

I'm Sorry, But I Love You

Chapter 1: Revenge

At the graveyard, Catherine Johnson was held down before a tombstone by bodyguards in the snow. She had knelt there for one day and one night. The woman on the tombstone had a lovely smile. She looked gentle and graceful.

“Catherine Johnson, so you still refuse to admit?” The man questioned coldly. Catherine looked towards the man at the side who was her husband, Anderson Clark, weakly and said, “I didn’t do it, why do you want to force me to admit?” Why did he refuse to believe her?

The man instantly jerked her up and seized her collar. “You’ve pushed her down the cruise ship, and everyone saw it. It has cost two lives, and you dare argue with me now?” It turned out her explanation had become an act of self-defense in his eyes!

Catherine’s body went cold and she spoke with red-rimmed eyes, “Andy, I really didn’t know how Isabella died. I’ve not sailed in any

ocean before, have you made a mistake?” Anderson snorted. “We have witnesses and surveillance footage, and you say I’ve wronged you? I know your evil heart better than anyone.” It turned out she was evil in his heart.

Catherine could no longer hold back her tears. She was clear that Anderson was determined that it was her who did it. In his heart, she was the culprit that killed Isabella, and he would not listen to her explanation. Isabella was dead, and she would never match a dead person who was his dream girl.

“Hold her down and let her sign the divorce paper.” The bodyguards wanted to hold her down as ordered but Catherine struggled and pushed them away. She smiled and looked up, staring at Anderson’s face with her red-rimmed eyes and said, “That’s what you want, right? I’ll sign.”

It was not the first time that Anderson wanted to divorce her. During this year, she would receive the divorce paper every month on average and she had gone numb with it. Yet she had never signed it. However, it was different this time. Anderson was certain it was her who killed Isabella. A human life had placed a gap between them. She was afraid that no matter what she did in this life, she would not be able to keep him by her side anymore.

Although she knew that very well, her heart still plummeted when the bodyguard shoved the pen into her hand. She could not hold back her tears and her tears all dropped onto the spot where Anderson signed. “Should I force you to sign?” Anderson said the cruelest words and Catherine looked towards him with red-rimmed eyes. “Andy, is it true that you’ve never loved me before?”

Catherine looked exceptionally fragile at the moment. Her pale skin, red-rimmed eyes and even her reddish lips were shockingly dazzling that made people’s heart ached. Anderson turned his head away to avoid eye contact with her and said, “Yes. Sign the paper.”

Her heart was wrenched. Ten years of youth and one year of marriage had come to a dismal ending. Catherine raised her arm and wiped her tears away with her sleeve. She carefully wrote her name down at the signature space with her trembling hand. She no longer loved him, and she no longer could, but why did her heart ache so much?

She had knelt in the snow for one day and one night. Her whole body ached and she could not distinguish whether it was due to the coldness or something else. Catherine felt that she would faint at any time and she said while trying hard to support herself, “I’ve signed it, could you

let me go back now?”

Anderson was not moved at all. His look went gloomier and gloomier. “Do you think that your guilt would possibly be cancelled out after divorce? Then won’t the price for committing a killing crime be too small?”

“What else do you want to do?”

“Catherine Johnson, I want the whole Johnson family compensate both of them. I want you to live in hell forever until the end of your life to atone for your sin for Isabella and her child.” His words were so cold as if they came from the bottom of hell.

Catherine’s blood seemed to curdle at once. She staggered and collapsed onto the snow, her vision blurred. “Andy, there’s nothing to do with my parents, please don’t involve my family, I beg you...” It was her own fault that she fell in love with Anderson. The Johnson Group was her parents’ hard work. She could not imagine what would happen to her parents if Anderson took revenge on the Johnson Group and the company bankrupted.

“Your family has used despicable method to trick me to marry an evil woman like you and you’ve taken Isabella’s life. The blood that flow inside you Johnson’s is all dirty.”

Dirty? Catherine uncontrollably trembled. She glared at Anderson with bloodshot eyes and retorted, “And I’ve never realized you’ve hated me and the Johnson family that much! Anderson, don’t you forget, you said that we Johnson’s are dirty, but your dream girl Isabella also grew up in the family, and she had the same blood as us.”

Anderson pulled down a long face. “She’s different from you.”

Catherine let out a grim smile and her heart was wrenched. She supported herself and stood to her feet with difficulty and shook the snow on her body away.

She stared straight at the man before her. “You thought it’s me who tricked you into this marriage, and it’s me who caused Isabella to lose her life. Anderson Clark, let me tell you, even if I don’t have anything, I would never conspire against my marriage and human life. Have you truly looked at Isabella properly before? It was her who adulterated my drink with drug back then, and a whole bunch of journalists came swarming in the next day, you...”

The one who should be the most despondent was actually filled with

arrogance. That was what Catherine disgusted Anderson the most. “Catherine, do you think I’ll still believe you?” After finished, he turned his head away and looked at the photo on the tombstone. He was looking at the smiling face in the photo.

Catherine was in a daze when she saw that. Her husband was looking at a woman’s photo with gentle eyes that she had not seen before. The soft light in his eyes was the last sword that stabbed right into her heart and defeated her. “No matter what evil things you’ve done back then, she would always defend for you, saying that you didn’t do that on purpose, saying that you’re the best sister in the world, and I would have more tolerance towards you because of her. But what about you? You’ve killed her, and also our child.”

Catherine who was expressionless all the time suddenly let out a smile. So the child in Isabella’s belly was Anderson’s? No wonder. Catherine instantly snatched the photo off the tombstone and stamped the face which was smiling gently hard. “You ungrateful disgusting thing!”

“Catherine, how dare you!” The rim of Anderson’s eyes went red at once and he pushed Catherine away recklessly. He then carefully picked up the photo that had gone out of shape from the snow. Catherine staggered and she forbid herself to fall down.

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She spit blood towards Anderson and let out a desperate and tragic smile. “Why can’t I? If it’s not because of me, Isabella was already dead ten years ago. She was only a bastard daughter given birth by the deceased first wife of the Johnson family, if it’s not because of me, how would she have the right to be in the upper circle? With her lousy academic certificate? Or with her skinny body and average look? Family background, academic qualification and looks, which one could she possibly defeat me?” And how could you love her that much?

Anderson’s look went gloomier and gloomier. He slapped her on the cheek and her face swelled up at once. A trace of blood was seen at the corner of her mouth. “How could you humiliate her even when she’s dead? Catherine, have you not realized your mistake yet?”

Catherine smiled more ferociously. She felt that she was pathetic and pitiful. She raised her head and stared at the man before her with bloodshot eyes. “I was wrong, Anderson. The biggest mistake I’ve made was to fall in love with you! I knew that you don’t have a heart, but I was still stubborn enough to love you for ten years.”

Anderson stepped forward and held her down. “Kneel down! Pray for

your forgiveness!” Catherine struggled aggressively and bawled madly, “I won’t! I’ve never harmed her, why should I kneel down? Both of you had had an affair after you married me and you want me to kneel down for the other woman? You wish!” She spat.

Anderson was looking ferocious and he choked her. He was so eager to choke the woman before him to death. Catherine gradually lost her breath. Her eyes that used to be limpid and shiny gradually glazed over. There was only hatred in her marble-like eyes. She was locking her eyes on Anderson. Anderson felt a rush of uneasiness once more and he loosened his hands.

Catherine collapsed onto the floor. Anderson stepped on her head with his leather shoe and said hatefully, “So you refuse to kneel and pray for forgiveness from Isabella? Good, one life for the other, having said that, you’re even benefited when you’ve taken two lives. You’ll spend the rest of your life in jail praying for forgiveness. And you don’t need to be scared of loneliness, because your family is gonna keep you company.”

Catherine let out a wry smile. Blood flowed down from the corner of her mouth and dropped onto the snow. The white snow was instantly stained red. “Anderson, you better not give me any chance to revive in this life, or else, I’ll dig out Isabella’s grave even if it costs my life! I’ll not let her die in peace!” Anderson was so enraged that a smile broke upon his lips. “Oh yeah?”

“You bet! Anderson, didn’t you hurt me as you want because you know I love you? You know what, I won’t love you anymore from now on! And I’m not afraid of you hurting me anymore!” Having said that with the rim of her eyes red, Catherine only felt her heart bored with holes and even breathing was painful. Anderson hated so much that his face contorted. “Great! I’ll never let you revive then!”

After finished, he gave a wave and a row of policemen scurried over. Before Catherine could react, Anderson had kicked her towards them cruelly and took over a wet wipe indifferently from the bodyguard beside him. He wiped his hand slowly and he behaved like he had touched something filthy when he touched Catherine.

A row of policemen put the handcuffs on Catherine deftly. She looked at the handcuffs on her hands and had understood everything. She struggled and turned around to glimpse at the man who was in black suit. He was throwing the wet wipe onto the snow with disgust after wiping his hands.

To him, she was afraid that she was even more unworthy than the garbage he had used to wipe his hands. Yet he would always be the person she saw among the crowds at first glance. How pathetic and tragic. Her lower abdomen hurt from his kick and she was already dead inside. She actually managed to calm herself down at that moment. While supporting herself from the policeman beside her, she yelled at Anderson with a level gaze, “Anderson Clark, you better pray you could be ignorant for the rest of your life, or else, you’ll regret one day!”

Her voice went into Anderson's ears through the wind. It sounded like a curse, but also sounded like it was expressing the woman's reluctance and grievance. Anderson watched her getting dragged away by the police and part of his heart felt empty. He shook his head in a split second and took over a bouquet of chrysanthemum from someone near him. He then stooped and put it before Isabella's tombstone.

"Isabella, I've revenged for you and the child." He looked at the photo that had gone out of shape due to Catherine's stamp. He hated that woman, yet he could not feel happy when the woman had faced the consequence she deserved. Icy snow fell onto his body and head, and everyone's hair seemed to become white at once.

A reckless and adorable little girl suddenly popped up into his mind out of nowhere. She was holding his hand in the snow while saying intimately : Andy, we'll be together until we grow old. His heart was instantly wrenched. He did not understand why that happened when he obviously hated that woman the most. He shook his head trying to get that woman's smile out of his mind.

Catherine was dragged away by the police. She still saw that man at first glance through the people. He was kneeling down in front of Isabella's grave and caressing the ruined photo carefully. Catherine closed her eyes in agony.

“Sebastian Johnson has jumped off the building.” A policeman suddenly yelled inside the police car. Catherine who had been closing her eyes with an expressionless face in the car instantly shuddered. She looked at the policeman with shock and her lips trembled. “What...what did you say?”

“Your father has jumped off the building, from the Clark Tower.”

“I have to say, why didn’t you just stick to become a mistress instead of taking someone’s life? Great, your father has now committed suicide and your whole family is involved.”

“Alright, we’re not fit to say that. She’s very stubborn. We’ll let her see the footage during the murder which was provided by Mr. Clark once we reach the station. Let’s see if she’s still reluctant to admit or not.”

Catherine could no longer hold it any longer and she vomited blood.

“She’s vomited blood, hurry up and head to the hospital...”

“She’s no longer breathing, is she dying now?”

Chapter 2: I Will Protect You

Six years later...

“Mommy, Lincoln doesn’t want to go to school again.” Sophia darted into the study room and dived into her arms. She complained weakly and even secretly turned around to see whether her elder brother followed her or not after that. Making sure her elder brother was not around, she then extended her short arms and hugged Catherine, acting cute. “I don’t care, if Lincoln doesn’t want to go to school, so do I.”

Catherine kissed her on the cheek and said, “Whenever your exam result has surpassed your brother’s, you won’t have to go to school anymore.” Little Sophia instantly pulled down her face. “Sophia, stop disturbing mommy.” Lincoln held a cup of water and handed to Catherine. He touched her forehead and glanced at the manuscript on the computer screen. “Mommy, have you burnt the midnight oil to draw again?”

“No, I’ve just gotten up from bed.”

“Mommy’s lying again.” Lincoln behaved like a mature adult and said,

“You don’t have to work that hard, I’ll quickly earn money to raise you.” Sophia raised her head and smiled sweetly. “Me too, mommy. Can I not go to school?”

Catherine felt amused and her heart ached at the same time. When she was sent to the hospital back then, she was diagnosed as pregnant and after giving birth to the two children, she had continued serving the sentence for three years while bringing them up. After that, not knowing how Owen Torres did it, she was bailed out of jail.

Although they were twins, both children had totally different personalities. Little Lincoln was smart and sensitive like a mature adult. He could detect her slight change in mood whereas Sophia was always straightforward and reckless. She was a loving and adorable little girl.

Both children looked more and more like Anderson. Sophia was still okay because she liked to act cute and her temperament placed a huge contrast between her and Anderson. Whereas, Lincoln was exactly the tiny version of Anderson in other’s eyes. However, there were no disgust, indifference and impatience in his eyes which was similar to Anderson’s, but only admiration and care. The two kids were her saviors when she was amidst immense hatred.

“Mommy, Sophia will raise you at home, Sophia doesn’t want to go to school.” Catherine shook her head to get rid of the unnecessary thoughts. “No. If you don’t go to school, no job would want you, then how would you be able to raise mommy? Hurry up and get down the bed and have your meal with Owen, I’ll send both of you to school.”

Being rejected straight away, Sophia pouted. She walked towards Lincoln reluctantly and said, “Lincoln, could you take a sick leave during the exam next time? Then I’ll be able to surpass you and I don’t have to go to school anymore, please...”

When Catherine was bringing the two kids out, Owen was putting on his blazer. Catherine glimpsed at the time. It was just seven o’clock. “Going that soon?”

“Something’s happened in the company and I need to solve it. Send me a message to report your safety after sending the kids to school.” Catherine shook her head in grievance when she heard Owen’s order. “It’s gonna be alright. It’s been six years, Anderson has already forgotten my existence.”

Owen stopped his movement when he was wearing his necktie and said with a serious look, “We should not let our guard down.” He then stooped, carried Sophia up and kissed her. “I’m going to the workplace. Sophia needs to study well, okay? Tomorrow is the day for trip, your mommy and I are going to bring you and Lincoln to the oceanarium.”

Sophia was so delighted that she landed a few kisses on Owen's cheek. She then released him reluctantly so he could go to work.

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Catherine's phone's notification bell rang when she just sat in front of the dining table and was feeding the children. Lincoln had opened her phone before she made a move. She ignored that and fed Sophia porridge first. After feeding her a few spoons, she noticed Lincoln was still playing with her phone and she instinctively glimpsed at him.

She immediately snatched the phone from Lincoln's hand when she saw a familiar face on the phone screen. She then spoke with an evasive manner, "Don't play with the phone anymore, hurry up and finish your meal and go to school."

Lincoln replied with an expressionless face, "You don't need to hide anymore, I already knew Anderson Clark is my dad." Catherine was startled. Lincoln then continued helplessly, "You used to call his name in your dream and I've checked it on the web. Plus he looks similar to me." Catherine let out a wry smile. "Is that so?" She really had no idea what

she had said in her dreams.

“I suppose Anderson did not know my and Sophia’s existence.” Lincoln ate his bread slowly. “If he did, you don’t have to be scared too, Sophia and I would not go with him.” Lincoln’s eyes were serious and sincere. “I will protect you, and I would never go with him. You don’t have to be afraid, mommy.”

“Mommy, I’ll protect you too.” Sophia chimed in. Catherine turned her head away. She took a deep breath to try not to make her tears fall. She felt deeply sorry for her two children, and she felt heartwarming and poignant when her kids consoled her in return.

After sending the two children to school, Catherine opened her phone and glimpsed at the news Lincoln had been reading. The headline “Anderson Clark’s speech in University A” was written and below it was all about the introduction of Anderson’s incidence all these years. A video when he was delivering the speech was attached. The face on the cover of the video was still the same as before yet there was more maturity. Catherine stared at the face and her fingernails sank into her flesh.

Anderson’s business had grown bigger and bigger these few years. She had avoided seeing any news regarding him on purpose but she could still hear some of them. When his business territory had been keeping on expanding, she was serving prison sentence in jail while bringing up

her children and battling depression. Encountering Anderson signified the beginning of all ordeals. She used to make her parents proud and was a bright star in the upper circle, yet she was now a pathetic joke. In order to keep her children by her side, she even needed to conceal her identity in daily life.

As Catherine was having multiple thoughts when staring at the phone screen, she suddenly received a voice call. It was from the editor and she quickly picked it up. “Hi, why didn’t you reply my message?”

“I didn’t see it just now, what’s wrong?”

“You’re shortlisted tomorrow, I’ve tried so hard to get you the place, so remember to update the comic more,” the editor ordered with worry. Catherine agreed and she closed the news. Her current life no longer intersected with Anderson’s. She was not able to go out to work because she was afraid that Anderson would find her, and she could not get involved in her usual finance profession too. Luckily, her art skill was good and she had learnt drawing comic in high school. She was now a hired comic artist for a comic platform and her result was still nice.

Her current life was certainly no match against her life when she was the mistress of the Johnson family back then, but her life was still stress-free. She felt slightly suffocated when she stayed in the car for too long. She then opened the car window to let the wind blow in. She took a deep breath and drove all the way back home. As she just left

after finished parking the car, a black Rolls-Royce car stopped beside her car.

Anderson fixed his deep eyes on the delicate figure at the front. That back looked just like hers! Joshua Adams walked a few steps forward and noticing him not following him, he turned back and looked at him. “Andy, what are you looking at?” _____

Chapter 3: You’ve Mistaken Me for Someone Else

As Anderson moved his leg and was about to chase after her, she had already entered the lift. “Nothing, I thought it was someone else.” It could not be her; he must have made a mistake again. “Could you mistake her for Mrs. Clark again?” Anderson turned his head away. “I’ve told you many times not to call her Mrs. Clark, she didn’t deserve the title.” Joshua rolled his eyes.

Catherine had been spending the whole day drawing comic, trying to finish it before the deadline. She then had a chat with the editor regarding the storyline afterwards. “The subscription and the percentage of reader following the story for this one is good, the hardcopy version is almost finished printed out. The platform and the readers all wish you can organize a book-signing event, so I wonder whether you have the time?”

“Maybe not, I could promise increasing the autographed edition.” Catherine rejected without a second thought. The editor still did not give up. “The book-signing event would only benefit you, it does you no harm...” Catherine actually understood what the editor said, it was just that she refused to be seen by anyone. The internet was more developed now and if she had appeared on the web, her tranquil life would be gone.

The problem which Owen encountered was difficult to handle and he had not returned home for the whole night. He only made a phone call until the next morning, telling her that he was busy and she should bring the two kids to the oceanarium herself.

“Mommy, mommy, it’s the big shark!”

“Lincoln, big shark!” Sophia was the happiest one having been able to visit the oceanarium and under her influence, a rare smile which was typical to a child his age also showed up on Lincoln’s face. “Lincoln, penguin, penguin.” Sophia put her hands on her waist and walked like a penguin. She looked amusing and adorable.

“Lincoln, follow me, hurry.” Lincoln surrendered to his little sister and he also walked like a penguin while showing an aggrieved look. With

Sophia being noisy at the side, both kids were having a lot of fun in the oceanarium and Catherine was quite delighted too. It was still okay for Sophia, but for Lincoln who was smart since little, she was worried what happened back then would leave him with psychological trauma. Seeing them laughing carefreely, Catherine only hoped their childhood would always be like that.

After going out of the oceanarium, three of them had meal in the mall and was ready to go back home after finished watching a movie. Catherine held both kids' hand and entered the lift. Spotting two young people hugging and kissing in the lift as if deeming no one was around, she covered the kids' eyes embarrassingly.

Sophia being disobedient pushed her hand away and said, "Mommy, I want to see pretty guy and lady kissing." The air seemed to freeze and Catherine raised her head awkwardly. "I'm sorry..."

"Mrs. Clark?" Joshua widened his eyes. Wasn't Catherine Johnson in jail? Why was she here?

Catherine did know Joshua, he was famous as a playboy and he grew up with Anderson since little. What was he doing here? Catherine was so nervous that her heart almost jumped from her throat. She forced

herself to look composed and said, “You’ve mistaken me for someone else.”

“Mommy, we’ve reached the floor, daddy’s been waiting for us.” Catherine held Lincoln’s hand and left the lift while trying to look calm. Joshua watched the back of the woman before him and scratched his head in confusion. Could it be possible that someone else had the same gorgeous looks as Catherine Johnson? Yet she seemed to have gotten married and her kids had already grown that big, therefore it should not be the same person.

“Darling, do you not love me anymore? How could you keep on looking at the other woman...” Joshua quickly cajoled her, “Of course I love you, how could I not love my little sweetheart? That person looks like a friend of mine.”

Anderson had used cruel method to send his own wife into jail and had caused the Johnson family to bankrupt. Having thought of that now, Joshua still felt a chill down his spine. Catherine was the unreachable dream of all the young men from the upper circle, yet she had had her heart set solely for Anderson. Joshua could not help but sigh when he remembered what happened back then. His girlfriend once again clung to him and kissed his face.

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Joshua was absent-minded and he abruptly pushed her away. “Nora, please go first, I need to go to the surveillance room of the mall.”

“My name’s Violet!” The pretty lady stomped her feet, turned and ran away with annoyance. Joshua touched his head and hurriedly went to the surveillance room. He sat down and stared at the woman in the video. Who would have that kind of face in this world besides Catherine? And the little boy standing beside her looked exactly the same as Anderson, it was easy to tell he was Anderson’s offspring! Joshua quickly copied the video and drove all the way to Anderson’s house.

“Mr. Clark, guess who I’ve seen today.” Anderson was dealing with paperwork and he did not even lift his head when he heard Joshua’s voice. “F*ck, I tell you, you’ll regret if you ignore me. I’ve even abandoned my new girlfriend for this.” Joshua lifted his head and said, “Spill the beans.”

“F*ck, go see it yourself.” Joshua tossed the pen-drive directly to him. Anderson opened the video and he frowned when he noticed it was a video from a lift. Joshua continued, “Watch the after part, at the 35th

minute.” Anderson said sarcastically, “Why didn’t you cut the video right from the lift was made?” Joshua went speechless. He blamed himself for being such a busybody.

The woman in the video was wearing a nicely-tailored dress and she had long wavy hair. She looked attractive and graceful. She was carrying a little girl while holding a little boy’s hand. The woman in the video was lowering her head and talking to the boy. Time had not left a trace on her face but made her appear more mature and gorgeous instead. Her smile had made her looked more beautiful.

Not knowing whether he was excited or enraged, veins bulged on the dorsal part of Anderson’s hand which he used to hold the mouse. His eyes looked horrifying. “Where did you see her?”

“At the Hualing Mall near the oceanarium, you know, my girlfriend’s house is just nearby...”

“Shut up.”

Seeing Anderson’s condition, Joshua thought it was better that he stayed away from danger. “Now that you’ve known this, I’ll go coax my girlfriend now.”

Anderson made a call to ask someone to investigate about that the moment Joshua left. He had actually had children, and they were given birth by Catherine. Having thought that, rage boiled inside him. How dare she give birth to his offspring without saying a word! How could she be shameless enough to give birth to his children after killing Isabella and the child in her belly?

He had used to look forward to the child, yet...it was too late. Isabella and the child had already been killed by that evil woman. Anderson gritted his teeth when he looked at the dazzling face in the video. "Anderson Clark, you better pray you could be ignorant forever, or else, you'll regret one day!" The woman's curse still lingered beside his ears when he closed his eyes.

Catherine went back home, she was still feeling anxious and uneasy. She wondered whether Joshua had recognized her or not, she could not make a bet on that, it was better that she left the city. She did not see any trace of Owen returning around the house so he must have been still busy working at the company. "Sophia, Lincoln, we need to move to somewhere else now. Hurry up and pack the things you want to take, I'll call Owen."

"Okay, I get it. Don't be scared, mommy, I won't go with him." Lincoln gripped Sophia's hand after finished. Sophia still did not understand what happened and she burst into tears. _____

Chapter 4: Aren't You Letting Me In?

“I don’t want to follow anyone else. I just want my mommy. Don’t leave me, mommy. I’m sorry. I won’t do it again...”

Catherine was initially feeling tensed, but she calmed down after being interrupted. She kneeled down and talked in a soft voice, “Mommy didn’t abandon you. You did nothing wrong. I have no work lately. Let’s go travel abroad for a few days.”

Catherine called Owen after reassuring Sophia, but no one answered.

She guessed he was going through a rough patch at work for not coming back the whole night.

Catherine had no time to ponder about it and she bought the tickets online and ordered a taxi. She immediately packed some clothes and took her notebook and graphics tablet with her.

Sophia was holding her baby shark doll, “Mommy, where are we going?”

“So I don’t have to go to school, is it?”

“Yes. But you have to let Lincoln tutor you on your homework.”

Catherine talked to Sophia as she moved the luggage to the door.

Then she went to the kid’s bedroom to take their daily essentials. The doorbell rang when she was almost done packing.

“Sophia, Lincoln, please help me open the door. It’s the driver.”

Sophia rushed over and stood on tiptoe to open the door, “Sir, you’re here to pick us up...”

“Lincoln, this driver looks so handsome. The most handsome driver I’ve ever seen.”

Sophia exclaimed as she looked at the driver with admiration, “Sir, you look like my brother.”

Lincoln followed behind Sophia, and his face changed as he saw the man. He regained his composure quickly and pulled Sophia behind him.

It was tranquil in the living room. There was no sound of the kids, and Catherine realized that the visitor might not be the driver but Anderson Clark. She immediately rushed out of the bedroom and saw the two of them confronting silently at the door.

A heavy silence fell upon the room. Even though Catherine had guessed Anderson coming back, she would still be in fear and trembling to see him. She instinctively pulled Sophia and Lincoln behind her and guarded them. Her gentle and charming gaze turned cold abruptly.

Anderson sneered, seeing her being so defensive, "Long time no see. Aren't you letting me in?"

Catherine felt a shiver down her spine, "Now isn't a good time."

"What if I insist?"

Feeling Catherine's trepidation, Lincoln stood out from behind her, "Mr. Clark, I've called the police. Please leave my house as soon as possible."

"Mr. Clark?" Anderson felt irritating for the first time hearing this title, "Call me daddy."

"I'm afraid that Mr. Clark has misunderstood. When Sophia and I were born, we didn't have a father, neither now. Even if we did, it wouldn't be you too. Please don't disturb our lives."

Lincoln's words were polite but detached, and it was annoying. Anderson was fretting for this kid, behaving exactly like his mom.

"Whether you admit it or not, you're my child." There was so much anger in Anderson's voice.

"This may not be changed, but it's exactly what I hate the most." Lincoln was even calmer than Anderson, "However, now that I've seen Mr. Clark for real, you're even disgusting."

Catherine would applaud on the spot if the one speaking wasn't Lincoln and the other one wasn't Anderson.

Anderson was hot under the collar and instructed his bodyguard, "Take them away."

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"How dare you!" Catherine held Lincoln in her arms, looking at Anderson, "The kids are mine. It has nothing to do with you."

Anderson stepped forward, looking down at Catherine. She was still so pretty and being mean too. "Nothing to do with me?" Anderson got closer and whispered in Catherine's ear, "Could you give birth by yourself without me?"

The breath in her ear was so irritating. Catherine took a step back and said in a shaky voice, "I had already given birth to the children, and I don't need your help raising them. The price that I had paid, wasn't it enough?"

She had been put in prison for three years and her home was broken.

She was itched to strangle him to death.

“Are you aggrieved?” Anderson stepped back, and his slender fingers lifted Catherine’s chin, “That’s what you deserve!”

Catherine felt sour. She deserved it all for loving the wrong person.

“What are you here for?” Catherine looked up, “Why are you being such a bitch, Mr. Clark?” She finally used the phrase that Anderson used to call her back on him.

Catherine was now even mean and gorgeous compared to her four years ago. The gentleness she used to be was just her disguise. This was what she looked like, being hypocritical. Anderson loathed this kind of feeling, and he increased the strength of his hand, “You don’t know why I’m here? Who let you giving birth to my children?”

Catherine forced herself not to show her weak side. She was about to push Anderson out when Sophia came out from behind her and wrapped around Anderson’s leg.

Anderson subconsciously wanted to shake her off, but then realizing that the child was his, he hesitated and didn’t move.

Right at that moment, Sophia bit on him.

Her face scrunched up for biting too hard.

Anderson felt the pain and wanted to get her away from him. He looked at that spitting image of himself. Her crystal eyes were filled with tears. Anderson couldn't lay his hand on her, and he gave Catherine a cold-eyed stare, "Get her away."

"Come here, Sophia," Catherine called Sophia out gently and patted Sophia's back lightly. Catherine held back her tears as she felt that Sophia was trembling, "Don't be afraid. Mommy's here."

Sophia then let go of Anderson's leg and cried out, "Stop bullying my mommy."

Finished saying, she turned around and buried herself into Catherine's arms, crying. Catherine couldn't help but fall into tears seeing Sophia cried.

Catherine gently wiped the bloodstain in Sophia's mouth, "Don't cry. Mommy's here. Nobody can bring you away."

Her tears fell down as she comforted Sophia.

“Don’t cry, dear. It’s mommy’s fault...”

The woman who was just vividly arguing with him was now washed out, lacking strength, and just feeling distorted.

Anderson felt dismayed looking at her.

Lincoln was standing beside Catherine with his eyes red, “Mr. Clark, are you satisfied yet?”

Anderson was lost for words for the first time when being questioned.

A child under five like him didn’t behave like a child at all. Anderson even felt that there was an old soul trapped in that young body.

“Please leave then.” Even at that moment, the kid could still be sensible and made him leave.

“What’s wrong with her?” He had never seen Catherine in such

condition, feeling wrong.

Chapter 5: Where Did Her Pride Go?

“Postpartum depression.”

Without any defense, he felt a severe pain in an instant. Anderson couldn't tell whether it was his leg or somewhere else that was aching. He repeated implausibly, “Postpartum depression, that's impossible...”

The man who had always been calm seemed to have lost his mind as he was devoured by fear.

The sound of a weeping woman sounded harsh in his ears and he felt his heart throbbing in pain.

“Mr. Clark, does this illness sound familiar to you?” Lincoln sneered, “May I ask if you have forgiven that man, Mr. Clark?”

The smile on Lincoln's face was even obvious, “The man who had

caused your mother, who suffered from postpartum depression, to commit suicide by jumping off a building.”

Anderson stepped back as he was slightly frightened on the spur of the moment when he saw the smile on Lincoln’s face.

Lincoln looked at him and put away his smile. He regained his indifference, “Sophia and I don’t have a father in the past, and we won’t have it in the future either. Even if we have, it wouldn’t be you.”

“I didn’t hurt her.” As she cried, her emotions gradually became worse. Lincoln quickly turned around and grabbed Sophia’s hand, “Come down here, Mommy needs to take her medicine.”

Sophia was crying so hard that she couldn’t catch her breath, but she still reached out her little hand and crawled out from Catherine’s embrace to hug Lincoln. His movement was so smooth that it seemed like he had done it countless times.

Catherine looked at the man standing at the door as her tears streamed down. She was so demented that she grabbed his collar, “Anderson, I hate you!”

“I hate you so much!”

“Why did you not trust me? Why did you hurt my parents and caused them death? Why?” Anderson’s frightened look reflected in her red and teary eyes.

“You’ve completely ruined my life. I shouldn’t have loved you.” Catherine suddenly knelt down. She tightly hugged her legs and sobbed, “This is all my fault. I shouldn’t have saved Isabella. I shouldn’t have loved you. It’s my fault. I know I’m wrong now. Dad, mom, please come back...”

Anderson tried to bend over and pull her up, but he didn’t have any strength when he stretched out his hand to grab her. It seemed as if his whole body had been drained.

“Honey, let’s go to a happy place together. Your grandparents are there and they’ll love you two a lot...”

After she had cried enough, Catherine got up and walked towards the window. She stretched out her arms and made a hugging action while clapping her hands, "Let's go, Mommy will take you to Grandpa and Grandma."

"Don't bully my child. Hit me if you want."

"..."

Anderson leaned on the doorframe dispiritedly. Where did her pride go?

Where was her pride as the daughter of the Johnson family?

He had thought that she would receive the punishment that she deserved in prison. He even thought that she would die in there, but he didn't expect that she would give birth to his children in prison at all that they ended up in the current situation.

Anderson didn't know how he left. In the car, he kept thinking about the words of child that had his blood flowing in him, "You've killed all your relatives, so we aren't your family anymore. I know your identity

and that you have the ability to take us back, but I will never admit you as my father.”

The child’s gaze was firm. Although he was young, his words were even more matured than that of an adult.

Why did it become like this?

Why?

After a long moment, Anderson punched against the car. The Rolls Royce was dented in an instant and the bodyguards beside Anderson looked at him while trembling.

One of them boldly asked, “Mr. Clark, why don’t we take her back with you?”

Anderson coldly glanced at them.

“No need.”

The bodyguards saw Anderson’s mood turning worse now.

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After Anderson had left, Lincoln ran over to hug Catherine and murmured, "Don't be afraid, Mommy. Me and Sophia will always be here for you. We won't leave you."

After a while, Catherine had finally calmed down. She passionately looked at little Lincoln.

"Sophia, go get some warm water and take Mommy's medicine here. I'll put Mommy to sleep."

After Catherine fell asleep, Lincoln looked at the empty door frame. He checked for the handyman's contact online and called them here to install a new door.

Then, he went back to the bedroom and lay next to Catherine with Sophia.

When Catherine woke up again, she saw these two children sleeping beside her and she felt much calmer.

She was glad that they were still here.

Lincoln immediately opened his eyes as he felt someone moving. When he saw that Catherine had woken up, he put on a joyful smile on his face.

Catherine felt bad, “I’m sorry, honey. Let’s leave this place, okay? Mommy will take you and your sister abroad, and we shall never come back again.”

“Mommy, you said that escaping was the most cowardly and pointless action.” Lincoln held her hands, “He already knew about our existence. With the Clark family’s capability, he will be able to find us anywhere if he wants to.”

Lincoln was right. With Anderson’s personality, Catherine knew that it would be useless to escape from him if he were to find them.

“Don’t worry, Mommy. He didn’t take us away this time, perhaps he wouldn’t come back again.”

Catherine nodded and looked around the house, "But we have to move away from here, otherwise we'll cause trouble to Owen."

Since she wasn't preparing to run away for the moment, Catherine sorted out her valuable items and called a moving service to move her things.

After that, she called Owen.

"Hello, Cathy?" Owen sounded tired.

"Owen, I'm moving out."

Owen frowned, "What's wrong? You don't feel comfortable living here? I have another estate elsewhere. How about moving into a bigger house?"

"That's not the reason. Your house is fine." Catherine was afraid that he would misunderstand, "Anderson had found us here, so I'm taking Sophia and Lincoln to somewhere else."

"Then, why don't you move into my other estate?" Owen quickly

reacted as he muttered gently, “Are you afraid of causing me trouble?”

Catherine kept quiet.

Owen sighed, “It’s okay, Cathy. I’m not afraid of him.”

She knew he wasn’t afraid of him. If not, he wouldn’t risk to save her out. However, she was afraid because she knew Anderson too well. She knew he was a cruel and selfish man who would fight over everything. If he knew that Owen had saved her, he certainly wouldn’t let go of the Torres family.

“You don’t have to persuade me, Owen.” She wasn’t afraid of anything now, but she didn’t want to cause trouble to other people, “I’ve already found a decent house, the moving service will be here soon.”

Owen felt helpless, “Alright then, where are you moving to?”

She told Owen the name of her residential district and hung up the phone to continue moving. She didn’t earn much from her comic manuscripts, but she still found a relatively high-end housing estate. Although she knew she couldn’t stop Anderson if he wanted to find them, she could at least be at ease for the moment.

Anderson didn't come to find them after she had moved out a month ago, so she finally felt at ease.

An unexpected thing happened on Monday. Catherine was still drawing her manuscript when the school teacher contacted her.

"We wanted to stop them, but the other party brought a few bodyguards along. The school's security guards couldn't fight them at all." The teacher sounded anxious, "Ms. Johnson, they were two senior citizens who claimed to be Sophia and Lincoln's great grandparents. Do you know them? Shall we call the police?"

Chapter 6: I was Scared

Catherine tried her best to suppress the anxiety in her heart, "Ms. Mitchell, do you have a photo of the visitor? Let me take a look."

Sophia's teacher quickly sent over a photo which was taken not long ago of the current scene. Catherine looked at a pair of old couples who looked kind and seated on the main seat and thought with a faint laugh: It was really them.

Anderson was really shameless.

But he had been that way all the while.

Catherine immediately packed up her stuff and headed to Anderson's company.

On the other hand, in the Clarks' mansion...

"Lincoln, come. This is cherries I have ordered for people to air-ship over. Have a taste of it." Madison looked at her grandson with a loving smile on her face.

"Ma'am, I don't eat that." Lincoln held Sophia's hand while declining politely.

Sophia added while swallowing a few times, "Sophia won't eat too. Mummy told me that I can't eat things given to me by strangers."

Madison's hand which was holding the cherries were stopped in mid-air awkwardly as she persuaded, "How can you say that I'm a stranger? I am your grandmother, not any outsider. So, Sophia and Lincoln, can you stay here together from now on?"

While facing her grandson and granddaughter, this assertive and oppressive woman who was always that way for her whole life had unexpectedly lowered her stance, "I heard that you love the amusement park, Sophia. I wish to build one for Sophia and Lincoln in our home so that you can play to your heart's contents anytime, Sophia."

Sophia intuitively turned her head and looked at her brother.

Lincoln revealed a smile, "Ma'am, you don't need to do so much for an outsider."

"Both you and Sophia are the children of the Clark family. How can you say that you're outsider?" Madison's tone was slightly unhappy and strong, "I have asked for the maids to tidy up the children's room, you guys can take a look at it and tell me whether you're satisfied or not. If you're not, just tell me, I will ask for someone to make changes."

A child was always more sensitive and cognitive. After sensing that Madison was strengthening her stance, the smile on Lincoln's face disappeared, "Ma'am, in this whole world, besides our mummy, Sophia and me don't have other relatives. Please don't see yourself as our grandmother."

His tone was cold and cruel, which caused Madison to freeze for a moment. A look of sadness appeared on her face.

Sophia interjected as if she didn't notice the atmosphere, "Both of my grandparents from my father's side has committed suicide and consumed some sleeping pills. Since the beginning, Sophia and me never have father, grandparents from my father's or mother's side, and in the future we won't have them too."

He was saying this with the calmest tone possible, but all Madison could feel is a constriction in her chest. After some time, the old man sitting beside her asked, "How did you end up at this place throughout all those years?"

Lincoln glanced at him with a mocking look before taking a deep breath

and answering, "It's none of your business."

Anderson heard this the moment he stepped into the house, and he was immediately getting worked up, "Who taught you to speak like that? Is it your murderer mother?"

"Anderson, don't be so loud, you're going to scare the children. In the end, he's still your son." Madison hastily comforted him. From her perspective, this child was very resentful towards the Clark family. It was probably because he had been wronged all those years before.

Lincoln turned his head around to face Anderson, and there was no sign of fear on his face at all. In contrast, he was strangely calm, "Sophia and I grew up in the prison, and because mummy needs to work, nobody is there to educate us. We are indeed lacking in manners. If you think this is very rude to your ears, Mr. Clark, you can let us go."

Anderson had gotten wind of what had happened at home, so he had hurriedly come back. However, the moment he heard some rude words like that, he couldn't help lecturing him. Now that he fully took in Lincoln's way of speaking out, he was way too mature, a kind of maturity unfit for someone his age. There was an indescribable sense of complication brewing within him now.

Anderson sank into deep thought for a while, "Children shouldn't

interfere in the matters of adults.”

“We want to go home.” Lincoln was not giving in. How was his mother doing?

“You guys are the grandchildren of the Clark family. You will be staying in the Clark family home.” Anderson furrowed his brows, “If you follow someone else’s footsteps, I fear that you guys would imitate her. You would be careless with people’s life in the future and you would have no qualms harming others.”

Madison shot a glare at Anderson before cooing gently to Lincoln, “My dear Lincoln, don’t blame your dad...”

“Ma’am, you don’t have to say that. It’s not Mr. Clark’s fault, instead it’s my mummy’s fault. She has indeed killed someone.” Lincoln replied, and then he raised his head and looked at Anderson, “I heard that murder runs in my blood. Won’t you be afraid that I will have murderous thoughts to the Clark family even though you guys are going to raise me and I don’t even know how to be grateful?”

This child was only at most six years old and he had a gentle and positive outlook. His usually cold face was now full of smiles, but it was the kind of smile which induced fear in others.

Madison couldn't help but shudder all over.

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However, the emotion she felt more was hurt.

This child was smart and resourceful. At such an early age, he would already have a standard for judging the right and wrong in his heart.

In this child's eyes, the Clark family was nothing but enemies!

Anderson exploded with anger, "Who taught you to speak..." Who taught this child to speak in such a way?

"Shut up."

Anderson's words were interrupted by Bentley abruptly before he could

finish.

Lincoln wasn't fazed by what was happening in the living room. He pulled Sophia's hand while he consoled her, "Don't be scared, mummy will come pick us up soon."

"Lincoln, grandma never knew about your existence in the past, and that is how things become like it is nowadays. From now on, I will take good care of you. For your mother, I will send my regards too and make sure nobody would bully her anymore. Can you stay with the Clark family and receive the best education?"

Lincoln raised his head, "Before the Clark family barge into our lives, we have been doing fine."

He was implying that nobody was bullying them except for the Clark family.

Sophia who was playing with toys finally felt that the atmosphere in the living room was off. She threw herself at Lincoln and wrapped her arms around his, "Lincoln, I am scared. I want to go home."

The living room was shrouded in silence.

When Sophia said that, everyone who was in the living room displayed an awkward expression on their faces.

Bentley who was seated on the main seat let out a sigh, “Let the maid bring them out to have fun.

On the other hand, as Catherine rushed to a branch of the Clark family in City A, she learnt that Anderson had gone back to City W. She immediately bought the latest ticket that was headed to City W.

While on the way, Catherine couldn’t help clutching her fists to the point that her fingernails were buried in her palms. She was trying to persuade herself that the people of the Clark family was going to treat Lincoln and Sophia was one of their own.

They wouldn’t hurt them in any way.

As she consoled herself repeatedly, the flight that departed from City A finally arrived at City W in the afternoon. While she was young and naïve, she had been in love with Anderson for a long time, so she knew about his working hours. At the moment, Anderson was not in the company.

Her children had been brought away by Madison and Bentley, so that meant the children must be at the Clark family home. It was very likely that Anderson was present too.

If she were to confront them and negotiate at the Clark family home, she probably wouldn't stand any chance.

The more nervous she was, the more Catherine was aware that she must remain clam. She searched through her mind for solutions, and in the end she decided to book a room in a hotel near the Clark Tower. She then proceeded to a mall to buy herself a new set of clothes and new pair of shoes.

She couldn't make a fool out of herself.

If she were to appear foolish and embarrassed, definitely everyone would look down on her without fail. She wouldn't be able to enter the Clark Tower that way.

Early next morning, she washed up and put on some make-up before changing into her new set of clothes.

Just as she just boarded a taxi to head to the Clark Tower, she received a call from Owen, "Cathy, aren't you at home? Nobody is answering the

door after I have been knocking on it for so long.”

“I have gone to City W.” Catherine answered calmly.

Owen paused at the other end of the phone as he knew very clearly that Catherine wouldn’t have gone to that city which would induce her sadness without a concrete reason. “Has anything happened?”

As she registered Owen’s worried tone, Catherine felt a slight sourness in her heart. She took in a deep breath and replied, “The people from the Clark family have brought Lincoln and Sophia away.”

Chapter 7: Payback

Owen knew very well how important Lincoln and Sophia were to Catherine, “Cathy, don’t fear. I will go to City W now.”

“Owen, thank you.” Catherine was touched by him that she almost tear up, “I have been bringing troubles to you all those years. I can even say that we wouldn’t still be alive without you, but this time I really don’t want to trouble you anymore.”

Her iridescent eyes flashed a glint of resignation as she vowed not to involve innocent parties in her matters anymore.

She was afraid.

She was afraid that the Torres family would repeat the mistakes that were committed by the Johnson family.

The result would be a total ruin of the family.

“Miss, we have arrived.”

“Owen, we can’t talk anymore. I am fully prepared for what is going to happen, so you don’t have to worry about me.” After hanging up on Owen, she scanned a code to pay for the taxi before alighting from it.

She stood before the Clark Tower, and she was gazing upwards at it.

There were tears in her eyes.

Her father had jumped off this same building and turned into a mushy pile.

She bent over to place her freshly-bought chrysanthemum in front of the tower and put her palms together in prayer. She was also repenting for her sins too.

“Dad, Cathy is regretting everything now.”

“I swear that I won’t see and love him anymore in my life, but I have to go meet him now, because Lincoln and Sophia is in his hands. Dad, I’m sorry for going back on my words.”

She was dressed in red, and curly hair was cascading over her shoulders. As a breeze passed by, her hair swayed in the wind and her dress fluttered upwards. Her pale and delicate legs were bathing in the sun's warm glow. A woman was placing a stalk of chrysanthemum while shutting her eyes in prayers, which attracted attentions of passers-by. She was out of place and mysterious.

Catherine wouldn't know what would others think of her, but she wouldn't care less even if they knew. She went straight into the Clark Tower.

The receptionist had seen a lot of beautiful women, but when Catherine walked towards her, the receptionist had her breath taken away by Catherine's extreme beauty and temperament. She was only able to recover after being in a trance for some time, "Miss, may I..."

"I am here to see Anderson."

Anderson weren't lacking women all the time, from artists to socialite. Everyone would refer him as Mr. Clark.

This woman was different from them as she directly called out Mr.

Clark's first name. The others present there were startled by her.

"Which family does this lady belong to?"

"I have never heard that there is such a good-looking lady from any family. Not only she looks pure and demure, she is also exuding a feministic aura. Imagine dating this kind of woman! I would be ecstatic!"

"Wake up, you are a female yourself."

"What about it? If such a beautiful and seductive lady happens to set her eyes on me, I would be shocked beyond words."

"Wake up, my dear. Can you sense the aura around her? She won't just be a nobody, I bet. She is probably the president's date."

"Shh, shut up. You are new here, so you don't know about anything. The president is dead loyal. Ever since his girlfriend has passed away, you can't even see any female creature around him."

Catherine couldn't help letting out a cold laugh.

She couldn't get a break even if that person had passed away.

"Miss, do you have an appointment here?" The receptionist tested Catherine while she concluded that she couldn't afford to offend Catherine, judging from her superior aura.

"Just tell Anderson that Catherine is looking for him."

The moment Catherine finished her sentence, a voice sounded from behind her, "Why are you looking for me?"

Catherine turned around and saw Anderson, and standing beside him was Joshua whom she had bumped into in an elevator days ago. Catherine shot a glance at him, and Joshua smiled meaningfully, "Good day, my sister-in-law."

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"Mr. Adams, that's not my title." Catherine corrected Joshua, "Just call me Catherine."

Anderson's gaze was dark and gloomy. Was she that hasty to draw a clear line in between them?

He should feel reassured that this woman was eager to sever their connection, but why did he feel a little uncomfortable deep down?

"Quit with that nonsense." Anderson shot Joshua a look.

Joshua scanned his gaze from Catherine and then back to Anderson, "Alright, alright. With my power alone I certainly can't win against you couple. I'm going back first, we will talk about our investment at the banquet tonight. One more thing, there is a chrysanthemum in front of the building. That's a bad omen, you better order someone to take care of it."

Immediately after saying that, he took several steps back, fearing that those two would beat him up.

However, the two of them didn't pay him any heed at all. Catherine stared squarely into Anderson's eyes, "Give me back my children."

"We'll talk about that upstairs." After saying that, Anderson marched

forward with his long legs.

Catherine had no choice but to follow from behind.

The receptionist who had overheard their conversation stared at Catherine with shock.

Joshua glanced at her lecherously while making a zipping motion near his mouth.

The receptionist immediately cupped her mouth and nodded hurriedly.

Joshua watched the backs of Anderson and Catherine as he sighed secretly. In terms of appearance, those two were a match made in heaven. How could Isabella be a match? She wouldn't even hold a candle to Catherine. Even Joshua wouldn't set his eyes on her, so he didn't understand why Anderson was blinded at that time.

If Catherine were to turn her attention on him, Joshua vowed to stop messing around with other women.

Catherine followed Anderson all the way upstairs, and there were people who shot glances at her from time to time from afar. She had

long gotten used to this, so she didn't really care about that. Since Anderson was able to meet her, she had nothing to fear anymore. She followed Anderson straight into his office.

"Give me back my children." Catherine reiterated herself after entering his office.

Anderson walked to the side of his sofa and crossed his long legs. He was studying this woman in front of him, and at the same time Catherine was examining him too. She had to admit that although this man had a really bad character, he was perfect in terms of looks. His brows were almost sculpted, and his features were so three-dimensional that anyone who laid eyes on them would want to throw themselves onto him without thinking. She had to give him that; Anderson was beyond handsome. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been intoxicated by him for so many years.

"He is my son too." Anderson answered slowly.

"No!" Catherine glared at him, "He's my child, and only mine. At that time when you refused to listen to my explanations and sent me to prison, Lincoln and Sophia no longer have a father."

Anderson frowned, "Why didn't you tell me that you were pregnant at that time?"

Catherine smiled faintly with a hollow expression in her eyes, "Putting aside the fact that I didn't even know that I was pregnant, even if I knew and told you about it, would you even let me give birth to them?"

Anderson looked slightly upset at that moment.

"No, you won't. Anderson, I know you too well. You hate me the most, so there is no way you would allow me to give birth to them."

Anderson frowned, but he didn't deny her words. He replied without emotion, "Since they are born in this world anyway, they are children of the Clark family. I will make sure they bear my family name."

"Do you even have any tinge of self-respect? I have given birth to them after so much difficulty and raised them up to who they are today. What have you ever done?" Catherine probed vehemently, and before Anderson could refute, she raised her voice, "You have sent all of us to prison, and Sophia and Lincoln grew up in the prison. They aren't related to the Clark family in the slightest, so how dare you want to bring them away?"

Looking back at the past, it had been six years since then. At that time, she was sent to the hospital by the police, and she was almost at

death's door, and she was fully prepared to face the worst. In the end, it was Owen who had told her that she was pregnant, and it was a twin. The twin had very strong life force, which influenced her to have a desire to live on. That was how she was able to make it back from hell.

This was the reason she wouldn't allow Anderson to take away her children.

Memories of the past flooded Catherine's mind at the moment.

She had returned to her arrogant and energetic self, and Anderson could only let out a sigh of relief. That day, the image of Catherine who attempted to jump off the building had left a lasting impression in him.

"I will never give those children back to you." Anderson picked up a glass of water and took a sip, and he was saying all this with the utmost nonchalance, "However, I can give you an explanation."

Anderson stood up and took a few steps forward. He was now looming over Catherine as he uttered these words with extreme contempt and cruelty, "You have led to Isabella and her child's death all those years ago, and now it is payback time." _____

Chapter 8: Humiliation

With a loud slap that reverberated across this office, Catherine slapped Anderson, which did not vent all of her anger, “Payback? How can you put Isabella’s child and Sophia and Lincoln side by side?”

By mentioning Isabella’s child with her children, she felt an immense humiliation to Sophia and Lincoln.

Anderson licked the corner of his mouth as a bloody taste started to spread in his mouth.

“Catherine, don’t you think that I am thinking too highly of you?” Anderson reached out and strangled her, “In my eyes, you aren’t even qualified to help her wear her shoes.”

“Oh.” Catherine let out a disdainful snort, her gaze a steely sharp one, “If you think I can’t even help to wear her shoes, what are you doing now? Are you slapping yourself across your own face? Why are you taking away the children given birth by me?”

“We are not qualified to be honoured by you, so I hope you can let our family reunite, Mr. Clark.”

She was not only beautiful, but her words were sharp and witty.

Every single word that came out of her mouth dealt a major blow to him and make him bleed.

Anderson pinned her on the door and stared at her with an frosty gaze, “The reason I’m not doing anything to you is because I am thinking for the children’s sake. Don’t try to provoke me, you can’t afford to bear the repercussions.”

With her throat getting squeezed by him, Catherine said with difficulty, “What... do you... want from me so that the children can come back to me?”

Anderson was feeling annoyed because the little ones were looking for their mother at home, and in his company this woman was looking for her children. As their father, he was a nemesis to them, and the more he thought about it the more his face loses its warmth.

“There will be a business banquet at night. You will come with me to attend.” Anderson suddenly invited her, but the moment he spoke those words, he regretted them. How could Catherine qualify to be his partner?

Catherine was thrown off by his sudden invitation. After revealing self-deprecating smile, a sudden surge of sadness came from within her heart. She had been in love with this man for many years, but all the time she was like a rat scurrying around in the dark, never to see the light of day. He hated her so much so he never brought her along to any public occasions.

Now she no longer loved this man, but he invited her to accompany him to attend a banquet. Everything was so ridiculous.

Anderson couldn't stand seeing Catherine's spiteful and stubborn and headstrong expression. He spoke coldly, “Although you disgust me, but at least in this circle, your face is still acknowledged by some. Coincidentally you can be of some use.”

Catherine who was quick on the uptake immediately understood the underlying meaning of his words.

As if struck by lightning, she was stunned without being able to move for a few seconds. Her heart then started to ache, which slowly permeated to all parts of her body through the coursing of her blood.”

She imagined that she would cease to feel anything after a few years, but she found that her heart still ache after all those time.

She forced a smile on her face while she called out gently, “Anderson.”

Her voice was low and mellow, and in an instant Anderson thought that time had turned back to a few years ago when she was calling for him to have dinner. He subconsciously answered back, “What’s the matter?”

“Time doesn’t make you more cultured; instead it makes you look even more shameless.” Catherine replied with sarcasm.

Anderson’s face immediately darkened, and his depthless gaze was giving out a murderous aura. He jerked Catherine’s chin upwards and threatened, “Why, you don’t want to go? You can do that, but the children...”

“I’ll go.”

As long as she could get back her children.

A pair of gorgeous eyes burning with hatred was locked with another pair which was cold as ice.

The atmosphere around them was stretched thinly, as if a fight would break out at any moment. Suddenly, under such a tense ambience, Anderson's phone rang.

Anderson let go of Catherine and took out his phone, "Hello grandma."

"Andy, Sophia keeps on crying, shouting that she wants her mother. Do you think you can let Catherine come over to calm her down?"

Since his grandmother was already old, her ear was failing day by day. Fearing that the other party couldn't hear her well, her voice was ramped up a lot, which was heard by Catherine on the side. Upon knowing that Sophia who was always cheerful was crying now, Catherine's eyes became reddened.

Anderson listened to the wailing sound in the phone while shifting his gaze to a teary-eyed Catherine, he hurled the phone to Catherine with

much annoyance.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

“Hello, Ma’am Clark. Can you pass the phone to Sophia?” Catherine implored nervously.

With a sigh at the other end which was followed by a period of silence, a sobbing sound with ragged breathing appeared all of a sudden.

“Good girl, Sophia is the most obedient child. Don’t cry, don’t cry.”

“Mummy... Ugh... I miss you.”

“Sophia, don’t cry. Don’t be afraid, Mummy will go over to get you and Lincoln.”

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While she was comforting her child, she finally hid all of her anonymity and transformed into a mild-mannered and gentle woman. She was glowing faintly at the moment, which caused Anderson to lose himself in a daze. He had forgotten the last time he had actually focused his gaze on this woman.

He had never looked at her like this ever since Isabella had come into his life.

After getting to know this woman's true colours, all he could feel was endless disgust. From then, he stopped looking at her squarely.

When his mind wandered to Isabella's death, Anderson shifted his gaze away from Catherine.

After ending the phone call, Catherine swiftly left the Clark Tower. She didn't want to overstay here for even a minute. Moments after she had left, Anderson's assistant came up with a stalk of chrysanthemum in his hand. Anderson recalled that woman's last words before leaving, "Anderson, won't you have nightmares every time you come to this office?"

A cruel curve appeared at the corner of Anderson's mouth. He directly

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Catherine checked the time and found that it was only ten in the morning. It was still hours away from the banquet mentioned by Anderson, so she decided to meet her editor.

The two of them met at a café near the office buildings. Catherine needed to travel a little far to that place, so by the time she arrived, there was a girl wearing Hanfu skirt (a kind of traditional Chinese attire) sitting on their reserved seat.

“Hi, are you Lydia?” Lydia was her editor’s name.

“You are October?”

October was her pen name when she started drawing comics. Catherine nodded.

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“Really?” Lydia never thought that she would be able to hear this pleasant surprise, “Then I’ll start arranging things for you. Your readers will be ecstatic.”

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Lydia patted her own head and began, “Right, I have forgotten what I am here for because of your beauty. I am here to discuss with you about the rights to your work. The buyer is offering a hefty sum, but with a catch. It’s up to you whether you can accept or not.” _

Chapter 8: Humiliation

With a loud slap that reverberated across this office, Catherine slapped Anderson, which did not vent all of her anger, “Payback? How can you put Isabella’s child and Sophia and Lincoln side by side?”

By mentioning Isabella’s child with her children, she felt an immense humiliation to Sophia and Lincoln.

Anderson licked the corner of his mouth as a bloody taste started to spread in his mouth.

“Catherine, don’t you think that I am thinking too highly of you?” Anderson reached out and strangled her, “In my eyes, you aren’t even qualified to help her wear her shoes.”

“Oh.” Catherine let out a disdainful snort, her gaze a steely sharp one, “If you think I can’t even help to wear her shoes, what are you doing now? Are you slapping yourself across your own face? Why are you taking away the children given birth by me?”

“We are not qualified to be honoured by you, so I hope you can let our family reunite, Mr. Clark.”

She was not only beautiful, but her words were sharp and witty.

Every single word that came out of her mouth dealt a major blow to him and make him bleed.

Anderson pinned her on the door and stared at her with an frosty gaze, “The reason I’m not doing anything to you is because I am thinking for the children’s sake. Don’t try to provoke me, you can’t afford to bear the repercussions.”

With her throat getting squeezed by him, Catherine said with difficulty, “What... do you... want from me so that the children can come back to me?”

Anderson was feeling annoyed because the little ones were looking for their mother at home, and in his company this woman was looking for her children. As their father, he was a nemesis to them, and the more he thought about it the more his face loses its warmth.

“There will be a business banquet at night. You will come with me to attend.” Anderson suddenly invited her, but the moment he spoke those words, he regretted them. How could Catherine qualify to be his partner?

Catherine was thrown off by his sudden invitation. After revealing self-deprecating smile, a sudden surge of sadness came from within her heart. She had been in love with this man for many years, but all the time she was like a rat scurrying around in the dark, never to see the light of day. He hated her so much so he never brought her along to any public occasions.

Now she no longer loved this man, but he invited her to accompany him to attend a banquet. Everything was so ridiculous.

Anderson couldn't stand seeing Catherine's spiteful and stubborn and headstrong expression. He spoke coldly, “Although you disgust me, but at least in this circle, your face is still acknowledged by some. Coincidentally you can be of some use.”

Catherine who was quick on the uptake immediately understood the

underlying meaning of his words.

As if struck by lightning, she was stunned without being able to move for a few seconds. Her heart then started to ache, which slowly permeated to all parts of her body through the coursing of her blood.”

She imagined that she would cease to feel anything after a few years, but she found that her heart still ache after all those time.

She forced a smile on her face while she called out gently, “Anderson.”

Her voice was low and mellow, and in an instant Anderson thought that time had turned back to a few years ago when she was calling for him to have dinner. He subconsciously answered back, “What’s the matter?”

“Time doesn’t make you more cultured; instead it makes you look even more shameless.” Catherine replied with sarcasm.

Anderson’s face immediately darkened, and his depthless gaze was giving out a murderous aura. He jerked Catherine’s chin upwards and threatened, “Why, you don’t want to go? You can do that, but the children...”

“I’ll go.”

As long as she could get back her children.

A pair of gorgeous eyes burning with hatred was locked with another pair which was cold as ice.

The atmosphere around them was stretched thinly, as if a fight would break out at any moment. Suddenly, under such a tense ambience, Anderson’s phone rang.

Anderson let go of Catherine and took out his phone, “Hello grandma.”

“Andy, Sophia keeps on crying, shouting that she wants her mother. Do you think you can let Catherine come over to calm her down?”

Since his grandmother was already old, her ear was failing day by day. Fearing that the other party couldn’t hear her well, her voice was ramped up a lot, which was heard by Catherine on the side. Upon knowing that Sophia who was always cheerful was crying now, Catherine’s eyes became reddened.

Anderson listened to the wailing sound in the phone while shifting his

gaze to a teary-eyed Catherine, he hurled the phone to Catherine with much annoyance.

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Chapter 9: Cross-cupped Wine

Catherine nodded since a condition was always attached to such negotiations, “What does he want?”

“The company that wants to buy your rights is offering a high sum, but they hope you can modify something in your work.”

As their topic was about work, Lydia resumed her usual practical and efficient self, “The bonds between families and friends that are portrayed in your comic is definitely heartrending, but the only low point is that there is no romantic relationship being illustrated. If you can add on a love line in your story, it will bring massive benefits for both the comic itself and also for the later adaptations. You know very well that the drama nowadays is full of love lines. Who knows if the popularity of your comic would go to greater heights after you add on some love lines?”

Catherine shook her head, “I’m afraid that can’t be done. The reason I chose mystery as the genre for my comics is because I don’t wish to draw any romantic stories.”

She wouldn't be able to come up with love scenes, nor could she draw them.

When she was younger, she loved Anderson, so she had drawn a few girly comics. However, after what had happened, whenever she tried to draw some romantic elements into her story, she would always come up with nothing. Her heart would ache whenever her mind wandered to such thoughts.

"Why is that?" Lydia gasped in shock while secretly thinking that she would never lack people who were pursuing her romantically since she had such outstanding appearance. It would be too easy for her to write up some romantic stories.

"I can't draw those scenes." Catherine smiled faintly, and her pretty face looked slightly lonelier, "I don't believe in love, and I don't want to draw elements of love too. If my current work doesn't suit the taste of the buyer, then I would suggest we end our negotiations here."

Lydia was indeed shocked after confirming that she was not joking. She said with much regret, "The price offered by this company is really something. Currently, they offer five..."

Catherine immediately gestured to stop Lydia from continuing, “Don’t ever tell me the number. I will feel pain in my heart.”

If she could sell the rights to her work, it wouldn’t just be simple benefits she would be getting. She would be able to provide more for Lincoln and Sophia, and her career would be elevated to greater heights. Catherine was surely moved by this proposition, but she was very aware that due to the genre she had chosen, her comic wouldn’t sell really well. Now that she refused to add on romantic elements into her story, she would be worsening her own situation.

Lydia stopped persuading her. After collaborating with Catherine for two years, she was very clear with Catherine’s temper. There would be no use for her to continue persuading Catherine, so she changed the topic and discussed about their upcoming fan signing event.

After they settled all matters concerning work, the two of them ate together. Then, Catherine returned to her hotel room to touch up on her make-up and changed into an evening gown. She put on a new style of make-up while checking the message sent by Anderson. She hailed a taxi to the location as mentioned in the text message.

The lighting surrounding City W showered the whole sky in blinding whiteness, which made the sky looked as clear as day time. The atmosphere was even more bustling than City A. While she was absent from this city for the past few years, she had buried all of her happiness and sadness in this city where she had grown up.

The driver looked at the rear-view mirror at Catherine's reflection and he blurted out, "Young lady, you are really pretty. With some hard work and learning, you would be better off finding a good job."

"What?" Catherine didn't know what he was talking about.

After letting out a sigh, the driver continued, "The hotel you're going to is full of rich people but I heard everything is messed up inside there. A little girl like you will be no match for those rich people."

Catherine finally understood the driver's meaning. He thought that she was working as a prostitute who sold her flesh to clients. She laughed at herself and replied, "I am a mother of two, you know."

"Oh, is that so? I'm sorry, young girl. I have misunderstood you." The driver had an apologetic look.

Catherine didn't say anything more. In fact, he didn't exactly misunderstand her. She was perfectly clear about what Anderson was about to force her to do. But what could she do? Her children were still in his hands.

The banquet was being held in a five-star hotel. Everyone was dressed up magnificently and luxuriously while waiters were digging through the crowd of rich people. Catherine's arrival had attracted considerable attention.

Without paying any heed to that, she continued to search for Anderson amongst the crowd.

"Wow, who is that beauty?"

"Check out her looks and her energy. She is different from others, but I have never seen her in our circle."

"Wait, do you think she look like Ms. Johnson?"

"Now that you mention it, she kind of resembles her." The other guest sighed, "But I am afraid Catherine, who is also known as Ms. Johnson, is

no more.”

Joshua noticed the muttering around him, and after turning around, he immediately abandoned the girl he was talking to and headed to Catherine’s side, “Sister-in-law, are you here to see Andy?”

Catherine nodded, “He asked me to come here.”

“I’ll bring you to him.” Joshua was very positive, “Tonight, Andy is going to engage in some serious negotiations, and unexpectedly he is bringing along you, which means that he has a lot of trust in you. Sister-in-law, when are you planning to resume your marriage with Andy?”

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Catherine shot a glance at Joshua who knew nothing and didn’t give any reply.

She followed Joshua to a suite on the second floor and with a push, the door caved in to reveal a place billowing with smoke and alcoholic

scent. All kinds of women were dancing and singing in the front. This place perfectly fit the description of a place of lust and desires.

Catherine loathed a place like this, but today she had no other choice.

“Mr. Adams, where did you find her? She is one of a kind!”

“Don’t... No...” Joshua hurriedly looked in Anderson’s direction as he tried to explain, “She...” Belonged to Anderson.

“I call her here from Sofia.” Anderson picked up a glass of wine and gulped it down, “Anyone who likes her can do whatever you want to her.”

“Andy.” Joshua stared at Anderson in shock. Carefree as he may, Joshua never allowed others to lay a hand on his woman, let alone applying this to Anderson who was always domineering. This woman here was his ex-wife. Did he forget about that?

The room was in a complete mess, and there were several people who had drunk too much, “Little beauty, come to me. Andy doesn’t like you, but I like women like you. I get excited just by looking at you.”

Catherine froze in a spot, and she glanced at Anderson briefly.

Anderson ordered coldly, "Why are you not going over?"

Catherine eyed Anderson for a moment and revealed a charming smile. She then made her way to that drunken and loud guy.

"Come, come, come. Come closer to me, baby." As he said that, he reached out towards Catherine's waist. "Little beauty, come have a cross-cupped drink with me. I have a presidential suite on the top floor tonight, and I definitely can't be happy without you."

Catherine felt incredibly disgusted deep down, but she continued to maintain her neutral smile.

She accepted a glass of wine and cross-arms with that man. She swirled the glass lightly and allowed the bloody red liquid to enter her mouth.

Only she alone knew the feeling of degrading herself to a woman accompany others for drinking from her former status as the young lady of the Johnson family.

However, she couldn't put up any fight. She wasn't powerful enough.

This was the only way she could get back her children.

As the edge of the wine glass touched her lips, a voice appeared out of nowhere, "I am late."

A gentle and refreshing voice suddenly pierced through the messiness and the noise in the suite.

Catherine recognized that this voice belonged to Owen. The glass in her hand froze as she turned to look at him.

She was determined not to let him get himself involved in this mess.

Owen was looking in her direction, and his gaze stopped on her for a moment. He said to the man wrapping his arm around Catherine's waist, "Mr. Turner, I bumped into Sofia just now so I asked her to send here a group of decent girls. You want to check them out? Go, let Mr. Turner take a good look at you." The last part of his sentence was directed at a group of women behind him.

All the people present here were very well-versed with the ways of society. Even if Jasper was very drunk, he still got up and laughed

loudly, “I’m satisfied, of course. I will always trust in your taste, Mr. Torres.”

He then lowered his gaze at Catherine, “Go, you will drink this cross-cupped wine with Mr. Torres.”

Catherine looked at this man called Mr. Turner and then returning her gaze at Owen. Was he a guest invited by Anderson?

“Come here, drink with me.” Owen was talking to Catherine.

Catherine furrowed her brows. She really didn’t want to involve Owen in this mess. _____

Chapter 10: A Change of Taste

“Hurry up.” Anderson who was half-lying on the sofa suddenly stopped his wine-appreciating and gave out an order.

Joshua felt a shudder run through him. Anderson who was acting like this was too scary.

Catherine then headed towards Owen.

“Have a drink.” The smile on Owen’s face deepened.

Catherine extended her glass of wine and with a wraparound, an arm draped in shirt was intertwined with hers, and she downed her drink in one go.

While she was thinking to break free from Owen’s arm, Owen was simply smiling as he slowly let the red wine slid down his throat by taking small sips at a time.

“Tsk, tsk, I’m afraid this gorgeous woman could only be a match for Mr. Torres or Mr. Clark.”

Someone in the suite suddenly let out a sigh.

Owen reached out and pulled Catherine into his embrace before planting an earnest kiss on Catherine’s lips, “Is that so?”

“Mr. Torres, you should be grateful. With my abundance of experience fooling around with women, I have never seen anyone as pretty and sexy as Ms. Johnson. By the way, while we are mentioning Catherine, I just realize that this woman somehow resembles her.” Jasper scratched his head, “Too bad, Andy only likes pure white flower. He won’t be interested in this type of woman.”

“I still lament for Catherine’s fate to be sent to prison even though she is so gorgeous. Alas...”

Joshua was almost shaking when he heard this conversation, “You should shut it. You have drunk too much.”

Only then did Jasper come back to his senses, realizing that he had stepped on a landmine. He smiled guiltily and nervously at Anderson, “I’m too drunk, so much so that my brain isn’t functioning well now.”

The air in the suite seemed to turn cold. Everyone gaped at Anderson blankly; but only Owen was smiling nonchalantly, “My taste is opposite to Mr. Clark’s.”

A flame of anger immediately started burning in Anderson's chest. This woman had gone to drink cross-cupped wine with another wine given the fact that they never did that before, and she had allowed other man to kiss her face. This man was even provoking him now.

Even if something was discarded by Anderson, he wouldn't allow others to trample all over it freely.

Anderson noticed that his strong sense of control was slowly fading away.

On one hand, there was a man with a gentle smile on his face, and there was another man with a frosty gaze on the other hand. The two men silently engaged in a staring match, and even the most clueless person in the room was able to notice this strange thing going on.

Joshua couldn't comprehend what Anderson's meaning was as he tried to ease the tension in the air, "Aren't everyone here to talk about business? Why is nobody initiating a conversation? I learnt that Mr. Torres's biology-based company had forked in a lot of profit, so I hope you can let go of your hand..."

Anderson stood up abruptly which interrupted Joshua's speech. He

walked to where Catherine and Owen were and he grabbed Catherine's wrist and pulled her into his embrace. Catherine was wearing a pair of high and thin high-heels, and Anderson's pulling force had caused her to lose her footing and stumbled forward. She immediately smelled a familiar sense of fragrance on this man's body.

Her brain suddenly went blank.

"I don't mind to change my taste." As he declared that, he led Catherine into a room.

Catherine's wrist felt painful after being dragged forward by him. She complained, "Anderson, what are you doing?"

Anderson slammed the door shut and pushed her onto the bed. He then fingered Catherine's lips roughly without any sense of holding back until a hint of blood could be seen on her lips.

"Are you crazy?"

"Catherine, you are really a bitch." Anderson commented sarcastically, "You are going to throw yourself at any man you lay your eyes on? Does it feel that good to kiss other men?"

If it were not for the fact that her children was still in his hands, Catherine was going to spout some vulgarities.

If it were not for this man, she wouldn't be here to be at the mercy of other men.

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Catherine perched her head high but she said nothing. Her eyes were overflowing with anger and hatred.

Anderson was able to see the hatred in her eyes clearly, "Why, have you fallen for Owen after only such a short time?"

"Are you regretting your decision to cancel the marriage with Owen and instead married me back then?" Anderson's tone had its usual sarcasm, "You are really a helpless bitch!"

Catherine chuckled with suppressed anger, "Yes, I do regret that. The single thing I regret the most in my life is marrying you."

Anderson held Catherine's chin with force.

Catherine tried to break free, "Why? Are you upset? You have brought devastation to my family and sent me to prison, and now you are asking me to accompany your clients. With that being said, do you still want me to thank you?"

Catherine couldn't stop her fit of laughter, "Anderson, could it be that there is something wrong with your head?"

"You are threatening me with my child, and you are asking me to accompany Jasper. Aren't those all you have ever asked me to do? In this industry, kissing is nothing. There are even more things which are explicit, don't you agree?" It was not like she didn't know well of the trend and hidden rules of this industry.

"Anderson, don't you know all that with clarity?"

"No, you are well aware of everything. You just want to humiliate me so that you can fulfil your screwed-up desires. Anderson, aren't I embarrassed enough?"

She used to be a high and mighty princess, and after falling in love with Anderson, she had been lowering her stance to the point of being an utter embarrassment. When someone mentioned “Catherine”, she had to make sure that she didn’t have an unusual expression on her face.

Otherwise, people like Jasper who couldn’t hold a candle to people from the Johnson family would see her in a different light. How would the people who used to be in the same industry with her see her now?

She couldn’t destroy the name of the Johnson family any further.

She had to make sure nobody would relate her becoming Anderson’s pawn to the Johnson family. She had already brought so much ruin to the Johnson family, so she couldn’t make her parents lose face any further.

Tears subconsciously broke free of her eyes.

A beautiful face was sobbing in front of Anderson, which caused him to freeze on the spot. She suddenly recalled how she looked like when she tried to commit suicide. She looked embarrassed and weak, which was a far cry from her sparkling and generous former self. Who was responsible for degrading her to such a state?

Her tears had dampened the blanket, “You never care for me, so why are you snatching my children away from me? You can always have another woman to give birth for you since there are countless women who want that to happen. Why are you harming me continuously? Or do you think that you haven’t harmed me enough?”

Her words caused some discomfort in his heart, and without thinking, he sealed her lips with his, and his hand explored the part of her under her skirt, which caused Catherine to let out muffled sounds while struggling.

The two of them made considerable noise, while the exterior of the room was so silent that a dropping needle would have been noticed.

Joshua initially wanted to stop Owen from interfering, because a playboy like him would have known what was happening in the room based on the muffled sound. He was stunned for a second.

At the moment of his hesitation, Owen pushed him to the floor and kicked the door open.

Anderson turned around and frowned at the intruder.

Catherine lashed out with her knees and connected with Anderson's body, which caused him to grimace. The wrinkles on his forehead deepened, and she took this chance to get away from the bed.

"Cathy." Owen reached out to her with open arms.

Upon hearing Owen's gentle voice, Catherine finally cried out loud while stumbling into his embrace, "Owen."

Owen took off his coat and covered Catherine's body. He then patted her back gently and said, "Don't cry, and don't be afraid. We will go home now."

Anderson's face had frozen over, and his dark gaze was brewing a storm of anger. He was glaring at Owen with his fists clenched. When Joshua saw him behaving like that, he immediately came forward to stop him, "Andy, don't be reckless! Don't be reckless now!"

Chapter 11: Congenital Heart Disease Surgery

"I'll take her with me now, and as for the deal, you have my word on that, Mr. Clark."

Owen's words immediately caused uproar in the room as everyone was taken aback by his decision.

"I have heard that plenty of people are interested to have a hand in the Torres family's project, but Owen has always turned them down."

"Man, Owen is really willing to go overboard for Catherine by putting such a huge project at stake even though she has been put behind bars previously..."

"Don't you know that the two of them are childhood friends? If Catherine has not fallen in love with Anderson, they might even have kids..."

"Hold your tongue right now if you don't want to meet your end. Can't you see Anderson's petrifying look on his face?"

Joshua insisted to follow Anderson back after the meeting had ended on a sour note as he was concerned about his condition. Joshua asked

him tentatively while they were in the car, “Do you want to drop by the hospital, Andy?”

Anderson shot him a glimpse as Joshua continued with a smirk on his face, “I’m just worry about you. What if it can’t be used anymore in the future, then that would be...”

Anderson cast a piercing side long glance towards Joshua which had instantly made him changed the topic of the conversation, “Don’t take it to heart, Andy. The Johnson family is always on good terms with the Torres family, plus Catherine and Owen have known each other since they were young, hence it is normal for them to be closed to each other.”

Although Anderson did not favor Catherine and had even mercilessly sent her to prison with his own hands, the sight of his ex-wife whom had given him a devastating kick in his balls throwing herself into another man’s arms and calling his name affectionately would likely to be unbearable to take in even for most of the guys.

Anderson closed his eyes and stayed silent for a long time, and just when Joshua was about to fall asleep due to boredom, Anderson’s voice suddenly rang in the car as he finally opened his mouth, “Why has she become like this? Isn’t Catherine always the gentlest woman and has a tender heart back then?” His brows were knitted as he could still feel a dull pain throbbing in one part of his body.

Couldn't you see that it was all because of you?

Joshua thought to himself, but he did not have the courage to blurt it out in the end, so only a deep sigh came out from his opened mouth, "Catherine has only been gentle to you all this while. When has she ever been that kind to someone else?"

Anderson disregarded Joshua's words and continued with his own thoughts instead, "She gave Isabella a hefty shove and caused the death of two lives, so shouldn't she be punished for what she had done?"

All he ever wanted was to avenge Isabella's death, so why had things turned out this way?

He had always hated situations that had gotten out of hand as he could not control it.

Joshua tried to make him look at things differently as he asked tentatively, "Catherine's frontal face was not shown in that video back then, and all we could discern from it was just a silhouette. What if it's

just someone whom had a similar back figure as Catherine?”

“That’s not possible. I could recognize her back even if she is burnt to ashes.”

Joshua muttered in his heart sullenly: Who was the one whom had always made out the back figures he had seen on the street as Catherine here?

“Be that as it may, Catherine had already paid the price now that her father and mother had both passed away. Truth to be told, I had always loved the cakes that her mother baked, and I only got to have a taste of them every time I tagged along with you to the Johnson family...”

Joshua babbled on while Anderson shut his eyes again, and it was hard to make out whether he was keeping his ears open, or he had fallen asleep.

It was at this moment that a hasty ringtone went off in the car...

On the other hand, Catherine’s body was shivering all over while she was sitting in Owen’s car, “Do you have any water? I need to take my medicine.”

Owen brought out a glass of water from the fridge and passed it over to her as he urged, "Try to lessen your medicine intake as it's bad for your current condition."

"I'm fine," Catherine answered as she pulled out a pill box from her bag and proceeded to put together some colorful pills on her palm. After that, she shoved them into her mouth and swallowed them without a single frown on her face.

After she had drawn her breath and felt much better, she finally opened her mouth, "I've screwed things up again. I reckon Anderson will not hand my kids over to me after this."

"Don't worry, you still have me. Just have a good rest tonight and I give you my word that you will be able to meet them tomorrow morning." Owen brought out a blanket to cover her body.

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These Strange Ways Will Keep Your Relationship Strong Day To Day

Catherine managed to force a smile on her face, “Sorry for troubling you again.”

“Stop being so corny. You know our relationship is more than this.”

Catherine nodded and proceeded to close her eyes to get some sleep as she had mixed some sleeping pills in earlier while she was taking her medicine just so that she could fall asleep easier.

Madison Clark whom had been through ups and downs was pacing about in the hospital in an agitated state of mind.

“How is Sophia, Antonio? She hasn’t been eating much these few days, and she has suddenly fainted.”

“Sophia has congenital heart disease.” Lincoln pushed his way through and stared at Antonio while saying in a solemn tone.

His words were like a bomb which had stupefied everyone around him except for Antonio.

Madison hurriedly spoke out after listening to his shocking revelation, “You can’t simply make things up, Lincoln.”

Lincoln carried on with a clear and calm voice without even glancing at Madison, "She had already undergone surgery for it, and the outcome of the operation was very successful back then. The attending doctor had mentioned that she would be able to live like a normal person if she ate and rest properly, as well as keeping her emotions in check."

He seemed calm and collected while giving his explanation, but his hands that were hanging by his side which had been clenched tightly into fists and had given away his anxiousness.

"Okay, I got it. I will perform a detailed examination on her, so don't you worry too much, kiddo." Antonio smiled while narrowing his eyes as he patted his shoulder.

The checkup had come to an end when Anderson had finally arrived at the hospital. He went straight to Antonio and asked, "How is Sophia?"

Antonio was washing each of his fingers thoroughly while asking in return with a smile on his face, "When has this romantic entanglement happened now that you have a pigeon pair all of a sudden?"

"Stop with the nonsense. How is she?"

“She’s fine now.”

“However, you shouldn’t get your hopes up yet. She has gone through congenital heart disease surgery a few years ago, so be sure to keep in mind that she can’t have too much fluctuations in her emotions, and she has to maintain a regular daily routine.”

Just when Anderson had let out a huge sigh of relief, his last few words had caused his brows to be furrowed again, “Congenital heart disease surgery?”

“That’s right, it’s exactly as per what you have in mind. She has pediatric congenital heart disease since she is born, but she has fully recovered after the surgery. As long as she is mindful about her daily life, she is no different from a normal person.” Antonio wiped his hands dry and continued, “Both the kids are in the VIP1 room, Mr. and Mrs. Clark are in there staying by their side as well. It’s getting late, so it’s better for you to persuade them to head back home first. It’ll be worse if they are the next one to collapse from weariness after the kid.”

When Anderson had taken his leave to the ward, Antonio stared at Joshua whom had tagged along with a half-smile as he asked, “Okay, spill it. What’s going on with Anderson’s son and daughter?”

“Please don’t put on a smile like that, it’s pretty scary.” Joshua had no

choice but to come clean about all that he knew from the beginning to the end due to Antonio's arbitrariness.

He had even voiced his concern for Anderson's body as he recalled with shudder, "Since you're a doctor, I think it's better for you to ask Andy about the condition of his shaft. I can clearly perceive that the force Catherine had exerted on her kick is very powerful."

Antonio chuckled at his remark, "That's Catherine for you."

After Anderson was finally able to send his grandparents back home, he sat by the bed and stared at the little girl lying quietly on it while pressing his throbbing forehead. He had never imagined that he would still have kids in this life again after Isabella had passed away, so when he had found out about Catherine secretly giving birth to his children, all he could feel was immense abomination and detestation towards her.

Why was it that Isabella and her baby were gone, but she got to give birth to a pigeon pair instead?

Anderson had never gotten to take a good look at the two children, and the only impression he had of the little girl was when she had rushed out suddenly and bitten his thigh...

When Lincoln had returned to the ward after requesting for some porridge from the nurse for Sophia, he could see Anderson sitting by himself beside her bed. He swiftly walked towards Sophia and held her hand defensively while asking in a calm manner, “Could you please let my mom come over, Mr. Clark?”

Chapter 12: Businessmen Can't Resist Money

Anderson's gaze darkened after seeing his wary action as he said impatiently, "You're the Clark family's successor from now on, so you have nothing to do with that woman anymore."

Lincoln did not show any air of despondency on his face upon hearing Anderson's remark as though he had anticipated his words. He reached out for the remote control and proceeded to turn off the lights in the room, only leaving the bedside lamp on as he stared at Anderson and said, "You must have been exhausted from work, so please head back now, Mr. Clark. Sophia and I need to go to bed too."

"I'm your father."

"If you say so, I will never admit to it anyway," Lincoln replied while he tucked himself into bed, hugging Sophia whom was beside him as he tried to go to sleep.

This was the first time that Lincoln whom had always remained his composure had let his guard down as he curled himself up under the blanket in the darkness.

He had been informed by Owen about the capability of the man whom had claimed to be his father, and if Anderson did not wish for him and Sophia to be reunited with their mother, he would never get the chance to see his mother ever again.

Lincoln was overwhelmed by devastation as he pulled Sophia into his embrace further, his little hand clenching tightly into a fist when the thought that he might never be able to see his mother again had crossed his mind.

Lincoln's statement had made Anderson's blood boil, but he could not utter anything else other than staring at the two small bulges on the surface of the blanket. After shooting a prolonged gaze towards the two small kids on the bed, he finally rose to his feet and went out to light up a cigarette.

Joshua and Antonio could immediately recognize Anderson whom seemed like he was trying to alleviate his sorrows by puffing on his cigarette at first glance when they were making their way to the ward.

Joshua promptly called out to him, "What're you doing here, Andy? Has Sophia woken up?"

Anderson gave him a ferocious glare which had caused him to instantly zip his mouth.

"I've had three surgeries today, so I'll take a rest now. Talk to you guys later," Antonio uttered with a smile on his face and proceeded to leave them outside the ward. Joshua leaned on the door to get a glimpse of the situation inside the ward, and after watching Anderson smoking his sorrows away, he had a hunch that he should leave ASAP, "I'll leave now, Andy."

Anderson was the only one left standing in the vast and deserted corridor after both of them had taken their leave, and before he could finish pulling on his cigarette, a nurse had walked towards him while carrying a lunch box in her hand, "Smoking is prohibited here, Mister."

Anderson frowned slightly upon hearing her instruction, and he finally stubbed out his cigarette after shooting her a glance.

"Are you a family member of the patient in room VIP1?" the nurse

asked uncertainly.

Anderson nodded in reply, and the nurse continued after seeing his affirmation, “The porridge that your son has requested a while ago is now ready to be eaten, and I’ve put it in this thermal insulated food container for him, so please let the patient eat some of it after she has woken up. By the way, I think your son has not eaten anything as well for the whole day. Although I have urged him to take his meal at the canteen, he insisted to come back to accompany his sister instead. As their parent, you should have been more concerned about them rather than letting a five-year-old to take care of another child himself. If this carries on, he would be estranged from you when he grows up...”

The nurse babbled on for a while before she finally handed the thermal insulated lunch box over to Anderson.

Catherine could not sleep well despite taking pills that could help her to sleep better. Isabella and Anderson kept popping up in her dreams, and in the end, the sight of Sophia lying on the operating table while looking blanched and feeble without any signs of life had terrorized her.

She was jolted awake when the dream ended at the doctor coming out from the operating room and paying his condolences to her, and her whole body was drenched in cold sweats from the fright.

“A bad dream again?” Owen was holding a glass of warm water in front of her when she had woken up, and he promptly passed it to her.

Catherine emptied the glass in one gulp and proceeded to take a few deep breaths to try to calm her nerves. After she had recovered from the aftershocks of her nightmare, she replied, “Yeah, I dreamed that Sophia’s operation had failed, and Anderson did not want to save her.”

Owen patted her back softly as he said, “Sophia has already fully recovered, and the doctor whom has operated on her is the most skilled doctor in the country, Cathy. Sophia is no different than a normal kid now, and I’m sure you can see how lively she is normally. Normal kids can’t even keep up with her energetic manner, and anyone would have thought that she is perfectly healthy.”

His soothing and clear voice had the ability to pacify her agitated heart, and Catherine was soon comforted by his gentle coaxing after a while.

“I can’t set my mind at rest as long as she is not by my side.”

“I don’t blame you. Come, let’s eat. I have made your favorite congee with shredded chicken.”

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When Anderson had just arrived at the Clark Tower, his chief secretary, Arthur Reyes, kept up with him as he reported, “The team from Torres Bio-pharmaceuticals Corp. has arrived to discuss the partnership deal with Clark Group.”

“Their prerequisite for the deal to go through is to send the two kids whose name are Sophia and Lincoln back,” Arthur reported the latter in a discreet manner. As the chief secretary for Anderson, he obviously was aware that Mr. Clark’s ex-wife had stormed in here to demand her kids back two days ago.

The odd demand coming from the Torres Corp. team had caused the situation to be rather touchy now...

“I’m not going to sign the deal. Call off the collaboration,” Anderson uttered in a chilly tone in a brisk manner.

Arthur hurriedly informed him with a nonplussed look on his face, “However, the Directors have caught wind of the impending collaboration, so they are conferring the matters regarding the deal

with the team from Torres Corp. in the conference room right now.”

Anderson’s brows were furrowed even deeper as he ordered, “See the team from Torres Corp. out.”

He lied back on his chair while shutting his eyes as he contemplated Owen’s intention. He had known that Owen was up to no good from the start, but it had never occurred to him that he would strike right here.

Arthur had no choice but to accept his unpleasant task while pulling a long face, and after a while, he returned to Anderson’s office and reported in a careful manner again, “The team from Torres Corps. has left, but the Board has requested for you to join in the meeting now.”

Anderson’s countenance was black as thunder as he got up and strode into the conference room.

The uproar in the chaotic conference room instantly died down upon his arrival as he proceeded to take his seat at the head of the table while looking askance at the assembly in front of him.

A few major shareholders were suddenly at a loss of words as they eyed each other in bleak dismay, and it was only after a while that an old man with a cane in his hand opened his mouth, “I believe you are aware

of Torres Bio-pharmaceuticals Corp.'s request, Andy. We all knew that Torres Corp.'s profits were significant last year, and Clark Group happened to lag behind in the biopharmaceutical industry all along. Since they have taken the initiative and come to us to talk about collaboration deal, I believe we should not turn down this golden opportunity."

As soon as the elder had taken the lead, the others also promptly jumped in on the persuasion.

"That's right, Andy. The fields of biopharmaceutical and life-sciences businesses are the future market development trend, and we would have to take a real beating if we were to fall behind in this area. The Clark Group should not take this risk."

"A lot of the patents are now in the hands of Torres Corp., and since their demand is within a reasonable limit, you would offend the whole Clark Group if you were to decline this rare opportunity that has come by."

Anderson's countenance fell swiftly as he gave out an inward laugh, and he screwed up his eyes to give the man whom was talking a contempt look while he asked, "Is that so?"

The man whom had just offended Anderson immediately froze on the

spot, and soon after he put on an awkward smile as he replied, “My loose tongue just runs wild due to the urgency of the matter at hand, so I hope you will not be offended. The kids that the Torres family have requested for should not be a big deal here as you are still young, Andy. I can even introduce some socialites to you today if you want.”

“Don’t be ridiculous now. Why would Andy even need your help in finding women? Beautiful women whom have their eyes on Andy are countless, and if they were to queue for their turn starting in City W, the line would easily end at City A. If you don’t have anyone in your heart right now, we will not force you to start a relationship, Andy. You can just adopt a child from an early age into the Clark family as your relationship with him/her will be a close-knit one compared to the two kids that have not been by your side all these years. We’re businessman, so we should not pass up on this wonderful opportunity.”

Anderson’s face gradually darkened after hearing all their absurd comments and opinions, “What if I am determined to pass on this great opportunity then?”

The conference room was instantly reduced to silence after he announced his firm decision.

Arthur whom was standing by was almost stifled by the grave atmosphere in the room. Even though all these Directors that were present seemed friendly and cheerful on the appearance, they were all

from the Clark family, and with their substantial power in their hands, they were not easy opponents to deal with.

The sound of a ringing phone abruptly broke off the suffocating and awkward silence in the room, and after glancing at the caller ID for a second, Anderson hit on the button to pick up the call.

“Grandma.”

“Sophia has woken up, Andy, but she refuses to eat anything at all, and all she does is crying out for her mother. How about you go and pick Catherine up so that she can make a visit here?” Anxiousness had manifested in Madison’s tone as she continued, “She has been crying for the whole morning, and I’m afraid that she can’t take it anymore if it goes on. Remember Antonio’s advice that her emotions need to be under control...” _____

Chapter 13: You’re Unworthy

Anderson frowned and replied, “I got it, so don’t you worry too much for now, Grandma. I will head out to pick her up now.”

After Catherine had finished her lunch, she curled up in front of the window while staring blankly into space. Her mind was contemplating

the next step to be taken for Anderson to return her children to her.

Owen walked up to her and patted her on the back at that moment which had broken off her train of thought. She turned her head back and gazed at him with a puzzled face.

“I’m going back home later; do you want to come along with me? My mother misses you.”

Catherine shook her head, “No, thanks.”

She did not want to meet anyone in her previous circle as she had had enough of their pitiful or haughty disdain looks on their faces whenever they saw her.

“Just help me to pass on my sincere regards to her.” She got up to see him off while uttering, “As a matter of fact, you wouldn’t have stayed in City A for so long if not for me, and I reckon your mom is still upset and blaming me for that.”

Owen pinched her cheek in a loving manner as he said, “Don’t think too much, alright?”

Catherine saw him off at the gate of the villa, and before he had departed, he gave her a hug while whispering in her ears, “Try not to overthink, I will bring the kids back. There’s a painted board in the study room, so you can sketch some cartoons if you feel bored.”

“Alright.” Catherine put on a smile and nodded in reply.

Their intimate interaction had been taken in by a man whom was seated in a car further away.

When Catherine was about to head back inside the villa after Owen had left, her arm was suddenly grabbed by someone when she was turning her body which had caused her to jerk forward, “Why are you...” back again?

Her words were stuck in her throat when she had discerned the identity of the person whom was holding on to her arm, and her smile froze on her face while her countenance fell in a swift, “What are you doing here?”

“Why? Am I interrupting your intimate moment with him?” Anderson’s mouth curled up in a frigid manner, but his tone embodied a hint of jealousy that he himself was not even aware of.

