

Chapter 101 Caged Canary

'What did Josh mean by that? Could it be that...'

'Could it be that he knew something, after all?'

Regardless of that, Rue smiled. "Of course. Alright now, it's too early for jokes."

Ziggy nodded calmly. "Since you know that I'm joking, please don't look like a deer in headlights. Otherwise, other people might think there are some truths in it." 4

Edward looked at Rue, who was not far from him, wordlessly. Josh had snapped at Rue very early this morning.

Even him as a third person felt it was interesting.

4

He carried Ziggy in his arms and placed him on his lap. "Do you want to come to my office with me

his office! 3

Firstly, she would be able to verify her status.

Secondly, she wanted to visit the company, then worm herself into a position there, preferably as a general manager or something. 3

If she could do that, her value toward the Bennets would have increased so much more.

"Edward, I have time. If Josh is not going, I can go with you." 2

Edward looked at Rue coldly and answered without a pause, "I don't have time." 3

Rue could not bring herself to react to Edward's refusal that quickly.

'He just said he wanted to bring Josh along, but he has no time when it's me?' 4

"But, Edward, I don't want to stay at home without anything to do. Please take me with you to the

Chapter 101 Caged Canary

opportunity that came her way!

"Yes, I do! I'm willing to take any position as long as I can work!"

Edward nodded slightly. "Fine, the office has a janitorial position that needs to be filled. If you're going, I'll take you to report for duty later." 3

Rue was stunned silent, unable to recover from hearing Edward's words.

She pointed at herself in disbelief. "Edward, what did you say? You want me to be a cleaning lady in your office?"

Edward nodded and stared with his cold eyes. "Yes, what of it?"

Rue tensed her jaw as she smiled uglily. "But aren't you afraid of the gossips that people will circulate? Wouldn't you be disgraced if outsiders started saying 'Edward made his wife clean the toilet?'"

care about his own reputation...

'How willing am I to enter Bluemel Inc. just to become a janitor?! Where will I put my dignity?!' 1

'Not only will I be laughed to death in this company, but the Bennets will also have issues with me once they find out.'

"I think it's alright, Edward. I should leave this opportunity to other more deserving people. After all, I believe people will grab the opportunity to take a job in your company even if it's a janitorial position."

Rue smiled understandingly.

Edward moved his attention from Rue and placed it on Ziggy once more. "Why do you want to go to school now? Don't you only go to school during the exam period?"

Ziggy looked up and said sincerely. "I want a

the safety of his house to avoid exposing them to society overly early.

However, he had ignored what his child needed to grow up.

Edward patted Ziggy's head. "I understand. Looks like I'd need to change up my parenting style."

Ziggy's eyes widened with a grin. "For example, allowing me to receive education in school instead of a home tutor?"

Edward nodded. "Mm, if you have your own idea on how best to do this, you should arrange it yourself."

On the other side of the city, Rachel woke up with Josh thrusting a toothbrush and her cup in her face cautiously.

'I did everything correctly, right?'

Rachel took the cup and toothbrush out of instincts

how to cook?

Whatever he said was Ziggy's words. 1

"You're just a kid, leave breakfasts for me in the future!"

After having said that, Rachel turned into the washroom.

Josh then placed the dress into Rachel's hands.

"Mommy, I've prepared this dress for you today."

Rachel nodded with a smile and reached out to rub Josh's head.

"Baby, thank you."

After she had changed into the outfit, they sat down and ate the fast food in front of them.

Since it was Josh's first experience with takeout, his eyes lit up in elation.

Josh's face reddened before he wiped his face elegantly. "I'm sorry, did I eat too much?"

Rachel shook her head immediately. "No, I'm happy for you to eat so much. This means my baby is growing up, do you understand that?"

Josh halted momentarily and then nodded happily.

"Mm-hmm!" 1

After leaving the apartment, Rachel looked at the approaching bus and began to sprint with Josh's hand in hers.

"Baby, quick! Our bus is just in front!"

Josh dashed with Rachel as he regarded the

Chapter 102 Sibylline Sorrow and Scruples

Before Rachel could step up onto the bus, Josh pulled her back with a frown.

Rachel looked back at Josh puzzledly. "Baby, are we not going on the bus?! We'll be late if we have to wait for the next one."

Still frowning, Josh answered, "Aren't there too many people in the car? The air is not great in there. Also, your skirt is a little short, mommy, I don't think it's appropriate to take a car like this, right?" 1

Rachel became aware of her own outfit upon hearing Josh's words.

She tugged at the slightly-short skirt in distress.

"Oh, I forgot I am wearing a short skirt."

A spacey silver car pulled up in front of Rachel and stopped.

The car door opened as the driver smiled at Rachel and Josh.

"Good morning, please get in the car."

Rachel immediately backed up with Josh cautiously.

"Who are you? Why should we get in? Do you harbor unsavory intentions? Is this a kidnapping?" 1

Rachel's words made the driver shake his head.

"No, you're the lucky people today! I'm doing charity on the streets and sending people whom I pick at random to any place they wanna go, and you two are the lucky ones today."

Rachel was a little dumbfounded because Ziggy's revelation of the lucky draw with prizes of a box full of clothes and shoes just the day before was enough of a surprise.

Now, even car rides were a prize?!

Even with Josh's reassurance, Rachel was still hesitant when she entered the car, clutching onto Josh tightly.

"Um, we need to get to Minnow Nursery School and the Chapman Group."

