

His kiss 1071

Chapter 1071

Through all those years, trapped in a marriage that meant nothing, he'd often woken in the dead of night with nowhere to turn.

The woman he'd loved most had vanished from his life for good, and he was left to face those long, empty nights alone, one after another.

Sometimes, when the weight of it became too much, he'd scatter a handful of coins across the floor and pick them up one by one, counting them silently over and over until morning came.

No one had ever cared about the brief, beautiful love he'd once known. They'd simply written it off as sentimentality — one more flaw men were prone to.

These were thoughts he'd never wanted anyone else to know.

Gabriela took her father's arm and let her gaze sweep across the so-called esteemed elders of the Howard family.

"Uncles. Elders. Did I say anything today that wasn't true?"

No one answered.

The older members present, who had lived through the company's near-collapse, knew perfectly well that it was Matthew's marriage alliance that had kept the Howard family from going under.

Afterward, he'd taken the reins himself and rapidly expanded the family's influence.

But one year, disillusioned with the pursuit of power, he'd insisted on handing control over to his cousin, Jasper.

From that point on, Matthew had slowly faded into a marginal figure within his own family, his sacrifices all but forgotten.

They had overlooked him. Diminished him.

Otherwise, the McCoy family would never have dared defy his wishes today, setting up a side entrance and hanging pants across the door, with not a single Howard elder stepping in to stop it.

Everyone had assumed it was just an illegitimate daughter — that embarrassing her would do nothing but preserve the family's reputation.

But had they all been wrong?

The banquet hall had gone so quiet a pin could have been heard falling.

Gabriela stood before the assembled Howard elders, her gaze as sharp as a drawn blade, and not one of them dared to speak against her.

Leo, whose own turmoil had long since settled, felt those same feelings stir back to life, quiet and insistent.

He couldn't tear his eyes away from her.

She burned so brightly it almost hurt to look at her.

But all he could do was watch from a distance — there was only room enough beside her for Wesley.

At last, Beverley let out a sigh. "Matthew. It's I who have wronged you."

A bitter taste rose in Matthew's throat, and he shook his head. "It's all in the past now."

Watching his composure, the other elders felt the first stirrings of guilt.

Ninth Uncle and Seventh Uncle spoke up as well. "Matthew. You've suffered, all these years."

Matthew's throat tightened, his voice coming out strained. "It's nothing."

He'd never imagined that the daughter he felt he owed the most would be the one to finally win him this apology.

Alanna. Thank you.

Even after you left me, you gave me the finest daughter I could have asked for.

Chapter 1072

Seeing the moment turn, Mr. Jiang from the board hurried forward with a gift in hand.

"Today's a day for welcoming family — let's not dwell on unpleasant things any longer. Gabriela, this is for you. Now that you're back with the Howard family, be sure to show your elders the proper respect."

Uncle Song followed right behind with his own gift.

Standing nearby, Alissa moved smoothly to accept the boxes on Gabriela's behalf.

The tension in the room eased, and one by one, guests came forward with gifts and congratulations, as though the earlier scene had never happened at all.

Only Lauren and her circle stood off to the side, their expressions sour beyond words.

Rebecca watched as Gabriela was showered with congratulations, some guests even looking at her now with something close to reverence.

She stamped her foot in frustration, wanting nothing more than to smash something.

Ariadne caught her hand, a quiet signal to hold herself together.

"Be patient."

Today had cost Rebecca more than humiliation — her reputation lay in ruins. She'd truly lost everything.

Had Ariadne not stepped in when she did, Rebecca might have dragged Gabriela down with her out of sheer spite.

Catching Ariadne's subtle shake of the head, Rebecca could only grit her teeth and swallow her anger.

Gabriela's one-woman performance had silenced anyone still hoping to cause trouble.

By this point, who would dare test her?

No one was foolish enough to try.

With no more disruptions, the family reunion banquet carried on smoothly.

Matthew took the stage, recounting with visible emotion the process of finding Gabriela and the joy of having her finally acknowledge him as her father. He even hinted at plans to bring her onto the company's board down the line.

The moment he stepped down, a crowd gathered around him, offering their congratulations.

"Congratulations, congratulations."

"Mr. Howard, you're a lucky man, getting your daughter back like this."

Meanwhile, the senior Howard family members, seated as witnesses to it all, wore dark expressions throughout.