Catherine laughed sarcastically at him as she ridiculed him, “We’re divorced for many years now, so I don’t think you have the right to butt in my private life. Or is it that Mr. Clark here is actually jealous?”

Anderson was stunned on the spot for a second, and soon after a frosty look manifested in his eyes as he eyed her up and down and scoffed afterwards, “You think too highly of yourself. You’re not my cup of tea back then, so it’s obvious that I would not even give you any thought now that you’re older.”

“Who are you to call me whom is younger than you an old woman when you’re the one who’s thirty this year?” Catherine sneered at him.

Anderson was rendered speechless by her remark, so in the end, he just dragged her by her arm while walking towards his car.

“What do you want?” Catherine shrieked in fear as she tried to resist and back away from him.

Anderson furrowed his brows after seeing her struggling to free herself, and he decidedly carried her and threw her into the car for fear of security guards showing up anytime soon. When he got into the car, he promptly ordered the driver to head to the hospital, "Go to where Antonio is."

"Let go of me!" Catherine yelled anxiously, and just when she was about to open the door, Anderson held her hand down then and there and pressed her beneath his body as he questioned her with glaring eyes, "Do you want to die, Catherine?"

Catherine stayed silent and struggled with all her might to try to break free from his restraint, but he proceeded to clasp her hands tightly while staring at her whom was still struggling underneath him with his dark eyes and yelled, "You are not qualified to be their mother!"

She was not qualified to be their mother?

Catherine was stupefied for a moment upon hearing his accusation that she was not fit to be Lincoln and Sophia's mother. She gritted her lips and uttered after a long while, "Whom do you think you are to say that I am not worthy?"

Everyone in this world could point their fingers at her and criticized her for being unfit to be the kids' mother, except for him. He was the only one whom did not have the right to judge her.

"How have you been looking after Sophia? Why didn't you inform me that she has congenital heart disease?" Anderson looked down on Catherine whom was still underneath him as he continued, "You must have been bewitched by Owen and only busy with your lovey-dovey relationship. Do you even keep the kids close at heart?"

"What did you say just now?" Catherine had filtered out the latter part of his sentence as she asked anxiously, "Did her condition turn worse?"

The nightmare that she had earlier suddenly struck her upon hearing his words as it turned out that she would not have that bad dream for no reason at all. Something bad must have happened to Sophia, and that thought had instantly torn Catherine's heart out...

"Anderson! Say something!" Catherine raised her voice and repeated, "Is Sophia's condition acting up again?"

Madness could be seen manifested in her eyes when it was only a while ago that she was still talking back to him, and she seemed like she was overwhelmed with sorrow and dread as well as if her children were a taboo to her.

Anderson finally uttered, “No. It’s just that she refuses to take her meal, so she has passed out due to hunger. She has just woken up a while ago, and all she does is crying out for you.”

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Sophia had fainted from hunger? Catherine thought to herself as utter disbelief had written all over her face.

The fact that a five-year-old would pass out from hunger in the wealthy Clark family was ludicrous and absurd to take in.

Tears started to roll heavily down Catherine’s cheeks when she realized that it was indeed the truth, and she said with a catch in her voice while pushing and shoving him, “Why didn’t you call me when she had not been eating? How could you just stand by and watch her passing out from hunger unfeelingly? Won’t your heart ache when you see her in that state?”

“How could you accuse me just now? If I’m not fit to be her mother, do you think you are eligible to be her father instead?”

“I don’t have time to look after her 24/7,” Anderson uttered briskly. He had never taken Sophia’s matter to heart ever since she had been admitted to the hospital.

Catherine wiped away her tears and said with a wistful smile when his heartless words had hit her, “The reason that you don’t like her is because she is my child, am I right?”

Since he did not favour her children at all, he would not care about them, and he would not feel a single hint of remorse even if Sophia had fainted due to hunger.

Anderson pursed his lips while his eyes darkened when he was confronted with her question, and even though he did not explicitly admit to it, he did not deny it as well.

“Is that so?” Catherine had turned prickly and uptight when it had come to her children.

“Yes.”

Although she had already known the result deep down in her heart, her heart was still torn to shreds the moment she had heard it from him in person. Despite tears welling up in her eyes and her lips quivering uncontrollably, Catherine had bitten down on her lips and held back her tears, refusing to break down in front of him in an unyielding and pitiful manner.

Anderson felt an inexplicable excitement after looking at her resoluteness and piteous state.

“Since you don’t like them, why do you still want to take them away from me? You can just continue living your high and mighty life while my children and I go back to our ordinary lives. Isn’t it better for us to not meddle with each other’s business and just go our own way?”

To not to interfere with each other’s lives....

There was nothing wrong with that, but the thought of her starting a family which included his offspring with another man was unbearable to Anderson.

“You wish. I will not let the Clark’s descendants to live a wretched life outside the family.”

“You disgust me, Anderson.” A wave of nausea had suddenly engulfed her, and her intense repugnance for him had made her retched while she held her throat.

Anderson’s face blackened in an instant, and he started to exude an air of frostiness as he threatened her, “Do you have a death wish, Catherine?”

“I would rather die if I have to be in the same space with you! Try to kill me if you can!” Catherine yelled back at him with a bitter look on her face.

Whenever she had set her eyes on Anderson’s face and heard his voice now, she would start to feel queasy, and the feeling of throwing up would come to her naturally.

“Why had I ended up falling in love with such a heartless man back then...”

Her gaze towards him was filled with abomination, and even the way she spoke was what he had detested the most. How could she, a murderer, criticize him when she had given birth to his offspring without his consent? It was already generous of him to not get even

with her for bearing his children secretly.

What right did she have to denounce him now?

Anderson gave out a mirthless smile as his mouth curled upward after he was provoked by her words, then he uttered in a chilly voice that had come from the depths of hell, “Do you really wish to die?”

He lifted her chin while his fingers traced across and lingered on her smooth skin, and he proceeded to move his fingers downwards...

“I will not let you get your way.”

Catherine’s body trembled violently from the sensation as she shrieked, “What the hell are you doing, Anderson!”

“Didn’t you say that you hated me?” Anderson chuckled as he leaned down on her and bit the corner of her lips in a demeaning manner, and the pain had almost caused her to exclaim out loud.

The corners of his mouth quirked up as he whispered, “Now, will you be sickened by me or yourself more if your whole body is full of my scent?” _____ Chapter 14: Daddy, Feed Me

His taunting gaze was filled with naked contempt for her when he stared at her, and even though this was not the first time that she had been humiliated by the man in front of her, her heart would still ache whenever she was subjected to his demeaning treatment.

Catherine's sanity finally came back to her the moment her white T-shirt was being lifted by him. Despite trembling all over due to extreme fear, she forced herself to regain her composure and stared at Anderson, "Didn't you like Isabella the most? Won't you be afraid that she will hate you in hell?"

Anderson's hand halted abruptly in its track on her body.

She knew that mentioning Isabella would work on him, hence she hurriedly continued, "Isabella always hated the fact that you and I were together, and I still remembered clearly that she would fall sick whenever you had stayed the night."

Anderson's lechery had dissipated entirely when Isabella was suddenly mentioned, and it was at that moment that the driver had stopped the

car, “We’re here, Mr. Clark.”

As soon as the car was parked, Catherine got down at once and made a run for it.

He stared at her fleeing figure while adjusting his tie, and soon after he walked with long strides into the hospital.

When Catherine had finally reached the ward that Sophia was in, she could immediately pick up on a faint weeping sound at the door. Her heart was instantly broken into thousands of pieces, and she promptly pushed open the door and walked inside.

Lincoln and Sophia were sitting on the bed while snuggling up to each other, and Madison whom was at a loss could be seen seated on the sofa further away. Sophia’s hair was a mess, and it was a heart-rending sight to take in as her eyes and nose had been reddened from all the crying she had done.

When Madison had laid her eyes on Catherine, her eyes lighted up in an instant.

However, Catherine did not manage to catch the changes in Madison's expression as she was contending with dismay, and she quickly called out to the kids on the bed in a soft tone, "Mommy's here, Sophia."

Sophia's sobbing stopped abruptly when she heard Catherine's voice, and when she had raised her head to look into her direction and confirmed that her mother had indeed come for her, she burst out crying again, this time in a more aggrieved manner as she rolled down the bed and threw herself at Catherine.

"Sophia misses you very much, Mommy."

Catherine hugged her tightly and muttered under her breath, "Mommy misses you too."

"You said that you were going to pick me up yesterday. Why did you lie to me?" Sophia lied in her arms and grumbled in grievance.

“Sorry for not keeping to my promise, I know Mommy’s at fault.”

Catherine suddenly thought of Anderson’s comment that Sophia had not been eating at all, so she patted her consolingly on the shoulder and said, “Since Mommy is here, can you eat something now?”

Sophia nodded obediently while curling her lips into a line and uttered in an upset manner, “I’m very hungry, Mommy.”

Catherine was on the verge of tears upon hearing her daughter’s pitiful remark, but she forced herself to hold back her tears.

Lincoln brought over a small bowl of porridge to her, “You can feed this to Sophia, Mommy.”

It was as if a wall of barrier had been set up between the three of them and the outside world, and not a single outsider could meddle in between them.

Anderson watched on with a gloomy look in his eyes as bitter sorrow gradually crept up onto him. They were his children too, so why did he feel so left out?

“Go get the kids and bring them to the table so that they can eat properly, Andy. There are too much stuffs on the floor.” Madison tried

to steer him to make a move as she poked at Anderson whom was standing still and looking on from a near distance with her cane.

He frowned for a second after being told to bring Sophia over to the table, but in the end, he marched forward and stooped down to try to carry her in his arms.

Sophia was shocked by his sudden movement, and she instantly backed away from him.

Catherine glared at him after noticing his gesture, and the grim look on her face was as if she would fight him off if he ever dared to lay his hands on Sophia.

Anderson's countenance blackened after seeing Sophia's defensive action, and he called out to the frightened little girl whom was hiding in Catherine's embrace in a frigid tone, "Daddy will bring you to the table so that you can eat properly."

Sophia whimpered softly, "But I want Mommy."

Anderson nodded in reply, "Your Mommy will come along too."

Sophia finally reached out her arms towards Anderson after he had made a promise to her as she stared at him with tears still in her eyes. Eagerness and fear could be seen manifested in her gaze while she uttered in a childish voice, “Hug me, Daddy.”

Catherine instinctively wanted to stop them, but it was only a fleeting thought that had lasted in her mind for a second as she witnessed Sophia being taken away from her in the end.

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6 Uncommon Tips For Building A Healthy Relationship

Sophia was different than Lincoln in this sense that she had always wanted a father, but Lincoln had always disliked Anderson from the start.

Catherine had decided that she would not prevent her children to call Anderson their father as long as he would not take them away from her.

“Come here, Mommy. There’re lots of yummy foods here.” Sophia sat in front of the table and shouted happily for Catherine to come over.

Catherine finally walked over to them with Lincoln in her hand, and when she had seated at the table, Sophia obviously was in a good humour from her previous gloomy state as she grabbed Anderson by the hand and ordered around, "Daddy will sit at my right while Mommy shall sit at my left, and Lincoln can sit opposite of me."

Anderson wanted to turn down her request outright, but when he was met with Sophia's expectant gaze, his refusal just stuck at his throat.

After arranging everyone's seating on the table, Sophia excitedly announced, "Our family has finally reunited, and I have a Daddy now, Mommy."

"Other kids will not be mean to me and laugh at me for not having a dad anymore, Mommy." Sophia clapped her hand enthusiastically while staring at Catherine with her twinkling eyes.

Catherine shot Anderson a glance and gave out a little laugh, "Stop talking and start eating up, if not your tummy will be mad at you."

Sophia nodded obediently again.

Catherine let out a huge sigh and continued to hand a spoonful of porridge to Sophia's mouth right after. However, Sophia turned her head to Anderson instead and uttered, "I want Daddy to feed me. All the other kids have daddies whom can feed them, but I don't."

Catherine hesitated for a moment, but after catching the intense eagerness in her eyes, she handed the spoon over to Anderson at last.

Anderson knitted his brows while holding the spoon in his hand as he had never taken care of anybody else. He had always been the one whom was being cared for his whole life, so his brows were deeply furrowed on his forehead at this moment.

"I'm hungry, Daddy."

Anderson had bitten the bullet in the end, bracing himself to scoop a spoonful of porridge and served it to her.

"Hot, Daddy. You have to blow on it..."

Anderson had no choice but to cool the porridge down with his breath before handing it over to her again.

“I want to eat fish, Daddy.”

“I don’t want vegetables, Daddy. I’m not a sheep.”

“ ... ”

After feeding Sophia for the whole duration of the meal, Anderson was worn out by the immense effort to care for a child as he lied back against the chair to take a rest.

He had not been at the hospital for long, but urgent matters at his company had required him to take his leave.

Sophia had drifted off to sleep after she had finished her meal and watched some cartoons with Lincoln, and the living area was left with only Catherine, Madison and Bentley.

“We’re old now, so we don’t want to stick our nose into you youngsters’ affairs as well, Catherine.”

Catherine remained silent after hearing Madison’s words as she knew clearly that the Clark family’s intention to approach her was nothing more than to talk about her children.

Madison let out an awkward cough after not getting any response from Catherine and continued, "All we've ever wanted is for Andy to get married and have children."

"I trust that you know what has happened to Isabella. Ever since she was dead, Andy had never looked at another woman, so it's best for everyone if the children were to come back to the Clark family. Everything that is owned by the Clark family will be theirs sooner or later in the future..."

Catherine only wanted to put on a sardonic smile after hearing her absurd statement, "Isabella's death has nothing to do with me, and the Johnson family has been ruined by the Clark family because of that. You expect me to hand over my children to the Clarks now that Anderson has no interest in other woman due to Isabella? Do you really think that is possible?"

"You shouldn't flatly reject our proposal, Catherine. Judging from the aspects of financial condition and family background, Lincoln and Sophia are more suited to live under the Clark's name, and we will raise them with the best possible resources that we can afford. Try to think the other way around, what would the children get if they were to live with you?" Madison looked her up and down as she let out a deep sigh.

“You’re only a single mother whom has been put behind bars and have a working-class occupation. You have fallen from grace, so I believe you are aware of how hard it is to overcome and bridge the great abyss of social class. Life’s already tough as it is, so aren’t you afraid that the children will hate on you in the future if you have outright denied their claim to a better quality of life and education?” _____

Chapter 15: What Were Her Last Words?

Catherine was reduced to silence as deep down in her heart, she knew better than anyone else that she would never be able to catch up to the Clark Group’s financial status despite working her fingers to the bone her whole life.

She was fully aware of the upper hand that her children could gain from a strong family background and vast fortune, but at the same time, she was also mindful of the sordidness and dark side that were usually present in a wealthy and powerful family.

“I believe you and I are aware that Anderson is only thirty this year, and the chances of him not getting married and having children of his own ever again are extremely slim, Mrs. Clark. Although you can give me your word that you will groom Lincoln to become his successor with the

best resources you can provide to him now, but are you confident that you can keep your promise in the future as well?"

Catherine let out a light laugh as she continued, "You are clearly in the know that you could not provide any form of guarantee to me. Lincoln hates the Clark family as he is now, and if Anderson were to have his own offspring again, his new wife will abhor Lincoln for getting in her own child's way to be the successor of the Clark Group. So, isn't it obvious what would happen then? You would discard Lincoln for fear of his hatred would be prejudicial to the Clark family, and he would end up being an abandoned child whom is either being deliberately raised to become a good-for-nothing, or he might not even get to live a long life in the worst case."

Madison's smile was frozen on her face upon hearing Catherine's mocking analysis.

She had to admit that Catherine was indeed a smart woman for being able to see through things clearly.

"The Johnson family used to be a wealthy family as well, Mrs. Clark, and I had been in this circle since I was young, so it's normal for me to know of these things. While I have indeed experienced the glorious and

splendid lifestyle of the upper-class circle, I have also witnessed enough sordid affairs and filthy happenings to be certain that I would not want my young children to ever step into it on their own.”

When Catherine had finished her sentence, she rose to her feet and walked towards the bed, and she could discern that Sophia was sleeping soundly while Lincoln was watching her beside the bed.

Catherine walked to his side and whispered in his ear, “Why don’t you take a nap, Lincoln?”

“I couldn’t fall asleep.”

Catherine scooped him up into her embrace and pecked him twice on the cheek which had made him retreated in a shy manner.

She chuckled and said, “Mommy’s here, so try to get some sleep now.” Lincoln must have been exhausted these past two days due to Sophia and her absence as he had always been a thoughtful kid.

He nodded compliantly while proceeded to shut his eyes, and with Catherine by her side, he soon drifted off to sleep as well after she had been patting him softly to pacify his angst.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Clark's words were not entirely unreasonable as it was the truth that she could not provide the same excellent conditions as the Clark family to both Lincoln and Sophia.

However, she could not bear to let them be taken away from her, and she was unwilling to expose them to any possible threats or risks as their mother.

When Catherine had noticed that the two kids were sound asleep, she left the ward and headed to Antonio's office to ask about Sophia's condition.

When she had just walked into his office, Antonio promptly pointed to the seat beside the window and said, "Have a seat."

"How is Sophia's condition, Dr. Elliott?" Even though Anderson had mentioned that Sophia's passing out was due to hunger, she still could not get her worries out of her mind as she was afraid that Sophia would suffer a relapse again. Sophia had narrowly escaped death during her last surgery, and if it were to happen again...

“She did not have a relapse.” Antonio poured a cup of tea for Catherine and shot her an admirable gaze, “I believe that she will get better soon with you taking care of her by her side.”

She had always trusted Antonio, and she sincerely thanked him from the bottom of her heart after hearing his affirmation, “Thank you so much, Dr. Elliott.”

Antonio frowned at her, “Are you alienating me after a few years of us not seeing each other?”

Catherine opened her mouth, but her words were stuck in her throat instead.

“Even though you are divorced from Anderson, it can be said that we’ve grown up together from an early age, so you don’t have to be so formal with me. Try the tea, I remember Mr. Johnson used to like it a lot.”

Catherine raised her cup and took a sip, and the familiar aroma immediately spread across and lingered around her mouth, but all she could taste was bitterness instead of the fragrance of the tea that she had experienced when she used to drink with her father in the past.

“I will head back now as Lincoln and Sophia are by themselves in the

ward, Dr. Elliott.” Catherine wanted to flee right away after her painful memories were evoked all of a sudden.

“Ah...”

“Can’t you be more careful when you walk?”

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A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

“I’m sorry.” Catherine apologized subconsciously as she was in a hurry to leave the room and hide herself, so she did not even delve into whether the other party had bumped into her first, or it was the other way around.

Sienna White was startled when she suddenly heard a familiar voice, and when she had noticed that Catherine was not wearing any jewellery and only cladded in fast fashion brands after looking her up and down, she sneered at her, “Catherine Johnson.”

When Catherine had raised her head, she could recognize who was in

front of her.

Who else would be dressed in a full Chanel outfit and carried a Louis Vuitton Birkin bag in her hand, flaunting her wealth with her whole outfit that was worth more than the house of a normal family if it was not Sienna?

The White family was a prominent and well-known family in City W as well, and Sienna was a famous socialite in the upper-class circle.

Catherine did not get along well with her, but it was not to the extent that they had experienced any fallout or conflicts, and it was rumored that Sienna had her eyes on Anderson.

“I can’t believe that you are actually here.” Sienna swiftly suppressed the scornful look on her face as she started to feign affection with her, “I have heard from Andy that you are here, and since we’re friends, I just want to pay you a visit to see how you are doing.”

Catherine remained silent while watching her pretentious manner on display. It was more believable that Sienna had come to have a good laugh at her current state rather than visiting her just because she cared about her.

Sienna did not even feel embarrassed when Catherine had ignored her words, and her disdainful smile grew stronger as she continued by herself, “I almost couldn’t recognize you from your cheap and nasty outfit, and even though the skin of my bag was slightly scraped off from the fall to the floor after you have bumped into me just now, I will not ask you to repay me since we are quite close, plus I guess you are not living that much of a great life now.”

Her sarcastic remarks and mockery did not affect Catherine at all as she had known from the moment that she had decided to come to City W, she needed to brace herself for the unavoidable taunts and jeers from people like her.

“Thanks. Excuse me.”

Catherine did not want to waste any of her time to engage in any form of conversation with her as she would rather utilize that time to stay by her children’s side.

Sienna quickly grabbed onto her arm after seeing Catherine trying to take her leave. Her visit to the hospital was of set purpose, so she could not let her go easily, “Don’t go yet, let’s grab some afternoon tea together and catch up since we have bumped into each other here.”

Catherine shook her hand off and replied briskly, “I’m busy.”

Without even looking back at Sienna, she promptly walked towards the direction of the ward.

“Stop right there, Catherine!” Sienna yelled furiously as she could not keep up to pace with Catherine whom was wearing a pair of sneakers as she was treading in high heels.

Seeing that Catherine had no intention to slow down even slightly, she finally shouted, “Don’t you want to know where your father has been buried? Or what are your mother’s last words?”

Even though Sienna might be spitting out lies just to get her to stop in her tracks, Catherine’s steps were still halted abruptly after her parents were mentioned.

A smug smile spread across Sienna’s face when she saw that Catherine had finally stopped walking, and she proceeded to swagger up to her while saying, “I have gotten wind that you have given birth to Andy’s children. Are you trying to cling onto the Clark family once again with your children?”

“If it is really the case, you are too heartless.” Sienna pointed arrogantly at Catherine’s chest with her bloody red fingernails.

“What did my mother say before she had passed away?”

Sienna could not stop her derisive laughter whenever she thought of Catherine whom was always one-up on her falling from grace and now living like this, “Who cares about what that old woman has said before she dies!”

“By the time your mother’s body was found, her corpse had reeked of putrid smell, and she was infested with worms all over her body. Isn’t it utterly disgusting...”

A violent shudder swarmed over Catherine’s body as she could not contain her anger upon hearing Sienna’s remarks.

“Did you know who had found your mother’s body? It’s Antonio. I had heard from the workers whom had carried her corpse that your mother’s face was eaten by a cat.” Sienna gave out an evil laughter which sounded like it came from hell, “Don’t you think it’s funny that the cat which has eaten her face is the one you have raised back then? You have killed your father and mother, Catherine, and your cat has eaten your mother’s face...” _

Chapter 16: Is This Your Sincerity?

“Antonio is keeping that cat. Do you want to go and take care of it?”

Sienna swaggered triumphantly and finally pointed at Catherine and said, “You already don’t have the support of the Johnson family now. You have nothing. Don’t think of entering the Clark family using the children as an excuse, it’s impossible. Anderson is already thinking to sell your children!”

After Sienna left, Catherine stayed beside the hospital bed and was overshadowed by a dark cloud of depression.

After she knew that her mother passed away, she had asked Owen countless times how her mother died. Owen only told her that her mother died from sleeping pills but he did not tell her about the matter afterward.

She also never dared to think deeply about it.

She never dared to regain the memory of this matter.

But, Sienna's words today made her felt that she could not ignore and sidestep that.

She still remembered that the cat was found by her and Anderson together. She still remembered that the sun was shining brightly that day and she went to school to watch Anderson play sports. On her way home, she saw a snow-white creature lying in the middle of the road with a very large wound on its hind leg. After she and Anderson took the cat to the pet store, because Anderson was allergic to cat fur, she kept it herself after it got better. She kept it herself until she and Anderson got married. Worrying that Anderson would have an allergy again, she left the cat in the Johnson family to let her mother take care of it...

She did not know whether what Sienna said was true or not. Although Antonio was obviously in the hospital, she did not dare to find him to confirm with him.

As long as it was not confirmed, she could comfort herself that it was fake. It was just a lie that Sienna deliberately made up.

"We're going to do the intravenous injection."

After hearing Antonio's words, Catherine was so shocked that her body quivered violently out of the blue.

Antonio was puzzled, "What's wrong? Why does your face look so pale? You don't feel well?"

Catherine shook her head.

Antonio signalled the nurse to give Sophia an intravenous injection. He comforted Catherine, "You don't have to worry about Sophia's health, trust my ability."

Catherine barely showed a smile, "I believe in your medical skills."

Antonio's talent in medical science was extraordinarily good. When he was in high school, he had already studied medicine with a group of medical experts when everyone was still struggling with examinations. After he graduated, he even directly set up Antonio Hospital that was specifically for high-class people. Not only the environment was good, but the doctors in the hospitals were also experts from all over the world.

“Just trust me,” Antonio said with some hesitation, “Catherine, I don’t know what happened exactly between you and Anderson that year, but you have excessive concerns with troubles in your mind now. You should find a trustworthy person to talk to. If you trust me, you can also find me and talk to me about it. I assure you that this will be a secret between us.”

Catherine twitched her lips and still did not dare to ask him how was her mother when he saw her mother at that time.

“It’s okay. It’s okay to talk about it later since you haven’t thought about it.” Antonio smiled and hugged Catherine, “The person by the name of Catherine I knew in the past was not a coward. She had always been brave.”

“What are you guys doing?” Anderson’s voice that crackled with anger came from the doorway. If the coldness on his face could be turned into a real weapon, Catherine and Antonio would probably die several times now.

Antonio did not care and just shrugged his shoulders at Anderson. He spoke while smiling friendly, “I’m just comforting my old friend.”

Catherine did not look at Anderson.

The nurse had already finished injecting. Antonio checked Sophia's body again before leaving with the nurse. When he left, he said to Catherine, "You can come to my office anytime if you encounter anything, I'll wait for you."

Seeing this, Anderson was boiling with rage. He gazed at Catherine coldly and used his fingers to clasp her jaw. His lips slightly curled, "Your ability to seduce others these years is getting better and better."

"I'm still not as good as you." Catherine moved away from him.

When she saw Anderson now, every part of her body was showing an aversion to him, "Does Mr. Clark have any matter?"

The more her aversion was, the more Anderson's wicked sense of humour was. He moved closer to Catherine, "I come to see my child."

"They didn't have a father a few years ago, so they also don't need a father now."

Anderson sat leisurely on the sofa with his long legs crossed, “I think Sophia doesn’t think that way.”

For Catherine, every second of staying in the same place with him was a torment to her. She simply ignored him and stayed beside Sophia, looking at the drip bottle.

Fortunately, Anderson did not stay in the hospital for long. He left after Joshua called him.

When he left, he clasped her jaw with a cold expression and made her body leaned against the window, “Catherine! You should know that you’re now the mother of your children. Don’t go around to flirt with others and make my children think that their mother is a promiscuous woman of loose morals!”

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A promiscuous woman of loose morals?

So, this was surprisingly what his impression about her was. Catherine laughed.

She felt that she had improved a lot when facing Anderson as this kind of humiliation could not harm her anymore.

Sophia's condition was getting better very quickly. The day that she could be discharged from the hospital was around the corner.

On the day of being discharged from the hospital, Madison and Bentley came very early with a few bodyguards. It seemed that they were afraid that Catherine would secretly bring the children away.

Seeing this, Catherine had a self-deprecating smile. Under the power of the Clark family, where could she take her children to?

She could not keep hiding from them for the rest of her life.

"Mommy, I want to go home." When Sophia saw a group of bodyguards, she hid beside Catherine in fear.

"Doesn't Sophia miss your dad? Grandma will ask your dad to take you to Disneyland." Madison smiled benevolently.

Sophia said hesitantly, “Can’t both Mommy and Daddy accompany me to go?”

“Your mommy is very busy with work,” Madison looked up at Catherine and said while smiling, “Am I right, Catherine?”

Catherine remained silent and felt very sarcastic.

“Then I won’t go to Disneyland.” Sophia bit her lips and embraced Catherine’s laps, saying, “I’ll go when both Mom and Dad are free.”

The smile on Madison’s face stiffened. She asked the bodyguard beside her to grab Sophia.

Watching this scene, Lincoln secretly took Catherine’s phone and hid in the washroom.

When Lincoln called him, Anderson was dealing with some old guys. His heart was smouldering in resentment towards Owen.

When he heard the phone ringing, he answered the call without even looking at it.

“Hello.”

“This is Lincoln.”

Hearing Lincoln’s voice, a trace of surprise flashed in Anderson’s eyes,
“What’s wrong?”

“I’ll stay in the Clark family. You let Sophia and Mommy leave.” Lincoln’s calm voice was apparently domineering.

Anderson’s lips curled and he felt quite interesting. He lazily played with the pen in his hand, “Why should I promise you?”

“If Sophia isn’t with Mommy, she will continue to refuse to eat and this will let her get sick again. So, I’ll go with you. Let Sophia and Mommy leave. Anyway, you guys don’t care about Sophia, right?”

Lincoln was full of confidence. He knew it early when he was in the Clark family. The members of the Clark family cared more about boys. The reason they pleased Sophia was just that it was easier to coax Sophia, who could hold him back.

Anderson smiled even more. His son was really as arrogant as him!

But at a young age, it was not possible for him to win his father.
Anderson's eyes narrowed, "What if I don't promise you?"

Lincoln bit his lips and a trace of blood soon oozed out of his delicate lips. Since Mommy met this man, she was not in the right state. That day, he saw a serious injury on Mommy's neck. It was surely caused by Anderson. Mommy and Sophia had already suffered a lot so he wanted to protect Mommy and his sister.

"As long as you let Sophia and Mommy leave, I assure you that I'll stay in the Clark family obediently and I'll never contact Mommy again. You can transfer me to another school or you can change my domicile and my name, whatever Mr. Clark wants to do." Lincoln's tone was very domineering with unquestionable certainty. But, his eyes secretly turned watery.

Anderson sneered. He was still so domineering although it was already up to this point?

"Call me dad."

The only thing that responded to Anderson on the other side of the

phone was silence.

A bolt of lightning flashed in Anderson's eyes. His tone was slow and the smiles on his face became more evil and wicked, "Lincoln, is this your sincerity?"

Chapter 17: Everything Is Gone After a Person's Death

Lincoln gritted his teeth, "Dad."

The clear and calm voice entered Anderson's ears from the microphone. Anderson's mouth curled and there were smiles in his eyes, "I promise you."

Lincoln hung up the phone, washed his face and came out of the washroom. He put the phone back into Catherine's bag, "Mommy, you can take Sophia home now."

"Mrs. Clark, tell the bodyguard to put down Sophia," Lincoln spoke to Madison.

Catherine realized that something was wrong, “Who did you call just now?”

After her words were uttered, Madison’s phone rang.

“Hello, Andy.”

“Oh? Lincoln will go to the Clark family is it?”

“Lincoln, who allows you to make a decision by yourself.” Catherine tightly pulled Lincoln and did not let go of him.

Lincoln showed a sunny smile and gave Catherine a hug, “Mommy, don’t worry about me. I’m smarter than Mommy.”

Catherine’s eyes turned red and watery and she hated so much that her fingers were embedded into her skin, “It’s all Mommy’s fault. It’s because Mommy is too incompetent. Sorry, Lincoln.”

“You’re the best mommy in my view.” Lincoln kissed Catherine’s cheek, “You have to take good care of yourself. I’m his son; he won’t do anything to me.”

As Lincoln said, he pushed Catherine away and hugged Sophia who ran over to him, “Sophia, you must be obedient, you have to study yourself in the future.”

“No, I want you to teach me.” Although Sophia did not understand that Lincoln was saying goodbye to her, she knew that she could not finish her homework without her elder brother teaching her. She lay on top of Lincoln’s body like an octopus, “You teach.”

Lincoln laughed, “No way.”

The two kids talked with each other for a while. Not knowing what method Lincoln used to persuade Sophia, when Lincoln left with the members of the Clark family, Sophia even smiled and said goodbye to Lincoln.

Catherine was unable to show any smiles on her face.

On the contrary, Lincoln, who was sitting in the car, smiled and said goodbye to her. Lincoln stared at Catherine without turning his eyes until he could no longer see her figure in his sight, knowing that perhaps he would never see his mommy again in the rest of his life. Fortunately, he had a good memory so he was able to remember every little thing that happened when he was with his mommy.

“Mommy, don’t be sad. Lincoln will come back when he defeats the bad guys,” Sophia said innocently when she lay in Catherine’s arms.

“Yes, Mommy doesn’t cry.” Catherine held back her tears. She must bring Lincoln back! She would not let Lincoln lose his mom.

After watching Lincoln leave, Catherine turned around and entered the hospital, heading to Antonio’s office.

As if Antonio had expected that she would come over, he sat in front of the tea table by the window while making tea. When he heard Catherine’s voice, he said while smiling, “Come and have a seat.”

Catherine put Sophia down, bent her body, and whispered, “Sophia, you go and play with the nurse for a while. Mommy has something to talk about with him.”

Sophia nodded obediently, approached Catherine, and whispered, "This doctor is very handsome and I don't feel any pain at all when he gives me an injection."

Catherine could not help but laugh. She handed over Sophia to the nurse in Antonio's office, "Sorry to bother you."

"No problem, Sofia is very cute."

After the nurse left with Sophia, the smile on Catherine's face instantly disappeared.

"You've come to your senses?" Antonio handed the cup of tea to Catherine.

Catherine took the cup of tea, "Yes, it's shameful to sidestep it."

Antonio nodded with admiration, "This is how you should look like. I hear that for your sake, Owen has collaborated with the Clark Group. Five percent of the profits of the biopharmaceutical company under his name are given to the Clark Group for free. In addition, the Clark Group is allowed to interfere with the matter of the newly researched

anti-cancer drug, with the condition that your children have to be returned to you.”

Catherine was stunned and she laughed silently with sorrow.

“I know he’s shameless but I don’t expect that he can be shameless to this extent.” This was because he gained advantages from people of two sides who were in a weak position.

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Antonio took a sip of tea, “He’s a businessman.”

“I know.” Since the whole thing had been wrapped up, Catherine did not dwell on that matter for a long time, “I hear Sienna say that it was you who found my mom’s corpse.”

Antonio nodded, “Yes. When the Johnson family went bankrupt, your father passed away and you were put behind bars. These matters dealt a big blow to your mother, so I would go to check your mom’s body

condition from time to time.”

“Thank you.”

Her mother grew up in a manner of being pampered and had never had a hard time living. But when she reached middle age, the company went bankrupt, her husband committed suicide by jumping off a building and her daughter was in jail. Catherine really did not dare to think about how did her mother endure all these matters.

“No problem, your mother has been kind to me either,” Antonio said while smiling, “If it wasn’t because of your mom’s support back then, I wouldn’t have taken the path of studying medical science. Your mom introduced a doctor who enlightened me to me.”

“You’re here to ask about your mom, right?” Antonio guessed.

“Yes, I want to know if what Sienna said is true.”

“When your mom had the accident, I was abroad. When I came back, I went to your mom’s house directly but it was still too late. When I reached there, your mom already had no breathing and the preliminary judgement was that she had a heart attack. I think Sienna has said many unpleasant words to you, don’t be too sad. Cats are originally

carnivorous animals. After a person passes away, other than the memories left in the minds of living people, everything is non-existent...”

Although it was the matter of life and death, Antonio spoke calmly and slowly as if he was telling a story.

But hearing this, Catherine’s entire body quivered.

It turned out that Sienna did not lie.

Antonio took away the cup of cold tea in front of Catherine and replaced it with another cup of tea, “Do you need me to bring you to the graves of your parents?”

With tear-reddened eyes, Catherine shook her head, “No need, I don’t know how am I going to face them.”

“Your mother has never blamed you. She would tell me funny stories about you when you were young whenever I went to see her.”

“But I blame myself.” Catherine’s voice sounded that she was slightly crestfallen. Her voice was with a dry and muffled tone of crying.

It was noon when Catherine left Antonio Hospital. Despite walking in the sun, Catherine felt that her entire body was cold.

“Get in the car.”

Owen asked the driver of the car to park the car next to Catherine and shouted at her.

“Why do you come over?” Catherine was bewildered as she did not tell Owen that she was at the hospital.

“Antonio has sent me a message and it’s just nice that I’m nearby so I directly come over.” Owen got out of the car, carried Sophia in his arms and gave a few kisses on her plump cheeks, “Do you miss me?”

Sophia kissed him back excitedly, “Yes, I miss Owen the most.”

Catherine sat in the car, “Antonio has told me everything.”

Owen’s biopharmaceutical company was the largest company in the country. Even though she was unsure how much profit of five percent was, she knew that this was certainly a huge sum of number. Also, the

Clark Group was allowed to participate and interfere in the new projects.

Owen was carrying Sophia in his arms, “I’m the nominal father of Sophia and Lincoln. So, it’s okay to do all this.”

Sophia apparently remembered something so she turned her head to say to Catherine, “Mommy, when will Daddy be free? I want to go to Disneyland.”

“Is it okay if I go with you?” Owen looked down and started to tease Sophia.

Sophia agreed, “Yes, I want to ride the roller coaster.”

“Sophia is back now and it’s good news that worth celebrating. Is it okay if we go to Disneyland with Sophia tomorrow?” Owen asked.

Catherine nodded in agreement and took out her phone to look at the photos of Sophia and Lincoln in the album. When she was swiping her phone, a message arrived._____

Chapter 18: Through Thick and Thin

It was a photo of Anderson having dinner with Lincoln and Sienna.

Catherine slightly curled her lips and deleted the photo. Now, she only had hatred and disgust towards Anderson. This kind of means could not stimulate her.

As Catherine was too exhausted these few days, when she arrived at Owen's house, she fell asleep without even getting herself washed.

Even when she was extremely tired, the nightmare still did not let go of her.

In the dream, she sometimes dreamt about the scene of her father jumping off the building. There was a pool of blood on the ground which spread like a river and flooded Catherine's ankles. Also, she sometimes dreamt about the scene of her mother taking sleeping pills. The scene suddenly changed and what she saw was the scene that the cat was nibbling her mother's face. The cat that was nibbling the flesh turned its head towards her. No matter how she chased it out, the cat just ignored her...

“Get out!”

She vigorously sat up from lying on the bed. The sweat on her back caused the blanket to become wet.

Catherine took a glass of water placed on the table and gulped it down. She crouched and buried her face in her knees, sobbing quietly.

After she cried so miserably that she did not have any more strength, she got out of the bed and entered the bathroom to have a shower. She saw a despondent figure standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window.

It was Owen who was smoking.

Hearing the sound, Owen pressed out the cigarette and turned to look at Catherine, “You’re awake? You haven’t eaten dinner, are you hungry?”

Catherine shook her head, “Owen, am I causing you a lot of troubles?”

“The reason that I’m fretting isn’t because of your matter.” Owe walked to Catherine and rubbed her long hair dotingly, “It’s the matter of the company. I may not be able to take care of you all the time not long after.”

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“Well, go to rest. You have to go to Disneyland with Sophia tomorrow. You’ll need a lot of energy.”

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Catherine followed Sophia to walk around the entire morning. She was obviously a five-year-old child but she surprisingly had so much energy that she did not feel tired after walking and playing around.

“Does Sophia want some ice cream?” Owen said as he tidied up Sophia’s clothes.

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“Yes! I want to eat ice cream that is extra-large.”

Owen handed the bag to Catherine and carried Sophia in his arms, “You sit down and rest for a while. We’ll go to buy it.”

Catherine reclined in the chair wearily and waited for Owen to buy ice cream.

“This is the vanilla flavour that you love to eat.”

Catherine and Owen sat side by side. Both of them were holding an ice cream while watching Sophia playing with the Donald Duck nearby.

Catherine kept gazing at Sophia and completely did not notice that quite many people were looking at her and some even secretly took pictures and posted them on Weibo.

The two of them accompanied Sophia to watch the fireworks show. When it was halfway through the show, the person who had been clamouring that she wanted to see the show had fallen asleep on Owen’s shoulder. The two of them smiled at each other and walked out of the crowd to go back.

When they got in the car, Catherine reclined in the car seat with happiness.

Owen smiled while putting Sophia down properly. He covered her with a small blanket and asked Catherine, "Tired?"

Catherine nodded, "A bit."

"I'll call the masseuse for you," said Owen while taking out the phone.

Seeing this, Catherine quickly stopped him, "I'm not that delicate, forget it."

"You weren't like this in the past." Owen's expression looked as if he was recalling, "I remember that we used to hold out on the adults and secretly come here to play around. Before we arrived at home, you would let me give you a back massage."

"You do mention that it was in the past. Now, I've grown up so I'm not delicate anymore." If it was in the past in which she was still the rich daughter of the Johnson family, it was normal to call a masseuse after playing around. But now, she did not have the qualification to do so.

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Owen was speechless, "Come on, I've known you since you were in your mother's belly. Now, you say that you don't want to let me take care of you, isn't it too late?"

His long arm embraced Catherine, "You're too heavy-minded as you're always afraid of dragging me down. But, I already treat you as my family. Catherine, family members ought to stay together through thick

and thin.”

Catherine knew that she could not persuade Owen. She nodded while her heart sank.

These people had played around all day so they were already quite tired. They hit the hay early.

On the other side, in the Clark family...

“What do you think is a good name?” Madison looked at the names on the paper.

Bentley was also in high spirits, “He’s the eldest grandson of the Clark family so the name must be magnificent.

As the name had not been decided despite sitting there for two hours, Anderson spoke impatiently, “I think it’s fine to just change the surname. Calling him Lincoln sounds not bad too.”

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eyes darkened and flashed with light. But, he instantly returned to normal.

“Let’s go to hit the sack,” Anderson shouted at Lincoln, “He’ll go to my house to sleep.”

Madison and Bentley looked at each other. Although they were reluctant to see Lincoln leaving, they still reluctantly nodded, considering that it was more important for the father and his son to strengthen their bond.

Lincoln did not object and just quietly followed Anderson.

Seeing that he was apparently bereft of soul and will, Anderson frowned tightly, “What, yChapter 18: Through Thick and Thin

It was a photo of Anderson having dinner with Lincoln and Sienna.

Catherine slightly curled her lips and deleted the photo. Now, she only had hatred and disgust towards Anderson. This kind of means could not stimulate her.

As Catherine was too exhausted these few days, when she arrived at Owen's house, she fell asleep without even getting herself washed.

Even when she was extremely tired, the nightmare still did not let go of her.

In the dream, she sometimes dreamt about the scene of her father jumping off the building. There was a pool of blood on the ground which spread like a river and flooded Catherine's ankles. Also, she sometimes dreamt about the scene of her mother taking sleeping pills. The scene suddenly changed and what she saw was the scene that the cat was nibbling her mother's face. The cat that was nibbling the flesh turned its head towards her. No matter how she chased it out, the cat just ignored her...

"Get out!"

She vigorously sat up from lying on the bed. The sweat on her back caused the blanket to become wet.

Catherine took a glass of water placed on the table and gulped it down. She crouched and buried her face in her knees, sobbing quietly.

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Lincoln did not object and just quietly followed Anderson.

Seeing that he was apparently bereft of soul and will, Anderson frowned tightly, "What, you aren't willing?" _____

Chapter 19: Grievance

"No." Lincoln held the book in his arms tightly and his face somewhat darkened, "I've promised you that you can change my name however you want."

"You better think it that way." Anderson started the car engine, "Get in."

After Owen returned to City A, Catherine surfed the Internet and found a house that she could move in without having to buy furniture or anything else. She then moved out of Owen's villa in City W.

Regardless of what Owen said in which he would stay with her through thick and thin, she really did not want to get him involved.

She had a hunch that she would not be able to bring Lincoln back within a short time. She contacted the school and changed Sophia's school to the one in City W. Her financial pressure of living increased all of a sudden.

The duration that Catherine worked also became longer and longer.

"October, the contract is finalized. No love scene is needed but the price will be slightly lower than the previous one. Sign the contract if you're okay with it."

Seeing the message from the editor, Catherine was still quite surprised, "It's okay. I've expected that."

She was really appreciative that someone dared to buy her work without requesting love scenes.

“There is another good piece of news for you.” Lydia was also very happy, “They want to hire you as a playwright!”

“Really?” Catherine could not believe it as it was rare to see someone who bought copyrights hiring the original author as a playwright.

“Entirely true. After all, the script and the comics are all your output so they really acknowledge your strength. Their team is in City W, I’ll give you the contact details of them, you can contact them yourself.”

Seeing that the movie copyright was sold, Catherine heaved a sigh of relief. After all, she did not need to be that anxious about her financial status anymore.

Lydia sent the contact details to Catherine. Catherine immediately contacted the person.

“The project will start immediately. You come to 1408 of Hualing Tower at 8.30 a.m. on Monday for a meeting.”

Catherine was stunned for a moment when she heard Hualing Tower. Wasn't it not far from the Clark Tower?

"What's wrong? You're not free at the stated time?"

Catherine regained her presence of mind, "Nope, I'll definitely go there."

"Mommy, hasn't Lincoln beaten the bad guys yet?" Sophia twitched her lips while doing her homework in displeasure, "Lincoln isn't here, I don't know how to do it."

"It'll take a long time to beat the bad guys. How about this? Let Mommy teach you, okay?" Catherine deliberately did not mention Lincoln in front of Sophia. This was the first time that these two children separated from each other for so long since they were given birth so Sophia mentioned Lincoln almost every day.

"I miss Lincoln. Mommy, why can't I get through Lincoln's phone?" Sophia had countless questions about Lincoln in her mind, "Why doesn't he call me either, is it that he doesn't love me anymore."

Catherine knew clearly that it must be because that Anderson restricted Lincoln's action but she still comforted Sophia, saying, "Your elder brother doesn't have time to call you as he's beating the bad guys. When the bad guys are beaten completely, he'll call you."

"Okay." Sophia felt depressed, "If Lincoln forgets to call me after completely beating the bad guys, and he'll have to buy three ice creams for me."

Hearing this, Catherine had a complicated mood, "Come, read the textbook. Mommy will take you to eat out after you finish your homework."

It was a reward for successfully selling the copyright.

Hoping to meet Lincoln, Catherine deliberately chose the restaurant where Anderson brought Sienna to, which was also the restaurant where Anderson often went to. But to her disappointment, she did not see Lincoln there.

In the box on the upper floor, the moment Sienna saw Catherine, she thought that she had seen it wrongly. She rubbed her eyes and took a look carefully. After she was certain that it was Catherine, she looked at

the man opposite her while smiling, “Andy, I’ve seen Catherine.”

On the side, Lincoln’s eyes lit up and he looked down.

Anderson frowned.

“Catherine comes alone?” Sienna said with a smile, “I originally think that she comes with Mr. Torres but now, it seems like it isn’t. Andy, do you think we should invite Catherine to come up to eat?”

Lincoln looked at Anderson expectantly.

“Andy, although you and Catherine have divorced, with Lincoln and Sophia around, you two can still be friends.” Sienna looked gentle and magnanimous, “After all, Catherine has also found a man who can give her happiness.”

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Anderson's face turned cold and looked askance at Sienna who was opposite him, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

"Ah!" Sienna covered her mouth in shock, "Andy, you don't know that Catherine and Mr. Torres are in a relationship? This matter is discussed widely on the Internet. See, they look so happy. The netizens say that they're made for each other."

Sienna took out her phone, swiped, and showed a Weibo post to Anderson.

In the photo, the woman and the man were sitting side by side on a chair, holding the same kind of ice creams in their hands. They were grinning from ear to ear and their happiness was so intense that one could feel it by looking at the photo.

"Golden couple!"

"They look so happy, right? Look at the way the man looks at the woman, oh my God! It's definitely true love."

"They're perfectly compatible!"

“ ...”

When Anderson was looking at the comments, his face turned colder and colder. He threw the phone to Sienna and looked at Lincoln beside him who was still looking down, “Sit properly and eat.”

Lincoln was full of reluctance. This was the first time he revealed a pleading look while looking at Anderson.

“Lincoln, don’t forget what you’ve promised me.”

Lincoln gritted his teeth and his eyes that lit up darkened again. He obediently sat in his seat.

“Andy, don’t treat Lincoln so strictly, he’s still a kid,” Sienna advised gently with a pair of eyes that obviously showed happiness.

Anderson looked askance at her, “You also shut up.”

Sienna froze. After realizing that Anderson was talking to her, her face burned in embarrassment.

Catherine had not seen Lincoln for more than a week. She ate very slowly, hoping to meet Lincoln there. However, until the end, she still did not meet him. Dejected, she took a cab to go back.

When she just left, Lincoln followed Anderson and got in a luxurious car and they left.

“Are you going to get married to that woman?” This was the first time that Lincoln took the initiative to talk to Anderson.

Anderson slightly frowned, “It’s none of your business, kid.”

Lincoln pursed his lips and wanted to speak but he still did not speak in the end. Even if he was really mature, he was still a kid. At this moment, he wrapped his arms tightly with some grievance.

Time flew. It was the day that Catherine had to go to Hualing Plaza for a meeting.

Catherine brought her computer and kept reading the previously written plots in the cab.

“Tsk, tsk, I never expect that I’ll run into Mr. Clark’s car one day!”

Catherine was immersed in her plot. When she heard of 'Mr. Clark's car', she thought she had heard wrongly, "Mister, what did you say just now?"

"I said that the car at the front is Mr. Clark's car. The one with five 8s on its license plate. This is the morning rush hour so it's bound to have a traffic jam. Don't ask me to drive fast. If my car runs into his car, even if I sell my body for the rest of my life, I also can't afford to compensate!"

Catherine was helpless. She opened the car window and looked out. Indeed, the car at the front was Anderson's, "Mister, you stop and don't move, I want to get out of the car."

At this moment, the cars were moving like tortoises. Catherine opened the car door while holding her computer and directly got out of the car. She ran forward.

During a traffic jam, even if Anderson's car was exceptionally luxurious, it also could not move. Catherine ran to Anderson's car and knocked on the car glass.

"Miss, you can't afford to compensate for knocking down it!" The cab driver shouted at Catherine worriedly.

Catherine did not bother, “Anderson, open the door, I know you’re inside.”

The driver was in a dilemma, “Young master, should I open the door?”

Chapter 20: Don't Open the Door

“Don’t open.” Anderson’s tone was horrifyingly cold.

“Anderson, open the door and let me see Lincoln, I’ll leave immediately!” Catherine hauled the car door and did not let go of it.

The car at the front moved forward slightly. The driver, Paul, looked at Catherine outside the window who was hauling the car door and then looked at Anderson who was at the back seat with an icy-cold face. He was at a loss what to do.

“Hey, are you blind? Can’t you see the cars at the front are moving forward?” Anderson spoke in a deep and unquestionable tone.

Paul gritted his teeth and drove the car.

The car moved forward and the huge force of inertia caused Catherine to stumble. She lost her balance and fell onto the ground. Her skin was abraded and her blood stained the edge of her dress. However, she got up as if she did not have any feelings.

She watched Anderson's car disappear.

"Miss, get in quickly, I'll take you to the hospital," the generous driver shouted at Catherine, "You're really daring as you surprisingly dare to make a fake car accident to request compensation despite knowing that it's Mr. Clark's car."

"Just send me to Hualing Plaza." Catherine took out a tissue and wiped the blood on her leg.

The cab driver looked at Catherine as if he was looking at a monster, "You're severely injured. You really don't need to go to the hospital?"

“No need.”

Inside the luxurious car...

Paul was apprehensive, “Mr. Clark, I saw that Ms. Johnson was injured just now.”

Anderson looked up and glanced at Paul, “When do you become so nosy? What, you aren’t comfortable with your position as a driver? Do you need me to find someone to let you participate in some charity jobs since you’re so nosy?”

These ordinary words spoken by Anderson in an ice and unkind tone had huge power.

Paul instantly shut his mouth.

“After the little young master’s classes are over in the afternoon, send him to the company.”

Paul did not dare to ponder what Anderson’s arrangement meant. He just nodded and said yes, “Yes.”

Catherine bought medicine at the pharmacy near the plaza. After simply dealing with her wound, she bought a long dress and entered 1408 after tidying up herself properly.

When she arrived there, there were already several people in the office.

“Hello, I’m October. I’m here for the script rewriting.”

“You’re October?” A man wearing glasses stood up with an excited look, “I always think that October is a guy, I don’t expect that it’s surprisingly a beauty!”

“Same goes to me too! There are so few women who draw reasoning comics!”

Catherine said shyly while smiling, “I love to be special.”

“October, let me take a picture with you quickly.”

“I also want! I also want an autograph!”

“ ... ”

The atmosphere of the team of script rewriters was quite good. Before Catherine arrived, she worried that she might not be able to adapt to working with so many people. Now, it seemed like her worry was indeed unnecessary.

Because of her leg injury, Catherine stayed in 1408 all day. Even her lunch was also brought up by the food deliverer. She limped down only after the people of the office were almost gone.

“What’s wrong with your leg?”

A puzzled voice sounded behind her. Catherine turned her head and saw that it was the head of this project, Simon.

“I accidentally fell when I came.”

Simon pursed his lips, “I passed by Abbey Road when I went to work this morning.”

Catherine’s smiles on her face stiffened. She stopped Anderson’s car on

Abbey Road this morning, "You've seen everything?"

Simon nodded, "Let me help you out. The way you fell onto the ground seemed quite damaging. You better go to the hospital."

"No need." Catherine did not want to trouble him as she was still unfamiliar with him.

Simon shook his head and said with a smile, "Don't get me wrong. I don't have any special motive towards you. I'm just afraid that you'll delay the work progress."

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6 Unconventional Tips To Foster A Healthy Relationship

He already said to this extent so Catherine also felt it was inappropriate to refuse, "I'll only need your help when there is nothing to support."

Simon did not make any overstepping action. He held Catherine's arm only when she did not have something to support her.

When they passed by the Clark Tower, Catherine glanced at it. When she was about to continue limping forward, a car stopped in front of her.

Lincoln and Anderson got out of the car at the same time.

They had not seen each other for more than ten days. When Lincoln saw Catherine again, he was very excited. Losing his usual calmness, he trotted to her, "Mommy."

When Catherine saw Lincoln again, she was so excited that she forgot that she had injuries on her legs and ran forward. If it was not because that Simon pulled her arm, she would have fallen once again.

Anderson's darkened eyes gazed at Simon and Catherine. The atmosphere in the surroundings instantaneously became slightly colder.

Paul was so scared that he took a step back. He sighed in his mind that Catherine's ability in attracting men was too strong.

"Mommy, what's wrong with you?" Lincoln was sensitive and meticulous. He could immediately realize that Catherine was not right,

“Are you injured?”

Catherine glanced at Anderson who was not far away. She lowered her head and embraced Lincoln tightly, “I accidentally fell when I was at work. It’s just a minor injury.”

Lincoln moved out of Catherine’s arms and turned his head to look at Anderson, “Can you call a doctor for Mommy?”

Anderson sneered and looked down at Lincoln, “Call me dad.”

Although they were obviously a father and son, their relationship was so bad as if there was a glacier across the two of them.

Watching this on the side, Paul was very anxious. He knew how stubborn this little young master was in which he was totally not inferior to the young master’s stubbornness. To his astonishment, Lincoln surprisingly spoke.

“Dad, can you call a doctor for Mommy?”

Anderson sneered. He turned his head and ordered Paul, “Call a doctor to go to my office.”

Finished speaking, he strode forward, not paying any attention to the few people behind him.

“Mommy, go up with me to deal with your wound.” As Lincoln had not seen his mommy for a long time, he was really unwilling to separate from her even for a second.

Catherine also felt the same. Although facing Anderson was disgusting, being together with Lincoln was more important.

Simon looked around and said, “You deal with your matter first, I’ll go back now.”

“Thank you.”

Simon waved his hand, “No worries.”

Catherine headed to the Clark Tower. Lincoln was determined to hold her hand as a support.

“Mommy is fine.”

No matter how Catherine persuaded, Lincoln refused to obey and just stubbornly held her hand to move forward.

Although it was the off-hours, many people were working overtime in the Clark Group. When they saw Lincoln, they greeted him, “Hello, the little young master.”

“Hello, the little young master.”

Lincoln nodded with a cold face. In a trance, Catherine thought she saw a mini version of Anderson.

“Who is the person beside the little young master? Is she the little young master’s biological mother?”

“Eh, not Ms. White? I hear that Mr. Clark is going to get married to the daughter of the White family.”

“What nonsense are you guys talking about?” Paul chided.

As Paul was Anderson’s usual driver, many employees knew him. Catherine could hear clearly what those few employees said just now.

Was Anderson really going to get engaged to Sienna?

Based on Sienna's temper, she would certainly not be tolerant of Lincoln.

Depressed, Catherine entered Anderson's office. After the door was opened, she saw that Anderson and a woman were sitting on the sofa while talking and laughing. It seemed that they had talked for a long time.

Seeing Catherine coming in, the smile on Anderson's face instantly disappeared. He glanced at her coldly._

Chapter 21: It Was Your Own Doing

Catherine was not concerned about Anderson's attitude and didn't even look at him.

"This must be Ms. Johnson." The lady who spoke to Anderson stood up and walked to Catherine as she smiled, "I'm Allison, the doctor hired by Anderson. I heard that you're hurt."

Catherine nodded.

Allison smiled warmly, “Is it convenient for you to come with me so that I can examine the wound?”

Catherine looked at Lincoln and didn’t want to leave him for a moment.

Lincoln looked at Catherine with his black eyes and said, “Go ahead, mommy, I’ll wait for you outside.”

The wound was increasingly painful. Catherine couldn’t bear the pain much longer and released Lincoln’s hand and nodded to Allison.

“Mommy, pass me your cellphone. I’ll record a video for Sophia.”
Lincoln took Catherine’s phone and walked off.

Allison smiled radiantly at Anderson and said, “Andy, can we borrow your room to examine Ms. Johnson?”

Anderson looked at Catherine and gently raised his eyebrow.

“Okay, your silence is acceptance,” Allison pulled Catherine into the rest room at the rear of Anderson’s office.

As she closed the door of the rest room, Allison’s smile turned cold as she asked, “May I ask Ms. Johnson where you are hurt?”

“On the leg,” Catherine answered but didn’t notice the change in Allison’s expression.

Just now as Catherine walked quickly to keep up with Allison, her wound started to bleed again. Catherine endured the pain as she pulled up her dress to avoid being stained by the blood.

Allison looked at the blood on Catherine’s thigh and smiled sinisterly. Her eyes lit up devilishly when she saw a bottle of alcohol in the first aid box. She opened the bottle and splashed the alcohol onto Catherine’s thigh.

“Ah!” Catherine screamed when the wound stung intensely as soon as

the alcohol was splashed onto it.

Lincoln was waiting outside and opened the door when he heard Catherine's scream, "Mommy, what happened to you?"

Allison didn't expect that Lincoln would be by the door and smiled, "Don't worry, I'm disinfecting your mother's wound."

Anderson walked over when he heard the commotion. He looked at the normally fair and gorgeous Catherine. But now her forehead was full of sweat and some of her hair was wet. He then looked at his leg and saw blood trickling from her thigh to the lower leg. Her skirt was also stained with blood. She looked very pitiful.

The air was thick with the smell of alcohol and Anderson asked, "What's the matter?"

"Andy, Ms. Johnson's wound is too serious. I used some alcohol to disinfect the wound." Allison pretended to be concerned, "Perhaps the alcohol was too strong and Ms. Johnson couldn't endure it. I came in a hurry and didn't bring any betadine. Can you have the assistant to buy some?"

Anderson frowned, "It's too troublesome, just use the alcohol." He then

looked at Catherine and said, "It's better that she learned her lesson."

Then he pulled Lincoln and said, "Let's go."

Lincoln didn't move and looked at Catherine.

Anderson became impatient and said with some anger in his tone, "Hey Lincoln, are you leaving with me? If you don't leave, then I will never let you see this woman again."

Lincoln ground his teeth and left with Anderson reluctantly. He then pushed Anderson away and ran out of the office as he yelled, "I'll go and buy the betadine!"

When Catherine saw that Lincoln was about to run out, she endured the pain and shouted, "Stop!"

Lincoln was dumbfounded as he looked at Catherine.

"Mommy's handbag has the medicine. Bring it over to mommy."

Catherine endured the pain and maintained her cool as she looked at

Allison, “Don’t have to inconvenience Ms. Peterson.”

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The 10 Most Successful Celebrity Brands

Allison laughed softly and said, “Why didn’t tell me that you already have the medicine? If I had known I wouldn’t have used the alcohol to disinfect for you.”

How Allison turned it around to accuse Catherine! Catherine scoffed, looked coldly at Anderson as she wondered where he hired this doctor, “Ms. Peterson, please say directly if you are interested in Anderson. You don’t have to splash the alcohol on my leg in the pretense of disinfecting my wound.”

Allison’s expression changed and looked nervously at Anderson, “Andy, I didn’t.”

Catherine took the medicine from Lincoln and looked coldly at Allison, “You don’t have to regard me as your competitor. Don’t think that Anderson is some hunk that everyone likes. I for one do not have any

interest in him.”

Disgusted? She wasn’t interested in him? Not even a little? Was this her attitude towards him?”

Anderson became upset, looked with disdain at Allison who was still trying to explain herself, and said impatiently, “Get out.”

“Andy, I really didn’t. Don’t listen to her nonsense.” Allison bit her lips and tried desperately to explain herself.

“Remove her,” Andy ordered.

Arthur who stood as far away as he could quickly rush over and said, “Ms. Allison, please.”

“Andy, you said before that she was full of tricks. You must believe me.” Allison said before leaving.

It was as if Catherine didn’t hear her. She turned to assure Lincoln, “Lincoln, go and record a video for your sister. Mommy will dress up the wound.”

Lincoln looked very worried.

“Mommy can do it. This is not the first time I dress up my wound.” She didn’t have the time to dress up her wound that morning when she bought the medicine.

Lincoln nodded, “I’ll get some candies for mommy. It won’t be painful after you eat the candies.”

Catherine ground her teeth as she cleaned her wound. She broke out in cold sweat as she endured the pain but didn’t make a sound for fear of worrying Lincoln.

Anderson and Lincoln waited in the office as they stared at each other. Lincoln’s cute face looked uneasy as his eyes lit up and said, “Do you know what my mother experienced in the prison?”

Anderson frowned, “She killed someone. Regardless of what she experienced, it was her own doing.”

Lincoln was about to say something else when Anderson glanced at him and said, “I won’t forgive her even if she tried to act pitiful.”

Lincoln looked disappointed and kept silent.

Catherine came out of the rest room. A tall secretary smiled and gave her a parcel, "Ms. Johnson, these clothes were bought for you by Mr. Clark.

Her dress was already stained with blood and she didn't want to scare Lincoln so she went back into the room to change her clothes.

When she came out of the rest area, Lincoln served her a plate of candies, "Mommy, have some candies."

Catherine smiled and took two candies. She unwrapped one and placed it in Lincoln's mouth, "Have one too."

"I was first in my cohort for the examination at the new school." Lincoln shared a piece of good news with Catherine.

Catherine also shared a piece of happy news with Lincoln. Both of them started to laugh as Anderson sat behind the computer. He was working but couldn't help but be distracted by the laughter nearby.

Arthur looked at the time and it was time for the young master to eat.

He hesitated for a while before saying, “Mr. Clark, do you want to invite Ms. White for dinner?”

Anderson frowned slightly and walked towards Catherine and Lincoln.

He looked down on Lincoln and said, “Let’s go and have our dinner.”

Lincoln was unwilling to and then looked at Anderson, “You can go and eat with Ms. White, I want to eat with my mommy.”

Chapter 22: Overblown

Anderson frowned, “Hey, Lincoln, don’t push your luck.”

Anderson looked at Catherine as Lincoln hugged her arm. Then he reluctantly said, “Mommy, go back early and send my regards to Sophia.”

Catherine couldn’t bear to part with Lincoln but she knew that there was no use to confront Anderson head on now. She looked at Lincoln and Anderson with a heavy heart. Thereafter Catherine took a taxi to go home.

“Ms. Johnson, Sophia had taken her dinner. I’ll leave since you’re home.”

“Okay, thanks. Nova.” When she found the job as a playwright, Catherine found a part time maid at her apartment complex to pick up Sophia from school and cook a simple dinner each day.

“You’ve paid me so there isn’t a need to thank me. I’ll leave now.”

After Nova left, Catherine went to the study and saw Sophia biting the pencil as she frowned while doing her homework.

“Mommy, why are you so late?” Sophia’s eyes sparkled as she looked up when she heard some noises and saw Catherine.

Catherine’s unhappiness, after being driven off by Anderson, dissipated immediately and replied, “Today I went to see your brother. Do you want to see the video he recorded for you?”

Sophia was overjoyed to hear about Lincoln. She quickly jumped from her chair and dashed to Catherine.

“Oomph...” Catherine grunted in pain as Sophia pressed onto her wound.

Sophia didn’t notice Catherine wincing in pain and excitedly grabbed her cellphone.

Catherine quickly gave her the phone and said, “Have a look by yourself. I’ll go and draw some comics. Continue with your homework once you’re done.”

Sophia held onto the phone as she watched the video repeatedly. She reluctantly gave Catherine the phone when a call came in.

The caller was Simon and Catherine was a little surprised, “Hello.”

“I’m sorry to bother you at this hour,” Simon said as he was looking at some news with another phone, “I just saw that the revision to the comics had made the headlines. A lot of your fans are worried about a drastic revision due to the television series. Can you upload a clip to assure your fans that it will not be drastically revised?”

Catherine also knew that a lot of original fans are worried about the comic series being revised. She understood their concerns and didn’t hesitate to agree to Simon’s request.

After hanging up Simon’s call, Catherine browsed the headlines and looked at the comments section. Indeed many fans expressed their concerns over the revision. She registered an account to upload a clip to explain the situation.

But she had never registered an account with the nickname October so not many people noticed her and viewed her clip. Catherine called Simon and thereafter downloaded an app and continued with her work.

Due to the revision of the storyline and the new job, she had to use every opportunity she had to draw so that she can free up some time to visit Lincoln. After she finished drawing, she coaxed Sophia asleep and then took her painkillers before sleeping.

When she arrived at the office the next day, a group of people

welcomed her and said, “October, you’ve made the top of the searched list!”

“Oh?” Catherine thought that it was about the explanation for the comic series revision and didn’t think much of it.

“Missus, your husband is so handsome! You even have such a cute daughter!”

“What a beautiful family!”

Catherine was shocked, “What husband?”

“Haven’t you seen the headlines?” The colleague was stunned, “I just opened the app and four of the headlines were about you!”

“Angelic couple!”

“She could have an easy life but she decided to work hard using her talents.”

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“Revised Misty.”

“The author of Misty is an angel.”

Catherine was perplexed as she listened. She quickly took out her phone and opened the app. As soon as the app opened, all sorts of notices popped up and froze up her phone.

“Can I have a look?” Catherine asked her colleague.

“Here you go.” Emilia handed her phone to Catherine without hesitation.

When Catherine was reading the news, Anderson who was in the adjacent Clark Towers also was reading the news that popped up on his phone.

There were a series of nine intimate photos of Owen and Catherine. It

was puzzling how the social media could obtain a slightly blurred picture of them kissing. It was the day at the hotel when Owen held onto Catherine and kissed her lips.

Anderson looked at the photos in disdain and then read the comments section.

“I saw October when I was at the Antonio Hospital. I think her daughter was admitted to the hospital. She stayed with her daughter at VIP1 room. I’ll make another comment. She is on very good terms with Dr. Elliott.” This fan included a photo of Dr. Elliott taking a stroll with Catherine and her daughter.

“Don’t tell me that the October that I like is a wealthy lady?”

“Those who say that October is wealthy can do a search and compare Owen to that man at Disney. Then you’ll know that October is really wealthy. That man is on par with Mr. Clark.

Anderson was speechless.

Anderson’s face turned gloomy. Arthur stood by the side trembling with fear as he asked, “Mr. Clark, do you want me to look for someone to kill the news?”

“Guess what the fans will think if the news is killed now!” Anderson glared at Arthur.

They’d think that Ms. Johnson was Mr. Torres’ wife. A thought sprung onto Arthur’s mind and he kept his mouth shut.

Anderson read the top few pieces of news and asked coldly, “She’s drawing comics now?”

Arthur remained highly nervous and quickly replied when he heard Anderson, “Yes, Misty is very popular and I also follow it privately. But what’s missing in the comics is a love story. The author said that she couldn’t draw a lo...”

Suddenly Arthur realized that the author of the comic which he liked was his boss’ ex-wife and quickly swallowed the remaining words.

“Go and check what she is up to recently. Especially who bought the rights to her story.” Anderson threw his phone onto the table and said coldly.

Arthur looked like he had heard wrongly.

He had seen the video clip sent by Catherine. The video stated clearly that the storyline would not be revised drastically when it was being filmed into a TV series. But it also would not have a love story as she was the playwright and couldn't come up with a love story.

As a fan of the comic, he was eagerly awaiting the TV series. But what did his boss mean? He didn't want the TV series to be filmed?

Anderson raised his head when he noticed that Arthur wasn't moving, "Why? Are you sick of your job?"

"No, absolutely not." Arthur came to his senses, "I'll handle it now."

After Arthur left, Anderson was still upset and turned even colder. Didn't this woman have any self-respect? She was already a mother of two kids and she was still flirting about?

Catherine read almost twenty minutes and finally understood. Owen and she brought Sophia to Disney and was photographed by many people. One of them was a renowned media influencer. Although that made some waves, it did not make it to the top search nor headlines. She didn't expect her video clip to explain that the storyline revision would not be drastic would become a top search and headline. When

someone realized that she was the one reported by the influencer, she suddenly made the headlines.

Just as Catherine was having wild thoughts, she saw in real-time Owen's name rising to the top of the search list. A fiery symbol accompanied his name indicating that it was the hot search. Catherine was bewildered, this was overblown. How was she going to resolve this? ____

Chapter 23: Cower In Submission

The busybody Emilia looked at Catherine and asked, "Is Mr. Torres your husband?"

"No." Catherine replied, "Both of us grew up together."

Emilia's eyes began to see stars, "Childhood sweethearts?"

Catherine knocked on her head, "My child is already five years old. Don't think of the useless things."

“I saw the picture of both of you kissing. You must be wealthy if you could become Mr. Torres’ sweetheart. Why are you still drawing comics?” Emilia asked doubtfully.

Catherine restarted her phone and was about to inform Owen of the situation. When she heard what Emilia said, she retorted, “Rich? Do I look like a rich person to you?”

Emilia smiled foolishly, “You’re not rich when compared to the position of Mrs. Torres but when compared to me, you are very rich after selling the rights to the story!”

“Watch what you say online! I’m going to make a call to Owen.” Catherine said as she left the office with her phone and called Owen once she was in the corridor.

“Your call is unanswered...” The automatic response came over her phone.

She called more than a dozen times and each time it wasn’t answered. Catherine was anxious and could only send him a message in the hope that he could look at it soon.”

Catherine planned to revise the script but when she arrived at her office, the noisy office became dead silent.

“What happened to all of you?” Catherine asked curiously.

Emilia frowned and said, “The head office just called and said that this project had been shelved and perhaps even the team will be disbanded.”

“Why?” Catherine thought if it had something to do with the headlines today.

Emilia waved her hands, “I don’t know. Several of us were discussing and wonder if someone had been offended by this.”

The atmosphere in the office wasn’t as jovial as yesterday but now everyone’s heart weighed heavily.

Simon walked out and clapped his hands, "All of you can go home for the rest of the day. Stay behind, October."

After everyone left, Catherine looked at Simon who looked calm, and asked, "Has this got to do with me?"

Simon nodded, "When I spoke to boss, he said that we had somehow offended Mr. Clark. It was his secretary who came to inform us."

Simon laughed bitterly, "I wouldn't think of this extent if I had not found out about your relationship with Mr. Clark."

"I'll look for him." Catherine stood up and picked up her bag.

Simon could see that Catherine and Anderson's relationship wasn't good. He said with worry, "Don't do anything impulsive."

Catherine left the office without replying to Simon. The light outside was glaring and when she dashed out into the sun, her eyes hurt and watered.

She didn't understand how she could offend Anderson when she was

working diligently. Why did he want to force her to such an extent?

The receptionist already recognized Catherine. When she saw Catherine, she didn't dare to stop her and let her in. Catherine pushed open Anderson's office door and saw Sienna sitting on Anderson's lap with her blouse in a mess. Catherine almost vomited when she saw them.

Sienna's smile disappeared when she saw Catherine, "Why are you here? Don't you know how to knock?"

"Get out!" Catherine yelled.

Sienna straightened her clothes and walked to Catherine in her high heels and said, "Do you know who you are speaking to?"

"Get out!" Catherine didn't look at Sienna.

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Sienna couldn't tolerate such disrespect, "You should be the one who should get out! Ms. Johnson!"

"Get out." Anderson suddenly said after remaining silent.

Sienna laughed happily, "Have you heard? Get out."

Anderson frowned and became frustrated, "I meant you."

Sienna was stunned and turned around to look at Anderson as if she had heard wrongly.

"Do I need to repeat myself?" Anderson said emotionlessly.

Sienna walked out defeated in her high heels. She glared walked past Catherine. She intentionally fell onto Anderson and was about to succeed when Catherine came in!

After Sienna left, Anderson crossed his legs and looked nonchalantly at Catherine, and said, "Why are you here again? Are you trying to pester me?"

“You’re despicable!” Catherine ground her teeth, “Pester you? Will I pester you if you didn’t destroy my job and take away Lincoln?”

Anderson was hurt by her hate.

No. He was clear that if it wasn’t for Lincoln, she wouldn’t appear in front of him ever again. Although he knew clearly the answer, he was unconsciously afraid of this answer.

Anderson didn’t like the answer and looked coldly at Catherine, “Are you referring to that trashy comic, Misty?”

Trashy? That was her sweat and blood. To him it was trash? Catherine laughed bitterly, “Whether it is trash or not, why do you want to interfere with my life?”

Anderson noticed her pain but he remained a cold attitude, “This issue had gone viral. Do you want to let them find out that you are my ex-wife and Lincoln’s mother? Do you want everyone to know that my ex-wife was a murderer? That Lincoln’s mother was a murderer?”

“You may not be concerned about your past but I do and Lincoln does

too.”

His sarcasm was successful in turning Catherine’s eyes red and shattering her heart into pieces. She couldn’t prevent her tears from falling, “I’ll withdraw from the project and will not appear in the public. No one knows that I’m Lincoln’s mother. You can easily suppress any news that I’m your ex-wife. Can you allow this project to continue?”

She was Anderson’s target and she could not drag down the rest of them.

“It’s too late,” Anderson replied.

Catherine smiled hopelessly and said bitterly, “Anderson, how can you be so cruel?”

How could he do this to her life and hurt her? She was flesh and blood and could feel the pain. Catherine didn’t speak and stared at Anderson with tears welled in her eyes.

Looking at her, Anderson became unsettled and said, “Please leave if you don’t have anything else.”

“Anderson, let me off.” She was too tired and was afraid that she couldn’t continue like that.

She said softly like a snowflake drifting into Anderson’s heart which made him feel uncomfortable.

The usual lofty and arrogant Catherine actually lowered herself for some unrelated people. Anderson closed his eyes and recalled the old Catherine who was lofty, lively, and yet tender towards him.

But now?

Anderson opened his eyes and looked at the person standing near him.

She was skinnier than she was five years ago but still looked very pretty. Her eyes which once were filled with admiration for him were now full of hatred for him and emptiness.

PROMOTED CONTENTAdskeeper

Chapter 24: ‘Sky’

Catherine didn't know how she got out of Anderson's office. She was totally helpless in the presence of Anderson.

She had no choice but to persevere as long as there was a shred of hope.

"Catherine? Are you Catherine?"

Catherine felt down and out as she walked to the street along Hualing Plaza and heard a joyful and yet doubtful voice. She turned around and saw a lady with heavy makeup and asked, "Aurora?"

"Yes!" Aurora was very excited to see Catherine. In her social circle, she loved someone such as Catherine. Aurora was very depressed for a long time when she heard from Joshua that Catherine had been arrested and jailed. She said, "My brother told me that you came to City W. I didn't expect to meet you here."

Aurora was Joshua's little sister and younger than Catherine by several years. Catherine knew her but had not interacted with her previously.

“Now that you’re back, I’ll take you to an interesting place.” Aurora held onto Catherine’s arm warmly and dragged her along.

Aurora didn’t allow Catherine to reject her. She continued to say, “Ever since you disappeared from our social circle for six years, I’ve not seen a person as beautiful as you are. It’s so boring without you...”

How she could exaggerate. Catherine thought quietly. The Adams family brother and sister put a lot of importance on appearances.

Aurora dragged her further and further away as Catherine asked doubtfully, “Where are you taking me?”

Aurora teased, “You’ll find out when we get there.”

They soon arrived at a huge pub. Before the day was dark, there were already many men and women dancing on the dance floor. A lot of people greeted Aurora when she arrived like she was a regular guest.

“Catherine, the cocktails made by this bartender are very yummy. Have

a try afterward.”

“You’re the friend of Aurora?” The bartender seemed to be very familiar with Aurora. He quickly mixed a cocktail and smiled as he served it to Catherine, “This is our house specialty, Sky.”

Catherine took it and looked at the light blue cocktail in a daze.

She seldom drank alcohol other than the time she was married to Anderson. Anderson would frequently go out with Isabella and she would be very hurt as she loved Anderson. When he went out with Isabella, she would then go out to drink and drown her sorrows.

“Aren’t you going to taste it?” Aurora took another glass of cocktail from the bartender and took a sip, “It’s very yum...”

Before she could finish saying, she saw Catherine drinking the entire glass of ‘Sky’ and placed it on the bar counter. She then said to the bartender, “One more please.”

“No, no, no, Catherine, the cocktail may look pretty and harmless but it

has a strong kick.” Aurora held her back.

Catherine’s eyes were sparkling and grinned, “I know, I want to get drunk.”

Though Catherine was smiling, Aurora could sense that she was upset, “Catherine, are you upset because Anderson is so close to Sienna?”

“Don’t be upset, it’s not worth it!” Aurora became furious when she mentioned Sienna and Anderson, “I wonder what those old farts are up to, trying to bring Sienna and Anderson together. Rest assured that Anderson will not like Sienna.”

Although she wasn’t upset because of this, the image of Sienna’s blouse being messed up and sitting on Anderson’s lap flashed in her mind. She didn’t know why her heart ached because of this.

“Miss, here’s your drink.” The bartender smiled as he served the cocktail to Catherine.

Catherine took over the cocktail and downed the entire glass again. She then wiped her mouth and said, “Not because of this.”

“Then what?” Catherine did not say regardless of how much Aurora asked her. She continued to drink the cocktail one after another.

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Aurora couldn't stop her and then had no choice but to call Joshua, “Bro, do you know where Catherine lives?”

Joshua was attending a dinner appointment and frowned when his sister mentioned about Catherine and looked at Anderson who was standing not far from him.

“Why?”

“She's drunk but she wouldn't tell me where she lives.” Aurora had wanted to bring Catherine to visit the bar but didn't expect that she was so upset and ended up drinking so much to drown her sorrows.

“You're together?” Joshua wasn't sure what was happening and asked, “Where are you?”

“At the Sky bar near Hualing Plaza.”

Joshua hung up the call, walked towards Anderson, and explained the situation to him. Then he said uncomfortably, “I have a date with my new girlfriend and can’t go. Can you settle this?”

Anderson looked gloomy when he heard that Catherine was at Sky.

Joshua waved his hands, “Forget it, I’ll inform Antonio to go if you’re not willing to. I’m sure he is more than happy to go.”

Just as Joshua called Antonio, someone next to him stood up. Anderson grabbed his jacket and left while looking agitated.

“Hey, Mr. Clark, why did you leave suddenly? Don’t you want to drink anymore?” Joshua smiled as he looked at Anderson leaving and thereafter hung up the call.

When Anderson rushed to Sky, he saw that woman smiling and flirting with a man beside her. The man lustfully placed his hand at the back of her waist.

“Since he can hop from woman to woman, so can I!” Catherine said as she stroked the man’s face with her finger. She tiptoed and was about to kiss the man when suddenly her arm was forcefully yanked.

She couldn’t help but fall into a man’s embrace. Catherine was thinking how nice the person smelled. She was enjoying the fragrance before she realized that he looked so much like Anderson.

Catherine forcibly pushed him away and yelled, “I don’t want you. You look too much like him. Have your colleague come over.”

Aurora kept an eye on Catherine for her safety. She rushed over to Catherine when she saw Anderson and heard what Catherine said.

Crap. Why did she call a gigolo for Catherine? Aurora shuddered when she thought about Anderson and was blaming Joshua for not going. Why did he let this devil come?

Aurora explained awkwardly to Joshua, “Anderson, Catherine didn’t mean it that way.”

“I’m referring to you. Get your colleague to come instead. You look disgusting.” Catherine yelled in frustration.

Aurora: That's it...

Anderson's expression was dark and cold. He immediately bent over and carried the drunk and wild woman onto his shoulders and carried her off. Her head was hanging down and she was dizzy. Her stomach started to churn and then...

Mmph...

Anderson shuddered, "Catherine, if you dare to vomit, I'll throw you..." into the trash bin.

Before he could finish his sentence, his shirt at the waist area was drenched in vomit.

Chapter 25: I Don't Know

The disgusting smell of vomit filled the air and Anderson walked briskly to the car. He shoved Catherine into the car, took off his shirt, and threw it away immediately.

Paul was shocked by Anderson's forceful actions and then looked at the drunk and unconscious Catherine. He then reacted and asked, "Where are we going, Mr. Clark?"

"Jiayue Apartments."

Since Anderson did not have an apartment there, Paul thought that it was Ms. Johnson's new place at City W.

It was clear Mr. Clark was disgusted with Ms. Johnson each time he saw her. He even gave her extra pressure for her work. Then he wanted someone to investigate Ms. Johnson's living situation. As an ordinary folk, he couldn't understand how the wealthy people thought.

“Anderson, you scoundrel!” The yell from the back seat startled Paul. He took a peek at the rearview mirror and saw Ms. Johnson scolding and beating Mr. Clark.

Anderson also didn’t expect that Catherine would suddenly punch him several times on his abdomen. He endured the pain as he grabbed Catherine’s hands, “Catherine, are you tired of living?”

“Get lost!” Catherine thought that she had dreamt of Anderson, “Get lost! I was doing fine and why did you appear in my life again?”

Catherine struggled as she tried to hit Anderson.

He had thrown away his shirt and was topless. She continued to flail and tried to hit him. In his eyes, she was no different from a lunatic.

Anderson looked gloomy and yelled, “Catherine, wake up!”

Catherine was in a daze and didn’t respond to Anderson. She looked in a daze at Anderson and said, “Give Lincoln back to me. What right do

you have to take him away from me? Why..."

Anderson said in frustration, "Lincoln is also my son and should naturally be with the Clark family."

"Get Isabella to give birth to children for you. Go and look for Allison to bear children for you. Even Sienna. Just give me back my child..."

What the hell?

"Mr. Clark, we're at Jiayue Apartments."

Anderson heaved a sigh of relief and walked quickly to Catherine's place.

At the door, Anderson keyed in his birth date but the electronic lock beeped in red. Then he realized that Catherine no longer used this passcode. The changed passcode made him feel upset. He then took

Catherine's thumb to scan for her fingerprint.

As he entered the door, Sophia ran out in her cute pink pajamas and said, "You're back, Mommy!"

She then saw that Anderson was carrying Catherine and Sophia became even happier. She ran happily towards Anderson and said, "Daddy, you're back!"

Anderson looked warmly at Sophia and said, "Yes."

Sophia sniffed in Catherine's direction and said, "Is mommy drunk? It's so smelly. Daddy quick let Mommy take a shower."

Anderson carried Catherine into the bathroom like carrying a hot potato.

The drunken woman in his arms was already in deep sleep. She looked particularly peaceful. Her long eyelashes were like a small handheld fan. She was quiet and beautiful. Her face was pale but her cheeks were flushed in red. She looked so alluring.

Anderson filled the bathtub with water and wanted to simply throw her

in. But then he thought about the bleeding leg during the day. He forcibly controlled himself in front of Catherine until he saw the scar on her abdomen. Anderson broke out in cold sweat and came to his senses. His eyes stared at the scar and then remembered the troubled labor when Sophia and Lincoln were born.

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Anderson changed for Catherine and washed her face. He then forced her to rinse her mouth. He struggled for a long time before carrying her onto the bed and then was about to leave.

“Won’t daddy sleep with mommy?” Sophia carried her teddy bear and looked at Anderson with her big round eyes.

“My friends’ daddy and mommy sleep together.” Sophia bit her lips unhappily and continued, “Why can’t daddy stay with us?”

Anderson nodded, “I’ll have the driver buy some clothes for me.”

Sophia became angry, “Daddy is trying to fool me. You can call the driver to buy the clothes.”

Anderson closed the door and said, “Okay, daddy will call the driver. Sophia can sleep now, right?”

“I want to see daddy and mommy sleeping together before I go to sleep.” Sophia felt insecure and stared at Anderson.

Anderson had no choice and pushed open Catherine’s bedroom door.

He clearly placed her down properly and now she was already curled up like a kid. Anderson sat at the bedside and looked at Catherine’s room.

This apartment was smaller than any of his places but it felt warm. Next to the wall was a table with a row of photographs. Anderson looked at them. Almost all of them were Sophia and Lincoln from their birth to the present day. There was a photograph of each time that he was away. His anger seemed to melt away as he looked at the kids.

Anderson looked at the photographs and then realized that there was a photo frame on the bedside table. He picked it up.

The woman in the picture smiled radiantly as she looked into the camera. She leaned her head towards a man beside her as each of them held onto a child beside them. All of them smiled happily. He had never seen Catherine and Lincoln smile so radiantly.

Anderson looked at Owen coldly. What right did he have to appear in this photograph? He was the father of Sophia and Lincoln and Catherine's husband. Anderson's hand froze when he realized what he was thinking and then replaced the photo frame onto the bedside table.

Catherine dreamed again. She dreamed about when she was still in school and was bullied by someone. Anderson fought with that person because of her. She was like a bystander in the dream. She looked from afar at the two men. Then the scene changed and she begged a man to let off the Johnson family. But the man coldly refused...

The room was very quiet. Anderson suddenly heard someone sob behind him. He turned around and saw that Catherine's face was soaked with tears.

"Anderson..."

"Yes?"

At that moment, Anderson wasn't able to determine if she was awake or speaking in her dreams.

Catherine mumbled, "How did we turn out this way..."

Her voice was very soft but left a heavy impact on Anderson. He immediately felt his heart shattering into pieces.

Anderson said softly, "I don't know."

Catherine did not reply but continued to sob as if she had dreamed of a very sorrowful event. Anderson grinned but was feeling bitter, unlike his usual coldness. His large palm patted Catherine's delicate back like he was comforting a child. Catherine started to calm down.

Anderson lay down beside her and brought her into his embrace.

The sun rays shone through the curtains and fell onto her face. Catherine rubbed her eyes as she woke up and looked beside her.____Chapter 26: A Slap on the Face

There was nobody around.

She seemed to have heard Anderson's voice yesterday; it was probably a dream again. She had a headache from the hangover and tried hard to recall what happened yesterday. She kept thinking about it, but she could only remember Aurora taking her for a drink.

Sky tasted quite good to her. She vaguely remembered Aurora didn't want to let her put all her eggs in one basket and wasted her efforts on Anderson, so Aurora called many male escorts for her. She was really drunk after that and she seemed to remember a male escort that looked like Anderson...

She didn't know whether it was a hallucination or a dream. It was almost time for Sophia to go to school, so Catherine didn't have much time to think about it. She quickly washed her face and rinsed her mouth.

When she wanted to prepare breakfast, she realized Sophia was already sitting by the dining table, "Mommy, let's eat."

Catherine was confused, "Did Nova come to make this?" She didn't remember asking Nova to prepare breakfast for them.

“It’s daddy. He asked someone to send it here.” Sophia stretched out her hand to pull Catherine’s shirt, “Mommy, this porridge is really delicious.”

Catherine was surprised, “Anderson was here?”

Sophia took a bite of salted egg yolk custard bun and looked skeptically at Catherine, “Mommy, have you forgotten? Daddy brought you home when you were drunk yesterday.”

All the vague memories were suddenly connected together and these scenes flashed through her mind. She seemed to have thought that Anderson was a male escort. She scolded Anderson and vomited on him. It seemed like he had changed by her clothes too...

Catherine’s face turned red as she recalled everything that had happened. She was so embarrassed that she wanted to hide herself in a hole, but she couldn’t.

“Mommy, why aren’t you eating? This salted egg yolk custard bun tastes good too.” Catherine knew in a glance that this porridge was from a high-end restaurant, where she used to be a regular customer there.

She took a bite of the salted egg yolk custard bun and the taste was familiar to her.

It was the first time she had tasted the food from this restaurant after six years.

Things remained the same, but the people had changed now.

Catherine returned to the company after sending Sophia to school. As soon as she stepped into the company, everyone looked at her with countless expectations.

Catherine’s heart throbbed.

“October, have you seen the news online again?” Emilia asked

cautiously.

Catherine shook her head. After her cell phone was stuck yesterday, she directly uninstalled the app.

"I think you should check it again. It has caused a big scandal on the Internet now." Emilia handed her phone to Catherine, "Someone exposed to the media that the project had been stopped. There are many people on the Internet who say that you've offended someone, that's why the project have been stopped."

"I see many people have gone to the Torres family's official page to cause scandal, and many people are joking about letting Mr. Torres to help you." Emilia didn't actually say that there were many people in the company who looked forward for Mr. Torres's help too.

Catherine looked at the comments on the Internet. Indeed, many netizens had gone to the Torres family's official page commenting stuffs like asking Owen to help his wife, and many of them were just joking around.

However, it had caused a great impact on Catherine. She gave the phone back to Emilia, "I'll contact Owen. If I couldn't reach him, I would issue a statement saying that I have nothing to do with the Torres family."

Emilia didn't expect that she would make such a decision and said surprisingly, "But it won't do you any good."

She just didn't want the Torres family to get involved in this.

Catherine called Owen again, but it still couldn't get through. At that moment, a post by the Torres family became a trending topic on the Internet.

There were only three simple words.

"Mr. Torres is unmarried."

"Oh my god, what a joke. The Torres family's official page just gave her a slap in the face."

"This artist is using Mr. Torres to gain popularity."

"Even a comic artist wants to have a wealthy woman persona now?"

"..."

Emilia had been focusing on the Internet. When she saw this news, she quickly informed Catherine about it.

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“Alright.” Catherine’s voice sounded a little exhausted. She knocked on the door and entered Simon’s office.

When Simon saw her coming, he smiled bitterly, “I actually wanted to gain a little trendiness for the project, but I didn’t expect that it to bring you so much trouble.”

“It’s me who caused trouble for the project.” If it weren’t because of her, Anderson wouldn’t pay attention to such a small matter at all, “I’ll continue looking for Anderson. Besides, I’ll issue a statement that I’m just friends with Owen, not his wife.”

Simon nodded and reminded, “This matter is getting trendier now. You must be more careful, I’m afraid someone will dig into your past.”

Simon stayed in the company longer than she did, so he had more experience than her in this aspect. She nodded her head.

After returning to her work position, Catherine reinstalled the app and closed the notifications bar of the app. Then, she wrote a statement and posted it.

As soon as she posted it, many comments were made.

“It’s such a pity; your beauty really matches Mr. Torres.”

“To be friends with Mr. Torres, October must be an excellent woman.”

“I think she’s just using the tabloid media coverage on purpose. Does she want to be in the entertainment industry?”

“ ... ”

“I think there’s a comment that the child looks like Mr. Clark. This artist knows Mr. Torres and Mr. Elliot. She should know Mr. Clark too. I’m taking a wild guess, the child is Mr. Clark’s!” Emilia read this comment beside Catherine.

Catherine was stunned for a moment as she held the phone in her hand.

Emilia laughed, "This netizen is really unbelievable, but they look quite similar though. It's true that good-looking people all look similar to each other, while ugly ones are totally different."

Catherine was startled upon hearing this.

Emilia also murmured, "Mr. Clark is too famous, this comment has been highest liked comments on your post.

Catherine refreshed her page and as expected, it had been the top comment on her post.

She wanted to deny it, but she was afraid of causing more scandal. She didn't reply it and the comment section became even livelier. Most netizens said it was impossible, Mr. Clark would never have his eyes on her.

One of the long comments attracted Catherine's attention.

“There’s a post that says this artist has pursued Mr. Clark before and even honey-trapped him. She used to be from a wealthy family. Mr. Clark got married with her due to pressure, but he hated her the most. They have been divorced for many years now. The person who posted it didn’t dare to say much and was afraid to get caught. She did mention that there were many reporters who took pictures of this artist baiting Mr. Clark, but they were threatened by the blogger’s family to not post it out.”

“This artist had a bad character, she didn’t have many female friends. She’s really a slut. Even when she played with Mr. Torres and Mr. Elliot, she still secretly harassed Mr. Clark.”

An anonymous long picture was attached at the end of the comment. The more Catherine looked at it, the more dejected she became. This matter was definitely exposed by someone she knew. Some of the contents were true while some were fake, but there were still many netizens who believed it.

She had a hunch that this matter would be difficult to deal with.

She had never encountered such a thing, so she didn’t know how to react for a moment. Then, the phone that she held in her hand suddenly vibrated. Catherine came back to her senses and saw the person who called was Owen.

