

## Let Love Takes Away All This Pain Chapter 11 - 2

### Chapter 11: He's Here

The crowd gathered around Alva automatically made way for Verne.

At the same time, two people came out from upstairs.

Bella had changed into regular clothes, but that did nothing to restrain her noble temperament. On the other hand, the handsome Uriah wore a shirt and pants over his fit body.

Bella looked down at Alva and a strange light appeared in her eyes.

Alva, it really is you!

“Bella, I have a surprise for you. In one hour, bring Uriah to this location and you will know if he really loves you.”

An hour ago, Verne called her and said this.

Then, she brought Uriah here.

Verne, you really didn't disappoint me.

“Heh, I wonder where this woman came from.” Bella said as she sat down on a couch.

Uriah, your woman is down there. Don't you want to save her?

Uriah stood in front of the fence and looked down with a grave expression.

At this moment, no one knew what he was thinking. Even Bella, who had known him for years, could not read his mind.

Verne walked up to Alva and grabbed her chin. She dodged him and glared at him warily, “Who are you, and what the hell are you doing?!”

Verne's hands remained frozen in the air as if he was still pinching Alva's chin. He curled his lips and looked around, “As expected of our President Irwin's ex-wife. She's strong!”

Laughter instantly surrounded them. Alva's expression changed, "I don't know what you're talking about!"

After speaking, she ran wildly in every direction.

But wherever she ran, someone stepped forward to block her way and shove her. Soon, Alva was pushed to the ground.

Verne squatted in front of her and dropped his hand onto her stomach. "Hey, President Irwin's kid is still here."

"You're not allowed to touch me!"

Alva shuddered and shook him off. She clasped her hand over her stomach, "I'm telling you, you're breaking the law! I'll call the police!"

"Haha, call the police? She said she was going to call the police?" Verne looked around.

The laughter around the room grew louder and tears welled up in Alva's eyes.

She was all too aware of her current situation.

But there was nothing she could do. No one would save her.

She had to save herself.

Verne stood up before she could come up with a plan. "I heard that President Irwin has been looking for his ex-wife for a long time just to find his child. Now that it's here, what do you guys say? Should we get it out of there for our President Irwin?"

After saying that, he looked up at the two people on the second floor.

"What do you think, President Irwin?"

Alva shuddered and looked up slowly.

The man was wearing a white shirt. The pure white color was out of place here.

He held a glass of red wine. His thin lips glistened and his eyebrows were sharp.

Even if he didn't say anything now, the silence spoke volumes.

Overbearing and strong.

That was Uriah.

Her husband.

The man she loved most.

He was right over there...

Alva's heart clenched and her nails dug into her palms.

So, you've been watching from up there, have you?

Bella looked at Uriah, and then at Alva.

She had a round face, large eyes that were open wide and red

around the edges, with tears threatening to spill. Looking at her made people's hearts ache.

And what a beautiful pair of eyes.

Unfortunately, she was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

"Come on, guys. Let's see how we can get President Irwin's child out. If anyone has a solution, they won't have to pay for drinks at Golden Night for the next year."

Verne pointed to the people surrounding Alva. His almond eyes had a malicious glint to them

However, no one moved.

I heard that Uriah and his wife divorced, so how could the child in this woman's belly be his?

They don't dare to touch it.

Verne's lips curled, "Two years."

"Three years."

The large venue was silent.

Everyone bowed their heads.

Verne lowered his head and his smile deepened.

He unclasped his expensive wristwatch, threw it to the ground,

rolled up his sleeves, and carelessly announced, "None of you have the guts to solve President Irwin's problem, but I do."

With these words, he kicked Alva in the stomach.

Chapter 12: She Was Just a Pawn After All

Alva reacted extremely quickly and rolled to the side to avoid the kick.

Verne froze, then looked up at Uriah on the second floor, "President Irwin, this wife of yours is unusually strong."

He looked at Alva with a sinister glint in his eyes, "But that's okay. I have all the time in the world to play with her today."

After saying that, he strode toward Alva.

But Alva was already on her feet, rushing toward the people surrounding her.

The only way she could leave was to push them away.

But soon her hair was grabbed.

Verne threw her to the ground.

The blow was so hard that Alva collapsed on the ground.

But when she fell, she protected her stomach with both hands.

Even so, the moment she lay on the ground, a searing pain came from her stomach.

Her child...

Her beloved child...

Verne stomped on her hand, "You think you can protect it by covering your stomach like that?"

"Impossible. Unless President Irwin opens his mouth, I'll... Hiss!"

Alva sat up abruptly and bit his leg.

