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She took it out of her pocket, and found he was right. The battery had died.

Theodore snorted, and stared at her with his cold eyes.

Somehow, he made her feel embarrassed. He seemed like a pathetic, scorned wife, and she was the cheating bastard. ©

Hesitantly, she approached him with a sweet smile. “Why are you so angry? I just went out for dinner with Sarah and Betsy to celebrate the crisis being resolved. Everyone was so happy that we came back a little late.”

Hearing her reasonable explanation, Theodore softened slightly.

“I’m just worried you’ll cause me trouble again.”

“Okay, I know. I won’t cause you any trouble,” Ariana promised.

She winced inwardly as she said, “So, were you waiting for me here? What did you want?”

“I just happened to be passing by.” Theodore managed to say this so indifferently that it sounded true.

“Oh, that really is a coincidence.”

Ariana swiped her key card and entered her room. Theodore was about to follow her in, but she turned and blocked him.

“Is there anything else?” she asked. “It’s late.”

Theodore didn’t know what to say, but did he really need a reason to enter his wife’s hotel room?

“Well, I’m going to get some sleep. You should too.”

Before he could say anything, she slammed the door shut.

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The next day, Ariana awoke feeling refreshed after a great night’s sleep.

She brushed her teeth and then turned on the TV as she ate breakfast.

She switched on the news. Lynch had been convicted of rape and murder, but he had escaped last night, and it was suggested he might have fled to Ivebridge.

That was a strange coincidence, Ariana thought to herself. What reason did he have to come to Ivebridge? She had a bad feeling, so she called Sarah immediately.

Bleary-eyed and hung-over, Sarah murmured, “I’ll be fine. But you should be careful. I think he hates you more than me. After all, he got arrested because of you. Besides, you said he saw your face. So

make sure you wear a mask and a hat when you go out from now on.”

“I know, I know. I will be careful.”

Ariana continued her breakfast, and all of a sudden, an idea came to her mind. Could Theodore have

come to Ivebridge and booked a room next to hers because of Lynch?

That sounded implausible. He would probably be more concerned with the safety of his mistress.

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Ariana hit her head with the palm of her hand and told herself,

“Don’t overthink it.” ©

That day, Ariana stayed in her room dealing with emails. As Sarah became more popular, she was

receiving more and more invitations.

Her chin rested in her hand, Ariana clicked through them. She wasn’t very impressed with many of the

invitations. They all seemed to either have limited production costs or have a history of disputes with

artists.

Now that Sarah was on the rise again, Ariana had to be careful to pick the right shows for her. A single

wrong choice could backfire badly for Sarah’s career.

As she was pondering this, her phone rang.

It was the director of a famous talk show. He said that the guest he had originally organized had cancelled and he wanted to know if Sarah was willing to fill in.

The filming was due to take place the next day.

Ariana looked at her watch. It was almost six pm. If Sarah set off now, she would be able to make the last flight of the day.

She should be able to do the talk show and get back in time for the shooting of the variety show the day after tomorrow.

After thinking about it for a while, Ariana asked the man to hold on for her answer. Then she went into Sarah's room, and found Sarah and Betsy playing games together on the sofa.

When Ariana told her about the talk show, Sarah looked worried.

"Will they ask me about my divorce? You know I hate talking about it."

Ariana reassured her, "Don't worry. Hosts on this talk show don't ask questions in poor taste and they will go over the questions with you before recording. Besides, you're there to help them too. They won't

be too hard on you.”

Relieved, Sarah said, “Okay. I’ll go and pack my stuff now.”

“Great, I’ll accept this invitation for you.”

As expected, the director was very pleased to hear that Sarah was on board.

While Sarah packed her bags, Ariana tried to get the plane tickets.

Since it was late, she only managed to book two tickets.

After a discussion, she decided to let Betsy go with Sarah.

At half past nine that evening, Ariana waved them off at the airport, and returned to the hotel alone.

When she got back, she saw that her suitcase had been moved. Her first thought was a thief, but when

she saw that the quilt and toiletries had been replaced, she figured it must have been room service.

She didn’t think too much of it, and went to take a shower. But, as she was showering, the water heater

broke down.

She wiped the water from her face and tried adjusting the shower head, but it didn’t work. The water

was still coming out cold.

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She would definitely catch a cold if she had a cold shower in such weather.

Left with no choice, she put on her bathrobe and rang the service bell to call someone who could fix it.

