

## Gu Lingfei 271

Chapter 271 Jessica said, "It takes both husband and wife to have a child. You're not wrong to only pay for your half."

Of course, Hank felt that he was above any fault.

He took a sip of wine and replied, "The Wiltspoon Hotel lives up to its name as the finest hotel. The red wine here is more exceptional than what we usually have."

Jessica responded with a smile, "Well, considering the event, I wouldn't expect any less. It's a pity that only small-time CEOs and elites of our field are here. Major CEOs like Mr. Stone and Mr. York aren't attending."

She would love to check out an influential man like Mr. York again.

Jessica stumbled upon the man of the hour the last time. Alas, she could not get a look at Mr. York's face. She wondered if Mr. York was as distinguished, aloof, and handsome as described in the rumors.

"We'll always have the chance to meet people like Mr. York and Mr. Stone in the future."

Hank consoled Jessica. It was a situation he found regrettable, more so than Jessica, as he was the young professional while she was merely his secretary.

If he could have a quick word with a man like Mr. York, Hank could expect to jump ship to a better opportunity, perhaps even work at York Corporation. "Hank, I hope you can be a big CEO someday too." Jessica dreamed about Hank flying solo and being his own boss with his own company. She would edge out Liberty and become

Mrs. Brown, the wife of a CEO.

Hank grinned and answered, "I'll be my own boss when I establish enough network and capital."

The pair enjoyed a good chat and laughed for a bit before saying hello to acquaintances in the room to talk shop.

Jessica remained by Hank's side, chiming in occasionally when Hank talked business with others.

She believed that Liberty's appearance would be an eyesore to others if the latter were here tonight. Liberty would be a bad reflection on Hank as people would mock Hank for having such a fat and ugly wife.

Besides, Liberty was out of touch with society and could no longer keep up with the times. Even if Liberty were to attend the social event with Hank, she would not be able to get a word in on the business side of things.

Liberty's career break might only be for three-odd years, but three years were enough to change many people and things in these rapid-developing times.

"Mr. Stevens, who's that young man there? Everyone seems to act nice to him."

Hank asked one of the CEOs who had a partnership with Waltham Electronics. The young man Hank was looking at was none other than Shawn.

Mr. Stevens watched as Shawn was in his element, socializing with the crowd. Mr. Stevens remarked with a smile, "Ah, Mr. Brown. It must be your first time attending this kind of event. It makes sense why you wouldn't know him. I guess he's the most honorable guest tonight. "He's Shawn Lowe, the successor of Lowe Enterprise. However, he hasn't taken over the company yet and is still in training, but he's

the CEO's son, the young heir of the Lowes. Many people are being nice because they know who he is. Nothing wrong with making nice with the future CEO of Lowe Enterprise."

Mr. Stevens explained, "Lowe Enterprise is no competition to York Corporation and Stone Group in Wiltspoon, but it's still a much bigger corporation than ours. The Lowes are quite an influential and rich family. Shawn usually attends the upper society events. Mr. Lowe probably arranged for him to come to tonight's event.

"Since he's green in the business world, he needs to hone his people skills and network. We're professional elites in our field. Shawn will know the extent of o

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There would be a change of senior executives every time the head of the company was replaced.

The new boss would want his own people around him.

Following Mr. Stevens' explanation, Hank took an instant liking to Shawn. Hank asked Mr. Stevens with a smile, "Are you close with Mr. Lowe? Can you introduce us? Lowe Enterprise has a subsidiary company dealing with electronics. There are opportunities for us to work together, but we'd need someone to hook us up."

Waltham Electronics did business with the company Mr. Stevens was working in. That was how Mr. Stevens came to know Shawn.

Mr. Stevens smiled and replied, "Shawn seems to be getting weary from the flattery. He'll soon find a spot to sit down. I'll hook you up and introduce you to him when he comes over."

Hank beamed. Grateful to Mr. Stevens, he raised his glass and said, "To you, Mr. Stevens."