Verne's face instantly grimaced as he kicked Alva in the stomach.

"Ugh!"

Alva curled up.

Blood quickly trickled down between her legs.

Verne lifted up his pants and a row of bright red teeth marks could be seen on his left leg from which blood was trickling down.

"Heh, she's more than strong. She's wild."

The next moment, his legs greeted Alva's stomach.

Alva held her stomach tightly as the pain spread from her belly to her whole body.

It hurts. It hurts.

Like her flesh was being torn apart.

She looked up at the impassive man sitting on the second floor and opened her mouth, "Uriah, this is your child. He's over four months old and taking shape..."

“He moves in my belly. He’s sensible, obedient, and never argues with me. He’s a really good child. I beg of you, please let him live...”

“You can punish me any way you want. All I ask is that you let this child live. Even if you want me to die, Uriah...”

He picked up the wine glass and lightly swirled it. The red wine in

the glass wrapped around his slender white hand like red silk. Such was his indifference.

It seemed like everything down there had nothing to do with him.

Alva’s tears streamed down her face.

She knew he wouldn’t care. If he cared, he would have interfered long ago.

Yet, she still hoped.

This was his bloodline, his flesh and blood.

“Uriah, I’m begging you. For the sake of our one-year marriage, spare our child. I beg you...”

Bella frowned. She looked over at Uriah and stood up, “Verne, you’ve done enough.”

Verne finally stopped, but there was already a pool of blood under Alva. The light of the chandelier reflecting off of it was blinding to the eyes.

“Bella, it’s not like you to be so kind.”

Bella’s expression was colder than absolute zero, “I don’t need you to interfere in my business!”

So saying, she quickly ran downstairs. She made a call and started saying, “Get over here. Send...”

But the words were barely out of her mouth when Verne snatched her phone away.

“Verne!” snapped Bella.

Verne curled his lips and looked up at Uriah, “Our President Irwin hasn’t even said anything. What’s your hurry?”

“Verne, I’m telling you, don’t you get ahead of yourself!”

“I’m getting ahead of myself? I’m just helping you. Who doesn’t know that President Irwin’s heart belongs to you? He married this woman just to make you change your mind. Now that this woman is pregnant with his child, if he doesn’t settle it properly, how can you live with that?”

“Isn’t that right, oh great and mighty President Irwin?”

Alva shuddered and her eyes widened in shock at the second floor.

At this moment, all of her pain disappeared and the surrounding space seemed to distort. Everything seemed so far away, save for the only person in her line of sight.

Uriah, is that true?

Am I just a pawn for you to get your beloved one back?

Chapter 13 Have You Ever Loved Me?

All eyes were fixed at Uriah who was on the second floor.

Finally, he stood up and descended the stairs.

He approached Bella, holding her waist and said, “Let’s go.”

Throughout, he had never spared a glance at Alva.

Joy surged in Bella’s eyes, but her facial expressed hesitation. “Shouldn’t we take her to the hospital? After all, she is your ex- wife.”

“No need,” Uriah replied.

Bella’s joy instantly spread across her face, her lips couldn’t help but curl up.

Indeed, his heart truly belonged to her.

The two of them turned and left.

A faint voice reached their ears.

Very soft and gentle.

Uriah.”

Bella paused, furrowing her brows. She quickly turned her head to look at Alva who was on the ground.

Her hair was dishevelled, her face pale and translucent, without a trace of colour on her lips.

Nonetheless, her eyes were bright and clear.

She stared at Uriah, she spoke softly and slowly, “Did you ever love me? Even if it was just a little bit.”

Uriah gazed at Alva. Her reflection was fully mirrored in his pitch- black eyes, staining his gaze filled with reddishness.

“Never,” he replied.

Alva nodded, slowly releasing the hand covering her stomach.

She had known the answer beforehand, but hearing it directly from his mouth was necessary for her to completely let go.

Indeed, the game of the wealthy was one that the poor couldn't afford to play.

Alva, how tragic you are.

The last moment you were strong and stubborn, and now you lay on the ground like a lifeless person, silent and motionless.

Uriah's eyes flickered, holding Bella as they departed.



Bella felt content.

Today was the most peaceful night she had experienced in the entire year.

Uriah, let's get engaged."

Alright. "

Duke watched the departing figures, his eyes narrowing with gloomy cold.

"Chase her off!"

In this game, Uriah had emerged as the winner.

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Alva was thrown out, covered in blood, and nobody cared for her.

In the aglow night, anything could happen.

Alva opened her eyes.

The night sky was adorned with bright stars, and a crescent moon hung in the air.

Thoughts of the past year flickered through her mind. Gradually, these memories began to peel away from her recollection.

