

## Fled With CEO's Twin Babies Chapter 1 - 10

### Chapter 1 Let's Divorce

“Ah... Slower...!” The woman pleaded in the dimly lit room, gripping the man's strong back.

Her moans of pleasure only fueled his eagerness as he moved back and forth with intensity. Their heavy breaths mingled together, igniting a fiercer passion within each other.

CLANG!!!

Their wild movements knocked over the lamp on the bedside table. The orange light turned on and lit up the room.

Still struggling to catch his breath, Joe Smith looked at Mia White with a mocking gaze.

“I can't believe you're this desperate. Drugging me just to get me to touch you? Well, are you satisfied now?”

With a smirk, he changed his angle and continued with his hard thrusts, taking her pleasure to new heights.

A single tear slipped down her cheek as she struggled to speak, “I didn't...”

His eyes darkened upon seeing her cry, pushing him to move even faster, and with a few more thrusts they both reached climax.

Letting out a low growl, Joe released Mia, still shaking from aftershocks, lost in a daze. He headed towards the bathroom, leaving her to lie motionless on the bed. It took her some time to gather her strength and slowly dress herself.

Her gaze fell upon the nightstand drawer, and she bit her lip.

Three years ago, when the White Group was facing a financial crisis, her parents drugged her and sent her to Joe's bed to secure an alliance with the Smith family.

Joe believed that it was all Mia's scheme to get closer to him, and despised her from the start. And more than that, he never loved her because he treasured someone else.

Wendy Swan.

Wendy had saved his life. He was incredibly grateful, and wanted to marry her. But due to certain family obligations and business contracts, he was forced to marry Mia instead.

Despite his hatred, Mia cared and loved him in every way, even though the high society of Atlanta all mocked and looked down on her for it.

But she didn't care about their opinions. She never complained once, continuing to tolerate everything Joe did that proved how much he hated her.

But today, she decided... she couldn't take it anymore.

She was pregnant.



Joe and Mia had made a deal not to have children. Or more accurately, Joe didn't want her to have his child.

She took out the papers from the bedside table drawer.

Joe emerged from his bath, a deep scowl on his face. He tossed a small box of pills Mia.

“Take it.”

Mia read the label on the box, “emergency contraceptive,” and felt a wave of disappointment wash over her.

Her hesitation irritated him, and he scoffed, “We’ll not have kids. Mia. Quit dreaming.”

Mia threw the pills aside, her expression devoid of emotion.

“I don’t need them. I won’t get pregnant this time. And... I have something to tell you.”

Tear streaks were still visible on her face, shimmering under the light.

Despite his coldness to her, Joe couldn’t deny the pang in his chest, seeing her tears.

But he pushed the strange feeling aside. “Go ahead. How much do you want this time?”

“I’m tired. I want a divorce.”

Joe’s eyes widened in disbelief. Anxiety washed over him, and he clenched his fists tight.

“So now you’re playing hard to gel, huh? How much does your family want this time?”

Wordlessly, Mia pushed the document towards him, the two-centimeter scar on her slender arm standing out. Her expression remained terrifyingly calm.

Joe nonchalantly picked up the document, “The White family finally realized you’re useless. They must be planning to exchange you for money...”

Right away, the words “Divorce Agreement” came into his view.

## Chapter 2 The Compensation

Joe's eyes narrowed, tossing the divorce agreement onto the table.

He lit a cigarette and blew smoke toward Mia's face, staring at her through the haze. "You've taken your little game too far," he sneered.

It didn't make sense to him that she would settle for just a clean split and nothing else. He thought this agreement was just a game to threaten him. He knew Mia loved him. She would never leave him. Plus, her family's company would never let her go through with a divorce.

Mia clenched the blanket next to her, locking eyes with Joe. She spoke slowly and firmly, "I only want a divorce. I'm not plotting anything. I've given back everything I owe you." "I don't love you anymore..."

Her words were a mixture of sadness and determination. She didn't explicitly say it, but Joe somehow knew the hidden meaning underneath.

It was... affecting him. More than he'd care to admit.

Something was wrong.

He took a step forward, pinning her with his intense gaze. He lifted her chin with his fingers, blowing smoke in her face, making her turn away and cough.

He smirked and grabbed a pen from the table. "You really think I won't sign it?"

She coughed, tears welling up in her eyes, but she quietly watched him sign his name.

“You better not regret this.”

He wasn’t going to let her have her way.

After it was signed, he tossed the divorce agreement to the floor. Then he pulled a card from his wallet and threw it at Mia.

