

Find Me In Your Labyrinth Chapter 1 - 10

Chapter 1

It was 7 pm on a Wednesday night, and Estelle Macclain showed up on time at the Sapphire Hotel.

Her phone beeped, Estelle clicked opened her Whatsapp, there was a message from Bennett Macclain “Estelle, thanks for agreeing to help Dad. I’m stuck in a bit of traffic, you just go straight in first”

Estelle slowed down her pace, wondering how to greet Jonathan Lamont when she saw him later

They’d been married for three years, but they had never met in person. It was clear that Jonathan didn’t agree and even hated this marriage

Can’t blame Jonathan, though. The Macclain’s family business was in crisis when they knocked on the Lamont family’s door, asking them to fulfill their original marriage agreement. The Lamont family’s eldest son was already married, so the marriage fell on the younger son, Jonathan. It made sense that he was unwilling to do this.

Naturally, the Lamont family wouldn’t be that easily to be manipulated. They gave out three hundred million as dowry to help the Macclain family go through the crisis, but only on the condition that the marriage would be dissolved automatically in three years.

Three years ago, she wasn’t yet of legal marriage age in Country C. The two went to V City to get their certificate. To be precise, neither of them showed up. Each party sent people with their documents to handle the paperwork.

As soon as they got married, Jonathan went to M Country and had stayed there until now. Just three months before the dissolution of their marriage. His intention was pretty obvious.

Unfortunately, today, her father needed to bring her to ask for his help again for their business.

Estelle scoffed and raised the corner of her lips. How was she going to introduce herself later? “Mr. Lamont, hello, I’m your wife!”

Should he show her the respect that she deserves?

Rumor had it that before Jonathan went to M Country, he was a notorious bully in J City, ruling J City with an iron fist, and he was ruthless and decisive in his actions.

But a few days ago, she saw Jonathan on a TV finance channel. He didn't look like what she had imagined. He was in an expensive business suit, although he looked proud, his demeanor was elegant and steady.

She hoped today he would show the same grace and poise as he did on TV, sparing her from embarrassment.

The entire Sapphire Hotel was luxuriously decorated with a classic elegance. It felt like a mansion. Estelle went to the Pearl Place's third floor according to the room number Bennett gave her.

The third floor was all suites with carpeted wooden floors and dim lighting, incredibly quiet.

Outside of the suite, Estelle inconspicuously took a deep breath and knocked on the door.

The door was slightly ajar, and as she touched it, the golden door opened a crack automatically. Estelle was

taken aback.

Was Jonathan waiting for her?

Out of politeness, she knocked on the door again.

There was no answer.

Estelle raised an eyebrow and walked a few steps inside. She discovered that only the entrance hall had a dim light. The inside was pitch dark.

Anybody in here?

The suite was large with a living room in the middle and a leisure room and bedroom on both sides.

She had entered the living room when an uneasy feeling emerged. She was about to turn back when she suddenly heard the sound of water and a low, painful voice coming from the bedroom “Come in

Estelle’s instinct told her that she should leave without hesitation, but she stood in the dark for three seconds before heading towards the bedroom

“Is it Mr. Lamont? What happened to you?” Estelle pushed open the bedroom door and asked softly.

Suddenly, a hand reached out and pulled her directly into the bathroom. The man had one hand against the wall and use another hand choke her neck. His voice, suppressed with pain but still cold and furious, said, “You dare to drug me? Are you out of your mind?”

The living room still had some light from the windows, but the bathroom was pitch dark.

Estelle endured and didn’t fight back. Her throat was constricted, her voice hoarse and calm, “Not me

“Then who are you?”

The man seemed to have been soaked in cold water for a long time, his body icy, but his breath scorching Estelle was somewhat stunned in the exchange of cold and heat.

In the darkness, they stared at each other silently. The man’s breathing grew heavier with each breath, as if he had reached his limit. The hand choking her throat suddenly put around her neck, and he kissed her hard.

His lips were ice-cold and overbearing!

Estelle’s eyes widened in shock as she stretched her leg against the man’s body with all her strength.

The man’s strength and speed were no less than hers. His long leg pressed against her knees as he hoarsely, said, “Help me, and whatever you need, I’ll compensate you later!”

Estelle took a deep breath quietly, never had she ever imagined that she would encounter a situation where Jonathan had been drugged.

In the darkness, the man's breath enveloped all her senses. She weighed the options of helping him or leaving him to find some other women when his all-encompassing kisses landed.

Estelle had forgotten how they got from the bathroom to the bedroom. While she was still hesitating whether to resist or to surrender, the man had already pulled her into the erotic abyss before she could say no.

It was not like she hadn't thought about this., But it was in no way under such circumstances.

The short time tangling with him in bed felt like an eternity compared to their three years of marriage.

After it was over, someone happened to enter the suite, approaching the bedroom, "Mr. Lamont?"

"Don't come in here!" The man's voice was deep, carrying a hint of S**y laziness after being satisfied.

The footsteps outside stopped abruptly.

A moment later, Jonathan got up, put on a bathrobe, didn't even look at the woman on the bed, and walked out. Estelle pulled the quilt up to her neck, noticing a beam of light shining through the ajar door from the illuminated outside.

Jonathan went to the living room, leaned on the couch, his handsome face expressionless, his eyes showing a touch of laziness.

The assistant approached, asking, "Mr. Lamont, are you alright?"

Jonathan had suddenly left the party earlier and didn't allow anyone to follow him. After more than two hours without hearing anything from him, the assistant couldn't help but come to check. Just now, he seemed to

have heard the sound of two people's breaths?

Jonathan slightly pinched his brow, "It's fine."

The a*sistant snapped back to reality, “Bennett booked room 1009 at the Diamond Inn and wants to meet you at nine o’clock sharp. It’s almost time”

Jonathan casually asked, “Which Bennett?”

After he said that, he seemed to remember, and asked indifferently. “Hasn’t it been three years already?”

The a*sistant replied, “It’s still a few months away”

Jonathan’s tone was mocking. “What’s the difference then?”

The a*sistant said, “Bennett has called several times to see you. He probably has a favor to ask of Mr. Lamont” Thinking of the woman in the room, Jonathan felt somewhat irritable, “He already sold his daughter once Now he wants to sell her again? Who does he think he is, expecting me to always indulge him? Or does he think his daughter is worth a fortune and can always sell her for a good price? No way!”

The last two words were cold and ruthless!

Inside the bedroom, Estelle heard every word of the outside conversation. Her slightly flushed face turned pale gradually. If Jonathan found out that the girl lying on his bed was Bennett’s daughter, he would probably be

even more sarcastic about that “sell” word!

She endured her discomfort, got up from the bed, found her clothes and put them on, then casually took something from her pocket and put it on the table.

Without looking back, she walked straight to the balcony, pushed open the window, and jumped down.

After a few spins in the air, the girl landed on a bluestone path several meters away. Her slender figure quickly disappeared into the dim lights.

Jonathan and the a*sistant talked about some other things outside. Finally, Jonathan ordered, “Find out who played dirty at the party today.”

The a*sistant was momentarily stunned, then immediately understood and replied solemnly. “Yes!”

Jonathan got up and went back to his bedroom. He glanced at the bed in the dim light and said indifferently, "Get up, take the money, and get out of my life!"

There was no answer. Jonathan frowned and turned on the light. Under the dim glow, the bed was a mess, but the girl had disappeared!

He turned to the bathroom, and it was also empty.

His narrow eyes flashed a hint of surprise. Was the person he just slept with was a ghost?

However, he distinctly saw the bloodstain on the bed.

Jonathan furrowed his brow, turning to look at the cabinet opposite the bed. He slowly walked towards it, picked up the thing under the vase, and his face instantly darkened

Chapter 2

He had a hundred dollar bill in his hand.

What did she think he is, leaving him money after S**?

The man's face darkened, and he strode towards the balcony. The window was indeed open.

The stairs in this building was built higher than other places and the third floor was as high as the average fourth floor. How did she manage to jump down?

Was he really that horrifying? That she'd risk her life to escape?

The wind blew in from the window, sending a chill down the spine, but it couldn't extinguish the evil fire in the man's heart. This woman not only humiliated him with a hundred bucks, but she also jumped out of the window and ran away... Just wait till he catches her!

Estelle sneezed on the taxi, and the driver looked back through the rearview mirror, "Hey young lady, are you alright?"

Beautiful as she was and all soaked, something definitely had happened to her..

Estelle smiled softly, "I'm fine."

The driver chuckled, “You must be a student. Be careful out there on your own.”

“Thanks, sir.”

Estelle nodded and quickly typed on her phone, “Destroy the surveillance footage of me at the Sapphire Hotel around 7 and 9 o’clock. Make it disappear!”

“Ok!” The person on the other end didn’t ask any questions, just simply took the orders.

The thought of the man’s harsh words infuriated her. Estelle didn’t want to dwell on the useless question of whether or not she should have met Jonathan. She just wanted to make sure he never knew she’d been there.

