



89: Get Lost! I Already Have a Woman!

From behind his sunglasses, Benjamin watched as the plump woman devoured two large bowls of seafood noodles. After finishing, she wiped her mouth and signaled the waiter to take away her empty plates.

Not long after, a man in a business suit walked in. He looked around before approaching Wendy.

"Are you Miss Smith?"

"Yes, hello!" Wendy looked up and sized up the man. He appeared refined and well-dressed, with decent looks.

"Hello, I'm Frank," the man introduced himself as he sat down and began sizing her up.

Wendy sat up straight, looking the part of a proper lady. Despite her slightly overweight figure, her family background seemed solid.

Frank briefly introduced himself before suggesting, "How about we order some food and chat while eating?"

"Sure!" Wendy agreed.

Frank called the waiter over to order. After making his selections, he asked Wendy, "Wendy, is there anything you'd like to have?"

Wendy leaned her chin on one hand, smiling brightly. "Just a fruit salad, please!"

Frank raised an eyebrow in surprise. "A fruit salad? Are you sure that will fill you up?"



"Of course! I have a small appetite, I only eat a little bit each meal." Wendy smiled and explained, not wanting to intimidate the man on their first meeting. She had already eaten some noodles earlier to stave off hunger and didn't want to come off as greedy.

Benjamin, who had been watching from a distance, sneered coldly. *How hypocritical,* he thought. *Just a moment ago, she finished two large bowls of seafood noodles—now she's pretending to be modest about her appetite?*

Frank, after placing the order, started chatting with Wendy. Wendy, however, wasn't interested in the date and had no intentions of making it work.

When Frank asked about the qualities Wendy wanted in a partner, she replied bluntly, "I want my other half to be a billionaire, at least 6 feet tall, with the body of a supermodel, driving a sports car worth no less than 3 million, and living in a mansion. And of course, looks are a must. I won't settle for anyone who doesn't have top-tier looks!"

Benjamin, sipping his coffee, almost spit it out. *Who does she think she is? Look at her—what's her problem demanding someone so perfect?*

Frank, after hearing her outrageous request, froze with a forced smile. "I think you've watched too many dramas and read too many novels, Wendy. I'm afraid I'm not the kind of person you're looking for."

Frank, who had only come to please his family, saw no point in continuing the conversation after hearing Wendy's demands. Without another word, he grabbed his bag and left.

"Hey, Frank, you're leaving already? Aren't we going to talk more? How about leaving your number?" Wendy called after him, but he disappeared



quickly, not even looking back.

Despite the rejection, Wendy wasn't upset. The food she had ordered was still being served, so she didn't mind eating it alone.

Benjamin watched in disbelief, unable to understand how such a bizarre woman could exist. He turned his attention to his coffee and waited for something interesting to happen.

Just then, a striking woman in a black evening gown entered the restaurant. Her eyes locked onto Benjamin, and she walked over with a seductive sway.

"Sorry, Benjamin, I'm late!" Linda said, approaching.

Benjamin glanced at his watch. "You're three minutes late. You can leave now." 1

Linda's face immediately dropped in shock. "Benjamin, it's because I got caught in traffic on the way here—"

"I don't want to hear any excuses," Benjamin interrupted, pulling out a check and placing it in front of her. "Take this check and get lost."

"Benjamin, please, just give me another chance," Linda begged, her voice desperate. "I promise I won't be late next time!"

Benjamin stood up to leave, but Linda grabbed his leg, pulling him back. "Benjamin, please! Please give me another chance. I'll make it up to you!" she pleaded.

Benjamin, already losing patience, snapped, "Enough! I already have a new woman!"



Linda, unwilling to believe it, scoffed. "I don't believe it. You just asked me out! You didn't already find someone else. Who is she?"

Benjamin, annoyed by her persistence, pointed straight at Wendy, who was still eating.

"Her," he said, casually.

Linda turned around and nearly fainted. She couldn't believe her eyes. Benjamin, the notorious playboy, was now sitting with... *her?* A woman of her size?

"Impossible!" Linda cried, her voice full of disbelief. "Benjamin, you can't possibly be serious! She's so fat, she has no figure at all—how could you compare her to me?"

Benjamin scoffed, "What do you think? You think I'd be interested in your fake silicone chest?"

With that, he walked over to Wendy and sat down beside her, wrapping his arm around her.

Wendy, still eating her noodles, almost choked when Benjamin sat next to her and put his arm around her. *What's going on?* she thought, completely stunned.

"Sweetheart, haven't I finished eating yet?" Benjamin smiled at her with a glint of affection in his eyes, a look that seemed genuine.

Wendy swallowed a large bite of noodles, but it almost got stuck in her throat. Benjamin quickly handed her a glass of water.

After she drank, Wendy finally felt better and could breathe again. She coughed awkwardly, looking at Benjamin, then at the furious Linda. She



had a feeling this was all some drama between the two, with her as the unwitting shield.

Seriously? Just because I'm a bit on the heavier side, you use me to shield yourself?

Linda stood there, seething with anger. If Benjamin had chosen someone prettier, she could have accepted it, but this? A woman who was clearly overweight? It felt like an insult.

Seeing that there was no hope of winning him back, Linda took the check and stormed off, her anger boiling over.

After Linda left, Benjamin finally let go of Wendy and, without a word, wiped his hands with a wet wipe, as though he had just touched something dirty. 1

Wendy, observing the situation, couldn't help but ask, "Sir, you look oddly familiar. Have we met before?"

Benjamin, still annoyed, shot her a cold glance. *Was she really that forgettable?*

But no matter—his plan had worked. He stood up, ready to leave.


Wendy, not missing a beat, called after him, "Hey, sir! You used me as a shield, so you better pay the bill!"

Benjamin paused, turning back to glare at her through his sunglasses. She was greedy, petty, and annoying.

I really hope I never run into this woman again.

But Wendy wasn't bothered by his disdain. She had just gotten a free



meal, and her mood was fantastic. 

Meanwhile...

Caitlin had just finished visiting Beatrice and was leaving the hospital when she bumped into Scott's mother and sister.

Joanna spotted her and gasped, "Mom! Look! It's Caitlin!"

"What's Caitlin doing here?" Amelia's eyes narrowed with hatred. When she saw Caitlin, memories of her son lying in the hospital, his health deteriorating because of Caitlin, flashed through her mind.

She stormed over and blocked Caitlin's path. "Caitlin, you better stop right there!"



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