

# **The Understated Dragon Lord**

## **Read Chapter 301 - 330**

### **Chapter 301 Jessica's Worries**

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To avoid raising Jessica's suspicions, Daniel scratched his head, pretending to ponder for quite a while.

Finally, he nodded and said, "Prospera Group? The woman we met at Jade Gambling that time? Honey, I remember every little detail about you. I wouldn't dare forget!"

"Cut the crap. I'm talking business with you!" Jessica snapped at Daniel.

"Business? It's just you and me here, what kind of business could we possibly have to discuss?"

"Stop!"

"What if I don't?" Daniel asked cheekily.

At the same time, he leaned in to steal a kiss on Jessica's cheek.

"Smack!"

Jessica gave Daniel a gentle slap on the face.

But, she couldn't stop him, and Daniel managed to plant a big kiss on her cheek with a loud smack.

"Ugh! Get lost! You're so annoying!"

"Why am I annoying? What's wrong with Prospera Group?" Daniel asked, truly interested in the business now that he had his fun.

"That Isabella... She's now the CEO of Prospera Group's New York branch. Ever since they set up shop in New York, she's stolen several big projects right out from under me."

"You can't beat her?"

"Who says I can't? But the way she does business is just so underhanded!"

"What happened?"

"TMO just launched a new beauty face mask, and out of nowhere, her company, Prospera Group, paused their jade business and started selling face masks called 'The Seven White.' It's supposed to have some mysterious formula. I did some digging. Isabella consulted with this mystic doctor from Florida, a woman named Olivia Evans, who concocted this special recipe."

"The Seven White? Is the mask any good?" Daniel asked, his curiosity piqued.

"It's more than good—it's phenomenal! That 'The Seven White' mask works wonders the moment you put it on. I tried it myself and couldn't believe it—no side effects at all! It's definitely better than the masks we make at TMO."

"So my dear, are you upset because our own TMO masks aren't as good as Isabella's 'The Seven White'?" Daniel teased.

At those words, Jessica shot Daniel a look and asked with annoyance, "Do you really think I'm that petty?"

"Uh..."

Daniel hesitated for a moment before quickly shaking his head, "No! Not at all!"

"Are you hesitating?"

"No, I'm not!"

"Yes, you are! You think I'm petty! Humph!"

Jessica pouted, throwing a mini tantrum.

After her huff, she playfully kicked Daniel with her high heel.

"Why'd you kick me?"

"For fun. Got a problem with that?"

"I... wouldn't dare!"

"Humph!"

Jessica huffed again, then smugly added, "That's more like it! If you ever dare to complain, I'll kick you to the moon!"

"You used to be so sweet, what made you turn into such a hot-head all of a sudden?"

"Idiot, are you calling me a hot-head?"

Jessica placed her hands on her hips and glared fiercely, "So what if I am? You got a problem with that?"

"Not at all!"

Daniel quickly backed down and changed the subject, "That 'The Seven White' mask, do you have it here?"

"Why? You want to try it?"

"I want to see it! And I'd also like to compare it with TMO's mask."

"Alright, let's take a look and see how they stack up."

## **Chapter 302 Defeat**

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Jessica pulled two different face masks from the drawer.

Daniel tore each package open, pinched the masks between his fingers, and even took a sniff of their scents. After drawing his conclusions, he let out a long sigh.

"Sigh..."

"What are you sighing about?"

"I'm just thinking... Honey, your product has met its match in this extraordinary competitor, and that's why you faced such a brutal defeat in the market!"

"Idiot, what are you talking about? How dare you say my product failed? If anyone's a failure, it's you! Humph!"

In response, Jessica grabbed a folder and lightly tapped it against Daniel's back as a sort of playful reprimand. Then, full of anticipation, she asked, "So what about 'The Seven White'? Did they use some funky ingredients that don't show effects immediately, but could be harmful over the long term?"

"Honey, just because your product isn't winning, are you thinking of smearing your competitor with dirty tricks?"

"What's wrong with that? If Isabella did it, am I not allowed to?"

"What did she do exactly?"

"Even though Isabella didn't directly disparage our products, she's far from fair play. There are so many manufacturers she could use, but she just had to target TMO's. She offered a high price and

poached our manufacturer, causing a disruption in our mask production. Then, Isabella took that opportunity to roll out 'The Seven White.'"

"It sounds like Isabella is actually quite wary of you. Even though her product is better than yours, she didn't dare to face you head-on and had to resort to sneaky tactics."

"Humph! Of course she should be wary. She's an outsider who dared to snatch my manufacturer on New York soil? Just thinking about it makes me mad!"

Daniel picked up a TMO mask and examined the packaging.

"Just from the packaging, this mask doesn't seem very high-end. And I can't even begin to discuss the product quality."

He went to the drawer and took out a few more masks, opening them for inspection.

"The quality of TMO masks seems to vary with each one, doesn't it?"

"You're right! They're all different. Because she stole my manufacturer, I had to find a new one and their quality control is terrible. That's why the masks came out looking like this mess and I can't even sell them! We spent years developing this mask and invested a massive amount in research. I planned to make at least five billion in net profits for TMO within a year and now it's all gone. Not only did I lose my expected profits, but I'm also almost a hundred billion in the hole. All those unsellable stocks in the warehouse are driving me crazy!"

Jessica rambled on, but Daniel wasn't listening. After sniffing the mask again, he asked, "Got a lighter?"

"I don't smoke. Why would I have a lighter?" Jessica looked puzzled. "What are you planning to do?"

"These masks could be treasure material. If my plan works, we can use these to create a new face mask that'll completely beat 'The Seven White.'"

"A new face mask? That's a terrible name."

## Chapter 303 Wastefulness

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"How about we call it 'The Concubine'? What do you think, dear?"

"Am I 'The Concubine'? Then who is the emperor?"

"That would be me, of course!"

"Idiot, you want to be the emperor? Do you also want to marry a bunch of concubines?"

"Absolutely!"

"I should kick you to death!" Jessica retorted sharply and aimed another playful kick at Daniel.

Her kick wasn't strong but Daniel still stumbled back, landing with a flop onto the cushy couch.

Giggling uncontrollably, Jessica found teasing this idiot way too fun.

"Do you want to become a widow or something? You almost kicked me to death and now you're laughing so uncontrollably?"

"Who are you calling uncontrollable? A widow? Are you even worth it? If you died, I'd remarry in a heartbeat. I certainly won't waste a single day!"

"If you dare marry someone else, I'll haunt you as a ghost every night by your bed. Anyone who dares marry you, I'll scare to death!"

"If you dare haunt my bed, I'll beat you with a crucifix!"

"You'd hit a ghost? Aren't you afraid of me?"

"I'm not afraid of you turning into a ghost, or a demon for that matter!"

Jessica wasn't joking at all; she truly wasn't afraid of Daniel. She believed that even if this idiot turned into a demon, he could never harm her—she trusted him. It was her faith in this idiot.

"Get lost!" Jessica snapped at Daniel, then asked, "By the way, you mentioned needing a lighter. What do you want it for?"

"Why don't you go downstairs and buy me a lighter? Then I'll tell you."

"Heh!" Jessica scoffed with sarcasm, "Sure I will. Do it yourself!"

"I'm way too lazy for that! Running errands is something Brittany should do. But since Brittany isn't here today, I'll have to ask someone else to buy it for me!"

Saying so, Daniel started tapping away on his phone. Jessica watched him, amused by his antics.

"To buy a one-dollar lighter, you spend twenty bucks to have someone rush it to you? You're really something!"

"It's not just that—I have money! After all, my honey has so much money. No matter how much I spend, I can never spend it all!"

"You... you idiot!" Brittany burst into laughter, giving Daniel a light slap on the face.

Since Daniel opted for rush service for twenty bucks, it didn't take long for someone to deliver the one-dollar lighter. Impressed by the delivery person's speed, Daniel left a positive review and tipped him two hundred dollars—because he could afford it.

"Got the lighter, now what are you up to?"

Daniel lit two of 'The Concubine' masks on fire. The flames burning from the masks were red and blue respectively.

"Do you see the problem?"

"The flames are different colors."

"Yeah! Both of these are from 'The Concubine', from the same batch produced on the same date, but the flames they produce are different colors. Why is that, do you think?"

"How should I know? Stop talking in riddles and tell me why! If you don't, I'm going to punch you!"

Jessica raised her fist threateningly, assuming a fierce stance to pressure Daniel into explaining.

## **Chapter 304 The Concubine**

## Chapter 304 The Concubine

"I'm not telling you!" Daniel was anything but compliant.

Jessica grabbed his ear firmly, her voice sharp with threat, "Will you talk or not? If you don't, I'll twist this ear right off! I wonder if you'd be more obedient without it."

"If I didn't have ears, I'd be even less inclined to talk."

"So are you going to spill the beans?"

"Alright, alright! It's because they were stored in different places!"

"Nonsense! All of 'The Concubine' masks were stored in the company warehouse. How come they were stored in different places?"

"Even within the same warehouse, different spots can make a difference. If you don't believe me, take me to the warehouse and I'll show you!"

"Fine, let's go! I want to see what 'differences' you're talking about."

Jessica was curious. She wanted to know what this idiot was up to.

TMO's warehouse was, of course, not near the office building; it was in the suburbs where the rent was cheaper. A few years ago, Jessica had purchased a 20,000-square-foot warehouse for less than ten million—a bargain at less than five hundred dollars per square foot.

Daniel zoomed down the road in his Palamela, cutting the usual half-hour drive down to fifteen minutes before arriving with Jessica at the warehouse entrance.

He pushed open the large doors and immediately, a pungent, musty smell hit them. Normally, the warehouse only had one security guard and no one to manage the environment within. Thus, the

warehouse was essentially unused, and 'The Concubine' masks that couldn't be sold were piled up there.

Looking at the damp spots on the ground, Jessica was surprised.

"What's with all this water?"

