

A Second Chance at Forever (Eleanor Shultz)

Chapter 16

Cedric, who had finally snapped out of his shock, quickly called out to him, but he didn't even turn his head.

Josef watched Bernard's retreating figure, asking meaningfully, "What's up with your cousin?"

Cedric laughed, "He's the only heir to the Laurence Group, so he's under a lot of pressure, and he has some weird temperaments from time to time. Please don't mind him."

After a brief explanation, Cedric lifted his wine glass and apologized on his cousin's behalf, saying, "I'll drink one for him as punishment."

Draining it in one gulp, Cedric put down the glass and gently said, "You guys go ahead, I'll go check on him."

He was very polite, and his words were courteous. Josef couldn't find a reason not to let him go, "Let's meet up again next time."

Cedric nodded, put on his shirt and grabbed his coat, then hurried away.

Norene wanted to play another round, but seeing Cedric leaving, she had no choice but to throw her cards away and follow him quickly.

With the departure of these people, the private room became much emptier. Josef rubbed his brow in frustration.

Originally, he had wanted to let Bernard have fun first, and then talk about the project. But before he could bring it up, Bernard had left. How unlucky.

Josef was not in the mood for fun anymore either. He waved his hand and sent everyone else packing.

When everyone had left, he turned to look at Eleanor, his eyes full of confusion, “Do you know Bernard?”

Right from the start, Bernard had targeted Eleanor, and upon learning of their past encounter, he intensified his efforts to make her life difficult.

This indicated a significant connection between the two, suggesting a close relationship.

Eleanor remained on her knees, her beautiful face adorned with wine stains, creating a contrasting image of both misery and allure against her fair complexion.

Slowly raising her hand, she wiped the wine from her face and replied in a flat tone, "I know him."

As Josef had suspected, he leaned down slightly, studying Eleanor intently. "How did you come to know him?"

Eleanor understood his suspicions and calmly explained, "I was aware of my resemblance to Ms. Ratliff, so when I had the opportunity to deliver documents to Mr. Laurence, I added something to his drink, hoping that after sleeping with me, I could elevate my social status. However, he saw through my plan and promptly dismissed me. That's perhaps why he labeled me impure and referred to me as

trash."

Her explanation alleviated some of Josef's doubts.

He had originally thought that Bernard and Eleanor might have had some unclear relationship.

After all, when a man targets a woman, it's usually because of love or sex.

But he didn't expect **it** was because, in reality, she had failed to frame Bernard, which led to him disliking and seeking revenge on her

However, he was also surprised that Eleanor actually wanted to have relations with Bernard. Didn't she have no interest in money?

It seemed that Eleanor could see his confusion. In a flat tone, she said, "I once admired him."

Her eyes showed a gloomy light, traces left of her past affection, which made Josef somewhat believe her.

"I see,"

With his doubts cleared, Josef pulled Eleanor up and held her on his lap.

His cold fingers gently wiped away the wine on her face and neck, while casually stroking her at will, following the trail of red wine.

"My dear, I never expected you to be so bold, daring to challenge Bernard."

Too bad Bernard doesn't know how to appreciate her. If it were him, he would have claimed her right away.

Eleanor's whole body stiffened, and she dared not move at all, for fear of triggering something in Josef.

Suppressing her nausea, she forced herself to maintain a calm demeanor, "Mr. Caporal, the day I fall in love with you, I'll be just as brave."

Josef pressed against her wine-soaked enchanting back, kissing her as he said, "I can't wait any longer, let me have you."

As he said this, he lifted Eleanor's dress, intending to take off his pants.

Eleanor turned pale with fright and struggled desperately.

But she didn't realize that her resistance only excited Josef more, as he tightly held her and kissed her passionately.

"Mr. Caporal!"

Held from behind by him, Eleanor could only use both hands to push against his chest.

She glanced at her purse on the couch across from her, unreachable.

Eleanor's palms were sweating with anxiety, but she had to force herself to calm down.

"Mr. Caporal, do you want to get a project from Mr. Laurence? I can help you get it, as long as you let me go!"

While busy undressing himself, Josef's fingers halted when he heard her mention the project, "You can help me get it?"

How could she possibly get the project after offending Bernard?