After getting off at Maple Street, Estelle paid double the fare for wetting the taxi’s back seat.

Back at the villa, maid Wilma was startled by Estelle’s soaked clothes, “Ma’am, what happened?”

“Minor issue, I’ll go up to take a shower.” Estelle headed upstairs.

“I’ll run the bath for you, ma’am.” Wilma didn’t dare to ask further and hurried upstairs to prepare.

A few minutes later, Estelle soaked in the warm bathtub, her body gradually relaxed.

Her mind was a mess. She forced herself not to think about what had happened that night and put her head

underwater as well.

After her bath and changing into clean pajamas, Bennett called just as Wilma was blow-drying Estelle’s hair.

Estelle was displeased, and she asked Wilma to leave, then went out to the balcony to answer the call.

As soon as it got through, Bennett asked hastily. “Estelle, where are you? Have you met Mr. Lamont?”

There was no emotion that could be detected from her voice, “Dad, you must’ve been so worried that Mr. Lamont and I can’t get along, so you decided to spike the drink, huh?”

Bennett paused, “What do you mean, spike the drink? I didn’t!”

“Didn’t?” Estelle smirked, “Then why did you tell me to meet at 7, even though you made the arrangement with Jonathan’s assistant to meet at 9?”

There was silence on the other side. Estelle’s heart sank, and she prepared to hang up.

“Estelle” A sudden voice came through, Bennett sounding guilty. “I was wrong I wanted you to meet Mr Lamont earlier, hoping that you two spending some time alone would make him less reluctant to this marriage”

He asked worriedly. “What happened, are you alright?”

Estelle could hear a hint of genuine concern in Bennett’s voice and asked, “It really wasn’t you?”

Bennett replied firmly. “Of course not! I may be desperate, but I would never stoop so low as to plot against my own daughter!”

Estelle said nothing

Bennett carefully asked, “Estelle, are you alright?”

She replied lightly. “I’m fine, I didn’t see Jonathan.”

Bennett didn’t dig further into this, seemingly sighing in relief, “Anyway, I failed you in this, and I won’t make you see him again. If you don’t want to live in the villa on the hill, I’ll pick you up right now and take you home.”

Estelle’s voice softened a bit, “I’ve been living here for over two years, and I don’t mind staying for a few more months. Dad, don’t worry, I kinda like it here.”

The villa was a private property of Jonathan’s. She had moved in as soon as they got married and she had been living there for almost three years.

Bennett sighed in relief, “Alright, then stay for a while longer, once the three years are up. I’ll personally pick up my baby girl back home. Oh, by the way…”

He paused, saying. “This Saturday is your mom’s birthday. Why don’t you come home? She feels bad about the things she said last time you were home, and she’s just too stubborn to apologize.”

Estelle nodded, “I have a cla*s on Saturday morning, I’ll go back after the cla*s.”

“Alright, if you have any problems, give me a call.”

After hanging up, Estelle made another call, “Paula, please prepare the latest spring necklace and earrings set for me. I’ll pick them up in a couple of days.”

With the confirmation on the other end, Estelle put down her phone, and her thoughts unintentionally wandered back to the things that happened tonight.

The man’s heavy breathing seemed to linger in her ears... her arms resting on the stone railing, her head low, torn between regret and hatred.

At eleven that night, Jonathan left the Sapphire Hotel. His a*sistant followed, whispering, “Mr. Lamont, we found out it was TC Group’s Vice President Hale. He planned to drug his companion tonight, but somehow you ended up with the spiked drink. He’s terrified, already fled J City for H City.”

A fierce look flashed in Jonathan’s eyes, “Since he’s left, he better never come back!”

The a*sistant lowered his head, “Understood!”

When Jonathan returned to the Lamont family’s residence, it was already past midnight. His elder brother and his wife had gone to the L City for an economic seminar, his parents also tagged along. Only leaving his brother’s daughter and son at home, who were already asleep.

Jonathan went straight to the third floor, took a shower, and sat down on the rattan chair on the balcony wrapped in his bathrobe, lighting a cigarette from the coffee table.

The flickering ember shone under the moonlight, his slightly damp hair hanging over his forehead, the dim light. casting a shadow on his handsome face.

He thought of that girl tonight. Sensing her vulnerability, he kissed her for so long.

He didn't make a further move until she responded, and she grabbed his arm, calling his name in fear.

He was not himself at that time due to the heat from being drugged, so now when thinking about it, he couldn't be sure whether she called out his name or not

Jonathan took out the hundred bucks, a new version, soaked through with water.

Who carries that much cash around?

Why did she show up in his room?

Who was she?

Jonathan was suddenly curious.

Picking up his cell phone, Jonathan made a call, "Find the woman who jumped from the third floor tonight!"

"Got it!" Assistant Millard only took orders, he never say more than he should.

The next day, after finishing cla*s in the morning, Estelle received a call from her advisor, asking her to organize the materials for the scholarship application and bring them to the office.

After Estelle had prepared these materials, before she could go, she received another message from her advisor, "Estelle, there was something urgent that I need to take care of in the meeting room on the ninth floor. you can bring the materials there."

After replying her advisor, Estelle headed towards the office building.

Outside the office building, a black Bentley was parked on the green lawn. Just as Estelle was about to walk past, she saw a tall, handsome figure stepping out of the car.

Estelle's heart raced as she saw the man's profile and turned away subconsciously.

Jonathan might not recognize her since they didn't turn on the lights last night, but she was the one that didn't know how to face him...

Estelle only continued walking after the car left and the man turned into the office area.

But then, as she turned the corner, she saw the man standing there on the phone again. Estelle stopped and pretended to look at her own phone.

When she looked up, Jonathan had already walked away. Estelle took a deep breath, puzzled as to why Jonathan was here.

She entered the office building, and the man was just getting on the elevator. Estelle slowed down her pace, waiting for the elevator doors to close before walking up.

Her hand had just reached the elevator button when the already closed doors opened again.

Estelle looked up, caught off guard, directly meeting the questioning, cold gaze of the man.

Chapter 3

Estelle spaced out for a moment.

The man spoke in a cold tone, “What are you following me for? Are you a student at the University of J City?”

He had noticed the girl following him all the way, stopping whenever he stopped and even followed him to the elevator

Estelle’s face flushed, but quickly returned to a calm expression, “Is this the way to your home? It’s a public place, why do you think I am following you?”

A hint of coldness flashed in the man’s eyes. He leaned back a step to make way for Estelle to get on the elevator.

Estelle scoffed, “Never mind, I don’t want any misunderstandings.”

She then turned and headed for the stairs.

The elevator doors closed behind her, blocking out the sight of the man's narrowing eyes.

Afraid of bumping into Jonathan again, Estelle decided to take the stairs up to the ninth floor.

When she arrived at the conference room, her advisor and the dean of the economics department were

discussing something. They gave her a look, signaling her to wait a bit.

A few other students were also there to hand in their documents, among which a pair of gloomy eyes stared at Estelle maliciously.

Pretending not to see, Estelle took out her phone and played Sudoku for a while.

In less than five minutes, she solved a round and heard footsteps approaching.

“You've been back for a while, huh? It's about time you came back!”

With the principal's voice, two people entered the conference room, one was Mr. Ingram, and the other....

Estelle couldn't help but frown. What are the odds?

Jonathan also saw Estelle, his gaze sweeping over her without stopping.

The dean hurriedly greeted the principal and introduced Mr. Lamont, the former student and current president of the Lamont Group, as the sponsor of several scholarships.

The dean's demeanor instantly became more respectful after shaking hands with Jonathan. He mentioned that today was the deadline for students to submit their

scholarship applications, and all the students present had benefited from Mr. Lamont's scholarships before.

Jonathan glanced over and seemed to spend more time looking at Estelle, then smiled faintly. "The University of J City has always been a place where talent emerges!

Estelle looked at the handsome side profile of the man, her eyes rolling, wondering whether the real Jonathan was the playboy they talked about or the refined gentleman he had just portrayed.

Suddenly, the principal called on a few students to stand up in front of Jonathan, some looking up at him in awe, while others shyly looked away.

The girl who stared at Estelle just now suddenly stepped forward and chimed in, "Since Mr. Lamont, the sponsor of the scholarship, is here, I have something to say."

The advisor frowned, not knowing what Brooke Hester was up to.

Mr. Ingram gently said, "If you have something to say, just say it."

Brooke glanced at Estelle and said, "Mr. Lamont's scholarship is meant to reward outstanding students at the University of J City. I think that being outstanding should not only include academic performance, but also

good moral character, right?"

"Of course!" Mr. Ingram nodded.

Brooke took out her phone and showed everyone a post on the university forum

“A few days ago, someone saw Estelle getting into a luxurious car after school Estelle’s family is pretty average, so they probably can’t afford a car like that I think we can all guess what she was doing is someone like this really an outstanding student?”

