The Contracted Ever After Chapter 11 - 20

Chapter 11

Cordelia's life wasn't as smooth sailing as Ronan's. When she was still in elementary school, she had to cook for herself because her dad was always at work on construction sites, and her mom was also working. At that time, she was so short that she had to stand on a stool to light the stove, cooking for herself and her no–good brother.

As for hand–rolling pasta, Cordelia was a pro by the time she was in sixth grade.

After a while, she had a steaming plate of pasta on the table. Seeing Barney's beaming face, she felt like she was back in the days when Ronan's grandma was around, and Bamey was eating happily.

Ronan, on the other hand, was hard to read. Cordelia kept sneaking glances at him, wondering if she had lived up to the two grand standards.

After dinner and some TV time, the moment Cordelia had been both anxious and excited for had arrived.

At ten o'clock, Barney retreated to his bedroom.

"Time for bed," Ronan said as he glanced at Cordelia.

"Mm-hmm." Cordelia followed Ronan to his bedroom.

Ronan's bedroom was huge, comparable to the two-bedroom apartment Cordelia rented. It had its own bathroom, gym equipment, bookshelves, a desk, and a big double bed.

"You shower, I'll be in the living room." With that, Ronan took his pajamas out of the closet and left, not paying any attention to the anxious Cordelia left in his room. Cordelia felt like a puppet being controlled; she just nodded and headed to the bathroom with her pajamas. By the time she came out with her pajamas on, Ronan was already in bed reading. He occupied half of the bed, leaving the other half naturally to Cordelia.

Ronan was wearing high—quality silk pajamas, while Cordelia was in cotton ones that looked rather childish in comparison.

Throughout, Ronan didn't glance at Cordelia once, focusing solely on his book..

Seeing that he didn't seem to be planning to sleep just yet, Cordelia took out her own book. She was studying for the CPA exam.

She sneaked a glance at Ronan; he looked very calm. Cordelia knew that when he was drunk, he might have mistaken her for someone else. But now he was sober, he wouldn't make that mistake again. *Aft* 

all, as the CEO, he wouldn't do anything detrimental to his employees.

While she was lost in thought, Ronan suddenly asked, "Are you studying for the CPA exam?"

"Um... Yes!"

"How many sections have you finished?" He seemed somewhat interested.

"I have Financial Accounting and Reporting and Regulation left. But this time, I only signed up for one, because I'm working and don't have much time, and I'm about to graduate, so I have a lot going on. It's safer to just take one and focus mostly on my job." Cordelia's response was honest, hinting at her hard work at Lumos Enterprises.

"Aren't you going to blow dry your hair?" Ronan glanced at her and saw that her hair was still dripping wet.

"Oh, I, I'll do that later..." Mainly because Cordelia wasn't used to blow–drying her hair from a young age.

Ronan waved his hand as if to tell her to go dry her hair, but then his phone started ringing. Cordelia was sitting next to Ronan, and she could faintly hear him. discussing the issue of interns staying or leaving the company. Cordelia immediately felt nervous.

\*Just send out a company—wide notice on Monday." After the person on the line talked, Ronan only replied with this sentence.

After hanging up the phone, Cordelia licked her lips nervously and gathered the courage to ask, "Mr. Evans, did they discuss whether I'm staying or leaving?"

Chapter 12

Ronan said coldly, "No."

Cordelia felt a pang of disappointment hearing his reply but didn't dare to push further.

After all, she was just an intern, hardly someone who would catch Ronan's

eye.

Just then, her phone buzzed, and she picked it up to check. There was a friend request on Messenger from someone named Jamie Colby. Cordelia didn't recognize the name, so she ignored it. The internet was crawling with scammers, after all.

"I'm hitting the sack," Cordelia announced, a tad nervously, then turned off her bedside lamp and snuggled into her bed. The air conditioning in the bedroom was cool, and the silk blanket was quite comfortable.

Ronan didn't turn his head and just murmured a soft acknowledgment. He seemed busy with his work.