Eleanor, however, firmly said, "Although my last attempt to seduce Mr. Laurence failed, there was a moment when he mistook me for Ms. Ratliff. I even recorded a video of it. If I use it to threaten him, he'll surely give you the project."

A Second Chance at Forever (Eleanor Shultz)

Chapter 17

When Josef heard Eleanor say she could help him get the project, he immediately became interested.

The bidding would start next month, and Josef's father said that as long as he could get this project, he would give him the heir position.

However, this time the competitor was the Clowers Group from B City, a *top* company within the country. It would be quite difficult to defeat the Clowers Group professionally. That's why he wanted to win over Bernard to get the project.

But Bernard was too hard to please.

If he hadn't begged Cedric for an introduction this time, he wouldn't even be able to meet the guy.

So, trying to win over Bernard to get the project was almost impossible.

If Eleanor could help him get the project, that would be the best, but...

He asked Eleanor doubtfully, “Since you have Bernard’s secrets, why didn’t you threaten him to achieve your goal?”

Eleanor quickly replied, “I did. I threatened to be his girlfriend, but he disagreed.”

Josef squinted at her, “If he doesn’t agree to your request, threatening him again won’t work, right?”

Eleanor swore, “If he doesn’t agree this time, I’ll send the video to Ms. Ratliff.”

Josef

arched an eyebrow. “So, you’re suggesting this as a way to prevent me from pursuing you?”

“Exactly,” Eleanor responded honestly. “I’ve already told *you* that I cannot be with someone I don’t love. If I have genuine feelings for someone, I will naturally take action, just like with Mr. Laurence. However, you’re too hasty, and I refuse to be coerced. So, the best I can do is assist you in securing the project.”

Josef anticipated Eleanor would try to explain herself after being confronted, but he didn’t expect her to admit it directly. This revelation made him see her in a new light.

He had admired her for her cunning persuasion a few days ago, but now he felt even more impressed by her.

He had assumed that Eleanor had no interest in wealth or power, yet she was actually captivated by the heir of the Laurence Group.

wonder she showed no interest in him; she had chosen someone of higher status.

terms of intelligence, ambition, resources, and strategic thinking, this woman was truly remarkable.

Maybe if he handed the task over to her, she might be able to help him get this project. But...

Josef grabbed Eleanor's chin, forcing her to look at him, "If you fail, I'll have my men violate your friend."

He knew that Hailey was Eleanor's weakness. As long as she was still around, Eleanor would have to obey him.

Eleanor's heart was trembling with anger, and she gritted her teeth, "Don't worry."

Only then did Josef let her go, somewhat regretfully saying, “I originally wanted to have my way with you and then take you to do exciting things. But since you’re so repulsed by me now, forget it. After you get the project, we can slowly build our relationship...”

He wanted the position of the Caporal Group heir more than the woman.

As long as Eleanor could get the project, he was willing to wait until she fell in love with him before having sex with her.

Thinking that Eleanor would eventually be his, Josef wasn’t in a hurry anymore.

He gave her a hard kiss and then got up and left.

Seeing him leave, Eleanor, who was lying on the floor, finally let out a sigh of relief.

She leaned on the sofa and slowly stood up, her body trembling and feeling cold.

She didn’t know if she was frightened by Josef or angry with Bernard, but her heart was suffocating.

With trembling hands, she took out some pills from her bag and took several to calm her heart before barely supporting herself to leave.

It was the middle of winter, and the cold wind felt like lead pouring in, drilling into her dress and making her shiver.

But she seemed not to feel the cold, and like a statue, she walked step by step in the direction of home.

The Koenigsegg parked not far away suddenly drove up to her, blocking her path.

Aidyn got out of the car, walked up to Eleanor, and respectfully said, “Ms. Shultz, Mr. Laurence wants to meet you.” Eleanor seemed not to hear and continued walking forward with a cold face.

Aidyn had no choice but to stop her, “Ms. Shultz, you know Mr. Laurence’s temper; you can’t afford to offend him.”

Yes, being a lonely orphan with nothing, where would she dare to defy the powerful Bernard?

If she doesn’t listen to him, she would probably end up worse than dealing with Josef.

Eleanor relinquished her struggle and complied, obediently getting into the car.