They'd come prepared with a stack of reprimands, and not one had ever left their mouths. Instead, Gabriela had turned each attempt back on them with a sharp word or two.

By the next day, the story had become the talk of every elite circle in the city. Gabriela had become a household name overnight.

By nine that evening, the banquet was finally drawing to a close.

Gabriela helped Matthew see off the last of the guests before sinking into a lounge chair in the reception room, too worn out to move another inch.

Beverley approached, steadying herself on her cane, and shook her head at the sight of Gabriela sprawled so casually.

"Gabriela. What you did earlier was far too reckless."

With only family left in the room, Beverley spoke plainly, offering her some hard-earned advice.

“At that banquet, it wasn’t just your peers watching — plenty of influential figures from other families were there too. Making a scene like that puts real pressure on the Howard family’s standing. Do you have any idea how many people are just waiting for us to slip up?”

“And now that the recognition ceremony is behind us, you’re officially part of this family. Our honor is yours to carry, and so is our disgrace. Surely you understand that much.”

Under Beverley’s steady gaze, Gabriela straightened up slightly.

“Grandma, all I know is that they tried to intimidate me and disrespected my father. That’s a matter of pride to me. I couldn’t stand looking at their hypocrisy any longer.”

Beverley let out a long sigh and sat down beside her.

“Child, how can any relationship between people go entirely without friction? Winning today doesn’t mean you’ve truly won anything.”

Gabriela’s sharpness and decisiveness pleased Beverley, but today had also revealed a streak of impulsiveness in her — even something bordering on aggression.

Perhaps it came from years of swallowing grievances in silence.

Gabriela might tell herself she didn't care, but every slight, however small, had left its mark over time. Calm most days, but when she finally broke, she acted without weighing the cost, chasing only the release of it.

Beverley wasn't looking to scold her — only to pass along some hard-won wisdom.

"Grandma, have you considered," Gabriela said, her tone serious, "that if I hadn't pushed back against Lauren's attempt to intimidate me today, everyone would have seen the newly returned Howard daughter as an easy target — someone anyone could walk over?"

"If I can't establish some authority now, how am I supposed to hold my own against Jasper once I'm back at the company?"

Beverley was quiet for a moment before answering. "But you didn't have to expose Rebecca's scandal in front of everyone like that. Now the whole social circle is laughing at us."

She sighed again, heavier this time. "Sometimes, winning a fight you didn't need to win only makes things worse in the end."

"I don't care," Gabriela shot back, unyielding. "I refuse to lose a fight I have no reason to lose."

Beverley's expression darkened. "You stubborn girl. Do you even understand what I'm telling you? Are you trying to drive me out of my mind?"

Matthew quickly stepped in, his voice gentle. “Mother, please, don’t be angry. Gabriela was provoked by Lauren today — that’s why she reacted the way she did. She’s still young. We can guide her, over time.”

Hearing Matthew’s soft plea, Beverley’s anger eased. “You offended Uncle Seven and Uncle Nine today. In a few days, put together some proper gifts, and I’ll take you to apologize to them.”

Gabriela had no objection and agreed at once, obedient. “Of course. I’ll listen to whatever Grandma says.”

Having just watched Gabriela stand her ground so fiercely, Beverley felt a measure of relief seeing her fall in line now.

She let the matter rest there.

After seeing Beverley off, only Gabriela, Matthew, Gabriela’s assistant, and the Howard family butler remained at the hotel.

The assistant and butler went back through the guest list and gifts one more time.

The day’s events had wrapped up without a hitch.

Matthew looked at Gabriela with a warm smile, as though he were about to say something heartfelt.

Gabriela cut in quickly. "Dad, it's been a long day for you too. You should get some rest."

Reading her intent, Matthew simply patted her head fondly. "You get some rest early as well."

"Mm."

Father and daughter walked out of the hotel together, the assistant and butler trailing behind.

Matthew's car was already waiting outside. Before stepping in, he pulled his daughter into a hug and murmured, "Gabriela. I'm very happy today."

He hadn't felt anything like real joy since losing Alanna.

Today, for the first time in years, he felt truly alive.

Gabriela paused, then smiled. "Dad, I'm happy too."

Matthew said his goodbyes and headed back to the Howard residence.

Gabriela and Alissa climbed into the small hatchback.

