomas, bewildered, began to feel panicked.

As Susan slowly removed her sunglasses and

hide told by you to this gentleman."

Then she and Theresa, hand in hand, walked away.

Thomas was taken aback.

He was going crazy.

No, he was going to die.

He thought, "How can Theresa's companion be Susan?"

The realization that the person he brought had openly expressed interest in Susan, and if Ben found out about this...

His thoughts about their promised investment sent shivers down his spine.

In a desperate attempt to rectify the situation, Thomas hurried after them, calling out, "Wait, sister-in-law,

wait!"

Allen, confused, followed and grabbed Thomas's hand. "Thomas, why are you running? Do you know that beautiful lady? Sister—in-law? Is her name Sister—in-law?"

"Let go of me, you..." Thomas struggled to chase after Susan and Theresa, but Allen held onto him tightly. Watching Susan and Theresa walking away, Thomas turned to Allen with a look of utter despair, "You've ruined me."

Allen appeared somewhat confused, but then he quickly dismissed it as that lady's name really 'Sister—in-law'?"

Thomas' face was filled with despair.

Chapter 223

"What, that beautiful lady is already married?" Allen looked utterly heartbroken.

"Yes, and they have a great marriage. You should stop this no

Thomas quickly responded.

Allen was silent for a while.

Thinking that he had given up, Thomas was about to let out a sigh of relief.

Allen suddenly looked up, passionately declaring, "True love transcends all boundaries. Even if she's married, it can't stop my love for her. I've decided, I will pursue her! I'm sure I can win her over, make her leave that boring husband, and be with me."

Thomas was at a loss for words.

Thomas felt like dying.

Maybe he should just end it all now to avoid facing Ben's wrath later?

Taking a deep breath, Thomas tried to reason with him, "You haven't even seen her entire face when you said you liked her! Isn't this love a bit too sudden?"

Allen looked at him disdainfully. "Thomas, you don't understand love. Love comes from the heart. Even if I haven't seen her face, my heart has already fallen for her at first sight!"

Thomas, exasperated, said, "Do you even know who her husband is?"

"No matter who he is, he can't love her more than I do." Allen retorted.

Thomas couldn't understand where Allen's confidence came from.

Allen's reckless behavior was his own concern, but Thomas didn't want to be dragged down with him.

He seriously informed Allen, "Her husband is Ben, the one at the top of the Forbes list."

Allen paused, giving Thomas a moment of relief, thinking he would finally give up.

Instead, Allen suddenly got excited and stood up, indignantly saying, "Are you trying to tell me that this beautiful lady was forcibly taken by the vile Ben? Don't worry, if that's the case, I have even more reason to rescue her. For love, I fear nothing!"

Thomas was baffled by Allen's logic.

He didn't know what Allen was thinking.

All he knew was that he was in big trouble.

He gritted his teeth and insisted, "They are happily married, she doesn't need to be rescued."

Allen gave him a knowing look, as if saying, "I understand everything."

Allen patted Thomas on the shoulder, understandingly saying, "Thomas, I know that my pursuit of Ms. Miller might affect you. Don't worry, I'll cancel our previous arrangement. I won't work at your hospital.

I'm off to pursue the

woman of my dreams."

Thomas was at a loss for words.

He still wanted to struggle, but Allen had already skipped away.

Watching him go, Thomas groaned in despair, hoping Allen was just bluffing and wouldn't actually do anything

rash.

Otherwise, he feared he might end up ruined by Ben.

After parting with Thomas, Allen excitedly made a phone call.

“Eason! It’s me, Allen.”

A lazy voice came from the other end, “Hmm?”

“Eason, I’m in Coraland, and I’ve fallen for a lady!”

Far away in Tonic, Eason raised an eyebrow, “So what?”

“Do you remember the incident a year ago?” Allen’s voice brimmed with excitement. “The day I visited your house and saw a photo.”

Eason’s tone turned dark, “You dare bring that up?”

“I didn’t do it on purpose,” Allen hurriedly explained. “I didn’t know the girl in the photo was your mother when she was young.”

Eason snorted coldly, “If you had done it intentionally, I would have broken your legs by now.”

Allen awkwardly laughed, “But your mother was really beautiful and elegant when she was young. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have fallen for her at first sight just from a photo.”

“You dare say that,” Eason’s expression turned icy.

Allen, slightly fearful of Eason, quickly said, “Anyway, I wanted to tell you I’ve met the woman of my dreams! She has a similar aura to your mother when she was young. I was captivated at first sight! Sadly, she’s already married, but no matter, I will try to win her heart.”

Eason, massaging his temples in annoyance, said disdainfully, "What, any random person can resemble my mother? Allen, don't tell me these things in the future."

Allen insisted, "It's hard to find someone with your mother's grace, true. But the girl I met is no less remarkable. Speaking of which, being from top-tier families, you might have met her. She's Ben's wife, her surname is Miller, I think. But she's only temporarily Ben's wife. Once I succeed in wooing her, she will be mine."

Allen emphasized this point again.

"Enough, I'm busy. Don't bother me with this," Eason said, uninterested, and hung up the phone.

Sitting at his desk, Eason immersed himself in a new round of work.

As the evening approached and his tasks were nearly completed, he poured himself a cup of coffee.

The fragrant aroma relaxed his tense brows and eyes.

In this moment of relaxation, Eason's thoughts drifted back to Allen's earlier remarks.

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"Ben's wife? Resembling my mother?" Intrigued, Eason turned on his computer and started searching for photos.

He easily found numerous photos of Ben, but it took him a while to find just one of Sasan. In the photo, Susan's face was partially obscured, her figure appearing both aloof and warm under a streetlight.

Eason stared at the photo, transfixed.

His hand trembled as he zoomed in, examining every detail.

Allen was usually unreliable, but this time, he seemed to have stumbled upon a truth.

The woman in the photo had lips just like his mother's, and her unique aura was strikingly similar to his mother's in her youth.

Eason fell into a contemplative silence.

After five minutes, he stood up abruptly and instructed his secretary to prepare his private jet for a trip to Coraland.

After hanging up the phone, he sat down, then stood again, restless.

Pacing back and forth, he couldn't help but ponder.

After searching for so long, this woman named Susan made his heart skip a beat.

Could she possibly be his long-lost sister?

Over twenty years ago, his family faced troubles. His mother was forced to give birth out of Tonico, and she suffered severe hemorrhaging post-delivery, requiring emergency medical attention.

After the emergency rescue was over, the baby had vanished.

His mother was nearly driven to madness by the loss.

The nurse on duty that year was held accountable, and the hospital paid a hefty compensation.

But what good did that do?

His sister was still missing.

Shortly after, his father found them and brought them back to Tonico, resuming their former life.

However, Eason's mother harbored deep resentment towards her husband.

She believed that if she hadn't married him, she wouldn't have been caught up in such complicated matters, wouldn't have given birth in a foreign land, and her daughter wouldn't have been lost.

She directed all her regret and anger about losing her daughter at her husband.

Over the years, the number of words exchanged between his parents could be counted on two hands.

His father was in pain, but his mother's agony was no less.

To alleviate his wife's sorrow, Eason's father adopted a girl who bore some resemblance to their family.

This brought a semblance of vitality back to Eason's mother as she poured her maternal love into the adopted girl.

Still, she never forgave her husband.

Eason, witnessing his parents' suffering over his sister, vowed to find her.

He searched everywhere for girls resembling his parents and approached each one, but each time he returned disappointed.

"Susan, could it be you?" Eason mused, looking out the window, his gaze clouded with uncertainty.

In Tónico.

In the Nicholas' Manor

Alexander tiredly rubbed his temples after seeing off a group of ministers.

In the world today, there were several countries where Zathinese was spoken.

Among them, the two most powerful were Tónico and Coraland.

Unlike Coraland, Tónico still operated under a constitutional monarchy.

The Nicholas surname had been associated with the monarchy in Tónico for ten generations.

Alexander, the current king of Tónico, often played a ceremonial role, more like a mascot.

The country could run smoothly without him, thanks to a well-organized cabinet.

However, for significant matters, the ministers still had to report to him.

King Alexander's greatest sorrows were threefold.

First, his quest for foreign lands led to the loss of his daughter, who remained missing.

