

Fled With CEO's Twin Babies Chapter 11 - 20

Chapter 11 Fiancée, Right?

A woman's scream drew the attention of many in the room, causing everyone to instinctively look in her direction.

Wendy, who had been keeping an eye on the situation, quickly walked over, her face showing concern as she asked in surprise, "Oh, my! What has happened here?"

Her gaze fell on a few women not far away, who immediately understood her meaning, shouting, "Amy almost accidentally spilled wine on Miss White, but Amy already apologized. Why is Miss White still unrelenting in publicly humiliating her?"

"Exactly! Not a single drop of wine touched Miss White!"

Hearing the women's words, the crowd's expression toward Mia became subtly altered.

"What's going on?"

At that moment, Joe heard the commotion and walked over, looking at the disheveled Amy with some surprise.

Wendy quickly moved to Joe's side, gently explaining what had just occurred, feigning tenderness, "I think Miss White might have been scared, that's why she got so agitated all of a sudden. But this girl..."

"I happen to have an extra skirt with me; why don't you go

change into mine?" Wendy said to Amy, her face adorned with a gentle and affectionate smile.

Many of those unaware of the truth began to whisper about Mia, and Joe's brow furrowed even more deeply.

He had already noticed some changes in Mia over the past five years, but she...

Before Joe could speak, an arrogant voice rang out, "How could my Mia bully someone without reason? If she acted out, it must be because you're at fault."

Without turning her head, Mia knew who had arrived behind her, a trace of helplessness showing in her eyes.

"Mr. Johnson?" Wendy exclaimed in surprise.

If the Smith family rose to prominence through the efforts of Sir Smith alone, then the Johnson family was a lineage that ran deep, spanning several generations. No one knew when the Johnsons began their ascent to power, but everyone knew they had endured for hundreds of years, amassing a fortune beyond most people's imagination.

And David Johnson was the most noteworthy figure of his generation.

He possessed a pair of passionate eyes that, even with a casual glance, could make you feel deeply loved as if he was truly in love with you.

Rumors had long circulated about this young playboy's wild character, a seducer of countless women, until a few years ago when he suddenly reined in his behavior, rarely appearing in

social gatherings.

Equally famous were David's precise and unique investment insights. Legend had it that any project he fancied would never fail.

In their circle, he was the only one who could measure up to Joe.

But why would such a person appear to speak on behalf of Mia? And their attitudes seemed very familiar, almost as if...

Could David be the one who was financially supporting Mia?

"You made faces behind her back just now, and I saw everything. You deliberately poured that wine onto Mia," David said, casting a disdainful glance at the woman who had fallen silent since his arrival, "Do you want to apologize, or shall we check the security footage?"

Amy dared not say another word and quickly bowed her head, apologizing to Mia before slinking away.

Wendy's smile froze on her face, and she rapidly conjured an excuse, "I didn't expect her to cry wolf like that; she almost fooled me. Mr. Johnson, you and Miss White..."

"What business is it of yours what her relationship with me is?" David scoffed, winking at Mia, "Right, my dear fiancée?"

Chapter 12 Why Are You Here?

"Fiancée?"

Wendy exclaimed in shock, instinctively looking at Joe next to her.

Joe's face turned dark and sullen.

“Mr. Johnson must be joking. When did you get engaged? We didn’t hear anything about it,” Joe said, his eyes fixed on Mia, revealing a touch of severity.

He thought Mia was still the naive woman who would hurriedly explain and placate him at the slightest frown. He didn’t realize that Mia hadn’t even glanced at him, but just looked helplessly at David, “Why are you here?”

Her familiar attitude said it all.

Wendy clutched her skirt tightly, unable to believe it.

The Johnson family! Almost equal to the Smith family! How could Mia, after being abandoned, climb such a high branch?

And Joe’s unusual attitude...

“Congratulations, Mr. Johnson and Miss White. You can come to our wedding...”

“Enough.”

A surge of irritation welled up in Joe’s heart, and he coldly interrupted Wendy.

His eyes met David’s, and the tension between the two men scattered.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson...

The onlookers observed their expressions carefully as if trying to discern something.

Wendy was startled, and her voice dropped a little, “Joe...”

The man who used to comfort her immediately completely ignored her and looked at David, “Mr. Johnson, getting engaged is a good thing, but don’t let it all be in vain.”

David raised an eyebrow and sneered, “Mr. Smith, don’t worry. I’ll surely invite you for a drink at the engagement party.”