She answered the call and walked out of the office.

“Owen, have you seen the scandal on the Internet?”

Owen pressed against his forehead and replied, “Yes, I have.”

“I didn’t expect to cause you so much trouble.” What Catherine didn’t wish to happen most was to get Owen involved in this matter.

“I’m the one who wanted to take Sophia out. It has nothing to do with you.” Owen muttered, “I’ll settle the rest of the problem.”

Catherine took a deep breath and said firmly, “Owen, you’re the heir of the Torres family. No matter what happened, you must consider your family first. Don’t worry about me anymore.”

The solution to this issue was Anderson.

Chapter 27: She Couldn't Return Home

Anderson was purposely causing her trouble. If Owen wanted to protect her, he would be in an endless trouble too.

He replied faintly, "Alright, I'm hanging up."

The servant beside him carefully reminded him, "Young master, Ma'am asked you to hand over your cell phone to me."

Owen looked at her coldly and posted on his social media, "If she's willing to, I'll ask for her hand in marriage now."

He attached a photo of him and Catherine along with the post. The two

young people in the photo were smiling happily.

The servant who guarded Owen was shocked upon seeing his post. Not only that, he also tagged the official page of the Torres family.

The servant's face turned pale. This scandal had become worse now.

"Young master, Ma'am will blame you for this."

Owen stood up and his expression was cold, "I don't care."

When Catherine saw Owen's post, she was completely startled. Owen had always been a staid man. If it wasn't because of the verification above, she wouldn't have thought that he was impersonated.

He still got himself involved in this matter.

Emilia's face turned red in excitement when she saw Owen's post, "October, Mr. Torres likes you, right?"

Catherine shook her head because she didn't know. Owen was emotionally reserved, but he was really good to her. She had also

suspected that Owen liked her, but he denied everything when she asked him about it.

Later, she experienced too much crappy things in life that she thought she didn't deserve a man like Owen. She also didn't think that the young master of the Torres family would take a liking to her, so she never asked about it anymore.

"Why do I feel like Mr. Torres likes you?" Emilia didn't want to think about work anymore and concentrated to hear her spilling the tea.

Catherine poked her head, "You are thinking too much. I'm already the mother of two kids."

"What they say about you and Mr. Clark on the Internet, is it real?"

"It's both real and sham."

Emilia said angrily, "That's why so many people believe the scandal on the Internet. Have you offended this person?"

“I’ve offended a lot of people.” The Johnson family used to be a noble and wealthy family. She was also a daughter of the wealthy family and lastly, she even married Anderson.

Anderson was a decent man that every woman wanted at that time. When she married Anderson, there were many of them who hated her. There weren’t much people like Aurora who was a philocalist.

Emilia speechlessly raised her thumb at Catherine, “Wow! But I could’ve guess it though. You’re such a beautiful woman. The people who stand beside you will immediately turn invincible with you around. There much be many people who didn’t like you.”

After finishing her words, Emilia laid on the table dispiritedly, “The project is put on hold. If it goes on like this, I think I’ll be laid off soon.”

When she mentioned this matter, the office suddenly turned quiet and the atmosphere in the office became solemn.

Catherine felt guilty. If it weren’t for her, there wouldn’t be such a big trouble.

At the Clark Tower not far away, Arthur stood outside Anderson's office and hesitated to go in.

"What's wrong, Arthur?" The staff who happened to pass by asked him.

"Nothing."

"But you've been wandering at the door since just now. Mr. Clark could see it through the surveillance camera."

Arthur stiffened his body and entered his office after knocking the door.

Anderson was looking at a document when he heard Arthur's footsteps. He didn't raise his head and asked, "What is it?"

Arthur gritted his teeth and said, "Mr. Torres posted on his social media just now. If Miss Johnson is willing to, he will marry her instantly."

With that, Arthur placed his phone in front of Anderson and retreated immediately.

Anderson's gaze fell on those short and simple words. Then, he indifferently looked at the comments below.

"Mr. Torres is such a gentleman!"

"Protecting his wife with all his strengths!"

"Look at the photo! A couple who were friends since childhood, I'm shipping them hard!"

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Anderson was very pissed.

Arthur looked at his boss who was raging in flames and he dared not move forward.

"Go and remind her company boss again."

Arthur secretly felt pity for Catherine. He left the office after answering Anderson.

The video that she had recorded explaining that the comic would not be mended, was just like a Pandora box. Once it was opened, it couldn't be closed anymore.

"October, come here for a moment." Simon came over and shouted.

Catherine got up immediately and followed him to the office, "What's the matter?"

Simon didn't know what to do.

Catherine knew that calling her to the office, he wouldn't be bringing a piece of good news. She took a deep breath and looked at Simon, "You can say what you want to. I'll be able to bear with it."

"You've been working hard these days. The company decides to let you go home and take a rest for a while." Simon's words were euphemistic.

Even though she had seen this coming, she still felt a little sad.

“I’ll quit the project.” Catherine spitted out these words in difficulty.

Although she hadn’t join the company for a long time, the company still chose to buy the copyright of her comic even when she disagreed to add any romantic scenes. The company trusted her a lot and allowed her to be the screenwriter. Catherine was really touched. However, the company was in trouble because of her now, so she felt really guilty.

Simon smiled bitterly.

“Did Mr. Clark come to the company again?” Her voice slightly trembled.

“Yes.” Simon sighed, “Could you help to persuade Mr. Clark? Our company isn’t a big corporation. If this project continues to be put on hold, more than half of the employees here will lose their jobs.”

Catherine nodded. She returned to her seat to pack her things. Then, she took a glance at the office again and left this place.

When she reached the ground-floor of the Clark Tower, she looked up at the sunshine.

Now, she realized that Anderson wanted to destroy her life and ruined her reputation.

Her phone suddenly rang. When she took out her phone from her bag and saw it was Nova's number, she immediately answered it.

"Hello, Nova?"

Nova sounded anxious, "Catherine, I've just brought Sophia home and there were a group of reporters outside your doorstep. I didn't dare to bring her in."

"Don't bring her in, I'll return home immediately. Could you take Sophia back to your home first? I'll go pick her up."

"You don't need to say that, I've taken Sophia home already. You can go straight to my house. The situation outside your house is too scary."

Nova still felt scared when she reminded Catherine about it.

Catherine quickly took a cab and rushed there. She was afraid of bumping into a reporter on the way there, so she covered her face with her clothes all the way to Nova's house.

Nova was worried when she saw Catherine, “I’ve check about it when I went home just now. Who have you offended to make a scene like this?”

“It’s okay, Nova. Thank you for bringing Sophia back.” Catherine didn’t stay at Nova’s house for too long and left with Sophia.

Sophia was confused, “Mommy, aren’t we going home?”

“We’re not going back yet. Mommy is taking you for a great meal.” Catherine took Sophia to a hidden restaurant and found a private room.

After dinner, they sat in the restaurant until it was almost nine o’clock. Sophia was sleepy after finishing her homework, so she asked with a yawn, “Mommy, aren’t we going home yet?”

“Let’s go.” It was almost nine o’clock; the reporters should have left already.

She carefully took a cab to her residential district. She realized she had completely underestimated the perseverance of these reporters. As soon as the elevator was opened, the reporters simultaneously turned

around.

Catherine was so frightened that she quickly closed the door of the elevator and escaped with Sophia all the way.

After they had ran far away, Catherine stood by the road and looked at the traffic in confusion. She didn't know where to go. Her identity card was left at home, so she couldn't even bring Sophia to a hotel.

At that moment, a black Maybach stopped in front of them.

Chapter 28: She Committed Suicide

The car window slowly descended, revealing a familiar face. Catherine was stunned to see the man in the car.

Sophia was very excited when she saw him and she smiled brightly, "Daddy."

Anderson glanced at the slender woman standing by the road side. He said coldly, "Get in."

Catherine didn't move, but Sophia already stepped towards the car and tried to open the door. She tried pulling the door open, but she still couldn't open it.

She turned around looking at Catherine, "Mommy, aren't we going to sleep?"

Catherine bent down and gently said to Sophia, "Mommy will take you to a hotel, okay?"

Sophia pursed her little lips as tears almost fell down her cheeks, "But I want to be with Daddy too."

Looking at the scene in front of him, Anderson muttered, "Catherine, let's see if there's any hotel in City W who dares to take you in."

Catherine stiffened her body as she clenched her fist. It was him who caused her to be homeless and wandering on the streets now. How could he act like nothing was wrong?

“Mommy.” Sophia sounded as if she was going to cry.

“Catherine, you know Sophia’s health condition isn’t well.”

Catherine’s face immediately turned pale when she heard Anderson’s words and pulled the door open.

Sophia quickly got into the car and pounced on Anderson, “Daddy, I miss you so much!”

Anderson was seldom this close to children, so he frowned subconsciously.

“Sophia, come here.” Catherine pulled Sophia into her embrace and hugged her tightly.

Sophia looked at Anderson’s expression and didn’t dare to speak anymore after seeing him frown. She laid in Catherine’s arms and murmured softly, “Mommy, doesn’t Daddy like me?”

Catherine kept quiet. He just didn’t like her, so he disliked the children that she had given birth to as well.

She patted Sophia's head to comfort her, "No."

Sophia raised her head and looked at Catherine with her bright eyes, "Why doesn't Daddy hug me then?"

"He's not used to hugging people. He's afraid of dropping you."
Catherine secretly thought in her mind that if it was Isabella's child, he would definitely spoil her like a princess.

So, Daddy was afraid that she would fall.

Sophia put on a smile again and looked at Anderson in excitement, "Daddy, I'm not scared of falling."

Anderson remained silent and the atmosphere in the car was extremely cold.

Catherine felt a numb in her heart, but she didn't show any emotions out and said softly, "Sophia should sleep now, otherwise you wouldn't wake up for school tomorrow."

Sophia felt something was wrong too. Her father really didn't seem to like her.

She grievously laid in Catherine's arms.

She soon fell asleep under Catherine's comfort. The car was so quiet that they could only hear Sophia's sleeping breath.

She and Anderson sat next to each other.

But it was as if a galaxy was in between them, no one bothered to start a conversation. When their eyes met sometimes, they looked disgusted at each other.

The person who broke the silence was the driver, Paul.

"Young master, we've reached Ziting Villa."

Anderson got out of the car and walked away.

Catherine hugged Sophia in her arms and followed behind him. She

looked pitiful as she walked in pain with her high heels.

Paul couldn't watch it anymore, "Ms. Johnson, let me hug Sophia for you."

Anderson stopped his steps, and Paul thought his boss had realized his conscience.

"Are you the mother of the child or she is?"

Paul didn't understand what he meant and said, "Ms. Johnson is."

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"Let her hug." Anderson said coldly and left with a shadow.

Paul embarrassedly looked at Catherine and smiled, "I'm sorry, Ms. Johnson."

Catherine didn't care, "It's okay, please arrange a room for us."

Paul quickly went to order the servant.

At that moment, Sophia woke up and vaguely looked at Catherine, "Mommy, aren't you sleeping with Daddy?"

"Mommy's accompanying you to sleep."

"But I want Mommy to sleep with Daddy. The daddy and mommy in the television that I've watched all sleep together. Why aren't you sleeping with Daddy then?"

Catherine frowned. She shouldn't let Sophia watch too much television in the future.

"But Mommy wants to sleep with you." She didn't want to sleep with Anderson at all.

Sophia pursed her lips.

As soon as Catherine arrived in the living room with Sophia, Paul smiled and said to Sophia, “Little Sophia, the servants has cleaned up the room. Do you want to see it?”

“Yes.”

Paul went upstairs with Sophia, leaving only Catherine and Anderson in the living room.

Catherine looked at the man lying on the couch. She didn’t say anything, so Anderson remained silent too.

Catherine’s phone suddenly rang.

Catherine looked at it and realized it was her editor, Lydia. It was almost eleven o’clock at night. It must be urgent to call this late, so she immediately answered the call.

“October, let’s put the website updates on hold first.”

Before Catherine could speak, Lydia’s voice sounded at the other end of the call. Catherine was stunned for a moment and asked, “Did something happen?”

“How much do you know about the situation on the Internet? Your situation now is a little difficult to deal with. I don't know if you've seen it. Someone revealed a news on the Internet that you had called male escorts in a bar and took drugs. There are many people rushing to the website now to give bad reviews, even the company's software has been criticized. If it goes on, the software may even be removed from the shelf.”

“Alright, I know it now.” Catherine hung up the call and looked at Anderson with hatred.

“Anderson, what exactly do you want?”

Although she was bearing with it, her questioning sounded like she was about to cry.

Anderson got up and looked at Catherine in disdain, “It was you who did all these things. Why? Am I the one to be blamed now?”

He was the one who ruined her life. How could he criticize her so bluntly?

She recalled those years, when to live was no better than to die for her. The pain that she had experienced was deeply engraved in her soul. Catherine trembled as tears streamed down her face, “Yes, I did that. But do you know why I’ve ended up like that?”

“Stop making excuses. As a mother, nothing would be the reason why you took drugs!” Anderson coldly looked at her, “You only know how to pretend to be pitiful. I thought even though you had a bad character, but as a mother, you still loved your children. I didn’t expect that you would make such an example for them.”

Anderson clamped his hand on Catherine’s neck with hatred and strangled her hard, “Look at your shameful behavior, you even touch this kind of thing.”

With that, Anderson threw a stack of photos to her face.

Catherine knelt on the ground and looked at these photos scattered on the floor. The woman in the photo looked just like her. She looked wild and skinny, revealing her disgraceful behavior. The memories that she had deliberately sealed up were torn open and exposed to the world.

Fear, horror and disgust... All kinds of emotions were pouring out.

The living room was so quiet that only the sound of a woman crying was heard. Anderson felt even disgusted, “You’ve done all these things. Why are you crying now?”

“Sophia will stay here starting from now. I’m afraid that she wouldn’t learn well from you and be corrupted by your bad examples.” Anderson said indifferently and strode upstairs.

It was not her will to do so. She didn’t want to.

When Anderson went upstairs, he stood by the window and irritably smoked his cigarettes. Then, he went into the bathroom.

As soon as he lay in the bathtub, Paul’s anxious scream sounded outside, “Young master, Ms. Johnson had committed suicide! There’s a lot of blood...” _____

Chapter 29: Even God Couldn’t Save Her

Anderson immediately got out of the bathtub and ran downstairs with a towel wrapped around him.

When he saw a pool of blood beside the weak and slender woman at

the corner of the kitchen, he widened his eyes.

“Catherine!”

His voice trembled as he was unable to believe this scene in front of him, but he didn't stop his hands at all. He held her up in his arms and applied pressure on her wound that was still bleeding continuously.

“Drive to Antonio's hospital. Hurry up!”

He didn't realize that he sounded panic.

The woman in his embrace looked pale and her usual red lips were dull too, “Anderson...”

“Don't say anything; we're reaching the hospital soon.” Anderson tightly covered her wound and his eyes were red.

“I'm...cold.” She felt that she was on the verge of dying and forced a smile on her face, “I'm going to meet my mom and dad soon.”

“No, no. You won’t, don’t say that anymore.” Anderson couldn’t imagine his life if the woman in his arms would disappear.

“Anderson, I don’t love you anymore.” Her pale face revealed a smile of relief and closed her eyes.

Anderson felt his blood surging up his chest and he swallowed them back. Then, he shouted at Paul, “Drive faster!”

Paul directly drove to the entrance of the hospital and Catherine was sent to the emergency room.

Antonio had seen countless patients and had countless operations in the emergency room. At that moment, his forehead was still filled with sweats as his eyes focused on the woman lying on the operating table.

“Check how much Rh-negative blood is left in the hospital and bring all of it here.” Antonio handled the wound and instructed the nurse.

The nurse hurriedly ran out and took all the remaining blood plasma in the hospital warehouse.

Antonio's eyes were red, "It's not enough. Ask the man outside to contact Owen. He's Rh-negative."

The nurse ran out again without stopping.

"How is she?" Anderson grabbed the nurse who ran out.

The nurse caught her breath convulsively and told Anderson, "The patient had lost too much blood. The hospital didn't have enough Rh-negative blood, Dr. Antonio asked you to contact a man called Owen. He has the same blood type as the patient."

Antonio was stunned. Owen?

He looked for his phone everywhere on his body and realized that he had forgotten to bring his cell phone when he came here. He quickly took Paul's phone over.

When Anderson called, Owen was still fighting with his servants and

wanted to escape, “Hello.”

“Come over to Antonio Hospital. Catherine had committed suicide. She lost too much blood and she needed blood plasma now.” Anderson’s voice sounded a little tired and anxious.

Owen stunned for a moment as he realized something.

Paul asked the nurse for a set of patient clothing, “Young master, you should change your clothes.”

Anderson looked down and saw the white bath towel had turned red. It was all stained with Catherine’s blood. There was so much blood, she must have suffered a lot.

His mind was in a mess. Whenever he closed his eyes, he thought of Catherine’s look when she said that she didn’t love him anymore.

When Owen saw Anderson, his fist hit Anderson hard on the face. Anderson retreated due to pain and glared at him in rage.

Owen wasn’t afraid at all and his following fist fell on Anderson’s body.

Anderson suppressed his anger, “She’s almost dying now. She needs your blood, so I won’t touch you now.”

When Owen heard that, the expression on his face changed in a sudden. He quickly dumped Anderson and pulled the nurse over to take his blood, “Take how much you want, as long as she could be saved.”

The nurse nodded. Her eyes were filled with pity as she said to Anderson, “The patient's condition is very bad now. She might not make it, you should be mentally prepared for the worst situation.”

Anderson suddenly felt dejected. He supported himself on the wall for quite some time before regaining his consciousness.

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Catherine was in the operating room all night. When Antonio came out from the operating room, he immediately sat on the ground. Although he was exhausted, he still looked coldly at Anderson, “Don’t you think you’ve hurt her enough?”

Anderson stared at the door of the operating room for the whole night. In just one night, stubble had grown on his face and he looked slightly different now.

“How is she?”

His voice was hoarse.

“She’s in ICU now. If she could wake up today, I’d make sure she’ll be able to stay alive. If not, even god couldn’t save her anymore.” Antonio sounded exhausted. He thought of something and smiled suddenly, “You almost killed her, but Owen almost lost half of his life donating blood to save her.”

Anderson’s body stiffened. He didn’t know how to describe his feelings at this moment.

The man that he hated most, saved his woman.

And he was the one who caused her to commit suicide.

When Anderson thought of her pale face, he felt as if a sharp weapon

had pierced into his heart. He felt so painful.

Another doctor came out of the operating room and was surprised to see Antonio sitting on the ground, “Why aren’t you taking a rest, Dr. Antonio? The patient is still in danger. She might need to be rescued again. You should take a break now.”

Antonio got up and returned to his office tiredly.

Anderson was left alone there. He stood at the entrance without moving, like a statue.

Paul handed Anderson the clothes that he had brought from home, “Sophia and Lincoln already knew about this and they insisted to come over. Do you want to change your clothes?”

Anderson took the clothes and walked into an empty ward. He changed his clothes and washed his face.

When he came out from the empty ward, Sophia and Lincoln happened to run towards him. Both of them were sweating on their foreheads, “How is my Mommy doing?”

“She’s fine now, but she is still under observation.” Anderson didn’t tell him that she was still in a critical stage.

Lincoln was relieved to hear that. Then, he raised his little face and looked at Anderson with hatred, “Mr. Clark, may I ask why my Mommy would suddenly commit suicide?”

Anderson remained silent.

Lincoln took out a stack of photos from behind and raised it up. His eyes were red, “Did you show this to her?”

Anderson didn’t deny. It was true that he had completely lost his mind when he saw these photos.

Lincoln’s eyes were red. His biological father was the one who caused his mother to end up in prison. They almost couldn’t make it to this world because of him. This man indirectly caused his mother to be addicted to drugs, and now he wanted to force his mother to death using his own hands.

No matter how calm and matured a five-year-old child was, he still couldn’t help but be a little afraid at this moment.

“This is all your fault!” Lincoln shouted and threw the photos in front of Anderson, “Did you know why Mommy did this?”

“It’s because of you. You’re the sinner who made Mommy like this!”

“What rights do you have to criticize her?” Lincoln’s eyes were filled with tears. He was so angry that he glared at Anderson with hatred, “Did you know how hopeless she must have felt when she cut herself with the knife?”

“I’ve watched the surveillance camera. When her blood continuously flowed out from her body, she was calling out your name.”

This was the longest talk that Lincoln had said to Anderson.

He was usually so quiet that it seemed as if he didn’t exist.

Sophia was frightened and hugged Lincoln, “Brother, I don’t want Daddy anymore. I want to find Mommy...”

“She had finally forgotten about it. Why did you make her recall these things again?” Lincoln shrugged his shoulders, “If something happens to

her, I will hate you forever. As long as I'm still alive, I will seek revenge for Mommy!"

His red eyes were filled with hatred and he didn't bother to conceal his anger at all.

Anderson muttered with his hoarse voice, "What happened to her in the prison?"__

Chapter 30: Do You Like Me?

Anderson asked in a sudden. Lincoln recalled the scenes that had happened in those years and his eyes turned red. He raised his head to stop the tears from flowing down.

"The drugs are..."

Just as Lincoln was about to speak, a nurse ran out from the ICU ward joyfully, "Mr. Clark, the patient is awake."

Lincoln was happy to hear that, "May I see Mommy?"

“Hang on. I’ll ask a nurse to disinfect you first before going in.”

Antonio, who had just closed his eyes for a rest, also received the news. He quickly walked towards the entrance of ICU and said to Lincoln, “Come in with me.”

Anderson stepped forward and said in a low voice, “I want to go in too.”

Antonio glanced at him, “I have to tell you beforehand, it may not be a good thing for her to see you now.”

Anderson’s heart twitched.

“If you insisted on coming in, go change your clothes and wear a mask. We’ll go in together after getting disinfected.”

In the ward...

Catherine opened her eyes and looked at the white ceiling. She realized she had been rescued again.

She didn't know how she felt. Disappointed? Or glad?

"Mommy, do you not want me and Sophia anymore?" Lincoln ran towards her bed and said with a crying voice.

When she heard Lincoln's voice, she firmly leaned her head over and looked at him with a smile, "No, Mommy has regretted."

At that moment when she stabbed herself with the knife, she really wanted to die. That way, all her troubles would end. Even when she woke up just now, she was a little disappointed that she didn't die.

But when she looked at Lincoln who was crying in front of her now, she hated herself for making such an irresponsible decision.

Her children were still young and they needed her as a mother. She shouldn't give up on herself.

Antonio did a checkup on her again. He was relieved when he saw that all her vitals and indicators were normal, “You’re fine now. You just have to take care of your wound well.”

“Okay.” Catherine nodded with her pale face, “How is Owen doing?”

She had some vague memories in the process of the rescue, so she knew she had used Owen’s blood again this time.

“He’s lying on the bed next to you. He has fainted just now, but don’t worry. I’m right here.” Antonio’s tone was filled with confidence.

“I trust you.” Catherine muttered weakly. Then, she gently looked at Lincoln, “Is your sister all right?”

“She’s staying with Mr. Walker outside. I’m worried that she would be afraid, so I didn’t let her come in.” Lincoln’s mood had gradually calmed down as he comforted Catherine.

After she had woken up, she asked about everyone around her. She even asked regarding the current situation on the Internet.

However, she didn't mention Anderson at all.

Anderson stood aside like an outsider. He only managed to spit out a few words after hesitating for a long time, "Are you all right?"

After asking that, he regretted what a silly question it was.

Catherine smiled, "I'm fine. Thanks for sending me here, Mr. Clark."

She sounded polite but hostile.

It seemed like she wanted to distance herself from him immediately.

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Anderson's heart was in pain.

Anderson began to drive them away, "All right, you all should leave

now. The patient needs to have a good rest. If her condition is stable after two days of observation in the ICU, she can be transferred to the normal ward.”

She suffered from a severe depression. When she wasn’t sick, she had a strong will to stay alive because of her children.

It was not even two days when she got transferred to the normal ward. Owen also stayed in the hospital for a few days due to excessive blood transfusion, but the Torres family didn’t leave his side.

He came to see Catherine before he was discharged from the hospital, “Take good care of your wound. I’ll come visit you again when I’m free.”

Catherine looked at his pale face and knew it was because he had transfused too much blood for her. She felt even guilty and muttered, “Owen, do you like me?”

The smile on Owen’s face stiffened and he remained silent.

“Before my family was ruined, all you wanted was to be a great pianist. In these few years, you had been involved in business affairs and made great progress. However, I couldn’t see your passion towards music anymore. You didn’t even touch the piano again.” Previously, she dared

not speculate why Owen did all these for.

But she couldn't stand to see him risking his life to do all these things for her sake.

Owen smiled and said, "I've played the piano for more than ten years, of course I'll be bored one day. You're just thinking too much."

Catherine quietly stared at Owen, as if she wanted to see through him.

Owen tried to avoid, "All right, you should rest now. I'll go back first."

With that, he turned around and left.

Catherine called him, "Owen, my depression might not recover my entire life. When my depression occurred, I couldn't control myself from committing suicide. No matter how much blood you have, it will never be enough for you to keep transfusing to me. This isn't the first time that I've used your blood."

Catherine closed her eyes, "I don't want to make things hard for you, but you wouldn't listen to me anyway. If you like me, we can be together. If you don't, then let's not meet again in the future."

Owen put away the smile on his face and looked solemnly at her, “Do you know what you are talking about?”

“I’ve never been more conscious than now. Let’s not meet anymore. If I get sick again and can’t be saved, do take care of Lincoln and Sophia for me. Please bury my ashes next to my parents.”

When Owen heard her talking so casually about death, he felt a little angry. He lowered his head and laid a kiss on Catherine’s forehead.

“I’m right here, I won’t let you die. We will get married once you’ve discharged from the hospital.”

Anderson sat in the office and looked at the two people through the surveillance camera of the hospital. He felt many emotions surging up his mind as he tightly clenched his fist. His anger was exposed all over his body.

Arthur looked at Anderson’s ghastly expression and said reluctantly, “Young master, the news about Ms. Johnson on the Internet has been taken down.”

Anderson turned his cold gaze away from the surveillance camera, "Have you found the photographer who took these photos?"

Arthur shook his head, "No. it was a public account who revealed these photos. I've contacted the owner of the account; he said someone asked him to expose it to the media. He posted these photos to gain popularity for himself. I've also investigated the person who contacted him to do so. It was an extracellular network IP address, so I couldn't find anything."

Anderson's ghastly expression was even more obvious now. He got up and took his suit, "Continue investigating and cancel the next meeting that I have. I'm going to the hospital."

...

After Owen had left, Catherine held her phone with difficulty to check the news on the Internet.

The news about her wasn't trending much anymore, but there were still people who continued to give bad reviews on the comic website. She was still bothered by it. However, it was true that those things were really injected into her body. She couldn't explain it, because she didn't know who had injected it from behind.

She didn't want to recall that dark moment in her life at all when she wanted to die so badly. Catherine closed her eyes in pain.

She opened her eyes when she heard something at the door. She turned around and saw Anderson coming in with a cold face.

Catherine frowned, "What are you doing here?" _____

Chapter 31: What Are You Doing?

Anderson suppressed his anger. "Do you want to be with Owen Torres?"

"It's none of your business." Catherine turned around, ignoring him.

Anderson said in an arctic cold tone, "If you're with him, I can guarantee the Torres family would become the next Johnson family."

"You..." Catherine looked at Anderson in anger. "What else can you do besides threatening me?"

Anderson answered, "As long as my way works."

It indeed worked. Catherine gritted her teeth in hatred.

Recalling her pale face the other day and seeing her current vivid look, Anderson felt happier for some reason. Reaching out his hand, he wiped hard on the position where Owen had kissed.

Catherine felt that her forehead must be reddened because of the strength from his hand. She dodged.

Anderson pressed her forehead with strength. "Catherine, don't you ever fight against me. You can stay with me from now on."

Catherine was startled. She felt so sore in her heart that she wanted to laugh. She had been into him for so many years, but he never responded to her. Now, she finally wanted to forget about him and tried to be with another man, he asked her to stay by his side.

How ironic and ridiculous!

Then what had she been holding out for all these years?

Catherine said in a cold tone, “No, thank you.”

She wouldn’t want to stay with him anymore.

Anderson frowned. He didn’t continue arguing with Catherine. When she recovered, he could directly take her with him. Anyway, she couldn’t resist, could she?

Catherine had been in the hospital for more than half a month before leaving it. Since more than two weeks had passed, new hot news came out continuously, and no more reporters were waiting at her door.

She looked at the graphics tablet. She wanted to draw something but didn’t know what to draw.

Under her comics, there were countless negative comments. A lot of netizens required her to quit the caricature business since she was such a wicked painter.

The copyright development had been stopped as well. Catherine picked up her phone and sent Emilia a message: [How are you doing now?]

Emilia replied to her pretty fast: [Pretty bad. October, is what is said on the Internet true?]

Those photos could always bring Catherine back to her miserable memories. [I didn't mean to do it. I was injected that thing by someone, but now I don't know who that person is, and I couldn't provide any evidence.]

This was the first time that Catherine mentioned such a thing to another person.

[I believe in you. Although we haven't got along for a long while, I don't think you are such a kind of person.]

Emilia's reply warmed up Catherine's heart.

A moment later, Emilia sent her a sad emoji. [However, I might have to look for a new job. The company has fired quite a few employees.]

After exchanging messages with Emilia, Catherine felt quite stressed. She still had brought trouble to so many people. Now she had lost her job. How could she be able to help those people who were implicated

by her?

Catherine looked through her scripts and the comics that were drawn brushstroke by brushstroke by herself. The netizens used to discuss the plots or urge her to update in the comment area. But now, it was full of negative comments and curses.

All of those... were caused by Anderson.

“October, if you know the person who stopped this project, could you please put on good words for us? Our boss is a quite nice one. After going through this incident, the company might be closed down.”

In the evening, when reading the message sent by Emilia, Catherine fell into the silence while huddling up in the bed.

She dialed a phone number, which she hadn't dialed for six years. However, she even didn't have to recall the string of numbers. As soon as her fingers were on the keyboard, she could dial it without opening her eyes.

“Hello.”

Anderson's voice rang out from the speaker. Catherine kept silent.

"I'll hang up if you still don't speak." Not so many people knew his phone number and Anderson wasn't a patient man.

Catherine said with a hoarse voice, "It's me."

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Anderson hadn't expected that Catherine would call her. Now it turned out to be his turn to fall into the silence.

"Mr. Clark, who is it? Aren't you taking a bath?"

While neither of them kept silent, a sweet voice was heard by Catherine. She was quite familiar with her - she was Sienna.

She had already reminded herself that she wouldn't love him any longer or feel heartbreaking because of him.

However, when she heard another woman's voice through his phone at the midnight, her heart was still tightened as if it was tightly gripped by something.

Anderson stood up and walked to a quiet corner. "What's up?"

Catherine's voice was full of tiredness. "Please let go of the company that has bought my copyright. I can do whatever you want me to do."

Now the Torres family, Sophia, Lincoln, her job, her future, and her career were all in his hands.

How could she resist?

How could she have the guts to resist?

"Come to Ziting Villa."

After finishing his words in a cold tone, the man hung up the phone.

Catherine was in a daze while looking out of the window for a moment.

Then she hailed a taxi to Ziting Villa.

As soon as she got in the car, the driver smiled at her. “Hey, Miss. It’s you again. We do have the fate. How’s your leg now?”

Catherine hadn’t expected that she would encounter the same driver who picked up from the company last time.

“Yeah, it’s recovered.”

The driver didn’t notice that she was quite down. “Ziting Villa is a good community. A lot of stars and rich families are in there. The young actress on TV, whose name I’ve forgotten, was on the entertainment news with Mr. Clark not long ago...”

The driver kept nagging countless gossips all the way, most of which were about ladies from different upper-class families or actresses who had scandals with Anderson.

When Catherine got off, the driver suddenly said, “Miss, please don’t mind my nagging. I just want to remind you that kind of guys are all playboys. I saw you risked your life to ask Mr. Clark to open the door. If your parents have seen that, how sad they would be! You can’t live on the love only. You can’t lose yourself no matter how deep you love

someone.”

She had already lost herself - Catherine thought to herself inwardly.

When she got out of the car, she said to the driver sincerely, “Thank you, sir. I’ll listen to you. I’ll never lose myself again.”

...

As soon as she got off the car, she saw there were two luxurious cars parking in front of Anderson’s villa. One tall woman was hugging Anderson. They looked quite intimate. Catherine paused her pace.

Anderson pushed Sienna away, frowning. “What is wrong with you?”

“I twisted my ankle by accident,” Sienna answered in a grievance, looking at Anderson with tearful eyes. “May I go in and have a rest?”

Although there was a beauty in his arms, Anderson had no expression on his face. He pushed Sienna away. “Go back and have a rest. Don’t do it again.”

Sienna looked angry and embarrassed. When she turned around, she saw Catherine standing nearby. She asked in anger, “Why are you here?”

“How shameless! You didn’t come here and propose to have sex with Anderson, did you?” Sienna walked to Catherine with fury. Her eyes that looked pitiful just now were full of rage.

She still remembered that it was all because of Catherine that her plan was broken last time. This time she did it again!

Facing Sienna’s provocation, Catherine remained expressionless. “None of your business.”

Anderson also saw Catherine. He frowned deeply. “I don’t know Sienna White...”

“Mr. Clark, you don’t need to explain it. I don’t care,” Catherine said in a cold tone, “What do you need me to do by calling me over?”

Anderson was pissed by her attitude._

Chapter 32: Let Me Help You

He grabbed Catherine and dragged her arm while walking into the villa.

Sienna became so anxious that she couldn't help stamping when seeing the scene. Her beautiful eyes glued on Catherine were full of hatred. They had divorced already. Why did she come here to break her plan?

She wondered why.

In the huge villa, it was so quiet as if there were only them both. Catherine tried her best to calm down. "What do you want me to do by calling me over?"

Even though she was in such a situation, she was still arrogant. Anderson frowned. "Catherine Johnson, is this your attitude when begging others?"

Catherine chuckled with self-mockery. She used to bend down her head and to be humble, but he never showed any mercy on her.

Now he complained that her attitude for begging others was not good.

Catherine asked, "Is my attitude so important?"

Anderson frowned more deeply. He said in an impatient tone, "Take off your clothes."

Catherine thought she had misheard it, her beautiful eyes full of confusion.

Anderson curled up his lips. "What now? Let me help you, shall I?"

Catherine gritted her teeth. This man could do anything as long as he could humiliate her.

"I don't mind making some trouble for the Torres family." He had detested Owen for a long time anyway. "Tell me. Would he, who has learned music for so many years, be as competent as my opponent?"

Anderson's tone was steady and confident.

Thinking about all through these years, Owen kissed and hugged her, he couldn't help feeling enraged. They even wanted to get married, didn't they? As long as he was still alive, they'd better dream on.

Catherine didn't speak. She has reached extremely furious, and her eyes calmed down. Obediently, she unbuttoned her buttons.

"Do whatever you want to." Her fair skin was exposed in the air. She had been humiliated by him so many times, so now she didn't feel any shyness at all. "Please let go of the Torres family. I'll distant myself from Owen Torres in the future."

Anderson's darkened eyes fell on her delicate body while listening to her.

She could do anything for Owen, couldn't she?

Instead of feeling as happy as he had imagined, he felt more grieved and angry.

She used to be so close to him before. Somehow, he felt that she was further and further from him now.

Anderson carried her in his arms with anger and strode to the bedroom on the second floor.

Then she was tossed on the soft bed all of a sudden.

When he started touching her, although she tried to convince herself to accept it, her body was still resistant.

She was so frightened that she couldn't help trembling. Gritting her teeth, she tried her best not to utter any sound.

Anderson said to her mercilessly, "Are you a dead fish? I remember you were not like this when you hit on me in the past."

Upon hearing the mockery from the man, Catherine couldn't hold on any longer. She suddenly pushed him up, lay prone at the edge of the bed, and vomited a few times. Since she didn't have anything, nothing came out.

However, the man was still irritated by her disgusted reaction.

“Catherine Johnson.”

He pressed her with a hand. As if there were flames in his eyes, he had already lost his reason. “What now? Are you still thinking about Owen Torres?”

Catherine gritted her teeth in silence.

However, her tears fell on the bed sheet from her eyes.

Seeing how pitiful she was, Anderson laughed out because of the anger. He used his tie to cover her eyes and lost sympathy for her.

Anderson had even completely lost his reason and didn’t know what he was doing. He had no plan to push the woman further, but it seemed that he had pushed her further from him again, which he could feel it.

However, he still got satisfied.

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In the end, Catherine blacked out.

When he held the woman into the bathroom, Anderson felt as if he was holding a light feather in his arms.

He wondered since when she had become so bony.

She was not so bony last time.

Under the bright light in the bathroom, he found that her ever smooth fair legs were full of scars. Scars covered her lower abdomen and wrists. Even on her thin back, there was a hideous scar.

He couldn't help wondering where those scars came from.

After helping her clean up, he carried the bony woman onto the bed carefully.

Anderson stood at the window and lit up a cigarette. After finishing smoking, he pulled out his phone and called Joshua.

“Hello, Andy. What’s up?” Joshua answered the phone immediately.

Anderson asked after hesitating for a moment, “How do you always keep those women with you?”

Joshua was startled. “What’s up, Andy? Did you decide to move on after Isabella’s death? Who do you have a crush on?”

Anderson frowned. “You haven’t answered my question yet.”

Knowing that it was difficult to dig out Anderson’s privacy, Joshua curled his lips and said, “I’m a well-known playboy. Those women came to me mostly for money or fame. After all, they would become famous if a paparazzo could shoot photos when we’re together. Later on, they could make a lot of money. In other words, simply, we were all sex partners without love. As long as my family isn’t bankrupted, they wouldn’t leave me.”

Joshua knew himself very well. “On the contrary, if my family went bankrupted, none of those women would be willing to stay with me.”

“Andy, if you want to keep such a kind of woman, it would be quite easy. After all, you are wealthier than me.”

Upon hearing Joshua’s words, Anderson frowned. “How about a woman like Catherine Johnson?”

Joshua was taken aback. He said in surprise, “Andy, do you think it’s easy to find a woman who is as good-looking as Catherine? Catherine is the only one I’ve met all through my more than twenty years of life.”

The more he chatted with Joshua, the more Anderson realized that they were off the topic. However, Joshua was the only one who was close to him and had a lot of girlfriends.

“What if I want to keep Catherine staying with me?”

Joshua thought he was kidding. He laughed and answered, “Andy, don’t be kidding. You can’t keep Catherine. You indirectly caused her parents’ deaths. Also, she was put in jail because of you. That kind of place is not a good one. How could it be possible... You are not serious, aren’t you?”

When Joshua spoke half-way, he realized something wrong. The

amusement on his face disappeared.

Anderson didn't speak.

Joshua looked solemnly. "Frankly speaking, it's quite difficult. The possibility that you can keep Catherine with you is way less than the possibility that I can gain her heart."

"Stop talking about nonsense." Anderson's tone became cold.

Joshua shook his head. He did have a crush on Catherine because of her beauty, but he couldn't hit on her because she was Anderson's wife - well, an ex-wife was also a wife.

"I don't mean to give you a blow. It's way too difficult. Besides, Owen Torres is waiting for her, isn't he? One ruined her family, and the other has been guarding her for so many years. If you were Catherine, whom would you choose?"

After Anderson finished the call with Joshua, his mood didn't become better. Instead, it became worse.

Lying on the bed and looking at the sleeping woman next to him,

Anderson thought that only at this time would she not look at him with that kind of disgust and hatred.

When Catherine woke up again, it was already dawn. She was the only one in the empty room.

Bearing the sore on her body, she managed to put on clothes and was about to go home. When she arrived downstairs, she met a mid-aged maid. "Good morning, Miss Johnson. Mr. Clark said you can't leave."

The maid said respectfully, "There are bodyguards outside. Miss Johnson, please make it difficult for us."

"By the way, Mr. Clark wanted you to take this." The maid passed Catherine a plate of pills.

Looking at the words "emergency contraceptive" on the plate, Catherine laughed.

Chapter 33: I'm Sorry

Catherine turned around and went upstairs while saying, "Not necessary."

The maid hurriedly caught up with her. “Miss Johnson, please don’t make it difficult for me. If Mr. Clark knew that you hadn’t taken the pill, we would be blamed. I’m just an employee...”

Catherine said with a cold face, “Please tell Anderson Clark - I won’t get pregnant with his baby. If I did, I would have an abortion myself.”

She wouldn’t be pregnant anymore.

Not in her whole lifetime.

Anderson didn’t need to worry too much.

The maid held the pills and called Anderson in a panic.

‘Have an abortion herself!’ The words reechoed in Anderson’s mind.

The more he listened to the maid, the more darkened his face became. He emanated coldness all over his body, wondering how much she

didn't want to have his baby.

...

Catherine was imprisoned in Ziting Villa by Anderson. Neither Sophia nor Lincoln was here. She wondered where he had sent them to.

She asked the maid once, but the maid refused to tell her anything.

In the whole villa, all the servants, maids, and bodyguards were like robots who got instructions from Anderson. She seemed to be the only human, who was also a half-ghost.

After taking a shower again, Catherine looked at the body lotion with the rose scent for the female and was stunned.

She had known Anderson for so many years and she knew that he would never use such a thing, let alone the lotion for the female.

She had been tortured by him in this way, but she still felt a sharp pang

in her heart when seeing such a private female product. She felt the pang would strangle her to death. After putting down the body lotion in her hands, Catherine looked at the woman in the mirror - the rims of her eyes were hollow and her face was pale, and there was no spark in her eyes at all. She wondered if the woman was still herself.

Fortunately, Anderson didn't block the web usage nor did he take away her cell phone. Catherine had been sitting next to the window and browsing online. She looked at the curses in the comment area of the comics as well as the photos in which she was taking drugs.

She looked at them again and again as if she was abusing herself.

"October, have you found the person?"

When Emilia sent her a message, Catherine was still reading the comments that asking her to make an apology.

"Our project seems to survive. Someone even invested in it. October, I

knew you would help us. Now I wouldn't be fired..."

Then Emilia sent her a lot of words to thank her along with a bowing emoji at the end.

After reading her messages, Catherine didn't reply to her. As long as the project went well, she didn't want to get in touch with any others.

She was scared. She was afraid that all people that she knew would become the tools that Anderson could use to threaten her.

Catherine stared at her phone blankly. Suddenly her phone rang. She looked down and found it was Owen's phone number. She didn't answer.

When it stopped ringing automatically, she blocked his phone number.

[Catherine, why did you block me?] Soon, she received a message from Owen on the social network app.

[Where are you? I went to the hospital but Antonio said you've left.]

[Reply to my messages, Catherine. Have you forgotten our appointment?]

More and more messages from Owen were received. Facing the screen, Catherine could imagine how anxious he was. She still couldn't give him any response, and she didn't deserve Owen either.

Thinking carefully about the wording, she replied to him: [Owen, we shall stop keeping in touch with each other. I can't be with you. I don't deserve you.]

As soon as her message was sent, Owen immediately replied to her.

[Did Anderson Clark threaten you again?]

Gritting her teeth, Catherine replied: [Nope. I've thought it over carefully. Owen, I don't like you. I still love Anderson. I can't marry you.]

Catherine prayed that Owen could leave her alone inwardly.

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Reading the simple words on his phone screen, Owen clenched his hands into fists.

[I've never thought that you don't deserve me. No matter who you are right now, you are still the little girl who has always followed me since her childhood and can play at being cute. I don't think you truly meant those words. No matter what situation you are in now, please don't forget that I'm always your backer. Whenever you want to come back to me, I'll be right here waiting.]

[We're family. We should experience everything together as a family.]

Catherine read the last sentence, and she burst into tears unconsciously.

Even so, she just wiped off her tears, blocked Owen's account IDs and all account IDs that they had contact with each other.

She had deleted all his traces in her life.

However, there was still something that remained. For instance, her name was given by her parents to match Owen's because of their child betrothal. For another instance, almost all the blood in her body now came from Owen.

Catherine was lost in thought.

She was sitting next to the window for a whole day.

When Anderson knocked off, he went back to Ziting Villa at once. As soon as he walked in, the maid walked over and said in a panic, "Mr. Clark, Miss Johnson hasn't eaten anything for a whole day. I called her for meals but she refused. She also locked your bedroom door from the inside. I don't have the password, so I couldn't enter."

Anderson's face went darkened instantly.

He strode upstairs. When he opened the door, he saw a bony and weak figure sitting in front of the French window. She huddled up, hugging her legs in her arms, and bent down her head on the knee.

Anderson couldn't help but step softly, walking towards the French window.

When he approached, he found that Catherine was napping.

Her fair face looked peaceful and beautiful. Anderson held her in his arms softly and walked slowly towards the bed. However, even he was doing so, the woman in his arms was disturbed. Catherine held Anderson's body tightly, her head rubbing in his arms.

Anderson's body was stiffened. He curled up his lips in an extremely good mood.

"Owen, I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry," the woman in his arms muttered, which was echoing clearly in the quiet bedroom.

The smile on Anderson's face disappeared in an instant. He tossed her onto the bed.

As soon as she touched the bed, Catherine was awake. She opened her eyes in dizziness. As soon as she saw the tall and strong man at the bedside, she sobered up immediately, looking at him with an alert.

"Go to have dinner," Anderson said coldly, reaching out to take off his suit jacket.

Catherine mistook that he would do something. She shivered and moved back a bit. "I'm not hungry. You can go ahead to eat."

Looking at her bony figure, Anderson frowned and said in a cold tone, "Alright. If you skip one meal, Sophia and Lincoln will skip one meal as well."

Catherine felt hard to breathe upon hearing it. She stood up and said anxiously, "I'll eat it. I'm going to have dinner now. Please don't abuse Sophia and Lincoln."

She still remembered clearly that Sophia fainted because she was starved.

Anderson didn't favor the children born by her. Since he said it, he would do it for sure.

When Catherine got up from the bed, she almost fainted.

Anderson helped her up from her back.

Catherine subconsciously wanted to dodge. When she came back to her

senses, she didn't move at all. However, her body was extremely stiffened. All her cells were resistant to him.

As such a sensitive man, Anderson naturally could feel about it. A trace of complicated feelings flashed through his darkened eyes.

Seemingly she was afraid that Anderson would starve her children, Catherine ate the meal greedily. After finishing the meal, she looked at Anderson. "May I see my children?"

"Drink this bowl of porridge." Anderson pushed the porridge in front of him to Catherine.

Catherine didn't take it. "I'll get more in my bowl."

She was disgusted with him, wasn't she?

Chapter 34: I Once Owned Him

Without looking at Anderson's expression, Catherine pulled his bowl back in front of him.

Anderson frowned. He wanted to say something but didn't know what to say. In the past, Catherine was the one who was talking at the table.

Now she lowered her head, drinking the porridge with the full concentration. Others who didn't know might think that she was eating delicacies of every kind.

"Don't you want to say something?" Anderson spoke first finally.

Catherine looked up and stared at him quietly. "No."

For so many times in the past, she used to hope that he could have a meal with her. Now he did it, but she no longer needed it.

She didn't need the late accompany at all.

...

Anderson kept his promise. He asked the driver to send Sophia and Lincoln to Ziting Villa.

Sophia hadn't seen Catherine for so many days. As soon as she saw Catherine, she threw herself into her mother's arms. With her watery eyes on Catherine, she said, "Mommy, I miss you so much!"

"I miss you, too, my dear." Catherine kissed her forehead lovingly. "Have you eaten well when I'm not with you?"

"Yes, I have. I like the food cooked by the maid in Great-Grandma's house."

Knowing that she had been eaten well, Catherine felt relieved. Looking at Lincoln who was sitting next to her, she asked, "Hey, little boy. Why are you in a daze?"

Lincoln shook his head. He held Catherine's arm dearly. His ink-black eyes with long eyelashes glued on the scar on her wrist. "Mommy, does it still hurt?"

The wound had scabbed over long ago. Most of the scab had fallen, exposing the pink scar. Catherine pulled her sleeve to cover the scar.

Then she shook her head and answered, "Nope, it doesn't."

They both were leaning against each other together. Sitting aside, Anderson browsed on his cell phone as if he was an outsider. He could never get into such a harmonious scene.

Sophia and Lincoln only stayed in Ziting Villa for a short while before being sent back to the Clark family's house. Catherine reluctantly watched the car in which Sophia and Lincoln were sitting disappear in the darkness of the night.

Seeing that she looked as if she was out of her mind, Anderson frowned and said, "Let's go back."

With cold brows and eyes, Catherine looked at Anderson. "Mr. Clark, will you still sleep with me today? If not, I'm going home. If so, please hurry up."

The way she looked while speaking seemed as if they were doing some kind of cheap trade.

A fury surged inside Anderson's heart, but he had nowhere to vent his anger.

She thought that he had taken her in at Ziting Villa just because he wanted to do that kind of thing, didn't she?

Anderson burst into ironic laughter because of too much anger, "You can't wait to do it, can you? Catherine Johnson, you are still that cheap."

Catherine felt a pang in her heart. However, there was a smile on her enchanting face, emanating her charm. "Yeah, you are right, Mr. Clark. This is not the first day that you know me, is it?"

There would be no use if she explained it again.

She'd rather not care about anything.

"You are so shameless. I'm not interested to fuck you at all." After finishing his words, Anderson turned around and walked into the villa.

Catherine stood motionlessly at the spot, watching his receding back. Suddenly, she laughed out ironically.

Under such attitude of Anderson, the bodyguards at the gate didn't stop Catherine from going back home.

Since Ziting Villa was located in the villa community, it was difficult for her to hail a taxi. She had to call a taxi online, waiting for the car at the roadside.

Before the car arrived, Sienna's car showed up.

When Sienna saw Catherine, she got off from the sports car with a smile. She walked to Catherine arrogantly. "You are kicked out, aren't you?"

Sienna could still remember that Catherine broke her plan. Her delicate face was full of hatred. "Mr. Clark disgusts you the most, which is well-known in our circle. How could you still cling to him? You are so cheap!"

Catherine felt hurt by her verbal abuse. Indeed, the whole circle knew that Anderson hated her very much.

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She acted as if she didn't care about it all. Instead, she looked at Sienna with a smile. "He does hate me the most, but I'm the only one who got into the household register of the Clark family."

Sienna looked angry. She glared at Catherine with fury. "Mr. Clark has already divorced you!"

"I once owned him. It is better than never," said Catherine. Right then, the car she called had arrived. Catherine got in the car.

Behind the car window, she watched Sienna walk into Anderson's villa. Although she had expected such a scene already, she still couldn't help feeling heartbreaking. She guessed that the body lotion must belong to Sienna. The perfume scent on her body was even the rose scent.

No matter the age or the family background, they were a perfect match.

After going back to her rented apartment, Catherine took out two cans of beer from the fridge while feeling dizzy. After gulping it down, she lay

on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

The apartment was pretty quiet. She couldn't hear Sophia's voice that complaining that she didn't want to go to school.

And nor there was no voice that Lincoln taught Sophia to do her homework.

It was as quiet as a graveyard, in which she was left alone. Lost in thought, Catherine didn't fall asleep until midnight.

When she woke up in the morning the next day, it was already noon.

She pulled back the curtain. It was sunny outside. Catherine swore to herself that she couldn't continue being so dispirited any longer.

However, so far the incident online had just calmed down a bit. She definitely couldn't update her comics. Once she couldn't find the person who had injected her, she would never shake off the dirty reputation for a day.

It was such a wicked thing.

She couldn't be forgiven at all.

She stared at the graphics tablet blankly. When she logged in to the working account, she saw the message left by Lydia.

"Your incident is a wicked one. Our website definitely wouldn't allow you to update your comics, but we wouldn't delete them."

"Please don't worry about the copyright of the cinematographic work. It's under development now. Simon also asked me to inform you that he would ask the new editor to maintain the essence of the script. It wouldn't be changed hugely."

The messages were sent to her two days ago. Catherine replied to Lydia's message.

She was already quite happy with the current situation.

She drew a few lines on the graphics tablet at random. It wasn't in a shape. When she was feeling irritated, Aurora called her.

"Hi, Catherine. Are you busy?"

“Not really.” She didn’t have a job, and nor were her children with her. She had nothing to be busy with.

Upon hearing it, Aurora was quite excited. “Catherine, which community are you living in now? I’ll go pick you up. Let’s hang out. Stop thinking about those jerks.”

Aurora’s voice was full of pride and vividness. Catherine listened to her, her mood becoming much better.

She agreed to Aurora’s invitation. After simply straightening herself up, she put on some makeup. Aurora called her again telling her that she was almost there. Catherine picked up her bag and went downstairs.

As soon as she saw Catherine, Aurora pounced at her. “My goodness! Catherine, you look gorgeous! If I had your appearance and figure, I wouldn’t care about any man. If one doesn’t work, I’ll change to target at another one!”

Catherine burst into laughter. “You are so exaggerating!”

“Catherine, please don’t stick on Anderson any longer. I heard that he slept with Sienna White last night, and this morning Sophia and Lincoln saw it.”

Catherine was taken aback. "What did you say?"

Knowing that she shouldn't have said so, Aurora covered her mouth.

"Did Sophia and Lincoln see Sienna stay with Anderson in the same room?" Her voice was trembling slightly. Lincoln was a smart boy, and probably he had already known the affair between Anderson and Sienna.

Aurora nodded. She whispered, "I also heard it from my brother at random. I thought you've known it, and you might feel quite sad. That's why I wanted to ask you out for fun."

Chapter 35: Anderson Clark's Woman

Catherine's nails cut into her palms. She didn't care how Anderson fooled around outside, but why did he have to show it to the children?

Sophia truly treated him as her father.

She would definitely feel heartbroken when seeing him with another woman.

Noticing that Catherine looked annoyed, Aurora shook her arm.
“Catherine, please don’t be so sad. My brother said Sophia and Lincoln have already returned to the Clark family’s house.”

Catherine still couldn’t rest assured. She wanted to visit her children, but she knew clearly that she couldn’t make it without Anderson’s permission.

She sat in Aurora’s car.

“I’m sorry for what happened last time. I called the man but the netizens misunderstood about you.” Aurora said with regret, “I wanted to clarify for you, but my brother said it would hyper the netizens if I sent the message. Those disgusting paparazzi wouldn’t let go of you easily.”

“Well, let the bygones be bygones. I don’t blame you on it.”

Aurora breathed a sigh of relief. “I’ll take you to a good place that’s quite secured. We’ll have fun in the private room. I heard that there’s an extremely handsome newcomer there...”

Aurora and her brother Joshua were both playful. They were quite experienced in looking for fun.

They still went to Sky Club, but Aurora took her directly into the elevator and they arrived on the top floor.

When entering the top floor, Catherine finally understood why it was called Sky Club.

The light on the top floor simulated the real sky. It was not dazzling at all. Instead, people felt quite relaxed under it.

There were not many people in the hall. Catherine took a glance and found a few familiar faces that she used to know.

She didn’t want anyone to recognize her.

Hiding her face, she followed Aurora into the private room.

When they walked in, there were a lot of people in the private room, dancing, drinking, singing, and doing other things.

“Aurora, here you came! Who’s the beauty behind you?”

Catherine smiled at them, but she didn’t give them a name. Poking Aurora next to her, she said, “Have fun. I’ll find a place to take a seat.”

Aurora knew her situation. Seen that she didn’t want to be introduced, she looked at the person who greeted her just now. “My bestie? You don’t deserve to know her name. Come on, let me buy your a drink.”

Although it was a big private room, there were a lot of people. Catherine walked for a while and managed to find a relatively quiet place to sit down. Next to the seat, there was a man with a buzz cut napping.

It was said that a buzz cut would need the person to have a good-looking face. The man covered his face with a black hat, so

Catherine couldn't see what he looked like.

She just felt that the man was quite brave.

She sat down not far away from him, took a goblet, and poured some wine in it.

She drank it slowly.

Catherine was quite down. When she was not in a good mood, only the alcohol could paralyze her.

Then she would feel somewhat happy.

Not far from her, a girl wearing a miniskirt and sitting with her legs crossed suddenly said, "Have you heard that Sienna White might have succeeded. My father knew a director in Clark Group. It's said that the Clark family and the White family will probably unite by marriage."

"No wonder Sienna has become so arrogant recently. It turns out that she'll engage to Mr. Clark."

“Mr. Clark suddenly had a son recently. I wonder if his mother was Isabella or some other woman. Sienna said as soon as she marries Mr. Clark, she’ll get rid of that boy.”

Upon hearing it, Catherine paused while holding the goblet. She told herself that she would definitely try her best to get her son back to her.

The discussion still went on, but Catherine couldn’t stand it any longer. She stood up and walked out of the private room.

When she arrived in the hall, there was no one there. Catherine relaxed and looked down while standing next to a window.

It was already dark outside. City W was a sleepless city. Outside the window, the traffic was heavy and the lights were bright. She felt a little dizzy after looking at them for a long time.

“Hey, gorgeous. Let’s kiss!”

Suddenly a hand dragged her arm. She turned around and saw a bald mid-aged man.

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In a daze, Catherine sobered up instantly. She dodged. “Leave me alone.”

The man was quite fat. His greasy hands grabbed her arm tightly and his fat body approached her. “Sleep with me. I’ll give you a lot of money.”

“Fuck off!” Catherine tried her best to struggle, yelling for help. She hoped that someone from the private room could help her.

However, the soundproof in Sky Club was quite good. Nobody heard her.

The man was far stronger than her. He dragged her towards a private room, his greasy hand kept stroking her arms. Catherine was so sickened that she almost vomited.

She reached out her leg and aimed at his private part between his thigh, but he dodged.

The mid-aged man was irritated by her action. He raised his hand and slapped her face. “Bitch! Be sensible! It’s your honor that I like you.”

It seemed that he slapped with great strength.

Catherine subconsciously closed her eyes.

However, she waited for a long while but the slap didn’t land on her face. Instead, the greasy hand that was gripping her suddenly disappeared. The next moment, Catherine heard a scream as miserable as that of a hog to be butchered.

She opened her eyes, only to find a man gripping that fat greasy hand and spinning it.

“Ouch!” the mid-aged man let out a piercing exclaim.

His face turned into dark red, sweat oozing on his forehead.

Seeing the scene, Catherine reached out her leg and kicked the part between his thighs fiercely. “You dare to bully me!”

Only one kick was not enough for her to vent the anger. She added another one. “Anderson Clark bullied me, but I can’t do anything. Who the fuck do you think you are to bully me...”

The bald mid-aged man couldn’t stand it. He knelt on the ground.

Gripping the fat hand, Ethan James looked over at Catherine. A hint of amusement flashed through his black eyes.

Catherine noticed his gaze. She looked over at the man who helped her, bowed, and said gratefully, “Thank you so much. If you haven’t helped me, I might be bullied by this nasty jerk today.”

As she said, she stamped on the man again.

The hog-liked man fainted completely.

Ethan released him and wiped his hand on his own clothes with disgust. Then he pulled out the phone. “Come to the top floor and drag Mr. Jonathan out of here. He’s no longer permitted to enter Sky Club.”

After giving the order expressionlessly, Ethan stared at Catherine with his black eyes. He looked at her up and down. “Anderson Clark’s

woman?”

Catherine frowned. “No, I’m not. Don’t mention this name. How disgusting!”

Upon hearing Catherine’s words, the man laughed.

“This is the first time I heard someone commenting Anderson Clark disgusting.” Ethan looked at Catherine with interest.

Catherine had drunk some alcohol, so she was more unrestrained than usual. “Congratulations then. Now you’ve heard it.”

Ethan became more interested in her.

“What’s your name?”

Catherine looked at his buzz cut, which was quite familiar to her. She wondered if he was the one who was napping in the private room just now. If it was him, he could have any kind of hairstyle with his appearance. After all, with such a good-looking face, he would never look ugly.

“Catherine Johnson.”

Upon hearing her name, Ethan was taken aback. He glinted at her with more meanings.

After experiencing what had happened just now, she no longer to stay outside the room. She bowed at the man with a buzz cut and said, “Really appreciate your help tonight.”

“You are welcome. It happened in my club. I should apologize to you for that.”

Catherine looked at him. When the man was making an apology, he looked like a gangster. Her intuition told her that this man wasn’t simple.

“Go back to tell Aurora. Your private room is on me.” After Ethan finished speaking, he waved his hat with one hand. Then he put it on._

Chapter 36: Sicken Anderson

Catherine went back to the private room in confusion. Aurora happened to take a seat and have a break on the sofa.

Catherine walked to her and told her what had happened outside the room just now.

As soon as Aurora heard about it, she stood up in anger. “Damn that asshole surnamed Jonathan! How dare he bullies my bestie! I won’t let go of him easily!”

Catherine stopped Aurora who was rushing out and comforted her, “I came back safe and sound, didn’t I? The man who was napping in the corner just now has saved me. He also said that our private room is on him.”

Upon hearing what Catherine said, Aurora stopped. She circled Catherine and looked at her up and down. “Did you say that Ethan James saved you just now?”

So it turned out that man’s name was Ethan James - Catherine realized it.

She nodded. Although it had been a long time since she left this circle, she had heard a lot of people's names. However, this was the first time for her to know Ethan's name.

"This is his very first time to be so warm-hearted," Aurora said while rubbing her chin, "I don't think you know him. When you divorced Anderson, the oldest son of the James family, William James, died in a car accident. When people thought that the James family wouldn't have any inheritor, Ethan went to their door. He was Uncle James' illegitimate son outside his family."

Aurora finished the last sentence when whispering in Catherine's ear.

Catherine nodded - she indeed didn't know anything about it. She just noticed that the imposing manner from the man just now was quite different. She didn't expect that he had such an experience.

"But, Catherine, please don't spread it out. The James family has told the public that Ethan was their youngest son who has been raised outside."

Catherine said with a smile, "I'm not that idle and nosy."

Until it was almost dawn, Catherine walked out from the Sky Club, dizzy and muddleheaded.

“Catherine, do you need me to drive you home?” Aurora was staggering as well. “My driver has arrived to pick me up.”

Catherine waved her hand to reject. “No, thanks. I’ll take a taxi back home.”

It was quite easy to hail a taxi outside Sky Club. With a wave, a car approached Catherine. She staggered to sit in and bid with Aurora farewell.

On the third floor of the Sky Club, Anderson’s face was darkened when seeing the woman with an enchanting smile outside.

Joshua was frightened while standing next to him. He said gingerly, “It was Aurora who asked her out. She didn’t do anything outline. I’ll remind Aurora in the future, asking her not to hang out with your wife.”

“I’ve told you not to take her as my wife. She doesn’t deserve it.” After Anderson finished his words, he strode away.

“Fuck!” Joshua cursed, following Anderson.

...

As soon as walking into her apartment, Catherine collapsed down on the ground while leaning against the door. Looking at the empty room, she became sad for some reason. She couldn’t do anything well. Her children were taken away by Anderson. He also ruined her job. She felt she was just a loser - her life was led to hell, towards the destruction...

Once again, the idea of ending her life appeared in her mind.

All through these years, such an idea had appeared countless times.

In an instant, Catherine realized that her disorder has broken up again. She forced herself to break free from the distress. With trembling hands, she took out the medicine from her bag. She poured them out and stuff them all into her mouth, swallowing. After a long while, she finally calmed down.

In the next half month, Catherine spent her days in the same way. She spent all nights with Aurora in Sky Club and days sleeping at home.

She was always muddleheaded, like a walking dead under a human's skin.

"Catherine, would you like to find a job?" Aurora asked her seriously one day. Sitting in a quiet corner, she didn't ask Catherine to drink.

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Catherine smiled bitterly, "Believe or not, as soon as I've found a job, I would be fired the next second."

She had tried once. When she sobered up these days, she had sent her resume to countless companies, but there was no response at all. Nobody dared to hire her.

Biting her lower lip, Aurora said, "Anderson has gone too far indeed. You are pretty close to Owen Torres. Haven't you thought of seeking protection from him?"

Catherine shook her head. She said in a calm and cold tone, "I'm a stranger to Owen now."

Aurora could figure out that she didn't want to make trouble to Owen. Frowning and thinking for a moment, Aurora grabbed her hand and stood up. "Come on. Follow me to a place."

Dragged by Aurora, Catherine passed a lot of people. The further they went, the quieter it was. In front of a door, Aurora pushed the door open and walked in.

Ethan was reading a comics book while nestling on a sofa. Hearing the noise at the door, he turned around and looked over at Aurora and Catherine. He asked with a frown, "Why are you here?"

Aurora seemed to know him very well. Pulling Catherine, she walked to him. "I want a job offer from you."

Ethan's office was the most unique office that Catherine had ever seen. On the shelf, most of the business owners would put classical

masterpieces or things relevant to their companies. However, in Ethan's office, there was a huge wall, on which all kinds of girls' comic books were placed.

Even on his desk, there were girls' comics.

During these days when Catherine was hanging out in Sky Club, she often met this man. However, whenever she saw him, he always looked cold. Either he would drink like a gangster or nap in a corner.

Seeing Ethan reading the girls' comic book while nestling on the sofa, Catherine was astonished.

"Haven't you just set up a comic website? Catherine has been drawing comics for a lot of years. Could your company hire her?" As Aurora spoke, she pushed Catherine in front of Ethan.

Off guard, Catherine was pushed in front of Ethan by Aurora. She didn't panic. With a calm smile, she said, "Hi, Mr. James. Nice to see you again. Thank you for helping me last time."

Ethan looked at her up and down. With a frown, he said, "She's not suitable. I've seen her drawing style, which doesn't fit my website."

“You love reading the girls' comics, but are you sure all the readers of your platform would love girls' comics? Catherine was quite popular before, which meant that a lot of readers are into reasoning comics as well,” said Aurora irritably.

Ethan said, “But I set up the website just because I want to read the comics that I like.”

Aurora looked startled. She had never expected that Ethan set up his own website just for this reason.

Ethan stood up and smiled. When he smiled, he looked like a gangster again. Catherine indeed couldn't imagine that he was someone who liked reading girls' comics

Ethan circled Catherine and raised her chin with a finger casually. “You don't like Anderson Clark, and neither do I coincidentally. I can give you a chance.”

If he hired Anderson's ex-wife as his employee, it could sicken Anderson and the deal seemed not bad.

Feeling the touch from the man, Catherine took a step back.

Noticing her reaction, Ethan smiled again. “Accompany me to attend a banquet tomorrow. I’ll sign the contract with you and provide you with all necessary resources.”

Aurora poked at Catherine. “Say yes, Catherine. Now within City W, he is the only one who is capable to be against Anderson. Owen still needs to care about his family, but Ethan doesn’t have such a concern. After the inheritor of the James family has died, he has all kinds of resources now.”

Catherine bit her lower lips without speaking. Now someone dared to hire her, so naturally, she was quite delighted, but...

“Don’t you want to sicken Anderson Clark?” __

Chapter 37: Moved

Honestly, Catherine was moved by his question.

She wished to sicken Anderson more than anyone else.

Ethan narrowed his eyes with a smile as if he could see through her mind. He reached out his cell phone to Catherine. "Leave me your contact information. I'll ask the people from the website to contact you."

Catherine added his phone number.

Then Ethan lay back on the sofa leisurely, picking up a girls' comic book to read.

Catherine and Aurora left his office together.

"Will the master of the Elliott family hold a birthday banquet tomorrow evening?"

Ethan's voice suddenly sounded from behind while Catherine and Aurora reached the door and were about to walk out.

Aurora nodded. She looked at him in confusion. "Yes, he is. But don't you always refuse to go to such kind of event?"

Ethan put on an evil smile. His gaze fell on Catherine. "I want you to go with me."

Catherine knew that he would go there because he wanted to sicken Anderson, but now he was his boss, so she wouldn't refuse him. She hoped that she could meet Sophia and Lincoln at the banquet.

Aurora was a bit worried. "I start to doubt if this is a good thing for you."

"It's alright. Nothing would be worse than my current situation." She had been living in hell. How bad could it be?

Aurora didn't continue to convince her.

...

Ethan acted pretty quickly. In the early morning the next day, the person in charge of the website called Catherine, giving her a brief introduction of the company and asking her to have a face-to-face discussion in the company if she had time.

Catherine also got to know that Ethan's platform was hiring full-time painters as well as remote ones who could work from home.

Although she wanted to go out and socialize with others, she was afraid that Anderson would threaten her with those people, so she finally chose to work from home.

Since she was woken up by the call, she didn't have the plan to go back to sleep. After taking a shower, she went to the study and started thinking about the new script.

She had been idle for a long time. Now she restarted to work, she still felt something awkward. Trying to control her mind, she tried her best not to think about things that she couldn't resolve right now.

After thinking of the conception for a few hours, she felt starved and her tummy groaned. Then she ordered takeout on the phone. While eating, she took a look at her phone.

A message about Sienna going to engage with Anderson popped out.

Her finger paused.

She wondered if they would be engaged for real.

Recalling the rumors that she heard in the private room the other day, Catherine started worrying about Sophia and Lincoln.

On the other hand, Arthur also reported the news online to Anderson.

Anderson stared at the news, frowning deeply.

Arthur asked tentatively, "You've been quite close to Miss White recently. A lot of reports are keeping an eye on you. Miss White's men gave such news to the media and obscurely misled them that you're going to engage. Shall I do something?"

Anderson kept silent for a long while. Then he asked, "Do you think she would read such news?"

"Who?" Arthur didn't get who he was referring to. Subconsciously, he answered, "Miss White has spread a large amount of this press release, and it could be seen on almost every platform. As long as a person has a

smartphone, he or she could read it.”

Upon hearing that, Anderson’s face became more darkened. He remembered that Catherine was quite easy to be jealous in the past. As soon as there was a woman beside him, she would always question him with tactics. Now the rumor about Sienna and him was wildly spread, but she had no response at all.

Seeing Anderson’s expression, Arthur finally realized that “she” mentioned by Anderson must be Miss Johnson. He panicked.

Anderson asked again, “What’s she been up to recently? Did she request to see Sophia and Lincoln?”

Arthur said with hesitation, “Miss Johnson was quite close to Miss Aurora Adams recently. They stayed in Sky Club most of the time. Today it seems she’s resting at home. We didn’t receive any request from her to see Miss Sophia and Mr. Lincoln. Perhaps Miss Johnson is quite busy.”

Quite busy?

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Anderson sneered.

Perhaps she was quite busy ordering the money boys.

“You can leave now. Buy an evening dress and inform Catherine Johnson to attend a banquet with me tonight.”

Upon hearing it, Arthur hurriedly left Anderson’s office. He wanted to inform Catherine, but he couldn’t reach her after making several calls to her in a row.

Catherine didn’t notice the calls from Arthur at all. Right after finish her meal, she received a call from Ethan, who was waiting downstairs of her apartment. The man leaned against a camouflage jeep, wearing a pair of sunglasses.

He was standing in front of the community entrance, attracting a lot of passers-by. When Catherine went downstairs, she saw a lot of young women asking him for his contact information.

Seeing Catherine, Ethan squinted. "Get in the car."

His tone was firm.

Catherine knew that in Ethan's eyes, she was just a tool to sicken Anderson. Hence, she sat in the car obediently.

When she pulled the rear door open, she was stopped by the man behind her.

Ethan raised his chin, hinting her to sit on the passenger's seat.

As soon as Catherine sat still, she noticed that there was a call coming from Arthur. Before she could answer it, the man who was driving beside her snatched the phone from her hands, muted it, and tossed it onto the backseat.

Catherine frowned. "I'm afraid that he calls me for my children's matters."

Ethan cast a glance at the woman. "Did you give birth to the children staying with Anderson now?"

Catherine nodded.

“The Clark family bought an amusement park for them to enjoy. You don’t need to worry.” Ethan chuckled. “They are leading a happier life than staying with you.”

Catherine kept silent. The Clark family was quite wealthy. In terms of materials, they could treat the children much better than she could, who was a person without any power or money.

Ethan drove her directly to a club for helping the celebrities do makeup. He sat on the sofa with crossed legs and ordered, “I want her to be the most beautiful woman in the banquet tonight.”

After finishing his words, he pulled out a comic book from nowhere, on which it was wrapped with a bloody dark comic cover.

However, Catherine believed it would be a girls' comic book instead.

The stylist had been busy for two to three hours before Catherine’s makeup was completely done.

Looking at the woman in the mirror with a delicate makeup and gorgeous outfit, Catherine curled up her lips slightly. Although she looked as if she was smiling, the irony in her eyes exposed what was going on in her mind.

This was the first time that she wore such an expensive dress and such delicate makeup in the recent six years.

Seemingly she had seen herself six years ago when she still was the lady from the Johnson family. However, the vicissitudes in her eyes told her that she could never go back.

Shaking off her thoughts, she walked downstairs to find Ethan.

The red tube top dress set off her slender figure. Her long black hair was slightly curled, pinned behind the ear, revealing the small and exquisite earlobes on which the earrings with bits of diamonds around the ruby were hung. On her fair slender neck, there was a necklace of the same style. Her eyes were shining, which were even more dazzling than the ruby on her neck.

It took her too much time for the makeup. When Catherine walked down, she yawned. A hint of impatience appeared among her eyebrows and eyes.

Ethan saw her coming down and his eyes lit up. “You look gorgeous in this way.”

“Thank you.”

Catherine’s mouth corner slightly curled up, making her look enchanting. If looking at her closer, however, it would be discovered that her beautiful eyes were full of coldness.

Ethan looked at her and became more interested in her.

The birthday banquet of Robert Elliot was held in the Elliot family’s old house. Robert used to study abroad when he was young, so he liked the European styled building very much. Hence, the old house of the Elliot family looked like a castle.

When Catherine and Ethan arrived, it was a bit late. As soon as they entered the banquet hall, countless gazes fell on her instantly.

With a single glimpse among the crowd, Catherine saw Anderson. __

Chapter 38: My Cathy

When she caught the glimpse of Anderson, the latter also saw her, his eyes as cold as the arctic ice.

After casting a glance at him, Catherine looked away.

It was quite bright in the banquet hall. At this moment, it seemed that all lights in the hall had been focused on the man and the woman who just walked in.

People in the hall were all astonished when looking at Catherine.

“Who is that lady next to Ethan James?”

“His girlfriend? She’s gorgeous, isn’t she?”

“But she looks familiar to Catherine Johnson.”

“Stop talking nonsense.”

“I’m not. I heard that Catherine Johnson had appeared again. Recently there’s a rumor about twins appearing in the Clark family, isn’t it? Catherine Johnson is their mother.”

“But why has she become Ethan James’ date? Doesn’t she like Mr. Clark the most?”

“She has such characters. I wonder if those men are all blind.”

All the debutantes in the banquet hall were discussing with each other. However, Catherine wasn’t impacted at all. Taking Ethan’s arms, she curled up her red lips into a smile and walked to the old man sitting on the host’s seat.

She said gracefully, “Good evening, Grandpa Elliot. I wish you the best of luck and longevity.”

The old man was in his seventies. He was wearing a neat suit and a pair of glasses. Although he was aged, he looked gentle and cultivated. “Are you Cathy?”

In this circle, all the elders who knew her always called her in this way. Catherine nodded with a smile. "Yes, Grandpa Elliot. I am."

Robert grabbed her hand and asked with concern, "I haven't seen you for so many years. How have you been in the past years?"

The old man looked kind, his eyes full of warmth and love.

Catherine almost burst into tears.

This was the first time that someone cared about her and asked her how she had been in the past years without any evil intention.

She wanted to tell him that she had been quite suffering, not well at all.

However, she still answered with a smile, "I've been pretty well."

"That's good then. You should come to visit me often. Within all the girls, you are my favorite."

Robert didn't hide his favor for Catherine. As soon as he finished his words, the expressions of all the debutantes around him changed.

They looked over at Catherine with different meanings.

Sienna was standing aside, biting her lower lip. She couldn't understand why a vicious woman that had been in jail could be favored by so many people.

After talking with Robert, Catherine followed Ethan around. When he was talking business with others, she was standing next to him like a beautiful background plate.

"I didn't expect that you would come here with Ethan James," Antonio said to Catherine with a smile, holding a glass of champagne while approaching.

Catherine took a sip and smiled faintly without speaking.

Antonio didn't ask her about anything else. He just asked her to have fun while smiling at her, and then he went to propose a toast with others.

Walking through the crowd, Catherine could always feel clearly that a frozen gaze was glued on her back. If the gaze could kill, she must have been dead thousands of times.

She knew where that frozen gaze came from.

But she was not frightened at all.

She even felt somewhat joyful.

Realizing it, Catherine found herself a creep.

However, the real creep was not her obviously. After socializing with others, Ethan didn't find it enough. He put his arm around Catherine's waist and walked to Anderson with an evil smile at the corners of his mouth. He raised the champagne flute. "Mr. Clark, cheers!"

Anderson's deep eyes didn't fall on Ethan, but instead, he glinted at Catherine's face.

Ethan smiled more widely. "Excuse me, Mr. Clark. Do you want my Cathy to propose a toast with you?"

‘My Cathy...’ Catherine reechoed his words in her mind.

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She couldn’t help but get goosebumps all over her body. However, she had to remain smiling when facing Anderson. She raised her flute gracefully. “Mr. Clark, cheers!”

Then she gulped down the champagne without caring what Anderson would react.

Anderson was so angry that he laughed, his lips curling into a dangerous arc. Raising his hand, he gulped down the wine in his glass.

Joshua and Antonio were standing not far away. Joshua gaped at them. “Holy smoke! Catherine is so bold! Andy has just targeted Owen Torres and made him distant from Catherine. Who knows that she has hooked up with Ethan James.”

Antonio was also watching the fun, but he just smiled without speaking.

Joshua didn't get any response. He knocked Antonio's elbow. "What are you thinking about, you old fox?"

Antonio answered steadily, "I just want to see who would have the last laugh."

Joshua shivered. Shaking his head, he said, "Sometimes I couldn't understand what's on Andy's mind. I thought he likes Catherine, but he sent her to jail personally and always thought about Isabella.

"He also called me the other day, asking me how to retain women beside me. He said he wanted to keep Catherine beside him. I thought he would chase her properly. Unexpectedly, he had sex with Sienna White the next day, which was seen by Sophia and Lincoln." Joshua rubbed his head. "I don't understand at all. I've never heard that Andy has a crush on Sienna White."

Hearing Joshua bitching about Anderson, Antonio smiled more deeply.

After sickening Anderson, Ethan took Catherine to leave the banquet in satisfaction.

When he was leaving, he smiled at Anderson complacently while calling “my Cathy” all the way.

“Could you stop it?” Catherine asked him in a low voice after they were gone far. “You sickened me.”

Hearing it, Ethan burst into laughter.

The scene looked quite intimate in Anderson’s eyes.

He pinched the empty champagne flute with strength, and it cracked.

Seeing that, Joshua, who was standing not far away from Anderson and watching the fun, felt so dangerous with the hair standing on the end.

After leaving the banquet, Ethan drove Catherine directly to the entrance of the community. He got off and leaned against the jeep, looking at Catherine like a gangster. “Don’t you want to invite me for a coffee upstairs?”

Since she knew that the man looked like a gangster but favored the girls’ comics, and he even set up a website particularly for them,

Catherine didn't fear him at all.

Her red lips parted. "No way."

She turned him down ruthlessly.

Catherine turned around and was about to leave, but her wrist was grabbed by the man. He pressed her onto the Jeep.

"You..." Catherine subconsciously wanted to push him away.

Ethan lowered his head and approached her. "Shush..."

He bent down his head with one hand grabbing her head. Before touching her lips, his head moved a bit without approaching her closer.

Catherine was stunned. Instantly she realized that this man was acting, and she wondered to whom he was showing.

It must be Anderson.

Catherine figured it out in an instant. She stared at Ethan with her cold eyes.

Seeing her expression, Ethan smiled deeply. "You are so adorable."

"You are so abnormal," Catherine retorted.

Thinking it was time to end the show, Ethan let go of Catherine in satisfaction.

As soon as Catherine arrived home and poured a glass of water, she turned on the cell phone. It rang immediately.

She knew who was calling without glancing at the caller ID. "What's up?"

Under his boss' cold gaze from behind, Paul said, "Good evening, Miss Johnson. Please come downstairs."

While changing the high-heels that she had been wearing for a whole night, Catherine answered, "I'm exhausted. If he wants to see me, tell him to come upstairs."

The volume of the hand-free mode was pretty high. Hearing Catherine's words, Paul believed that he would be doomed the next second.

"Miss Johnson, it's because that Miss Sophia and Mr. Lincoln are missing you," Paul said in a trembling voice, "Mr. Clark said if you don't want to see little miss and the young master, he would never let them meet you again." _____

Chapter 39: It Hurts

Hearing her children's names, Catherine didn't hesitate any longer. After changing the dress, she put on a T-shirt and shorts and went downstairs.

Seeing Anderson's car, she knocked at the window.

Seeing Catherine coming over, Sophia quickly opened the door of the car, throwing herself into Catherine's arms, but her back collar was grabbed by the man sitting behind her.

"Daddy, I want Mommy." Sophia looked back at Anderson in anger.

Anderson didn't release her. He cast a cold glance at Catherine. "Get in."

Catherine was reluctant, but thinking about her children, she sat in the car obediently.

The door was closed. Anderson said to the driver, "Ziting Villa."

After finishing his words, he released Sophia's collar. Sophia nestled in Catherine's arms instantly. "Mommy, I miss you. Do you miss me?"

"Of course, I do." Facing her children, Catherine's smile was true and deep.

Lincoln was also sitting next to her, looking at her dearly.

Catherine lowered her head and asked, "Sophia, have you studied hard?"

“Yes, I have. The new school that Daddy transferred me to is so big. All teachers there are quite beautiful. The most important is that I’m with Lincoln,” Sophia shared her life in the new school with a smile.

Seeing her as lively as ever, Catherine breathed a sigh of relief inwardly.

Suddenly, Sophia became down. “Mommy, won’t you stay with us anymore in the future?”

Catherine didn’t expect that Sophia would raise such a question. For a moment, she didn’t know how to answer.

Sophia lay on Catherine and said with a grievance, “I saw a woman coming out from Daddy’s bedroom the other day. She said you have divorced Daddy. She’ll become my Mommy in the future.

“I don’t want another woman to be Mommy.” As if she had recalled something aggrieved, Sophia started whimpering, her dropping tears wet Catherin’s T-shirt.

Catherine still didn't know how to explain to Sophia, patting on her back gently.

"Mommy, can't you live with Daddy?" The crying Sophia looked at Catherine pitifully.

Her answer was not expected by this little girl. When Anderson heard what Sophia asked, his deep eyes fell on Catherine. However, Catherine was fully focused on Sophia without noticing the man sitting aside at all.

"Sophia, stop bothering Mommy," said Lincoln in a light tone.

"Daddy and Mommy divorced. They'll not live together in the future." Although he was only five years old, he looked calmer than Catherine.

Sophia bit her lower lip, still looking wronged.

Lincoln took her small hand. "Daddy and Mommy will have their own families in the future. They may give birth to other babies. But, Sophia, do remember that Mommy still loves us. We'll have two mommies and two daddies in the future. There would be four persons to love you, Sophia."

Upon hearing it, Catherine felt heartbroken.

She knew Lincoln understood everything.

“Mommy, I don’t want another man to be Daddy. I don’t want another woman to be Mommy.” Sophia burst into tears.

Catherine felt that her heart was gripped tightly. “I’ll try to keep you by my side.”

She repeated it again and again, her eyes reddened. Sophia fell asleep in her arms after getting tired while crying.

After arriving at Ziting Villa, Anderson glanced at Paul. “Take Sophia and Lincoln back to their rooms.”

“Bye, Mommy.” Lincoln bid with Catherine farewell calmly.

Catherine bent over and kissed him on the forehead. “I’ll love you guys forever.”

Lincoln smiled shyly. “I love you forever, too, Mommy.”

After the children were gone, Catherine turned around and intended to go back home with a cold look.

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She just took one step forward, but her wrist was grabbed by Anderson. He pulled her into his arms immediately, lowered his head, and kissed her lips in a domineering manner.

Off guard, Catherine was kissed so suddenly. She stared at Anderson calmly and indifferently without any warmth or fluctuation, which immediately disgusted the man.

Anderson covered her eyes with his palm.

After the kiss, Catherine wiped her lips fiercely. She spat on the floor with disgust. "Anderson Clark, you really make me sick!"

'Sick!' Anderson couldn't help reechoing this word in his mind.

He sneered, pressed her into the backseat, and raised her chin with his slender fingers. "You think I'm disgusting? You just broke up with Owen not long ago. Now you are with Ethan James. There's Antonio Elliot as well. You also have the group of money boys in Sky Club. And you said I make you sick?"

She knew clearly what kind of relationship between Ethan and herself.

"What does it have anything to do with Antonio? Stop slandering me. At least, I didn't bring those guys home and let them show up in front of Sophia!" said Catherine in anger.

Her attitude made Anderson believe that she had admitted her relationships with Owen and Ethan. Anderson looked more annoyed, reaching out to strangle her neck. Catherine struggled hard. She was extremely angry that she lost her mind.

Catherine was trembling all over her body, wondering why he would always like this whenever they met.

"Cut ties with those men," Anderson ordered.

The more he behaved so, the more Catherine refused to talk. She was born proud. She used to be humble just because she loved him.

Anderson saw her keep silent, cruelty raising in his voice. "Did you hear me?"

"Anderson Clark, kill me if you can. Don't use my children to threaten me." Catherine was furious, the coldness in her eyes making her look like an elegant swan.

Her elegance and pride annoyed the man so much that he wanted to ruin them.

Catherine was still struggling hard. While struggling, her T-shirt was torn off, exposing her fair skin.

Anderson's gaze fell on her skin and couldn't move away.

Catherine knew clearly what was in his eyes. She roared herself hoarse, "Don't do it here!"

Anderson bit her earlobe. "I chose not to listen to you."

He didn't love her, so even her breath would be a fault in his eyes. He had never pitied her or cared about her.

Catherine was lying prone on the backseat, her tears falling. She couldn't tell if it was because of the pain or the humiliation.

She turned around her head, stared at Anderson with her reddened eyes, and said maliciously, "Anderson Clark, you are trash, asshole, scumbag!"

The man was irritated completely. "Bitch!"

Catherine laughed out, tears falling from the corners of her eyes.

Since she had felt the pain at the extreme, seemingly she couldn't feel the pain anymore.

Seemingly the man felt it was not comfortable to do it in the car, he carried her from the car to his bed.

Catherine tried her best to hold on so that she didn't faint. When Anderson when to take a shower, she simply tidied herself up. Her

T-shirt was torn apart but her denim shorts were all right. She took a shirt from Anderson's closet and put it on. Then she limped to the entrance of the villa. She hailed a taxi and went back home in embarrassment.

She walked into the bathroom directly. Under the cold water, she seemed not to notice the temperature at all, just cleaning herself again and again. In the end, she couldn't help crying silently while huddling up on the ground.

She was also a human being.

She could feel hurt, sad, and heartbroken.

She couldn't understand why Anderson always thought that he could hurt her as much as he wanted.

Anderson came out of the bathroom and saw the empty room. He was taken aback for a moment.

The woman who was just there had disappeared. In the room, only her torn T-shirt and scent were left...

Chapter 40: Death Anniversary

Since she was tortured by Anderson, when Catherine woke up the next morning, she felt pains all over her body.

All her negative emotions surged in her heart. Catherine wanted to take some pills to suppress them. Her disorder broke up more and more often recently. Her medicine bottles were empty already.

Catherine frowned.

A lot of medicines she was taking were developed particularly by Owen's pharmaceuticals company, which were not available in the market. However, she had to cut ties with Owen.

After thinking for a long while, Catherine contacted Antonio.

Seeing Catherine's number on his phone, Antonio felt surprised. "Hello, Catherine?"

Considering that she was not that close to Antonio, Catherine felt a bit embarrassed. “I’ll send you a few medicines through WeChat. Could you please check if they are available in your hospital? If not, do you think I could get any replacement for them?”

Antonio squinted. “How about taking them to my hospital directly? I’ll check you up first. If I don’t have the medicines you need, I can prescribe new medicines for you.”

Catherine thought what he said did make sense. After all, Owen’s medicines hadn’t been available in the market yet, so probably Antonio shouldn’t have them in his hospital.

She straightened herself up simply and went to Antonio’s hospital.

When she arrived, Antonio had been waiting for her in his office.

Catherine took all her medicines from her bag. “Please take a look. Some of them haven’t been in the market yet. I can’t buy them now. Could you help me check if there is any replacement?”

Seeing that Catherine take out a dozen of medicine bottles in a row, Antonio had unhappiness flashing through his eyes, which disappeared right away. He picked up each bottle to take a look.

The more he looked at the bottles, the more unhappy he became, wondering if her depressive disorder had become way too serious.

Catherine knew her status very well. She said, “I’ve tried a lot of medicines in the market, but they didn’t work well. Could you find me some medicines that have a stronger effect?”

Antonio kept silent. He looked at the bottles with a frown for a long while. “I’ll take you for a check-up.”

Catherine shook her head. “No, thanks. I have a major depressive disorder.”

She always took the checkup whenever she had finished a phase of medication. However, her symptom never decreased.

Recently her disorder had broken out more often than before. She was sure that it had become more serious.

Seeing that she was unwilling to do the checkup, Antonio didn't insist. "It's quite difficult to find the medicines that you need in the market. If you don't want to trouble Owen, I'll contact him."

Catherine hesitated for a moment and said, "Please don't. I don't want to let him know that I've finished all the medicines that he gave me."

Owen had given her the dose for a whole year.

Catherine started to put back the medicine bottles into her bag.

Antonio knew that she was going back home. He asked in a low voice, "Tomorrow is the third-year of the death anniversary of your mom Will you go to visit her?"

A bottle in Catherine's hand fell on the ground, rolling afar.

Catherine was stiffened while standing there. After a long while, she said with difficulty, "No, I don't think so."

She felt ashamed to face her parents.

She picked up the bottle from the floor in a panic, turned around, and escaped from the office.

Antonio didn't insist. Watching her awkward back, he said, "The eighth row, South Mountain Cemetery.

Catherine paused, but she then walked forward without turning around.

After returning home, she hid in the study, trying to numb herself by drawing.

Within the afternoon, she had signed quite a few contracts with Ethan's comic platform. The editor who would work with her was quite responsible.

"Your personal styles in drawing comics are too obvious. I suggest you change the drawing style in future work."

Reading this requirement, Catherine hesitated for a few minutes.

She knew what it meant. In order not to make any trouble to the platform again, she agreed.

Since she needed to hide her drawing styles, Catherine didn't work quite smoothly. To adjust to the change, she kept drawing until midnight before going to bed.

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When she got up the next morning, it was already noon, but the sky was still overcast.

"Tomorrow is the third-year of the death anniversary of your mom. The eighth row, South Mountain Cemetery." Antonio's words reechoed in her mind. No matter how much she wanted to ignore or numb herself with the busy work, she couldn't get rid of it.

Finally, Catherine showed up in South Mountain Cemetery, which was a famous cemetery for the rich. She thought it must be Antonio who helped her, for which she was quite grateful.

She walked to the graveyard slowly.

Her mood had become worse and worse. It started showering as well. Under the raindrops, Catherine carefully kept the roses she had bought in her arms - it was her mother's favorite flower.

The sky was overcast and gloomy and the air visibility was quite low. It wasn't until Catherine had arrived at the graveyard did she noticed that a man was standing on the eighth row.

She could recognize whose back was that even if that person was burned into ashes.

Anderson Clark!

She rushed to the tombstone and confirmed it was her parents'.

"Why are you here?" Catherine yelled loudly. When seeing Anderson standing in front of her parents' tombstone, she had already lost her

mind.

Anderson frowned. He didn't expect that Catherine would come here.

"Fuck off!" Catherine snapped.

Bending over, she picked up the two bunches of chrysanthemums and smashed them on Anderson. "My parents don't need your worship! Fuck off!"

Anderson pat the chrysanthemum petals from his clothes with a frown. He grabbed Catherine's hands that were hitting him continuously. "Stop making a fuss!"

'Making a fuss?' she reechoed her words inwardly.

He was a murderer who killed her parents. She asked him to get out from her parents' tombstone, and he thought that she was making a fuss.

"Fuck off!" Catherine's eyes were sharp and cold.

It was the third year of the death anniversary of Catherine's mother. Anderson hadn't expected that Catherine would come here, so he came here as he was doing in the past years as usual. Much to his surprise, he encountered her.

He couldn't understand why she reacted so fiercely.

Whenever Anderson met her cold eyes, he couldn't control himself from becoming furious. He said in a cold tone with an indifferent look, "I came to visit Isabella, and I passed by. So I'm worshiping them out of kindness."

Out of kindness? He did it out of kindness, didn't he?

His ruthless words were like the sharpest daggers.

Catherine felt a sharp pang in her heart. Her body shook and her face paled. She glinted at Anderson with hatred.

Anderson could see the hatred in her eyes.

He also felt quite uncomfortable. Irritably, he turned around and strode away, disappearing in the rain.

