

Spoiled by Mr. Russell Chapter 166-170

Chapter 166

“That’s nonsense! Of course Mr. Russell smiles!” “No, that’s not what I meant. He smiled a genuine smile!”

“Of course it’s real! Why would his smile be fake? Watch your words. If Mr. Russell hears this, you’re done for!”

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“I’m trying to say that Mr. Russell usually smirks, and it’s scary. When he does that, it’ll most likely lead to something bad. His smile just now was real though, like one we’d all have. It was

see?” He looked at everyo one in the roor

o find someone else who

would agree The others in the room remained silent, but they all had the same thought. It also surprised them that Alexander had smiled during the meeting and that the same smile was entirely... out of character.

Lily waited for a long time, but she had not received a reply from Alexander. She kept checking her phone, her face turning a darker shade of red as she read the embarrassing text between Alexander and her. Gosh, she was acting like him. How could she have said something so uncomfortable?

“What’s wrong? Why are you shaking your head and sighing?” Lily was so engrossed that she failed to notice when Jenny finished her work and came over to her. “Nothing, just trying to relax, so I was on my phone. You’re done?” Lily quickly replied. “Yeah,” Jenny nodded and sat next to Lily. “I submitted the purchase list from Garden Road, and guess what?” “What?” Lily asked.

“They approved with no hassle. Let me tell you, I’ve worked here for a long time, but I’ve never submitted my purchasing orders with such a breeze. This was a miracle! It was just so smooth and hassle-free!” Jenny clapped her hands in astonishment.

“Right.” Lily already knew it would not be a problem. How could there be an issue when the company director had already cleared it?

Jenny started eyeing Lily with curiosity when she reacted all too calmly to the news, “Now, tell me honestly, are you sure your boyfriend isn’t an executive in our company?”

“Erm... no.” He was not in an executive position. Alexander was, in fact, the director of the La Beauté Group, so technically, he owned the company and was nowhere close to being an executive.

“Really?” Jenny narrowed her eyes at Lily questioningly. “Our business trip was amazing, and we were well taken care of. Isn’t this all because of you? You can tell me, and I promise to keep your secret. Don’t you trust me?”

“He’s not someone at the executive level, Jenny, I promise to tell you when the right time comes, okay?” Lily looked troubled.

If she allowed Jenny’s imagination to run wild, she might find out who Alexander was, and

just the thought sent chills down Lily’s spine. Well, not that she did not trust Jenny, but if more people knew about her relationship with Alexander, the higher the risk of them being exposed. Lily did not want that to happen yet.

Alexander’s identity was sensitive, and he held such a prominent position in the company that if their relationship were to be exposed, Lily could imagine just how big of a ripple it would cause,

Besides, she did not want the Lodge family to find out. The only way to prevent this from happening was to continue to keep it a secret from Jenny. Jenny let it go after staring at Lily for a while. It was not like she was nosy, she was just curious about the strange occurrences the past few days. However, after asking Lily twice and seeing her pained reaction, Jenny decided not to push it, “Fine then, if you don’t want to talk about then we won’t. Still, you promised you’ll show him to me when the time is right! Don’t you dare break your promise!” “Okay, I won’t!” Lily was glad that she could finally put an end to it. “Are you hungry? Why don’t we go out for dinner?” After finishing her tasks for the day, Jenny was famished. “Didn’t you say that there was a restaurant you wanted to try? Why don’t we go there?” Lily said after giving it some thought. “Yeah, sounds good. Let’s go,” Jenny nodded.

Chapter 167

After taking a cold shower, Nathaniel came out feeling calmer. He noticed Melanie was lying on the bed, fast asleep, and the food he had ordered remained untouched on the table. He moved to her side, covered her with a blanket, and then went to eat dinner.

He arrived in a hurry and did not have time to eat. He had been busy with work recently, so having proper meals was the least of his concern. Nathaniel had been having stomach problems for some time now. If he ate too much or too little, his stomach would hurt.

He swiftly gobbled down some food, not daring to overeat, and turned toward the sleeping Melanie. She was snoring softly; this was Nathaniel’s first time hearing her snore after dating for a long time. It was apparent that the recent happenings had worn her out.

Melanie was also newly pregnant, so her body conditions might have changed. Nathaniel could make out the dark circles forming around her eyes. She was particular about her appearance, yet she had

allowed herself to look tired. This could only mean that she was too exhausted to care about it. Nathaniel felt guilty for suspecting her actions a while ago.

Plagued with guilt, he walked over and lay beside her. He hugged her from behind and thought about being like this forever. He wanted to get married, have a child, and work together to expand the company.

Even without Lily's help, he could always look for someone else for the company. However, Nathaniel still preferred someone gentle and obedient when looking for a suitable wife, unlike Lily.

When he thought of Lily, he could feel the back of his neck hurting again. The other day at the alley, Lily was so different from her usual self. It was as if she was a different person. "Hmm," Melanie stirred in his embrace as she felt uncomfortable. She turned around to hug him and slowly woke up.