Joe glanced at him and turned to leave.

Wendy bit her lip and forced a smile for everyone, hurrying after him.

Others, fearing to offend the Johnson family, had quietly left, leaving David and Mia alone.

Watching Joe’s retreating figure, David eyed Mia, “Seeing your scumbag ex-husband, do you feel thrilled?”

Mia was both amused and annoyed, “What nonsense are you talking about? Announcing me as your fiancée so loudly, aren’t you afraid your mother will kick you out of the house?”

David snorted, “You know how much my mom loves Ben and Anna. If I can bring you home, she might set off ten thousand fireworks.”

Hearing his words, Mia also laughed.

Two years ago, David’s mother, Mrs. Lucky Johnson, was touring Farmland when she suddenly suffered from low blood sugar.

She happened to meet Ben and Anna, who were playing outside. The two little guys fed her two candies by accident to help her recover. Since then, Mrs. Johnson had been completely conquered by the two little guys, and even David, her biological son, had to step back.

Not far away, Joe's hand burst into veins, his eyes glaring venomously at the laughing pair.

Wendy was alarmed and hurriedly said, "It seems Miss White and Mr. Johnson are close. Miss White disappeared for five years; I wonder when she met Mr. Johnson. Her disappearance was so complete, I don't know..."

This was implying that Mia's disappearance years ago was connected to David.

Joe's glass shattered in his hand, startling Wendy.

Her eyes welled with tears as she mumbled, "I just care too much about Miss White. After all, she left because of me. Now that she's back, Joe, if you feel guilty..."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Joe's brow furrowed.

Wendy took the opportunity to pout, "I'm just worried that you'll fall for Miss White again after she returns since she was once your wife."

Joe's eyes landed on the lively pair not far away, and his face darkened further, "We're divorced; how could I possibly have feelings for her?"

Chapter 13 Congratulations, Mr. Smith

"I just can't bear to part with you."

Wendy tenderly clung to Joe's arm, the heart-shaped red birthmark on her snow-white skin becoming more pronounced.

A nameless irritation welled up inside Joe. He glanced at Wendy, "You don't seem well. Perhaps you should rest."

“But...” Wendy’s eyes widened in surprise, “Didn’t we agree to announce our engagement?”

Joe thought of Sir Smith’s stubborn stance and felt a

headache coming on. He didn’t know what Mia had said to his grandfather to make him so determined to accept only this granddaughter-in-law.

He said firmly, “I’ll talk to Grandpa. You go rest.”

Knowing he wouldn’t change his mind, Wendy reluctantly followed the waiter out. Before leaving, she shot Mia a venomous glance.

She couldn’t just sit back and do nothing.

She found a secluded corner and made a discreet phone call.

Due to David’s high-profile appearance, everyone assumed

Mia was his companion. Her previous entrance with Frank was dismissed as a misunderstanding.

Other than some sour comments about the White family’s daughter, who could still catch the attention of the Johnson family after leaving the Smiths, no one questioned Mia’s identity.

Mia discreetly messaged Frank to replace her in presenting the gift from the Horizon Group and then played along as David’s partner.

David was delighted with the arrangement.

People were astonished to see Mr. Johnson, who had always disdained socializing, enthusiastically moving through the crowd with his companion, even “accidentally” letting slip news of his engagement.

Mia, unable to bear it any longer, pinched him hard at his waist, quenching his enthusiasm.

Joe’s anger grew, and Jack mentally elevated Mia’s status even higher.

Only when the banquet was over did Joe confront David, who was preparing to leave with Mia.

“What does Mr. Smith want with my fiancée?” David asked and his smile was not quite reaching his eyes.

As David had always been a little rogue and Joe was very disciplined, the two were at opposite extremes and rarely interacted.

Considering their equal status, David was not at all intimidated by Joe, and a sense of rivalry was evident.

Joe ignored David’s hostility and simply said to Mia, “We need to talk.”

Mia pushed David aside and replied calmly, “There’s nothing to discuss between us, Mr. Smith. The person you’re waiting for is over there.”

She looked pointedly at Wendy.

Wendy stood nearby, red-eyed, clutching her stomach, looking like a forsaken wife.

This sight seemed both ironic and amusing to Mia.

Joe said indifferently, “Come here, Mia.”

His imposing manner and oppressive gaze might have forced a lesser person to comply.

But not Mia or David.

“What do you think you’re doing?” David stepped between them, his eyes blazing with anger.