As she settled into her seat, she cast a sideways glance at the man in the backseat.

Clad in an exquisite suit, adorned with a priceless watch, and seated in a limited edition luxury car, he exuded an aura of nobility.

In contrast, she was drenched in red wine, feeling sticky and smelling unpleasant, resembling a clown in his presence.

The stark difference in their social status made Eleanor eager to leave without wasting a single moment.

With a cold tone, she inquired, “Mr. Laurence, if there’s anything you wish to say, please do so quickly. I need to go home.” Typically, she spoke softly in his presence and rarely adopted such a tone with him.

Bernard subtly turned his head, his profound and somber eyes seemingly piercing her heart, causing her to tremble.

Instinctively, Eleanor averted her gaze, but he suddenly leaned closer.

A Second Chance at Forever Chapter 18

The faint scent from him mingled with the smell of alcohol, quickly stirring her emotions.

Eleanor felt flustered under his piercing gaze as he got closer, so she shuffled towards the car door.

But the space inside the car was tiny, and she soon found herself backed against the door.

Bernard rested his hand on the window, enclosing the petite Eleanor in his arms.

His icy eyes swept over her before settling on the diamond necklace around her neck.

After a while, a scornful chuckle sounded in her ear, “Looks like your new sugar daddy treats you pretty well.”

He rarely smiled, and usually had a cold expression.

But this smile was even more terrifying than his frosty face.

Eleanor wanted to explain, but the words “new sugar daddy” left her unable to say anything.

Since Josef introduced her as his girl, there was no point in explaining.

Bernard noticed her silence and lack of defense, his expression quickly shifted.

He raised his long hand and grazed it from her cheek, brushing back towards her ear.

The instant his fingers touched her skin, Eleanor shivered uncontrollably.

Bernard’s touch, compared to Josef’s, filled her with fear.

His intense aura made it impossible for her to breathe.

After his fingers passed through her hair, Bernard grabbed the back of her head and pulled her towards him.

He lowered his voice and coldly questioned, “When did your affair with him start? How many times?”

His breath rushed in as the distance closed between them.

Eleanor’s heart raced uncontrollably, but she couldn’t control it.

Cursing herself in her head, she quickly lowered her gaze to avoid his eyes as he tightly gripped her neck.

He stared intently at the love bite on her neck and murmured in a deep voice, “You two just had sex?”

Eleanor turned deathly pale and hurriedly raised her hand to cover the spot Josef had kissed behind her ear, “No, we didn’t do anything.”

“Do you think I’d believe that?”

His gaze was astonishingly cold, making her tremble.

Frightened, Eleanor still forced herself to explain, “Whether you believe it or not, I haven’t done anything with him.”

“Really?”

Bernard chuckled lightly, his smile icy and mocking, “A little check will tell.”

He suddenly yanked her dress open.

Eleanor gasped, wrapping her arms tightly around herself to protect her body.

Before she could ask what he wanted, she clutched Bernard’s shoulders and angrily cursed him as a ba s t ard.

Bernard, however, acted like nothing happened, his long fingers continuing to explore.

“Bernard, have you gone crazy? Let me go!”

Eleanor’s anger tightened her grip on his shoulders, her nails almost digging into his flesh, but he still refused to let go.

Blushing, she gritted her teeth and glanced over to see Aidyn hadn’t entered the car, giving her a shred of dignity back.

“What the hell are you doing?!”

She was furious, but his cold face remained expressionless.

He wanted to verify something.

Eleanor looked at his expression, his eyebrows drawn together in anger.

He always looked like this when angry; she used to be frightened of him, but now, she couldn't quite figure him out...

"Bernard."

Eleanor called him, but the man did not respond, still stubbornly continuing to check.

She held his hand, reminding him, "Don't forget, it was you who abandoned me. In that case, don't touch me anymore!"

Her voice was very cold, like a snowy mountain in the depths of winter, causing his slender fingers to hesitate for a moment.

When he raised his eyes, the corners were reddish, like a blazing flame, scorching the heart.

"So, selling yourself to Josef means I can't touch you anymore?"

His voice was very pleasant, crisp and slightly magnetic.

However, the words he uttered made one very uncomfortable to hear.

The term "selling yourself" degraded her dignity to the extreme.