When they walked down from the graveyard, Paul studied Anderson's expression and reminded him gingerly, "Miss Johnson didn't bring an umbrella. The rain is getting heavier. I don't think it easy for her to take a cab here. Shall we wait for her?"

Anderson looked up at him, and his eyes were cold. "Are you the driver for me or her?"

Paul didn't have the guts to continue at all. He had to drive away. Inwardly, he thought, 'Mr. Clark is getting more and more unreasonable. He has dumped the big client and come here to worship Miss Johnson's parents. Obviously, he did it because he cares about Miss Johnson.'

However, when he met Miss Johnson, he made her cry. Wasn't he unreasonable?

Paul heaved a sigh.

After Anderson had gone, Catherine knelt in front of her parents' tombstone. "Mommy, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have loved him."

Her face was wet, not sure if it was the rain or her tears.

The rain was getting heavier. Catherine was still talking to her parents as if she didn't feel it at all.

Sometimes, she told them about what had happened recently as if they were still alive. Sometimes, she was immersed in the regrets, crying out of breath.

She didn't notice that a slender man was standing next to her.

Chapter 41: Man without the Ability to Love

Catherine didn't expect that she would cry to faint. When she woke up, it was already noon the next day. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Lincoln sleeping next to her.

She looked around the decoration in the room and realized that she was in Ziting Villa.

Catherine smiled bitterly.

She hadn't expected that it was Anderson who took her in finally.

Feeling the movements next to him, Lincoln woke up immediately. When he opened his eyes, his eyes were clear and sober. If it weren't the fact that he was sleeping just now, nobody could tell that he had just woken up.

"Mommy, are you awake?" Lincoln whispered while lying next to Catherine, his eyes full of love to his mother. "How are you feeling now? I'll call the doctor for you."

After finishing his words, he ran out of the bedroom before Catherine could refuse.

Shortly, Anderson and Antonio came upstairs.

Looking at Catherine, Antonio heaved a sigh. "I asked you to visit uncle and aunt, but I didn't ask you to risk your life. Do you know how fragile you are now?"

Catherine bit her lower lip without speaking.

The woman, who was always beautiful and arrogant, looked pale and pitiful right now. Antonio didn't have the heart to blame her too much. "You were caught in the rain and got a cold. I'll prescribe some medicines for you. Remember to take them every day."

Catherine nodded in agreement. "Thank you."

"You are welcome. Please don't be so impulsive in the future." Antonio patted on Catherine's head with a smile.

Anderson, standing aside, saw them talking and behaving so intimately. He said to Antonio with a cold face, "Get out of here if you're done."

Ignoring him, Antonio measured the body temperature for Catherine and auscultated her heartbeat. Then he said, "You were just rescued from the jaws of death last time. Now you are still weak. You can't act recklessly anymore."

"As long as you are alive, you can do anything. Without your life, you can't revenge at all." Antonio's words were full of implication.

Implied by his words, Anderson's face was darkened. Looking at Catherine's pale face, he kept silent.

"I know." She would try to suppress her emotion. But sometimes her illness broke up, she truly couldn't control the physical reaction.

As if he knew what she was thinking of, Antonio added, "I've gathered a few medicines for those you asked for. I'll find a replacement for the rest of them. Come to get them after you've recovered from the cold."

Upon hearing that her medicines were found, Catherine looked delighted. "Thank you."

Antonio didn't stay long. After prescribing the medicine for Catherine, he walked out of the bedroom.

After he walked out, Anderson followed him after glancing at Catherine. Looking at Antonio who was downstairs, he tried his best to suppress the anger and asked, "What kind of medicine did she ask for?"

As if he had known that Anderson would stop him, Antonio turned around with a smile. He didn't hide it from Anderson. "They are for curing the major depressive disorder. She asked for the high-dose products that are not available in the market yet. They are only available in the lab of Owen Torres' bio-pharmaceutical company."

Upon hearing it, Anderson frowned deeply. "What if she doesn't take them?"

Antonio answered him ruthlessly. "She'll die."

Anderson looked annoyed.

As if he hadn't noticed Anderson's expression, Antonio continued, "Last time she committed suicide because her depressive disorder broke up after she was stimulated. She couldn't help but cut her wrist with a knife.

"It was not the first time for her to commit suicide. And for a patient with major depressive disorder, it wouldn't be the last time.

"Anderson, I don't know what has happened between you two back then. You said she had murdered Isabella. But I've been knowing her for more than twenty years. I don't think Catherine is such a kind of person.

“In other words, she’s too arrogant to set Isabelle up with such a dirty trick. She should disdain to do so!

“Only you, who have loved Isabella too much that you went blind...”

After Antonio left, Anderson stood in the study. Although he was working, Antonio’s words kept reechoing in his mind.

He was the person who was closest to Catherine.

What did they know? Why did they all look as if they knew Catherine much better than he did?

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Andrew pressed out a cigarette irritably.

He pushed the bedroom door open.

The woman, who was talking to their son with a smile, heard the noise at the door. She raised her face and the smile hadn't faded yet, but her eyes already went arctic cold as soon as she saw the man come in.

Anderson, who felt irritated originally, became more annoyed.

Lincoln sensitively sensed Catherine's emotion change. His hand pulled hers and he whispered, "Mommy."

Hearing her son's voice, Catherine instantly looked down at him and said with a smile, "I'm all right."

Seeing her like this, Lincoln felt sore in his eyes. "Mommy, you don't need to force yourself to smile. Whatever you are in front of me, I love you the most."

The little boy's voice was sweet. Upon hearing his words, Catherine felt more bitterly in her heart. Reaching out to touch his soft hair, she realized that her children were the best comfort for her.

"Your mother is awake. You should go to school now."

Anderson's words broke the scene of happiness.

Lincoln frowned. He looked up at Anderson. "I don't want to go to school. I've already understood what's taught in school. I want to stay here and accompany Mommy."

Anderson pulled him up from the side of the bed. He said heartlessly, "Go to school. You don't have rights to negotiate with me."

Upon hearing his words, Lincoln gritted his teeth and looked at Anderson stubbornly.

Anderson also looked back at him.

The adult and the kid stared at each other in silence.

Their similar faces looked alike even when they were confronting each other.

"If you don't go to school, I'll separate you and Sophia. I'll put you in different schools," said Anderson evilly.

Upon hearing his threat, Catherine was a bit angry. “Anderson Clark, why are you threatening a kid?”

She was fine if he threatened her, but he was threatening a kid. How said Lincoln would be!

Anderson cast her a glance and then looked at Lincoln. Without any expression in his eyes, he ordered, “Go to school. Will you take the initiative or shall I ask my bodyguard to take you there?”

Lincoln was so angry that he clenched his hands into fists, gazing at Anderson in hatred.

The way the little boy’s gaze was the same as the gaze from Catherine. Anderson felt more irritated. He directly made a call and asked a bodyguard to take him away.

“Mr. Clark, please don’t bother. I’ll go downstairs myself,” said Lincoln in a cold tone. Then he bent over and kissed on Catherine’s hand. “Mommy, I’ll come to see you after school.”

Catherine witnessed a five-year-old boy bear such violence, her eyes

reddened. She hugged Lincoln gently.

It was all because that she was incompetent.

After Lincoln left, Catherine looked at Anderson. "You don't love kids, but why did you have to take them away from me?"

"He's the son of the Clark family, so he must stay here." Anderson's tone was indifferent. Seemingly he hadn't realized that his threat hurt the boy just now.

Catherine knew him very well. She said with a wry smile, "You didn't have a happy childhood and you still hate your father until now. Right now you have your own children. Why can't you give your son a happy childhood?"

"He's just five years old, but he's so mature. Do you feel happy when seeing him like this?"

Catherine raised her voice. "Anderson Clark, are you really happy?"

Anderson got angry. "Shut up."

However, Catherine refused to shut up her mouth. She looked straight at the man calmly. "Anderson Clark, you are just a person who doesn't have heart and can't love. I used to want to teach you how to love, but now I understand -- you'll never be able to learn it." _____

Chapter 42: Get out Now

"Shut up." Anderson's face was full of fury. He gripped Catherine's neck and squeezed.

"Anderson Clark, you'll never be able to learn how to love! Your children will hate you as you've hated your father... ahem... ahem..."

The strength on her throat increased. Catherine's eyes became tearful. However, there was no trace of sadness on her face or eyes, but instead, they were full of the wile smile.

She knew that she had poked at Anderson's sore spot.

He used to verbally abused her so many times. It was not because that she couldn't fight back, but that she still loved him back then. Now she didn't love him anymore and she wouldn't love him again, so she could poke his sore spot without any sense of guilt. Instead, she felt a sickly sense of revenge.

In the end, Anderson strode out, smashing the door close behind him.

Seeing his receding back, Catherine knew what she had won this round.

As soon as he left, the woman who was obviously joyful suddenly felt emptiness and boring in her heart.

Catherine got out of the bed. She walked into the bathroom and watched the woman in the mirror. There were black and blue bruises on her fair neck -- it was the trace left by him.

Her lips curled up into a sneer.

After Anderson walked out of the room, Catherine didn't want to stay long in Ziting Villa. She was afraid that if that man went nuts again and forced her to stay. After straightening herself up, she was about to go home.

When she went downstairs, she found that Anderson didn't go out. Instead, he was sitting on the sofa in the living room.

Without greeting him, Catherine walked straight to the door. At the

door, she was stopped by his bodyguards.

With a cold face, one of them said to her like a robot, “Miss Johnson, you can’t leave now.”

Catherine turned around and looked at the man on the sofa. “Anderson Clark, what are you...”

“Andy, here I am!”

Before Catherine could finish her question, a coquettish and enchanting voice rang out from the door. Without turning around, she knew it was Sienna.

When passing by Catherine, Sienna smiled at her provokingly.

With a cold look, Catherine ignored her completely.

Ignored, Sienna felt quite uncomfortable. She couldn’t understand why Catherine could be still so arrogant after she was put in jail and her

family was doomed.

However, she didn't show anything on her face. Instead, she smiled at Catherine and greeted her, "Hi Catherine, you are here, too. Are you here to visit Sophie and Lincoln?"

Knowing that Catherine would ignore her, Sienna added, "Please don't worry about the children. Andy and I will take good care of them."

She sounded as if she had become the hostess of Ziting Villa.

Catherine looked at her expression change so hypocritically and felt stomach-turning. She glanced at Sienna with disdain and said calmly, "You should save such words until you've married to him. Now you are talking like the hostess. Aren't you afraid that you'll get a slap in your face?"

As soon as Catherine finished her words, the tenderness on Sienna's face faded totally. With a twisted look, she said, "Catherine Johnson, you..."

Before she could finish her words, Anderson's voice rang out. "Sienna, come over."

Sienna's twisted face changed to have a gentle and complacent smile in an instant. She hurried trotted to Anderson and called him in a sweet tone, "Andy!"

Then she rested her head on Anderson's shoulder like an obedient woman, looking quite happy and gentle.

Catherine's hands clenched into fists. She knew that the man was revenging her, but she couldn't help feeling a pain in her heart.

When Sienna put her hand on him, Anderson wanted to wave it away subconsciously. Seeing Catherine standing not far away, he forced him to tolerate it.

"Andy, did you miss me?" Sienna's coquettish voice echoed in the whole living room and everyone in the living room had heard it.

Anderson felt sickened. He stood up, picked up Sienna, and carried her in his arms. Then he strode upstairs to the second floor. On the stairs, he cast a cold glance at Catherine, who was standing at the door. Then he said to the bodyguard, "Bring her upstairs."

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Catherine's expression changed.

Sienna rested in Anderson's arms, poked her head out, and looked over at Catherine, smiling complacently.

The bodyguard at the door said, "Miss Johnson, please go upstairs."

Catherine stood motionlessly.

The bodyguard continued, "I don't want to be rude to you. But, Miss John, if you don't move, I don't mind use the force."

Catherine glanced at the bodyguard who was like a robot and only listened to Anderson's orders. Gritting her teeth, she could only go upstairs.

The bodyguard followed her and watched her when she was standing in

front of Anderson's bedroom door.

Inside the bedroom behind the door, there came fierce noises, the sound of tearing off clothes, ambiguous gasps, and so on...

As an adult, Catherine naturally knew what was going on inside the room.

Anderson was humiliating her in such a way.

Catherine felt that her heart was bleeding. She was standing there motionlessly as if her feet were nailed at the spot.

How could he be so ruthless?

Catherine didn't know how long she had been standing in front of the door. When Anderson wrapped in a towel and pushed the door open, she subconsciously took a step back. She felt numb on her leg -- she almost knelt in embarrassment...

Staring at the pale woman at the door, Anderson looked quite mean. "Catherine Johnson, do you understand? Even I don't love others, there would be countless women loving me."

Catherine smiled bitterly. "I wish you're loved by others forever."

Seeing her expression, Anderson couldn't tell how he was feeling at this moment. He called Sienna over and acted in such a show just because he wanted to stimulate Catherine. Now she was stimulated, but how come he couldn't feel happy at all?

Catherine asked him with a calm face, "Mr. Clark, I've enjoyed the free porn movie. May I go back home now?"

Anderson didn't speak. Catherine took it as he acquiesced. She managed to walk downstairs in difficulty with her numb legs.

The bodyguard glanced at Anderson, asking him with his eyes if he should stop her or not.

However, Anderson only gazed at the limping woman who was leaving as if he didn't receive the question from the bodyguard.

Her receding back was bony and embarrassing, but her back was straight and strong. Seeing her disappearing, suddenly Anderson felt panicked in his heart.

In the past, Catherine had never taken the initiative to leave him. But now, even she was in the same room with him, she couldn't bear it at all...

After Catherine had gone, Anderson walked into his bedroom with coldness on his face. Looking at the woman sitting on the couch, he said coldly, "Get out."

Sienna gritted her teeth, looking humiliated. She had never expected that for the first time Anderson called her over just because he wanted to use her to stimulate Catherine. She would be fine if it was just a simple stimulation, but he asked her to groan in that way without doing anything else.

She secretly took off her clothes, but that man just stared at the door coldly as if he hadn't seen anything.

In Sienna's life, she had never been humiliated in this way before. She bit her lower lip and looked at Anderson pitifully.

Anderson saw her standing motionlessly. He frowned and snapped, "Get out now!"

Sienna walked out of Ziting Villa in embarrassment. She had already blamed the humiliation she received today on Catherine.

Catherine went back home. She felt that her whole body weakened. Collapsing on the bed, she stared at the ceilings with lifeless eyes. What she heard at Anderson's bedroom door kept reechoing in her mind...

She closed her eyes in pain. When she fell in love with Anderson back then, Catherine could have never thought that her romantic love would turn out to be such a worthless result. _____

Chapter 43: Playing Rough

In the following few days, Catherine's cold was getting worse. She was coughing while painting.

It was so difficult for her to find a job, so Catherine spent almost all her spare time on painting. Only in this way would she not keep thinking about her children.

The editor added her into a chat group, in which all the painters of the platform were.

It was quite vivid in the chat group. Catherine would make time to have a glance at the messages. She saw a painter who had just become a mother asked about the formula milk for her baby. Catherine recalled the formula milk that Sophia and Lincoln had taken. Then she wrote the advantages and shortages of each formula milk and sent it into the chat group.

As soon as she finished typing, the editor asked her in the private chat window.

“How many save drafts do you have now?”

Catherine sent her finished comics to the editor altogether.

“You should draw more. Our website wanted to make a poster and promote your works. If you don’t have enough drafts, the effect would not be ideal.”

Seeing the message from the editor, Catherine felt delighted. She just used this Website not long ago. Earlier, there was such an incident. Hence, she had never expected that the editor would help her with the promotion.

She knew it clearly. The website employees might have done it for

Ethan's sake.

When she finished chatting with the editor and was about to quit the chatting app, she saw someone nicknamed Gianna sent her an invitation for a private chat. It was the new mother who asked about the formula milk in the group chat earlier.

Catherine seldom added unknown people. However, thinking of the topics about the baby that the person asked in the group chat earlier, Catherine thought she must have a baby. With kindness, she pressed the add button.

“Thank you so much. Did you also give birth to your baby not long ago?”

As soon as she added the person, Gianna sent her a message together with her baby's photo.

The baby was only a few months old, fair and chubby, looking like a cotton ball. Catherine couldn't help recalling how Sophia and Lincoln looked when they were little.

They were twins with premature birth. When they were just born, they were weak and small. They were taken care of in ICU for almost one month. Later Sophia was diagnosed with congenital heart disease. At that time, Catherine was always worried that her kids couldn't make it. She always dreamed about her children...

They were far less healthy than the baby in the photo sent by Gianna.

"Not really. My children are grown up." It was just that they were not with her now.

Gianna had just become a mother, so she discussed with Catherine about the baby's matters with enthusiasm. It was difficult for Catherine not to think about Sophia and Lincoln.

She hadn't seen Sophia for so many days. The last time when she was sick, she only saw Lincoln.

She missed them crazily.

Finally, Catherine made an excuse and stopped talking about the babies with Gianna. However, she wasn't in the mood to continue drawing.

At the thought of the prepared medicine by Antonio, she tidied herself up and went to his hospital.

Before she came over, she didn't inform Antonio ahead. Unexpectedly, she saw Owen in Antonio's office.

She wanted to hide away but it was too late.

Owen saw her, his eyes full of surprise. "Hey, Cathy!"

Catherine pretended to be cold. "Hi, Mr. Torres."

Her attitude of alienation hurt Owen. He walked to her. "Cathy, do you really have to do this? You shut me down."

Catherine fell into the silence. She hadn't seen Owen for a long time. He looked more haggard than he was before, which made her feel bitter and sad.

“Cathy, I’ve been knowing you for twenty-seven years. When you were still in auntie’s belly, I would always talk to you. In this world, I know you more than you yourself do. I know very well what’s in your mind.”

Owen pulled over Catherine and said emotionally, “I know you are afraid that you would bring me trouble, but I’ve never been afraid of that. I’m afraid that you would hide from me and leave me.”

Catherine forced her to look calm, wanting to hide from Owen.

Seeing that she was avoiding him, Owen was afraid that she would sneak away. Directly he pulled her into his arms.

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Catherine frowned slightly.

Seeing Owen so emotional, Antonio walked up to pull Catherine out

from Owen's arms. Frowning, he said, "Owen, you've gone too far."

Antonio's voice was cold as well as rigorous.

Upon hearing his voice, Owen calmed down.

He looked at Catherine apologetically and handed the medicines in his hands over to her. "Here you are. Please let me know if you need more. If you don't want to see me, contact Antonio. I'll send the medicine to him."

After saying that, Owen reached out and hugged Catherine. He hugged her so tightly that seemingly he wanted to melt her into his flesh and bones.

Then he left after hugging her. With the medicine in her hands, Catherine looked at Owen's disappointing back, tears falling.

Although she and Owen were not family, they were more close than family members. When she was young, her parents were busy doing business and they didn't have time to take care of her. Before she was ten, it was Owen who always accompanied her. Now suddenly they couldn't contact each other. She was the one insisting so, but she didn't feel happy about it at all.

Antonio passed her a handkerchief. Catherine took it over and wiped off her tears. After inhaling deeply a few times, she gradually calmed down.

Seeing her adjust her mood so quickly, Antonio smiled, but there was no amusement in his eyes at all.

“I’m sorry. Owen heard that I was looking for the medicines, so he guessed that it was you who needed them. He came here all of a sudden. Unexpectedly you would bump into each other,” said Antonio apologetically.

The medicine was developed by Owen’s company and there were not many patients who needed it. Besides, the patient also knew Antonio. Hence, it was not difficult for Owen to figure out that the patient was Catherine.

“Thank you all the same.”

Antonio threw his hands up and said, “I didn’t help you much. Do you need me to convince Anderson for you?”

Catherine curled up her lips into an ironic smile. “No, thanks. He wanted

to torture and humiliate me deliberately. No one could convince him.”

Antonio looked at her with concerns. He also knew Anderson well. Catherine must have suffered a lot. She used to be such a goddess.

“Let’s not talk about it. It’s noon. Let me treat you for lunch,” Antonio invited her.

Catherine refused. Because of Anderson, she didn’t dare to get too close to any other person. She was afraid that those people would get revenged by him.

She casually found a small restaurant and had lunch. Before she was going back home, her phone rang.

She swiped to answer. “Hello?”

“Catherine, it’s me. Let’s have a talk, shall we?”

Catherine heard the gentle voice from the other end of the line. She recognized the person as soon as she heard the voice and she also figured out why the person wanted to talk to her.

“Hello, Catherine, are you listening?”

Catherine went back to her senses. “Yes, I’m listening. Auntie, where shall we meet?”

“Cloud Club.”

Catherine hailed a taxi to Cloud Club, which was a high-end private beauty salon. She hadn’t entered it for so many years.

As soon as she walked in, a staff came to her with a smile. “Good day, Miss. Do you have the membership?”

“No, I don’t. I’m here to find my friend.”

The staff creased her brow slightly. “I’m sorry but you can’t go upstairs without the membership. It’s for protecting our high-end customer’s information.”

As soon as the staff finished speaking, a pretty woman in a cheongsam made of gambiered Canton silk walked downstairs and scolded the staff in a soft tone, “What are you talking about? This is my honored guest.”

Then she called Catherine dearly, “Cathy, I haven’t seen you for so many years. Come over. Let me take a look at you.” _____

Chapter 44: Craziness

The woman was Owen’s mother, Aubrey Hunter.

She was a bestie of Catherine’s mother and she watched Catherine grow up. Catherine treated her as a respectful and loving elderly. Her glamorous and aloof face became softened. “Hi, Auntie.”

“It’s such a difficult time for you these years, Catherine.” Aubrey grabbed her hand and said, “Come on. Let’s have facial care upstairs. Your delicate face needs good care.”

Although she treated Aubrey as a respectful and loving elderly, Catherine knew what she was doing. “No, thanks, Auntie. I have to return to my work later. Please go ahead and tell me what I can do for you.”

She knew the service provided in Cloud Club -- as long as the customer

informed the staff, the outsider would be led by the staff upstairs naturally. However, she was stopped downstairs, which meant someone deliberately made it difficult for her.

Usually, such a trick was used when women from the upper-class wanted to avoid the poor girls who wanted to hit on their husbands.

Catherine knew such kinds of tricks very well. Much to her surprise, someone would play such a trick on her someday and the person who played it was Aubrey, who had watched her grow up.

It would be untrue if she admitted that she didn't feel uncomfortable. However, Catherine could understand, because things were totally different now.

Aubrey kept smiling warmly. "It's quite difficult for you to make living now. I won't disturb you with your work. Let's go to the tea house of Cloud Club and have a talk."

In the tea house of Cloud Club.

As soon as they took the seat, Aubrey pulled out an envelope from her bag and handed it to Catherine. "Catherine, take a look at them."

Catherine opened the envelope and saw photos, on which Owen pulled her into his arms and hugged her in Antonio's hospital.

The photographer took the photos from a good angle. From the photos, they looked like lovers who encountered each other after being parted for a long time.

Aubrey took a sip of the tea, pursed her lips, and said, "You grew up with Owen since childhood. You are childhood sweethearts. I didn't mean to separate you two. When you were sent to jail by Anderson Clark, Owen was participating in a piano contest abroad. He had already entered into the final competition, but he gave up and flew back as soon as he got the news."

Speaking about Owen, Aubrey's couldn't help smiling. "He was young and impulsive. But you know, he has learned to play the piano for so many years. He didn't know anything about business and socialization. Anderson Clark sent you in personally, so how could Owen be able to save you out easily. All he could do was to socialize with all his networks to take care of you. Since the day when you were sent in, he has never

touched the piano. He spent all days in the company, learning everything about business from his father.”

“Nothing is easy in the business battlefield. In the beginning, after drinking with the big clients, he had to study overnight. Once he heard any news about you, he would go to find you and comfort you. He did that every day. Finally, he had some power in the year before the last.”

“After you came out, he left City W and went to City A to accompany you.” Aubrey heaved a sigh. “I know my son very well. He has certain craziness.”

When Catherine heard her words, her eyes became reddened. “Auntie, I’m sorry.”

“You don’t need to be sorry for me. Your uncle and I thought originally that as long as he was willing to, we wouldn’t be against you if you are together. Who knows you are tangled with Anderson Clark. Catherine, you know Anderson Clark well, don’t you? He’s merciless and unscrupulous as long as he can achieve his goals. Your Johnson family used to be his in-laws, but it turned out to end in such a way, let alone our Torres family. We’re neither his family nor his friend.”

“Please understand us as parents. Could you cut off the tie with Owen, please? I’ll give you some money, which should be enough for you to

have a good life for the rest of your lifetime. Please take it as the care of our Torres family for you.” As she spoke, Aubrey took out a check from her bag and put it in front of Catherine.

Catherine didn’t take it. She stood up and bowed at her for appreciation, “Auntie, I could never pay back the kindness that the Torres family gave to me. I won’t keep in touch with Owen. As for the matter between Anderson Clark and me, if he wants to revenge, I’ll ask him to aim at me only. I would never bring the trouble to the Torres family.”

Aubrey didn’t insist. “I’m leaving those photos to you. I don’t know who has taken them and sent them to our house. You should watch out.”

When Catherine went downstairs from the tea house of Cloud Club, on the first floor, she bumped into a few women who were chatting and laughing.

“Oops, isn’t this Miss Johnson?” one of them exclaimed in a sharp voice. Then she circled Catherine around like watching a rare animal.

Catherine frowned, casting a cold glance at her.

Caroline Condor was frightened by her sharp eyes and took a few steps

back. When she came back to her senses, she felt embarrassed for herself.

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Caroline said angrily, “You are not the lady from the Johnson family any longer. Why are you so proud of?”

“Don’t you forget that she has hooked up with Ethan James not long ago,” Sienna said with a slight smile, standing out from behind.

“Mr. James is just an illegitimate child. So what if she has hooked up with him? But Sienna, you are different. You’ll be engaged to Mr. Clark,” Caroline approached Sienna and said with a smile when seeing she coming over.

Other women next to them also echoed.

Catherine felt it was so boring. “Excuse me, please let me pass. If you don’t think Ethan’s identity is good enough, you should tell him

face-to-face.”

Caroline shut her mouth immediately.

Before Ethan went back to the James family, he was in the underworld and he was a ruthless man. Certainly, they didn’t have the guts to speak that to his face.

Seeing that the woman was so lame, Sienna rolled her eyes at her. Then she approached Catherine. “I guess Aubrey has already had a talk to you. Do you like the gift from me to you?”

Catherine stared at Sienna and asked in a cold tone, “Did you take the photos?”

She emanated a strong imposing manner.

Under her aura, Sienna started to sweat on her back. She forced herself to calm down and said, “So what if I did take the photos? Do you think that only Aubrey has them? I also asked someone to send them to Anderson. Guess would Anderson aim at the Torres family and do something?”

Sienna's tone was gloomy as if she was a snake.

"Pak!" Catherine raised her arm and slapped Sienna across her face.

Then she grabbed Sienna's collar. Although Sienna was wearing high-heels, she was still shorter than Catherine. Look down at her, Catherine said, "I don't know if Anderson Clark would aim at the Torres family and do something, but I know it hurts when I slap you."

Sienna was frightened by Catherine's imposing manner. Her face paled but she couldn't utter a beep.

Catherine smiled disdainfully. Pushing away Sienna, she said, "Isabella, who played dirty tricks in front of me, has already been lying in the graveyard. And you are far less capable comparing with her."

Sienna fell to the ground.

Other women who came here with Sienna had no guts to stop Catherine at all while witnessing such a scene.

Sienna could only watch Catherine disappear from Cloud Club. She was so angry that she glared at her besties around her. "Are you all blind?

Didn't you know to help me?"

Caroline whispered in a trembling voice. "Just now, Catherine Johnson was so frightening. I dared not, but I recorded her voice. You can tell Mr. Clark. He loves you so much, and certainly, he would help you."

Loving her so much?

Caroline's careless words poked Sienna at her sore spot.

She knew clearly that if he wanted to use her to stimulate Catherine, Anderson would never let her wander around him.

However, Anderson didn't love her but he loved Isabella.

Sienna rolled her eyes and looked at Caroline. "Give me the record."

Chapter 45: Isabella's Death

Sure enough. Not long after Catherine had arrived home, she received a call from Arthur.

Arthur said politely, "Miss Johnson, Mr. Clark wants to see you in the Clark Group."

"I won't go. If he has something to tell me, ask him to come over." She could figure out it was because of those photos without a second thought. Catherine was lying on the bed. She didn't want to move at all. She felt quite exhausted to deal with such things.

Feeling her denial, Arthur said with a smile, "Miss Johnson, Miss Sophia misses you very much. Are you sure you don't want to come over to see Miss Sophia and Mr. Lincoln?"

Upon hearing Arthur's words, Catherine smiled ironically. Sophia and Lincoln were just like baits in Anderson's hands, and she was the fish.

Although she knew she would be killed as soon as taking the bait, she still chose to take the bait.

After taking medicine, Catherine straightened herself up and hailed a taxi to the Clark Group.

Anderson didn't lie to her. Both Sophia and Lincoln were at the Clark Group. When seeing Catherine coming over, they trotted to her.

"Mommy, you finally came to see Sophia!" Sophia sounded aggrieved.

Catherine did quick math -- she hadn't seen Sophia for almost half a month. The little girl grew so fast. Obviously, Sophie became taller.

Catherine squatted down and comforted her, "I'm sorry, but I've been quite busy."

Sophie complained unhappily, "But, Mommy, if you don't come to see me, I'm afraid I would forget what you look like."

Catherine felt sore in her heart, her eyes reddened slightly. "I'll try to see you both often in the future."

Sophia finally became satisfied. She pulled Catherine's hand and pressed her down on the sofa. Then she trotted to Anderson and grabbed his hand.

"Daddy, come over." Although Sophia was afraid of Anderson, she was bold enough. Every time she stopped crying, she would call Anderson boldly.

Anderson frowned. He glanced at Catherine, stood up, and sat down on the sofa opposite Catherine.

Sophia's face crumpled up. "No, not like this. Daddy, you should sit next to Mommy."

The two adults were arranged to sit on the same sofa side-by-side.

Catherine felt quite uneasy. She tried her best to suppress the uneasiness and asked, “Sophia, what are you doing?”

“My teacher has taught us a dance and asked us to show our parents, but you’ve never been together, so my homework hasn’t been finished,” Sophia complained, “In the whole class, only my brother and I didn’t finish the homework.”

Catherine felt sore in her heart.

Sophia asked Lincoln to play the music. She waved her arms childishly, beginning to dance a child’s dance.

If the stiff shoulders of the two adults could be ignored, the scene was a happy and sweet one.

However, the happiness was soon broken. Before Sophia could finish dancing, the door of Anderson’s office was pushed open. Together with the noise of the door opening, there came a coquettish voice. “Andy!”

Hearing the voice, Catherine couldn’t help but get goosebumps all over

her body.

When Sienna pushed the door open and saw Catherine sitting next to Anderson while watching a little girl dancing, her expression changed instantly.

Anderson stood up and looked at Sienna. 'Why are you here?'

Hearing Anderson's voice, Sienna looked aggrieved. "I happened to see Catherine and Auntie Aubrey in Cloud Club, so I reminded her not to get too close with the Torres family, but Catherine slapped me..."

Anderson looked indifferent.

Seeing him like this, Sienna added while gritting her teeth, "It's OK if she hit me, but I can't stand that she has also humiliated Miss Isabella who has passed away."

Hearing Isabella's name, Anderson's expression changed. "What did she say?"

Anderson didn't react at all when hearing Sienna was hit, but when she just mentioned Isabella's name, his expression changed.

Sienna's heart was full of hatred at this moment.

She inwardly comforted herself that Isabella had already passed away so that she could calm down. "You can listen yourself. I don't want her to say that I wronged her."

Sienna tabbed on her phone and started to play the recorded audio, passing it to Anderson.

"Isabella, who played dirty tricks in front of me, has already been lying in the graveyard. And you are far less capable comparing with her."

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A clear voice rang out from the speaker. Anderson's face became darkened instantly. He stared daggers at Catherine with his cold eyes.

Sienna felt so happy inwardly. At this moment, she said gently, "Andy,

why don't you ask Arthur to take the kids out? You're angry now, which is not good to the kids."

With the kids' presence, how could Anderson teach Catherine a good lesson?

"Arthur, take Sophia and Lincoln out," said Anderson in a cold tone.

Lincoln stood in front of Catherine. Sophie also sensed something wrong. She rushed to Sienna and hit her with her little hands. "You bad woman! Stop bullying Mommy!"

Sienna subconsciously pushed away Sophia.

Sophia was only five. Pushed by her and falling on the ground, she cried in a grievance, "Stop bullying Mommy!"

Seeing that, Catherine felt a sharp pang. She pulled Lincoln, walked to Sophia, and held her in her arms. "Sophia, my good girl, don't cry. Go out to play with your brother. They won't bully Mommy."

Sophia wrapped her arms around Catherine's neck, feeling a sense of insecurity. "No! I want to stay with Mommy!"

“Arthur, take her out!” Anderson ordered again.

Arthur walked up and forcibly held Sophia out of Catherine’s arms.

“Lincoln, go out with Uncle Arthur. I’ll be all right.”

Lincoln looked at Catherine with reddened eyes.

Catherine deliberately fell her face. “Hurry up. You should cheer up your sister.”

Lincoln reluctantly released his hand that grabbed Catherine’s. Before leaving the office, he glanced at Anderson with his black eyes.

The three adults were left in the office. With a cold face, Anderson approached Catherine. “You’ve finally admitted, haven’t you? It’s you who killed Isabella.”

Catherine smiled sadly and bitterly. “I haven’t. She edited the record.”

Anderson felt so angry that he laughed out. “Catherine Johnson, do you

always think that everyone else a fool?”

Catherine smiled at the furious Anderson. “Nah. You are the only fool always.”

Her words were full of disdain. When was Anderson referred to as a fool before? He grabbed Catherine’s collar. “What did you just say?”

Catherine raised her voice. “I said, you, Anderson Clark, are a fool. Hear it?”

The disdain in her eyes had become a sharp weapon. Catherine couldn’t care about anything. After all, Anderson would never believe her.

She had explained to him so many times, but he never believed.

Now with an edited audio clip in her hands, Sienna made him believe.

Anderson was enraged. “Do you have a death wish?”

“Anderson Clark, I’ve never feared the death.” Catherine’s voice was peaceful and calm.

Anderson was taken aback for a moment, recalling how she looked when she was soaked in the blood.

Seeing his expression, Catherine laughed more widely, “My parents are all gone. The Johnson family is also gone. I’m not afraid of death at all. Besides my children, Anderson Clark, what else do you want to threaten me with?”

When she smiled, she looked like a glamorous flower blooming in hell.

Seeing that Anderson couldn’t do anything to Catherine for a moment, Sienna felt such a deep hatred that her nails cut into the flesh of her palms. Suddenly, she was enlightened and said, “Mr. Clark, and the Torres family. She killed Isabella. For sure the Torres family has helped her.”

Upon hearing Sienna’s words that added fuel to the fire, Catherine broke free from Anderson’s grip. She walked to Sienna with cold eyes.

Sienna was frightened and she took a step back.

Catherine gazed at Sienna’s face and her red lips parted, “Didn’t you

feel enough pain in Cloud Club just now?”

Sienna shouted at Anderson in fear, “Andy, please help me!” _____

Chapter 46: Kneel Down to Confess Your Sins

Catherine curled her lips into a light smile, “What, are you afraid?”

Although Catherine was smiling at her, Sienna felt her back was breaking into cold sweat. Catherine was too weird!

Noticing her weird action, Anderson frowned and shouted, “Catherine, what do you want to do?”

Catherine turned around and casted a contemptuous glance at him. She then raised her hand and slapped Sienna on both of her cheeks, “It’s symmetrical now.”

Sienna was petrified in anger. When had she suffered such kind of humiliation? Nevertheless, since after encountered Catherine, she had

been slapped by her for countless times, secretly or openly.

She even slapped her in the face of Anderson this time!

Sienna was exasperated and reached out, intending to grasp Catherine's hair, "How dare you to slap me! You're just a deserted wife who has been jailed. Your families died because of you, who do you think you are to hit me?"

But of course Catherine would not let her do so. She didn't wear high heels today while Sienna was wearing a pair of high heels, so naturally she was not as agile as her.

"Sienna, look at yourself, don't you look like a shrew?" Catherine smiled while dodging her, "Anderson is still here. Aren't you afraid that he will not marry you after witnessing this?"

Sienna, who went crazy just now, stopped her actions.

In a panic, she glanced at Anderson in a panic and then rushed towards Anderson with tears streaming down her face.

Anderson frowned slightly and stopped Sienna who intended to pounce on him with his hands.

Sienna felt even more aggrieved and gazed at Anderson with tears on her face, "Andy, look at her. She's really gone too far. She even dared to slap me in front of you and when you're not present, she kept insulting Isabella."

Only now did she figure out that Anderson would only take care of the matter only if Isabella was involved.

Anderson stared at Catherine coldly. She was getting bolder and bolder and kept annoying him!

He shoved away Sienna and grasped Catherine by her arm, question, "Catherine, are you crazy?"

"Yes. And you're the culprit."

Anderson was frozen. All of her reactions were out of his expectations and therefore he didn't know how to cope with her at the moment. Anger was brewing in her heart, yet he had no way to vent it out.

Anderson took out his phone and dialed Arthur.

Arthur, who had been standing at the door in a flustered state, immediately answered the call from Anderson when he saw it.

“Go and check about the cooperation between the Clark Group and Torres Bio-pharmaceuticals Corp.”

Before Anderson could finish his words, the woman by his side suddenly slapped down the phone from his hand.

Catherine stared into his eyes, “Take everything you want out on me! Don’t touch Torres Bio-pharmaceuticals Corp.”

The moment the phone fell down from his hand, Anderson was stunned.

Grasping her wrist, Anderson strode towards the lounge in high speed. As Catherine couldn’t catch up with him, she was dragged into the lounge.

Anderson pressed her on the bed with her hands on her back.

Although her wrists felt sharp pain due to his clasp, Catherine didn't say anything and just stared at him coldly.

Anderson almost went crazy under her cold gaze. He pinched her chin and stared at her gloomily, "Catherine, Isabella is my bottom line. I don't care whether you were telling a lie or not, since it was you who said that, you will have to pay the price for it."

Catherine felt breathless and flushed red, but she didn't have any action and still glanced at Anderson coldly and silently.

The two of them were looking at each other into the other party's eyes.

Anderson suddenly curled his lips into a smile, "I'm never a gentleman. Although you're not afraid of death and your family has been ruined, but what about the children? What about the Torres family? I will take the axe to the Torres family this time, so you'll know what should be said and what shouldn't next time."

"Shameless!" Catherine gritted her teeth and squeezed out the words.

Only when seeing her reaction did Anderson feel better, “It will not only be about the Torres family next time. I have no feelings for Sophia and Lincoln. When looking at them, I will think of I and Isabella’s unborn child. Hence, if you, as a mother, don’t behave yourself, then please be careful of the safety of your children.”

Hearing him mentioning about the two children, Catherine felt so heartbroken that she even became breathless.

This was the father that Sophia had been yearning for.

A father who had no paternal love towards her.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

As Soon As You Hear About Love You Start Screaming At Out Loud?

This woman, who had always been arrogant, finally had a brittle look. Nevertheless, it was all because of Owen and his two bastard children!

Anderson did not feel any pleasant sensation inwardly.

Witnessing Anderson pulling Catherine into the lounge, Sienna was stunned for a while.

She then began to knock on the door.

The knocking sound from outside was so noisy that Anderson became impatient and annoyed. He pulled open the door and stared at Sienna coldly, "What are you doing?"

"Andy, my cheeks hurt." Sienna replied weakly with one hand covering her cheek.

Anderson simply replied indifferently, "It's useless to tell me about this. Go and see a doctor."

Sienna was lost for words when hearing his reply and only came to her own senses after a short while, "But I want you to come with me, Andy."

"Nope." Anderson rejected without any hint of hesitation and strode towards the door. He pulled open the door of the office and said to

Arthur who was standing at the door, “Tell Paul to buy a bunch of chrysanthemum. I’ll go to the cemetery to see Isabella.”

His voice was so soft and gentle when he uttered the name Isabella.

Catherine heard it clearly and smiled with depression.

The jealousy in Sienna’s eyes almost materialized. However, in order to maintain her image in front of Anderson, she still walked towards him, “Andy, let me accompany you to see Miss Isabella.”

Anderson glanced at her swollen face, “Open your camera to have a look at your face, then you’ll know who you should come to see.”

Sienna was dumbfounded. When she came to her own senses, she opened the camera and screamed pitifully when seeing her own face in the camera.

Witnessing this scene, Catherine inexplicitly wanted to laugh.

Anderson had always been ruthless to those he didn’t like.

“You go with me and confess your sins to Isabella.” Anderson glanced at Catherine.”

“Your dream!”

Anderson wrapped his arms in front of his chest, “To kneel down in front of Isabella’s tomb or to see me punish the Torres family, it’s up to you.”

He asked her to kneel down in front of Isabella’s grave and apologize to her!

Although Catherine knew that Anderson’s purpose was to humiliate her, she had no choice.

She would not let him harm the Torres family, no matter what she had to do.

“Okay.” She squeezed out the word with great effort.

Anderson smiled with satisfaction.

...

In South Mountain Cemetery...

Anderson stooped and put the bunch of chrysanthemum in front of Isabella's tombstone, and then glanced at the woman by his side and said coldly, "Hurry up to kneel down and confess your sins."

When she agreed to his request before, Catherine had thought it through that resistance was useless. She glanced at Anderson emotionally and then kneeled down in front of Isabella's tombstone calmly.

Seeing her being so obedient, Anderson inexplicitly furrowed his brows, "Say that you were wrong."

Catherine uttered like a robot, "I was wrong."

Unexpectedly, Anderson didn't feel happy at all. He fixed his unfathomable eyes on her shoulders for a long while and then said to the security guard who was standing aside, "Watch her here. She's not allowed to leave until tomorrow morning."

He then strode out of the cemetery after finishing the words.

When Catherine and Anderson arrived at the cemetery, it was already at nightfall. As it was almost autumn, the sky became dark early. Short after Anderson's departure, the whole cemetery was shrouded in darkness.

The sounds of honking worm could be sounded, and there was the cawing of crows from time to time. The ambience was very horrific.

As Catherine only wore a T-shirt, she shivered due to coldness and her face looked pale. She wrapped her arms around herself...._____

Chapter 47: Who Forced Her to Die?

The dews seemed to be seeping into her skin.

It felt cold and wet, and felt very uncomfortable.

...

In Ziting Villa...

Anderson sat in the living room and glanced at the book in his hand.

Only Arthur, who had been standing by his side, knew that Anderson was also reading this page ten minutes ago.

Anderson put down the book and looked at Arthur, "Is there any news from there?"

He was asking about the matters in the cemetery. Arthur replied expertly, "Nope. But Hudson texted me just now and said that he felt afraid to stay in the cemetery."

Anderson furrowed his brows, "What about she?"

Studying Anderson's expressions, Arthur replied gingerly, "According to the information sent by Hudson, Miss Johnson has no reaction. She just kneels in front of Miss Isabella's tomb and doesn't move a bit."

Anderson's brows were knitted even more tightly.

When seeing his expression, Arthur plucked up his courage and said, "Shall we ask Miss Johnson to come back? Cemetery is actually horrific. Even Hudson can't withstand it, not to mention Miss Johnson. She's just a woman."

Anderson shot a glance at Arthur, "She even dared to kill people. Will she be afraid of the unreal ghosts."

Arthur immediately shut up and sighed inwardly, "Mr. Clark was really cold-hearted."

Catherine kneeled in front of Isabella's tomb and many past events flashed across his mind. Her story with Isabella was like the story 'The Snake and the Farmer'.

She saved Isabella, yet Isabella requited her kindness with enmity and sabotaged her relationship and her marriage.

In the end, Isabella died unexpectedly, but she became the scapegoat.

Catherine sneered.

Hudson, who was standing aside, was startled by her sneer. He then asked in a trembling voice, "Miss Johnson, aren't you afraid?"

Catherine asked, "What should be afraid of? Can she crawl out of her tomb?"

"Please... stop this topic please!"

After hearing her words, Hudson felt that everything around were so weird and the vague things all looked like ghosts.

Catherine was amused by his reaction, "How were you selected by Anderson to be his security guard?"

Catherine chuckled, "Human beings are more scaring than ghosts."

She stretched her sore legs and said to Hudson who was standing by

her side, “If you’re afraid, you can sit there and play a game. I promise that you’ll be so angered by your teammates that you’ll not be scared by then. Rest assured. I won’t run away. After all, even if I manage to run away this time, Anderson would not let me go easily.”

Hudson gazed at Catherine’s side face in the beam of the moonlight and thought to himself, “This woman is not that villain as Mr. Clark has described.”

Having kneeling down on the ground for a whole night, Catherine felt her legs numb as if they were not her legs and almost fell down the moment she stood to her feet.

Luckily, Hudson assisted her.

“Miss Johnson, your legs seem to be bleeding.” Hudson noticed that Catherine’s pants were soaked in blood and reminded her.

Catherine shifted her gaze to her knees and nodded, “Not a big deal.”

Hudson respected her inwardly when seeing her composed look.

She hobbled down the mountain. Hudson glanced at Catherine with

concern, “Let me send you back.”

Catherine waved her hand weakly, “No need. Come back and report to Anderson. I’ll hail a taxi.”

After Hudson’s departure, Catherine opened an App. As it was early in the morning, there were a few cars available, not to mention her starting place was in a cemetery.

Catherine sat by the roadside and waited for a long while before managing to hail a taxi.

When she came back home, she felt cold and painful. She wanted to take a hot bath. But when she took off her clothes, she found that her cloth was soaked in blood had been stuck to her flesh.

Catherine found a pair of scissors and separated her cloth from her flesh bit by bit. When all these were done, she was already drenched in sweats as it was very painful.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

...

As Anderson was just about to go out for work, Joshua stopped his eye-catching red sports car at the entrance of Ziting Villa.

Joshua had always been a heady person. When he saw Anderson's car, he hastily stretched his arms to stop him.

Anderson got off the car and gazed at him with his brows knitted, "What are you doing?"

Joshua said with a serious face, "Andy, have you investigated into what had happened to Catherine in the prison?"

Anderson shook his head, "Nope."

"I heard from someone last night that Catherine suffered a lot in the prison." Joshua's face turned pale when he recalled what he had heard last night.

Anderson chuckled, “Isn’t suffering a lot in the prison a normal thing? Can she live happily in the prison like she’s still the daughter of the Johnson family?”

Joshua was anxious and was about to explain to him, but Hudson drove towards them.

Anderson watched Hudson getting off the car, and then threw a glance at the place behind him.

Having not found Catherine, he asked with his brows furrowed, “Where’s Catherine?”

“Miss Johnson comes back to her home. Her knees were hurt after kneeling down for a long time and were bleeding seriously. Her face was also so pale. I feel that she will probably get ill, the wind in the cemetery last night was so cold after all.” Hudson reported the situation to him nonstop.

Joshua found out that there was something wrong, “Andy, what have you done to Catherine?”

Gazing at the anxious Joshua, Anderson knitted his brows, “When do you become so concerned about her?”

“Dame it.” Joshua cursed and said angrily, “I’m afraid that you’ll regret about what you’ve done in the future. I heard about what happened to Catherine in the prison last night. She was very miserable.”

“What did they say?”

“Last night I went to a bar and encountered a woman. When she was gossiping, she mentioned about this. The more I heard...”

Seeing that he was about to start the story from the very beginning, Anderson frowned, “Get to the point.”

“Someone with bad intentions bullied Catherine in the prison and the unborn children in her belly almost died under their scheme. She was hit and bled for several times and in the end the two children were given birth prematurely. The doctor who delivered the children was bribed by someone and almost killed Catherine and the two children.”

Anderson’s face became gloomier and gloomier and killing intentions aggregated in his eyes, “Who did it?”

Joshua shook his head, “I’m not clear it of it either. It was just that

woman's gossip, but the more I heard of it, the more I felt that the person she was mentioning about was Catherine. I beat around the bush and asked many questions. Moreover, several days ago, a piece of news went virus on the Internet, saying that Catherine is taking drugs. I guess it was someone with bad intentions deliberately injected the drugs into her body."

She was injected with drugs?

Anderson felt a sharp pain when recalling what he had said to her in the living room back then and uttered with struggling, "Is that true?"

Joshua shook his head, "I haven't investigated into it yet. I'll tell you if there's any information about this. But I believe that Catherine would not take drugs, she detests that thing the most after all."

Joshua didn't believe that Catherine was that kind of people.

What about himself?

He rebuked her that she was not qualified to be the children's mother and took Sophia away from her.

The scene that Catherine kneeling down on the ground and fixing her eyes on the photos with a sorrowful look filled Anderson's mind. He came upstairs with a detest look, and she then committed suicide downstairs.

Lincoln reprimanded him that it was all because of him.

Anderson finally realized that what Joshua said might be true.

It was like his heart was stabbed. Anderson closed his eyes in dismay, "What else has they done to her?"

Joshua stole a glance at his painful expressions and a gush of complicated feelings crept on his heart, "I'm no clear of other matters. But I guess what they have done is more than we've known. Andy, you'd better investigate into this. We're childhood sweethearts after all and I don't want to see Catherine being hounded to death by others one day."

Being hounded to death!

Who would force her to death?

Oh, it was him who forced her to commit suicide last time. Anderson closed his eyes and recalled the bloody scene.

But he never intended to force her to die!__

Chapter 48: Nice Photo

Looking at the distress on Anderson's face, a gush of complicated feelings crept up onto Joshua's heart. When he heard about those last, he felt like he had a mental breakdown when put himself in Catherine's place.

Not to mention Catherine was just a woman.

The one she loved the best ruined her family and caused the suicides of her parents. She suffered a lot in the prison and almost barely escaped her life for several times; moreover, she even became addicted to drugs.

He didn't dare to imagine how Catherine managed to come through that period of time.

No wonder that Catherine became so indifferent to her former lover. If he was she, he would even have the impulse to kill Anderson.

But it was only Joshua's thought and he didn't dare to utter a word.

Anderson, whose face was ghastly, said to Hudson in a dismal voice, "Go and investigate this matter by yourself."

Looking into Anderson's red eyes, Hudson nodded immediately, "Roger."

Joshua sighed lightly and patted Anderson on his shoulder, "I'll come back now. I've been busy the whole night and haven't slept."

Anderson clenched his fists, reminiscing what had happened recently. He had been opening her wounds, cracked her down and threatened her...

He even forced her to kneel in the cemetery for the whole night last evening.

He had done many evildoings on her.

A burst of sharp pain came from his heart and a rush of blood upwelled to his throat.

“Pft...”

Paul was stunned when seeing Anderson spitting out a mouthful of blood, “Mr. Clark, let me send you to the hospital.”

Anderson rinsed his mouth, his face still pale, “No need. Come back to the company.”

Having no choice, Paul could only console Anderson who had ghastly face, “You’re also kept in the dark about what had happened to Miss Johnson. When we find out who are the ones behind all these, we’ll definitely let them pay the price.”

Anderson smiled bitterly. Those behind all these...

Having engaging in the business world for several years, he naturally knew that those people framed Catherine because he had ruined the Johnson family and they wanted to bully her when she was down.

He was blinded by anger back then and didn't think into these matters, or precisely, he had always been avoiding thinking of these matters.

Who was the one behind all these matters?

It was himself.

The sharp pain spread to his whole body from his heart. Nevertheless, Anderson felt much better as if his guilt would be relieved in this way.

Every time when Anderson closed his eyes, that woman's resentful eyes or a vast track of blood would appear in his mind, and he had no way to get rid of it...

...

Catherine knew nothing about what was happening in Ziting Villa. She insulated the wounds on her knees with plastic wrap and took a long

bath. Only then did she feel less cold. She then got out of the bathtub and cleaned her wounds and applied medicine to them.

She had done this for numerous times in the past and therefore she was very experienced in this.

Lying on the bed and recalling what had happened last night, Catherine checked the news and found no news about the Clark Group's targeting at Torres Bio-pharmaceuticals Corp. But she still couldn't rest assured and contacted Antonio to make sure that Anderson hadn't done anything to Bio-pharmaceuticals Corp.

Only then did Catherine close her eyes at ease.

But she hadn't expected that Sienna put Owen's photo that she secretly took on the Internet attached with Catherine and Ethan's photo, titling, "The promiscuous cartoonist hooked up with various rich men at the same time and two-timed them.

When Catherine woke up in the afternoon, she saw the push notification of this piece of news. The netizens commented that those rich men were not picky that they even hooked up with a woman at the same time. Many of them asked why Catherine could still appear in the public and questioned why she was not into prison after taking drugs.

One netizen commented: Among these young rich men, only Mr. Clark turned his nose up at her. You're no wonder the one I follow!

Some of them even published some dirty comments. And Catherine felt headache when glancing through these comments.

She didn't contact Owen. But seeing that Ethan was also mentioned in the news, she made a phone call to him.

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

25 Celebrities You Never Knew Had Addiction Issues

Ethan was reading a comic book at a corner of Sky Club. He was reading the plot that the female leader smacked in the face of the female supporting role when receiving the call and was interrupted.

He furrowed his brows, "What's the matter?"

Noticing that Ethan was in a bad mood, Catherine thought it was

because of the news and hurriedly apologized to him, “Sorry, as for the photos posted on the Internet, I have no idea about who had taken down. Sorry for bringing troubles to you.”

She guessed that Sienna was the one behind this, but she had no evidence to approve her assumption so far.

As Ethan was indulged in the comic book, he hadn’t read the news yet. When hearing Catherine’s words, he immediately checked the news on his phone. The photographer did have found a good angle and Ethan and Catherine looked like a couple who were having a pleasant conversation and looked quite intimate.

He glanced through the comments and then said, “Nice photo.”

What?

Catherine couldn’t see through Ethan’s mind and asked in a hesitant tone, “Aren’t you angry?”

Ethan asked, “Why should I be angry?”

Anderson should be the one who was angry the most.

Well.

Catherine realized that she could not apply the mentality of normal people on Ethan.

Ethan narrowed his unfathomable eyes, curled his lips into a light smile, and said lazily, “Come to me in the evening. We’ll take some more photos and I will send them to Anderson.”

Knowing that Ethan was up to some mischief, Catherine refused it without a second thought.

Being refused, Ethan downloaded the photo and posted it with two words, “Nice photo.”

His reply was regarded as an acknowledgement of his relationship with Catherine by those Internet onlookers. Some of them mentioned about the message that Owen posted last time. When many of the netizens were scolding Catherine for being promiscuous, few people asked Catherine to write a book to teach them how to win the favors of those handsome rich men.

Catherine was stunned for a while when seeing these comments.

In the president's office in Clark Tower, Anderson stared at the photos coldly.

He had suspected why they two were being together when seeing that woman showing up with Ethan, but he hadn't expected that there would be a follow-up story.

Arthur said gingerly, "Mr. Ethan James' interpersonal relationships are quite sophisticated. Should we remind Miss Johnson not to being too close with him?"

Anderson looked up at Arthur, "Do you think that that woman will listen to my advice now?"

Arthur was lost for words and said inwardly, "Mr. Clark knows very well in his heart."

With a gloomy face, Anderson pondered for a while, "Send someone to investigate how she built connections with Ethan and check what Ethan's intention is."

Arthur obeyed the order and asked his men to investigate it.

As Catherine had talked with Ethan about the matter after waking up and made sure that Ethan was not angry, she decided not to be bothered by this matter any longer and went back to the study to draw pictures.

The editorial completed the poster quickly and sent it to Catherine to check whether they should amend any details. Catherine checked the drawing and told the editor which details should be amended.

Emilia, who hadn't contacted her for a long time, also sent her a message, saying that the project was progressing smoothly and the filming had started.

Catherine was quite delighted when seeing the message. Everything was progressing towards a favorable direction and she felt that her life would be perfect if she could take the children back.

Catherine felt a bit depressed when thinking of the children.

She shook her head and tried not to think about the children. The afternoon quickly passed by as Catherine was immersed in drawing.

As she did not have many unpublished chapters, in the following days, Catherine simply drew comics in the study room and only went out for taking the delivery food. After a week, she lost many weights.

On the other side, Anderson shivered in anger when reading the documents of Hudson's investigation. _____

Chapter 49: Human Beings Are More Scaring

He asked with a cold face, "Are these true?"

Hudson also went bananas when seeing the investigation result because he had a good impression on Catherine. He hadn't expected that what she had suffered was more than what Joshua had told them. Every of their charge made him pissed off.

"They're true. I investigated into the doctor that resected Miss Johnson's womb, but I found that he and his families all died three years ago in a car accident. When I tried to probe into it, I found there was no clue. I guess someone has deliberately erased the clues. Moreover..." Hudson paused hesitantly.

Anderson clenched his fists tightly that even his knuckles became pale, “What else?”

Hudson took out an USB flash drive and said with a distressed look, “Mr. Clark, prepare yourself mentally when glancing through these information.”

Anderson inserted the USB flash drive into the computer and heard the teasing and taunts of some women the moment he opened a video. They were beating up, teased and taunted a woman together. The woman who was wearing a prison uniform lay on her stomach on the ground and covered her belly with her hands, desperately trying to protect the child in her belly. Her arms that were exposed were as lean as a rake, her hair was withered and yellow and her cheeks were sunken. No one would associate her with the daughter of the Johnson family when seeing her appearance.

The women surrounding her said others would not be able to notice it if they pricked her with needle. Therefore, there were rows of dense needle holes on her skin that was exposed in the air.

Anderson felt like he was about to be suffocated.

This was what she had suffered during that period of time?

Hudson had been working for Anderson for so many years. When seeing his pale face, he said with a distressed look, “Mr. Clark, please close the video. You just need to know that Miss Johnson had a miserable life during those years.”

Anderson ignored him and watched the video from the beginning to the end like he was torturing himself.

There was fierceness that couldn't be suppressed in his eyes, “Go and find out all the women who were involved in the video.”

Getting the order from Anderson, Hudson went out. Before his leaving, he told him that much information was lost and what he found out was just a drop in the bucket. As for the details of what had actually happened to Miss Johnson, only she herself was clear of it.

No wonder Miss Johnson said that human beings were more scaring than ghosts in the cemetery.

Anderson banged on the table and her hand was bleeding instantly. Nevertheless, he seemed to have not sensed it and simply buried his head in his hands.

Having finished the drawing of the chapters that should be published later, Catherine decided to give herself a holiday and contacted Arthur after hesitating for a while.

When receiving the phone call from Catherine, Arthur hastily handed his phone to Anderson.

Anderson said in a low voice, "Answer the call and see what the matter is."

Arthur then turned on the speaker.

"Arthur, can you tell me which school Sophia and Lincoln are in?" Catherine was flustered as she was worrying that Arthur would refuse

to tell her.

Arthur took a glance at Anderson and replied, "In Jiaye International Elementary School."

Catherine was stunned when hearing the words 'Jiaye International School' because she first met Anderson in this school.

"Miss Johnson, do you want to see Sophia and Lincoln?"

Catherine came to her own sense, "I just want to have a look at them. I won't take them away. Can you please not tell Anderson about this? Arthur, please."

When hearing her humble begging, Anderson felt a sharp pain from his heart again that he even became breathless.

Arthur stole a glance at Anderson who was standing not far away and lied to her, "Okay."

Catherine thanked Arthur happily. She then carefully dressed up herself and hailed a taxi to Jiaye International School.

Students in this school were either from rich or powerful families, and only few of them who were children from ordinary families were specially recruited due to their outstanding performance in study. The school had three sub-schools, namely elementary school, junior school and senior high school. After arriving at the school, she stood at the entrance and looked at the large school with complicated feelings.

She bumped into Anderson's arms at the gate of the school back then and fell in love with him at first sight. She kept pestering him and became acquainted with him...

This was the start of their entangled relationship.

When Catherine was lost in her thoughts, a middle-aged man took a turn around her and then asked with uncertainty, "Are you Catherine Johnson?"

"Mr. Trump?" Catherine also asked with uncertainty.

She had not been to Jiaye International School for more than ten years. As time flew, she grew up and her teacher grew older, and she wasn't sure whether he was her teacher or not when seeing his appearance.

"I thought I mistook you for someone else." Thomas Trump smiled,

“What are you here for?”

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A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Catherine hesitated for a while and decided not to tell him that she was Sophia and Lincoln’s mother and just told him she came to see her child.

Thomas didn’t probe into it, “Would you like to come to my office?”

Catherine had a complicated feeling towards Jiaye School. On the one hand, it was a place that bore her beautiful memories and her youth; however, on the other hand, it was the place where her entangled relationship with Anderson started.

Catherine followed Thomas to his office.

Gazing at Catherine, Thomas sighed, “Time flies and many years have passed by. Among my students, I’m proud of you and Anderson the most. When you wooed him back then, you caused many commotions and everyone in the school knew about that. How’s your progress now?”

Are you a couple now?’

Catherine shook her head.

Thomas scratched his hair, “Oh, that doesn’t make sense. I think Anderson also have feelings for you. It’s just that he looks a bit cold.”

Catherine smiled bitterly. She also thought it was just because Anderson looked cold before Isabella’s appearance.

Nevertheless, after Isabella’s appearance, she finally got to know that Anderson could pamper a woman to such a degree.

Noticing, Catherine’s expressions, Thomas decided not to continue this topic, “I heard about the things happened to your family. You’re my most outstanding student, so remember not to give up yourself.”

Catherine nodded, “I won’t.”

Thomas seemed to have seen through everything, “You look even older than me. But I’m almost fifty years old. You look totally different from your energetic and lively self.”

“I grew up and became mature.”

Catherine didn't stay for too long in Thomas' office as he had to give a glass to his students.

Catherine then wandered around the campus. When she came to the entrance of the library, Catherine stared at the words that were carved on the wall.

Catherine, Anderson.

The two names were carved in the same line and were connected by a heart-shaped sign.

She was full of romantic thoughts back then and specially pulled Anderson over to have a look. She could still remember Anderson just uttered the word 'boring' coldly when seeing them and left with her.

He didn't like her. She had learned about this in the past, nevertheless, she, such a silly woman, didn't want to give up and came to such a miserable end.

Catherine picked up a stone from the ground and scratched the two

names.

When the school bell rang, Catherine threw away the stone and went to the elementary school. She checked every classroom on the floor of the second grade, yet still failed to find out Sophia and Lincoln.

When Catherine who was standing in the corridor was about to call Arthur to ask him about which class Sophia and Lincoln were in, she saw Anderson walking towards him from the gate from afar.

What was him doing here?

Could it be that he knew that she came to see Sophia and Lincoln?

Catherine was flustered.

Arthur called her right at this moment and Catherine hastily answered the call, "Why Anderson is suddenly here?"

"Miss Johnson, are you in the school? Lincoln beat his classmate in the school and the teacher called Mr. Clark and asked him to come to the school."

Hearing that Lincoln was involved in the fighting, Catherine asked anxiously, "Is Lincoln all right?"

"I'm also not clear about the details. What about this? You can come with Mr. Clark to have a look."

Having no mood to care about whether Anderson would find her or not, she ended the call, ran downstairs and rushed towards Anderson.

She was weak and was soaked in sweats when she stopped in front of Anderson.

Anderson frowned and stared at her face meaningfully. _____

Chapter 50: Blackmail

Catherine panted and asked, "What happened to Lincoln?"

Anderson didn't answer her question and simply headed towards the teacher's office.

"Hey, your child beat up my child. I will definitely let him pay the price."

Just as Catherine arrived at the door of the teacher's office, she heard the roar from inside.

As she was so anxious, she pushed open the door without knocking at it and walked in.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Sophia and Lincoln's mother." As soon as Catherine entered the office, she found Lincoln standing in front of the office desk holding Sophia's hand and there was a fat middle-aged man by his side.

When hearing Catherine's voice, Sophia let go of Lincoln's hand and hugged Catherine's leg, calling her name in a husky voice, "Mummy."

Catherine squatted down, "It's fine honey. Don't be afraid. Mummy is here."

Catherine anxiously checked whether there was any wound on Sophia's body and then squat down again to have a check on Lincoln. Seeing that there was no wound on his body except a few scratches, she was relieved a little.

When seeing this scene, the fat man sat in a sharp tone, "Are you the mother of these two little bastards?"

Hearing the address, Catherine furrowed her brows subconsciously and looked up coldly at the man. She then turned around to gaze at the woman who was sitting behind the office desk, "Teacher, what happened?"

"If it was Lincoln's fault, naturally we'll bear the responsibility. But if it's not his fault, I will not allow Lincoln to suffer grievance." Lincoln had always been a reasonable boy and Catherine didn't believe that he would fight against others for no reasons.

The middle-aged man pulled out a child that was much taller and fatter than Lincoln from behind and roared, "You child hit my child and now he's bleeding. And you're thinking of avoiding responsibility!"

Hannah Martinez, the class teacher, felt it unbearable and persuaded him, “Mr. Elliott, please be rational and keep your voice down. Other teachers in the office still need to work.”

“I can’t be rational. My child just said that he doesn’t have a mother. Is it necessary for him to beat up my child?”

The middle-aged man said confidently, “My wife is a director of the Clark Group. If you can’t give me a satisfying solution, I won’t let go of this matter easily.”

Gazing at the middle-aged man who didn’t give a shit to her persuasion, Hannah smiled at Catherine helpless, “Here’s what happened. When Sophia was playing with her classmates during the break of last class, Robinson cursed her, saying that she doesn’t have a mother. Sophia argued with him and Robinson lost and pushed Sophia down onto the ground. Lincoln saw the scene and hit Robinson.”

“This was what had happened. Although it was Robinson who started the fighting, his wound was more serious. So I call you guys here to negotiate about how to solve this matter.”

Hannah rummaged through the drawer and then took out a sheet of invoice, “Robinson’s wounds have been treated. And this is the invoice of the medical expense.”

Catherine took the invoice and took a glance at it. She then turned around to look at the man who still looked angry, “Mr. Elliott, my child should be blamed for hitting your child. But the cause of the matter is because your child cooked up a rumor and hit Sophia. What about this? Let the children apologize to each other and I will compensate the medical expense to you. Is this okay?”

“It’s only dozens of yuan. Are you trying to humiliate me?” The man pointed at Catherine arrogantly, “My wife is on the way to school. Do you know how much she will lose? She’s a C-level manager of the Clark Group!”

Catherine stole a glance at Anderson who was watching the show at a corner and said helplessly, “So, Mr. Elliott, how do you want to solve this matter?”

“The medical expense, I and my wife’s lost wages, my child’s mental damage compensation, I and my wife’s mental damage compensation. I’ll give you a discount and you just need to give me 500 thousand.” The man said in a justifying tone.

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Catherine was amused.

“What are you laughing at? If you don’t give me the compensation, I will arrange my child to be hospitalized now. Let’s see whose time is more precious. Antonio Elliot is my acquaintance and his hospital is not cheap.”

The man’s surname was also Elliot, so maybe he was really Antonio’s relative.

But he must not a immediate relative of the Elliot family because she could recognize every immediate relative of the Elliot family even if she was not acquainted with everyone.

“Mr. Elliott, you shouldn’t work in a company. You should bring your child together with you to blackmail or swindle others. You’ll definitely earn more than your wife’s wage in the Clark Group.”

Just as Catherine had finished her words, a woman in high heels stoke into the office and rushed over when seeing Robinson, “My honey, are

you alright?”

Robinson replied with grievance, “Mummy, my head aches.”

The woman comforted him for a while and then stood up and gazed at Catherine with her brows knitted, “I thought my husband must have told you about our conditions. My time is precious so I hope we can solve this matter as soon as possible. You should compensate for what you should. I don’t trust the doctors in the school and I must bring my child to the other hospital to have a check-up.”

Judging from her aura, the woman looked like a woman who had been in a high position for a long time.

“Your husband said that I should compensate for you lost wages, mental damage compensations, etc. Urm... 500 thousand in total. Of course I can give you the money.”

Hearing that Catherine could afford the compensation, the man said impatiently, “If you want to compensate us, then hurry up. My child is precious and we must go to the hospital as soon as possible.”

Catherine chuckled, holding Sophia and Lincoln with each hand, “But it was your child who started the strife and I had to come here to solve

this matter. So shouldn't you compensate for my lost wage?"

The man was a bit stunned when hearing her words. He studied Catherine from top to tow and found that what she was wearing were clothes from some fast fashion brands. He then studied Sophia and Lincoln and found that although the two children were good-looking, the clothes they wore were of some infamous brands. He had heard that the two children had good performance in study, and therefore he guessed that they must have been specially recruited by Jiaye School.

The man said with distain, "What's your monthly wage? I will compensate you."

"My wage is not high and you just need to give me several hundreds." Catherine chuckled.

The man felt that there was something wrong with Catherine's reaction, but he had been dizzy with money and said resolutely, "Okay. I will be generous to you and you just need to transfer 490 thousand to my account."

After finishing the words, he opened his QR code and handed his phone to Catherine.

“Don’t hurry. The children’s father is also present, but I’m not clear of his wage. Please ask him how much you should compensate him.” After finishing the words, Catherine pointed at Anderson who was standing at a corner.

The man looked towards Anderson and felt that he was familiar with him. Nevertheless, after pondering for a long while, he still failed to recall who he was. He studied Anderson’s business suit from top to down and failed to recognize its brand. He was emboldened and said, “I will also compensate you with 10 thousand. It’s not a low compensation. People like you can’t even earn 10 thousand per month. Except for a good appearance, you’re good for nothing.”

When hearing his taunted, Catherine felt a bit happy as the gloominess in her heart was relieved.

Anderson walked to Catherine’s side and said with a cold look, “I’m not clear of my yearly wage either. How about this? I will call my attorney here and he’ll tell you how much you should compensate me.”

The elite woman who was coaxing her child was stunned when hearing Anderson’s voice. When she looked up and saw Anderson, she fell down onto the ground in horror, her face ghastly._

Chapter 50: Blackmail

Catherine panted and asked, “What happened to Lincoln?”

Anderson didn’t answer her question and simply headed towards the teacher’s office.

“Hey, your child beat up my child. I will definitely let him pay the price.” Just as Catherine arrived at the door of the teacher’s office, she heard the roar from inside.

As she was so anxious, she pushed open the door without knocking at it and walked in.

“Who are you?”

“I’m Sophia and Lincoln’s mother.” As soon as Catherine entered the office, she found Lincoln standing in front of the office desk holding Sophia’s hand and there was a fat middle-aged man by his side.

When hearing Catherine’s voice, Sophia let go of Lincoln’s hand and hugged Catherine’s leg, calling her name in a husky voice, “Mummy.”

Catherine squatted down, "It's fine honey. Don't be afraid. Mummy is here."

Catherine anxiously checked whether there was any wound on Sophia's body and then squat down again to have a check on Lincoln. Seeing that there was no wound on his body except a few scratches, she was relieved a little.

When seeing this scene, the fat man sat in a sharp tone, "Are you the mother of these two little bastards?"

Hearing the address, Catherine furrowed her brows subconsciously and looked up coldly at the man. She then turned around to gaze at the woman who was sitting behind the office desk, "Teacher, what happened?"

"If it was Lincoln's fault, naturally we'll bear the responsibility. But if it's not his fault, I will not allow Lincoln to suffer grievance." Lincoln had always been a reasonable boy and Catherine didn't believe that he would fight against others for no reasons.

The middle-aged man pulled out a child that was much taller and fatter than Lincoln from behind and roared, "You child hit my child and now he's bleeding. And you're thinking of avoiding responsibility!"

Hannah Martinez, the class teacher, felt it unbearable and persuaded him, "Mr. Elliott, please be rational and keep your voice down. Other teachers in the office still need to work."

"I can't be rational. My child just said that he doesn't have a mother. Is it necessary for him to beat up my child?"

The middle-aged man said confidently, "My wife is a director of the Clark Group. If you can't give me a satisfying solution, I won't let go of this matter easily."

Gazing at the middle-aged man who didn't give a shit to her persuasion, Hannah smiled at Catherine helpless, "Here's what happened. When Sophia was playing with her classmates during the break of last class, Robinson cursed her, saying that she doesn't have a mother. Sophia argued with him and Robinson lost and pushed Sophia down onto the ground. Lincoln saw the scene and hit Robinson."

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The elite woman who was coaxing her child was stunned when hearing Anderson's voice. When she looked up and saw Anderson, she fell down onto the ground in horror, her face ghastly._

Chapter 51: Whether to Blame Your Mommy

Eileen Reynold knew clearly that her husband was blackmailing. Although she seemed to make a lot of money, she also spent much. Hence, when her husband was blackmailing, she didn't stop him.

It was just because she thought this woman had no money or power, who was absolutely a pushover.

However, Mr. Clark showed up here, and Eileen became panicked. However, she still wished that Anderson wasn't here for this matter.

With a trembling voice, she asked, "Mr. Clark, why are you here?"

Anderson answered expressionlessly, "My children were involved in a fight. I came to check on them."

Upon hearing his words, Eileen felt as if a basin of cold water was pouring above her head. Her heart sank and she knew that she was doomed.

With a flattering smile, she said, "It's just a trifle among the kids. Nothing serious."

Anderson cast a cold glance at the mid-aged man.

The man also realized that this man must be quite superior since his wife was flattering him. Instantly, the man's expression changed and echoed with a smile, "Yeah. Just a trifle."

"It's alright. We'll compensate you according to your requirements, MR. Elliot. I'll ask my attorney and personal financial advisor to inform you about my annual income."

Anderson's tone was indifferent.

Eileen's face turned as pale as a paper. "It's OK. We don't need the

compensation.”

Anderson chuckled. “No, it’s not gonna work. Otherwise, the rumors would say that I bullied my employee by my power. As for you, if I’m not mistaken, you are a manager of the market department, aren’t you? So far, I don’t think you have the same concept as Clark Group. I’ll ask my subordinate to investigate if you have done something outline. If you have, I hope you can quit peacefully. Wish you find a new company and a bright future.”

He couldn’t demand absolute purity for his employees. According to his years managing Clark Group, he knew it clearly. If he deliberately looked into her, she must have done something.

Blood drained from Eileen’s face. She did do quite a lot of awful things. If she left Clark Group, how could she have a bright future?

Noticing that his parents kept silent, Robinson tugged the hemline of Eileen’s blouse and accused, “Mom, avenge me! This brat beat me while pressing me on the ground.”

Eileen suddenly hit her son. “Shut up.”

Seeing the chaotic scene, Catherine looked over at the teacher and said, "Although this kid made trouble first, he was injured more seriously. Besides the ninety yuan disinfection fee, I'll also compensate the kid another one thousand for his nutrition fee. Besides, both Sophia and Lincoln have parents. Miss Martinez, I hope you can pay more attention to them and never let other kids bully them on this excuse."

Hannah took over the money and looked at Catherine, her eyes full of admiration. "Please rest assured. I'll pay more attention in the future."

When Catherine took the children out of the office, the Elliott family was still making a farce.

Looking at the scratch on Lincoln's hand, Catherine asked gently, "Does it hurt?"

Lincoln, who kept silent all the time, shook his head. "No, it doesn't."

"I'll take you to disinfect although it doesn't hurt." After finishing her words, Catherine looked over at Anderson, her eyes cold. "May I take them both to the hospital for a checkup please?"

When she was talking to the children, she looked so tender. However, when she talked to him, she looked quite resistant. A trace of discomfort flashed through Anderson's heart.

"Daddy, I want to go to the hospital with Mommy." Sophie raised her little head and looked at Anderson expectantly as if she would burst into tears if he said no.

"I'll ask Paul to sent you there."

After uttering a sentence, Anderson walked towards the school gate.

Cather hadn't expected that she would encounter her teacher, Adonis Brandon, who just knocked off. Adonis looked at Catherine in confusion, and then looked over at Anderson.

Then his gaze fell on Catherine. "Didn't you say that you guys weren't married?"

Anderson cast a deep glance at Catherine.

Catherine answered awkwardly, "We divorced."

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Adonis was quite familiar the both. He said jokingly, “You still come to pick up your children after divorce. I can see you are still in a harmonious relationship.”

“The kids were involved in a fight at school. We came to resolve the problem.” Catherine looked quite awkward. Anderson was not a good-tempered man. She was afraid if Adonis had said something that offended him, he would do something bad to Adonis.

Catherine said solemnly, “Mr. Brandon, please don’t joke about this matter. We’ve been divorced for six years, and we have our own lives. If his fiancée heard about your words, she would be upset.”

Adonis also realized that he had said something inappropriate. He shook his head and said, “It’s my fault. Just you liked him that much, and I have such a deep impression.”

“I don’t like him now.”

Seeing that Catherine was so eager to distance herself from him, Anderson was pissed.

He said coldly, "I've never liked her."

Although she had known this fact for a long time, when she heard his words again, Catherine still felt a sharp pang in her heart as if something was biting her bones, and it hurt continuously...

She smiled helplessly at Adonis.

Adonis didn't get angry. Waving his hand, he said with a smile, "Forget it. I'll leave you youngsters to take care of your own businesses."

When he was leaving, he looked at Anderson and said, "Time waits for no man. You should know yourself as soon as possible."

When Anderson was sitting in the car, his face was still darkened.

Catherine took Sophia and Lincoln to the hospital for checkups. Except that Lincoln had a scratch on his hand, they were both alright. The doctor simply disinfected the wound and let them leave.

Walking out of the hospital, Anderson wanted to take away the children. Catherine couldn't do anything. She trotted to a shopping mall nearby to buy some food and toys for the children. Under Anderson's disgusted gaze, she pressed them into the hands of Sophia's and Lincoln's.

"If you miss me, just talk to the toys. I'm missing you guys, too." After finishing her words, Catherine held Sophia and Lincoln and kissed them both.

Standing at the spot, she watched Anderson's car leave, feeling quite lonely.

The car had gone for a long distance, Sophia was still looking back reluctantly while clinging to the car window. Until she couldn't see Catherine anymore, tears dropped from her eyes. She looked at Anderson in a grievance.

"Daddy, I want Mommy to be with me. Can you remarry Mommy, please? The TV said you can live together after you two remarry."

The child didn't understand the complicated matters between her parents. All she wished was that her parents could be together.

Anderson's eyes darkened. He just kept silent.

Sophia cried more loudly. "Bad Daddy! Bad Daddy!"

Lincoln was afraid that Sophia would pissed Anderson. Covering his sister's mouth, he said, "Come on, Sophia. Let's play the toys bought by Mommy."

Sophia sniffed, holding the toys that Catherine had just bought. Shortly, she was amused by Lincoln.

Anderson saw her holding that cheap toy as if she was holding a priceless treasure. She had never been so happy even when she was in the amusement park bought by the Clark family. Suddenly, he asked, "Don't you blame your mommy on giving birth to you in such an environment? Don't you blame your mommy for having so many men?"

Sophia didn't understand Anderson's meaning, looking at Lincoln in confusion.

Lincoln looked into Anderson's eyes and answered seriously, "If I didn't get it wrong, it was you who sent Mommy to that kind of place."

Speaking of that, you should be the one to be blamed.”

When he was speaking to Anderson, there was hatred in his eyes.

It seemed that his hatred would become reality, which made Anderson’s heart skip a beat.

Lincoln didn’t care about Anderson’s expression. He added, “As for the latter, I don’t think we should blame Mommy.” _

Chapter 52: Anderson Clark Is Here

“Mommy is an excellent woman. It’s normal that men are chasing after an excellent woman.” Lincoln looked Anderson into his eyes. “You and Mommy are divorced. Mommy didn’t destroy others’ marriages or cheated on you. Why should we blame her?

“Isn’t it you who cheated on Mommy while still marrying her to be blamed?

“No matter whom Mommy would marry eventually, I’ll support her. Of course, you are the only exception.”

When Lincoln spoke, he didn't care about Anderson's expression at all.

Anderson had never been scolded by anyone in this way before. His deep eyes became cold. His face turned between livid and pale from time to time, and finally, it was darkened. The temperature in the car also dropped.

Paul found it so hard for him to suppress his laughter when listening in front.

Lincoln had an indeed sharp tongue.

For some reason, Paul also felt quite delighted when hearing his words.

Although Sophia didn't understand what her brother was talking about, she clapped her hands to fully support him.

Anderson was speechless.

He suddenly recalled that his son was educated by Catherine, so Lincoln

hated him the most.

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She got plenty of the saved drafts and the website started to promoting her words. Catherine relaxed a lot. Before going to bed, she checked her cell phone and saw the comics drawn by her were promoted in a chat group. Hence, she checked the discussion in the group by the way. All of the members were discussing why the website of the girls' comics started to promote the reasoning comics. Besides, the comics were promoted before being published. They were wondering if the painter was a famous one with a new ID, or he or she had anything to do with the website.

Catherine browsed their discussion, but she didn't speak in the group.

By the update deadline, she also updated ten chapters of comics according to the editor's requirement.

After updating, she refreshed the comments on the website anxiously. After all, she had changed her drawing style and the website to publish her comics. She wondered if the users of the website would be

interested in the reasoning comics since they had been used to the girls' comics.

Her major in the university had nothing to do with drawing or painting. It was all because she needed to live on and she couldn't attract Anderson's attention. She had to choose to draw comics. Later, she became like this business more and more. Based on the little foundation she had and some lucks, she had gained good returns in three years. Now, she just restarted it all over again. Hence, she couldn't stop worrying.

However, the data of the website wasn't updated at any time. No matter how many times Catherine refreshed, she couldn't see the detailed data.

She didn't go to bed until midnight.

In the early morning of the next day, as soon as she got up, she browsed the data again. Then she talked to the editor about the data.

The editor answered, "It's brilliant! Your book had the highest rate of flow."

Confirmed by the editor, Catherine finally breathed a sigh of relief.

“Within this month, you must update the comics twice a week. In one month, you can change to update them once a week.”

Reading the editor’s message, Catherine realized that this requirement for updating meant a heavy workload for a green hand. It was a heavier workload for her because she was the only one designing the plots and drawing.

However, she still agreed. After all, it was so difficult for her to be recommended.

Catherine read through the comments. After seeing that most of them were quite friendly, she finally rested assured.

When she was about to concentrate on drawing, her cell phone rang.

Catherine unlocked the screen and checked the caller ID. It was Ethan’s phone number. He was her boss, so she must answer his call.

“Hello, Mr. James. What’s up?”

Ethan said in a lazy tone, "Come to Sky Club tonight."

Catherine agreed. Ethan looked quite fierce, but she had a good impression on him. It might be because that he had helped her when she was harassed in Sky Club last time. It was also probably because that he had offered her a job.

After drawing the comics at home for a whole afternoon, Catherine tidied herself up at dust. Then she hailed a cab to Sky Club.

In Sky Club, the colorful spotlights were shining. Young men and women were venting their energies that couldn't be vented anywhere else. Catherine had planned to go to Ethan's office to find him. After a thought, she guessed that he might be hiding in a corner sleeping or reading the comic book.

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Hence, she texted him.

After it was done, Catherine felt an arm wrap around her waist. When she was about to dodge from it, she heard a whisper in a lazy tone in her ears.

“Don’t move.”

It was Ethan’s voice. Catherine gaped at him.

Ethan curled up his lips into a smile and said, “Anderson Clark is here.”

With his smile, others thought that he was sweet-talking with Catherine.

Upon hearing Ethan’s voice, Catherine stopped moving. She also curled up her lips into a smile. “What grudges are there between Anderson Clark and you?”

Ethan didn’t explain. With a smile, he said, “I just don’t like him.”

Since he didn’t want to tell her, Catherine didn’t want to ask more about his privacy. She reminded him, “Well, no matter how intimate we are, he wouldn’t be pissed. He doesn’t like me at all. At the most, he

would think that I don't deserve to be my children's mother."

Catherine's smile was wry.

Ethan stared at her deeply, and inwardly he didn't agree with her.

However, he didn't speak it out. "With such a beautiful date, I don't care if he's pissed or not."

Catherine was quite speechless to his attitude.

Ethan held her waist and walked to the sofa where Anderson was sitting on. Then he sat down opposite Anderson openly and pulled Catherine to sit down next to himself.

The air immediately became intense.

They were in a small circle. Almost everyone sitting around Anderson knew Catherine who was sitting next to Ethan and that she was Anderson's ex-wife. They exchanged glances with each other, but nobody had the guts to speak.

Anderson's gaze fell on Catherine, looking expressionless. Nobody knew what was in his mind.

Under such an awkward atmosphere, Joshua was always the one who broke the ice, and this time there was no exception.

Joshua looked at Catherine awkwardly. "Hi, Mrs. Clark. Here you came."

After greeting her, Joshua wished that he could slap himself across his face.

He didn't do so, but Aurora had already slapped him across his head. "Catherine, please don't mind my brother. He's just a stupid asshole."

Joshua heard Aurora's words, but it was rare that he didn't fight back.

The atmosphere around them had become so weird. Ethan wasn't impacted at all. He picked up a cherry and pressed into Catherine's mouth under her gaze.

When Sienna saw Anderson, her eyes lit up. "Andy, you are really here. I thought it was my illusion," she greeted him in a coquettish tone.

Anderson looked up and glanced at Sienna. He said in a deep voice, "Come here."

Sienna was joyful. She swung to sit next to Anderson, clinging to his body.

A trace of disgust flashed through Aurora's eyes.

Anderson let Sienna cling to his body. With one of his hands wrapping around Sienna's waist, he looked quite intimate to her.

Catherine didn't know if Ethan's tactics had stimulated Anderson, but what Anderson was doing had stimulated her.

Ethan didn't change his expression at all. He still smiled like a gangster. "Oh, I suddenly recalled when I see Mr. Clark's girlfriend. Catherine and I should thank you, Miss White."

Sienna couldn't understand what Ethan meant, looking at Ethan in confusion.

"Miss White, if it weren't for you, Catherine and I wouldn't have the chance to get our sweet moment shot." After finishing his words, Ethan

lowered his head and looked at Catherine affectionately. “Catherine, do you think we should thank Miss White?” _

Chapter 53: In Love with Ethan

Ethan was trying to get her more enemies indeed. Catherine pinched him in secret.

She put on a wry smile and looked at Sienna. “Indeed. If it weren’t for you, Miss White, I would never know that I could look so beautiful. By the way, has the wound on your face recovered?”

The purpose that Sienna disclosed the photos was to let those men who were after Catherine know that she was just a whore. Much to her surprise, Ethan didn’t mind it at all.

Catherine also mentioned Sienna’s face.

Although her face was recovered completely, Sienna still felt the burning pain.

With the Adams family as her backer, Aurora was always arrogant. She deliberately mocked, “Catherine, do you know why her face got

injured? My besties told me that her face was swollen so much that she looked like a pig.”

Sienna blushed in anger. She was about to fight back, but she still wanted to leave Anderson a good impression. Looking at Anderson in a grievance, she said, “Andy, they’re bullying me together.”

Anderson frowned, looking at Catherine. “Catherine Johnson, be easy on others. Don’t go too far.”

Catherine laughed.

It seemed that Anderson also knew to be easy on others.

Why didn’t he think of it when pushing the Johnson family to the dead-end?

Catherine laughed in a wave of extreme anger. She tilted her head and leaned against Ethan. She took a sip of wine, her enchanting eyes swept between Anderson and Sienna. Then she said in a lazy tone, “I don’t think it’s necessary.

“In order not to meet again, I would rather be harsh on others.”

“Good! I agree!” Ethan clapped his hands and praised in the frozen atmosphere.

Anderson’s face instantly darkened.

As soon as Catherine spoke, Sienna looked as if she was suffering from a great grievance. She sobbed and said, “Andy, Catherine had gone too far. I just couldn’t bear that she was mocking Miss Isabella Johnson, so I defended her. But Catherine treated me this way.”

Catherine truly admired Sienna for having such a technique to call white black.

Feeling so bored, Catherine stood up and said to Ethan, “I’m going to use the restroom.”

Ethan said with a smile, “Do you need me to go with you?”

Catherine waved her hand immediately, “No, thanks.”

She didn't want to act all the time with him.

Seeing that Catherine walked out, Sienna still want to whine to Anderson. Looking up, she found that Anderson focused on the receding back. Her heart sank. She clenched her fingers so tightly that the nails sank into her flesh.

Later, she said to Anderson in a crying tone, "I'm going to wash my face."

After Sienna left, Jasper, who had been silent all the time, suddenly said, "Catherine Johnson had become more and more charming. Sienna does look nice, but she can't compare with Catherine.

"With Catherine aside, you can realize how normal Sienna looks

Upon hearing Jasper's words, others around them nodded in agreement.

Only Anderson looked more and more annoyed.

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Between her and another person, no matter who that person would be, Anderson would never choose her.

He was against her forever.

He did it all the time.

Feeling so sad that she could hardly breathe, Catherine inhaled and exhaled deeply several times before feeling better.

She took a handful of cold water and threw it on her face, making herself refreshed.

She wiped her face and carefully put the red lipstick on her lips. When walking out of the restroom, Catherine met Sienna face-to-face.

Ignoring Sienna, Catherine bypassed her to leave.

Sienna opened her arms to stop her. "Catherine Johnson, think you are great to hook up with Ethan James, huh?"

Catherine looked at her face and said slowly, “It seems that the wound on your face has truly recovered. If I slap you again across your face, guess how many days it would take for the wound to recover again?”

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A trace of fear flashed through Sienna’s face. She took a step back.

When seeing that Catherine looked at her jokingly, Sienna realized that she was tricked. Feeling ashamed and angry, she raised her arm and was about to slap Catherine across her face.

Catherine was far more experienced than her in fighting.

She dodged easily.

With one hand grabbing Sienna’s arm, Catherine pulled forward. “Tell me. If I ruined your face by slapping, can you still go back to see Anderson Clark?”

Sienna widened her eyes in anger. “You! I dare you!”

“You’ve been slapped before, haven’t you? Why are you still doubting if I dare or not?” Catherine chuckled. “Sienna White, your stupidity makes you quite lovely.”

As Catherine always won against her, Sienna was so pissed off. “Think you are not stupid, huh? You made the Johnson family bankrupted and ruined the whole family. Wasn’t it because you are so stupid to like Mr. Clark?”

Sienna’s words were like a sharp dagger that was stabbed into Catherine’s heart, which bled instantly.

Catherine released her grip on Sienna’s arm and smiled with mockery. “You are right. I was so stupid as you six years ago. The tragedy happened to the Johnson family six years ago, would it be the White family possibly six years after?”

Different colors changed on Sienna’s face. Then she said without any confidence, “You were too annoyed back then. Andy would never do such a thing to the White family.”

Catherine just smiled without retorting her. She turned around and left.

“Andy, are you really going to engage Sienna? My father said that the White family had already disclosed such news,” Jasper said in confusion.

He always spoke in a loud voice. When Catherine just reached the sofa, she heard his question.

Anderson looked up and cast a deep glance at Catherine. Then he answered in a deep voice, “Yeah.”

Jasper shook his head and clicked his tongue. He couldn’t help but think that Anderson was good at business but extremely bad at choosing his wife.

As soon as he answered, Anderson regretted it.

Seeing Catherine sitting next to Ethan, Anderson wanted to say something, but he didn’t utter a sound at all. He picked up a goblet and gulped down the wine in one breath.

This gathering was quite awkward. It didn’t last long before it was dismissed.

Anderson was the first one to leave.

Aurora still planned to take Catherine upstairs to continue having fun, but Catherine felt mentally exhausted, so she refused.

Ethan said with a smile, "Catherine, I'll drive you home."

Catherine shook her head and said in a soft voice, "Forget it. I don't want to continue acting. I'm so tired."

Ethan didn't insist.

In high-heels, Catherine was waiting for the cab on the roadside. When she was about to sit in, her arm was grabbed by a man.

The scent of perfume behind her smelt quite familiar. Catherine frowned, turned around, and looked at Anderson coldly. "What are you doing?"

Anderson questioned, "Are you with Ethan now?"

“None of your business.” Catherine tried to get rid of the man’s grip, but her strength was far weaker compared with Anderson’s.

Anderson felt annoyed by her cold look.

He picked her up directly and pressed her into the car. He said harshly, “I don’t allow you to be with him.”

“Anderson Clark, are you insane? We’ve divorced for six years. You didn’t love me six years ago. Why do you care about my private life now?” Catherine looked at Anderson’s face ironically. “Don’t you love Isabella Johnson anymore after six years? Have you fallen in love with me?”

Upon hearing Isabella’s name, Anderson looked more annoyed.

“Why? If you cheat on Isabella, aren’t you afraid that she wouldn’t rest in peace at all?”

Anderson was so pissed, and he blurted out, “Shut up! I’ll never fall in love with you.”

“Me neither. Anderson Clark, I wouldn’t fall in love with you again.

Please let go of me. I'm in love with Ethan." She was so fed up with such kind of life. She couldn't bear it any longer. _____

Chapter 54 Torture Each Other

Catherine dared to say anything.

She did not worry that Anderson would make trouble on Ethan for it. The longer she knew about Ethan, the more she learned he was a trouble maker.