Rachel told the driver who had already started driving.

Smiling, the driver nodded. "Yes, I know."

Rachel was suddenly on alert. "What did you say?"

The smile on the driver's face stiffened. "Oh, I said 'Yes, ma'am.' "

Rachel thought the driver was incredibly weird.

Just like that, the car zoomed through the streets. When they arrived at Minnow Nursery School, Josh immediately opened the door in preparation to leap

So, he turned around and left a kiss on Rachel's forehead before alighting.

"Mother, yesterday and today are the two best days of my life, thank you."

Rachel was a little stupefied as the door closed and the car pulled away from Minnow Nursery School.

Her hand slowly and automatically moved toward her chest as she frowned.

She could not explain it, but as the satisfaction between the child's eyes washed over her, it brought a wave of sibylline sorrow and scruples.

'What is going on?'

Sitting in a stretch limousine not far away, Ziggy saw Josh standing at the entrance.

He looked at the old butler after a brief squint.

myself."

The old butler looked at Ziggy worriedly as Ziggy opened the limousine's door. "Young Master Josh, do you really not need me to accompany you to school? It would be my honor to do so..."

"No need. I can do it myself. Pennyworth, don't you remember what my father said? From now on, I can be in charge of everything I want to do."

Ziggy hopped off the car after flashing the old butler a grin.

He kept waving his hand at the old butler in the car.

"Quick, go now."

The stretch limousine drove away, but it then hid in a corner near the school.

Ziggy turned around and ran towards Josh before he grabbed his arm, running into the school ground.

wrong? Why were we running?"

Seeing that the car was driving away, Ziggy sighed in relief. "Pennyworth was watching us."

At this point, Jane tapped Josh's shoulder. "Ziggy, you're early today."

Josh looked at Jane blankly. "Ms. Jane, good morning."

Jane nodded. "Good morning, this is... Josh, isn't it?"

She directed the question at Ziggy with surprise.

Ziggy coughed and nodded before he said in fake coldness, "Yes, from today onward, I will be attending classes here."

Jane was immensely surprised. "Oh really? Let me go get your teacher. If she knew about this, she would be ecstatic!"

the application..."

Ziggy nodded. "Don't worry, I have already asked someone to inform the headmaster. I believe he would contact you very soon."

As expected, Jane's phone rang immediately after.

She looked at her phone, and everything was the same as what Ziggy had told her.

She nodded immediately and looked at Josh.

"Ziggy, please take Josh into the classroom, I will go and prepare Josh's materials and details."

After spacing out for a brief moment, Josh nodded.

"Okay Ms. Jane, I will."

Chapter 103 Let's Get to the Bottom of the Truth!

After changing into each other's clothes, Ziggy looked at Josh who was holding the mask but hesitant about putting it on.

He sighed and placed both his hands on Josh's shoulder. "Josh, actually, your father is a good father."

Josh looked at Ziggy with surprise. "What did you say? My father?"

Ziggy nodded. "Mm-hmm. He looks cold and is strict to you most of the time, but he really does care about you a lot."

"I can see that as an outsider, so I believe you have some idea about it as well."

Josh then recalled the many nights when Edward sat by his side in the Bluemel mansion and read

quietly

between them. 1

"Josh, I want to ask you a question."

Ziggy adjusted his clothes and began to frown. 1

Josh placed the mask on his face. "What question?"

Ziggy looked at Josh seriously. "You should've noticed that our mothers look the same by now." 1

Josh nodded at Ziggy's words. "I noticed it, yeah."

"Actually, our mothers are twins, and my mother is your mother's younger sister."

Ziggy explained. His mother had never told him anything about his other family members, including his grandparents and whatnot. 1

If Mrs. Bennet had not approached his mother the

reveal any of it. That's why I wanted to ask you, Josh, have you ever doubted Rue being your mother? Is she really your mother?"

Josh plunged into silence.

Before meeting Ziggy, he had thought that was his parents' relationship and he did have questions about his mother's behavior toward him. 1

However, he had never thought that his mother might be someone else completely.

Now...

"I have thought about it until I met your mother. Ziggy, do you know I envy you? You have the gentlest mother I've ever seen, read about, and met? I kept wondering, how great would it be if my mother is as kind as yours."

Josh lowered his gaze, seemingly reluctant to let go.

He nodded firmly. "Alright! Let us both unveil the truth on our own!" 1

When they returned to the classroom, Jane had already been waiting in front of the door for some time.

"Where have you gone? I was looking around for both of you!"

Ziggy smiled at Jane. "Ms. Jane, don't worry. We would never get abducted in school, would we?"

Seeing the lively Ziggy and quiet Josh in front of her, Jane was a little startled.

She could not explain why, but she felt like the two were slightly different than before.

Yet she shook her head, dismissing it as her misconception.

Jane patted Ziggy's shoulder. "Alright now, let's get

them. 1

She scoffed at Jane. "Ms. Jane, aren't you a little too bold to have snatched my student from me?! Do you know who you are snatching?! He's Edward Bluemel's son! Can you, a country wench, teach Edward Bluemel's son?!"

Jane pressed her lips together and stared at the woman in front of her. "Ms. Dawn, there may be a misunderstanding. I did not snatch your student from you, I'm only doing what was assigned to me. If you take any issue with that, I suggest you bring it up with the headmaster."

Dawn huffed. "Don't think I'm scared just because you name-dropped the headmaster. Let me tell you this, Josh Bluemel is my student, and no one can take him away from me! I'm his teacher! You must have done something in secret, or he wouldn't have been taken away from me!"