If possible, Uriah, I wish I had never met you.

A white car drove on the road, and soon, the passenger in the back seat called, "Josh, stop the car."

"Yes, Mr. Jackson."

The car made a slight braking sound, and the door opened. Jackson immediately rushed over.

“Miss, miss?”

The driver slowly approached Jackson, ” Mr. Jackson.”

“Josh, she seems to be seriously injured. We need to take her to the hospital.”

Josh glanced at the gilded characters shining in the golden night and said, ” Mr. Jackson, it’s better if we don’t intervene and get involved.”

Jackson’s facial expression turned serious instantly. “Josh, it

would be fine if I hadn’t seen it, but now that I have, I will definitely take care of it!”

Upon saying, Jackson lifted Alva up and placed her in the car.

Josh sighed. Mr. Jackson was always so kind-hearted.

The car swiftly pulled into the nearby hospital as Jackson rushed inside, carrying Alva in his arms. As he placed her on the hospital bed and caught sight of her face, his eyes widened in shock.

“Alva...”

Chapter 14 I Love You

The doctor arrived quickly and took Alva to the emergency room.

Jackson grabbed the doctor. “Why is she bleeding so much?”

“Based on the current situation, she suffered a severe hit resulting in a miscarriage. We need to perform surgery immediately.”

Jackson stepped back, “Miscarriage...”

Alva was swiftly taken into the emergency room. Josh approached, “Mr. Jackson, leave the things here for me to handle. You should go back. Madam is asking for your whereabouts.”

Jackson shook his head. “No, I’ll go back later.”

“But...”

“There’s no ‘but’ about it!”

Jackson became agitated and raised his voice.

Josh was surprised by this sudden change in the usually gentle. Mr. Jackson and quickly replied, “Yes.”

He turned and left.

Jackson suddenly called him back, “Wait.”

“Please speak, Mr. Jackson.”

“Please tell Madam that I have some urgent matters to attend and will return tomorrow. Also, have someone bring me a change of clothes.”

“Understood.”

“No one should know about tonight’s events.”

“Mr. Jackson, please rest assured.”

Josh left whilst Jackson sat down in a chair, staring at the emergency room, memories flooding his mind.

In the blink of an eye, three years had passed since he last saw her, and now it had come to this.

Uriah drove Bella to the entrance of the luxury apartment building. Bella didn't get out of the car but instead hugged him and went ahead for a kiss.

However, just as she was about to kiss those thin lips, Uriah turned his head aside.

“It's getting late.”

Bella looked at him, the car's interior dimly lit, unable to discern his expression.

“I know, can you stay tonight?”

Her hand reached into his shirt, unbuckling his buttons.

Uriah, don't you want me?”

“I do want you, very much.”

As he spoke, she straddled onto his lap, holding onto his neck, her red lips grazing his eyebrows and eyes.

Just then, a flash of light passed by.

Bella frowned.

Uriah looked ahead, somewhere in the distance. “No worry.”

Bella felt displeased, but she also knew he was doing it for her own good.

She sat up and moved to the side as Uriah opened the car door and got out, walking towards the person in front.

The person hiding behind the tree immediately ran with the camera but was quickly caught by Uriah.

“Will you give me the film, or do I have to take it myself?” His eyes were pitch black, enough to make anyone feel uneasy.

The trembling journalist handed over the film to Uriah.

Uriah took it and focused his gaze on the man.” Your working ID card.”

The man immediately said, “Mr. Uriah, rest assured, I won’t leak tonight’s events out!”

“I won’t repeat myself with the same words.”

The journalist handed his working pass to Uriah, who glanced at it and then threw it back at him.

The journalist quickly left.

Uriah turned around and walked towards Bella.

Bella looked at the approaching figure with fervour in her eyes.

In this lifetime, she had fallen into his hands.

“I’ll watch you go in.”

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Bella hugged him. “Uriah, this past year, I’ve been so afraid. Afraid that you belong to another woman, afraid that you don’t love me anymore.”

“Now, I’ve shed all my pride. I only love you. From now on, nope. I shall rephrase. I love you for the rest of my life, and only you.”

” Uriah, I love you.”

Bella, love you too.”

As the night grew darker, the car stopped at the villa.

Uriah got out of the car and went inside.

Upon taking a few steps, he stopped and look at the pitch-black. villa in front of him.

This wasn’t the marital home of Alva and him, it was one of his other properties.

Was it an illusion? He strangely felt like this was his marital home.

He lifted his gaze, looking towards the second floor.

Pitch-black.

No warm light as before.

