

Crazy Love 231

Chapter 231

“What's wrong?” Ben asked when he saw Susan looking perplexed upon his return.

Susan shook her head. “Nothing much, just met a weird guy.”

“A weird guy?” Ben instantly became alert, “Male or female? What did he do to you?”

Susan looked at him amusingly. “A man. But he didn't do anything, just asked a few questions.” “A man! Asking questions?” Ben became even more vigilant. “Where is he?”

Ben seemed ready to confront the man.

“Don't worry. He just asked a few questions.” Susan reassured him with a smile.

“What questions?” Ben inquired.

A hint of confusion flashed in Susan's eyes, “Nothing special, just about my health and strength.” Ben was puzzled.

*Probably he was just surprised to see a girl enjoying such intense rides, Susan said nonchalantly. After finishing her explanation, she smiled and suggested. “I'm a bit tired. Let's find a place to sit, okay?”

Ben, still feeling weak in the knees from the ride, quickly agreed.

At the nearest dessert shop.

As soon as Susan ordered, her phone started buzzing incessantly with messages. She opened it and took a look.

It was all from Theresa.

[Susan, you really left me in the lurch. How could you just abandon me like that? [Do you have any idea how annoying Thomas is!

[He said he was too lazy to walk and insisted on going on the Ferris wheel with me. Once would have been fine, but now it's our fifth time! | said | wanted to leave, but he threatened to call our parents!

[Is he insane or what?!

[Ah, it's the sixth time on the Ferris wheel. I'm losing my mind.] Susan chuckled at the message and then calmly set her phone aside.

"Ben, let me tell you about..." Susan began to share the latest gossip with Ben when suddenly she noticed someone waving and smiling at her from behind Ben.

Susan's smile twitched.

"The beautiful foreign lady, we meet again," Allen approached them warmly, taking a seat uninvited at their table. Ben looked at Allen expressionlessly, "What, do you want to be thrown out again?"

Remembering the experience of being thrown out last time, Allen's scalp tingled.

But he composed himself quickly.

"Hmph, last time it was in the Storm Group, you could kick me out, but now we're at an amusement park. You're not the boss here, what right do you have to kick me out?"

"Is that so?" Ben glanced at Allen, then made a phone call.

“Yes, buy shares in this amusement park, as many as possible. It’s okay to buy it outright. | give you half an hour,” Ben spoke calmly and hung up.

Allen felt a chill run down his spine. He stammered. “You... you can’t fool me. Buying an amusement park can’t be that fast.”

Ben raised an eyebrow, saying indifferently. “Then just wait here.”

Allen's smile froze on his face.

He sat there stubbornly, “Fine, I'll wait.”

And then...

Before even half an hour had passed, the amusement park’s security approached Ben.

“Boss.” they greeted respectfully

Ben looked at Allen with a smirk. “Now, it seems | can throw you out again.”

Allen’s face paled instantly. “You can’t do this...”

Ben raised an eyebrow and said indifferently, “Throw him out.”

Ashriek like a pig being slaughtered filled the air as Allen was dragged away, yelling, “Beautiful foreign lady, | will be back. For you, | will never give up.”

Susan remarked, “Is he really a prince?”

Ben quipped, “Probably got hit by a meteorite on the head at birth.”

Susan shook her head, not giving much thought to this little interlude.

“You will pay for treating a prince like this.” Allen, disheveled, was thrown outside the gate, issuing his final threat. “A prince?”

However, the security guards only sneered and walked away without looking back.

Allen became anxious.

Was it their expression of disbelief in his royal identity?

Did they think he couldn't possibly be a prince?

“Wait, | have ID, | can prove who | am...

But the guards didn't stop for a second, leaving without turning back, as Allen thought about chasing after them. Suddenly, Allen's hand was abruptly grabbed.

“Who dares to grab me?” he snapped, turning around in frustration, only to find himself face-to-face with Eason's emotionless expression.

“Eason, it's you!” Allen exclaimed as if seeing a savior, gripping him eagerly. “Quick, help me tell those security guards that | really am a prince.”

Eason pried Allen's hand off, his eyebrows slightly furrowed, “What have you done?”

“It's all because of that Ben!” Allen fumed. “When you suddenly disappeared, | wandered around and guess what? | was incredibly lucky to bump into Ms. Miller at a dessert shop.”

His eyes brightened as he spoke. "Ms. Miller is still so beautiful, just like the girl of my di Eason's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Then what happened?"

"I just went over to say hi. But that Ben, so detestable, insisted on separating a pair of lovers. He actually threw me out." Allen recounted with a mix of indignation and self-pity.

Eason seemed to reach his limit, grinding his teeth. "Flirting with someone's wife right in front of them, and you just got thrown out, not beaten up or maimed. You're actually quite lucky."

"Eason!" Allen looked at him in disbelief. "You're siding with an outsider! You're no longer my best friend. I'm going to remove you from my friend list."

"The feeling is mutual," Eason said, turning to leave.

"Hey, wait for me..." Allen jogged after him. "Eason, do you think Ms. Miller could actually be your sister?"

At the mention of Susan, a brief smile flickered across Eason's face, but then his expression turned grave again. "What's wrong?" Allen asked curiously.

Eason pursed his lips. "After arriving in Coraland, I looked into Susan's background. Her father is Carl, her mother is Jane, and she has a fraternal twin sister, Yana. Her family background is quite clear."

"So, she's not your sister?" Eason hesitated. "I thought so too, but after seeing her today, I had this inexplicable feeling." "You saw her too?" Allen was surprised. "A special feeling? You're not thinking of pursuing her, are you?"

Eason's eyebrows twitched in irritation, and he couldn't help but kick Allen lightly. "Nonsense! You know I love thrilling rides. I came to this amusement park specifically for the 'Eternal Love' ride, known for its intense spins. While queuing, I discovered Susan was right in front of me."

"And then?" Allen urged.

“Almost everyone gets off that ride looking pale as death, but not Susan. She came off looking radiant and energetic, as if she hadn’t had enough fun yet.” Eason recalled, his gaze softening as he thought of Susan’s sparkling eyes.

Allen was taken aback. “Apart from your family, there are such brave souls in the world?”

Eason chuckled. “I was surprised too.”

The Nicholas family has a unique gene, endowing each member, regardless of eae yeigh @ robust

D, yiausiand niu strength far beyond ordinary people. Furthermore, every generation, both men and women, have a natural aptitude for intense activities.

By this logic, Susan seemed like a natural—born Nicholas family member.

“There's another thing, Susan has a rare blood type,” Eason continue “So did my mother, But then, vane abohals Pre blood type. I’m not sure where Susan’s blood type comes from.”

“So, what are you implying?” Allen prodded. “I plan to stay a few more days. Ideally, I'd like to get a sample of Susan’s blood. One way or another, I want an answer.” Eason declared.

Allen excitedly slapped Eason’s shoulder. “Staying is the right choice. You can help me strategize. I won't leave until I win over my goddess.”

Eason disgustingly shrugged off Allen’s hand. “Get lost.” JJ

Allen became frantic. “Eason, you can't be like this. Think about it, if

Susan really is your sister, ang she MEME a iS he ily. You know my character, I'll endure any scolding or hitting without fighting back after marriage! As for Ben, with his high position, Susan might suffer injustices!”

Eason was speechless.

Though the logic was twisted, it strangely made some sense.

Swayed for a moment, Eason narrowed his eyes but quickly regained composure.

“Shut up. I warn you for the last time, if you keep bothering Susan and Ben, I'll call the Queen and report how you're tarnishing the reputation of the Ethiopian royal family abroad.”

Allen looked at Eason with a woeful expression. “Are you even my friend anymore?”

Seeing Allen's miserable face, Eason suddenly felt quite pleased.

‘Susan, could you be my sister?’ He thought.

Eason decided he needed to meet Susan again, ideally to have a longer conversation to confirm some details. If he could obtain a sample of her blood or hair, that would be even better.

Of course, opportunities like this were rare, so he planned to patiently wait while expanding some business ventures in Coraland.

Eason thought he would have to wait a long time for such an opportunity, but it came sooner than expected. A movie directed by Mr. Witt, titled “Love in Bitter” started shooting after months of preparation.

in Bitter which Susan had single-handedly financed, was about to

Additionally, the movie's lead actress, Rose, was a close friend of Susan's.

Eason learned that Susan would be attending the movie's opening ceremony.

If he could also attend, it would be the perfect chance to interact with her privately.

Chapter 232

In the world of film, investment is always welcomed.

To strengthen his bond with Susan, Eason discreetly approached Mr. Witt to make an additional investment.

The director, surprised and delighted to find someone other than Susan willing to believe in his vision, happily accepted. Seizing the opportunity, Eason suggested participating in the film's kick-off ceremony, to which Mr. Witt readily agreed. On the day of the ceremony, Eason woke up early and began grooming himself meticulously.