Second, his wife hadn't forgiven him and had not spoken to him for

over a year

Third, his unfilial son refused to take over the throne, preferring to hide his identity and engage in business.

Alexander couldn't fathom his son's choice.

Being part of the royal family, why seek the hardships of business when there was more than enough wealth in the family coffers to last several lifetimes?

King Alexander considered himself the world's most pitiable husband and father.

As he wallowed in self-pity, a beautiful young woman approached him with a plate. "Dad," she said gently, "this is the rose cake I made myself. Mom said it's good. Please try some."

King Alexander's mood brightened as he tasted the cake and gave a thumbs-up. "Excellent. But, Selina, you needn't bother with such tasks in the future. Leave them to the servants. You're working too hard."

Selina smiled softly. "It's alright, Dad. The servants can't match my understanding of mother's taste. As long as it makes mother happier, I don't find it hard at all."

Alexander expressed his gratitude. "You've been a great support to your mother over the years."

Selina replied warmly, "If it weren't for you and Mom, I'd still be an orphan. What I do now is nothing in comparison."

Alexander patted Selina on the shoulder, "Ah, if only your brother were half as sensible as you."

"Will brother be home for tonight's family dinner?" Selina asked.

"He should be," replied King Alexander, but his response was interrupted by a phone call.

Initially pleased, Alexander's mood quickly soured. "You're not coming to the family dinner? Off to Coraland on a business trip? What, is our house lacking food or clothes that you need to earn money so urgently? Eason, let me tell you, you've been in business for so long, and I've yet to see any remarkable success. If you don't make it into the world's top ten, come back and inherit the throne! Hello? Hello? Are you listening? You..."

Eason... hung up the phone.

"The rascal," Alexander muttered, visibly frustrated.

Selina lowered her head, hiding the disappointment in her eyes.

Eason's not coming home.

She'll have to wait even longer to see him.

On the other end, Eason rubbed his ears after hanging up.

His father's voice was still as loud. If he hadn't hung up in time, he might have gone deaf on the spot.

After putting down his phone and then looking out the airplane window at the layers of clouds, he reflected on his decision to meet Susan, something he hadn't shared with anyone, not even his family.

His mother had already endured too much. Any additional strain, even the slightest, was unbearable.

If Susan turned out to be his sister, it would be a different story.

But if not, it would mean another painful blow to his mother.

Better to meet Susan first and then decide.

Eason took out his phone, looked at Susan's photo again, and a glimmer of hope sparked in his eyes.

Chapter 224

"What? You're in Coraland? What for?" Allen was visibly shocked.

Eason's expression darkened, "Didn't you say that girl looks like my mother? | want to meet her!"

Allen looked surprised, "Didn't you say not to compare any random person with your mother?"

Eason, annoyed and slightly embarrassed, retorted, "Shut up. I'm just warning you. She's married, so don't do anything rash!" Even if there was to be any rash action, it would have to wait until he confirmed Susan's identity.

Allen paused, realizing, "Are you suspecting she might be your lost sister?"

Eason pursed his lips, "I have to check."

Allen couldn't help but say, "I think you shouldn't get your hopes up. People look alike, and over the years, how many have you found? Each time full of hope, only to return disappointed."

Eason's face turned grim, "Enough talk. Until | confirm her identity, you'd better not do anything."
"Alright, alright," Allen agreed.

After hanging up, Allen blinked.

Alright?

Not likely!

He had always been fond of exotic Eastern beauties.

He had been upset for days when he found out the girl in the photograph was Eason's mother.

Now that he had finally found someone he liked, how could he just give up?

Allen cheerfully started planning how to approach the beauty.

To be able to have a relationship with the Nicholas family, Allen's background was naturally not simple.

Allen, coming from a prestigious noble family in Ethiopia, had connections with the Nicholas family due to a past consideration of marriage alliance.

Unfortunately, he and Selina didn't hit it off, and the marriage idea was abandoned. However, the friendship between their families continued.

With a serious expression, Allen took out paper and pen and wrote down Ben's name, followed by a firm cross.

Although Ben was wealthier, Allen prided himself on his noble demeanor.

He decided that he would show off his nobility and crush Ben in an instant.

The next day.

Ben received a mission from the government.

Prince Allen of Ethiopia, the fifth in line to the throne, was visiting Coraland. His only request was to visit Storm Group, a leader in electronic technology.

The government hoped Ben would host Allen.

Ben had maintained a good relationship with the government all these years. He had no reason to refuse such a request, so he agreed.

That afternoon.

Allen arrived, exuding a flamboyant aura.

Ben greeted him in the meeting room.

Upon entering, Allen scrutinized Ben with a hostile glare.

Ben, puzzled by this, furrowed his brow in confusion.

Allen initially examined Ben critically.

However, after a while, he felt a sudden urge to howl in frustration. What?

How could Ben be so handsome?

Even in a simple suit, Ben seemed effortlessly superior.

Allen had seen Ben's photos online but had assumed they were enhanced, as Coraland was notorious for its Photoshop wizardry.

It was surprising to find that Ben's appearance was genuine.

Feeling a bit despondent, Allen nevertheless restrained himself.

After all, a man shouldn't judge by looks alone.

He still held onto hope.

Allen believed he could conquer Susan with his elegant demeanor and fiery passion. "Prince Allen? Have you seen enough?" Ben asked casually, raising an eyebrow,

Allen, having composed himself and filled with determination, replied, "I have. Mr. Londor, you are indeed imposing. However, as I understand, the wealth of the Landor family started with you. It's not far-fetched to call it a nouveau riche family. In terms of family heritage and lineage, you're far behind me."

Ben looked at Allen expressionlessly, wondering if the prince was out of his mind. What was this?

A declaration of war?

Ben was not one to suffer insults, even on a diplomatic mission.

He replied with a veneer of politeness, "Is that so? Regarding family heritage and lineage, I indeed cannot compare to noble families like yours."

Allen, thinking Ben was conceding, perked up.

But Ben continued, "After all, the capabilities I can boast of are far too numerous. Unlike some who have nothing but history and tradition to flaunt."

Ben's words took a roundabout path to deliver the punch.

Allen, initially confused, finally caught the sarcasm and retorted angrily, "Don't take advantage of my limited Zathinese. You're mocking me, aren't you?"

Ben was speechless.

Feeling disinterested in arguing with someone he perceived as foolish, he decided to expedite the tour and get rid of his guest. 'Prince Allen, didn't you want to tour our company?' |

asked indifferently.

Allen, snapping out of his daze, eagerly agreed, "Yes, | want to tour your company. Especially, | want to see who developed the artificial intelligence."

Ben didn't suspect anything and casually agreed.

Susan was now leading a separate AI department, and if Allen wanted to visit, so be it. He wouldn't get close to the core anyway.

Ben led him to the AI department.

Allen looked around, more like searching for someone than touring.

Ben frowned slightly and said, "Prince Allen, this gentleman here is then deputy direstgrefitite Col sairant: If you Have any questions, feel free to ask him."

"Prince Allen, I'll show you around next." A young man chuckled. Allen immediately looked at him disdainfully.

He was not interested in men.

He wanted to see his Eastern beauty!

Eastern beauty!

Coughing deliberately, Allen asserted, "Mr. Landor, just a deputy director? As the future heir, shouldn't he be received by the director herself?"

He had done his homework.

Susan was the director of this department.

In Allen's view, Ben didn't know how to cherish and pamper such a beauty.

How could he let such a stunning woman work instead of keeping her comfortably at home?

Was this really something one should do?

If it were up to him, he would ensure Susan spent her days leisurely, sipping coffee and shopping, totally relaxed.

Ben glanced at Allen, The future heir of Ethiopia? Prince Allen, are you implying that these Ben and you in the line of succession will meet their demise before you?"

Allen was startled, "Mr. Landor, I never said that."

"Oh?" Ben raised an eyebrow, "So, you're cursing them in secret?"

Allen was at a loss for words.

"Now, have you finished your visit?" Ben asked him.

Allen never did get to see Susan and, with a tinge of regret, said, "Let's go."

Ben then emotionlessly escorted him out.

As Allen stepped out, downhearted, suddenly, a slightly surprised voice rang out.

“Ben?”

That voice...

Chapter 225

Susan was startled and her face slightly changed, her voice cooling down, “What are you doing here?”