“Consider this compensation for your...” He paused, his frown deepening. “...hardships this past year.”

With that, he slammed the door and left. He rarely spent the night here.

The bedroom fell into complete silence.

Mia clutched the card with trembling hands, her eyes turning red.

She bit her lip, tears streaming down her pale face.

The pain in her heart was unbearable.

She touched her belly, curling up on the bed, and sobbed till her throat hurt.

A while later, she gathered her strength, packed a few clothes, and booked a flight to Farmland for the next day.

She had loved Joe for three years. Sometimes hated him.

But now, it was all over.

That night, Joe stayed in an apartment near his company. The next day, he drove to Sun House after finishing work.

Today was the day he and Mia were supposed to visit Joe's grandpa, Sir Smith. However, when he arrived at the Sun House, he couldn't find her anywhere.

He asked the maid, "Where's Mrs. Smith?"

She hesitated, looking at Joe cautiously before answering, "Mrs. Smith hasn't arrived yet. Should I call her?"

"No need." He dismissed her, then walked into the house. He paid no mind to Mia's absence, assuming she would show up eventually.

After retiring from the Smith Group, Sir Smith fell in love with gardening. When Joe walked in, he was watering the plants in the yard.

When saw Joe, Sir Smith glanced behind him and his face suddenly darkened. "Where's Mia?"

"I don't know," Joe answered nonchalantly, "But she was with me at the apartment last night."

Joe had already pushed the divorce agreement out of his mind.

"You Idiot!" Sir Smith scolded.

In Sir Smith's eyes, he knew that it had to be his idiot grandson's fault that Mia, who usually arrived early with bundles of carefully prepared gifts, hadn't appeared.

Not wanting to scold his grandson in front of others, he ordered sternly, "Come with me."

Then the two of them entered the study together.

“So you’re the reason for that scandal?” Sir Smith looked at Joe with a gloomy expression.

Confused, Joe asked, “What scandal?”

Sir Smith tossed his phone at Joe and snapped, “Take a good look!”

Joe took the phone.

He saw a trending headline that read:

[Golden Award-winning Actress, Wendy Swan’s Mysterious Boyfriend Revealed, and It’s Him!]

The photo that came with the news showed Joe and Wendy dining together a few days ago. The paparazzi managed to capture them at an angle that made it seem like they were kissing passionately. But in fact, Joe had only been helping her keep her balance.

Joe tried to explain, “This is nonsense.”

“Have someone delete this Twitter post as soon as possible,” Sir Smith demanded, “This scandal damages Mia and the White family’s reputation. What will people say about her?”

His face darkened as he asked, “What does it have to do with her?”

“I know what you’re thinking! Don’t try to fool me again!”

Grabbing the teacup in his hand, Sir Smith threw it at Joe.

Joe dodged the cup, and it shattered into pieces on the floor.

Sir Smith growled, “Wendy Swan will never marry into the Smith family! Over my dead body! Don’t be as ungrateful as your father!”

At the mention of his father, Joe’s stoic expression finally dropped, his eyes going down to the floor. He muttered, “I

won’t.”

Sir Smith’s face softened slightly. After discussing other matters, Joe left the study.

He called his assistant, Jack, and instructed, “Take down the post on Twitter.”

Then he drove back to the villa.

As he entered, he saw a woman in a white dress with her back to him.

‘Hm... Must be Mia. Sure enough, what she said was just to threaten me and get me back to her.

Joe cleared his throat, put on a faint smile, and then sarcastically remarked, “Thought you said you were leaving. Couldn’t resist coming back?”

The next second, the woman turned around.

It wasn’t Mia.

With her face beaming with joy, she walked towards him, exclaiming, “Joe!”

“What are you doing here?” Joe’ eyes widened in puzzlement.

Chapter 3 Why Are You Wearing

Her Dress?

Joe wasn't expecting Wendy to be at his home.

And more than that... she was wearing Mia's dress.

The white strapless dress didn't fit Wendy's curvy figure, and her breasts were spilling out the top. But she hugged Joe as if she didn't notice it at all.

"What's the matter? Aren't you happy to see me?" Wendy asked flirtatiously. She placed her fingers on the back of Joe's neck and caressed his skin.

Joe pushed her away, frowning. "Who let you in? And why are you wearing Mia's clothes?"

Wendy's smile faltered for a moment. But she quickly composed herself and played coy.

"The maid Emma let me in. I accidentally spilled coffee on myself when I got here. I'm just borrowing one of Mia's dresses. I'm sure she wouldn't mind, right?"

"Where is Mia?"