Mr. Stevens clinked glasses with Hank and took a couple of sips of wine before glancing at Jessica suggestively. He said to Hank, "Ms. Yates looks beautiful tonight. Mr. Brown, you're one lucky man.

"You landed yourself a highly-paid managerial role at quite a young age and have a beautiful lady by your side. Anybody would want to be in your position, Mr. Brown."

People like Hank who had an affair with their secretaries were not uncommon. It was an unspoken fact.

When it came to business engagements, men would only bring their wives as plus-ones if they had a loving relationship with their wives, and if their wives were up to the task. Otherwise, in most cases, the men would bring along their secretaries or

mistresses.

This was the reason true heirs like Zachary and Clive would not attend such an event. They belonged to a circle where the attendees of status and power would only bring along their wives to every social event. The wives of the rich and powerful had their own community that no mistress, despite ousting the wife, could fit in. These influential and wealthy wives refused to be associated with a husband-stealer.

Hank happily looked at Jessica and responded in glee, "Ms. Yates is my right-hand woman. I can't do anything without her."

With rosiness creeping up her cheeks, Jessica gracefully replied, "Mr. Stevens, you flatter me so. I might take your words seriously. I have nothing on Scarlet."

Scarlet was Mr. Steven's lover and secretary. As Mr. Stevens would bring Scarlet along to business meetings at Waltham Electronics, Jessica got to know Scarlet from there. The girls had a great friendship outside work.

The woman also taught Jessica to lead Hank on so that Hank would fall harder for her. Jessica's chances of getting rid of Liberty and taking her place as Mrs. Brown would only be higher.

Mr. Stevens said with a smile, "You're all wonderful girls."

Shawn finally seized the chance to leave those people who were all over him.

Spotting Hank and Mr. Stevens hanging among the lesser crowd, Shawn made a beeline over.

"Mr. Lowe."

With Shawn approaching, Mr. Stevens got up and courteously greeted him.

Shawn immediately replied, "Please, call me Shawn, Mr. Stevens."

He was presently a measly employee at Lowe Enterprise.

Mr. Stevens wasted no time switching to a more intimate name. As Hank rose to his feet, Mr. Stevens introduced Hank to Shawn.

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Hello, Mr. Lowe."

Hank extended his right hand to shake Shawn's hand.

During the handshake, Shawn remarked, "I believe I've heard of your name before, Mr. Brown."

Hank's name sounded familiar.

Hank was flattered. "Have you heard of me, Mr. Lowe?"

It was a pleasant surprise that Hank made a name for himself among the professionals to the point that the unacquainted Mr. Lowe had heard of his name.

Shawn replied with a grin, "Your name rings a bell. I must've heard it from someone, but I had never met you in person. Well, that's changed tonight."

Hank quickly pulled out his business card and handed it to Shawn. Curling his lips, he responded, "Mr. Lowe, it's an honor to meet you. This is my business card. I look forward to working with you if we have the chance."

Shawn took the business card from Hank for a glance before putting it away.

His eyes then shifted toward Jessica who had a broad smile on her face. Although the woman was a stunner, Shawn only took a fleeting glance before looking away.

In Shawn's eyes, the best woman was Serenity. He had no eyes for anyone but Serenity. With the lot gesturing for Shawn to sit down, everybody started drinking and talking business. It was a pleasant conversation.

Liberty came out of a baby shop after purchasing formula and diapers. While the formula milk was stored in the stroller, there were too many packs of diapers to fit the stroller.

The shopkeeper said the diapers were on a buy-five-free-one offer, so Liberty bought six packs in total.

The stroller was not made for much storage.

Helpless, Liberty redialed Hank's number.

Hank did not answer his phone.

She called multiple times, and Hank only picked up her call on the sixth try.

"What now, Liberty? Don't you know I'm busy? Do you think I work in customer service and can take your calls 24/7? Don't call me again unless it's an emergency. It's disrupting my work."