"You bought the warehouse. Don't you know it's damp here?"

"How would I know? There are no rivers or streams nearby, even the city's sewer line barely runs through here. How can it be so damp?"

"This warehouse sits above a hot spring, a natural one."

"There are artificial hot springs?"

"Of course! Some money-hungry people just heat up water and call it a hot spring. So, we could turn this place into a hot spring resort. Once the hotel is ready, we could soak in the hot spring here for three days and nights!"

"Get out! Stop spouting nonsense!"

"I'm not! Look at me, I'm nothing if not honest and upright, no matter which angle you view it from."

"Are you referring to this hot spring when you say 'different'?"

"Underground, the western side of this warehouse has the hot spring, the eastern side doesn't. So, some of 'The Concubine' masks stored here got soaked by the spring water, and some did not."

"What's your point?"

"The ones soaked in the spring water are the real gems. If we reprocess these masks, we could create 'The Concubine' and you could easily beat Isabella's 'The Seven White.'"

"Fine! You handle it! Since you're free anyway, I'm putting you in charge of 'The Concubine' project. I'll have Brittany assist you."

"You're putting me in charge? Why should I? That's too much work!"

"You'll do the work because I said so! You'll get to it and no lazing around!"

## **Chapter 305 The Competitiveness of a Strong-Willed Woman**

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Jessica thought it wasn't good for this idiot to be idle all day. She had to find him something to do— a means to test his abilities and keep him busy so he wouldn't charm other pretty girls. In her mind, the plan was perfect.

Monday.



Although Jessica had assigned Daniel a job, he was lazy and didn't show up in the office until eleven in the morning. Since he had skipped breakfast, he grabbed himself a wrap, a glass of milk and a bagel, and was enjoying his belated morning meal in the office.

Suddenly, the partially closed office door was flung open with a bang. In came Brittany, a force of nature.

"Country bumpkin, still eating breakfast? Do you even know what time it is? You're late, do you get that? Also, since when is the office a place for eating breakfast?"

"This wrap is delicious, wanna bite?" Daniel offered enthusiastically, only to receive an eye-roll from Brittany.

"Get out of here! I'm on a diet! Clean up this office now! Tidy up your desk and then sit tight while I assign you tasks!"

"You're assigning tasks? What tasks? Besides, I'm Jessica's assistant, not yours. Why would you be giving me tasks?"

"Why? Because now, I'm your boss!"

"You're my boss? What kind of boss?"

"Did Jessica or did Jessica not entrust you with 'The Concubine' project? She told you to handle it! She talked to me this morning and asked me to be your boss for this project. So, starting now, you do what I say. Whatever I ask you to do, you do it!"

"Didn't Jessica say I was in full charge? She told you to assist me. How did you become my boss?"

"Full charge? What do you know? Are you familiar with TMO's rules? Do you even know any of the department heads?"

"Uh..."

Daniel shook his head, "I don't."

Advancing a project requires more than just one person. After all, to get something done usually requires teamwork!

Brittany had been with TMO for so long, and part of the reason she became the CEO's secretary was because she knew all the department heads intimately. 'The Concubine' project indeed needed her expertise to be successful.

She wanted to be in charge and Daniel couldn't be more pleased. That way, he could slack off! The tasks he didn't want to do, he could dump them all on Brittany. After all, based on her character, she was likely to be driven and eager to take the credit.

As for Daniel, he didn't care about any of that. Jessica was his, and all he needed to do was make sure the project didn't fail because of him. Jessica was all that mattered to him.

Daniel looked at Brittany with a cheery grin, "So, Brittany, what do you need me to do?"

"The next step for 'The Concubine' project, aside from R&D, is finding a reliable manufacturer. That's your job. Within three days, you must find a suitable manufacturer. Otherwise, you'll have

failed your task, and if that happens, you should offer your resignation!"

"Within three days? A suitable manufacturer? How am I supposed to find one? If I can't find it, you should go look, Brittany!"

Daniel said nonchalantly, with an air of not caring one bit.

## **Chapter 306 Taking Care of Business**

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Seeing this country bumpkin's carefree demeanor, Brittany realized he wasn't about to volunteer his resignation, nor was he likely to do any work. She was in a bind and resorted to scolding.

"You... you'd better complete this task! You could try Zen Byte; Jennifer has connections with a manufacturing plant!"

"Jennifer? Don't you have a good relationship with her? Weren't you two teaming up against me?"

"So what if we did? You country hick, you deserve to be bullied!"

"How would you know unless you've tried my... thing?"

"Ugh! Keep talking like that and I'll staple your mouth shut!"

With that, Brittany grabbed the stapler from the desk and snapped it a couple of times to emphasize her point.

"You're sending me to see Jennifer, did you already set me up? If I show up at her office door, not only will I be turned away, but she might also take the chance to bully me?"

"Country boy, I thought you were so capable? So amazing? Are you telling me you can't handle one woman?"

Of course, Brittany had everything planned with Jennifer beforehand; she wanted Jennifer to put this hick in his place!

What Jennifer might do to Daniel wasn't Brittany's concern—she was only interested in results. She expected Daniel to sort things out with Jennifer within three days and secure the manufacturing plant. If he failed, she'd report him to Jessica, claiming that keeping this useless bumpkin was a waste of company resources. He should be fired, she thought.

And so, Brittany and Jennifer made a deal to ensure Daniel wouldn't secure Jennifer's manufacturing plant within the given deadline.

Daniel eyed the woman setting a trap for him.

"You're handing Jennifer over to me, telling me to deal with her. Do you even realize what you're doing? Although she's not as beautiful as Jessica, she's on par with you. At least, you two can both be called beauties. You're not worried I might win her over while trying to secure her factory?"

"You? A country bumpkin like you? Don't make me laugh! Jennifer is a CEO with a ton of men after her. What are you compared to them?"

"Right, but she's still single. What does that tell you? Isn't that a clear sign she's waiting for someone like me to chase her?"

"Shameless! Fool! You think you can win Jennifer over? That's downright delusional!"

"Why would I chase her? I want her to chase after me and then reject her!"

During Daniel's first encounter with Jennifer, he ended up being humiliated by her, and he hadn't forgotten it. He might not be petty, but he still wanted his little revenge. His plan for payback was simple: to make Jennifer fall for him, chase him, and then reject her.

Women like Jennifer, who are self-absorbed and opportunistic, need to be put in their place, to be taught that their actions have consequences. The price to pay is her falling head over heels for Daniel, only to never have him.

## Chapter 307 Jennifer

### Chapter 307 Jennifer

WFC Tower stood as one of New York's most prestigious skyscrapers and landmarks, reaching a total height of 588 meters. Zen Byte's office was situated high up in this tower.

The CEO's office? It should be right here.

Knock, knock, knock!

Daniel rapped on the door and was soon greeted by a pleasant voice from inside.

"Who is it?"

When not targeting him, Jennifer's voice could actually be quite charming.

"The handsome guy with doorstep service!" Daniel blurted out something cheeky.

Jennifer recognized the voice as familiar, but she couldn't immediately place whose it was. She was sure, however, that the person outside wasn't an employee of the company. She assumed it must be a business partner stopping by in jest.

"Come in," she said with a light, inviting tone.

As the door swung open, Daniel's handsome, sunny face beamed, accompanied by a smile that could make countless young girls swoon, appearing right in front of Jennifer.

Jennifer's smile vanished instantly upon seeing his face, and her expression darkened. "Why is it you?"

"What? I'm your client, and this is how you greet me? Shouldn't you be bursting with enthusiasm, ready to massage and provide me with five-star service?"

"Massage? Five-star service? I should take a stick and drive you out—and that's me being nice!"

"Whoa! So you want to kick out a client right as I walk in? It seems like Zen Byte isn't aiming to grow big. Are you looking to go bankrupt?"

At that moment, something clicked for Jennifer.

She remembered the morning conversation with Brittany about the manufacturing plant. Brittany hadn't gone into great detail, simply mentioning that if Daniel showed up, Jennifer should give this country boy a hard time. No matter what he asked for, she should refuse everything.

Jennifer hadn't paid much attention to it earlier, but now that Daniel had actually shown up, she understood everything instantly.

It was simple to mess with this hick.

Jennifer reached into her drawer and pulled out a coin, dropping it to the floor by her feet. She was wearing a tight, super short pencil skirt.

"A country boy like you, probably out of money for food, right? Becoming my client? Don't make me laugh. Here's a coin for you. Go buy yourself a wrap to eat!"

Jennifer wasn't about to generously hand Daniel a coin to buy a wrap. She'd rather toss the coin away than give it to this hick!

The reason behind her action was a plan: she needed to deal with Daniel. He was quite popular at TMO. Even Brittany's standing at TMO had somewhat faltered compared to this country bumpkin.

Therefore, Jennifer wanted to gain some leverage over Daniel, to ensure he would bow to her commands. Her company, Zen Byte, was in crisis, and she needed some assistance to pull through.

TMO could potentially provide substantial help for her business, meaning Jennifer had to keep Daniel under her control. She had to find a way to get a firm hold over him and gather strong

evidence.

Only then could she have Daniel at her beck and call, like a loyal dog at her feet.

## **Chapter 308 To Use Her**

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It was Jennifer's plan to turn Daniel, the country bumpkin, into a dog that would listen to her every command.

"How about that? Not enough with one coin? Then, here's another! With two coins, you can buy yourself a wrap."

As she spoke, Jennifer tossed another coin onto the floor by her feet. This was a game to her, and in her eyes, Daniel seemed amused.

"Jennifer, are you giving me money for wraps, or are you creating an opportunity for me here?"

"What opportunity?"

"What opportunity? You know exactly what I mean. Look at the bodycon skirt you're wearing—so sexy, so short! And those legs, how beautiful! Any man would struggle not to grab them and then..."

"You filthy creep! What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm not a creep; I'm an honest man, and I don't want to do anything. But you, Jennifer, you're the one trying to coax me into doing something? However, I am upright and principled!"

