

Crazy Love 331

Chapter 331

Henri's studio quickly released a statement.

This statement only said one thing.

Henri didn't know what those employees had done. They made their own decisions. Now, Henri had

dismissed all these employees.

There were too many flaws in this explanation.

Obviously, the public didn't buy it.

However, Henri's fans still firmly believed him. Not only did they insist that Henri was innocent, but they also thought it was a scheme against him. They said that the crew of Love in Bitter Winter had put on a

show to slander Henri.

Although this statement was not accepted by most people, the situation became perplexing.

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Theresa narrowed read the dispute on the Internet.

She had thought that it would take a long time to bring Henri down.

However, Henri was too hasty and too proud.

Ever since he entered showbiz, he had been living an easy life and had never suffered any grievances before. He had thought that he could easily undermine Love in Bitter Winter.

But he didn't know that a good movie couldn't be undermined at all.

Now, Henri had exposed his weakness.

Theresa didn't have any evidence to defeat Henri.

Yet Henri's agent and employees must have something on Henri.

Theresa contacted her agent and asked her to contact tenn's agent

"What the hell did you do?" Henri scolded angrily. "Why is this negative news still the top trending topic? Quickly think of a way to solve it!"

"I'll give you another hour, if you can't remove the trending topic, you'll be fired?"

Henri called at his agent, almost pointing at the agent's nose

The agent kept his head down, and his expression became gloomier

"Get out of here and think of a way," Henri yelled.

The agent left in silence.

Not long after he came out, the phone screen lit up

The agent looked at the message with a surly fare

Henri could share his success with others, but he could not go through difficulties with others.

When everything went well before, he was a good boss, but now, things went wrong, and he exposed his different side.

The agent felt perhaps it was time for him to change his job.

As time went by, fewer people were paying attention to the news that Henri hired paid posters.

Henri looked less angry.

He believed that Theresa was behind this.

He thought, "When the matter is over, I will definitely take revenge on her."

That night, Henri tossed and turned. He didn't sleep well. From time to time, he would get up to check the trending topics.

After confirming that his scandal had fewer and fewer viewers, he was slightly relieved.

The next day.

Early in the morning, Henri woke up and opened Twitter.

He first searched for the previous trending topic, but he could no longer find it.

Henri breathed a sigh of relief and then saw the current top trending topic, “Sweet Apple, an Internet celebrity, exposed that she had been harassed by an award–winning actor with a good reputation”.

When Henri saw it, his eyelids began to twitch.

Sweet Apple used to be one of his targets, but it happened long ago. He wondered why she had suddenly revealed it.

Henri thought perhaps she was not talking about him.

Comforting himself, Henri clicked on the news.

Then, his eyes completely dimmed.

Just like the tweet he had posted last time, Sweet Apple didn’t name anyone, but all her descriptions pointed to him.

Sure enough, people immediately locked on to Henri.

Because of the response from Theresa, his reputation had been greatly damaged in the past few days.

This time, when Sweet Apple accused him, many people began to doubt him.

They suspected that Theresa’s words were true.

Henri called his agent with a sullen face. “What’s going on with Sweet Apple? Why didn’t you tell me about the trending topic?”

The agent narrowed his eyes. “Sorry, I was afraid to disturb your sleep.”

Henri said coldly, "Cut the crap. Blacklist Sweet Apple and accuse her of slander."

"Okay, I'll do it right away." The agent agreed immediately.

Henri was relieved to see his studio post a lawyer's letter on Twitter.

However, he was shocked the next moment.

Sweet Apple directly posted evidence.

She had actually saved the recording. In the recording, there was the whole process of his coercion and temptation.

After listening to the recording, Henri suddenly turned pale.

He thought, 'How... how could there be such a thing?'

Previously, no matter how bad the situation was, he was still very calm.

He had a powerful background. Even though his reputation was damaged for a while, he would restore his public image once he acted in good movies and TV dramas in the future.

However, now that the recording was released, how could he turn the tables?

In a flurry, Henri called his agent again.

But this time, the agent did not answer the phone.

Henri came to his senses.

He realized he might have been betrayed by his people.

Henri hurriedly called the company's top management.

However, the higher-ups, who had originally supported him, reacted very coldly this time and even wanted to hold him accountable for affecting the company's reputation.

It had just been a few hours.

Henri suddenly knew what it felt like to be at a dead end.

He gritted his teeth.

Henri thought, 'My agent betrayed me, and my company gave up on me, but so what? I can rely on myself. I still have fans and acting skills. I will definitely be able to get through this crisis.'

Henri opened Twitter and was about to post a tweet.

He saw a few new trending topics and almost blacked out.

It was not just Sweet Apple.

This time, several women who had been forced by Henri accused him openly.

These women used to be timid and didn't dare to say anything.

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However, after Theresa fought with him head-on and Sweet Apple posted the recording, more and more

people revealed what Henri had done.

When one person said it, no one believed it, and when two people said it, everyone doubted it.

However, as so many people accused Henri, it was difficult for the public not to believe it.

Henri checked the hashtag about him. He then saw a lot of people announce that they were no longer his fans.

Some fans even became his haters. They posted more negative news about him.

In a moment, Henri's reputation was ruined.

Except for a few stubborn fans, he had become the object of ridicule on the Internet.

Henri wanted to post something with his trembling hands.

But what else could he say in such a situation?

-Henri placed his hands on the keyboard for a long time.

In the end, he weakly put down his hands.

He felt he was finished.

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A week ago, Henri was still a respected senior actor whose films set records at the box office.

Now, he had become a pariah hated by everyone.

A group of girls even sued him together.

If he lost the lawsuit, he might even end up in jail.

At present, the result of the lawsuit was still unknown, but Henri's career in showbiz ended.

On the other hand, Theresa gained a lot of popularity.

Previously, because of Henri's actions against her, her reputation was not good.

But now, Henri was brought down.

The people who had criticized Theresa before suddenly felt sorry for her.

Besides, Theresa acted in a wonderful movie. She became more and more popular.

A month and a half later, *Love in Bitter Winter* stopped playing in cinemas, and the global sales were nearly 1.2 billion dollars. It was an amazing achievement in film history, and this romantic film became a legend.

Chapter 332 The movie brought Theresa into prominence... Thomas could have come into prominence as well.

But Thomas had announced at the beginning that he, who was not a professional actor, starred in the movie just for fun and would never star in any movie.

Thomas's fans had just been fascinated by him when they received such bad news. Although they were heartbroken, they could only accept his choice while transferring their affection for him to Theresa.

As a result, although Theresa had just made her debut in the movie, she became one of the most popular stars.

The movie even brought Theresa into international prominence, which was rare for domestic actors and actresses, so she naturally enjoyed a higher status than those of the actors and actresses who starred in

domestic movies. In the following period of time, Theresa was invited to numerous events and received countless scripts.

Not long after, *Love in Bitter Winter* won quite a few awards at various film festivals. As a new actress, Theresa won an award for best actress and was instantly in the limelight.

Now, Theresa, who was praised to the skies by the media, came to the Landor residence with unkempt hair for a simple meal at Susan's invitation.

Susan looked amusedly at Theresa and said, "If I take a picture of you now, your fans will suspect that they're blind." Both Alice in the movie and Rose on the catwalk were undoubtedly stunners.

But now, Theresa was dressed in a simple T-shirt and jeans with unkempt hair that she, who had just woken up, obviously didn't comb.

At this moment, she was immersing herself in playing *Starry Romance*, looking like a veteran indoors 1/6

woman rather than a stunner.

Theresa said without even raising her head, "To be honest, even I suspect that they're blind! By the way, come here and tell me how to clear this stage. It seems that the favorability won't increase before I clear

this stage."

Susan raised her eyebrows, replying, "No comment."

Speaking of Starry Romance, Susan felt a little sad.

She had intended to design the game for herself.

However, because she had participated in the whole production of the game, it was no longer mysterious to her. She found it a little weird to play the game.

"Humph! It's been so long, and you're still keeping it a secret from me," Theresa couldn't help complaining, "I can get the handsome minister after clearing the last few stages, but you refused to tell

me how to clear this stage?"

