

Now And Forever 441

Chapter 441 Everything Will Be Over

“In the Gale Group, your status is noble. How could I order you, Miss Wendy in the City L, to do something?”

Although Porter said this, his attitude towards Wendy was the same as before.

It was with disdain, contempt and without any respect.

Wendy really wanted to expose him.

But now, she couldn't offend him.

She exhaled and smiled humbly, “Mr. Porter, without you, I could never achieve these things. Of course, I will follow your orders.”

She walked over and said respectfully, “Mr. Porter, I'm stupid. I don't know what to do next. Please give me a hint.”

Porter flicked the cigarette. He thought for a while seriously and said,

“Are you sure that the Gale family won't reveal anything about you?”

In fact, to Porter, he didn't believe that the Gale family would pay so much attention to the kinship.

In order to protect Emily, they would rather let the Gale Group suffer a loss?

During this period of time, he began to get Wendy's share bit by bit, but it could only be finished secretly.

In other words, they just needed to wait.

Currently, Wendy only had twenty-five percent of the shares. He had bought five percent from the retail investor he assigned.

The remaining twenty-five percent were in processing.

If he bought all of the share too quickly, he would be implicated when Wendy was convicted of fraud.

He had to find a way to let them believe that Wendy's stock was bought by the retail investors all around the world.

He didn't expect that Wendy's true identity would be exposed.

It was she who decided to tell Joseph directly that she was not a Gale.

It was also Wendy who deceived Sawyer to go into the high seas. This time, the person in charge was indeed Wendy.

This woman was usually witless. No one expected her to be this smart and thorough.

"Mr. Porter, don't worry. They don't dare to act recklessly for the time being."

Wendy had lived with the Gale family for a period of time, and she knew quite a bit about Sawyer and Joseph.

Maybe they succeeded in the business, but their weakness was that they paid too much attention to the kinship.

Now she could take the advantage of this.

"Especially since Sawyer's condition is so critical, if something bad happens to Emily, wouldn't Joseph be afraid that Sawyer

would directly die?”

Porter did not answer.

Wendy smiled and said, “In short, there is no need to worry. It looks secure. Mr. Porter, you can finish the things as planned.”

“OK, I’ll trust you once. After this, I won’t forget your contribution.”

Porter waved her hand. Wendy knew that he was asking her to leave.

He had always treated her like a servant, not giving her the slightest bit of mercy at all.

The moment Wendy came out of his room, she stopped smiling.

This damned Porter really didn’t respect her at all.

After selling so many shares to him, why didn’t he think about how much he had paid her?

Ten million!

Why didn’t he steal it?

She was unwilling to sell the shares to him if the shares were not obtained illegally and she was not afraid that something bad

would happen in the future.

But the more Wendy thought about it, the more unwilling she felt!

She could be the richest woman in the City L, so why did she have to grovel to others?

He used ten million to buy the five-percent share of the Gale Group from her.

Thinking of this, Wendy felt it was really a pity.

However, Porter had the proof of her guilt. She could only follow his orders.

Wendy left the hotel. She drove to a nearby square and stopped her car there.

She looked at her cell phone, and was deep in a myriad of thoughts and ideas.

She was unwilling to live in this way.

Even if she had to grovel to someone else, that person shouldn't be Porter!

After an unknown amount of time, she was grim-faced. It was as if she had made up her mind and dialed the number, "Hunter..."

These two days, Emily was not disturbed by others.

She stayed in the hospital, accompanying her grandfather during the day and doing her own things at night.

Her grandfather was better, but he was still a little unconscious. He could not completely wake up.

The doctor said that Sawyer would recover slowly after being nursed because of this sequela.

Sawyer was not young. If he didn't have the good physical quality, he would not wake up after suffering two strokes.

Fortunately, he was still able to get up and take a walk. But he seemed to have some neurological disorders that he didn't know

what he was doing.

On the third day, the good news came from the Bentson City. Sally had completely regained the consciousness.

The doctor allowed her to come out of the intensive care unit. The first thing Sally did was to call Emily.

'It's indeed Kate!'

Emily tightened her grip on the phone.

It was actually Kate! That wicked woman dared to do the murder. How dare she do this?

"Emi, I knew a big secret."

Sally had just woken up, and she was still very weak.

Even through the phone, Emily could feel Sally's anxiety.

She laughed.

She felt happy to have such a good friend in her life.

"Do you want to say that Kate attempted to murder you because you accidentally heard about my origins?"

"Emi..." Sally was stunned.

What happened? Why did Emily know this?

"Sally, you have been unconscious for too long. I have known these things."

"I'm at the Gale's now. Grandpa and I recognized each other. They treat me very well and know Wendy's true colors."

As for other matters, Emily didn't intend talking too much with Sally because she had just recovered. Although she had a lot to share with Sally, she couldn't say it now.

"Sally, take good care of yourself. Joseph will contact you. Then you can sue Kate together."

"She has committed a crime. We absolutely cannot let her go unpunished."

Sally always felt that Emily's words were a little strange. Why did she let Joseph contact her?

What about her? Did she let this drop?

Sally scratched her hair, wondering if it was because she was still a little unconscious that she could not fully understand what

Emily said?

"Emi..."

"You haven't fully recovered yet. Don't think about anything. Take good care of yourself."

Emily's words had a kind of reassuring magic power, "Everything will end soon. Everything will come to an end."

Sally still didn't understand what Emily meant, but Emily didn't seem to want to talk anymore.

Emily found the excuse that she was busy and hung up.

Afterwards, she dialed another number, "Terry, I want to ask you a favor. Perhaps, it will be quite hard."

Chapter 442 the Letter She Left

At night, Emily was still sitting beside Sawyer's bed.

Although Sawyer's consciousness was still not clear enough, he seemed to like this girl very much.

Every time Emily came, Sawyer would eat more and be willing to let the nurse to help him do the rehabilitation training.

"Grandpa, are you happy now?" Emily gently rubbed his arms and asked softly only they were at the ward.

Sawyer couldn't answer her question, but he smiled.

Perhaps, if he didn't know anything, he would be carefree, then life would be better.

"If you feel happy now, then continue to be so happy until your body completely recovers, OK?"

Emily looked at her grandfather and felt a little sad. She wanted to tell him many things, but she couldn't.

At last, she only said, "Grandpa, please take care."

The light of Emily's room was still on until late at that night.

It was not until five in the morning that the light was turned off.

The next morning, when Sasha went to see Sawyer, she found that Emily was not there.

"Where's Emily?" She looked at Milo.

Milo shook his head, "But Miss Emily hasn't come yet. Maybe she is sleeping."

"How could that be? She usually comes to see her grandfather early in the morning in these days." Could it be that she was

uncomfortable?

Sasha was worried that Emily was ill. She looked at her father who was still sleeping and said, "I'll go and see her. I'm afraid that she is ill."