Back when Joe accidentally brought Wendy's lipsticks back home, Mia was furious and even told Sir Smith about it. So, Joe

found it hard to believe that Mia would lend her dress to Wendy.

"How should I know? She wasn't here when I arrived," Wendy replied.

Her eyes lowered slightly as she continued to move closer to Joe and lean in to kiss him.

An image of Mia wearing the same dress flashed in Joe's mind, and he avoided Wendy's hand.

“Joe?”

“Don’t wear her clothes anymore,” Joe spat, “They don’t suit you.”

Wendy wanted to say something else, but he cut her off, “You should go home now. I’ll see you tonight at the Mystery Club.”

Wendy was surprised that Joe would remain indissereant even when she seduced him that way.

But realizing that she had to maintain the “good girl” image in front of him, Wendy had no choice but to nod and comply. Before leaving, she made sure Joe saw the heart-shaped birthmark on her arm.

Joe immediately softened his expression.

Seeing that, Wendy turned to leave, hiding her smirk.

The strong scent of Wendy’s perfume filled the villa, overpowering the air. Joe’s face slightly darkened as he headed upstairs.

In the master bedroom, the bed covers were messy, and he didn’t see the divorce agreement he had carelessly thrown on the floor yesterday. Joe glanced around casually, scoffed, and went into the dressing room.

He noticed that the wardrobe was packed full. Mia’s clothes were still there. Wendy had just taken one of her dresses.

He felt smug, believing that Mia was just bluffing when she proposed a divorce.

Joe left the master bedroom after changing his clothes.

He left in such a hurry that he didn't notice the bank card and divorce papers that had fallen to the floor.

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At the Mystery Club

Under the colorful lights, Joe lounged on a sofa, surrounded by blasting music. Wendy, dressed in a fiery red and revealing dress, leaned against him. And she accepted all the compliments of those around them.

They were playing a game of Spin the Bottle. Someone spun a bottle on the table, and it ended up pointing at Joe.

Joe's acquaintance John grinned mischievously. He was ready

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to lease Joe, but one look in his eyes was warning enough.

John shuddered and opted for a safer question. “Joc... How did you meet Wendy?”

Wendy gazed at him. Joe picked up a glass of beer and drained it. He then replied with tenderness in his eyes, “Wendy saved my life.”

“She did?!”

Everyone was shocked, except Wendy, who was smiling as she gently leaned against Joe.

Twenty years ago, Joe and a little girl were kidnapped.

They kept each other company for a few days until Joe found a chance to escape, leaving the little girl behind. Before escaping, he promised her that he would come back and rescue her.

However, things didn't go as planned. By the time he came back with a rescue team, the girl had disappeared, and the kidnappers were gone.

All he remembered was the heart-shaped birthmark on her arm.

In those dark days, Joe didn't lose hope because of that girl. From then on, he kept looking for her until he stumbled upon Wendy singing at a bar. The heart-shaped birthmark on her arm reminded him of the girl.

Joe was already engaged to Mia at that time. But he married Mia in the end.

Thinking of Mia, Joe's face darkened again.

Suddenly, his other acquaintance Lucas cursed, holding his phone in his hand.

"What's going on?" John asked.

"My friend ran into Miss White at the airport."

"Who?" Joe was puzzled, frowning.

"Mia White."

Hearing that, Joe's face turned even grimmer. He asked, "What is she doing at the airport?"

## Chapter 4 You Will Regret It

John and Lucas exchanged glances, wondering how they could possibly know about it.

Joe's phone suddenly rang.

The moment he answered the call, he heard Sir Smith shouting angrily, "Idiot! You're planning to divorce Mia? Are you kidding me?!"

His rage erupted through the phone, and everyone could hear. Joe stood up and walked to the door.

Behind him, Wendy tightly clenched her palm, resentment in her eyes.

Joe walked to a quiet place and explained to his grandfather, "Mia is just throwing a tantrum. Ignore her, she'll calm down in a few days."

"Then why is she at the airport? Did you drive her away so that you can marry that woman? I told you... As long as I'm alive, Wendy will never ever marry into the Smith family! Never!"

Joe furrowed his brow. "Did she really go to the airport?"

Just the thought that Mia was actually planning to leave him... it put a deeply unpleasant feeling in his chest. And it annoyed him how much she affected him.

Sir Smith sighed. "My people saw her at the airport. Go get her back! Mia's a good girl. If you let her go, you'll regret it."

And then, he hung up without waiting for Joe to reply.

When Joe returned to the private room, he looked incredibly gloomy.

“You guys carry on. I’ll leave first.”