Taking the wheel for the day, Alissa said, "If you're tired, go ahead and nap. I'll wake you when we're home."

"Mm."

Exhausted but satisfied with everything the day had brought, Gabriela closed her eyes and drifted into a short nap.

Meanwhile, Stewart hadn't gone straight home after the banquet. Instead, he'd headed to the hotel where Leo was staying.

He ordered a bottle of wine, settled onto the balcony, and poured a glass each for himself and Leo.

Leo shook his head with a smile. "I already had a few drinks at the banquet. I'm feeling it already, so I'll pass."

He usually stayed away from alcohol to keep a clear head for work, but tonight he'd indulged more than usual and was already somewhat drunk.

“No work tomorrow, right?” Stewart said, swirling the wine in his glass before holding it out to him with a smile. “A couple more won’t hurt you.”

Leo didn’t take it. Instead, he leaned against the railing, gazing out at the distant city lights.

The night breeze stirred the white fabric of his shirt.

He stayed quiet for a long while, his refined features creased faintly with thought.

“You’ve got something on your mind.” At some point, Stewart had come to stand beside him. “Is it about Gabby?”

Leo’s heart skipped, but he only managed a wry smile. “You’re mistaken.”

Stewart knew better.

All through Gabriela’s confrontation with the Howard family, Leo’s eyes had never left her, filled with a longing he hadn’t even tried to hide.

Stewart recognized that look immediately.

He'd worn it himself once, chasing after Gabriela with the same relentless devotion.

But since Leo wasn't ready to admit it, Stewart didn't push. He simply said, "Join me for a few more, then?"

Leo finally accepted the glass and downed it in one go.

A flicker of calculation passed through Stewart's eyes as he poured him another generous glass.

Lost in his own thoughts, Leo didn't notice, and drank that one down as well.

Compared to the somewhat gloomy mood settling over the hotel, things on Jasper's end were far from good.

The atmosphere was tense, to say the least.

Chapter 1075

He'd spent the entire day watching Gabriela's every move, and he still felt completely lost when it came to reading this woman.

She'd gone to considerable lengths to get her hands on Lauren's earrings, only to hand them right back with barely a second thought. Was the whole thing simply to embarrass Rebecca in public?

But what if Rebecca and Lauren hadn't taken the bait at all?

What if Lauren had simply pocketed the earrings and let the matter drop? Even the recording of Rebecca admitting to the theft wouldn't have carried much weight on its own.

If anything, it would have made Gabriela look like she was blowing a small matter out of proportion — deliberately setting a trap for her own sister.

Having gone over Gabriela's every move from start to finish, Jasper still couldn't pin down what she'd actually been after.

Luther stood nearby in silence, not daring to speak.

Jasper turned the jade ring on his finger slowly, his eyes narrowing with a mix of unease and calculation.

"What was her real goal, getting Rebecca to steal those earrings in the first place?"

Meanwhile, having driven most of the way, Alissa couldn't help but ask once Gabriela stirred awake. "Gabriela, was the whole plan just to wreck Rebecca's image in front of everyone?"

If that had been the goal, Gabriela could have simply refused to let Rebecca off the hook from the start, dragging her out to North Village to livestream her apology instead.

There'd been no real need to go and turn Rebecca's failing project around — her situation had already been bad enough on its own.

Gabriela laughed softly. "I just wanted something Lauren valued, so I could return it publicly, out in the open."

That was really all there was to it.

Being falsely accused of theft, though, hadn't been part of the plan. So she'd simply gone along with it and let Rebecca have a rough time of it, as a bit of well-earned payback.

"The videos and recordings were just extra," Gabriela added.

Alissa perked up. "So there's more to the story behind those earrings?"

Gabriela only smiled and said nothing.

Her real reason for coming back to the Howard family had never been about claiming a share of the business.

She was here to get justice for Alanna.

She meant to take everything Lauren treasured — everything Lauren had gained at Alanna's expense — and strip it all away.

They had caused a death without ever once believing they'd done anything wrong. So she would tear down everything they held dear.

Seeing Gabriela go quiet, Alissa wisely let the matter drop.

Before long, they pulled up at the villa complex.

As Gabriela stepped out of the car, a voice called her name. "Gabriela."

Both women turned to find Wesley standing a short distance away in the dark, tall and warm-eyed.