Susan kept smiling, saying, "This is my basic professional morality as a game producer." Theresa looked gloomily at her.

"The minister? Is it the last stage in the cabinet?" At this moment, there came a gentle voice. Penny came over smilingly with a tray of fruits.

After a long period of rehabilitation training, her leg was much better now.

If one did not take a close look at her, he would not be able to discover that one of her legs was lame.

Theresa, whose eyes lit up, said, "That's it. Do you know how to clear it?"

Penny sat down with a smile and said, "This game has a high degree of freedom, so there is more than one way to clear the stages. | tried at least three ways.

"Three ways?" Theresa was stunned, looked at her eagerly and hurriedly said, "I only need one. Teach me quickly." Penny gave Theresa instructions in a soft voice, while Theresa nodded repeatedly.

Half an hour later, Theresa finally cleared the stage. She involuntarily held Penny in her arms excitedly, saying, "Penny, you are amazing."

Penny just smiled gently.

Within half a year, Penny had completely accepted being Susan's good friend. Susan was very nice to her, and the Nicholas treated her even better out of guilt.

Moreover, Susan really had no intention of returning to the Nicholas family at all.

In that case, why didn't she be Susan's lovely good friend contentedly?

As for Theresa who was Susan's good friend as well as an internationally influential actress at present, keeping in with Theresa wouldn't do any harm to her.

Penny smiled gently, but only she knew that she had been weighing the pros and cons calmly all this time Susan was delighted to see Penny and Theresa get along well. The three of them sat together, looking as harmonious as a painting.

While they were twittering, Thomas and Ben stared at each other wordlessly each with a cup of coffee in front of them.

After a long while, Thomas finally couldn't help saying, "Theresa and | haven't met for half a month." "Well," Ben replied expressionlessly.

Thomas couldn't help complaining, "She finally came back from abroad, but now she's busy chatting with your wife and ignores

me. "Well," Ben replied, remaining expressionless.

Thomas was at a loss for words.

Then, they remained silent for another long while.

Looking at Ben's cold face, Thomas wished he could cry into the air.

He tried hard to restrain himself until dinner time.

When they arranged seats, he dashed to the seat next to Theresa and sat down.

At the sight of him, Theresa blushed, but didn't say anything.

Susan and Penny exchanged glances and smiles, leaving a large space for them to whisper. While Thomas and Theresa were whispering, Ben and Susan were also whispering,

As the only single person, Penny kept smiling gently.

She was not envious of them.

Although she could not be with Eason openly, she was satisfied that Eason would always care about her even if he just regarded her as a family member.

She didn't dare to ask for a closer relationship.

She was afraid that they might not even be able to get along with each other as siblings if she made a wrong move. It was better to maintain their current relationship than to make a change.

During the dinner, Thomas's phone suddenly rang.

Thomas picked up the phone.

Soon, he, whose face turned grim, asked, "Jump off a building? Where? Okay, I'll be right there." Thomas hung up the phone and stood up, saying, "Theresa, 1..."

Theresa looked at him worriedly, asking, "What's going on? Someone's trying to jump off a building?" — Thomas hesitated for a moment before replying, "It's Monica."

At the mention of Monica, all the people in the dining room quieted down.

Ben put down his knife and fork and raised his eyebrow lightly: saying,

: hesitative was Jump off a building? | doubt it."

"Ben," Thomas said, a little upset, "It's a human life."

Ben squinted and fell silent.

Susan looked at Thomas, then at Theresa, falling silent as well.

Theresa forced a smile and said calmly, "Then go and check it out."

"Theresa, I'll be right back after checking it out," Thomas said, hugged Theresa and left quickly. Their dinner was naturally interrupted. novelbin

Theresa fell silent in an instant.

“Theresa,” Susan said in a low voice, “Thomas is not tha dle-hekded. ‘I wack soén! er checking it out.”

“I know,” Theresa forced a smile, saying,

“It doesn't matter if he doesn't come back. Although I've offered him three-month the contract at any time. If he tries to cheat on me, I'll dump him immediately.”

Theresa sounded very cool, but she became apparently down in spirits.

Susan felt sorry for her.

After they had dinner silently, Susan asked Theresa to stay for the night.

She believed that without

conjectures until she was overcome with negative emotions.

As for Ben, he could only stay in the guest room after being kicked out of the bedroom by Susan. Ben, who was kicked out of the bedroom, was speechless.

He couldn't blame Susan, but he would bear it in his mind to get even with her in the future.

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“Theresa, trust me, there’s absolutely nothing happening between Thomas and Monica. I’ve looked into it. He blocked Monica before, and she probably found another way to reach out this time. He’s just going to check it out and then he’ll be right back,” Susan reassured her.

Theresa gave a faint smile and said to Susan, “Susan, I've got a question for you.”

“Go ahead,” Susan said.

Theresa looked at her with a steady gaze and asked, “Do you think Ben would have gone if he were in that situation?” Susan paused, taken aback.

She wanted to reassure Theresa, but upon reflection, if it were Ben, he probably wouldn’t have paid attention to Monica. Susan fell silent.

Theresa smiled wryly and said, “Ben would definitely put your feelings first.”

Susan quickly interjected, “There's no proof that this ever happened, and really, it’s not something we can be certain about. | mean, we're talking about a human life here.”

Theresa shook her head. “It’s not just about a life being at stake. He’s always had a thing for her, cared about her deeply from the very beginning.”

Susan, taken aback, softly advised, “Let’s not assume the worst just yet.”

Theresa spoke with an unsettling calmness, almost mechanical. “Susan, | need to brace for the worst. Hoping just sets me up for disappointment. If | expect nothing, | can handle whatever comes.”

Theresa's attitude left Susan at a loss for words.

Susan softly reassured, “I'll stay here and wait with you for any updates.”

Theresa grinned and suggested, “We shouldn’t bother waiting up since it was getting late. It’s time to hit the hay.”

Theresa looked resolute, and Susan had no choice but to agree.

The night grew deeper, enveloped in silence.

Theresa, not wanting to disturb Susan, lay on her side motionless.

On the bedside table was her phone.

Theresa gazed intently at the screen, its darkness reflecting in her deep-set eyes. If there were any news, Thomas would have messaged her.

If Thomas didn’t reach out, it meant he was with Monica all along.

Theresa waited quietly.

An hour passed, then two, then three.

She waited the whole night but didn’t hear from Thomas.

At dawn, as the first rays of sunlight shone through. Theresa’s lips curved into a bitter smile. She knew Thomas's heart always harbored someone else.

Yet she chose to start the relationship, wanting to give herself a chance.

Her decision was nothing short of a gamble.

In the end, Theresa had lost her bet.

“Theresa,” Susan called out softly.

Startled for a moment, Theresa turned around to find Susan’s worried gaze upon her. 2/7

A jolt went through Theresa’s heart. “You... you’ve been awake all this time?” Susan shook her head. “How can I be at ease seeing you like this?”

Upon hearing those words, Theresa couldn’t help but burst into laughter. But as her laughter echoed, tears started streaming down her face, blending her joy with a touch of sorrow.

35) Last night, each afraid of disturbing the other, Theresa and Susan, though awake, had stayed still in the same position all night.

A complex mix of emotions welled up in Theresa’s heart. Overcome by the moment, she spun around and embraced Susan with all her might.

“Theresa?” Susan was a bit surprised.

With a wide grin, Theresa leaned in and planted a big kiss on Susan’s cheek, chuckling, “Forget about guys, you’re all I need.”

Susan was struck dumb.

She was just relieved that Ben wasn’t there. Otherwise, he’d be jealous for days.

But seeing Theresa in good spirits, Susan relaxed a bit.

Theresa flashed a confident smile. “No worries about me. I’ve got guys lining up from coast to coast. If Thomas ever messes up, I’ll easily switch him out for someone way better.”

“Okay,” Susan replied softly.

Theresa didn't stay long at the Landor residence. After bidding Susan goodbye with a smile, she left. Back in her own place, the bright smile on Theresa's face vanished.