Except for Jonathan, everyone’s face changed. The advisor whispered, “Brooke, why are you saying this in front of Mr. Lamont?”

Brooke raised her eyebrows, “I want to let Mr. Lamont know what kind of people his scholarships are supporting Isn’t that a waste of his money?”

The dean’s face darkened as he took a look at the phone, there was only some blurry photos of Estelle getting into a Mercedes S600 with an older man whose face was unclear.

“Estelle, how do you explain this?” Brooke looked at Estelle provocatively.

Estelle’s delicate face was expressionless, her usually gentle eyes now icy cold, “Who are you? Why should I explain anything to you?”

As Brooke was about to reply, Jonathan suddenly interjected in his signature sarcastic tone, “What era are we in that students of such a prestigious university would still use such baseless rumors to slander someone’s reputation?”

Brooke clenched her teeth and retorted, “There are photos, Mr. Lamont, how can you say it’s baseless?”

Jonathan sneered, “What did you see in those photos? If I speak up for her now, do you also want to say that there is something going on between us?”

Estelle’s eyelids twitched.

She was suddenly grateful that Jonathan hadn't recognized her, which allowed him to speak up for her so confidently.

Jonathan added, "This is how prestigious students behave?"

He emphasized the word "prestigious", which was clearly a satire on Brooke's previous statement.

Brooke was silenced by Jonathan's overwhelming presence.

Everyone's facial expressions slightly changed, Brooke was embarrassed, and the rest were also uncomfortable. Estelle, however, raised her eyebrows in surprise, not expecting that Jonathan would come to her defense.

Mr. Ingram frowned and spoke in a deep voice, "Mr. Lamont is right. A few blurry photos shouldn't be used to judge someone, and it shouldn't be on the University of J City's forum in the first place."

The advisor immediately responded, "I'll have someone delete the post right away."

Brooke was still not satisfied and wanted to say something more, but the advisor stared her down.

Mr. Ingram turned to Jonathan and said with an elegant smile, "Since the principal, Mr. Fletcher, is using the conference room, why don't we go to my office instead?"

Jonathan nodded, "That sounds good."

"Please, this way!"

“Mr. Ingram, please!”

After Mr. Ingram and Jonathan left, the advisor turned to Brooke angrily, “Brooke, you really don’t know any better, do you?”

Brooke clenched her teeth without saying a word, glared at Estelle, and stormed out of the conference room

The advisor comforted Estelle for a bit Estelle didn’t say much else, handed in her materials, and then excused herself.

Around the corner of the hallway, Brooke was standing there, coldly staring at Estelle

Estelle walked past her without looking sideways As they brushed by each other, she stopped and said casually. “If you like Saul just go after him. Using these low and dirty tricks just makes you look

She glanced sideways, her face should be pure and innocent, but instead, it carried an icy coldness, utterly stupid””

Brooke’s entire body tensed up for a moment, angrily said, “What did you say?”

Estelle took a glance at her and then walked away calmly.

Unable to contain her anger, Brooke went to catch up with her but was stopped by another girl, “Brooke, calm down, we’re in the office building!”

Brooke stood still, her eyes menacing as she stared at Estelle’s retreating figure, “I’ll get her one day!”

Estelle didn’t have cla*ses in the afternoon. During noon time, she took the bus back to her hillside villa. Sitting on the bus, she couldn’t help but think about Jonathan again.

The first time they met, they slept together without getting to know each other, and the second time they met, she was treated as some stalker and was accused of being a mistress in public....

Resting her forehead against the bus window, Estelle raised her eyebrows slightly, thinking he must be her nemesis!

An hour later, Jonathan declined Mr. Ingram's invitation for a dinner party and drove away from the University of J City.

The driver asked, "Mr. Lamont, there's a development meeting at the Golden Palace Villa Area at 3 pm this afternoon. You have some time to rest before that. Where would you like to go?"

Jonathan glanced at the documents in his hand, and after hearing the word 'villa', an idea popped up in his mind, he said indifferently. "Let's go to Villa del Sol."

"Roger that!" The driver turned the car towards Villa del Sol.

Jonathan's cell phone suddenly rang. After answering the call, Millard's voice came from the other end, "Mr. Lamont, I've found the woman from last night!"

Chapter 4

Jonathan asked Millard to investigate the woman who jumped out of the window that day, so Millard

immediately checked the surveillance footage of the Sapphire Hotel

Oddly enough, there was a blank space in the footage between 7 and 9 PM Even the hotel's security personnel couldn't explain. They could only guess that the internet connection might have been lost at that time.

But Millard still found someone-Hattie.

Hattie was a small-time actress going for an innocent and gentle image, never quite making it big She was seen entering the Sapphire Hotel at 6:50 PM yesterday, heading towards the Pearl Place. After that, there was a gap in the surveillance footage, so it wasn't clear which room she went to

At 9:05 PM, Hattie's agent helped her exit from the Pearl Place. She was limping with a pain-filled expression, clearly injured.

Since the footage after that was gone, Millard took some time to find out which hospital Hattie was staying at. She had undergone surgery on her left leg the night before.

Millard had also checked her medical records: it was a fall injury.

Hope Hospital

In VIP room 706, the woman lying on the bed clasped her hands together, looking uneasy at Jonathan sitting on the sofa across from her. "Mr. Lamont, may I help you?"

"How did you hurt your leg?" Jonathan asked nonchalantly.

Hattie, with her leg in a cast, hesitated for a moment before replying in a low voice, "Does it have anything to do with you?"

"You don't have to hide it. I had someone check the surveillance footage. Last night around 9 o'clock, your agent helped you get into a car and leave. Your leg was already broken at that time. You're the one who jumped out of my room that night, right?"

Jonathan's tone was as indifferent as ever.

Since there were no cameras facing the guests' room windows in the Sapphire Hotel due to privacy concerns, it was unclear where Hattie had jumped from. However, her movements were consistent with the events of that night.

Hattie was momentarily stunned, then glanced over with confusion in her eyes, her mind already working on a plan.

Her agent, standing beside her, didn't dare to interrupt.

Jonathan crossed his legs and said calmly. "Don't be afraid. As I've said before, if you help me, I'll make it up to you."

Millard put a bank card on the table, with a straight face. There's 10 million in it. Don't ever mention that night.

again."

Biting her lower lip, Hattie hesitated for a moment before responding. "I don't want the money. I um... I wanted to do that... And please rest assured, Mr. Lamont, I won't say anything to anyone."

"I always keep my word. If you don't want the money, you can make another request." Jonathan spoke up.

Seeing her agent giving her a signal with the eye, Hattie squeezed her palms tightly and cautiously said, "I don't want anything. If, if Mr. Lamont don't mind, just treat me as a friend."

Jonathan interrupted her coldly. "I think it would be better if you made a more practical request!"

Hattie's face turned a shade paler, looking awkward and embarrassed. After some thought, she said, "I don't want to stay in my current company anymore. Can Mr. Lamont help with that?"

Jonathan paused before responding, "Would you like to join Lamont Group's Firefly Media Group?"

The agent's eyes lit up. Firefly Media Group was one of the top entertainment companies in the country, which had produced countless first-tier stars. Once they joined Firefly Media Group, resources wouldn't be a problem. Hattie's eyes softened, and she nodded gently. "Thank you, Mr. Lamont."

Jonathan stood up. "I'll have Aaron from Firefly Media Group contact you regarding contracts. As for the penalty fee with your current company, he will help you sort that out as well."

Hattie thanked him again, her voice soft and gentle. Her pale face from the injury made her look even more pitiful.

As Jonathan was leaving, he suddenly turned back and asked, "Why did you go to my room last night?"

Hattie was taken aback but quickly replied, "I was supposed to go to the room next door for an audition, but I got the wrong room."

It took a while for Hattie to regain her senses after Jonathan left. She remembered everything that had happened the night before, of course.

She had gone to the Sapphire Hotel to discuss a new acting role, and the assistant director wanted to take advantage of her under the pretext.

Refusing to give in, she had struggled for a while before jumping out of the window in desperation.

Before Jonathan arrived, her agent had been lecturing her, saying that in order to succeed in the industry, sacrifice is inevitable!

Her agent now realized what was going on and asked anxiously, "Did Mr. Lamont mistake you for someone else? Will we get in trouble for tricking him?"

Paler than ever and clutching the blanket tightly, Hattie responded, "What else can we do? Sleep with that pig-like assistant director?"

The prospect of signing with Firefly Media Group was too tempting to resist, but what excited her even more was the chance to build a connection with Jonathan.

The Lamont family controlled the economic lifeline of not only J City but the entire Country, with influence reaching from the government to businesses. Everyone relied on the Lamont family. If she could win Jonathan's favor, she'd have nothing to worry about!

With fate providing her this opportunity, why should she push it away?

Just thinking about putting those who had looked down on her in the past beneath her feet, and having those high and mighty people coming to flatter her in the future, what was the harm in taking a risk?