How could Joe appear so arrogantly before Mia and issue orders

after the way he had hurt her?

Just as a fight seemed imminent, Mia pulled David back.

After shooting him an angry glance, she said softly to Joc, “Today is Sir Smith’s birthday. Let’s not make a scene.”

As the tension between them grew, many eyes turned their way. Mia didn’t want her first appearance back home to be marred by a spectacle.

“We indeed have nothing to talk about.” She lifted a glass of champagne and toasted Joe.

“Mr. Smith, congratulations on your expectant wife and the joy of a new child.”

“I don’t like the way you talk to me,” Joe said coldly, disliking this new, spiky version of Mia, who used to put him first in everything.

Mia smiled, “But I like it. If you can’t adapt, Mr. Smith, you can leave.”

“Mia White,” Joe suddenly grabbed her wrist, his dark eyes turbulent, “Don’t challenge my limits.”

Chapter 14 We Divorced Five Years Ago

Mia struggled a moment, realizing she couldn't break free, she gave up, "So this is where you draw the line, Mr. Smith? Your threshold must be really low."

With a strong tug, Joe pulled her directly into his arms and started heading toward the garage.

"Joe Smith! What are you doing?"

David hadn't expected Joe to pull something like this, he angrily yelled and started to pursue them. But Smith's bodyguards seemed to come out of nowhere, blocking his way.

"Let go of me!"

The sudden turn of events shocked Mia. She lashed out at Joe, fists, and feet flying, demanding that he release her.

But no matter how she protested, Joe's face remained calm, leading her to his car and pushing her inside.

The door locked behind her, and Mia couldn't get out.

She looked at him her eyes cold and sarcastic, "It's been a few years, and I never thought I'd see Mr. Smith become a robber."

Joe ignored her, simply starting the car and leaving Sun House.

Seeing that he was unaffected by her words, Mia, frustrated, turned to look out the window, not wanting to waste her breath on him any longer.

It was then that Joe glanced over at Mia.

Perhaps his actions had been a bit too rough, her skirt was a little disheveled, revealing smooth, delicate skin.

Comparing the present Mia to the one from five years ago, always with a hint of worry and melancholy, he couldn't deny that she was now as vibrant as a rose, her features even more refined.

Even though Joe was reluctant to admit it, he had to say, Mia had done very well since leaving him.

He pressed his lips together, refocusing on the road.

Once they arrived at the villa where they had once lived together, Joe opened the car door and reached out to help Mia.

Without hesitation, she slapped his hand away, "Mr. Smith, spare me your pretense. I dare not hold the hand of a kidnapper."

Maybe she didn't even notice herself, but in front of Joe, she always seemed a bit sharper than usual.

She stepped out of the car and looked at the familiar villa, her eyes devoid of emotion.

Even though she had lived here for three years, Mia had to admit that the place had never brought her a day of joy, only endless pain.

"Go in."

Joe said in a deep voice.

Mia glanced back at the Aston Martin parked behind her, contemplating the possibility of seizing the keys from Joe and escaping. In the end, she gave up.

Even after five years, the villa's decor hadn't changed much as if time had never passed here.

A hint of sarcasm flashed in Mia's eyes, "Mr. Smith, did you ruin your reputation to bring me here just for a tour of the villa?"

Seeing her so defiant, Joe's expression cooled.

"Where have you been in the past five years?"

Mia had vanished without a trace back then, a fact that remained a mystery.

"Farmland. You didn't find out, Mr. Smith?" Mia sat on the sofa; her tone relaxed.

Actually, she had planned to go to Farmland but met people from the Clinton family in Burkina Faso who were looking for

someone. They took her to the Clinton Family Headquarters in Albania, helping her hide her tracks.

Having spent a few years with the Clintons, Mia had changed completely and even inherited substantial wealth.

As she had said earlier, Joe wouldn't find it so easy to get to her anymore.

Joe looked at Mia for a moment, then suddenly said, "The Johnson family is not suitable for you. Leave David Johnson."

As he spoke, he took out his checkbook and began to write, “How much money do you need? I’ll give it to you.”

Chapter 15 You Owe Me This Slap in the Face

He didn’t believe that Mia could have any real feelings for David. It was all about money to him.

Looking at Joe, just as he used to be, Mia suddenly laughed out loud, “Ten billion dollars, do you have it?”

Joe put down the pen in his hand and frowned at Mia.