Cordelia buried her face in the blanket, peeping out at Ronan with doe—like eyes. Her gaze inadvertently swept over his face, which was cold and stern. He looked nothing like Logan, except maybe a little when he smiled. But Ronan rarely smiled, and she had no idea how she mistook him for Logan that night

Thinking of Logan made Cordelia's heart ache even more. His death was a tough pill to swallow. Cordelia buried her head into her pillow, tears streaming down her cheeks. She was crying so hard that she started sobbing.

"Am I making you this miserable?" Ronan's calm voice came from outside the blanket.

"No." Cordelia's voice sounded muffled from inside the blanket.

"Then why are you crying?" He asked again.

"I'm just a little homesick." She made up an excuse and turned around to sleep.

Ronan didn't ask further.

But despite her claims of wanting to sleep, she just couldn't drift off. That's when a picture frame on her nightstand caught her attention. She picked it up. In the picture was a young woman. Although the photo was a bit dusty, the woman was clearly very beautiful and only a few years older than Cordelia.

She turned the frame over and saw a name written on the back. Cordelia whispered it, "Deanna Stains."

She suddenly remembered the first night they spent together, Ronan called out a name. Could it be her? Was she the love of his life?

"Put it down. Don't touch!" Ronan's icy voice startled her.

Startled, Cordelia dropped the frame with a clatter onto the floor beside the bed. Ronan bent over to pick it up, inadvertently pressing against Cordelia. Cordelia's breathing became rapid, her chest rising and falling. She was frightened.

Ronan picked up the frame, carelessly stuffed it into a drawer, and remained leaning on her, not moving away. Just when Cordelia was at a loss for what to do, Ronan abruptly turned off the light.

What was about to happen? The air was suddenly charged with a palpable tension.

Cordelia clenched her teeth and blurted out, "Mr. Evans, I want to stay at Lumos Enterprises, could you put in a good word for me with the HR Department?" This was not a request, but rather an exchange with Ronan on an equal footing, implying, "I know you're turned on right now, Mr. Evans, but if you want something, you have to meet my condition and let me stay at Lumos Enterprises."

She knew that all interpretation of the agreement was in Ronan's hands, but Ronan hadn't clearly addressed the issue of making love in the agreement, and when Cordelia asked, he didn't give a clear answer. Cordelia needed money, and a job, and now was the perfect time to make her demands.

At this critical moment, Cordelia played her cards just right.

"Are you threatening me?" Ronan's low and icy voice echoed in Cordelia's ear.

"No, I'm confident! I'm confident I'm doing well," Cordelia retorted.

Ronan didn't respond, he just lowered his head and started kissing Cordelia's neck. His arm brushed against Cordelia's soft chest, accurately jolting her memory. This caused Cordelia to feel a tingling sensation all over.

Her mind was clear one moment and blurred the next, then she reiterated, "What do you say, Mr. Evans?"

Ronan, pressing down on Cordelia, saw her eyes swollen and red, looking pathetic yet defiant, like a cornered bunny.

His grandfather had once warned him not to bully her, as she was eight years his junior.

The anger in Ronan had subsided, and his hand gently brushed over Cordelia's cold cheeks. "What's your boyfriend's name?"

#### Chapter 13

Cordelia didn't get why he suddenly brought this up, but since she had already claimed she had a boyfriend, she had to keep up the charade. "Ex or current boyfriend?"

Ronan snorted, he hadn't expected his wife to be so charming. "How many boyfriends have you had?"

"Just two."

Just two? Seriously, only two?

"What's the name of your current boyfriend?" Ronan asked gruffly.

Coming up with a name on the spot was tough, but someone named Jamie just sent her a friend request. So, without hesitation, Cordelia said, "Jamie."

The world was so big, how could Ronan possibly know Jamie?

"His name is Jamie?" Ronan asked, frowning.

"Yes, do you need to talk to him for anything?" Cordelia responded confidently.

"You are not allowed to sleep with him while we are married! I find it disgusting." Ronan ordered Cordelia.

His attitude made her uncomfortable as if she was being treated like a second—hand good. "Mr. Evans, rest assured, I have strong professional ethics. I know what I should and shouldn't do. Besides, he is currently interning out of town and can't come back. Even if I wanted to sleep with him, it's not possible," Cordelia vetorted, her words not fitting the mood of the evening at all.