"When are you coming back?"

Immune to his criticisms, Liberty ignored his questioning and went on to ask her question.

"Not that soon. What do you want? I'm going to hang up if there's nothing else."

"I bought formula and diapers, but I can't carry them back. I was hoping you could pick me and Sonny up on your way back."

Hank peevishly snapped back, "It's your fault for buying a lot. You should only get as much as you can carry. I'm busy. I don't have time to pick you up. Can't you call your sister? Didn't she have a new car? Call her to pick you up."

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He then terminated the call.

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Since Serenity's husband worked at York Corporation, his salary

must be high. Serenity had only been married for a little over a month when Zachary bought a car for her and paid it in full. Hank believed it was great that his sister-in-law had a car as Serenity could take Liberty and Sonny here and there. At least, Liberty would not need to call him for anything. It was annoying. After her husband hung up on her, Liberty fell silent for a moment but did not call her sister. Liberty put four packs of diapers on the stroller and carried two packs by hand as she struggled to push her son in the stroller forward.

The tiny stroller was used as a wagon.

The mother and son drew a lot of attention on the streets.

It did not take long before Liberty was worn out.

Liberty's mind wandered back to when she had just gotten married. No matter where she was or what she was doing, Hank would put everything down and drive over to pick her up at a phone call.

Now, he would hang up on her whenever she needed his help.

With something on her mind, Liberty did not pay attention to the pavement and rammed the stroller onto a brick. Only God knew who threw a brick there. No one even bothered to move it away.

Since the stroller was overloaded with stuff and Liberty held it up with one hand, the stroller tipped to the side.

Sonny tumbled to the ground and cried.

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"Sonny."

Without time to pick up the can of formula that rolled to the middle of the road, Liberty flew to pick up her son and examined him for any injuries.

She asked, "Where does it hurt, Sonny? Do you feel pain anywhere? Tell mama."

"Mama."

Sonny bawled and clung to Liberty's neck, refusing to let go.

He was not hurt, but it was quite a scare.

"Bang!"

It was a loud noise.

Liberty turned her gaze to the source of the noise. A car knocked the can of formula away, but as luck would have it, the can of formula smashed onto the car's windshield on its way down from the air. The weight of the can and the gravity of the fall cracked the windshield to smithereens.

The driver of the car slammed hard on the brakes.

Startled by the sudden turn of events, Sonny stopped crying and latched tightly around the nape of his mother's neck.

Liberty had a good look at the car's logo. It was a Porsche!

It was a high-performance sedan!

Uh... Was she supposed to compensate for the car repairs?

When Liberty scratched a Maybach the last time, Mr. Lewis only asked her to pay part of the damages out of respect for her brother

-in-law as her brother-in-law knew the car owner.

Liberty would not be able to afford to pay for the damages this time.

She watched in dismay as the car owner stepped out of the car. The towering and brawny figure looked rather familiar.

Uh... Was it not Mr. Lewis?

Why was it him again?

Talk about coincidence.

Duncan inspected his windshield and concluded that he would need to replace it.

He quickly got the full picture of what had happened when he spotted the tumbling can of formula, Liberty's overturned stroller on the pavement, and a few packs of diapers plus cans of formula scattered on the ground.

Once he realized that it was Liberty, Duncan could not believe his bad luck. It was this heavy woman every single time!

He turned around and got back into the car.

Thinking that he was going to drive away, Liberty let out a sigh of relief. To her horror, he drove the car to park at the side of the road.

After getting down from the car, Duncan went to pick up the can of formula and came over to turn the stroller upright. He also gathered the diapers and other cans of formula, but since the stroller could not accommodate that much stuff, he placed the packs of diapers against the stroller.

"Ms. Hunt, do you have a grudge against my car? You scratched my car the last time, and now my windshield cracked because of you."

Duncan had a terrifying presence due to his tall and robust build and the scar on his face.