Even without saying a word, Mia understood his meaning, don’t be ungrateful.

If it were in the past, Mia would have become nervous because of his expression, but now she had no such concerns.

“Five years, and you haven’t improved, Mr. Smith. What can you do besides throwing money around?” Mia sneered, standing up.

In the quiet villa, the two faced each other across the coffee table, and the atmosphere became tense for a moment.

Joe looked at Mia, who was at swords’ points with him and felt a strange feeling welling up in his heart as if only this version of her was the real one.

“Do you like David?”

Joe looked at Mia indifferently and his eyes were sharp without any concealment.

The Smith and Johnson Families were not quite on good terms, and he would not allow Mia to have anything to do with the Johnsons.

Especially since Mia was the one who had escaped his control.

Mia was enraged by his attitude and scoffed, “What if I do? At least David knows what respect means.”

She was about to leave, but Joe, his face gloomy, grabbed her.

Mia swatted his hand away, glaring at him, “What are you trying to do?”

Anger overwhelmed Joe’s reason. He could not accept Mia escaping his control time and time again, and he certainly would not allow her to tell him she loved another man to his face!

“David is a playboy. Don’t you even care about that?” Joe stared into Mia’s eyes.

The two were very close, and Mia could even feel his warm breath.

Joe could also feel Mia’s graceful body. In this familiar villa, memories from five years ago seemed to flood back into his mind.

Mia’s face turned red with anger, glaring at Joe, “We’re already divorced! Even if I marry David tomorrow, I...”

She didn’t get to finish her sentence, as Joe suddenly kissed her, sealing those explosive words.

Slap!

A clear slap interrupted the romantic atmosphere. Joe's left cheek stung, and Mia had already struggled out of his embrace.

"This slap is what I should have given you years ago, but back then I must have been out of my mind to put up with you," Mia said, her eyes red with anger. Joe's actions had reminded her of the past, making her even more furious.

For the first time in his life, someone had dared to slap him.

His face turned dark, and he stared at Mia, emotions roiling in his eyes.

Mia glared back, undaunted, "Whatever reason you had for bringing me here, Mr. Smith, I hope it's the last time."

Her eyes had been red just a moment ago, but Mia quickly collected herself and looked indifferently at Joe.

"You're about to have a wife and children. I'm not your outlet for venting emotions anymore. Don't come looking for me again."

Joe suddenly loosened his tie, revealing a predatory smile, "Mia, no one can escape my control."

Mia had no intention of engaging in a verbal battle with him.

She stepped sharply on his foot with her high heel and escaped, even remembering to grab the car keys from the table.

After leaving the villa area and driving away, Mia finally exhaled deeply.

Joe Smith, he's still the same jerk!

She abandoned the car in a bustling shopping mall's parking lot and called her driver, instructing him to return the car keys to the Smith family tomorrow.

After returning to her apartment, Mia, feeling thoroughly exhausted, washed up quickly and fell into a deep sleep.

She slept until the next morning.

Mia was finally awakened by a video call ringtone.

“Hello?”

“Mommy is a sleepyhead; you're still in bed!” a childish voice squealed, immediately waking Mia up.

A gentle smile spread across her lips, “Why haven't you guys. gone to bed yet?”

Lazily sitting up, Mia glanced at the time. It was evening in Dynastica. Without thinking, she knew that the two little devils must have insisted on calling her, delaying their bedtime.

Anna's soft-face puffed up as she looked at the screen with teary eyes, “Mommy, when will we see you? I miss you so much!”

Chapter 16 Mommy, We Miss You So Much

As her little daughter looked at her, Mia's heart almost melted, and she said softly, “One more month at most, then I'll come to see you, okay?”

A hint of disappointment flashed in Anna's eyes, but she still childishly agreed.

After her sister and mother finished talking, Ben, who had been sitting by the side, finally joined in, speaking with a bossy tone, “Are you in trouble over there? Do you need me to step in and help?”

Mia burst into laughter but knew her little man’s temperament, “Don’t worry, I can handle the problems here. If something really tricky comes up, I’ll ask for your help, okay?”

Ben hummed in acknowledgment, already a four-year-old little man, determined to take care of his mother and sister.

After some delightful chitchat with her two children, Mia reluctantly ended the video call.

No sooner had she hung up than Frank called, “Miss Clinton, Mr. Smith is out of the country on business. Our joint project will be temporarily taken over by Mike Hook, the deputy general manager from the Smith Group.”