Gabriela blinked, surprised. "What are you doing here?"

“Waiting for you,” Wesley said.

Alissa caught on immediately and slipped back toward the villa without another word.

Gabriela walked over to him, studying him closely.

Chapter 1076

He was dressed in a tailored black suit that gave him an indescribable charm.

Caught up in facing down her enemies earlier, she hadn’t noticed just how striking he’d looked all evening.

Wesley’s gaze settled on her, dark against the night.

“What are you looking at?” she asked.

“My Gabby,” he said, shrugging off his coat and draping it over her shoulders, covering the low neckline of her dress.

She was still in the gown Leo had sent her for the banquet, and Wesley had wanted to do this the moment he'd first laid eyes on her.

But she'd been too occupied fending off enemies at the time to notice.

There'd been no rain, but the night air hung thick with dew.

He wasn't sure how long he'd been standing out there waiting, but his coat had already soaked some of it up.

Feeling the dampness, Gabriela tried to shrug it off.

But Wesley, still in the motion of settling it over her shoulders, leaned down and kissed her instead.

His lips, faintly cool, pressed against hers, and her heart gave an unsteady flutter, her waist curving back instinctively.

He caught her at once, one hand bracing her back, the other cradling her head so she couldn't pull away — though he didn't press further, letting his lips linger, gentle and searching.

Everything about the way he moved was careful. Almost pleading.

Something in Gabriela softened, and she let her eyes fall shut.

Wesley's gaze darkened, and he drew her in tighter, the kiss deepening from gentle into something more urgent, edged with possessiveness.

Gabriela gripped the front of his jacket, breathless.

A faint trace of alcohol lingered in the air between them.

A flicker of something bittersweet passed through Wesley.

But this might be his only chance.

Without hesitating, he lifted her into his arms and carried her inside.

Luckily, the hour was late — Truett and Farley were already asleep, and Alissa had had the sense to disappear into her own room the moment they got back, leaving them undisturbed.

Wesley carried Gabriela upstairs, kicked the bedroom door open, and laid her down on the bed.

A moment later, he leaned in, impatient, for another kiss.

Gabriela's hands came to rest lightly against his chest.

Something in Wesley went cold, a flicker of hurt crossing his eyes. "Not okay?"

Hearing the low, uncertain edge in his voice, Gabriela flushed and murmured, "I haven't showered yet."

That single line sent his pulse racing, and he scooped her up again, carrying her toward the bathroom.

"I can walk," Gabriela said, asking him to set her down.

He did, and she found her footing on the tile.

Whether from the intensity of the kiss or the alcohol finally catching up with her, she felt a wave of dizziness.

She leaned against the wall. "Wesley — go on, step outside."

“Let me run your bath,” he said instead, filling the tub before lifting her into it.

“Gabriela. Let me wash you tonight. Is that all right?”

Chapter 1077

In this moment, some of her guard had slipped, and she found herself willing to let him back in.

He was afraid that if he left now, even for a second, she might change her mind entirely.

Blushing, Gabriela scolded him softly. “Go on, out. I can wash myself.”

But the gentleness in her voice landed on Wesley’s ears like an invitation instead.

Rather than leave, he pulled her close, his fingers finding the hem of her dress and pressing gently against it.

“Gabby. Is tonight all right?”

His voice came low, thick with want, and it stirred something deep in her.

Her breath caught, and she gave in, closing her eyes. “Okay.”

Wesley’s heart leapt, his hands trembling slightly as he found the zipper and finally worked her out of the dress.

Her skin was pale as snow beneath it.

His gaze burned darker than the night around them, hotter than any liquor.

He held her waist, pressing kiss after kiss along her skin as his other hand kept moving.

Gabriela felt every last bit of her strength drain away.

Her dress lay forgotten somewhere on the floor, her body soft and pliant beneath his hands.

Wesley, meanwhile, remained fully, impeccably dressed — save for his eyes, which betrayed a fierce, simmering heat.

A shiver ran through Gabriela at the sight of it, and a low, helpless sound escaped her, as though every ounce of resistance had left her body.

Wesley pressed close against her, guiding her hand toward the lowest button of his shirt, coaxing softly, “Gabby. Will you undo this one for me?”

It was nothing but a small button, yet its cold touch made Gabriela shiver, and she instinctively tried to draw her hand back. But Wesley wouldn’t let her retreat, guiding her fingers firmly through each one.

