



Chapter 9 How Would You Like to Take Responsibility

Queenie's assistant nudged her a little, hoping that she wouldn't get agitated and ruin her mood. "Queenie, it's your turn next!"

The door of the hall opened, and the person in charge came out. Queenie started to tidy up her hair and prepared to head in for the audition.

However, the person in charge quickly announced to everyone, "We have concluded our audition today. Everyone, you may leave now. We have picked our advocate and host."

"What?"

Everyone was shocked. They had only interviewed one person. How... how could it be over so soon?

"That's right. Miss Simons has been chosen as both the advocate and the host."

"Impossible!"

"That's unfair!"

Queenie was stunned for a moment. Then, she started to take the lead in voicing her opinions.

The person in charge ordered his men to maintain order and cried out in a clear voice, "This is President Yates' decision. It will not be changed!"

"President Yates?"

"Queenie, don't you know President Yates? Go talk to him! We still haven't been interviewed yet, even though we've been preparing for such a long time..."

Queenie's face and neck turned bright red from embarrassment. She did not know him at all... and Christopher Yates denitely did not care about her...

Seeing that she was not daring to answer, everyone instantly understood what was going on. They were not audacious enough to stare at the person in charge, so they could only vent their anger on Queenie.

"You really don't have any talents other than a penchant for bragging!"

Sandra did not want to pay attention to these fence-sitters and so she headed outside to wait for the elevator. As soon as she reached the end of the corridor, she was suddenly pulled to one side by a long arm that stretched out from nowhere.

"You nally recognized me?" The man's husky voice was very low.

She lifted her head and met with Christopher Yates' deep and dark gaze. She nodded.

There was a faint smile in his eyes. "What gave you the courage to randomly go up to someone and say that you'd take responsibility for sleeping with him?"

He was referring to the fact that she had mistaken Xavier for him...

Well, that was because no one knew where he was! Besides, not many people knew how he looked, and the two of them were so alike!

However, Sandra did not reply directly. "Do you want me to take responsibility now, President Yates?"

"And how do you plan to do that?"

Was he being serious?

Sandra was not afraid. "Your wish is my command."

Christopher grabbed her hand and said, "Come with me!"

He drove her home, searched for his ID, and returned to the car. Sandra still felt that this was all a little unreal.

But the most unbelievable part had yet to come.

He took her directly to the City Hall and they queued up in the Express Lane. Twenty minutes later, she was graced with her very rst marriage certicate.

Before the ocial stamped the piece of paper, Christopher looked into her eyes and said, "It's not too late to turn back now."

Sandra looked at him with a steady gaze.

The few times she had interacted with him, she had felt that although he always looked distanced and gloomy, he was a true gentleman underneath, which made him so much better than the scumbag Brian Quentin.

Choosing Christopher Yates was her rst step in saying goodbye to her past crazy one-sided love!

"But I do have a question," she said softly.

"Go ahead."

"Given your status, I don't think you would want to take responsibility and get married to me just because I slept with you one night." She lifted her beautiful gaze and studied him carefully.

There was no unnecessary expression on Christopher's face as he replied, "The Yates Enterprise needs a female leader."

The implication of his words was that it was completely ne even if the relationship was loveless.

Sandra was not surprised, but...

"Why me?"

She lifted her head and looked at him. He stared at her and could feel how she was smart and trying to be cautious. His gaze narrowed and sparkled as he said, "You took the initiative to come to me. Why not you?"

They locked eyes with one another. Three seconds later, a smile spread over Sandra's face. "Okay, I won't regret it!"