Allen’s excitement surged, “I came specifically to see you. Ah no, I mean, to visit Storm Group.”

Ben was speechless.

Susan was also speechless.

Allen eagerly said, “Miss, since fate has brought us together again, how about I invite you for a coffee?”

Susan was speechless again

Ben looked emotionlessly at Allen, “Today’s tour is over. Prince Allen, you may leave now.”

“But Mr. Landor, I haven’t finished the tour yet,” Allen quickly protested, “I’m not leaving.”

Ben raised an eyebrow and called security to escort Allen out.

Allen was wailing as he was being taken out, “I don’t want to leave, I’m not ready to go. Ben, you’re ruining diplomatic relations between our countries, you’ll pay for this.

Ben simply ignored him.

Allen continued his lament as he was ushered out

At the entrance of Storm Group, as Allen was being carried out, he caught a glimpse of Eason, shocked.

Eason, in a formal suit and a high-ranking executive at Storm Group, had personally welcomed him in.

Allen's eyes lit up, thinking he found his savior, and he loudly called out, "Eason, it's me, I don't want to be thrown out. Save me, please save me"

The executive looked at Eason strangely, "Mr. Nicholas, do you know him?"

Eason quickly averted his gaze. "I don't know him."

Allen was at a loss for words.

He was about to say more when Eason gave him a warning look.

Allen felt a chill and reluctantly shut his mouth. He watched Eason enter Storm Group with a resentful look, while

he himself was unceremoniously dumped into a car at the entrance.

"Shall we go inside to discuss business?" the executive suggested.

Eason, composed, replied, "Of course."

Allen, that fool.

He was told not to do anything unnecessary, yet he still did.

As for why Allen was thrown out, Eason could guess.

He must have done something impulsive right there.

But he was different.

He too came for Susan.

But he knew the importance of taking things step by step.

For instance, start by doing business with Storm Group, and then gradually get in touch with Ben and Susan.

Little did he know, another person was already on his way, all for Susan.

Ben asked Susan with a hint of curiosity, "Susan, have you met this Prince Allen before?"

Susan's expression immediately turned indescribable.

"What's wrong?" Ben's look became menacing, "Did he bother you?"

Just the thought of it made Ben feel like he could kill.

This Allen, daring to flirt with Susan right in front of him.

Who knows what he might have done to Susan when Ben wasn't around..

“Not really,” Susan said, “He just insisted he fell in love with me at first sight and said he wanted to pursue me. But I didn’t expect him to... chase me all the way to the company.”

Ben was speechless.

He suddenly felt the urge to bring Allen back.

First this, then that, and then throw him straight into the river.

“You say he’s a prince?” Susan couldn’t help but ask.

Ben snorted coldly, “Just a fifth in line to the throne. Wait and see, I’ll bring him back, chop off a few of his fingers first

“Alright, stop it,” Susan said with a smile, “If you do that, you really will affect the relations between our two

countries. Plus, this Allen seems to be friends with Thomas.”

“Thomas?” Ben’s expression grew even more dangerous.

Susan nodded, “Remember last time, when I accompanied Theresa on her date with Thomas? He brought Allen along. That’s when I met Allen.”

Ben narrowed his eyes, his expression becoming more menacing.

Thomas!

Fine, very well!

He invests in Thomas's hospital, and Thomas secretly tries to poach from his turf?

"Thomas didn't do it on purpose, he didn't know this would happen," Susan said:

Inwardly, she scoffed.

Her initial impression of Thomas was quite positive

But after the incident involving Monica, she felt a bit irritated.

Last time, Thomas bringing Allen along for the date was even more outrageous.

Even without Allen insisting he liked her, Thomas going on a date and bringing someone else, claiming he wasn't interested in a relationship and had brought someone to date in his stead – was that appropriate?

Wasn't that like pointing at the girl and saying he wasn't into her?

Even if it was for Theresa, Susan had to seize the opportunity to give Thomas a little setback.

"He's probably just too idle these days," Ben said through gritted teeth.

"Don't get too upset, it's enough. I'm off to work now," Susan advised, then slipped back to her office.

Half an hour later.

Thomas was sprawled on the bed.

He knew Ben could be quite sarcastic.

Most of the time, Ben's sarcasm was directed at others, and Thomas found it quite amusing to listen to.

When Ben's sarcasm was directed at him, Thomas truly felt like he had hit rock bottom.

Naturally, the incident with Allen had come to light.

Allen had even dared to go to Storm Group and, in front of Ben, invited Susan for coffee.

As the person responsible for Allen meeting Susan, Thomas felt that Ben not coming after him with an axe was already a sign of their deep friendship.

But even so.

Ben brutally declared that for every time Allen appeared in front of Susan, he would cut the investment by 2 million dollars.

Now, the investment had already been reduced by 2 million dollars.

Despairing, Thomas shakily made a call to Allen.

"Allen, what kind of prince are you?"

Allen's voice was as enthusiastic as ever, "Thomas, you know about my status? Although our backgrounds are different, I hope this doesn't affect our friendship. I just advanced you to the top of my friends' list. You are now my best Foreign friend. As for the previous number one, I've demoted him to the bottom. Do you want to know why? Let me tell you..."

Once Allen started talking, he wouldn't stop.

Thomas felt his head ache and quickly interrupted, "I don't want to know."

Allen fell silent for a moment, then said, "That's a pity. He did something so outrageous to me, I just wanted to vent to someone. Maybe you should listen? You know, when I was passing by him, he actually.

Thomas's headache worsened, and he said, "Allen. To be honest, Ben is my best friend, and I hope you won't

disturb his marriage anymore."

Allen was taken aback, then screamed, "You traitor, you've betrayed me! Were you bribed by that jerk? I tell you, I

won't give up."

With that, he hung up the phone.

When Thomas tried to call back, Allen didn't answer.

Thomas's expression grew even more distressed.

He stared at his phone for a while, then found Theresa's contact information.

He took the initiative to call, "Miss Austin, may I treat you to a meal?"

"No need, goodbye, Theresa was about to hang up.

Thomas, unabashedly, said, "If you don't agree, I'll tell your mother." Allen quickly looked up, and there she was, the Eastern beauty he had been longing for.

His face broke into a grin, "Ms. Miller, we meet again."

Susan was startled and her face slightly changed, her voice cooling down, "What are you doing here?"

Allen's excitement surged, "I came specifically to see you. Ah no, I mean, to visit Storm Group."

Ben was speechless.

Susan was also speechless.

Allen eagerly said, "Miss, since fate has brought us together again, how about I invite you for a coffee?"

Susan was speechless again

Ben looked emotionlessly at Allen, "Today's tour is over. Prince Allen, you may leave now."

"But Mr. Landor, I haven't finished the tour yet," Allen quickly protested, "I'm not leaving."

Ben raised an eyebrow and called security to escort Allen out.

Allen was wailing as he was being taken out, "I don't want to leave, I'm not ready to go. Ben, you're ruining diplomatic relations between our countries, you'll pay for this."

Ben simply ignored him.

Allen continued his lament as he was ushered out

At the entrance of Storm Group, as Allen was being carried out, he caught a glimpse of Eason, shocked.

Eason, in a formal suit and a high-ranking executive at Storm Group, had personally welcomed him in.

Allen's eyes lit up, thinking he found his savior, and he loudly called out, "Eason, it's me, I don't want to be thrown out. Save me, please save me"

The executive looked at Eason strangely, "Mr. Nicholas, do you know him?"

Eason quickly averted his gaze. "I don't know him."

Allen was at a loss for words.

He was about to say more when Eason gave him a warning look.

Allen felt a chill and reluctantly shut his mouth. He watched Eason enter Storm Group with a resentful look, while

he himself was unceremoniously dumped into a car at the entrance.

"Shall we go inside to discuss business?" the executive suggested.

Eason, composed, replied, "Of course."

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Chapter 226

"You have two more minutes to decide." Thomas had lost all shame.

Theresa was clearly shocked by his shamelessness.

After a while, she gritted her teeth and said, "Time and place."

Thomas, delighted, quickly told her the details.

In the evening.

Thomas arrived half an hour early and waited earnestly.

Half an hour later, Theresa arrived, her face dark with anger.