"Upright and principled?"

Jennifer pulled out another coin and dropped it by her feet, still very close to where she stood. She then crossed her legs, giving Daniel, from his angle, an even better view of her lower half. The catch was, Daniel would have to truly bend down to pick up the three coins.

Jennifer certainly wasn't about to let this country boy get the better of her. She held her phone at the ready to take pictures. She planned to capture Daniel's actions as evidence.

The last time on the high-speed train, Daniel had been too far from her legs, and she let him slip away, clearing his name. This time, Jennifer was fully prepared; she would surely get incriminating evidence of Daniel's alleged indecency.

Moreover, she wouldn't easily share this evidence with anyone. Her intention was to threaten him, to use this country boy like a tame dog to do her bidding!

Jennifer held up her phone, perfectly adjusting the angle for the shot, and of course, Daniel knew exactly what she was up to.

But he didn't care.

If she wanted to play, then he would play along. After all, he wasn't the one being taken advantage of.

Daniel squatted down beside Jennifer's feet and then looked up at her.

"Aaah! Aaahh!" Jennifer screamed, startled. In her panic, she forgot to take a photo and quickly covered the hem of her skirt.

"Country boy, what are you doing? You dirty creep! What is this?"

Daniel picked up the three coins at a leisurely pace and slipped them into his pocket.

"Thanks for the tip, Jennifer. But I don't need the money for wraps; I prefer soda. These coins should buy a bottle."

"You... you shameless creep! Are you behaving indecently towards me?"

"Indecent? I simply complied with your request. You dropped the coins and asked me to pick them up, so I did! I just did what you asked, no problem, right? What did you think I was doing just now?"

"You...I..."

Jennifer stamped her foot in frustration, at a loss for words.

"By the way, didn't you want to take a picture? Did you get it? If not, shall we do it again?"

"Shut up! You filthy creep! What did you see?"

Jennifer glared at him, hoping the country boy hadn't seen anything.

## **Chapter 309 Good Intentions**

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"Whatever you wanted me to see, I saw, Jennifer!"

"You... I..." Jennifer was fuming, her temper on the brink of eruption. She was dressed quite provocatively today with the intention of catching this country bumpkin off-guard. However, she ended up with no evidence while Daniel, somehow, managed to turn the tables and take advantage of the situation, leaving her furious.

Jennifer was appalled by the idea of her body being seen by this hick—she, who had never been in a relationship, whose hand hadn't been held by a man, let alone have her body seen by one.

The notion that he had seen her body made her feel tainted and almost murderous towards him—if not a thousand times over. Then suddenly, an idea struck her. She could use others to deal with Daniel.

"Get away! Stay away from me!" Jennifer snapped at Daniel.

"Thank you, Jennifer! Not only did you give me three bucks for a soda, but you also let me enjoy a different kind of view. The scenery was simply beautiful!"

"What are you talking about? How dare you say that?"

"I got the better end of the deal, why shouldn't I talk about it? This isn't just something I will talk about here but with everyone. It's something I'll never forget! The high-and-mighty beauty CEO, the dream woman of thousands of men, Jennifer, actually paid me money to enjoy the beauty that she has never shown to anyone else!"

"You... you jerk!"

Enraged, Jennifer grabbed a small pig-shaped pillow from the back of her chair and threw it at Daniel. She aimed for his face, but he casually caught the flying pillow with a flick of his hand. Then,

he held it up to his nose and inhaled deeply.

"Ah, it smells lovely! A hint of feminine scent! How delightful."

"You're shameless! You're low! You're a bastard!"

Jennifer was seething, grinding her teeth in anger, but completely helpless against this country bumpkin. She had intended to bully him, and instead found herself the one being bullied. She was close to tears.

"I'm shameless? That's your fault! I'm low because of you! I was an honest and decent man, but as soon as I entered the office, you decided to play that game. If I didn't participate, wouldn't that have been a waste of your kind intentions?"

"Who wants to play a game with you? You think you're worthy, you bastard?"

"You can curse me all you want. In the end, I still got to see something beautiful. And who knows, maybe that's what you're into. Perhaps you like being looked at like that, and it doesn't hurt you at all."



"You..."

Jennifer stomped her foot in frustration!

Short of words, she decided not to argue with this rural man any longer. He was from the countryside, where he likely bickered with the local women on the daily, so it made sense she couldn't win a verbal spar with him.

Deciding to take a different approach, Jennifer prepared to get down to business. Daniel had come to her for a favor today, so she needed to firmly grasp his vulnerability and make this country boy comply, ensuring he wouldn't dare misbehave in her presence again.

## **Chapter 310 The Knight in Shining Armor**

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Jennifer straightened up, grabbed a small throw blanket, and covered her legs properly to hide what should be hidden. She then asked in a cool tone, "What are you doing here?"

"Jennifer, you really have a short memory! Didn't I just say when I walked in? I'm here to be your patron, to bring you money, to save your Zen Byte. I'm like the knight in shining armor, riding a white horse to rescue you from distress!"

"You? A knight? Please. Do you really think you have even a hint of knightly spirit? If you don't tell me what you're here for, I'll call security! I'll say you're here to steal and have you thrown out!"

"Steal?"

Daniel gave Jennifer a playful look and with utter seriousness said, "There's nothing to steal in this office! There's only a beautiful woman! You tell the security that I'm here to steal, isn't that absurd? However, it might be somewhat plausible if you tell them I'm here for a secret tryst with you!"

"You... with me?"

"Yes, with you!!"

"You bastard!"

Jennifer glared hatefully at Daniel and said coldly, "Don't think I don't know. Even if you don't say it, I understand. You're here today because TMO launched a facial mask

project and needs a manufacturer. Among all manufacturers, the one I manage is the most suitable. So you're here to beg me! Since you're asking for my help, you need to show your sincerity!"

"Since Jennifer already knows my purpose, asking further is pointless. After all, I, the knight, have already arrived at your office on my white steed and extended an olive branch. If you're still so unwilling to cooperate, then I'll just leave!"

With that, Daniel turned and walked away!

Jennifer panicked at this. That country boy cannot leave! If he does, her whole plan would fail.

Zen Byte's manufacturing plant had been idle for over a year, without any orders or production. Those two production lines and all the machinery would rust if they remained idle.

If the machines broke down due to rust, the production lines would turn into worthless scrap!

She had to land TMO's manufacturing contract. It wasn't just about saving the manufacturer; it could also save her Zen Byte. At the very least, it would prevent her company from being so passive— maintaining a workforce with no work to be done.

Thinking about this, Jennifer quickly called out, "Stop! Don't you dare leave!"

Daniel turned back, smiling mischievously, "Have you had a change of heart, Jennifer? Can't bear to see me go? Are you ready to mount my white horse and stay with me?"

"Country boy, just honestly answer me one question. Do you like me?"

"Like you? What's there to like? Do you think just because you're pretty, every man who sees you will fall in love with you? I won't like you! But, I'll make you fall for me, have you chase after me, and yet you'll never have me!"

Daniel was a straightforward man who always spoke his mind.

"Make me fall for you? Chase you? Ha!"

Jennifer gave Daniel a cold laugh, her face dripping with mockery, "Do you think that's even possible? Do you think I would be so blind as to fall for a country bumpkin like you, let alone chase after you?"

# Chapter 311 Shame

## Chapter 311 Shame

As they spoke, Jennifer had a sudden realization.

"Oh! I get it now!"

"Get what?"

"You, country bumpkin, are using this outrageous way of speaking to get a rise out of me? So that you could get my attention? Because, you shameless man, you just want to be scolded! The more I scold you, the more excited you get! Because no woman as beautiful as me has ever talked to you this much! Even if it's scolding, for you it's a tremendous pleasure!"

"What?! Jennifer, I had no idea you were into BDSM! Are you hinting that in the future, when you want to enjoy yourself, I should scold you? That as long as I scold you while we're together, you'll get excited?"

"Stop talking nonsense! I'll call security if you keep this up!"

"Do it, let me hear your voice!"

"Bastard!"

Jennifer slipped off her high heel and chucked it at him, aiming to swell his face. Daniel swiftly stepped aside and the shoe flew past his chest.

"Crash!"

A loud snap sounded as the high heel slammed into a large vase.

The vase shattered, its pieces clinking to the ground. Although it wasn't an antique but a modern piece, it was made of top-quality porcelain and had cost Jennifer over a hundred thousand dollars.

A hundred thousand dollar vase shattered because of this country bumpkin.

Jennifer was livid, biting back her rage. She pointed at Daniel and bellowed, "You're paying for this!"

"What are you talking about? You broke the vase yourself; why should I pay for it? And when you threw your shoe at me, do you know how dangerous that was? Luckily, I was

agile enough to dodge. If you had hit me, I could have gotten seriously injured—at least a level five disability. That you didn't terrify me into claiming compensation for emotional distress is already very merciful. You have the audacity to ask me to pay for your vase; do you even know what shame is?"

Jennifer was at a loss for words and could only hurl an insult.

"Bitch!"

"I'm a grown man, a real man. The word 'bitch' is hardly fitting for me."

"You? A man? You're just a useless piece of trash!"

"You haven't even used my 'thing'. How do you know if I'm useless trash, huh? Words are one thing, but you need to experience it firsthand!"

"If you think you're a man, then come with me!"

Jennifer recalled her previous plan. Since Daniel had already said those things, she definitely wasn't going to let him off easily.

The nerve of this country bumpkin to take advantage of her—she'd make sure his body paid the price, ensure he'd have to spend at least a month in the hospital!

No, at least half a year! Better yet, he should be confined to a wheelchair for life, never to stand up again, a complete and utter ruined man.

She was keen to see just how tough this country guy really was.

"Come with you? Where to?"

"You'll find out."

Jennifer noticed her high heel was still lying next to the shattered vase.

Pointing to the shoe, she ordered Daniel, "Go, bring it here!"