Her hair was still dripping wet and lathered in shampoo.

Fortunately, the heating in her room was still working so she didn't get too cold.

After a while, a forewoman came up to her room, apologizing sincerely. "I'm so sorry, Ms. Edwards.

Please just wait a moment and I will check on it now."

"It's okay, Please fix it as soon as you can. I can't stand this lather on my head," Ariana said, pointing at her head.

The forewoman didn't dare to mess around. She worked quickly and found the problem.

"The water heater is broken. Unfortunately, it may take a while to fix it," the forewoman said, giving her an apologetic look.

"Then arrange another room for me," Ariana said, as she pulled the cords of her bathrobe tight.

"Well..." A worried look appeared on the forewoman's face. "I'm afraid the hotel is fully booked at the moment. I'm sorry, Ms. Edwards."

Ariana frowned. "Fully booked? My friend just checked out three or four hours ago. Is that room

occupied now?"

They had planned that Betsy would share a room with Ariana once she and Sarah had come back from the recording of the talk show.

And Sarah would go back to the dormitory of the variety show "Miss Back".

This was unexpected.

"I'm very sorry, Ms. Edwards. As you know, Ivebridge is a popular city with tourists. All the hotels here are almost always fully booked at weekends." The forewoman smiled apologetically.

Ariana got anxious. "Well, what am I supposed to do? I can't go out like this. I won't even be able to find a hair salon to fix my hair in this area."

The forewoman was stumped. She couldn't think of a solution.

"You can take a shower in my room."

The sudden voice startled Ariana. She turned around to see Theodore looking at her. She couldn't tell how long he had been there.

Ariana did not want to go to Theodore's room. She brushed off his offer and turned to the forewoman.

“Please find someone to fix it now.”

The forewoman hesitated. “I’m afraid the mechanics are off-duty at this time. Even if I call someone over, it will take some time before they arrive...”

Ariana could feel her temples throbbing. This was not going as she expected.

“If I may ask, what is the relationship between you two?” The forewoman looked between Theodore and Ariana and studied them carefully.

Ariana let out an awkward cough. She was about to make up an excuse and pretend she didn’t know him, but Theodore interrupted her.

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“She’s my wife.”

Theodore stated it so firmly and clearly that he left no room for Ariana to say otherwise.

The forewoman seemed glad to hear that. She quickly flashed a smile at Ariana. “That seems to settle it. Ms. Edwards, why don’t you go to your husband’s room to take a shower first? It’s cold today and the water heater may not be fixed until tomorrow morning. So...”

Ariana felt extremely uncomfortable. The soapy bubbles in her hair were giving her unpleasant creepy-

crawly sensations on her skin.

It caused her to erupt in a sneeze. She looked away, scowling, and rubbed her nose with her cold fingers. She finally conceded, "Fine."

She grabbed a change of clothes before going to Theodore's room.

The layout of Theodore's room was the same as Ariana's. She could tell where the bathroom was.

Without wasting any time, she entered the bathroom, locked the door and took a quick, hot shower.

When she came out, Theodore was in the room, talking on the phone.

She hesitated at the doorway, her wet clothes on her arm.

Theodore saw her out of the corner of his eye and stopped talking. He hung up the phone quickly and maneuvered his wheelchair over to her.

She had just come out of the bathroom, so her skin was soft and flushed like a freshly picked rose. Her misty eyes turned to him awkwardly and she stuttered, "I... I'm leaving."

Theodore's eyes trailed to her dripping hair, and he frowned disapprovingly. "Dry your hair before you leave. Or you're going to get my carpet wet."

Ariana glared at him. She didn't appreciate his tone.

She closed the distance between them and shook her head.

Droplets of water flew from her hair and splattered on Theodore's clothes.

Theodore looked down, his expression darkening. ©

Noticing his scary look, Ariana turned on her heel and ran back into the bathroom. The door locked behind her with a click.

Humph. What a coward. Theodore snorted inwardly. He turned his wheelchair back around and resumed the call he was taking earlier.

After thoroughly drying her hair, Ariana opened the door slightly and peeked through the crack.

Theodore was on a video conference call and seemed too busy to notice her.

Clothes in hand, Ariana took this opportunity to slip out quickly, fearing that the narrow-minded man would catch her and try to get even.

The sound of the room's door shutting startled Theodore. By the time he looked up, Ariana had already left. He narrowed his eyes thoughtfully, a mischievous glint flashing across his dark eyes.