She wasn't afraid that the assistant director, would expose her. That night when she suddenly jumped off the building, he was scared to death. So now he couldn't wait to get out of her way!

After being discharged from the hospital, Jonathan got into the car with a gloomy face. He didn't expect her to be a small-time actress. She looked pretty good, but he felt a weird mix of annoyance and disappointment deep down.

Maybe because of this sudden annoyance, he found that the fact that she had humiliated him with 100 yuan. was no longer interesting. He didn't want to pursue it anymore and just wanted to get it over with.

On Saturday, after finishing her last class in the morning, Estelle took a car to the Macclain family.

The Macclain family lived in Peaceful Meadows Villa in N City, which was not accessible by bus, so Estelle had

to take a taxi there.

By the time she arrived at the Macclain family, it was eleven o'clock. The sky was gloomy, and it looked like it was about to rain. When Addy, the servant, saw Estelle, she tried to put on a smile and said, "Miss Estelle is

back!"

Estelle just nodded and changed her shoes as she walked in.

Addy's attitude was neither cold nor warm, "Mr. Macclain went out with Mrs Macclain, they won't be back for a while. Make yourself comfortable"

"Is my sister here?" A surprised voice came from upstairs, and soon after, a young girl ran down the stairs with a beautiful, beaming smile. She quickly approached Estelle, "Sis, what took you so long? I've been waiting for you all morning"

Estelle smiled and greeted her, "Carmella."

Addy faced Carmella with a smile on her face, “Miss, the dessert is ready in the kitchen, do you want blueberry mousse or chocolate?”

With a sweet smile, Carmella said, “Thank you, Addy, we’ll decide on the dessert later. Don’t worry about us. I want to have a chat with my sister.”

“Okay!” Addy answered respectfully. As she was about to leave, she glanced at Estelle and then turned around toward the kitchen.

Carmella showed off her newly done hair, holding a pair of sharp scissors in her hand. “Mom dragged me to the salon early this morning and insisted I change my hairstyle. What do you think, sis?”

Estelle nodded, “It looks good.”

Carmella touched the hair near her ear, “I looked in the mirror for a long time and felt that this part wasn’t good. I tried to fix it, but I’m still not satisfied. Can you help me trim it?”

Estelle glanced at the scissors handed to her, she took them, and asked, “Where?”

“Right here, near the ear. I’ll hold it, and you can just cut it off,” Carmella said, tilting her head slightly and pointing at a strand of hair under her ear.

Just as Estelle was about to cut with the scissors, a horrified voice came from the doorway.

“Estelle, what are you doing?!”

Chapter 5

The woman rushed over, and the flowers in her hand hit Estelle directly. She pushed her back violently and pulled Carmella into her arms.

Simone Kaiser anxiously checked Carmella, “Are you hurt? Are you bleeding? Where does it hurt?”

With dewy petals scattered all over the floor, the thorns on the flowers pricked Estelle’s neck, causing a slight sting. She looked at the woman’s anxious expression and was stunned for a moment.

Bennett quickly came over and asked Estelle, “Are you okay?”

Simone suddenly turned around, staring at Estelle with a fierce look, “What are you trying to do? Kill Carmella?” Estelle was shocked by the disgust and hatred in the woman’s eyes.

Carmella glanced at Estelle and hurriedly grabbed Simone’s wrist. “Mom, you misunderstand. I asked my sister to help me trim my hair. She didn’t hurt me.”

“Oh, I see!” Bennett laughed and scolded Simone, “You’re always so impulsive. You get angry without figuring things out. Look at Estelle’s clothes, you’ve messed them up.”

Simone, knowing she had wronged Estelle, looked embarrassed and defended herself, “I just saw Estelle holding scissors to Carmella’s neck. How was I supposed to know she was cutting hair?”

“Enough!” Bennett shot Simone a look and turned to Carmella, “Take your sister to change her clothes; she looks all dirty now.”

“Sister, come with me!”

Carmella tried to hold her hand, but Estelle subtly avoided her, her fingers brushing off the petals on her shoulder.

As they entered the bedroom on the second floor, Carmella apologized guiltily, “I’m so sorry, sis. I didn’t expect mom to come home at this time and get you hurt.”

“It’s not your fault!” Estelle’s innocent face showed a faint smile.

Carmella fetched a white T-shirt from the wardrobe and put it on the sofa. “This one is new and I have never worn it before. Try it on, sister, I’ll wait for you downstairs.

“Okay.”

After Carmella closed the door, Estelle looked at the shirt on the sofa, her expression dulling. What a coincidence-one wanting a haircut and the other just happening to come home!

After putting on the new shirt, Estelle walked down the hallway, and a door that wasn't closed tightly let out Bennett's voice, "How could you hit Estelle with flowers? That was too much!"

Estelle slowed her pace.

Simone was still unconvinced. "How could I have known she was cutting hair? She was holding scissors horizontally to Carmella's neck. I was completely freaked out!"

Bennett sighed, "Don't you think the way you've been treating Estelle is wrong? Don't forget that Estelle is our biological daughter!"

Simone argued, "I know. When she returned home three years ago, I wanted to make up for it, but she insisted on moving out. How could I make up for it?"

"Have you tried to keep her from moving out?" Bennett asked. "I know you love Carmella, but Estelle was taken away at birth and suffered so much outside. Can't you treat her more kindly?"

Simone's voice was helpless, "I want to treat Estelle better, but for twenty years, I've loved and pampered

Carmella as my own. It is not something that I can change overnight. Plus, Carmella is so talented—piano, painting, violin—she excels at everything, so sensible and smart. Well, Estelle, she has nothing to show for herself; I just can't bring myself to like her

"How could you say that about your own daughter?"

"At least I'm not saying that in front of her, am I?" Simone complained, "You're also to blame for inviting her here. Her presence has ruined a perfectly good birthday party!"

Darkness clouded Estelle's eyes, and she didn't bother to listen further. She took the light gray jewelry box out of her bag and put it on the outdoor flower stand, then walked downstairs.

Carmella was holding a ragdoll cat downstairs. Seeing Estelle, she immediately asked with a smile, "Does the shirt fit, sis?"

"It's perfect, thank you!" Estelle replied politely.

“Why are you being so polite? We’re sisters!” Carmella smiled innocently.

Estelle smiled faintly, “I just got a call, there’s something that I need to take care of back at school. So I have to go, please tell Dad for me.”

“You’re leaving so soon? We haven’t even had cake yet!” Carmella showed a disappointment expression.

“Please apologize to Mom for me, I didn’t mean to ruin her birthday,” Estelle said and headed for the door. Rain was falling outside, lightly pattering, making the ground completely wet.

Carmella turned to Addy. “Where’s Calvin? Ask him to drive my sister.”

Addy run over, quickly glanced at the rain and sighed, “Oh dear, what a pity! Mr. Calvin just left to pick up the birthday cake, and he hasn’t returned yet.”

“It’s fine. Can you please get me an umbrella, Addy?” Estelle asked.

“Okay, sure!” Addy turned and quickly returned with an umbrella, handing it to Estelle, and not forgetting to remind her, “This umbrella costs thousands, please take good care of it, miss.”

With a hint of mockery in her eyes, Estelle maintained her composure, opened the umbrella, and ventured into the drizzle.

As soon as Estelle left the house, Carmella saw Calvin holding an umbrella, walking towards the yard.

Addy looked embar*sed. “Oh, Mr. Calvin returned half an hour ago; letting our young lady walk alone in this rain is so thoughtless of me.”

Carmella hugged the cat, her smile gentle and harmless. “Maybe you’ve been working too hard lately I’ll find a chance to talk to my mom about giving you a raise.”

Addy instantly beamed, looking grateful. “Thank you, Miss, I’ll do whatever you say from now on.”

Carmella turned and went upstairs, instantly saw the jewelry box on the flower stand, and picked it up. Before she could open it, Bennett and Simone came out.

Knowing Estelle had left, Simone felt relieved.

Bennett didn't want to argue with Simone on her birthday, so he changed the subject, looking at the jewelry box in Carmella's hand and laughing. "Is that for your mom?"

Simone took the gift with a smile, opened it and was momentarily stunned, then her face lit up with surprise. "The new release from GK Jewelry studio! It's still in the promotion phase, I heard there's only one set of each design, and they're pretty hard to get your hands on. Carmella, did you buy this as a birthday present for mom?" A hint of astonishment flashed in Carmella's eyes, but she simply smiled and didn't deny it. "As long as mom likes it!"

"My sweet little girl!" Simone was moved to hug Carmella, and any guilt she had for hitting Estelle instantly vanished

Meanwhile, Estelle had left the Macclain family and was walking back along the road. This was a villa area with no buses, and even cabs were rare

The rain hit the umbrella, the sound was clear and chaotic

Estelle walked at a steady pace, stepping in the puddles. The chilly spring rain mirrored her current mood

As cars passed by on the road, in one of them, a Bentley, was a girl in the passenger seat who suddenly looked out of the window and said to the man in the backseat, "Uncle, I see a classmate of mine. There are no buses here, can we give her a lift?"