"You threw it, you pick it up! It's your mess. Why do I need to help you clean it up?"

Daniel certainly wasn't about to retrieve it for her. After all, he was no simp!

## **Chapter 312 Jennifer's Calculations**

### **Chapter 312 Jennifer's Calculations**

Jennifer glared at him fiercely, barking out, "Are you doing it or not?" The country bumpkin was being thoroughly unreasonable in her eyes. Any other man would have leaped at the chance to fetch her high heel, as if they were a wolf pouncing on its prey, yet this one remained unaffected.

"I am not!"

Daniel didn't just refuse; he grabbed a chair, sat down with a flourish, crossed his legs, and watched the beautiful woman's outburst with a glee that was unmistakable.

Jennifer swore to herself that she'd make this country bumpkin pick up the high heel. She had to win against him this once.

"Country bumpkin, are you doing it or not? If you don't, I won't take you to that place!"

"I don't care. Goodbye!"

Standing up, Daniel waved at Jennifer, said his farewells, and started walking towards the door.

"Handsome, can't you just help me out?" Jennifer tried being coquettishly appealing.

"That's more like it!"

Daniel approached the high heel, and Jennifer thought he was going to bend over to pick it up. Instead, the country bumpkin kicked it like a ball, sending it soaring in a neat parabola through the air. It fell with a thud just in front of Jennifer, within her reach.

"Thud!"

"Country bumpkin, what are you trying to do?"

"Aren't you the one who wanted your high heel? I went to the trouble of getting it for you!"

"Don't you know this pair of high heels from Chanel cost eighty thousand? And you just treated them so roughly? If you've ruined them, you owe me a replacement!"

"Money, I don't have! But I do have a body! However, as a man of principle, I can't just offer my body to you! You can forget about taking any advantage from me!"

Daniel was putting up a tough front, but deep down, he knew if Jennifer actually made a move on him, he might not be able to resist after all. He's a normal man, after all.

No normal man could possibly turn down the advances of a beauty like Jennifer.

Of course, Daniel wouldn't make the first move. He knew this woman wouldn't be easy to deal with, and if he initiated something, he'd be entangled with her and might even be held responsible.

Now, without even the legendary grass of sealed dragon in his possession, living life on the edge, he couldn't dare to entertain ideas about any woman other than Jessica.

"Bastard! Who the hell covets your body! You're just a disgusting, slimy toad! Seeing you makes me sick; I wish I could kick you away! You really piss me off!"

Jennifer was so infuriated by Daniel that she wished she could send him straight to jail.

In her entire life, she had never been this angry about anyone. Men usually sweet-talked and coddled her.

But this country bumpkin dared to talk back and bicker with her?

The more she thought about it, the angrier Jennifer got. Initially, she had some hesitation about setting Daniel up, but now driven almost mad by anger, she lost all her reservations.

"You say you're a man, then prove it to me! If you can prove you're a man, then I'll stop calling you 'country bumpkin!'"

Jennifer thought that ceasing to call Daniel by that nickname would be a reward for him. However, Daniel didn't care in the slightest what others called him.

A truly unassailable man doesn't care about the epithets others throw his way.

## **Chapter 313 Shore County**

### **Chapter 313 Shore County**

Jennifer drove her Porsche 718 at breakneck speed, bringing Daniel into a village called Shore County where her manufacturing plant was located. As they approached the entrance of the village, they were stopped by a few hoodlums.

The leader of the gang was Strong Liu, whose father was Beast Liu, the head of Shore County's criminal underworld. Strong began slapping the car door and shouting aggressively, "Get out of the car!"

Daniel opened the door and stepped out, asking, "What's the matter?"

“What’s the matter? You tell me! Do you know where you are?” Strong pointed at Daniel’s nose with an arrogant attitude.

Daniel gestured towards a stone tablet by the roadside and said, “Well, doesn’t that sign say ‘Shore County’? Can’t you read? If not, let me read it for you: this character is ‘Shore’, and this one is ‘County’. Put them together, it says ‘Shore County’. Now you know where you are, right? Don’t mention it, just move aside!”

Strong was momentarily stunned by Daniel’s response, and once he snapped out of it, feeling like he’d been mocked, he cursed, “Where did you come from, you country bumpkin, daring to talk to me like that? Did I ever say I can’t read? I went to school, legit graduated from middle school! Shore County is my turf, and that stone tablet is put up by my family, how could I not recognize the words?”

“Since you can read, why are you stopping me? So you didn’t stop me to have me teach you how to read, huh?”

Pretending to be puzzled, Daniel continued, “So, little hoodlum, if you’re not stopping me to learn how to read, then what is it? Are you after money? Or is it her?”

Daniel nodded towards Jennifer, who was sitting in the driver’s seat. She was the one who brought him to Shore County, so she must have known what it was like. Perhaps this hoodlum was part of her arrangement.

Seeing Daniel pointing at her, Jennifer had no choice but to get out of the car. She yelled at Daniel in anger, “Country bumpkin, aren’t you supposed to be a man? Can’t you even handle a petty thug? You’re such a waste! A man? I think you’re just a gutless piece of trash, relying on a woman to sort out everything!”

After lashing out at Daniel, Jennifer instantly turned to Strong and ordered, “Step aside right now! Don’t block the way here, or you’ll regret it when I have you thrown in jail!”

Jennifer showed a ferocity towards this hoodlum that Daniel had never seen before, and Strong was almost frightened by her outburst. But he quickly composed himself. This was his territory, and a foreign woman dared to be so fierce with him?

After sizing Jennifer up carefully from head to toe, Strong got excited. She was a beauty—a breathtakingly gorgeous woman. Having such a sight grace Shore County, if he missed the chance to have a go with a woman like her, he’d regret it for life.

Strong was someone who played his cards strategically. He wouldn’t just outright ask Jennifer to sleep with him; he needed a legitimate excuse first.

“Lady, do you know the rules here?”

“What rules?”

“Once you're in Shore County, you have to obey the rules of Shore County! The roads in the village were funded and built by the villagers.”

## **Chapter 314 Fifty Thousand Dollars**

### **Chapter 314 Fifty Thousand Dollars**

"So?" Jennifer asked.

"If an outsider's car wants to enter the village, there's a fee," Strong explained.

"How much?"

Strong thrust out an open hand, demanding, "Fifty thousand dollars!"

Daniel couldn't help but laugh at this. "What, fifty thousand? Is this road paved with gold bricks? It looks like an ordinary cement road to me; I don't see anything special!"

Strong gave Daniel a contemptuous look and asserted brazenly, "Country bumpkin! Your car has damaged Shore County's road. Paying fifty thousand as a toll fee is already letting you off easy, and you're complaining it's expensive? If you think it's too pricey and you can't afford to pay, no problem at all. This beautiful lady can just stay with me for a few days, and I can send you to the coal mine to bust your back. As for your car, since you say it's damaged Shore County's road, naturally, it's only right to leave it behind as compensation."

With this, Strong Liu had laid out his plans for both Daniel and Jennifer, as well as the Porsche 718. It was his gang's territory. His father was the area's big boss, making him the junior boss. Hence, his word was law in Shore County.

Daniel faced Strong and calmly declined, "And if I don't agree?"

"You don't agree? Then you're choosing it the hard way, and soon you'll experience just what that means!"

Strong gestured grandly with his hand, then barked orders at the gang behind him.

"Teach this country bumpkin a lesson, show him the rules of Shore County!"

One of the thugs picked up a brick and approached Daniel.



"Are you going to try to smack me with that brick? Do you plan to attack me with it?" Daniel inquired.

"No, no, no! In Shore County, we follow special rules. We're not going to simply bash you and be done with it. That's too easy!"

The thug pointed at a nearby concrete pier. "I'm going to have my brothers hold your hand on this concrete pier, and then smash it down with the brick. We'll turn your hand into a mushy pulp. Pretty sure you'll find that unpleasant. And painful, too."

The thug playfully swung the brick to intimidate Daniel, hoping to make him wet his pants with fear. But despite the brick flying before his eyes, Daniel did not flinch, stunning the thug.

He looked at Daniel with incredulity and anger. "Didn't expect such a big pair on you, did ya? Barking right in your face, and you don't even bat an eyelash or step back? You don't seem to take me seriously? You trying to make me look like a fool in front of the boss and the boys?"

Then, without further talk, the thug aimed the brick directly at Daniel's head. He was serious this time, intent on teaching Daniel a lesson, full force.

But before the brick could make contact, Daniel swiftly launched a kick aimed at the thug's abdomen. The brick-wielding thug was propelled away like a missile, flying toward a grassy area adjacent to a sewage pit.

## **Chapter 315 A Bunch of No-Goods**

### **Chapter 315 A Bunch of No-Goods**

"Splash!"

There was a splash as the thug tumbled into the septic tank, feces flying everywhere. The brick he was holding flew from his grasp during his flight, striking Strong Liu on the foot.

"Ahh! Ahhhh!" Strong howled in pain, hopping on one foot.

"Damn it! You dared to hit me with a brick? Everyone, pile on and finish this country bumpkin off for me!"

At Strong's command, the gang rushed in en masse. This time, they were armed with more than just bricks; they came wielding steel pipes, switchblades, and even a half-meter-long machete.

As the thugs closed in with their weapons, Jennifer hastily distanced herself. "Don't mess around! Be clear about this! The thug who got knocked into the septic tank, it was this country guy that did it, not me! Focus on him!"

While talking, Jennifer retreated to her car, yanked the door open, and dove into the driver's seat. She was about to start the Porsche and make her getaway when another vehicle sped up, blocking her path in front.

The road was closed off; with railings behind and a van in front, Jennifer was trapped.

For Daniel, facing the thugs now crowding him with their weapons drawn, he didn't even bother to use his hands – he needed only his feet. In less than a minute, he had kicked each one of the gang members into the septic tank.

Splash! Splash! Splash!

The sound was oddly satisfying. Each splash was met with a surge of sewage. Now all the thugs had been punted into the fecal waters.