Ariana let out a sigh of relief and went back to her room. But, when she opened the door, she thought

she mistook the room number and accidentally entered the wrong room. Water met her feet, and everything was soaked. The entire floor was flooded.

The heating was turned off, and the cold draft made Ariana shiver. She was only dressed in a thin nightdress, her bare legs prickled with goose bumps as she shook in the cold.

At this time, the forewoman suddenly stumbled out of the bathroom, her clothes wet and sticking awkwardly to her body.

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When she saw Ariana, her eyes widened, and she apologized in a trembling voice, "I'm sorry, Ms. Edwards. The mechanic accidentally broke the water pipe and the heating is busted. I'm afraid you can't use this room any longer."

Ariana snapped back to her senses, looked around the flooded room in alarm, and shouted, "My luggage!"

"Don't worry. It's here." The forewoman quickly wheeled out her suitcase and explained, "I took the liberty of packing your things when the pipe was broken. I'm afraid you'll have to share a room with your husband for the night..."

Ariana gritted her teeth in frustration. She gazed around at her situation, at a loss. How ridiculous!

“You are a couple. Staying together shouldn’t be a problem, right?” the forewoman added quickly when she saw the unwillingness on Ariana’s face. She was trying desperately to alleviate the situation.

Ariana clenched her fingers irritably. She didn’t want to go anywhere near Theodore, let alone stay with him. But now she had nowhere else to go.

“Ms. Edwards, please. To make it up to you, our hotel won’t charge you for your previous cost, and from now on, we’ll even offer you free meals a day!” The forewoman clasped her hands in front of her chest, her lips trembling. She looked like she was going to get on her knees and beg any second.

“Okay. Let me think.” Ariana’s mind felt like it was sloshing around in the cold water. She was desperately grasping at every straw she could think of to find a solution.

“There’s no need to think about it, Ms. Edwards. This is the best and only solution. Other hotels must be full by now.” The forewoman couldn’t wait any longer. She seemed to be anxious to get Ariana out of the room and settled. She grabbed the suitcase and approached Ariana hastily.

Before Ariana could react, the forewoman grasped her firmly by the shoulder and steered her toward Theodore’s room. Ariana stuttered for an excuse which the forewoman didn’t seem to hear.

Theodore seemed to have telepathy and opened the door right as they arrived.

“That’s it then! I wish you two a good night,” the forewoman exclaimed with forced enthusiasm. She let go of Ariana and her suitcase and promptly walked away.

Theodore looked surprised to see her, and then frowned. He gazed at the miserable, sulking woman in front of him and asked, “Why are you here again?”

The word “again” was like a rough stone grating on Ariana’s last nerve. She puffed up her cheeks in annoyance and glared at Theodore. She had made up her mind to leave.

But Theodore had already moved his wheelchair aside and gestured her inside. “Come in.”

Ariana stood rooted to the spot. Her mind was racing, considering all the options she had, but none of them was feasible.

Theodore moved his wheelchair forward, going deeper into his room. When he heard no sound of her entering behind him, he glanced back.

Ariana was lost in thought, hesitating and biting her lower lip.

Her delicate face scrunched a little in frustration, which he found endearing. He didn’t show that,

though. ®

“What are you waiting for? Isn’t it cold outside?” Theodore asked impatiently.

His words jerked Ariana back to the present. She rubbed her nose with a snuffle and muttered under her breath, “It’s cold.”

Theodore softened his expression. He quietly turned the wheelchair around and pulled the suitcase beside her into the room.

“Come in,”

he repeated, a little gentler this time. When she still refused to move, he sighed, reached out to take her wrist, and pulled her inside.

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The room was very warm and cozy, with a pleasant smell of incense floating in the air.

Ariana lingered awkwardly. She seemed a little flustered when her eyes trailed to the big bed in front of her.

“You’re not fussy about the bed, are you?” Theodore teased as her face turned crimson. “After all, we did sleep together once before. You slept like a log that night.”

Theodore was referring to the night when Alina ran into his room.

Angry and embarrassed that he suddenly brought up the memory of that night, Ariana lowered her head and avoided his gaze. She refused to give him any response.

Theodore decided to stop teasing her, but the corners of his lips curved into a soft smile.

“I’m going to go wash. Do as you please.” He picked his pajamas off the sofa and made his way to the bathroom. Suddenly, he stopped midway as if he remembered something and turned his head to her.