What followed came all at once.

Too embarrassed to watch, Gabriela squeezed her eyes shut. A moment later, she felt her legs being lifted.

Wesley’s strong arms wrapped around her as he leaned in with unmistakable intent.

Around her neck, the Heart of the Ocean — the gift he’d given her only hours before — swung wildly with the motion.

The bathtub, only just filled, sloshed over its edge, leaving the bathroom in disarray.

It wasn’t long before Wesley, finding the tub too confining, lifted Gabriela and carried her to the bed instead.

Their damp hair soaked straight through the pillows and sheets.

Hovering over her, Wesley finally let go of everything he'd been holding in, his voice rough, as though the words were pulled straight from his throat.

"Gabby. I love you."

Gabriela was too worn out to answer, unable to manage even a single word.

That silence only earned her a fiercer response from him.

She barely slept at all that night.

Wesley seemed to have recovered fully — his stamina even greater than before.

After going so long without her, he kept her busy for most of the night, moving from one place to the next: the bathroom, the bed, the window seat.

Chapter 1078

It was as though he meant to make up for two full years apart in one single night.

By the time it was over, Gabriela was utterly spent, begging for mercy. Eventually, Wesley took pity on her, drying her hair and changing the sheets before pulling her close and letting them both drift off to sleep.

Before dawn, she woke up thirsty, and Wesley got up to bring her water.

After she drank, she noticed something in the way the man behind her was holding her.

Seriously?

After everything the night before, he wanted more?

His next move confirmed exactly what she suspected.

Later, lying wrapped in his arms, too exhausted to so much as wiggle a toe, only one thought ran through Gabriela's head.

Regret.

She regretted forgiving him so easily.

She was wealthy enough in her own right these days — and yet a single necklace, the Heart of the Ocean, had been enough to soften her resolve?

Putty in his hands, letting herself be handled like that — and enjoying it, no less?

She could hardly stand herself.

Disgusted with herself, Gabriela slept clear through to noon.

When she finally opened her eyes, Wesley was propped up on one elbow beside her, watching her with open amusement in his dark eyes.

“You’re awake.”

His hair fell loose over his forehead, giving his usual composed manner a touch of easy, unguarded charm, making him look even more striking than usual.

Faced with that kind of view first thing in the day, Gabriela stayed unmoved, her expression steady. The soreness in her knees was more than enough to remind her of the night before, when he’d pinned her against the edge of the bathtub.

This impeccably dressed beast.

She ignored him entirely and slid out of bed without a word.

Her legs felt like jelly, trembling with every step, but she managed to freshen up regardless. After changing, she stood in front of the mirror, layering on concealer.

There was no way around it — someone had left rather deliberate marks along her neck the night before, and with the weather as warm as it was, a turtleneck wasn't an option.

Wesley hadn't bothered changing, content to sit and watch her, clear satisfaction written across his face.

Sure, Gabby wasn't exactly warm toward him after waking up — but she'd let him be that indulgent with her last night, hadn't she? Surely that meant she was willing to forgive him.

As her unofficial ex-boyfriend, he could finally, rightfully, start clearing out every pesky suitor still lingering around her.

Gabriela finished getting ready at last.

She retrieved the discarded burgundy gown from where it had ended up in the corner of the bathroom.

The hem was torn beyond repair.

She frowned. “Leo designed this dress specifically for me. What exactly do you propose we do about it now?”

At the mention of Leo’s name, Wesley’s expression soured.

“It’s just a dress,” he said coldly. “I’ll make it right somehow.”

Gabriela nearly laughed out of pure exasperation.

Chapter 1079

Wesley liked throwing his money around — fine, he’d earned it, so that was his business.

But it had to be with the right person, in the right situation.

Leo, of all people, was someone she genuinely hoped to learn from going forward.

She scoffed. “And how exactly do you plan to ‘make it right’?”

Despite his humble beginnings, Leo likely wasn’t the type who believed money could fix everything.

Not wanting to sour the mood over something this small right after making up with her, Wesley eased his tone. “I’ll pay him ten times what it’s worth.”

Gabriela’s frown deepened.

“This dress was commissioned by my father. It’s already been paid for. This isn’t about compensation.”

Leo had gone through Matthew to make sure she wore this particular dress — which said plenty about how much it meant to him.