“Joe, where are you going?” Wendy asked. She looked perplexed as Joe confidently walked away without looking back.

Joe called Mia several times but couldn’t reach her. Not knowing if she had turned off her phone or blocked him, he had no choice but to call Jack to find out where she was.

Joe, consumed by anger, raced back to his villa and confronted Emma angrily, “Where is Mrs. Smith?”

Emma stuttered, “I...I don’t know. But Mr. Smith, I found something in the room...”

Before she could finish, Joe rushed upstairs. And, as expected, Mia was nowhere to be found there.

In the past, no matter how late he came home, Mia would always be waiting for him in the bedroom. Even if he was upset, she would always greet him with a gentle smile.

Frustrated, Joe yanked off his tie and scanned the room. It had

been tidied up, and the bed looked perfectly untouched, like she had never even slept there. The wardrobe in the dressing room was still full. But upon closer inspection, Joe noticed that some of Mia’s casual clothes were missing.

Joe’s face darkened instantly. When Mia married him and moved in, she only brought two suitcases of belongings. And Joe bought the rest of the clothes in the wardrobe for her.

But she didn’t take any of the clothes he bought. She only took away her own things.

Joe’s gaze shifted to the nightstand where he saw a bank card

the one he had given to Mia the night before. As he picked it up, he quickly discovered the divorce agreement hidden underneath.

It was the divorce agreement they had signed together. Anxiety started to spread within him, and Sir Smith's words echoed in his mind, "You'll regret it..."

It couldn't be true. He knew how infatuated Mia was with him. She wouldn't leave him. This was just another game she was playing to try and make him give in.

Joe lit a cigarette, filling the room with smoke as he called Jack, "Have you found her?"

"Our people saw Mrs. Smith at the airport, but..."

"Just bring her back!"

He took a deep breath, trying to suppress his anxiety. It had been a long time since he had felt this overwhelming mix of surprise and anger; not since his parents' incident. He couldn't understand why...

"But Mrs. Smith has already boarded the plane and taken off."

Looking at the divorce agreement in his hand, Joe looked incredibly gloomy.

"Send people to intercept her when the plane lands! Bring her back to me at all costs!"

With that, Joe angrily threw his phone at the wall, shattering it to pieces.

"So you finally got away, huh Mia? You'd better hide well and don't let me ever catch you!"

Chapter 5 Five Years Later

Mia had indeed bought a ticket to Farmland. However, Joe's men couldn't find her at the airport she was supposed to arrive at, and there was no evidence of her traveling to other countries.

Joe and Jack continued searching for her for two months, but they had no luck.

Mia White had essentially disappeared...

\*Five years later, at the airport in Atlanta\*

The special assistant of Horizon Group, Frank Wilson, waited anxiously outside the airport. He kept his eyes fixed on the exit. Finally, a woman appeared, and he sighed in relief.

He quickly approached her and greeted her politely. "Welcome, Miss Clinton."

The woman was dressed in a tight red dress that showed off her lovely curves. She slowly took off her sunglasses, revealing her bright eyes.

"Thank you," she said with a warm smile.

She had changed a lot in the past five years. No one from her old life would ever recognize this dazzling woman as the gentle daughter of the White family, Mia White.

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Though Frank had seen her countless times through a computer screen, he was still captivated by her beauty in real life. He hurriedly took her luggage. "Would you like to go to the hotel first or head straight to the company?"

"Let's go to the company first."

Frank nodded and took Mia directly to the Horizon Group office.

Horizon Group had become a very powerful company, despite having only been founded just two years ago. It was quickly catching up to the Four Major Family Corporations, and even earned the respect of their leaders.

Not much was known about the person in charge of Horizon Group, leading to much speculation. Only the executives of Horizon knew the true identity of the person at the top.

Frank led Mia upstairs. The receptionist at the front desk noted how he was so attentive to a mysterious woman. She couldn't help but wonder who she was.

Minutes later, Mia reached the top floor of the building. Looking down at the familiar sights of Atlanta, she felt her anxiety growing.

She quickly composed herself and asked Frank, "Isn't tomorrow Sir Smith's birthday?"

"Yes! Are you planning to go?"

At the mention of the Smith family, Mia's eyes flickered with unreadable emotions, but she soon returned to her normal self and smiled sweetly

"We have a project in collaboration with the Smith family, don't we? Of course, I have to go."

Frank nodded and was about to leave when Mia stopped him again. "I don't have a suitable dress. Have someone send some over."

After he left, the large office became quiet.

Mia couldn't help but recall the past, and a bitter smile appeared on her face.