Jane sighed. "If you have any confusion about that,

on his good side, it would be easy for her family to work with the Bluemels in the future! 2

Now, her student was getting poached!

So Dawn stepped forward resentfully and grabbed fiercely at Jane's hair.

"If you won't explain it to me by today, don't think you can go away unscathed!"

In response, Jane dropped her books in pain.

"I've said all I can, why can't you understand?!"

Josh frowned with his face full of distaste.

He stepped forward and snapped at Dawn. "That's enough, let go of Ms. Jane!"

Although Dawn was stupefied by Josh's remark, her hand was still grabbing at Jane's hair.

Josh's intimidating aura surged out immediately. "I said, let go of Ms. Jane. Don't you understand a

books on the floor with Ziggy.

"I will not let someone with dubious morals become my teacher. Also, if you have any issue with the choice I made, talk to my father."

Dawn was taken aback. "Your choice?"

"Josh, are you saying you chose to study under Ms. Jane?"

Josh turned around and looked at Dawn coldly.

"That's right, it's my choice. Any other questions?"

Chapter 104 Third Person

Facing Josh's coldness, Dawn found herself scared as she took a couple of steps back.

She could not understand how a child like him could be so scarily intimidating.

"N-no, I just think that I can teach you better."

Josh held Ziggy's hand and looked at Jane. "Ms. Jane, let's go, we don't need to waste time on people who are not worth it."

Jane was a little stunned, but she followed after Ziggy and Josh.

She was blushing at this point. After all, being protected by two children was an odd feeling.

Dawn stomped the ground resentfully at that sight.

Chapter 104 Third Person

After returning to the classroom, Ziggy looked at Jane and smiled.

Jane looked back at Ziggy. She could not explain why, but she had a bad feeling about Ziggy's smile.

"Ziggy, if you have something you want to say, just tell me."

Ziggy clutched at his stomach with feigned suffering. "Ms. Jane, my stomach hurts, I want to go to the hospital for a check-up after lunch. Can you bring me there?"

Jane looked at Ziggy worriedly. "Your stomach hurts? Let's go to the infirmary now."

However, Ziggy sat in his chair with no signs of wanting to follow Jane.

"No, I have to go to the hospital. If something happens to me, my mommy will be worried."

equipment and appliances to help diagnose the issue."

Upon hearing Josh's analysis, Jane nodded. "In that case, let's go to the hospital after lunch."

Meanwhile, at Rachel's office, she had become the center of attention once again.

Naturally, everyone else was paying attention to her designer clothes and bag, as well as her expensive necklace and accessories.

Stunned, everyone looked at each other. Could it be that Rachel was, in fact, someone rich?!

After Rachel had left through the lift, chatter broke out of the first floor like a thousand angry bees all buzzing.

"Did you see that?! Rachel has been wearing designer stuff yesterday and today!"

car!"

"What?! Edward Bluemel, the man who stands at the top of the world?!"

"Sh*t, isn't that the Edward Bluemel?! Did Rachel manage to climb onto a money tree?!"

"That's not right, Edward Bluemel has a wife! They even have a child together! Is Rachel the third person?!"

...

For a moment, the office was filled with all sorts of derisive laughter.

'So Rachel has become a homewrecker!'

After getting to her work desk, Rachel let out a long breath and took out her sketch paper. As she recalled her visit to the amusement park the night before, her hand danced across the page.

had just finished. 1

Rachel did not care that the water was boiling hot as she immediately brushed off the water on the paper with a displeased frown plastered on her face.

Wilhemina, who had quite a delicate makeup on her face, smirked at Rachel. "My, my, are you designing clothes for your bastard child on the clock?"

Thud— Rachel's hand slammed onto the table as she stood up, her aura flaring.

Slowly, she walked out of her desk area and stood in front of Wilhemina. Even without the impractically-high stilettos, Rachel's aura dominated the room.

Furthermore, when the two stood together, one dressed in luxurious designer clothes while the other was only wearing normal designer clothes, it

this."

Rachel smirked distastefully.

Having the downside of the situation, Wilhemina scoffed mockingly. "Rachel, look how quickly you have changed into an entirely different range of outfit. When you were new, you were wearing cheap clothes. Now that you've chummed with Edward Bluemel and become a homewrecker, you look different!"

"Are you proud of yourself now?"

The seven other women behind Wilhemina were also mocking Rachel.

"Isn't it? On one hand, you are clutching onto our president and on the other hand, you've become the third person in the Bluemels' relationship!"

"Tsk tsk tsk! I hear Edward even has a child now, but she still went on to become a seductress!"

understand?!"

Rachel covered her mouth and giggled. "Wilhemina, stop holding onto your fake breasts, they won't fall just like that. Also, who told you I am a homewrecker?"

She strolled in front of the ladies coldly.

"Do you know, only those without real talent like to criticize other people. You can tell me straight to my face that you're jealous of me and therefore gossiped about me."

With that, all seven ladies behind Wilhemina scowled furiously. "You bad-mannered wench, what did you say?!"

Bang— At the same time, Melissa rushed into the office and stood in front of Rachel.

Melissa was enraged. All of their money had been stolen and there was nothing left! The police had

Chapter 105 The Saga of Bank Account

Rachel's brows began to furrow at Melissa's sudden appearance.

"Just what are you here for?!"