"Speak, what is it?" Theresa said coldly.

Thomas couldn't help but glance at her.

"What are you looking at, haven't seen a beautiful woman before?" Theresa said expressionlessly.

Thomas cleared his throat. "I've seen a few beautiful women. But I've never seen Miss Austin quite so... unique. Your mother described you to my mother as gentle, considerate, introverted, and mild. After meeting a few times... I feel that your mother's description was somewhat off. It seems I'll need to check with her again after dinner

today."

Theresa's expression went through several changes, then she spoke softly, "Mr. Smith. It was all a

misunderstanding just now. I apologize, I was in a bad mood because of work, and I shouldn't have brought that to you. Can you forgive me?"

“Of course, I can. But, I have a condition,” Thomas said.

Theresa immediately got angry. “Thomas, don’t push your luck!”

Thomas sighed deeply, “Ah, I wonder what your mother would think if she knew that her obedient daughter actually has such a fiery temper.”

Theresa was speechless.

She took a deep breath and calmly said, “What’s your condition? Tell me.”

Thomas was inwardly pleased and quickly said, “It’s nothing big. I just wanted to ask, are you close with Susan?”

“It’s alright, Theresa cautiously replied.

“Could you please put in a good word for me with Susan?” Thomas asked with a pained expression. “I really had no idea Allen would do something like this.”

Theresa glanced at him, her voice growing colder. “What, if Allen hadn’t done that, your actions would have been acceptable? Thomas, do I look desperate to you? I can say without exaggeration that if I wanted, men would line up just to pursue me.”

Thomas looked at Theresa’s plain bangs and thick glasses, his face showing an indescribable expression. “Miss Austin, I admire your confidence.”

Theresa was infuriated by his look. “What, you don’t believe me?”

“Of course, I believe you,” Thomas replied noncommittally.

Theresa felt a sudden urge to smash something.

She stood up abruptly. "Mr. Smith, this conversation is going nowhere. I think it's best we part ways here."

"Wait," Thomas quickly asked, "What about the favor I'm asking?"

Theresa looked at him emotionlessly. "I don't agree."

"Aren't you afraid I'll reveal your other side to your mother?" Thomas frowned.

"Then go ahead," Theresa said calmly, "Susan is my friend. She only suffered this embarrassment because she accompanied me on a date. Why should I plead on your behalf, asking her to forgive you? If I did that, wouldn't I be using my friendship to threaten her? I can't do such a thing. I won't ask for this favor. Do as you please."

With that, Theresa walked away.

Thomas watched her leaving, slightly stunned.

After a while, he murmured softly, "She's got principles, after all."

Truth be told, when he first met Theresa, he didn't have much of an impression of her.

She seemed utterly uninteresting from start to finish.

The second time they met, he was too preoccupied with being shocked.

This time, he felt like he finally saw a glimpse of Theresa's true character.

How to put it...

Compared to Monica's naive and delicate demeanor, Theresa's personality was rather striking.

But now, there was a problem.

Theresa refused to plead on his behalf.

He couldn't actually go tattling, could he?

What would that make him!

In the evening, Thomas returned home with a worried look.

Mrs. Smith, pretending to be busy with housework, casually asked, "What's wrong? Didn't the date go well?"

"It was okay." Thomas replied nonchalantly.

"The girl didn't like you?" Mrs. Smith inquired.

"Seems like it," Thomas continued, looking dejected.

"Good, that's great," Mrs. Smith suddenly got excited.

Thomas looked at her in shock, "Good?"

Mrs. Smith grew even more enthusiastic. "Of course it's good! If the girl doesn't like you and it hurts, it means you really liked her, Son, your taste finally matches your mother's. Let me tell you, this Theresa is a really good girl. Highly educated, gentle, kind-hearted, and has the demeanor of someone who knows how to live a solid life. She's exactly the kind of person you should marry."

Thomas was speechless.

Gentle and kind-hearted?

He wished his mother could see how fiercely Theresa could argue.

Mistaking his silence for agreement, Mrs. Smith quickly put down the cloth and started giving advice. "Son, don't worry. Theresa is a sincere girl; she probably didn't like your flashy appearance. Next time, listen to your mother, wear something more modest like a suit, read a few classic literature books in advance, and have a proper

conversation with her."

"Mom, that's not necessary, Thomas struggled to respond.

"Why is it not necessary?" Mrs. Smith became anxious. "You should listen to the wisdom of the elders, or you'll regret it."

"Yes, yes, yes," Thomas replied absentmindedly.

Seeing Thomas's indifferent attitude, Mrs. Smith grew even more anxious.

She thought for a moment and said, "The way you are now, if I were a girl, I wouldn't be interested in you. Next time, invite her over to our house, and I'll personally help you out."

NN

WM, PINKSP GIT make a fuss, Thomas said.

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Ms. She displeased. How am I making a fuss? I'm trying to help you. Eating out is fine, but it lacks the Taste of home Bring be here, let her feel the warmth of a family atmosphere. Who knows, she might soften up?"

Thomas paused for a moment

Som de ght "Hey, this idea might actually be quite good?

meeting in a restaurant always feels a bit cold.

sweeting at home, wouldn't the atmosphere be much warmer?

Such a sting it would be easier to ask for something."

with this in mind Thomas quickly said, "Mom, that's a great idea, I'll go invite her right now."

Thomas then made the call.

Mrs Smith watched his back, a relieved smile spreading across her face.

He Toolish son was finally coming around.

There a su a good girl much better than Monica from before.

Humming a tune, she began to ponder what to prepare for the day they meet.

Chapter 227

The next day.

At the Smiths' house.

Theresa arrived wearing a white dress, looking demure and graceful.

"Mrs. Smith, this is a gift for you." Theresa offered a present proactively.

Mrs. Smith immediately beamed with joy. "Theresa, your visit is gift enough. Why bring something extra?"

Theresa spoke gently. "It's proper etiquette to bring a gift when visiting elders."

Mrs. Smith's smile grew even wider.

Thomas watched Theresa's ladylike demeanor and couldn't help but marvel.

"Women, indeed, are the most changeable creatures in the world." He thought.

"Theresa, come, have a chat with Thomas. I'll go and cook a few more dishes," Mrs. Smith said cheerfully.

"I can help, Mrs. Smith." Theresa quickly offered.

But Mrs. Smith firmly seated her on the sofa. "We can't have a guest helping.

Then, giving Thomas a stern look, she said, "Aren't you going to take good care of Theresa?"

Thomas had no choice but to engage Theresa in conversation, serving her coffee and water.

Seeing this, Mrs. Smith went to the kitchen with satisfaction.

Once Mrs. Smith left for the kitchen, Thomas slumped onto the sofa, relieved.

Theresa's demeanor changed instantly from her previous gentleness.

She looked at Thomas coldly. "Thomas, you're quite something."

"Thanks for the compliment, Thomas replied.

Theresa narrowed her eyes. "Let me tell you, next time you have something, come directly to me, not my mother."

Thomas, that scoundrel, had invited her for dinner, not by asking her directly, but by calling her mother instead.

When Mrs. Austin heard that they had progressed to meeting the parents, she was overjoyed and sent Theresa out the door without even asking for her consent!

Theresa knew that Thomas, the rascal, did it on purpose.

"Would you have agreed to come to my house if I had asked you directly?" Thomas inquired.

"No!" Theresa replied without hesitation.

“That’s exactly my point.” Thomas shrugged.

Theresa felt like hitting him again.

Seeing her expression, Thomas realized he might have spoken out of turn again. He cleared his throat and said, “Miss Austin, honestly, I didn’t mean to offend you. On the contrary, inviting you over was an attempt to mend our relationship.”

“Oh?” Theresa looked at him mockingly.

“I admit I was wrong about what happened before. I apologize,” Thomas said sincerely. “Please believe me, I had no ill intentions. I’m just not ready for a relationship right now, and I really don’t want to waste your time.”

“Waste my time?” Theresa glanced at him disdainfully. “Don’t worry, you couldn’t even if you tried.”

Thomas was speechless.

He took a deep breath, trying to change the subject.

“Miss Austin, you like classic literature. Who’s your favorite author?”

Theresa gave him a look, “Are you sure you want to discuss this with me? I advise against embarrassing yourself.”