He unbuttoned his shirt and stepped forward.

Chapter 15 Two Weeks in a Blink

Alva opened her eyes. After a moment, she touched her stomach.

It was as flat as before.

Right, it was gone.

“You’re awake?” A joyful voice came, Alva’s eyes moved to glance.

Jackson, wearing a casual shirt and pants walked towards her.

He held something in his hands but immediately put it down when he saw she was awake, focusing his attention on her.

“Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?” Jackson asked with concern when he noticed Alva staring at him without moving.

Alva’s parched lips parted. “Thank you.”

Thank you for saving me.

Jackson paused and said, “You... Do you remember me?”

Alva shook her head. “I don’t know you.”

Jackson forced a bitter smile.

Well, three years ago they had only crossed paths once. He had quietly paid attention to her for a long time. Unfortunately, when he wanted to take one more step closer to Alva, he then realised he was diagnosed with leukaemia and went abroad for treatment.

“Let’s not talk for now. I’ll call the doctor now to check on you.”

“Okay...”

The doctor arrived quickly, performed a simple examination on Alva, and then said, “You’re physically weak. You need a good rest.”

“Alright, thank you doctor.”

“You’re welcome.”

She didn’t die, life had to go on.

She would live well.

Alva stayed in the hospital for half a month before being discharged.

After the discharge, Jackson arranged for her to stay in one of his condominium apartments.

He shared with her that they were schoolmates studied in the same university. Then, she regained recollection and remembered who he was.

Jackson, her senior in the university, and also the talented musician from the music department.

He had saved her once back in school days.

Unexpectedly, three years later, he saved her again.

“You’ll stay here for now, recover properly. Once you end the postpartum recovery period, we then can think about other things when you’re in better health.”

During these two weeks, he didn’t ask her anything at all and took care of her.

“Jackson, thank you.”

She never expected to encounter such a good person during her worst stage in life.

She was very grateful.

Jackson smiled gently, “You’ve already said thank you ample times, no need to say it again.”

“I will repay you.”

She believed in repaying kindness with even greater kindness, and she would repay him for saving her life.

Suddenly, Jackson said, “How about offering yourself to me in return?”

Alva was taken aback. Seeing her expression, Jackson turned around and pretended to get a glass of water. “I was just joking.”



“Hmm.. besides offering myself, I can do anything for you.”

They have been keeping each other company for the past half month, she knew he was a wealthy man, and she had grown wary of wealthy people. Alva was afraid.

Jackson handed her the warm water, looked serious. “If you really want to repay me, take good care of your health and live a good life.”

Throughout this half month, she hadn't smiled once.

Not even once.

“Okay.”

Jackson's phone rang.

“I'll take a call.”

“Sure.”

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Jackson walked to the balcony outside, answered the call. “Mom.”

“Son, where have you been? When are you coming back?”

Ever since he was diagnosed with leukaemia, his mother had been particularly worried about him.

“I have something to do now, I'll be back later. What's the matter?”

“You've been back for so long and haven't visited your grandfather. The Irwin family hosted a banquet tonight. Let's go together so that Grandfather Zack can have a good look at you.”

“Alright, I'll be back soon.”

Jackson turned back and entered the living room. Alva said, “You don't have to worry about me, I'll take care of myself.”

“Alright, I have hired a maid. She’ll come later.”

“No need, I can manage myself...”

“I’ve already hired her. If you feel indebted, you can repay me when you start working in the future.”

Jackson’s words made it difficult for Alva to reject.

“Okay.”

Not long after, the maid arrived. Jackson gave some instructions and then left.

Alva sat on the sofa for quite a while, then picked up her phone and dialed a number.

“Hello, who is this?”

“Lawyer Tyler West, it’s me, Alva.”

#### Chapter 16 Irwins’ Family Banquet

The pale crescent moon shone like a silvery claw in the night sky at Irwin Family residence.

After dinner, Mr. Zack Irwin looked down at his children and grandchildren with undisguised joy on his face. Each of them had grown up, and one was more outstanding than the other. He was satisfied, extremely satisfied.

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Mr. Zack beckoned Jackson to come over. “Jackson, come here and let grandfather have a good look at you.”

Jackson's grandfather was Mr. Zack's best friend, and their families had been long-time acquaintances. Although Jackson's grandfather had passed away a long time ago, their relationship remained intact and strong.

"Go on," Flora's eyes were gentle and lightly patted Jackson.

"Alright mom." Jackson stood up and approached Mr. Zack, squatting down on one knee.

"Grandfather."

Mr. Zack was nearly ninety years old, but he was in high spirits and didn't look like someone approaching ninety. He held Jackson's hand, looking him up and down then nodded. "Not bad, much better compared to three years ago."