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Remembering the events of the previous night, Mia sneered, “In that case, we only need to send our deputy, Tim Lake.”

Frank sensed some tension between the two but simply agreed.

Having dealt with company affairs, there was another knock on Mia’s apartment door.

Just back in the country for the second day, and already it was so busy, Mia was rather speechless.

She opened the door, and, as expected, saw a furious David.

“That bastard Joe Smith!”

The thought of Joe taking Mia away right under his nose the previous night had David grinding his teeth, full of rage. The guards who had tried to stop him had all received a thorough dressing-down.

He carefully observed Mia’s expression, “He didn’t do anything. to you last night, did he?”

Mia’s smile faded slightly, “What could he do to me? Joe Smith is the high and mighty Mr. Smith.”

Whether it was the old her or the present Wendy, who wouldn’t comply with him?

What happened last night was nothing but his frustration at her change of attitude.

Seeing that Mia was fine, David finally exhaled in relief,

“Haven’t you seen today’s trending news? The news of Wendy’s pregnancy is all over the Internet. Joe has no choice but to marry her.”

As he showed his phone to Mia, he suddenly cursed, “Damn it! Where did this fake news come from?”

He quickly pocketed his phone, telling Mia, “Some idiots are spreading rumors online. Don’t look now; I’ll handle it.”

With that, he walked over to the window, frowning as he made a call.

Though David often teased her, he was the heir to the Johnson family, so why had he suddenly become so serious?

Mia pondered for a moment, then took out her phone to check.

On Twitter, #Wendy's Pregnancy# was the top trending topic, followed by a big and bold red "Breaking" sign.

Close behind was another hashtag, #A Woman Surnamed White, the Mistress #, which was also gaining attention rapidly.

Mia furrowed her brow, clicking on this topic.

Apparently, the scene of Joe carrying her away the night before had been captured at a very crafty angle. Wendy could be seen in the background, clutching her stomach and looking forlorn as they left.

Although the photo didn't show Mia's face clearly, the blurry side profile revealed enough for anyone paying close attention to recognize her.

Chapter 17 Mistress! Get lost!

The topic was filled with foul language, and netizens were filled with vitriol.

"Is it so easy to be a homewrecker these days? Doing this right in front of the wife?"

"The mistress and her entire family should drop dead."

"I bet this woman is Miss White from the White family. Who knew the heiress couldn't handle being alone?"

David, returning from a call, witnessed Mia reading the comments, and his heart skipped a beat, "What are you doing?"

He rushed over and grabbed her phone, “I’ve already ordered. people to suppress the trending topic. Why are you reading what those ignorant people have to say? They know nothing.”

Though startled by the cruel comments, Mia quickly regained her composure.

Seeing David so concerned for her, Mia had no choice but to console him, “They are strangers; their words won’t affect me.”

In truth, she had been through worse over the years.

David finally nodded, “Don’t worry, I’ll handle this.”

Sure enough, the trending topic was suppressed, and Mia’s pictures were no longer visible.

David hadn’t even had a chance to breathe a sigh of relief when his phone rang shrilly.

“Wendy Swan has tweeted.”

David’s face darkened terribly. If he couldn’t guess that Wendy was doing this on purpose, he would have to be a fool.

Mia took his phone and opened Twitter again.

Wendy Swan V: I never thought ... they are old friends, perhaps not what everyone is thinking. Don’t misunderstand.

It looked like she was defending Mia and Joe, but in reality, it only incited the netizens’ emotions once more.

The topic that had finally been suppressed was once again trending, with more and more people concocting seemingly plausible stories online, pushing Mia further into the abyss.

Soon, the fact that Mia was Miss White of the White family was uncovered, causing the White Group's stock price to plummet.

The Smith family, however, was unaffected.

Seeing this, Mia sneered. Picking on the weak, were they?

She stopped David, who was almost smashing his phone in anger, her face calm, "Let them rant. The bigger the uproar, the better."

David, seeing her so composed, felt his anxiety lessen considerably. He had always known Mia was no rash person, "Do you have evidence?"

Mia scoffed, "Back then, they were hardly discreet. There's evidence aplenty."

Just then, a call came in from the White family.

"Mia! You idiot!" a venomous voice shouted from the other end of the phone. Mia's expression remained impassive as she placed the phone on the table beside her, waiting for the ranting to stop before picking it up again.

Sure enough, the voice on the other end had changed to a middle-aged man.