A deep weariness filled her eyes.

She placed her phone on the windowsill and sat down by the window.

Despite everything, she was still waiting for an outcome.

-But the call from Thomas never came.

Instead, what she got was a piece of social news.

Upon seeing the news alert on her computer, Theresa experienced a complex mix of emotions, hard to define.

[In Dramatic Turnaround, Woman on Edge of Suicide Regains Will to Live After Ex—Boyfriend's Heartfelt Intervention.] The news photo showed a man and a woman embracing each other on top of a high building.

The woman, tears streaming down her face, was Monica.

The man's face was indistinct, but he was dressed in a white shirt, identical to the one Thomas had on when he stepped out. Theresa's hand slowly clenched into a fist.

Theresa mused, 'So, her ex shows up out of the blue, trying to sweep her off her feet? Looks like I'm the punchline in this joke.' Theresa, with an impassive face, quickly grabbed her phone and shot off a text.

[Thomas, let's end our contract. We're done.]novelbin

After sending the text, Theresa turned off her phone and went to sleep, burying her head under the covers.

She slept like a storm was raging inside her.

If it weren't for the loud knocking, she could have slept forever.

The knocking was thunderous.

Theresa sat on her bed, a bit dazed.

Then, memories flooded back.

Thomas and Monica shared a passionate embrace before she sent the breakup text.

Her first love affair had just ended.

The knocking persisted.

Theresa walked to the door and peered through the peephole.

There she saw a frantic Thomas.

Theresa stood silently.

Honestly, she didn't want to see Thomas at that moment.

But Thomas seemed to sense her presence, calling out anxiously, "Theresa, open the door." Theresa didn't speak or move.

"Theresa, do you feel upset because I didn't reach out earlier? You see, I was planning a surprise for you."

Theresa's lips twisted into a sly smirk as she thought, 'A surprise? Oh yes, it was quite the shocker.' "Theresa, just open the door, and we can talk, okay?" Thomas's face was almost pleading.

Through the door, Theresa's voice was calm, "Leave. We're done."

"Theresa, you're finally talking to me, right?" Thomas was ecstatic.

Theresa immediately shut up again.

Thomas, left with no other option, kept knocking on the door with

a we Qi determination, He until you open up. I couldn't care less if the neighbors have a problem with it."

Theresa said, "That's really shameless on your part."

"If that's what it takes to get you to open the door, then I'm all in. Thomas wasn't planning to back down."

And so, he just stood there, persistently knocking at the door.

Worried about disturbing her neighbors, Theresa finally decided to bite the bullet and open the door. As soon as the door swung open, Thomas's heart leaped with joy, and he rushed inside.

Theresa took a cautious step back, then said, "If you've got something to say, just stand there and say it. Don't come any closer." "Theresa, just hear me out," Thomas quickly responded.

"Standing on top of a skyscraper, wrapped up in a bear hug, Theresa snarled sarcastically. "What, you think I'm an idiot?"

Thomas was taken aback. "What are you talking about? What skyscraper? What passionate embrace?" "Thomas was actually playing dumb."

Fury rose in Theresa's heart. She pulled up the news on her phone and showed it to Thomas. "Still trying to talk your way out of this?"

Thomas looked at the photo and was momentarily stunned. "Got anything else to say?" Theresa sneered. Then, it dawned on Thomas. Surprised, he looked at Theresa. "You're angry because you think I'm the guy in the photo?"

"What do you mean, 'I think'? Isn't that you in the you "Are you trying

to play two sides?"

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Theresa was furious, but Thomas just laughed harder.

Theresa pushed him toward the door, "Get out, just get out of here!" Thomas stood still, unmoved.

"You..." Theresa was about to lose her temper.

Thomas quickly explained, "Theresa, there's been a misunderstanding. I lost feelings for Monica a long time ago. Initially, she was relentless in pestering Ben. But things changed after we made our relationship public. She started bombarding me with odd messages, which led me to block her. The only reason she reached out recently is because she used someone else's phone."

Theresa's face showed no emotion as she replied, "Oh really? You're over her, right? Then explain those affectionate hugs that hit the headlines. | can't imagine what it would be like if you still had feelings."

Thomas grabbed her hand, "Theresa, that wasn't me. | did rush to the scene, but | just stood under the building for a while and then left." "Really?" Theresa looked at him skeptically.

Thomas nodded with a serious look. "I rushed over there because the person on the phone mentioned Monica was going on about a famous actress stealing her boyfriend just before she jumped. | was concerned her wild accusations would damage your reputation, so | didn't waste a minute getting there."

Theresa's expression softened slightly and asked Thomas, "Why didn't you tell me this before?" Thomas let out a wry smile. "I didn't want to worry you. Plus, | figured | could handle it on my own." Theresa felt a flicker of emotion in her heart and thought, 'So, this was why Thomas had left in a hurry!'

Theresa's guard was beginning to lower, yet she remained inquisitive. She asked Thomas with a hint of curiosity, "Why did you just linger beneath the tall building before leaving?"

1/6 cough and said, "Well, we've got Ben to thank for that." "Ben?" Theresa was surprised.

Thomas hurriedly explained, "Remember how Monica harassed Ben several times? Ben holds grudges. He wouldn't let her off easily."

"So, what exactly happened?" This wasn't unfolding how Theresa expected, and now she's really intrigued. "He did one thing," said Thomas. "He brought Monica's ex back." Theresa was stunned, "The ex in the news? It wasn't you?"

Thomas appeared innocent as he explained, "It's just a coincidence that the other guy was wearing a white shirt too. But trust me, it wasn't me. And I'm definitely not her ex."

Theresa began to believe him, her expression softening further.

Thomas, observing the situation, quickly interjected, "Remember Monica, who was head-over-heels in love with that artist and even eloped with him? That guy was actually eyeing the Lynn family's fortune. Despite Monica's deep love, her family refused to loosen their purse strings. In a drastic move, Monica faked her death to leave with him. Initially, the artist was somewhat moved by her intense affection. But, as the novelty wore off and Monica couldn't bankroll his spending like before, he found an opportunity to ditch her and latched onto a wealthy woman instead."

Theresa listened intently, "That's quite a story..."

Thomas elaborated, "Monica's return was one thing, but her knack for stirring up drama really irritated Ben. His reaction? He just passed her information to that painter. That's the guy who recently broke up with his rich partner and was looking for a new catch. When he found out about Monica, he was ecstatic. It's rare to find someone as affluent and unsuspecting as her."

"That painter returned to the country months ago, but kept his distance, waiting for the right moment. When Monica threatened to jump, he made his move," Thomas explained. "My guess is, he wanted to swoop in when she was vulnerable."

"I left as soon as Ben called, saying that guy was heading up."

After Thomas finished his explanation, he looked hopefully at Theresa, "Theresa, I'm totally committed to you."

Theresa's mood had lightened, but she still carried a tone of playful cheekiness as she asked, "So, where were you the entire night last night? How come you didn't send even one message?"

"I just wanted to surprise you," Thomas said.

"A surprise? What kind?"

Right then, Thomas went down on one knee.

Pulling a ring out of his pocket like a magician, he said, "Theresa, marry me." Theresa was totally stunned and thought, "Was this a proposal?"

Seeing Theresa's silence, Thomas grew anxious. He regretfully shared, "I knew it. I shouldn't have proposed so hastily. Last night, I ran all over the city, not only rushing to get this ring made but also booking a hotel and arranging flowers for a whole proposal ceremony! I should have proposed with romantic music, not like this. It's too rushed."

Thomas kept rambling on.

Suddenly, Theresa found it funny. She started laughing, and tears welled up in her eyes. "Theresa? What's wrong?" Thomas was completely flustered.

"Idiot," Theresa called him.

Thomas looked somewhat innocent.

Theresa, with a stern face, said, "Let me see the ring."

Thomas quickly presented the ring with both hands.

Upon receiving the expensive ring, Theresa frowned slightly, puzzled by the lavish expense. The diamond on the ring was huge, easily worth millions.

"It wasn't that expensive," Thomas said.