Thomas was speechless again.

Alright, discussing this might indeed be embarrassing for him.

After all, she was about to become a doctor of literature.

Thomas tried another topic. "Do you like skincare? I know a few skincare tips. How about we share some?"

Theresa replied indifferently, "There are several pimples on your face."

Thomas touched his face, surprised. She was right.

Theresa sneered. "With skin like yours, you think you're in a position to discuss skincare with me?"

Thomas felt a bit defiant but then he looked at Theresa's face.

Aside from her slightly outdated style, her skin was indeed impeccably smooth and hydrated.

After a moment, Thomas blurted out, "Do you... play games?"

"For example?" Theresa asked.

"For example, Path of Quest?" Thomas suggested.

Theresa was momentarily taken aback.

Path of Quest.

That was the online game she had been playing.

Of course, she hadn't opened that client in a long time.

Partly because she had become engrossed in Starry Romance.

And partly....

Because the person she wanted to meet was no longer in the game.

Thinking of that person, Theresa's eyes lowered, and a dull ache suddenly throbbed in her heart.

She slowly said, "I don't play it."

"Would you be interested?" Thomas pressed.

"It's okay," Theresa cautiously replied.

"How about we play

together?" Thomas suggest

After a moment of silence, Theresa agreed, "Alright."

Thomas breathed a sigh of relief, finally finding a common topic.

He quickly led Theresa to the study.

There, he set up two computers and logged into the game client.

I

"You probably don't have an account for this game, do you? I've registered many. I can lend your one."
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offered generously as he logged in for Theresa.

Then, he logged into his own account.

“The most interesting part of this game is the PvP mode. Do you know PvP? It’s player versus player combat,” Thomas explained.

Theresa nodded, her thoughts wandering.

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Theresa nodded, her thoughts wandering.

“When I was dominating the game, you were probably still a newbie.”

“Girls usually like the healer roles, right? You can use my Priest account. The skills are pretty and not too violent.” Thomas enthusiastically recommended.

Theresa casually agreed.

Then, Thomas picked a Rogue account for himself and said, “To let you enjoy the game, how about we have a PvP match?”

Theresa glanced at Thomas.

This man was becoming increasingly shameless.

A Rogue against a Priest in a PvP match?

Did he have no sense of fair play?

Thomas, however, had his own little strategy in mind.

He planned to overwhelm Theresa in a few rounds, and then, when she was frustrated, offer to help her improve as

an expert.

If Theresa developed an interest in the game, she would surely agree.

This way, he could further bridge their relationship.

‘Give me a moment to familiarize myself with the skills,’ Theresa said.

“Sure. Take your time. I’m in no rush,” Thomas said generously.

Theresa narrowed her eyes, deciding to give Thomas an unforgettable experience.

Usually, a Priest stood little chance against a Rogue.

But was she just an ordinary player?

Theresa swiftly adjusted her game equipment and then planted her flag in front of Thomas.

She was full of fighting spirit.

Thomas hurriedly planted his flag too.

The PvP began.

Thomas's Rogue quickly went into stealth mode and began to approach Theresa's Priest.

He didn't take this match seriously, considering it a walkover.

But just as he was about to attack, suddenly, the Priest cast a light bomb, revealing his location.

Thomas was startled.

But he thought it must be a coincidence.

After all, it was just a Priest, stealth wasn't necessary.

Thomas directly charged in with his character.

However, as soon as he attacked, a light shield appeared around the Priest.

This shield had only one effect: to reflect damage.

It would disappear after one reflection.

At this point, Thomas still had most of his health, so he continued attacking.

Yet Theresa's movements were smooth and elusive, and Thomas's Rogue couldn't land a hit on her back.

For Rogues, attacking from behind provided a damage bonus, frontal attacks were significantly weaker.

Theresa, while dodging, continuously healed herself, maintaining a healthy health bar.

Gradually, Thomas started to become impatient.

He decided to use his special move, Shadow Dance.

The Rogue split into five clones, all charging at the Priest.

The Priest, cool and collected, sent out light orbs one after the other, steadily draining the Rogue's health.

But the Rogue quickly reached her.

Swinging his dagger fiercely, the Rogue made a vicious stab.

The Priest calmly healed herself back to full health.

Then, as the Rogue's dagger struck, the Priest's health dropped by half, but the rogue's health plummeted to nearly

zero.

Theresa said calmly, "I win."

Thomas was dumbfounded, staring at Theresa. "How is your reflective damage so high?"

Theresa replied, "Oh, I switched all my equipment to ones that reflect damage,"

Thomas, "...This doesn't count. Priests have an advantage over Rogues."

Theresa looked at Thomas with a half-smile. "Oh?"

Thomas nodded. "Yes, that's right, let's switch accounts."

This time, Theresa was the Rogue, and Thomas chose a Warrior, the class best suited to counter rogues,

However, this time, Thomas met an even worse fate.

A minute later, the body of the Warrior lay lifelessly on the ground.

'Does this count?' Theresa asked.

"It counts," Thomas gritted his teeth. "But this time, I didn't perform well. Let's switch accounts again."

Theresa nodded nonchalantly.

So, for the next half hour, Thomas was repeatedly defeated by Theresa in various styles.

"Do you want to continue playing?" Theresa asked.

Thomas hesitated for a moment, then declared, "Yes! I have one last account, the Swordsman! If I lose with this

one, then I have nothing more to say.”

A Swordsman?

Theresa paused for a moment.

Her main account was also a Swordsman.

Light’s account was a Swordsman too.

In fact, she had personally trained that Swordsman account.

Remembering the person who might never log in again made Theresa’s mood sink,

“How is it?” Thomas raised his eyebrows.

“Whatever you like, Theresa said calmly.

She casually picked a Mage account and waited for Thomas to log in.

Minutes later.

Thomas’s character stood in front of Theresa. She looked at the ID above his head, and her entire being froze.

She couldn’t be seeing things, could she?

Light?!

The account Thomas was using was Light?

“Theresa, calm down. You have to calm down.

“It might just be a different server. She thought.

Theresa, with trembling hands, opened the detailed ID information to check the server where Light was located.

Then, as if struck by lightning, she stood frozen.

The server was correct.

The ID was correct.

Thomas... was actually Light?

How could he be Light?

Why would he be Light?

Still in a daze, Theresa saw Thomas plant his flag, signaling the start of the PvP match.

She subconsciously clicked to accept.

The Swordsman character, controlled by Thomas, charged like an unstoppable force.

Theresa, distracted and unsettled, quickly found her Mage character lying defeated on the ground.

“How about that?” Thomas immediately gloated. “My Swordsman skills are pretty good, right? My master taught

me.”

“Your master?” Theresa gave him a complicated look.

master plane

Thomas said, “My a female character, but I guess he’s actually a guy. Women don’t usually play that sharply.”

“Why can’t women play sharply?” Theresa said with an anger expression.

“There are women who can play sharply. But I have other evidence that he’s a guy,” Thomas continued.

“I was playing a female character, right? He thought I was a woman and seemed to have developed a liking for me. Tell me, if someone likes women, aren’t they a man? I panicked, confessed that I was a trap, and then logged off, never

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Theresa was speechless.

She wanted to throttle Thomas.

Her gaze turned dangerous as she looked at him.

Thomas, feeling uneasy under her stare, blurted out, “Why are you looking at me like that? I didn’t mean to pretend to be a trap. I just thought the female Swordsman looked better.”

Theresa laughed bitterly.

At this moment, she felt all her sincerity and emotions had been wasted.

No, Thomas was even worse than a waste.

Just then, the door to the study suddenly opened.

Mrs. Smith entered with a smile, "Theresa, Thomas, what are you two doing?"

Theresa instantly put on a gentle smile, "Mrs. Smith, Mr. Smith invited me to play a game. But I'm all about my studies and really don't know how to play games. I think I just let Mr. Smith down."

Thomas was momentarily stunned.

"Not good at games?"

Wasn't he the one just repeatedly defeated?

He was about to explain when Mrs. Smith became angry, "Thomas, what's the matter with you! Theresa is such a well-behaved girl; how could she be playing games? You've learned something and now you're leading her astray."

"Mrs. Smith, it's not like that, I find the game quite fun, Theresa said with a smile. "Especially when Mr. Smith mentioned that he played a female character, and someone mistook him for a girl and fell for him. That's really amusing."