After a moment’s thought, Gabriela sighed. “Never mind. I’ll find a chance to apologize to Leo myself.”

Apologize to him in person?

Wesley’s handsome face went positively green.

“Do you really care about him that much? It’s just a dress, and it’s already been paid for. Is he going to come check up on it later? Is that really worth giving me the cold shoulder the morning after?”

Gabriela had no good answer for that.

Wesley studied her intently.

“You player.”

Gabriela: ...

“You certainly weren’t like this in bed last night. I did everything to please you, all night long, and you called me babe. Now you’re acting like you barely know me.”

Gabriela was speechless.

Mr. Moss — a CEO who commanded a company empire — saying something like that with a completely straight face?

He did everything to please her?

Last night, he'd been so relentless she'd genuinely thought she might not survive it.

Deciding not to argue the point any further, Gabriela dried off the gown, folded it carefully, and planned to bring it to Mr. Guzman to see if it could be mended.

She'd gotten quite good with a needle and thread by now, after all.

Wesley set his hand over hers, frowning. "Gabriela, are you missing the point on purpose? Just tell me — what are we now?"

What am I, Gabriela thought, glancing at him.

He sat there immaculately dressed, his suit sharp and precise, radiating the kind of natural aloofness that warned people to keep their distance.

Who would have guessed that underneath all that cool composure was someone so wild behind closed doors?

Her legs were still trembling faintly. She didn't dare let him know she actually wanted to give things another try with him.

A man starved for too long was a genuinely terrifying thing.

“I had a bit too much to drink last night. You know how I get — I lose all sense of time when that happens.”

To buy herself some peace for the nights ahead, Gabriela lied without missing a beat, every bit the seasoned player.

“We’re both adults. We have needs. And Truett is our child, after all. An occasional thing between us isn’t that big a deal.”

Chapter 1080

Wesley’s eyes flared red with anger.

“Say that again. I dare you.”

“You can say it as many times as you like — it won’t change anything.”

With that, Gabriela didn’t wait around for Wesley’s reaction and left the bedroom, gown in hand.

Downstairs, Farley was holding Truett while they had lunch, and Ken was cheerfully setting a few more dishes on the table.

Seeing Gabriela come down, the two elders greeted her warmly.

“Gabriela, you’re up? Come sit, join us for lunch.”

“You got back so late last night — you must be worn out. The banquet may not have gone smoothly, but at least your father held up his end. That old woman, though, at her age, still can’t seem to make up her mind about anything...”

Farley and Ken had never much cared for the so-called rules of those grand families. To them, the old lady’s behavior had simply been unfair to Gabriela, and they chalked it up to age.

As they chatted about the previous night’s banquet, Farley glanced up and spotted Wesley standing on the staircase.

He paused. “Was Truett’s father here last night too?”

The instant Truett heard the word “dad,” he ran over and wrapped his arms around Wesley’s leg.

“Dad, when did you get here?”

Wesley scooped him up with a smile. "Daddy brought Mommy home last night and stayed over. The guest room wasn't ready, so Mommy let Daddy stay in her room instead."

As he said it, he glanced toward Farley and Ken, noting their faintly stunned expressions with quiet satisfaction.

If Gabriela wasn't going to hand him a title, he had no problem claiming one for himself.

Truett lit up at the idea. "Then can Daddy bring Mommy home every day from now on?"

"That depends on whether Mommy needs Daddy to come pick her up," Wesley said, a note of resentment creeping into his voice.

Gabriela pretended not to hear a word of it, keeping her eyes on her plate.

Truett came over and tugged at her dress.

"Mommy, let Daddy bring you home from now on. I saw on TV that pretty young ladies like you coming home alone at night can be dangerous!"

Gabriela often worked late, and even on the rare evenings she didn't, she'd usually rush over to Presley's place to finish up loose ends. Her days were genuinely full.

It was only recently, after giving birth, that things had eased up a little — but by then, her son had already grown used to her coming home late.

"Mommy drives herself home safely, so there's nothing to worry about." Gabriela patted her son's head. "Your dad works hard enough as it is. Let's not add picking me up on top of everything else."

Truett considered this for a moment and nodded, satisfied.

"Both Daddy and Mommy work so hard. I'll just have to grow up fast, then I can earn money and you two won't have to work so hard anymore."