Theresa, clearly annoyed, told him, "You've probably blown through all the money you made acting, right? Saving isn't easy when you're a doctor. You've got to be more careful with your spending from

now on."

Thomas seemed a bit downcast, not feeling his gesture was appreciated. Theresa softened her gaze and said, "But it's okay, I'll earn money in the future." Thomas was taken aback.

After a moment, he realized what she meant and his eyes lit up with joy. "Theresa, does this mean you're accepting my proposal?"

Theresa, a bit bashful, said, "Let's complete the entire proposal process first." Grinning sheepishly at Theresa, Thomas agreed, "Sure, we should definitely follow the whole proposal

routine."

Theresa thought, 'What a fool!'

Theresa's soft laugh echoed, as the sunshine chased away the shadows in her heart. She thought she might have won the bet after all.

At the Landor residence.

"Ben, what do you think is happening with Theresa and Susan said

Ben raised an eyebrow. "I guess they must be doing pretty well."

"How could it be?" Susan glared at Ben. "Thomas Sees jer 1)

y tardy bet is thinking of dumping him."

Ben blinked, then suddenly suggested, "How about we make a bet?" "A bet on what?" Susan eyed him curiously. "On whether Theresa and Thomas will make up," Ben proposed.

Susan squinted her eyes skeptically. "I doubt they'll make it matters in breaking a And manage t@ patch things up, it's going to take way more than just a few days, probably at least ten."

Ben laughed, "I bet they'll patch things up today."

"Today?" Susan was shocked. "You're dreaming

"So, are we betting or what?" Ben challenged.

"What's the stake?" asked Susan.

"If you win, you can ask me to do anything. Same goes if I win," Ben raised an eyebrow. "Dare to take the bet?"

Anything? Susan was actually tempted.

She thought it over and over, convinced those two couldn't possibly reconcile so soon.

Susan bit her lip, "I'm in."

A mysterious smile crept onto Ben's lips.

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Susan eyed Ben's smile, feeling an ominous premonition.

But she couldn't believe that Theresa would forgive Thomas so easily.

Susan took out her phone, intending to call Theresa.

But she hadn't even had the chance to dial.

Her phone suddenly lit up with a message.

“Susan, I’m engaged.”

Then, there was a picture of Theresa’s hand, adorned with a ring.

Susan, puzzled, thought, ‘What’s going on?’

Ben, passing by, glanced at her phone and chuckled. “Does getting engaged count as making up?”

Susan ignored his question.

She looked at Ben suspiciously. “Do you know something?”

“I do know something.” Ben said calmly, “But you indeed lost the bet, let me remind you. You have to agree to something unconditionally.”

Susan, swallowing her pride, said, “Tell me what you know first.”

Ben briefly recounted the incident involving the painter.

After he finished, Susan looked at him as if she had seen the devil.

Ben smirked. “You must accept a lost bet.”

Susan, somewhat gloomy, glanced at him and asked, “What do you want?”

The next day.

Susan found herself lying in bed, unable to get up.

Theresa called Susan early in the morning, her voice sweet. "Susan, I realized I didn't fill you in on the details yesterday. Actually, what happened yesterday was all a misunderstanding.

Susan's eyebrow gave a quick twitch, then she responded, "I know it was a misunderstanding

It wasn't just a mental realization for her; her whole being felt the deep understanding.

Susan was feeling somewhat overwhelmed.

Why was it that in the midst of Theresa and Thomas's falling out, she was the one who ended up getting

hurt?

"You know?" Then Theresa realized. "Mr. Landor told you, didn't he? Hey, since we have a holiday

coming up, Thomas and I are planning a trip."

"That's great. Enjoy yourselves." Susan said, her voice tinged with tears.

"Just hang tight at home, and don't miss me too much." Theresa said cheerfully and hung up.

Susan could only let out a long sigh as she listened to the beep of the disconnected call.

Thomas and Theresa went on their trip just like that

Not only that, but they also flooded social media with countless romantic posts every day.

Susan was almost tempted to unfollow both of them.

That day, with a blank expression, Susan liked Theresa's posts mechanically. Then, setting her phone aside, she turned her attention to the project plan on her desk.

After the success of "Starry Romance", their department planned to launch another game offering a high level of player freedom.

Unlike the last one, which was a modestly budgeted dating sim.

This time, they planned to create a vast and immersive online game world.

Developing an online game was much more complex.

Establishing character classes, crafting the game's settings, and balancing various in-game statistics and parameters.

There were numerous factors and elements that required—meticulous consideration.

After reviewing the entire plan, Susan announced the start of recruitment.

This time, their department needed to recruit quite a few people.

They were primarily looking for people in specific areas of expertise.

Game planners, game balance designers, and a large number of entry-level programmers.

Once Storm Group's recruitment notice was issued, they immediately received a flurry of resumes.

After all, Storm Group, besides its annual campus recruitment at several universities, hardly ever

opened recruitment to the public.

This large-scale recruitment plan was a rare occurrence in years.

Susan just issued the command for recruitment.

But she wasn't involved in the details initially.

She was responsible for setting requirements, and HR would help find the most suitable candidates.

Until the final round of interviews, HR brought a group of candidates to Susan.

Storm Group's HR was very professional, and generally, the candidates they selected were without major issues.

Susan only intended to give a quick, perfunctory review.

HR brought candidates to Susan in batches.

They finally brought in a few game planner candidates. "Mrs. Miller, these are the newly recruited planners."

"I see," Susan said with a kind smile, about to offer some formal encouragement to the newcomers.

Then she spotted a familiar face.

Susan was startled. "It's you..."

It was a girl with glasses, slightly plump, and with a soft, scholarly appearance.

She nervously tugged at the corner of her mouth, her body trembling involuntarily.

Seeing this, Susan said, "It's alright, it's alright. Since you've all made it into our company, you're certainly experts in your respective fields. Just focus on doing your best from now on."

Susan did not reveal the girl's identity, and the girl slowly breathed a sigh of relief.

After Susan finished speaking, HR took the new planners away.

Susan watched the girl's retreating figure, her expression thoughtful.

At noon.

Everyone went to the canteen for lunch.

But the girl didn't go. Sneakily, she took out her lunch box, not daring to use the microwave, and instead, she found a quiet spot on the balcony to eat.

Although the food was cold, the empty balcony seemed to relax her.

She was eating her meal with great focus.

Suddenly, a gentle voice sounded.

"Azure."

The girl stiffened, turned around, and saw Susan with a warm meal, smiling at her.

This girl was none other than the author of 'Starry Romance.'

Known as Azure Sea.

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Previously, when the game was slandered for plagiarism, it was Azure Sea who stepped forward to

clarify things.

"Mrs. Miller," the girl put down her food nervously. "I'm sorry, should someone like me not come to Mework? If I'm not suitable, I'll..."

Susan shook her head. "You're here on your merit, there's nothing unsuitable about that."

"But I..." A hint of pain flashed in the girl's eyes.

But...

She suffered from severe depression.

The world was vast.

Yet she felt as small as a speck of dust.

She had wanted to die slowly in her own world before.

But a year ago, Susan found her and bought her novel.

Susan had promised not to reveal her identity, so even when the game was severely questioned, Susan never came forward to declare her as the original author.

Such behavior from Susan, in turn, gave her immense courage.

The girl herself couldn't fathom where such boldness came from, a boldness that led her to post such forthright and incisive comments online.

After that, she even played the game out of curiosity.

Initially, she sold her novel simply as a means to provide financial support for her parents.

However, after experiencing the game, an inexplicable emotion stirred within her.

The game

game went well beyond the scope of her original work, yet it was undeniably rooted in her story.

At that moment, she felt an extraordinary sense of renewal.

She realized she wasn't worthless after all. Her writings had the potential to be transformed into something marvelous. This revelation ignited in her a desire to create more, to write more captivating stories, to develop more intriguing games.

Yet, hampered by her condition, she struggled to communicate with others, not to mention work with

them.

So, despite the growing yearning within her, she remained hesitant to take that final step.

Until...

She saw the recruitment notice from Storm Group.

She learned that this team was under Susan's direct management.