Mrs. Smith was speechless.

She burst out, "Thomas, look at what you've become, deceiving others' feelings online? I'll teach you a lesson today!"

Mrs. Smith rolled up her sleeves and fiercely grabbed Thomas's ear.

Thomas was dumbfounded and quickly said, "Mom, listen to me, it's not what you think..."

"That's right, Mrs. Smith. Although Mr. Smith tricked someone into playing games with him for months and

deceived other's feelings, I'm sure his intentions were good," Theresa added.

Mrs. Smith instantly went to get a stick.

"Mom, be gentle, be gentle!" Thomas cried out while trying to dodge.

Theresa watched calmly from the side.

Thomas couldn't help but send her a resentful look.

He couldn't understand.

What grudge did he and Theresa have that she would do this to him?

Theresa just returned his look with a cold sneer.

She never thought her tragic first love would end in such a manner.

Thomas!

“This grudge, if not avenged, would be a disservice to myself,” Theresa thought.

Chapter 228

Thomas felt this was the most miserable day of his life.

For some reason, Theresa suddenly started targeting him mercilessly.

With her gentle and virtuous demeanor, her soft-spoken words would inevitably lead to him getting a beating from

his mother.

At the dinner table.

Theresa said softly, “Mrs. Smith, your cooking is really delicious.”

Mrs. Smith immediately brightened up, constantly serving Theresa more food, “Good child, if you like it, eat more.”

“I’d better not,” Theresa said, glancing at Thomas with a slight sense of grievance. “Mr. Smith mentioned he doesn’t like girls who are chubby. He even said something about a ‘good woman never weighing over a hundred pounds.’ I should control my diet.”

Thomas was stunned.

He looked at Theresa in disbelief. “When did I say that!”

“Shut your mouth!” Mrs. Smith roared at him.

Thomas was almost in tears. "Mom, I really never said that."

"You never said it? Would Theresa lie?" Mrs. Smith's gaze was like daggers aimed at Thomas.

"It's her who's lying, Thomas said, feeling utterly wronged.

Theresa quickly added, "Mrs. Smith, Mr. Smith is right, I lied. He really never said that. Truly."

"Theresa, you're just too kind," Mrs. Smith said, looking at her sympathetically. "My son is good for nothing. You must be feeling wronged. Don't listen to his nonsense. Girls are supposed to be a bit plump to look good. Here, eat

more."

Theresa stared at Mrs. Smith blankly, and the next moment, tears started rolling down her cheeks.

Thomas looked at Theresa in a mix of horror and confusion.

What was she planning now?

Mrs. Smith, however, was suddenly filled with compassion. "Theresa, what's wrong?"

Theresa, tears streaming down her face, said, "Mrs. Smith, besides my parents, no one has ever been so kind to

me."

Hearing this, Mrs. Smith felt a warmth in her heart. "Theresa. From now on, you should come here often, and I will cook delicious meals for you."

Theresa wiped her tears and softly said, "Mrs. Smith, I'm afraid I can't come here anymore."

"Why not?" Mrs. Smith asked, puzzled.

Theresa glanced at Thomas with a look of hurt. "Mr. Smith doesn't like me. My coming here would only bother

him."

"He wouldn't dare." Mrs. Smith frowned at Thomas.

Before Thomas could say anything, Theresa continued. "Mrs. Smith, liking someone is a matter of the heart. You shouldn't trouble Mr. Smith about this. I understand his intentions after these two dates."

"Theresa! Tell me the truth, did he make you feel wronged during these dates?" Mrs. Smith asked urgently.

"It's not exactly a grievance," Theresa said softly. Just some small matters."

"Yes, just small matters." Thomas quickly agreed, his heart pounding with apprehension.

Mrs. Smith gave him a cold look and then turned to Theresa. "Theresa, tell me everything. If he really bullied you, I'll

teach him a lesson."

"It's really nothing."

Theresa insisted, but Mrs. Smith was determined to get to the bottom of it.

Theresa, unable to hold back, finally said, “Actually, it’s nothing much. It’s just that during our first date, Mr. Smith brought another girl with him. I think her name was Monica? Monica seemed quite hostile

towards me, constantly claiming that she and Mr. Smith were childhood friends and saying I wasn’t a good match for Mr. Smith.”

“What!” Mrs. Smith couldn’t help but slam the table, angrily looking at Thomas. “You actually took Monica with you?”

Thomas shrank a little and said weakly, “Mom, I just happened to meet Monica, so we decided to have a meal together.”

Mrs. Smith gave him a cold glance, then turned to Theresa with kindness in her eyes, “Theresa, you must feel wronged! But don’t listen to Monica’s nonsense. Although she and our Thomas grew up together, they definitely haven’t developed any romantic feelings.”

Theresa responded softly. “Mrs. Smith, I trust you wouldn’t lie to me. But even without Monica, Mr. Smith probably never considered developing anything with me.”

“Why is that?” Mrs. Smith was surprised.

Theresa’s eyes lowered as she spoke softly, “On our second date, Mr. Smith brought another friend. He said he wasn’t interested in romance and brought someone to take his place in the date.”

Her voice choked up towards the end.

Theresa trembled as she raised her head. “Mrs. Smith, although I haven’t had a boyfriend in my twenty–something years, it’s because I’ve been focusing on my studies and haven’t had the chance to meet men. It’s not because nobody wants me. If Mr. Smith doesn’t like me, he could have just said so. There was no need to bring someone else to replace him.”

Seeing Theresa’s red–rimmed eyes, Mrs. Smith felt heartbroken.

She looked coldly at Thomas and asked expressionlessly, "Did you really do that?"

Thomas coughed. "Actually, I didn't mean any harm..."

'Thomas!' Mrs. Smith slammed the table again.

Thomas shrank back, not daring to speak.

'Mrs. Smith, this dinner invitation was your idea, right? Theresa sniffled. "I know you mean well. But Mr. Smith clearly doesn't like me, and I really... really can't face coming here again. Thank you for your hospitality... I should go now." Saying this, Theresa, with teary eyes, walked away.

'Theresa...' Mrs. Smith called after her but to no avail, her expression turning grim as she looked at Thomas.

Thomas quickly stood up. "I'll go and see her off."

He rushed out and grabbed Theresa's arm.

"What are you doing?" Theresa looked at him expressionlessly, showing none of the vulnerability she had inside.

Thomas was astonished. "Your acting skills are quite impressive."

"Thanks for the compliment. I plan to enter the entertainment industry and have been taking acting lessons recently. Seems like it's paying off," Theresa said flatly.

"Really? You, in the entertainment industry?" Thomas scoffed, thinking Theresa was just bluffing.

"Don't believe me? Fine," Theresa turned to leave.

“Wait, I believe you!” Thomas grabbed her arm again, trying to appease her. “Theresa, I was wrong about the last two times. Let’s just let bygones be bygones, alright?”

Theresa smiled. “Let bygones be bygones? In your dreams.”

Thomas became desperate. “Isn’t this a bit much? What grudge do we have that you need to torment me like this? Are all women so mean?”

Theresa glanced at him and coldly said, “Yes, women are mean, you got that right.”

Before Thomas could respond, Theresa suddenly burst into loud sobs. “Mr. Smith, I understand now. I won’t say such things again. It was all my fault, I know I was wrong.”

Thomas was bewildered.

Before he could grasp the situation, Theresa had already run off crying.

Turning around, he saw Mrs. Smith standing with a stick, her face expressionless.

Thomas was speechless.

He felt a wave of panic.

Chapter 229

An hour later, Thomas sent a video call to Theresa.

Theresa answered and saw Thomas with a bruised face.

She couldn't help but laugh. "I didn't expect Mrs. Smith to be so harsh." Thomas looked at her with a grievance in his eyes. "Theresa, are you done venting your anger? Can you speak for me now?" Theresa replied indifferently, "Forget it," and then she abruptly ended the call. Thomas was left feeling helpless.

He had never encountered a woman as tough as Theresa.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

He hurried to answer it.

Mrs. Smith entered with a stern face and handed him an ointment.

"Mom, you still care about me," Thomas said, trying to please her.