Jonathan looked at the documents in his hand, his handsome face indifferent, and gave a slight nod

Norah Lamont instructed the driver to reverse, rolled down the window, and called out to Estelle, "Estelle, get in!"

Estelle was taken aback, "Norah?"

The two were in the same department but they weren't exactly close.

Norah gave a charming smile, "Come on, get in and we'll talk."

“Thank you!” Estelle expressed her gratitude, opened the car door, closed her umbrella, and got in. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw someone sitting next to her, turned her head to have a look, and was instantly caught off guard.

Chapter 6

Without lifting his head, Jonathan was speed reading the documents in his hand, looking all high and mighty and cold, totally unapproachable

Norah laughed and said, ‘Estelle, are you here to be a tutor?’

She knew Estelle lived in the poorer eastern suburbs, and here was the rich area, so she naturally assumed Estelle was here to make some extra cash as a private tutor

Estelle smiled faintly, “Good thing I ran into you”

How did she forget that Norah was Jonathan’s niece?

They hadn’t seen each other in almost three years, and now they’d run into each other three times in one week. Estelle thought to herself, did Cupid just remember her?

Norah turned to introduce Estelle, “This is my young uncle!”

Estelle pretended she didn’t know already, and nodded, “Mr. Lamont!”

Hearing a familiar voice, Jonathan’s gaze shifted and his eyes narrowed slightly.

Estelle clutched the umbrella handle, her heart in turmoil, thinking about how he might know she was a student at University of J City at most, so there was nothing to be nervous about.

Norah, who was naturally warm and friendly, initiated a conversation with Estelle, “Is Brooke chasing after Saul?”

Remembering what happened yesterday, Estelle’s eyes turned cold and she casually replied, “Seems so!”

Norah laughed mockingly, “The whole school knows Saul has liked you for three years, you two are so close! How could Saul ever take a liking to Brooke?”

Instinctively. Estelle glanced at Jonathan and smiled, “Saul and I are just cla*smates. It’s none of my business who he gets together with.”

Norah gave her a look that seemed to say ‘yeah, right, like I buy it, and Estelle felt wronged. Whether her marriage was by agreement or not, she was still married now!

When they got back to the city, there was a traffic jam due to an accident. Norah covered her stomach and said, “When will this road open up? I’m hungry. Why don’t we go grab something to eat?”

Estelle quickly said, “I’ll just get off here and go back to school myself.”

“Forget going back to school, it’s already noon. Let’s go have lunch together!” Norah made the decision without hesitation.

Jonathan, who hadn’t said anything the whole ride, looked at his watch and told Millard, “Pull over.”

There happened to be a French restaurant on the right, and the three of them went in and sat down. Fearing that Estelle might not be familiar with dining at such fancy restaurants, Norah took the initiative to order for her after asking her preferences.

After ordering, Norah went to the restroom, leaving Jonathan and Estelle sitting at the table.

Jonathan was leaning back against the sofa, lazily checking his phone with half-closed eyes, his handsome. face was breath taking.

Estelle’s gaze fell on the man’s handsome face, in a trance, remembering that night, when he was so pa*sionate and gentle, yet fierce at times, completely different from his current elegant demeanor.

Looking back on that night, she wondered why had she given in so easily and even paid him a hundred dollars. Was she out of her mind?

But now, sitting here, looking at the handsome man across from her, she finally felt at peace; the money wasn’t

spent in vain.

Jonathan sensed the gaze on him and slightly furrowed his eyebrows, looking up at her

Estelle shifted her gaze nonchalantly to the window, her ears turning red Daydreaming, for shame!

With a hint of curiosity, Jonathan's cool eyes met hers and his lips parted. "What's your name?"

Estelle tensed up, and softly said,

"Estelle."

His handsome face remained expressionless, and his eyes showed no surprise, obviously having no recollection of the name

In Estelle's mind, as expected, he never cared about the name of the woman he married

Just as the dessert was served and Estelle's phone received a message, their conversation came to an abrupt end

Clicked open her WhatsApp. Magdalen messaged,

[Ella, guess who I saw? Jonathan! He's having lunch with a woman, and I couldn't see her face clearly. Dating a vixen as soon as he gets back to the country, does he even remember that he's married?]

Estelle stared at her phone, feeling a mix of emotions, and it took her a while to reply.

[Sorry, I'm that vixen.]

Magdalen Sampson was a long-time friend and confidante. Besides her father Bennett, Magdalen was the only one who knew about Estelle's marriage to Jonathan.

Magdalen sent a shocked emoji with its eyes popping out, then quickly texted, [How did you end up with Jonathan? Have you two formally met as husband and wife?]

Husband and wife?

Estelle looked at these words and found it hard to explain. She glanced at Jonathan before texting back, [No, it's a coincidence. I'll explain later.]

Magdalen's curiosity was piqued, and she wouldn't easily let it go, [I'm on the third floor, I'm coming down to find you.]

Estelle quickly texted back, [Stay put. Don't move!]

Magdalen sent a pitiful emoji and Estelle ignored it. Just as she closed her phone, she suddenly smelled a light. and fresh perfume.

A woman in a GK Jewelry Studio spring beige suit walked over, sitting directly next to Jonathan. With her exquisite makeup and elegant demeanor, she briefly glanced at Estelle before playfully complaining to Jonathan, "I called you this morning to have lunch together and you said you were busy. Turns out you've already had plans."

Jonathan's face remained cool, "There's always a first come, first served rule."

The woman chuckled, her gaze on Estelle became sharper, "Nice to meet you, I'm Lucille Hammer. What's your name, Miss?"

Estelle sensed the hostility and was just about to respond when Jonathan unexpectedly pushed the dessert. over to her. With a nearly imperceptible hint of affection, he said, "You like raspberry mousse, don't you? Try

this."

Estelle actually didn't like raspberry mousse, but she obediently picked up her spoon.

Lucille's smile faltered, but she still tried to maintain it, "Why are you being so protective? I was just asking for her name. I didn't mean any harm!"

Jonathan had a poker face, "She's shy. Just a bit stranger anxiety"

Estelle tried to swallow a mouthful of mousse with great effort.

Lucille mocked, "Shy? I think some girls are pretty gutsy. flaunting their good looks and looking for men everywhere. Jonathan, you better watch out"

Jonathan crossed his knees, thin lips curled indifferently, "As long as she's good looking. I'm not asking for anything else"

Estelle's hand shook once as she held the spoon, feeling like she couldn't continue to eat the cake. Could they at least consider the feelings of the innocent bystander?

Lucille didn't hide her displeasure this time, clearly feeling Jonathan's defense of the girl. She was frustrated but didn't dare to vent it on him. The problem was she had no right to be jealous either their parents were friends and her father wanted to set them up, but Jonathan never showed any interest.

Knowing that she had to maintain her composure at this moment, Lucille gracefully stood up and smiled, "I won't disturb your meal, I'll visit Auntie some other day."

Jonathan responded with an indifferent "Mhm," and Lucille, holding back her bitterness, left in her high heels.

Estelle had eaten half of the cake on her plate. Seeing the woman leave, she immediately put down her spoon.

Jonathan looked over and his voice returned to its previous distant tone, "Don't take it wrong."

Estelle calmly replied, "I get it. You bought me a meal, I'll do you a favor, and we're even."

Chapter 7

A flash of surprise went past Jonathan's eyes as he looked at her for a moment longer.

Just then, Norah was back, sitting beside Estelle, laughing heartily. "Ran into a high school classmate and chatted for a bit."

The waiter served the main course, and the three of them began to eat. Occasionally, Norah would speak up, chatting with Estelle about their school days.

After dinner, they bumped into Magdalen and her group as they headed out. Magdalen was treating some clients to dinner. They met at the entrance, and Magdalen raised an eyebrow at Estelle. The two pretended not to know each other, and brushed past.

However, two senior executives recognized Jonathan and greeted him respectfully.

The rain outside had stopped, and the road was clear. Millard drove the car over, and the three got in..

“Estelle, where are you headed?” Norah, sitting in the pa*senger seat, asked, looking back.

*Just drop me off at the entrance of University of J City if it’s on your way,” Estelle replied.

“It’s on our way, no problem, My uncle is quite easygoing.” Norah said with a meaningful smile.

Estelle laughed dryly, thinking that if she hadn’t heard how sarcastic he could be, she might have believed Norah’s words.

As the car approached the school, she chatted with Norah while Jonathan sat silently next to them, going through some documents. His intense personal presence was hard to ignore.

Seeing the couple together in the car, Estelle felt a peculiar sensation.

The car stopped at the entrance of the University of J City, and Estelle said goodbye to Norah, “Thanks, Norah.”