After leaving her father's ward, Sasha walked to the ward next door and knocked on Emily's door.

"Emily, it's me. I'm Sasha. Are you still sleeping?"

But no one answered her.

Sasha frowned and knocked on the door again, "Emily?"

"I'm Sasha. Are you up? I'm coming in."

It was quiet. Emily did not answer.

Sasha suddenly felt a little anxious and worried.

She pushed the door open, but she didn't expect the door to be unlocked.

The blankets were neatly folded on the bed as if no one was sleeping on them last night.

Emily was not here, even the bathroom door was open. She was not here. What was going on?

"Emily?" Sasha walked in and looked the entire ward around, but she couldn't find Emily.

Just as she was about to go out to ask the nurse on duty, she saw a letter lying on the table when she turned around.

A letter?

Who would write letters in the modern society?

Sasha walked over and picked up the letter. It was addressed to Joseph.

Sasha felt she could not understand the younger generation.

They were fashionable. They wrote letters to each other in this era, when everything can be managed on mobile phones.

Sasha was a little curious. She wanted to open the letter.

But thinking again, she could not look at it without permission.

She put the letter down. When she walked out, she saw the nurse rushing over.

“Miss, Patriarch Gale’s condition is not good. Please go over and see him.”

Sawyer had been emotional all day. Sasha and Lottie went to see him.

So did Joseph and Francis.

Finally, after a two-hour treatment, Sawyer calmed down around ten o’clock in the morning.

“Doctor, what’s going on?” Joseph wiped the sweat off his head.

Sawyer hadn’t been so emotional before. Why would he be like this?

Joseph suddenly understood and looked around. He frowned, “Where’s Emily?”

Emily didn't come here when her grandpa was in dire conditions. Why? What was going on?

Everyone was in a hurry just now, now that he thought about it, he found he hadn't seen Emily for more than two hours.

Sasha remembered something and said immediately, "She disappeared early in the morning. When I went to look for her, I found

that her bed and blankets were neat and tidy."

She thought for a moment and suddenly felt a little uneasy, "Also, she ... left a letter for you."

"Letter?" Joseph was anxious, "What do you mean? Where is the letter?"

"The letter is in the ward where she lives."

At that time, Sasha did not find it strange and took it as their generation's thing.

But thinking about it now, it was really strange.

Emily cared about her grandfather the most. How could Emily not show up till now?

Joseph couldn't wait any longer, so he turned around and quickly walked to the ward next door.

Emily was still absent, and the letter was on the table.

Joseph immediately went forward and opened the envelope. His hands inexplicably trembled.

The feeling of uneasiness became more and more intense, and he felt a gloomy foreboding.

The envelope was opened. Inside was a piece of Ad paper. It was Emily's handwriting.

She said generally. She just told Joseph that she was a little tired and wanted to have a rest for several days in a quiet place.

She told Joseph not to worry because she had a friend who could protect her.

Finally, she asked Joseph to take good care of her grandfather who should be kept from the news online, rest, and recover in the hospital.

The letter was only to tell Joseph that the email was indeed from her.

She handwrote this letter to prove the authenticity of the mail, because there was her handwriting.

Joseph immediately logged into his mailbox on the phone. Sure enough, he had received Emily's email an hour ago.

At that time, he was busy taking care of his grandfather, so he didn't pay attention to anything else.

The email was very long, mostly about what Wendy had done before, including that she had impersonated Emily and became

the granddaughter of the matriarch of the Jackson family.

Also, she told Joseph that he could rest assured to sue Wendy for fraud because she didn't mind her identity being made public.

"Joseph, what does this mean?" Lottie did not see the email, but she felt she had known what Emily said.

Joseph tightened his fingers while holding the phone. He said, "Emily ... might, she might..."

Suddenly, the phone rang. Joseph said, "Spit it out!"

On the other end of the phone, the assistant said, "Mr. Joseph, what's going on? The video recorded by Miss Emily went viral."

"What video?" Joseph had been taking care of his grandfather for more than two hours. He didn't know anything about the video.

The assistant took a deep breath and said, "Miss Emily said that she is a Gale, but Wendy is not. She said that Wendy gained

the shares from Patriarch Gale and she would sue Wendy for fraud!"

Chapter 443 Her Blood Is on Your Hands

Emily left.

She disappeared into thin air, after causing this online upheaval by declaring her identity as the granddaughter of Sawyer Gale.

But she didn't mention a single word about Joseph.

After Joseph learned about this, he immediately used his best PR team to clarify the rumors.

But there were not only photographs, but also videos.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't reverse it.

As one of the Gale family, Emily actually had an affair with the eldest young master. It was the biggest scandal for the family.

Just as Joseph was trying to salvage Emily's reputation, another video came out.

It was also recorded by Emily herself, saying that she liked Joseph, but at that time, she wasn't aware she was the

granddaughter.

Joseph did not like her back, so she had to trick him into doing such a ridiculous thing by drugs. She also said things didn't work out, to which people held some doubt.

But everyone chose to believe the part where she attempted to hook up with Hunter Jackson. As a result, everything was Emily's fault.

Joseph, however, became an ignorant victim.

The news in City L had been focusing on this all day.

There came the most evil woman in this world.

It was not Wendy, who was accused of fraud, but Emily, who drugged her cousin.

She became synonymous with disgust, nasty, and shamelessness.

Negative comments from millions of people online were enough to ruin a girl's life.

The Gales could finally file a suit against Wendy, at the cost of Emily's reputation.

But the current problem was ... where was Emily?

Hunter only learned about it that noon.

He had been in a videoconference all morning. Liam told him right after it.

The look on his face got worse as he watched the two videos that Emily posted.

What was this woman thinking? Destroying herself to save the family?

And what were all the Gales doing? Where was Joseph?

How could he let a little girl handle this alone? How could he call himself a man?

Just as he was about to go and question him, Joseph showed up.

“Are you hiding her?”

Joseph’s eyes were bloodshot. Obviously, he was flustered.

Hunter looked furious, “How could you leave her all alone to this mess? Joseph, you’re such a coward!”

Joseph stared at him as if he wanted to read something from his face.

But all he could see was rage. This man was indeed furious.

Joseph clenched his fists and turned away.

Hunter chased after him, and his fist was about to land on his back.

Joseph dodged it by taking a sideways step.

Hunter hated sneak attack, or he wouldn’t miss the target at all.

“Let’s get this straight!”

Hunter waved his hand, and Liam together with two bodyguards immediately blocked the door.

A few guys coming with Joseph were also ready for a fight to protect their young master.

“You used to torture her, and now you’re pretending to care about her? Hunter, what a good show!” Joseph sneered.

Hunter snorted. He never put on a show.

“Where exactly are you hiding her? Tell me!”

These two videos were enough to ruin Emily’s life.

How could a young girl withstand it?

“What do you think? If I know where she is, why would I come to you?” said Hunter.