The memory of her previous enjoyable collaboration with Susan sparked a bit of bravery in her.

So, she decided to apply.

And she made it through the interviews, and now became a part of Storm Group.

But deep down, the girl harbored lingering doubts and fears.

Could someone like her truly function effectively in a normal job?

"No "buts" about it," Susan reassured her with a kind smile.

The girl, momentarily taken aback, felt the tension in her back ease slowly.

Ms. Miller was, as always, the epitome of kindness.

Chapter 336

Seeing that the girl had relaxed, Susan placed the dishes on the table and said with a smile, "Let's eat together, okay?"

The girl hesitated for a moment. Looking at the steaming food, she nodded slightly.

The girl didn't like to talk, so Susan didn't try to find topics. The two ate in silence.

After dinner, Susan said gently, "There's something I want to ask for your opinion on."

"Please go ahead, Ms. Miller." The girl suddenly became nervous.

Susan said, "I need to choose a temporary team leader among you guys. I think you're quite suitable. I

think?" want to appoint you as the team leader. What do you

The girl was stunned for a moment and then shook her head in a panic. "Team leader? I'm not capable

illness." enough. Ms. Miller, you don't have to give me special treatment because of my

Susan did a double take and then said, "Your illness? Don't worry. I've always kept it professional. I chose you because you're suitable, not because of anything else. I've seen all of your resumes and found people from the department to read your proposals together. In the end, besides me, out of the ten-person team, eight people think that you're the best. Although you don't have any formal working experience, you've participated in a lot of planning in your part-time jobs, and all of your proposals are outstanding. Besides, the proposal you made for today's examination is also amazing. So, you're indeed the most suitable person for the position as a team leader."

Hearing Susan's serious explanation, the girl had a subtle feeling.

She said softly, "You know I'm unwilling to contact strangers. Although I've tried my best to overcome it,

I'm not sure if I can do it."

Susan couldn't help smiling, "It's precisely because I know this that I feel you are more suitable for this position."

The girl looked at Susan in confusion.

Susan explained, "Firstly, according to the current policies of Storm Group, outstanding employees can order food for free in the canteen. When you become the leader of the planning team, I can apply for the service for you. In the future, you won't have to eat cold food brought from home. Secondly, the team leader can work in an independent office, and you can give the reins to your imagination and creativity. Thirdly, the leader is in charge of the overall situation and doesn't need to participate in the discussion about details. You can distribute tasks through the company's email system every day, and your subordinates will send you feedback through email after making proposals. You just need to combine the information from everyone and complete the final integration. If everything goes smoothly, you can finish your work without meeting anyone."

Hearing Susan's words, the girl was stunned.

Susan made it so clear. It was obvious that she had thought about it in advance.

Yet the girl felt she was not qualified.

The girl looked at Susan in a daze. "Ms. Miller, do you think it's bad that I can't contact others?"

"Everyone is different. Maybe loneliness will help you complete the tasks," Susan said with a smile. "I only care about the results. As long as you can complete the proposals, it doesn't matter even if you

work at home and never come to the company."

Susan looked very frank.

The girl froze.

After she was diagnosed with depression, she heard a lot of advice.

Her former best friend kept advising her to go out more often, smile, and be cheerful.

However, her friend did not know how difficult it was for her to smile.

If she could still be cheerful, she wouldn't have gotten this disease.

People with depression were like drowning people who could not save themselves.

Everyone said, "Come on. Get out of the water quickly."

However, she really couldn't move.

She was trapped in water, and she could only be completely drowned by these seemingly kind voices.

There was no doubt that her parents loved her the most in the world.

They had been advising her to interact with others more often, hoping that one day she would suddenly recover.

The girl had tried her best to cooperate with her parents.

But she knew she couldn't do it.

She was sick.

Her illness was not in her body. It was in her mind.

Her illness was so serious, but they all thought that she was just too introverted.

None of them were willing to accept the fact that she was sick. Instead, they kept telling her to change.

Only Susan was different. She was very unique. novelbin

From the first time they met, Susan didn't seem to care much about her illness. Susan just treated her as an ordinary person.

Then, Susan respected all her wishes.

She didn't need to reveal her name or contact others.

She could hide in her small world like a little turtle. She didn't need to live under questioning gazes.

The girl stood there for a long time.

Susan had been accompanying her. She did not urge the girl, nor did she become impatient.

A bright smile finally appeared on the girl's face.

She stretched out her hand and said, "Emma. Nice to meet you."

Susan smiled and held her hand. "Nice to meet you too."

Although Emma had a good impression of Susan, she was still not used to touching others. Therefore, after a brief shake of hands, she uncontrollably withdrew her hand.

Emma glanced at Susan cautiously, afraid that she would be angry because of her movement.

However, Susan retracted her hand naturally as if nothing had happened. She smiled and said, "Your office is ready. Shall I take you there?"

"Okay," Emma replied softly.

Susan did not give Emma any special treatment. Each team leader had an office.

Emma felt at ease.

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"There is already some information on your computer, as well as our initial plan for online games. You can take a look at it in the afternoon and then make a general proposal within three days. After that,

you can distribute the tasks to your subordinates," said Susan.

"Okay," Emma replied gently.

"Go for it," Susan smiled. Since there was a meeting, she went out and closed the door for Emma.

Emma sat in her seat in a daze.

She had an independent office, and there was no need to have much contact with everyone.

She had thought that the work process would be very difficult, but the reality was much better than she had imagined.

All of this was because of that gentle person.

Emma smiled and then turned on the computer seriously.

Since she had taken this step, she had to work harder.

Emma looked at the preliminary information given by Susan. Almost in an instant, she had a lot of inspiration in her mind. As she looked at the computer, she recorded them carefully.

She was so engrossed in her work that she didn't notice it was time to get off work.

Looking at Emma, who was immersed in her work in the office, Susan hesitated for a moment.

"Ms. Miller, why aren't you leaving today?"

"Mr. Landor usually comes here at this time, but he hasn't come yet today. I guess he has a dinner party tonight."

"No wonder he's not here," the group of people teased.

Susan smiled, "You guys are so smart. You can go first. I'll turn off the lights before leaving."

There was no need for the department to work overtime today, so Susan drove everyone away first..

After that, the office was empty.

Susan walked over and knocked on Emma's office door.

Emma was so focused on her work that she was startled by the knock on the door.

Her body tensed up in an instant.

When she saw that it was Susan, Emma slowly relaxed.

Susan said gently, "It's time to get off work."

"Okay..." Emma hurriedly packed up her things.

"If three days are not enough, I can give you a few more days. As long as the general proposal is good enough..."

While Susan was talking, Emma looked at her blankly. "Eh? I've almost finished the general proposal."

Hearing that, Susan was speechless.

It had only been half a day.

Chapter 337

"Do you want to take a look?" Emma plucked up the courage to ask.

"Send it to my phone," Susan replied curiously.

Emma sent a copy of the proposal to Susan.

Susan read it on the spot.

She looked at it carefully for half an hour.

After that, she looked at Emma in amazement.

“Is it bad? | can modify it,” Emma said nervously.

“How can it be bad?” Susan looked at Emma resignedly. “I just want to open your head and see what’s inside.”

Realizing that Susan was satisfied, Emma let out a sigh of relief. She said softly, “I’ll improve it at home tonight, and then it will be finished.”

Susan glanced at Emma as if looking at a monster and then said, “Let’s go, excellent employee. I’ll take you home.” “No need. | can take a taxi myself,” Emma said in a panic.

Although staying with an unfamiliar driver would make Emma flustered, she felt that she had to do it sooner or later.

“Let me drive you. We can discuss the details of the proposal on the way,” Susan said with a smile. In this case, it seemed to be business...

After hesitating for a moment, Emma did not refuse.

A few minutes later.

Susan and Emma came out of the company one after the other.

“Wait here for a moment. I’ll get my car,” Susan said.

“Okay,” Emma replied a little nervously.

After Susan left, Emma was standing alone at the entrance.

Looking at the traffic on the street, she tensed up.

In the eyes of normal people, this was a wonderful and colorful world.

