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Chapter 68

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one would work hard to earn money.
But when one got rich, one would
wallow in love.

After spending the whole day working
tirelessly, I entered the car and began
chomping on my fried chicken. A car
honked in my direction, so I wound
down the window.

A black Maybach was parked right
beside my vehicle. The only black
Maybach I knew was parked in the
villa's garage.

Even if my friends were rich enough to
afford this car, it was too flashy to
drive it around daily.

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I couldn't recall who else had this car, so I thought it was a stranger and wound up my car window.

Suddenly, the Maybach's window rolled down, revealing Nick's cheeky face.

"Hey, gorgeous. Wanna have dinner together?"

How childish!

I rolled my eyes at him and showed him my fried chicken. "I'm sorry, but I've eaten."

Frowning, he poked his head out.

"You're pregnant. How could you eat this? Is Ashton mistreating you?"

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I ignored his remark.

After clearing up the trash, I started the engine and prepared to head home.

He parked his car right in front of mine, blocking my way out. "Scarlett, come on. Let's have dinner together!"

I was annoyed by him. "I'm full!"

"Then spend some time with me!"

What was his problem?

As his car stopped in the middle of the lane, I wasn't the only one who got stuck. No one else could leave.

The other cars started honking at him,

but he merely gazed at me cheekily.

I put a hand to my forehead in irritation. "Fine. Lead the way!"

Arching a brow, he announced, "Let me drive you there. You shouldn't drive as you're pregnant!"

Damn it!

I alighted from my car and went to his car, taking the passenger seat. "Will you leave now?" I asked coolly.

Grinning, he replied, "Of course. Let's go!"

Young men like him were ostentatious.



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He was driving a flashy car, and instead of keeping a low profile, he opened the convertible top in the middle of the city.

He was seriously childish.

The wind felt chilly, but I didn't say anything. He could do whatever he wanted.

"Scarlett, do you think we'll show up in the gossip column of J City's news tomorrow?" he yelled over the rock music playing on his radio.

I rolled my eyes and ignored him.

If we appeared in the gossip column, it would be his fault

would be his fault.

His car came to a stop in a bustling section of the city. It was somewhere all the young people liked to hang out.

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Both he and his car were ostentatious. The moment the car rolled to a stop, young ladies stared and tittered while young men took photos of his car enviously.

"Tacky!" I commented and got off his car.

Looking around, I inquired, "What do you want for dinner?"

He responded with a smirk, "You decide."

After surveying the available restaurants, I entered a French

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restaurant without hesitation. Nick trailed behind me and teased, "Scarlett, you're quite the romantic."

I couldn't be bothered to reply. I had chosen this restaurant because I didn't want to be ogled by others.

Inside, the server greeted us, "Table for two? We have a couple set today. Would you like to order that?"

"Sure, we'll take that, and a bottle of wine, please." Nick ordered without thinking much.

I looked at the server and said, "I'd like a glass of fruit juice, please."

After the server left, Nick grinned at

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me. "Scarlett, I forgot you can't drink alcohol."

He was doing it on purpose!

I stared at my phone as Ashton had just sent me a text: *Where are you?*

What a brief message!

I didn't reply and locked my phone.

Nick was gazing at me, so I furrowed my brows. "What is it?"

"Scarlett, has anyone ever told you that you look like a celebrity?" The server was serving our steak when Nick asked.

I thanked the server before answering,

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Chapter 69

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"Who?"

Surprised I'd acknowledge him, he straightened his back and replied in all seriousness. "Angelina Jolie!"

I nodded. "Yes. I used to get that a lot in university."

My friends used to say that, but after I wore glasses, I rarely hear that anymore.

As I seemed arty with glasses, I no longer resembled her.

"Also, you resemble another person I know," he said in all seriousness. I sliced my steak, thinking he was bored

and trying to strike up a conversation.

"Mm!" I replied and focused on my steak.

He didn't eat his food. Instead, he swirled his wine and commented, "You resemble my mother, especially your eyes. Both of you have similar eyes."

He was annoying me at that point. Stuffing a piece of steak into my mouth, I glared at him. "I guess I have one of those faces. Someone told me I resembled Rebecca too!"

George used to comment on how much I looked like Rebecca back then. However, I never felt that way. After all, many people had similar brows and

eyes. We probably had the same ancestors a few centuries ago.

He pouted and downed his wine. "Why did you transfer away from N University back then?"

I was stunned by his question. It was ages ago. How did he know about this?

Putting my utensils down, I looked at him. "Were we university mates?"

Raising a brow, he refilled his glass before retorting, "You don't remember me?"

I shook my head. I only remembered seeing him after taking over Fuller

Corporation's audit. That was it.

He shrugged and said nothing else.

"Never mind. Just remember me from now on," he concluded.



We chatted briefly. Throughout the whole exchange, he ate nothing and finished the bottle of wine. After emptying the wine, he sprawled on the table and stared at me blankly.

As it was getting late, I went to pay the bill. I was afraid I might oversleep tomorrow if I were to sleep late tonight.

Coincidentally, we bumped into Nick's mother—Cameron, and Rebecca here.



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Bumping into Cameron wasn't strange, nor was bumping into Rebecca. But I was surprised to see them both together.

I didn't think Rebecca and Cameron knew each other, did they?

I watched as they linked hands and shopped together happily like mother and daughter from a distance.

After paying the bill, I returned to Nick. His cheeks were flushed, so he must be drunk. "Can you walk?" I asked.

"No," he replied petulantly.

Sighing, I took my bag and helped him