Perhaps it was Cordelia's cold attitude that killed Ronan's desire, although he still remembered their first night together, the comforting feeling, and her warm cheeks, which were hard to forget.

But tonight, he realized something, this intern was not so easy to control. He couldn't let her affect him like this; if he did,-she would seize the opportunity and be even more reckless.

He got off Cordelia.

Ronan's sudden reaction confirmed Cordelia's suspicion, maybe Ronan had been really into Deanna. Last time, when he got drunk, he mistook her for Deanna. This time, when she mentioned Deanna's name, it upset him again. He didn't plan to do anything tonight, but due to Deanna's influence, he decided to.

"If you're not planning to do anything, I'm going to sleep now," Cordelia said, then turned and went to sleep on the other side of the bed.

Luckily, Ronan didn't do anything that night. He didn't bring any condoms, so if he had, she would've had to take a morning—after pill. But Cordelia wasn't familiar with the area and didn't know where to find a pharmacy. But now she was off the hook.

The next day, Cordelia was all smiles at Barney's house. Barney was very pleased with her, continually praising Ronan's good taste. She made it through the morning, and at one o'clock in the afternoon, they left for Millstone.

Cordelia's cheeks felt sore from smiling all morning. As soon as she got in the car, her face fell. A CEO and an intern, their worlds were worlds apart, and they had nothing to talk about.

Cordelia's phone rang. It was a text from her school counselor, asking her to write a speech about an outstanding graduate to be read at the graduation ceremony. Cordelia started discussing with her teacher, including the focus and key points of the speech, as well as a few examples she wanted to share, asking if they were appropriate.

Her fingers were flying over the keyboard. As Cordelia was sending an email, a notification popped up on her phone screen. She had received a transfer of 50,000 yuan from Ronan.

Cordelia's typing paused. Under normal circumstances, receiving so much money in one day would make her happy, but she suddenly felt a sense of irony. Him giving her money felt like a simple transaction.

After sending the email to her teacher, Cordelia texted Ronan. [Thank you, Mr. Evans.]
Ronan didn't reply.

Suddenly remembering something, Cordelia asked Ronan, "Mr. Evans, how often do you plan to visit your grandfather in the future? I want to know what to expect."

"Maybe every week."

Cordelia was taken aback, thinking, "Thank god she didn't have a real boyfriend.

Otherwise, this frequency would probably lead to a breakup."

Monday.

Chapter 14

Cordelia had barely settled into the office when an email from the HR Department popped up in her inbox. It was a group email.

"After careful consideration and collaboration amongst all departments, the HR Department has decided on the following list of interns who can be offered full–time positions..."

Cordelia was on pins and needles until she saw her name on the list. A wave of relief washed over her, along with a sense of surprise.

Manda, the promising intern from the Finance Department who graduated from Liberty University, didn't make the cut. Jordan had once mentioned that the Finance Department only needed one intern this year. Now, that chance fell into Cordelia's lap.

Jordan gave Cordelia a peculiar look.

Initially, the Finance Department had two interns, Manda, and Cordelia. Manda was a graduate student from Liberty University who had a solid rapport with the director of the Finance Department, Jordan, and was known for her solid professional knowledge. If Cordelia hadn't been taking so many leaves, she might have been in a race with Manda.

Given this, plus the fact that Ronan had not agreed to keep Cordelia on at Lumos Enterprises before, she thought she had no chance of getting the full—time offer. But the reality turned out to be quite different, leaving Cordelia flabbergasted.

Judging by Jordan's attitude, he likely recommended Manda for the full–time position. Cordelia guessed that it was Ronan who had made the call, which probably threw Jordan for a loop.

Cordelia didn't know what Ronan had said to the HR Department. Did he mention their agreement to get married?

After work, Brooklyn and Cordelia planned to have a big feast to celebrate their promotions. Brooklyn, who worked in the PR Department, also got the full–time offer. As the two women stepped into the elevator, they saw Ronan standing there, one hand in his pocket, looking aloof and arrogant.

Ronan was followed by several top executives who were discussing this year's advertising business. Brooklyn and Cordelia dared not utter a word and retreated to the back of the elevator.