Liberty was guilt-ridden and scared.

Holding onto her son, Liberty stuttered, "Mr.... Mr. Lewis... Um... It was an accident... I didn't... mean it..."

Duncan glared at her.

It made her freak out more. "Mr. Lewis, you can't blame me for it. You were speeding. Didn't you see there was something on the road?"

Duncan found it amusing. "Are you saying that I was blind?"

Liberty was without a word.

Many cars drove by, but none hit the can of formula except Duncan. It could only be explained by him driving at high speed.

Since Duncan stepped on the gas, it would probably be too late to hit the brakes or swerve to the side even if he saw the can of

formula.

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Duncan stared at Liberty who clammed up at that point. Since his best friend married Serenity and this plump woman was his best friend's sister-in-law, Duncan was not going to let Liberty pay for the repairs.

Liberty did not mean for it to happen anyway.

It was partly his fault for driving too fast.

His eyes on her made Liberty nervous. Holding her son tight, Liberty was about to speak when Duncan jumped in with questions. "Why did you get so many things? Can't you call your husband to help? Maybe don't get so much stuff all at once."

"I'm a little far from home, so I called my husband, but he was too busy to pick me up. I thought I should just carry everything home. I didn't see the brick there, and the stroller flipped over when I bumped into it. I didn't think you would knock onto the can of formula that rolled out to the road."

Liberty murmured, "I had to attend to my child since he was crying. I didn't have time to pick up the things that were scattered on the ground."

"Mr. Lewis, it was an accident this time."

After a brief silence, she added, "Would you let me pay only half for the repairs? It was an honest mistake, and you were driving too fast. You're also responsible for what just happened."

Duncan thought to himself, 'I only requested that she paid nine thousand bucks for the damages the last time since Zachary called me. To be honest, I had to cover a lot more of the repairs.'

Zachary did not mention that he had married Serenity. Duncan would not have let Liberty pay a dime had he known about the

marriage.

Duncan reached out to pick up the diapers.

Liberty stared at him in confusion.

Duncan put all the diapers into his car and came back for the stroller before telling her, "Get into the car. I'll drive you and your son home."

The husband of this heavy woman must not be very nice to her.

Despite the wife's call for help, he was nowhere to be found. Sure, work was important, but was it more important than his wife and child?

If Duncan were in the husband's shoes, he would be the first on the scene to attend to his wife's needs.

Nevertheless, Duncan guessed that her husband probably did not take Liberty's outward appearance too kindly.

She was on the heavy side.

Instead of taking Duncan up on his offer, Liberty carried her son and charged up to snatch the stroller back. Duncan looked at her puzzledly.

"I appreciate the thought, Mr. Lewis, but it's fine. I—I can slowly make my way back home. I can also call my sister to pick me up. She has a car. You don't have to drive us."

Duncan could take a hint. He might not get it in the beginning, but now he could see that Liberty had her guard up against him.

Amused, he said, "I'm not a pervert. I mean no harm. You don't have to be wary of me. I just thought about giving you a lift since you're with a child and a lot of stuff. From the last incident, you should know that your brother-in-law, Zachary, is friends with me."

Liberty knew that.

However, they were unrelated by any means. Plus, getting a lift from him was the last thing she wanted to do since the two times they met were under deplorable circumstances.

"Get in. You might not be tired, but your child is. Your son is about to nod off. How long is it going to take you to walk home?"

Liberty was about to decline when God refused to let it her way. It started to rain.

It was chilly in November. The rain brought about the wintriness.

Although Liberty wore a short-sleeved shirt, she did not feel the cold probably because she was protected by a layer of fat.

"It's raining. I don't think you have an umbrella. Get into the car. A bit of rain might not harm you, but your son could catch a cold. You'd feel bad if your son gets sick."

Duncan said as he took over the stroller and placed it in the car.

Liberty hesitated for a bit before getting into Duncan's car.