Anderson became angrier, gazing at her eyes that were full of hatred.

He covered her eyes.

"Anderson, can we stop torturing each other?"

His heart ached suddenly.

Her words were never friendly. She was much adorable when she kept silent. Somehow, Anderson bent down to kiss her.

Her eyes were covered.

So, her body got more sensitive.

Her struggle made no difference at all.

At last, she gave up and was willing to let Anderson do whatever he wanted.

She really hated herself when she was losing her grip.

Anderson lost interest in her on seeing her like that. He removed his hand and stood up.

At the sight of light, Catherine was stunned for a moment, then stood up quickly, leaving no break for other thoughts. She smoothed her crinkled clothes and buttoned up, looking at the man beside her.

Anderson took off the suit jacket and squinted at Catherine. "Stay away from Ethan."

Catherine didn't speak.

Anderson became edgy. "Did you hear me?"

Ethan had helped her. She had given him her word and she would not go back on it. What's more, she earned her living from him.

Catherine's silence told her rejection.

Anderson spluttered, "Ethan is a bad guy. If you stay by his side, he'll devour you completely!"

The man who hurt her most was criticizing others. Catherine sneered and looked at Anderson seriously.

"Anderson, do you know how Ethan and I met?"

Anderson could tell what she might say for next. He didn't want to listen to it, but he didn't stop her after a short hesitation.

“After you raped me and put the news on the Internet, I tried to kill myself. You took Sophia and Lincoln away from me. I drunk all day with Aurora at Sky Club. When I went out to get a breath of fresh air, I was caught by an old man and nearly to be raped in his box.”

Anderson’s face hardened into an expression of hatred. “Who?” he asked.

Catherine didn’t answer and went on, “I was quite despairing at that time. But Ethan saved me.”

It was the same scenario as what Anderson guessed.

“I don’t know if he’s a bad guy or not, but I do know he has helped me many times.” Catherine glared at Anderson. “You had me cornered and it was he who saved me from the desperation!”

“I don’t know about the future of being together with him, but I do know about the outcome of being with you. And I’m still suffering from it.”

Anderson gritted his teeth and said nothing.

At the end of the conversation, he said with indifference, "You deserved it."

Catherine didn't retort. He had been blinded by his affection for Isabella.

At last, Catherine was taken to the Ziting Villa.

Getting out of the car, Catherine stood at the gate without moving forward. "If Mr. Clark just wants to tell me that Ethan is a bad buy today, then I thank you for your thoughtfulness. I'm leaving."

She tried to keep a distance from him.

Anderson held her arm and took her into the Ziting Villa.

Catherine knew she couldn't get out of his control.

They were in an empty room. Only a nanny came over and asked Anderson if he needed something to eat. She left at hearing Anderson's denial.

There were just two of them.

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Catherine was worried that Anderson would offend her again, so she walked away from him silently.

Anderson noticed her evasion.

He took Catherine in his arms immediately.

Catherine raised her chin and stared at him. "What? Mr. Clark now becomes so casual that he is interested in someone else's girlfriend?"

Hearing her words, he pushed her away unconsciously. "You can never feel ashamed, Catherine? You are so dirty that I don't even want to touch you."

Dirty?

Catherine was very sad, but she faked a smile.

Anderson shouted at the nanny in the shade, "Arrange a guest room for her."

"No need for this."

Anderson ignored her denial and ordered the nanny, "Tell the security guards at the gate. Don't let her go out from here."

The nanny nodded and went for the guards.

Then Anderson went up stairs. Catherine slumped into a sofa, watching him disappear.

She could not figure out Anderson's purpose.

She drank a lot at night. She braced herself when she argued with Anderson. After he left for a short while, she fell asleep on the sofa in a casual posture.

After the nanny prepared the room, she came over and tried to wake Catherine gently. But Catherine didn't awake.

She was a bit worried, so she went up to Anderson's study and knocked at the door.

Anderson opened the door, his eyebrows frowned. "What's up?"

She said in a low voice, "Ms. Johnson fell asleep on the sofa. I tried to wake her, but she didn't wake up. Maybe she is too tired."

"I see."

She couldn't tell if Mr. Clark care for Catherine.

But since his bad temper was notorious, she didn't dare to ask and then went downstairs slowly.

Anderson went back to the study and stood in front of the computer. He was on the video chat with Arthur.

“Go on.”

Arthur said calmly, “According to my investment, a comic software owned by Ethan’s company is publicizing a detective comic. Although the style of painting is not like Ms. Johnson’s, the pace of narratives is very much like Ms. Johnson’s.”

“It is a small company. It mainly sold girls’ comics. This is the first detective comic it has ever sold. I guess Ms. Johnson is the story writer of it.”

Arthur thought of Catherine’s last unfinished comic, he said with a little pity, “Her last comic has stopped updating, because of the scandal, I think.”

Nothing could be told from Anderson’s expression. “Ask Hudson to find out who did the injection to her. I have to find him out. Also, find out who offended Catherine in Sky Club.”

After he ended the conversation, Anderson looked at the dark out of the window. Then he turned around and went downstairs.

Catherine was laying on the sofa. She curled up in a fetal position and looked like she felt insecure.

Anderson had mixed feelings.

Is this what she said Ethan help her a lot?

Is this the reason she fell in love with Ethan?

At the thought of Catherine loving someone else, Anderson got annoyed.

He bent down and raised her up.

Catherine had a dream. She dreamed about the time when her parents were still alive. Smiling, her mother fed the cat with the canned food. And she played with the cat beside her mother. Her father at first stood by and complained that they shouldn't have a cat at home. But then, he joined them and held the cat in his arms, tempting it with dried fish.

The dream was so perfect that Catherine couldn't help but smile.

A smile without any guard and mockery.

Anderson felt at a loss. How long had he didn't see her smile like that?

Chapter 55 Difference

It seemed like it had been more than ten years.

Anderson reminded that when they were at school, Catherine always smiled without guard, and all her emotions were clear and sharp.

She followed him mischievously all day. Even if she was upset, it won't last for long. She seldom felt really sad.

And it never happened before when Catherine tried to get away from him and repel him like now.

Catherine's happiness in her dream was like an illusion. It broke just in the blink of an eye. Many people reminded her of her parents' suicides. They treated her as a curse, even said that she didn't deserve to live....

"Please don't, dad!"

Catherine didn't wake up from her dream. She wriggled restlessly, murmuring the same words.

Anderson's smile disappeared instantly. He looked at Catherine stuck in a nightmare.

Did she dream of Sebastian?

Anderson closed his eyes. He thought of the day when he came to the company, the blood on the ground and the dead figure in distortion came into his view....

Anderson meant to lay Catherine down and left. But somehow his heart melted when he saw she was so pitiful.

He patted her back gently as comfort.

Catherine was asleep so she didn't know anything. The next morning, she woke up early. Anderson held her into his arms as soon as she moved.

Catherine was frozen entirely.

She tried to get off his arms. Although she was discreet enough, Anderson was alert to her gestures. He opened his eyes and saw how Catherine was trying to free herself.

He wanted to laugh.

With her back to Anderson, Catherine didn't notice that he was awake, so she still tried to escape.

But when she just moved a bit, Anderson suddenly changed his position closer to her. He was so close that Catherine could hear his breathing.

Catherine was annoyed.

Anderson was being in a good mood. He wanted to flirt with her, so he lay a leg on her.

Catherine was totally stuck.

She was fidget. She pushed Anderson away with a little more strength.

Anderson couldn't keep pretending. He set Catherine free.

Once got out of his control, Catherine took a look at herself to see if she dressed well.

She was relieved when she saw she was still in the same dress as last night.

Catherine's gesture amused Anderson. "I have seen every part of you. And I even know the exact spot of your moles."

Catherine blushed. She looked down and tidied up her clothes.

Seeing Catherine's cautiousness, Anderson suddenly thought of her affection to Ethan last night.

Did she behave faithfully for Ethan?

A wave of displeasure swept over Anderson. He got out of the bed and said, "I've got tired of your body. Even if you were naked in front of me, it makes no difference."

Catherine paused her tiding. She felt hurt for his sarcastic words.

She looked up to Anderson, said indifferently, "If you are happy to humiliate me, then you may go on. I won't suffer a loss for that anyway."

Anderson glanced at her with his long face. He turned to the bathroom without saying anything.

Catherine just wanted to do a simple tiding. She didn't want to use the same bathroom with Anderson, so she went downstairs and found another one. When she finished washing, she was ready to leave.

The nanny came to her when she went downstairs, "Ms. Johnson, the breakfast is ready."

"Thanks, but I'm leaving."

"Come back for breakfast."

Anderson's voice came over when Catherine reached the door and was about to leave after she turned down the invitation.

Catherine stopped.

“You’re going to stay here tonight if you don’t eat.”

Then Anderson walked to the dining-table.

Catherine gritted her teeth. She had no choice but returned to the table. She had some porridge mechanically.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

When she finished a bowl of porridge, the nanny brought her a cup of water. “Ms. Johnson, please take the pill.”

The nanny put the pill on the table.

Seeing that it was a contraceptive pill, Catherine gave Anderson a

mocking glance.

Anderson also saw what kind of pill it was. He became serious. He thought of what Hudson had found out, and then said to the nanny calmly, "Take it away. Don't take it out ever after."

The nanny took the pill away on hearing the order.

She was confused because she remembered it was Mr. Clark who asked her to prepare the contraceptive pill for Ms. Johnson.

So, there was nothing happened last night?

She couldn't figure it out. Still, she put away the pill cautiously.

Catherine sneered. She then stood up and said, "I've had the breakfast. If you have other ways to put me into trouble, tell me all. I've got things to do."

Anderson put down his chopsticks. He looked up to Catherine quietly for a long while, then said, "I won't marry Sienna."

Catherine got confused. She was not sure why Anderson talked about it.

She said after a second thought, "It has nothing to do with me whether you two marry or not. And the date of your wedding day is also none of my business."

If it were not for her children who are owned by Anderson, she would have nothing to do with him.

She was not a fool like she used to be. Love was no longer necessary for her.

Anderson wanted to say something more, but he changed his mind due to her resistance. He stood up and said, "Come here. Help me wear my tie."

"What's wrong with you today?" Catherine felt like she didn't know today's Anderson.

Being retorted by Catherine, Anderson put on a sullen look and said, "Come here. Help me tie and then I'll let you go."

In order to leave, Catherine went to him and took his tie.

Anderson was so tall that she had to tiptoed even though she was in heels.

When she just married Anderson, she practiced many ways to wear a tie, looking forward to the day she could help him tie before they both leaving for work. But such a day never came.

After six years, the day came finally.

But she had already forgotten how to wear a tie.

She was completely unskilled. The sooner she wanted to tie up, the easier she made mistakes.

Anderson didn't push her.

He enjoyed watching her clumsy hands.

It took a long time for Catherine to help Anderson wear his tie. She was relieved when she finally finished it.

Anderson took his suit from the side and walked ahead of Catherine.
“I’ll let Paul send you back.”

“There’s no need to bother Mr. Clark,” Catherine said and clicked on Uber on her phone.

Anderson turned around and snatched her phone away.

Catherine followed him in exasperation. “Anderson, give it back to me.”

Anderson looked at her phone in mockery and cancelled her order for a taxi. “What? Is there any secret on your phone?”

It was too tired to talk with him. Catherine was intended to argue with him.

But she gave up at last. It was meaningless.

Why should she waste a free ride?

Paul sent Anderson to his company first, and then he sent Catherine back.

“Ms. Johnson, I think Mr. Clark cares for you quite a lot,” Paul spoke out when Anderson was not in the car.

Catherine sneered, “Then I give his care to you. Will you accept it?”

Paul didn’t speak.

After a while, he continued to say, “But I never see Mr. Clark treats other women like you.”

“What? You think it is love, don’t you?” Catherine gave a mocking smile. “Don’t believe in TV drama. It’s not love. It is hatred.”

To love a person was nothing like his way at all._____

Chapter 56: Johanna Scott

Upon hearing Catherine’s words, Paul indeed wanted to put on good words for Anderson.

But he failed to figure out the compliment. Hence, he just laughed in

mockery without speaking anything else.

Catherine thought to herself, 'If I were still in my youth, I probably could find quite a lot of reasons for why Anderson behaves so moody.'

She used to guess if he had a crush on her through his behaviors and all details.

However, she had clearly been aware that he disliked her.

Last night, she managed to leave Anderson's villa without being raped by him, which was quite rare. Although she didn't know why, it was a good sign, anyway.

Perhaps it was just like what he had said -- he disliked her because she was dirty.

However, Catherine didn't care about it anymore.

After getting back home, she took a shower and tidied up. Then she sat in front of the drawing board, thinking of the plots again.

The performance of her first series was quite good, which made the discussion among the comic groups more intense. To concentrate on drawing, Catherine blocked the groups completely.

She also roughly checked her WeChat Moments and saw Gianna uploaded her kid's photos on it.

She liked her post.

...

When Anderson went to work, Arthur came to his office with a pile of documents that needed Anderson's signature.

"Excuse me, Mr. Clark. I've got the investigation result about what had happened to Miss Johnson in Sky Club."

Anderson raised his head. "Who was it?"

Arthur answered, "It was Mr. Jonathan from Thai-Sung Corporation."

"Sky Club provided us with the surveillance video. Would you like to

have a look?" Arthur believed that it would be better for his boss not to watch it.

How could Ethan give the video to him so easily? Anderson was confused.

Since he had offered the video clip, Anderson decided to watch it. "Send it to me."

Arthur could do nothing but only send the video clip to Anderson's email inbox. Before Anderson clicked to watch it, Arthur made an excuse casually and sneaked out of the office.

Anderson clicked the video and heard Ethan's words.

"Are you Anderson's woman?"

"No, I'm not. Please don't mention that name. Too disgusting."

Anderson suppressed his impulse to switch off the video clip. He

continued to watch the video. The longer he watched, the darkened his face became. It became so cold as if there was a frost on it.

Anderson called Arthur back to his office. "Check if Mr. Jonathan has any dark history. Expose them!"

Arthur was in a dilemma. "But, Mr. Clark."

Anderson frowned. "What's wrong?"

"Mr. Jonathan was exposed to disclose the confidential information of his company, which was revealed by his mistress. Now he has been taken by the certain government department." Arthur showed the news to Anderson and continued in a low voice, "According to the staff of Sky Club, it was Mr. James who has done it for Miss Johnson."

Arthur studied Anderson's expression. He just felt that it had become more and more difficult for him recently.

He wondered whether Mr. Clark would admit if he asked for annual leave to avoid such difficult days.

Feeling as if there was a chunk of cotton pressed on his chest, Anderson

couldn't vent his anger at all. He browsed the news online and suddenly found a girl's photos.

Anderson had intended to toss the phone back to Arthur. After seeing the face in the photo clearly, his face stiffed, a trace of excitement flashing through his deep eyes.

"Go check who this girl is." Anderson handed the phone to Arthur in excitement.

When seeing the face on the screen clearly, Arthur was taken aback as well. His heart hammered. "I'll do it right away."

Shortly, Arthur ran over excitedly. "Mr. Clark, I've got the information -- the girl was a student in year three of Film Academy of City W. Her name is Johanna Scott. This micro-blog under the ID 'Johanna Scott' belongs to her. She has tens of thousands of followers. She's going to join a contest for the female music bands."

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Anderson remembered her micro-blog ID. He clicked on it and browsed through her posts.

In the girl's micro-blog, she posted photos of cats and dogs. She also wrote about what she had eaten or which movies she had seen. She didn't have that many followers. Some of the loyal followers would always comment on her posts. She would always reply to them.

Anderson couldn't help but curl up his lips.

Seeing that, Arthur couldn't help but think that Mr. Clark truly loved Isabella so much. Isabella had passed away for so many years, and Mr. Clark remained single for so many years. Now, even a girl who just looked like Isabella could make Mr. Clark so happy.

"Mr. Clark, do you need me to get her contact information for you?"

Anderson shook his head and chuckled. He answered, "Let's not frighten her. Check if she had signed a contract with any entertainment company. If not, let the entertainment company of the Clark Group sign the contract with her. If she has already signed with another company, transfer her contract in. If it wouldn't work, let's buy out the entertainment company then."

TSK. TSK. TSK.

Arthur couldn't help but click his tongue -- this girl named Johanna Scott was truly lucky.

Mr. Clark was so determined to make her famous. Probably, Johanna would be Mrs. Clark soon.

Arthur went to carry out the tasks assigned in person.

For the next half month, Catherine had been immersed herself in work. She kept drawing the drafts, hoping to earn more money. If she could take care of her children in the future, she could provide them with a better condition.

Hence, she knew nothing about what happened to Anderson.

Occasionally, she browsed the news online. The hottest topic was that Anderson denied the marriage with the White family.

Instantly, Catherine recalled what he said to her the other day -- he said he wouldn't marry Sienna.

Suddenly, an indescribable feeling surged in her heart.

After a hesitation, Catherine clicked the interview video clip, which was a financial interview. In the end, probably the host wanted to activate the atmosphere, he asked the gossip about Anderson and Sienna.

In the video, Anderson denied that he would marry Sienna without any hesitation.

Catherine looked through the comment area. All the netizens were calling him honey. Then she switched off the video.

Catherine wanted to go back to work, but she couldn't calm down at all.

She wondered what on earth Anderson meant.

No matter what he meant, it had nothing to do with her, did it?

Catherine stood up in front of her laptop. She washed her face and sobered herself up.

When she came back to the desk, she saw a missed call on her phone. It was from Simon.

Since she had quit the scrip writing, she lost contact with Simon. Since he suddenly called, Catherine thought there was something wrong with the project again. Hence, she called him back rapidly.

“Hello, Simon. Something wrong?”

Hearing her excited voice, Simon laughed. “Don’t be so panic. The script has been finished. The shooting of the first season is almost half done. We decided to have a celebration party. Everyone requests to invite you.”

Hearing that the scriptwriting was finished, Catherine was delighted somehow. “Congratulations! I’m afraid I can’t go to the party. You know my situation now. I don’t want to put you guys into the mire again.”

Simon said with a hearty smile, “No worries. We’ve found somewhere hidden and just have a feast. If you won’t come to join us, I’m afraid Emilia and Arnold will contact you in person.”

Since he had said so, Catherine couldn’t refuse him. She could only agree.

On the evening of the party, she received the address sent by Simon. Looking at “Box A123, Second Floor, Sky Club”, Catherine was startled.

She thought that Anderson had just been stimulated by Ethan not long ago. He shouldn’t go to Sky Club run by Ethan again in such a short time. Catherine tidied herself up simply, hailed a taxi, and headed over.

As soon as she pushed the door of the box open after a knock, Emilia rushed over and pounced at her.

“October, I finally see you again!”

As soon as she finished her words, someone knocked on the door. Catherine reached out to open it. When seen the person, a touch of surprise flashed through her eyes. _____

Chapter 57: Tenderness

Catherine was confused. She asked, “Why are you here?”

Ethan chuckled, like a gangster a lot. Emilia, who was standing by Catherine was scared a bit. She whispered to Catherine, “October, do

you know him?”

Catherine nodded.

“What a reaction! As my girlfriend, you broke my heart!” Ethan knocked Catherine on her forehead.

Catherine rolled her eyes and whispered to him, “Since Anderson Clark isn’t here, we don’t need to act, do we?”

“I don’t think so. We should always finish the play, shouldn’t we?” After speaking, Ethan looked over into the box. “Suit yourselves. The bill’s on me today.”

Finishing his words, he waved to her and left.

Emilia looked at Catherine excitedly. “October, is he your boyfriend? He’s so handsome! Everything is so costly in Sky Club. Mr. Bradley agreed to us after we’ve tried to convince him for a long time.”

As for the current relationship between Ethan and her, Catherine couldn't explain it to Emilia. "Suit yourselves and have fun. Don't save any penny for him. He's super-rich."

Emilia and others were all younger than Catherine, so they had a lot of different ways to have fun. Simon was the same age as her. They were sitting aside, drinking and watching others.

"Was the man just now Mr. James?"

Catherine nodded.

Simon nodded. He lowered his voice and asked, "Are you employed by Meow Comics now?"

Meow Comics was the name of the girls' comics website built by Ethan.

Catherine didn't answer.

Simon didn't insist, though. "I've heard that Mr. James has established a

comics website only for the girls' comics. It seemed to be for his younger sister. Now a series of infernal comics has been promoted. Although the drawing style is different from yours, I noticed what the narrating style looks like. I wasn't sure if it was drawn by you, but my guess was confirmed when Mr. James appeared."

Catherine was clear. Establishing the website for his younger sister was just an excuse that Ethan made to avoid others from knowing that he was into the girls' comics.

Since Simon could tell that she had drawn that infernal comics, Catherine wondered if others who knew her well could also tell.

Simon knew what Catherine was worried about. Taking a sip of wine, he said casually, "No worries. I won't tell others."

Catherine nodded.

"October, please try this cocktail! It's awesome!" Emilia handed a glass

of Sky to Catherine.

Catherine took it over. "You'd better not drink too much of this cocktail. It has a strong delayed effect."

Emilia nodded, but she didn't take Catherine's words to heart when drinking it.

Those were youngsters. As if they would never get tired, they didn't dismiss until midnight. When going home, Catherine came out of the box while yawning. Meanwhile, Emilia pulled her and said excitedly, "After the script was done, I want to act a role in the program. October, which role do you think I fit in?"

Catherine asked jokingly, "Which one do you want to act?"

"I want to act Amanda Barnett. Amanda is way too beautiful. She's the best role in the script." While Emilia was answering, her eyes were twinkling.

As if she had thought of something, she lowered her head and said, "But I look far different than Amanda."

Catherine wanted to burst into laughter.

Simon couldn't bear it any longer. Helping Emilia up, he said to Catherine, "I'll drive her home."

Catherine nodded. Only Simon drove here. Others all came here by taxi. Since most of them were drunk, and Catherine was sobered. She didn't hail a taxi to go home before sending them to the cabs one after another.

A girl bumped into her, almost knocking her down.

"I'm sorry. I'm in a hurry," the girl with straight long black hair apologized softly.

Catherine wanted to tell her that it didn't matter. After keeping her balance, she saw the girl clearly, her face stiffened. "Isabella?"

The girl was obviously shocked. Then she answered, "No, Miss. You've mistaken me as someone else. I'm Johanna Scott."

"Miss Scott, please slow down. Mr. Clark isn't in a hurry." Paul caught up with Johanna after parking the car, gasping.

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

When seeing Catherine, the smile on his face was stiffened. “Hi, Miss Johnson. I didn’t know you are here.”

Johanna looked at Paul in confusion. “I accidentally bumped into this lady just now. Do you know her?”

The girl didn’t only look like Isabella, but also her voice was the same as Isabella’s. Even the artistic temperament emanated from her was quite similar.

Paul nodded, wondering how he could explain the relationship. He couldn’t tell Johanna that Catherine was Mr. Clark’s ex-wife, could he?

Looking at Catherine, Paul asked, “Miss Johnson, why are you still here so late?”

Catherine came back to her senses. For some reason, she answered, "I came here to find Ethan."

"Johanna, come over."

They heard a deep voice from behind.

Catherine witnessed the girl named Johanna threw herself into Anderson's arms with a sweet smile, "Mr. Clark, why did you come out?"

The worship and happiness in the girl's eyes were seen by Catherine clearly. She used to treat this man in the same way -- when she looked at him, her love for him filled her heart and the brightness filled her eyes.

Now, her heart was broken and her eyes were dimmed.

Unfortunately, back then when facing her, the man's face lacked the tenderness that he had now.

Anderson's gaze fell on Catherine, who was standing aside. She was wearing a long black dress with suspenders. Her lipstick was bright red.

She looked like an elf in the dark night.

Noticing that Anderson was looking at Catherine, Johanna whispered to ask, "Mr. Clark, do you know this lady? I was in a hurry to meet you, so I accidentally bumped into her."

"I'm sorry, Miss Johnson." Johanna bowed and apologized to Catherine sincerely. "I don't know who Isabella was that was mentioned by you, but I guess she must have parted from you for some reason. Please don't worry. If you have fate, you'll meet again."

Upon hearing her words, Catherine laughed. Looking up at Anderson, she said, "Miss Scott, you've misunderstood. That woman is dead. I'm not the one who wants to meet her the most."

Anderson's face became cold. He snapped, "Catherine Johnson!"

Johanna's face was stiffened.

Laughing, Catherine turned around, hailed a cab, and sat in.

Anderson watched her disappear in the dark.

Johanna held Anderson's arm like a little girl. "Mr. Clark, aren't we go in?"

Anderson returned to his senses and said in a deep voice, "Let's go. I'll tell the crew not to keep you so late in the future."

Johanna frowned deliberately. Shaking Anderson's arm, she played at being cute. "Mr. Clark, thank you for your kindness, but this scene should be shot at night. I'm an actress and that's what I should do. I'm not afraid of working so late."

The smile on Anderson's face became deeper. He answered dotingly, "All right. All up to you."

Catherine was sitting in the taxi. Looking at their intimate backs, she felt a bit upset.

The gossip between Sienna and him had lasted for a long time, but he didn't respond at all.

Catherine was confused earlier, wondering why he didn't respond.

It turned out the reason was the girl who was named Johanna.

She could tell that Anderson's gaze on this girl was exactly the same as his gaze on Isabelle back then.

In the next few weeks, Johanna's name had occurred frequently in Catherine's life. Her news was spread everywhere online.

When she turned on the TV, she could see the TV programs acted by Johanna or the variety shows that Johanna joined.

When Anderson wanted to dote someone, he could try every means. When the girl was interviewed, she told the reporters that she had a crush on someone with a sweet smile...

Catherine turned off the TV. She straightened her up, planning to see Sophia and Lincoln in Jiaye International Elementary School. When she arrived downstairs, she saw Owen standing at the elevator door.

Chapter 58: The Massage

Catherine paused, and then kept walking as if she hadn't seen him.

Owen said, "Hi, Catherine."

Their friendship with the childhood playmates could disappear all of the sudden. Catherine felt so sad, but she gritted her teeth to ignore Owen.

When Owen came here, he didn't expect that he could meet Catherine. Noticing her attitude, he didn't speak anymore. His clear and gentle eyes became dimmed when watching her disappear from his sight.

Since the incident that Lincoln and Robinson got into a fight, Lincoln's head teacher, Hannah, had a quite good impression of Catherine.

Seeing that Catherine came to Jiaye International Elementary School, Hanna asked with a smile, "Are you here to see Sophia and Lincoln?"

"Yeah. How are their studies recently?" Since she wasn't staying with the children, she couldn't get to know things that happened to them at any time.

"Lincoln has always been the straight-A student. A few days ago, a

teacher asked him to do a set of examination papers from Grade 5. Unexpectedly, he did everything right. Our teachers were kidding him and asking him to skip some grades.

“But much to our surprise, he refused. He said he wants to be with Sophia.” As soon as mentioning Lincoln, Hannah smiled brightly. “But, Sophia’s scores are not so good. In the past, Lincoln tutored her, so she could remain in the top ten in her class. But in the latest quiz, she had regressed to the top twenty only.”

Catherine frowned. Although Sophia’s scores were not as good as Lincoln’s, she was always within the top ten of her class under the tutoring from Lincoln and Catherine. This was the first time that her scores regressed.

Looking at her, Hanna comforted her, “Please don’t worry. Probably she just didn’t do well in this quiz. It would be fine if you tutor her more.”

Catherine nodded. As soon as the class was finished, Hannah called Sophia and Lincoln to the office. They were quite happy.

However, the break between the two classes was way too short.

Catherine had to reluctantly see Sophia and Lincoln go back to class.

On the way back home, Catherine went to buy some daily necessities from the supermarket. Unexpectedly, she bumped into Sienna when she was waiting for the bus.

Sienna looked more haggard than she did before. As soon as she saw Catherine, she held her head high like a rooster.

Looking at her, Catherine couldn't help laughing.

"What are you laughing of?" Sienna said arrogantly.

However, she made herself look so pitiful in Catherine's presence.

"Nothing," Catherine answered.

Sienna was burning with a frenzy of rage. "Think I don't know what you are laughing about, huh?"

Since Catherine just had a reunion with Sophia and Lincoln, she was in a

good mood. After hearing Sienna's words, she wanted to tease Sienna. Looking at Sienna in mockery, Catherine asked, "Why did you still ask if you know it?"

Sienna was rendered speechless. Then she said, "Catherine, you'd better not be so complacent! I can't win Anderson's heart at this moment only, but it doesn't mean that I wouldn't be able to do it in the future."

Catherine nodded in agreement and said, "It's no use to say those words to me. You should say them to Johanna Scott."

In her opinion, besides the children, she had nothing else to do with Anderson right now. She just wondered why Sienna was always against her.

In Sienna's opinion, only Catherine deserved to be her rival in love. After all, no matter how down and out Catherine was now, she used to be a celebrity in the upper-class back then. However, Johanna was just an infamous actress in the entertainment business. Sienna looked down upon Johanna's family background.

Sienna chuckled and said, "Now Anderson is doting her just because she looks like Isabella. Wait and see. Her ordinary family background wouldn't allow her to get into the Clark family."

Catherine shook her head in disagreement. She knew Anderson very well. If he liked her, he wouldn't care about the person's family background at all.

Back then, when Anderson wasn't strong enough, he had to give up and marry her while being forced by the Johnson and the Clark families. Now, Anderson almost had all the power of the Clark family in his hands, so he wouldn't let anyone threaten him again.

However, Sienna continuously made trouble for her and set her up. She almost dragged the Torres family into the mire. Catherine wasn't a goddess either.

Hence, she wouldn't tell Sienna about those facts.

Catherine chuckled and said, "Suit yourself. If Anderson Clark and you get married, I'll send you my best wishes."

Sienna was surprised at her free and easy attitude. Frowning deeply, she asked, "Have you truly let go of him?"

Catherine didn't answer. Let go of him?

How could she? There were peoples' lives, love, and hate between Anderson and her. Probably she wouldn't be able to let go of him all her life.

However, she was still quite weak for the time being.

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She couldn't resist at all.

On the other side, Johanna walked into Anderson's office with a smile.

As soon as she walked in, a few secretaries lowered their heads and whispered to discuss.

"I guess it's certain. The infamous actress will become Mrs. Clark."

“She has a good face, looking exactly the same as Miss Isabella Johnson who has died.”

“Speaking of that, I feel sorry for Miss Catherine Johnson. She’s truly beautiful.”

“What can we do? Our CEO doesn’t like her.”

Arthur came out from Anderson’s office. After a cough, he said, “Go back to your work! What are you talking about? You don’t have enough tasks, do you?”

The secretaries all shut up instantly.

With blushed cheeks, Johanna stood in front of Anderson. “Mr. Clark, I don’t have shooting today, so I decided to come to visit you.”

Looking at her, Anderson smiled. “Okay. It’s alright. Please have a rest on the sofa. If you need anything, just call Arthur. After my work is done, let’s go shopping for your dresses.”

Johanna nodded obediently. She looked at Anderson, a trace of hesitation flashing through her face.

Anderson asked, "What's wrong?"

Looking quite shy, Johanna said, "Mr. Clark, you've been hard working. May I give you a massage?"

Anderson creased his brows slightly. He wanted to refuse.

"It's a technique I've learned for my new movie. Mr. Clark, you can have a try and give me a comment. I want to see if I've fully occupied this skill."

Johanna looked at him expectantly. Anderson couldn't say no when looking at her eyes. He nodded in agreement.

"If you're tired, just take a rest over there. You can also go shopping."

"I'm not tired."

Johanna immediately walked behind Anderson's office chair. Putting her hands on his shoulders, the girl's gaze fell on Anderson's face.

He looked so handsome.

He was better-looking than another that she had met before.

He was more mature than the boys of her same age. Nobody could resist his charm.

He was handsome, rich, and doting her so much. How could she not fall in love with him?

Johann's heart hammered, looking at Anderson obsessively.

When Hudson pushed the door open and walked in, he saw such a scene. He coughed and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Clark."

Anderson looked up. "Why are you here?"

Hudson took a glance at Johanna behind Anderson. "We've got something new about Miss Catherine Johnson. I came to report the progress to you."

Upon hearing him mention Catherine, Anderson recalled that night, in

the dark, she was like a temptress, attracting his attention and leaving ruthlessly.

Hudson looked at Johanna unfriendly. He said in a cold tone, "It's about the company's confidential information. Miss Scott, please leave the office."

A trace of embarrassment flashed through Johanna's face. Biting her lower lip, she looked at Anderson in a grievance. "Mr. Clark, I'll go out for the time being then."

Although she said she was leaving, she moved pretty slowly. Looking at Anderson reluctantly, she looked obviously that she was waiting for Anderson to keep her stay._

Chapter 59: Rather Die Than Admitting It

Anderson cast a glance at Johanna, looking quite gentle. "Please have a seat outside. I just ask my secretary to order a glass of milk tea for you."

Obviously, he was sending her out, which Johanna knew clearly.

A touch of unhappiness flashed through her mind. But she still said with

a smile, “Thank you so much, Mr. Clark. I’ll go out and enjoy my milk tea now. Don’t forget to ask me to continue the massage for you after your talk with Mr. Hudson.”

The girl smiled sweetly, focusing on Anderson only. Her look made others feel so comfortable.

But Hudson was the exception. Hudson liked Catherine very much. Finally, Mr. Clark asked him to look into Miss Johnson’s matter, but this girl named Johanna came out and ruined everything. Hence, Hudson disliked her a lot.

After Johanna went out, Anderson looked at Hudson and asked, “What’s the progress?”

“I’ve found the person who injected that kind of stuff to Miss Johnson. He’s now living in a small village abroad.”

A cruelty flashed through Anderson’s eyes. “Bring him here and ask

him why he has done it.”

“I’ve already ordered my men to bring him here. He should be on the way,” Hudson stated, “I’ve also found out that it was Owen Torres who always helped Miss Johnson when she was in jail. If it weren’t for him, Miss Johnson and her children would have died. According to our investigation, Owen Torres had his blood transfused to Miss Johnson six times in total. The total blood transfusion amount is the same as the blood of two adults.”

In other words, Catherine had been almost dying six times. Realizing it, Anderson looked quite annoyed.

He wondered if that was the reason why as a proud woman, she’d rather kneel, kowtow, and apologize to Isabelle than letting him do anything to the Torres family.

“All through these years, Mr. Torres has been helping Miss Johnson appear and look for attorneys for her. In the end, because of lacking evidence, Miss Johnson was set up.” Huston sounded quite angry. “Miss Johnson has been denied to admit the crime. No matter what bullies has she been through, she kept saying that she didn’t kill Miss Isabella Johnson.”

Anderson knew what Hudson meant.

He felt sorry for Catherine and complained to her.

She kept denying to admit the crime, didn't she?

Upon hearing that, Anderson had an indescribable feeling in his heart.

Looking at him, Hudson said boldly, "Mr. Clark, Miss Johnson's family was broken and all her families were dead. She still rather committed suicide than admitting the crime. She's not afraid of death at all. I believe there must be some reason behind it. Mr. Clark, shall we look into what happened back then again?"

"If it was true that Miss Johnson hadn't done it, can you imagine how aggrieved she was in the past few years?"

Recalling how she looked when she said the human's mind was more horrible with a smile, Hudson felt sorry for her.

Anderson looked at Hudson deeply.

Among the people around her, Joshua put on good words for her. Antonio cared about and looked after her openly. Now, his bodyguard also blamed him for her.

Anderson couldn't help but wonder if he was truly wrong.

If finally, the investigation showed that it was not Catherine who had killed Isabella...

Anderson even couldn't imagine the result at all.

If it wasn't she, what evil things had he done to her?

After a long while, Anderson said, "Go ahead and look into it. I'm leaving it to you."

Hudson nodded in excitement. "I'll investigate everything clearly."

Looking at his exciting face, Anderson said coldly, "I want the truth.

Don't fake something to fool me just because you pity Catherine Johnson."

Hudson immediately answered, "I won't."

"You can leave now.

"By the way, be more friendly to Johanna."

As soon as Hudson turned around, he heard what Anderson said. Reluctantly, he agreed.

After Hudson was gone. Johanna pushed the door open with a glass of milk tea in her hands. "Mr. Clark, how did you know I like this flavor?"

Anderson looked up.

He seldom cared about such trifle. Probably someone figured it out judging from his attitude to Johanna.

The purpose was to flatter Johanna and him.

Anderson didn't explain. "As long as you like it."

Johanna could sense that Anderson's attitude to her was different from what it was earlier.

She wondered if it was because of that Miss Johnson.

Although she had only met that Catherine once, Johanna still realized that Catherine was a big threat to her.

Catherine was way too beautiful!

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Johanna wished that she could be that beautiful.

She kept wishing inwardly.

Looking at Johanna deeply, Anderson looked as if he was staring at someone else through her.

It was not the first time that Johanna had seen such a gaze. Faintly, she realized that it had something to do with the woman named Isabella.

Isabella Johnson and Catherine Johnson?

What was their relationship?

Johanna had a wild guess for a while. Then she asked gingerly, "Mr. Clark, is there something on my face?"

Anderson returned to his senses. "Nothing. You can call me Anderson from now on."

Johanna felt delighted. "Sure, Anderson."

She truly wanted to become this man's girlfriend.

--

Time flew fast. The first season of Misty had finished shooting and the broadcasting date had been decided. Emilia contacted Catherine deliberately, reminding her to watch it.

Although she didn't act as Amanda, she still played a passerby in it.

Except that Sophia and Lincoln were not staying with her, Catherine's life was almost the same as hers in City A.

Probably because of Johanna, Anderson didn't make trouble for her either.

On the day when Misty was on, Catherine registered and paid for the membership deliberately.

Probably it was because of the prime cost, all the leading roles were played by infamous actors and actresses, whose acting skills were not bad. The plot was almost the same as her original comics. Particularly the main female leading role in the program, Amanda -- the actress was well-chosen with wonderful acting skills.

Catherine, as the original author, was quite satisfied with the script. After watching two episodes, Catherine browsed the comments online.

“Despite the gossip of the original author, I like this series very much. In recent years, it’s so rare to find such a rigorous drama.”

“Indeed!”

“I’m in love with Amanda.”

...

Catherine browsed the online comments, most of which were positive. However, she, as the original author, was the stain of this drama.

She smiled bitterly.

As the drama kept being broadcast, more and more people started to watch it. Through the word of mouth, the discussion of the series had become hotter and hotter.

Johanna also watched the program. With a tablet in her hands, she wanted Anderson to watch with her.

“Anderson, Anderson, this drama is indeed good. Shall we watch together?” Johanna looked at Anderson expectantly.

“Which one?” He seldom watched such boring soap operas.

“It’s called Misty. It’s quite popular recently.”

Upon hearing the name of the program, Anderson was stunned for a moment. Wasn’t it revised from Catherine’s comics?

He didn’t know it was on TV already.

Looking out of the window and seeing the cold wind blowing, Anderson realized that seemingly he hadn’t seen Catherine for a long time.

“Anderson, would you like to watch it?”

Johanna’s questions brought him back to reality. Anderson nodded in agreement, his gaze falling on the tablet.

“I like Amanda Barnett so much. I heard that it was revised from the comics that were written by Miss Johnson. She’s awesome.” Johanna

was quite generous to compliment Catherine.

“I heard that the shooting for the next season is under planning now. I want to go for the audition for the role of Amanda. But I’m not sure if the crew would remain the same. If so, I have no chance at all.”

The expectant on Johanna’s face had changed to disappointment.

Anderson stared at the scene. Amanda in this drama looked like Catherine -- she was not afraid to love or hate, quite proud.

Johanna was waiting for Anderson to promise that this resource would be given to her, but much to her surprise, Anderson was lost in thought.

Pretending to be angry, she shook Anderson’s arm. “Anderson, I want to play the role of Amanda. Could you please ask Catherine to inform the sponsor and let me act in this role instead?” ____

Chapter 60: A Sandalwood Box

Anderson cast a glance at Johanna, who had a naive smile while sitting next to him.

Johanna thought that she had pissed off Anderson. Biting her lips, she said in a low voice, "Forget it."

She looked quite pitiful.

That look was so like Isabella's.

Anderson was staring at her.

But Johanna could always sense that he was looking at someone else through her. This feeling bothered her a lot.

Her hands clenched into fists, and her knuckles went white.

She forced a smile and shook the man's arm. "I just like this role so much, so I want to act her. It's all right if I can't get the role. Anderson, please don't be angry."

"I'm not angry," said Anderson.

He looked out of the window. "I'll go to talk to Catherine Johnson."

Although it was supposed to be good news, when Johanna heard that Anderson was going to talk to Catherine, for some reason, she felt a sense of crisis.

Through the past few days, although she hadn't got to know the detailed grudges between Catherine and Anderson, she knew that Catherine was his ex-wife. They have two children together.

Catherine was so good-looking.

Although according to the information she got, Anderson hated Catherine the most, faintly, Johanna still couldn't rest assured.

However, if Anderson went to talk to Catherine for the role of Amanda for her, Johanna believed that it would humiliate Catherine.

Johanna was still hesitating how to make the choice.

“Go ahead and watch it. I’m going to talk with her about this role.”
Anderson stood up suddenly.

“Wait...” Johanna wanted to stop him.

As if he hadn’t heard her, he took down his suit jacket from the rack, strode to the door of his office, and opened it to walk out.

Catherine had never expected that she would see Anderson when pushing her door open to get the takeout.

Warily, she took a step back, aiming to close the door.

The man acted faster than she did. Reaching out, he dragged the door that was about to close.

Catherine took the advantage of her position, trying hard to close the door, but her strength couldn’t be compared to Anderson’s.

They were deadlocked in silence. Finally, Anderson ran out of his

patience. "Let go."

"No way." She knew there wouldn't be anything good if Anderson came to her door. She didn't want to see this man. She must be out of her mind to let him walk into her apartment.

Anderson looked cold. "If you don't let go, I'll ask someone to take off your door."

Recalling the door taking off by him in City A, Catherine had to let go.

She turned around, walked in, and put the takeout on the table. Staring at Anderson, she asked, "Mr. Clark, please go ahead telling me what you are here for."

Anderson thought about Johanna's request, but when the words reached the tip of his tongue, he couldn't speak it out.

Seeing that he kept silent for a long time, Catherine untied the bag of the takeout. "Mr. Clark, if you haven't thought of how to trouble me or humiliate me, please allow me to eat something first."

When she opened the plastic lunch box, a smell of bad and greasy food

was in the air for a moment.

Anderson looked at the greasy rice, frowning deeply. “What’s this?”

“Chicken braised with brown sauce.” Catherine poured some soup onto the rice. Picking up a spoonful of rice and stuffing them into her mouth, she closed her eyes in satisfaction.

“So you are eating such junk food, aren’t you?” Anderson frowned.

“Of course.” Catherine looked at Anderson as if she was looking at a lunatic. “You think all the ordinary people could afford to eat food from the Michelin three-star restaurants every day, don’t you?”

How delicious the chicken braised with brown sauce was!

Her tone was full of irony and disdain.

“Catherine Johnson, you can’t speak properly now, can you?” Anderson said in anger.

Putting down her chopsticks, Catherine raised her head and looked at

the angry man. “You are wrong. I just can’t speak properly to you. If you want me to do anything today, just go ahead. If nothing, please leave my apartment.

“I’m feeling so sickened to be in the same space with you.”

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When she was speaking, she looked calm. The look when she was stating the fact made Anderson’s eye pupils shrink.

“It seems I came at a bad timing.”

When they were in a standoff, they heard Antonio’s voice at the door.

“Hi, Dr. Elliott. Why are you here?”

“I found something that belonged to your mother in my house, so I decided to bring it to you. Unexpectedly, I would see you two arguing

here” As Antonio said, he passed a wooden box to Catherine.

Anderson cast an unkind glance at him.

Antonio said in a light tone, “I didn’t eavesdrop on you guys. You forgot to close the door before getting into a flight.”

With her trembled hands, Catherine took over the box handed over by Antonio.

“Auntie passed this to me before she passed away. She asked me to give it to you. I didn’t recall earlier until today, so I’m bringing it to you.” Antonio heaved a sigh and continued, “It was given to be my Auntie before I went abroad. Recalling that, Auntie tended to die at that time.”

Catherine looked at the box in her hands, her eyes reddened.

“Don’t you want to open and take a look at what Auntie has left to you?” Antonio handed his handkerchief to Catherine.

“No, thanks. I’m not crying.” She tried hard to suppress her tears. Touching the sandalwood box in her hand, she knew what was in it without opening it.

Catherine put the box away. Then she said to Antonio, "I've been troubling you for my family matters. I want to treat you for a meal."

Antonio agreed delightfully.

Anderson was standing aside, completely ignored.

With a cold face, he said in an awkward tone, "I haven't eaten, either."

Catherine put the lid of the takeout back on and put it into the fridge.

"If you haven't eaten, there's a Michelin three-star restaurant in the shopping mall nearby."

After finishing her words, without caring what Anderson's expression was, Catherine smiled at Antonio and said, "Let's go. I don't have much money, so I can't treat you for high-end food."

Antonio didn't mind at all. He smiled and suggested, "Shall we go for a barbecue? I haven't had it for a long time. I long for eating it."

“Sure.”

Antonio drove over. Catherine didn't want to be close to Anderson, so naturally, she decided to take Antonio's car.

Much to her surprise, someone was so shameless.

Anderson sat in Antonio's car.

He was sitting next to Catherine in the backseat, making Antonio on the driver's seat the driver for them.

Catherine thought that Antonio would choose a high-end barbecue restaurant, but unexpectedly, he pulled over his car next to a street food stall.

There were shabby plastic tables and stools, on which there was the grease that wasn't wiped.

As soon as getting off from the car, Anderson frowned when looking at the greasy tables and stools.

Antonio parked the car and walked over. Seeing Anderson still standing at the roadside, he chuckled and asked, "You have never been to such a place, have you?"

Catherine wiped two stools with the tissues.

She sat on one of them and pointed the other when saying to Antonio, "I've wiped this one. It's cleaner."

"Thank you."

When Antonio was about to sit down, Anderson with a darkened face pulled the stool away from him.

Antonio suddenly had no stool. Catherine was afraid that he would fall. Acting quickly, she reached out and grabbed his arm.

"It's alright. I'm on guard," Antonio said with a smile, casting an indifferent glance at Anderson.

Anderson sat on the shabby plastic stools without any hesitation.

They were all good-looking, which was rare to appear in the street food stall, which had become the unique attractiveness.

When the owner of the stall came over to take the order, looking at the three, she suddenly felt that her small stall had become noble. _____

Chapter 61: Respect

“What would you like to order?” With a smile, the stall owner asked while holding the menu.

Catherine looked over at Antonio. “What would you like to eat?”

“Barbecued lamb skewers, please. Make them spicy. And barbecued chicken wings...”

“I want barbecued potato chips, eggplant...”

...

They echoed each other as if Anderson wasn't sitting there at all

The stall owner also sensed something was wrong. Looking over at the handsome man in the suit who emanated coldness all over his body, she asked gingerly, "Mister, what would you like to order?"

"Add orders to all the food they've ordered."

Anderson didn't look at the stall over. He just gazed at Catherine, who was chatting and laughing with Antonio, with his deep eyes.

His gaze couldn't be ignored at all. Although Catherine deliberately ignored it, she still could feel the man's anger.

What she talked to Antonio about were the things that happened when her mother was still alive. According to Antonio's words, Catherine got to know what had happened to her mother in those past few years.

"Auntie was a strong woman and she was quite optimistic usually. Every day, she liked walking the cat," Antonio said with a smile, "It's quite weird ... other cats don't like going out, but Snowy was like a dog. She would only be happy after going out for a walk every day."

“Exactly. They wouldn’t go home until an hour later.” Catherine recalled the days when her mother walked the cat, her eyes full of nostalgia.

Anderson tried hard to suppress his urges to lift the table.

Each of them had different feelings when eating the barbecue.

After finishing eating, Antonio wanted to send Catherine back home, but she refused. She reached out and hailed a taxi, bidding Antonio goodbye after sitting in.

Antonio waved to her with a smile.

Anderson just felt that was a pain in his eyes.

After Catherine was gone, he stared at Antonio coldly. Pulling his necktie, Anderson asked, “What the hell are you doing?”

The smile disappeared from Antonio's face. He patted off Anderson's hand coldly. "Gentlemen always have the desire to go after the gentle and graceful fair maiden."

"I don't allow you to..."

Before Anderson had finished his words, Antonio interrupted him. "Anderson, did you say you don't allow me?"

With a smile, Antonio sat on the shabby plastic stool, casting a glance at Anderson casually. "What rights do you have to say that?"

Anderson was rendered speechless.

The anger in his eyes was burning like it could not be suppressed.

However, Antonio didn't care about it at all. "Even Ethan James has the more rights to say those words than you do, after all, he's the boyfriend whom she admits."

"I'll deal with Ethan James and resolve the problem. You are my best friend. You can't have any feelings that you shouldn't have towards her," Anderson said in a harsh tone.

Antonio just smiled, didn't answer.

Anderson frowned. "What are you laughing at?"

"Anderson, do you know what you are like now?" After asking him, Antonio continued with the answer, "As if your wife has cheated on you."

Anderson looked more and more annoyed.

"But, Catherine isn't your wife now. You've divorced for six years already."

Anderson clenched his fists, having the desire to throw a punch on Antonio's face.

Antonio took a sip of the beer and asked slowly, "Anderson, you've fallen in love with Catherine, have you?"

"No, I haven't," Anderson denied without any hesitation.

Antonio faintly smiled. “Then what’s wrong with it? She could choose to be with anyone she likes. It’s none of your business.”

“She’s the mother of Sophia’s and Lincoln’s.” Anderson’s tone had some reluctance that he didn’t notice.

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Upon hearing his words, Antonio asked, “Do you know why Catherine dislikes you more and more?”

Anderson kept silent.

“When she was after you back then, she was so humble that she even bent over into the soil, so you’ve got the illusion that you could bully her in whichever way you like. No matter what you’ve done to her, in your opinion, she would like you, love you.”

Antonio gradually raised his voice. “However, you’ve never respected her. Until today, even her family was broken and her family members

are all dead, she went to jail because of you for six years, she was almost dying countless times, and she's been hiding from you after you've divorced for six years, you still take it for granted to think that she's something that belongs to you.

"The mother of Sophia's and Lincoln's?" Antonio's smile became deeper. "Besides she's their mother, firstly, she is an adult with an independent personality."

Antonio smiled as usual, but the words from him were extremely harsh.

They were like daggers that were stabbed into Anderson's heart.

Catherine had already gone, so she didn't know the conversation between Antonio and Anderson.

If she had stayed and heard Antonio's words, she would definitely burst into tears.

Antonio finished the beer in his cup, called an agent of the driving service, and went back home.

Anderson was left in the smoky food stall alone.

On the second day, the news that Anderson was eating barbecue in the street food stall was on the hot search list.

The photos were blurred, but netizens could tell the men on the photos were Anderson and Antonio.

An uproar was raised online.

His fan with the ID “Anderson’s little wife” commented: “Aw! My hubby also eats such street food like an ordinary man.”

Another fan with the ID “Anderson’s first wife” commented: “Don’t compete with me for my hubby!”

Besides the comments from his fans, most of the other comments were asking: “Am I the only one who wants to know who that woman was? She has her back to the camera. Wouldn’t it be Mr. Clark’s girlfriend?”

Johanna’s agent looked at the hot discussions online and forwarded the comment to Johanna, asking, “Are you that woman?”

Looking at that woman with a slim back and her long hair was like

seaweed on her back, Johanna immediately recognized that it was Catherine.

Her eyes were usually full with a sweet smile was fulfilled with jealousy and hatred.

Gritting her teeth, she replied to the agent, "No. That's not me."

The agent heaved a sigh. "It would be great if that were you. After revealing the news, you would become famous instantly without the necessity to play so many movies."

Looking at the photos on her phone, Johanna thought for a while. "I'll go to Ziting Villa tonight. Find someone reliable and shoot some photos."

She wanted everyone to know that she was the person that Anderson was doting the most.

"But, didn't Mr. Clark tell you not to go to Ziting Villa if there's nothing urgent?" The agent was a bit worried.

Johanna frowned. "I've got something urgent."

Catherine also saw the news online. However, the camera didn't shoot at her face, so she wasn't bothered too much.

After she had been working for the whole morning, she remembered that Sophia's and Lincoln's birthday was approaching, so she wanted to go shopping and find the birthday gifts for them.

Since she wasn't staying with the children, she would treasure each anniversary and holiday for them. She thought it would be quite boring for her to go alone, so she called Aurora.

They had wandered around the stores that sold products relevant to kids, but they still couldn't decide what to buy.

"What don't you browse the gifts online? If they are not sold domestically, I'll go abroad recently and I can bring them back to you," Aurora suggested.

Catherine nodded in agreement. "That's the only thing I can do now."

"Come on. We've finished shopping for kids. Let's buy a few dresses and take a look if there are any new arrivals for the bags."

“You also need to have new dresses. For Sophia’s and Lincoln’s birthday party, the Clark family will definitely hold a grand banquet. If you wear these clothes to the banquet, you would be despised by those who only knew to compare.” Aurora poked at Catherine’s clothes that were without any band.

“Do you think I’m able to appear at my kids’ birthday banquet?” asked Catherine.

She was a woman who used to go to jail. With such a criminal background, the family members of the Clark family would rather that those kids didn’t have a mother. _____

Chapter 62: Seductive

Aurora was speechless all of a sudden.

She had grown up in this circle, so naturally, she knew in what ways those people would look at her if Catherine appeared in the birthday banquet.

After thinking for a while, Aurora said, “I suggest you get ready for it. No

matter what others would think about you, you are the mother of those kids. Sophia and Lincoln still call you mommy, don't they?"

Aurora's words made sense.

Catherine nodded in agreement. "Let's go!"

They went straight to the luxury stores.

However, Catherine couldn't afford things that were too expensive. When Aurora was trying on a dress, Catherine was waiting for her to come out of the fitting room while sitting on the sofa and reading the magazines.

"Hi, Catherine."

She heard a joyful voice.

Catherine had a quite deep impression of that voice. She raised her head and saw a woman wearing a mask, sunglasses, and hat, completely hiding her appearance.

Although she couldn't see the woman's face, Catherine had already known who she was. She said in a flat tone, "Hi, Miss Scott."

There were not many customers in the luxury store, so Johanna took off her mask and sunglasses. Sitting opposite Catherine, she said with a smile, "Miss Johnson, you are so good-looking. I like your style the most. Comparing to you, I'm just too plain."

Catherine drank a glass of water, looking at Johanna in confusion.

She wondered if this woman was silly or just pretended to be silly.

No matter what, as long as she saw her face that looked like Isabella, she couldn't like her at all.

"Miss Scott, you'd better put your mask back on," Catherine said lightly.

Johanna realized that Catherine might be a hard nut to crack. Looking at

her, Johanna hated Catherine to the core. However, she still looked confused and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Catherine didn’t explain. Without looking at Johanna, she looked back at the magazine.

She looked so graceful. When reading the magazine, she looked as if she was appreciating an artwork, looking so elegant and stately.

This was the first time that Johanna felt so humble in front of this woman.

She inwardly encouraged herself.

This woman was the woman that Mr. Clark hated the most; while Johanna believed that she was Mr. Clark’s favorite one.

Catherine had nothing except for her appearance.

After hinting at herself countless times inwardly, Johanna finally

became confident again. She smiled brightly, her eyes and brows curling, “Miss Johnson, I saw the news that you were having a barbecue with Anderson. I wonder if Anderson has told you the matter yet.”

Catherine realized that she had already addressed Anderson with his first name.

Her words were like countless needles that stung into her heart.

Rubbing her head, Catherine didn’t want to think about such things. Looking at Johanna, she asked, “Miss Scott, what do you want to say?”

Johanna smiled and answered, “It’s not a big deal. Both Anderson and I have watched Misty, and we like Amanda very much. Anderson thinks that I suit Amanda, so he hopes that I could be playing the role of Amanda in the second season.

“Originally, Anderson wanted to call the drama crew and inform them directly, but I didn’t think it’s appropriate to do so. After all, Catherine, you are the original author. So Anderson wanted to mention it to you directly. Didn’t he tell you when you met?” Johanna’s voice was quite gentle.

When she was asking a question, the confusion in her eyes appeared

very properly.

Simply, she just pushed the responsibility onto Anderson.

Upon hearing it, Catherine was so sickened that her stomach turned.

It turned out that was his purpose of going to her apartment that day.

How shameless Anderson was!

He wanted his current girlfriend to act in the drama that was based on her original book, and his girlfriend had the same face as Isabella's.

Catherine felt extremely disgusted.

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Putting down the magazine, she looked at Johanna coldly. "Miss Scott,

you might not know about the grudge between Anderson Clark and me. Just a kindly reminder, please don't covet things that don't belong to you. Otherwise, I'm afraid you couldn't bear the consequences."

Johanna looked so aggrieved, her eyes reddened. "Miss Johnson, what are you talking about?"

"No matter what the reason will be, I wouldn't allow you to play this role," Catherine answered, looking quite annoyed.

"Miss Johnson, could you please tell me what I've done to offend you?" Johanna's eyes were red.

Others who didn't know what had happened might think Catherine had done something extremely evil when seeing the scene.

Her current look was exactly the same as Isabella's in the past. Looking at Johanna, Catherine faintly thought that she had seen Isabella again. A fury that couldn't be suppressed surged in her heart.

With her remaining reason, she said, "Please leave here as soon as possible."

Johanna looked innocent. “But I’m here to shop. You are not the owner of this shop, aren’t you, Catherine? You can’t be so bossy!”

Aurora came out in a strapless black embroidered dress with sequins. Walking to Catherine, she looked down at Johanna and said, “I’m telling you to fuck off, alright?”

Johanna’s expression was stiffened.

She was in the entertainment business, so how couldn’t she recognize Aurora?

Aurora and her brother Joshua were quite famous online. Everyone knew them both not because of other reasons, but because that they were rich and quite playful.

“Ms. Adams, you’ve gone too far if you said those words to me, haven’t you?” Johanna tried her best to make herself calm.

“I invested in this store. I just want you to get out. Why? Do you want me to call the security and toss you out?” With the crimson lipsticks, Aurora looked elegant and cold.

Johanna couldn't hold on any longer, With reddened eyes, she looked at Catherine. "Miss Johnson, I don't have any evil intention to you. I don't why you both treated me in this way. Since I'm not welcomed here, I'm leaving now."

Catherine didn't speak.

After Johanna walked out, Aurora bitched while looking annoyed, "I'm so disgusted when seeing that face. She's just an infamous actress, and now she is floating on air just because she has hooked up with Anderson."

Catherine smiled, didn't speak. She didn't know what Johanna meant to go to her deliberately and spoke such words to her.

She believed that this young woman should have known her relationship with Anderson.

Johanna pretended to be silly and wanted to friend with her, much smarter than that spoiled rich girl, Sienna.

"Catherine, let's forget about her. We're here for shopping," Aurora, who was elegant and cold, pulled Catherine's arm and said like a spoiled child.

Catherine shook her head. Looking at the strapless black embroidered dress with sequins on Aurora up and down ... it was not a long dress. Its hemline just passed Aurora's crotch. Her straight legs were exposed in the air. Aurora looked quite seductive but not tawdry at all in it.

"You look gorgeous in this dress. It suits you."

Aurora turned around and blew a kiss on Catherine. "Am I hot?"

"Yeah!"

Aurora smiled in satisfaction. Inwardly, she made up her mind to win that man's heart while wearing it.

"Come on. Let's shopping a few dresses for you."

Catherine shopped with Aurora. When it was getting dark, she went back home after getting two dresses. Then she sat down in front of her laptop, back to work.

On the other side, just a short while after Anderson had knocked off, a security guard came to him. "Excuse me, Mr. Clark. A woman named

Johanna Scott wants to see you.”

Anderson slightly frowned.

He wondered why she came over here.

Seeing that Anderson didn’t speak, the guard asked, “Shall I let her in?”

“No, thanks. I’ll go out and see her.” Sophia and Lincoln were upstairs. Anderson wasn’t willing to let the matter caused by Sienna happen again.

Johanna almost ran out of her patient while waiting outside. As soon as she saw Anderson come out, her eyes were immediately reddened. Tears dropped like pearls...

Chapter 63: The Letter

Anderson strode over. Looking at Johanna’s tearful face, he asked nervously, “What happened? Who bullied you?”

“It was... Catherine... and Ms. Aurora Adams.”

Johanna cried so hard that she couldn't catch her breath. She looked like a child who had suffered a lot of grievances and met her family.

She pounced at Anderson, and the latter took a half step back subconsciously.

He reached out and helped Johanna up. "Please don't cry. Come in and tidy yourself. Tell me what happened."

Johanna nodded while sobbing, following Anderson into the villa.

"I went shopping today and met Miss Johnson. I truly like her appearance, so I talked to her. She just asked me to get out." While she spoke, Johanna carefully studied Anderson's expression.

"She was quite rude to me, so I asked her if I've done anything to offend her. Then Miss Johnson started to humiliate me for my appearance, calling me ugly... Then she also called Ms. Adams. Since that store is

invested by Ms. Adams, she asked her bodyguard to send me away.”

Anderson handed a piece of tissue to her. When he heard that Catherine humiliated Johanna for her appearance, his eyes turned cold completely.

Johanna wiped off her tears. With reddened eyes, she asked, “I know I’m not so good-looking as her, but I’m not that ugly as she said, am I? Why did she attack me with her friend?”

“Don’t worry. I...” Anderson wanted to tell her that he would deal with Catherine for her.

Just before Anderson could finish his words, a clear voice sounded from the stairs.

“My mommy isn’t that kind of person.”

Anderson frowned. “Why did you come downstairs?”

Lincoln didn’t answer him. Walking to them, he stood beside the sofa and looked at Johanna who had reddened eyes. He said, “Miss, if you want to marry Mr. Clark, you don’t need to step on my mommy.”

Meeting Lincoln's crystal clear eyes, Johanna was stiffened. She felt that this kid had seen through her already.

She believed that it must be an illusion. This kid looked so young.

Johanna shook her head. Looking at Anderson fearfully, she hurriedly explained, "No, I didn't. You can ask someone to look into it. All the customers in the store had witnessed that she asked me to get out."

Anderson's gaze fell on Lincoln. "Go back to your room. Stop minding the adults' business."

Lincoln closed his eyes, his long thick eyelashes covering his eyes.

After a moment, he raised his head and looked into Anderson's eyes. "One day you'll regret it."

Finishing his words, Lincoln turned around and left.

If someone were with him right now, it could be seen that this boy's eyes were reddened.

His father had never trusted his mother, and nor had he ever cared how his children felt.

However, Lincoln comforted himself that he had grown up and it was all right for him to have no father's love...

After Lincoln was gone, Anderson stared at Johanna.

His eyes were slightly cold.

Anderson had never stared at her in such a way, so Johanna was quite uneasy, wondering if he was suspecting that she lied.

She forced a smile and said gently, "Anderson, I came to complain to you not because I have an evil intention to Catherine. I just felt so wronged. After all, I truly like Catherine. Since I was humiliated by someone I like, I felt quite sad.

"It's my fault. I shouldn't have told you those matters." As she spoke, Johanna burst into tears again.

Looking at her face that looked almost the same as Isabelle's, Anderson recalled that her age was the same as Isabella's when the latter passed away. Back then, Isabelle used to cry, laugh, and played at being cute to him.

Staring at her face, Anderson pulled out a few more pieces of tissues from the tissue box and said in a gentle tone, "Leave the matter to me."

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Johanna sobbed and sobbed. Suddenly, she burst into tears. "Please don't bully Catherine. I just want to act in the drama. If Catherine agrees me to act Amanda, I can apologize to her."

Anderson noticed that she became happy quite soon no matter how aggrieved she felt just now. He curled up his lips into a smile. "Stop crying. I'll ask Paul to send you home."

Johanna had another purpose to come here today ... to get laid by

Anderson.

She wanted to have sex with him so that he could take responsibility. However, unexpectedly, Lincoln appeared in the middle, so Anderson had become wary of her. Johanna realized that her plan couldn't be carried out.

She nodded obediently in agreement. "Okay. Thanks."

Before leaving, she waved to Anderson with a sweet smile. "Remember. Please don't bully Catherine. I'm not blaming her."

Anderson slightly nodded.

Watching Johanna get in the car, Anderson turned around and returned to the living room.

A maid came over with a cup of tea in the try. "Excuse me, Mr. Clark. Just now the old house called, saying that they'll hold a birthday banquet for Sophia and Lincoln. They asked if you have any close friends to invite."

Anderson took a sip of the tea. Upon hearing the maid's question, he

was a bit surprised. “Is Sophia’s and Lincoln’s birthday approaching?”

“Don’t you know about it?” the maid blurted out subconsciously.

Anderson truly didn’t know about it. Except that Sophia and Lincoln would come over to Ziting Villa as a routine weekly, or they were taken to meet Catherine, he never asked anything about the children.

“When is their birthday?”

“1st of September.”

Anderson checked the calendar on his phone. It would be less than a week. “All right. Leave it to me. I’ll ask Arthur to give them a list.”

-

After finishing her work, Catherine looked at the sandalwood box on the rack.

She hesitated, wondering if she should open it. She didn’t dare to face it.

After hesitating for a long while, Catherine still opened it.

A green and crystal jade bracelet was lying quietly in the sandalwood box.

It was sold at the auction house back then. She favored it a lot at that time. However, because of the high price, she had given up. Much to her surprise, her mother had bought it for her.

After Johnson Group went bankrupt, her mother didn't lead a good at all. If she had pawned this bracelet at a low price, it would be enough for her to lead a rich life.

However, she had left it to her daughter.

Catherine tried hard not to burst into tears. She took out the brocade that was used to protect the bracelet.

Unexpectedly, she found a piece of note under it.

She opened it carefully. Looking at the familiar writings on it, she burst into tears.

“My dear daughter, as your mother, I wanted to protect you from the difficulties for a lifetime, but all of a sudden, the tragedy happened. As your parents, we couldn't do anything about it but just watching you go to jail. I had a lot to say to you in the past few years, but I didn't know where to start. Snowy missed you very much. When she saw your photos, she barked at me as if asking me where you had been. But I don't know where my sweetheart is locked up. I'm so useless that I couldn't save you. And I don't even know where my sweetheart is.

“I don't have anything by my side. You liked this bracelet very much back then, so I've bought it. But before I gave it to you, the incident happened. I'm old now and I'm afraid I can't hold it anymore. I'll give it to Antonio and ask him to give it to you. In the future, it will accompany you on behalf of your mother. I believe that my daughter is brave and moral. She wouldn't have done such a thing.”

Tears made her eyes blurred, dropping on the yellowish notepaper.

Catherine wiped off her tears. Covering her mouth, she couldn't help stopping sobbing.

It was she who had harmed her family, but in the end, her mother was still blaming herself for not be able to protect her from the difficulties..._____

Chapter 64: Amanda

Shortly after Catherine woke up the next morning, she received a call from Arthur.

“Good morning, Miss Johnson. Mr. Clark wants to see you in Clark Group.” Arthur’s tone was quite polite.

Catherine looked out of the window and thought for a moment. “Arthur, does he want to see me for the matter that Johanna Scott wants to play the role of Amanda?”

Arthur was hesitating. He knew it clearly that Mr. Clark wanted to see her for that purpose indeed, but it would be too ruthless if he told her directly.

“I’m not quite certain about it. Perhaps you may want to ask Mr. Clark after coming over,” Arthur lied.

Catherine wanted to refuse, but after thinking about Anderson’s

personality, she realized that he would surely threaten her with her children if she said no.

When she walked into Clark Group again, Catherine found that all the employees who met her were staring at her in sympathy.

“What’s she doing here? She’s not pestering Mr. Clark, is she?”

“You’ve overthought. She’s the woman that Mr. Clark hated the most. I guess she just could bear to seeing how intimate Mr. Clark and Miss Johanna are.”

“Alas... She couldn’t win Mr. Clark’s heart, but why she’s so persistent?”

...

In the past, those people would be more restrained and discuss at her back, but now they could discuss in her presence.

Catherine cast a glance at those gossiping people.

Her gaze was sharp and cold, making them shut up immediately. They were scared by her gaze.

Anderson was working on some documents. Hearing that the person walked in without knocking, he subconsciously frowned. When he looked up and saw Catherine, his brows were loosened.

As soon as Catherine walked into his office, she found there was something quite different.

In the office that was mainly black, white, and gray, there was a cartoon cushion on the sofa. Besides flowers, there were also photo frames on his desk.

Looking at the face with a sweet smile on the photos, Catherine couldn't differ it was Isabella or Johanna for a moment. Sadness surged in her heart gradually.

Trying to ignore those stuffs, she looked into Anderson's eyes. "Why did you ask me to come over? Please tell me directly and don't waste our

time.”

Her tone was too aloof and cold, making Anderson frown again.

Looking at him, Catherine laughed ironically. “Your copied version of Isabella has told me that she wants to play the role of Amanda.”

Anderson laughed because he was too angry with her attitude. “Yeah. Give the actress for Amanda in next season to Johanna.”

His cold words smashed on her. Although she had known it earlier, when she heard him say that, Catherine still felt a sharp pang in her chest in sorrow.

Anderson stood up, walking to Catherine step by step.

With a long face, he gave her a lot of pressure.

Catherine couldn't help but take steps back.

In the end, she was pressed against the desk by Anderson. He raised her chin with his slender fingers and asked coldly, “Why? You are reluctant,

aren't you?"

Catherine bit her lower lip, and her beautiful eyes were full of hatred.

"Do you think you have rights to say no?" Anderson curled up his lips into a smile. "Catherine Johnson, I'll certainly give this role to Johanna."

Catherine knew that she didn't have any rights. She was just the original author of the book; while Anderson was the investor.

She smiled bitterly, biting her lower lips so hard that they bled as if she couldn't feel the pain. All of a sudden, she pushed Anderson away.

Off guard, Anderson lost his balance and staggered backward.

Catherine wiped the blood off her lips. Gazing at Anderson coldly, she said, "I don't have the right. I'm just the original author who has got the copyright fee. No matter how the drama would be shot and no matter whether if it would be shot or not, it only depends on the sponsor who has bought the copyright."

"Why did you ask me to come here then?" Catherine questioned him coldly. "You just want to humiliate me, don't you?"

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Her question was too harsh. Anderson had never thought about the meaning behind it. With a frown, he denied, “Don’t ever use your malicious heart to guess what I thought.”

With a pale face and lips that still had the bloodstains, Catherine looked extremely miserable. “Anderson Clark, as soon as the matter is relevant to Isabella, you acted as if you were an idiot. Now the woman just has the same face as Isabella’s, and your intelligence has gone.

“It’s your business that you are willing to provide her with resources. You can spend money and give her the role. But in the investment circle, profit is the most important. Do you think Johanna Scott could give you a good return on investment?

“The current actress of Amanda has quite good acting skills, which has been recognized by the public. If the actress is changed suddenly, do you think if the public would boycott Johanna?”

Anderson was rendered speechless.

Every single word from Catherine made sense.

Indeed, he had known what she said. However, as long as he saw the sadness on the face that was so similar to Isabella's, he didn't want to see Johanna be upset.

The initiative gradually returned in Catherine's hands. She smiled more and more leisurely. "Recently online and on TV, there are so many promotions about Johanna Scott. You must have spent a lot of money to make her famous, right?"

"Have you received any effects? Her personality isn't pleasant and she sucks in acting. She's always like the background board when shooting. If she indeed played the role of Amanda, do you think there would be more netizens criticizing her or praising her?" Catherine took a step forward, looking at Anderson with a smile.

Her smile displeased Anderson a lot.

She was indeed smart, far smarter than he had imagined.

Anderson fell into the silence for a long while.

Catherine kept smiling, which made him disgusted.

“Mommy, here you came!”

When they were still in a deadlock, Sophia pushed the office door open and rushed in. Raising her head, she circled Catherine. “Mommy, I miss you!”

Her little face rubbed on Catherine’s thighs dearly.

In a hurry, Catherine squatted down. The smile on her face became more sincere. “Why are you two here?”

“Daddy asked Uncle Paul to send us here.” Sophia’s voice was quite clear.

Catherine was taken aback. Much to her surprise, it was Anderson who took the initiative to ask his man to send the kids here. Thinking of the scene that they were confronting each other with daggers, she had a weird feeling.

“Mommy, Daddy, I want to have a meal with you both.” Sophia smiled sweetly, looking at the two adults expectantly.

Since she had been with Anderson for a long time, Sophia was familiar with him. Seeing Catherine keep silent, she pouted, tears welling up in her eyes. “Mommy, I haven’t eaten with you for a long time.”

Catherine felt soreness in her heart. “I’ll accompany you for lunch then, all right?”

“Nah. I want to go with Mommy and Daddy together.”

Lincoln looked at them coldly when standing aside. There was no expectant in his ink-black eyes. In his opinion, Anderson wasn’t his father at all.

There would be no father in this world who would treat his own children that way.

Sophia grabbed Catherine over. Looking over at Anderson pitifully, she said in a crying tone, “Daddy, let’s go for lunch together. Please!”

Anderson saw Catherine's denying look, slightly nodded.

"Mommy, Daddy has agreed. You can't disagree."

Catherine couldn't do anything. They chose to have lunch in a private restaurant the Hualing Plaza.

Although in the shopping mall, the private restaurant maintained the customers' privacy professionally. There were not so many customers in the restaurant. They were sitting next to the window.

Since she could have lunch with her parents, Sophia was quite excited. She insisted that Catherine sitting next to Anderson.

Catherine had become sickened with Anderson already. "I haven't seen you for a long time, Sophia. May I sit next to you?"

Chapter 65: Hypermnnesia

Sophia didn't speak, pushing Catherine to sit next to Anderson in the silence.

Children were the most important ones to her, Catherine had to sit beside Anderson helplessly. Since they were in the same booth, they were quite close to each other.

The distance between them was so short that they could smell the fragrance from each other.

Pretending to be unmindful, Anderson looked at the woman sitting next to him up and down. Perhaps she was quite angry just now, her eyes were still slightly reddened, and so was her nose...

She was looking at Sophia and Lincoln opposite tenderly, a smile flashing through her eyes from time to time.

Anderson looked at the scene, and his heart skipped a beat. As if to deceiving himself, he looked away and stared out of the window.

He couldn't get her to look out of his mind still, and his Adam's apple bobbed.

Catherine was feeding Sophia and Lincoln with the snacks before the meal, so she didn't pay attention to the man's change. "Don't eat too much. We have our main courses later."

Lincoln was eating seriously and restrainedly, extremely obedient.

Sophia's mouth was stuffed with the snacks, making her look like a hamster that stole food. While chewing, she nodded in agreement, looking quite cute. Catherine felt that her heart almost melted when looking at them.

The food made by this private restaurant was quite good. Seeing that Sophia and Lincoln enjoyed the food very much, Catherine had a good appetite, too.

"Mommy, shall we go to see a movie together after lunch?" Sophia requested while eating.

Before Catherine answered, Anderson's phone rang.

Subconsciously, Catherine cast a glance at him, only to find Johanna's profile photo on his screen.

Anderson took a look and stood up to answer the call.

"Okay. I'll be right there."

Catherine faintly heard his words, a trace of disappointment flashing through her eyes.

Anderson hung up the phone. Picking up his coat, he said, "Enjoy your lunch. I have something to deal with."

After finishing his words, he strode away without waiting for their responses.

Sophia watched Anderson's receding figure in a daze. Her eyes turned red immediately. She stood up and threw herself into Catherine's arms.

“Mommy, why doesn’t Daddy like me?

“Did I do anything wrong?”

Her childish voice was in an aggrieved tone. Catherine’s heart was almost broken when she heard it.

She didn’t have the heart to hurt her daughter. Forcing a smile on her face, she explained, “Not really. Daddy has something urgent to deal with.”

“You lied to me!” Sophia burst into a louder cry. “Daddy has a new girlfriend. I know it. She has called Daddy away for so many times already.”

Sophia complained while sobbing, “He’s a bad daddy. I don’t want him.”

“Okay. Let’s dump him.” Catherine wiped Sophia’s tears off. “I’ll go to see a movie with you, Sophia. And I’ll buy a doll for you. All right?”

Sophia nodded in agreement.

After lunch, with Sophia's hand in one hand, and Lincoln's in the other, Catherine found a cartoon that suited the children and bought the tickets.

When waiting for the movie to play, Lincoln was writing and drawing in Catherine's palm with his fingers.

Catherine didn't pay attention for a moment. Later, she had noticed what Lincoln was writing. Holding hi, she kissed him on his cheek. "I love you, too, Lincoln."

Lincoln blushed immediately. "Mommy, I'm a big kid now. Please don't kiss me."

"In my eyes, you are always my baby boy."

Lincoln held Catherine's wrist tightly. "Mommy, please don't feel sad because of him any longer. He doesn't deserve it."

Upon hearing his words, Catherine felt so upset that she couldn't even breathe.

After calming down, She rubbed Lincoln's head gently and said,

“Sometimes, I truly hope that you are not so mature.”

All the premature children had unfortunate childhoods.

All the mothers hoped that their children could be happy.

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Upon hearing it, Lincoln smiled brightly. “However, my memory serves me too well. I keep everything in my mind, and I can’t forget any of them.”

He wanted to forget about them before.

It was seldom for the mother and the son to talk about his memory.

Hypermnesia was still a difficult problem for the medical field.

Although it sounded quite extraordinary, which makes others envy, every child who had this disease would know it was quite suffering.

Lincoln couldn't forget anything. He even could remember the exact second and minute when each trifle happened.

If a child suffered from Hypermnnesia could have a happy childhood and life, he or she would be the most fortunate one.

But for Lincoln, he had experienced the biggest crisis before he was born. Until now, his tragic experience always made him suffered invisibly and continuously.

Catherine asked his opinion. "How about I take you to Uncle Antonio for a checkup?"

Lincoln shook his head. "Mommy, I don't want to forget those things now. Only if I could remember them forever would remind me that I can't get close to him all the time."

For a moment, Catherine didn't know what to speak.

Anderson was an irresponsible father, and she couldn't ask Lincoln to

get close to him.

Finally, she patted her son on his back. "Let go of others is also let go of oneself."

"Why doesn't he let go of us, then?" Lincoln asked.

Catherine looked into his crystal clear eyes and didn't know how to retort.

After seeing the movie with Sophia and Lincoln, they went shopping. Catherine bought Sophia a doll and a puppy for Lincoln.

The puppy was quite small with white curly hair.

Lincoln had never raised such a pet before. Holding the puppy at loss, he could no longer keep calm. He asked anxiously, "Mommy, are you sure you want to get me this thing? It's alive."

Catherine found that finally, he looked like a child. With a smile, she nodded. "You should take good care of it."

The lives could heal each other. Since she couldn't be by Lincoln's side all the time, she wished this little life could keep him company so that he could become a bit happier.

This was the first time that Lincoln didn't know what his mother was thinking.

Seeing that Catherine insisted, he held the puppy carefully and said, "Okay. I'll raise it."

Shortly, Paul called Catherine, saying that he was coming over to pick up the children.

Reluctantly, Catherine watched them leave.

Back home, she opened the comics that she stopped upgrading last time.

Every single dialogue and the line was drawn by her carefully. For her, it was like raising a child, and she watched it from being born to growing up.

When Anderson said he would give Amanda to Johanna, Catherine felt

extremely hateful.

But the copyright had been sold. If Anderson was so determined to let Johanna act, Catherine could do nothing at all.

She just wished that what she said would change Anderson's mind.

On the other side, Anderson was waiting in the hospital. The woman looked pale, lying on the bed.

Johanna said weakly, "Mr. Clark, I'm all right. Please don't worry."

"Okay. Stop talking," Anderson whispered to her and didn't mind the way she addressed him.

Johanna forced a smile. "Mr. Clark, I'm so happy that you came over to see me... During the daytime today, I kept wondering what I've done wrong to offend Catherine, so I didn't pay attention and fell into the river. Fortunately, someone saved me.

"Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to see you again, Mr. Clark."

With the pale face that looked exactly the same as Isabella's, she spoke. Her bloodless lips opened and closed. Faintly, Anderson wondered if Isabella also had such a pale face when dying.

Did she also wish him to be with her at that time?

Chapter 66: Birthday Banquet

He didn't know. All he had seen was that small sandalwood box.

In the box was the ash of Isabella and their child.

A trace of endless pain flashed through his eyes.

Johanna saw clearly that he was looking at someone else when staring at her.

Was it Catherine?

Or that Isabella?

The latter had passed away already, so she wouldn't become her threat. But, the former...

Johanna suddenly clenched her hands. Looking at Anderson's

expression, she closed her eyes tightly all of a sudden.

With a tremble, she muttered, "I'm cold... Mr. Clark, I feel so cold."

Her painful murmurs brought Anderson back to his senses.

Bending over, he tucked her in the quilt. Seeing that she was still trembling, he stood up, ready to ask the nurse for another quilt.

When he moved, his wrist was grabbed by an icily cold hand. "Please don't go..."

Tears dropped from her pale face.

Anderson whispered to her, "I'll go get you another quilt."

"I don't need it..." Johanna looked at Anderson tearfully. "Mr. Clark, I'm so cold. Could you please hold me?"

When Johanna requested, she was indeed nervous. Although Anderson doted her, he had never touched her or confessed to her...

When Antonio arrived at the door of the ward, he heard their ambiguous conversation.

Frowning, he walked in and said coldly, "Holding my ass! Do you think the air conditioner here is just useless decoration?"

Johanna bit her lower lip, looking at Anderson pitifully.

Anderson frowned and cast a glance at Antonio.

Antonio didn't care about Anderson's expression at all. He gazed at Anderson's wrist that was grabbed. "Release him. Don't you want to see a doctor?"

"You are a doctor. Can't you be kind?" Johanna was a big angry,

wondering where this doctor came from. He had ruined her plan.

Upon hearing her words, Antonio smiled playfully. "If I were not a doctor, I would have asked the security to toss you out. It's my biggest kindness to let you lie on the sickbed."

"What is wrong with you?" Anderson asked unhappily while glancing at Antonio.

While he spoke, Anderson took off Johanna's hand from his wrist. He said coldly, "Give her a checkup."

Antonio checked her up roughly and answered in a cold tone. "Nothing serious."

Looking up, he noticed how worried Anderson looked, curling up his lips. Anderson was like this and he still wanted to reconcile with Catherine. Antonio wondered if Anderson was still dreaming.

Of course, Antonio wouldn't remind him. Instead, he took a photo of the two in front of him, and send it to Catherine.

Anderson fully focused on Johanna, so he didn't notice that Antonio had

taken a photo of him and Johanna.

After Antonio left, Johanna looked at Anderson expectantly. “Mr. Clark, has Catherine agreed to let me play the role of Amanda?”

Hearing her mention it, Anderson recalled the words that Catherine said to him. He frowned.

“Did Catherine refuse?” Johanna’s voice was with a slight crying tone.

This kind of tone could make others pity her the most.

“No, she didn’t.”

“Then why are you frowning, Mr. Clark?”

Anderson answered, “There have been a lot of fans for the Amanda of the first season, and the public has recognized her as well. If I give you this role, you’ll be blamed.”

Upon hearing the reason, Johanna’s frown was loosened. She smiled faintly, “Mr. Clark, it turns out that you are worried about me. I’m so

delighted.

“But I don’t care about it. I just want to have a good role. I want to perform well as Amanda. I’m not afraid of being criticized.” In the entertainment business, even if she would become famous by being criticized, she would be famous anyway. The most fearful thing was not being scolded, but that she couldn’t draw anyone’s attention.

If she couldn’t get the role, her effort to jump into the river would be in vain.

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A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

“Thank you so much, Mr. Clark. I must have done something extremely good in my last life so I’ve met you this life,” Johanna thanked him in a soft tone.

The young woman was at the same age as Isabella when she passed away, and her face looked exactly the same as Isabella’s.

Anderson told himself to forget about it. As long as she was willing to act. It was just a role.

...

When Catherine received the photo from Antonio, it was already dark.

The two in the photo were quite close to each other. Anderson's side face was taken, so Catherine couldn't see his expression clearly. However, she could faintly see that he had a gentle smile on his face.

While the young woman opposite him looked pale, but her eyes were lit up in affection.

Catherine was extremely familiar with this kind of gaze.

After looking at it for a moment, she tabbed to delete the photo. Then she received a text message from Antonio.

"Catherine, do you still love him?"

Looking at that line, Catherine was in a daze for a long while. She didn't

answer it.

The birthday of Sophia's and Lincoln's soon arrived. The Clark family held a super grand birthday banquet for them.

Of course, Catherine couldn't get the invitation card. Aurora took her over.

All the guests were dressed up. With bright smiles and raising the glasses in their hands, all of them were congratulating Bentley and Madison.

The two elders were also smiling happily.

The two birthday kids were standing in the happy crowd. Sophia was quite joyful when seeing so many people come over to celebrate her birthday.

Lincoln looked quite serious and cold.

"Hey, look at those two kids. The boy looks exactly the same as Anderson when he was young," said a mid-aged woman while looking at Sophia and Lincoln.

Her voice was pretty loud.

Her words drew a lot of attention.

“Mr. Clark is way too lucky. This twin followed their parents’ appearances.”

“Both Anderson and Miss Johnson are good-looking, so their kids are naturally not bad-looking.”

When Madison heard someone mention Catherine, the smile on her face faded away slightly.

“Alas... Why didn’t Catherine Johnson behave herself but hurt Miss Isabella Johnson...” someone still tried to raise the topic without any caution.

When mentioning Catherine, all the people around had meaningful looks on their faces.

Others started to discuss Catherine in the presence of Lincoln’s and Sophia’s without caring about anything.

Lincoln's face looked more and more annoyed. "Stop talking about my mother."

As soon as he spoke, the man who discussed Catherine openly looked awkward. He had a wry smile and said, "I'm just feeling sorry for you. Don't learn from your mother. She wanted to harm someone but she had a dose of her own medicine. Look at your mom..." He wanted to mention that Catherine had been in jail for several years.

"Who is gossiping about me in my children's presence?" asked Catherine coldly.

When she was walking to Sophia and Lincoln, she heard someone teaching her children.

Upon hearing her voice, the onlookers who were watching the fun turned around and looked at Catherine.

The woman was in a black dress skirt, which wrapped in her perfect body and curved out her shape. She made all the men's hearts beat fast, and all women jealous. She also had domineering red lips and her eyeliner slightly lifted.

Her temperament was even stronger than she used to be the first daughter of the Johnson family before.

Since he was caught by Catherine when talking about her bad at her back, the man looked more awkward.

Catherine approached. Sophia and Lincoln rushed to her excitedly. "Mommy, here you came! I thought you wouldn't come here tonight," said Sophia.

Lincoln also had a smile on his face.

Seeing that Catherine was pestering by her children, the man took a few steps backward and planned to sneak away.

Suddenly, Catherine said while he turned around, "Stop!"

Chapter 67: Wishes

Catherine looked at that man coldly.

Under her gaze, the man was somewhat scared, but he was unwilling to be frightened by a woman who had been in jail.

He tried his best to maintain his arrogance. “Didn’t I tell the truth? Anyone who had the information channels in this circle knew that you were put in jail because of killing Isabella Johnson.

“I asked your children not to learn from you. Did I do anything wrong? Do you want your children to become murderers like you and go to jail?”

Catherine would always not attack unless she was attacked.

However, she would never allow anyone to hurt her children.

With a sneer on her pretty face, she said, “David Cornell, what are you doing now? You were refused by me back then, so you still hate me, don’t you? How dare you slander me in my children’s birthday banquet!”

Before she married Anderson, a lot of men in this circle were after her.

However, she remembered this man named David because he used to drug her. Fortunately, she was smart enough so he didn’t make it.

“Did I chase after you?” David stamped. “You vicious bitch! I’ll never fall in love with you.”

Catherine chuckled. “I believe so many of us still remember what you’ve done back then.”

After she finished her words, some onlookers started discussing in low voice. “I remember that after he drugged Catherine back then, Catherine’s father kicked on his private part. He’s been married for so

many years but he didn't have a kid yet. I wonder if it's because of that."

Because of the children's presence, their voices were kept low.

However, David looked upon this kind of thing very much. With a blushed face, he glared at Catherine fiercely, "You bitch!"

"Miss Johnson, shall I throw him out?"

Hudson suddenly appeared next to Catherine from nowhere.

Catherine answered in a light tone, "Yes, please."

She didn't want to ruin the birthday banquet.

Casting an indifferent glance at all the onlookers, she said coldly, "Some people have heard something from nowhere and believed that they've known everything."

“I don’t want anyone to mention those crap and gossip in front of my children.”

“She’s nobody now, but why is she so arrogant? Does she truly think herself still the first daughter of the Johnson family?” Sienna mumbled in the crowd, not convinced.

She had never liked Catherine when she had such charisma.

Catherine gazed at her. “Miss White, have you ever heard about a saying? When someone has lost everything, he or she wouldn’t be afraid of anything.”

Her gaze was cold and fierce, making Sienna recall the slaps on her that brought her the burning pain. Sienna shut up. If she would fight against Catherine openly, Sienna would always fail.

“Hey, Catherine, what are you talking about? We’ve all watched you grow up. You are not that kind of person. Since you were not in our circle in the past few years, there were such rumors.”

“Please don’t mind what David Cornell has said.”

Since the onlookers were willing to mediate a dispute and David was already tossed out by Hudson, Catherine was willing to let go. With a smile, she said, “As a mother, my children mean everything to me. Sorry for interrupting you all just now.”

She behaved gracefully and brightly.

She even had a strong aura than she used to have years ago. All the onlookers had different thoughts.

Caroline poked Sienna and asked in a low voice, “Wasn’t she truly in the jail? Didn’t the rumor say that she was put in there?”

Sienna giggled. She looked at Catherine, her eyes full of hatred. “She lied. She has been in jail. Back then, friends of Isabella Johnson personally witnessed her be arrested by the policemen.”

Caroline asked in confusion, “But why did she say that so affirmatively?”

Sienna’s family was wealthier and more powerful, so she had more information channels and knew more.

“Thanks to Owen Torres, he kept contacting his network for her and appealed for three years. Later, the court announced that because of lack of evidence, she was released,” Sienna said with an evil intention, “I wonder if Owen Torres had his unique way of resolving problems.”

Caroline nodded in agreement.

Catherine didn’t know what they were talking about at her back. As long as they didn’t speak to her face, she wouldn’t care. However, if they discussed her in her presence, Catherine wouldn’t let go of them.

“Why are you here?” Madison had a wry smile.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Catherine answered calmly, “Madison, it’s my children’s birthday. As their mother, how can I be absent?”

Sophia and Lincoln looked at Madison together.

The words that had reached Madison's tongue had to be swallowed back.

Right then, a security guard walked over. Bending over, he whispered to Bentley's ears.

Bentley pulled a long face immediately, looking at the people who had just entered the hall.

It was Johanna who accompanied Anderson to this birthday banquet.

When they walked over, a lot of people subconsciously looked over at Catherine.

Johanna released Anderson's hand. With a smile, she trotted to Sophia and Lincoln, passing two gift boxes to them. "You both are so adorable. These are the birthday gifts I bought for you."

Lincoln took a step back, refusing to accept it.

Sophia also creased her face. “Bad woman! I don’t need your gift!”

Johanna’s expression changed, looking quite embarrassed.

Catherine pulled her children behind and looked down at Johanna.
“Thank you for your gifts, Miss Scott. But my children don’t need them.”

Johanna looked over at Anderson pitifully.

Anderson frowned. Gazing at Catherine, he said, “That’s Johanna’s wishes to the children. Has nobody taught you to be polite?”

Since it was her children’s birthday banquet, Catherine didn’t want to become the clown for others to watch for fun, so she totally ignored Anderson.

It was a provocation in Anderson’s eyes. “Catherine Johnson...” he was about to scold her again.

“Shut up!” Bentley stopped him in a loud voice.

Anderson gaped at his grandfather. He asked in confusion, “Grandpa?”

Bentley ignored Anderson, casting a cold glance at Johanna's face.

Anderson subconsciously stood in front of her.

Looking at the scene, Catherine curled up her lips. Back then, Bentley had never liked Isabella. She wondered how he was feeling when seeing Anderson with this woman who had the exactly same face as Isabella's.

"It's my grandchildren's birthday today. Who dares to ruin this banquet, I wouldn't let go of him or her."

With the warning from Bentley, nobody dared to gossip anything. The procedure of the birthday banquet was carried out smoothly one after another.

"Miss Sophia and Mr. Lincoln, it's time to make wishes."

Lincoln took his sister's hand and walked to the cake tower together.

Sophia put her palms together and looked devout.

Lincoln stared at the cake without a blink.

“Mr. Lincoln, please make a wish,” a servant reminded him.

Lincoln shook his head to refuse. He didn't believe such kind of thing. If the wishes helped, he didn't need to part from his mother.

Lincoln behaved too maturely. Although some guests thought it was weird that he didn't make a wish, nobody dared to force him.

“Blow out the candles!”