Joseph sobered. As long as she wasn’t with Hunter, he didn’t want to waste any time here.

Hunter also cooled down.

Joseph was indeed unaware of Emily’s whereabouts. Could it be exactly her intention?

He knew her. Sacrificing herself for the sake of her family was exactly what she would do.

But this was no joke at all. She couldn’t take this all by herself!

Drug ... seduction ... was she crazy?

It broke his heart to think that Emily had become a slut to everyone else.

This whole thing was overwhelming.

“Hunter, I believe it’s not your fault. I am looking for her now. If you still have a bit of sympathy for this girl who used to be with

you, then please don’t interfere.”

He wasn't afraid of him. He just didn't want more time to be wasted.

He had to go. He had to find Emily before the reporters and anyone else did.

Otherwise, she would only suffer more.

Joseph turned away again, but Hunter did not stop him because he had his own things to do.

"Liam, ask everyone to look for that ignorant girl, until you find her!"

His chest was still throbbing, as if it couldn't be relieved.

Liam immediately made several calls to anyone he could reach.

Hunter also went out in his own car with Liam.

He was looking for Joe.

"Where is Emily?" Hunter grabbed his collar the second he saw him.

"Hunter, what's this all about?" Joe was, to some degree, afraid of him.

After all, he could put him down with just one finger.

"I'm asking you, where is Emily?" Hunter didn't want to waste his breath.

Joe hadn't returned from City L. It must be because Emily still needed him.

Now that she had gone missing, who else could she turn to?

“I don’t know. She only asked me to post two videos with virtual IP. Nothing else.”

“Are you crazy? Have you even seen the videos before you posted them?”

Hunter wished he could strangle him to death. He actually helped make this disaster happen!

“You’ve ruined her life!”

“No, Hunter.”

Joe almost suffocated with Hunter grabbing his collar.

But still, he looked at him with a determined look.

‘I didn’t destroy Emily’s life. You did.’

Joe smiled coldly and miserably.

Of course it broke his heart to see Emily doing this.

But what else could he do?

He knew her well. If he wouldn’t offer help, she would find another way, probably a more aggressive one.

At the very least, she was safe now. That mattered most.

Right now, he knew it was a bad time to provoke him.

But he was just so pissed off.

“Hunter, if something bad happens to her, or if she dies, her blood is also on your hands!”

Chapter 444 Why Should He Care

If something happened to Emily, her blood ... was also on his hands.

Hunter involuntarily clenches his fists.

He had never given much thought about what he had done to her.

And he didn't know what it was that he cared so much.

What did he have to do with Emily's life and death? She was only a woman he had ditched.

What was it that made him care so much?

But, damn it, he just did!

"I swear I'll kill you if you don't tell me where she is."

Hunter narrowed his eyes, and there was a murderous frenzy inside.

Joe believed he meant what he said.

So what?

"Hunter, at least you've been with Emily for some time. Do you really think you can find her if she doesn't want you to?" he

sneered.

Hunter's fists were tighter, and Joe suddenly felt difficult to breathe.

"Oh, Hunter, you are always so conceited. Why are you pleading someone else when you are already so capable?" he continued

with the cold smile.

“I’m not pleading!” Hunter commanded, “Speak!”

“I don’t know.”

With a thud, Joe was thrown to the wall and then heavily onto the ground.

His lips began to bleed. Before he could take a break, Hunter trod on his chest.

Joe couldn’t breathe anymore, and blood rushed to his throat, almost suffocating him.

“Kill me if you want. I don’t know where she is. She didn’t tell me because she knew you’ll torture me!”

Hunter trod harder.

But deep down, he knew if Emily didn’t want herself to be found, she wouldn’t tell Joe at all.

Telling him meant killing him—she knew that.

Hunter felt so restless when he couldn’t find her. He just couldn’t find a way to let it out.

‘It’s not necessarily a bad thing that she’s hiding. She destroyed everything Wendy wanted. They will definitely come after her,

said Joe.

Hunter’s rage subsided.

He pulled back his foot.

“If you want the best for Emily, let me know as soon as you hear from her.”

Hunter stared down at Joe and said in a softer tone.

He turned around and left. And then Liam left Joe his phone number.

Liam felt a little sorry for this young man covered in blood.

Usually, Hunter wouldn't lay a finger on such defenseless people. This was an exception.

Actually, there were always exceptions when it came to Emily. But even Hunter himself wasn't aware of that.

'If Miss Emily is in danger, or if you have any news of her, please let us know. Hunter will never hurt her anyway.'

Joe glared at Liam. He wanted to say that he was exactly who hurt her the most.

But he couldn't say that out loud since Hunter had just chilled out.

Man's hunch told him that Hunter did care about Emily.

But since he cared, why did he hurt her in the first place?

"Hunter is a capable man. I believe he could figure it out on his own."

Joe wiped the blood from his mouth.

Liam put the paper with his phone number on the table beside him.

And then he turned away and tried to catch up with Hunter.

Joe walked to the table with one hand on his chest. Through the pain, he picked up the paper.

Was he really gonna tell Hunter when he heard something about Emily?

He really hated his imperious attitude, but he just wanted to do what was best for Emily.

If he had it right, Terry must have run away with Emily together. That explained why he couldn't reach him.

With Terry being there for her, Emily must be safe for now.

Terry would protect her even at the cost of his own life.

But where exactly could they go after such a horrible thing happened?

Joe coughed softly and a little blood came out.

He rolled up the paper and put it aside.

That bastard! He nearly beat him to death!

Emily had disappeared for three days.

On the first day, Hunter sent people to look for her while he himself also tried to look.

Afterwards, he hated to see himself losing control, so he forced himself back to work in the hotel.

But he never stopped sending people for Emily.

There was still no news of her on the next day.

Hunter began to feel even more restless and irritable. He couldn't devote himself to any work, not even the meetings.

On the third day, there was still no news of Emily.

He choked at dinner, which he seldom did.

The hot coffee burned him. Even drinking water could choke him.

Not to mention, when he was having a video meeting, he pressed the wrong button and shut it down completely.

This was the first and the most ridiculous thing he had done at work.

He had never ever done anything like those.

This whole thing really upset him.

He could not eat; he could not sleep; he completely lost his mind.

Meetings were suspended, and calls were no longer answered. He had started searching for her day and night.

He also felt so conflicted.

He insisted that he didn't care about that woman, who had betrayed him for another man.

But what he was doing was a slap in the face.

Hunter was nearly out of his mind.

He was almost torn apart by his emotions as well as his reason.

Why would he even care about a woman who had hurt and betrayed him?

On the fourth day, he finally calmed himself down.

At least he appeared to be.

It was because he found another missing person—Terry Fields. He disappeared together with Emily.

Well, there were always men around her!

Why the hell did he care so much?

“Young Master, Miss Gale is here.” Liam knocked on the door.