"Since you've got a full—time offer, you should look for a place in the company's housing. Have you submitted your application yet?" Brooklyn whispered to Cordelia. Even though Brooklyn's voice was soft, it was still audible in the confined space of the elevator. Luckily, the executives were engrossed in their conversation, so Brooklyn's question didn't seem out of place.

"Not yet," Cordelia replied.

"What are you waiting for? If you don't apply now, there might not be any rooms left, Brooklyn said, turning to look at Cordelia.

"I got it. I'll apply right away," Cordelia replied, sneaking a glance at Ronan.

The reason why Cordelia hadn't applied for the company's housing was that she was concerned about her weekly visits to Barney. If she left every Saturday and returned on Sunday, her roommates would start asking questions. She was worried that, over time, her secret might be exposed. She wanted to ask Ronan's opinion, but she thought that he might not care about a small fry like her. Now that she was not short of money, she planned to continue living in her rented apartment, which was more convenient for her to visit her mother or return to Birchwood.

However, by Wednesday, Cordelia received a notice from the HR Department about company housing check—in procedures and the need to fill in personal information.

Cordelia was perplexed and was about to ask Jordan what was going on when a message from Ronan arrived. [Get it?]

Ronan really overestimated Cordelia's comprehension. He thought that with a single sentence, Cordelia would understand his meaning.

But after some contemplation, Cordelia finally got what Ronan was implying. The person who wanted Cordelia to stay in Lumos Enterprises was obviously Ronan, who gave the HR Department the order. If it were up to Jordan, Manda would be the one staying. The only reason Cordelia was kept on was likely because Ronan was worried he wouldn't be able to control her if she left Lumos Enterprises. The reason why Ronan applied for a place in the company's housing for Cordelia, as she finally figured out, was because he had once mentioned he disliked messiness.

With four people in a place, Ronan would definitely know if Cordelia's boyfriend came to see her. It was a reminder and a form of control over Cordelia.

Ronan really had "thought this through." As a CEO, he had everything planned out, even for a small fry like her.

Cordelia replied. [Got it.]

Chapter 15

Cordelia moved into the company's housing, right across from the office. It was super close. This way, she could save on travel expenses and rent.

She shared the house with Brooklyn and two girls from the customer service department. The house wasn't big, and because they moved in later, the two other girls had already taken the sun–facing rooms. Brooklyn wanted to argue about it, but Cordelia said, "No name on the door, if they've already moved in, just let them be." So, Brooklyn dropped it.

Cordelia even gave Brooklyn the slightly bigger room and chose the smallest one for herself. There were no windows in her room, and the ventilation was poor. It was summer, the room was still stuffy and humid.

After a few days, Cordelia found her dim room not quite up to snuff. The apartment block had many rooms, and theirs was in a not–so–great location, hers being the worst She often had to dry her laundry in the bathroom first before taking it back to her room.

However, the company's housing was located on the pricey Magnolia Terrace in Millstone, where housing prices were the highest in the country and were a hot commodity. Rent would take up almost all the salary of a fresh grad, so you had to apply as soon as you got a full–time position. If you were late, you'd be out of luck. Cordelia knew this, so she didn't fuss.

On Friday. Cordelia got her period. She thought to herself, "Finally, I don't have to worry about whether or not Ronan and I should have sex when I go back to Barney's"

That night, Cordelia got a message from Ronan. [We're going back to my grandpa's tomorrow. Prepare yourself.]

Sure, Mr. Evans, wait for me near The Artful Brew at the end of Magnolia Terrace.]

She was worried that if Ronan picked her up at the dorm, her colleagues would gossip.

On Saturday, Cordelia got into Ronan's car.

This time, Ronan switched to a high-end Mercedes, not as flashy as the Maybach. As usual, they sat in the back seat without much conversation. Suddenly, Ronan sniffed and asked, "What's that smell?"

Cordelia sniffed it, too, but didn't smell anything in particular.

Ronan squinted at Cordelia, "Your clothes, why do they smell like that?"

Cordelia was so used to the smell that she didn't realize what it was. She only felt embarrassed that Ronan had noticed a strange smell on her. She was a girl, after all.

She thought for a second, "Is it like a damp smell?"

"Close enough."