"Mia, not only did you sneak abroad, but now you've caused such an uproar upon your return! Whether you apologize on your knees or find another way, seek Miss Swan's forgiveness immediately, or don't blame me for being ruthless!"

Listening to her nominal father speak like this, Mia responded with mocking laughter, “Aren’t you most aware of what happened back then? Why don’t you clear it up?”

“You’re insane!” Mr. White yelled in anger, “To clear it up now would be to openly offend the Smith family!”

His voice then softened a bit, “Apologize to Miss Swan and seek her forgiveness, and I’ll still allow you to be the daughter of the White family. Otherwise...”

“Then I won’t be the so-called daughter anymore,” Mia replied sarcastically, hanging up and blocking the number.

David looked at Mia with concern, “Are you alright?”

Mia shook her head, “They can’t affect me.”

She had long lost hope in the White family, and after learning the truth about a certain matter, all that was left was disdain.

Calmly, she made a few calls and prepared all the evidence.

Meanwhile, Wendy, seeing netizens madly slandering Mia, almost laughed out loud.

Mia’s reputation was now ruined, and even if Joe were to clear her name later, what good would it do?

People would only remember her as a homewrecker and ignore the clarification.

“Leak Mia’s information quietly, including her address if possible,” Wendy sneered, instructing her agent.

Chapter 18 Joe Saved Her

That night, when Mia stepped outside, she immediately sensed something was amiss.

People around her seemed to be surreptitiously pointing at her, but whenever she looked their way, they would turn away, pretending nothing had happened.

She pursed her lips, about to head to the supermarket, when David's call came through.

"Don't go out, someone's leaked your address online! Stay home, I'm coming to get you right now!" David's voice was full of urgency, clearly signaling that the situation was grave.

Mia also looked sullen.

In such a short time, it would be impossible for anyone online to find her address, unless someone deliberately leaked it.

It wasn't hard to guess who it might be.

Mia had no intention of challenging fate and turned to head back.

But at that moment, two shady-looking men stopped her.

Their eyes unabashedly roved over her body, "You're the mistress, right? You do look exciting. How about having some

fun with us?" one of them leered.

Mia looked around, noticing people excitedly pulling out their phones to record, whispering to each other, but no one seemed willing to help.

She even heard words like "mistress" and "serves her right."

Her eyes narrowed, and her fingers quickly tapped a specific spot on her phone.

“Get lost.”

Mia snapped at the two hoodlums.

But her scolding seemed to amuse them, even eliciting a laugh. “Don’t worry; though we can’t match Mr. Smith’s wallet, we won’t disappoint you physically.”

One sneered, reaching out to touch Mia’s face.

Quick as a flash, Mia pulled out her keys, disengaged a hidden mechanism, and revealed a sharp little blade, plunging it into the man’s palm.

He screamed in pain, blood pouring out.

“You damn witch!” he cursed, reaching out to grab Mia.

She was too fast for him, pulling out the blade from his hand and stabbing the other.

His companion realized what was happening and rushed forward, grabbing Mia’s wrist.

Bang!

Before Mia could react, a powerful kick hit the man’s chest, sending him flying.

Dizzy, she found herself caught in familiar arms.

“Joe?”

Mia gasped in surprise, looking at the man before her. Wasn’t he supposed to be on a business trip?

Joe's face was cold as he ordered those behind him, "Take them to the police station after beating them up."

Several tall and strong bodyguards emerged and moved quickly toward the two ruffians.

After a while, the hooligans howled.

Even though Joe had saved her, Mia's expression didn't soften. After all, if it weren't for his past love, she wouldn't have had to endure this humiliation.

She pulled away from Joe, intending to leave, but he blocked her path, his face grim.

"Are you still going to be stubborn?"

The exposure of her address was a significant danger for Mia.

"My fiancée doesn't need Mr. Smith's concern."

David panted, arriving at the scene, putting his arm around Mia, and addressing Joe.

Joe snorted, "Is this how you treat your fiancée?"

He couldn't even suppress a Twitter trend. When had the Johnson Group become so useless?

David choked back a reply, tightening his grip on Mia's hand, "No need for your concern."

He then moved to leave with Mia.

"Mr. Smith..."

Jack, approached cautiously, noticing Joe's dark expression. He whispered, "About this trending topic..."

Joe gave him a cool glance.

“I understand, I’ll have it removed right now!” Jack said quickly, rushing away to make a call.

Joe watched the retreating figures of Mia and David, his eyes narrowing.