After having endured so much, she could no longer stand to see Rachel in entire sets of designer attire.

All of these were supposed to be hers!

Instead, it was all snatched away by Rachel who appeared out of the blue and she was cast down to such a pitiful state!

She had become nothing more than a joke to everyone on the first floor.

Seeing Melissa's menacing advance, Wilhemina and her seven lackeys moved aside with smiles all

Melissa grabbed Rachel's collar. "Rachel! Return our money to us! Do you hear me?! If you refuse, we will make you regret this!"

The other women immediately moved up and surrounded Rachel as well, baring their teeth.

"That's right! Give us back our money!"

"How could you be so cruel!"

"Yeah! I saved up for years to get to that amount!"

"Give us back the money now, or we will teach you a lesson!"

...

Rachel brushed Melissa's hand aside with a frown.

"What are you talking about? I have no idea what you're saying! Why would I take your money?!"

Melissa scoffed. "We've already made a police

to show us your bank account, and we'll believe you."

Rachel snorted. "Give you my bank account? Have you gone crazy? If you lost your money and have made a police report, that should be the detectives' responsibility."

"Do you think it's fun to role-play detectives here?"

Melissa shrieked while pointing at Rachel furiously. "Who else if not you?! Why would it be so coincidental! All of us who lost our money were the ones who locked you in the canteen's bathroom!"

Rachel squinted upon hearing the confession from Melissa.

"What? You were the one who locked me in the toilet the last time?"

Melissa and the others were caught by surprise.

"What is it?"

"You deserved it."

Rachel said that with a smirk.

Angry, Melissa clenched her jaw and raised her arm; she was prepared to strike Rachel.

Seeing what was about to unfold, the other women held onto a struggling Rachel.

"We deserved it?! I think you deserved this!"

Before Melissa's palm even began its downward strike, a deep male voice stopped them.

Following that, Wilhemina and her lackeys bowed submissively. "President Chapman."

Nathan and Anne strolled to Melissa's side as he asked coldly, "Melissa, what do you think you're doing?"

Yet the moment Rachel was released, she stood up straight and hit Melissa with a backhanded strike.

A clear slapping sound echoed in the room before a red slap mark was left on Melissa's throbbing face.

Melissa glared at Rachel in anger. "You!"

Rachel lightly blew at her palm. "What about me? Let me tell you something, don't take other people's kindness as a weakness."

Having raised Ziggy alone outside of the country had tempered her into a stalwart pillar of strength, so it would be impossible for someone to bully her into submission at this point.

This was because she no longer treated unworthy people kindly.

Nathan looked at Rachel worriedly. "Rachel, are you

much, but it was still a handsome amount in total."

"These are our years of savings! Please allow us a fair ruling!"

Having said that, Melissa dropped to her knees.

Then, Melissa's lackeys followed.

Seeing the situation in front of him, Nathan frowned. "I've already said this. Since the police have yet found any proof that it was Rachel, how are you so sure?!"

Melissa bit down on her teeth. "President Chapman, truth be told, we pranked Rachel a while ago. Those of us who lost money are all the people who were in on the pranking! So it's obvious who the perpetrator of the thief is!"

Nathan looked at Rachel after having heard

"Even so, you don't have the proof! And you pranked a colleague in the office, do you think this is supposed to be the Chapman Group's work environment?"

Melissa lowered her gaze. "As soon as Rachel shows us her bank account, we'll be able to see!"

Nathan squinted, but seeing the kneeling women on the floor, he scoffed. "Fine."

Melissa and the rest had a surprised gladness on their faces.

However, Nathan's continued statement sent them into a stupefied speechlessness.

"If we've checked Rachel's account and confirmed that it wasn't her who had done it, you will all be fired. Of course, if Rachel had really done it, I will also fire her."

money be returned, but Rachel would also be fired
and that would kill two birds with one stone!

Rachel lowered her gaze with a slightly worried
look on her face...

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Chapter 106 Would You like to Check My Membership Card?

Melissa and the others smirked confidently as they saw the horror on Rachel's face. It was as though their ploy had worked.

So they looked at Rachel arrogantly, almost making themselves laugh.

Soon after, Anne brought in a professional banker from a bank nearby.

He nodded courteously at Nathan. "Mr. Chapman."

Nathan nodded slightly and extended his hand calmly toward Rachel. "Rachel, your bank card."

Rachel took out her bank card but did so with an intentionally hesitant act of not handing it to

Rachel's hand.

"Are you scared now? It's a little late for that, don't you think?!"

She placed the card into Nathan's palm. "President Chapman, Rachel will disappoint you. She is the culprit, after all!"

'This is just cold, hard facts, even her own expressions betrayed her.'

Melissa was cold and unforgiving. 'Rachel must have thought President Chapman was here to bail her out of the situation.'

'She didn't think the president would have agreed to this way of proving her innocence.'

Nathan took the card but he was doubtful. 'Why would Rachel show these expressions?'

'Did she actually commit the crime?'

In the end, Nathan placed it on the waiting palm. If he had a choice, he wanted to believe her.

Even Wilhemina and her clique were paying full attention to Rachel's imminent downfall.

The banker then slotted the card into a machine he had brought along that connected to his computer.

His hands typed on the keyboard swiftly, consistently, and methodically.

Melissa crossed her arms as if she had already won.

"I say, can you work faster? You're just wasting everybody's time! What an inefficient worker!"

The banker shot a sidelong glance at Melissa fastidiously.