“Rest assured, I have no interest in you. I’m just doing you a favor out of the kindness of my heart. You can stay here until your room is fixed.”

Ariana didn’t reply, keeping her eyes planted on the floor.

After he got into the bathroom and shut the door behind him, she exhaled the breath she was holding and rubbed her hot cheeks in exasperation.

He was right. It wasn’t the first time they shared a bed. What was there to be nervous about?

Anyway, it was just for one night. She could close her eyes and pretend he didn’t exist. Time passed quickly when one was sleeping. It would be morning in no time.

Ariana tried to cheer herself up. She took a deep breath and climbed into the bed, covering herself with

the quilt and pulling it over her head.

She found herself rubbing her cheek against the quilt. There was a familiar smell coming from it. It made her feel at ease for some reason.

She tried to relax and clear her mind. She was hoping to fall asleep before Theodore came back out and got into bed. She didn't want to talk to him.

But after a long time, no matter how hard she tried, she was still wide awake and staring at the ceiling.

The click of the doorknob turning and the door swinging open sounded from the bathroom. She quickly yanked the quilt over her head, turned over, and shut her eyes, pretending to be fast asleep.

The sound of the rolling wheels of the wheelchair was getting closer and closer. She held her breath, trying to calm herself down. Her heart was pounding against her chest like a war drum.

When Theodore came out, only a dim bedside lamp was on and everything else was shrouded in darkness.

One side of the bed bulged slightly, the quilt revealing only tufts of her hair. The bulge rose and sunk slightly with her breathing, but she made no sound.

Was she asleep?

Theodore raised his finger to his chin thoughtfully. After a few seconds of silence, he maneuvered his wheelchair toward the bed and reached for the lamp. He was about to turn off the bedside lamp when he saw her trembling eyelashes from the corner of his eye.

Theodore's lips curved, but he remained quiet and turned off the light.

The hotel bed was very soft. Ariana could feel the other side of the bed sink slightly with weight when Theodore carefully got into the bed.

She willed herself to stay still for a long time, even though her mind was a frantic mess. It was so quiet, and she could hear him breathing.

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"Are you asleep?" Theodore's low, husky voice broke the silence.

Ariana muttered something incoherent under her breath and turned over as naturally as she could, trying her best to look as if she were stirring in her sleep.

"Really?" Theodore prompted incredulously.

Ariana felt annoyed and a little sheepish for being so obvious.

She tried as best as she could to avoid him. Why couldn't he just let it go?

The room quieted down again as neither of them said anything.

But about ten seconds later, Theodore spoke again.

"You took the quilt away. I'm cold."

His tone was somewhat helpless and aggrieved, which almost made

Ariana give up on her plan of pretend.

She couldn't bear this embarrassment. Pretending to be disturbed and a little sleepy, she turned over

and pulled out the quilt from under her, giving half of it out to him.

Theodore tried his best not to laugh out loud. He tucked himself in and said calmly, "Thank you."

Thank yourself! Ariana wanted to retort hotly. She grumbled to herself in annoyance. She suspected he

did that on purpose.

Too embarrassed to call him out on it, however, she decided not to dwell on it and tried to fall asleep.

She forced her mind to think of something else. She tried the good old way of counting sheep to get

herself to sleep. Just when she was about to drift off, she felt a slight pat on her shoulder.

She woke with a start, her eyes flying open and then narrowing in irritation.

“What do you want?”

Ariana turned over to glare at him. She was too grumpy at this point to even bother pretending to be asleep.

Theodore blinked back at her innocently, fighting back the sudden urge to pinch her puffed-up cheeks and chuckle. How could she be so cute when she was mad?

He cleared his throat as if nothing had happened and stated matter-of-factly, “I can’t sleep.”

“So?” Ariana sneered, her eyebrows scrunching in irritation.

“So sing me that song. The song you sang to get that child to fall asleep,” Theodore replied softly. His soft tone and slightly husky voice added a hint of warmth to the narrow space between them. His dark eyes seemed sincere.

Ariana was about to retort sarcastically, but she calmed down.

After thinking about it for a moment, she couldn’t help but chuckle. “Can you leave me alone after the song?”

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“Okay. I will,” Theodore answered curtly. He turned to lie on his back and placed his hands on his stomach. “If you’re going to sing, you have to take it seriously.”