First, he donned a suit, but upon looking in the mirror, he wondered if it was too formal. Might it intimidate Susan? Switching to casual attire, he then grappled with whether it appeared too informal.

Was their

After all, if Susan really was his sister, this first formal meeting, and he couldn't afford to take it lightly.

He wanted to make a great impression.

Eason tried on outfit after outfit, even consulting several professional stylists for their opinions.

Running out of time, he finally settled on a smart—casual suit.

“Mr. Nicholas, the car is ready,” his driver announced respectfully.

Just as Eason was about to leave, he remembered something and hurried back to grab a bottle of men's cologne, spraying it generously over himself.

After a quick revisit to the bathroom for a toothbrushing and a spritz of mouth freshener, he ensured he smelled pleasant from head to toe before heading out.

Eason finally relaxed, telling himself, "This time, it should be perfect!" He took a deep breath, stood tall, and walked out with confidence.

His last encounter with Susan at the amusement park had been too casual, without any careful preparation, and he had met her unexpectedly.

He wondered what impression he had left on Susan.

Fortunately, time was on his side, and he had plenty of opportunities to slowly build a connection with her.

In the car, the driver, curious about Tang's constant mirror—checking, couldn't resist asking, "Mr. Nicholas, are you

going to meet your love?"

"My love? It's much more important than that," Tang replied, his gaze softening.

He had searched for many who he thought might be his sister, but most of the time, he knew right away they weren't her. Although there were some physical resemblances, something always told him they weren't his sister.

That's why he didn't rush to meet Susan initially.

He feared the disappointment.

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However, their unexpected meeting a few days ago had left Eason feeling not only hopeful but extremely eager.

Even without a blood test, something deep inside him insisted. "It's her; it must be her."

"Calm down. Stay calm." Eason silently urged himself, taking deep breaths to settle his nerves. An hour later, his car arrived at the filming location, set in a secluded area in the mountains. Eason arrived two hours earlier than the appointed time.

When he got there, apart from the crew, no one else had arrived yet.

Mr. Witt was surprised to see Eason arriving early.

"Mr. Nicholas, why are you here so early?" he asked.

Eason, with a tense back and forced composure, replied, "I've never witnessed a commencement ceremony before and was curious, so I arrived a bit early. I hope that's not a problem, Mr. Witt?"

"Not at all, not at all," Mr. Witt reassured quickly. "It's just that we're still setting up props, so we might not be able to attend to you right away."

"That's fine, I'll just look around," Eason said, then found a spot to sit.

He sat with a furrowed brow, giving off a 'do not disturb' vibe.

Crew members passing by tread lightly, careful not to speak too loudly around him.

Eason's lips moved slightly, as if muttering to himself.

This prompted curiosity among some, "What do you think Mr. Nicholas is mumbling about?"

“Given his serious demeanor, it must be something business-related,” one suggested.

“It's definitely a big business deal,” another added.

“I don't think it's about business. He looks more like a young guy nervously waiting for a date.”

“How could that be? With Mr. Nicholas's status, why would he need to be nervous about meeting any woman?” As the animated discussion about Eason continued, he was engrossed in his own world, nervously muttering to himself.

If anyone had come close enough, they would have heard his frantic whispers.

“What should I say first?”

“Hello?”

“Is that too casual?”

“Maybe, ‘Hello, beautiful lady’?”

“That sounds a bit too forward.”

“Should I walk up to her right away?”

“Do I shake her hand?”

Torn by indecision, Eason's inner debate became audible.

Time slowly passed as he waited anxiously, lost in his thoughts.

Theresa and Susan arrived about half an hour early, hand in hand.

Here they came!

movem

Upon seeing them, Eason suddenly stood up, his movement so abrupt that he knocked over his chair with a loud bang.

This sudden noise drew everyone's attention, including Susan's.

She looked at him in surprise, recognizing him from their encounter at the amusement park. "You... you're the guy from the amusement park that day, right?" she asked.

"Yes, Ms. Miller, Eason replied, attempting a gentle smile. "I told you we would meet again."

"Do you two know each other?" Theresa inquired, looking curiously between Susan and Eason.

Susan shook her head. "No, not really. We just bumped into each other at the amusement park once."

Eason's gaze softened as he said, "That's what I meant by us having a connection."

Theresa chuckled and whispered to Susan, "Is he another one of your admirers? Your jealous husband is going to have a fit."

"It's not like that." Susan whispered back. "He doesn't seem that type."

Oddly enough, Susan felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity towards Eason, unlike her immediate dislike for people like Allen. Despite Eason's odd behavior, she never thought of him as a frivolous person.

After Theresa and Susan finished their private conversation, Eason, visibly more nervous.

Eason couldn't help but wonder what Susan and Theresa were discussing.

His mind raced with questions, 'Were they talking about me?

"What did Susan think of me?"

After the two women finished their conversation, Eason, nervously, invited them. "You both must be tired, right? Why don't you sit down for a while?"

Susan hesitated slightly.

Theresa cheerfully took Susan's hand and said, "Sure, let's sit."

She then promptly sat between Eason and Susan.

Eason was speechless.

He had hoped for some private conversation with Susan.

"May I know how to address you, sir?" Theresa asked Eason with a smile.

Eason, feeling a bit downcast, soon adjusted his mood and warmly introduced himself. "My name is Eason Nicholas. I'm from Tonic, 33 years old and currently single. I've come to Coraland to expand my business

ventures.”

Theresa blinked, amused, “Mr. Nicholas, | didn’t ask for all that information.”

Eason stiffened, slightly embarrassed. “Oh... I’m sorry, | was a bit nervous.”

Theresa, playfully gripping Susan's hand, asked, “Susan, ferelens Nicholas heyejaadiyouhus and Mr. Lsnubr, who do you think is more handsome?”

Theresa's question was a subtle reminder to Eason that Susan was already married. dd MM

Though Susan felt Eason might not have any romantic intentions, she still cooperatively showed a sweet smile. “Of course, Ben is more handsome.”

Theresa gave Eason a sidelong glance, indicating that if he had any romantic intentions towards Susan, he should now realize it was time to give up.

However, Eason’s expression showed no sign of disappointment.

Instead, he appealed

. Miller, your smile is so happy. Your husband must treat you very well.”

Susan nodded. “He really does. There probably isn’t anyone else in the world who could be better to me than he is,” Eason felt a mix of relief and urgency. He quickly said, “That’s because you haven't met...”

“Met who?” Susan asked curiously.

Eason pursed his lips, swallowing his next words with a hint of disappointment,

He couldn't yet be sure of Susan's identity.

What he wanted to say was that if Susan truly was his sister, then it wouldn't just be Ben who cared for her deeply. He, too, would protect her with his life.

But it was too presumptuous to say such things when nothing was certain yet.

"Never mind," Eason said, taking a deep breath, then asked with concern, "What about your family, Ms. Miller? Do they treat you well?"

Susan smiled. "It's okay."

She wasn't one to dwell on her family's troubles or seek sympathy.

Eason, however, sensed something from Susan's expression and immediately felt compassion. "They're not good to you, are they?"

Susan, somewhat helplessly, said, "I said it's okay"

Eason slammed his hand on the table. "Okay? How can just okay be enough? A wonderfyt git likeVoul ' stowld be GhdtiShed and nurtured! If they're just okay to you, how do they deserve to be your family? You should have better!"

Eason's sudden outburst surprised Theresa. "Mr. Nicholas, why are you getting so worked up?"

realizing he had overreacted, Eason awkwardly smiled. "I'm just indignant on Ms. Miller's behalf."

Theresa rolled her eyes.

Susan hadn't even said much, and he was already indignant.

If he knew all the distressing things Susan's family had done, wouldn't he explode in anger?

Theresa found Eason quite strange.

If he was really pursuing Susan, his contented reaction upon learning about her happy marriage didn't quite add up. But she couldn't figure him out.

"Ms. Miller." Eason coughed lightly, intending to probe further.

Mr. Witt, holding a megaphone, announced, "It's almost time, everyone gets ready, we're about to start the opening ceremony."

Eason reluctantly stood up, his conversation with Susan cut short.

Chapter 233

The opening ceremony of the film was quite straightforward.

Mr. Witt had arranged a beautifully decorated stage with a red ribbon stretched across the front. The lead actress and the lead actor stood at the forefront, each holding a pair of golden scissors

With a brief speech from Mr. Witt, emphasizing the significance of the project and the hard work ahead, the moment everyone had been waiting for arrived. As the director finished his words, he invited the lead actor and actress to cut the ribbon. The air buzzed with applause and camera flashes as the scissors sliced through the ribbon, symbolizing the official start of the film's production.