“No worries, just treat me to some drinks someday,” Norah said playfully, her eyes twinkling.

Estelle laughed and agreed. With her umbrella and bag in hand, she turned to Jonathan and said, “Thank you, Mr. Lamont.”

Jonathan simply grunted in response.

Estelle got out of the car, waved goodbye to Norah, and headed to the bus stop.

Inside the car, Norah watched Estelle walk away, then suddenly turned to Jonathan, “Uncle, I want Estelle to be

Henson’s tutor.”

Her parents were often away, and they had recently gone to London for an economic conference, taking her grandparents as well. As soon as they left, Henson Lamont’s tutor resigned, leaving Norah in charge of disciplining Henson, so she was in a hurry of finding someone to help her divide the burden...

Jonathan frowned, “Why not hire a professional tutor instead of a student?”

Norah huffed, “The professionals can’t handle him! Besides, Estelle needs the money for her tuition. I want to help her.”

“You can just give her money directly,” Jonathan retorted.

“She has her pride, okay?” Norah laughed, “Uncle, please agree. We can just give her a try. If she can’t handle Henson, she’ll quit on her own.”

Jonathan snorted, thinking that controlling Henson would be a feat, “Fine, let her try.”

Norah excitedly nodded, “I’ll call her right away!”

Estelle got off the bus at Maple Street, chatted with the store clerk, Emily, at the trams dessert shop for a while, and returned to the villa just before dark.

14:42

As soon as she entered, Max rushed over to her, eager for affection

Max, a Samoyed, was Jonathan's dog Estelle had been taking care of him since he was three months old, and now he was three years old She couldn't help but feel like she was raising someone else's child

There was also Wilma, the maid who looked after her in the villa, and the old butler, Mr Wagner The three of them and the dog had been living together for almost three years, becoming as close as family

After playing with Max for a while, she took a shower and received a call from Norah.

Norah asked if she could go to their house and give Henson tutoring

Tutoring at the Lamont family?

Estelle imagined the scene, then shook her head, "I'm not a professional tutor, and I don't want to hold Henson back. You should find someone from a tutoring agency"

"We've tried a bunch of professionals, Henson likes none of them. Estelle, please help me out. My family's not home, and my uncle's busy Can you just do me this favor?" Norah pleaded playfully.

After being pestered by Norah for some time, Estelle finally agreed to give it a try.

Til be waiting for you at our house tomorrow morning. Don't let me down!" Norah quickly hung up the phone, fearing that Estelle might change her mind.

Estelle looked at her phone and blinked helplessly, wondering what was going on.

Soon after, a message from Norah arrived, “Estelle, where do you live? I’ll have the driver pick you up tomorrow morning.”

Estelle replied, “9 a.m., I’ll be waiting at the entrance of University of J City.”

“Deal!”

After hanging up, Estelle felt dazed. Max jumped up onto the couch and bit her pajamas.

Lying on Max, Estelle laughed softly. “Tomorrow I’m going to see your master. Do you have any messages for him?”

Max looked at her blankly.

Estelle patted his big head and giggled, “Silly dog!”

That night, she talked on the phone with Magdalen, who was shocked to learn Estelle was going to tutor Jonathan’s nephew. Magdalen excitedly said, “Sweet Ella, this is your chance! Now you can go see him. legitimately, seduce him, pin him down, sleep with him before the agreement ends, and then throw the divorce papers in his face. That’ll show him!”

Estelle paused for a moment, then hung up the phone.

She was afraid that if she listened any longer, Magdalen would brainwash her.

But she really needs to think about how she should deal with Jonathan if she’s gonna run into him often at the Lamont family gatherings.

The next day, at 8:50 am, Estelle arrived at the entrance of the University of J City. After waiting for five minutes, a Mercedes stopped in front of her. The driver got out of the car and politely asked, “Are you Ms. Macclain?”

Estelle nodded, “Yes!”

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2/3

14:42

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Chapter 7

Estelle thanked him and got into the car.

The Lamont family’s old house was located in the south of the city. The outer wall was a black hollow iron railing with vines all over it. The car drove along the flower wall for ten minutes before reaching the entrance. Through the black iron gate, a single-family villa and garden could be seen.

The servant standing at the entrance nodded at her and opened the door for her to enter.

Estelle took off her shoes and stepped inside. Before she had time to observe the interior decoration of the villa, she caught a glimpse of a black shadow rushing towards her from the corner of her eye.

Estelle’s face changed drastically in an instant, and she raised her legs and ran inside. Seeing someone coming down the stairs, before she had time to think, she jumped up and hugged the man, and then quickly jumped up, her arms tightly hugging the man’s neck.

She was afraid of all dogs in the world, except Max!

“Milo!” The man’s voice was dull, with a warning tone.

The approaching dog suddenly stopped at Jonathan's feet, curiously looking up and scanning Estelle. Jonathan turned his head to look at the woman hanging on his body, his handsome face darkened, "Get down, or I'll accuse you of hara*sment!"

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Chapter 8

Jonathan glanced at her slightly chubby baby face, fair and soft, with a faint blush spreading from the base of her ears, like a cloud flushed with twilight, revealing the innocence of her youth. She looked more like a high schooler than a college student

Feeling a bit of elder’s pity, he subdued his own irritation, waved Milo off, and said casually. “You can come down now

Estelle looked back before pretending to calmly jump down, landing behind him and avoiding eye contact with the staring dog.

Jonathan seemed to chuckle as he walked towards Milo.

She, late to realize, had been so close to him that she caught a whiff of his scent, like a cold spring in early spring, chilly and clear, with hints of wood.

He walked over to Milo, squatted and patted its neck, saying lightly, “Milo usually doesn’t attack people.”

But Estelle sensed something off in his words-what did he mean? Didn’t she look like a good person?

Only then did she realize he had a purebred adult German Shepherd, even bigger and more intimidating than

most.

She looked down and adopted his indifferent attitude, “How familiar,. You can hear it all the time in the news where innocent people get bitten by dogs.”

Jonathan paused, his dark eyes flicking over, and let out a scoff, “A little girl with such a sarcastic tone!”

Estelle was about to retort when Norah, with a big smile, came running down the stairs, “Estelle, you’re here!”

Norah had worn delicate makeup, she greeted Estelle warmly and introduced her, “My parents aren’t home, and we don’t have a lot of people coming here. This is my uncle, whom you met yesterday. Just call him ‘Uncle!’”

Estelle looked at Jonathan with a surprised expression, but kept her lips sealed.

Jonathan, seemingly holding a grudge for the previous remark, gave her a cold look, “No greetings for your elders? I’m starting to doubt your qualifications as a tutor.”

Norah, clueless about Jonathan’s issue with Estelle, shot him a warning look, which he ignored.

Estelle took a deep breath, finally squeezing out a begrudging. “Uncle!”

Jonathan gave a noncommittal grunt and sat down on the sofa with Milo.

As she observed Jonathan’s arrogant demeanor, Estelle suddenly believed the rumors that he used to be the big bully of J City.

“Henson’s upstairs; I’ll take you to meet him.” Norah’s smile unfolded as she led Estelle upstairs.

Walking on the wooden floor, Estelle couldn’t help but notice how cozy the man and his German Shepherd appeared together.

Feeling a pang of sadness for Max, who clearly still missed Jonathan, often listening outside his former study for any trace of his former master, even as Jonathan had long found a “new favorite” and forgotten about Max.

As they turned the corner, Norah apologized, “I’m sorry Estelle, I didn’t mean to put you in an awkward situation on your first visit. You might don’t know my uncle. But he is very protective. You called him uncle today, and he answered. If you ever need help, just ask him.”

Estelle thought to herself, she wouldn’t need his help!

Still, she gave a polite smile, “Thank you, Norah.”

Norah responded, “Don’t mention it. We may not have been close in school, but I’ve always admired you and wanted us to be friends.”

Estelle beamed, “We’re friends I’

Norah’s laughter was particularly sweet. As Norah reached out to take Estelle’s hand, though Estelle stiffened momentarily, she didn’t shy away.

Outside Henson’s room, Norah knocked and called out, “Henson, Im coming in

No one inside answered, so Norah pushed the door straight in

The door opened to a small foyer, to the right a bathroom and to the left the bedroom, decorated in a style that boys would love comics, space, replicas of firearms, a bit of everything but not messy

A 10-year-old boy was curled up on the couch, playing games on a tablet, not looking up at their entry

“Henson, this is your new tutor, and she’s my friend. Do not bully her, got it?”

Henson gave a noncommittal “oh” before resuming his game.

Norah inhaled deeply, keeping her cool, not wanting Estelle to get discouraged, “My brother can be difficult. Don’t give up on him!”

“Don’t worry!” Estelle gave her a reas*uring glance.

Despite her irritation with Jonathan, Norah was very kind to her.