Squeezing Jackson's arm he said, "You've gained some muscles. Very good, Bravo!"

Flora chimed in, "After three years of nurturing, if he hadn't grown up well, I wouldn't have let him come back."

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Mr. Zack said solemnly, "That's right!"

After conversing with Jackson, the old patriarch looked at Uriah.

As usual, Uriah remained quiet.

He hardly spoke.

"Uriah, come with me to the study room."

"Alright." Uriah put down his coffee cup and walked over, following Mr. Zack upstairs.

Once the old patriarch went upstairs, everyone engaged in their own conversations. The atmosphere was pleasant.

Jackson looked around and noticed that someone was missing.

“Mom, didn’t you say Uriah got married? Why haven’t I seen his wife?”

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The two families had a good relationship and often held family banquets. They would return to the ancestral home and gather together for a meal when everyone had time. Due to Jackson’s illness, he couldn’t come back to join the gathering.

If Uriah got married, his wife would naturally be present.

Throughout the evening, Jackson hadn’t seen anyone except Uriah alone.

Flora’s face changed slightly as she whispered to him, ” Uriah got divorced.”

Jackson furrowed his brow.

He remembered his mother telling him that Uriah was very fond of

his wife, Ms. Alva and insisted on marrying her even though everyone objected because she was an ordinary woman from an incompatible background.

How come they got divorced so soon?

Upstairs in the study room, Mr. Zack looked at Uriah. His features resembled Madam Candice Floris, but his face resembled his second son. However, his temperament was reminiscent of no one in particular.

Dominant, assertive, and ruthless. Uriah was skilled at playing the business game and he had never once disappointed Mr. Zack.

However, when it involved a relationship, it seemed that this grandson of his, was about to stumble.

Uriah, Grandfather heard some things and would like to ask you a few questions.”

“Grandfather, please ask.”

Jackson finished conversing with the elderly in the living room and went outside. The cool breeze brushed against him, with the moon hanging from the branches and stars scattered across the sky. It was indeed a beautiful night.

He wondered how Alva was doing.

Jackson picked up his phone and dialled Alva’s number.

“Alva, have you eaten?”

“Yes, I have.”

“Is the food the servant prepared to your liking?”

“It’s good. I’m not picky.”

“That’s great.”

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As Uriah came out from the study room, he saw Jackson standing outside making a phone call. There was a gentle smile on his face, and his eyes were filled with tenderness. All of this was because of the person on the other end of the phone whom Jackson was talking to.

After chatting with Alva for a while, Jackson hung up, turned and walked inside. He wanted to visit Alva.

As he turned around, he saw someone standing in front of him.

The smile on Jackson's face faltered for a moment. He cleared his throat, toned down his smile a bit, and walked over.

In the presence of this stern elderly who rarely smiled, Jackson was respectful.

“Uriah.”

“Yes.”

“Are you feeling better now?”

“Yes, I am.”

“That's great to hear! Take care of yourself and don't let us worry anymore.”

“I will.”

## Chapter 17 It's All Over

Uriah didn't stay at the old house for long before leaving. However, shortly after the car drove away, his phone rang. He glanced at the LCD screen and activated the Bluetooth.

“Hello.” replied Uriah.

“Mr. Uriah, Ms. Alva has expressed her intention to go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to process the divorce paperwork. She also asked me to help handle the villa which she requested before and donate all the money gathered to Hope Elementary School in your name.”

Uriah looked ahead, his eyes as dark as the endless night in front of him.

“Notify her that we will be meeting at the Civil Affairs Bureau at nine o’clock tomorrow morning.”

“Understood.”

Alva received a call from Lawyer Tyler shortly and replied. “Alright, I will be there on time.”

It was time to put an end to the past.

Jackson had originally planned to come and see Alva, but he ended up playing chess and chatting with Mr. Zack until late. Flora directly asked Jackson to keep Mr. Zack accompanied at the old house.

Jackson could only agree.

Before heading to bed, he called the servant to check on Alva’s

12:20

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situation and was told that she was coping well. He felt relieved.

Three years ago, he missed her, and he wouldn’t want to miss her again after three years.

Early in the next morning, Alva prepared to leave the house. The servant was surprised when she saw this.

“Miss, you still can’t go out now. You haven’t completed your postpartum recovery period, and you mustn’t expose yourself to the wind.”

Alva changed her shoes. “It’s okay. I have something to take care of, and I’ll be back soon right after I’m done.”

“But...”

Alva interrupted her. “Don’t worry, I’ll be fine.”