Despite the film's substantial investment, it featured only two main actors, and about 90% of the film revolved around these two characters.

The lead actress was Theresa, and the lead actor was a well-known, skilled actor.

For an auspicious start, the director chose relatively simple scenes to film on the first day.

After that, the crew planned to travel to the other side of the world to shoot winter scenes, fitting the movie's title, "Love in Bitter Winter, which primarily takes place during a snowy winter.

Mr. Witt was getting ready to start shooting, and Eason sat nervously next to Susan.

This time, without Theresa interfering, he finally had the chance to talk to Susan properly.

Eason, stiff and somewhat stuttering, initiated the conversation. "Ms. Miller..."

Susan felt slightly uncomfortable.

It wasn't clear what Eason's intentions were.

He didn't seem to be flirting, yet he persistently tried to engage her in conversation.

"Mr. Nicholas," Susan decided to be straightforward, "If there's something you want to know from me, you can just ask directly. I'll answer what I can and want to."

Eason, awkwardly smiling, responded. "I... I just genuinely want to get to know.

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you better."

"Why?" Susan asked sincerely. "You must know I'm married, and you don't seem like the type to act inappropriately."

Eason quickly waved his hands in denial. "I absolutely don't mean it that way!"

Regardless of whether Susan was his biological sister or not, Eason couldn't imagine having such twisted feelings given their similar appearance to his mother.

"What do you mean by that?" Susan asked, looking at him quizzically.

Eason cleared his throat and explained, "I just feel a sense of kinship with you, Ms. Miller. It's like you're a relative. to me. That's why I couldn't help but be a bit more concerned about you."

If someone else had said this, Susan might have found it awkward.

But coming from Eason, she somehow felt it was sincere.

She softened her demeanor and said warmly, "Mr. Nicholas, thank you for your concern. I'm doing well now, so you

don't need to worry."

Susan's relaxed expression and cheerful demeanor indeed conveyed that she was doing well.

Eason felt somewhat relieved, "That's good to hear."

Susan smiled and turned her attention back to the film set, remaining silent.

The filming for the day was straightforward.

It involved a scene where Theresa, playing the lead character Alice, finds an ancient diary in an old house in the

mountains.

As Theresa was about to open the diary, suddenly, light seemed to seep into the room.

The set was arranged to depict a nighttime scene, so this unexpected light puzzled Alice.

“Why is it getting light already?” Alice wondered.

Stepping outside, she discovered that the dark night had indeed given way to the early dawn.

There, in tattered clothes, stood the male lead, portrayed by a renowned actor.

Alice was puzzled.

The character, Levi, joyously exclaimed upon seeing Alice, “A person, a real person, I’ve finally seen someone!”

This statement left Alice confused and slightly irritated.

After a brief exchange, Levi revealed to Autumn a startling truth, the world had undergone a bizarre transformation a month ago.

In the film’s world, everyone had mysteriously vanished.

Levi wandered everywhere only to find that besides himself, Alice was the only other human left.

Naturally, Alice didn’t believe him and thought Levi was a fraud.

The first act ended with Alice’s skepticism.

Susan, having read the script, knew what was to come. Levi would take Alice down to the city to prove his claim.

However, what awaited them was a desolate city.

No electricity, no light, and no people.

The food in the stores gave off a rotten smell.

The streets were littered with unattended cars that had crashed into each other due to the sudden disappearance

of their drivers.

They even came across a crashed airplane.

Most of the budget Susan had provided was spent on creating these realistic and haunting scenes.

Confronted with all this evidence, Alice had no choice but to accept the grim reality – it was likely just her and Levi

left in the world.

Their situation, although they hadn't disappeared, was dire

No water, no electricity, and while food was readily available, Levi explained that with half a year passed since

humanity's disappearance, most of it was either rotten or past its expiration date.

Eating expired food was not an option. Getting sick meant no chance of survival without anyone to help.

In this backdrop, Alice and Levi began to rely on each other for survival.

They initially managed well despite the odds until winter came.

The earth underwent bizarre changes, bringing extremely cold weather and terrifying meteorological phenomena.

The story unfolded in these harsh conditions.

Susan, familiar with the script's ending, couldn't help but feel a sense of melancholy.

Lost in her thoughts, tears began to well up in her eyes as she reflected on the story's conclusion.

Eason noticed Susan's somber expression and quickly became concerned. "Ms. Miller, what's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Susan, regaining her composure, replied somewhat awkwardly, "It's nothing, I was just thinking about some later scenes in the script. They're quite moving."

Eason was speechless.

Susan, feeling even more embarrassed, explained, "I've read the script, and the story that unfolds later is really

touching."

Eason's expression softened as he said, "My mother often gets sentimental like that. You wouldn't believe it, but she can cry over any TV show she watches."

“Really?” Susan said with a smile. “Perhaps women are more emotional.”

Eason’s gaze grew tender. “My mother is a very sensitive and kind–hearted person. When I was little, she would tear up even watching nature documentaries. Do you know why?”

“Why is that?” Susan asked, curiously.

Eason smiled, “Because she felt so sorry for the little animals being eaten by predators. She cried every time she watched it. Who would have thought that the only thing blacklisted on our family’s TV would be nature documentaries?”

Susan couldn’t help but laugh at the story.

Seeing Susan smile, Eason’s eyes filled with warmth.

The closer he got to Susan, the more he felt a sense of kinship.

However, Susan was not as sentimental as his mother.

While gentle and kind, his mother would only show her immense strength when pushed to her limits..

Susan, on the other hand, appeared soft but carried a deep–seated pride and resilience, much like himself.

The first day’s shoot was brief, and Mr. Witt soon called it a day.

Eason looked at Susan reluctantly, “Ms. Miller, I wonder if I’ll have the chance to see you again?”

Susan smiled, “Let’s leave it to fate.”

Eason knew Susan was still hesitant, which he understood.

After all, he was a man with unclear intentions in her eyes.

Taking a deep breath, he said warmly, "Then I believe that we are meant to meet again."

He was determined that next time they met, he would find a way to obtain Susan's blood sample.

Chapter 234

Although Eason was a bit eccentric, Susan didn't think he had any ill intentions and didn't dwell too much on their

interaction.

The film crew of had only a few scenes to shoot in the city, which they wrapped up in three days.

Next, they were scheduled to travel to the famous Snowstock on the other side of the globe for a four-month

enclosed shoot.

Theresa, as the lead actress, had cleared her schedule well in advance for the next four months of continuous

shooting.

"Hey Susan." Theresa said while packing, chatting with Susan over video call. "They say the scenery there is beautiful. Why don't you come along?"

“Me?” Susan shook her head. “Nah, too lazy to move.”

Theresa blinked. “Speaking of which, isn’t your husband Ben away on a business trip?”

“Yeah.” Susan sounded somewhat bored. “He’s attending an international conference. Won’t be back for over a week.”

“That conference is in Riowert, right?” Theresa inquired.

Susan nodded.

Theresa smiled slightly, “You know, our filming location is in Snowstock of Riowert, just a two–hour drive from the city where Ben’s conference is. If you come with me, you might see him earlier.”

Susan paused for a moment.

Theresa waved her hand dismissively, “Oh, what am I saying? I know you’re too lazy to move. Just forget! mentioned it.”

After saying that, Theresa turned around and packed her luggage again.

Susan coughed lightly. “Hey, come back here. Who said I’m too lazy to move?”

“Really?” Theresa looked at her, half–smiling.

Susan declared confidently. “Even if I said it, that was just now. Suddenly, I feel like going out, especially to the picturesque Snowstock!”

Theresa couldn’t help but laugh. “I now believe that couples do influence each other. How else did you get so shameless all of a sudden? Must have learned it from your husband, Ben, right?”

Susan remained unflappable. "Just tell me if you welcome me to join or not."

"Of course, I welcome you. How could a small-time actress like me dare not welcome our investor?" Theresa replied with a smile.

Susan held her head high proudly. "Good to know."

After a bit of playful banter, Ben called for a video chat, so Susan bid Theresa goodbye.

"Tsk tsk, really, no loyalty once a romantic interest comes into play."

Theresa shook her head and continued packing.

all was

The video call was connected.

"Just finished chatting with Theresa?" Ben looked a bit forlorn.

"Just a casual chat," Susan said, noticing Ben's fatigue, "Was the meeting exhausting?"

Ben massaged his temples. "It's alright, just dealing with some bothersome people can be irritating."

Susan quickly suggested. "Then you should rest."

Ben was silent for a moment, then said with a hint of grievance, "I haven't seen you all day. We've only talked for a minute and you're already sending me off. You and Theresa talked for at least half an hour."

Susan couldn't help but laugh. "I'm just concerned you're too tired."

