

Chapter 144

Lindsay never lost when it came to verbal sparring.

She had taught Jenny how to deal with Abby and others.

Lindsay knew Oliver well.

"He'll definitely call back," she said confidently.

His need for control was the strongest among her brothers. The more she resisted, the more determined he would be to regain control.

Sure enough, just as she finished speaking, her phone rang again, displaying a third unknown number.

Jenny's eyes sparkled with amusement. "Are you going to answer? I want to hear you put him in his place again."

Lindsay chuckled. "Of course. Since we have nothing else to do, let's have some fun with the scumbag."

Jenny gave her a thumbs up. "That's the Lindsay I know."

If Oliver knew how Lindsay referred to him, he'd probably lose his mind.

This time, Lindsay put the call on speaker. Oliver's restrained voice came through, "Linds, can't we have a civilized conversation?"

He was holding back from yelling, fearing she might hang up again.

Lindsay yawned. "Stop. We're not that close, so don't call me Linds. It



gives me goosebumps—gross ones."

Oliver gritted his teeth. "Fine, I won't call you Linds. Can we get on with it? I'll send you the contract. Think it over. You're smart. Why turn down the best deal you can get?"

Lindsay scoffed. "Exactly because I'm smart, I don't associate with fools like you."

Oliver was furious. "Are you sure you don't want it?"

Lindsay replied firmly, "I don't want it. I'm not interested."

When the soft approach failed, Oliver tried to threaten her. "So, you don't want to work in the entertainment industry anymore?"

Lindsay laughed. "You've already threatened to blacklist me, but here I am, not blacklisted and more popular than ever. Your threats are as effective as a fart, and you still have the nerve to try again. If I were you, I'd find a hole to crawl into and hide my face in shame."

Oliver was so angry he almost fell back. "You're really something."

In all his years, no one had dared to mock him like this.

His younger sister not only had become more quick-tempered, but her courage had also ballooned.

Lindsay grinned. "Thanks for the compliment. I've always been great."

Then, with a look of disdain, she added, "Why do you talk so much nonsense? If you have something to say, say it. If not, I'm hanging up."
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Oliver quickly interjected, "Wait! About the contract, think it over. If you're willing to sign, you can contact me anytime."

He feared Lindsay would hang up immediately.

Using their family as leverage, he quickly said, "Mom misses you and wants you to come home."

Lindsay retorted, "Mom? Who's that? I don't know her!"

Oliver didn't expect that mentioning their mother would be ineffective.

Taking a deep breath, he tried another approach. "Fine, let me put it another way. Mrs. Harper misses you and hopes you'll come home."

Lindsay laughed. "I've told you before, there must be something wrong with your heads. If you're sick, go see a doctor. See, you're too forgetful. How long has it been since I cut ties with the Harper family, and you've already forgotten? That's not my home, so please remember that next time."

She suggested, "Everyone needs a brain, so don't forget to bring it with you when you go out in the future."

This time, Oliver couldn't hold back and angrily said, "Lindsay, you..."

Unfortunately, he couldn't finish his sentence before Lindsay hung up on him again.

His words caught in his throat, leaving him with a suffocating urge to explode.

When he called back, he found he'd been blocked again.



Frustrated and unable to hold it in, he decided to retaliate instead of being polite. Borrowing another phone, he called again.

This time, Lindsay didn't answer and even rejected the call.

She knew Oliver's temper and was sure he was calling to curse her.

So, she didn't pick up, deliberately letting him stew in anger, hoping it would infuriate him to death.

Oliver, not one to give up, borrowed over ten different phones to call, but the result was the same every time.

At this point, he understood what was happening.

His own sister was deliberately messing with him.

Finally, he returned to his office, throwing things around in a fit of rage.

But it didn't relieve his anger; it only fueled it further.

He regretted it. He shouldn't have called that damned girl. She was too infuriating!