Suddenly, her thoughts were interrupted by her ringing phone.

Mia answered the video call and saw two adorable children on the screen.

"Mommy!" They exclaimed.

Seeing their chubby faces on the screen, Mia felt her anxiety melt away.

"Have you two been good?" Mia asked softly.

"Yes!" The little boy answered sweetly, while the little girl whispered, "Grandpa took us horse riding today."

"Horse riding?" She raised an eyebrow, "Then you need to behave for Grandpa. Mommy will be back soon."

The children nodded and chatted for a while before ending the call.

The moment the call ended, Mia's gentle smile and demeanor vanished, replaced by her sharp business persona.

At night, Sun-House was brightly lit.

Inside the hall, big shots from Atlanta gathered, chatting lively.

These people would be the center of attention outside, but the Smith family managed to invite them all to the party.

Joe stood in the second-floor hallway, observing the scene below with a detached expression.

His handsome face had matured over the past five years, radiating wisdom and depth. His well-tailored ash suit

emphasized his tall stature, attracting admiring glances from the ladies present.

Joe ignored their stares, glancing back at his assistant, Jack.

Jack adjusted his glasses and spoke rapidly, “We heard that the CEO of Horizon Group has returned to the country today. They should be here for Sir Smith’s birthday celebration.”

The Smiths and Horizon Group had reached an agreement two

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months ago to collaborate on a major project. The CEO of

Horizon returned at this point with the purpose of negotiating with the Smiths in person.

Joe replied, “Politely escort them to the second floor later.”

Jack agreed but hesitated before adding, “Miss Swan is also almost here, and... ”

He stopped suddenly, sensing a change in Joe’s mood.

“Sir?”

Joe’s jawline tightened, and his intense gaze fell on the entrance, his presence commanding.

Following his gaze, Jack was shocked to see the person at the entrance. A familiar woman that they thought they’d never see again.

“It’s...” Jack murmured. “It’s her...”

## Chapter 6 How Dare You Appear Again?

At the entrance, Mia was dressed in a simple black strapless gown. A hollow heart shape at the back revealed her fair, delicate skin, which looked even more mysteriously alluring against the dark fabric.

She was like a beguiling fairy, intruding upon the mortal realm, yet utterly unaware of her own magnetism to those around her. She failed to notice that more than half the room’s eyes were drawn to her.

Mia confidently walked into the hall, her eyes flashing a hint of scorn at the extravagance before her.

After five years, she finally returned to this place.

Mia’s bold appearance surprised many, especially those who were trying to curry favor with Wendy. They were quick to confront her.

“Wow! Isn’t this Miss White who has gone abroad? What’s wrong? You are starving and decided to come back?” A

flamboyantly dressed Internet celebrity, Amy, blocked Mia’s path.

Mia raised an eyebrow, scanning the woman up and down, “Who are you?”

Amy’s face stiffened. She glared at Mia angrily, “Are you pretending not to be Mia? Who doesn’t know that you fawned over Mr. Smith for three years, only to end up divorcing

and leaving the country in disgrace? Now you're back here; planning to latch onto Mr. Smith again, are you?"

Mia, long immune to such bad rumors and slanders, was unfazed. But not far away, Joe's face darkened at the sight.

Five years had passed. He thought that Mia had made progress, but he didn't expect that she would be stopped by Easily picked on by little people like that.

"Mr. Smith..."

Jack glanced at Joe, subconsciously worried.

Five years ago, when Mia suddenly disappeared, Joe spared no expense to find her, but to no avail.

The usually stoic Mr. Smith was furious for the first time, and his mood was foul for the following six months.

Everyone at Smith Group worked on pins and needles, fearing they might be fired on the spot for the slightest mistake.

Although five years had passed, Jack didn't know if Joe still cared...

Sensing Jack's gaze, Joe glanced at him expressionlessly. Jack immediately suggested, "Since our guests have arrived, shall we go downstairs to welcome them?"

Jack conveniently forgot that just half an hour ago, Mr. Smith. had brought him upstairs, irritated by the reception.

Joe sneered and walked downstairs.

Upon Mia's instruction, Frank had deliberately kept his distance. When seeing Mia being offended, he intended to come over, but was stopped by Mia's gesture.

"You might want to save your fawning for Wendy. Since she's not here yet, why don't you wait until she arrives and then continue your hard sell?" Mia smirked sarcastically.

"You!" Amy's face changed as she heard laughter from the crowd behind her.

Just as she was about to lash out, a deep male voice called from behind, "Mia White."