"If I'm tired, I should be looking at you more. Ben's voice was deep. "You're the best cure for my fatigue."

Susan playfully responded, "I reject cheesy lines."

"A bit cheesy, but my feelings are genuine," Ben replied with a hint of regret.

"Alright, you look worn out, go take a shower, Susan suggested with a smile.

Ben's expression suddenly became mischievous.

"What's with that look?" Susan asked, puzzled.

Ben stood up and started undressing.

"I just didn't expect my wife to have such... robust tastes. Since you want to see me shower, I shall oblige."

Susan

watched in astonishment as he quickly took off his suit pants and seemed ready to continue.

Her hand shook and she quickly ended the video call.

After hanging up, she regretted it a bit

After all, she hadn't seen her husband in days. Watching him on video to satisfy her longing seemed like a good

idea.

Realizing her thoughts were wandering into sexual territory, Susan covered her face in embarrassment.

It seems Theresa was right after all

Susan couldn't help but think her shameless behavior was increasingly resembling Ben's.

While she was still pondering this, another video call came through

Hesitantly, she answered

Hmm.

This time, it wouldn't be very exciting, would it

Upon connecting she found Ben, now dressed in a bathrobe in his hotel room, which brought her a sigh of relief.

"Don't just strip off your clothes at every opportunity, it's indecent!" she scolded

Ben chuckled softly "But it seemed to me that you were a bit disappointed just now. Are you craving my chaste body? Don't worry, after my shower, you'll have the chance to see"

Susan was speechless

Flustered, Susan ended the call again.

She felt Theresa might have overestimated her

How many hurdles would she have to overcome to match Ben's shamelessness?

When they reconnected half an hour later, Susan had already gone to bed, and Ben had finished his shower and

was wearing a loose nightgown

This time, Susan decided to take the initiative:

Upon seeing Ben, she remarked. "Weren't you going to live stream your shower? Why did you suddenly hang up?"

Ben was speechless

Ben laughed softly, "I hung up?"

"What else?" Susan replied assertively "I was waiting to watch you shower, and you just cut the call. We're a married couple, Ben Why be so shy?"

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shower?"

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Coughing, Susan quickly declined. "No need! That would be a waste of water."

Ben nodded in agreement. "Indeed, wasting water is not good. How about this, I actually recorded a video. I could send it to you for your enjoyment?"

"You recorded a video?" Susan was astounded. "Are you out of your mind?"

Ben raised an eyebrow playfully. "All for my wife's pleasure. I'll send it right over."

As he pretended to send the video, Susan, usually flustered by such teasing, would have ended the call in

embarrassment.

But this time.

Susan, her cheeks flushed, said with a mischievous smile, "Then send it."

Ben was taken aback.

Susan challenged him, "Hurry up, I'm waiting."

A look of indulgence flickered across Ben's eyes.

"My wife is getting shameless," he said somewhat helplessly.

"Thanks for your training." Susan retorted.

Ben's gaze softened even more.

He fell silent, just gazing at Susan intently.

“What are you looking at?” Susan felt a bit awkward under his stare.

Ben spoke softly, “I’m looking at the person I’ve been longing for. Susan... I miss you,*

Susan could handle Ben’s previous mischievous and shameless antics.

But this time, when he gently whispered, “I miss you,” her face turned as red as a tomato.

After a moment, she said softly, with sparkling eyes, “I miss you too.”

Seeing Ben’s smiling face on the video, Susan’s expression softened.

She planned to join Theresa on a trip to Riowert, to surprise Ben.

She hoped he wouldn’t be too shocked when they finally met.

Chapter 235

The next day.

The next day, the film crew chartered several planes to head to Snowstock together.

Susan and Theresa had just settled into their seats when a familiar voice rang out.

“Ms. Miller, it seems we are destined to meet again.” Eason, all smiles, was sitting right behind Susan.

Susan was momentarily speechless. “Mr. Nicholas? Weren’t you in Anaville to expand your business?”

Eason chuckled. "Business expansion is almost done. Suddenly felt like traveling. Hearing about the scenic beauty of Snowstock, I decided to join the film crew's chartered flight."

Susan responded. "...That's quite a coincidence."

"How else to explain our fate?" Eason quickly added.

Susan turned awkwardly away.

"See, he's definitely pursuing you, right?" Theresa whispered.

"It doesn't seem like he's pursuing me. But his actions are indeed bizarre," Susan whispered back.

"Nowadays, perverts come in the most respectable forms. Be careful with him," Theresa advised.

"I will, Susan replied.

Unaware of being categorized as a pervert, Eason at the back was trying his best to maintain a perfect smile, hoping Susan would turn and see his best side.

Unfortunately, his efforts went in vain.

During the eight-hour flight, his face stiffened from smiling, but Susan never looked his way again.

That evening, when the plane landed at the airport, everyone switched to cars for the rest of the journey.

After a tiring journey, they finally settled down in the hotel late at night.

Susan used overtime as an excuse to decline Ben's video call request.

She planned to find Ben tomorrow and surprise him the next day.

Susan and Theresa shared a room.

Observing Susan's lovesick smile, Theresa couldn't help but show her disgust. "Look at you, utterly smitten. Susan,

you're letting our side down."

"Heh, let it be," Susan chuckled. "What about you? Thomas still doesn't know you're Rose, right? Disappearing for four months, have you thought about how to explain it to him?"

"What's there to explain?" Theresa casually remarked. "He's nothing to me. My disappearance will probably send a clear message to our families. Once I'm back, the worst I'll face is a scolding from my mom. I can't just marry someone for the sake of it."

"Fair point." Susan casually agreed, then suddenly exclaimed in surprise. "How did Thomas get involved with Monica? This photo on WhatsApp is way too intimate."

"What? Let me see!" Theresa quickly leaned in.

There was no intimate photo of Thomas and Monica on her phone.

Her phone was completely black.

"You tricked me," Theresa said, slightly frustrated.

Susan pinched her cheek playfully. "If he's not anything to you, why the fuss?"

“Just plain curiosity.” Theresa defensively explained.

“Oh,” Susan responded, feigning belief.

Theresa looked a bit guilty. “Aren’t you going to ask more?”

“Aren’t you just plain curiosity? I believe you. I truly believe you.” Susan looked at Sarah sincerely.

Theresa was speechless.

Theresa hesitated before finally admitting. “That’s good.”

“You seem indifferent about Thomas, but he seems quite concerned about you. He messaged me asking where you are.” Susan remarked, surprised.

Theresa scoffed. “Another trick, right? You think I’ll fall for it?”

“It’s true this time, see for yourself,” Susan said, showing her phone.

Theresa took it with a mix of belief and skepticism.

As she looked at the chat between Thomas and Susan, she saw the messages.

[I don’t mean anything by it. It’s just my mom insists that I must have scared her off. Now she’s kicked me out with

a stick, saying I shouldn’t come back home until I bring her back.

[I’m wandering alone outside now. It’s kind of cold. Please save my life, sister-in-law.]

Seems he's quite

concerned about you," Susan commented, nudging her chin towards the phone.

Theresa scoffed. "Yeah right, he's just concerned because his mom kicked him out. That's all."

Susan smiled. "I think being kicked out is just an excuse to cover up his real feelings."

Although Susan's comment was casual, Theresa's heart rate picked up slightly.

Could it be possible?

Did Thomas actually have feelings for her?

The thought barely crossed her mind before she vehemently shook her head.

No way.

What was she thinking.

What kind of feelings.

Their encounters alone were nothing but arguments or mutual disdain.

And why did she use the word "also"?

Did that imply she had feelings for Thomas?

Impossible.

How could she be attracted to Thomas, a guy she considered a jerk?

“So, he’s still wandering outside. What should I reply?” Susan asked, looking at Theresa.

n stay

“Ignore him. He’s just trying to gain sympathy,” Theresa said dismissively. “With an ID and money, he can stay anywhere.”

“Good point. I’ll reply that then.” Susan nodded, reaching for her phone to respond.

“Wait a second.” Theresa suddenly interjected.

Susan looked at her, puzzled. “What’s up?”

Theresa seemed conflicted as she asked, “Do you think... maybe he didn’t bring his wallet or ID? If he roams

around all night, he could really get sick.”

The corners of Susan’s mouth twitched slightly. “So, what do you really want to do, Theresa?”

Theresa cleared her throat. “I suddenly think he’s not that foolish. Even if he was chased out without anything, he’s

a grown man. He should be able to take care of himself, right?”

“Right, that makes sense, Susan agreed.

“Then let’s not worry needlessly. Let’s wash up and sleep early. Theresa suggested.

Susan readily agreed.

In the depth of the night.

Theresa lay in bed, tossing and turning.

Did Thomas really get kicked out?