“She’s back?” Hunter suddenly stood up.

Liam didn’t want to point it out but although Hunter said he didn’t care, he did, whole-heartedly did.

‘It’s Miss Wendy Gale.’”

The glow on Hunter’s face suddenly became colder than ice.

“What is she doing here?”

Wendy was having a really hard time since she got sued by Joseph on behalf of the whole family.

What else could she do except pleading him for help?

“Tell her to fuck off? Hunter wasn’t in the slightest bit of mood dealing with her.

“Hunter, I need to tell you something.” On the corridor, Wendy, who was stopped by the guards, had already heard his voice.

She looked so anxious and afraid to be driven off.

Hunter was now her only hope.

“Hunter ... Hunter, listen to me. There’s something you don’t know about your grandmother. Let me in, please?”

Chapter 445 I Quit

Grandma?!

Hunter, who was just about to sit down on the sofa, glanced at the door.

Liam hesitated for a moment before waving his hand.

The two guards retreated and made way for Wendy.

“I have no time for your crap.” Hunter already looked irritable and aloof.

Not to mention, she was hoping for a nice talk.

Wendy had wanted to improve his impression of her with some last-minute efforts.

Now that she was here, she knew there was no way she could do that.

Wendy stopped beating around the bush for fear that Hunter would become impatient with her.

“Hunter, I have 25% shares of the Gale Group. I want to make a deal with you.”

“None of them is illegally acquired. And they will be taken from you anytime soon. Why do you think I’ll make a deal with you?”

Sure enough, Hunter already became impatient. He lit a cigarette and checked the watch on his wrist.

“I’m still in control of these shares, which I know I won’t be pretty soon.”

Wendy knew she didn’t have much time. She just had to make a big fortune and ran away.

“Hunter, if you want, I... I’ll sell them to you at a fair price.”

Seeing that Hunter didn’t say anything, she continued, “One billion!”

“I know you always have a way with this. You can sell them within a short while. One billion, that’s all I want,” She added.

“Porter Jackson only gave you ten million for 5% shares. And you want one billion from me for only 25%?”

Hunter snorted. He didn’t seem to be interested at all.

Wendy was taken aback and completely panicked.

He actually knew ... everything!

“I won’t take your shares. They belong to the Gales.”

“But weren’t you against them? Hunter, why is the sudden change of mind? Is it because of Emily?” asked Wendy.

In fact, she didn't know much about the feud between the Hunter and the Gale family.

But she was totally positive of its existence.

“So you've given up already? Can you really let go of everything they have done to you?”

Hunter's eyes darkened instantly.

His fingers holding the cigarette involuntarily tightened.

He couldn't let it go.

Because of what happened to Emily and how she disappeared, he panicked and lost all his senses.

He still wanted revenge! How could he give in so easily?

Now that Emily made sacrifices, the Gales could finally sue Wendy, which could solve at least half of their problems.

The other half was the contract with the Jackson Group.

If the project continued, the Gale Group would definitely suffer a huge loss. If they suspended it, the high liquidated damages

were still a heavy blow.

If something bad were to happen to the Gales' shares, then this would be a blow way too heavy for them to bear.

Wendy knew her words had triggered the deepest resentment in him.

She bit her lip as if she was making the hardest decision, “I only want 100 million!” she said in a low voice.

A hundred million was enough for her to flee, hide, and even live a well-off life for quite a long time. Otherwise, she might never be able to escape.

Nobody else, especially not that useless guy, Porter, could handle her shares well in a short period of time.

Hunter Jackson was probably the only person in the world who could do that.

“Hunter, I’m not greedy or something. I just want to make it easier for the rest of my life. I...”

“Why should I make it easier for you?”

Hunter suddenly turned around and stared into her face.

His face looked calm, but the hidden wave was intimidating.

“Joseph and Emily were drugged and videotaped. Were you part of it?”

“I...” Wendy panicked. She didn’t expect it at all that Hunter was still thinking about that bitch!

“They ... they drugged them, not me. Really, it was Sasha.”

Although being stared by Hunter gave her a chill down the spine, she was telling the truth.

“I shot the video, but ... Sasha was the one who drugged them.”

Hunter was walking towards her.

Unlike before, she didn’t feel closer to him, nor did she feel she could hook up with him.

She had already seen it through.

She was nothing to him, nothing.

Everything about them in the past was just a show he put up for the Gales.

“Hunter, I... I don’t understand ... why you still care about Emily? You have a feud with the Gales. And Emily is the granddaughter of Sawyer Gale!”

Hunter suddenly stopped.

Wendy couldn’t breathe normally. When he looked at her in a calm gaze, she could literally feel death.

“Hunter...”

“I won’t take any share of the Gale Group. Get out!”

Hunter turned around and walked to the window, staring outside at the dim sky.

He had been anxious for three days, but it was only after three days that he realized the woman who had haunted him was the granddaughter of his enemy!

What the hell was he thinking? Grandma died so miserably. Did he forget about that?

Wendy despaired.

There was nothing she could do about his cold shoulder.

Hunter always meant what he said. And his decision didn’t easily change.

At least ... at least she still got ten million.

Wendy didn’t stay any longer and was ready to leave.

But just as she walked to the door, she remembered something. She turned around and watched his cold but still charming figure, clenching her fists.

She didn't want to quit on him. She never did!

Why couldn't this man, the dreamy type of every woman in this world, belong to her?

Even if he didn't belong to her, he should certainly not belong to that bitch Emily!

"Hunter, don't forget Emily is the granddaughter of your enemy. Why are you still looking for her everywhere? How could you do

this to your families who were hurt by them?"

"Fuck off!"

This time Wendy did what he said. She knew if she didn't, Hunter would have a way to make her regret it.

She couldn't stay in City L anymore.

If she didn't leave, perhaps she would have to spend the rest of her life in prison.

After Wendy left, Liam walked over behind Hunter.

He wanted to persuade him not to be affected by what Wendy said, but it seemed Hunter already did.

"Young Master, the Gales..."

"Let Porter do whatever he wants."

It seemed Hunter decided to stay out of it even if the Gale Group suffered great loss.

“Young Master, even if we can benefit from it, it still does something bad to our reputation.”

Honesty was important in business, especially for large enterprises like them.

It would completely ruin the reputation to make the other party jump into a trap, regardless of how much benefit they could reap.

Especially for the Gale family, most of them were decent businessmen.

Mr. Porter made such a scene for some petty little profits. It didn't do any good to the Jackson Group in the long run.

“Young Master, are you really gonna walk away from this?”

“Since I wasn't part of it from the start, I'd like to keep it that way.”

There was nothing but chill in Hunter's voice.

He turned around at Liam. The same old unapproachable Hunter Jackson was back.

“Call back all our people out there looking for that woman. I quit.”

Chapter 446 She's Pregnant

Wendy escaped.