"Urgh, how long have I been asleep?" she asked as she adorably rubbed her sleepy eyes.

"You were exhausted. Go back to sleep," Nathaniel said, and then he thought of something, "Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?" "Sure!" Melanie felt hungry the instant Nathaniel reminded her about food. She stood up and walked over to the table. The dishes were half eaten, but Nathaniel was considerate. He had already moved her portion onto another plate and left quite some food for her. Melanie picked up her fork and started eating when her phone vibrated. She had been holding on to her phone for quite some time as Nathaniel was there, as she was afraid that he would see it.

Melanie was uneasy even though she had not read the text message. She stole a peek at Nathaniel and noticed that he was also looking down at his phone. She sighed in relief and unlocked her screen. It was Frank, as expected. His message was brief, "Come to the hotel's restaurant and have dinner with me."

Melanie frowned at his condescending tone and replied, "I'm about to go to bed." "Are you refusing me?"

Melanie shivered as she could feel his wrath even from the other side of the screen. She wanted to reject him, but she did not dare to. Melanie glanced at Nathaniel and hoped that the fact he was here would discourage Frank from trying anything.

"Fine."

She deleted all the text messages between them. Melanie would ensure that no evidence or leverage could be used against her. Then, she lowered her fork, walked toward Nathaniel, sat down, and sighed. "What's wrong?" Nathaniel asked when he heard her sigh. He turned to look at the food on the table and noticed she had barely touched them, "Are they not to your liking? What do you feel like having? Should I order room service or get something for you?"

Chapter 168

Melanie shook her head, "Maybe it's just too stuffy in here. Let's go for a walk and have something to eat outside?" "Okay, let me change. Where do you have in mind?" He stood up and asked. "I'm still quite tired, so I don't feel like going somewhere far. Why don't we just go to the hotel's restaurant?" Melanie lowered her head, acting as if she was exhausted.

"Sure!" Nathaniel replied without giving it much thought.

After getting changed, Melanie went to the hotel's restaurant with Nathaniel. Since her mind was filled with thoughts of Frank, the moment she entered, her eyes immediately found Frank's table. Her grasp on Nathaniel's arm tightened as she tried to put on a calm exterior. "A table for two," Nathaniel said to the waiter. They were led to a table at the back when Melanie pretended to notice something. She nudged Nathaniel and said, "Isn't that Mr. Moreau over there?" Honestly, Nathaniel was not at all happy bumping into Frank. However, he was a family friend, and he had helped Nathaniel solve MN Inc.'s crisis, so it would be rude if Nathaniel just ignored him.

Although he did not like Frank very much, Nathaniel admired his capabilities. If Frank were to agree to work for MN Inc., then Nathaniel would not have to worry about their production line anymore.

In the end, Nathaniel ignored his pettiness and nodded in agreement, "Let's go say hello." Both turned and walked over to Frank's table.

"Hello, Mr. Moreau," Nathaniel greeted, "What a coincidence." Melanie nodded her head politely

'A coincidence, huh?' Frank raised an eyebrow and smirked as he glanced at Melanie, then at Nathaniel.

"Mr. Hall. It seems like you're here to accompany your...girlfriend?" Frank remarked playfully.

Nathaniel removed Melanie's hand from his arm and held it in his hand, "Of course! Mel is such a pretty woman; this is the first time she's been away for a long time. How would I be at ease when we're separated? To tell you the truth, I'm here to propose!" Nathaniel smiled as he turned to Melanie, "We're going to get married soon."

Melanie was shocked. Though she had been with Nathaniel for a long time and they had been attending social events together, he had never openly admitted that they were official. This sudden confession was just Nathaniel's way of exerting dominance. Melanie was slightly touched, but at the same time, she felt ridiculed.

Nathaniel was ignorant, Frank did not care about who she belonged to, and their relationship was just a mutually beneficial one. Frank never considered stealing her from Nathaniel or that Melanie was his girlfriend. Nathaniel's act of exerting dominance was just pathetic.

When Melanie turned to look at Frank, it did not surprise her to see a smirk on his face. He was not at all affected, "Really? Then, I must congratulate you. Why don't you let me pay for your

dinner? Treat it as a gift from me to celebrate your engagement." Nathaniel agreed and nodded his head as Frank seemed genuinely happy for them. "Sure, why not?" he said and sat Melanie in front of Frank.

Chapter 169

The waiter served the food, and Melanie kept staring at the steak in front of her, slowly cutting it with her utensils and patiently cutting it into small pieces. In comparison, the two men seemed much more casual.

"I haven't had the time to thank you for your help, Mr. Moreau. You were right. After we adjusted the formula according to your note, we fixed the essential oil. Now the factory is back in full swing, even though the incident delayed our deliveries for a few days.

"It took time, but we made up for it. Fortunately, the customers were understanding. It's all thanks to you, and I appreciate it," Nathaniel raised his glass as he said sincerely.

Frank smiled faintly, "It's no big deal." He also raised his glass.