Could his mother be so heartless to send him out without anything?

She quickly grabbed her phone to check the night temperature in Anaville.

“It’s only ten degrees at the lowest. With the night wind, it’s quite cold.” she muttered to herself.

As Theresa was lost in thought, her phone lit up with a message.

It was from her mother.

Having told her mother she’d be away for four months on a project with her mentor, her mother was obviously worried and demanded a photo of Theresa’s surroundings.

Theresa hurried to the balcony and took a picture of the night view to send to her mother.

Unbeknownst to Theresa, the night view photo she sent to her mother would find its way to Thomas’ phone in just thirty seconds.

Thomas looked at the photo with a cool gaze.

It featured three buildings. Two looked like residential towers, with architecture not typical of domestic styles. The snow-covered buildings and falling snowflakes hinted at a location in the other hemisphere.

The text in the photo was in Elorish. While many countries use Elorish, the fact that all buildings used Elorish suggested it was the native language of the location, narrowing down the possibilities.

The key third building, a shopping mall, which Thomas had just searched online, was part of a chain exclusive to Riowert, with branches in thirteen cities.

Among them, there were only two cities that were snowing.

He turned on his computer and used the map and the photo's background, Thomas quickly ruled out one city and focused on another.

Within ten minutes, not only had he figured out Theresa's city, but he had also pinpointed her hotel.

After completing his investigation, a slight smile crept across Thomas' lips.

"Try to outsmart me and run away? I'll find you in no time," he thought, pleased with himself.

But soon, a sense of doubt crept in.

After a long time, the corners of his mouth twitched.

Why was he going to such lengths to find Theresa?

Her disappearance meant that his family had no reason to force them to be together anymore.

He should be celebrating for days, not obsessing over her whereabouts.

Had he lost his mind?

Chapter 236

The Snowstock truly lived up to its name.

The snow had fallen all night, and the next day, it continued to blanket everything in thick layers.

Despite constant efforts to clear it, a substantial amount still covered the ground.

Susan and Theresa woke up to this wintry landscape, feeling a bit overwhelmed.

“Looks like you won’t be able to make it to Ben’s place, Susan,” Theresa remarked as she checked her phone. “The snow is so heavy that all flights and cars have been grounded.”

“I know,” Susan responded, having already checked the situation herself. Although slightly disappointed, she felt reassured knowing that she and Ben were only a two-hour drive apart.

“Once the snow stops, I’ll be able to see Ben right away.”

Holding onto this hope made the wait more bearable.

“We’ll probably have to stay in the hotel all day with this weather, Theresa said, stretching languidly.

But just as she spoke, her phone screen lit up.

She glanced at it, and her expression changed immediately.

It was a message from the film crew's group chat.

Mr. Witt, [The weather is so good today, everyone gathers up, we're starting filming immediately.]

The crew members' reaction in the chat was a series of question marks.

"Good weather?" they wondered.

At this moment, looking at the heavy snow, Mr. Witt was ecstatic.

For him, the heavy snow was a blessing, a perfect recreation of a particular scene from the script.

As for the difficulties of filming in such conditions, he didn't care.

Mr. Witt, focused solely on the end result, wanted a perfect portrayal, regardless of the challenges.

Despite everyone's reluctance to venture out into the heavy snow, once he gave the order, Theresa had no choice but to prepare for the studio.

"You should stay in the hotel, Susan. This snow is too much." Theresa advised.

Susan smiled. "Let's go together. I'm curious to see what kind of scenes Mr. Witt can capture in this weather."

"Alright then." Theresa agreed, but not without a word of caution. "Just watch from the side and be careful not to get snowed on. Otherwise, your husband Ben would have my head."

"Don't worry, I'm not a child," Susan replied with a light laugh.

"But Mr. Landor doesn't think so," Theresa muttered under her breath.

Susan coughed lightly, pretending not to hear.

Half an hour later.

Braving the intense snowfall, the entire crew reached the studio.

Despite umbrellas, everyone's shoulders were covered in snowflakes.

Mr. Witt was even more extreme.

He didn't use an umbrella and became a snowman by the time he arrived.

Yet, he was exceptionally energetic.

Seeing everyone gathered, a satisfied glint appeared in his eyes.

He announced loudly, "With this divine snowfall, let's shoot Scene 25 today. Alice, Levi, you have half an hour to get ready. We'll start a trial shoot in thirty minutes..

Mr. Witt was fully immersed in the film, referring to the actors by their characters' names..

Half an hour?

Not to mention Theresa, even the seasoned actor playing Levi felt a bit panicked.

The two of them exchanged a glance and hurriedly huddled together to study the script about Scene 25.

Susan flipped through the script, gaining an understanding of the scene's content, and couldn't help but feel excited.

No wonder Mr. Witt was so enthusiastic.

With this divine snow, the effect of this scene would surely be enhanced.

To focus more on the script, Theresa turned off her phone and set it aside.

On the other side.

Thomas stood at the hotel entrance, his calls unanswered after ten attempts

His expression darkened

This Theresa, suddenly going off the grid was one thing, but daring to ignore his calls when he had come all this way to confront her?

He had intentionally stood in the snow, planning to appear pitiful.

But with Theresa not even picking up the phone, how could his plan proceed?

Thinking back, why was he even playing pitiful?

Thomas felt a headache coming of

Ever since Theresa declared her four month disappearance, he felt like he had become a lunatic

He had painstakingly traced her whereabouts, rushed over by plane overnight, and now, inexplicably, stood in the

snow feigning misery

He seriously wondered if his brain had malfunctioned

In this weather, everyone else stayed indoors, avoiding the cold

Inside the hotel, a man hurriedly bustled out, carrying two large boxes

He took a few steps outside, then hesitated and walked back in.

Spotting Thomas, who had become a snowman, he quickly retreated.

“Hey you’re with our film crew right? Why stand here like a statue? Come with me”

The film crew?” Thomas was momentarily stunned.

“Who else would be crazy enough to go out in this weather if not our crew? What are you doing, planning a strike by standing here?”

“I’m not. Thomas started to explain

But the man interrupted “Good, then help me with these boxes, dumping a large box into Thomas’s hands without waiting for a reply

Thomas, slightly bewildered, was about to say something when the man continued, “Enough with the complaints. Even Susan, Mrs Landor, is heading to the set Can’t we men be as tough as a woman?”

“Susan?” Thomas paused, then it dawned on him, “Is the crew for Love in Bitter Winter?”

He vaguely remembered Susan investing a large sum in 'Love in Bitter Winter'.

If Susan was here, then it was likely that this was the crew for that film.

"What else could it be?" The man urged, "Hurry up, let's go."

Motivated, Thomas silently followed, carrying the box.

It seemed Susan and Theresa were together.

If Susan was on set, Theresa was probably there too, perhaps just tagging along for the excitement.

Braving the heavy snow, Thomas finally reached the filming studio.

Inside the warm studio, Thomas's glasses quickly fogged up from the melting snow, blurring his vision.

But he didn't bother to clean them.

He scanned the area rapidly, hoping to spot Theresa.

Suddenly, he thought he saw a figure resembling her.

Thomas smiled faintly and strode over, patting the person's shoulder firmly.

Theresa, who was getting her makeup done while studying the script, jumped in surprise and turned around.

Despite his snow-covered appearance, she recognized him instantly.

She was shocked.

How did Thomas find this place?

Was she hallucinating? >

Theresa froze, not saying a word.

Thomas, meanwhile, removed his glasses and squinted for a better look.

Even with his poor eyesight, he realized the woman in front of him was definitely not Theresa.

After wiping his glasses and putting them back on, his vision cleared.

Seeing the woman in front of him, who was dressed to look haggard yet still radiated an underlying glamour, Thomas felt embarrassed.

He had mistaken someone else for Theresa.

“Sorry, I got the wrong person,” Thomas apologized awkwardly and walked away, leaving Theresa bewildered.

Chapter 237

Thomas, having failed to find Theresa, quickly located Susan and hurried over to her.

“Sister—in—law.” he greeted her.

Susan was startled to see him. “Thomas? What are you doing here?”

Thomas sat down next to her and whispered, “Sister—in—law, Theresa’s with you, right? Where is she?” Susan glanced subtly in Theresa’s direction.

Theresa, with her back to them, seemed engrossed in her script, but her rigid posture betrayed her tension. It seemed Thomas was still unaware that Theresa was actually the lead actress, Rose, in their film.

Susan raised an eyebrow. “Who told you Theresa and | are together? She’s not here.”

“Don't lie to me, sister-in-law.” Thomas calmly presented the photo Theresa had taken the previous night, explaining how he had used it to locate her.

Susan was incredulous. “Are you sure you're a doctor? Ever thought about becoming a detective?”

