

Chapter 15 He Calls You Goddess

Sandra parted the crowd before her and made her way to the front. “Daisy, it’s me. There’s no other Sandra here.”

When Daisy Mabel saw Sandra, her face, which had been as cold as ice, instantly brightened. “It’s really you!”

At this time, the door of the reception room was kicked open with a loud bang. Mask, whose brows were deeply puckered, marched out of the room. Obviously, he was running out of patience.

Deputy Head Lew hurriedly chased after him, begging, “Mask, it will just take you half an hour! Please listen to their plan. You might get interested. What do you say?”

“I don’t want to waste even one minute of my life!” Frowning, Mask kept walking.

Deputy Head Lew was so angry that the few hairs on his head were standing on end. He fiercely turned to look at Maggie and Sandra and warned them in a low voice, “What are you waiting for? I’m telling you, you gotta talk Mask into taking the interview today, no matter what! If you can’t make that happen, you can just take your things and get out of here!”

The people around were just watching the scene with interest.

Maggie panicked, not knowing what to do.

Seeing the erce, murderous look on Mask’s face, everyone was frightened and made way for him. Sandra, however, caught up to him and stood in his way.

“Mask, this won’t even take you half an hour. Ten minutes is enough.”

Hearing Sandra’s clear voice, Mask suddenly stopped in his tracks.

Looking at the exquisite woman in front of him, the look in his eyes changed rapidly. After a long while, Mask uttered in disbelief, “San... Sandra?”

“Yes, it’s me. Long time no see.” Sandra ashed him a bright smile.

“Is... Is ten minutes enough?”

Mask’s attitude turned in an instant, and his tone softened. “I’m not busy with training today. You can take your time. There is no rush.”

“Okay. This way, please.”

Sandra courteously stretched out her hand and took Mask back to the reception room.

The leader, Daisy, turned around and glared at Deputy Head Lew. “Why didn’t you tell me earlier? If I had known the host was Sandra, there wouldn’t have been such a fuss.”

Then, she whipped around and smiled sweetly at Sandra. “Well, well, why didn’t you contact me earlier and tell me that you were working at the station again?”

Sandra gave her a faint smile.

“I bet you don’t know yet. Mask said that since you stopped doing interviews on electronic sports, he’s no longer that enthusiastic about competition.”

Outside the reception room, everyone was completely dumbfounded.

“What just happened?”

Kim balled her hands into sts, her sharp nails sinking into her palm. “Sandra, that b*tch... I really can’t stand her anymore. It seems that I gotta make a move!” she thought.

In front of others, Mask was a cold and ruthless devil king. But when he was with Sandra, he was simply the craziest fan of hers, gazing at her with stars glistening in his eyes.

When Sandra told him that she needed to tag along with him for a few days for the exclusive interview, he said that she could follow him as she liked.

When she said that she needed to take pictures and videos of his daily training, he said that she could take as many as she wanted.

Xavier, who had just nished his exclusive interview in the next room, happened to walk out at this time and saw the scene at the door.

He shed out his cell phone and made a call.

“Christopher, I’ve noticed that Mask is being unusually nice to my sister-in-law. The goddess he said he had a crush on... is my sister-in-law, am I right?”

The man on the other end of the line hung up the phone. He then ordered coldly, “Drive me to the TV station!”

An hour later, Sandra and Mask nished their discussion on the preparations for the interview. Later, Sandra would go to Mask’s training eld to collect the materials at the agreed time.

After everything was done, Sandra saw him off in person. Just as she was waving goodbye, a black Maybach pulled over beside her.

The car window was half-rolled down, revealing Christopher’s perfect prole. She immediately opened the car door and climbed in.

“Are you and Mask very close?”

She was unsure if it was because the temperature set on the air-conditioner in the car was too low, but Sandra felt a chill spread all over her body.

“Not really... We haven’t spoken to each other for three years or so.”

“He called you a goddess.”

“Goddess... maybe just a attering title. It’s the same as ‘gorgeous’... or ‘cutie’...”

“His leader just said that he wanted to ask for two days’ leave solely to make time for your exclusive interview.” Christopher did not cave in at all.

Looking at Christopher’s solemn eyes, Sandra suddenly chuckled. Then, she said, “I am a married woman now. I’ll preserve my chastity and reputation.”

“Come home with me tonight.”

Christopher leaned over, instantly narrowing the distance between them to nearly nothing. The strong scent of his male hormones enveloped Sandra. Her face immediately turned red and her heart thumped faster.