Everyone had seen it coming.

But most of them didn't bother looking.

"I just want Emily back." Grandpa Gale sat on the hospital bed, looking like a wreck.

The other day, his illness kept getting worse and he was suffering from intense mood swings.

But luckily, he sobered up the next day.

That was when Emily disappeared.

What was all over the Internet couldn't be kept from him at all.

The old man was anxious, heartbroken, and completely freaking out.

They had sent everyone they could to look for her, even Joseph and Francis.

If it weren't for the fact that all the Gales were too busy looking for Emily, Wendy could never have escaped.

Just as Wendy had said, the most important thing in the Gale family was each other.

That was why nobody cared where Wendy was. All they wanted was to find Emily.

"Brother, Hunter has called back all his people." Francis told Joseph the news the minute he got it.

"That bastard doesn't care about Emily at all. But who need him? We have plenty of people. We will find her," Joseph snorted

and said indifferently,

He was wrong about Hunter!

He had thought, deep down, Hunter still cared about Emily. But it turned out his feelings for her were fleeting.

That man only cared about himself after all.

“Brother, what about the contract?”

That contract wasn't signed by Wendy at all, but by Carl Gale, the biggest shareholder of the Gale Group.

Wendy, that slippery snake, didn't even leave a single door open for them.

Carl was from the Gale family as well as a major shareholder. He didn't do anything wrong.

Therefore, even if something happened to Wendy, the contract was still valid.

“Brother, we've been played by them. We're screwed!”

Compensation of 30 billion was a fatal blow to the Gale Group.

They had to sell their shares to make the compensation.

But in this case, all the shareholders would panic and divest themselves of their shares.

If they did, the price of the shares would drop. And the lower the price was, the more they had to lose...

In short, it was a vicious cycle. One downfall would lead the Gale Group into an irreversible catastrophe.

“Even if I sell my company, it will only be worth two billion, which was still not enough to cover the expense.”

Although Francis did fine with his company, it was still no match for the Gale Group.

“What do we do now, brother?”

“We can’t carry on with the projects in that contract. It requires more than we can take. It will end up as a disaster for us, too.”

Therefore, the only way was to raise enough money.

“But where are we going to get the money? Selling all our real estate was still not enough. Are we going to sell our own mansion as well?”

Francis thought for a moment and shook his head, “Even if we sell the mansion, we’re still short.”

Even the billions-worth mansion was not enough to cover the expense of thirty billion.

“Don’t tell grandpa about this...”

“You guys are hiding everything from me. Good kids! Both of you.”

Not far behind them, Mr. Gale was sitting in a wheelchair, staring at them.

Joseph’s heart sank as he quickly walked over, “Grandpa, it’ll be fine. Don’t overthink.”

He was so occupied in his thoughts that he didn’t hear him coming in.

Francis also walked over and forced a smile, “Grandpa, what are you talking about? We never hide anything from you.”

Mr. Gale waved his hand. He didn’t want to hear any of this.

He suddenly said to Joseph, “I need to talk to you.”

Joseph and Francis exchanged glances. Joseph stopped Francis when he was trying to say something.

After that, Joseph pushed his grandpa to the elevator in his wheelchair.

They went to the garden. Although it wasn't very quiet, it had the most beautiful scenery.

There were people walking around, some were patients, some were doctors and nurses, and some were visitors for the patients.

"If Emily is still here, she will definitely take me here every day to enjoy the sunlight."

The old man looked at the distant blue sky, feeling depressed at the thought of her.

"Grandpa, don't worry. Emily will come back. I will find her."

Joseph wanted to comfort him, but his comfort was the last thing he need.

The old man shook his head and let out a long sigh.

"But she won't come back. She has some issues that she can never work out."

He had watched those two videos. Emily felt despair for the world. How could she come back?

"Isn't that right?" The old man suddenly covered his chest in great pain.

"Grandpa, are you okay?" Joseph panicked. What he feared the most was his grandfather's heart attack.

"Grandpa, is it your heart again? I'll take you to the doctor."

"No..." With his hand still on his chest, Sawyer Gale's eyes were full of misery.

"I know Emily was desperate. What I worry the most right now is whether ... whether she will even give up on herself."

"No way!" said Joseph firmly.

Grandpa Gale looked up at him, "You ... do you know where she is?"

"I don't know. But I do know she won't do anything stupid. Trust me."

Grandpa Gale believed him because he knew him for years. Joseph always said what he meant.

But how could he be so sure?

"But how is she going to live like this?" It took great courage for a girl to live a life after her reputation was ruined.

"No matter what, she will definitely survive this. She will never let anything bad happen to her!"

At the very least, Joseph was certain of it.

But Sawyer Gale didn't.

With hands on his chest, he felt harder to breathe.

"I don't know, I'm really scared..."

"Grandpa, don't be scared. She ... she still wanna live. She won't do anything stupid. Trust me!"

"Joseph, you are hiding something." Sawyer Gale was wise enough to know things were a lot more complicated than it

appeared.

Joseph opened his mouth but no voice came out. He didn't know if he should tell him.

"Joseph, it hurts to know you're keeping a secret from me."

There was misery all over his face again. But this time, he was faking it.

And Joseph could tell.

He knew he had to put his mind at ease eventually, even though his grandpa was acting.

He let out a sigh. There were things he could do nothing about.

"Emily ... she's pregnant."

Chapter 447 We Were Childhood Sweethe...

Sawyer Gale waited for a long time in the cold wind.

Butler Milo checked the time again. It had been three hours.

"Sir, please let me take you back. You said it yourself that families are the most important, not the Gale group."

Why were they here pleading Hunter Jackson for help?

They should go back and continue their search for Emily.

Let the young in charge of the company. It was no big deal even if it didn't work out.

But Sawyer shook his head and stared at the entrance of the hotel.

"Go tell them again I need to talk to Hunter. It's important."

“Sir, stay away with that bastard!”

Butler Milo couldn't take it anymore since he knew a little about what happened between Hunter and Emily.

Now that it turned out Hunter couldn't care less about Emily, what was the point of coming for him?

And it was even more pointless if it was for the sake of the company.

The old man had lived his life in pride. He felt so bad to see him humbly begging for help.

“Milo, why are you so stubborn?”

Sawyer turned around to him and frowned, “Hurry! Go tell them I need to see Hunter Jackson.”

Butler Milo could only do as he required when the elevator in the lobby suddenly opened.

Several people walked out and the most eye-catching one was Hunter.

“Milo, hurry. Push me over,” Sawyer required.

“Oh ... alright.” It took Milo a while to react.

“Hunter, can you spare ten minutes for me? I need to talk to you.”

Different from last time, Sawyer took the initiative.

This was his best chance. He wouldn't do it at all if it weren't for Emily.

Even the Gale Group wasn't worthy of his humbleness.