‘Just stop hiding things from me,’ Thomas insisted.

Susan gave Thomas a curious look, her expression one of interest. “Can you tell me why you're so determined to find Theresa? As far as | know, you two don't exactly get along. But you came all the way here. Could it be... that you like her?”

“How could that be possible?” Thomas reflexively denied. “She's so fierce and unreasonable, not at all my type. | prefer someone gentle and innocent like Monica.”

At this moment.

Theresa casually walked by them, overhearing his comment. She scoffed quietly and, pretending dropped a heavy prop brick right on Thomas’s foot.

Caught off guard, Thomas was thrown right on the spot.

He cried out in pain.

“Sorry, my hand slipped,” Theresa said nonchalantly before walking away.

to be clumsy,

“Is that the lead actress, Rose?” Thomas muttered under his breath, “Doesn’t seem to have much class.” Susan was utterly unfazed, even considering recording the conversation.

She had a feeling that if Thomas kept on this reckless path, his future would be fraught with troubles. “Enough about that, sister-in-law.” Thomas implored, his voice tinged with urgency. “Just tell me where Theresa is.” ..-Said you

Susan looked at him slyly. “But don’t like her, so why do you want to find her?”

Thomas had his excuse ready.

He said without hesitation, “Do you think I want to be here? It’s my mother. She’s been making a scene, insisting bring Theresa back. Honestly, if Theresa hadn’t tricked my mom with her cunning ways, I wouldn’t even spare her a second glance.”

At this moment, Theresa was approaching. Susan glanced at Theresa and wanted to laugh. She held back her laughter and asked, “What do you think of her?”

Thomas didn’t hold back. “Let’s not even start on her terrible personality. Just her looks always hiding behind. those thick glasses, with her heavy bangs and hair always down. From a distance, if she didn’t move, I’d mistake

her for a mop.”

In the next moment, he let out a yelp of pain.

Theresa looked at him emotionlessly. “Sorry, my hand slipped again.”

Thomas stared at the two bricks on the ground, speechless.

Once could be an accident, but twice?

And the number of bricks even increased.

He wouldn't believe that Rose didn't do it on purpose!

"Do we have some sort of feud?" Thomas asked, baffled.

Theresa chuckled and walked past him, deliberately stepping on his foot with her high heel. This pain...

The pain was so intense that Thomas couldn't even cry out.

He looked at Susan incredulously. "You saw that, right?"

Susan, barely holding back her laughter, nodded. "I saw."

Thomas was astonished. "Is this the quality of your lead actress?"

Susan raised an eyebrow. "Well, she's very close to Theresa. Maybe she doesn't like hearing you talk about her like

that."

Thomas immediately tensed up. "She knows Theresa? Susan, she won't go tattling, will she?" Susan chuckled reassuringly. "Don't worry, she won't."

After all, she had heard everything herself.

Thomas relaxed slightly, explaining in a low voice, "Even though what I said was the truth, if Theresa hears it, she'll definitely complain to my mom, and then I'll be in trouble."

Susan nodded, indicating she understood.

As Thomas was about to continue his questioning, Mr. Witt announced that filming was about to start.

Susan smiled and said, "Let's watch the shooting for now."

Thomas, still with many questions, acquiesced for the moment.

On set, the lead actors were ready.

Mr. Witt briefly described the scene and started the first trial shoot.

The female protagonist, Alice, was a girl who cared a lot about looking refined.

In this apocalyptic environment, she couldn't maintain her flawless makeup like before. She couldn't even do her usual skincare and makeup routine

So, her high heels became her last stronghold.

Due to a sudden climate change, temperatures plummeted to minus ten degrees in just a few days and were still dropping rapidly. The place where Alice and Levi, the male protagonist, were staying couldn't be heated, so they

had to find a new base

In the heavy snow, Alice struggled to walk in her high heels, sinking in with every step.

Levi, seeing this, couldn't help but reproach Alice for being unreasonable, insisting on wearing high heels even in such conditions.

This led to an argument and they decided to part ways.

The next scenes were to be shot separately for both characters.

Mr. Witt decided to start with Theresa's part.

So, just after warming up for five minutes in the studio, Theresa had to re-enter the snowy outdoors.

Her lips, due to the extreme cold, had turned purplish—blue.

Susan watched with a touch of sympathy.

She wanted to speak up but held back, understanding this was Theresa's career, her pursued dream. Although Mr. Witt was strict, he nurtured great actors.

Theresa, despite the hardship, had an unprecedented sparkle in her eyes.

Knowing Theresa well, Susan chose not to advise but simply observed quietly.

Thomas, observing

the scene, remarked. "Being an actor isn't easy, is it?"

"In this world, who has it easy?" Susan replied with a smile. "As long as one enjoys what they're doing." Thomas looked at Susan, surprised. "I thought she was your friend."

“She is, and that’s why | respect all her choices,” Susan spoke softly.

Thomas squinted and then smiled. “You and Theresa are quite alike.”

“How so?” Susan asked curiously.

“About that Allen incident. | wanted to ask Theresa to speak to you on my behalf.” Thomas explained. Susan paused. “She never approached me.”

“| know,” Thomas's gaze softened.

“She refused. She eel e s she in your choices.”

Susan chuckled lightly, recognizing it as something Theresa would indeed say.

“Speaking of which, | owe you a formal apology. |

scene,” Thomas said, slightly troubled.

Susan shook her head. “| was upset, not because of Allen, but because, you brought anethexrhah to {He blind daté, pretending he was there instead of you. That was rude, especially to Theresa.”

Thomas gave a wry smile. I've realized my mistake in that regard.”

Susan blinked. “Telling me is pointless. Save your apologies for Theresa.”

Thomas quickly agreed, “You're right, Susan. So, you should tell me where Theresa is so | can...” “Shooting is starting, let’s watch.” Susan Interrupted.

Thomas had no choice but to turn his attention back to the set.

Chapter 238

Theresa, for the umpteenth time, ventured into the vast snowy abyss.

The film crew was pushing the limits.

As if the naturally whistling winds weren't enough.

Mr. Witt had brought in several monstrous wind machines, directing a relentless gust at Theresa.

The cold wind was bone-chilling.

Theresa couldn't help shivering.

But the road ahead had to be taken, and the film had to go on.

She clenched her teeth, her face taking on a stubborn look.

Mr. Witt nodded in approval from his spot.

That was exactly the feel he wanted.

Alice, after all, was a girl who appeared radiant and delicate but was also proud and stubborn.

Theresa just needed to be herself to bring out eighty percent of the character's spirit.

The remaining twenty percent would come to life with just a little jump from him.

In the snow.

Theresa walked her path with dedication, following the script.

In the end, as the script dictated, she fell into the snow.

“Cut” said Mr. Witt.

But Theresa didn’t move for several seconds.

Just as Mr. Witt was about to call out again.

Susan hesitated for a moment and then dashed out..

She was bundled up in thick clothing, but as soon as she stepped out of the studio, the terrible wind and snow hit her full on, stinging her face like slashes of knives.

Just a few seconds into the storm, and Susan was already struggling.

Yet Theresa, without a single complaint, had been acting in such conditions for over half an hour.

Susan bit her lip and rushed out.

“Susan?” Thomas got startled and quickly followed.

Susan was the first to reach Theresa.

With great effort, she helped Theresa up.

Theresa’s face was pale, her entire body so cold it had turned purple.

“Susan?” Theresa bit her teeth. “Why did you come out? Go back inside.”

Susan shook her head, her gaze fixed on Theresa's knee, which was alarmingly red.

Theresa's performance.

It wasn't all just acting.

She had genuinely stumbled.

Yet she hadn't let on at all, powering through the scene with sheer determination.

"You're hurt," Susan said through clenched teeth. "Someone help, please!"

The crew was taken aback and hurried over to assist.

Thomas had followed Susan out.

He caught sight of the ghastly wound on Theresa's knee and instinctively said, "I've got her."

He bent down to lift Theresa.

Theresa glared at him fiercely. "Get lost."

This woman.

Thomas felt a pang of irritation.

But seeing Theresa's pale face, he held back his words and simply carried her in his arms.

Theresa wanted to struggle, but she had no strength left and had to let Thomas carry her.

Soon, Thomas had carried Theresa back to the studio.

“Sorry,” Theresa said, a bit embarrassed. “I didn’t see that there was a rock. I accidentally hit my knee on its sharp

edge.”

Mr. Witt glanced at the startling wound and quickly said, “Don’t worry you rest for today. I’ll shoot the other

scenes.”

Theresa struggled to speak, “I don’t need to rest, I can still shoot, I...”

“Zip it,” Thomas said. “If you’re told to rest, then rest. Stop the chatter.”

“You...” Theresa looked at Thomas with anger. “Do I need you to tell me what to do?”