Norah led Estelle around the room, inputting Jonathan’s number into her phone, then said in a low voice, “I had an appointment, so I’ll leave you and Henson to get acquainted. If he gives you any trouble, just get my uncle.”

Estelle felt that even if she was kicked out of the Lamont family by Henson, Jonathan wouldn’t care about her!

Norah left, and Estelle walked around the room before stopping at Henson’s desk, where his untouched homework lay.

She sat down next to him and said softly, “You don’t do your homework and make a big fuss... are you trying to get your parents’ attention?”

As soon as they left, his tutor had resigned, obviously Henson was deliberately pissing off the tutor!

Henson's hands faltered as he played, giving her a dark look that was too malicious for his age, "Mind your own business, or I'll make sure you won't last a day!"

Estelle didn't flinch, insisting, "Rebellion is a childish way to seek parental attention."

Henson clenched his tablet and refused to speak.

Leaning in, Estelle said, "You're playing games. How about doing your homework first, then I'll play with you?"

Henson scoffed, "You were just making fun of me for being childish, and now you're trying to trick me like a child. Are all you adults this hypocritical?"

Estelle frowned, "Excuse me, I'm still a kid too!"

Henson couldn't help but snicker when he saw her serious face, so he turned his head and let out a little laugh. Estelle rolled her eyes and took out her phone, "Forget it, I don't have the skills to handle this, but since I'm here, I'll play a game with you for a bit and then I'm out."

Henson eyed her suspiciously.

Estelle had already started the game and looked at him nonchalantly, "I'm serious, I didn't plan to tutor you anyway. Teaching rich kids isn't a piece of cake. It was your sister who felt sorry for me and insisted I come!"

Henson frowned, "Why would she feel sorry for you?"

Estelle pursed her lips, her voice becoming softer, "I had no parents growing up, it was my grandpa who worked hard to raise me and paid for my tuition. Just a few days ago, he got sick, and I wanted to earn some money to get him to see a doctor."

As she said this, Estelle even choked up a little.

Henson furrowed his brows even more and hesitated for a moment. He put down his tablet. So being my tutor will give you enough money to help your grandpa""

Estelle felt a secret joy because she had guessed correctly that Norah had a stronger relationship with her grandparents than her parents, so when she heard about someone else's grandpa being ill, he'd feel empathy

Estelle looked at him with round, watery eyes hiding her sorrow, and said frankly. "Yeah, tutoring you pays more than others, and it would help me to get my grandpa to see a doctor sooner

Henson rolled his eyes, putting on a reluctant face. "Fine then, I'll let you stay, but it's only because of your grandpa"

Estelle wanted to laugh; he didn't even know who her grandpa was, yet he claimed to do it for his sake!

She kept a straight face, acting somewhat troubled, "It won't be enough for me to stay, you have to cooperate with me and finish your homework as quickly as possible. If I can't prove my worth as your tutor, your uncle will kick me out soon. Rich people's money ain't easy to make!"

"What a pain!" Henson threw down his tablet and walked over to his desk, "Hurry up and get started! And don't forget what you said earlier when we're done with the homework, play games with me!"

"Yes, sir!" Estelle stood up, grinning.

Jonathan had been waiting downstairs for an hour. When he passed by Henson's room on his way upstairs, he wondered whether Estelle could actually discipline Henson.

The door was half-open, and before he got close, he heard Estelle shouting from inside,"

"I'm going to die!"

"Where are you? Save me!"

Henson's annoyed voice rang out simultaneously. "You noob, what the heck were you trying to blow up? That

was me!"

"What?"

Jonathan pushed open the door and entered, just as Estelle looked up, probably still lost in the game, with a dumbfounded expression on her face!

“What are you guys doing?” The man asked with a stern face.

Chapter 9

Estelle instinctively wanted to hide her hand behind her, but then she thought that this action would seem too guilty, so she held back and didn't move.

In the game, she had blown up Henson, and she herself had been killed by someone else with a single shot

Henson resisted the urge to kick Estelle to death, but instead defended her, saying. “Uncle, I'm done with my homework!”

Jonathan was a bit surprised, glanced over Estelle's face, and walked towards the desk, ‘Let me see!

Henson showed his homework to Jonathan, and, as expected, it was all completed and corrected. The mistakes were fixed, and some even had summaries.

Jonathan became even more amazed and looked at Estelle.

Estelle stared back with her clear, big eyes, “I promised Henson that I'd play the game with him after finishing the homework.”

Jonathan smiled faintly, put down the homework, and said to Henson, “Good job, keep playing!”

After saying this, he left the room.

Estelle let out a breath without changing her expression, and exchanged a glance with Henson, both feeling like they had survived a disaster.

Henson mocked, “Are you so afraid of my uncle?”

Estelle blurted out, “Aren't you?”

Henson raised his eyebrows, “My uncle would scold me when he's angry, but he's not gonna scold you, what are you afraid of?”

“I, Estelle stammered, awkwardly saying, “Who said I’m afraid of him?”

Henson looked at her sarcastically.

Estelle, annoyed, picked up her phone, “Forget about your uncle, let’s continue the game.”

Henson opened his tablet, threatening, “If you dare blow me up again, I’ll shoot you first!”

Estelle laughed guiltily, “No more, no more!”

When Estelle left, she didn’t see Jonathan. It was still the driver who sent her back. As soon as she left the villa, her mood suddenly brightened.

With some people, you don’t need to see them. Just in the same room with them will put you under tremendous

pressure.

Jonathan hadn’t gone out all morning. During lunch, the large dining table was laid out with a flavorful ten-course meal and a soup, but Jonathan and Henson were the only two people eating.

Jonathan took a few sips of soup, put down the spoon, and asked, “How do you feel about the new teacher?”

“Not bad!” Henson nodded.

Jonathan mocked, “Because she plays games with you?”

Henson unimpressed, “There are many people who are willing to play games with me, but I didn’t say they are. good!”

He looked proud, “Actually, I just pity her!”

“Why is she pitiable?” Jonathan asked casually.

Henson frowned, “She didn’t have parents since childhood, only a grandfather, who is sick “

Jonathan raised his eyebrows, Did she tell you that?"

"Yeah"

"But you can't keep her just for this reason Im hiring a tutor, not helping the poor Jonathan said indifferently Henson thought for a moment. It's not entirely because of that Anyway, I can actually follow her lessons"

"Okay" Jonathan didn't say anything else, "As long as you can accept her, then let's settle this"

Henson nodded in agreement.

Jonathan suddenly felt that whether Estelle was really miserable or just pretending, she did have some talent

Estelle took the Lamont family's car and got off at the University of J City. She then took a bus back to the

villa

After pa*sing the eastern suburbs, the road gradually widened, and the green trees on both sides formed a canopy. The large forest park, the famous Whispering Lake of J City and the rolling mountains could be seen.

High-scale villa districts were hidden among the green trees, with beautiful scenery and fresh air. Compared to the crowded and noisy city center, this place was heaven on earth.

As she went to pick up her bike, Emily from the coffee store called out to her, "Ella, come in!"

"Sure!" Estelle replied.

She entered the store which wasn't too crowded, with a few groups of customers sitting in the corners. Emily pulled Estelle over to a wooden chair by the floor-to-ceiling window, "Hang on!"

Estelle saw a wooden table with a gla*s vase containing blooming yellow daisies, which perfectly matched the refreshing day.

Emily brought over a wooden tray filled with pastries and put them one by one on the table: a peach pudding, a chocolate mousse, and a large cup of pa*sion fruit iced tea..

Estelle's eyes sparkled – she loved all of these.

“Enjoy, they're all yours!”

Emily had a round face, big eyes, black-rimmed gla*s'es, and when she smiled, two dimples appeared on her cheeks she looked very cute.

Estelle began eating the pudding with her spoon.

Emily propped her face up with her hands and grinned at her.

Estelle would always leave her bike outside the coffee store when she went out. After doing that a few times, the two became friends.

“Ella, during your summer vacation this year, you can do an internship. Do you have any ideas what you want to do?” Emily asked.

Estelle held her spoon and shook her head, “Haven't thought about it yet.”

“So, do you have any dreams or things you want to do?”

Estelle thought for a moment and said earnestly. “I want to buy Villa del Sol.”

She loved Villa del Sol, but it wasn't hers. If she and Jonathan divorced, she would have to move out.

Emily tapped the table, “Can you think of something more realistic?”

Estelle stopped talking, finished her pudding, and started eating cake.

“By the way, Ella, have you ever encountered Jonathan while working at Villa del Sol? Emily suddenly asked with a gossipy tone

Emily had always thought Estelle was working at Villa del Sol to earn tuition fees

Estelle replied truthfully, “No.”

“Oh,” Emily rested her chin, “That's a pity!”

Emily was studying architectural design, and it was said that Villa del Sol's villa was designed and built by Jonathan himself. She had always admired Jonathan.

After chatting for a while, Estelle got up to leave, and Emily gave her another piece of cake.