After blowing out the candles, Sophia stomped excitedly. “Let's eat the cake!”

“Sophia, my dear, what wish did you make just now?” someone asked her with a smile, seeing her so cute.

Sophia took over the cut cake from a servant and answered in a sweet voice, “I wished that my parents would be together.”

As soon as she answered, the person who asked her the question

regretted it and covered his mouth.

Although the atmosphere around here was a bit weird, Sophia didn't sense it at all. She handed a piece of cake to Anderson. "Daddy, please eat the birthday cake. It's quite sweet!" _____

Chapter 68: Driving a Wedge

Everyone at the scene was looking at Anderson.

Although he didn't have a sweet tooth, it was his children's birthday banquet. Anderson knew what he ought to do. He took over the cake from Sophia's hands.

Sophia asked the servant for another piece and handed it to Catherine. "Mommy, you too!"

"Thank you, Sophia." Catherine took it over and kissed her.

The family of four looked quite harmonious for some reason. Though

she was standing next to Anderson, Johanna had a feeling that she was excluded by them.

...

The banquet was quite grand, but in the later procedures, almost it was the time for the adults to socialize. It had nothing to do with the kids.

Catherine followed Lincoln to check on the puppy.

The puppy grew pretty fast. It had become obviously bigger than it used to be a few days ago.

“Mommy, I do take good care of it.” Lincoln squatted in front of the puppy with a smile. “His name is Snoozer.

“Snoozer wanted to sleep with me, but the servants didn’t allow.”

...

When mentioning the puppy, Lincoln finally looked like a child instead of keeping a calm and cold face. Looking at him, Catherine felt quite joyful.

“Mommy, could you please sleep with me tonight?” With the birthday cake in her hands, Sophia requested in a soft voice.

“I miss you so much. I haven’t slept with you for a long time.”

Catherine felt sore.

“Mommy, could you please? It’s my birthday today.”

Catherine nodded. “Let me ask them if I can take you guys with me for a day.”

...

“Oh, Catherine, here you are!”

A joyful voice was heard behind her.

Catherine's smile suddenly faded away. Looking at Johanna who was behind her, she felt quite annoyed.

"Lincoln, please take your sister to play somewhere else," Catherine said gently.

Although he was worried about Catherine, Lincoln took Sophia away obediently.

With a naive smile, Johanna continued, "Catherine, Mr. Clark has promised me that I'll be the next Amanda."

It turned out Catherine hadn't convinced him, but she was not surprised. Probably she had been used to the fact that Anderson always hurt her like this. She just felt a bit disappointed.

He had never considered her feelings.

Catherine slightly curled up her lips. "Congratulations, Miss Scott."

Her indifference was out of Johanna's expectation.

The calmer Catherine was, the more uncomfortable Johanna was. "Miss Johnson, no matter how good you try to cover. I guess you won't feel so happy since your work would be destroyed by someone you dislike."

This was the first time that Johanna showed she disliked Catherine so openly.

Catherine pressed her lips, falling into silence.

Seeing that she didn't answer, Johanna smiled complacently. "I actually don't like that role at all. However, as long as I have it, you'll be very unhappy, especially it's Anderson who personally informed you that I'll be the one to play this role."

In terms of appearance and charisma, she couldn't compare with Catherine.

However, she was more advanced in terms of Anderson's doting.

Johanna was overjoyed. She circled Catherine and added proudly, "As the first daughter of the Johnson family, you are so pitiful. I guess you

looked down upon an infamous actress like me before, but now, you were stomped by me.”

“Johanna Scott, you are so pathetic,” Catherine, who kept silent for a long time, suddenly retorted. She cast a cold glance at Johanna and looked into her complacent eyes, “Do you think Anderson Clark asked for this role for you? Don’t flatter yourself too much. You should know it clearly ... this role was asked for Isabella Johnson by Anderson Clark.

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The 10 Most Successful Celebrity Brands

“You are a smart woman. But you are not that intelligent. You’ve known Anderson long enough. Don’t you know who the one that he cares most about is?” Catherine chuckled. “You are so complacent to being another woman’s substitute. This is truly the first time I’ve seen such a person like you.

“You are just a substitute. How arrogant you are! Do you think you’ll have the chance to become Mrs. Clark?”

Probably Johanna didn't expect that Catherine would mention so directly that she was just a substitute, the smile on her face vanished.

Suddenly, as if she had seen anyone, Johanna bit her lower lip, tears welling up in her eyes. Her weeping face made her so pitiful.

Catherine ran out of her patience. She decided to bypass Johanna and walked away. When walking in front of her, Johanna fell suddenly.

Catherine reached out and helped her up. Looking at her with a smile, she whispered in Johanna's ear, "Isabella Johnson was extremely good at playing such dirty tricks."

Johanna's face was stiffened. She felt a sharp pain from Catherine's pinch on her arm when Catherine was helping her up.

"Catherine Johnson, what are you doing?"

Sure enough, they heard an angry roar from behind.

Catherine turned around and saw Anderson stride over. With a sneer, she pushed Johanna into his arms. "What do you think? Think I'm bullying her, huh?"

When Johanna was pushed over, Anderson held her subconsciously.

Johanna took the chance to nestle in his arms. She said in a grievance, "I'm fine. I didn't keep my balance just now. It was Catherine who has helped me up. Please don't shout at her."

As soon as she heard her words, Catherine realized how vicious her words were.

She wasn't in the mood to deal with such a hypocritical woman, so she looked at Anderson with a smile. "There are surveillance cameras everywhere in the Clark's Mansion. Send a servant to check the surveillance, and you'll know what has just happened, won't you?"

Johanna heard Catherine's words, and her face paled.

Immediately, she said to Anderson, "Mr. Clark, it's not a big deal. Please don't bother."

Her tone was so anxious that even Anderson sensed something wrong. His gaze became colder when looking at the woman in his arms.

Catherine chuckled. It was not that she didn't know how to cast a bone between two persons, but she just disdained to use such dirty tricks.

The Clark's Mansion has not surveillance system installed at all. She just tricked Johanna so that Johanna was scared and could expose her flaw.

"Have fun with your new date." Catherine handsomely waved at Anderson. After taking a few steps, she looked back with a smile. "Don't play too hard. You still need to visit Isabella's tomb."

Anderson gazed at Catherine's receding back deeply. It seemed that after she returned to town again, he could often see her back...

It had never happened before.

Usually, it was Catherine who watched his receding back when he left.

Anderson suddenly felt slightly uncomfortable.

In the end, Catherine failed to take Sophia and Lincoln back home with her. She accompanied them in the Clark's Mansion till the dark and then hailed a taxi to go home.

Lying on the bed, Johanna's complacent face while she told Catherine that Anderson had given her the role of Amanda kept flashing in Catherine's head.

She had to admit that she indeed felt so sad.

Catherine closed her eyes, looking quite upset. Anderson wasn't like this several years ago. When she bumped into him, he didn't blame her at all. Instead, he smiled at her.

His smile was so bright like the sunshine.

At that moment, Catherine's heart hammered.

Later, when she was pestering Anderson, though he was so cold to her, occasionally, he would smile brightly at her. Occasionally, he would bring her breakfast.

When they saw the homeless kitten on the street, he accompanied her to the pet hospital as well.

Even though he was allergic to fur...

Catherine wondered what made her have a crush on Anderson.
Probably his bright smile like the sunshine reached gave her such a deep impression.

In the Clark's Mansion...

Anderson was called over to the study by Bentley.

Chapter 69: Handsome Young Men

With a long face, Bentley said, “I’m not interested in your private life outside. Don’t ever bring in that woman who looks like Isabella Johnson here again.”

Anderson retorted coldly. “It was Catherine Johnson’s fault back then. Why do you have to blame Isabella?”

Bentley’s face became longer. Knocking his walking stick, he said, “I’m aged, but I’m not a fool.

“I have my words. I don’t allow any person who looks like Isabella Johnson to enter the Clark’s Mansion. Otherwise, I’ll cut off the ties with you,” Bentley roared in anger.

Then he couldn’t breathe at all, fainting on the ground.

Anderson had been cold and calm. As soon as he saw Bentley black out, he couldn't care about anything. Immediately, he held his grandfather up and sent him to the hospital.

For a moment, the Clark's Mansion was chaotic.

Catherine didn't know anything about this at all.

Her comics had been changed to update once per week. Comparing with the previous weeks, she had more idle time.

Catherine thought about her current situation carefully. She didn't think she could get her children back shortly. Even if she sue Anderson in court, he had a powerful attorney group in Clark Group. She definitely couldn't win the case.

Moreover, she was in jail before and she couldn't earn as much money as Anderson did, which had become her disadvantage when filing the lawsuit case.

The children would be awarded to Anderson in the end.

Catherine was pretty clear about those facts. Hence, when Anderson took her children away, she had never thought of suing him in court.

Hence, firstly, she needed to raise her income as much as possible. In the future, if she had to file the lawsuit case against Anderson, she would have more advantages.

She checked the balance of her bank account ... there was three million, which was the film and television copyright fee. She didn't use a penny of them.

Catherine decided to look into the investment projects. Although she majored in finance in the university, she hadn't had practical experience in this field in the past few years. Finally, she decided to ask Aurora if she knew any good investment projects.

They made an appointment to meet in Sky Club.

Shaking the goblet, Aurora said, "I don't have many investment projects in hands. I have only a few of them that could bring me profits, but I've

invested a large amount of money. The return on investment period is quite long. If you don't have much money in hand, I don't suggest you follow me in my current investments."

Catherine also knew about it ... the investments that Aurora and others had requested a high amount of money. Since they had invested a lot of money, the return on investment would be higher than other kinds of investments. For those kinds of investments, with her current money in the bank, she couldn't get in at all.

"Honestly, I only have three million in my bank account. Since I was raising my children, I didn't have any savings."

Aurora said casually, "It's alright. No matter how much you invested, if there's any ROI, I'll give you your portion according to your investment. But I can't make the decision. Let's go to talk to Ethan."

"Ethan?" Catherine was confused.

Aurora nodded casually. "Yep. He set up a film company last year and hired a group of handsome young men and young pretty girls. Now they are going to join different contests. If any of them could start a career in the entertainment business, the profit would return pretty fast. This suits you better."

In recent years, investment in such boys' and girls' bands had become quite popular.

Although Catherine hadn't looked into the details, she knew about it.

Aurora pushed Ethan's office door open and mentioned the investment matters to Ethan.

Reading the comic book in his hands, Ethan didn't speak.

Aurora thought that Ethan was unwilling to help. She said impatiently, "Just tell us if you are willing to or not. Don't waste our time."

Ethan gazed at the comic book without even raising his head. "Have a rest first. Wait for me to finish reading. It's almost ending."

Aurora heaved a sigh. She bitched, "I even could guess out the ending for this kind of girls' comics. The male and female characters will hold a wedding. The bridegroom kissed his bride happily. I've already found at least ten of such endings in the comic books on his desk."

Catherine smiled faintly. She also felt that Ethan was a weird man but

he was quite interesting.

After waiting for him for almost twenty minutes, they saw Ethan toss away the comic book. He stood up and looked at them coldly. “Let’s go.”

Catherine and Aurora gaped at him. “Where to go?”

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

“Pick up a handsome young man that you like. Let’s see if he would become popular.”

Catherine and Aurora exchanged a glance with each other. “Does it mean he has agreed?”

Ethan drove them to the dancing room where the trainees were practicing. When they went over, those trainees were in a class.

It was a boys' band.

There were over ten boys.

All of them were good-looking but in different ways. In the middle of them, the boy had a pair of seductive eyes. When he smiled, others would feel sweetness.

However, the boy who attracted Catherine the most was a boy standing at the side. He was young and vivid. He danced with all his strength, burning out his vitality. His sweat dripped along the hemline of his shirt...

Instead of looking sweet, the boy looked cold and calm.

After the dancing music ended, the group of boys saw Ethan, so they came up to greet him. "Hi, Mr. James."

"Hi, Ethan."

Other boys addressed Ethan as Mr. James, but only the cold-looking one called him Ethan.

Ethan nodded in response. Looking over at Catherine, he asked, "Tell me. Who do you like?"

Catherine looked at the group of boys who were younger than twenty and then looked at Ethan in confusion. She wondered if they would feel discouraged if she picked up her favorite in their presence.

As if he had understood what she was worried about, Ethan sneered. "No worries. If they couldn't even bear your comments, they don't need to join the variety show to start their career."

Catherine clicked her tongue. "What a ruthless capitalist!"

"A capitalist needs to make money but not does charity," Ethan didn't care about Catherine's comment towards him at all.

"Well, as a layman, I think they are all good. The boy with the seductive eyes in the middle should be able to attract a lot of fans. However, personally, I like the black-haired boy who was standing on the side. He called you Ethan just now."

"I didn't pay much attention to others, because they couldn't attract me." This comment from Catherine was pretty harsh.

For an idle or a celebrity, nothing would be more horrible than being unable to attract others' attention.

As soon as she finished her words, other boys' expressions changed.

"Have you heard it? You should keep on practicing and work harder. I will only pick up five out of ten of you to the variety shows," said Ethan strictly, "I've provided you with the opportunity. You can't blame me if you are unable to grab it."

After talking to them, Ethan looked at Catherine. "Please go ahead and pick one. Guess who would become popular. I'll give all the ROI from him to you."

Catherine looked at Ethan in surprise. "Are you kidding me?"

Ethan smiled like a gangster. "Just take it as your payment for helping me piss off Anderson Clark."

Catherine shook her head and refused, "No, thanks. Probably we haven't pissed him off at all. Even if we have, that's exactly what I want to do."

She couldn't take it for granted to accept anything from a man. For an idol, Ethan must need to spend a large amount of money on training, packaging, and sending him to the shows.

"I have only three million in hands. If I could make a profit in the future, I'll just take the ROI according to my portion."

Ethan looked at her in appreciation. He shrugged and said, "It's all up to you. Just simply pick one. Let me see if you have any potential."

Catherine looked at the row of boys, hesitating.

The boy with the seductive eyes in the middle would be her best choice for sure because she has a hunch that he would definitely start an entertaining career and become popular.

However, she liked that black-haired boy very much.

When doing an investment, one should consider how to maximize the interests, and the biggest taboo was to do according to his or her own preferences._____

Chapter 70: Boyce James

Catherine creased her brows slightly.

On one hand, it was her personal preference, and on the other hand, it was the marketing preference.

Should she trust her own judgment or her reasonable judgment?

She felt hard to decide.

With a meaningful smile, Ethan looked at Catherine, his eyes full of tenderness that he didn't notice at all.

Aurora, however, cast a meaningful glance at Ethan while standing aside.

"Why? Haven't you decided yet?" Ethan crossed his arms on his chest.

Catherine gritted her teeth and pointed at the black-haired boy. "I'll choose him."

"Catherine," Aurora, who was silent for a while, walked to Catherine and whispered to convince, her, "There is something different between an idol and an actor. I've never seen any popular idol with a cold face in the recent years."

"I know. I'll still choose him." Catherine trusted her judgment. The boy had a charisma that she liked.

Catherine walked to the boy and asked, "What's your name, please?"

"Boyce James."

The boy looked quite calm. Except for the excitement that he failed to suppress in his eyes, he was expressionless.

Upon hearing his surname, Catherine subconsciously looked over at Ethan.

Noticing the question in Catherine's eyes, Ethan explained casually, "He's an orphan I saved. He didn't have a name, so I gave him my surname."

"It's OK. Our cooperation has nothing to do with those boys. I won't skip their payments that they ought to get." As finishing his words, Ethan hinted at the dancing teacher to continue with the training. Then he walked out of the training room.

After signing the contract and settling down everything, it was time for dinner. They went to a private restaurant together.

While eating, Aurora said casually, "Catherine, what on earth happened between you and Isabella Johnson back then?"

Catherine paused her hands while drinking the porridge. "Why do you suddenly mention it?"

"My brother said Anderson seems to look into what has happened back

then.” Aurora looked confused. “But it seems that the investment doesn’t go smoothly.”

Was Anderson looking into the matter?

For a moment, Catherine couldn’t tell how she felt.

She wondered if he had become suspicious about what had happened in the past.

“Catherine?”

Catherine came back to her senses and shook her head. “Honestly, I don’t know what had happened exactly. I even didn’t know Isabella Johnson was dead. When I was cooking, Anderson’s bodyguards pulled me to her graveyard. They accused me of pushing Isabella from a cruise ship. But I never went on a cruise ship at that time.”

When recalling things that happened in the past, she felt like a knife was cutting her heart piece by piece.

It hurt so much...

Looking at Catherine's pale face, Aurora sensed something wrong. Immediately, she said, "Catherine, if you don't want to continue, please stop it. I believe the truth will come out one day."

"I don't know much, either. Frankly, I was put into jail when I was still muddleheaded." Catherine lowered her head and smiled in mockery.

After the sentence was announced, she couldn't accept it even it had been a long time. Besides, she was pregnant and her father jumped to his death from a building. She got the depression.

Aurora heaved a deep sigh, starting to regret that she had brought up such a topic.

After arriving home, Catherine was sitting in front of the laptop dizzily. Then she got a call from Simon.

"The actress for Amanda will be changed for the second season. Do you know it?" Simon went straight to the point. "I heard from the company that the investor has been changed to Mr. Clark. He added fifty million. The only request was to change the actress for Amanda to Johanna Scott."

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Fifty million! How generous he was just for Johanna!

“I’ve already known about it.” Catherine’s tone was calm.

No matter if she accepted it or not, she couldn’t do anything. She could only comfort herself that it had nothing to do with her after the copyright was sold.

Simon’s purpose was to inform her. No matter whether the result would be good or bad, Catherine had the right to know the information. “The director is not changed. If he could teach her well, probably she could succeed as well.”

“I see,” Catherine answered absentmindedly.

After informing Catherine, Simon hung up the phone.

Just the same as Catherine had expected, when the news that the

actress of Amanda had been changed came out, a lot of fans were against it.

Johanna suddenly became well-known.

No matter she was famous because of being criticized or not, Johanna didn't care about it at all. Lying on the chaise longue, she took a bite of the fruit slowly. "Post the photos that I asked them to take a few days ago. Now I don't need to worry about my popularity."

She was so fed of the poverty life. She wished to lead a high-end life relying on Anderson.

However, the other day, Catherine's words had reminded her. She couldn't fully depend on Anderson, so she must become famous while taking this opportunity.

She was the only actress under her agent. Upon hearing her words, the agent hesitated for a few seconds, but still followed her instructions.

After a night, photos of Anderson and Johanna were spread online the next morning.

Johanna was nestling in Anderson's arms. Although the surrounding was dark, everyone could see the features of the people in the photos.

Any news about Anderson would cause a big dispute, let alone it was something to do with his love life.

In the early morning, Arthur was stamping anxiously in front of Anderson's office door.

"What happened?" As soon as Anderson arrived at his office, he saw Arthur in a panic.

"The photos of Miss Johanna and you were posted online." A huge group of female fans of Mr. Clark were crying that they were disappointed in love.

As he said, Arthur showed Anderson the news. "Someone posted it at midnight. When I saw them, the photos were spread online already."

Anderson looked at the photos in the news. They were taken at the door of Ziting Villa.

It was on that day when Johanna complained to him that she had been

bullied by Catherine. Anderson slightly frowned.

Looking at Anderson's frown, Arthur tentatively asked, "Shall we clarify the news online?"

As soon as Arthur finished his question, Johanna pushed Anderson's office door open with a weeping face. When she saw Anderson, her tears kept dropping on the floor. "What's going on with the news online? I'm sorry, Mr. Clark. I shouldn't have gone to your villa that evening..."

"It had raised a mighty uproar online. Would it have any negative impact on you?" Johanna sobbed. With tearful eyes, she looked worried.

"No worries. I'll ask someone to delete those craps." Anderson took the tissue and handed it to Johanna.

Johanna wiped off her tears and her eyes were still reddened. "Mr. Clark, I'm not a famous actress. Usually, there should be no paparazzo interested in me. Could you please check who had uploaded those photos online?"

Anderson nodded in agreement. Even Johanna didn't suggest, he would

ask his man to look into it.

On the other side, Catherine also saw the photos of Anderson's and Johanna's.

The woman's petite body was pouncing at the tall and strong man's arms. The scene looked quite affectionate.

A lot of Anderson's fan girls were crying that they had become lovelorn in the comment area.

Some other people had found that Anderson's entertainment company had become the investor for the second season of Misty. The fact made the netizens believe that Johanna would become Anderson's official date.

They believed that Anderson gave her the role of Amanda because he wanted to make Johanna famous.____

Chapter 71: Reconciled

Now the whole world had known how much Anderson was doting Johanna.

Catherine smiled bitterly. To Anderson, she wasn't even comparable to Isabella's substitute.

While Catherine was quite down, Ethan messaged her, asking her to accompany him to attend a business dinner in the evening.

Ethan had helped her a lot. Now, Catherine treated him as a real friend of hers, so she would definitely help him. However, much to her surprise, she met Owen at the business dinner.

Dressed in an olive-yellow cheongsam, Catherine walked in with Ethan arm-in-arm, looking so elegant and beautiful.

When seeing her, Owen almost stopped breathing. He was so excited that he strode over to Catherine, his eyes slightly reddened.

Catherine also gaped when seeing Owen. Subconsciously, she wanted to withdraw her arm that took Ethan's.

When she put down her hand, Ethan took the chance to grab it.

Catherine returned to her senses ... she came in as Ethan's date. She smiled at Owen and greeted him, "Good evening, Mr. Torres."

Her distant and cold tone caused a sharp pang in Owen's heart.

Ethan came here for business, so Catherine was just a background board for him. After dinner, they went to Sky Club together.

With the karaoke hostesses and others' dates in the box, all of them were enjoying smoking and drinking.

It was noisy and boring, and the box smelt bad. After informing Ethan, Catherine went out of the box and stood in front of the window for the fresh air.

Occasionally, a waiter or a waitress passed by, and they would greet her. Some bold ones even called her Mrs. James.

Catherine always smiled and nodded at them in response. She couldn't explain her relationship with Ethan to them.

Feeling a breeze, Catherine stretched her arms happily.

"Are you truly Ethan James' girlfriend now?"

She heard Owen's hoarse voice behind.

Catherine put away her smile. Putting down her arms, she turned around and looked at Owen. She said ruthlessly, "Yes, I am. So, Mr. Torres, please don't disturb my life anymore."

While she spoke, she was almost suffocated.

In this world, except for Sophia and Lincoln, Owen was her only family.

Although they were not blood-related, they should be more like family than others.

Owen shook his head with a smile. "Catherine, you know what? When you are lying to someone, you always subconsciously grip something tightly. You are always like this since you were a kid."

He gazed at Catherine's wrist gently.

Catherine looked down at her hand that was gripping the bracelet on the other. Subconsciously, she withdrew it.

"That's a beautiful bracelet," Owen praised. Then he heaved a sigh. "I know you don't want to put me into the mire, but what if I insisted on getting involved?"

Catherine stared at Owen in silence.

He knew her very well, and she also knew him well.

Once he had made up his mind, it would be quite difficult for him to change.

Catherine sighed. "Owen, please don't act recklessly. I'm pretty well now. Anderson Clark has Johanna Scott, so he's making less trouble to

me.”

Owen rubbed Catherine’s head dotingly. “I’m not a kid anymore. When have you seen me act recklessly?”

“You acted recklessly when getting involved in my business after giving up your piano,” Catherine mumbled.

Owen smiled more deeply. “If I were the one who was put in jail back then, would you try to save me?”

“Of course, I would,” Catherine answered without any hesitation.

“That’s it.”

They exchanged a smile with each other.

Since they were reconciled, Catherine felt more relaxed. After all, their friendship had last over two decades. She couldn’t just simply forget him.

When Owen suggested sending her home at night, Catherine refused.

She hailed a cab and went back.

Sitting in the car, when she was browsing the news online, she couldn't see any gossip relevant to Anderson and Johanna.

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However, there were a lot of comments under Johanna's posts on the micro-blog. Some netizens praised her, while some insulted her.

Nobody denied the relationship between the two. Moreover, Clark Group was always behind all the shows and programs that Johanna joined.

A lot of people had already taken Johanna as Anderson's girlfriend.

Catherine put down her phone.

On the other hand, Hudson was standing in Anderson's study, looking

annoyed. “All the traces that relevant to Miss Johnson six years ago seemingly have been erased by someone. I’ve just found a clue, but when I looked into it, it was broken.”

Anderson was expressionless. “If someone has done something, there must be a trace. If it couldn’t be found out, that means the things that were found out back then were the truth.”

Hudson wasn’t convinced. Looking at Anderson, he couldn’t retort, though.

“How about the man who injected drugs in Catherine’s body? Hasn’t he confessed who was behind it?”

Hudson shook his head. “No matter what we’ve done to him, he was unwilling to confess. I’ve checked his background ... he’s not married and he has no family left in this world.”

Anderson’s face became cold as if it had been covered with ice.

There was a knock on the door of his study.

“Come in.”

Arthur pushed the door open and walked in. With an annoyed face, he reported, "Mr. Clark, we've found the man who has taken the photographs. He said he was bribed by Miss Scott."

Anderson's face turned colder.

Arthur also hadn't expected that the result would be like this. Worried, he added, "Probably we made a mistake. Shall I ask someone to interrogate the man?"

Anderson suddenly stood up. "I'll interrogate him myself."

In the basement of Ziting Villa...

A young man was quite uneasy and nervous. Seeing Anderson and Arthur come in, he almost burst into tears.

"That woman paid me to take the photos. I don't know anything else."

On the other side, Johanna was watching TV with a smile. Her agent was so anxious that she couldn't help walking back and forth. "Johanna, my goodness, aren't you afraid that the man would rat you out?"

Johanna ate the sunflower seeds and said, "That's what I want."

The agent was confused. "What on earth is going on in your mind?"

Johanna smiled more deeply. She stood up leisurely. "I'm going to get changed. Later I'm going to meet Mr. Clark."

The agent couldn't understand why she could be so confident now.

Looking at her back, the agent shook her head. She had to admire that Johanna was extremely lucky.

No matter what they had done to interrogate the man in the basement, he said it was Johanna who bribed him to do it.

Finally, Arthur couldn't bear it. He suggested, "Shall we ask Miss Scott to come here so they could confront each other?"

After thinking for a moment, Anderson agreed, "Inform her to come over."

“Mr. Clark, it was really she who had asked me to do so.” The young man was kneeling on the ground, quite affirmatively. “If I lied, let the lightning strike me to ashes.”

Johanna came over pretty quickly. Gasping, she followed a servant to the basement. “Hi, Anderson. Did you want to see me?”

Anderson turned around and looked at Johanna, whose eyes were twinkling.

“The man who took the photos was caught,” said Anderson flatly, gazing at Johanna and studying her movement.

Under his gaze, Johanna felt quite stressed.

However, she still pretended to be quite excited. “For real? Please let him get punished!”

She had a truly joyful smile on her face.

Arthur was standing aside, still didn’t believe it was Johanna who had asked the man to shoot the photos.

Anderson said with a cold look, "He confessed that you bribed him to do so. What's your explanation?"

Chapter 72: Setting Her up

Johanna's expression changed. She looked at Anderson in disbelief.

"I didn't." Her fair face was full of stubbornness. "Mr. Clark, please believe me. I didn't."

Meeting Anderson's slightly cold gaze, Johanna was a bit frightened. She forced herself to calm down and kept lying, "I won't admit anything that I've never done. I want to confront him."

Arthur pointed at the man who had collapsed on the floor and said, "That's the man who shot the photos."

Johanna followed Arthur's finger, looking confused. "I've never met this man before."

The man dared not to look at Johanna. Avoiding her eye contact, he said, "It's her. She asked me to shoot the photos."

Johanna blushed in anger. "Look at my eyes. When did I ask you to do it?"

The young man dared not to look at her. "No matter what, it's you who asked me to shoot."

He looked as if he had a guilty conscience.

All the people in the basement sensed something fishy.

Johanna looked as if she was wronged beyond dispute. She looked at Anderson with her innocent eyes full of pleading. "Mr. Clark, I truly didn't ask him to do so."

Anderson cast a glance at Arthur. "Look into his residence and the latest contacts."

“I’ve asked my men to do so.”

The basement was pretty quiet except for Johanna’s sobs.

Anderson was sitting on the chair leisurely, his gaze sweeping at the man on the floor coldly.

The man felt quite stressed.

However, he was still looking at Anderson confidently.

The ringing tone of the cell phone in Arthur’s hands broke the silence.

“Hello, have you found out anything?”

“It was a virtual number that contacted him. There was no financial transaction record online. He has two-hundred thousand cash under his bed. He also posted those photos through a gossip ID that in his name.

“There’s no obvious approval to show who has asked him to shoot the photos, but there’s something suspicious. There a lot of Miss Catherine Johnson’s comics in his residence, all with autographs. There are a lot of her photos on his computer as well.”

When Arthur swiped to answer the call, he set his cell phone to the hand-free mode.

The man’s voice on the other end of the phone was heard clearly in the quiet basement.

The man, who was collapsed on the floor quietly, suddenly became emotional. “It has nothing to do with Miss Johnson. It’s Miss Scott who has bribed me to do so!”

His reaction made others more suspicious.

“It seems that he likes Miss Johnson a lot. He has also sent private messages to Miss Johnson’s micro-blog ID.”

Arthur’s fingers that were holding the phone became stiffened. He asked as a robot, “What kind of private messages?”

The voice on the other end of the line sounded hesitant. “All love confessions. He said a line that he would ruin Miss Scott’s reputation.”

Johanna was so angry. Looking at the man on the floor, she said, “No matter how much you like Catherine, you can’t do it! And you’ve put the blame on me. How shameless you are!”

“What else can you say?” Anderson looked at the man coldly.

The man’s face turned pale. As if he knew that nothing he could do, he said helplessly, “Just do whatever you want to on me. This matter has nothing to do with October. It’s all schemed and done by me.”

Johanna muttered, “But who would hide the two-hundred-thousand cash under his bed?”

In this era when everything could be paid electronically, it rarely could happen.

He must have had not enough time to hide the cash.

Or, the parties involved in this deal were afraid that their financial transactions would be found.

Anderson looked annoyed. “Hudson, call Catherine Johnson over.”

Hudson didn’t expect that things would turn out to be this way, feeling quite shocked.

He said in disbelief, “Is there any misunderstanding?”

Arthur hung up the phone. His lips parted, but he didn’t know what to speak. He could only keep silent.

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“I said to call her over.” Anderson cast a cold glance at Hudson. “Why? Do you want to disobey my order for her?”

He wondered if Catherine had cast any spell on those men.

Even Hudson didn't care who his boss was.

Hudson lowered his head. "I dare not."

After finishing his words, he rushed out of the basement immediately.

On the other side, Catherine had just finished her work. When she was going to cook something simple, she heard a knock on the door of her apartment.

Opening the door, she saw Hudson.

"Why are you here?" Catherine frowned.

Whenever Anderson sent his man here, Catherine instantly had a hunch and wondered what she had done to offend Anderson again.

Hudson looked quite hesitant. "Miss Johnson, do you know that someone has shot the photos of Mr. Clark's and Miss Scott's?"

Catherine nodded. "Yeah. I saw them online."

“Now according to our investigation, the man who shot the photos has something to do with you,” Hudson stated.

Catherine looked at him in disbelief.

So now they just put the blame on her no matter what, didn't they?

Hudson dared not to look into her eyes. “Please come with me. Or, Mr. Clark will send another man to call you over.”

As she knew Anderson's personality well, Catherine nodded in agreement and followed Hudson downstairs. On the way, Hudson told Catherine what happened in detail.

In the Ziting Villa's basement.

As soon as Catherine walked in, Anderson gazed at her coldly. “Your vicious nature hasn't been changed even after you've been in the jail.”

Her vicious nature?

His words were like sharp daggers, which were stabbed mercilessly in

her heart.

Catherine smiled ironically, “Tell me. What is my purpose to take your photos?”

Standing by Anderson, Johanna said with a grievance, “Just now the man said he wanted to ruin my reputation. He also said it was me who has bribed him to shoot the photos. Isn’t his purpose to drive a wedge between Mr. Clark and me?

“Fortunately, Mr. Clark looked into it carefully.”

Anderson smashed the comic books from the man’s residence in front of Catherine. “Now we’ve come this far, you still don’t want to admit it, do you?”

The books were smashed onto her hands, and the sharp pages cut her fingers.

Blood beads oozed immediately.

They looked so obvious on her fair skin.

As if she hadn't seen them, Catherine calmly looked at the furious Anderson. "What can those books prove? It only could prove that he's my reader."

"He could never make more than two-hundred-thousand a year, but now he has suddenly received two-hundred-thousand cash. If you didn't do it, who else would?" Anderson stood up, walked to Catherine, and questioned her in a low voice.

How could he put the blame on her so hastily?

Meeting Anderson's eyes that were full of disgust, Catherine felt her heart was bleeding. "Anderson Clark, when will you finally trust me just a bit?"

Her voice was pretty low and soft as if she was murmuring unconsciously.

Anderson was in a trance for a moment. A touch of discomfort flashed through his mind, and a trace of pity flashed through his eyes.

"Catherine, this man seems to like you a lot. He has also sent you private messages to confess his love to you. Are you sure you don't know him?" Johanna asked, secretly she winked at the man on the

floor.

The pity in Anderson's eyes immediately vanished.

The man, who had been collapsing on the floor, suddenly crawled to Catherine's feet. Reaching out, he held her legs. "Miss Johnson, this is all caused by me. I've told them that it has nothing to do with you."

It happened so suddenly that Catherine, who was confronting Anderson, hadn't come back to her senses at all.

Suddenly her legs were held by a stranger, she anxiously wanted to shake him off.____

Chapter 73: Completely Lost Her

He held her with an adult male's strength.

No matter how much she struggled, she failed to shake him off.

When she was taken here in a hurry, she was only in a white long dress. Almost all her exposed legs were touched by a strange man.

Catherine was so sickened.

“October, they all bullied you. I wanted to ruin their reputations. It has nothing to do with you. I just wanted to ruin their reputations.”

He was like a lunatic. For a moment, Catherine didn’t know if he indeed had done it for her or deliberately slandered her.

Anderson stared daggers at the man who was touching her legs, kicking him away violently.

Although he was kicked away, the man still looked at Catherine crazily like a sear. “I didn’t tell them anything. It’s all done by me. It has nothing to do with you.”

The more he explained in this way, the more he seemed to exculpate for Catherine.

The sickening feeling on her legs had finally vanished. Catherine breathed a deep sigh of relief. With a pale face, she looked at Anderson. "Just call the police. I won't admit anything that I haven't done."

Then she chuckled. "Anderson Clark, you know what?"

Anderson subconsciously answered, "What?"

"I don't give a fuck whom you are with." Catherine's voice sounded so weak because she was freaked out just now.

Anderson could barely hear her words clearly.

His body was stiffened.

Looking at her cold eyes, for the first time, he realized that she truly didn't care anymore.

When he said he would give the role of Amanda to Johanna, she didn't make a fuss to him.

He deliberately acted ambiguously with Sienna.

She didn't care about it either.

Even if she had sensed that he was with Johanna, he couldn't see any jealousy in her eyes, which were like the calm lake.

He wondered if she truly wouldn't care any longer.

The answer surged in his heart scared Anderson a bit.

"I just want to lead a peaceful life and have my children. As for you, Anderson Clark, you'd better not show up in my life at all," Catherine whispered, holding her arms.

"In other words, no matter Johanna Scott is famous or utterly discredited, I don't give a shit."

Upon hearing Catherine's words, Johanna clenched her fists. She had planned to set Catherine up. If Anderson could give Catherine a blow, it

would be the best; if not, Catherine would leave a negative impression in his heart.

Before just now, everything went smoothly.

However, Catherine only said a few words to turn the tables.

Johanna walked to Anderson. "Anderson, just forget it. Probably this man has told the truth ... he likes Catherine too much so he has taken such reckless actions. I believe it has nothing to do with Catherine."

Catherine was standing next to them, arms folded. Watching Johanna try to convince Anderson, faintly she thought that she had seen Isabelle in the past.

They both were hypocritical bitches.

Anderson took a look at Johanna. Seeing her worry, he couldn't help thinking that her face looked so much like Isabella's.

He patted her on her back gently. "It's getting late. Go home and have a rest."

Johanna didn't expect that Anderson would ask her to go home. She looked at Catherine who was standing next to him, the smile on her face frozen.

However, she was always obedient and gentle in Anderson's presence and she had to keep the image.

Suppressing the unhappiness in her heart, Johanna agreed, "Okay. Please go to bed early, too. Anyway, it hasn't cause anything serious. I don't care about the slanders online. I believe the netizens would see my capabilities one day."

Upon hearing her cheeky statement, Catherine wanted to burst into laughter.

After Johanna was gone, Anderson cast a glance at the man who collapsed on the ground and said to Hudson, "Do whatever you ought to. Don't let go of him so easily."

Then his cold gaze fell on Catherine. "Come with me."

Catherine stood motionlessly.

“Why? You want me to carry you, don’t you?” Anderson’s tone was cold and sarcastic. “ I won’t get even with you about this matter. Don’t ever do such a thing again in the future.”

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He still didn’t trust her.

And he even looked quite generous...

Catherine lowered her head and smiled with self-mockery.

She almost shed her tears of grievance, but she suppressed them back.

Seeing that she still didn’t move, Anderson bent over and lifted her. Carrying her, he strode out of the basement.

Hudson and Arthur exchanged a glance with each other.

Seeing that Anderson had gone far, Arthur asked in confusion, “Who on earth does Mr. Clark like? I’ve been following him these days, but I’m so confused. He looks that he dotes Miss Scott a lot, but his attitude to Miss Scott was like a friend.

“He hates Miss Johnson to the core, but he carried her in his arms when leaving just now.”

Hudson shook his head. He didn’t get it, either.

...

When Anderson lifted her, Catherine wanted to get off.

But the man completely ignored her.

When Anderson was carrying her towards his bedroom, Catherine saw the flames in his eyes.

She used to be his wife for two years. How couldn’t she understand what he wanted to do?

She tightened her body.

The woman in his arms emanated a deadly fragrance. Without her beside him, Anderson hadn't had sex for a long time. Now, even he was just holding her, he couldn't suppress his desire at all...

Catherine smelt the man's scent.

Thinking of what he had done to her, Catherine suppressed the disgust and tried to push him away forcibly. "Put me down. If you want to do it, just call Sienna White or Johanna Scott over. Don't sicken me!"

She was panicked and couldn't speak properly.

Anderson hated her the most when she said he had sickened her.

With a gloomy face, he said, "I want to fuck you. It's your honor."

Every single word he spoke brought her a sharp pang. He was disparaging her.

Catherine smiled in silence. Her lips parted and her voice was so low that Anderson thought he had misheard.

She said, "Anderson Clark, just do whatever you want."

After that, she stopped struggling.

She looked blankly as if she had become completely lifeless.

Anderson suddenly had a feeling that he couldn't grab her and would lose her pretty soon, which made him uneasy and panicked...

Suddenly, he recalled what Antonio had said the other day. He had always seen Catherine as something belonging to him. He always believed that she wouldn't leave him. However, she was an adult with an independent personality besides she was the mother of their two children.

Anderson couldn't help but holding the woman more tightly. As if he was afraid that she would vanish, he wished that he would melt her into his flesh and bones.

He didn't stop until midnight.

He carried her to shower. After the shower, as if he was afraid that she would leave without informing him, Anderson held her tightly in his arms, locking her up with his all fours.

Staring at the woman in his arms with his ink-black eyes, for an unknown reason, he kissed her on her pink and tender lips.

His kiss was a peck without any sexual desire.

Anderson said gently, "Let's sleep."

Catherine closed her eyes obediently as if she were a robot that received the order.

Looking at her peaceful face, Anderson felt as if his empty heart had been fulfilled with something suddenly.

With a smile on his lips, he closed his eyes to go to sleep.

Gradually, his breath became steady. Catherine, who kept her eyes closed all the time, suddenly opened her eyes, looking over at the man lying next to her. _____

Chapter 74: I Hate Him!

Under the dimmed light on the nightstand, she stared at the man next to her coldly.

She used to imagine such a scene countless times.

But her imagination had never come true. He always went to her and left in a hurry.

Right now, he was lying next to her with his arms around her. Their gestures made them look like a common couple.

However, there was a magnificent gap that couldn't be overcome between them already.

Her parents had passed away, which was what Anderson owed her.

At the thought of the running blood of her father and the despairing

letters from her mother, she had hatred for the man lying beside her and wished that she could strangle him to death right now.

But, she couldn't.

She still had two children to take care of.

In the silent night, Catherine was tortured by pain and guilt. Tears ran along her face, sinking into the pillows. Nobody but she herself knew it.

In the early morning, the sky slowly brightened.

Anderson opened his eyes all of a sudden. Subconsciously, he looked at his side. Seeing that the woman with a pale and peaceful face was still sleeping, he breathed a deep sigh of relief. Raising his hand, he wiped off the sweat on his forehead.

Last night, he didn't sleep quite soundly. In his dreams, Catherine hysterically oared at him, asking him to get out. Like a lunatic, she wanted to leave him. She repeated that he would regret it. Finally, she decisively rushed into the busy traffic. Subconsciously, he reached out to grab her, but he was too late...

As soon as she felt the movements next to her, Catherine immediately opened her eyes.

When seeing Anderson's face, she dodged backward.

Seeing her dodge, Anderson had a cold look on his face. "You were not like this when you pestered me to sleep with you before."

Wrapping the quilt tightly, Catherine said in an aloof tone, "As you said, it was before."

Anderson looked more annoyed. Recalling the dream he had last night, he tried his best to suppress the rage in his heart. "Get up and tidy yourself up. Let's go to the hospital."

"What's wrong?" Catherine was wondering if Sophia and Lincoln were sick.

“Grandpa is in hospital. He said he wants to see you.”

Catherine didn't want to get involved with anyone with the Clark family. However, when she was still married to Anderson, Bentley was the one from the Clark family who treated her the best.

Now he was in the hospital, she was the junior, so she should visit him.

After breakfast, Catherine followed Anderson to the hospital.

She had just met him at the birthday banquet of the children's. It had only been a few days, but Bentley looked so aged.

“Grandpa, how are you feeling today?” Anderson walked to him and asked in a low voice.

Bentley didn't look happy when seeing him. “Go out. I want to talk with Catherine alone.”

Anderson didn't expect that Bentley wanted to send him out. He frowned. “What do you want to talk to her?”

“None of your business. Go out,” Bentley answered with a cold look.

Before Anderson go out of the ward, he cast a warning glance at Catherine when passing her by.

Catherine looked confused. “Mr. Clark, what can I do for you?”

Bentley didn’t speak for a moment. Looking at her deeply with his aged eyes, he heaved a sigh after a long while. “Don’t you even want to call me Grandpa after divorcing Andy?”

Catherine kept silent.

Bentley didn’t force her. He sighed again and said, “Our Clark family has wronged you.”

Upon hearing it, Catherine couldn’t help but redden her eyes. She loved Anderson truly and loyally, but she ended up in this way. Nobody had apologized to her.

She could barely hold back her tears. With a sob, she said, “Even with your words, I would never forgive him.”

Bentley nodded. "I'm too old. I can't get involved in your juniors' businesses. But, I want you to be considerate of your children. In your current relationship with Andy, your children wouldn't be happy.

"As their mother, I don't think you want them to have such childhood."

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Clenching her fists, Catherine couldn't speak.

"Catherine, with your current financial status and health, you can't take good care of two children. As for Anderson, I'll ask him to get married as soon as possible and find the children a responsible stepmother.

"The children are still young. After living in a complete family for a few years, they would forget all the unhappy memories. Catherine, for the children's sake, please don't bother them any longer."

How ruthless his words were!

Lincoln had been suffering Hypermnesia, so he wouldn't forget about her. Even if he didn't have such a disease, would it be the best choice to let her children forget her ... their mother?

Of course, she didn't want her children to have such a childhood, but was it all her fault?

What right did those people have to blame her and sacrifice her?

Suppressing all her pain in the heart, Catherine refused affirmatively, "I'm sorry but I can't agree.

"My children are happy with me. Mr. Clark, it is your Clark family who has disturbed our lives." Catherine's tone was not friendly. "According to your logic, I'll get married and find a good step-father for my children. For my children's happy childhood, please don't ever disturb our lives."

Catherine retorted him with what he had just said to her.

Then she turned around and walked out of the ward.

Seeing her come out, Anderson looked at her subconsciously.

Noticing her cold look, he frowned and asked, "What happened?"

Catherine ignored him. She directly bypassed him and strode away.

All the people from the Clark family were superior. Sitting in the car back home, Catherine realized that she might not be able to get rid of the Clark family all her life. She couldn't get rid of the shameless Anderson Clark, who was like her worse nightmare.

She was living in this world as living in a nightmare that she could never wake up from.

That was her life.

She could never struggle to free...

"Miss, we've arrived at the destination."

Catherine was brought back to reality by the driver. After paying the fare, she got off and went back home.

As soon as she reached her door, she saw Owen standing there.

“Owen? Why are you here?” Catherine’s voice was quite weak. Reaching out, she opened the door.

Owen followed her. Seeing the ambiguous marks on her neck, his gentle eyes became cold gradually. Touching her neck with his fingers, he asked, “Who has done it? Ethan James?”

Catherine realized what Owen was referring to. Taking half a step back, she covered the marks. “No, it’s not him.”

Owen took a step forward. “Not Ethan James. Then, Anderson Clark?”

“Owen, I’m a grownup now. I’m all right. Please don’t mind my business.” Catherine’s low voice was full of pleading.

Owen felt a pang in his heart. Holding her in his arms, he comforted her in a gentle tone, “Okay. I won’t ask you. It’s alright. I’ll always be with you.”

The tears that she had been holding back since yesterday until now

completely collapsed as soon as she heard his words.

She wept in Owen's arms, choking between sobs.

"Owen, I hate him! I hate him!" she let out painful cries.

"Sometimes... Last night, I thought it would be so good if I could kill him and end all these things. But I couldn't. I still have Sophia and Lincoln.

"What should I do?"

She could only show her weakness and helplessness in front of Owen.

Owen patted her gently on her back. "Everything will be all right."

"No, it won't. He has pestered me," Catherine said in despair. ____

Chapter 75: Annual Party

Catherine became exhausted while weeping. She lay prone on the table.

Owen poured her a glass of warm water and handed her some pills.

“Take your medicine and have a rest. You push yourself too hard,” Owen said with a sigh, “I’m always there for you, Catherine.”

Catherine nodded. After taking the pills, she gradually calmed down.

Raising her head, she looked at Owen. “Owen, what can I do for you today?”

“Nothing actually. I’ve moved to your next door,” said Owen casually.

Catherine frowned. “You should know Anderson Clark more or less. I can’t change your mind, but please be warier of him.”

It wouldn’t make any sense if she still insisted on driving Owen away.

He was a stubborn man, and he wouldn't be willing to leave her.

Owen answered, "I know what I'm doing."

Catherine nodded. Dragging her tiring body, she stood up. "I need to take a nap."

Last night, she had been tortured for almost a whole night. When she slept, she couldn't relax at all. Now under the effect of her medicine, she felt so sleepy that she could hardly keep her eyes open.

"Go ahead."

They were too familiar with each other, so neither of them needed to be too polite.

Catherine went back to her bedroom. Looking at her children's photo on the nightstand, she smiled faintly.

On the other said, Johanna, who was in the middle of recording a program, was called out by her agent.

“What’s the matter?” Johanna asked in a bad tone.

“Colton Miller has been locked up. It was Mr. Clark’s bodyguard who personally sent him to the detention house. I also followed them there. Colton was quite seriously injured, and his leg was broken,” said the agent in a low voice.

Johanna didn’t care about it at all. “I see. Just warn him again to keep his mouth shut.”

The agent nodded. Looking hesitant, she said, “Probably he would be in jail for six months or a year. He asked me to give him more money. He said two hundred thousand isn’t enough for him to cure his leg. He asked for another three hundred thousand. Otherwise, he threatened that he would tell the truth to Mr. Clark.”

Johanna looked annoyed. “Give him another three hundred thousand and ask him to shush then.”

After the agent left, Johanna recalled that Catherine was still in Ziting Villa while she was driven home last night. She wondered if Mr. Clark had punished Catherine already.

After Catherine woke up again, it was already noon.

She was about to wash her face and go back to her work. As soon as she opened the bedroom door, she smelt the strong smell of the chicken broth.

She walked to the kitchen.

Leaning against the door, she saw Owen cooking with a pink apron on. She curled up her lips into a smile. "Don't you need to work today?"

Owen put the food into the dishes. "Were you woken up by the dishes? I don't need to work today. Tidy yourself up for lunch. It's almost done."

Catherine nodded.

After she had tidied up herself, Owen had finished cooking and served the dishes.

Catherine looked at the four dishes with one soup on the table. "I haven't eaten the food you cooked for a long time. I'm almost drooling."

Owen poked her on the forehead. "I didn't find anything in your fridge but the chopsticks from the takeout. Have you been eating take-outs in recent days?"

"Just occasionally," Catherine lied.

Owen didn't believe her at all, but he didn't expose her lie. "Let's eat. I'll be staying next door from now on. Welcome to eat in my apartment."

He knew what she was worried about. Deliberately, he distanced himself from her so that she wouldn't be so oversensitive.

Catherine didn't realize Owen's intention. She was enjoying the dishes cooked by Owen in person.

"I like this sweet and sour pork!

"The chicken broth is so delicious. You are truly good at cooking."

To Owen, Catherine was quite generous to praise him.

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Seeing that she enjoyed lunch so much, Owen curled up his lips into a smile. “Eat me. You are so bony!”

“You are talking like my mother,” Catherine said with a smile. After speaking, she was taken aback for a moment.

“Try this vegetarian three delicacies. Don’t just eat meat,” Owen changed the subject.

Neither of them mentioned what happened just now. After lunch, Owen went back to his company, and Catherine went back to her study, drawing.

In the desperate life like a nightmare, she could only find a sense of security while working. When she drew a word brush by brush, each character created was alive in her heart.

She browsed the comment area. A few lovely readers were discussing

the plots. Some of them praised that it was quite attractive. Occasionally, someone said the way of narration looked like October's.

This world was a lamp of hope in her heart.

It made her see the hope of life...

There were still beautiful things in this world. How could she think about dying when her depression broke out?

Catherine smiled bitterly.

-

Her new comics were quite popular. She hadn't finished one-third of the plot outline, the editor, Doreen, contacted her for publishing the first comic book.

"I've been following the data flow of your comics. It's pretty good. I believe the book would also be a bestseller."

Catherine was overjoyed. "Thanks. I hope so, too."

“One more thing. It’s almost New year, and we’ve decided on the annual party. It’s on December 20th. Please join our party. The venue is Sky Club.” It was their boss’ own territory.

This year would pass soon, wouldn’t it?

Catherine looked out of the window subconsciously. All the trees had no leaves already, only the branches swaying in the cold wind.

“Remember to join the party. Everything is on the company. After New Year, we’ll also have an overseas trip,” Doreen said.

Catherine agreed. In the past, she was afraid that Anderson would discover what she was doing, she had never joined any company annual party although she had been drawing the comics for several years.

She knew a few people in the circle.

But she had never met them in person.

Because of Anderson, she had shut herself up. All through these years, besides the friends she used to know before and Ethan, she hadn’t

made any new friends at all.

The performance of Misty's first season was pretty good. For a moment, the team also became famous and rich. After attending a meeting in the company, Simon called Catherine directly.

"I've just finished the celebrating meeting with coworkers. Let's have dinner together. Some managers in the company also want to meet you and discuss the cooperation next time."

Simon's tone was full of happiness.

Catherine had planned to refuse. This script was almost stopped because of her, and even the company went bankrupt, but neither Simon nor the management of this company blamed her at all.

She was quite appreciated to this company.

Catherine asked about the venue and time. She checked the watch ... there were still a few hours before the appointed time with Simon, so she got back to work again.

When it was almost the appointed time, Catherine put on a formal silk

cheongsam, a coat, and a scarf. Then she left home.

As soon as she walked out of the door, she felt the freezing wind. Immediately, she hailed a cab and told the driver about the destination. When she arrived, there were a lot of people in the private box already.

“Sorry, I’m a bit late.”

“No. You’ve just arrived on time. We arrived here earlier than planned,” Simon answered with a smile.

“Are you October? You looked more beautiful than you were in the video online.”

Catherine said with a smile. “Thank you.”

“Come on. Take a seat, please. Thanks for your original comic book. Otherwise, Misty wouldn’t be so popular.”

“That’s because everyone is hardworking. I truly didn’t do much.” Catherine meant it. A lot of original books would be ruined every year, but the program based on her book was a success. She was quite delighted.

However, the second season's sponsor had become Anderson and the actress was changed to Johanna. She still felt quite worried.____

Chapter 76: Too Cheap

“We called you over for celebrating the success of Misty, and also, I want to ask if you are working on any new book recently. You know, the second season of Misty has been started. The sponsor has been changed to Mr. Clark and the actress has been changed as well. To be honest, I've watched the movies played by that actress. I'm afraid the second season is doomed.”

The company owner looked quite down. “Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Elijah Shawn.”

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Shawn. I'm Catherine Johnson.”

Elijah said with a smile, “Frankly, I liked your comics so much after reading them, so I bought the copyright. I've aimed to make it a success, but I can't make the decision because of the sponsor.”

“It’s my big pleasure already, Mr. Shawn.” Catherine understood that a small company owner was unable to be against Anderson’s power. “As for the second season, let nature take its course. Don’t be so worried. We’re celebrating for the first season today, aren’t we?”

“October, you are so straightforward and optimistic. I’m just bothered by nonsense. Please allow me to take a shot as punishment.”

When it was almost eight or nine in the evening, the dinner ended. The group wanted to have some fun.

“Why don’t we go to Sky Club?” suggested Simon.

“That’s a good idea. Miss Johnson, what do you say?”

Catherine nodded in agreement. “Of course.”

At least, she knew a lot of people in Sky Club, so she didn’t need to worry about encountering such an incident that was caused by Mr. Jonathan last time.

When men arrived in such a place, they immediately called a few karaoke hostesses over. Being very considerate, Elijah asked Catherine, "Shall I call over a few young men for you? From the online news last time, I can see you have good taste."

Catherine didn't understand what Elijah was referring to for a moment. Startled for a while, she realized that he was referring to the boys called by Aurora when Aurora took her to Sky Club for the first time.

With an awkward smile, she refused, "No, thank you."

Elijah was quite enthusiastic. "For real? You can take a look if they have any newcomers." Then he spoke to the waiter who was standing aside, "Call all the handsome boys here over for Miss Johnson."

The waiter immediately rushed out to call over the hosts.

He felt that the woman in the private box looked quite familiar, but for a moment, he couldn't recall who she was.

Then he took a group of young men into the box.

Elijah was quite friendly. Although Catherine kept refusing, he insisted on keeping to boys to stay.

He thought that Catherine was afraid to have scandals again. He said straightforwardly, "Miss Johnson, please don't worry. Nobody dares to shoot your photos here."

Catherine tried hard to force a wry smile. "Thank you."

The waiter walked out of the private box. He asked a boy next to him, "Don't you think the woman just now looks quite familiar?"

The boy nodded. "She called me to her box when she came here for the first time. Then it became a scandal. Later she has become our boss' girlfriend."

"What?" The waiter gaped. Recalling Catherine's face again, he slapped himself on his head. "Fuck! I'm doomed! She's the girlfriend of our boss!"

Ignoring the boy, the waiter started looking for Ethan in the whole Sky Club.

Finally, he found Ethan in a private box. The music was deafening in the box. The waiter spoke in Ethan's ear.

"What? I can't hear you. Louder!"

The waiter repeated several times, but Ethan didn't get it.

He could only shout, "Miss Johnson called two boys over in Box 708!"

In an instant, the whole private box fell into the silence.

Someone turned off the music.

However, Ethan wasn't the man who reacted the first. Instead, a man who was sitting in the corner rushed over.

"Which box?" Anderson stared at the waiter coldly.

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Under his gaze, the waiter answered subconsciously, “708.”

Anderson strode away. Seeing that Anderson left, Sienna immediately followed him. She couldn't give Catherine any chance.

As for Johanna, no matter how much Anderson doted her, Sienna didn't care about her at all because of her family background.

Ethan was anxious just now. Seeing that Anderson left, he wasn't worried.

“Enjoy yourselves. I'll go there to take a look.”

“Hold on, Ethan. I'll go with you as well.” Jasper was drunk. When hearing Catherine's name, he sobered up. Pushing his date away, he staggered to follow Ethan.

No one in the private box could continue having fun.

They all followed them out.

When the door of the Box 708 was kicked open, the two boys called over by Elijah were peeling fruits for Catherine, who asked them to do so.

One of them put an orange segment to her lips.

Catherine was about to refuse, and the door was kicked open.

Anderson gazed at the boy's hand, staring daggers at it.

For some reason, the boy was scared. The orange dropped on Catherine's dress.

"Hi, Mr. Clark. Why are you here?" When Elijah saw Anderson, his face turned pale. He forced a smile. "Mr. Clark, are you joining us? Please have a seat. I'll order good wines."

Sienna walked to Catherine with a smile. “Miss Johnson, you do know how to have fun. How cheap you are! You’re still pestering Anderson after divorcing him. Then you hooked up with Mr. James and Mr. Torres. When they were not with you, you even ordered gigolos!

“Catherine Johnson, you are so dirty!”

Finally, she had a chance to stomp on Catherine, Sienna was so complacent. “Anderson, this woman is so cheap!”

Sienna suddenly slapped Catherine across her face.

Since Catherine was looking at Anderson at the door, she didn’t expect that Sienna would hit her. She couldn’t dodge the slap and then felt blood in her mouth.

Seeing Sienna slap her, Anderson took a step forward.

Catherine stood up, staring at Sienna coldly. Blood flew out of her mouth corner.

Sienna was a bit frightened, but she didn’t want to let go of the chance that she could humiliate Catherine, especially in public.

“I’m avenging myself!” As she spoke, she raised her hand and slap on Catherine again.

“Sienna White!” Anderson snapped.

Prepared, Catherine suddenly grabbed Sienna’s hand. She raised the other hand and slapped Sienna across her face. “You arrogant bitch! I did order gigolos. It’s none of your fucking business! You want to avenge yourself. Try me!”

She was wearing a black slim-cut cheongsam, her seaweed-like longhair loosening behind her. With the bangs, she didn’t look aggressive at all, but all the people around her felt the cold.

In the onlookers, Jasper said, “What a spicy woman! I like this kind of woman so much. If she could have a crush on me, I don’t care how many gigolos or lovers she has!”

Sienna was scared. Catherine was quite different from other women.

Since she was freaked out, she asked Anderson for help. “Anderson, help me!”

Anderson walked to them, staring at Catherine coldly. “Let go of her.”

With slightly reddened eyes, Catherine looked at him. After a while, she laughed. When she was laughing, more blood ran out of her mouth.

“What if I don’t? Anderson Clark, what will you do to me?” _____

Chapter 77: I Seem to Have Fallen in Love with You

Her hair was in a mess and her mouth corner was bleeding. She was supposed to look quite miserable. However, standing there, she laughed, looking so enchanting. At the same time, others couldn’t help feeling sorry for her.

Anderson felt a bit of discomfort. “Catherine Johnson, I don’t think you want it the hard way. Let go of her.”

“Beg me.” Catherine stared daggers at Sienna.

Sienna wanted to humiliate her, didn’t she? She would let them know that not anyone could humiliate her.

“You are a woman who used to be a jailbird. What right do you have to make me, the daughter of the White family, beg you?” Sienna said, unwilling to submit.

Catherine didn't speak, spinning her hand gripping on Sienna's wrist with strength.

“Ouch...”

Sienna let out a cry in pain, echoing in the private box.

“She's so ruthless. She has such a messy private life. How could she be so arrogant...” someone in the crowd said.

“Anderson!” Sienna felt such a pain that tears dropped along with her eyes.

Anderson was irritated. Gripping Catherine's wrist, he said in a deep

voice, "Let go."

Catherine didn't speak, looking at Anderson coldly. He didn't treasure her at all. A sharp pain raised from her wrist that used to be injured before.

"Want your wrist to break?" The man's voice was expressionless.

"I don't give a fuck."

Sweat oozed on her forehead in pain.

However, this super gorgeous woman still remained smiling. Seeing her smile, the onlookers all felt sorry for her.

"Andy, forget it. Just two gigolos. They haven't done anything out of boundary." Jasper couldn't bear to see the beauty suffer.

Gazing at the two gigolos, Anderson increased the strength of his grip with an icily cold look.

Catherine couldn't stand any longer. She gradually loosened her grip on

Sienna's wrist.

Sienna took the chance to struggle free from Catherine. Looking at Catherine's proud face, Sienna was driven by her hatred and suddenly kicked on Catherine's lower abdomen.

The sharp heel of her stiletto stamped on her.

In an instant, Catherine fell on the floor. Subconsciously, she protected the bracelet on her wrist.

For a moment, Catherine, lying on the floor, felt that she almost fell apart. Her shoulder, wrist, and lower abdomen hurt so much...

"Sienna White!" Anderson growled in anger.

"Anderson, don't pity this woman! Look at her. She has hooked up with so many men. She's so dirty!"

Catherine only smiled.

Ethan couldn't bear it any longer. He walked out of the crowd, bent over, and helped Catherine up.

The pains weakened her. Leaning against Ethan, she looked at Anderson with a smile. "Anderson Clark, are you happy now?"

Anderson's lips parted. He couldn't utter any word.

Catherine whispered to Ethan, "Let's go."

She couldn't walk alone.

Ethan bent over and carried her in his arms. His eyes were full of ruthlessness. "Mr. Clark, you should remember Catherine is my girlfriend."

Seeing Catherine nestling in Ethan's arms with a pale face, Anderson couldn't help clenching his fists. "Do you deserve it?"

"Anderson Clark, it's not up to you." Ethan didn't fear him at all.

“Ethan, let’s leave here,” said Catherine in a low voice.

Anderson frowned. “Catherine Johnson!”

Catherine turned to look at Anderson with her pale face, and then she smiled.

Her smile wasn’t as ironic as usual.

It looked like the smile that he saw six years ago.

Anderson was in a trance for an instant.

“Catherine...”

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“Anderson Clark, just let go,” she said gently.

She pressed her head in Ethan's arms.

She asked him to let go, hoping they could stop hurting each other.

The woman in his arms was smiling so indifferently just now, but Ethan felt that his shirt was wet.

The box quieted down.

Except for Simon, all people who came over with Elijah were panicked. They looked that Mr. Clark, the man who they usually would worship. Now, he was staring at the door of the private box as if his soul had disappeared.

He also raised his hand, trying to urge someone to stay.

Suddenly, Anderson covered his chest. In an instant, a corner in his heart was festering and corrupted, causing unbearable pain.

Joshua walked up to him and patted Anderson on his shoulder. "Let's go."

He took a glance at Elijah and his employees. "Sorry for interrupting you guys. Have fun. Your bill is on me tonight."

Elijah returned to his senses. Immediately, he said, "No, thanks. But I need to explain what has happened to Mr. Clark."

Anderson gazed at Elijah blankly.

Elijah continued gingerly, "Before coming here, I didn't know Miss Johnson's relationship with you, Mr. Clark. I insisted on letting the two boys stay. I've bought the copyright of Miss Johnson's book, so I guess she might be afraid to refuse me. She could only let them stay. But, she only asked them to peel fruits for her. They didn't do anything else..."

Upon hearing his words, Anderson felt as if all his strength went dried.

He was in the noisy Sky Club, but he felt so lonely.

Just now, he was so close to Catherine, but he felt that he could never catch her again.

Ethan sent Catherine to his room. Looking at the woman whose eyes

were reddened, although he knew that her reputation was quite bad, he felt sorry for her.

The most ridiculous was that he knew this woman still loved Anderson.

Pressing a bag of tissue in her hands. "Is it worth crying?"

Catherine wiped off her tears and answered it was not.

However, for some reason, she couldn't help shedding tears.

"Shall I take you to the hospital?" Ethan asked casually.

Catherine shook her head. "Do you have a first-aid kit? I can deal with the wounds myself."

Ethan called someone for a first-aid kit as well as the ice pack. Looking at the red and swollen waist because of Anderson's pinch, he said, "Put the ice on."

"Okay. Could you go out please?" Sienna stamped on her lower abdomen. If she still had the cheongsam on, the wound couldn't be

dealt with.

Ethan shrugged. “My casual clothes are in the cloakroom. You can deal with the wound on your belly. I’ll deal with the wound on your shoulder later.”

Catherine was about to refuse, but Ethan strode out.

After Ethan left, Catherine looked at herself ... the silk cheongsam was broken by Sienna’s stamp. It was totally damaged.

There was a big bruise on her lower abdomen, blood oozing little by little.

She looked quite embarrassed.

She found a big T-shirt and a pair of shorts from Ethan’s cloakroom.

She washed her face and wiped off the blood on her mouth.

In the reflection, she could see herself quite skinny. Her eyes looked before her time. Whenever seeing herself in this way, she couldn’t help

wondering why such a proud woman like her could end up in this way one day.

Love hurt her physically and mentally.

From now on, she wouldn't love anymore.

While Catherine was dealing with her wound, Ethan was smoking, leaning against the wall. When the bedroom was opened, with the big T-shirt and shorts on her, the woman without any makeup didn't have any arrogant and dazzling beauty as usual. She looked more pure and innocent.

"What's wrong? Is there anything on my face?" Catherine was confused.

"Catherine." Ethan approached her. Raising a bit of her hair, he said, "I find that I seem to have fallen in love with you."

Catherine took a half step back, gaping at Ethan.

Seeing her reaction, Ethan curled up his lips into a fierce smile. He bent over and looked into her eyes. "Shall we make it

real?" _____

Chapter 78: To the End

Catherine pushed away Ethan's arm. She said flatly, "I see."

Ethan was so confused by her attitude. "What are you doing? I'm fucking confession my love to you! Can't you be more excited?"

"I believe there's love in this world, but I don't believe it would happen to me." Catherine walked into the bedroom and put on her coat. When she raised her hand, her warmth was stretched. Her expression changed in pain.

"I won't love anyone in my life. I can't make it real with you either."

However, Ethan didn't lose faith after hearing it. He had become more interested and followed Catherine.

"What a coincidence. I don't believe in love either. We are a perfect

match.”

Two people who didn’t believe in love would fall in love.

Catherine looked at Ethan as if she was looking at an alien.

In the end, she still didn’t agree.

“Don’t you need me to deal with the wound on your shoulder?”

“No, thank you. It’s not a big deal.” It would be a good thing since it hurt, which could make her remember what Anderson had done.

It would make her no longer have any fluke in her heart.

Catherine tossed the cheongsam into the garbage can. Then she left Sky Club.

After she was gone, Ethan was in a daze while standing in his bedroom

for a while. When the cleaner came in to clean the room and was about to toss the cheongsam again, Ethan suddenly recalled Catherine's enchanting figure.

"Keep it. Clean dry the cheongsam and send it to me."

Since that day, Catherine's life gradually became regular ... she jogged after getting up in the morning, made time to visit Sophia and Lincoln once a week, and cooked for herself every day. Occasionally, she would eat in Owen's apartment.

"What happened to you recently?" Owen didn't know what had happened in Sky Club.

"Nothing. Why?" Catherine took a sip of the rib soup, closing her eyes in satisfaction.

Owen frowned. "Did Anderson Clark bully you again?"

“Nope. I’ve just thought it through. In the previous weeks, my status was not right. From now on, I wouldn’t hide from him. I have my life left only. If he’s capable enough, he should kill me. If not, I’ll be against him to the end.”

She still had her dignity and pride.

“By the way, I invested in an idol in Ethan’s company. He’s going to a contest recently. I’ll need to pay more attention.”

Owen was quite confused. He looked at Catherine several times. Seeing that she was pretty well and she had become interested in other things, he guessed that things were becoming better and better. Owen finally relieved a bit.

-

It’s almost New Year. All the big companies were quite busy.

Anderson’s schedule was full. He flew everywhere constantly.

He also deliberately made himself busy. As long as his hands were full, he wouldn’t have time to think what Catherine meant by asking him to

let go.

Arthur also sensed that something was wrong with Anderson.

The whole CEO's office became stressed. "Arthur, what's wrong with Mr. Clark? I went to his office three times this morning, but I was scolded four times in a row."

"How would I know?" Arthur answered. Inwardly, he retorted, 'I was scolded more than you are.'

The young secretary curled her lips and handed a pile of invitation cards to Arthur. "Those were invitations for Mr. Clark, including banquets, seminars, and international conferences. Please send them to him."

Arthur heaved a deep sigh. Rubbing his face and force a smile, he knocked at Anderson's office door.

When he walked in, Anderson was standing in front of the French window, lost in thought while looking out of it.

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“Excuse me, Mr. Clark. Which ones would you like to attend?”

Anderson cast a glance. “None.”

Looking at his darkened face, Arthur believed that if Mr. Clark still couldn't return to normal, employees in the CEO's office wouldn't endure any longer.

While guessing what was in his boss's mind, Arthur said gingerly, “Miss Scott has joined the crew of Misty 2. Mr. Clark, would you like to visit her?”

“Ask her to play well. Don't ruin the good character,” said Anderson coldly.

Arthur was disappointed, realizing that even Miss Scott wouldn't delight Mr. Clark.

He also heard that Mr. Clark was unhappy because of Miss Johnson. He recalled that day in the basement, Mr. Clark carried Catherine away.

Miss Isabella Johnson had passed away for so many years. Arthur wondered if the person that Mr. Clark truly cared about would be Catherine.

He pretended to be casual and added, "I heard that Elijah also invited Miss Johnson to visit their filming set. He's Miss Johnson's fan and wants her to give him some suggestions.

"I thought that you could also give Elijah some suggestions if you would go, Mr. Clark. After all, this is a project invested by our Clark Group."

"Catherine will go there and give him suggestions?"

Arthur nodded. "Yep."

"How could she give suggestions on the movie I sponsored?" Anderson said crossly. "Make some arrangement. Tell me when she's going there. I want to see what kind of suggestions she could make."

"Miss Johnson was the original author, and Elijah is her fan. It's not out of boundary if he invites her over. But, Mr. Clark, your suggestions are the most important of course. I'll arrange it now." Arthur also secretly

flattered Anderson.

Anderson nodded, quite satisfied with Arthur's reaction.

Catherine indeed agreed to have a look at the filing set of Misty 2. However, she wasn't here for giving suggestions. Instead, she was curious about the set. If it were in the past, she would avoid Isabella. After all, the hypocritical woman sickened her.

Now, she had thought it through ... as long as Anderson wouldn't let go of her, she couldn't avoid anyone relevant to him.

She'd rather do whatever she liked aboveboard.

Elijah was a fan of Catherine's comics. Now he had known that she was Mr. Clark's ex-wife and Mr. James' current girlfriend. He valued her a lot.

She followed Elijah to the filming scene, watching everyone's performance behind the monitor.

When acting with experienced or skilled actors and actresses, Johanna obviously was worse than others.

“Johanna, what are you doing? This is an inferential drama, not a romance. Why are you looking at the actor so obsessively?” The director was a short-tempered man. When he was yelling, he didn’t show any mercy.

Johanna’s agent immediately walked up to the director. “Director, I’m sorry. Johanna is not herself right now. How about let her take a rest first? Johanna will buy everyone milk tea.”

The director’s face was darkened. Seeing that the agent was quite friendly and knowing Johanna joined the crew with the sponsorship, he hadn’t gone too far while speaking. “Let her adjust her mood as soon as possible.”

Johanna looked annoyed after being scolded. She turned around and was about to take a rest. She saw a tall and strong man in front of the monitor. Her eyes lit up.

Mr. Clark came to visit her.

She trotted over to the monitor directly.

People were coming back and forth beside the monitor. Looking at it, Catherine was chatting with Elijah.

“Look at this clock tower and the hospital. They were all made according to the comics. Aren’t they the same as they are in the comic book? This whole scene was customized according to Misty. They’ll be taken down after the shooting is over. It’s a waste indeed. But to make it the same as the original script, it’s worthy.”

Catherine studied everything carefully all the way, so she knew how attentive the team was. She said casually, “If the second season is also good, we can make it a theme park. There will be the basic data flow of the program and comic fans. If the promotion and publicity would be done well enough, some passers-by would be attracted as well.”

“Anderson, why are you here?” She heard Johanna’s enchanting voice.

Upon hearing the name, Catherine subconsciously turned around.

Chapter 79: His Tenderness

She met a gaze full of appreciation.

It was from Anderson. Catherine thought that it must be her illusion. She blinked and looked at him again, only to find the coldness. Sure enough, it was an illusion.

Catherine turned around, looked at the monitor, and continued talking about the shooting with the director.

Johanna also saw Catherine, and neither did she missed Anderson's appreciating gaze. Her smile froze, and her expression returned to normal in an instant.

"Anderson, when did you arrive?" Johanna held Anderson's arm. "Why didn't you tell me before coming over?"

Anderson looked at Catherine. After their eyes met for a second, she turned around in silence and stared back at the monitor.

Her beautiful eyes had no hatred or love. She looked at him so peacefully as if she was looking at an unknown man.

Anderson frowned.

Since the man next to her kept looking at Catherine, Johanna hated her to the core while staring at her back.

She dared not to show it on her face. With a trembling voice, she said gently, "Anderson, let's go to the lounge. It's so cold here."

Anderson took a down jacket from Arthur's hands and put it on her shoulder. "Find a warm place to read the script. Practice your acting skills more. I've heard what the director said."

The man she beloved pointed out that she was lousy in acting. Johanna's face kept switching between livid and pale. After a while, she said in a grievance, "I don't deserve Mr. Clark's sponsorship and Miss Johnson's script."

After finishing her words, Johanna walked to Catherine. "Catherine, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have taken this role. Please don't be angry, OK?"

Seeing that Johanna was acting so pitifully to her, Catherine was

amused.

After she came over, she didn't talk to Johanna at all. Now, Johanna said she was angry.

Others who didn't know what had happened may misunderstand that she had given Johanna a hard time.

Catherine didn't speak, looking at Johanna indifferently, waiting for her acting.

"Catherine, please don't be angry. Say something, OK?" As Johanna spoke, tears almost fell.

Wyatt Liam, the director who was holding his vacuum cup while sitting aside, couldn't bear it any longer. "Miss Scott, I don't think you need to adjust your mood. How about we continue with the shooting? Mr. Clark is here. Let Mr. Clark show your wonderful acting skill."

Johanna shut up immediately.

She knew well how her acting skill was.

“Director, I believe I should adjust my mood more.”

Wyatt nodded. “Go ahead and practice your acting skill then.”

He was a famous director in the entertainment business. Even Anderson was here, he had the guts to give her such a warning. After that, he greeted Anderson with a smile.

Then he continued talking about the plot with Catherine.

One was the director, and the other was the original author. They had a lot of topics to discuss.

The more he chatted with Catherine, the more Wyatt thought highly of her. “If you have any other good books, please let me know first. I’ll shoot the programs or films for them.”

“Sure, Director. I’m relieved with your promise. You represent the

reputation in this circle.” Catherine smiled, looking quite easy-going.

Anderson, standing behind them, was completely ignored. Seeing that his boss look more and more annoyed, Arthur was frightened. “Excuse me, Miss Johnson. It’s almost noon. Shall we have lunch together?”

“No, thank you, Arthur. I can have the box lunch with the crew,” Catherine refused politely.

Wyatt wasn’t silly. Although he was in the entertainment business as a director, and he knew limited things about Anderson and Catherine, he could roughly guess what was going on when seeing Johanna’s attitude while she was speaking to Catherine.

He asked Catherine in a low voice, “Is he here for you?”

Catherine shook her head.

Wyatt said jokingly, “I don’t think Mr. Clark came here for being in a daze.”

“You have someone in the crew with the sponsorship. Now you know who he’s here for.” Catherine’s tone was flat. She still stared at the

monitor while speaking.

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A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

“Catherine, come over.”

When Wyatt was about to say something else, they heard a cold voice behind them.

“I knew he’s here for you,” Wyatt said complacently with the vacuum cup in his hands.

Catherine turned around with a faint smile. “Yes, Mr. Clark? What can I do for you?”

She smiled quite beautifully without any irony. The smile was the same as that when she saw a stranger. It was pleasant to the eyes but without any emotion.

“Do you really have to be like this to me?” Anderson asked while being annoyed, “Mind your attitude!”

His temperament was too powerful. He had a perfectly handsome face. Even the male leading role of the crew couldn't compare to him. Such a man was always the focus no matter where he was.

People who didn't know Anderson couldn't stop looking at him curiously from time to time.

Catherine stood up. “I don't think there's anything wrong with my attitude.”

‘Anderson Clark, do you think I should still like you humbly?’

‘You will only feel comfortable when seeing me so humble like a dust,’ her inner voice said.

“Catherine,” he called her name deeply and hoarsely, even emanating slight tenderness.

For an instant, Catherine suddenly felt as if she had returned to their school days. He used to call her in such a way, more than once.

If she hadn't received his response or got his tenderness, how would she have loved him for so many years?

How would she have made herself so miserable?

Rage surged in her heart. Although she kept reminding herself to be calm, whenever she faced Anderson, she could always hardly control her heart.

Catherine lowered her head, suppressing her emotion in depression.

She looked at him with her crystal clear full of toughness. "Mr. Clark, if you want to tell me anything, please go ahead."

What would he want to tell her?

Anderson didn't know at all. He just couldn't bear to see that she was chatting and laughing with another man, sharing their common interest.

He was left alone.

Wyatt pretended to not sense anything wrong at all. He laughed delightfully, “Mr. Clark and Miss Johnson, it turns out that you know each other. Mr. Clark’s sponsorship with Miss Johnson’s original book is just a strong alliance.

“It’s noon now. How about I invite you both for lunch together?”

Catherine was about to refuse, but she didn’t think that she had done anything wrong, and why she would hide away from Anderson. She had her own pride and dignity. She had decided not to hide from Anderson anymore.

Johanna also joined the lunch following Anderson. This time, she became smarter. She just played at being cute to Anderson instead of making trouble for Catherine.

The restaurants next to the filing set were not good. They found one and sat in a private box.

Except for Elijah and Wyatt who tried to break the ice, nobody spoke. The atmosphere wasn’t that bad, but Catherine always found it difficult to breathe.

After taking a few bites, she was full. Raising her head, seeing that

Johanna was picking up food for Anderson with a sweet smile. For a moment, Catherine thought that she had seen Isabella.

Something was turning in her stomach.

Catherine stood up all of a sudden. “Excuse me, Director. I suddenly recalled that I have an appointment with my boyfriend. I have to go home now. Let’s talk some other day.”

Before Wyatt answered her, Catherine picked up her coat and put it on. Straightened, she strode away from the box.

An appointment with her boyfriend?

Anderson’s face was darkened. He knew that she was going to see Ethan._____

Chapter 80: Dating a Princess

Catherine did go to Sky Club, but she didn’t go to find Ethan.

She was having a drink with Aurora.

“I heard what happened in 708 from my brother.” Aurora looked at her with concern. “Anderson is not a human at all. Catherine, are you all right?”

Catherine gulped down a glass of Sky. “Nothing. It was not the first time he humiliated me like this.”

She had been used to it.

She felt hurt but she had got used to it.

She only had her life left. As long as she hadn’t died.

Aurora heaved a deep sigh. “Actually, I’ve never understood why all you women like Anderson so much. Isabella Johnson, Johanna Scott, a lot of celebrities, and you in the past...”

“He’s always the one that you could see in the crow at the first glance.”

He looked as if he was shiny, luring others to get close to him. Although they knew that they would lose their lives, women still couldn't help approaching Anderson, just like flying moths darted into the fire.

Aurora nodded in agreement. "If you meant the appearance, I'm convinced by Anderson's."

"Why didn't you inform me when arriving here?" Ethan asked, holding a glass of red liquid, half-leaning against the bar counter, and approached Catherine's face.

Catherine staring at him motionlessly.

She was expressionless.

Her red lips soaked in the alcohol looked like the most attractive strawberry jelly. He wanted to have a bite.

However, her eyes were full of coldness. If it were another man, he would have lost interest, but Ethan felt all his blood boiling. The conflicts on her face aroused his hormone.

Aurora pushed Ethan away. "Don't ever fancy dating a princess!"

"Me? Fancy dating a princess? Is she a princess?" Ethan chuckled, looking at Aurora. "Ask her yourself. Does she believe she's still a princess now?"

Aurora's face turned cold. "Ethan James, what do you mean?"

"Nothing special. One should know who he is." Ethan was speaking to Aurora but staring at Catherine. "If she were still the superior Miss Johnson and I were still the gangster on the West Fourth Street, I would admit that she's a princess and I'm just fancying.

"But those days are gone. If she still doesn't know clearly who she is, she would make the wrong decision. She should understand it."

Although they were talking about her, Catherine didn't have any reaction at all. She drank a glass of liquid casually. The fresh and sweet taste reached her throat, making her close her eyes comfortably.

She looked lazy and charming.

That made her look extremely attractive.

Half of the customers in Sky Club fainted looked over at her.

Catherine stood up and put down the empty glass. "Done. I'll go home."

She walked across the crowd.

Everyone was falling for her along the way.

Tossing the glass, Ethan chased after her.

Catherine was standing at the entrance of Sky Club, facing the cold wind. She looked at the colorful city with heavy traffic in front of her.

She smiled lonely.

Ethan was definitely correct.

She wasn't a princess at all. A princess without a crown was just nothing.

Even if she was standing her motionlessly, Catherine's figure and face still attracted others.

"Gorgeous, let's get in and have a drink, shall we?"

Her red lips parted slightly. "Drink my ass! Fuck off!"

The man's face was stiffened. "Beautiful, don't reject me. Name a price. How much for one night? Is ten-thousand enough?"

Catherine smiled faintly.

The man saw her smile, so he thought that she had agreed. He approached her closer.

Catherine pulled the man's tie to get closer with a smile. Suddenly, she lifted her knee, giving him a jab in his crotch.

“Ouch!” The man was still dreaming about having sex with the beautiful woman. Next second, the pain from the most fragile part of his body sobered him up.

“Do you still want to have a drink?” Catherine asked with a smile.

As soon as Ethan walked out, he witnessed such a scene. When the man cried in pain, Ethan’s face was pale as well. Subconsciously, he looked at his own crotch.

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He realized this woman was so ruthless when she had to be.

“You bitch! I’ll kill you!” With a reddened face, the man slapped Catherine’s face.

Since he was quite angry and acted so fast, Catherine tried her best to

dodge, but she had a hunch that she would fail.

Subconsciously, she closed her eyes.

After a long while.

She didn't feel the pain she imagined. Opening her eyes, she found that Ethan had grabbed the man's hand.

With a ferocious face, Ethan said, "Fuck off. If you dare to show up in Sky Club again, I'll send you to hell."

Ethan was quite different from the rich men from the upper-class. He had a gangster's aura through his early life, which was quite frightening.

Upon realizing that he couldn't defeat Ethan, the man suddenly became a coward. "I'm sorry. It's my fault. I'm leaving now."

Ethan stamped the man on the ground. "Fuck off! Don't dirt my territory!"

“Thank you for saving me again,” Catherine said with a smile.

Ethan reached out one arm and wrapped it around her waist, which was so slim and slender. He lowered his head and whispered in her ear, “Why? Are you angry?”

He was too close to her, so Catherine wanted to push him away.

Ethan tightened his wrap gradually. “Anderson Clark is behind us.”

Catherine recalled what she had promised Ethan, giving up struggles.

“No, I’m not angry. You were right. I know what’s the current situation is.” She was clear her reputation in the upper-class.

“Frankly, you’d better be my girlfriend. I don’t mind your affairs at all,” Ethan said with a smile.

Catherine cast him a glance. “I do mind.”

They didn’t love each other, but why they would be together?

Just for killing time?

Anderson pulled over his car on the roadside, staring deeply and coldly at the entrance of Sky Club.

He was quite far away from it.

But he still could see her after one glimpse.

No matter six years ago when the Johnson family was still rich and powerful or at this moment when she was already down and out, she was the focus in the crowd forever.

“Anderson, is that Catherine’s boyfriend?” Johanna pretended to be simple and asked.

Anderson didn’t answer, smashing his fist on the car window.

The bullet-proof glass was safe and sound.

Blood immediately oozed on Anderson’s injured hand.

Johanna looked anxious. "Please allow me to deal it for you. It might be infected."

Anderson ignored her. Pulling out his phone, he dialed a number, "Check what Catherine Johnson is doing in Sky Club."

Hatred surged in Johanna's heart.

She could get close to Anderson because she had Isabella's face.

However, he had never touched her.

Johanna guessed why Anderson would have signed the contract with her and provided her with countless resources. It was not because he liked her, but only because that she had a face that looked pretty much like Isabella's.

Whatever he had done for her, it was not because he was reluctant to let her be wronged.

He was just reluctant to make Isabella's face look wronged by the complicated entertainment business.

Johanna's nails sank into her flesh. When she saw that Anderson's expression had changed dramatically for Catherine, her eyes were reddened.

Isabella had died. As for Catherine, Johanna would definitely give Anderson and her no chance to remarry.

Anderson could only belong to her.

Anderson, sitting in front, didn't know what Johanna was scheming about. The scene that Ethan wrapped Catherine's waist had been flashing through his mind again and again.

Johanna asked in a soft voice, "Mr. Clark, Miss Johnson and Mr. James have already walked in. Shall we go home now?_____

Chapter 82: Torturing to Death

Neither gave up, and the atmosphere was quite tense.

Taking the chance when they were staring at each other, Catherine struggled free from Anderson's grip. Since she reacted too fast, she almost fell when taking steps back.

When she thought that she would fall, Antonio wrapped around her waist from the back to keep her balance.

He asked with concern, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. How's Sophia? I want to see her." When she saw Antonio, she seemed to have seen a savior.

"She just got a flue. Nothing serious."

Upon hearing it, Catherine finally relieved a bit.

Anderson gazed at her coldly. Seeing that she was nestling in Antonio's arms, he mocked at her in a cold tone, "Catherine Johnson, I've truly underestimated you ... you didn't forget to seduce another man even at this moment."

Catherine looked down and found herself still in Antonio's arms. She wanted to stand straight and leave his arms. However, when she heard Anderson's words, her face turned pale.

She curled up her lips into a smile. “Does it have anything to do with you, my ex-husband?”

When Anderson heard the way she addressed him, his eye pupils shrank. A sharp pang surged from his heart to his whole body.

Anderson strode over and pinched her chin with his big hand. He said in a tone as if he was from hell, “Catherine Johnson, you want to get rid of me, huh? Let me tell you. Dream on! You’ll never be able to get rid of me all your life.

“Isabella was dead. My baby was dead. I’m torturing you all your life.”

With bloody red eyes, he kissed Catherine’s lips as if he were a lunatic.

His kiss was rude, cold, and angry with the deep hatred.

He acted too fast and violently. When Antonio came back to his senses, he saw Catherine’s lips were bleeding.

Antonio growled, "Anderson Clark, what is wrong with you? Get up!"

Probably he wanted to stimulate Antonio, or he was stimulated by Antonio, Anderson kissed Catherine more wildly.

Catherine tasted a mouthful of blood.

Her heart went icily cold ... for Isabella, he hated her for the whole lifetime, and he would pester and humiliate her all her life...

Johanna stood aside, her eyes full of hatred. She walked to Anderson, tugging the hemline of his shirt. "Anderson, please stop it. Sophia is still in the ward. Let's go check on her first. You can get even with Catherine later."

Looking at Johanna's timid face that she seemed to be scared, Anderson calmed down when noticing her reddish eyes. "Please don't be afraid."

Johanna's tears dropped. Throwing herself into Anderson's arms, she said, "Anderson, please stop doing it. I'm worried about you..."

Anderson patted her on the back gently. "I'm fine. You are indeed like her, too kind, too timid."

With bleeding lips, Catherine watched the scene and laughed.

Her heart was bleeding as well.

Antonio patted Catherine on her bony back and comforted her, "Let's go. I'll deal with your wound first."

"I want to see Sophia first," she said in a hoarse voice.

"Let's deal with your wound first. If you go to see your children in this way, they'll be worried." Antonio's clean voice was determined.

Catherine smiled pitifully. She hadn't thought of it earlier.

She followed Antonio to his office.

Antonio asked unintentionally as he disinfected her, "Are you still tangled with him now?"

“As you’ve seen, it’s he who keeps pestering me.” Catherine closed her eyes. “Except for my children, I don’t want to get in touch with him anymore. I’m so exhausted.”

She was way worn out.

She was exhausted both psychically and mentally.

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A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

One day, she would be tortured to death by Anderson surely.

Looking at her, Antonio wanted to confess his love to her. But he swallowed them back when they reached the tip of his tongue. He carefully dealt with her wound.

“By the way, have you checked up Lincoln? They would always get colds every winter. When they were young, I didn’t pay much attention once.

They both got pneumonia together that year.”

“No. I haven’t checked him up. Lincoln looked quite well. He’s sitting next to Sophia’s bed. If you are worried, I’ll check him up later.”

Catherine nodded in agreement.

On the other side.

Anderson and Johanna had already entered the ward.

“Sophia, look! I’ve brought you cookies. Do you want some? They are quite yummy!” Johanna looked at Sophia lying on the bed with a smile.

With a ruby face, Sophia answered, “I don’t want them. I want Mommy. You bad woman! Get out! Don’t pester my daddy!”

Johanna looked at Anderson, a trace of embarrassment flashing through her face.

Gazing at Sophia, Anderson frowned. He snapped in anger, “Sophia Clark, where is your manner? Who taught you to speak in this way?”

Since she was scolded by Anderson, her eyes turned red in a grievance. She hugged Lincoln next to her. "Lincoln, I don't love Daddy anymore. I want Mommy. I miss Mommy now. Ahem. Ahem. Ahem..."

Sophia cried fiercely and coughed out of breath.

Anderson couldn't stand this kind of scene the most. He raised his voice. "Sophia Clark!"

Seeing that, Johanna hurriedly stopped him. She said in a gentle voice, "Anderson, please don't scold her. She's still young. If she has formed some bad habits, we can teach and correct her later. Now she's still sick."

She sounded as if she was convincing Anderson, but secretly, she had pushed all blames on Catherine. Meanwhile, she maintained a kind and gentle image in front of Anderson.

Gritting his teeth, Lincoln also had a ruby face. Looking at Anderson, he said, "Mr. Clark, you should leave the ward with Miss Scott. I can take care of Sophia. Mr. Clark and Miss Scott, please don't bother."

He spoke in a polite and restrained way.

He didn't sound like that he was only five years old.

Anderson realized that his son was driving him away, his face fell. Both of them wanted to see Catherine. Wasn't he their father?

What bad things had Catherine taught them?

"Johanna came to visit you guys out of kindness. You should mind your language. Don't learn from your mother, always cursing," Anderson snapped. He didn't want the heirs of the Clark family to be so rude.

Lincoln answered, "I see."

His eyelashes covered his eyes like black feathers, and his eyes full of disappointment.

When Catherine arrived at the door, she heard what Anderson said. She rushed to the ward and pushed the door open. As soon as Lincoln saw her, his eyes twinkled.

“Mommy, here you came!”

Catherine walked up, touching Sophia’s forehead. Her forehead had a burning heat ... she was on a fever.

Seeing Catherine, Sophia threw herself into her arms. “Mommy, I have a strong headache. I’m not feeling well. Daddy scolded me. I’m so sad.”

Her childish voice almost broke her heart.

“All right. You just got the flu. We have Uncle Elliott. Uncle Elliott is a good doctor. He can help you defeat the illness.” Catherine said in a happy tone purposely. “Besides, I’ll be guarding you all the time.”

After comforting Sophia, Catherine looked over at Lincoln. “Come here. Let me touch your forehead. Are you also sick?”

Lincoln, who had been strong and tough, looked a bit weak when staring at Catherine. He whispered to answer, “Yes, I got a cold. I’m afraid you’ll worry about me, so I didn’t tell you.”

Catherine pulled Lincoln over, touching his forehead.

The temperature was much higher than that of Sophia. In a panic, Catherine called Antonio over immediately.

Chapter 83: Taking Off the Defense

Antonio measured his temperature and rubbed his head gently.
“Thirty-eight point eight degrees. You are on a high fever. Why didn’t you tell me?”

Lincoln didn’t answer.

His eyes were calm and his cheeks were ruby. If others didn’t have a closer look at him, nobody could tell that he was on a high fever.

Catherine put Sophia down on the bed. She squatted down next to Lincoln, feeling bitterness in her heart. “I’m here. I’ll take care of your sister. Listen to Doc and take a good rest. I’ll be always with you.”

Lincoln hugged Catherine. He had a fragile look on his face although he was always tough. “Mommy, I’ve asked the maid to take care of Snoozer for me. It’s growing so fast.”

Although he was on high fever, he took good care of his younger sister and his puppy.

However, he didn't take good care of himself.

Catherine held back the tears in her eyes.