“Now you don’t need me to tell you what to do? When you were out in the snow, why didn’t you get up by yourself?” Thomas couldn’t help but say

Theresa, without a word, tried to get down.

“Stop moving, or I’ll throw you down,” Thomas said.

“Throw me down then, do it now!” Theresa said in anger.

‘Fine, I’ll throw you down. You think I won’t?’

“Then why haven’t you done it?”

s of

The crew watched the spectacle, which resembled a quarrel between schoolchildren, with expressions bewildered amusement.

Susan was torn between concern for Theresa and the urge to laugh. After a moment, she cleared her throat and said, “Both of you, be quiet. Thomas, carry Rose back to the hotel to rest.”

“If Susan insists, then I’ll reluctantly agree,” Thomas said, his face a portrait of forced compliance.

“Do I need your reluctant help? Put me down, Theresa said angrily.

“Ha. I’m giving Susan some respect, not squabbling with you.”

“Didn’t you hear me? Put me down!”

“I can’t hear you.”

“What, are you deaf?”

The two of them were off again, like children in a playground squabble.

Susan’s face was a picture of exasperated amusement. ‘How about you two continue this at the hotel?’

“Who wants to argue with her, him!” they said in unison.

Thomas and Theresa exchanged glances, each seeing a flicker of disdain in the other's eyes.

Thomas even had an inexplicable feeling.

This mutual annoyance felt oddly familiar.

Before he could ponder it further, Susan began to urge them frantically.

Left with no choice, Thomas carried Theresa back to the hotel.

Back in hotel room.

Susan went to fetch some antiseptic for the wound.

Thomas and Theresa looked at each other, then quickly looked away, both feeling a mutual distaste.

Half an hour later.

Susan had treated Theresa's wound and was fussing over her with various instructions.

"I got it

it, my dear housekeeper," Theresa said with a grin.

Susan shot her a look. "No matter how important filming is, it's not as important as your health. You rest up for a few days before continuing. I'll fill Mr. Witt in on the details."

Theresa wanted to say more.

But facing Susan's warning gaze, she could only say, "Alright, I'll listen to you."

Susan's face softened.

Just then, a knock on the door was heard.

'I'll get it.' Thomas volunteered, standing up.

Opening the door, he saw a stranger.

Thomas was confused. "Who are you?"

Eason squinted slightly at Thomas.

He had an excellent memory, and he was certain that this man was not part of the crew.

How could such a stranger suddenly appear in Theresa and Susan's room?

Without revealing his confusion, Eason simply said, "I'm here to see Ms. Müller."

Looking for Susan?

Thomas eyed the man's arms laden with packages suspiciously.

This guy, bearing gifts, was looking for Susan?

Susan, hearing the commotion, had just reached the door.

When she saw Eason, she was stunned. "Mr. Nicholas? What are you doing?"

Upon seeing Susan, Eason's expression immediately softened.

"Ms. Miller. The climate here is so different from Coraland, I was worried you wouldn't adjust. So I went out early and bought some local gear for you.

"This is a windbreaker jacket, warmer than regular clothes.

"These are glasses to block the wind.

"This is a hat.

"This is..."

Eason kept pulling items out.

Theresa hobbled over.

She spotted a frostbite cream and couldn't help saying, "That's perfect, let me use some of that. I reckon I'll be facing endless frostbite with all the filming ahead."

Eason glanced at her, his face expressionless. "I think, Ms. Miller needs it more."

Theresa was speechless.

She was the one filming in the snow and wind daily.

Didn't she need it?

But Eason was already ignoring her, continuing to look at Susan tenderly. "I asked many locals before buying these. These are the best of the best. Please don't refuse them, Ms. Miller."

t now."

Susan felt a bit awkward. "Sorry, I don't need them right now."

"Ms. Miller." Eason tried to persuade her further.

"Alright, alright, she said she doesn't need them, don't stick around like a bad rash," Thomas said as he sharply closed the door.

Eason stood at the door, silent.

Five minutes later.

Ben received a text message.

[Someone's trying to steal your lady!!!!]

It was followed by countless exclamation marks.

Ben's eyes narrowed slightly.

Chapter 239

Night gradually descended.

Thomas, however, stubbornly lingered in Susan and Theresa's room, refusing to leave.

He kept persuading Susan.

“Susan, there’s only one large bed in this room. You won’t be comfortable sharing it with Rose. Coincidentally, the hotel just had a couple of cancellations, and I’ve booked two separate rooms. We can each have our own. You won’t need to squeeze in with someone else.”

“Somebody else? Who are you calling somebody else? Who is ‘somebody else’?” Theresa glared at Thomas, her patience wearing thin, and in a huff, she threw a pillow at him.

Thomas didn’t bother to dodge and the pillow didn’t hurt much anyway.

He continued to urge Susan, ‘Look, Susan, she’s so fierce. If you sleep with her, what if she kicks you out of bed?’

Susan smiled and didn’t have time to say anything.

Theresa was even angrier.

Struggling, she made to leap up to strangle Thomas.

Susan got a fright and quickly pushed Theresa back down. “Be careful, your foot’s just been medicated. Don’t move around.”

“Don’t you hold me back. I’ll take him down with me,” Theresa said with a mix of rage and despair.

“Oh no, don’t. My life’s far too precious to be wasted on going down with a woman like you,” Thomas replied disdainfully.

? W

“A woman like kind of woman am I?” Theresa was teetering on the edge of eruption.

“What kind of woman are you? Don’t you know yourself? Violent, unreasonable, relying on your good looks to act recklessly. How could Theresa ever be friends with someone like you?” Thomas said coldly.

Theresa was taken aback, her anger turning into embarrassment and rage. “Thomas. We’ve already told you, Theresa is not here. Where she is, we’re not going to tell you. You might as well leave tonight.”

Thomas snorted. “I wish I could. I’ve been here. That’s enough to report back to mom. But what, the airport’s been shut down. The plane I came in on was the last flight for the next few days.”

guess

Theresa gasped, a wave of despair washing over her. “So, you mean to say you’ll be staying here for the next few days?”

“Is there a problem with that?” Thomas raised an eyebrow.

And besides, if the airport was closed, and he couldn’t leave, that meant Theresa couldn’t either.

Thomas had a hunch that Theresa must still be in the Snowstock.

Just why she had suddenly stopped staying with Susan was a mystery.

Could it be that she anticipated his arrival and changed locations in advance?

That was unrealistic.

Thomas fell into a slight reverie.

Susan watched the back and forth between the two with great interest.

In fact, Rose was Theresa.

A truth that was practically bursting at the seams.

Thomas, usually quite sharp, was oddly playing the fool now.

He really didn't know the true colors of this mountain, only able to be in this mountain.

Of course, Susan had no intention of exposing Theresa.

Firstly, it was Theresa's own affair, and secondly, Susan was enjoying the spectacle.

After mulling it over for a while without any epiphany, Thomas turned back to Susan. "Susan, I've already booked the room. You might as well use it, otherwise, wouldn't the money go to waste?"

"That money, I paid it, so it won't be wasting your money," Theresa said on purpose.

Thomas glanced at her, then said with a smirk, "It seems Rose really doesn't want me to leave."

"In your drea

"In your dreams, Theresa said. "I can't wait for you to scam."

"But if Susan disagrees, I won't leave." Thomas raised an eyebrow playfully. "You keep bickering with me, do you actually hate to see me leave the room? Rose, our meeting was by chance,

to bear."

Theresa was stunned into silence by Thomas's shameless words.

**Oncern for me is too much for me

After gaping for a moment, she quickly turned to Susan. "Susan, you go to the room by yourself. Do it for me, please!"

She was afraid that if Thomas stayed any longer, she would die of anger.

Thomas immediately looked at Susan with anticipation.

Susan herself didn't understand why Thomas was so insistent on her staying in a room by herself.

But with Theresa's incessant prodding, Susan agreed.

That settled it.

Thomas let out an almost imperceptible sigh of relief.

He then quietly sent the room number to someone.

After all, having a room to herself was indeed more convenient and comfortable than sharing with another person.

After taking a bath, Susan had just laid down on the bed.

A video invitation popped up.

It was from Ben.

Susan hurriedly declined it.

Then she replied with a text message.

[What's up? I'm still at work.]

[Such diligence, Susan, is truly exemplary for all the staff.] Ben sent back a voice message, his tone carrying a

smile.

Susan cleared her throat. [Well aware. I'll get back to work now.]

[Before you bury yourself in work again, care to open the door?] Ben suggested.

"Open the door?" Susan paused, puzzled.

[The door to your hotel room.] Ben clarified.

Susan was speechless again.

Her heart began to race uncontrollably.

The hotel room's door?

How did Ben know she was at a hotel?