Chapter 19 The Real Mistress

“Wendy, your fan base has just surpassed twenty million!”

Inside Wendy’s makeup room, her agent Penny and assistant Perry were watching the ever-increasing fan numbers, smiling, from ear to ear.

They had initially planned to deal with Mia only, but this unexpected gain was a pleasant surprise!

Wendy looked at her stunning reflection in the mirror, her lips curving into a smirk, “Ask Peggy to come and do my makeup to make me look more haggard. It’s time for my pitiful appearance.”

She was determined to nail Mia to the pillar of shame once and for all!

Just then, makeup artist Peggy hurried in, a strange expression on her face, and handed her phone to Penny.

Penny’s face suddenly changed, and she looked at Wendy with uncertainty.

A bad feeling welled up in Wendy’s heart, and her face fell, “What’s happened?”

Penny hesitated for a moment before handing Wendy the phone.

The top Twitter Trending was now #Wendy Swan, The Real Mistress# and #Wendy Swan Shameless#, among others.

Wendy took a deep breath and quickly clicked to see the details, only for her vision to go black.

The reason she dared to guide everyone to think that Mia was

a mistress was that she was sure Mia would never reveal her marriage and divorce from Joe. After all, she had married into the Smith family through unscrupulous means.

But Mia had thrown caution to the wind, posting their marriage and divorce certificates on Twitter, and even having saved the pictures about the rumors about Wendy and Joe during that

time.

Anyone with eyes could see that Wendy and Joe had been rumored together long before their divorce.

Now, the title of “mistress” had unexpectedly fallen on Wendy herself!

“Disgusting. The best actress who is the real mistress is blaming others! How audacious can she be?”

“How dare she? Calling the wife a mistress right to her face? No wonder she’s the best actress!”

The malice that netizens had previously shown toward Mia was now doubled toward Wendy.

Wendy stared at the words on her phone, screamed, and threw

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it violently to the ground.

Mia, on the other end, watched as public opinion turned in her favor. Apart from Wendy’s die-hard fans, almost everyone was now pointing their arrows at Wendy.

Some netizens even went to Mia’s Twitter to apologize.

For these fence-sitters, Mia paid no mind. Her eyes deepened, and she thought that if it hadn’t been for Wendy’s foolishness, she wouldn’t have bothered with her.

She was not worth it.

“Wendy deleted her Twitter post.” David had been monitoring the online situation and knew it was Wendy’s doing when he saw her delete the post and other marketing accounts follow suit.

“She was certain I wouldn’t dare offend Joe or the Smith family and would swallow this injustice,” Mia said coldly, a smirk on her lips.

If she had been the Miss White of the past, perhaps she would have. But now, she was different, not only refusing to swallow it but also making it widely known.

As they were talking, Sir Smith suddenly called.

“Did you do this today?” he asked.

”

His voice tinged with regret.

Mia nodded and said yes, not intending to hide it from Sir Smith, mainly because she couldn't.

Sir Smith hesitated for a long time before saying, "The Smith family was wrong in the past, and I apologize to you."

Hearing his words, Mia fell silent.

She hadn't expected that Sir Smith, at his age, would apologize for his grandson. The one who should be apologizing wasn't him.

After hanging up, Mia's heart felt somewhat sour.

After all, Sir Smith had been the only person in the entire Smith family who had been kind to her.

Meanwhile, Wendy, after enduring so much, finally lost control and, with tears in her eyes, sought out Joe.

"Joe?"

Wendy held her stomach, tears in her eyes, sobbing, "I didn't mean to. I just wanted to clear things up for you."

From behind his desk, Joe tossed his pen aside, leaning back in his chair, "I found the paparazzi. He admitted to being paid for taking those pictures. What do you think, can we trace the source of the money?"

Chapter 20 Joe, Help Me

Wendy's face turned pale, and she hurriedly stepped forward, "I..."

Facing Joe's eyes as if seeing through everything, Wendy felt uncomfortable and dodged them, only stammering after a long time, "That day she came back, and your eyes were always on her, I was confused and just..."

Joe's eyes fell on the birthmark on Wendy's arm, and he remained silent for a long time before saying, "This is the last time."

Wendy nodded hastily, her eyes flickering.

Some things she didn't have to face, others could do it for her.

Joe called Jack and asked him to remove today's trending news about her.

"Just removing the trending news?" Wendy was anxious,

"People online are calling me a homewrecker, and several clients are demanding compensation from me!"