Seeing who it was, Mia's movement slightly stiffened, but she quickly mustered a polite smile, "Mr. Smith."

Looking at the even more beautiful woman before him, Joe experienced a moment of disorientation.

The Mia who used to be by his side was gentle and dignified, her eyes always filled with his presence.

But now, she was radiant like a rose, tempting yet thorny.

He couldn't quite grasp his feelings: anger, shock, and perhaps even a joy he couldn't detect himself.

Rage swirled in Joe's eyes as he took a step forward, "You dare to show up here."

Chapter 7 He Wants to Firmly Grasp it in His Hands

The man's suppressed anger made Mia take a step back slightly, but a smile appeared on her face, "Mr. Smith can't be so

narrow-minded that you don't even want to celebrate Sir Smith's birthday, can you?"

Joe let out a sarcastic laugh, "What, the White family sent you here, right? Have they squandered their money again and want to resort to old tricks, sending you to beg for more?"

These years the White family had already declined, desperately seeking to reestablish connections with the Smith family, but Joe had never agreed.

Hearing what he said, how could Mia not guess what he was thinking?

Her face immediately turned gloomy, "I have no ties with the White family anymore. You don't have to worry about getting involved with me again."

She indifferently swirled her wine glass, turning to leave.

But suddenly, a strong hand grabbed her wrist, muffling her scream before it escaped, and he dragged her to a secluded corridor.

Mia was so frightened that she didn't even look at him. She reached out and slapped him.

But Joe, with a dark expression, firmly caught her hand mid-strike.

He effortlessly seized her hand, raising it above her head, his hot breath fanning her neck, "Sun House is not a place you can come and go as you please."

Their position was undeniably intimate, yet Mia's mind was filled only with anger, "Joe, we divorced five years ago. You had better behave yourself!"

“Well-behaved?” Joe’s eyes gleamed wickedly, “That’s not what you said when you drugged me five years ago.”

Mentioning the incident from five years ago, Mia’s face turned a shade paler, her beautiful eyes filled with a soft glimmer.

Joe’s gaze momentarily lost focus, his grip unintentionally tightening.

Since he took control of the Smith Group, both the family and the business had been firmly in his grasp without any variables.

The only variable was Mia.

He did not accept variables or enjoy them. So even if he despised Mia, he still wanted to keep her within his control.

Feeling the change in his eyes, Mia suddenly smiled, full of allure.

“Mr. Smith, you claim to be immune to my wiles, yet your actions say otherwise.”

Her voice was soft, tingling his ears.

Joe’s expression darkened, and he forcefully pushed her away.

Mia quickly put distance between them, the mockery in her eyes turning to scorn, “Five years and you’ve become less of a gentleman, Mr. Smith.”

Seeing her change face so quickly, how could Joe not know that all was an act?

He stood composed, his piercing gaze fixed on Mia, “What exactly do you want?”

Mia gently rubbed her wrist, now marked with red.

A fleeting shadow crossed her eyes, and her impatience with Joe grew, “If I were still the Mia of years past, perhaps I’d be trapped, but now...”

Her confident smile made Joe feel as if something was slipping from his control.

This feeling, which he despised most, was akin to hearing the news of his parents’ accident many years ago—the first time he’d ever lost control in life.

At this thought, Mia’s face became serious.

She straightened her dress, her dark eyes fixed on him, “This is the last time I’ll explain. Whether you believe me or not, I didn’t drug you that day.”

With that, she tossed her hair and left the corridor.

Looking at her slender back, Joe clenched his fists tightly.

Jack, who noticed that both his boss and Mia had disappeared, came rushing over. But seeing Mr. Smith standing darkly in the shadowy corridor, he instinctively swallowed hard.

Now was not the time to show up.

Before he could take a step away, Joe’s deep voice stopped him, “Look into the accounts of the housekeeper, Emma, at the villa from five years ago. Check if anyone else was in and out of the villa that day.”

Chapter 8 Why Are You Back?

Back then, Joe didn't believe Mia, and now he didn't believe her either.

Even though Mia insisted that the matter had nothing to do with her, Joe felt compelled to make her admit it.

Mia had just stepped out of the corridor when she saw Frank coming toward her with a look of surprise, "Miss Clinton," he said.

Upon seeing Joe not far behind Mia, he paused for a moment, "Mr. Smith? Sir Smith was looking for you just now. You..."

Joe didn't hear Frank's reference to Mia, but he did notice that Frank's enthusiasm for her was somewhat strange.

He frowned and glanced at Mia lightly without saying anything.

Frank, sensing that something was amiss between the two, hesitated and asked, "Miss Clinton, do you know Mr. Smith?"