He even asked her to open the door?

Could it be....

For a moment, Susan's heart skipped a beat, then she wondered if she was just overthinking it.

After a while.

She stood up.

He carefully opened the door a crack.

The crack grew wider and wider.

Then.

She saw Ben, who had come a long way.

Ben held his phone and waved at her with a smile.

"How did you know I was here?" Susan asked, with a mix of surprise and delight in her voice.

"I have my ways," Ben said with a chuckle.

Susan wrinkled her nose, realization dawning on her. "What ways? It must've been Thomas who told you."

Ben didn't pick up on her line, instead, he said with a hint of grievance, "I drove four hours to get back here. Aren't you going to let me in?"

Seeing the tiredness on Ben's face, Susan's heart melted.

She quickly ushered Ben in.

All the while, she couldn't help but fuss over him.

"With heavy snowfall closing down bus stations and airports, you still dared to drive here. Are you out of your mind? What if something had happened."

Susan's words trailed off as Ben, his coat sprinkled with snowflakes, shrugged it off to one side, then carefully pulled her into an embrace.

He nuzzled her neck gently with his nose.

A feeling of unprecedented tranquility settled in his heart.

Susan found herself at a loss for words.

Her gaze softened, and she gently returned the embrace.

"Susan," Ben spoke softly, "I just missed you too much."

A lump formed in Susan's throat, and she responded with a soft hum.

She felt the same way.

It was strange.

Even though she and Ben had been together for quite some time.

However, every time they parted, even if just for a day or two.

Longing would surge like a tide, unstoppable.

What was this?

Did time indeed deepen affection?

Late at night.

Deep In love.

The next day.

Early in the morning, Theresa wanted to invite Susan for breakfast.

She opened her door just in time to see Thomas stepping out too.

Theresa scoffed and turned her head, then limped off to find Susan.

“Wait.” Thomas stopped her.

“What do you want?” Theresa snapped back fiercely.

Thomas raised an eyebrow. “It’s not appropriate for you to disturb her right now.”

“And why is that? Susan always has breakfast with me.”

Theresa ignored Thomas and went straight to Susan's door, knocking on it..

Thomas couldn't stop her in time and simply prepared to enjoy the show, expecting chaos.

Theresa knocked on the door for a while.

The door opened.

The person who opened the door was Susan.

Chapter 240

Theresa gaped at Susan's radiant face and then noticed the various marks on her neck, which left her stunned.

"Theresa, are we having breakfast? I'll just be a sec."

As Susan spoke.

Theresa pushed her into the room

Then, she slammed the door shut.

Susan looked at her, puzzled.

Theresa's voice dropped to a whisper, "Susan, how could you not resist!"

Susan was speechless again.

Theresa became more frantic. "Don't panic. There's still time to fix this. Just tell me who was with you last night, I'll pay him off to keep his mouth shut. Then, you need to fly back home and pretend like nothing happened"

Susan was speechless again

She seemed to understand a little.

Susan cleared her throat, attempting to clarify.

Theresa waved her hand dismissively. "I know, you're embarrassed to have me foot the bill. But trust me, it's better to run this through my accounts. They're harder to trace. I'll keep your secret, no doubt

about it. But you have to think about how you're going to deal with Mr. Landor. Whether to come clean or keep it hidden. My advice would

be

As Theresa was talking, Ben appeared

He looked at Theresa, with his expression unreadable. "So, what's your advice?"

Theresa was speechless

She stiffened up in an instant

What was going on?

How did Ben end up here?

Theresa numbly glanced at Susan “Why didn’t you say something?”

Susan was at a loss. “I wanted to, but there was never a good moment.”

Theresa felt like she could die of embarrassment.

What had she done!

She was advising Susan on how to cover up an affair right in front of Ben?

Theresa offered an awkward smile and began to inch backward.

Finally, she retreated to the door. She quickly opened the door and jumped out.

“It’s all a misunderstanding, Mr. Landor, just a big misunderstanding.” Theresa blurted out before shutting the door and making a quick escape.

At the doorway.

Thomas watched Theresa with a schadenfreude–laden expression on his face.

Theresa, having just wiped off sweat, caught sight of his infuriating smirk and instantly felt her blood boil.

“You knew Ben was coming, that’s why you insisted on Susan staying in her own room last night, right?” Theresa ground out through clenched teeth.

“Yeah.” Thomas admitted without hesitation.

“So why did you just...” Theresa took a deep breath to calm herself and continued, “Why didn’t you stop me?”

“I did try to stop you, but couldn’t hold you back,” Thomas said with a sly grin.

“Great, just great.” Theresa glared at him, already imagining various scenes of Thomas being deep-fried in her

head.

“Of course, I’m great,” Thomas responded nonchalantly.

At that moment, Henri, a famous actor, happened to open the door.

Theresa’s eyes flickered with an idea, and she deliberately bumped into Thomas’s hand before falling to the

ground.

Thomas was speechless.

Theresa started crying as if she was the heroine of a tragic play. “Thomas, what are you doing? I really don’t know where the person you’re looking for is! Even if you push me, or beat me to death, I still wouldn’t know!”

Thomas was speechless.

Wait a minute, this scene seemed strangely familiar!

Henri saw Theresa on the ground, crying pitifully. His protective instincts kicked in, and his gaze towards Thomas turned sharp.

He went over to help Theresa up and then glared at Thomas. "Why would you bully a woman like that? Are you even a man?"

Thomas was speechless.

Theresa wiped her tears. "It's okay. He didn't mean it."

Thomas's gaze darkened.

Was she playing him?

He remembered Monica pulling similar stunts before.

Back then, he was too concerned about her to notice.

But seeing Theresa's quick change of tactics, the image of Monica in his heart crumbled a bit more.

As for Theresa.

She was blatantly trying to frame him.

But Thomas found himself amused instead of angry.

Did she really think she could get the better of him this way?

Thomas immediately put on an apologetic expression. "I'm so sorry, I was just too hasty and forgot about Rose's leg injury. I might have pushed a bit too hard. Rose, I am truly sorry. Is there any chance you could give me an opportunity to make it up to you?"

Theresa narrowed her eyes.

Well, well.

Thomas wasn't going to be easy to deal with.

She smiled gently. "What's there to make up for? It's just a trivial matter."

"How can this be a trivial matter? Since Rose has hurt her leg, I'll be your legs for the entire day, Thomas said decisively. He walked over, scooped Theresa up in a princess carry, and lifted her off the ground.

Theresa stared at him with her mouth agape.

"Please accept my apology," Thomas said, his voice soft, but his eyes gleamed with a hint of challenge.

Theresa suddenly smiled. "Then please do me the favor. I've got a sudden craving for pan-fried buns. There's a

Coraland breakfast joint about two miles from here. Carry me there."

Thomas was speechless.

Thomas was momentarily silent. "Don't go overboard."

"Is it too far?" Theresa's voice suddenly grew louder. "Then never mind, you don't have to make it up to me."

"Let's go! I'll carry you there!" Thomas gritted his teeth and strode out with Theresa in his arms.

Henri was speechless.

Hmm... what was his role in all this?

Was he just pulled out to be a prop in their drama?

Although he was somewhat baffled.

But Henri looked at the hand he had just used to help Theresa up, a hint of amusement in his eyes.

He had been in the entertainment industry for quite a while.

But a natural beauty like Rose was truly a rare find.

Especially since this time, they were scheduled for a four-month closed set filming.

And among the actors, it was only the two of them, a man and a woman.

already bad fo

Though he a and children, playing a couple on set was no big deal, right?

Henri thought so, feeling a certain warmth spreading through him.

Rose, right?

She would be his sooner or later.

When Ben and Susan were ready to come out.

Thomas and Theresa were already gone.

Susan made a call, and Theresa told them to enjoy their couple's time and not to disturb them, then hastily hung

1. up.

Susan faintly heard Thomas's voice in the background.

She couldn't help but smile.

"I think, this pair might just work out," Susan said.

Ben raised an eyebrow. "We'll see."

He affectionately ruffled Susan's hair and said indulgently, "Let's go, time for breakfast."

"Okay," Susan said with a smile, linking her arm with his.

The two of them walked hand in hand to the hotel's restaurant.

There were all kinds of breakfasts on the table in the restaurant.

"Not bad. There's quite a selection of French breakfast options," Ben said.

"This hotel is mostly occupied by our crew now; it must be something Mr. Witt arranged specifically," Susan said as they chatted.

As they were talking.

Suddenly, out.

a voice rapo

'Susan, I've got your breakfast ready, all your favorites.'

Susan paused and turned around to see Eason holding a tray, looking at her with eager anticipation.

Ben turned around, his face expressionless, as he sized up Eason.

So, this was the legendary guy trying to steal his girl?