"This is my fastest. If you're unsatisfied with that,

hand it back to Nathan, Melissa snatched it away.

No matter the abundance of patience Nathan had, he still viewed Melissa's arrogance and rudeness in distaste.

His brows furrowed tightly. Even if Melissa was in the right, he would have to find an opportunity to fire her.

Nathan glanced at the banker. "What's the result?"

The banker turned the laptop screen around and looked back at Nathan.

"Mr. Chapman, according to this, the account has tens of thousands pound, but no more. It doesn't seem to be connected to any fixed deposit, so it only has that much money in total."

Time seemed to have stopped.

frozen in place and wrested the card from her hand.

"Anything else to add?"

With that, Nathan placed the card back into Rachel's hand.

Rachel took the card nonchalantly, but her gaze was trained on Melissa.

Melissa was biting her lower lip combatively.

"President Chapman, this is not possible! It must be her who'd done it! She must have transferred the money into another bank account! That must be it!" 1

Nathan's face hardened. "That's enough! Who do you think she is? Firstly, Rachel's talent is in her designs, not computer skills. Secondly, the police aren't considering her to be a suspect, but you are dead sure of it. Now that it's proven that she's not

'How dare Rachel trick us like this!'

Rachel shrugged helplessly and opened up her purse.

Aside from the two hundred pounds sterling in cash, there was only a mall membership card.

She fished out the card and held it before Melissa. "I only have one bank account and this card. If you insist on checking other cards, would you like to check my membership card?"

"Oh, can you be a dear and check the points I have in there, I want to see if I can redeem a roll of toilet paper." ①

Rachel's mocking words turned Melissa's face into a purplish shade. She stomped forward. "Rachel, stop being smug, who knows if you have other cards at home!"

"Let me tell you this. You better not let me find out

So, Melissa huffed and rolled her eyes at Rachel.

"Fine, we'll wait for the police to do their investigation! I don't believe that not even the police cannot trace your wrongdoings! Let's go!"

Melissa's cohort looked around restlessly before leaving in cautious steps behind her.

They no longer wanted to get back their money and were single-mindedly focused on leaving the suffocating place.

They also remembered the solution they had forced upon President Nathan.

With Rachel's account proving to be that bare, it meant that Rachel did not need to leave the Chapman Group...

So they...

Sensing Nathan's silence, everyone quickly

Chapter 107 Being Fired

Even though Melissa and the rest had heard Nathan's beckoning, they did not stop, and instead, they sped up their pace as they tried to leave.

With a frown, Anne quickly moved up and blocked their path.

"President Chapman called you, didn't you hear?"

Melissa looked up at Anne, the sweat on her forehead threatening to drip. 3

"Oh, is it? I didn't hear him." 1

Left with no choice, Melissa tensed her jaw and returned to the room.

Nathan frowned quickly as he saw Melissa's return.

"Are you the presidents in this company?"

we just did in place, I think it's time you leave the company."

Taken by surprise, Melissa shook her head hysterically. "No! President Chapman, please don't fire us! We're wrong, we'll adjust our attitude!"

"Please give us one more chance, President Chapman!"

Nathan scoffed, demonstrating his clarity on the matter. "There's nothing you can say that will change my mind. We've made a deal. If it was as you said, I would've fired Rachel; if you were framing her – which you were – you will be fired instead!"

Melissa pressed her lips together. "President Chapman, do you really want to fire so many of us just to protect one woman?"

At that point, her clique started to get frustrated as well

associated with her, right?"

"That's right! You're not only firing one staff member! President Chapman, what would other people say if they knew you fired so many people just so you could protect her?"

...

Nathan stared straight-faced at the gaggle of women. "I don't care what other people might say, but since we made a deal, it must be carried out. Besides, you were not doing office work on the clock, and you were carrying out malicious pranks directed at your coworkers instead."

"Tell me, does any company need this kind of worker?"

After hearing Nathan's words, Melissa decided to remain silent.

The women turned around and looked at Rachel

hands.

"Rachel, we're wrong, please don't be angry at us."

"Yeah, we all think you're very capable and very talented."

"Rachel, please don't be calculative with us. We're just worried about the money. After all, we've saved up for years."

"Actually, the amount of money is not important right now. The most important thing is we believe you!" 3

...

Seeing her lackeys' immediate change in attitude, Melissa clenched her jaw. 'How dare they turn against me!'

'And now they're even begging Rachel?!'

this, right?"

Stunned, all kinds of facial expressions crept up onto the women's faces.

They tensed their jaws and looked at Melissa in unison. 2

Nathan said dismissively, "There's nothing else to say in this. I've made up my mind. You can pack your things now and go to the finance department to get your final paycheck.

Hearing Nathan's ultimatum, Melissa and the rest were all unwilling to accept it.

One by one, they kneeled in front of Nathan and started prostrating.

"President Chapman, please, I'm wrong. Please don't fire me, I need this job!"

"That's right! I have my family to feed, I can't lose

departure later."

He then looked at Rachel. "Rachel, come with me."

No matter how much Melissa and her gang were begging on the floor, Nathan was adamant.

Rachel walked out of the office after Nathan without even sparing a look at Melissa.

Wilhemina narrowed her eyes. 'Looks like I can't be too obvious about going against Rachel.' 2

Anne looked at Melissa and the others. "Please pack your stuff and leave."

Yet they did not move and remained to kneel in the same spot.

"It's no use continuing to kneel. Once he has made up his mind, he won't change."