"Oh, it's probably because of my room. My clothes never dry properly, so they get this smell after a while." Cordelia instinctively blamed it on her surroundings, it would be way too awkward if Ronan thought the smell came from her.

Ronan glanced at Cordelia, said nothing, and continued to look out the window.

This time, when they went back to Barney's, Barney was very happy. He and Cordelia had a great relationship.

Compared to Ronan, Cordelia's relationship with Barney was more like a genuine grandparent–grandchild relationship. Perhaps because Ronan was mature and stoic, he never complained to Barney about his problems and always dealt with them on his own. Barney couldn't even help. So, Barney's affection for Ronan was lacking, they were more like friends.

But with Cordelia, it was completely different. She would always ask Barney all sorts of questions, and they would talk about everything, like the differences between Birchwood College and her school, Millstone College's curriculum, Barney's interesting teaching experiences, and those pesky students he had to deal with. Barney never talked about these things with Ronan, but with Cordelia, he was all smiles and enthusiasm.

Ronan could hear their laughter when he was quietly reading by himself. It felt like he was the one being left out. Barney even half–jokingly reminded Cordelia, "Della, have you ever thought about having a kid? I'd love to see what your child would look like."

It was as if Cordelia was his biological granddaughter.

Bamey had started to call her Della. The first time Barney called her Della, Cordelia's heart warmed up, and her eyes welled up. She felt like she could hear her dad, mom, and Logan calling her "Della, Della." They were her closest family.

But now, her closest family were all gone. She didn't know if her mom would ever get to call her Della again in this life.

Barney was the only one in the world who called her Della now.

Cordelia's hand froze in mid-air as she was eating, she felt incredibly guilty. She thought Barney's wish might not come true. She agreed to marry Ronan for the sake of the

agreement, but they hadn't planned on having kids. If they did, she would have had more strings attached.

"Grandpa, you've always been an intellectual, advocating for personal growth. Why are you suddenly so interested in kids?" Ronan tried to change the subject for Cordelia

"Ah, it's not "Bamey's eyes dimmed a bit. His past and current thoughts were worlds apart.

Seeing Barney like this, Ronan didn't say anything He knew his grandpa's wish was impossible. Cordelia also felt down. Remembering her father's last moments and looking at Barney, she felt even sadder.

Once back in her room, Cordelia made a point to leave her tampon right on the nightstand.

Ronan spotted it immediately, and he got the message

Chapter 16

Cordelia was deep in thought, scribbling away at her desk.

"What are you doing?" Ronan asked from the bed behind her. With Cordelia's back towards him, the room felt somewhat empty to Ronan.

"I'm writing the report for outstanding graduates," Cordelia replied offhandedly, typing away.

"Is that so?"

At his words, Cordelia began to feel a sense of unease. Did Ronan look down on her that much?

Turning around, Cordelia met Ronan's gaze. "Oh, Mr. Evans, don't you know that Lumos Enterprises only hires top graduates? If I wasn't good enough, how could I have been officially hired? Or are you suggesting that I was not good enough and you had to pull some strings just to have me working under you, for easier control?"

Ronan was taken aback by Cordelia's direct rebuttal. Each word hit him where it hurt. He had always known that this woman would not be easy to handle. Ronan chose to ignore Cordelia, closing his book and heading to the bathroom.

Feeling a bit guilty for her outburst, Cordelia decided to call it a night. After all, Ronan was the CEO, and her response had been disrespectful. Her gaze followed Ronan to the bathroom.

By the time Ronan returned to the room, Cordelia was already sitting on the bed.

Ronan picked up his book again.

"Mr. Evans, why did you keep me in the Finance Department?" Cordelia tried to strike up a conversation. She had always wondered about that.

"Do I need to explain to my employees why I kept an intern?" Ronan retorted.

In her mind, Cordelia thought, "So it was Ronan who gave the instructions to keep me."

"But without an explanation, people will start to speculate."

Ronan glanced at her dismissively. "Speculate? Isn't it a fact that you are sharing a bed with me? Is our marriage legally fake?"

Cordelia was left speechless. She lay down, listening to the sound of Ronan turning pages, turning off the lights, and lying down. Eventually, she fell asleep.