She opened the door and went out.

The servant was very concerned and called Jackson.

“What’s the matter?”

“Sir, Miss just left the house.”

“She went out?” Jackson frowned and walked out of the room with his phone.

“Yes, she said she had something to take care of.”

Jackson furrowed his brows. “I got it.”

After hanging up the phone, he called Alva.

Just as Alva stepped out of the elevator, her phone rang. She

glanced at the screen and answered, ” Jackson.”

“I just heard from the servant that you went out for something. What are you planning to do? I can come and pick you up.”

“No need. I’ll be back soon.”

Jackson paused for two seconds. “Alright, if you need anything, don’t hesitate to call me.”

“Okay.”

Jackson looked at the dimming phone screen with a hint of unease, then turned around and went back inside.



Alva walked out of the apartment building and hailed a taxi to the Civil Affairs Bureau. She reached early, whilst on the other hand, Uriah hadn't arrived.

She checked the time, walked towards and sat on the bench in front of her, then dazed blankly.

Not long after, a luxurious Rolls-Royce pulled up outside.

Alva's eyes flickered and she turned to look at the person getting out of the car.

Uriah dressed in a neat suit, meticulously groomed hair, and exuded an air of a powerful businessman.

Alva turned around and walked inside.

Uriah looked at the person in front of him, his dark eyes deep and steady.

It seemed as if something changed, yet also not.

Marriage came quick, divorce came even quicker.

Alva speedily signed the documents and got up to leave, without casting a single glance at the person beside her.

As she walked out, Lawyer Tyler appeared in front of her.

"Miss Alva."

Alva nodded. "Lawyer Tyler."

Lawyer Tyler got straight to the point. "Regarding the matter of handling the villa you mentioned yesterday, apologies that I don't have the authority to handle it for you. Please take care of it yourself."

"Okay."

"Is there anything else?"

“No, that’s all.”

“Got it, I shall make a move first.”

“Sure, see you around.”

Alva hailed a taxi and left.

Uriah walked out and watched the departing car.

Such indifference, as if the person who used to begged him before was someone else.

## Chapter 18 The Departure

Alva returned back to the apartment. She was surprised to see Jackson.

Upon seeing the door open, Jackson approached her. “You’re back.”

Alva noticed the apron he was wearing. “What’s this for?”

“Oh, you haven’t tasted the food I cooked yet. You can try it later and see how it tastes,” he replied.

Alva looked towards the kitchen, catching a whiff of the delicious aroma. Her gaze lowered, and she spoke, “Okay.”

Half an hour later, the meal was served, and the colours and presentation were excellent.

The taste couldn’t possibly be bad.

Jackson placed a piece of sweet and sour spareribs into her bowl. “The weather is humid, have some sour and sweet dishes to stimulate your appetite.”

Alva picked it up and took a bite.

Jackson nervously looked at her, “How is it?”

“It’s delicious.”

“Really?” His eyes lit up.

Alva replied earnestly, “Really.”

“Great! have some more then.”

Jackson kept serving Alva more dishes, and she finished them all. Jackson was very happy.

After dinner, Alva proceeded to clean up the table, but Jackson stopped her. “You can’t touch cold water, I’ll do it.”

“I can use hot water instead.”

“Nope. Although I’m a man, I believe I can handle these easy tasks too. Sit down whilst I do the cleaning.”

Alva knew she couldn’t resist him, she sat on the sofa and watched his busy figure in the kitchen.

Initially, she thought she was lucky to have met such a good person, even could take care of her.

But now, she doesn’t feel the same way.

No one would unconditionally treat someone well, especially someone as outstanding as him.

Jackson likes her.

She didn’t believe it, but she had to accept this fact.

Jackson finished cleaning and sat next to her. “How are you feeling? Are you used to living here?”

“Yes. I’m getting used to it,” Alva replied.

Looking at him, she said, “Jackson, I’m leaving.”

A frozen smile appeared on Jackson’s face, then disappeared.

“You haven’t fully recovered yet. Where are you going?”

“Home.”

“Home?” Jackson suddenly remembered that she still had a home.

Jackson nodded his head and said, “Where do you stay? I’ll send you home.”

“You don’t need to. I’ll go by myself. Give me your bank account number, and I’ll repay you once I start working.”

Jackson felt that Alva was starting to distance herself from him. He crossed his hands and clenched them tightly before finally asking, “Do you really have to leave?”

“Yes.”

“When are you leaving?”

“I have a flight at 3 o’clock in the afternoon.”

In the afternoon, Alva boarded the plane back to H city, while Jackson stood at the airport, gazing ahead, his hands tightly clenched.