The driver of the van, seeing his brothers-in-arms dunked into the cesspool, grabbed a gun from the vehicle and aimed it at Daniel's head.

"Country boy, you dared to knock all of my brothers into the septic tank, so you better get down on your knees and crawl over there, then drink up all that sewage water!"

Although a gun was pointed at his head, Daniel didn't show a hint of fear. After all, not even a sniper rifle could harm him.

"You want to drink sewage water? There's plenty over there," Daniel said tauntingly, taking steps closer to the burly man.

"You think I won't shoot?" the thug threatened, but he dared not shoot Daniel. He quickly lowered the gun to aim at Daniel's thigh and pulled the trigger.

"Bang!"

But instead of a bullet flying out, the gun's barrel twisted into a corkscrew shape as Daniel grabbed and twisted it at the exact moment the trigger was pulled. The bullet couldn't escape, and the gun exploded.

The man's hand was blown to a bloody pulp.

"Ahhh... Ahhhhhh..." howled the thug, clutching his maimed hand.

## Chapter 316 Strong's Fate

### Chapter 316 Strong's Fate

True to his word, Daniel intended to deliver this burly fellow to the septic tank to drink from it. As such, with a swift kick to the bellowing strong man's stomach, Daniel propelled him into flight.

The man traced an arching parabola through the air and then...

"Splash!"

Landed right in the septic pit.

With the thug and the strong man both in their deserved place in the septic tank, only Strong remained. Daniel approached him with a genial smile, "Country bumpkin, do you finally realize where you are?"

"Haven't we already discussed this?" Daniel retorted. "This is Shore County! We even went over the sign earlier. You need me to teach you again?"

Suddenly, Strong pulled out a dagger and lunged for Daniel's chest. But his attack was futile against Daniel's quick reflexes. As the blade neared, Daniel simply kicked, sending Strong flying as well.

"Splash!" was heard once more as another joined his companions in the muck.

Daniel grabbed the rail meant to block the way, giving it a fierce twist and snapping it. He then opened the passenger side of the car and sat down.

"Jennifer, weren't you a bit excessive just now? We were almost married once, and even if you called off the engagement, I am still your ex-fiancé. You were really going to drive off and leave me here? Could you have lived with that?"

"I wouldn't have cared if you died; you would have deserved it! But it turns out you can fight after all. You took down so many by yourself!"

"As you keep saying, I'm a country bumpkin. I grew strong from daily farm work. Where I lived was remote and had wolves and the like. So, taking care of a few nobodies like this is simple to me."

"Country bumpkin, you sure talk big," Jennifer chided. "By your boasting, it sounds like you could take down a tiger."

"It depends on the tiger. If it's your kind, no, I couldn't win."

Daniel's gaze lingered on Jennifer, and she immediately caught on.

"Are you calling me a tiger?"

"Yeah, you're a tiger."

"You dare call me a tiger? Believe me, I can kick you out of this car!"

"Sure!"

"Humph!"

Jennifer revved up the Pavara, drove a little further, and stopped in front of her manufacturing plant. Due to lying idle for so long, moss had overtaken the entrance and weeds sprouted through the cracks.

Upon opening the factory door, a strong musty smell wafted out. Machines on the production line were rusted, the walls marked with mildew. Wooden decors were even sprouting mushrooms.

Daniel surveyed the decrepit scene and shook his head in disbelief, "So this is the factory that's going to produce face masks? In this kind of environment, who would dare buy those products?"

"The production lines in this factory rust due to disuse, yes. But with a bit of work, it'll be more than capable of producing top-quality products again," Jennifer asserted.

## **Chapter 317 It's Complicated**

### **Chapter 317 It's Complicated**

Talking it over, Jennifer suddenly felt something was off.

This country boy was begging to work with her, so why was she acting like she needed his approval?

This was strange.

No way, she had to start over!

"Listen, country boy, if you don't like my factory, go find another one to manufacture your products! When it comes to quality control, my Zen Byte is number two in the whole of New York, and no one dares claim number one!"

"With this run-down place you call a factory, I doubt there's any quality to control. The building is falling apart, there are weeds everywhere, and not a worker in sight. How can you manufacture anything?"

"Just convince me to take on TMO's manufacturing, and I'll have the workers ready in no more than three days. Because my Zen Byte has the best management team around."

"Jennifer, do you understand who the client is here? Am I supposed to convince you? Shouldn't it be the other way around?"

Hearing him talk about who's in charge, Jennifer's face darkened as she asked, "What did you just say? Client?"

"I'm telling you to get it straight, who's the client here?"

"You didn't bring me all the way here just to show me this dump, did you? And those thugs earlier, did you set that up?"

"Set that up? Why would I arrange for a robbery against myself? I don't even know those guys! But hey, you tossing them into the septic tank was pretty heroic."

"So why exactly did you bring me here? This place is a mess—it's worse than the wilds. At least in the wilderness, we could breathe the fresh air. But in this dump, you can't escape the stench of mildew!"

She fumed. "Shut your mouth, stop spouting nonsense, or you'll see what I'm capable of!"

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll shut you up for good!"

"Tearing up my mouth? Boring! How about we tear each other's clothes instead? A tear here, a tear there, that would be way more fun!"

"You..."

Jennifer stomped her foot in anger, but truth be told, she was at a loss with Daniel.

For some reason, even though she should despise this country boy, his jokes and flirtatious comments didn't make her mad. In fact, she felt a tiny bit... fond of him.

No! How could she possibly like this country bumpkin? She absolutely couldn't fall for this jerk!

Even if he were the last man on Earth, she just couldn't let herself like him!

Today, she'd brought him to Shore County to fix a big problem.

With that thought, Jennifer quickly steered the conversation elsewhere.

"If you want me to manufacture for TMO, first, you need to deal with the ownership issues with this factory," she said.

"Ownership issues? Are you saying this factory isn't yours?"

"It's complicated! Oh boy, that's a long story..."

## **Chapter 318 Beast Shows Up**

### **Chapter 318 Beast Shows Up**

"A long story? Well, why don't you give me the short version!" Daniel quipped.

"Years ago, I invested a fortune to buy this factory building and installed brand new production lines. But as soon as I finished setting everything up, a guy named Beast claimed the factory was his and tried to take over my production line."

Just as she spoke, a man with a scruffy beard and a face full of scars, accompanied by a group, approached. He was Beast.

"Jennifer, you've been avoiding me for so long, I thought you'd never dare to come back to Shore County. Did you give up on this factory? What brings you here today?" Beast leered at Jennifer from head to toe with greedy eyes.

"Jennifer, it's been over a year since we last met, right? You've gotten even prettier and more charming!" Beast continued, ogling her.

Feeling his intense stare, Jennifer instinctively hid behind Daniel.

Beast glared at Daniel and barked, "Who's this country bumpkin? Scram, kid, don't block my view of Jennifer's beauty!"

"Jennifer is pretty, but am I not good-looking too? Why don't you take a good look at me?" Daniel responded with a chuckle.

"Get lost!" Beast growled, but before he could finish his sentence, Daniel charged towards him.

Smack!

Daniel landed a solid slap on Beast's fleshy face.

Beast was a big guy, weighing over 200 pounds with a belly larger than a pregnant woman. Surprisingly, Daniel's slap sent him flying into a pine tree, which shook loose a shower of pine cones, all pelting down on him.

A caterpillar also fell, landing squarely in Beast's mouth.

"Blech!"

"Ptui, ptui, ptui!" Beast tried to spit out the caterpillar, but in his haste, he accidentally burst it, filling his mouth with the critter's messy innards.

"Ptui, ptui, ptui!" Beast continued to spit out the remains.

"Damn you, country bumpkin—you dare to hit me?" Beast roared, his eyes bulging with rage as he ordered his henchmen.

"What are you standing around for? Get him! Beat the snot out of this bumpkin! He made me eat a bug! Pummel him, and then shake all the bugs from this pine tree and stuff them in his mouth!"

"Ah blech!"

"Ptui, ptui, ptui!" Beast kept trying to clean his mouth.

The dozen or so tough guys he'd brought with him started circling Daniel. They were all hardened criminals; any one of them could take on ten men single-handedly, with several notches on their belts to prove it. Armed and ready, they attacked Daniel like a pack of rabid dogs.

But before they could even get close, Daniel was already throwing punches and kicks, quickly knocking them all to the ground.

Beast was stunned!

His goons, handpicked and known for their ferocity, capable of facing down ten men each, were getting schooled by this country kid?

## Chapter 319 She Doesn't Deserve Me

### Chapter 319 She Doesn't Deserve Me

In the blink of an eye, this country kid had taken them all down? Just how formidable was he?

Although Beast was a mob boss and had been tough in his younger days, it had been years since he'd been in a fight.

And now, he could barely walk, let alone fight. So, of course, he didn't dare attack Daniel!

Unable to beat Daniel, Beast decided to resort to other tactics. He threatened Jennifer, "You hired this country bodyguard? He hurt my men, so you have to compensate me for medical expenses and damages, at least a hundred million!"

Beast's ludicrous demand stunned Jennifer.

Sure, Daniel had stepped in to help her, but Beast was not a man to be trifled with.

After all, no matter how well Daniel was doing at TMO, he was still just an assistant.

Brittany, once considered the top secretary, was now out of favor. What was an assistant compared to that?

After careful consideration, Jennifer made up her mind.

She couldn't sacrifice her own well-being for some country boy!

"Beast, your men were laid out by this country kid, not me. So, any compensation for distress and medical bills, you'll have to take up with him. I have nothing to do with this!"

"You're saying this country boy isn't one of your people, not your bodyguard? You brought this guy here. He beat up my men, and you say it's got nothing to do with you? You trying to play me for a fool? I'm no idiot!"

"He's no bodyguard of mine; I don't know the guy!" Jennifer disowned any relationship with Daniel, trying to use Beast to take care of this unwanted problem.