Estelle took the cake, rode her electric bike, turned around Maple Street, and entered Villa del Sol.

Villa del Sol was a hill, a privately-owned little hill.

On both sides of the winding road, there were towering trees blocking out the sun completely. As soon as you step onto the green path, the heat vanishes, and you feel refreshed and energetic.

The villa was located halfway up the hill. When a small bike driving towards it, the carved iron gate automatically opens. Inside, there's a vast and neatly maintained lawn, a glass greenhouse, centuries-old flowering trees... To the right of the bluestone path is the main living area with an American-style design. Through the large floor-to-ceiling windows, you can see Max lying on the pure white carpet.

Seeing her enter, Max races out.

Estelle squats down and hugs Max, thinking about the dog that Jonathan has now, feeling a bit heartbroken. She pats the cake box in her hand, "I'll share half of this with you later!"

Max gets even more excited, spinning around Estelle non-stop.

Once inside the house, before Wilma comes out of the kitchen, Max has already brought over the soft slippers, waiting for Estelle to change her shoes.

"Why are you so well-behaved today?" Estelle says with a warm smile.

Wilma comes out, takes the cake from Estelle's hand, and laughs gently, "If you wanted cake, ma'am, you could've just told me. The ones from outside aren't that good."

"It's from Emily!" Estelle explains. Wilma loves to make her all kinds of snacks and doesn't like her eating stuff from outside.

Knowing Emily, Wilma smiles and nods, “Then tomorrow, I’ll have Mr. Wagner bring some fresh fruits to Emily when he goes out.”

“Just do it as you see fit!” Estelle laughs and heads upstairs with Max.

After taking a shower and sharing the cake with Max, Estelle gets a call. She glances at the phone and answers, “Jason.”

“What are you doing?” The man’s voice is deep and magnetic, with a subtle hint of a smile.

“Eating.” Estelle sips the cream from her fingertip.

“Today, Lady Copeland, the third wife, called and specifically asked King himself to design a jade necklace. The offer is 10 million, just for the design fee.”

Estelle raises her eyebrows. The third wife of the Copeland family? She’s quite generous this time.”

This third wife is a senior VIP of GK Jewelry Studio, a former model. Although she married into a wealthy family, she’s a bit petty. She buys hundreds of thousands of jewelry pieces, but haggles over a thousand-dollar packaging box with the salesperson. How come she suddenly became this generous this time?

“Next month is Old Mrs. Copeland’s 80th birthday, and it’s almost time to divide the family property. The third wife wants a bigger share, so she has to find a way to please the old lady. Are you available? Do you want to

take the job?”

Estelle chuckles, “Why not? Money is there for the take. A month should be enough.”

“Alright, I’ll let her know tomorrow.” Jason pauses, and then asks, “When are you coming to the design studio?” Estelle playfully rolls her eyes, sucking on a yogurt straw, “How about the weekend? I’ll let you know.”

“Great, see you then!”

Chapter 10

It was past 10 PM when Norah got home and saw Jonathan sitting on the living room couch. She rolled her eyes, gave a wink to the maid who was going to talk to her, and tiptoed upstairs.

“Come here the man leaned on the sofa’s backrest, holding a book in his hands, and spoke calmly

Knowing that she couldn’t avoid him, Norah boldly walked over. “Uncle, you’re still awake?”

Jonathan looked at her. “No wonder you’re so eager to find a tutor, turns out you’re busy going on dates. You got a boyfriend?”

“No!” Norah shook her head immediately. I just went shopping with my cla*smates!”

“Your boyfriend is your cla*smate?” Jonathan stated.

Realizing she couldn’t hide it from her uncle, she sat down and honestly said, “Yes, I have a boyfriend. I know our family is special, but can you not investigate him and not follow us? I just want a normal relationship. Don’t worry, he’s very good, and I’ve never told him anything about our family.”

Jonathan put down the book, took a sip of tea before slowly saying, “It’s normal to have a relationship in your junior year. I won’t investigate, but you should be careful. Your parents aren’t home, and I’m responsible for you.”

Norah’s face lit up with a smile. “Thank you, Uncle! You’re the best!”

“No need to butter me up. Go to bed,” Jonathan laughed and added, “Oh, right. Henson accepted your cla*smate as his tutor. Have her come by again next week,”

“Really?” Norah’s grin grew even wider, and while grabbing her phone, she said, “I’ll tell her right away!”

Jonathan heard Norah call out as she walked to the center of the stairs, “Estelle, are you asleep?”

The other one on the phone said something, and Norah laughed, “My uncle said you did a good job teaching. my brother, so you’re officially Henson’s tutor now! Every Saturday and Sunday morning. What do you think?”

Lowering his eyes, he unconsciously furrowed his brow. When did he say she did well?

As Norah disappeared upstairs, the man figured he didn’t need to argue with a young girl and continued reading his book.

On Monday afternoon, Estelle and Blythe went to cla*s together, and as they walked past the language building, a group of people rushed over. The guy at the front was tall and handsome, his eyes fixed on Estelle.

“It’s Saul!” Blythe excitedly tugged Estelle’s sleeve.

Seeing the bouquet of roses in Saul’s hand, Estelle frowned and tried to leave the scene. However, she was blocked by Brooke and a few other girls, all looking unfriendly.

Brooke liked Saul, but Saul liked Estelle-it was the hot gossip around the University of J City.

In seconds, Saul was in front of her, his attention unwavering, his voice gentle. “Estelle, I like you. Be my girlfriend!”

Blythe was more excited than Estelle, pinching her arm and giving her signals to say yes.

Saul was rich, handsome, and student council president. Such a remarkable person has been steadfastly in love with Estelle for three years. What more could she want?

The crowd chanted, “Kiss! Kiss!” The noise was deafening.

A man pa*sing the hallway in the administration building noticed the commotion and looked downstairs, his pace slowed down as he recognized a familiar figure.

Estelle took a deep breath. She had shut the world out once, and she tried hard to be gentle and adapt since. But the noise was too much, and she couldn’t help feeling irritated. She looked at Saul, seriously said, “I don’t like you!”

Saul’s smile stiffened but was unwilling to give up since they were graduating soon. He fell to one knee, his face resolute. “Estelle, don’t test me anymore. You like me, and I know it!”

He didn’t see a reason for Estelle to refuse him and she was only playing hard to catch.

“I’m not testing you. I really don’t like you!” Estelle replied emotionlessly.

Saul looked up at her, and the others fell silent. The atmosphere became awkward.

Standing up, Saul was in disbelief-this was his first public confession, and he’d put his reputation on the line. He tried to brush it off. “Estelle, if you don’t want so many people watching, we can talk somewhere quiet.”

“I’ve made myself clear enough,” Estelle didn’t budge. She believed in rejecting someone decisively, as ambiguity would only hurt both sides.

Saul’s face got darker. “You really don’t like me?”

“Not at all!” Estelle answered without hesitation.

Saul dropped the roses, and his face turned pale. He glared at Estelle, then turned to Brooke. “Do you want to be with me?”

Brooke hesitated, clenched her teeth, then walked over, asking, “What do you mean?”

Saul looked at Estelle, pulled Brooke closer, and kissed her pa*sionately.

There were gasps all around!

Estelle rolled her eyes, turned, and left. Blythe snapped out of her shock and followed.

“Estelle!” Saul suddenly shouted hoarsely.

Estelle stopped, but didn’t look back.

“If you take one more step, you’re going to regret it!” Saul’s eyes were red, staring at Estelle with rage.

Estelle continued walking away without looking back.

Brooke pushed Saul’s arm away and yelled, “What am I to you?”

Then, glaring at Estelle, she stomped off.

On the third floor, Jonathan watched the drama unfold silently, his hands in his pockets.

“Jonathan!” Mr. Ingram approached, his elegant smile shining. “What are you doing here? Come inside, and I’ll make you a nice cup of tea!”

Jonathan glanced at the girl who had already walked away and gave a subtle smile, “It’s stuffy inside, just getting some fresh air.”

“Sorry to keep you waiting, I had to deal with something. Let’s talk in my office.” Mr. Ingram courteously

ushered Jonathan into his office.

Downstairs, Saul angrily left with a sullen look, followed by everyone else dispersing.

Blythe looked back at Saul’s retreating figure with regret, and couldn’t help but complain to Estelle, “What were you thinking? You don’t think Saul is good enough? Who do you think is good enough for you then? If Saul really ends up with Brooke, you’ll be crying your eyes out!”

Estelle looked helpless, “I really don’t like him. Do I have to accept him just because he likes me?”

“Who do you like then?”

Estelle hesitated, “No one!”

Tad

Een looked at her with sig surprise you forget something at home when you fushed out today?

Blythe railand on mystrom. “What thing?”

Blythe finally got it and reached to pinch Estelle’s arm You a brat. Exteller fm trying to hate you and you

dare to tease me

Extele laughed and ran away Knock it off Today in the cla*s of your crush, you are gonna be late ”