Two years later.

Daven, 35th floor, Fashion Design Department.

Alva casually tied up her long hair with a pencil and held another pencil in her hand, drawing on a piece of paper.

She was drawing with seriousness and concentration, her hair falling in front of her ears unnoticed.

Suddenly, a Louis appeared in front of her, tickling her nose.

Alva’s nose itches, and she sneezes.

“Oh my God! Alva you’re trampling on my good means!” Frank said with exaggerated expressions.

Rubbing her nose, Alva looked at him helplessly. “Frank, I’m very busy.”

Frank, a mixed-race man with an Asian face and blue Western eyes, was affectionate and passionate.

He was the co-owner of Daven, with his elder sister as the main owner.

He was a playboy but also a shrewd businessman.

A year ago, he was impressed by her designs during a competition and recruited her to Daven. He then pursued her romantically.

However, after realising that she was not interested in relationships, he settled for becoming good friends with her.

“You’re always so busy every time I see you Alva, is this really good for you?” Frank sat on her desk, suddenly getting closer to her, his deep blue eyes mesmerising.

Alva looked into his eyes, completely unaffected by his charm.

Especially when his mouth was about to get closer to hers, she accurately covered his mouth and pushed him away.

“If you want the new summer collection to be completed soon, don’t disturb me.”

Frank clutched his chest, looking hurt. “Alva, you’re breaking my

heart with your attitude.”

Alva smirked. “Did you come to see me just to flirt?”

Frank gave her a seductive look. “Alva, you are still the one that understands me best.”

Turning around, he sat back on his chair, spun around, and looked at her. “Will you accompany me tonight to meet a client at Golden Night?”

## Chapter 19 The Place That Frightens Her

It had been two years. The Golden Night remained extravagant, wild, and terrifying.

The car stopped outside the entrance, Alva looked at the golden plaque of the Golden Night.

Under the night sky, the colourful lights made it appear like a blooming poppy, breathtakingly beautiful.

But for Alva, this place was nothing but fear, and scary.

Her life changed drastically from here.

Her child was also separated from her here, resulting in them both living in a different world. Her child has passed on.

This was the place that left a scar on her heart.

A place she could never forget despite how long the time has passed.

“Miss Alva, my beautiful and elegant lady, please step out of the car.” A tender voice came as Frank stood outside the car,

extending his gentlemanly hand.

Alva tugged at the corner of her mouth and grabbed her bag, stepping out of the car.

It was all in the past now, buried by time no matter how many wounds and pains there were.

She had to live.

She had to face it.

Frank looked at his empty hand and sighed, “Alva, tell me, what do I need to do to win you over?”

Alva looked at him seriously and said, “Change your gender.”

Frank’s eyes widened. “Oh my! You actually...”

Alva curved her lips and walked inside.

After entering the luxurious lobby, the smile at the corner of her mouth faded.

Two years had passed, but her heart still trembled when she returned here.

The client was already waiting in the private room. As they entered, Frank immediately gave the other person a big hug.

They seemed to be familiar with each other, and the other person was very friendly.

After exchanging greetings, they took their seats. Frank asked Alva to show the client her design sketches.

Before coming, Frank had already told Alva about the importance of this client. They had to work hard to secure a deal with this person.

Upon client taking over the design sketches, Alva began explaining her sketch ideas.

The client listened attentively, asking questions from time to time and nodding occasionally.

The atmosphere was fantastic.

Half an hour quickly passed, and the client said, “I will consider it.”

They closed the design sketches.

Immediately, Frank said, “Duke, if you have any questions, feel free to speak up. We can discuss it, alright?”

“Precisely! But I haven’t eaten yet. Do you want me to discuss the project with you on an empty stomach?” the client replied.

“Of course not! Let’s order some food!”

Soon, the dishes were served. Unsure if it was due to sudden relaxation, Alva suddenly felt a pain in her stomach.

She said to both of them, “Sorry, I need to use the restroom.”

Frank noticed that she didn’t look well and said, “Go ahead.”

Alva nodded and turned to leave.

She arrived at the restroom and came out shortly after, standing in front of the basin, looking at her reflection in the mirror.

Her makeup was perfectly done, appearing gentle and elegant.

However, her face was a little pale.

She had been pushing herself to come here, thinking she could disguise herself well, but it seemed that she had overestimated herself.

She took her bag, touched up her makeup until her face showed no signs of anything unusual, and then she went back outside.

As she was leaving, she took out her phone and sent a message to Frank.

She informed him that her menstruation came, and she needed to temporarily leave to buy sanitary pads.