But in Emma's eyes, most of the things in the world were black and

gray.

What did it feel like when one saw countless black or gray dots moving constantly in front of him? They were just like countless giant ants crawling around in front of him.

Emma was scared out of her wits.

Most terrifyingly, she vaguely saw a small black dot walking toward her.

A stranger.

It was a stranger.

Emma's body tensed up instantly. She kept praying in her heart that the person would ignore her and not talk to her.

However, things went contrary to her wishes.

The man stopped in front of her.

Emma immediately held her breath.

"Excuse me..." that person said.

“It was a man’s voice.

Emma forced herself to be composed.

She thought, ‘Calm down, Emma. You have to calm down. He’s just a stranger, isn’t he? You could even complete the interview independently. Why should you be afraid of a stranger?’”

Emma turned her head and stared at him.

In her eyes, the giant ant was gradually becoming clear.

This was a very tall man. Judging from his appearance, he might be considered handsome. She couldn’t be sure.

After all, Ben was recognized as a handsome man.

However, when she heard the exclamations of the crowd, she was at a loss.

From a long time ago, she couldn’t tell beauty from ugliness.

“Your badge shows that you’re from the Planning Department?” the man continued. “Do you know Susan?”

Emma wondered, ‘Susan? Ms. Miller?’

“Yes,” Emma said in a trembling voice.

Eason thought, ‘Why is she so frightened?’*

He looked at Emma strangely and said, "Is she still in the office? I'm her brother. I'm here to pick her up." Recently, Eason had been traveling between the two countries.

Today, as soon as he arrived at Coraland, he was eager to see his darling sister.

Eason thought that Ben was a jealous man. If he had made an appointment in advance, he might not have been able to meet Susan. It was better to come directly to the company to see her.

Unexpectedly, as soon as Eason arrived at the entrance of Storm Group, he saw a strange woman instead of Susan. This woman was slightly fat and did not look good. However, she had a unique sense of alienation from the world.

Eason suddenly stopped and asked her questions.

"You're Ms. Miller's brother?" Emma felt a little nervous despite herself. "She is not in the office. She... she..."

"What's wrong?" Eason frowned.

Emma became even more nervous, and sweat broke out on her forehead.

This was Susan's brother.

Susan was a very important person to her.

Emma didn't want to be hated by Susan or her brother.

Therefore, she had to try her best to behave normally.

But the more she wanted to do so, the tenser she became. In just a few seconds, she was sweating

profusely.

“What's going on?” Eason frowned even harder.

“She... She...” With sweat all over her face, Emma was extremely nervous. Her mind went blank, and she actually fainted, falling backward.

Eason subconsciously hugged her, very confused.

He thought, ‘What is going on? Am I so scary that she blacked out?’

Eason looked down at Emma.

For some reason, Emma even lost her breath for a moment.

Eason was a little flustered.

He thought, ‘What the hell? I just asked a few questions, but she fainted and even stopped breathing? Is she trying to blackmail me?’

Eason was indignant.

However, Emma still didn't recover her breath, and her face grew paler and paler.

If she went on like this, she would be in danger.

Eason gritted his teeth, pried open Emma's mouth, and gave her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

“What are you doing?” Susan asked in surprise behind Eason at this moment.

Hearing Susan’s voice, Emma suddenly woke up.

Eason was still pressing his lips tightly against hers.

Emma thought, ‘He is ... kissing me!’

An unprecedented fear took hold of her.

She raised her hand and slapped Eason hard.

Then, she jumped away from him.

After being slapped, Eason was in a bad mood.

Susan rushed over and looked at Eason in shock. She then looked at Emma. “What’s going on?*

Eason felt wronged. “I just asked her a few questions, and she suddenly EMSS SG didn’t breathe, so I gave her mouth-to—mouth resuscitation.”

Emma was stunned for a moment and then panicked.

She thought, ‘It turned out to be mouth—to—mouth resuscitation. I wronged him.’ Emma pursed her lips and said cautiously, “I’m sorry.”

Eason looked at her pale face. He was not angry with her.

“Forget it. You didn’t do it on purpose,” Eason said.

Yet Emma felt very guilty.

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She thought, 'I shouldn't have slapped him casually. What will a normal person do to apologize in this case?'"

Emma thought for a moment and then suddenly said, "I should have treated you to a meal as an apology, okay?"

She thought, 'It should be very common to apologize by treating people to a meal. After this meal, we will be even.'"

Only then did Emma relax.

"Emma..." Susan knew about Emma's situation and was about to refuse.

However, Emma said, "Please give me a chance to make amends."

She looked very serious.

Eason stared at Emma and asked Susan in a low voice, "What's going on? Why does she look like she's going to the battlefield?"

Susan didn't answer. She could imagine how difficult it was for Emma to say that. So, she smiled at Emma and said, "Okay, thank you."

"It's up to you to decide where to eat." Emma was relieved the moment Susan agreed.

Chapter 338

An hour later, in a high-end restaurant.

to the apology etiquette she had

Emma picked up a glass of liquor seriously, bowed to Eason according just found online, and then said, "Mr. Nicholas, I'll drink a toast to you as an apology."

Eason was stunned by Emma's full glass of liquor..

As he was about to say something, Emma raised her head and gulped down the liquor quickly.

Eason was speechless.

He couldn't help glancing at Susan. "Is your friend so good at drinking?"

Emma ordered the best liquor in the restaurant.

One might feel nothing when he first drank this kind of liquor. Yet he would easily get drunk after a while

when the alcohol took effect.

Susan was also a little shocked. She murmured, "I don't know."

"Mr. Nicholas, I wonder if you can accept my apology," Emma said.

It seemed that if Eason said no, she would drink a few more glasses of liquor.

Eason hurriedly said, "Yes, yes."

"Thank you," Emma smiled. She then sat down and carefully put dishes in front of Susan and Eason.

"Try it." Emma managed to smile. "The food in this restaurant tastes pretty good."

Susan and Eason quickly began to eat.

"Just eat as much as you can," Emma continued.

Susan coughed quietly.

She could tell that Emma was trying her best to entertain them.

However, Emma's tone was extremely stiff. No matter what she said, it sounded like she was reciting a text.

"What's wrong?" Emma asked with concern.

"Nothing," Susan hurriedly answered. "The food is delicious."

Although Emma's tone was stiff, no one knew better than Susan how much effort Emma had put in to do all this.

"That's good." Emma heaved a sigh of relief.

Eason looked at Emma and then at Susan. He felt that something was wrong.

But he was not stupid enough to ask Susan in front of Emma.

Knowing that Emma felt uncomfortable, Susan ate as quickly as she could. Seeing this, Eason followed suit.

It didn't take long for the three to finish eating.

Susan smiled at Emma and said, "Emma, thank you for the meal."

"Do you want more dishes?" Emma asked nervously.

"No need. I'm already full. Look at my stomach. It's already bulging." Susan hastily touched her round stomach.

Emma looked at Susan seriously, wondering if she had really eaten enough or if she was just being polite.

Before Emma could figure it out, Susan had already stood up and said, "I'm really full."

"Miss Garcia, thank you for the meal." Eason stood up and said politely, "It will be my treat next time."

Emma thought, 'Next time? It is all over after I treated them to a meal and apologized, isn't it? How can there be a next time?'

Her expression instantly turned terrified.

Eason was baffled by the sudden change in Emma's expression, wondering, 'What's wrong?'

Understanding Emma's fear, Susan immediately said, "Emma, he's just being polite. He's not really going to treat you to a meal."

Eason could not help glancing at Susan, thinking, "Why is Susan so blunt?"

Emma immediately relaxed. "So it's just a courtesy."

Eason was lost for words.

He couldn't understand them at all.

They walked to the door of the restaurant. Susan planned to take Emma home.

Suddenly, a familiar voice sounded.

"Susan?" Ben was slightly surprised.

Susan was also amazed to see Ben. "Did you eat here too?"

"I just saw my partner off." Ben nodded. "Shall we go home together?"

"No. I still have something to do..." Susan was trying to refuse.