Ariana blinked. He was about thirty years old, yet he was acting like a three-year-old.

Ariana clicked her tongue inwardly.

Under the persistent pressure from the “three-year-old”, she began to sing softly into the evening quietness.

Her voice softened the tune into a hum at some point. Her arm felt itchy so she scratched it. When sleep began to creep into her body, she rubbed her tired eyes and her mouth stretched into a yawn.

Noticing her perfunctory attitude, Theodore frowned and said discontentedly, “I said be serious.”

“I know, I know. Stop nagging,” Ariana murmured. She rubbed her bleary eyes again.

Sleepiness gradually eroded her vision. She was not as on guard as she was when wide awake. Her expression loosened and her body relaxed. She reached out her hand and began to pat Theodore gently on the shoulder as if coaxing a child to sleep.

As he listened to the tranquil song, Theodore’s heartbeat slowed down. Soon the song faded away. He

turned his head to look at Ariana, whose eyes closed now as she had drifted off to sleep.

He gently tucked her in and then fell asleep, too.

The next day, when the first golden ray of sunshine filtered through the window and lit up the room,

Theodore awoke. The first thing he noticed was how relaxed he felt. It was rare for him to sleep so

soundly through the night.

Last time, he found he slept well when Ariana was beside him.

Last night, he tried again and confirmed it was not a fluke.

He looked down and noticed she had clutched onto him in her sleep. He carefully moved her hand

away from his waist and was about to get up when her phone rang.

He stretched his hand above her to take the phone from the bedside table on her side. The caller ID

showed a string of numbers, no name. He answered it.

The caller was a woman. Her loud voice on the other end of the line was audible before he even placed

the receiver by his ear.

“Hello, Ms. Edwards. This is Grace Hospital calling. Your physical examination results have come

out...”

Theodore subconsciously furrowed his eyebrows when he heard the word “hospital”. He listened quietly as the woman on the other side went on about some physical examination. When he was about to ask more, the phone was suddenly grabbed out of his hand.

He looked up to see Ariana’s flustered face. She looked at him with an accusatory expression and put the phone to her ear, turning her back to him.

“Sorry, I didn’t hear you just now. Can you please repeat what you said?”

The caller from the hospital repeated patiently, “We emailed you the examination results. Please check it. In addition, your physical condition meets the operation’s requirements. You will find the doctor’s contact information in the email. You can call the doctor to make an appointment.”

“Okay. Thank you.” Ariana hastily hung up the phone.

She wasn’t sure if she was listening properly. Her mind was in a daze. She threw her phone on the table, feeling a little tense and restless. She pursed her lips, wondering how much Theodore had heard.

“What examination? Are you sick? Is something wrong?”

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As expected, Theodore barraged her with questions.

Ariana turned to him, but she still didn't look him in the eye.

She fixed her gaze on the quilt and mumbled, "It's just a routine check-up."

"Really? Is that all?" Theodore didn't believe a word of it. If it was just a routine check-up, she wouldn't have reacted so anxiously.

"Of course! I'm telling the truth!" Ariana's head jerked up to look at him and she explained, "I've been under so much pressure at work that I even started losing hair. So I went to the hospital and took a general check-up."

Theodore said nothing. He glanced at Ariana's head of thick and silky hair with narrowed eyes.

"And who said you could answer my phone for me?" she accused, changing the topic abruptly in an attempt to hide her guilt.

"I am your husband. I have the right," Theodore replied flatly.

Ariana was reminded of how Theodore's beloved lover had answered his phone once. She bristled in fury at the memory.

“It figures. After all, you’re used to someone else answering your phone,” she retorted with a wry smile.

“What do you mean?” Theodore asked, frowning in bewilderment.

“Nothing. Never mind. I’ll go wash up.” Ariana sighed. She was not in the mood to argue with him. She

lifted the quilt off of her, sprung out of bed, and went to the bathroom.

Theodore watched the bathroom door close on her sullen back. He picked up his phone and checked

his call log. Nothing was amiss about the call log. He wasn’t sure what she meant. Only a few people

would call this private number.

But Ariana’s comment had already planted seeds of doubt in his mind.

At half past nine in the morning, Ariana took hold of the handles of his wheelchair and pushed

Theodore out of the room on their way to have breakfast.

The elevator dinged as they exited and arrived at the dining hall on the second floor of the hotel. Ariana

suddenly shoved her hand into her pocket and rummaged for her phone. She sighed.