"Mr. Gale, bad time. I really have to go now," said Hunter, his lip curling.

"It'll be just ten minutes. No, five minutes."

Sawyer hated himself for saying this. If it weren't for Emily, he would never ever say anything like that.

But Emily was the priority.

Perhaps the past should be settled as well.

He had kept it to himself for so long that it still haunted him every now and then.

"Hunter, I only need five minutes of your time. If you don't change your mind, I will never bother you again."

But Hunter didn't even want to hear a single word, "If you're here for the Gale Group, I'm not available. I'm sorry."

He walked passed Mr. Gale and was about to leave.

"I'm here for Emily!" Sawyer turned his wheelchair around and happened to see him freeze.

It looked like this brat was not heartless after all.

"I know where she is. Do you want to know?"

"Where she is has nothing to do with me."

Hunter seemed to be resisting something with one step ahead of him.

Just as the old man was about to despair, he suddenly turned around and looked at him, "Five minutes."

It had already taken them one minute to get to Hunter's hotel room.

Sawyer had Butler Milo wait outside. Hunter waved his hand and Liam also stepped back.

There were only the two of them in the room.

"Where is Emily?"

Hunter didn't have the slightest bit of patience for this old man.

Although he was never enthusiastic towards the elders, he would at least be polite.

But to Sawyer Gale, he left off all the manners and courtesy.

This was the man who killed his grandmother!

"I don't know." Sawyer didn't want to lie to him.

Hunter's face darkened, "How dare you lie to me?" he said angrily.

"Hunter, I'm here today to tell you the truth."

"I can find out the truth myself. You don't have to tell me!"

Indeed, he had been investigating.

As long as he found the evidence, he would sue him for kidnapping and murder.

As for the so-called truth, what truth did he expect from a murderer?

He wouldn't believe a single word.

"I didn't kill your grandmother, nor did I kidnap her. In fact, your grandmother and I were good friends."

Sawyer sighed. Those were the memories he didn't want to recall.

But now he had to.

"Hunter, your grandmother did come looking for me back then..."

"No she didn't! It was you who kidnapped her!" Hunter insisted.

Sawyer sighed again, "It's not like that. The reason why I haven't told you the truth is because of ... your grandma."

"Bullshit?"

"Hunter, let me show you a letter."

Sawyer knew it was only his words against Hunter's, so he took out the letter that he had kept for decades.

"You may not recognize your grandmother's handwriting, but your grandfather definitely will."

Although the letter was well preserved, it did look a bit old.

Hunter stared at the envelope. He might not recognize Grandma's handwriting, but it was indeed similar.

Hunter had seen her handwriting before. Some of them were still in grandpa's study.

He finally took the envelope and took out the letter.

His face darkened at the first glance.

“Mr. Gale, this letter must be a lie. How dare you fake it?!”

It was a love letter, written by a woman, for her beloved man.

In the letter, she said she was painful because she married a man she didn't love. She also knew there had been some

misunderstandings because of her husband's scheme.

She married her husband only because she was so angry with the other man, only to regret it after she found out about the truth.

She wanted to return to the man she loved and ran away with him.

In the letter, everything was about her affection for him, how much she missed him, and how regretful she was back then.

She expressed her eager to run away with him.

“You don't have to lie to me with a fake letter. Do you think I'm buying this?”

“If you don't believe me, ask your grandfather if he had framed me and made me the criminal. Your grandma and I were

childhood sweethearts, and we had once decided to be together forever.”

The past still brought deep sorrow to old Sawyer Gale.

“Back then, I had to go out to the sea. We had agreed that when I came back, we would get married. But when I came back, I

was so shocked to see her already married to your grandfather.”

Chapter 448 He Won't Have a Rough Day...

“Later, I found out that your grandfather lied to your grandmother, saying that I cheated on her. And she was so simple that she actually believed it.”

Dozens of years had passed, and Sawyer now wasn't a young boy who would be screwed up with his love life.

However, he would still feel bitter when he mentioned Matriarch Jackson.

His voice sank somewhat, as if he had returned to that year.

“I wanted to explain to your grandmother. But when I found her, she was already pregnant.”

“I couldn't let her bear the pain. She is in poor health. If she knew the truth, she would break down.”

“So I only swallowed it and let her believe I betrayed her. This way, she could feel at ease to stay with your grandfather and give birth to his child.”

That was a different time.

At that time, it wasn't easy for a married woman to get divorced and marry another man.

If she did that, her reputation would be ruined for the rest of her life.

Therefore, Sawyer decided to bear the pain by himself. A few years later, he also got married and had his own children.

“As time passed, everything seemed to have gone. I didn’t expect a letter from your grandmother one day.”

Sawyer looked at Hunter. He knew that it wasn’t easy for Hunter to accept this at once.

But what he had said was the truth.

“When I received this letter, I was already married. It’s impossible for me to abandon my wife and children, and then leave with your grandmother.”

“So I just kept this letter and didn’t write back. But your grandmother came to see me.”

“As for the picture of your grandmother and me, I don’t know who took it by chance. However, at that time, I was going to send her back, not kidnap her.”

Hunter did not say anything. Sawyer didn’t know whether he believed it or not. Anyway, Hunter seemed to be in a bad mood.

Sawyer was frightened by Hunter’s cold eyes!

Although he had seen all kinds of circumstances and people, he didn’t dare to look straight into Hunter’s eyes.

“Hunter, this is the truth. I feel sorry for your grandmother, but I really didn’t harm her. We separated after I saw her off at the train station.”

“But I didn’t expect that not long later, she would...”

His voice was a bit hoarse and choked with emotions.

Hunter noticed that, but he wasn't touched.

"You came to me and told me those things just to ask for mercy for the Gale family?" he snorted.

Hunter was stubborn.

It was not easy to change his mind.

Actually, Sawyer now still didn't know if it was right for him to come to see Hunter.

Would Hunter care about Emily?

However, she was pregnant with his child...

"Hunter, no matter whether you believe it or not, this matter has nothing to do with Emily. If you still have feelings for her,

please..."

"I'll treat your granddaughter the way you treated my grandmother."

Hunter sneered and sat on the sofa, looking askance at Sawyer.

"No matter whether what you said is true or not, you have hurt my grandmother. If it is true, my grandmother came all the way

here to see you, but you treated her so coldly? You hurt her so badly!"

Sawyer didn't say anything. He had indeed wronged Hunter's grandmother, but he had no choice back then.

He couldn't abandon his wife and children. This was the greatest responsibility of a man.

“You can leave now. What you said to me today won’t change my mind.”

Hunter looked at the door and shouted, “Liam.”

Liam immediately pushed in, followed by Milo. Milo walked to Sawyer and said, “Mr. Sawyer...”

“Let’s go home and give him some time to think about it.”

Milo nodded and wheeled him out.

Before they walked out of the door, Hunter coldly said, “I will continue to investigate it. If I find that you have something to do with

my grandmother’s death, I won’t let the Gale family off.”