"It's okay, Ms. Miller. I'll take a taxi back myself," Emma hurriedly said.

"But..."

"It's really okay. I got to and from work by taxi before," Emma said. Afraid that Susan would disagree,

she opened the taxi app and ordered a taxi.

Seeing that Emma's whole body tensed up, Susan sighed resignedly.

Ben looked puzzled.

"Ms. Miller, leave with Mr. Landor first," Emma said in a trembling voice, sounding like she was begging.

She thought, 'If Ms. Miller can't go home with Mr. Landor because of me, I will be a sinner, and Ms. Miller will hate me. After all, I'm very annoying.'

Susan was at her wits' end when she saw Emma like this.

To help Emma relax, Susan quickly said, "Okay, okay, I'll go first, Be careful on the way back."

Emma's back relaxed slightly. "I will."

Ben gave Susan a look as if asking what was going on here.

Susan shook her head and pulled Ben away.

Eason fell silent, thinking, "What's wrong with this couple? What about me? Neither of them thought

about asking me to leave with them?'

He was in a dilemma now, feeling terribly awkward. novelbin

"Miss Garcia..." Eason said thoughtfully.

“Mr. Nicholas.” Emma was startled, wondering why Eason was still here.

“Am I scary?” Eason asked.

Emma panicked again. “No, no. It’s... It’s my own problem.”

Eason really couldn’t understand Emma, so he said politely, “Then I’ll go first. Miss Garcia, see you later.”

4/6

Eason thought it was better not to meet such a weird person again.

“OK, see you,” Emma said hastily.

Eason was speechless..

Although he also wanted to leave, he somehow felt a little unhappy seeing Emma so eager to leave.

He thought, ‘Forget it. Don’t be upset with an abnormal person.’”

Eason was about to leave.

Suddenly, Emma covered her mouth.

Eason stopped and asked politely, “Miss Garcia, what’s wrong?”

Emma frantically shook her head.

Eason was even more confused. He walked over and said, "If you need any help..."

While he was speaking, Emma threw up at him.

Before Eason could react, his clothes were already stained with strange red and yellow objects.

Eason was stunned.

"Oh..." Emma struggled to say, "I'm sorry..."

Before she could finish, she suddenly fell backward again.

Eason subconsciously supported her.

Then, he looked quietly at the rosy-faced girl in his arms.

Obviously, she was drunk.

He thought, 'What's wrong with this woman? She can't hold her liquor, yet she downed a glass of liquor. I thought she had a high tolerance, but she doesn't at all. Most importantly, what should I do now?'

Eason was about to call Susan to tell her about the situation.

A car drove over, and Emma's phone rang at the same time.

Eason answered the phone.

It was the taxi that Emma had ordered online.

The taxi driver saw Emma and said warily, "Your girlfriend is drunk. You need to pay an extra 30 dollars."

Eason explained, "She's not my girlfriend."

The driver replied impatiently, "The same goes for your wife."

Eason was speechless, not bothering to explain any further.

Seeing Emma like this, he couldn't leave her alone, so he paid the driver an extra 30 dollars and dragged

her into the car.

Chapter 339

When Emma ordered a taxi, she had already chosen a destination.

As soon as they arrived, the driver couldn't wait to drop Emma and Eason off, just because the two were too smelly.

At the gate of the community, Eason held Emma in his arms. When the hot wind blew on them, the stench drifted around. Eason glanced at Emma gloomily. "Tell me where you live."

Of course, Emma would not speak.

Eason had no choice but to search her bag for the key.

The sticker on the key was written with "4#601°.

Eason thought, 'All right, | got her address.'

He sighed and carried Emma upstairs.

He put her on the bed and was about to leave.

All of a sudden, Emma muttered, "Water. | want water."

"You want water? Who do you think you are?" Eason was furious, feeling this woman was pushing her luck.

He glared at her for a long time. Then, he could only go to boil water, pour it into the glass, and hold it to Emma's mouth. Emma eagerly took a few sips of water.

Asecond later, she fell asleep again.

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"Nothing else, right?" Eason narrowed his eyes.

After three minutes, Emma didn't move or make any sound.

Eason was about to leave.

Suddenly, Emma sat up.

She vomited violently again.

Eason looked at the red and yellow objects on the ground, almost going crazy.

He thought, 'This woman is quite good at vomiting. She threw up twice, once all on me, and once all on the ground. She herself is actually still clean.

“Water,” Emma called out again.

Eason was at a loss for words.

He had to go get some water once more.

After pouring the water, he couldn't stand the mess on the ground anymore, so he cleaned it up. He thought, 'Now that I've cleaned the floor, I'll wash my clothes.'

When he was done, it was already past midnight.

Eason thought he could finally leave.

However, he turned around and found Emma's face red. She actually had a fever.

Eason was speechless.

He took a warm towel and put it on Emma's forehead. Then he rummaged through the cabinet for medicine.

Eason took care of Emma for a long time. Finally, her fever subsided.

Eason was exhausted. Before he knew it, he had fallen asleep by the bed.

The next day.

Emma opened her eyes in a daze.

Her head hurt a little.

She stretched out her hand with difficulty and rubbed her temples.

Emma was thinking about what had happened last night.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of breathing.

Emma's body instantly stiffened.

She turned her head numbly.

Then, she saw an unfamiliar man sleeping soundly with his head on her bed.

Emma was badly horrified.

She screamed all of a sudden.

That voice was loud and shrill.

Eason, who had only slept for a short while, was woken up by the noise.

"Why... why are you here?" Emma looked at him in terror.

Eason paused for a moment. "Why do you think I'm here?"

Emma had lost her mind. She instantly broke down. "Get out! Get out!"

Eason frowned, thinking, 'I've served this woman for a whole night. She didn't thank me and instead told me to get out.'

Eason lost his temper. He stood up and said coldly, "Goodbye."

After that, he left without looking back.

Eason went out

of the room.

Emma slowly stopped trembling.

For so many years, she had been the only one to enter this small home before.

Even her parents had never been to this place.

But someone else came in while she was asleep.

Just thinking about it made Emma feel extremely upset.

It took her a lot of effort to calm down.

Emma remembered that she had installed a camera in the room.

Although she had always been the only one in this room, the camera somehow gave her a sense of security.

Now, this camera happened to come in handy.

Emma wanted to know what had happened last night.

She took out the memory stick and plugged it into the computer.

Then, she took a deep breath and played the video from last night.

She used the time bar to skip to the moment Eason brought her in.

Emma's pupils contracted slightly.

She thought, 'I was...

Her memories came back to her.

Last night, she underestimated the effect of the liquor. It seemed that she had got drunk.

She realized that Eason had taken her home.

Emma felt a little guilty.

She thought, 'Did I wrong this man again? But even though he took me home, he didn't have to stay overnight. Emma continued to watch the video.

Half an hour later.

Emma covered her face, terribly embarrassed.

She thought, 'I went too far last night. Eason stayed to take care of me. Yet | yelled at him and drove him away.'

Emma took a few deep breaths and watched the video again.

Meanwhile, she fell into a trance.

She thought, 'Eason is so kind. My vomit was disgusting, but he cleaned it up for me.'

'| asked for water from time to time. Even | feel that was annoying. However, Eason fed me water patiently.'

'He noticed that | had a fever. He fed me medicine and cooled me down.'

As Emma watched the video, her heart somehow beat faster and faster, completely out of her control. What kind of feeling was this?

Emma was a bit confused and scared.

She trembled and asked online: [When | think of someone, my heart beats faster. Is it an illness?] Soon, someone replied.

[Yes. It's an illness named love.]

Emma stared fixedly at the line of words.

She thought, 'Love... I'm in love with Eason?'

Emma didn't want to believe it.

She tried hard to think about other things.

However, no matter what she was thinking, Eason would appear in her mind from time to time. Moreover, he was no longer black and gray.

He had become a colorful ant in her eyes.

In her dark world, there were actually other colors except for black and gray.

Emma was in a trance.

For the first time in five years, she stood in front of the mirror seriously.