“I left my phone in the room. You go find and wait at a table. I’ll be right there.”

Theodore took out the room key card and handed it to her. "All right. I'll wait for you at table 12 in the A

section."

"Okay." Ariana nodded obediently, her ponytail swaying as she did so.

Theodore's expression softened as he spoke to her and he said gently, "Go ahead."

Ariana took the key card from him and left. Theodore asked Horace to push him in his wheelchair to his seat.

It glanced out of the window. It was almost spring. The trees outside were budding with new leaves, brightening away the remnants of the cold depression left by winter. Streams of sunlight flooded the hall through the tall glass windows, welcoming the warmth of the morning sun.

"Is there a fun place to visit in Ivebridge?" Theodore asked Horace as they waited at the table.

He took a sip of his fresh, hot coffee and gazed at the cars and pedestrians bustling outside. Horace was now sitting opposite him and typing away on his laptop.

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Horace adjusted his glasses with a small push and began to recommend several famous scenic spots in the area. In the end, he couldn't help but inquire, "Are you planning to go someplace with Ms.

Edwards?”

Theodore didn't reply. But his expression said it all. The faint smile pulling at the corners of his lips indicated that he was in a particularly good mood.

After a while, Horace glanced at his watch with a frown and muttered, “It's been twenty minutes. Why hasn't Ms. Edwards arrived yet?”

Theodore tapped his long finger on the table leisurely and said in an airy tone, “Just wait a little longer. She's always one to get befuddled. Maybe she's still looking for her phone in the room.”

Horace raised his eyebrows. He had a feeling that his boss was showing off. By the way in which Theodore was behaving, it seemed that his boss would have a real wife soon.

While they were conversing, the manager of the hotel suddenly ran over and cried in a panic, “Mr.

Anderson, Ms. Edwards just checked out at the front desk! She had her luggage with her.”

Theodore's face darkened.

Seeing his boss's stormy face, Horace jumped up from his seat and questioned the manager anxiously,

“Why didn't you stop her? Why didn't you tell us before she left?”

The manager was in a panic and looked flustered. “We couldn’t stop her. Ms. Edwards just tossed the room card at the reception and left immediately. She didn’t even ask us to return her deposit for the room. When we ran out after her, Ms. Edwards had already hailed a taxi and was gone. There was no way we could stop her in time.”

“I warned you a long time ago, but you still ended up letting her leave.” Horace looked at the manager in frustration. He was feeling very desperate.

Ariana’s sudden departure completely shattered the serene ambiance. Even though Horace had dealt with a lot of problematic things, he still had no idea how to deal with this.

After all, the one who escaped was his boss’s wife. He wasn’t sure what to do. He didn’t dare to send bodyguards to forcibly bring her back. Not unless the boss himself ordered it.

However, Theodore kept silent, staring out the window. His face was as cold as ice.

Horace waited for a moment before indicating to the manager to leave.

The VIP area of the dining hall they were in had already been vacated, A heavy silence hung over the huge area until the shattering sound of a single cup falling to the floor broke the stillness.

Horace sighed in his heart. He patiently asked someone to come and clean up the pieces of the cup

and ordered another cup of coffee for his fuming boss.

“Do you need me to find out where Ms. Edwards has gone?” Horace asked in a small voice after his boss had calmed down a little.

Theodore clenched his fists on the table and sneered, “Find her. How dare she make a fool out of me like this? Since she doesn’t cherish the freedom I offer her, then she can only be locked back in her cage.”

Horace didn’t dare to refute what he was saying, but he didn’t believe Theodore’s claim at all. He finally understood the situation. Ever since Ariana married his boss, Theodore had only talked cruelly to her, but he never hurt her at all and had no intention to. He was a typical man who was tough in the way he spoke but soft-hearted when it came to his actions. It was not hard to imagine which one of the two would feel bad if they ended up quarreling.

Horace sighed and attempted to persuade, “Boss, I think you should get to know Ms. Edwards a little and get closer to her. You can’t keep doing this all the time.”

Theodore responded frigidly, “In this world, I’ve only known others to flatter me. How can I take the

initiative to please a woman?"

"So your pride doesn't allow you to act humble in front of Ms. Edwards," Horace said without thinking,

relentlessly exposing Theodore's thoughts.

Theodore cast a warning glance at Horace.

Horace instantly lowered his head respectfully, acting as though he had said nothing.