Beast couldn't help but smirk at the unfolding drama. However, he was someone who valued talent.



He was after Jennifer for the money, seeing Daniel as a country man, clearly penniless. But this "country" kid had quite the fighting skills, having taken down Beast's tough guys with ease.

So, Beast made up his mind: he wanted to recruit Daniel to work for him.

With this plan in mind, Beast looked at Daniel with a noticeably friendlier gaze, and his tone mellowed significantly.

"Brother, did you hear that? Jennifer here said she doesn't want you."

"She doesn't want me? What right does she have to want me? I was never hers to begin with!"

"You should think carefully, brother. If you say you're not Jennifer's guy, then what you did to my crew has nothing to do with her, right? That means the hundred million comes out of your pocket!"

"The fight was mine; it has nothing to do with her! Why would I fight for her?"

Daniel looked disgusted as he said, "She's not my wife. She doesn't deserve me!"

Jennifer bristled at his words.

Where did this country kid get the confidence to look down on her?

She was the attractive CEO, the subject of countless men's dreams and desires!

How could a country boy possibly have the right to disdain her?

She wasn't worthy?

Was he, then?

## **Chapter 320 Madness**

### **Chapter 320 Madness**

"Country kid, get a grip on who you are! You've been clinging to me like a disgusting maggot that I can't shake off. I'm not worthy? I think you're the one acting insane because you can't have me!"

"I'm the crazy one? Ha!" Daniel scoffed with a chilly laugh. "Looks like you're the one who's lost her mind, Jennifer. I'm not interested in you, and that's driving you nuts."

"You're the crazy one! What makes you think you can look down on me? You country bumpkin! You good-for-nothing loser!" Jennifer lashed out at Daniel with a torrent of insults, wishing she could just throw him right into jail.

As the two volleyed verbal blows, their banter sounding almost like a lovers' quarrel, Beast felt ignored and his face darkened, his chubby cheeks shaking with threat as he addressed Daniel.

"Country boy, because you've injured so many of my guys, you owe me a hundred million!"

"A hundred million? I just gave your guys a free lesson on fighting, and you should be paying me. My fees are reasonable; you said a hundred million yourself. So, go ahead, pay me the hundred million!"

Daniel's retort stunned Beast, his eyes widening in shock.

"What? You want me to pay you a hundred million?" Beast demanded.

"That's right! A hundred million for the training session. You don't want to pay up?"

"Screw you!" Beast cursed furiously.

With that, Daniel smacked him again.

"Smack!"

The sound of the slap was crisp, and Beast was sent flying – right into a giant septic tank.

"Oh, crap... glug, glug..."

Beast choked and sputtered with every attempt to speak, drinking mouthfuls of the foul septic water.

To stop gulping down more waste, he finally had to shut his mouth.

It took all his strength and the help of his battered and bruised henchmen to pull himself out of the septic tank. Wiping his mouth, covered in filth, he pointed at Daniel and bellowed.

"Country boy, just wait! You two aren't leaving Shore County today! How dare you lay hands on me here? Throwing me into a septic tank, you're looking to die!"

In his rage, Beast accidentally swallowed more muck from the corner of his mouth.

"Bleh! Ugh bleh!"

"Ptui, ptui, ptui!"

He spat several times, then turned to his men and commanded.

"Stay here and make sure these two don't escape. I'm going to take a shower. Once I'm done, I'll come back to deal with them!"

As Beast walked away, Daniel's voice trailed behind him, light and mischievous.

"Hey Beast, maybe you should think about cleaning out the septic tank first. Otherwise, when you come back later, you might just end up falling in again, getting another taste of that lovely water!"

At the mention of the septic water, Beast's face twisted in rage and disgust, the stench still lingering. His eyes almost popping out with fury, he threatened Daniel.

"I'll leave this septic tank just for you. When I get back, I'm going to make sure you drink every last drop from it!"

## **Chapter 321 Who Dares to Disobey**

### **Chapter 321 Who Dares to Disobey**

After Beast's messy retreat, he knew he had to rush back, clean off all the filth, and then return with his armed crew. As the boss of Shore County's underworld, he relied not only on his fists but also on a squad of gunmen. With guns in hand, who would dare to disobey?

When Beast left, Jennifer immediately turned on Daniel, poking a finger angrily at his nose. "Country boy, you've gotten me killed!"

"Are you dead yet?"

Daniel reached out and gave Jennifer's waist a playful poke.

"Ah!" She let out a loud scream.

"What the hell, country boy?"

"You said you were dead, right? So, I just wanted to check if you really were. If you can still scream, and scream so nicely, then it seems you're very much alive."

Jennifer was livid, almost ready to physically consume Daniel in her wrath. The country boy was getting bolder, how dare he start making moves on her so casually? What drove her insane was that when Daniel reached out to poke her, she saw it coming and could have dodged, but she didn't. She just stood there rigid, letting that country bumpkin poke her. No man had ever touched her waist, and now that Daniel had, she felt like she had suffered a massive loss, as if her body was suddenly unclean.

No, this would not do. She had to settle the score with that country boy. She needed compensation for her emotional distress.

"You just toppled all of Beast's men and threw him into the septic tank. Oh, I remember now, the guys we ran into earlier were led by his son, so you dumped him into the septic tank too. Now

you've really offended Beast! You need to deal with the mess you've created yourself!"

Jennifer's line of thinking was something Daniel, clever as he was, could easily guess.

"Jennifer, you brought me to Shore County. Isn't it because you want me to handle this trouble called Beast?"

"It's your honor! For a country boy like you to run errands for me is your good fortune!"

"I'm not interested in running errands for you, though I don't mind warming your bed," Daniel responded with a mischievous chuckle.

No matter what, Jennifer had once been his fiancée. Most importantly, she was beautiful and had a hot figure. Such a waste if another man got her!

So, it wasn't like Daniel had absolutely no feelings for Jennifer. Aren't all men greedy? Any beautiful woman they see, they wish they could have all to themselves.

"Get lost! You son of a gun, you better stop dreaming! You better stay away from me! If you dare climb into my bed, I'll kick you right out!"

"What, you don't like it on the bed? The floor? Outdoors? Whatever you prefer, I'm game."

"Quit your nonsense and think of a way to deal with the mess you've made today. You've offended Beast, and he will stop at nothing to toss you into a septic tank, making you drink up all that filth until it's clean!"

## Chapter 322 At Your Mercy

### Chapter 322 At Your Mercy

"The septic tank is too stinky; I can't drink that! Besides, it'll make my mouth stink! How am I supposed to kiss you if my mouth smells like sewage?" Daniel joked.

"You... Keep spouting nonsense, and I'll make you mute!"

"Shut my mouth?" Daniel looked at Jennifer mischievously. "And how would you do that?"

"You... I..." Jennifer felt harassed again by his words. That damned country boy was toying with her every sentence!

But instead of lashing out, Jennifer quickly changed the subject, "Country boy, do you know where Beast went off to?"

"What else would he be off doing? Covered in crap, he's obviously gone for a shower! After that, he'll probably come back with a bunch of people to beat me up."

"Aren't you scared?"

"What's there to be scared of? I'm a tough country guy from the mountains. Even if Beast brings a hundred people, I can take them all down."

"You think your fists are strong enough?"

"It's not just my fists that are strong; I'm strong all over! As a man, how can I not be strong?"

"Can you be serious for one moment?"

"I am serious! Look at me, I'm the picture of honesty. I'm the most upright man in the whole wide world."

"You think your fists can win against guns? Beast has a fully armed squad."

"A squad? Just a bunch of riff-raff. They might have a few guns. It's nothing serious."

"Can your fists really beat guns?"

"What would you say if I told you they could?"

"What do you think?"

"If I win against them, then you have to agree to any demand I make. No matter what it is, you must say yes."

"And if you lose?"

"You can do with me whatever you want."

"Deal! It's a promise!"

Jennifer was amused. She had no faith that Daniel could win against Beast and his men with just his bare fists. Once Daniel got beaten up, she'd have to think of a way to deal with the country boy to quell her anger.

As for handling Beast, Jennifer had dared to come to Shore County with a backup plan in mind. She had a bestie named Ava Davis, a captain at the New York City Police Department. All it would take is one phone call to Ava, and Beast wouldn't dare to mess with her.

However, Jennifer merely wanted to tame the country boy; she wished to punish him and stand over him like a queen triumphantly. Of course, she didn't want Daniel to be killed by Beast. She just wanted to see him suffer a little, watch him get knocked around, then be thrown into a septic tank— that would make her happy.

Therefore, Jennifer was eagerly awaiting Beast's return, hoping to see Daniel scared out of his wits.

To keep Beast in check, Jennifer started setting up. She took several mini cameras from her LV bag and stealthily positioned them in concealed corners. This way, whatever Beast did upon his return would be recorded.

## **Chapter 323 Don't Come Any Closer**

### **Chapter 323 Don't Come Any Closer**

All the videos meant to be uploaded to the cloud as evidence could also be presented in court. With this evidence, unless Beast fancied a stint behind bars, he would have to comply with her.

This was Jennifer's plan.

Beast returned with his crew and their guns, which ominously pointed at Daniel. With such firepower against him, the country boy, no matter how tough, surely couldn't outpace bullets.

Beast's confidence was instantly restored. "Country boy, you humiliated me, throwing me into that septic tank and making me swallow that filth. Now I'm giving you a chance. Jump into the septic tank yourself and clean it out by drinking it dry. Then maybe, just maybe, I might spare your life."

"What are you saying? You want to drink the septic tank dry? That tank holds tons of waste! Even someone like you couldn't manage alone, Beast. But with the crew you've brought, it might be just about possible."

Beast waved his hand angrily, ordering his men, "Break his legs first! Let's see if he's still as arrogant!"

To avoid any mistakes, four of his men simultaneously aimed their guns at Daniel's knees—one for each leg. Almost instantly, their fingers tentatively squeezed the triggers.