She had once sold herself to him,

changing her dignity, thinking it would change his impression of her if it cost him nothing.

But in his eyes, she still seemed just like a prostitute who could be bought and sold at will.

Agony pierced Eleanor's heart, but her pale face suddenly lit up with a smile.

"Mr. Laurence."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and smiled, "He bought me, so naturally he won't let you touch me. Wasn't it you who taught me this rule? Have you forgotten?"

Bernard's expression darkened, "What did you say?"

Eleanor lifted her chin, whispering softly in his ear, "I just lied to you. Mr. Caporal and I had already slept together multiple times; three last night and twice today. I'm his girlfriend now, so Mr. Laurence, please stop your inappropriate behavior"

The fading smile on Bernard's face deepened Eleanor's satisfaction.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

A Second Chance at Forever (Eleanor Shultz)

Chapter 19

Bernard, tall and well-built, suddenly froze.

His gaze was icy, as if it could freeze someone on the spot.

After staring at her for a while, he quickly pulled out his hand, tore off a dozen tissues and frantically wiped his fingers.

Seeing his actions, Eleanor couldn't help but giggle, "Mr. Caporal already told you that we had been intimate before, why did you still have to check for yourself?"

She had a smile in her eyes and at the corners of her mouth, showing no signs of embarrassment or anger, but rather an enchanting

aura.

Her nonchalant attitude and repeated provocations finally set off the usually well-mannered Bernard.

He threw away the torn tissue in his hand and tightly pinched her chin.

He used all his strength, and Eleanor's chin immediately turned red.

Eleanor's face turned pale from pain, while Bernard ignored her expressions and got even closer to her face.

"Didn't I tell you that I don't allow anyone to touch things that I have used?"

His eyes were fierce, and his grip on her chin tightened, as if wanting to crush it.

This was the first time that Eleanor had seen Bernard so angry, and she was slightly taken aback.

It wasn't that she deliberately provoked him, but his repeated insults led her to fight back this way.

But she didn't expect him to get this mad. Wasn't he supposed to not care about her? Why was he so angry?

Enduring the pain, Eleanor locked eyes with him and mustered the courage to ask, "Does it actually matter to you whether I've been involved with someone else? Does that mean you have feelings for me?"

Having spent five years with Bernard, she had never witnessed him lose his composure like this. Could it be that he had some level of affection for her, even if it was minimal?

With this glimmer of hope in her heart, she stared at him intently, searching for any hint of warmth in his eyes.

Yet, all she encountered was emptiness, accompanied by disgust and contempt.

"Do you not understand what truly matters to me?" Bernard retorted coldly, extinguishing the flicker of light in Eleanor's eyes.

Of course, she knew what Bernard cared about; she just couldn't accept it.

When you love someone for a long time, you always want some return, even the slightest bit.

But Bernard was different from ordinary people; he had an obsession with cleanliness.

It would be difficult for someone with this kind of obsession to accept that something they used to touch had been touched by someone else.

He was so angry simply because he found it dirty.

Eleanor forced a self-mocking smile, "I guess I just assumed that

you

liked me.

But..."

She paused and continued with a smile, "I asked you before if I could have a boyfriend, and you said I could do whatever I wanted. If I have a boyfriend, it's normal for him to have sex with me, isn't it? You're not going to forbid him, are you?"

Bernard's expression faltered, his face even colder.

Seeing him speechless, Eleanor suddenly mustered the courage to touch his face, from his eyebrows to his cheeks, gently and carefully.

This was the man she had loved for five long years. How could she bear to hurt him?

But he didn't love her, not even a little bit. Why couldn't she just let go?

As she stared at him, Bernard suddenly grabbed her wrist tightly.

"Don't touch me!"

ଓଁ ଭଞ୍ଜନାମଃ

He said coldly, "You're impure!"

Although she knew he would react this way, hearing him say again that she was impure still hurt her deeply.

Biting her lip and holding back her emotions, she glanced at the hand that was still tightly holding onto her wrist.

“If you find me so disgusting, why are you still holding onto my hand? Is it because you can’t bear to let me go?” She smiled brightly, looking carefree, as if her previous obedient behavior had all been an act and the person in front of him now was

the real her.

The fierceness in Bernard’s eyes disappeared, replaced by indifference.