Mia shook her head with a poker face, "I don't know him."

She walked away quickly, and Frank hurried to follow, leaving Joe standing there, grinding his teeth.

Upon entering the grand hall, Mia heard a frail voice calling out, "Mia?"

Sir Smith had always been kind to her, and she held him in high regard. Glancing past the tall man beside him, Mia put on a smile, "Sir Smith."

No sooner had she called out to him than Sir Smith's expression darkened, "Silly girl, why are you being distant with me?"

In front of everyone, not wanting to upset the old man, steeled herself and said,  
“Grandpa.”

Sir Smith was satisfied.

Mia

He took Mia’s hand with a beaming smile, “Come, tell Grandpa where you’ve been these last few years. Back then...”

Watching them walk away, Joe’s eyes gradually darkened.

Those who were there for the banquet were also surprised. Sir Smith usually kept his distance from others; when had he ever been so affectionate?

Wasn’t Miss Swan supposed to be engaged to Mr. Smith? Who was this newcomer?

As Joe was about to follow them, a soft, coquettish voice came from behind, “Joe?”

Wendy affectionately walked over and took Joe’s arm, “Were you waiting for me here?”

She had specially chosen an off-shoulder dress for the occasion,  
making her look more delicate.

Seeing Wendy, Joe frowned almost imperceptibly and said lightly, “No.”

Wendy’s expression froze, not expecting Joe to be so direct. Before she could say anything, she saw a graceful woman standing near Sir Smith and immediately felt a sense of alarm.

Mia was currently declining Sir Smith’s invitation to join him on stage, “Grandpa, it’s not appropriate for me to go up there with my current status.”

Sir Smith roared, “What status? I told you long ago that I only recognize you as my granddaughter-in-law. The rest doesn’t count!”

After marrying Joe for a few years, the only warmth Mia had ever received from the Smith family was from Sir Smith. She could only smile gently now, “Joe and I are divorced now, and he should be married to Miss Swan. It wouldn’t be appropriate for me to appear.”

“No,” Joe, who had appeared beside them at some point, refuted Mia’s statement subconsciously.

But his low voice was completely drowned out by Wendy’s shrill one, and no one heard him.

Wendy stared incredulously at Mia, “Why are you here!”

## Chapter 9 I Am Pregnant

Hadn’t Mia gone abroad? How could she appear here?

She subconsciously grabbed Joe by the arm, and the two were tightly pressed together.

Mia looked at the two of them, nestled close together, a glimmer in her eye but with little visible sadness.

Her feelings for Joe had been worn away over the years, and now, even if she wished them a lifetime of happiness, it would not stir her heart.

She conjured a standard polite smile, “Miss Swan, it’s been a while.”

Wendy saw her smile as a challenge, especially after all these years of Sir Smith’s overt and covert disdain. And now, Mia was standing next to him!

“Indeed, it’s been a long time. I remember you went abroad, didn’t you? Why have you suddenly come back? Could it be...” Her smile was sweet as she leaned on Joe’s arm, “If you have any trouble, I can ask Joe to help you.”

Mia sneered. Although she no longer cared about Joe, it did not mean that she could allow Wendy to be so arrogant in front of her.

Mia scoffed, “Is that so? Mrs. Smith indeed has a generous heart.”

Sure enough, before her words had even landed, Sir Smith snorted distantly, “She’s not Mrs. Smith, and our Smith family’s door isn’t open to just anyone.”-

At these words, the surrounding crowd erupted in whispers.

Mia had just learned from Sir Smith’s words that Wendy and Joe were not yet married for some reason, and she knew that Sir Smith would not publicly acknowledge Wendy as his granddaughter-in-law.

Wendy’s face turned pale as she looked at Joe.

Joe tiredly pinched the bridge of his nose; his grandfather’s prejudice against Wendy had always been strong, and he was not willing to openly oppose his grandfather. He could only soothingly pat Wendy’s arm.

Normally, Wendy might have let it go, but now Mia was standing beside Sir Smith!

Moreover...

Perhaps even Joe himself hadn’t noticed, but his gaze always seemed to fall unintentionally on that woman!

She couldn't accept it!

For years, she'd done everything to please Sir Smith, but he never accepted her! And now Mia had returned.....

Her mind in turmoil, she blurted out, "Sir Smith! Even if you don't accept me, are you going to reject the child in my womb too?"

Mia immediately looked at Wendy's abdomen.

Joe also frowned, looking at Wendy, "Are you pregnant?"

Wendy shyly lowered her head, "Two months ago, in Harlow, you were drunk..."