After sending the message, she was about to put her phone back in her bag when she bumped into someone.

Her phone fell onto the ground, and Alva immediately apologised.

She bent down to pick up the phone, but before she could, her hand was held by the person, and with a strong force, she bumped into their embrace and rested on his chest.



She was startled and looked up.

To her surprise, she met a face that seemed to penetrate her inner soul.

## Chapter 20 The Urge To Hit Him

This stranger whom she knocked onto seemed drunk, his eyes hazy and unfocused.

Wearing a red shirt and casual trousers, his fair face was flushed.

Three buttons on his shirt were unbuckled, and the collar seemed to have been pulled to the side, revealing the kiss marks on his neck.

Even the collar of his shirt had them.

Alva looked at his face, a strong emotion surged within her.

Her body trembled uncontrollably.

It was him, this person.

Everything was because of him, leading to what happened afterward, turning everything upside down.

It was all because of him!

Alva shouted in her heart, her eyes gradually turning red.

However, Spencer touched her face and let out a belch, “Little Vixen, what’s with that look in your eyes? It’s giving me goosebumps.”

Alva clenched her fists, resisting the urge to hit this man. She pushed him away and quickly left.

She couldn't afford to offend these rich people.

That's the terrifying reality.

Alva wanted to leave, yet Spencer didn't want her to go. He grabbed her, pulled her into his embrace, and smirked, "Running away? Do you want to play Tom and Jerry with me?"

As he spoke, he tried to kiss her. Alva couldn't control her emotions any longer. She raised her hand and slapped him.

Spencer was taken aback by the slap, touching his face and saying, "Did you just hit me?"

"Yes, I did."

She wanted to hit him again.

Before she could raise her hand again, Spencer suddenly held her tightly, laughing heartily, "You actually hit me?"

"Little vixen, I really like you!"

"Come, let's go home, and let me take good care of you."

He then hugged Alva and stumbled forward.

Alva felt that this man was insane. She struggled hard and pushed him away saying, “Let go of me!”

But no matter how hard she pushed, she couldn't break free from Spencer's restraints.

Bang! Spencer kicked the door of a private room and took her inside, saying, ” Bitch, we're home!”

He pressed her against the wall, pulled out a belt, and handed it to her saying, ” Bitch, come on, continue. Hit me with this.”

As he spoke, he pointed at himself.

However, Alva didn't make this move. Instead, she looked behind him, at the person sitting on the high-end crocodile leather sofa.

As usual, he wore a white shirt, black trousers, with three buttons unbuckled at the collar, sleeves rolled up to the elbows. His fair skin emitted a cold glow under the lights.

It's Uriah.

Two years had passed. He was still the same, attitude still as cold.

There was not only Uriah in the private room but also other people.

However, including Uriah will make up three pax.

Just when Spencer barged in with Alva, two more people suddenly appeared in the private room.

And at this moment, the other two people stared in astonishment at Spencer and Alva.

No one expected these two people to suddenly appear.

“Little vixen, why aren’t you doing anything?” Spencer grew impatient when he saw Alva not moving.

Alva snapped back to reality, looking at the intoxicated man in front of her. She smiled and said softly, “Sir, we’ve come to the wrong place.”

“What? We’re in the wrong place?”

“Yes, look, there are other people here.”

Spencer turned around. Indeed, Uriah was looking at him.

“Oh, isn’t this Mr. Uriah?” Spencer shook his head, trying to clear his vision, confirmed it was Uriah, and nodded, “Mr. Uriah, I apologise for coming to the wrong place.”

In his intoxicated state, he bent down as a sign of apologies.

Watching Spencer about to stumble, Alva held onto him.

Spencer took the opportunity to wrap his arm around her waist and said to the people in the private room, “I disturbed Mr. Uriah’s tranquillity today. I’ll pay for everyone’s bill. Drink and have fun!”

He waved his hand generously, kissed Alva on the face, and pinched her waist, his lips nestling into her neck. “Little vixen, let’s go home and continue to have a good time!”

Alva lowered her eyes and smiled gently, as delicate as a rosebud waiting to bloom. Not ostentatious, yet it made people's hearts tighten.

“Okay, I’ll listen to you.”

“You’re so obedient.”

The two of them walked away, their voices fading through the distance.

In the private room, Roy Hill and Verne Tim looked at each other, both filled with disbelief.

They had attended Uriah’s wedding, so they weren’t mistaken. The person who was just taken away by Spencer was Uriah’s ex-wife, Alva.

However, now that his ex-wife had become a mistress in such

places, they had no idea what their friend’s current state of mind

was.

Both of them turned their gazes towards Uriah simultaneously.