Antonio checked Lincoln up and prescribed some medicine for him.

"My little fellow, you're on a high fever. I'll put you on a drip. Let's do an allergy test. It would hurt a bit. If you feel pain, you can cry."

Lincoln reached out his arm. "It's alright, Uncle. I'm not afraid of pain."

How much it hurt to do the skin test? In his hospital, Antonio had seen a lot of grownups shed tears during the skin test.

The needle was stung into Lincoln's small arm.

Antonio could feel that his muscle shrank because of the pain. “It’s alright. You can cry if it hurts. It’s not shameful.”

However, the boy tightened his face, gritted his teeth, and closed his eyes. He didn’t let out any sound.

Antonio cast a glance at Anderson who was standing aside. Inwardly, he admitted that both members of the Clark family were quite brave.

The result showed that Lincoln wasn’t allergic to penicillin. Hence, Antonio put him on the drip.

Two kids were staying in on sickbed respectively. Catherine was sitting between them, taking care of them both.

She had stayed up the whole night last night. Even if she were an iron woman, she would feel exhausted.

Her face was as pale as paper.

Anderson was sitting on the sofa. Seeing her bustle and hustle everywhere and her tiring face, he frowned deeply, wondering if this woman didn't know how to ask him for help.

"Anderson, since Sophia and Lincoln are both under the treatment now. I have shooting this afternoon. Could you sent me to the filming set please?" Johanna asked in a soft tone.

Anderson cast another glance at Catherine. As long as she spoke one line asking him to stay and help her, he would stay.

However, the woman didn't spare any glance at him at all. Not even for a second.

Anderson said, "Catherine Johnson."

After calling her name, he felt quite weird, wondering why he would have called her out of no reason.

Upon hearing his voice, Catherine looked over at Anderson. With a cold face, she said, "Thank you, Mr. Clark and Miss Scott. You may leave

now. Please don't bother."

Her lip corners were bruised and her hair was messy. She was in pajamas. She was supposed to look miserable. However, Johanna looked at herself in brand clothes, feeling that she herself turned out to be the most miserable one.

Upon hearing her words, Anderson was furious. He wondered if this woman would rather die than showing her weakness to him.

"Catherine Johnson, you've rejected a dignity-saving offer."

After finishing his words coldly, Anderson left with Johanna.

Only the three were left in the VIP ward. Catherine watched in the direction where Anderson and Johanna were leaving, she lowered her head and smiled.

Although she curled up her lips into a smiling arc, there were tear stains on the floor.

She felt too ridiculous.

After loving him for almost two decades, she received nothing but ended up covered with wounds.

“Mommy.” She heard a soft call from behind.

Catherine wiped off her tears secretly. Then she looked at Lincoln and approached him. She asked in a low voice, “Sophia is sleeping now. Why don’t you sleep?”

Lincoln put his head in Catherine’s palm. His ever-calm eyes were full of his love for Catherine when looking at her.

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“I want to see you more, Mommy.”

Catherine’s tears, which were wiped off, almost burst out again.

“It’s been such a long time that I haven’t been with you, Mommy. If I

recover, will you leave again?"

Meeting his eyes, Catherine parted her lips, but she couldn't answer.

Lincoln smiled. "It's all right, Mommy. I'm a big kid now. I can take care of myself."

Catherine felt so bitter. Holding up her sadness in difficulty, she said, "I'm going to the bathroom very quick."

When she arrived at the bathroom, she burst into tears.

Afraid that Lincoln would hear her, she turned on the tap, sobbing in low voice...

After a long time, she suppressed her sadness and calmed down. She washed her face and tidied her hair. Ensuring that Lincoln wouldn't sense anything wrong, she walked out of the bathroom.

She pretended to be quite relaxed and said with a smile, "I heard you were sick this morning, so I didn't wash my face or comb my hair before rushing over here. I was in a mess just now. Did I look ugly?"

“Of course not! Mommy, you are the most beautiful woman in this world!”

Catherine pinched his face. “Lincoln, you are such a sweet talker.”

“Mommy, please sit on my bed. I want to hug you.” Only when he was with Catherine, Lincoln would take off his defense completely.

He wanted to play at being cute to his mother.

“Sure.” Catherine smiled happily. “Let me hold you.”

Catherine was sitting on the bed. Lincoln leaned in her arms. Because of the fever, his fair face looked ruby. Catherine rubbed his head dearly.

“Lincoln, in the future, if you are sick, you should tell us. Don’t hide it. OK?”

Lincoln didn’t answer. He didn’t want his mother to worry.

Catherine knew what was in his mind. She whispered, “I know you are a good boy, Lincoln. But, have you thought about it? In case, you get sick

but you don't tell others, what if Sophia and Snoozer will get infected?

"Will you be worried if Sophia and Snoozer get sick?"

Lincoln mumbled, "Yes."

Catherine smile in relief. "So, you can't hide it when you get sick again in the future. If Mommy is not with you, you should tell the servant or your father."

"He is Mr. Clark. He is not my father," Lincoln denied stubbornly. He would not admit that Anderson was his father.

"Okay. Just remember to tell the servant or Mr. Clark when you get sick." Catherine knew that he had a knot in his heart to Anderson.

Anderson's personality was so unpleasant that nobody would like him. She wouldn't force her children to like him.

She wondered why she would fall in love with Anderson back then.

After always two decades, she had already forgotten if she fell in love

with him at the first sight.

She just thought that he was in a halo at that time.

Now, since she didn't love him any longer, she turned to know what the halo was because of her love for him in her eyes.

Lincoln didn't want to sleep, but under the medicine's effect and his flue, he closed his eyes.

Catherine stayed up the whole night last night, so she was also sleepy.

However, she had to watch the drips on both children. She dared not to fall asleep. Turning on her cell phone, she watched people chat in the group chat. Then she checked the comments under her comics.

Finally, she opened the news app.

In the entertainment sections, all promotion IDs were posting Johanna's photos and articles, praising her for everything. However, in the comment area, the netizens were not convinced.

Catherine smiled.

Johanna was so schemed and flattered Anderson so much. However, no matter how hard Anderson tried, she couldn't become popular at all.

On the other hand, as soon as Johanna had arrived at the filming set, her agent rushed to her, whispering in her ears.

Chapter 84: Her Tenderness

The more she listened, the more annoyed Johanna looked. Her gloomy eyes were quite conflicted on her pretty face.

“Is it for real?”

“Yes, it is. All guests who stayed in Sky Club overnight have known about it. I knew an infamous actress, who was accompanying Mr. Darcy there. When they were having fun, Mr. Clark’s men broke in, saying that they were looking for a woman.”

The agent looked quite anxious. She knew clearly that the more popular Johanna would be, the more money she would make. She also realized that Johanna became famous because Mr. Clark wanted her to be. In case Mr. Clark didn’t like Johanna any longer, the agent was afraid that she wouldn’t be able to make such a high salary any longer.

Recalling Anderson’s questions to Catherine in the hospital this

morning, Johanna realized that Anderson was looking for Catherine last night without thinking twice.

She was sure that Anderson loved Catherine, but he didn't get it yet.

She decided to get rid of Catherine when Anderson hadn't realized his love for Catherine yet.

In that case, Anderson would belong to her completely.

Also, she realized the two kids were her biggest trouble.

They were the bonds between Catherine and Anderson, which couldn't be cut off. As long as those two kids existed, they wouldn't break up clearly. A trace of viciousness flashed through Johanna's eyes.

'Catherine Johnson, you can't blame me for being so ruthless! If you want to blame someone, you should blame yourself for pestering Mr. Clark!'

Nydia Gonzales, Johann's agent who had been working for her for a long time, saw Johann's eyes. She felt a chill rising from her spine. Suppressing the fear in her heart, Nydia asked in a low voice, "How far have Mr. Clark and you gone?"

Upon hearing her question, Johanna looked more annoyed.

Nydia studied her expression and said in a surprise, "Hasn't Mr. Clark had sex with you yet?"

Johanna casted a cold glance at her. "Lower your voice! Mr. Clark treasures me a lot. He wouldn't have sex with me at random."

Nydia answered yes immediately, but she laughed disdainfully inwardly.

If a man didn't want to have sex with a woman, that meant he didn't love her at all. If Mr. Clark was interested in Johanna, why would he love her in such a way?

Johanna knew that she couldn't go on like this. Otherwise, in Anderson's heart, she would always be Isabella's substitute. Squinting,

she whispered in Nydia's ears.

Nydia understood and nodded in agreement.

In the hospital...

After the drips on both kids were finished, Catherine finally had a chance to nap.

However, she had nightmares again. She opened her eyes in the cold sweat.

Owen reached the glass of warm water to her mouth considerately.
"Did you have a nightmare again?"

Taking over the water, Catherine asked in a hoarse tone, "Why are you here, Owen?"

"I'm worried about you. I went to your apartment but couldn't find you. Then I called Antonio and he told me both Sophia and Lincoln are sick."

Owen didn't tell her what Anderson had done in Sky Club last night.

Catherine took a sip of water and wet her throat. "Nothing serious. They got flues. Lincoln was afraid that I would be worried, he didn't tell us first. His flue is a bit more serious because of the delay."

Probably he sensed some movements next to him, Lincoln opened his eyes dizzily. As soon as he saw Owen, his eyes lit up. "Uncle Owen, I missed you!"

Owen bent over and held Lincoln in his arms. "I missed you, too."

Shortly after Lincoln woke up, so did Sophia. When seen Owen, both kids were quite excited. They asked to go out for fun with him.

"It's quite cold outside. You both are sick. You can't go out now. How about let's play a video game?" Owen was quite patient with the children.

"Great! I haven't played a game for a long time. Daddy doesn't allow," Sophia complained with a pout. "Mommy, join us, please!"

She hadn't seen her children for a long time, and both of them were still sick, so Catherine wouldn't stop them from playing the game right now.

“I’m not good at it. You can’t dislike me because of it later.”

Sophia blinked her watery eyes and said, “Uncle Owen will protect you. Don’t be afraid. Uncle Owen, you’ll protect Mommy, right?”

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Owen gazed at Catherine, a trace of affection flashing through his eyes in secret. “Of course. I’ll be protecting her for all her life.”

He sounded so solemn as if he was confessing his love to her.

Catherine immediately shook her head. “I can protect myself. As long as I could be tricky.”

Owen kept his promise. During the game, he always stood in front of Catherine protectively and let Catherine become the winner.

Lincoln also took care of Sophia in the game, so she was quite happy.

From afar, her laughter could be heard.

When Anderson approached the door of the ward, he heard the laughter coming from the inside. He couldn't help but pause. Looking through the window on the door, he saw them lying on the sofa lazily with relaxed and natural smiles. Even Lincoln, who always looked serious, smiled slightly while leaning by Owen's side.

None of Sophia, Lincoln, and Catherine had such relaxed smiles in his presence before.

It looked as if they were a family.

Upon realizing it, Anderson felt quite uncomfortable, the jealousy surging in his heart unconsciously.

They were his woman and children!

Why were they so close to Owen?

He wanted to push the door open and break into the ward, but subconsciously, he was afraid to break the harmony and happiness inside the ward.

In the ward, all of them were fully concentrated on playing the game. None of them noticed Anderson who was peeing at the door.

After another round ended, Sophia lay prone on Owen and played at being cute, "Uncle Owen, how wonderful if you were our father!"

Recalling what Anderson had done, she felt quite aggrieved. "I don't want Anderson Clark to be my father anymore. He doesn't like me, my brother, or Mommy."

Kids were quite sensitive. Sophia knew it clearly that Anderson didn't like her at all. However, she truly wished that she would have a father.

"Uncle Owen, could you become the father for my brother and me?"

She stared at Owen expectantly with an innocent look.

Turning around, Owen looked at Catherine and said with a smile, "We need to ask your mommy for her opinion."

In this second, Anderson, who was peeping at the door, was afraid that Catherine would agree to Owen and afraid of the answer that she

would give him.

He could still recall that after attempting suicide, Catherine told him that she was marrying Owen.

In an instant, he pushed the door of the ward open.

All of them looked over at the door together. When seeing Anderson, all of their relaxed smiles vanished instantly.

Anderson looked more annoyed.

How could his children dislike their father so much?

Walking to Owen, Anderson asked him coldly, "Why are you here?"

Owen stood up, still with a smile, which had turned colder. "Why? Mr. Clark, think you have the right to stop me from visiting my friend?"

Anderson went furious. Reaching out, he grabbed Owen's tie. "I'm warning you. Stay away from them."

Sophia and Lincoln were freaked out. Reaching out to grab Anderson's leg, they shouted, "Let go of Uncle Owen!"

Catherine frowned. "Anderson Clark, please don't make trouble. If you don't let go of Owen, I'll call the security."

Anderson turned around and looked at Catherine. Pressing his thin lips, he had a mocking look on his face. "Owen? You call him so intimately, huh?"

Catherine was a bit annoyed. She had grown up with Owen since childhood and she had been calling his first name since she was quite young. Anderson did know it.

"Please let go of Owen Torres. Are you happy now as I'm calling his full name?" Catherine looked annoyed. "Could you please don't pull others into the grudge between you and me?" _____

Chapter 85: Are You Afraid?

Anderson stared at Catherine coldly.

Although he was at disadvantage, Owen didn't care about it at all.

Instead, he said with a smile, “Anderson Clark, are you afraid?”

Sophia and Lincoln were watching the stalemate in which all three adults were involved.

Sophia couldn't bear it any longer. With a teary face, she bit Anderson's leg.

Feeling the pain, Anderson gaped at Sophia. It was the second time that his daughter bit him.

For the first time, she did it for Catherine.

For the second time, she did it for Owen.

Anderson had an indescribable feeling.

“Let go of Uncle Owen. You bad Daddy! Bad Daddy...”

The words from the kid were true and heartbreaking.

Lincoln had already called over the security when there was a mess.

“Uncle, it’s him. He’s hitting someone!” Lincoln pointed at Anderson with his little finger.

His daughter was biting his leg while weeping, and his son called over the security guard.

Anderson’s heart sank. His hand that gripping Owen’s tie shook slightly.

He looked over at Catherine deeply in silence.

Catherine cast a cold glance at him. Bending over, she patted Sophia on the back. “Good girl. Free your mouth.

“Your mouth will hurt if you keep on biting him.”

Sophia let go of Anderson's leg in a grievance. Her lips were covered by the blood on his leg. With tearful eyes, she looked at Anderson, "You are a bad man. I don't want you!"

The security guards knew Anderson and his kids. Watching the scene, they exchanged a glance with each other.

How miserable the man was in such a situation!

"Uncle, please take him out of here. We don't want to see him here," said Lincoln calmly while looking up at the guards.

In a fury, Anderson let go of Owen's tie. He looked down at Lincoln, who only reached his knee. "Lincoln Clark, I'm your father!"

Lincoln didn't speak, looking into his eyes while raising his head stubbornly.

Receiving the report from the security, Antonio pushed the door open and walked into the ward with a smile. "Come on, Sophia. Let me deal with the blood on your mouth."

Catherine pulled Sophia's hand with one hand, and Lincoln's with the other. "Let's leave here. Let him go nuts here by himself."

Lincoln nodded obediently.

"Owen, you should go home now. Thank you for coming over to accompany Sophia and Lincoln."

Owen straightened up his tie and said with a smile, "I watched them born in person. Although they are not my biological children, I'm taking them as my own always."

Anderson raised his fist.

Owen's gentle eyes looked into Anderson's without any fear. "Mr. Clark, if you want to fight, let's find a secret place. If you do it here, the kids would be frightened."

The manners and temperaments from both men were distinguished immediately.

Taking the kids, Catherine followed Antonio to deal with the blood on

Sophia's mouth. Owen also left.

In a few seconds, only Anderson was left alone in the ward.

He leaned against the wall, dispirited.

All his kids, wife, and friends took that man's side.

He was such a loser!

In the past, she used to look at him affectionately. Sophia also called him Daddy in a sweet tone. Anderson wondered why it all turned out to be the situation today.

The scenes that happened just now kept flashing in his mind. Anderson felt as if his heart was tightly pinched by something. He felt such a sharp pang when the pinch went loosened and tightened, and it hurt so much that he found it difficult to breathe.

When Owen left the ward, he whispered in Anderson's ear, "Anderson, do you regret that you end up in this way today?"

Did he regret it?

He received the betrayal from the woman who used to love him the most and his own children.

Anderson's eyes were reddened. He looked up at the ceiling.

After biting Anderson, Sophie couldn't help shedding tears when Antonio was dealing with the blood on her mouth.

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"Good girl, we don't blame you. Your father is too bad." Antonio acted quite gently. "If he turns to be a bad guy again, you can bite him again. Then just call me. I'll wipe this dirty blood from your mouth for you."

After it was done, Sophia and Lincoln would still need to be put on a drip in the evening. Catherine took them back to the ward.

Unexpectedly, when they pushed the door open, Anderson was still in the ward.

Catherine subconsciously frowned.

Seeing him, Sophia clung to Catherine, feeling insecure.

Anderson had to admit that he was quite jealous of Owen and the harmony and happiness between him and the kids.

He was jealous that Catherine wasn't on alert to Owen.

The nurse came over to put the kids on a drip. Anderson stood up. Looking at Catherine, he said, "Go ahead and take a rest. I'll take care of them."

Catherine gaped at him. "What is wrong with you?"

Anderson's face fell coldly. "I'm afraid my kids would regard someone with evil intention as their father."

Catherine frowned. She could tell that Anderson wasn't joking when

looking at his face. Shrugging, she said, "As long as you are happy."

She would stay anyway. She could keep an eye on them.

Catherine was sitting on the chair beside them.

Watching Anderson tucked Sophia into the quilt and peel fruit for her unskillfully, Catherine was amused.

She wondered what he had done in the past.

After the children disliked him, he came to fawn them. What was the use of it?

He had left the wounds in their hearts. They couldn't be erased at all.

Catherine was watching him take care of the kids. Probably it was because of the blood kinship, at the beginning, Sophia was still afraid of him.

Shortly, she asked gingerly, "Daddy, does your leg still hurt?"

“No, it doesn’t.” The pain on his leg couldn’t be comparable to the pain in his heart a tall.

Anderson had become more and more skilled in taking care of the kids. Catherine was sitting on the sofa, squinting while feeling sleepy.

Suddenly, she heard a phone ring. She opened her eyes dizzily.

Anderson pulled out his phone. When seeing the caller ID was Johanna, he swiped to answer.

“Mr. Clark... I... I’m feeling so terrible,” Johanna said in a broken voice, deep and ambiguous.

In an instant, Anderson sensed something wrong. He asked in a tense tone, “What happened to you?”

Johanna said in a weeping tone, “I don’t know... I feel so hot... Mr. Clark, I’m so hot...”

“Where are you now? I’ll go find you right now.” Anderson stood up, put on his suit jacket, and left the ward directly.

Watching Anderson's receding figure, Sophia and Lincoln both looked quite disappointed.

Catherine stood up and walked to them. Sophia pressed her head into Catherine's arms. She mumbled in a grievance, "Mommy, I'm so sad. I don't love Daddy anymore.

"He must be going to that bad woman again."

Catherine rubbed her soft hair. "It's all the grownups' businesses. It's my fault, so he doesn't like you guys. I'm sorry. But you can't call Miss Scott a bad woman.

"It's not that woman's fault. If Anderson Clark didn't indulge her, she wouldn't have the chance to show up in front of you."

All in all, it was Anderson's fault.

Sophia couldn't get what she meant. She looked at Catherine in confusion. "Mommy, I want to live with you. I don't want to stay with Daddy any longer. He will bring some aunts that I don't like to our house."

A touch of bitterness flashed through Catherine's eyes.

She also wanted to stay with her kids, but Anderson didn't allow it.

In a hotel room.

Johanna was wearing a transparent nightgown. With a ruby face, she threw herself into Anderson's arms. "Mr. Clark, what happened to me? I'm feeling so terrible."

The air was full of ambiguous atmosphere.

Looking at Johanna's affectionate look, Anderson immediately figured out what had happened.

"I'm so hot." As she spoke, Johanna reached out, trying to take off her transparent nightgown.

Chapter 86: Man's Weakness

Her fair skin was exposed.

Watching the scene, no man could resist the temptation.

Anderson smelt the scent of the fragrance, feeling something aroused in his body.

As a man, he wasn't unfamiliar with such a kind of feeling.

Noticing the desire in his eyes, Johanna smiled in secret. She used the fragrance particular to lure a man, which cost her a lot of money.

"Mr. Clark..."

Hearing the woman's moan and smelling the scent that had the special function, Anderson felt that his reason was at the edge of collapse.

He tried hard to suppress the restlessness in his body, taking off his suit jacket.

Noticing that, Johanna could hardly hide the excitement in her eyes. However, Anderson, busy struggling against the desire, didn't notice her gaze at all.

Next second, he put his jacket on her shoulders.

Johanna couldn't smile at all.

She had never expected that Anderson wasn't lured even they had come this far.

"I'll take you to see the doctor." Bending over, Anderson wanted to carry Johanna in his arms.

Johann took the chance and kissed his lips.

She was quite determined to achieve her goal today.

She must do it.

She didn't want to be anyone's substitute, and nor did she want Anderson to reconcile with Catherine.

Looking at the man's handsome face obsessively, she knew how much she loved him.

Her transparent gown fell on the floor shortly. "Mr. Clark, help me."

She wept.

Anderson's desire in his eyes became stronger and stronger. Unconsciously, he muttered, "Catherine..."

Upon hearing the name, Johanna felt as if she was poured by icy water from above, feeling extremely chilled from her head to toe.

The hatred in her eyes became stronger and stronger.

'Catherine Johnson! I hate you!' her inner voice exclaimed crazily.

While he lost his mind in desire, Anderson only could think about Catherine. In his mind, he only saw the scenes when she played at being

cute, she was gentle, she was adorable, and even she was proud.

Johanna was originally a substitute for Isabella, so she could get close to Anderson. In such a circumstance, she was unwilling to be another woman's substitute.

She said gently, "Mr. Clark, I'm Johanna."

Her words brought Anderson's reason back. He tossed her on the bed, suppressing the desire in his body. Then he opened the window.

He adjusted the temperature of the air conditioner to the lowest.

Finally, he rushed to the bathroom and took a cold shower to calm down.

Johanna was left in the bedroom. It was December in City W. In the room with the lowest temperature, she was almost frozen.

She couldn't keep the affectionate look any longer.

Originally, she hadn't taken any drugs at all. She pretended that she had

been drugged just now.

She patted the bed reluctantly.

He put effort to get her close, but Johanna wondered why he wasn't willing to have sex with her.

She couldn't help shedding tears.

Anderson finished the shower and came out of the bathroom. The desire aroused in his body almost faded away. Seeing Johanna, he asked with a frown, "What happened to you?"

Of course, Johanna didn't have the guts to tell him what was in her mind. With a weeping face, she said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Clark. I don't know what was going on. I've become like this after drinking a glass of liquor in the bar."

"Are you feeling all right now?" asked Anderson in a deep voice.

Johanna stood up, with just a camisole. She clung to Anderson reluctantly. "Yes, I'm much better now."

Then she said coquettishly, “Mr. Clark, thank you.”

When she called him “Mr. Clark”, her tone made Anderson feel so weird as if she was flirting with him deliberately. “I’ve told you to call me Anderson.”

Reluctantly, Johanna hugged Anderson, her soft body clinging to him.

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Anderson frowned, pushing her away.

He said coldly, “I’ll take you to the hospital for a checkup.”

Johanna couldn’t continue acting any longer. She had to pretend that she was still affected by the drug’s effect. “I still don’t feel very well.”

“Why is there such a weird scent in your room?” The scent was so strong that Anderson could feel his desire, which had been suppressed

by the cold shower, was gradually aroused again.

Johanna frowned, making a lie naturally, "Probably I've offended someone. I'll ask my agent to look into it tomorrow."

Her plan couldn't be carried out today definitely.

Johanna was afraid that Anderson would sense something fishy. She distanced herself from Anderson and said, "I'm going to take a cold bath. Probably I'll feel relieved."

Anderson nodded. "Okay. I'll leave Paul here for you. If you're still not feeling well, ask him to take you to the hospital."

Johanna didn't expect that Anderson was leaving. She felt so sad, but on the surface, she still nodded in agreement. "Thank you so much, Anderson."

Anderson waved his hand. The desire in his body couldn't be released only by the cold shower.

After he was gone, Johanna smashed everything in the room in anger.

Nydia received a call from her later. Checking the time, she knew that Johanna's plan had failed. She was quite disappointed.

"Let's carry out Plan B," Johanna ordered in a cold tone.

Nydia was a bit worried. "Now Catherine Johnson and her children are all in the hospital. We can't find time to do it."

"I'll make the time. Just ask them to get ready at any time."

Meanwhile, Catherine had just finished feeding Sophia and Lincoln. She had no idea that a conspiracy targeting her was planned.

Anderson had no idea either why he would go back to the hospital instead of going back home at midnight.

When he pushed the door of the ward open, the mother and two children had fallen asleep. Sophia and Lincoln were lying on the same bed, and Catherine was lying on the other.

For some reason, Anderson lay down next to her.

He smelt the light scent from her body. His restless heart was gradually calmed down magically.

Since he had smelt the fragrance that had stimulated his desire, he still felt it. However, at this moment, he didn't want to harm the woman lying next to him.

He held her in his arms tightly, pressing his head between her neck and shower tenderly.

At night, Anderson felt extremely insecure.

He had always been forcing the woman who loved him to leave.

Subconsciously, he always expected that she would come back to him.

He had been hurting her again and again. Ultimately, he had pushed her too far away that she wouldn't come back anymore...

Catherine stayed up the previous night and was busy looking after her children during the daytime. She slept quite soundly. Dizzily, she felt something heavy pressing on her body, but she didn't want to move, and nor could she open her eyes.

In her sound sleep, Catherine would never know that one night, the arrogant and superior Anderson would press his head on her shoulder so tenderly and warm himself up through holding her tightly.

When Catherine opened her eyes the next morning, she found Sophia playing on the cell phone while lying prone to her. She had a relaxed smile on her lips, kissing Sophia on the cheek.

“Sophia, your weight is killing me.”

Sophia giggled. “How wonderful! Mommy, you are by my side.”

Catherine felt quite good as well. She got up and kissed Lincoln next to her. “Let’s go brush teeth and wash face. Then we can have breakfast.”

“Mommy, I’m recovered. Can you take me to the aquarium?” Sophia looked at Catherine expectantly. “I haven’t been there for a long time.”

After hesitating for a few seconds, Catherine said, “We can ask Anderson for his permission.”

Sophia nodded obediently.

Catherine didn't think that Anderson would agree, but she wanted to try it.

Although the flu wasn't a big deal, Lincoln delayed the treatment, so it took a whole week for him to recover.

When the kids were leaving the hospital, Anderson came to see them with Johanna.

Catherine didn't look quite happy when seeing them.

Sophia still remembered that she wanted to go to the aquarium. Expectantly, she pounced at Anderson and raised her head to ask him, "Daddy, I want Mommy to take Lincoln and me to the aquarium."

Anderson frowned.

A light flashed through Johanna's eyes. "Sophia and Lincoln have recovered. It's a good idea to let them relax. Anderson, please say yes." _____

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Johanna was left in the bedroom. It was December in City W. In the room with the lowest temperature, she was almost frozen.

She couldn't keep the affectionate look any longer.

Originally, she hadn't taken any drugs at all. She pretended that she had been drugged just now.

She patted the bed reluctantly.

He put effort to get her close, but Johanna wondered why he wasn't willing to have sex with her.

She couldn't help shedding tears.

Anderson finished the shower and came out of the bathroom. The desire aroused in his body almost faded away. Seeing Johanna, he asked with a frown, "What happened to you?"

Of course, Johanna didn't have the guts to tell him what was in her mind. With a weeping face, she said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Clark. I don't know what was going on. I've become like this after drinking a glass of liquor in the bar."

"Are you feeling all right now?" asked Anderson in a deep voice.

Johanna stood up, with just a camisole. She clung to Anderson

reluctantly. “Yes, I’m much better now.”

Then she said coquettishly, “Mr. Clark, thank you.”

When she called him “Mr. Clark”, her tone made Anderson feel so weird as if she was flirting with him deliberately. “I’ve told you to call me Anderson.”

Reluctantly, Johanna hugged Anderson, her soft body clinging to him.

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Anderson frowned, pushing her away.

He said coldly, “I’ll take you to the hospital for a checkup.”

Johanna couldn’t continue acting any longer. She had to pretend that she was still affected by the drug’s effect. “I still don’t feel very well.”

“Why is there such a weird scent in your room?” The scent was so strong that Anderson could feel his desire, which had been suppressed by the cold shower, was gradually aroused again.

Johanna frowned, making a lie naturally, “Probably I’ve offended someone. I’ll ask my agent to look into it tomorrow.”

Her plan couldn’t be carried out today definitely.

Johanna was afraid that Anderson would sense something fishy. She distanced herself from Anderson and said, “I’m going to take a cold bath. Probably I’ll feel relieved.”

Anderson nodded. “Okay. I’ll leave Paul here for you. If you’re still not feeling well, ask him to take you to the hospital.”

Johanna didn’t expect that Anderson was leaving. She felt so sad, but on the surface, she still nodded in agreement. “Thank you so much, Anderson.”

Anderson waved his hand. The desire in his body couldn’t be released only by the cold shower.

After he was gone, Johanna smashed everything in the room in anger.

Nydia received a call from her later. Checking the time, she knew that Johanna's plan had failed. She was quite disappointed.

"Let's carry out Plan B," Johanna ordered in a cold tone.

Nydia was a bit worried. "Now Catherine Johnson and her children are all in the hospital. We can't find time to do it."

"I'll make the time. Just ask them to get ready at any time."

Meanwhile, Catherine had just finished feeding Sophia and Lincoln. She had no idea that a conspiracy targeting her was planned.

Anderson had no idea either why he would go back to the hospital instead of going back home at midnight.

When he pushed the door of the ward open, the mother and two children had fallen asleep. Sophia and Lincoln were lying on the same bed, and Catherine was lying on the other.

For some reason, Anderson lay down next to her.

He smelt the light scent from her body. His restless heart was gradually calmed down magically.

Since he had smelt the fragrance that had stimulated his desire, he still felt it. However, at this moment, he didn't want to harm the woman lying next to him.

He held her in his arms tightly, pressing his head between her neck and shower tenderly.

At night, Anderson felt extremely insecure.

He had always been forcing the woman who loved him to leave.

Subconsciously, he always expected that she would come back to him.

He had been hurting her again and again. Ultimately, he had pushed her too far away that she wouldn't come back anymore...

Catherine stayed up the previous night and was busy looking after her children during the daytime. She slept quite soundly. Dizzily, she felt something heavy pressing on her body, but she didn't want to move, and nor could she open her eyes.

In her sound sleep, Catherine would never know that one night, the arrogant and superior Anderson would press his head on her shoulder so tenderly and warm himself up through holding her tightly.

When Catherine opened her eyes the next morning, she found Sophia playing on the cell phone while lying prone to her. She had a relaxed smile on her lips, kissing Sophia on the cheek.

"Sophia, your weight is killing me."

Sophia giggled. "How wonderful! Mommy, you are by my side."

Catherine felt quite good as well. She got up and kissed Lincoln next to her. "Let's go brush teeth and wash face. Then we can have breakfast."

"Mommy, I'm recovered. Can you take me to the aquarium?" Sophia looked at Catherine expectantly. "I haven't been there for a long time."

After hesitating for a few seconds, Catherine said, "We can ask Anderson for his permission."

Sophia nodded obediently.

Catherine didn't think that Anderson would agree, but she wanted to try it.

Although the flu wasn't a big deal, Lincoln delayed the treatment, so it took a whole week for him to recover.

When the kids were leaving the hospital, Anderson came to see them with Johanna.

Catherine didn't look quite happy when seeing them.

Sophia still remembered that she wanted to go to the aquarium. Expectantly, she pounced at Anderson and raised her head to ask him, "Daddy, I want Mommy to take Lincoln and me to the aquarium."

Anderson frowned.

A light flashed through Johanna's eyes. "Sophia and Lincoln have recovered. It's a good idea to let them relax. Anderson, please say yes." _____

Chapter 87: A Real Father

Johanna's words were quite different from her image before. Catherine cast her a few glances.

Johanna smiled. "Catherine, you haven't been with the kids for a long time, have you?"

Catherine didn't speak while staring at her.

"Anderson, the kids are still young. If they are separate from their mother, they must miss her a lot." Johanna raised her head to look at Anderson as if she was quite considerate to the children.

"Daddy, I want to go to the zoo." Sophia still pestered Anderson. She hadn't given up.

Anderson didn't look at Johann or Sophia. Instead, he gazed at Catherine deeply.

"If you are worried that I might take away the kids, it's unnecessary." Catherine smiled in mockery. "I won't do anything of which I can't bear the consequences."

Anderson sneered. "You know your limitations very well now."

Catherine didn't speak to him. Instead, she pulled Sophia's and Lincoln's hands. "Let's go. I'll take you to the zoo."

Sophia hopped up and down in excitement. She bowed at Anderson and said, "Thank you, Daddy."

"Mommy, I want to see the tigers."

"Sure. I'll take you to see it."

The three walked farther happily and harmoniously. Anderson realized

that he couldn't chime in at all.

He couldn't get involved in them no matter how hard he tried.

Carefully studying Anderson's expression in secret, Johanna felt quite uneasy. Shaking his arm, she said, "Anderson, let's go back."

Anderson withdrew his arm from Johanna's hand. He shouted towards Catherine's back, "Wait a moment. I'll go with you."

Upon hearing it, Catherine frowned subconsciously.

She looked back at him coldly and aloofly.

Looking at her reaction, Anderson's face, which had become tender just now, was darkened again. He realized how much she didn't want him to join them.

Approaching Catherine, he said in a cold tone, "I'll keep an eye on you in person. If you dare to escape with the kids, I'll break your legs."

Catherine didn't answer. She decided to let him do whatever he wanted.

They left together ... a family of four.

Johanna was left at the entrance of the hospital, her eyes full of hatred and viciousness.

"Wait, Mr. Clark."

Upon hearing her pitiful voice, Anderson turned around and said, "You have a shooting today, don't you? I'll call a cab for you to send you back to the filming set."

Johanna was extremely reluctant. She had planned to kill Catherine and her damned children.

However, if Anderson followed them, how could she carry out her plan?

While she was still hesitating, Anderson had already got her a cab.
"Alright. Just go back."

Johanna sat in the car reluctantly. She forced a sweet smile. "Mr. Clark, Catherine, have fun!"

Anderson nodded. Catherine completely ignored her, talking to her children.

Johanna looked aggrieved. She muttered, "Catherine still doesn't like me."

Casting a cold glance at Catherine, Anderson said, "Nobody has taught you how to be polite, right? Sophia and Lincoln have learned being rude from you."

Catherine clenched her fingers, staring at Anderson proudly. "I know whom I should be polite with. For those who had evil intentions, I don't want to waste my good manners on them."

She proudly looked over at Johanna who still looked pitiful in the car. "Miss Scott, you'd better go back to the filming set as soon as possible. After, Mr. Wyatt Liam is not good-tempered."

Johanna nodded in a grievance. "I agree with you, Catherine."

“Please call my Miss Johnson from now on. Don’t call me Catherine. We are not that close.”

Anderson growled, “Catherine Johnson!”

Catherine ignored him, helping the kids sit in the car.

Johanna clenched her fists, her nails sinking into her flesh.

‘Catherine Johnson, you can’t be so arrogant for too long. I’ll let you enjoy your current moment,’ her inner voice said with hatred.

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The zoo in City W was far bigger than any zoos that Sophia and Lincoln had been to. Pulling Lincoln’s hand, Sophia was quite excited. “Lincoln, look! That’s the king of animals.

“So cute. I want to touch it.”

Catherine gently knocked on her head. “Do you think it’s a kitten? A tiger is quite dangerous.”

Sophia didn’t care. Raising her cute face, she said to Anderson, “Daddy, I want to raise a tiger.”

Anderson answered with a smile, “Okay.”

Catherine frowned. “Are you sure?”

“There’s an adoption offered in this zoo. I’ll adopt two tigers in the kids’ names. It won’t cost me much money a year.” Anderson bent over and held Sophia in his arms. “Tell me which two you like the most.”

It was the first time that Sophia was held by Anderson in this way. She was overjoyed. Instead of looking at the tigers, she hugged Anderson back and kissed his cheek.

She said in a soft tone, “Daddy, I love you so much!”

Anderson was stunned.

Upon hearing Sophia's soft childish tone, he had a feeling that he had never experienced before surging in his heart.

At this moment, he felt like a real father.

Holding Sophia, his fingers trembled slightly.

Sophia didn't sense Anderson's abnormality. She pointed at a tiger cub and shouted, "I want that one. It's the most adorable one!"

Anderson came back to his senses. Looking at Lincoln, who was standing next to Catherine obediently, he asked, "How about you?"

"No, thanks."

Catherine squatted down. "Don't you like tigers?"

Lincoln answered in a low voice, "I do, but I've had Snoozer from Mommy already."

His words poked at Catherine's sore spot in her heart.

She hugged him gently.

Lincoln was so sensible that Catherine felt sorry for him.

After confirming which tiger Sophia wanted to adopt, they went to the staff of the zoo to go through the procedure. Anderson was quite rich, so the money was shortly transferred to the zoo's account.

"Now you can name her, Sophia."

Sophia pretended to think for a long while, rubbing her chin. Then she declared loudly, "Her name is Flowery."

Anderson was taken aback for a moment. He looked up at Catherine standing aside. "The two kids have inherited your ability to name the pets."

Snowy, Snoozer, and Flowery.

What funny names!

“You must have put the biggest effort to name Sophia and Lincoln.”

Catherine looked a bit embarrassed. Indeed, she couldn't come out good names.

“Daddy, Uncle Owen has named us,” Sophia explained aside, “Do you like our names?”

Anderson's face fell instantly.

If he had known that their names were given by Owen, when he changed their surnames, he would have changed their first names as well.

When they were enjoying seeing the animals, Paul suddenly showed up nervously. He reported anxiously, “Excuse me, Mr. Clark. Miss Scott fell off the wire during the shooting. She has fainted and was sent to the hospital. Her agent said she has called you but you didn't answer the phone...”

Anderson's expression changed dramatically. “Hurry up. Send me to the hospital.”

Whenever he was leaving, he was in a hurry, only leaving Catherine and the kids his receding back.

Catherine had been used to it, but Sophia was still upset. Looking at his receding figure, she asked unhappily, “Mommy, has Daddy fallen in love with another woman?”

Catherine squatted down and looked at her in the eye. “Daddy and Mommy are divorced, so it’s quite normal for him to fall in love with another woman. Just remember, we both love you very much.”

“No, he doesn’t love me.”

The little girl looked pitiful. _____

Chapter 88: What Can You Threaten Me with?

Catherine comforted Sophia for a long while. Then she took her to see a lot of animals. Finally, Sophia became happy again.

They stayed in the zoo until the afternoon. Suddenly, the weather changed. Catherine checked the weather forecast, which showed that

there would be a downpour in two hours. She discussed with the kids, and they decided to hail a cab to her apartment before they were picked up.

Both Sophia and Lincoln felt tired. As soon as they got in the car, they lay on Catherine from both sides.

Looking at their sleeping faces, Catherine felt warm in her heart. How she wished that she could keep them stay with her.

Shortly after they got in the car, dark clouds gathered above the city. Then big raindrops smashed on the roof of the car.

On the way back from the zoo to her house, there was a winding road on the mountain. Although the road was wide and smooth, it looked extremely creepy in the downpour.

For some reason, a strong uneasiness surged in Catherine's heart. "Mister, the weather is bad. Please be careful driving..." she reminded

the driver.

Before she could finish her words, a huge truck approached them, closer and closer. Anxiously, Catherine roared, “Step the brake! Mister, the brake!”

“It’s... it’s too late,” the driver answered in a trembling voice.

Different scenes flashed through her mind. Looking at the truck that was rushing to them in horror, Catherine desperately covered her children under her...

“Bang!”

She heard the huge bang.

When she woke up, Catherine saw the white ceiling of the hospital and smelt the medical alcohol. Recalling the frightening scene, she rolled off from the bed and pulled a nurse anxiously. “Where are my children? Where are Sophia and Lincoln?”

“Ma’am, you are awake. Hold on. I’ll call Dr. Elliott over.” The nurse rushed to call Antonio.

Catherine followed her like a robot. When seeing Antonio, she asked with her reddened eyes, "Where are Sophia and Lincoln?"

They couldn't be injured!

Looking at the beautiful woman who was soulless, Antonio answered, "They are both in comas. But they are fine. Now they are under observation in the ICU."

Upon hearing that both her children were fine, Catherine breathed a sigh of relief.

Squatting down on the floor, she unconsciously said with reddish eyes, "They are both fine. That's good. That's good."

Seeing her expressions, Antonio couldn't help getting worried. He wanted to tell her that there was another victim in this accident besides her and her children, but he was afraid that she couldn't bear it.

After hesitating for a moment, he swallowed the words that reached

the tip of his tongue.

Catherine calmed herself down. Then she stood up and looked at Antonio with a pale face. “May I see them?”

Another unexpected man was lying in the ICU. Judging her current status, Antonio was quite unwilling to let her go there.

“I’m afraid you can’t. It’s not the visit time for the ICU yet.”

Catherine’s expression changed. She looked at Antonio with her pale face. “Are you hiding anything from me?”

Antonio was the owner of this hospital, which was a high-end private one. Hence, the rules were quite different from the public ones.

There were only a few beds in ICU. Last time, when she was in the ICU, Sophia, Lincoln, and Anderson could get in.

Antonio parted his lips, trying to figure out how he could tell Catherine so she wouldn’t be more upset.

Right then, an elegant woman who was weeping miserably rushed to Catherine, slapping across her face suddenly.

Catherine raised her head, only to find Aubrey. A bad hunch raised in Catherine's heart.

"I've told you not to pester my son! Stop pestering my son! Now you are happy!" Aubrey snapped in a harsh voice, her eyes swollen like two walnuts.

Catherine felt so uneasy. "Aunt Aubrey, what happened to Owen?"

"You've murdered him! Are you happy now?"

"You are just a jinx. When you were young, you killed your twin brother. When you're grown up, you destroyed the Johnson family and killed your parents. Now you've almost killed my son!"

"Catherine Johnson, why don't you die?" The woman, who was always gentle and elegant, cursed her so viciously like a lunatic.

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She kept pushing Catherine to the window.

Catherine was afraid to fight back, and nor did she want. Closing her eyes, the despair and pain had drowned her.

Antonio couldn't stand it any longer. He pulled away Aubrey, "Aunt Hunter, I know you are quite sad now. But it's an accident, and Catherine didn't expect it either."

"She's just a jinx! All her families were killed by her!

"They are all dead!"

She couldn't stop curing Catherine.

Finally, the security and nurses took Aubrey away. She was injected with the tranquilizer. Huddling up on the floor, Catherine only exposed her fragile reddened eyes. "Can you tell me what has happened exactly now?"

Antonio squatted down. "According to the driver, when he wasn't able to dodge that truck, a Bentley rushed up from the behind. The driver of the Bentley was Owen."

Upon hearing Owen's name, Catherine couldn't help shedding tears.

"His car appeared in front of the taxi and was hit by the truck. Then the taxi hit the back of the Bentley because of the inertia."

"How is Owen now?" Catherine's voice trembled. She was so afraid that she would hear any news that she couldn't accept.

Heaving a sigh, Antonio answered, "He is in a vegetative state. I'm afraid he wouldn't wake up his all life."

Catherine saw black.

"I want to see him."

This time, Antonio didn't stop her. He asked the nurse to disinfect her and put the protective clothing on her.

As soon as Catherine walked into the ICU, she saw Owen lying on the bed quietly. His lips were pale and there were still uncleaned bloodstains on his mouth corners. On his ever-handsome face, she could see different wounds.

Catherine couldn't hold on any longer. She burst into tears. Lying prone on the edge of his bed, she called between sobs, "Owen, wake up!

"Wake up!"

He had always responded to her request.

However, he didn't this time.

They were still playing video games a few days ago. She couldn't accept that now he couldn't move at all while lying here.

Catherine muttered, losing her wits, "You've said you'll protect me all my life. You must wake up. Or, I'll be angry at you."

She sounded proud and coquettish.

However, her tears dropped in silence.

When Anderson walked in, he saw Catherine was waiting beside Owen's bed like a damaged doll. He felt that something had stabbed in his heart fiercely.

"How's she doing?" Anderson asked Antonio.

Upon hearing his voice, Catherine turned around. While weeping, she laughed, "Anderson Clark, are you happy now?"

"Haven't you always threatened me with the Torres family?" Catherine pushed Anderson. "Wonderful. Now, what else can you threaten me with?"

Looking at her craziness, Anderson frowned deeply, "If it goes on like this, will she be OK?"

"She should vent her emotion in some way." Antonio asked, "What are you doing here?"

Anderson frowned. "Johanna's blood type is also RH negative, which is

quite rare. Her attending doctor informed me that there's not enough blood left in the blood bank."

Upon hearing it, Catherine took half a step back. Looking at Anderson in horror, she roared hysterically, "Anderson Clark, you sickened me! You devil! You are such a scum bag!"

How could he still want her blood at this moment?

"You devil!" Catherine roared at him harshly. After that, as if she was afraid of bothering Owen, she suddenly knelt in front of Owen's bed. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Owen." _____

Chapter 89: Free Herself

"I'm sorry. It's all my fault.

"It's me... It's me who killed you.

"Aunt Aubrey was right. I'm a jinx..."

Anderson looked at the bony and weak woman deeply. Under the cold

light in the ICU, he could always see her bone through her transparent skin. He wondered since when she had become so weak and skinny.

There was an unbearable pain in his heart.

“Catherine Johnson, stand up.” Anderson bent over and carried her up.

Looking at Anderson’s face, she laughed like crazy. “Do you want my blood or my life? Please take them all!”

Anyway, she didn’t have anything to love in this world except her children.

Anderson frowned. When he was about to speak, he saw the woman in his arms, who seemed did not weigh at all, close her eyes.

“She fainted.” Antonio said to the nurse, “Put her on the nutrient solution.”

When Catherine woke up again, it was already the next morning. She didn’t shout or weep, sitting on the bed.

She noticed the needle mark on her wrist.

She laughed with self-mockery.

How ruthless Anderson was! For Isabella's substitute, he still took her blood when she was in a coma.

Since six years ago, she had been living in the dark.

In the endless dark, only Owen accompanied her to walk forward with the candle in his hand. But now, the last candle in her dark was blown out.

She had no hope at all.

"Good morning, Miss Johnson. You are awake. Hurry up and have breakfast," a nurse walked in and said with a smile.

"I'm not hungry." Catherine looked out of the window. "Please leave me alone."

Although Catherine looked calm after waking up, she kept looking out of the window for a whole day just like a robot.

Antonio knocked on the door and came in, reaching out to hug her.

“You still have Sophia and Lincoln. Be strong, Catherine.”

In his impression, Catherine was always that proud and stunning woman. Even when she was in a miserable environment, she still kept her dignity and pride.

At this moment, Catherine was completely different from the woman she used to be. She looked aged. She did not react to any sound outside of her own world. Even Sophia and Lincoln couldn't attract her attention. It seemed that her soul was taken away.

She was dead-hearted. Antonio guessed that she wouldn't struggle at all if someone wanted to kill her.

Probably, it would free her.

The truly frightening thing wasn't death itself. Instead, it was to live

without any spirit.

Antonio felt frightened. He couldn't let Catherine go on in this way.

He heaved a deep sigh and said, "Something was wrong with this car accident. On the road, any trucks should be forbidden to drive. It's the sea under the cliff of the mountain. Any normal driver would be driving quite slowly when passing the road. But that truck was at high speed without any brake trace. If it weren't that Owen's Bentley had blocked its way, the taxi would also be completely destroyed now.

"I suspect that this was targeting you originally.

"Think if you have offended anyone?"

Upon hearing his words, Catherine, who did not react at all earlier, finally reacted.

Johanna Scott!

When Sophia begged Anderson to go to the zoo, Johanna seemed to be quite happy. She also tried hard to convince Anderson.

She was wondering why Johanna would put in good words like that.

When Anderson was going to the zoo with them, Johanna wanted to keep him stay, but she didn't succeed. Later, Paul informed Anderson that Johanna had fallen from the wire. Hence, Anderson left and only she and her children were in the cab going back home.

Everything was too coincident.

It was abnormally coincident.

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Catherine got off the bed. Pulling Antonio, she asked, "Where is Johanna Scott?"

"In the ward next to yours." Antonio didn't stop her.

He was clear that if Catherine had someone to hate, it would be much

better for her to live like a walking dead.

After all, something could support her to live on.

Catherine rushed out and pushed open the door of the ward next door. Anderson was sitting next to Johanna's bed, looking at her so tenderly that he had never done on Catherine.

Approaching Johanna in a rush, Catherine pinched her neck. "Was it you?"

"Catherine, what are you talking about?" Johanna gaped.

Seeing that, Anderson pulled Catherine and growled, "What is wrong with you?"

Catherine had pains all over her body. Although Anderson was pulling her, she didn't let go at all. "You've done it, haven't you?"

She pinched Johanna with all her strength. The latter couldn't catch her breath, staring at Anderson with a pale face.

Anderson broke Catherine's grip with all his strength.

"Catherine Johnson, are you insane?" Anderson was so furious. "That's a car accident. What does it have to do with Johanna? Haven't you seen that she's injured?"

Looking at Anderson, Catherine burst into laughter. "Anderson Clark, you are just a stupid ass!

"You are a blind stupid ass!"

With a frown, Anderson looked at her. "I know you are close to Owen. I know you are quite upset. But you can't pull the innocent people in it."

Catherine felt as if her heart was torn, causing her a pang that she couldn't breathe.

"Anderson Clark, do you dare to investigate her?" Catherine refused to believe that there would be so many coincidences in this accident. She suspected that all were done as planned.

"Catherine Johnson, she's only twenty years old. She just graduated. Don't speculate on her with your sinister thoughts," Anderson said

firmly.

Johanna finally calmed down and got back to her senses, disdainfully smiling at Catherine.

‘It was all that Owen’s fault. Otherwise, Catherine Johnson and her damned two kids are already dead!’ she thought to herself.

Anderson said Catherine had the sinister thoughts, his words reechoing in the latter’s mind.

Seeing Johanna’s smile, Catherine laughed in self-mockery. Gazing at Johanna coldly, she said, “Johanna Scott, you are floating above in the cloud, but you’ll eventually fall from it. Everything that you’ve owned now is just an illusion, which doesn’t belong to you at all.

“If I’ve found you have anything to do with this accident, I’ll make you suffered the rest of your life.”

She cursed with her blood and soul, making Johanna shiver in fear. She wept in low voice and said, “Catherine, what are you talking about?

“Mr. Clark, I’ve just woken up. What on earth has happened? Has

Catherine misunderstood me?”

Anderson patted Johanna on her back. “It has nothing to do with you. She is just overreacted.”

Suddenly, Catherine calmed down.

Her impulsiveness couldn’t resolve any problem, but instead, she had stepped into others’ traps.

However, when blood rushed to her brain, she had no reason left and she couldn’t think anything through...

“Antonio, I’m starved.” Catherine decided to live. She must look into the accident and find it out if it was planned by someone.

Upon hearing her words, Antonio, who always concealed his emotion, smiled in excitement. “Let’s go. Hurry up. I’ve asked them to prepare it for you all the time.”

They went to the cafeteria.

“Last time, when Owen delivered your medicine to me, he said you liked the shredded chicken porridge casually. I asked the cook to make one for you.” Antonio pushed the porridge in front of her.

Catherine stared at the bowl of shredded chicken porridge. She could still recall the sweet memories with Owen, but she couldn't hear his voice or eat the porridge prepared by him anymore.

She took a sip of the porridge. The porridge with good smell and taste flew into her throat, but all turned to bitterness.

“Antonio, I want to die,” she said. As long as she died, she could free herself.____

Chapter 90: All Coincidences

Antonio's expression changed.

Looking at his worried face, Catherine smiled bitterly. “Please don't worry. I won't die now.”

It was not time for her to free herself yet.

Antonio shook his head. "I'm afraid it's quite difficult to look into the accident. The truck driver was thrown out of the truck after hitting the Bentley. He fell into the sea. So far, his dead body hasn't been found yet."

Catherine closed her eyes.

Everything seems to be a coincidence in this accident, but her intuition told her that nothing was coincident.

...

While Catherine was recovering, Sophia and Lincoln both woke up. They were freaked out by that car accident.

Sophia, who was always vivid, became quiet.

"Mommy, I saw Uncle Owen," Sophia whispered while lying prone in Catherine's arms.

"Is Uncle Owen dead?"

“Has he become the star in the sky, just like Grandpa and Grandma?”

She didn’t know what death was, but she knew it was not a good thing.

Catherine’s eyes were reddened instantly when she heard her questions. “Not really. He was just too tired. He would wake up.”

She couldn’t bear to hear the word “death”.

Although there was no much hope, she firmly believed that Owen would wake up.

Catherine and her kids stayed in VIP1, and Johanna stayed in VIP2 next door.

In the past few days, whenever Anderson stood in front of VIP1 and wanted to push the door open to walk in, he would recall how crazy Catherine looked that day. He hesitated and finally gave up.

It was Catherine who took the initiative to go to him.

Standing in front of Anderson, she looked so skinny as if she could be blown away by the wind.

Subconsciously, Anderson raised his hand, wanting to grab her. As soon as his hand moved, the woman in front of him took a half step backward.

“There’s something wrong with Johanna Scott absolutely,” Catherine said calmly.

Anderson was irritated. “It’s just a coincidence. Just don’t suspect others. Who would give up his own life just for killing you? That driver is dead.

“You said Johanna wanted to kill you. Before the accident, she fell from the wire and was almost dead. How could she have the chance to kill you?”

Catherine laughed ironically. “Indeed, so that’s why you don’t think she’s suspicious, right?”

“When you left because of her, only Sophia, Lincoln, and I were left.

Anderson Clark, do you know how it felt when you watched the truck rush to you but you couldn't dodge?" The truck aimed at her.

"It was despair. But my life is more despairing. For a moment, I even felt relieved. It's a good thing to die. After I die, I won't be tortured by you. But Sophia and Lincoln are both young. They were in the car. My children still have bright futures and they can't die."

Catherine smiled bitterly.

Anderson looked at her lifeless face, feeling as if his heart was smashed by a hammer. The pain made him unable to breathe. After a long while, he said, "This is not the reason that you can wrong Johanna."

He spoke affirmatively. Catherine felt that her heart was bleeding. When he liked someone, he was always protective of her.

He couldn't be justice.

Before he spoke, obviously he had taken the side already. Catherine laughed in a wave of extreme anger. "Anderson Clark, besides that she had the similar face as Isabella Johnson's, do you know her?"

“Just because of her face, you are so protective of her.” Catherine’s voice became harsher. “Let me tell you. Isabella Johnson is dead. She has died.”

Her words irritated Anderson. “Shut up!”

“Even Johanna Scott looks exactly like Isabella Johnson, she couldn’t be her.

“In your life, no matter how deeply you love Isabella Johnson, she’ll never come back.”

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Each of her words stabbed in his heart.

Anderson realized that she was so good at retorting.

Pinching her neck, he said, “I said shut up! You don’t have the right to

mention her name.”

Even it was hard for her to speak now, Catherine still squeezed words from her throat, “I save her and took her back home. It means I gave her life. She led a luxurious life for dozens of years. Why don’t I have the right to mention her name?

“Just because you firmly believed that I’ve killed her, right?

“How ridiculous!” Catherine’s eyes were full of amusement.

Looking at her, Anderson suddenly was in a trance. “Why have you become liked this?”

He suddenly felt that he didn’t know her at all.

They had been knowing each other for over ten years, but Catherine seemed to be a stranger to him now.

Seeing that he was in a trance, Catherine took the chance to break free from his grip. She looked into his eyes coldly, “I was forced by you to become like this. Anderson Clark, my parents were dead, and you are the ringleader. Probably you are also the ringleader for Isabella’s

death.”

She was way too aggressive, and her words displeased Anderson.

“I came to talk to you today because I want to discuss the kids’ safety with you. I don’t trust Johanna. If you want to take the children away, you must guarantee their safety.” For any woman that fell in love with Anderson, her children were the future threat to her.

“They had the accident when you were with them,” Anderson said in a cold tone, “Since you are going crazy, I can promise that Johanna wouldn’t show up on the same occasion where the kids are.

“I’ll send the bodyguards to protect them. Can you rest assured now?”

Catherine nodded. Although she wanted to take her children back, this was not the right time yet. If someone was truly targeting her, she was afraid that her kids would also be pulled into the mire.

Anyway, Anderson had a lot of security resources, so she believed that he could take better care of the children.

Even if Johanna wanted to harm them, she had to consider the

consequences.

Catherine turned around and left. Watching her decisive back, Anderson pulled her arm to stop her for some reason.

She looked back, cast a cold glance at him, and shook off his hand. Then she turned away without looking back.

When she turned around and left, Anderson felt that his heart had become empty. He could tell that seemingly she had no feelings for him at all. He could only see the strong hatred besides her calmness in her eyes.

Theoretically, he should feel quite happy.

However, he couldn't.

He covered his face with both hands in depression.

In a hidden corner, Johanna watched the scene, the hatred increasing in her eyes.

This time, Catherine was so lucky to survive.

It would be difficult for her to carry out another plan against her.

Johanna couldn't help but blame Owen.

Fortunately, the truck driver was dead. Otherwise, she would be worried if Anderson would question the driver. It seemed that God was helping her this time.

With an innocent and natural smile on her face, she walked over. "Mr. Clark, it turned out you are here. I've been looking for you for a long while."

Anderson raised his head. Putting on a smile on his face, he looked at Johanna and asked, "What can I do for you?"

"I want to go back and continue with the filming. If I keep staying here, it would delay the whole shooting, and the crew has to wait for me. I feel quite uneasy for that." After finishing her words, she lowered her head in guilt. "It's all my fault. How can I be so careless to fall from the wire?"

She looked like Isabella so much. Anderson wanted to make up to this girl with everything that he couldn't provide Isabella with in the past. He rubbed her head.

"I've informed the crew already. You were seriously injured. You can't leave the hospital right now."

Johanna looked up with a guilty face. "The nurses told me that Catherine had an accident a few days ago. It seemed that her friend has become a vegetable because of saving her.

"Catherine is quite beautiful, and she has so many friends, like Dr. Elliot, Mr. James, Mr. Torres, and as well as Mr. Liam, who also thinks highly of her. They even are willing to die for her. I'm so envious of Catherine's socializing ability. Unlike me, currently, I only have a close male friend as Mr. Clark." ____

Chapter 90: All Coincidences

Antonio's expression changed.

Looking at his worried face, Catherine smiled bitterly. "Please don't worry. I won't die now."

It was not time for her to free herself yet.

Antonio shook his head. "I'm afraid it's quite difficult to look into the accident. The truck driver was thrown out of the truck after hitting the Bentley. He fell into the sea. So far, his dead body hasn't been found yet."

Catherine closed her eyes.

Everything seems to be a coincidence in this accident, but her intuition told her that nothing was coincident.

...

While Catherine was recovering, Sophia and Lincoln both woke up. They were freaked out by that car accident.

Sophia, who was always vivid, became quiet.

"Mommy, I saw Uncle Owen," Sophia whispered while lying prone in Catherine's arms.

“Is Uncle Owen dead?

“Has he become the star in the sky, just like Grandpa and Grandma?”

She didn’t know what death was, but she knew it was not a good thing.

Catherine’s eyes were reddened instantly when she heard her questions. “Not really. He was just too tired. He would wake up.”

She couldn’t bear to hear the word “death”.

Although there was no much hope, she firmly believed that Owen would wake up.

Catherine and her kids stayed in VIP1, and Johanna stayed in VIP2 next door.

In the past few days, whenever Anderson stood in front of VIP1 and wanted to push the door open to walk in, he would recall how crazy Catherine looked that day. He hesitated and finally gave up.

It was Catherine who took the initiative to go to him.

Standing in front of Anderson, she looked so skinny as if she could be blown away by the wind.

Subconsciously, Anderson raised his hand, wanting to grab her. As soon as his hand moved, the woman in front of him took a half step backward.

“There’s something wrong with Johanna Scott absolutely,” Catherine said calmly.

Anderson was irritated. “It’s just a coincidence. Just don’t suspect others. Who would give up his own life just for killing you? That driver is dead.

“You said Johanna wanted to kill you. Before the accident, she fell from the wire and was almost dead. How could she have the chance to kill you?”

Catherine laughed ironically. “Indeed, so that’s why you don’t think

she's suspicious, right?

"When you left because of her, only Sophia, Lincoln, and I were left. Anderson Clark, do you know how it felt when you watched the truck rush to you but you couldn't dodge?" The truck aimed at her.

"It was despair. But my life is more despairing. For a moment, I even felt relieved. It's a good thing to die. After I die, I won't be tortured by you. But Sophia and Lincoln are both young. They were in the car. My children still have bright futures and they can't die."

Catherine smiled bitterly.

Anderson looked at her lifeless face, feeling as if his heart was smashed by a hammer. The pain made him unable to breathe. After a long while, he said, "This is not the reason that you can wrong Johanna."

He spoke affirmatively. Catherine felt that her heart was bleeding. When he liked someone, he was always protective of her.

He couldn't be justice.

Before he spoke, obviously he had taken the side already. Catherine

laughed in a wave of extreme anger. “Anderson Clark, besides that she had the similar face as Isabella Johnson’s, do you know her?”

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“Catherine is quite beautiful, and she has so many friends, like Dr. Elliot, Mr. James, Mr. Torres, and as well as Mr. Liam, who also thinks highly of her. They even are willing to die for her. I’m so envious of Catherine’s socializing ability. Unlike me, currently, I only have a close male friend as Mr. Clark.” ____

Chapter 91: I Don’t Care

Anderson’s face darkened.

“I’m so sorry to hear about the car accident happened to Cathy and her friend. And if it had not been for Torres, Cathy could have been injured worse. But why was Torres following behind Cathy’s car?”

Scott said in a seemingly innocent manner.

But in fact there was a strong current of malice.

The look in Anderson’s face hardened even more. The relationship between Catherine and Owen had always been a thorn in his side.

It had been a sharp thorn in his side for many years.

Now there was little hope that Owen would awake, and Catherine would never ever forget him. He didn’t get rid of the thorn. In the contrary, it got deeper in his flesh.

...

Catherine asked Antonio again about Owen's condition.

But she didn't get good news.

Antonio shook his head slightly, "Only a minority of vegetables could regain consciousness. Even if they finally wake up, their body would suffer irreversible damage."

"You'd better prepare yourself for it."

The panic and sadness flooded Catherine again. She struggled to restrain herself to avoid falling sick.

She took a few deep breath, trying to calm down and keep her sense.

Antonio noticed her problem and gave her pills and a glass of warm water, "They were left by Owen not long ago."

Catherine swallowed the pills with teary eyes, "I want to keep Owen company and talk to him."

Antonio expressed his disagreement, "You'd better not. The Torres family are in his ward. I don't think it's a good time."

"Owen was injured because of me, so it's reasonable for his parents to be mad at me."

"I know you have a sense of guilt, but your appearance would irritate them."

Catherine stopped with hesitation, pondering for a while, and then said in a low voice, "But anyway I have to apologize."

Antonio watched her leaving, raised a thin smile and then followed her.

"Why are you following me?" Catherine asked in confusion.

"If you get beat up, I could be there helping dress your wounds."

In Owen's ward, Aubrey was looking at Owen lying in the bed and her

face was drowned in tears. Harrison Torres's hair was getting almost all white in a few days.

Catherine felt sad and guilt at the sight of them.

Aubrey saw her and stood up in irritation, "What are you doing here? Get out. You are not welcomed here."

"You train wreck! Get out!"

Aubrey pointed at Catherine and screamed hysterically.

Harrison came toward Catherine, looking at her with red eyes, and said with deep sorrow, "Catherine, please go."

Catherine couldn't help but burst into tears.

She knelt down all of a sudden.

"Mrs. and Mr. Torres, I am sorry, sorry!"

“Sorry!”

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She kowtowed while apologizing, and soon her smooth forehead was bleeding.

“My son is lying in the bed dying. Don’t you dare to think that I’ll forgive you for your kowtows. Catherine Johnson, it’s impossible!” Aubrey let out a sharp voice.

Blood and tears was streaming down Catherine’s face, she said bitterly, “I’m not asking for your forgiveness, and I’m in no position to ask for it. I just feel sad ...”

Aubrey burst into tears and hit Catherine with her palm. The hit got harder and harder, but Catherine kept kneeling in silence gritting her teeth.

She had to atone for it.

Looking at the frail yet strong girl and the blood dropping onto the floor, Antonio's heart throbbed and he stopped Aubrey.

"Mrs. Torres, Mr. Torres, Catherine is the last person who wanted the car accident to happen. Owen must find that she was in danger and then tried to protect her. At the very dangerous moment, Catherine was the one that he wanted to protect by risking his own life. Though he is lying unconsciously, he definitely doesn't want you to blame or hurt her."

On hearing what Antonio said, Aubrey stopped and looked at Catherine with tears, "Just go and never be back here again."

Mr. Torres held Aubrey in his arms gently and looked at Catherine with sorrowful eyes, "I watched you and Owen grew up together, witnessed you breaking off the engagement with Owen, getting married with Anderson, then getting divorced and then ended up in jail."

"What about Owen? You attended a concert in childhood and was obsessed with the pianist. You kept pestering Owen to play the piano for you, so he started learning the piano for you. He had learned it for 20 years. He was unable to get you out of the jail, so he began to learn how to be a successful businessman to take care of you financially. He spared no efforts to help you have a better life. He seize every chance

to appeal your case and he finally made it.”

“As his father, I was happy to hear that thinking you two would go back together, but you keep getting involved with Anderson. I knew Owen couldn’t rival Anderson because he doesn’t have a hard heart as Anderson does. So I asked you to keep away from Owen, but I didn’t expect this all to happen.”

Harrison sighed.

Catherine was too sad to breath, overwhelmed by pain.

“Owen ends up lying here for his own choice. He chose to risk his life for you. Reasonably, I know I shouldn’t blame you, but I do personally, because he is my only son.”

“Please go and never be back.”

After he finished, Harrison took Aubrey back to Owen’s bed. Though middle-aged, their hair were almost all white, and their straight back were slightly bent now.

In one’s life, nothing’s sadder than watching his/her child lying in the

bed unconsciously and dying.

Catherine took the last look at the bed.

Owen was lying there quietly. Regardless of the respirator, he seemed as if he was sound asleep.

Catherine staggered out the ward and then squatted at a corner, hiding her head in her knees.

Antonio stood beside and looked at her. She didn't cry out loud, but Antonio could figure out she was in great pain from her back spasm, as if her heart was grasped by someone.

Antonio bent over to carry her and said in a low voice, "You can't act like this. You're hurting yourself."

Catherine forced a faint smile, "I don't care."

I care.

Antonio said in his mind but shook his head immediately to deny it. He

couldn't fall for her.

Antonio insisted on sedating her, so Catherine fell asleep soon. She was not sound asleep as she was dreaming. In her dream, she saw a rushing coach and a Bentley crushed between two cars.

And Owen with blood bleeding from his head.

At the end, she woke up with a start and then stared at the white ward while gasping loudly.

"Mommy, don't be sad. Uncle Owen will awake." Lincoln held Catherine's hands and said in a worried voice.

Catherine caressed his head, "Why don't you go to bed?"

"I'm worrying about you." Lincoln lay in Catherine's arms, "Mommy, we have to move on. If the car accident was premeditation, we should find the murder."

"Does it have anything to do with Mr. Clark?" Lincoln let his head hang low in a sudden.

Chapter 92: Annual Party

Lincoln didn't take Anderson as his father, but biologically he was Anderson's son.

Catherine held him tightly.

But uttered no words.

If Johanna was the one behind the car accident, she must do it because of Anderson.

"Have a sleep." Catherine put Lincoln to sleep but she, staring at the

ceiling, could no longer fall asleep.

She was recalling everything between her and Owen.

...

Catherine was not seriously wounded physically but psychologically.

She stayed in the hospital for half a month and then left the hospital.

When Anderson came to pick up Sophia and Lincoln, Catherine took the medicine in advance to calm herself down.

“They witnessed the car accident, so after you take them home, you should not only keep them safe but also take them to see a psychiatrist.”

It was the first time that she showed so peacefully when Anderson took the kids away, but Anderson surprisingly felt weird.

“Anything else?” Anderson rarely spoke such calmly.

“No.” Catherine bent to say goodbye to her children and then left without any hesitation.

This accident made her realize that she was not able to protect her children.

She was too weak to resist Anderson.

Perhaps, she would never get her kids back.

For the rest of her life.

If her kids really would never live with her for the rest of her life, she had to get used to the life without Sophia and Lincoln as soon as possible.

And Sophia and Lincoln had to get accustomed to the life without her as early as they can.

Anderson staring at Catherine's back, feeling empty and hollow.

Was she getting farther and farther away from him?

Was it what he wanted?

Anderson had no answer.

...

Catherine came home for first time in half a month. There were many traces left by Owen at home.

There were dinnerware that he bought and the fridge filled with food by him.

His photos.

Catherine scanned them carefully and she didn't break down probably because of the medicine. She collected all his stuff except for the photo on the bedstand.

He was smiling brightly in the picture.

She didn't update her comic for half a month, so after finishing tidying the room and pulling herself together, she apologized to her editor Doreen and explained what happened.

Doreen replied immediately, "How do you feel now? Can you work now? If not, I can call in sick for you."

"I can work." Catherine took a stroke and tried to draw. The wounds hurt slightly when she moved too much, but she could stand it.

"Okay, the company's annual party is held tomorrow. Don't forget to attend it at the Sky Club." Doreen told her in detail, "I booked you a room at the Sky Club."

Catherine sat in front of the drawing board for whole day, drawing constantly.

Only in this way could she temporarily forget those sad things.

Meow Comics' annual party was grand. Perhaps it was because of Ethan, Catherine was arranged to sit in the front row where she watched those familiar celebrities speaking on the stage.

All pretty beauties.

"Meow Comics is surprisingly rich!" The girl seated next to Catherine exclaimed, "How can it be such awesome in its first year of establishment?"

"I heard that its annual party would invite celebrities and I thought it was fake news. I didn't expect it is true."

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She kept saying for a while but didn't get any response from Catherine, so she poked her at the elbow, "Why do you show no excitement?"

“I am excited inwardly.” Catherine smiled.

She had met many celebrities before, so the present celebrities were not special to her and she was not excited to see them.

But she didn’t want to explain it to the girl.

The girl stared at Catherine in doubt, “I can tell that you are excited. But it is no surprise as you are as beautiful as those celebrities.”

“Thank you.”

“But why do you look familiar to me?” The girl touched her hair and asked in confusion.

Catherine was startled. She made herself up on purpose to avoid being recognized.

She smiled naturally, “You may be confusing me with someone else.”

The was unable to remember whom did Catherine resemble, so she

scratched her hair, “Probably. I am Gianna.”

Catherine knew this name and looked at her surprisingly, “It’s you.”

The girl looked so young that no one would have imagined that she was a mother.

Gianna was glad to hear what Catherine said, “You know me? Am I so famous?”

“You asked about the baby formula in the group chat and I told you the brand. You sent me your child’s picture in private.”

“It’s you?” Gianna looked at Catherine excitedly.

She complained to Catherine about how tiring it was to raise children, “I didn’t have enough sleep for a few months and this time I forced my husband to look after the kid.”

“But sometimes when I looked at my baby, I would think he is worth the effort.”

Catherine smiled slightly. Yes, they were worth the effort!

“Let’s welcome Johanna Scott to the stage. Miss Johanna made her acting debut this year, but she has already showed up in many works. For instance, the latest popular Misty. Miss Johanna stars in the season 2 as Amanda Barnett...”

Catherine looked up when the MC called Johanna’s name.

Johanna smilingly walked upon the stage in a white dress. She wrote her name at the board and then looked down at the audience.

She saw Catherine seated in the front row and her face stiffened slightly.

“Well, does Miss Johanna find anything interesting?” The MC asked with a smile.

A suggestion of malice flashed in Johanna’s eyes and then she smiled at Catherine, “An acquaintance.”

Before the MC could ask, she continued, “I didn’t expect that the author of Misty is here.”

As soon as she finished, the hall was in an uproar.

The attendees were almost all from the comic circle, though some may be from the media and the entertainment industry. They all knew why did the author of Misty withdraw from the playwriting.

Taking drugs was not a small matter.

The present media sensed something unusual and pointed their cameras at Catherine on hearing what Johanna said.

Looking at what happened, Johanna was laughing up her sleeve.

“Ms. Johnson, how dare you enter the drawing circle again with a new identity. Nasty painters like you should be banned!” Someone was screaming furiously.

Johanna enjoyed the scene on the stage.

Catherine glanced at her calmly.

There was no emotion showed in Catherine's eyes, but it sent chills up Johanna's back. Johanna felt a sudden thrill of foreboding.

The attendees became more and more angry.

If had it not been the security guards, they would have come Catherine.

However, Catherine, who was at the center of the noisy dispute, was surprisingly calm and sat there motionlessly.

Johanna was eager to destroy Catherine and she couldn't control herself, "Ms. Johnson, don't you want to give an explanation?"

Catherine stood up slowly and gave a dazzling smile towards the cameras._

Chapter 93: She Is the Light

The audience thought Catherine wouldn't respond to it, but unexpectedly she stood up.

With a polite and broad smile.

The reporters behind the cameras were dazzled by her beauty.

Catherine walked toward to stage step by step.

Looking at Catherine's peaceful face, Johanna felt strongly uneasy.

"Excuse me, can I have the microphone?" Catherine asked the MC beside her.

The MC was stunned by the scene and was startled by Catherine's voice. She handed the microphone to Catherine at once.

"Thank you." Catherine nodded at her politely and then looked into the cameras with her beautiful face.

"This is the annual party of Meow Comics and I didn't intend to talk about my personal matter, but now that Miss Johanna mentioned it, I think I should take this opportunity to explain it."

Catherine stood side by side with Johanna. Her stunning beauty put Johanna in the shade.

Catherine bowed towards the cameras, "I am wrong."

She admitted her mistake directly.

She caused an uproar again.

"Are you admitting your mistake?"

"Since you know you are wrong, why do you stay in the circle with a new identity? You are making another mistake!"

...

Hearing Catherine's confession, the reporters became more aggressive.

Facing the offensive questions, Catherine showed no panic on the stage.

Anderson and Ethan were informed with the news and showed up in the hall. They fixed their eyes on the woman in a black dress with red lips and curly hair at the center of the stage.

“I am wrong because I owe an apology to my readers and those who like me.” The red lips moved slightly.

But the uttered words were not what the media wanted.

A reporter attempted to ask questions, but Catherine made gesture to stop it, “I don’t mean that what happened was right. It was absolutely wrong. But the pictures you saw online were misleading. I was injected by someone who had a spite against me. I am one of the victims.”

Instantly, the hall was in an uproar again.

The reporters were commenting on what she said her and some were questioned her with malice.

Catherine kept smiling on the stage as if she was not disturbed at all. In the contrary, Johanna was struggling to have her smile remained.

She couldn't wait to push Catherine off the stage.

"Stop." Catherine shouted into the microphone.

She showed a kind of strange power, causing the noisy reporters become quiet instantly.

Catherine opened her mouth, "I told the police the details. I know you are doubting that why I didn't tell the truth at the first time. That's because I don't know who is the murder and it hurts me a lot, so I have unconsciously tried to ignore it and forget it..."

"I guarantee here that I didn't do that on purpose. The whole issue is still under investigation. I am just a painter who draws comics, not a celebrity, so I wish the present media could be merciful and don't interrupt my normal life."

She showed a modest attitude. In this noisy circumstance, she was able to quiet everyone by speaking.

She seemed to be shining, making people trust her involuntarily.

All eyes were focused on her.

This woman was so beautiful that women would envy and men wouldn't resist.

Anderson stood in the darkness, his eyes getting colder.

Ethan was the first one to clap and he walked from the darkness towards the stage. He stood on the stage beside Catherine.

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"I believe her."

Catherine looked at Ethan for a second and then turned around, "It's Meow Comics' annual party and it shouldn't be interrupted by my personal business."

Catherine finished and gave the microphone back to the MC. She

bowed toward the audience before she stepped down the stage.

Johanna was shooting herself in the foot. She intended to set Catherine up but she didn't expect herself to help Catherine.

She was too embarrassed to stay on the stage so she rushed away.

When she went backstage, she was stopped by Catherine.

Looking at Catherine's cold eyes Johanna felt panic, "What do you want?"

Catherine sneered, "Nothing. I'm just curious that do you have nightmare after killing people? Think about the driver in the sea and Owen whose life hangs in the balance...Guess if Owen's parents would investigate the car accident after they recover from the tragedy?"

In the backstage dim light, Johanna stared at Catherine and stepped back out of fear. She showed anxious and panic, "You are talking nonsense!"

Catherine walked towards her smilingly but with cold eyes, "Johanna, he who repeatedly commits wrongdoing will come to no good end. Just

guess if the dead driver would come for you or not?”

“Ah!” Johanna screamed out of scare and fell down.

Anderson followed Catherine when she left the stage and he saw it when Johanna fell.

The light was faint and Johanna fell quickly, so from where Anderson stood it seemed Catherine pushed Johanna.

“Catherine, what are you doing?” Anderson grabbed Catherine’s arm and shouted in a low voice.

Catherine turned around and sneered at him saying nothing.

Johanna’s eyes were gleamed when she saw Anderson, thinking he would be on her side, “Andy, it hurts.”

Moist eyes and tearful voice.

A woman like Johanna should have been more adorable than Catherine who wore a cold smile, but looking the crying Johanna, Anderson

somehow felt disgusted.

“Just take care of your Isabella 2.0.”

Catherine noticed the absent look on his face and seized the chance to get rid of his hand. She left right after finishing the sentence in a cold way.

Anderson watched at her back in silence.

She used to turn her back to those annoying wooers.

But now, he was the one whom she turned her back to often.

His heart seemed to be hammered heavily. Each breathing caused pain.

Johanna still sat on her heels on the floor, looking at the absent look on Anderson’s face, and her eyes were alight with hatred.

She tried to pull herself together by suppressing her hatred and then lied calmly in a soft voice, “Andy, Cathy has gone. Before you arrived, she said she was going to see Mr. James.”

Anderson kept silent for a while before he helped Johanna up with a cold face and then said in a serious voice, "I'll have Paul drive you to the hospital."

Johanna looked at him with tearful eyes, "I want you to be with me."

She resembled Isabella a lot. Her face and words pleased Anderson slightly.

"I have things to do. I take you to see Paul."

Johanna was shocked. Anderson was always on her side whenever she showed to be vulnerable, but this time it didn't work. She was suddenly flooded with panic.

Catherine did go to see Ethan later. She just caused a sensation at the party, so she couldn't go back there to make more trouble.

Ethan smoked while he speaking in a cold way, "I'm surprised that you are tortured so badly by Anderson." _____

Chapter 94: Joseph

“Is it hurting?”

If Catherine was asked that when did she feel the most pain in her life?

The answer should be the time when she was in prison six years ago. In the prison, every day was painful.

Being forced to be injected with the drug was one of the suffering that she could never forget. She had been suffered so much pain that she couldn't tell which hurts more.

Catherine shook her head softly, “No.”

You couldn't feel the pain when you got used to it.

“Here you are. I have been looking for you.”

From their back came the voice of Aurora.

Catherine's eyes were glittered with pleasure, “Why are you here?”

“Well, I can’t come here?” Aurora crossed her arms proudly, “I heard that you were bullied. You know what? I was seducing my handsome boy, but I drove here as soon as I heard the news.”

Aurora pulled Catherine into her arms, “Well, am I nice to you?”

Catherine laughed, “You are the best.”

“I read the news online. You are awesome. You don’t need my help. There is a huge outcry online about the matter, asking for investigation into it. The police issued an announcement that you are framed, and they are still investigating who is the criminal.”

Catherine didn’t check her phone after she left the stage, so she was surprised to know that the things went this far and quick.

Aurora held Catherine, “You have to tell me if you are not happy. Don’t keep it to yourself. I am your biggest support.”

“Aurora.”

Catherine was about to thank Aurora when an icy male voice came from behind.

Catherine turned around just to find a boy in jeans, a khaki wind coat and a pair of canvas shoes showing no brand name.

She made an eye contact with the boy, finding his eyes were clear as a pool of spring. That was her first impression of Joseph.

He seemed like Owen when he was a freshman at college. Thinking of that, Catherine showed slight sadness in her eyes.

She then gave a glance at Aurora in her arms. Aurora had silver hair and wore heavy makeup. They were completely different.

It seemed that one of them was from hell and the other from heaven.

Catherine asked quietly, "You bad girl, how did you hook up with such a clean boy?"

Aurora also saw Joseph standing not far away and then she frowned, "What are you doing here?"

Joseph's face was getting colder when he walking towards Aurora.

He showed a powerful vibe instantly.

Aurora was scared and held Catherine tighter, "Cathy, you have to protect me."

"Well, you want to escape after sleeping with me?"

The young man uttered the shocking news with no expression on his face.

Catherine stared at Aurora in shock.

Aurora blushed slightly and got away from Catherine's arms to cover the man's mouth, "Why are you mentioning that?"

The man grabbed her wrist and took her away after he nodded at Catherine and Ethan.

“Hey...” Catherine tried to stop him but Ethan covered her mouth as soon as she opened her mouth.

Ethan didn't let her go until Aurora disappeared.

“You did nothing to stop them?” Catherine asked with a red face.

Ethan shrugged, “Any problem?”

He leaned against the wall casually crossing his long legs, “You can't afford to mess with Joseph.”

Catherine was confused as the man looked nice, “What do you mean?”

“I mean he is good-looking and charming, but in fact he is a cruel wolf.” Ethan narrowed his eyes looking toward where Joseph Carter and Aurora disappeared.

Hearing what Ethan said Catherine was worried more, “Then how can you let him take Aurora away?”

Ethan knocked Catherine’s head, “Aurora is not idiot. You heard that it was Aurora who slept with Joseph and left. They are in a relationship. Don’t worry about it.”

Catherine became quiet but she was still worried about it.

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In the hall, most of the celebrities had left along with the reporters. Only a few idols were dancing and singing there.

“do you want to have a look downstairs? Boyce is there.”

The reporters had left and Catherine was kind of bored so she went downstairs with Ethan and sat at the front table.

Gianna was very excited to see Catherine, “You finally come. Are you alright?”

Catherine didn’t make new friends for a long time so she was a little uneasy with the passionate Gianna, “I’m fine.”

Gianna showed cares on her face, “It was past. Don’t feel bad about it.”

Catherine nodded, “Thank you.”

Catherine turned her eyes to Boyce on the stage. Boyce was capable of delivering bursts of energy. She could see enormous vitality from his dance.

She was pleased by watching he dancing.

When Anderson came back to the hall, he caught Catherine staring delightedly at a boy on the stage. He frowned thinking that Ethan was not enough for her and now she was hitting on someone from the entertainment?

He strode towards her.

“These boys are so handsome. I regret that I get married so early.”

Catherine smiled, “Yeah, they are pretty.”

Gianna complimented those boys dancing on the stage with excitement together with Catherine.

Suddenly, she felt a cold gaze. She looked up and saw Anderson. She was about to tell Catherine that she thought this man was more handsome than those idols.

But before she open her mouth, she realized that this man was Mr. Clark.

Anderson pointed at the other tables suggesting Gianna leave.

Catherine saw Anderson and she held Gianna’s hand, “This is your seat. He can find another one.”

She was speaking to Gianna but her icy eyes were fixed on Anderson.

Anderson looked bad.

This woman was against him deliberately.

“Most of the attendees are your colleagues, so if you don’t want to make a scene, let her find another seat.” Anderson said in a low voice.

He threatened her again.

Catherine let Gianna go.

Gianna got up immediately to give her seat to Anderson.

Ethan sneered. He grabbed Catherine’s hand and said mockingly, “Oh, Mr. Clark wants to take her back?”

Anderson darkened his face, “You should go to see a psychiatrist.”

He just hated to see Catherine having a happy life!

The two men competed with each other secretly, but Catherine paid no attention to either one, still looking at Boyce on the stage.

The dancing ended.

Boyce ran down the stage in a sweat. He bent toward Ethan, "Mr. James."

"Catherine."

Catherine liked this boy a lot and asked the waiter to get a chair for him, "How's your practice?"

She refused to have Anderson sit beside her.

But she got a chair for the other man.

Anderson sulked and was out of control, "Well, Ethan couldn't satisfy you, so you are finding yourself a younger one?"

"Catherine, you are the mother of two kids. Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?"

Slap.

A hard slap.

Everything become quiet._____

Chapter 95: Fist Fight

His words were disgusting. Usually whatever he said about her she could persuade herself to ignore it.

Anderson was astounded by Catherine.

He looked into her icy eyes but he found no emotions.

Anderson was furious but didn't know what to say seeing her eyes.

At a moment, he was afraid to say anything that would annoy her.

"Anderson, he is just a child." Catherine said in a cold voice, "I don't

care if you insult me, but please don't get innocent people involved in it."

She was protecting the boy.

Anderson suddenly felt bitter in his mouth. He turned his icy gaze to Boyce, "How old are you?"

Boyce frowned, "Twenty."

"You take a 20 years old man as a child?" Anderson mocked, "Don't you know how old are you?"

Five years between them.

As long as you were rich, five years was no big deal in this circle.

Catherine knew what he meant.

She was disgusted, "You don't mind the age gap between you and Johanna so you think everyone else could do the same as you. Dirty people see dirty things."

If it had not been his indulgence, how dared she do that!

Anderson frowned. What's wrong with the relation between Johanna and him?

He just tried to be nice to Johanna for the sake of Isabella. He owed Isabella a lot before she passed way, so he wanted to make up for it.

There was no romantic relationship between Johanna and him.

"Johanna and I ..." Anderson defended himself unconsciously.

Before he finished, he saw Catherine was pulled into Ethan's arms.

Anderson swallowed his words. Why should he explain it to Catherine?

Owen was lying in the bed, but she still got Ethan and Antonio and she could get herself male prostitutes and young boys.

Anderson reached out to take Catherine from Ethan but she avoided his hand instinctively.

She was held in Ethan's embrace but her beautiful eyes were filled with hatred when she looked at Anderson, as if she was going to destroy him with her hatred.

Ethan laughed, "Anderson, don't see that she hates you?"

Anderson was enraged and punched heavily on Ethan's jaw. Ethan let go Catherine and then rolled his wrists to fight back.

"You may forget that Sky Club is my place."

The two men started a fight.

A fierce fight.

The annual party was completely ruined.

Catherine withdrew herself from them and walked directly to the second floor.

Anderson watched Catherine left indifferently and right at the moment he got a punch in the face by Ethan.

...

Catherine leaned over the window watching the traffic outside with an absent look on her face.

She grew up in this city, but now she desired to escape from here.

She wanted to go back to city A and go back to Owen and her children.

Only when she was with them could she feel peaceful temporarily.

“Here you are.”

Gianna said behind her. Catherine pulled herself back to turn around and nodded, “The party ended?”

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The 10 Most Successful Celebrity Brands

“Yes, the remained guests are playing in the box but I don’t like the noise in it.” Gianna leaned over the window beside Catherine, “Mr. Clark left soon after you came upstairs. He looked poor and his face was injured severely.”

“You had been a hot topic online for a while. An anonymous user revealed that there was something between you and Mr. Clark, but I didn’t believe it.” Gianna smiled with embarrassment, “But it is true. You are so cool.”

“The news on the internet are not all true. Don’t believe everything on it. The relationship between Anderson and me is not what you imagined. I got acquaintance with him because we studied at the same school.”

Seeing Catherine’s cold face, Gianna’s eyes showed a look of disdain, but no one noticed it as she lowered her head.

“I go to my room.” The company booked standard rooms.

Gianna held Catherine’s arm intimately, “I asked the editor to let me share a room with you.”

Catherine didn’t care with whom was she going to share the room. After all she only knew few people here. Gianna was the only one except for her editor.

Catherine browsed the internet with her phone for a while in her room. Her affair was a sensation online. A lot of people commented on her social media platform and some wanted her to finish the Misty.

Of course, there also were comments saying that she was hyping herself up or lying.

Catherine posted a message, “A clean hand wants no washing.”

Joshua was drinking with Anderson. When he read Catherine’s post, he immediately handed his phone to Anderson, “Catherine posted a message.”

Anderson stared at the message.

And then he knocked back his strong liquor in one go and his eyes turned red slightly in the darkness, “What does she mean? Is she implying that she has nothing to do with Isabella’s death?”

Joshua scratched his head, “She should be explaining the matter about the picture. Don’t overthink it.”

Anderson laughed wryly, “She is too proud to give explanations. I asked Hudson to investigate Isabella’s case, but he got nothing so far.”

“According to the exist evidence, she is probably the murder. I had all the people on the cruise questioned before I decided that she was the murder.”

“But now her message makes it seem that I am the one who did wrong.” He drank up one glass after another.

“Now she think Johanna is the one who caused Owen’s car accident. Johanna just graduated and I had Arthur investigated her. I know everything about her. She is pure and kind.”

“She doesn’t even dare to kill a chicken but now she is accused of murder.”

Joshua lift his glass to Anderson’s and then after hesitating for few seconds, he asked in confusion, “You have Johanna and she has Ethan. Why don’t you move on?”

“Move on?” Anderson’s face darkened.

“No matter whether Catherine harmed Isabella or not, she paid for it in the prison.”

“Now Owen is lying in the bed with his life hanging in the balance. After all, Owen gave up learning the piano and came back to do business because you put Catherine into the jail.”

“Isabella could never come back to life. There is no winner.”

“Why don’t you let it go and move on?” Joshua asked sincerely.

Anderson kept drinking and didn’t respond.

In a sudden, Joshua remembered that Anderson once called him asking how could he keep Catherine with him.

He asked cautiously, "Are you falling in love with Catherine?"

"No." Anderson denied without hesitation.

Joshua had been his friends for about 20 years and he knew well about what Anderson's reaction implied.

He didn't dare to admit his affection for Catherine!

"Well, I call Catherine and you two have a talk in peace." Joshua took out his phone.

Anderson attempted to stop him but finally gave up after a hesitation.

He kept drinking while paid attention to Joshua's phone secretly.

Catherine saw Joshua's call thinking he was calling to ask about Aurora so she answered the phone immediately, "Hello."

Joshua put his phone on speaker, “Catherine, can you come to OX now?”

“Catherine, hurry up. I can’t wait any more.”

Before Catherine spoke, a man’s voice came from the other end of the phone. Joshua rushed to put the speaker off, but it was too late.

Chapter 96 Making The Best Of A Bad Bargain

Joshua hung up the phone at once.

Anderson sneered sarcastically for a short while.

Joshua wanted to explain, but he realized there was nothing there for him to explain. In the middle of the night, with Catherine and Ethan being a couple, and hearing Ethan's voice by her side.

It was quite self-explanatory what they were doing.

This night, Anderson drank until he got totally hammered. This was the first time Joshua had seen him drink indecorously, after knowing him for so many years.

Anderson was shouting Catherine's name.

Catherine took some iodine and cotton swab and walked towards Ethan. She sulked at him and said, "You could have just called in a waiter to fix you up, why do you have to call me over?"

Ethan lounged on the sofa like a boss, and read his comic book, "Don't be ungrateful, I got beaten up in order to protect you from your ex-husband."

Catherine dipped the cotton swab into the iodophor, "Don't try to take me for a fool. I know you wanted to take on him for quite some time

now, so don't use me as an excuse."

Ethan poked at Catherine's head repetitively, "You are an unappreciative woman."

"Hurry up and fix my wounds, it's hurting so much. He threw all his punches on my face. He must be jealous of me because I am better looking than him."

Catherine curled her lips with a sign of contempt.

"What's with that expression? Do I not look better than Anderson?"

Catherine tried to brush him off and said insincerely, "Yes, yes, of course, you are the most handsome person ever alright."

Anderson did not have the best personality; but his facial attractiveness was still off the charts.

Although Ethan was a good-looking man too, however both Ethan and Anderson had their own distinctive style, so it was hardly comparable.

Catherine carefully applied the iodophor on Ethan's wound and sterilized it. When she got back to her room after all the trouble, it was already past midnight.

She was afraid that she might have disturbed Gianna who should be resting, so she washed herself up in Ethan's room before heading back.

Carefully and silently, Catherine opened the hotel room door.

"You're back?" Gianna was playing her phone in her bed.

Catherine glanced at her watch, it was already two hours past midnight, "Why are you still awake?"

"I just woke up; my kid was crying. His father called me and asked what he should do." Gianna ranted, "Now he finally realized how hard it is for me, you have children too right, is Anderson the father of your children?"