Anne sat in the chair and commented coldly.

"And you keep making us do it with you!"

"Even this time, you pushed the idea that Rachel was the culprit onto us, and what happens now? We didn't get our money back, and we even lost our jobs!"

"Yeah! You pulled us into the deep end without having a good grasp of the truth!"

"You said it'll turn around for us! You said that we would get our money back and get rid of Rachel at the same time!"

"And now? The money's gone, and we're out of jobs!"

...

Hearing the cacophony of complaints, Melissa snapped back with a frown, "What are you whining about? All of you are saying it as if you were the only one who got fired! Besides, didn't you enjoy the

are you grumbling about!" 3

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Chapter 108 You Truculent Twit, You've Been Cursing Me Every Time You Spoke to Me

As soon as Melissa's words came out, the rest of her group quietened down as their expressions turned dark.

They then looked at each other before they swarmed her, jumping her and grabbing her hair.

"My sisters, hit her!"

"That was not what you said when you persuaded us to do those things! Now that you've exploited all our worthiness, you're abandoning us and showing your true colors!" 2

At that moment, about seven or eight women grasped at Melissa's hair as if they were going to separate it from her scalp. 2

Not only did they press Melissa against the floor

Help! Help!" 2

Even though Melissa repeatedly screamed for help, no one around seemed to be willing to help her.

Wilhemina and the rest immediately returned to their respective work area and sat with myriad thoughts.

Though Anne sat in her seat, impassive, as she watched the drama play out.

These women had already pissed off the president, so she had no responsibility for helping Melissa.

The banker kept his equipment and stared at Melissa and the fighting women mockingly.

Once Anne had escorted the banker out, she asked for security to deal with the situation.

With that, the security guards escorted the

Help! Help!" 2

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and sat on the sofa. She watched as Nathan sipped his tea quietly.

"President Chapman, is there anything you need me for?"

Nathan set down his cup of tea. "Mm, Rachel. Why didn't you tell me about Melissa's treatment of you in the washroom? Why didn't you voice it out?"

Rachel lowered her gaze calmly. "I didn't know who did it, and there's nothing to talk about really."

Nathan frowned. "No, you should tell me if things like this happen again, do you understand?"

Seeing Nathan's sincerity, Rachel nodded. "I understand, President Chapman."

Rachel lowered her gaze again. "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave for now."

As Rachel turned toward the door, Nathan called

"Yep." Rachel nodded.

Nathan clapped his hands together. "Do you... have anything you want to tell me? Let me rephrase, do you blame me?"

"What are you saying, President Chapman, why would I blame you? I'm thankful that you filtered my client base for me."

Rachel nodded politely.

Nathan shook his head with a frown. "I knew you have an opinion about Edward, but I still arranged for your meeting. Aren't you even a little angry at that?"

Rachel shook her head. "I'm not angry, there's no reason to be. I believe you won't hurt me, President Chapman."

Nathan then patted the sofa space next to him. "Of course. Please take a seat, Rachel."

had made him feel a little wobbly.

If Edward wanted to fight for Rachel with him, he would be at an extreme disadvantage.

After all, having known Edward for so long, he had never won against Edward at anything.

Hearing Nathan's questioning, Rachel remembered what had happened just the day before.

A hint of disgust escaped her through her face.
"President Chapman, it's nothing, we were just talking about work."

Nathan sighed in relief.

"Alright then, Rachel. Hey, if you're busy, you should get back to work."

Rachel nodded lightly before she left the president's office.

However, the moment she returned to her office,

termination. Since that's the case, there is no need to waste energy on office politics."

"Also, don't try to emulate Melissa, it's idiotic. The same thing might just happen to you."

After that, Rachel swiveled and strutted back into her workroom.

Wilhemina stomped on the ground. 'Rachel was still polite on her first day, but after the confrontation, it feels like she has changed completely!'

She thumped her cup onto the table darkly.

'There's still time, Rachel. We'll see who wins in the end!'

Rachel frowned at her wet sketch. All she could do now was begin redrawing the design from scratch.

Halfway through, her phone started to buzz on the

It called again, and Rachel hung up again...

This cycle was repeated five or six times before Rachel finally picked up the call out of frustration.

"Hey, what's your problem? I've hung up so many times, it's obvious that I don't want to talk to anyone right now, why do you keep calling?!"

Silence filled the other end of the phone before a cold response was heard. "Rachel, what did you say?!"

Rachel was a little taken aback, but she smirked eventually. "Oh, Edward? Do you have something you want to say since you kept calling? Or did you foresee a fatal accident and want to leave a will?" 3

"... You truculent twit, you've been cursing me every time you spoke to me." 2

Edward was on the verge of exploding and so, he immediately hung up. 3

"You viperous woman, just wait for it." 2

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Chapter 109 Carried Away by Edward Bluemel

Rachel rolled her eyes and tossed her phone aside before continuing her artwork.

Soon, waves of screams echoed from the ground floor of Chapman Group building.

Rachel furrowed her brows and plugged her ears with earphones. She then returned her attention to the artwork with music played on her phone.

The moment the door opened, everyone including Wilhemina, stood up in excitement and admiration.

They held up their hair, trying to present the best version of themselves to the visitor.

However, even with all the noise, Rachel gave no response. She just sat in her workroom, listening to her music while drawing her design.

Rachel raised her chin irritably. "Wilhemina, I warned you..."

In the next room, Wilhemina was upset about being blamed. 2

Seeing Edward's darkened face, Rachel was a little stunned.