"Ms. Hunt, I'm only doing this because Zachary's a friend. Don't read too much into it."

"I'm not."



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Liberty instinctively responded.

She did not read too much into the situation.

Firstly, Liberty was past the age of dreaming. Secondly, she was married, and thirdly, she was no longer the belle she was before marriage. Liberty was now a fat and ugly woman.

Duncan grinned. "Let's talk about the repairs."

It threw Liberty into a tizzy.

She did not have much savings left. Judging by the damages this time, the repairs must cost a lot more. She would have to drain her bank account to pay Duncan and endure Hank's name-calling for being pathetic.

The stroller merely scraped Duncan's vehicle in the last incident, but she had to fork out nine thousand bucks.

"Where do you live?"

"Bright Boulevard."

"That's a good catchment area. You made a good choice and bought the place quickly."

The houses at Bright Boulevard were all sold.

"My husband bought the house before we got married. He's still paying the mortgage. Mr. Lewis, how much would the repairs cost? Um... It's not that I want to pass the buck or refuse to pay, I'm a housewife without a source of income. I don't have much savings left. I probably won't have enough to cover the cost. "Can I pay in installments?" Liberty probingly asked, "I'm trying to find a job now. I can promise that I'll pay everything I owe once I have a job and a steady income."

Behind the wheel, Duncan replied, "No need to be nervous. I don't expect you to pay this time. I only asked you to pay for the scratch so that it would serve as a reminder to watch out on the street. It would be unfortunate for you if you ran your stroller onto anyone else. Don't forget, your son is in this car."

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Color washed off Liberty's complexion as scenarios of what could happen entered her mind.

"I don't think it matters whether you pay for the repairs. It has only been a little over a month before you damaged another one of my cars."

Duncan was not going to take his luxury sedans to the road in case he bumped into her again.

Liberty was embarrassed, not knowing what to say. However, she was relieved that Duncan was generous enough to write off the repair cost.

The pair were not friends. Duncan only helped out because of their common friend, Zachary. Since Liberty said nothing, Duncan left the conversation at that. It took less than ten minutes to arrive at Bright Boulevard by car.

Considering that Liberty had a toddler and many things to carry, Duncan told Liberty to swipe her residential card to gain access into the neighborhood. He then drove the car into the gated community under Liberty's guidance and pulled up in front of Liberty's residential building.

Duncan got down from the car and moved her things down.

"Thank you, Mr. Lewis."

Liberty was grateful.

"I'll carry your stuff upstairs."

"It's fine. You can watch my things here. It'll only take two trips, so it won't be long. There's an elevator."

"Sure." Duncan watched as she carried her son while pushing the stroller away.

A few minutes later, Liberty came down the stairs alone.

"Is there anyone else at home now?"

Duncan asked in passing.

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Liberty looked at Duncan. Duncan knew that she was overthinking it again. The woman was rather distrustful of him.

He explained, "My point is, don't leave your son home alone while you come down to take the things if there's no one else in the house. It's not safe."

Her son looked to be around two or three years old. Kids that age tended to be active and cheeky, intrigued to touch and play with anything and everything.

There was no turning back if something happened to the kid for fooling around with something dangerous. "Thank you for your advice, Mr. Lewis. I'll head upstairs now." Liberty carried the packs of diapers and thanked Duncan before hurrying back upstairs.

She thought to herself that Duncan might not look the part of a nice guy since he was big, strong, and had a terrifying scar on his face, but he was a considerate and attentive man.

It was a reminder never to judge a book by its cover.

Duncan waited until Liberty was gone before returning to his car and driving away.

While on the road, he gave Zachary a call. The moment Zachary was on the other line, he said, "Zachary, I think your sister-in-law has something against my cars. Do you know? The windshield of my Porsche is cracked because of her."

“What happened? Do you crash into her, or did she run into you?”

Zachary was concerned with anything to do with his sister-in-law.

His sister-in-law had always been nothing but nice to him.