Mrs. Smith responded without expression. "Care about you? I'm mainly worried that if your face is ruined, Theresa won't look at you. Once your face is better, try to develop things with Theresa! If you mess up again, don't bother coming back home."

'Develop... with Theresa?' Thomas panicked a bit.

"What? Do you feel wronged?" Mrs. Smith got angry. "Let me tell you, a girl as gentle, elegant, and well-educated as Theresa doesn't come around often. If you can't

rry her, I won't recognize you as my son anymore." Thomas replied hesitantly, "Isn't that a bit exaggerated? And besides, Theresa might not even like me."

Mrs. Smith softened slightly, "Don't worry. I've already inquired with Mrs. Austin. She said Theresa does like you. Just reform your ways, turn over a new leaf, and you'll surely succeed."

Thomas was baffled by her peculiar descriptions.

“Anyway, you need to take the initiative! Send her messages, ask her out more! And don’t think about deceiving me. I’ll be checking your progress daily.” Mrs. Smith warned before leaving.

Thomas was speechless.

He, left alone, sent another video call to Theresa.

“Theresa! Did you tell your mom that you really like me?”

Theresa blinked and smiled. “Yes, is that a problem?”

‘I don’t believe you for a second!’ Thomas was on the verge of losing it. “What are you up to now?”

Theresa's smile brightened, “What am I up to? Just having some fun! Oh, there’s a new movie out tomorrow that I really want to see. How about you come with me?”

Thomas immediately became wary. “No way! You’re just looking for another chance to torture me.” “Oh? Not going? Then I’ll just give your mom a call.” Theresa threatened.

Thomas relented. “...Fine! I’ll go!”

He was almost in tears.

How the tables have turned.

It used to be him using this tactic to threaten Theresa, and now, she was doing it to him.

When both families heard they were going to see a movie together, they were ecstatic, almost ready to celebrate with fireworks.

In the cinema.

Thomas watched the horror movie on the screen, shivering in fear.

He had a secret fear of horror movies and couldn't stand even a bit of scariness.

Now, faced with the screen full of blood, he was close to passing out.

Theresa looked at Thomas's pale face and laughed.

So, Light wasn't lying after all. He really was scared of horror movies.

Theresa crunched on her chips, animatedly narrating the movie to him.

Since she had booked the entire theater, she wasn't worried about disturbing others.

ching? It's getting excitin

"Why aren't you watching? It's getting exciting now. Look, that guy's bones are flying out.

"Wow, these special effects are impressive, Especially the brain matter they've made it so red and white, very realistic.

"Look, the ghost is about to appear.

"This guy is so unfortunate, his limbs got chopped off, and to survive, he's even drinking urine."

Theresa was thoroughly enjoying her narration.

Thomas's face turned from pale to ashen, then back to pale again.

Finally, hearing the graphic description of drinking urine was too much for Thomas. He rushed out of the theater and headed straight for the restroom.

After throwing up, he returned to find Theresa waiting for him at the door.

'Let's go back and continue watching.' Thomas managed a weak smile.

Theresa looked at him with a complex expression and said flatly, "No need. I suddenly don't feel like watching anymore."

Thomas breathed a sigh of relief, then asked, "What do you want to do then? Just say it. I'll consider it as making amends." Seeing Thomas so willing to follow her commands, Theresa suddenly lost interest.

She spoke calmly, "Thomas, we're even now."

She was getting bored too.

The incident in the game wasn't really a matter of right or wrong.

It was more about a lack of destiny.

As for the arranged dates, Thomas was at fault initially.

But now, she felt she had gotten her revenge.

"Even now?" Thomas's eyes lit up. He didn't even dare to mention asking for a favor. At this point, as long as Theresa didn't deliberately trouble him, he would be grateful.

Theresa smiled faintly. "We're even."

So, they each went their separate ways home.

But half an hour later, they found themselves sitting opposite each other in a park.

Thomas started with a hint of grievance, "You think we're even now. But my mom disagrees." Theresa was even more aggrieved, "My mom disagrees too."

As soon as they got home, both sets of parents had eagerly sent them back out.

Theresa regretted telling the lie about liking Thomas.

Now, both families were excited, almost expecting them to get married on the spot.

After a long silence, Thomas said, "Since we're out, shall we just take a walk?"

"Alright. Theresa reluctantly agreed. The two of them walked aimlessly along the lakeside in the park. The wind that night was particularly gentle, softly lifting Theresa's long hair.

Thomas glanced at her and, almost involuntarily, said, "feqlllywebe |

y te net epeareng: you do look quite gentle."

Theresa rolled her eyes at him and then stepped on his foot. "How about now? Still gentle?"

Thomas resigned. "... | was wrong."

They continued their aimless stroll until late into the night before each headed home.

Little did they know, what they thought was just a one-time deal to appease their parents would slowly become a routine.

Under the pressure of both families, their nightly meetings turned into a regular occurrence.

Theresa began to free up her evenings, while Thomas got used to waiting for her under her apartment building every night.

When alone, Theresa sometimes felt lost.

She didn't like Thomas, and he didn't like her either, so what were they doing?

Moreover, to her horror, she found herself somewhat looking forward to these nightly encounters.

"Ah!"

Theresa screamed and then called Susan, her best friend, to whom she told everything without reservations. She had already shared with Susan about Thomas being Light and their forced daily dates.

Today, she began to vent frantically.

w, it's not just at night

"Susan, you don't know. This stupid dating thing is Shee work... just at night, wherever I'm at home during the day, my mom...

Theresa complained non-stop for half an hour.

Susan listened while reading a book.

When Theresa finally stopped, Susan raised an eyebrow. "Sounds painful?" "It is." Theresa nodded vigorously.

"I feel like you're enjoying it, though." Susan laughed. "Tell me, Theresa, could it be that you started liking Thomas?"

Click. Theresa hung up the phone.

Susan raised her eyebrows, an amused smile curling her lips.

Chapter 230

"Theresa again?" Ben sounded a bit jealous. "Who's your husband here, me or her?"

Theresa seemed to call Susan every day, each time chatting for over half an hour.

Ben felt his dignity as a husband was being challenged!

Susan glanced at him. "Is that the point?"

"What else would it be?" Ben frowned.

"The point is, Theresa and Thomas are getting closer!" Susan was surprised by this development.

After all, Theresa and Thomas seemed like such an unlikely pair, yet they were now meeting daily.

"A single man and a single woman, is it that strange?" Ben remarked.

Susan shook her head at him, "I won't discuss this with a straightforward man like you."

Ben was confused.

Susan leaned in closer. "Theresa told me she's going to an amusement park with Thomas tomorrow."

"And then?" Ben raised his eyebrows.

Susan nudged him. "I want to go and see for myself."

Ben was puzzled. "See what?"

"Aren't you curious about what their date will be like?" Susan couldn't help but say.

"Not really," Ben shook his head.

Susan pinched him.

Ben quickly agreed. "Very curious, extremely curious."

Susan was pleased. "Then, to satisfy your curiosity, let's go to the amusement park too."

Ben was speechless.

Susan narrowed her eyes. "Are you unhappy about something?"

"No," Ben replied calmly, "I just realized that we've been married for so long, and I haven't even taken you to an amusement park. I've been so negligent."

The next day.

The sun was just right.

Susan, wearing a sun hat, sunglasses, and a mask, looked quite sneaky.

Ben, under her insistence, was dressed similarly.

“We’ll enter the amusement park first. Then we’ll hide in the gift shop near the entrance. When we see them coming, we’ll secretly follow them. Got it?” Susan whispered.

“Understood.” Ben nodded calmly

The two of them sneaked into the gift shop like thieves.

They didn’t have to wait long before Thomas and Theresa entered the park, holding hands.

“Wow, they’re making progress,” Susan exclaimed in surprise.

Ben was slightly taken aback too, but soon he noticed the people following Thomas and Theresa and chuckled.

“What’s so funny?” Susan asked curiously.

Ben pointed to a middle-aged woman following the couple, whispering, “That’s Thomas’s mother. And the woman with her, I believe, is Theresa’s mother.”

Susan was speechless.

Susan fell silent for a moment before bursting into laughter.

So, the mothers of Thomas and Theresa, not trusting their children, had also followed them to the date?

No wonder, despite holding hands, both Thomas and Theresa looked awkward.