"Edward? Weren't you in an accident?" 5

...

Edward hardened his face and looked at Rachel with an insincere smile. "Who said I got into an accident?"

Rachel rolled her eyes. "So why are you here? If there's nothing serious, please leave, I've got work to do."

Edward pointed at the phone on the table. "Work? Who told you you're allowed to hang up on me when you're working? Especially when I'm your

'You should leave!' 1

Rachel could barely get a word out before Edward's voice muted hers. "So you better memorize my number starting from today! If you don't, I will reduce your remuneration!"

Rachel's face darkened as she slammed on her table and stood up. "Edward, how can you reduce my pay just like that?!"

"Because I am the client. You have three minutes to memorize my phone number, or else..."

Edward nodded with his eyes narrowed to a slit.

1

Hence Rachel shifted her mouth to the side and picked up her phone, memorizing the number diligently.

After taking a glance at his wristwatch, Edward put it down. "Time's up." 1

Edward nodded in amusement. "Not bad, you passed."

Rachel sighed in relief and pointed at the door. "If that's the case, please leave my office soon, President Edward Bluemel."

Edward started moving again, but instead of walking out, he walked into Rachel's workroom.

With that, Rachel staggered back and placed her arms in front of her chest. "Edward, what are you doing?! I'm warning you, if you get any closer, I will call the police!"

Edward tugged at his tie as he smirked. "Fine, call the police, let's see if they would dare to arrest me."

Hearing Edward's arrogant speech, Rachel pressed her lips together. She then pushed her hands

breaking out on her skin.

Meanwhile, Edward sat on the chair, grasping at Rachel's ankle. No matter how hard she tried, she could not release herself from the grip.

He stared at a struggling Rachel bemusedly. "You have two choices. One, turn around and crawl to me. Two, I will fireman-carry you away." 3

Rachel's brain filled in the rest. 'Turn around and crawl to him?'

As a result, another wave of goosebumps washed through her.

"Dream on! I don't want to make any of the choices! Edward Bluemel, you're a bastard!"

Rachel roared at Edward.

Edward nodded. "Looks like you've defaulted into choosing two."

over his shoulder.

Rachel screamed as she instinctively reached out to tug at her skirt. "Edward! Let me off!"

She felt a breeze in her skirt! She must have been exposed!

Taking the opportunity, Wilhemina took her phone out and snapped a picture of an exposed Rachel.

When Rachel heard a shutter sound, she became silent as her face turned red.

Edward slowly placed his jacket on Rachel's waist, tied it around, and carried her out of her workroom.

Rachel tensed her jaw while she lied on Edward's shoulder. Wilhemina had been wanting to go against her for some time, and now that she had Rachel's exposé, she would plan to do something

shoulder while he reached his other hand to Wilhemina. "Give me your phone."

Wilhemina clenched her jaw, refusing to give Edward the phone. "Mr. Bluemel, what do you want my phone for?" 1

"I said, give me your phone. Are you an idiot?"

Edward did not look too pleased at all. It was as if he was going to go into a rage in the next second.

After all, Edward's presence was much more daunting than Nathan's.

Wilhemina bit down on her teeth and reluctantly handed her phone over to Edward.

Crack— The phone in Edward's hand crashed onto

Chapter 110 Her Butt Was Slapped

Before Wilhemina could react, Edward had already withdrawn his hand. It was evident that he was doing it on purpose.

Next, he stepped on the phone with his expensive leather shoes. 3

He stepped on it again and again until the phone screen was broken beyond repair. 1

"If I see you do this again, it won't be as simple as a ruined phone."

Looking at the cracked phone on the floor and having heard Edward's words, Rachel started to ponder.

'I assumed that even if Edward knew someone was taking pictures of me being exposed, he would look at it in schadenfreude without stepping in.

'But he did...'

"Go to your boss to reimburse your phone."

Once he had said that, he left with Rachel on his shoulder.

After Edward and Rachel left, the other women finally surrounded Wilhemina.

One of them picked up Wilhemina's trashed phone and handed it to her.

"What a waste, Wilhemina, you had so many nice selfies in there and it's gone just like that."

The rest of them piped up as well.

"That's weird, how does Rachel know Edward Bluemel?"

"Unbelievable, but it looks like her relationship with Edward is not bad!"

"That's right. Most importantly, Edward has a family!"

slammed her broken phone onto the ground again.

1

"Rachel, I will never forgive you!" 4

Her eyes narrowed. "Since you're so fond of being a homewrecker and seduce men, I will let you have a taste of that homewrecker life!"

Hearing Wilhemina's words, all the women started to gather around her.

"Wilhemina, what are you going to do?"

Wilhemina narrowed her eyes further and murmured something.

The other women praised her by continuously giving her thumbs up. "That's a really masterful plan!"

...

Edward did not care about the other people's stare

"Wait."

Edward's footfalls halted and looked back to see a stone-faced Nathan.

Nathan approached Edward and said, "Edward, where do you think this place is! Did you come here just to abduct my employee? What is this?!"

Edward looked at Rachel, who was struggling on his shoulder. "What do you mean, 'abduct'? I am Rachel's client, so taking her to discuss what I envisioned for my product isn't wrong, is it?"

Nathan was tongue-locked. He did not know how to counter Edward's excuse.

Seeing Nathan, Rachel looked at him as if she was looking at her savior, but she still kept on kicking around and flailing with all her might.