Two months prior, Joe had gone to Harlow on business, and Wendy had followed him. One night Joe got drunk and woke up to find Wendy lying beside him.

Joe subconsciously glanced at Mia, and seeing no reaction, a complex look flashed in his eyes.

Seeing that Joe did not show the expected joy, Wendy added, "I know you've always liked children, and now that we have a symbol of our love, why not give the child a home..."

Joe liked children! Was it really so?

Hearing this, Mia couldn't help sneering.

Joe pursed his lips.

After a short moment, he nodded, "Since it's like that..."

“It’s my birthday today. Don’t talk nonsense. I don’t want to hear anything against me!” Before Joe could speak, Sir Smith interrupted him loudly.

## Chapter 10 Is She Being Kept as a Mistress?

Sir Smith was not happy that Wendy was pregnant at all!

Given his understanding of Wendy, whether the news was true, or whether the child was really Joe’s, was still in question. He would never allow her to act behind his back!

It was Sir Smith who prevented Joe from marrying her!

Having been with Joe for many years, how could Wendy not know what he originally wanted to say? But all this was interrupted by Sir Smith!

She glared resentfully at Sir Smith and then quickly lowered her head.

Joe could only pat her, “Let’s talk about it later.”

Wendy knew that Joe would not defy Sir Smith in public, so she obediently nodded, “Alright, I’ll listen to you.”

Seeing the young and attractive couple in front of her, Mia scoffed, raising her glass, “Congratulations, Mr. Smith, on your blessed child.”

Although she spoke words of blessing, she didn’t touch a drop of the wine, and carelessly placed the glass on a nearby table before

Even Sir Smith could not face her to stop her, and he only glared at Joe, snorting indifferently before turning to leave.

Joe watched Mia’s departing figure, his face darkening.

Miss Clinton, you...”.

Frank, who had been standing nearby, noticed Mia’s face didn’t look good and hurriedly approached to check on her.

This scene was caught by Wendy, who was being congratulated. by everyone, and a plan quickly formed in her mind.

So, under Wendy's subtle hints, the attention of the crowd gradually shifted to Mia.

“Didn't Miss White go abroad? Why has she suddenly come back? Could there be some problem?”

“She must have failed abroad! How could there be a Smith

family abroad...” The speaker seemed to realize that they had said something wrong and immediately covered her mouth.

But Wendy didn't mind at all. Instead, she gently covered her belly, “Joe and I are very happy now. Although Miss White took a wrong turn, we are still willing to help her.”

Who among those present wasn't shrewd?

One was Joe's disliked ex-wife; the other was the pregnant

future Mrs. Smith of the Smith family. Anyone with a brain should know whom to choose.

So, with the gossip spreading among the crowd, Mia became the pitiful woman who couldn't make it abroad and had to return home to be kept by someone.

Although no one foolishly brought it up in front of Mia, their strange glances still alerted her that something was wrong.

“Do you need me to find out what's going on?” Frank, too, sensed something off and quickly asked Mia.

Mia shook her head, her ironic smile more evident, her eyes precisely falling on Wendy, who was radiating triumph not far away, “No need. They only know how to take advantage of their words.”

When she was first found by the Horizon Group, she

encountered much worse. Compared to that, this was nothing.

Seeing Mia's calm expression, Frank was somewhat puzzled, "Why don't you let me announce your identity? If they knew that you have the support of Horizon Group, they wouldn't dare to talk behind your back."

Mia's eyes swept around the room, "It's not the time yet."

She had to deal with the disgusting White family first, making them spit out all the advantages they had taken.

She had initially come to the banquet to meet some members of

the White family. However, she hadn't expected that within just five short years, the White family had fallen to the point where they couldn't even get into a Smith family banquet.

"Watch out!"

As Mia was lost in thought, Frank's warning sounded, and she skillfully dodged, a glass of champagne splashing on the floor.

Amy, who had appeared from somewhere, apologized without any sincerity, "Miss White, sorry, I didn't mean to."

After saying this, she winked at a group of women not far away, who immediately burst into laughter.

Frank frowned, surprised to find such a person at the Smith family's banquet.

As he was about to speak, he saw Mia, expressionless, stopping the triumphantly departing woman, "Are you just going to leave like that?"

Amy shrugged nonchalantly, "I've already apologized, what else do you want?"

Mia looked at her for a moment, then picked up a nearby glass of wine, pouring it over Amy's head.

Amy hadn't expected Mia to dare to take action against her at the Smith family banquet, and the icy wine made her shiver and

scream.