Seeing Joe unmoved, Wendy added, "Do you want our unborn child to be branded illegitimate?"

But Joe just looked at her deeply without saying a word.

Wendy bit her lip tightly, knowing there was no room for negotiation, and reluctantly left.

As soon as she stepped out the door, her face darkened completely.

Mia White!

"The trending news is gone."

In Mia's apartment, David frowned at her.

At this point, the news disappearing could only mean Joe had intervened.

"He is willing to spend money for that woman," David sneered, about to call and have the news pushed back to the top, but Mia stopped him.

Her expression was indifferent. "There's no need. Continuing this now will only hurt her reputation, why waste money?"

Having spent so many years with the Clinton family, what she had learned best was patience.

Even if Joe protected Wendy, there would come a time when he could not protect her anymore.

David looked closely at Mia's expression, then leaned back and said, "Fine! When you decide to take action, just let me know. I don't care whether I can help you or not; I just can't stand the audacity of a homewrecker like her."

Mia glanced at him and laughed.

Both thought this would be the end of it, but that night the White family suddenly posted online, searching for Mia, saying she had been missing for five years and that the family missed her dearly. They begged her to come home.

The emotional post touched many netizens, who began sharing and tagging Mia as if it were a love-seeking story.

Mia looked at the words on the screen, not touched in the least, but filled with anger instead.

The White family, still daring to make noise.

"The White family never does anything in vain. This post is just the beginning; there must be more to come," Mia said, calling Frank and instructing her PR Department to monitor the online situation.

Sure enough, not long after the White family's post, a journalist rushed to interview.

He interviewed Mr. White, Mia's father, looking haggard as if truly concerned for his daughter.

Remembering the last time she saw him and his smug face, Mia scoffed, "The White family is really wasting their talent by not being actors."

On the screen, Mr. White spoke to the journalist, recounting the

hardships of raising a child and the family's longing for Mia, even claiming that her grandmother had fallen ill from missing her and that he had been so distraught that his business had suffered.

Netizens began to turn against Mia, "For the sake of a man, she's made her family suffer. Mia White is no good."

"No wonder Mr. Smith divorced her."

Mia saw the shift in public opinion and laughed indifferently.

"The White family has been losing money for the past three years; even their latest project is facing financial issues..." David sneered, "It seems my family's Johnson Group isn't prestigious enough for them to think twice before spouting nonsense."

As he was speaking, the journalist turned to the subject of Mia's previous marriage to Joe, and Mr. White spoke ambiguously, making people doubt the reason behind their union.

Some comments read, "I heard that Miss White used methods to marry into the Smith Family, and Wendy is Joe's true love."

"So, Miss White is the real homewrecker?"

After the broadcast, the PR Department called, discussing the impact on Mia.

"Online rumors and speculation are starting to turn against you..." the PR Manager, Manager Moore, said worriedly.

Mia's eyes grew colder, realizing who was behind the White family's actions.

Wendy Swan.

She just didn't know what Wendy had paid to get the White family to act so vigorously.

"Someone will surely leak more information soon; once you find it, suppress it, and later I'll send you some information..."

Mia hadn't finished speaking when the PR Manager exclaimed in surprise, something unexpected had happened.

“Miss Clinton, someone leaked your relationship with Mr. Johnson, and now the Johnson family is being dragged into this!”

Immediately after, David’s phone rang, and his father’s angry voice could be heard...

The other party said something unknown, and David impatiently said, “Stop talking to me about those useless things. If the Johnson Group can’t handle even this piece of news, then we might as well pack up and leave.”

He hung up the phone in anger, and Mia furrowed her brow, saying, “You should go back first; I can handle the affairs of the White family.”

David was reluctant, saying, “The Johnson family will be fine without me. Do you really believe that the Johnson Group can’t

handle even this crisis?”

Mia gave a slight smile, “You should know that for the Horizon Group, dealing with this problem is a piece of cake.”

David finally understood. Mia today was not the fragile girl she once was. With the Horizon Group in her hands, she would never be wronged.

He could only sigh softly and stood up, “Alright, I still need to keep the Johnson Group to deal with Joe.”

Mia neither agreed nor disagreed.

After David left, Mia’s phone began to ring urgently, and the anxious voice of Tom River, the butler, came from the other end, “Miss Clinton! Ben and Anna are missing!”

With a crash, Mia’s phone fell to the ground and shattered into pieces.