“Nothing of that sort.”

Duncan recounted the whole incident to his best friend.

At the end of the story, he said, “Zachary, do you think your sister in-law has something against my cars? I’m going to the car dealership tomorrow to get myself a hundred-thousand-dollar car. I’ll just drive that car from now on in case I run into your sister –in-law damaging my expensive car. The repair costs will kill me.”

This had happened twice now. The first time was not that bad since it was a scratch. The repairs did not cost a lot.

This incident was worse than the first time.

God knows if the damage next time would be greater.

Zachary was speechless.

He was at a loss for words.

It was such a coincidence that his sister-in-law was involved every time.

Zachary would have teased that fate had brought Duncan and Liberty together if Liberty was not already married.

“Only for you, I didn’t let her pay for the damages.” “How much does the repair cost? I’ll pay for her.” Zachary offered generously.

“It’s fine. I’m not short of cash. I just want to let it out of my chest. That reminds me, Zachary. It seems to be that your sister-in-law doesn’t get on well with her husband. She bought a lot of stuff and called her husband to pick her up, but her husband refused.”

Any ordinary man would tell their wives to call a cab if they could not make the trip.

Since Liberty had no income, she probably did not want to spend the cash even if her husband told her to get a cab.

Duncan believed he was overthinking the whole situation.

With a deadpan voice, Zachary replied, “If my eyes didn’t deceive me, I guess her husband is attending the event at the Wiltspoon Hotel with a hot and beautiful woman right now.”

Duncan answered, “... No wonder. So, her husband is cheating on her.”

"I can't say if he's cheating on her, but I got Josh on the case. Josh will gather evidence of his infidelity if he's having an affair. As of yet, Josh hasn't given me a report." The family Serenity cared about the most was her sister.

Zachary believed that as Serenity's husband, he should lend a hand if his sister-in-law was facing the ultimate betrayal.

He had a problem with Hank too.

"You seem to take an interest in your wife's family. In this case, when are you going to let us meet with your wife?" Duncan was curious about what made Serenity remarkable for Grandma May to be fond of her. She nagged Zachary for three months until he gave in and married Serenity in return for saving Grandma May's life. Grandma May might not behave like her age and could be not trusted for the littlest things, but her mind could not be any clearer, she was a good judge of character.

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Grandma May must have her reasons to take a shine to Serenity.

Zachary fell silent for a while before replying, "What's there to see? She has two eyes, a nose, and a mouth just like everyone else."

"Haha."

Duncan burst out laughing.

He got the hint that his best friend had no intentions to let them meet with Serenity.

Josh probably had met Serenity and knew her well because Josh was nosy and had an information network to get all the info on her.

Duncan left the conversation at that. Knowing that his best friend was busy, he quickly hung up the call.

Time passed quickly.

It was soon dead into the night.

Sitting inside the Rolls Royce, Zachary knitted between his brows as the weariness began to take its effect.

He must be in over his head in the last few days for trying to cram three days of work into one. Of course, he was tired.

"Sir, should I drive to Regent Residences?"

The chauffeur asked.

Slumping against the seat, Zachary closed his eyes and took his time to answer the chauffeur.

Two minutes later, he spoke in a gruff voice, "To Brynfield."

"Sure."

Hearing that, Jim could relax.

The lives of the bodyguards would be better with Mr. Zachary finally returning to the missus' side.

Although Mr. Zachary did nothing to the bodyguards, the squad had been on tenterhooks, afraid they might slip up and get it from Mr. Zachary as Mr. Zachary had not been in the best of moods for the past few days.

Zachary was not on his way back from the office as he had been out at a business dinner. The journey home would take some time.

It took twenty minutes before he arrived at Brynfield.

Zachary opened the door to the house and was welcomed by darkness.

Was Serenity not home yet?

He turned on the lights and looked at the time. It was eleven o'clock at night. The girl would be home soon. It was a good thing he came upstairs quickly, or his cover would be blown if she caught him stepping out of the Rolls Royce.