The girl in the mirror was wearing ordinary clothes. She was slightly fat, her face was yellow, and her hair was messy.

No one would take another look at such a girl.

And what about Eason?

Emma tried her best to recall what Eason looked like.

She thought that he must be very handsome. Otherwise, the waitress who server would not have peeped at him so many times.

In most people's eyes, she and Eason were not a good match at all.

Emma lowered her gaze.

She hid her feelings deeply.

After all, she and Eason would probably never meet again.

If others knew what she was thinking, they would laugh at her.

Emma took a deep breath. Seeing that it was getting late, she hurriedly tidied up and went out to work. Even though she rushed over, she was late.

When Emma arrived at her office, she quickly continued to work on her proposal.

In the afternoon.

Emma walked out of the office, intending to hand over the proposal to Susan face to face. Yet as soon as she arrived at the door of Susan's office, she saw Eason inside.

The two of them were talking seriously.

Emma's body instantly stiffened.

She subconsciously turned around and wanted to flee.

"Emma." Susan saw her. "Are you here to hand in the proposal? Come in. I happen to have something to tell you."

Emma had no choice but to brace herself and walk in.

Eason only glanced at Emma calmly. There was no more reaction from him.

"I'm sorry," Emma murmured.

Eason thought, 'She apologized again.'

He raised his eyebrows and said nothing.

Susan felt that the atmosphere

between them He strange} so S couldn't nels a king, "What's

Ong?"

"Nothing. Let's get down to business," Eason answered.

Susan looked at them but could not find anything, so she said, "Emma, our department SN con developed O ine games bétdr so we have to cooperate with Eason. His company is experienced in it. You should discuss your proposals with him in the future."

Emma thought, "Cooperate with Eason?"

She suddenly raised her head and panicked.

Chapter 340

Emma's reaction was too obvious. Susan looked at them in confusion.

She wondered, 'What's wrong? Did something happen?'

"Miss Garcia, | hope we can cooperate happily in the future." Eason raised his eyebrows and reached out his hand.

Susan was stunned.

She knew that Emma had never liked to touch others. Eason was just being polite, but Emma might not be willing to shake hands with him.

Susan was trying to find an excuse to ease the awkwardness when Emma trembled, stretched out her hand, and gently held Eason's hand.

Although she only shook hands with him for a moment, she withdrew her hand like a frightened deer. However, Susan was still a little surprised, and then she chuckled.

It seemed that Emma had a good impression of Eason. In this way, Susan didn't have to worry about their cooperation.

"Miss Garcia," Eason said directly. "Are you here to hand in the proposal? | wonder if | can have a look." Emma nodded in a panic.

It just so happened that she had printed out a few copies of her proposal. So she handed two of them to Susan and Eason.

Susan was not a professional.

She looked at it for a while, her mind full of admiration.

However, Eason was reading it slowly and carefully.

He sat aside and looked at the proposal for an hour before looking at Emma.

Emma lowered her head nervously.

Although she was timid, Eason had changed his opinion of her.

Emma was indeed a genius planner.

Her proposal might not be perfect in terms of form and structure.

However, the world she built was not only creative but also logical. It could be said to be a top-notch proposal. "What do you think?" Susan looked at Eason.

Anyway, she couldn't give any other comments except for "awesome".

Eason said, "It's a good business plan, but I think there are still some details that need to be improved." Susan hurriedly said, "Then you can sort them out and send an email to Emma."

Eason frowned. "Why? Can we not talk face to face?"

Susan said, "Emma is introverted. She might prefer communicating in writing." novelbin

"Introverted?" Eason stared at Emma and said, "I know you are very talented at planning. However, you need to work with others to complete a game project. Indeed, most of the work can be done through written communication. However, have you considered efficiency? If we discuss a problem face to face, we might be able to come up with a perfect plan in 10 minutes. Yet, if we only use email, it may take a few days.

Do you have to waste so much time just because you are introverted?"

Eason's words were a little harsh.

Susan hurriedly said, "This is what I promised Emma."

She kept winking at Eason, hoping that he would stop talking about this topic.

Susan knew about Emma's condition. She felt that Emma's talent was worth her wasting time.

Yet Emma's illness was her privacy. Susan knew about it, but she couldn't tell anyone without Emma's consent.

Eason was unaware of it, so he was so aggressive.

Eason noticed Susan's eyes, but he did not think he was wrong. He looked at Emma and said, "I hope that you can be more dedicated."

Hearing his words, Emma couldn't even raise her head, and she

ven began to tremble.

Seeing this, Susan quickly stood up and said, "I told you that | had promised Emma. In the future..."
"Ms. Miller," Emma said softly.

"Emma, don't worry. I..." Susan was about to say something.

"Thank you, but | think what Mr. Nicholas said makes sense," said Emma softly.

She pursed her lips and plucked up the courage to look up. "I... I'm willing to give it a try."

Susan was a little amazed. "Emma, don't force yourself if you can't do it."

"Ms. Miller, | want to give it a try." Emma's voice was soft but firm.

Seeing her like this, Eason finally stopped frowning.

Since Emma was so determined, Susan did not say anything else.

However, Susan was still a little worried.

In fact, Emma's depression was very serious.

It took great courage for her to come out and work.

But now, she suddenly had to go further and talk to other face to face

Susan remembered that the first time she had cooperated with Emma, her eyes were full of horror. Susan was worried. "In this case, if there's no problem, I want to have a private chat with you," Eason said.

"Okay," Emma replied gently.

Susan moved her lips, hesitating about whether to say something, but she was afraid that if she spoke, it would damage Emma's confidence.

After dithering for a long time, Susan did not say anything.

Eason followed Emma to her office.

After entering the office, Eason closed the door behind him.

Emma's body tensed up.

She tried her best to relax.

Emma didn't want Eason to notice her abnormality.

She thought, 'If he knows that I have such a terrible disease, he will definitely hate me and stay away from me.

Emma took a deep breath and plucked up the courage to say, "I'm really sorry about last night, Mr. Nicholas. | watched the video later, You you stayed to take care of me out of kindness."

Eason raised his eyebrows. "We're only talking about business now."

Eason was not a petty person.

Although he was angry at that time, when he thought about it later, it was normal for a single girl to be more vigilant.

"Okay," Emma replied a little nervously.

Eason took out the proposal and put it on the desk.

Just as he was about to speak, he saw Emma still standing far away. He frowned and said, "Come closer. How can we talk so far apart?"

Emma thought, 'Closer?'

With a blush, she slowly walked over.

In fact, they were not very close to each other.

However, it was rare for Emma to be so close to others.

She thought that she would be afraid and flustered.

But such feelings did not appear. On the contrary, she was a little timid, shy, and even inexplicably delighted. Emma thought, 'Is this... the feeling of being in love? It's amazing!'

“The biggest problem with your proposal is that it’s not detailed enough. Néaton, who didn’t know what Emma was thinking, started to explain.

After all, this game was jointly produced by the Storm Group and his

company. It was the most important project of the year. Eason also hoped

that nothing would go wrong with this project.

Emma quickly composed herself and listened carefully.

Although she was not used to it at first, when Eason talked about business, his words were objective and specific, so Emma soon understood.

The two discussed for an entire day.

Meanwhile, they modified it. In the evening, Emma directly made a new proposal.

Looking at the results, Emma was a little happy

This proposal was the best one in her life.

— Eason looked at the dark sky and said, “I made you work overtime. Let me treat you to dinner.”

Emma panicked instantly. “No. I was out of line last night, and I troubled you for so long today. I should be the one treating you to dinner.”

Eason raised his brows. “I don’t have the habit of letting a woman treat me

to two meals in a row. As for what happened last night, it is already in the

past, so we'd better not mention it again. Let's go eat."

Emma hesitated for a moment.

Her rationality told her that she should stay away from Eason. However, emotionally, she couldn't refuse him.

After all, he brought different colors to her black—and-gray world. After a long time, Emma nodded slightly and said, "Okay."

She thought, 'Let me enjoy the colorful world for a while longer.

'In this way, even if there is only darkness in my world for the rest of my life, I can hold on longer by recalling these colorful moments."