Milo stopped. Sawyer was expressionless, and his voice was calm.

“As you like. I have a clear conscience.”

Milo snorted and wheeled Sawyer out of the door.

Hunter could hear Milo’s complaint coming from outside, “I’ve told you that Hunter is hard-hearted. What’s the use of begging

him? Emily won’t like such person.”

With many things on his mind, Sawyer interrupted Milo, “Shut up.”

Then they walked away.

Liam looked at Hunter and didn’t know what was going on. “Mr. Hunter, are you still going out?”

Today, Hunter had a lot of things to do. He had made an appointment to visit several construction sites.

But now, he seemed to have no intention of going out.

As his assistant, Liam had to remind him, "Mr. Hunter, it's getting late."

However, Hunter ignored him and just stared at the letter in his hand indifferently.

Liam was a little curious and wanted to see the content of the letter.

Hunter's face darkened, and he said unhappily, "If you still peep at the letter, I'll gouge your eyes out!"

Liam hurriedly looked away and said, "I promise that I didn't see a single word!"

Hunter ignored him.

What Sawyer had said today made Hunter wonder whether his stubbornness was right.

He couldn't accept it.

But even so, there seemed to be a voice in his heart telling him that this letter was true.

Had grandpa really deceived grandma and then married her?

Perhaps this wasn't important anymore. The important thing was whether Sawyer really had nothing to do with grandma's death.

If so, was Hunter wrong to have been firmly convinced that Emily was the granddaughter of his enemy?

Somehow, Hunter felt very irritated.

He stood up and walked to the wine cabinet. He opened a bottle of wine and wanted to pour himself a glass of wine.

But when he picked up the wine bottle, he suddenly didn't want to use the glass.

He raised his hand and directly drank the bottle of wine!

Liam knew that he was in a bad mood, but Hunter would never share his sorrow with others. So Liam didn't know how to comfort

him.

Besides, Hunter didn't need any consolation.

He drank the bottle of wine in one gulp.

Then he waved, and then the wine bottle fell to the ground and shattered into pieces.

Liam was uneasy.

However, Hunter suddenly sneered, "Even if I'm wrong, so what? She is just a woman who has betrayed me."

He was thinking about Emily again. If he could really be heartless, he wouldn't be so bitter these days.

Just as Liam wanted to say something, there was a knock at the door.

He walked over and opened the door.

"Mr. Vincent," Liam said in surprise when he saw the person beside Vincent, "Mr. Henry?"

Chapter 449 Pain Might Not Be a Bad T...

"Brother." Vincent walked into the room followed by Henry without a word.

Hunter looked back at the two men and finally his eyes fell on Henry.

“Don’t look at me like that. I’m just as upset as you are.”

Henry went in and sat down on the sofa.

Obviously, he was tired and didn’t want to joke.

“Are those men sent by Mr. Henry?” Liam poured a cup of tea for them.

Henry snorted disapprovingly. “Someone doesn’t want to find Emily. I’ll have to do it myself. I’m afraid that if something really

happens to Emily, someone will hate himself in the future.”

“With your friendship with her, you need so many reasons if you want to find her.”

Hunter was upset right now, and Henry still embarrassed him, which was quite remarkable for Hunter not to hit him.

Vincent sensed something was wrong on both sides. There was something to be said.

“Brother, you misunderstood Henry and Emily.”

He tightened his lips and squeezed his palm. “I’m sorry. It’s all my fault.”

Vincent thought as long as Emily left Hunter, Hunter would be fine.

No one else could threaten him, and no one else could be his Achilles’ heel.

But he neglected one thing that Hunter may be safe, but he lived very unhappily.

For months he had not seen his brother smile.

On the contrary, he was colder and less approachable than before.

He even didn't want to open his heart to talk to them.

His heart blocked all people and he was unwilling to believe anyone.

Such Hunter was like but a walking dead.

On the surface, he lived a noble life that everyone would envy, but when the night fell, only he knew how he felt.

He really didn't want to see his brother go on living like this without a soul.

"I'm sorry."

It was Vincent who begged Emily to leave Hunter on the island.

Because his brother, for this woman, almost died several times.

He had no choice but to do so.

Little did he know that this would cause Emily to miscarry and leave her so desolate!

"When she went back, her legs were covered in blood, and the doctor said she couldn't keep the baby, and it almost claimed her

life!"

Henry's chest was stuffy. Thinking of Emily's despair at that time, his heart was like being pierced by millions of knives!

“Liam, get me some wine.”

Not tea! The more he drank the tea, the more bitter the tea was!

Liam, also a little lost, walked to the wine cabinet and brought him a bottle of red wine.

He had thought of it millions of times, but he did not expect that this matter would be related to Master Vincent!

Hunter’s face... No, Master Hunter looked so gloomy now.

Vincent thought he was going to be angry, irritable, and even to hit him.

But no. Hunter was not doing anything.

He just looked at the glass in his hand, full of wine, but did not taste a single mouthful.

But Henry, who seldom drank, emptied the bottle of wine in one breath.

Then he leaned back on the sofa, looked at the ceiling and laughed, sorrowfully.

“Can you believe I’m really in love with her? But I’d never touched her once.”

Hunter tightened his grip of the glass.

Henry closed his eyes, and his mind was full of that thin figure.

She was so helpless, so poor, and yet so lovable!

“Do you know how fond she is of children? She’s such a good girl that she wouldn’t even hurt a little animal. How could she hurt her own baby?”

‘Hunter, had you become stupid? If you love a woman so much, why don’t you know anything about her?’

“She was so devastated and hated herself for not saving her baby. I couldn’t even see any life in her eyes at the time.”

“I thought that would be all. Since she didn’t want to drag you down, I would take care of the poor girl from now on.”

“But she can’t accept me. Who she loves is you, Hunter!”

Hunter’s cup crumbled in his hand with a loud crack.

“Shut up!”

His voice was hard, cold, heartless, and even cruel!

“Do you I would believe that?”

“Hunter...”

“I don’t believe a word of it!”

He went to the door. With a bang, he knocked the heavy door down with his foot and walked away.

Liam tried to catch up with him, but Henry said, “Give him some time to confess.”

“It’s...”

“He’s not a weak woman. What are you afraid he’ll do? Are you so contemptuous of Master Hunter?”

Henry almost roared.

Mater Henry, who was always gentle, was so terrible when he got fierce.

Vincent had mix feelings when he looked at the broken door.

Henry went to the bar and fetched another bottle himself.

“He understands everything, but he just hates himself.”

So, there was no use of chasing after him. It would only make him more irritable.

“Mr. Henry, do you have any news back from the people you sent?”

In fact, Liam had his own people looking for Emily at that time.

“No, the girl has decided to hide from us. It’s not easy to find her out.”