Zachary had not been home for three days.

Yet, he had the feeling that he had been away for a long time.

The silent treatment, the temporary separate living arrangement, and the deleting of contacts felt like a long time ago.

In reality, it had only been three days.

The silent treatment would have carried on if Nana did not intervene to give Zachary an out.

There was a maneki-neko and a dragon on the coffee table.

Those were the crafts Serenity promised him.

Zachary went over and picked up the maneki-neko. Serenity was good with her hands, breathing life into her crafts.

There was a noise at the door.

Zachary swiftly put the maneki-neko back on the coffee table, wanting to pretend that he had only come out of his bedroom. However, he still had his suit on. Besides, Serenity already had one foot inside the house. Hence, Zachary gave up on putting up the front.

Their gazes met.

Serenity broke the silence. "Did you just come home, Mr. York?"

"Yes. I just arrived."

Zachary calmly picked up the golden dragon. "When did you finish these products?"

"I put them out on the night you didn't return home."

Serenity said while approaching him, "Since I'm not allowed in your bedroom, I didn't put the crafts in your room and put them here instead. I was thinking you'd spot the crafts when you come back and take them into your room."

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Zachary picked up the maneki-neko once more as his wife said, "I made your maneki-neko bigger than the one I gave Ms. Stone. I put a lot of effort into it. What do you think? Doesn't it look lifelike?"

The mention that his was bigger than Ms. Stone's made Zachary feel good. However, he did not show it on his face and simply hummed faintly, "Yes."

Serenity grinned. "I'm glad you like them."

She put her car keys on the coffee table and turned around to head to the kitchen. "I'm making pasta for supper. Do you want any?" She then answered on her own before Zachary could reply, "Oh, I forgot. You don't have the habit of eating supper because it adds pounds."

Zachary thought to himself, '... What more can I say? You said it all.

Nevertheless, he was not hungry.

Serenity was boiling a pot of pasta in the kitchen. Zachary stood there for a moment before making his way to the kitchen door. Instead of stepping into the kitchen, he stood by the door and watched as Serenity sliced the onions and basil. These were her two favorite ingredients for pasta. She also cooked an egg and some bacon bits.

She said she enjoyed a bit of grease in her food.

Ring, ring, ring... Serenity's phone rang. She stopped what she was doing while murmuring, "Who could be

calling me at this hour?"

The moment Serenity saw that it was Shawn, she furrowed her brows and took the call. Zachary heard her saying, "What's the matter, Shawn?"

It was a call from Shawn!

Zachary immediately pricked his ears up.

"Serenity, is your brother-in-law called Hank Brown?"

It only hit Shawn why Hank's name sounded familiar when he got home. It seemed to be the name of Serenity's brother-in-law.

He immediately called Serenity to verify the possibility. Of course, he had his ulterior motives. It was a reason for Serenity to feel grateful to him.

"That's my brother-in-law's name. What's wrong? Do you know him?"

Zachary could guess the direction of the conversation at that point. Without interrupting their phone conversation, Zachary slipped away to his bedroom and called Josh. Once Josh picked up the call, he asked in a husky voice, "Josh, did you get anything on the investigation into Hank's affair?"

"Got it. I was thinking of bringing the report with the photographs to you tomorrow. Hank has all the intentions of cheating on Liberty, but he and his lover haven't gotten physical yet. It's more like they're dating without having sex.

"Apart from a few pieces of jewelry, Hank didn't give his lover a house or a car. My people took photographs of them together. There are a few intimate pictures like kissing and hugging, but nothing more than that."

Josh believed the secretary, Jessica, was quite a flirt and had a way with men. She was not in a hurry to give herself to Hank, leading

him on by playing hard to get. That was the weakness of human nature. People wanted what they could not get.