"President Chapman, help! Don't let this kidnapper take me away!"

not alone.

If that was the case, what did she have to worry about or regret? She knew that if she allowed herself to be brought away by Edward, she would definitely regret it.

As Rachel continued to struggle against him, Edward slapped her bum without hesitation. 6

Slap, slap— He hit her bum twice before Rachel stopped in shock.

Similarly, Nathan and Anne were aghast.

As her face turned as red as a beetroot, Rachel felt pain and heat surge through her body, originating from her behind; she immediately teared up.

Who else would hit her at that spot at this age?

Moreover, he had hit her in front of Nathan and so many other people at the office.

Nathan snapped himself back into reality and looked at Edward with a hint of determination.

"No! You can't take Rachel just like that!"

Edward's dangerous cold eyes narrowed. "What if I insist?"

Nathan pointed at Rachel with his jaw tightly clenched. "This is my company and Rachel is my employee. Without my permission, you can't take her!"

The situation was awkward as both of them glared at each other silently.

Rachel frowned. Not only had Nathan been very nice to her, but she also knew that he and Edward had been close friends for many years.

She did not want a friendship to end just because of her.

So, Rachel pushed back against the tears that were

Rachel shook her head at him. "It'll be fine. If he dares to harass me, I'll call the cops."

Edward raised his eyebrows at Nathan and turned around. "Do you hear that? She wants to go with me."

Rachel was so furious, she reached out and pinched Edward's back fiercely.

"You're a lunatic!"

As Edward was in a very good mood, he did not care. "I'll make you speechless later."

Rachel shuddered as a bad feeling filled her heart.

"What do you want to do to me?"

Edward threw Rachel into the car and went in after her. He did not wait for her to sit up before he

Chapter 111 Your Reaction Speaks Louder Than Your Words

Anne shook her head at Nathan. "President Chapman, why would you think that? If you're really useless, the Chapman Group wouldn't have existed."

With a smile, Nathan shook his head.

He could not understand what Edward's intention was because Edward had a family. Even though he cared about his son, he never did for his wife. He did not even touch her even once in the five years they were married.

'If he really wanted to fight for Rachel with me, will he choose to divorce Rue? Even if he wants to divorce Rue, will he opt not to do it if his son objects?' 1

'Will he give up on Rachel or let her be a woman of

are you doing?! Get off of me now!"

The corner of Edward's mouth curled upwards. "Is this how you speak with your clients?"

Rachel snapped. "That depends on whom it is."

"Oh? Are you saying you're upset at me?" Edward curled a lock of Rachel's hair in his finger gleefully.

Rachel raised her chin coldly. "Did you only learn about my dislike for you today?"

Edward shook his head without care. "Of course not, but I like you like this." 1

Rachel was so immensely triggered by Edward's shameless words that she raised her hand in an attempt to slap his cold, handsome face.

However, a cold hand grabbed her wrist before she could begin her downward motion and dragged her hand to the center of his chest.

"Mmph! Ebuarb, memme bo, you umpeachable basparp!" (Let me go, you unteachable bastard!) 1

Yet Edward deepened his kiss, causing their lips to press against each other inseparably.

His tongue wormed into Rachel's tiny mouth, trying to take in all of her.

It brushed over her pearly teeth before it eventually found her tongue, which she still held back.

At that moment, his tongue quickly launched its invasion by latching onto Rachel's tongue. He did not let her escape.

Their tongues intertwined as if they were dancing the most complex dance in the world.

Slowly, Rachel's resistance lightened as her pounding weakened on Edward's body.

Her ladylike fist did nothing to the interaction between them except augment the sauciness of the

She had never experienced the same feeling ever since the night of her twentieth birthday.

Now that she had experienced it, aside from feeling embarrassment, she was surprised to find herself looking forward to it.

Seeing Rachel's reddened face, Edward paused his invasion on Rachel's lips.

Rachel felt like she was reborn as she panted heavily. "Edward, you—you—you stop it!"

Edward smiled mysteriously. "Why do I get the feeling that you didn't want me to stop?"

Rachel paused as she reeled from her embarrassment with her hands tightly clenched.

"I did not think that!"

Edward reached under Rachel's skirt and snaked up onto her sensitive peaks and smirked.

madam!

'It's been five years!'

'Since he hasn't touched madam or other women in five years, some of the other employees were starting to wonder if he's gay.' 2

'Looks like that's not the case!'

Rachel turned away and clenched her teeth. "Please get off me. If there's nothing else, I would like to go back to the office."

Edward slid his finger across Rachel's opalescent lips as a hint of cunning flashed across his eyes.

"Who said there's nothing else?"

Rachel glared at Edward. "If there's something, please speak nicely. Get your swine legs out of my skirt, and please roll the frick away!"

Seeing Rachel's second wind in her anger, Edward shrugged. "You weren't like that when you were

heat."

Edward cupped his chin with his hand and smiled at Rachel, who was backed up against the door.

"Do you think that the car door can satisfy you? If you have a need, you should've looked for me."

...

Rachel's mouth twitched uncontrollably. Pressing her lips together, she suppressed her urge to charge up to Edward and split his head open.

"Edward, I really want to crack your head open to see what you have in that daft brain of yours!"

Edward lightly closed his eyes and muttered, "It's all you!"

Rachel huffed and turned aside. "Nonsense! I think your brain only has turds!"

Suddenly, Edward's hand landed heavily on the leather sofa in a serious manner. "Rachel, I won't