As a matter of fact, everyone knew that Emily had a computer geek by her side, Joe.

But rumor has it that Hunter had already called Joe out and beaten him almost to death.

Emily’s friends were so loyal to her. Since Joe wouldn’t tell where Emily was, even if he bit him to death, he couldn’t elicit

anything from Joe.

What Joe was good at was helping people hide information.

Once the information of Emily's departure information was hidden, it was not easy to find it out.

"Did you get in touch with Joseph?"

"Joseph has no idea where she was. The Gale Family has sent men to look for her."

Vincent really hated himself. Just because listening to him, such a good girl had ended up like this.

If he could, he wouldn't have said those words to Emily, and he wouldn't have begged kind girl.

If he had not been so cruel at the beginning, now, perhaps, Hunger's children were about to be born, and Hunger and Emily

would live a happy life.

What the hell did he do?

"Emily has never blamed you." Henry put down the empty bottle, turned around, and looked at Vincent.

"I don't know what Emily is doing for, but she's always feeling guilty about you, like she owed you a lot in her last life."

"Me?" Vincent shook his head. He had never gotten in touch with Emily.

He never believed in those things of previous life.

But Henry, all of a sudden, believed in a term called reincarnation.

Perhaps, a lot of things were destined to happen.

"Let your brother feel painful once. It might not be a bad thing."

The deeper the pain, the more he would cherish it.

But he hoped the pain would be like the spring after the bitterly cold winter.

He hoped that until the end of the winter, it would usher in the lovely and warm spring.

Chapter 450 A Family of Three

Two years later.

A famous scriptwriter, a new play, won the best screenplay award this year in City N.

However, the writer never showed up at the awards ceremony.

No one knew who she was, and she had never even been seen in public.

From the beginning of submission to the end, she had published two play. One was popular and the other won the awarded.

But for two whole years, she had never showed up.

Her name was Hunger, but it was a pseudonym.

She even didn't show up in such an important award ceremony.

The next day, there was gossip throughout the circle.

Who was Hunger? Was it male or female, young or old?

Many people were very curious about it.

“He must be an old bald man, I guess.”

“No, if he is an old man, he wouldn’t miss the chance to be famous even if he is bald.”

“That’s right.” Others agreed.

“It might be a fat woman, fat and ugly.”

“A cripple, perhaps...”

The girls in the office were talking about Hunger, which always lived only in the legend.

“Okay, office hours, no chitchat, and get to work.”

The minister came over with some papers, went to the desk at the corner, and dropped them.

“Emily, put these papers in order for the manager.”

“Yes.” Emilia Gale, sitting in the corner, nodded, took the papers and went back to work.

“Look at Emily. She never joins your discussions. She does as much in a day as you do in a few days!”

“Well. Aren’t we at work now?”

Smiling, the girls turned to look back at Emilia Gale, who was still busy.

A pair of large, thick, and old-fashioned eyeglasses covered almost half of her face.

Those freckles on her face made her look even uglier.

Yeah, well, if anyone looked like her, she would just have to work hard and make up for it.

So, everybody won’t envy or be jealousy of Emily because the minister praised her.

After all, no one envied an ugly person.

“Emily, would you like to go to dinner after work?” Someone suddenly suggested.

Another girl said quickly, “She is a good mother, and she has to go back to her babies after work. How does she have time to go out with you?”

“Well, then, we won’t take with you.”

As soon as it was six o’clock, several girls gathered their things and left with a smile.

Along the way, Emily could still faintly hear them gossiping.

“Well, how does Emily find such a handsome husband when she’s so ugly?”

“Yeah, if I were her husband, I’m afraid I’d divorce her long ago.”

Emilia Gale pretended not hear it.

At half past six, she finished her job.

She packed her things and left the company.

Just as she walked out of the company door, a little girl more than a year old stumbled over.

Emilia Gale most freaked out.

“Watch out! Oh, you’re going to frighten mother to death! Slow down!”

She also ran past and help the little girl in her arms.

She raised her head, stared at the happy man behind the girl, and complained, "Why not taking good care of her. She just learned how to walk!"

"Not long? It is months ago!"

The man didn't agree with her. "You are too cautious. How could a child grow up if she goes through the difficulties to smoothly?"

Emilia Gale glared at him, only to see the baby in her arms break free and dashed off a short distance, "Balloon..."

Just taking two steps, she fell on the ground.

The man who had been making fun of Emilia Gale for being too nervous had turned pale at the sight of the baby falling and lunged at her.

He picked up the girl who had just fallen down and looked at her nervously.

"Basia, did you hurt? Where is it hurt? Tell Papa!"

"Balloon... Balloon..."

Basia didn't feel bad at all. All she wanted was a balloon in the distance.

"Who made fun of me just now Aren't you more nervous than I am?"

Emilia Gale threw a blank look at the man, who, after putting Basia down, still followed her closely, smiling at the corners of his

lips.

He was very nervous, but he couldn't help it, as he cared about the baby girl...

"Balloon... Balloon..." Basia was just one year old. How did she know to follow her mom and dad down the road?

Seeing the colorful balloons, she would forget everything.

The man behind her was handsome, and wherever he went, he would attract attention of countless girls.

The man was no one but Terry.

"Okay, daddy will go get the balloon for you."

"Don't mess around. The balloons are others'. Don't take it."

As Emilia Gale chased them, the wind blew away the bangs that fell on her freckled face. It was once so familiar to others.

Later, when the freckles had been washed away, everyone had become so accustomed to her beauty, and no one remembered

her ugly side.

Now that familiar feeling was still so strong.

Terry was running after Basia, but he didn't notice anything. He suddenly stopped and turned around.

It was crowded on the square, countless people, countless faces, and countless figures.

But he felt a cold touch, and when he turned, it disappeared.

“What’s the matter, Terry?” Emilia Gale came over and looked back with him.

But there was nothing strange behind them. Was it not always the same?

She had had a feeling of being stared at. She had such a feeling before when she first arrived. Probably because she felt guilty, and she was always suspicious.

But later, as her belly grew bigger, and Basia was born, she put all her attention on Basia.

As for other things, she didn’t care.

“Nothing.” Terry bent his head and put his arm around her. “I just think too much. Don’t take it to heart.”

“Then don’t worry too much.”

“Well.”

Emilia Gale, who disappeared two years ago, was Emily. She grabbed Basia by the hand and said, “You can’t play with these things, little girl. Mommy would buy it for you.”

How did Basia know what to play and what not to play?

All she knew was that Bobo was coming.

“Balloon...Balloon...” Basia shook off Emily’s hand again as the balloon came closer to her.

She strode forward with her short legs and went to a pile of balloons.

“Basia...”

Terry and Emily were right behind her. How come all these balloons were really getting close to Basia?

Terry looked sullen. He grabbed Basia in his arms and pulled Emily over his shoulder.

He stared at the pile of balloons with guard!