In an unimaginable burst of speed, Daniel moved in front of the four men and, with one swift motion, twisted the barrels of their guns, twisting them helplessly together.

As the four pulled their triggers, an explosion of gunfire resulted in a blinding flash, and the resultant backfire left their hands shredded.

Daniel, true to his word about sending them to drink from the septic tank, paid no mind to their injuries and kicked each of them directly into the waste.

With a series of dull thuds and splashes, all four were in the septic tank, gulping down waste water.

Witnessing this, the remaining men raised their guns at Daniel. But before they could fire, he was already in front of them, twisting their gun barrels into twisted metal sculptures.

And just like their comrades, after a series of muffled explosions, their guns backfired, mutilating their hands. One by one, they were sent careening into the septic tank like human missiles, splashing waste everywhere.

Beast was dumbfounded, staring at Daniel as if seeing a monstrous being.

Daniel steadily approached Beast. "You... don't come any closer."

"You don't want me to come? Fine. Just jump into the septic tank yourself, take a few sips, and I won't come over. But if you won't jump, I'll have to put you in there myself."

## Chapter 324 You Lost

### Chapter 324 You Lost

Seeing Daniel steadily advancing, Beast genuinely panicked. He knew he couldn't beat this country fellow and definitely didn't want to plunge into the septic tank again. The experience of falling in and swallowing that filth had left him retching more than any bout of drunkenness.

In an attempt to rid himself of the stench glued to his body, he had to scrub down with no less than eight bars of soap. To eradicate the foul taste from his mouth, he went through three tubes of toothpaste.

"Bro, this is all a misunderstanding! It's all a big misunderstanding!" Beast changed his tune rapidly, offering apologies seeing the tides turn.

"Misunderstanding? You order your guys to aim a dozen guns at me and then call it a misunderstanding? Did you not want my life?"

"Brother, it really is a misunderstanding! I've already taken a dive into the septic tank, please don't make me go again. From now on, I consider you my big brother. Whatever you say, I'll do!"

To show his sincerity, Beast immediately dropped to his knees in front of Daniel after declaring this vow.

"Please spare me!"

Then, turning around, he pled to Jennifer, "I was wrong. I won't cause trouble for you again. If anyone dares to mess with your factory, I'll deal with them. Please, I'm begging you—have the 'big brother' not throw me into the septic tank! The sewage in there, it's just too stinky, I can't drink it!"

Jennifer was all set to deny any involvement, but then she thought about how Beast used to pester her daily. Now that the country boy had tamed him, silence seemed the best option, knowing that his acknowledgment of Daniel as the big brother meant he wouldn't dare bother her again.

"That's enough, let him go! After all, that septic tank really does stink."

Jennifer vouched for Beast, giving Daniel the nod of approval.



"Alright! What Jennifer says goes!" Daniel waved dismissively at Beast. "Get lost! If you dare to make trouble here again, I promise to make you drink that septic tank dry."

"Big brother, I won't do it; never again! I swear I'll never cause trouble again!"

Upon receiving the pardon, Beast hastily took his men and left. With his hands pocketed, Daniel turned to Jennifer with a triumphant grin. "You lost."

"What do you want?"

"We had a wager, remember? Now that you've lost, whatever I ask, you have to agree to."

"What's your demand?" Jennifer asked, though internally, she was resolved to deny him regardless. She assumed Daniel would ask for something indecent—something she would never agree to.

This scoundrel likely desired her body, and she would never allow herself to be defiled by Daniel.

Instead of a straightforward reply, Daniel offered a riddle. "Take a guess."

"I don't guess riddles! Out with it, or the bet's null and void!"

With that, Jennifer began her countdown, clearly seeking to break her promise.

"Three!"

"Two!"

"One!"

## **Chapter 325 How Dare You!**

### **Chapter 325 How Dare You!**

Before Daniel could even get a word in, Jennifer had rapidly counted down. She simply didn't want to give this country boy a chance.

"The countdown is over, so the bet is off the table! Which means, whatever you ask for, I'm not agreeing to it!"

"You won't agree? That's okay! If you want to play it this way, I can play along. I'll just go tell Beast that you and I have nothing to do with each other, and he can keep messing with your factory. And since I'm not linked to you in any way, whether you can walk out of Shore County today, well, that's up for debate."

Jennifer was fuming with anger but terrified at the same time.

"Country boy, what do you think you're doing?"

"I don't wanna do anything! You should be asking what Beast wants to do. The way he was looking at you was not as pure and innocent as my looks."

"Pure and innocent? I see you for what you are, a jerk!"

"Jennifer, don't tell me you thought I was going to ask you to sleep with me? That's why you rejected me before I could even speak?"

"Heh!"

Jennifer let out a mocking laugh and said coldly, as if she had seen right through him, "Is that not the case?"

"Of course not! Me, sleep with you? That'd be a loss for me! I wouldn't let you take advantage of me like that."

"What did you say? I'm taking advantage of you?"

"Absolutely! You'd be getting the better end of the deal, and I'd be at a loss. The last thing I like is being taken advantage of by you."

Even though Jennifer knew Daniel was lying, she couldn't help but ask, "So what's your condition?"

"Just that you bark three times like a dog."

"Get lost!"

Jennifer was so mad that she lashed out with a kick at Daniel. Just as her high heel was about to strike Daniel's shin, he dodged to the side, avoiding her attack. She missed and lost her balance, tottering on her heels. Daniel quickly reached out and caught her by the waist to prevent the stunning beauty from getting hurt.

"Let go of me, you creep!"

Jennifer yelled, and Daniel reluctantly let her go, resulting in a thud as she hit the ground.

"Ouch! Ouch, that hurts! You country bumpkin, I'm going to kill you!"

Jennifer got up from the ground, disregarding her sore waist, and began hammering away at Daniel with her fists. Though her punches weren't painful—she was just a girl, after all—Daniel grinned and warned, "Keep that up, and I might just fight back!"

"You wouldn't dare?"

"Smack!"

Daniel playfully slapped her. Jennifer stood frozen in shock, then her face flushed with embarrassment.

"You..."

"What's up with you?"

"Waaa..."

Jennifer broke down in tears, which completely baffled Daniel.

"It was just a light tap, surely it's not that bad?"

"You... you're the worst, you creep, you big jerk!"

## **Chapter 326 Mom's visit**

### **Chapter 326 Mom's visit**

A sophisticated and elegant woman walked into the CEO's office. She was Avery Matthews. Even though she was fifty, she took such great care of herself that she looked just over thirty, radiating a timeless beauty.

Avery, Jessica's biological mother, was a key figure in the third-ranked Matthews family of the prestigious eight families of New York. When she was younger, she fell in love with Jessica's father, but after Jessica was born, she left her family and returned to the Matthews fold.

Jessica's face showed little enthusiasm as Avery entered. Instead, what displayed was a chilly indifference.

"What brings you here?" Jessica asked, her tone icy.

To Jessica, this woman who had abandoned her as a child didn't warrant any warmth.

Avery rarely visited, and it never seemed to be for anything good. Jessica disliked seeing her mother; in fact, she hoped to never encounter Avery again.

"I'm your mother. Is it so strange that I want to see my daughter?" Avery replied.

Jessica scoffed. "My mother? Did you ever care for me after I was born?"

"No matter what, I am your mother! I'm here to tell you that you must go to New York next week for your grandfather's eightieth birthday celebration."

"I got it! Anything else? I have a meeting to attend."

Jessica was eager to be rid of her.

"Can't we chat for a bit? It's been years since we last saw each other."

"There's nothing to talk about!"

"Jessica, don't forget, you're my daughter! How would you feel if I slapped you right now?"

"Go ahead, do it!"

Jessica tilted her face towards Avery defiantly. Avery raised her hand as if to strike, but then she hesitated and lowered it. It wasn't that she couldn't bring herself to do it; she was concerned that slapping Jessica might cause her to refuse to attend the birthday event, which would spoil all of Avery's plans.

Avery's reason for insisting Jessica attend the celebration was tied to her arranging a marriage alliance between their Matthews family and the grandchild of the Evans, another member of the eight families of New York and ranked second, more powerful than the Matthews. If these two families united, the Matthews' influence would soar, and with their support, the Evans could even challenge the top family in New York, the Perkins.

Seeing Avery hold back, Jessica thought maybe her mother had finally shown a hint of a conscience. She provoked further, "You were going to slap me, weren't you? Go ahead, do it!" She leaned her face closer.

Avery, consumed by anger, let her hand fly down—only not to Jessica's face, but rather playfully onto her backside.

Jessica was stunned. Her mother had never shown such a gesture of affection.

"Will you talk back to me now? If you talk back again, I might really turn your backside into a blooming flower!" warned Avery, giving Jessica another playful slap.

"I'm off to my meeting. I'm not dealing with this."

"Let's have dinner together. My flight back to New York is at eight," Avery suggested.

Though she was determined to see Jessica marry into the Evans family to cement the dynastic union, Jessica was still her flesh and blood. Years ago, she wanted to take Jessica back to New York, but her father wouldn't allow it. Despite their estrangement and lack of affection, it didn't mean Avery didn't love her daughter.

## **Chapter 327 I Won't Do It**

### **Chapter 327 I Won't Do It**

Avery didn't quite know how to express her love. That playful slap she had given Jessica seemed to have warmed the chill between them slightly. After all, there weren't many kids who hadn't been scolded by their mom's loving hand at some point. Jessica, having grown up without a mother, had never experienced that until now. It was as if that slap made up for a piece of her missed childhood mischief.

Faced with Avery's dinner invitation, Jessica wanted to say yes, but she chose to refuse.

"I'm busy!"

"I'm asking you to dinner. How can you be too busy? Once I've made the reservations, you better show up on time! If you dare not come, I'll smack your bottom until it's sore!"

With that final warning and a playful smack to Jessica's bottom, Avery left the office, walking away with the confident click of her high heels.