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“Let’s follow them. I have a feeling there’s going to be some interesting drama,” Susan said, pulling Ben along.

They followed at a safe distance behind the two mothers.

Mrs. Smith, Thomas’s mother, was speaking with satisfaction, “I say, these two kids are just meant for each other. Look how well–matched they are.”

Mrs. Austin, Theresa’s mother, was equally delighted, “Isn’t it? Theresa is just introverted. Thomas being extroverted complements her perfectly, doesn’t it?”

“Mrs. Austin, you’ve hit the nail on the head. Thomas is so lively. I like quiet kids like Theresa who can keep him in

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“Oh, you flatter her too much. Theresa is just a bookworm without much flair. If Thomas agrees to marry her, that would be her fortune.”

“No, no, no. It’s Thomas’s fortune.”

“No, no, it’s really Theresa’s fortune.”

The two mothers began to lavishly praise each other’s child, almost as if they were eager to have Thomas and Theresa get married on the spot.

The sun was shining brightly.

Thomas and Theresa were walking hand in hand, albeit reluctantly.

Theresa whispered, “Let go of my hand, it’s hot today. My palms are sweating.”

Thomas scoffed, “You let go first.”

He knew if he released her hand first, he’d fall right into Theresa’s trap and his mother would come charging at him.

Theresa glared at Thomas. “Can’t you act a bit more like a man?”

Thomas smiled. “A real man never let go.”

Exasperated, Theresa proposed. “How about we switch to arm around the waist? That should be okay, right?”

After a moment’s thought, Thomas put his arm around Theresa’s waist.

Their mothers, who were following behind, were thrilled at this.

“I told you these kids are a perfect match, didn’t I? Look, he’s even got his arm around her waist,” Mrs. Smith whispered excitedly.

Mrs. Austin laughed. "Mrs. Smith, since our family only has one daughter, can the second child take the Austin

surname?"

"Oh, I don't mind at all. Even the first child can take the Austin name," Mrs. Smith replied cheerfully.

"You're such a generous person. Then let's discuss the wedding, shall we? I was thinking..."

"Whatever you suggest for the wedding is fine by us. As long as Theresa likes it, we agree. I'm planning to give the young couple..."

"Speaking of children's names, I have a few suggestions. How about..."

"I think they all sound great. If it's a boy, we can name him... If it's a girl, we can name her..."

Susan, eavesdropping, couldn't help but laugh out loud at this point.

Thomas and Theresa had no idea their simple gesture had their mothers excitedly planning out their children's

names.

However, before Susan could finish laughing, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Austin turned around, looking surprised to see

her.

Susan quickly covered her mouth. "I just think 'Tobias Smith' is a great name.

The two mothers continued to gaze at them.

Theresa, noticing the commotion, turned around and was surprised to see Susan, exclaiming, "Susan?"

It was a surprise to be recognized in disguise.

Feeling slightly awkward, Susan removed her sunglasses and, clutching Ben, said, "It's a coincidence, we were just having a date here today too."

also too

Ben also took off his sunglasses and calmly greeted the mothers, "Hello, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Austin.

htened

Mrs. Smith immediately brightened up. "Oh, it's you kids. What a coincidence! Since you're all couples and friends, why don't you play together?"

"Absolutely, let's go together." Theresa, seeing a lifeline, eagerly signaled to Susan for help.

Suppressing her laughter, Susan agreed.

"Go ahead, you young people enjoy the thrills. We'll just row a boat on the nearby lake." Mrs. Smith suggested

cheerfully.

"Mom, please go ahead!" Thomas hurriedly encouraged them.

Mrs. Smith looked at him suspiciously, "Are you that eager for us to leave?"

Thomas broke out in a cold sweat, but Mrs. Smith quickly laughed. "I know you want to spend time alone with

Theresa. Have fun!"

The mothers cheerfully departed, still discussing potential names for future grandchildren.

Thomas and Theresa watched their mothers walk away and, once they were out of sight, Thomas quickly released

Theresa from his embrace.

Theresa glared at him. "What, you feel so wronged holding me? So eager to let go?"

Thomas hesitated before asking, "Should I hold you again?"

"Get lost." Theresa snapped back coldly. "Don't even think about taking advantage of me for one more second."

Thomas was at a loss

It was really difficult for him.

Susan watched the scene with amusement.

"What's so funny, Susan? Theresa inquired

"I just suddenly feel like you two are quite a good match Susan remarked.

“Impossible” both Thomas and Theresa said in unison.

“Look, how in sync you are” Susan remarked

“Not in sync at all Thomas and Theresa retorted in unison

Susan fell silent and just spread her hands in a gesture of resignation

Thomas and Theresa exchanged a resentful glance and decided to stop talking

“Alright, we won’t disturb your date anymore. Have fun, you two, Susan said with a smile.

“Wait, Susan Theresa started anxiously, wanting to keep her there.

But Susan had already taken off with Ben, leaving them far behind.

Thomas and Theresa looked at each other, then both scoffed and turned away.

Ben looked at Susan, a slight smirk playing on his lips, though his voice carried a hint of tease, “So, not watching

the show anymore?”

Susan blinked, “I wanted to, but seeing how well they match, I don’t want to be a third wheel”

Ben’s face fell instantly. Thats it?

Susan gave him a playful look. "Of course, more importantly, I wanted to spend some alone time with you."

This made Ben's smile deepen

That's more like it

"I've never been to an amusement park. What should we try first? Susan asked, her enthusiasm evident.

Ben frowned slightly.

Truth be told, he had never been to an amusement park either.

However, he tried to act knowledgeable.

"Let's start with something gentle, warm up a bit. How about 'Eternal Love'? That sounds soothing."

"That makes sense," Susan agreed.

Minutes later.

They arrived at the 'Eternal Love' ride.

Susan looked at Ben. "Soothing?"

The so-called "Eternal Love" was, in fact, a gigantic rotating pendulum that performed all sorts of 180 and 360-degree turns. According to the staff, it was the most thrilling ride in the park, without a doubt.

Ben felt his scalp tighten but kept his cool. "If you're scared, Susan, we can choose something else."

Susan grabbed his hand. "No, let's try it. I actually want to."

"You might want to think it over again. This is really intense," Ben said, trying to maintain his composure.

He had always thought he was quite brave, but after seeing that pendulum spinning wildly, he almost felt faint.

"Are you scared?" Susan asked.

Ben turned around resolutely. "Let's do it."

Minutes later.

Susan came off the ride, her face flushed with excitement, even eager to go again.

In contrast, Ben looked pale, his forehead beaded with cold sweat.

"Are you okay?" Susan asked worriedly, noticing his condition.

"I'm fine." Ben gritted his teeth. "Just suddenly need to use the restroom."

"Let me help you get there." Susan offered quickly.

"No, I can manage on my own." Ben declined firmly and left in a hurry.

Susan, feeling concerned, decided to wait with two bottles of water not far away.

“Excuse me, miss,” a soothing voice called out to her.

Susan turned to see a stranger.

“Yes? Who are you?” she asked hesitantly.

“I am Eason Nicholas.” he introduced with a smile. “You probably don’t know me.”

“Why are you...” Susan was puzzled.

“I was in line near you,” Eason explained quickly. “It’s rare to see a girl who enjoys such thrilling rides. You seemed to really enjoy it?”

Susan blushed slightly, “Maybe I’m just physically stronger than most.”

Speaking of which, Susan felt that she was in good health.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t have been able to stay so healthy despite having her blood drawn for so many years.

Eason, observing Susan easily opening the water bottle, commented, “Opening a bottle with one hand indicates. you must be quite strong?”

Susan was momentarily taken aback. “It’s just opening a bottle cap, nothing special. But yes, I am a bit stronger

than the average person.”

She recalled how, before the age of seven, her strength was exceptionally great.

However, after years of regular blood draws, her strength had diminished to only slightly above average.

Eason couldn't contain his excitement. "That's great, that's great."

"Huh?" Susan looked at him, puzzled by his reaction.

"It's nothing," Eason hastily composed himself, trying to hide his excitement. "Miss, I'm sure we'll meet again in the

future."

He guessed that Ben would be back soon, so he turned around and left.

Susan watched his retreating figure, muttering to herself about the odd encounter. "That was really strange."