"Hank is very frugal with his wife but generous to his lover named Jessica Yates. He often takes her to the Wiltspoon Hotel for dinner. It makes my job easy to look into their expenses at the Wiltspoon Hotel."

The Wiltspoon Hotel belonged to York Corporation and was managed by Kevin, who always kept a friendly front. Kevin had met with Hank before.

"Why did you call me so late into the night to ask about this? What? Did your sister-in-law find out about her husband cheating?"

"Not yet, but someone swooped in ahead of me to take the credit."

Josh replied, "... Who would ever do that? Tell me, Zachary. I'll teach the person a lesson for you so that they know the consequences of stepping on your toes." He wanted in on the gossip.

"Let me guess. Was it your love rival?"

Josh was not dumb. In fact, he was quick to catch on.

## **Chapter 280**

Josh was able to figure it was Shawn mainly because the latter attended the business event at the hotel tonight. Shawn might only hold a small position at Lowe Enterprise, but he was the predetermined successor of the company. His title as the heir of the Lowes would put him like a duck to water at the center of flattery and snow jobs at social events.

Zachary's silence was all the answer Josh needed.

"How about I deliver the file to you now? Are you staying at Brynfield?"

Josh knew that his best friend kept the marriage under wraps and bought a furnished place at Brynfield to put Serenity's character to the test.

“No need for that. Just give it to me tomorrow. It’s late. You should rest. I’m going to wash up and head to bed.”

Although Josh had front-row seat to the progress of Zachary and Serenity’s relationship, Zachary was not in the mood to go into detail with Josh about it. Zachary quickly hung up the phone. Josh murmured under his breath, “Can you sleep well tonight? Your love rival hogged the credit.” Only Zachary knew if he had a good night’s sleep.

Serenity was not too surprised following Shawn’s disclosure. All she felt was rage.

“Thank you for letting me know, Shawn.”

Instead of blowing up, Serenity thanked Shawn and asked, “Do you have pictures of them?”

She needed concrete proof that Shawn had indeed seen the

cheating b\*stard, Hank “I didn’t take pictures with them. I thought his name was familiar but couldn’t put my finger on it. It only dawned on me that it might be your brother-in-law’s name when I got home. That’s why I called you. Serenity, tell your sister to quickly collect the evidence and be on the lookout in case he tries to shift the assets.”

“Sure, I will. Thanks again.”

Shawn said with a smile, “No need to thank me. I’m only the messenger, Serenity.

“I shouldn’t take you away from your rest. Goodnight, Serenity. I’m going to drop by the shop to deliver Jasmine’s favorite breakfast tomorrow morning. Come and enjoy breakfast together.” Shawn often delivered food to his cousin, but he had other things in mind.

The truth was that he wanted to deliver food to Serenity. However, Shawn could not come clean about his true intentions. “It’s fine. Just bring breakfast for Jasmine. I’m going to have breakfast with my husband before getting to work.” Zachary mentioned that Shawn liked her.

Serenity had no idea whether Zachary was right about that. Nevertheless, it was time she kept a distance from Shawn. He was a grown man, gone was the child who rolled on the floor crying whenever the girls left him out in games.

She specifically brought Zachary into the conversation. It was to remind Shawn that she was married. The smile on Shawn’s face froze at the mention of her husband. It took a while before he found his voice. “Goodnight, Serenity.”

He ended the call.

After putting his phone on his bedside table, Shawn lay in bed and stared at the ceiling. The thought that Serenity, who he had a crush on since forever, married someone else made his heart sink to the pit of his stomach.

He knew that Serenity only got hitched in a haste to find a place to move in so that her sister could feel at ease. Shawn was also aware that Serenity never found him as husband material because he was younger than her by three years.



Serenity only saw him as a younger brother.

Why did he have to be three years younger than Serenity?

His mother should have given birth to him sooner. Serenity would not regard him as a younger brother if he was at least Serenity's age.

Mrs. Lowe must wonder why it was her fault if she could read Shawn's thoughts.