As soon as Avery was gone, Daniel came back. Seeing Jessica with a slight blush and a smile of secret delight, Daniel teased, "Why so happy? Have you been getting up to mischief behind my back?"

"Cut it out! My mom just stopped by. She wants to go to dinner tonight. Wanna come with?"

Jessica decided to bring Daniel along to let her mother get a glimpse of him. Even though they were still in the trial stage of their relationship, Jessica felt like she might be falling for this idiot.

As to whether she was truly in love, she wasn't sure just yet – emotions needed more time for that kind of test. But bringing him to meet her mom felt right.

"You want me to go as what, your husband?"

"Husband, my foot. You're my assistant, my chauffeur," scoffed Jessica, leaving herself some leeway. She didn't want to make Daniel's role explicit just yet, especially since she was still unsure of her feelings for him.

Right now, though she might be falling for him, she had decided any progression would wait until after their one-year trial. Until then, in public, this idiot could only be her assistant.

Hearing he was only invited as her assistant, Daniel flatly refused. Shaking his head, he said, "In front of others, I can play the part of your assistant, fine. But your mom isn't just anyone. I won't be relegated to that role in front of her. I won't do it!"

"You won't do it? Do you think you have the right to refuse? When I tell you to do something, you're supposed to do it! You don't get to say 'no.'"

"Then after I meet your mom tonight, I'll call you 'honey.'"

"You dare?"

"What's there not to dare? We've known each other so long, do you really think there's anything in the world I'd be afraid to do?"

"I've warned you in advance, we're having dinner with my mom tonight. If you dare to make any untimely moves, you'll face serious consequences!"

"What kind of consequences, honey? Why don't you just tell me?!"

"Don't you call me 'honey'! If you keep this up, I'll staple your mouth shut!"

Jessica reached for the stapler on the desk and pressed it down a couple of times, pretending to scare Daniel. But he wasn't easily frightened, especially not by her threats.

He puckered up cheekily and goaded her, "You wanna seal my lips? Here they are, send them your way. Go on, do it!"

Of course, Jessica couldn't bring herself to do that – she might need his mouth for something later. But still...

"Smack!"

She gave Daniel a light slap on the cheek.

## Chapter 328 He Really Is My Assistant

### Chapter 328 He Really Is My Assistant

Daniel was shocked. "Did you just slap my face?"

"Well, isn't your face just there for me to slap? If I feel like doing it, I will!" retorted Jessica, giving him another light tap on the cheek.

"You..."

"What? Did you want to say something? I've got a meeting to attend. Get back and change into something nice. Don't embarrass me tonight!"

With her instructions clear, Jessica walked away, her high heels echoing on the floor, hips swaying confidently.

That evening, at Provence Restaurant, one of New York's most upscale eateries, Avery's favorite place, Avery had made a reservation next to the window - it was the best seat in the house with a stunning panoramic view of the city's twinkling lights.

Avery arrived early, dressed in a regal purple gown that draped elegantly around her, waiting patiently at the table.

The meeting time was set for seven o'clock. However, it wasn't until 7:15 that Jessica arrived. Daniel, that idiot, had made her late.

Avery wasn't too bothered by her daughter's tardiness; after all, she had been absent for over twenty years, while Jessica was just fifteen minutes late. But Avery's mood darkened when she saw Jessica didn't come alone; she was accompanied by a man.

"Who is this?" Avery pointed at Daniel, questioning Jessica.

"I am..."

Before Daniel could introduce himself, Jessica cut in. "He's my assistant, Daniel. Also, he's my driver."

Relieved to hear the word 'assistant,' Avery sighed and said to Daniel, "Since you are an assistant, go wait outside."

Jessica disagreed. "Why should he wait outside? Is there a problem with him dining here?"

"He's just an assistant; shouldn't he wait outside? Or do you actually want him to dine with us?"

"What's wrong with that?"

"Of course there's a problem! Don't you understand the concept of rank? You want an assistant to eat with us – have you lost your mind?"

"I don't care about rank. Daniel is my assistant; he should eat at the same table with me."

Jessica's firm stance caused Avery to harbor some doubts. "Is he really just your assistant?"

"Yes, he is! My special assistant!"

"Fine! Let him sit," Avery relented. She was too tired to argue, deciding to go along with her daughter's wishes. But Avery wasn't going to let Daniel off easily.

Avery wanted her daughter to see that a lowly assistant didn't belong in such a high-end restaurant. She would embarrass Daniel in such a way that he would leave of his own accord, shamed.

Avery conversed with the blonde, blue-eyed waiter in French for a good while. Then, the waiter departed.

Shortly after, the waiter returned carrying three differently colored cocktails. Avery and Jessica had pink ones in front of them. Daniel's, set before him, was a deep ocean blue.

## **Chapter 329 You're Married?**

### **Chapter 329 You're Married?**

The pink cocktail before Avery and Jessica was named 'Pink Memories.' It was a standard cocktail with a low alcohol content. As for Daniel's blue drink, it was called 'Shark's Ocean,' with an alcohol content so high it could knock out an ox!

Daniel might not have known the cocktail's name, but his keen sense of smell quickly alerted him something was off. This wasn't the typical welcome for meeting a future son-in-law – it was a ploy to get him sloshed.

Jessica, aware of the Shark's Ocean, immediately informed the waiter. "My assistant has to drive later; he can't have alcohol. Just bring him some orange juice."



"No need," Avery interrupted, then addressed the waiter firmly. "If he can't handle a drink, what good is he as an assistant? Isn't the point of a male assistant to take drinks on your behalf during business dinners? Today, I'll play the role of your client and test him to see if he's competent."

"Auntie, you're trying to get me drunk on our first meeting?"

"What did you just call me?"

"Auntie. Or did you expect me to call you 'mom'? That would be asking too much of me, wouldn't it?" Daniel's reluctance was clearly etched across his face.

Avery was stunned by his words. Her suspicions, already piqued upon this odd arrangement where her daughter brought an assistant to dinner, deepened. What kind of assistant warrants being part of a family meal?

Suspicious, Avery directed a probing look at Jessica. "What's going on here?"

"Nothing much. My assistant used to be a comedian. He's just joking!" Jessica quickly covered.

Of course, Avery wasn't buying it. She turned to Daniel with a stern face. "Are you joking?"

"What joke? I'm your daughter's husband. Properly speaking, I should be calling you 'mom.' However, since you haven't given me a bonus to change how I address you, I'll stick with 'auntie' for now. Maybe if there's money involved someday, I'll call you 'mom.'"

"Idiot, shut up!" Jessica snapped before Daniel could say more.

To stop him from spouting more nonsense, she stuffed a piece of steak into Daniel's mouth. "Go chew on some meat!"

"No! I look this good, and you can't bear to let me meet your mom?"

"If you don't stop this nonsense right here, you can get out!"

"If you want me to stop being your husband, then let's divorce! As long as we're not divorced, you're still my wife!"

Daniel's words left Avery's jaw on the floor.

She glared at Jessica with a serious expression. "Did you two get married officially?"

"No!"

"Yes!" Jessica denied while Daniel confirmed, providing two conflicting answers at once.

"Jessica, what in the world is going on?" demanded Avery.

"What's there to explain? Jessica and I made a marriage pact when we were kids. Now we're both adults. Hence, we should be married," Daniel chimed in unabashedly.

## **Chapter 330 Admission**

### **Chapter 330 Admission**

"It was a fake marriage! It doesn't count!" Jessica quickly explained.

"Fake marriage? Are you trying to play me? Look, I'm a virgin, and I won't be played with. If you say it's fake, then let's go get a divorce. I don't want any part of this fake marriage!"

"Keep messing around, and I'll wallop you!"

Jessica was fuming – why couldn't this idiot just follow along? She had no intention of divorcing him!

But, in a way, Daniel's antics meant she didn't have to explain to her mother that they were already married with a certification.

Their exchange shocked Avery once again. This country boy had suggested divorce several times, yet her daughter refused?

Also, the way her daughter looked at this rustic fellow was noticeably unusual; there seemed to be genuine affection between them. Could it be that Jessica had truly fallen for this country boy? That would be absolutely unacceptable! Her daughter was meant to marry into the Evans family, to unite two powerful families!

Avery's face darkened as she rebuked Daniel sternly, "You country bumpkin, you're from the countryside, aren't you? You think you can marry my daughter with your worthless rural background? Impossible! You two must get a divorce. Your marriage pact doesn't count; your marriage doesn't count! You must get an annulment tomorrow!"

"Avery, I married Jessica, not you. So, it doesn't matter if you ask me to divorce; we can't just separate on a whim. Whether Jessica and I choose to divorce is her decision. If she doesn't agree, your persistence is futile," Daniel retorted.

Daniel's line of reasoning made Jessica so mad she nearly smoked in anger.

"Idiot, what do you mean? Are you implying I'm desperate to marry you? If you want a divorce, fine, let's settle this tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow? I'm busy tomorrow!"

"You..."

Seething, Jessica pinched Daniel hard on the waist and snapped, "Idiot!"

Avery wasn't a fool; it was clear as day to her that her daughter and the country boy were flirting with each other. It seemed her daughter had been charmed by him. If she wanted to sort this out, she needed to deal with the country boy first.

Avery fixed Daniel with a contemptuous glare and prodded, "You're after my daughter's money, aren't you?"

"Of course, but not just the money. She's so beautiful, and her figure is so stunning. Any man would fall for her!"

Daniel's response satisfied Avery. She'd thought she would have to prod him a few more times to extract his true intentions, but to her surprise, he admitted it with just one question.

Quickly, she turned to Jessica with a stern face. "Did you hear what this country boy said, Jessica? He's not only after your money, but also your body! This kind of man is scum, the dregs of society! You must divorce him immediately, you have to drive him away from your side!"

"Whether he's scum or not, what he wants from our relationship, I know clearly! I'm in charge of my own marriage, and I don't need you to worry about it!" Jessica declared resolutely.