"Does Anderson generally care about his children?"

When Catherine gave birth to Sophia and Lincoln, Anderson was absent from her life. However, on the contrary, Owen was the one who was busily occupied.

All in all, Catherine felt that she owed Owen the most.

“Before I gave birth to my children, Anderson and I got divorced.” Catherine did not say much, “Go to sleep earlier, you should take advantage of these two days and have a good time.”

After the annual dinner.

Catherine got back to her normal life.

After Owen’s accident, she forced herself to live a healthier life. She woke up earlier and sketched the whole morning, while in the afternoon she would go over next door and visit Owen.

She would clean up his place.

As though as in doing so, it would feel as if Owen were still around her.

After the incident at the annual dinner, there were more prospects for Catherine. She would occasionally take up some illustration cases, and among them were a popular game requesting her to draw illustrations for their in-game characters.

The requirements were high, but the pay was lucrative too.

Catherine accepted the offer without a second thought.

At night, when she was having dinner with Aurora, Catherine mentioned about the offer to her. Aurora curled her lips in disdain, “Joseph is still so conscienceless; the in-game character skins that he sells for a few hundred millions of yuan, and he only pays you nickels and dimes.”

“Joseph?”

Speaking in a disgruntled tone, Aurora explained, “The offer that you accepted, the company belongs to Joseph.”

“Really?” Catherine knew about the game; it was the most popular game now in the market. She knew about Carter family, but she was not familiar with Joseph.

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Aurora gave a snort of contempt, “He was not the one who designed the game, it was made by a college student who sold it to him.”

“But it was also because of him the game went viral. Sophia and Lincoln also play the game, I even topped up in-game cash for them.” Catherine hesitated for a moment as she looked at Aurora’s clothes, then asked, “Why are you plainly dressed up today?”

Normally for Aurora, she would dress up as sexy as she could. However, today she just put on a simple white dress with some simple and light make up on her face.

“I have just accompanied that scum Joseph to a gathering. This is the dress that he has specially ordered me to wear, and he has even sent in a makeup artist. What I wear is none of his business.”

“What’s up with you and Joseph?”

Aurora put down her chopsticks furiously, "I slept with the wrong person. It was supposed to be a starlet, but there was a mistake and I ended up in his room. The most ridiculous thing is, he insisted that I should marry him."

"Am I the kind of person who would give up the entire forest for a tree?"

Catherine was quite speechless when she heard Aurora's complaint.

"From my brother, I heard that Sophia and Lincoln miss you a lot, do you want to go visit them?" Aurora changed the topic abruptly.

Catherine's hand which was holding the chopstick, froze for the moment there. After a slight pause, she said, "No, I'm not going. They need to get used to a life without me living by their side."

"Nonetheless, you should give them some time to adapt. It has already been half a month. Let's go, I'll drive you there." Sophia willfully dragged Catherine up, "You have yet to see how miserable Sophia and Lincoln are."

Even though Catherine told herself that she should keep a distance from her children.

But after she heard Aurora said that her two children were having a tough time, her heart ached with a suffocating pain.

She did not resist when Aurora dragged her away.

After all, she was very unwilling to part ways with her children.

Aurora drove straight to Ziting Villa. The security guard knew who they were and let them through.

When Aurora and Catherine went inside, Sophia and Lincoln were talking to their therapist. When they saw Catherine, their eyes shone with excitement and they dashed towards her.

“Mommy, why did it take you so long to come see me?” Sophia suddenly burst in tears, and accused Catherine, “Are you abandoning me and Lincoln?”

Catherine could not hold back her tears after she heard what Sophia said.

“Are you abandoning me?”

Catherine could not say a word. She did not choose to abandon them, but she was incapable of taking them away from Anderson.

Lincoln looked at Catherine. He smiled and said, “ Mommy, I will not resent you for any decision that you make.”

“You should have your own life, don’t let us stop you from moving forward.”

Hearing such mature words coming out from her young boy, Catherine felt an intense heartache. She hugged her two children and wept.

Anderson stood on the second floor and watched the scene that was going on downstairs.

He sneered, “In their eyes, I am the bad person who is trying to split the three of them apart.”

“Hudson, tell me, did I make a mistake?”

“Yes.”

Hudson saw what happened downstairs too, and he gave his answer without any hesitation.

Anderson chuckled, “Even if it’s a mistake, I might as well make the best out of it.”

The children were his bargaining chips.

It was like a fish lure. The children must be in his hands if he wished to tie Catherine down.

Hudson showed his disapproval on his face, “Your actions will lead Ms. Cathy’s heart to leave you further and further away.”

Anderson gave a sullen face, “I don’t care.”

He did not need her heart, He only needed her to stay right under his nose where he could see her.

Anderson walked downstairs with a long face. When he reached the courtyard, he heard Lincoln's voice.

"Mommy, take care of yourself. When I grow up, I will bring Sophia and we will go and find you together." _____

Chapter 97 Forced To A Corner

Anderson sneered and said coldly, "What an ingrate."

Lincoln frowned when he saw Anderson approaching. Catherine stood up and protected the child while glaring at Anderson and said, "Take it out on me and not on the kid."

Anderson walked slowly towards Catherine and grinned as he pinched her chin, "I have no interests in these two ingrates. However, I detest you."

"Just guess what would happen to them if you were to escape." He warned.

Sophia was trembling as she held onto Catherine's leg and looked at her father with her big round eyes with tears welling up inside them.

Catherine was devastated by his words and remarked, "Anderson, how could you be so vicious?"

"You are worst than an animal!" She declared.

He would not resort to these measures if she did not try to escape. Anderson suppressed his fury as he scoffed, "What else can you do other than speak?"

Catherine smiled bitterly.

Anderson was right. She was powerless to do anything because she was constantly oppressed by the Clark family.

"I have custody of both Sophia and Lincoln. I advise you to know your place and not create any more trouble." Anderson warned.

Aurora fumed as she observed and said, “Anderson, can you stop threatening Catherine? Can’t you see that she had suffered enough already?”

Anderson looked at Aurora coldly and said, “Settle the problems with Joseph before you meddle with someone else’s family issues.”

Aurora had a sheltered upbringing. Although she was afraid of Anderson, she chose to stand up for Catherine, “You and Catherine had already divorced. So what family issue are you referring to?”

Anderson’s expression changed immediately and warned, “I’ll dump you onto Joseph if you continue to interfere.”

Aurora gritted her teeth as she knew that she was in the wrong in the matter concerning Joseph. Now she could not get rid of Joseph and her family was not powerful enough to deal with Joseph.

“Aurora, there is no need to help me.” Catherine smiled helplessly and continued, “He is cruel to use the kids to threaten me.”

Catherine then taunted Anderson, “What will you use to threaten me if I give up the kids?”

Anderson suddenly felt a chill run down his spine. What would he do if she really gave up the kids?

Catherine laughed sarcastically at him and Anderson’s expression started to change for the worse.

“You won’t,” Anderson said.

“Anderson, I won’t abandon my kids.” She walked forward and declared, “But if you force me to a corner, don’t think that I won’t fight back.”

She had nothing other than blood ties with her children. That was why she could not give up on them so easily.

Catherine disengaged from the encounter with Anderson. She hugged both of the kids and left with Aurora without looking back.

Suddenly Sophia started to cry while Lincoln shouted at Catherine, “Mommy, you only think of yourself.”

Catherine's tears started to flow as she bit down hard on her lips to prevent herself from crying aloud.

Back at the car, Aurora said regretfully, "That Anderson is despicable!"

"It's my fault. I shouldn't have brought you here!" Aurora was furious.

Catherine took out a tissue and wiped her tears and the blood on her lips, "It's not your fault."

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Aurora sent Catherine home and just before Aurora left, Catherine said, "I don't know your relationship with Joseph but you must never lose yourself in a relationship. Don't ever end up in my situation."

Aurora laughed, "I don't love Joseph. Just take good care of yourself and don't worry about me." Aurora left with a swagger after saying.

Catherine looked at Aurora's lofty attitude and laughed as Aurora's arrogance reminded herself of her own behavior years ago.

Catherine washed up and then went to the study room to research and played some computer games several times so that she could have some inspiration to illustrate the game sequences.

She had been drawing comics and she was no stranger to drawing for a computer game. However, after a night of research, Catherine had yet to start drawing for her new project.

She contacted her agent and hoped to obtain more information so that she could start drawing. Thereafter she drew for an hour on her other comics before sleeping.

On the next morning, her agent notified her that her requests had been approved.

Catherine picked out a more professional-looking attire, put on her makeup and then went to the gaming company with some of her research information.

During her research, she also conducted a search on Joseph. There was no picture of him on the internet but there was numerous information on him.

The Carter family had risen from a regularly wealthy family to an industry leader all because of an electronic game. The success of this game sprouted other games which enhanced the reputation of the Carter family.

In the recent couple of years, they started to produce short videos and were at the forefront of the social media latest trends. Each of their products was timely and fashionable. Catherine was impressed with Joseph's business acuity and talent.

Catherine arrived at the Carter group lobby and waited at the reception area for her agent. A moment later, a professionally dressed lady approached her and said, "Hi, are you Miss Johnson?"

"Yes, I am," Catherine replied.

"I'm Julia Wood." Julia extended her hand towards Catherine politely.

Catherine shook her hand and introduced herself, "Nice to meet you, I'm Catherine."

“Come with me, follow me in.” Julia was beautiful with a porcelain-like complexion.

“I did extensive research on this project but in the end, I think that it was better that I speak to the Project Manager,” Catherine explained.

“You’re very detailed in your work.” Julia replied.

As they walked in, Catherine unexpectedly met Joseph in the elevator. There was a tall young lady beside him but she was not Aurora.

Joseph noticed Catherine and asked, “Miss Johnson, what brings you to the Carter group?”

“I was invited by your company to participate in the creation of the New Hero project. I’m tasked with the original illustration.” Catherine replied as she looked at the young lady for a couple of seconds.

“If Mr. Carter still has Aurora’s interests at heart, please do not hurt her,” Catherine said.

Joseph looked at Catherine with his unique, lofty gaze and replied,

“Miss Johnson should mind your own business.”

Catherine felt unsettled with such a remark from a seemingly proper gentleman.

“Miss, is there a misunderstanding?” The young lady beside Joseph spoke out.

Catherine was shocked at the voice of the young lady and asked, “You are a man?”

The ‘young lady’ nodded and said, “I was cheated and lost a bet.”

After saying, he walked around Catherine a couple of times and continued, “The person whom I lost the bet to looked a lot like you.” _____

Chapter 98 It’s Worthy for the Beauty

“There are many similar people in the world.” Catherine Johnson felt relieved to know that he is not a girl, “Especially good looking people,” she teased.

“Hey, you are such an interesting people,” Ray approached Cathy and asked, “Have you got a boyfriend?”

“Do you think I’m suitable?”

Ray dressed like a woman but did not look strange when he did not speak, before Cathy pushed him away, Joseph Carter who stood beside him grabbed him, “Ray, she is Ethan James’ girlfriend, Anderson Clark’s ex-wife.”

“It’s you.” Ray looked Cathy up and down, “But you have such a good-looking face, I don’t mind to compete with them then.”

Joseph sneered, “You compete with Ethan and Anderson at city W? You really treat here as your territory.”

Ray looked frivolously at Cathy, “It’s worthy for the beauty.”

Cathy felt uncomfortable, as her family background turned poor, she became just like a goods that can be judged and snatched by whoever that was more powerful.

Luckily the lift arrived, Cathy got out from the lift without saying anything.

“I didn’t expect that you know Mr. Carter,” Julia sighed, “Our Mr. Carter is such an amazing guy.”

Cathy said nonchalantly, “We have met once by chance, but not familiar with him.”

Julia smiled faintly, “Young Master Ray is the kind of guy who has such a temper as if he has collection addiction whenever he meets good-looking women, he feels happy only if he gets their hands on.”

Cathy looked at Julia and asked, “What about you?”

The smile on Julia’s face froze, not knowing if it was Cathy’s misconception, she can read desolation from her face, “I’m just an ordinary staff, he seems to be dissolute but actually he does not play around with people on his own territory.”

This was Joseph's company. How can it be considered as Ray's territory?

Cathy said to herself, but she did not question closely further.

Julia brought Cathy to the game department which was quite different from the elegance of other departments, most of the people were sitting at the working space wearing plaid shirt, with glasses, staring at the computer.

"Caught a bug."

Out of sudden, someone let out a shout and shocked Cathy.

"They are responsible for the problems of the game program, don't be scared, usually except going for food and to toilet, basically they will stick to their work space, I take you to find the person-in-charge for this New Hero."

Again, Julia brought Cathy to a small room, there were roughly 8 or 9 people in a heated discussion over something.

Julia clapped her hands.

The originally intense scene stopped immediately and all looked in the direction of the door, “Ms. Wood, why did you come over? Along with a beautiful woman.”

“This is the concept artist I found for you, she draws comics, has also learnt concept art before.” Julia smiled gently, “But she has never received any business manuscript from our company.”

“Welcome, welcome, we are worried about being short-handed.” A short-haired girl was the first to clap.

A young man stood up, looked at Cathy with disgust, “We need a concept artist, what for you found a comic artist.”

Cathy did not get angry, she opened the computer bag, “Although I did not receive any business manuscript, I drew some during my free time, how about you take a look at it first?”

The gaming concept art was different with comics but there were still large parts of them similar with each other.

Cathy opened the file in the computer and showed it right in front of the man who had just teased her.

The man was about to taunt her, but he could not say anything when he saw Cathy's file.

His impression of drawing comics was to draw beautiful figure in which the setting, character, optical logic can be neglected, and the drawing was dull and spiritless.

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However, Cathy's drawing was far different from what he imagined, her every figures came with background setting, biography written beside it, the whole design was very beautiful, the expression was clear, the detail was accurately conveyed.

"I just drew it for fun, I was free and had nothing to do so I wrote a backstory, completed the drawing according to the backstory, there are also supporting roles, maps, background settings, APC (allied player character).

The more the young man looked at it, the more he realized that it was the setting for a complete game, and that he might even launch a game based on it.

"But it's not perfect; everything was drawn last year, and I'm too busy this year to draw."

The rest of the team became concerned when they saw the man staring at Cathy's painting and saying nothing "How is it, Jacob? It's difficult for us to take a look at it since you're holding the computer."

Jacob finished looking at all the drawings and moved the computer to the middle of the table, "Look at it yourselves, I have no opinion."

Julia chuckled, "I knew I hadn't chosen wrongly when I saw your drawings."

"Ah, amazing work!" The short-haired girl who had just welcomed Cathy gazed at her, "You know what, you did the work of several people

yourself, the entire game's big system was written out by you, and then slightly added to some parts, you can create a little game with the help of a few programmers."

"I just drew it for fun."

Jacob, who had just expressed his displeasure to Cathy, shouted, "Fantastic! Playing at a professional level just for fun, she is really a master."

The short-haired woman who was filled with admiration stared at the settings in the computer, "You must be enthusiastic towards drawing."

Cathy felt awkward as she listened.

She learnt comics drawing because of passion.

But she was pursuing a career path not out of passion, but out of desperation; she was unable to go out because she lacked of means of livelihood.

She was forced to draw comics at Owen Torres' place after being released from jail, but her drawing was unpopular and her gain was

unsatisfied and not enough to support her children.

She heard that concept artist can make money, so she went ahead to learn concept drawing.

She had not finished learning concept drawing but there was some improvement for her comic drawing, then she did not change jobs to do concept artist.

But since she had already learnt it, she did not want to give up, so she conceived all the settings and ideas.

She never thought that it would be used one day.

As Julia saw Cathy fitted in with the group, "Then you guys chat, I'm going back first, I'll take you out to lunch at noon."

The latter half of the sentence was for Cathy.

"By the way, for your information, Miss Johnson works as part-time; she will go back after you guys get this character out."

Jacob who just showed disgust towards Cathy frowned, “Can’t she stay?”

“Miss Johnson has her own other jobs and this is not her main job.”
After Julia finished talking, she waved goodbye gently and left.

Cathy felt quite happy as her ability was recognized by the team.

“This is the information, background and also the setting of every character of the game, you have to read through them, then, according to the information, draw some concept drawings that fulfil the setting.”
Jacob handed over a few folders to Cathy.

“Those you drew are not bad but since you have not been exposed to the project, you have to study more about it.”

Cathy nodded, she sat at the temporary place arranged and read the information about the game for the whole morning.

Cathy came back to her sense only when Julia came over and took her out to eat.

Right after she ordered food, the guy who named Ray and Joseph sat

directly across from her.

Chapter 99 He Falls in Love

Ray changed back into suit.

In a black suit and with long black hair, it was hard for people who didn't know him to tell his gender.

It was a rare thing for Joseph to dine in the canteen of the company.

Catherine thought Ray Riley might come here for her. She didn't wear any expression, just nodded head coldly in a polite manner as greeting.

Then she continued to eat.

Ignored on his first time present in public as who he was, Ray was encouraged to have greater interest in Catherine, wearing a naughty smile around the corner of his mouth.

He took out the phone, "Give me your contact details."

Catherine glanced at him indifferently, "There's no need."

She had bad impression on him. From what Julia said, she thought he was the type she didn't like at all.

Ray didn't seem upset at being refused, "I can get it anyway, even if you don't want to give it to me. It's quite simple."

"Am I right, Julia? You know how to contact Miss Johnson, don't you?"

Julia bit her lips and said nothing.

Catherine turned her head back and had a look at Julia, seeing her eyes were blurred with tears, and then she shifted her sight to Ray's dashing face.

Unaccountably, she thought there must be deeper relations between the two people.

After Anderson Clark's matter, she now quite hated those who tried to embarrass women, "Find it out yourself if you want, why particularly embarrass a woman?"

Ray took his phone in front of Catherine.

She looked at the QR code on the phone and had a glance at Julia, finally calming herself down.

"Miss Johnson, I won't give your information away, don't you worry."

Catherine's eyes lingered between the two people, and then she took out her phone and scanned the QR code.

Ray took his phone back with satisfaction.

Joseph got up, "You've got what you want, let's leave."

Ray got up and smiled evilly at Catherine, "Gotta go this time. I'll see

you later.”

After Ray left, Catherine added him to the blacklist in front of Julia.

If she was right, the relationship between Julia and Ray Riley was not that simple.

But she was new here, not quite familiar with Julia, so it was not suitable for her to have deep conversations with Julia as old acquaintances would do.

—

The Clark group.

Anderson Clark was standing in front of the French window, with his eyes stared deeply at the falling flakes of snow. He kept thinking of her saying that she didn't want to keep the children.

Every time when thinking of her emotionless eyes, he would feel rather upset.

“What is she doing these days?”

Arthur, who went blank with eyes staring at snowflakes, immediately replied, “Miss Scott is on the set, but she cares about you very much and yesterday she had a pair of cufflinks sent here.”

Anderson frowned. It was not the news he’d like to hear.

Noticing the changes on Anderson’s face, Arthur instantly got to know that Anderson was not talking about Johanna Scott.

“Miss Johnson has been invited to join the Carter group as a member of its game department.”

Now she turned her eyes on Joseph Carter?

Ethan James gave her a job and Joseph Carter was busy providing her with part-time work, and even his friends spoke well of her.

She always knew how to win people over.

Arthur felt that Anderson was unhappy to hear this, so he stepped back

slightly and suggested, “Miss Johnson is a proud person. If you want to keep her beside you, try to avoid tough measures, or you’ll push her further and further away.”

A pair of profound eyes with slightest feelings swept over Arthur.

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6 Unconventional Tips To Foster A Healthy Relationship

Arthur was frightened to retreat half step further and not sure whether to say it or not.

“What is it?” Anderson asked coldly.

“Things concerned with the Meow Comics Annual Meeting not long ago are still under investigation by the police. You see, should we give the police the information that Hudson got?”

“To prove Miss Johnson’s innocence.”

Anderson frowned again. That man refused to give away the plotter behind this issue no matter how Hudson questioned him.

After a moment's silence Anderson replied, "Yes, why not."

Arthur was relieved, "I'll have it sent to the police soon. Miss Johnson must be grateful to you, master."

Anderson shifted his eyes back to the falling snow outside the window, "Who wants her gratitude."

It was at the end of this year, during which the company was particularly busy.

The team which Catherine was in planned to finish their project before the annual leave.

"Let me tell you, it's wishful thinking to finish it before vacation." Lily said, with dozens of manuscripts in her hands.

"I will definitely suffer from sudden death, if I continue to stay up late." Amya, a woman with short hair, cried weakly on the desk.

“Before you die, you have to finish the story first.”

Amya threw a cushion at Terry, and cried, “Terry, do you have a heart?”

Terry caught the cushion, sank into his chair and had a sip of tea, “Look at Catherine, you should learn from her.”

Amya took a look at Catherine who was drawing manuscript with earphones on, and then she hurriedly shook her head, “No, she’s so crazy!”

Catherine took off the earphones and smiled, “I can hear you.”

“Catherine, don’t you feel tired?” Terry asked with a smile.

Catherine handed the newest manuscripts to Lily and stretched herself, “Of course, I do feel tired.”

Terry was a fat man, and the smile on his face really made him look like Maitreya Buddha, “Well, then have some rest. It’s not worth dying for it.”

“You’re exaggerating.” Catherine searched something in the data bags, “It’s rather good for me to get worn out by work, or I would imagine things.”

Amya was suddenly cheered up, and she stared at Catherine with her bright eyes, “Is it true that Ray Riley is courting you?”

As Amya stopped speaking, Julia walked over with a bunch of roses and put it in front of Catherine.

Catherine immediately threw it into the trash can beside her desk, even without shedding her sight on it.

She looked up at Julia and said, “Just tell Ray Riley, I have no interest in him at all.”

“If he keeps harassing me, tell him that he first should ask whether Ethan James will allow it or not.”

Ethan James was her boyfriend in name only. Why not make a good use of it? She thought.

Julia shook her head helplessly, “He won’t change his mind easily unless

he tries everything. Gotta go.”

Other people in the office had got used to it that Ray Riley sent flowers here every day, but except Amya, who always would be excited to talk about it every time!

“To my knowledge, it’s the first time that Mr Riley courts a woman with such persistence. Catherine, could it be that he really falls in love with you?”

Lily beside her sneered but said nothing.

“Fall in love? No, it’s just that he hasn’t lost interest before I’m hooked.” With a gorgeous face and wealthy family, Ray Riley had been used to being flattered by women.

Now he met a woman who just played the opposite, which stirred up his interest.

She had seen a lot of this in the world of rich people.

“She is at the center of the matter but apparently she has a clear head, which you’re exactly lack of. If a man wants to cheat you, I’m sure he

can easily get you.” Lily lectured Amya with a sharp tongue.

The two continued to argue in the office, and Catherine started to devote herself to studying the materials.

Her strength and ability were recognized by everyone and her team didn’t see her as a useless eye candy, so she liked her life in the Carter group.

There was somebody to talk to when getting tired in work, which was far better than being alone. As Catherine was wondering, the phone beside her suddenly rang.___

Chapter 100 A Familiar Stranger

“Hello, is it Catherine Johnson, I mean Miss Johnson? There is some latest news about the case you reported last time.”

Hearing this, Catherine was excited and asked, “You mean you find out the truth?”

“Almost the same. A kind citizen sent us some helpful materials and revealed a suspect to us. So I’d like to know whether you’re available to

help identify the suspect.”

Catherine was so thrilled at the news that tears were welling up in her eyes. It was a nightmare in her life, a time that she didn’t want to recall.

Catherine hung up the phone and took a day off.

She took a taxi straight to the police station.

The policeman responsible for this case smiled at her, “We have locked him up.”

“You need to identify if it’s him.”

Catherine was led to a room and looked through the glass at the man who was locked up.

The bony man was in rags. She could only see his profile and he looked as if completely different from that time. For a moment she nearly can’t recognize who he was, so she moved forward two few steps.

The man seemed to notice that someone was staring at him outside the

glass.

He suddenly looked back with a smile on his face.

Catherine was frightened to retreat back by that smile. That was a smile she would never forget.

In those countless nightmares, he approached her with that smile on face and a needle in his hand. She had got through those scary nights overwhelmed by nightmares. She was at rock bottom during that time of her life.

Every time when she thought she was going to be killed, Owen suddenly came out and saved her.

“It’s you?” the man said in a gravelly voice, with an appearance nearly the same as that of devil in the hell, “I failed to kill you at that time. What a shame.”

Catherine managed to stand still with her strong will and tried to calm herself down. She stared straight at the man through the glass, “Sorry to let you down.”

“Now it seems you can never kill me.”

“Well, I even doubt that if you can live to the day to be released.”

Catherine laughed.

The man was provoked by her words. He glared at her viciously, “Don’t count your chickens. Even if I can’t, there is somebody else who can do it.”

“Somebody else?” even up to now Catherine had no idea who she had ever offended.

They tried to hurt her at such a risk.

The man laughed wildly, “I won’t tell you, no matter what you say.”

“I’m not afraid of death. She was worth it, even if I die for her!”

Who is “she”?

Catherine made another few attempts to get some information from the man, but he sealed his lips and refused to give away a word about other people concerned with this matter.

She came out of the room.

“Is it him?”

Catherine nodded, “Yes, he gave me the injection, before which I had no impression that I had met him. I completely don’t know why he resents me so much.”

“There are some other evidences from that kind citizen. It’s a video, in which you’re clearly set up by the man.” the policeman added, “There are still some voices online saying that you’re lying, but don’t you worry. We’ll announce the result in public according to the procedure after we go through the details.”

Catherine was relieved. Although she didn’t know who the man was working for, she felt quite contented that he was put in prison.

“Thank you very much.” Catherine stood up and bowed to thank the policemen.

“Well, it’s our job.”

“May I ask who provides evidences for you? I want to express my thanks in person.” If it was not with the help of that warm-hearted citizen, she had no idea how long it would take her to prove her own innocence.

“It was sent from Anderson Clark’s personal assistant.”

Catherine thought she misheard and asked a few times more.

“Yes, I’m sure it’s him. You really owe him a big favors, or it’s a big challenge for the police to get those aged materials and evidences.”

Catherine left the police station but she totally didn’t know how she did it.

It was snowing outside.

She walked dumbly in the snow, with unceasing steps, as if she can’t

feel cold at all.

All of a sudden, a man stood beside her, with a black umbrella over her head. She turned aside.

With the dim light of street lamp, she managed to see the figure, tall and straight, having dashing good looks.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

His face was strange but familiar.

She was sure that she didn't know him. If there was such a good-looking man in her life, it was impossible that she didn't notice him before.

But for some inexplicable reasons, warm feelings were rising up in her heart.

A blast of cold wind hit. Catherine came to her sense, and gave a slight

smile, “Hello? What can I do for you?”

The man smiled and retreated back slightly, handing the umbrella to Catherine, being polite and gentle.

“It’s a heavy snow, and cold. It’s better for you to keep the umbrella.”

“No, but thank you very much.”

She didn’t know him. At the moment when she looked up, she instantly recognized it was a purely handmade umbrella with walnut handle by a top brand. One cost tens of thousands yuan.

She was not someone who liked to take advantage of others.

Whatever the reason, she can’t take such an expensive umbrella.

Still with a smile on his face, the man bent over and put the umbrella in the snow.

He turned around and walked towards a British vintage car.

Catherine stared at his back. He was such a gentleman with an air of elegance. And she didn't perceive any malice from the man.

The car started and then it disappeared in the snow.

Catherine picked up the umbrella, and thought she should give it back to its owner if there was a chance.

Instead of going back to the office, she went back home made herself soup for dinner. After dinner, she started drawing manuscripts for the cartoon that was being updated.

Unlike usual, she can't get into work today.

She got distracted from time to time.

Why would Anderson Clark help her?

She had been used to his hatred on her. For his sudden help, she can't figure out his real intentions.

She originally had planned to thank the person who helped her out, but

now when she knew that person was Anderson Clark, she was reduced to hesitation.

Catherine stood on her feet and came into Owen's house, which was just next to her door. She stayed for a while in his study.

Looking at the photo of her and her children on the desk, she smiled gently.

It was quite obvious that Owen had feelings for her, but she can't accept it.

As she thought that Owen was still lying in the hospital, she closed her eyes miserably. All the sufferings flooded in her mind, and she put on a bitter smile.

A minute ago she was hesitating whether she should express her thanks to Anderson Clark.

But if it was not him, she would have not suffered so much and gone through so many humiliations.

Hatred grew wildly like weeds in her heart. Despair swallowed her little

by little. The last shred of sanity told her that she was not well.

She got up with difficulties and went back to her own room, taking out the drug with trembling hands.

She swallowed it.

Soaked in sweat, she lay in the bed. After a long time, she regained the peace in her heart and fell asleep in a daze.

Before sleep, she thought, she got over a hard time again.

In Ziting Villa, Anderson was half lying on the sofa, asked impatiently.

“Where is she?”

Arthur hesitated and replied, “She went back home.”

Anderson’s face went dark and his half-closed eyes suddenly opened widely, “She didn’t ask the police who had provided the evidences?”

Arthur deeply regretted.

Why would he tell Master Anderson that Miss Johnson definitely would come to thank him?

He should remember the deep-seated hatred between them when he said it at that time.

He had nobody but himself to blame!

“Speak!” Anderson coldly ordered.

Arthur closed his eyes in despair, “She had asked...” _____

Chapter 101 A Thank you

Anderson’s face went dark and his half-closed eyes suddenly opened widely, “She didn’t ask the police who had provided the evidences?”

Arthur deeply regretted.

Why would he tell Master Anderson that Miss Johnson definitely would come to thank him?

He should remember the deep-seated hatred between them when he said it at that time.

He had nobody but himself to blame!

“Say something!” Anderson ordered coldly.

Arthur closed his eyes and spoke resolutely, “She did.”

But she didn’t come to him.

She didn’t want to come!

What an ungrateful woman!

Anderson shoved the phone down on the table. He got up and went upstairs with a stolid face, surrounded with a frigid atmosphere.

He was really angry now, angrier than ever before.

“Perhaps Miss Johnson is busy with other things. She must be very grateful to you in her heart.”

“Maybe she’s just too proud to admit it face to face.”

Following after him, Arthur grabbed the phone and explained carefully, in hope of appeasing his anger.

Anderson gave him a cold glance, “Your bonus is gone for this quarter. Give me the phone and you can go back now.”

Arthur looked bad.

He heard the vase broken into pieces upstairs when going downstairs.

Arthur was dreadfully terrified. He had meant to do Miss Johnson a good deed, but he was not sure it was good or just the opposite.

Catherine had no idea what was going on at Ziting Villa.

She didn't come to see Anderson, but instead, Anderson went to her.

In the morning, as Catherine went out for work, she was startled to see a man was leaning against the wall outside the door.

She was about cried out.

But Anderson raised his head.

She swallowed it back.

There was a dead silence.

He looked into her eyes deeply, as if a fierce beast was sealed in his profound and quite eyes.

Catherine met his eyes calmly, without any trace of avoidance or fear.

"What brings you here?"

Anderson just stared at her face with half-closed eyes.

After a good while, he suddenly laughed out.

Catherine frowned slightly, "I'm going to work."

As she said it, she planned to leave.

A long arm got in her way.

The ferocity in his eyes made her retreat naturally. He stepped near her.

Anderson grabbed her by the hand and pushed her into the house.
Catherine tried to resist but in vain, for he was too strong for her.

"Bang—"

The door was slammed shut, which gave a quiver in Catherine's heart.

She was pushed against the door, and the man's quick breath came

blew in her face.

Deliberately suppressed rage made the muscle in his face twisted, and he closed the fierce eyes.

After quite a long while, he opened eyes.

A husky smirk broke out his throat, "Why didn't come to see me?"

Catherine frowned. He wanted her to thank him?

"Thank you for the evidences." she said quietly.

She sounded just like a waitress in a restaurant saying welcome, without a hint of genuine emotion.

He had stood outside the door for a whole night but just got a cold thank you.

The emotion in his eyes got stronger, with the reason and beast in his mind fighting each other fiercely.

His look at her was terribly hot as if burning in fire.

In a moment, it reached peak and the emotion he had held all night suddenly broke out.

He lost his mind.

He sucked her pink and soft lips.

Catherine stared at him with red eyes, unyielding and full of hatred.

He saw it, the hatred in her eyes, so he covered her eyes with his hand.

That was the last thing he would like to see.

He looked at her face in strong desire.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

These Strange Ways Will Keep Your Relationship Strong Day To Day

“Anderson, let go of me!”

She had known him for years and totally knew what he wanted. But she was too weak to resist.

The harder she resisted him, the more he wanted her. He can't hold himself anymore.

His dark eyes were hot as if burning.

His breath was getting heavier and heavier.

“Anderson, don't ...”

Anderson had covered her mouth before she finished.

He removed his hand off her eyes. Catherine glared at him.

The man's fiery eyes met her look, and he suddenly laughed,
“Catherine, you'll never escape me.”

His voice was low, but Catherine can't help trembling.

She can't escape him!

It was like a nightmare in her life.

His eyes got increasingly hot, and the smile around his mouth was wider.

Anderson bent down and held her up, walking towards bedroom.....

Catherine was quivering.

Even if she told herself not to fear, she can't resist it.

"Anderson, I hate you."

Hearing her crying sound, he stiffened all over and fell his sight on the woman in his arms, whose face was wet with tears.

He laid her on the bed, and kissed the tears off her face devoutly, gently whispering, "Don't hate me. You should thank me."

Catherine closed her eyes.

She didn't say a word.

He stubbornly thought he had nothing to do with her sufferings, and it was her that reduced herself to such situation.

He did her a little favor, and then she should humbly thank him.

She didn't have Stockholm syndrome. She can't persuade herself to thank the killer that ruined her life.

It was not until afternoon that he stopped touring her.

Catherine closed her eyes in tiredness, lying on the bed like a lifeless doll. Anderson clasped her in his arms.

With his fingers running through her hair, he remarked casually, "Don't piss me off, will you?"

There was only a dead silence.

Anderson didn't get angry with it. He added, "Let's have dinner together. Sophia and Lincoln miss you very much."

He wanted to threaten her with children?

He would allow her to visit children every time when he got satisfied, just like a treat.

Her heart was bleeding.

It made her more miserable than killing her.

Catherine replied resolutely, "No, I'm not going to see Sophia and Lincoln."

He was shocked.

It was the first that she refused to see children, which suddenly reminded him of the things she said that day.

What can you threaten me with if I gave up the children?

Could it be that she really gave up Sophia and Lincoln?

Anderson lowered his head and looked her pale face, "You mean it?"

"Yes."

It went dark when Anderson left.

Catherine was in the bathtub, under the water, terribly sobbing.

As she went out of the bathroom, she stared at her spoiled body scattering with traces, in her eyes, love and hatred interweaving and tearing each other.

Catherine found her phone which had been turned off by Anderson before. She switched on the phone and found there were several missed calls from the team in company. She explained in chatting group that she was sick and forgot to ask for leave.

“Are you alright?” Amya replied soon.

“I’m fine. I was asleep, just feeling uncomfortable before. I just check the messages on the phone now. Don’t worry.”

Catherine replied to their messages one by one. Anderson sent a message to her when she was online.

She had intended to delete it.

But the cover of the video was Sophia and Lincoln. She can’t resist clicking on it.

Sophia was crying heavily, “I want mommy, I want mommy!”

In a moment, Catherine felt her heart was hurt as if being punched heavily. She closed her eyes in misery.....

Her phone rang. Catherine opened eyes with tears in them, looking blankly at the new message sent by Anderson.

“Do you wanna come?”

He was more shameless than she had imagined.

Chapter 102 Celebration

If he got his own way this time, he would continue to threaten her with it later.

Catherine knew it, but Sophia's cry rang out in her ears.

Her heart was bloody hurt as if tightly held by something.

She took a taxi to Ziting Villa. She went in such a rush that she even had no time to change out of nightgown.

Security guard seemed to have known that she was coming.

He got excited at seeing her, "Please go in the house, Miss Johnson. Master Anderson has been waiting for a long time."

As Miss Sophia cried, Anderson had no idea what to do with it.

Instead of being calmed down, Miss Sophia even cried worse.

Anderson felt a headache when seeing Sophia kept crying.

“Stop it. Your mommy is coming soon.”

Catherine just about came to the door when she heard Anderson’s impatient voice, and she hurriedly pushed in.

“Sophia, mommy is here.”

Sophia instantly stopped crying on hearing Catherine’s voice. She looked at Catherine with puffy eyes like walnut, and rushed to her.

“Mommy, you’re coming.” she buried her red face in Catherine’s arms.

“Alright, don’t cry.”

When coaxing the child, Catherine sounded very gentle.

Sophia got tired and took Catherine’s hand, “Nanny, it’s dinner now. My mommy comes.”

“Ok.”

Sophia took Catherine to the table, waiting for nanny to serve the dishes.

“Miss Johnson, Miss Sophia has told me to cook your favorite dishes when she heard you are coming.” nanny smiled.

“Master Lincoln also asked me to buy your favorite drinks.”

“They’re good children. You should tell them in advance if you are not coming. It’s not good from them to cry too much.”

Nanny said to Catherine as she was serving the dishes.

Catherine nodded and met smiling look of the man sitting opposite her.

That smile seemed to be a mock to her. She clenched fist. He won again.

“Mommy, try this shrimp. It’s good.” Sophia stretched out arm and put a shrimp on Catherine’s plate.

She was so little that her arms trembled when getting the food.

Seeing this, Catherine felt touched. Her children were so thoughtful.

She had cruelly decided not to come to see them.

How hurtful it would be for Sophia and Lincoln!

After they finished the dinner, Catherine applied ice on Sophia’s puff eyes.

“In the future, don’t cry even if mommy is not here, alright?”

Sophia covered her ears shook her head like a rattle-drum, “No, I can’t hear you.”

“Don’t fool me. It’s bad for you to cry too much.” She was different from other children, in that her health condition can’t allow her to have bi ups and downs in emotion.

“Then why you didn’t come to see me?” Sophia said sadly, still with swollen eyes.

She could not utter a harsh word.

She put children to bed. When she intended to leave, Anderson stood in front of her arrogantly.

He said ruthlessly, “You finally come.”

She bit her lips.

Anderson laid his fingers on her lips, “I’d like to advise you not to make useless struggle, otherwise, you’ll get hurt, or maybe Sophia and Lincoln.”

“You filthy wretch.”

He smiled carelessly.

Only she was under his control, as for other things, he didn’t care at all.

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Project team

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

These Strange Ways Will Keep Your Relationship Strong Day To Day

After designing nearly one hundred manuscripts, the final draft was settled.

Amya tapped the table excitedly, "The project is finally done. It's worth a celebration! Let's go for drinks tonight,"

"You go. I'm not going." Catherine planned to go back for work.

"Absolutely no. Everyone can be absent except you. You're the backbone of this project!"

Terry also uttered with a smile on face, "Amya is right. If you're not coming, what's the meaning for celebration?"

Lily, who had been silent, also added, "Come with us. Moreover, you updated the cartoon for this week on Tuesday, isn't it?"

They all insisted, and she felt rather embarrassed to refuse.

Otherwise, it would make her look like a loner.

"Alright."

Amya chose the place for celebration. It was slightly inferior to Sky Club

but also very good.

“To Catherine for her remarkable work, the model for all of us!” Amya held wine glass and said to Catherine.

Catherine drunk in one gulp, “I can’t take all credit. It was a team effort. I’m just one part of the team, not knowing much about the industry. Nothing can be done without you.”

“No, we can’t be without you.” Terry said smilingly.

The team members had been working under heavy workload and high pressure, and it had been a long time since they relaxed last time. So they really had great fun, singing, dancing and drank a lot.

Catherine also drank a lot, with her face being hot. She felt dizzy when getting up, “You have fun here, I’ll go to the bathroom to wash my face.”

She held a hand of cold water and hit it on the face, feeling comfortable instantly and also sobering a little bit.

She only wore some lipstick when she came, so she didn’t worry

messing up the makeup. Applying cold water on face several times, she finally felt the heat on her face went down.

She left after putting some lipstick on lips.

She pushed in a box according to the memory. It was not until she saw clear people sitting on the sofa did she realize that she went into the wrong box.

“Sorry, I went into the wrong room.”

As she explained, she was going to pushed the door out, when a man grabbed her by the wrist, “Now that you’re in, how about having some fun.”

“Hello, sweetie, do you have boyfriend?” the man came near her face as he spoke.

A stench of alcohol came over, which made her gross, and she stamped on his feet vigorously.

The man felt the pain, and he loosened his grip on her.

Taking advantage of this chance, Catherine stumbled and ran towards the door.

When she was about to rush out, a man stood at the door and she surprisingly ran into his arms.

The man behind her cried, "Stop her!"

"I want her today."

It was not easy to escape with her being trapped in the middle.

She can't turn back, so she intended to repeat her trick by stamping on his feet to get rid of the man in front of her.

But the man escaped it and laughed quietly.

Catherine felt helpless and intended to scream out for help, but the man covered her mouth.

Catherine struggled.

“We meet again, the angel in the snow.”

As the man spoke, Catherine was stunned. She looked up the man before her.

It was the man who gave her the umbrella that day.

“Have you stopped her?” the man behind came over, but he froze when he saw the man at the door. Then he immediately put on a flattering smile.

“Mr Chester, this stupid woman refused to serve me.”

“I’m not that kind of woman. I just get into the wrong room.” Catherine hastened to explain. Perhaps it was because he helped her last time, so she was not that afraid of him.

But the man behind them got furious, “How dare you to lie, you bitch!”

“What are you doing here?”

Just as Catherine intended to defend herself, she heard a familiar voice,

along which she searched with eyes and right caught sight on Ray Riley's enchanting face.

Riley didn't know what was going on here, and he said to the man before Catherine, "See? She's the woman that I said to look like you!"

Chapter 103 Damsel in Distress

"She's just like a female version of Samuel Chester, isn't it?" "You two aren't relatives, for real?" Ray Riley exclaimed.

As Catherine Johnson heard that, she glanced up at this man named Samuel.

She eventually realized why she felt familiar when she saw him that day.

She and this Samuel looked really alike.

His features, though, were sharper than hers, and his character was distinct from hers.

Samuel was staring at Catherine as she was looking at him.

There was a substantial similarity.

"I grew up in a foreign country and don't have any relative with the surname Johnson, so maybe it's just that good-looking people are all alike," Samuel said smilingly with a low voice.

"I'm convinced, as you both claim." "You still haven't answered me, why are you here?" Ray said while making a prostrating posture and looking up at Catherine with a demonic grin.

"I got into the wrong compartment and was nearly raped by your relatives." Catherine returned her gaze to the troublemaker.

"He did that just for fun. It's just a joke, " the guy said with a sly grin.

She also noticed that this man was on good terms with friendship with Ray and Samuel.

"I've never heard of such a joke before." Catherine had a frosty expression on her face.

Samuel, who stood right in front of Catherine had nothing to say. Ray

took a step forward, raised his foot, and kicked the man between the legs, "Are you competing with me for a woman?"

"I have been sending roses for half a month and I still haven't got the woman. How daring of you!"

Ray's arrogant tone and demonic face did not make people feel disgusted, some of them even felt that he was proud of that.

"I don't dare, Ray, and I won't do that again." The man's face became pale as he cried out in pain.

"Ray, forget it, we all witnessed that just now, this young lady didn't suffer any loss either." The people who were initially seated on the couch were now trying to cool him down.

"I'm even at the mercy of Ethan James and Anderson Clark. Who do you think you are?" Ray said as he kicked twice more.

"Miss, you should stop Ray since you were not hurt just now." A man in the crowd was aggrieved.

"If those who came today weren't people I know, you wouldn't be unaware of what would happen to me then, would you?" Catherine sneered.

The man was speechless.

"Actually I wish that Ray can beat him harder" She wasn't going to defend the criminals unless she was a saint.

The man was eventually taken out of the compartment on a stretcher.

"It's tiring." "I rescued a damsel in distress. Could you show respect to me by breaking up with Ethan?" Ray said as he leaned against the door frame.

"Stay with me. Maybe I will lose interest in you after a few days, then you can go back to Ethan."

How could he say things like this?

"Thanks for today," Catherine said, shaking her head, "I'll treat you guys to dinner one day."

Samuel nodded without any expression on his face.

"Samuel, can you please leave your contact information? I'll return the umbrella to you another day." Catherine reached for her phone.

Ray jumped flipped out. " You ungrateful lady, you didn't even give me your contact number when I requested it, but now you're giving it to Samuel."

Samuel swept the QR code of Catherine.

"I'll go back first, my friend is still waiting for me," Catherine said, nodding slowly.

"Don't forget to treat me to a fancy dinner," Ray yelled behind Catherine's back.

Catherine walked away chicly, waving her hand at her back.

As predicted, she had only just located her compartment when Jacob Ball and the others pushed open the gates.

"We worried that you'd run into something and were on our way to get you," they were glad to see her coming over.

"I bumped into two friends." Catherine didn't want them to worry, so she didn't mention that she had reached the incorrect compartment and what had happened.

"Are we still playing? If not, then are we going to be back?" Amya Newton yawned.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"We are too old to stay. Let's go, we have to work tomorrow," Terry Snow said, patting his stomach.

"A corporate slave's miserable life."

"Our hairline is receding."

When getting their belongings and getting ready to go, a few of them just spit out the life of a corporate slave.

Catherine smiled; she didn't have much work experience and felt very fortunate when she saw people online complaining about conflicts at work.

It was fortunate to come across a team like this.

-

The atmosphere of the spring festival is getting more and more exciting after the gathering, and even though the team rushed to finish the hero before the new year came, that would be a wild wish.

Soon, the annual leave session came.

She got a call from Ray on the day of the holiday.

"When are you inviting me to dinner?" Ray was sitting back and crossing his legs frivolously in Joseph Carter's office. "Don't make excuses for me; I know that you're on vacation today."

"You decide" Catherine was not so disgusted with Ray because he helped her last time, even though she did not like him as a womanizer.

"There is no need to choose another day. Let's meet tonight at JN restaurant."

Catherine was frightened as he learned the name JN restaurant, but she accepted the invitation extremely reluctantly, "You brought along Samuel, his umbrella is still with me."

After spending the whole morning painting at home, Catherine went to Antonio Hospital in the afternoon and stood at the door to Owen Torres' ward, peering in through the window.

She hadn't seen Owen in quite some time.

She was shocked to be overwhelmed by the strangeness as she looked at the person on the hospital bed from a distance.

He was on oxygen and supplements and had lost a lot of weight.

Aubrey Hunter, who had been taking care of him, was now getting a lot

of grey hair, and the face, which had always been maintained meticulously, had wrinkles.

Catherine saw such a scene.

She was so sad that she felt like can't catch her breath.

She was the culprit, and Johanna Scott who was highly suspected was always dependent on Anderson's capital to make a living in the show business.

She despised herself for her weakness!

"What brings you here, Miss Johnson?"

The nurse's voice came from behind Catherine, Aubrey who was inside the ward had already looked up, she was scared of irritating Auntie Aubrey again and immediately bent down.

She shushed the nurse by signs.

She bent and sneaked away.

Antonio Elliott smiled as he pushed the wheelchair. Catherine avoided the ward and straightened up and saw the smiles of Antonio and Robert Elliot.

"What are you doing, Cathy?" Robert gave a kindly smile.

"I wanted to come to see Owen," Catherine said awkwardly.

Robert let out a long sigh as she mentioned Owen. "What a pity," he said.

"Come along with me for a walk and a rest."

Catherine walked alongside Antonio behind Robert's wheelchair.

"You must notify me if anything happens on Owen."

"Of course," Antonio replied.

"You shouldn't drive yourself too hard, and you don't have to take full responsibility; it's all up to Owen's choice."

"It would be said so," Catherine said despondently.

Chapter 104 She Wasn't Meant for You

"But I can't do it."

"He's lying here unconsciously because of me. I shouldn't run away from this." Catherine Johnson stared blankly at a distance not far away.

"Little Cathy was a good kid," Robert Elliott emotionally said, "You've been smart and pretty since you were a kid. You're such a lovely child. That's why I thought you must have a lot of suitors when you grow up."

"But who would've thought that you didn't like any of your suitors but fell for Anderson Clark instead? You must've suffered a lot all these years, right?"

Catherine was speechless.

Robert sighed, "Fortunately, it's all in the past already. Now that you have Ethan James to back you up, Anderson wouldn't be able to do anything to you for a while."

“The sun finally came out today, but why are you talking about this, Grandpa?” Antonio Elliott changed the subject, “If you can worry about Catherine, you should also worry about your own leg. If you accidentally fall again next time, I’m not going to check up on you anymore.”

So Robert stopped mentioning it.

Catherine walked two laps with him. However, she still couldn’t see Owen Torres for Aubrey kept staying by his bed.

“Robert, I have to leave now. I still have a dinner party to attend tonight.”

Robert waved goodbye, “Come hang out here at the Elliott villa some other time.”

Catherine responded and said goodbye to Robert and Antonio.

Then, she turned and left. Antonio stopped pushing the wheelchair and deeply stared at her back.

Robert raised his head and stared at Antonio as he spoke in a serious

and deep voice, “Keep those thoughts to yourself. She’s not meant for you.”

As he stared at Catherine, a trace of loneliness sparked in his eyes, “I know.”

“Not a lot of people dared to go against Anderson here in City W. Ethan is an exception since he doesn’t care about anything. You should know how cruel he is since you’re friends with him.”

Anderson had done too many cruel things. Even Robert felt a little afraid whenever he mentioned him.

Antonio’s lips slightly curled and he laughed at himself in mockery, “I know what I’m doing. I didn’t even confess to her before she got married to Anderson, so I also wouldn’t do it now.”

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On the other hand, Catherine rested for a bit after she came home. It was already dark, so she retouched her makeup and changed her clothes.

She took Samuel Chester's umbrella and went out.

Then, she took a taxi and arrived at JN restaurant.

However, Catherine didn't expect to see Anderson, Bentley Johnson, and Madison Clark right away when she arrived at JN restaurant instead of Ray Riley and Samuel.

Beside Anderson stood an extremely elegant woman.

Their class and charisma really matched each other.

Catherine glanced at him and immediately looked away as the waiter guided her to the private room she reserved.

Anderson also saw Catherine.

She wore a black windbreaker and paired it with wavy long hair and red lips.

She looked like a domineering conqueror.

He unconsciously wanted to go and grab Catherine.

As soon as he moved, she left with the waiter without even turning back.

Just when Anderson wanted to follow them, the woman beside him pulled his arm, “Mr. Clark, what are you going to do?”

Madison looked at Anderson, “This is a family dinner. I don’t want anything bad to happen. Your grandpa just got discharged from the hospital. You wouldn’t want him to go back to the hospital, right?”

Anderson stopped walking and watched Catherine disappear at the corner.

When Catherine arrived, Ray and Samuel were already there. Ray crossed his legs with a lollipop in his mouth while casually playing games.

Samuel sat with his back straight in front of him.

His every movement was gentleman-like and elegant.

“Mr. Chester, your umbrella.”

Samuel took the umbrella, “It’s not anything expensive. Ms. Johnson don’t have to worry about it.”

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A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

“Maybe it’s not that important to you, but for me, it’s extremely important.”

Ray chewed the candy in his mouth and raised his eyebrow, “You were the eldest heiress of the Johnson family, so an umbrella shouldn’t be that important to you, right?”

It sounded as if he was mocking her when he said that she was the eldest heiress of the Johnson family.

“Like you said, that was before.”

Before something happened to the Johnson family, she never knew how hard it was to earn money. After she was released from prison, she drew comics by herself without the Johnson family’s support. She only earned two hundred in the first month.

She couldn’t even buy a dessert with that amount of money before.

Ray continued playing games with his head down. He spoke as he played, “So is Ethan not giving you money now? I have a lot of money. If you come with me, I can assure you that you’ll eat the finest foods and live the finest life.”

“With your wealth and appearance, it wouldn’t be hard for you to find a sugar baby. Just go and find someone else,” Catherine gave the menu to Samuel, “Order whatever you wanna eat.”

After Ray’s game ended, he raised his brow and fooled around, “I think you two can take a DNA test to see if you’re actually blood-related.”

“Catherine, do you know why I want to pursue you?” Ray smiled evilly.

“I’m not interested.”

Although Catherine was cold to him, Ray didn’t seem to be embarrassed nor disappointed at all, “You and Samuel really look alike. I could see different expression on the same face if I had you.”

Catherine felt awkward and speechless.

“Then you should just directly pursue Samuel.”

Ray shook his head, “Never mind, that’s too much for me. Julia Wood has already arrived. I’m going to pick her up.”

Catherine didn’t know that Ray also asked Julia to come, but she didn’t stop him either. It would be more fun with more people than just the three of them.

She and Samuel were the only ones left in the private room.

It was very quiet.

Samuel gazed at her face.

After a long while, Catherine felt a little uncomfortable, “What are you looking at?”

“We do look very similar. If I had grown up in China, I would have really thought I had a younger sister.”

Catherine chuckled with a hint of yearning in her eyes, “I really did have a twin brother, but he died not long after birth.”

She didn’t really remember her older brother.

There were photos at home that were taken when they were just born. Between the two babies, he was the older brother. However, he looked skinnier than her.

Growing up, she already heard the household servants talk about them behind her parents’ backs multiple times.

He died because she robbed her brother’s nutrients in their mother’s womb.

“Sorry, I didn’t know you had such a past.”

Catherine shook her head, "It's okay. In fact, other than seeing his pictures after growing up, I don't remember anything about him. However, if he had grown up, we would probably look very similar."

Ray and Julia immediately came back. Julia even brought two cups of milk tea. She gave one to Catherine, "I don't know what flavor you like, so I just chose one that's popular online."

She handed the other cup to Ray, "I added more sugar already."

"Help me open it. I'm going to start a game."

Julia helped Ray open it and put it in his mouth.

Catherine became increasingly curious about their relationship.

Julia also noticed her gaze. It was as if she saw her confusion. She raised her head, gently smiled, and said, "I grew up in Ray's home, so we're already close with each other."

Catherine suddenly remembered the rumor that Ray would never date his friends.

Just when she was thinking about it, a commotion happened outside the private room.

At first, Catherine didn't want to get involved, but she immediately got up after hearing a familiar voice.

Chapter 105 I'll Grant Your Wish

When the door was pushed open, a crying face entered her sight.

The crying face looked so soft and frail, which made people want to protect her.

The person standing opposite her was Aurora. Aurora stood there with a proud look on her face, which formed a huge contrast with this soft and frail girl.

In the middle of them stood a man with a struggling face. He had a blue-colored Korean hairstyle and eyeliner on his face. Hence, Catherine could not see his true look, but his face looked delicate even with

makeup on.

The girl named Eliza saw Aurora's doubtful face and said cautiously, "Bobby, did Ms. Adams misunderstand something?"

When he heard what the girl said, Bobby seemed like he made a decision. He approached the girl and stand beside her. Then, he looked at Aurora and said firmly, "Aurora, I'm the one who liked Eliza in the first place, so don't blame her."

Catherine had been standing at the door and watching this scene. From their short conversation, she had already guessed what was happening.

She frowned slightly.

Instead, Aurora gave a sneer. She lifted her hand and slapped the man's face, "Okay, I'll grant your wish!"

"Let's see how you're going to survive in the entertainment industry without my support! Do you really think that you got those resources through your own ability?" Aurora stepped forward. Her aura made

people feel like she was a queen, “I’m just worried that your self-esteem may be hurt if I told you these. All those resources, no matter big or small, including getting those small advertisements or becoming brand ambassadors, were given by me.”

The man who stood by Eliza with a determined face turned pale instantly. Indeed, his resources were so good compared to the people who debuted at the same time as him. He had always thought that it was those brands who were smart enough to realize his uniqueness.

However, Aurora’s words destroyed his confidence, “Aurora, are you... are you joking?”

Catherine was standing behind the man. She could not see his face but she could clearly feel his terror.

“If you don’t believe me, you can call those brand companies to ask if you’re still wanted or not.” Aurora raised her hand and gave him two more slaps, “Having me to like you is your blessing. How dare you cheat on me? Do you think that you’re a playboy?”

The man heard Aurora’s determined tone, a premonition grew in his heart. He even forgot to fight back when his face was slapped.

As for Eliza, who was standing aside, Aurora did not even bother to take a glance at her. She walked pass her and said coldly, "If he can cheat on me, he can cheat on you too. If you still want to be with him, then I wish you adulterous couple be together forever."

After she finished, she pounced towards Catherine and hugged her arms, "Catherine, you're here!"

Catherine took a glance at the room behind her, "I'm having a meal here, do you want to join us?"

"Yes, yes! I'm hungry. I came here for a meal too, but I didn't expect to meet such a disgusting thing."

"Alright, let's go then. Come and see what you want to eat, it's my treat."

The two chatted harmoniously and went into the room. Those people who were here to watch the scene left too, leaving only Bobby and Eliza standing in the doorway with a pale face.

After a while, Eliza spoke, “Let’s break up. She’s right. You were flirting with me when you were still together with her. Hence, you will also flirt with other women when you’re with me.”

After speaking, Eliza, who normally seemed soft and frail, left with a cold look on her face.

In the private room, Catherine got a menu from the waiter, “We have ordered our food just now. You just need to see what you want to eat and let the waiter to add into the order list.”

Aurora ordered a few more dishes.

Ray finished his game and looked at Catherine with his attractive eyes, “Look how determined other people were when they broke up. And then look at you and Anderson, you keep hanging on to each other even though you’ve broke up.”

As he said, he suddenly leaned beside her ear.

Catherine could even feel the heat in his breath. She pulled the chair backwards a little bit and said, “None of your business. Can’t I just love to hang on others after a break up?”

Deep in her heart, she really admired Aurora's actions just now.

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

She was too foolish back then. She had been thinking that Anderson would change his mind and come back to her. At last, they still ended up in this embarrassed state.

A look of resentment showed on Ray's face, "You're indeed as cheap as the rumors!"

His tone seemed like he was teasing her, and the way he looked at Catherine was like a cat looking at a mouse.

His intention was not to eat her, but to tease her.

Catherine had just changed her impression towards him, but now, it became worse.

Julia poked Ray and said, "Can you stop talking nonsense and start eating?"

Ray looked at Julia with a teasing smile and whispered in her ears, "You're even worse than her."

Julia's hand, which was holding the chopsticks, trembled lightly. Her fair skin became even more pale.

Samuel who was sitting aside was not affected by the atmosphere in the room at all. His actions were elegant even when he was eating lobsters. He had another two more bites and wiped his hands slowly. He said to Ray, "If you're in a bad mood today, just go and find a place and release your emotions. Don't act like you're an exploding bomb and throw your tantrums at a woman."

Ray opened his mouth, wishing to explain, but as he saw Samuel's seemingly gentle but emotionless eyes, he held back what he wanted to say.

Julia returned to her normal state quickly. She smiled and said to Catherine and Aurora, "This soup tastes quite good, you guys can try it."

The meal ended, and at the end, with Samuel's deterrence and Julia's gentleness, Ray did not go crazy.

The group of people stood at the entrance of the JN restaurant.

Samuel was a gentleman, "I'll ask the driver to send you back, okay?"

Initially, Catherine wanted to take a taxi to go back directly, but Aurora was drunk and leaned on her shoulders, "Catherine, you are mine tonight, you have to sleep with me."

From the discovery of her boyfriend's cheating until the breakup of their relationship, Aurora had dealt with it efficiently without any haste. However, she only showed her vulnerability when she was drunk.

"Get in the car. It's not convenient for you to get a car when you're carrying her." Samuel opened the car door and bow slightly to do an inviting gesture.

"Thank you." Catherine helped Aurora into the car and sat next to her.

Samuel was very gentleman. He sat on the seat beside the driver.

His polite sense of keeping distance made Catherine feel very comfortable.

Catherine had been taking care of the drunken Aurora and she did not pay attention on what was happening outside the car window. However, Samuel took a glance at the entrance of the JN restaurant.

Anderson arranged Mr. and Mrs. Clark to get into the car. Then he looked up and saw Catherine standing closely with a man, who had his back on him.

He did not see clearly what the person looked like.

“The two people just now looked like a well-matched couple. From their back, I knew they are a stunningly beautiful and handsome couple.” A pedestrian who was passing by Anderson spoke suddenly.

In the night, Anderson’s deep and icy eyes stared at the car, watching it leave, “Go and check who own that car.”

Hudson did not say anything.

“What’s the matter? The evidence of her was wrongly accused was not

out yet, so now you don't want to do things for me anymore?"

Hudson said reluctantly, "I already have some clue."

Chapter 106 Watch Movie Together?

"Give me a bit more time." Hudson tried his best to fight for it.

Andy kept looking in the direction where Catherine disappeared in the car. That woman was actually an expert in tempting men!

Hudson was not reconciled, "Mr. Clark."

"All of the evidence points to her, believe it or not."

"Someone has to pay the price for Isabella's death."

Andy said it so emotionlessly that for a while Hudson couldn't tell whether Andy was talking to him or to himself.

“Andy.”

Andy and Hudson had been standing there for a long time when a sweet voice came from behind and Johanna came running all the way.

When Andy saw her coming the coldness on his face melted away and he said to Hudson, “If you want to check then continue doing so. But don’t delay your usual work.”

If it was really not her then it was okay to clear her name.

Thinking about her appearance that screamed she would rather die than to plead guilty, Andy felt his heart ache.

“Andy, are you waiting for me?” Johanna’s eyes were twinkling.

Andy nodded gently.

After Andy nodded, Johanna hugged his arm happily and said

coquettishly, “We got our annual vacation. Recently, I have been very busy, but I have turned down most of my jobs.”

“Why do that?” Andy frowned. Didn’t the stars in the entertainment industry generally want to see more job posts and get more resources.

Johanna leaned on Andy’s arm, “Recently, I have been shooting a movie and haven’t seen you in a long time. I want to be with you more.”

“The jobs are not important. I am an actress and I just need to act well.”

Listening to her words, Andy’s expressions relaxed, “Have you eaten yet? I will take you to eat something.”

“I want to go to the night market for snacks.”

Andy frowned in disapproval, “Junk food is unhygienic.”

After he finished speaking, he suddenly remembered that day when Catherine had opened that greasy stewed chicken takeaway and

taunted him.

Seeing that he was lost in his thought, Johanna shook his arm, "Okay? It's fine. I ate there in university."

Andy said, "Let's go!"

Johanna jumped happily and kissed Andy on his cheek, "I knew you were the best."

She caught him off guard this time and Andy couldn't avoid it.

Somewhat displeased, he said, "Don't do this in the future."

Johanna's shining eyes dimmed instantly and she nodded dejectedly, "Okay."

Her teeth itched with hatred.

Why did he treat her like a stand-in and not let her be the final one?

She was willing to be Isabella's stand-in for a whole life.

She didn't mind Andy taking her as someone else because Andy was hers anyway.

If only Catherine disappeared from this world like Isabelle, then she would be the only one for Andy.

A strong hatred brewed in Johanna's heart. However, in light of the last incident, she didn't dare to do anything carelessly. She was afraid that if Andy found out about the truth of her, then she was going to lose him forever.

On the other side, Catherine sat next to Aurora, letting Aurora hug her and cry.

"I liked him since even before he debuted and I have spent millions of money to build his reputation. He wasn't even as popular. Those good endorsements didn't accept him, then I made a way to get him signed them." Drunk on wine, Aurora no longer had the aggression like before when she had slapped the scumbag.

As she cried, there was no difference between her and a girl who broke up with her love.

“I used my own connections, my family’s connections to get him to his current popularity. In order to protect his ridiculous ego, I never dared to tell him that I arranged all those for him.”

“He actually cheated on me! I feel like a joke now.”

Catherine had been through Andy having an affair and knew this kind of heart-piercing pain. She opened her mouth to comfort Aurora but realized that any words of comfort she could offer were weak in this situation.

She could only keep patting her back to comfort her.

After falling apart tonight, Aurora would still be glorious tomorrow.

“You know? That day when I got in the wrong bed, I thought it was because I carelessly entered the wrong room. But I realized later that he planned it all.”

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

As Aurora said this, she completely lost her former pride.

Catherine felt a chill hearing this.

The feeling of betrayal was very hard when it came from the person you loved the most.

Aurora was tired from crying and she fell asleep on Catherine. She wanted to lay her flat on the bed very cautiously, but when she tried to move, she found that her limbs had gone numb from not moving for a long time.

It was only after some time of relaxing that she was able to move.

She limped out of bed, took a towel and wiped the tears off Aurora's face.

Seeing her red and swollen eyes, Catherine was inexplicably reminded of the first time she caught Andy cheating. She had done the same then. She had taken wine, got drunk, locked herself in her bedroom. She had cried for a long time and had continued to cry the next day after waking up.

During the nights that came, her festered heart had not been able to heal. However, during the day time she had still pretended to be happy.

She hadn't done as well as Aurora, who immediately broke off the relationship with that man. At that time, Catherine was still pretending that she hadn't noticed and she acted more considerate towards Andy, hoping that he would change his mind.

Thinking about it all now, that kind of behavior was really stupid.

It was never that she wasn't doing good enough, but that he was a real scumbag.

She was constantly condemning herself and he cheated without any guilt while enjoying her care and thoughtfulness.

Catherine cleaned up Aurora, put on her skincare for her and then went to wash up herself. When she went to bed, it was almost midnight.

Habitually checking her phone.

She saw that Antonio sent her a photo.

In the photo, Johanna was holding a bunch of mutton skewers and was leaning on her toes to feed Andy.

As for whether Andy ate it or not, she didn't know.

Seeing this photo, she felt depressed and suffocated.

He was too lazy to go shopping with her before, and now he went to eat snacks at the night market with Johanna!

It wasn't that the place he visited was wrong, it was that the person with him was wrong.

And she really was the wrong person.

"Don't send me these in the future. I don't want to pay attention to him."

“Okay.” Antonio replied in seconds, “Is there any place you want to go to for the New Year?”

Catherine looked at various apps on the internet, the New Year activities had already started. She suddenly realized that she was a lonely woman this year.

Owen who used to accompany her during the Chinese New Year was laying unconscious in the hospital.

Sophia and Lincoln were in the Clark Family house.

Loneliness swept through her body in an instant and she hugged herself tightly.

“No.”

“Should we watch a new year movie together?”

Antonio was a very strange person. Catherine had no way of knowing if he was interested in her like Andy said.

Not wanting to invite trouble, Catherine refused.

Antonio was looking at the screen of his phone when she replied, "I Can't." The emotions in his eyes behind the gold rimmed glasses could not be seen.

The seemingly sane person suddenly threw his phone on the table next to him.

The tea cup on the table was knocked to the ground and broke.

Next to him, Joshua was startled, "What is wrong with you?"

"Nothing. My hand slipped." Antonio bent over and picked up his phone.

Joshua didn't ask too much. Looking at the pictures of Andy and Johanna on the screen, he said bitterly, "The woman Andy likes is really not right for him. She can only be described in one word."

"Pretentious."

-

Aurora woke up in the morning and let out a tragic scream.

Chapter 107 Gossiping

"Look at my face!"

"That scumbag causes me to suffer this! My beauty is now gone!"

Catherine Johnson was startled and awakened by her wretched screams and sprang up to ask Aurora Adams, "What do you want for breakfast?"

"I'll skip breakfast and have some coffee instead to diminish puffiness."

As a workaholic, Catherine's house had never been running out of coffee, "There is, in the kitchen, you go get it yourself, there is only instant coffee and it is not a nice brand."

"It's fine as long as it can diminish puffiness of my face; stupid Bobby has made me appear like this, and I'm not going to let him get away with it."

"Luckily you took me in yesterday, otherwise if Joshua Adams saw me like this, he would have teased me," Aurora said as she made a cup of coffee and followed Catherine.

"Even if he teased at you, he would have stood up for you, after all, he is your brother," Catherine wiped her face.

Aurora finished the cup of coffee in one go, it was so bitter that she frowned but still pretending to be cool, "I don't need him to defend me; I'm going to give Bobby a hard time; I'll make a post on Weibo later with evidence of his cheating and reliance on me to make money."

"After all, you are an internet star; don't you worry that others will find you harsh?" Catherine applied skincare products, cleaned her hands, and went to the kitchen to prepare some porridge.

"Why should I worry about that? How could I let him hurt other girls in the name of love?" Aurora round-eyed.

"Let them be; I don't live up to them."

"Well said! Let me give you a thumbs-up" Catherine prepared the porridge and played her phone while she was lying on the sofa, seeing the familiar photo on the headline from the night before.

Her grin faded, and she turned to Aurora and said, "It seems like today's headline is not about you."

Aurora played her phone as well and noticed the top trending search, "Anderson Clark and Johanna Scott," followed by a red heart.

When she clicked in, she saw an image of Johanna holding her head up while feeding Anderson. She flung her phone away and said, "This lady is nasty, she's just a stand-in lover, she's truly shameless."

"Don't get angry, Catherine; I'll ask my brother to find out what's going on!"

Last time, when Anderson and Johanna's picture were taken, quite a several people had seen it, but the trending search was swiftly retracted. People gossiped about it but they weren't sure whether it was solid.

This time, the photographs appeared to be solid proof.

Many girls on the internet wept for a time.

Johanna showed up on the internet and responded when the matter was highly discussed by posting a heart emoji without a caption.

At the Clarks' Mansion.

"I certainly do not approve of you and that celebrity getting together," Bentley Johnson smashed his teacup in front of Anderson.

Anderson frowned slightly and was kind of cold-eyed. He spoke with a low and frigid voice.

"I'm not dating her." Johanna was only a stand-in for Isabella Johnson, and he knew it deep down inside.

The light struck his face, emphasizing his coldness. "Isabella died; she resembles Isabella and is at the same age as Isabella was when she died; I simply want to make up for the things that I didn't give Isabella."

"Make it up to her?" Said Bentley as his face flushed with rage.

"You should not do that to make up for Isabella or Johanna." "If you are too free, you should make it up to Catherine instead. Not forgetting that she has honestly liked you for so many years," Bentley said angrily.

"Isabella's intention was vicious!"

Anderson's face was haggard as he heard what Bentley said. There was a profound trace of helplessness found in his eyes, "Grandpa, you misinterpreted Isabella, now that she has passed away, I don't want to argue with you about whether she was good or evil, I will settle the matter with Johanna."

After stating so, Anderson bowed respectfully to Bentley and said, "The

internet has caused quite a stir; I'll go and resolve it immediately."

Anderson turned around and walked away after saying that.

Bentley was so enraged that he smashed another cup.

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Aurora, who had intended to post to complaint Bobby, was now exasperatedly lying on Catherine's sofa with her head resting on her thigh. "Bullshit, I just asked my brother; he stated that Isabella is whom Bentley despises the most; simply with Johanna's face, Bentley wouldn't even let her be the family member of Clark. I'm pissed off with the red heart posted by her."

Catherine was no longer concerned about what was happening on the internet. "All right, don't get mad, just eat some fruit."

Aurora forked a piece of dragon fruit and stuffed it into her mouth. "Are you not furious, Catherine?"

"What are you upset about?" Catherine sighed, having seen more pictures of them being more intimate.

"Antonio Elliott had sent this photo to me last night; I had previously seen it and was mentally prepared."

"You also...Anderson made a post?" "My friends, don't guess blindly," Aurora said as she rubbed her eyes in case she had read it wrong. She clicked in to read out what Anderson had posted word by word.

With just a few words, it became the most trending search incredibly fast.

"It was clarified by my hubby."

"As expected, my husband did not cheat."

"Anderson showed up to clarify, the red heart posted by Johanna appears to be embarrassing. It was officially an embarrassment."

"..."

Many netizens were laughing at Johanna's embarrassment, and Aurora couldn't stop laughing and shoved her phone to Catherine, "Look, Anderson's first Weibo post is a post that triggered embarrassment, I'm so delighted," she said.

Catherine ran through the comments section, presumably she was mean, and she was pleased to see so many people laughing at Johanna.

She roughly browsed through it for a moment before handing her phone to Aurora and she said, "You read it, I'm going to paint."

"Go ahead, hurry up, and finish the work; we'll go together to the cruise party in the evening." Aurora was comfortably reclining on the sofa with her legs crossed.

Playing her phone, she spotted the name in Anderson's following list and exclaimed angrily, "Wait."

"What's wrong?" Catherine had already approached the study's door.

"I saw that the only account Anderson is following is yours," Aurora said as she stood up and glanced at Catherine and then at her phone.

Catherine's steps paused.

"He did not even follow Johanna's account and it seems like he's been following yours for quite some time."

What was he attempting to do?

She was originally calm and now there was some complex feeling in her heart.

The icy wind outside the window blew on Catherine's face and Catherine was now sober.

"Um," she said.

Aurora was puzzled by her reply.

She had intended to ask further, but Catherine had already entered the study.

Aurora slumped back on the sofa, surfed the internet, and stood up for

Catherine by making a post

"Do you honestly believe you can be a formal girlfriend simply because you look like someone?" It was immediately followed by the at symbol and tagged Johanna

Johanna's fist crashed on the table as the netizens were all happily gossiping about her, her once innocent and attractive face suddenly wrapped with jealousy and venom.

Her agent said warily, "What's the deal with this Anderson? You were alright the day before, weren't you?"

"How am I supposed to know what's going on?"

Johanna grumbled, and just as she was about to get mad, the phone rang.

Chapter 108 He Seems Tactful

In her anger, she wanted to directly reject the call. However, seeing the number she didn't reject it and took two deep breaths.

After calming her mood, she said in an aggrieved and extremely coquettish way, “Mr. Clark...”

“This is not allowed in the future.”

His tone wasn’t too serious but his voice had no trace of emotion. For a while, Johanna couldn’t figure out whether Andy was angry or not.

She said tentatively, “Mr. Clark, I didn’t do it on purpose.”

Andy frowned, “Johanna, I am not a fool.”

When his cold words passed through the phone into her ears, Johanna froze suddenly as if a bucket of ice cold water had just been poured over her head. She felt extremely cold in her heart.

She quickly reacted and apologized in a low and sincere voice, “I am sorry, Mr. Clark. I was irritated at that moment so I sent out that message.”

“Okay.” Andy replied, his voice was void of emotions, “Don’t do it again.”

“I won’t! This will never happen again!” Johanna promised again and again.

“There is an end of the year party in the evening, you will go with me. I will send the dress to you by someone.”

Hearing what Andy said, Johanna inwardly let out a sigh of relief. Fortunately, Andy didn’t hate her yet, so she couldn’t be so impulsive in the future.

Andy hung up the phone. He suddenly felt really fed up.

When he came out of the bedroom, Sophia and Lincoln were playing with the puppy.

“Snoozer, I really miss Mommy. Do you miss Mommy?” Sophia asked holding the puppy’s head.

The puppy couldn't understand what she was saying, so it just barked twice.

"I knew it, Snoozer. You miss Mommy too." Sophia made up herself.

Lincoln was watching over the puppy so Sophia wouldn't accidentally hurt it. He smiled helplessly when he heard her say that.

"Snoozer can't understand what you are saying."

Sophia defended, "She does. Snoozer and I understand each other. I heard she say that she misses Mommy."

Lincoln had no way to make her understand so he said helplessly, "Okay, you are right!"

Andy was standing at the corner of the stairs. As his deep eyes scanned the scene, a subtle smile evoked on the corners of his mouth.

"Woof woof woof..."

The puppy in Sophia's arms suddenly barked excitedly at Andy.

"Daddy." Sophia shouted.

Andy went down the stairs and squatted in front of Sophia, "Come here, let me hug you."

Sophia did not move. Her clear eyes stared straight at Andy in a daze as if she was not used to his sudden appearance.

Lincoln besides her drove the puppy out of the room and watched Andy with a trace of surprise in his eyes.

Sophia didn't move and Andy's outstretched hands froze in place.

After a while, he retracted them.

It turned out that Sophia had also alienated him.

These were his own biological children.

Andy lowered his head and smiled mockingly at himself. He was quite a failure.

Hudson bustled into the room and said as soon as he saw Andy, "Mr. Clark, what you asked me to investigate yesterday has already been concluded."

Andy stood up, composed his expressions and said, "Let's talk in the study."

Hudson followed Andy into the study and reported the results of the investigation, "The person who went back with Ms. Johnson last night was Samuel Chester."

Andy frowned, "Isn't he in Y country?"

"He came to City W some time ago and Ray Riley was with him."

Hudson recalled the investigation, "Ms. Johnson went for dinner with a colleague and accidentally went into the wrong room and was being harassed by the person. It was Mr. Chester who saved her. However, Ms. Johnson seemed to have already known Mr. Chester before this."

“But how did she get to know him in the first place, I couldn’t find out.”

Andy nodded lightly, “Last night, Catherine and Samuel stayed together?”

When he asked this, he didn’t notice the jealousy in his own voice even a little bit.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Hudson thought it wasn’t right and glanced at Andy, “No, Mr. Chester dropped her and Ms. Adams then went back and didn’t go upstairs at all.”

The chill that was emanating from Andy stopped.

“He seems tactful.”

Hudson pursed his lips secretly, disagreeing with Andy’s point of view in

his heart.

Andy was clearly on a date with Johanna just yesterday.

Catherine worked until the afternoon. Aurora had already asked her earlier to go with her to the skin clinic and then for styling.

“Cathy, the two of us are going to amaze everyone tonight.” Aurora asked the beautician to give her a facial and said to Catherine.

“Yeah, amaze everyone.” Catherine smiled helplessly.

“I know that people must be waiting to laugh at me for my break up, but I just wouldn’t let them make fun of me.” Aurora said angrily.

Comparison was serious among the celebrities. First it was about the family background, secondly it was about appearance, then personal achievement, education and so on.

Back when the Johnson family hadn’t gone bankrupt, she occupied the first place on the list. Now that she thought about it, it was really ridiculous.

Being with Aurora, from facials to full body massages, then make up and hair styling, it was almost dark when they finished.

When they came to the cruise ship, there were already a lot of people.

She and Aurora went hand in hand. Within a few seconds of getting on the cruise ship, a woman came up to them looking up and down at Catherine.

Then she smiled and looked at Aurora, "You had a break up so you gave up on all men? Bringing a woman here who has been to jail, are you not afraid of bad luck?"

She waved her hand in disgust as she said that.

"You..." Aurora was about to speak but was pulled by Catherine.

Catherine's expressions were indifferent, "It stinks! Aurora, let's go, don't talk to a piece of shit."

"You really stink, go and brush your teeth!" Aurora said arrogantly.

Then she took Catherine's hand again and greeted her acquaintances all the way in. When she saw Ethan, she rushed to him and patted him on the shoulder.

Ethan turned around, "You came?"

Turning to look at Catherine, a wicked smile evoked at the corner of his mouth, "I didn't see you for a while and you became really pretty in that time."

"Then thank Aurora for taking me for facials and makeup. Even the dress is Aurora's." None of this was her own and Catherine admitted it frankly.

A trace of admiration flashed in Ethan's eyes.

'This woman is pretty good!'

For the first time, he saw a woman who said frankly that these things were not her own without any trace of inferiority.

Aurora asked Ethan in a low voice, "Why did Joseph hold this party?"

“Isn’t he notoriously low-key?”

Because of accidentally sleeping with him, Aurora felt a little uneasy about Joseph’s affairs now.

Ethan shook his head, “If you don’t know with your special connection to him, how would I know?”

“What are you saying!” Aurora’s face was rarely this blushed.

Ethan shrugged.

Suddenly there was a commotion outside. Catherine subconsciously turned around and looked behind her, unexpectedly ramming her gaze into the deep black eyes of the incoming person.

He just stood in the doorway.

Such noble aura could not be concealed.

He attracted everyone’s attention.

Suddenly Ethan stepped forward, his arm wrapped around her waist making the distance between the two of them very close.

Andy's black eyes filled with an intense anger as they fell on Catherine's waist which was held by Ethan, he was extremely furious.

Catherine endured the uncomfortableness of having her waist held by Ethan and forced herself to calmly look at Andy directly on the face.

Chapter 109 It's Dangerous!

Johanna Scott, who was not pretty enough, was completely ignored by everyone as she stood next to the handsome Anderson Clark.

Johanna's eyes darkened.

With a smile on her face, "Look, Anderson. Ms. Johnson and Mr. James look so good together. I have heard people say that Mr. James has a bad temper, but it seems to not be the case seeing how he treats Cathy."

Anderson looked away from Catherine Johnson's waist. He turned around and left the hall.

Johanna breathed out a sigh of relief.

Catherine also let out a sigh of relief when she saw him leave.

Ethan James suddenly felt jealous when he saw how she was acting. He mockingly laughed, "Are you that scared of him?"

Catherine pursed her lips and kept quiet.

Ethan tightened his arm around her waist.

Catherine raised her head and frowned as she stared at him, "Ouch! Let me go."

"I can't do that. Remember this, you're my girlfriend now," Ethan intimately leaned next to Catherine's ears.

Catherine felt uncomfortable from the warm breath in her ear and wanted to move away from him.

“Anderson already left,” Catherine stared at his sparkling eyes and confronted him, “You don’t need to act anymore.”

“But the other people are still here. Everyone knows about our relationship. If we suddenly act like strangers, what do you think would they say about us?”

“Would there be a group of people saying that you still couldn’t forget Anderson behind your back?”

Ethan said it indifferently.

In other people’s eyes, their quarrel looked more like flirtation.

“Catherine’s really incredible. Mr. Clark was her ex-husband, and now, her current boyfriend is Mr. James.”

“She’s just good at seducing men. She’s already completely ruined by other people.” Sienna White curled her lips and disdainfully said, “Because the Johnson family is already gone, she could only seduce people to get a job.”

“It’s right...” The people with Sienna were about to talk, but they quickly shut up when they stared into a pair of frightening eyes. They trembled as they spoke, “Hi, Mr. Clark.”

Anderson stared at Sienna.

Sienna’s facial expression instantly changed. She forced a stiff smile, “Andy, you’re here too.”

Anderson coldly stared, “Don’t let me hear that kind of statement again.”

Sienna’s eyes were suddenly filled with tears.

“Ms. White, Cathy is a really nice person. You shouldn’t speak ill of her behind her back,” Johanna advised Sienna thoughtfully.

Sienna, who was originally looking at Anderson with tears in her eyes, stared at Johanna with her eyes wide open, “Do you have any right to speak here? You should take a good look at yourself in your mirror and

know where you belong.”

“You are just favored by Anderson because you look so much like Isabella Johnson. Did you really think you are Isabella?”

Sienna had always looked down on Johanna, “For me, you’re far worse than Catherine who’s a divorcee.”

Sienna looked extremely arrogant.

Johanna’s rage caused her facial expressions to keep on changing.

“Sienna,” Anderson warned her in a deep voice.

Sienna wasn’t scared at all. She contemptuously glanced at Johanna, “I didn’t even lie. Although I hate Catherine, Johanna doesn’t even have the right to be hated by me. I’m just ignoring her.”

“Mr. Clark,” Johanna aggrievedly said.

Anderson stared at Sienna with his dark gloomy eyes. Sienna seemed as if she wanted to say something, but when she saw his dark gloomy

eyes, “Fine, I won’t say it. Think about it, Andy. You can not change the fact that Isabella has already died by keeping Johanna by your side.”

Before Anderson finally lost his temper, Sienna’s friends grabbed Sienna and quickly left.

Johanna lowered her head, “I know that they all look down on me. I came from an ordinary family. I didn’t even have any fame in the entertainment industry before meeting you, Mr. Clark.”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Clark.”

Anderson looked at her without saying anything.

In fact, Johanna’s look right now was just like how Isabella was in his memories.

But at that moment, all he could think was Catherine’s tough eyes.

“Go find a place to have fun. I’ll smoke a cigarette,” After that, Johanna was left alone in the same spot.

The sea breeze was slightly chilly.

Johanna wrapped her arms around, but she felt colder inside.

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She finally had all of these today. She would never lose it all.

Sienna and Catherine.

She would never forget them!

Joseph Carter was the one who held the banquet. Aurora Adams and Catherine stood together and felt uneasy all night long, “Catherine, I have a bad feeling about this. What is Joseph trying to do?”

Catherine shook her head. How could she guess what Joseph was thinking when she wasn’t even close with him?

Aurora was anxious, “He already stared at me several times tonight. If stares could kill, I think I would be already dead.”

“That’s unlikely. I’m going out for some fresh air. Do you wanna come out?” Catherine just got rid of Ethan, but she still felt suffocated indoors.

Aurora waved her hand, “Go ahead. Joseph is still staring at me.”

“Then, just call me if you need anything.”

Catherine went to the deck. There weren’t a lot of people on the deck since the night was a bit chilly during this season.

She gathered her shawl and covered her bare skin.

Then, she took a long sigh of relief.

She felt more comfortable standing outside as compared to the pretentious socializations inside. Maybe it was because she had left this circle for too long. She could attend banquets with ease before, but she only felt bored and irritated now.

Just when Catherine was imagining things, someone quietly stood behind her.

The silent approach made Catherine feel that something was wrong behind her. She was about to turn her head.

When a strong force pushed her down.

She was surrounded by water.

The strong overwhelming force and cold water drowned her.

All she could taste and smell was the fishiness and saltiness of the ocean.

Catherine struggled anxiously.

She couldn't swim!

There weren't a lot of people on the deck, so no one would save her.

She was completely drowned by the sea and her fear.

“ ... ”

Catherine gradually lost consciousness. Suddenly, a man on the deck took off his suit and jumped into the ocean.

Just when he jumped down, another person also jumped into the ocean.

“Anderson,” Johanna loudly screamed.

“It’s dangerous!”

The cold wind rolled up the sea, and the stormy waves were extremely dangerous.

The sea was dark.

People could vaguely see that two figures just jumped down and swam towards one direction.

“Wave, big wave!” Someone shouted in shock when they saw the big waves from afar.

The people on the deck saw the huge waves coming from afar and gasped.

A timid girl shed tears in fear. Her voice trembled, “Mr. Clark and Mr. James will be alright, right?”

When Catherine was about to faint, she seemingly saw Owen Torres. Her smile appeared on her pale face, “Owen, you...”

She wasn’t able to say the next words. She completely passed out and fell unconscious.

Upon hearing those words, the man that carried Catherine turned stiff.

“Doctor! Quickly call a doctor to come here!” Anderson carried the cold woman in his arms. Then he laid her flat on the deck and loudly screamed.

After yelling, he lowered his head and hurriedly gave her CPR.

The pale face woman below him had no signs of waking up.

Anderson suddenly put his finger between Catherine's nostrils, but there wasn't any warmth.

He almost fainted in that instant.

Chapter 110 What, Avoid Me?

He was heartbroken.

Anderson Clark was so upset as if his heart had been smashed with a hammer, the pressure in his chest was so suffocating, his face was pale, she couldn't die!

There was only a thought in his mind.

Anderson lowered his head and kissed her icy cold lips. He blew air into her mouth bit by bit.

Johanna Scott stood there and was expressionless. All her fingernails

were plunged into her flesh.

She underestimated Anderson's affections for Catherine Johnson, she couldn't believe that he would even risk his life for her.

Catherine spit up a lot of salty seawater and slowly opened her eyes and saw a familiar face after a long time.

"Anderson," she said. The voice was low and still sounded weak from drowning.

Anderson was stunned as he hadn't heard her voice in such a gentle tone in a long time.

Anderson stopped for a few seconds before realizing the lady underneath him had living features, and in an instant, enormous happiness struck him, and his eyes nearly burst into tears.

"The doctor is coming. The doctor is coming."

Catherine had survived the disaster. Her life was saved.

"The CCTV at the location you fell happened to be broken, I've investigated the other camera and there was no sign of anyone was behind you," Aurora Adams said as she went in haste into Catherine's ward, she frowned.

"Catherine, are you sure that you were pushed? Are you sure about that?"

Catherine closed her eyes to recall what happened on that day and opened them with a strong affirmation, "I'm sure I was shoved the moment I was ready to turn around."

"That's weird," Aurora said, scratching her head, "The person removed all traces implies that they might be premeditated but she couldn't have calculated in advance that you would be standing there, which means that the damage of the surveillance camera was planned a long time ago, and if you had fallen in a different place, I bet it wouldn't have been this surveillance camera that was broken."

"Hmm," She agreed. Aurora's investigation result was as expected:

"Stop the investigation, you would not get any answer."

It just liked the death of Owen Torres.

Nothing was obtained after the investigation.

"Then you rest first, I'm leaving, Joseph Carter is still waiting for me," Aurora moaned.

Catherine nodded.

Catherine laid in the cruise ship's ward after Aurora had left, she stared out the window at the blue sky and the dolphins that sprang out of the sea every now and then with her mind running wild.

She suspected Johanna, but Johanna shouldn't be able to destroy all evidence just yet.

The golden sunshine passed through the glass and shone in her face; certainly, it should have been a nice scene, but her gorgeous face

remained aloof.

She was good-looking and her indifference added to her allure which could be appreciated distantly but could not be toyed with.

Johanna stood in the ward's doorway and stared at her aloofness with her eyes being filled with hatred

When Catherine spotted someone at the door as she glanced out the window at the dolphins leaping out of the sea, she asked without turning around, "You did this, didn't you?"

Johanna burst out laughing "What are you on about, Catherine? I'm not sure what you're talking about."

"Aren't you sick of acting, Johanna?" Catherine didn't even bother to glance at her.

Johanna was filled with wrath, but when she saw Catherine's pale face, she rejoiced. She stooped slightly and murmured in Catherine's ear, "What would it matter if I did it? Do you have any evidence?"

"When you came, I switched on the phone recording," Catherine said,

disgustedly turning her head and looking away from her with an indifferent face.

Johanna's face became pale.

Catherine mockingly chuckled.

"Your phone has been drowned out, I know that," Johanna said in response to Catherine's conspiracy.

"So, what are you still scared of?" "Sense of guilty?" Catherine said, looking out the window.

"You are the culprit to the car accident last time and the one who caused me to fall into the sea this time." "One day, you will need to repay all this one by one," Catherine said as she abruptly turned her head and stared ferociously at her.

"Don't worry about it, Anderson is at my side, you are a person who can't even defend your own kids and it's impossible for you to revenge," Johanna said with her heart palpitating while trying to stay calm.

Catherine was upset.

"You calculated and planned well," she fought back, "but what a pity, I was saved by Anderson. Doesn't this imply that he still has affections for me?"

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Flashbacks of the scenario in which Anderson saved Catherine came across her mind, and she loathed it so much that she couldn't speak.

"I'm going to seduce him. Wouldn't he fall for me?" "Unfortunately, he is not up to my standard," Catherine sneered.

The guy who had just entered the ward hesitated, his pupils were narrowing as he saw her disdainful and mocking smile.

He was not up to her standard?

Did she like Ethan James?

Anderson had a frigid expression on his face; he was insane to save this woman!

Such an ungrateful woman.

Johanna was about to react when a cough sounded from the doorway, her words were swiftly swallowed back and turned to the door with a smile.

"Why are you out, you're still sick with a cold." Johanna excitedly approached Anderson.

"I'm fine," Anderson said with his chilly eyes fell on Catherine.

"Then don't you infect Catherine." Johanna gently handed Anderson a cup of warm water, saying, "I'll keep an eye on Catherine for you."

"Go tell the nurse to relocate me to a bed in this room, I'm going to infect her with the flu," Anderson said with his eyes firmly fixed on Catherine.

Such an ungrateful woman.

He wouldn't have had a cold if it hadn't saved her.

Johanna didn't expect Anderson to say such a thing, and the smile she'd managed to force became stiff.

"Anderson, don't joke about it, Catherine just got out of the seawater, it will be difficult for her to recover if she catches a cold again," she said after a time.

"What I want is for her to be uneasy," Anderson said pitilessly.

As she listened to their conversation, Catherine chuckled in her head.

The two were clearly discussing Catherine, but she stayed sideways, staring at the sea, like an outsider.

When Anderson stated he would stay in Catherine's ward, he meant it.

He'd just been admitted to Catherine's ward, and rumours had spread across the cruise ship.

Johanna was simply a joke after that, and she felt as if everyone was gossiping at her everywhere she went.

Catherine was irritated to be in the same room as Anderson.

Anderson's belongings had just been moved there, she then granted the doctor permission to leave the hospital in the afternoon.

Anderson approached Catherine step by step after the doctor had departed, his long fingers lifted her chin, "What? Are you trying to avoid me?"

Catherine was compelled to tilt her head back and remained silent.

"Aren't you trying to seduce me?" Said Anderson coldly.

The persistently forced tilting of her head was an extremely painful posture for her.

Catherine struggled and said coldly, "Anderson, did you not hear the second half of the sentence? If not, I'm happy to repeat it for you."

"I'm sorry, but I'm not interested in you right now."

She spoke clearly, word by word as if Anderson could not understand.

"What a coincidence that the way you look, instead, sparked my interest in you," Anderson said with his face coated with a covering of rage.

He bent over and moved closer and closer to her.

He kissed her on the lips so aggressively that she could not be refused.

Her lips were forced open and her mouth was tantalized

Catherine fought back, but the more she fought, the harder he cinched her.

Anderson's heart was filled with rage, and he wanted to let it all out on her.

He wanted to have her desperately.

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