Without hesitation, he pushed her away, “Get out!”

Eleanor was pushed to the car door, her fixed hair now disheveled, looking utterly disarrayed.

But she didn’t care, she brushed her messy hair behind her ear, picked up her torn clothes and put them back on.

After fixing her clothes, she pushed open the car door and stepped out.

Just as she was about to leave, Bernard called out to her.

Eleanor's footsteps froze, and when she turned around, her face broke into a grin, "Mr. Laurence, surely you can't actually be unwilling to let me go, right?"

Bernard didn't even glance at her as he threw the check in his hand at her face.

"For the five years you've been with me, this is the service fee deserve."

A Second Chance at Forever Chapter 20

Chapter 20

The check was kinda hard, so it hurt when it scraped against her face.

She stood still for a few seconds, then bent down silently to pick up the check.

When she saw the amount on it, the bitterness in her mouth deepened.

Five years for five billion. Well worth it.

Five years ago, she really needed the money.

But now, she didn't.

Eleanor calmly placed the check back on

the car.

"Mr. Laurence, you are really loaded. But if I take your money, I can't marry into the Caporal family with a clear conscience."

What she meant was, compared to Ms. Caporal's position, this five billion was peanuts.

Taking his money, on the other hand, would impact her chances of marrying into wealth.

It wasn't until this moment that Bernard understood the reason she didn't want a cent from him she had plans to marry into high

society.

All the doubts in his heart disappeared. When he looked at her again, he saw a stranger, emotionless.

“Eleanor, from now on, never appear before me again.”

Eleanor just shrugged and chuckled, “Don’t worry, I won’t.”

She never had the chance to appear before him again because there was no future for her.

Her deep love for him would also be buried in the grave with time, no one would ever know...

In Bernard’s private estate, the assistant parked the car at the entrance, and Cedric quickly got out.

He was just about to go inside the villa to look for Bernard when a Koenigsegg pulled into the garden.

A tall man stepped out of the car.

He was tall and well-proportioned, his body flawless.

His entire demeanor exuded an air of superiority, accompanied by a potent oppressive force that deterred people from approaching.

Even Cedric, seeing such a Bernard, would feel a bit jittery, let alone his opponents.

Adjusting his mood, Cedric approached Bernard.

“Bernard, you’re back?”

He actually wanted to ask Bernard where he had been since he had left Midnight Bar before him but arrived home later.

Seeing Bernard’s unhappy face, though, he didn’t dare ask.

Bernard ignored him and strode past him into the villa.

The maid, who had already been waiting in the hallway, saw him coming and quickly bowed, respectfully greeting him.

Bernard took off his suit jacket, untied his tie, handed it to the maid, and walked to the bar.

He picked up two high-end wine glasses, poured some decanted red wine into them, and turned to give one to Cedric who had followed.

“What’s up? ”

Cedric seldom came to his private villa, so there must be something he wanted to say if he was here this late.

Taking the wine, Cedric eyed him and saw his face wasn’t as bad as before, so he boldly spoke up.

“Did Ms. Shultz offend you before? ”

It was the first time Cedric had seen the usually gentlemanly Bernard douse a woman with alcohol.

Bernard shot him a cold glance, “Don’t ask what you shouldn’t.”

Cedric wasn’t angry when scolded. Instead, he smiled, “Is she your mistress?”

He knew his cousin had a mistress, but he’d never seen her.

If it hadn’t been for his unusual behavior tonight, Cedric might never have known who that woman was.

Bernard looked at him with deep, cold

eyes,

“What do you

want to say?”

saw

Bernard targeting Eleanor so

Cedric had originally planned to probe a little more, but seeing

Putting away his gentle smile, Cedric asked seriously: “Have

When he

much at Midnight

years.

him so

direct, he

you fallen

Bar, he guessed she was the woman Bernard had been

stopped beating around the bush.

for Ms. Shultz?”

supporting

for five

At

first, seeing

that Eleanor looked a bit like Sophie, he thought Bernard was treating her as

But later, his cousin actually lost control because of Ms. Shultz. To be

Sophie’s stand-in.

precise, he was jealous.

Anyone in this world can be jealous, but his cousin must not, SO this was

not a good thing.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.