Melanie straightened her back abruptly when the two glasses clinked. Keenly aware of Melanie's reaction, Nathaniel immediately put down his glass and asked concernedly, "What's wrong?" Melanie shook her head and smiled. "I'm just a little tired, that's all. You guys can continue talking." "You need to rest." Nathaniel glanced at the plate in front of her. "Don't just cut the steak. You should eat it too. Come on." He took a piece of steak with his fork and brought it to her mouth, but Melanie was hesitant. Usually, she would have eaten it without hesitation, but she could see Frank looking at them from the corner of her eyes.

To be precise, he was looking at Melanie. Frank was smiling, but his smile gave her the creeps.

"It's okay, Nate. I can eat on my own," Melanie refused, but Nathaniel insisted, "Come on, Mel, just open your mouth." Melanie had no choice but to open her mouth obediently and eat the small piece of steak Nathaniel offered her. Nathaniel was pleased and continued to feel Melanie as she could only continue to eat. Just like that, she ate about half of the steak.

After a while, Melanie shook her head, "N-No, I honestly can't eat anymore." She felt nauseated, covered her mouth, and sprinted toward the bathroom. "Sorry, that was embarrassing," with a light smile, Nathaniel looked at Frank and said, "Please don't mind her. She's pregnant." Hearing this, Frank

raised his eyebrows and looked at Nathaniel, sitting across from him. Frank looked smug, as if he had won something. He laughed and raised his glass at Nathaniel.” Really now? That’s excellent news!”

Frank’s reaction surprised Nathaniel as he always suspected that Frank had ill intentions toward Melanie. Just now, Nathaniel had deliberately declared ownership of Melanie in front of Frank, put their relationship on display, and told Frank she was pregnant with his child. However, Frank did not look unhappy, as there was not even the slightest change in emotion, Nathaniel even thought Frank was genuinely happy for him and Melanie.

‘Perhaps I’ve been overthinking,’ Nathaniel thought. Perhaps he had been overthinking, Nathaniel thought to himself.

Chapter 170

Nathaniel thought, ‘Frank has the fame, status, power, and wealth, so he surely has access to all the beautiful women he could ever want. Also, my mother introduced Frank to me, so he must be a friend of hers. Why would he lust for Mel?’

With that thought in mind, Nathaniel felt relieved. He smiled at Frank, raised his glass, and said, “Thank you!” Then he downed his wine. –

Frank smiled inconspicuously. His eyes flashed behind his gold–framed spectacles. “By the way, Mr. Moreau, how long will you be in the country? I’m unsure if you’re inclined to develop your career here.” Now that Nathaniel had eliminated his doubts, he changed the subject, wanting to keep Mr. Moreau’s talents for his use. “I’m not sure,” Frank answered as he refilled his glass. Then he stared at the wine in his glass. “Since you’re not sure, does that mean you’re up for consideration?” Nathaniel deliberately misunderstood his response. “If so, may I know which local company you like? Will it be possible for you to consider joining MN Inc.?” Frank smirked as he looked up at Nathaniel. ‘Is he unaware of how insignificant his company is? Where did he get the audacity to recruit me?’ “Oh?” Frank raised his eyebrows and continued, “I don’t know, Mr. Hall. How much salary are we talking about?”

Nathaniel was not a fool. He could hear the ridicule in Frank’s tone, but he did not mind it. It was true that MN Inc.’s capital was limited. It naturally could not compete with the more prominent companies out there.

However, now that he could sit at the same table with Frank Moreau and befriend him, Nathaniel was confident to continue the negotiation, “Indeed, we don’t have that many resources. We may not be able to give you the same remuneration that some other companies could.”

“If that’s the case, what makes you think I would choose your company?” Frank asked casually, holding the wine glass with his fingers as if he were teasing a cat. His line of sight wandered around and did not stay on Nathaniel.

“Although the remuneration and benefits may not be as plentiful, I guarantee the other companies cannot compare to us in other aspects. Ms. Neville introduced you, and you have been a great help to us, so I see you as a friend. Just mention whatever and we will satisfy you as much as possible.

EVERY CONDITION you have.

“Besides, you don’t need to listen to anyone in the company except me. I will give you absolute freedom and room for creativity. I believe no other company can give you these.”

After a pause, Nathaniel continued confidently, “I believe that with your current status, you should focus on your professional development and prospects instead of the salary. I can give you all these.”

Nathaniel spoke eloquently and felt that the conditions he gave were attractive enough. After all, which other company could guarantee Frank absolute freedom? Frank stopped playing with his wine glass. He steadied his glass on the table and looked up at

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Nathaniel, “Well, you’re wrong.” Nathaniel looked confused. “Firstly, I don’t care about anything else but money. Salary is one of the most important reasons for choosing a job. I work as a perfumer to make money, Mr. Hall. Do you mean to tell me that the reason you started your company is not to make money?” His words made Nathaniel’s face drop.

“Secondly,” He continued, “In all the companies I’ve signed with over the years, absolute creative freedom is necessary. I don’t understand why you talk about it as an advantage.”