Their trip back from Barney's was smooth, and Ronan transferred another \$10,000 to Cordelia.

The amount was less than before, probably due to the fact that they had a part–time worker this time. However, not a word was spoken between them. Every time Ronan transferred money to Cordelia, she felt uneasy. She didn't quite understand why.

Ronan dropped Cordelia off at the same spot as yesterday and drove off.

Just as she was about to reach her dorm, Cordelia received a message from the HR Director, Emily. [Cordelia, the previous dorm arrangement was temporary! Room 1507 is vacant now since a female employee from the Operations Department got married and bought a new house. You can move in with Brooklyn. It's a double room. What do you think?]

Cordelia was slightly taken aback. All because Ronan couldn't stand the smell of damp on her, he had her moved to a double room. Being rich and powerful sure had its perks.

Brooklyn had already checked out room 1507. It was about the same size as their previous four—bed room but only housed two people. Brooklyn spent the whole. afternoon excitedly packing, ready to move into the new dorm.

After moving into the new dorm, Cordelia spent her time washing clothes, planning to wash all the musty clothes from before.

"Cordelia, Cordelia, you have to see this. I'm about to lose it..." Brooklyn stormed into the bathroom where Cordelia was washing clothes, laptop in hand

"You went to see your mother in the hospital yesterday. Look at what these people are saying."

Cordelia turned off the tap and leaned over to look at the laptop screen. The laptop was opened to the company's Chatterbox, a forum where tens of thousands of employees often posted. It was very active.

The title of the post was. [Who is her sugar daddy?]

There were over a dozen pictures of Cordelia from when she went to The Artful Brew at Magnolia Terrace yesterday. She was dressed in a very formal dress and had makeup on. It was clear that she had taken great care in dressing up. She got into a luxurious Mercedes and was looking around as she got in.

The tint on the Mercedes was so thick that one couldn't see who was inside. Because of this, everyone was discussing, "Who is her sugar daddy?"

Everyone seemed interested in this kind of gossip. More and more people started posting, and it quickly became a hot topic.

Brooklyn's reply was, "This is my roommate, I swear she went to the hospital yesterday."

But Brooklyn's reply was not convincing at all. Someone quickly replied, "Does one need to dress up so much to go to the hospital? And why didn't the car stop at our dorm, but in such a faraway place? Also, I heard she and another intern were competing for a position at Lumos Enterprises. The other person worked hard all the time, so why was she, who takes leave all the time, the one who stayed? What's going on behind the scenes?"

"Be careful with your words. She has connections."

"I saw her toast to the Deputy Head of the HR Department when we went for team building. Maybe..."

Various comments were made, all of them biting.

At the team building event, Cordelia did toast the Deputy Head of HR, but she was with Jordan the whole time. You couldn't deny she got played by some sneaky folks. There were always a lot of power struggles in big companies, man.

#### Chapter 17

Cordelia continued doing her laundry, shrugging off the whole thing as a waste of her time.

"Cordelia, aren't you gonna stand up for yourself when everyone's picking on you?"

"Just let it go. No one will care about this in a bit."

"Really..." Brooklyn looked at Cordelia. "Did something really happen between you and the assistant head of HR?"

Cordelia looked back at Brooklyn. "I don't want to talk to you."

With that, she grabbed her laundry and went out to the balcony to hang it. The only thing bothering Cordelia was whether Ronan would blame her for this. After all, she had suddenly become the center of attention due to this incident.

After hanging her clothes, Cordelia sat on her bed with her laptop, writing her Top Graduates Report, Brooklyn wanted to say something else, but seeing Cordelia's unwillingness to speak, she held her tongue, only reminding her, "Don't forget, the new hires have a medical exam tomorrow."

Cordelia just hummed in response.

Having just become the talk of the office, Cordelia wasn't looking forward to tomorrow's group medical check—up. The email had said, first thing Monday morning, all newly regularized employees were to gather in the parking lot, hop on the company bus, and head over to Lumos Hospital for a check—up. If it were before, Cordelia could've kept a low profile, but now, she'd probably be recognized by everyone in the company.

The next day, just as Cordelia had predicted, over thirty of the company's new regular interns were sitting on the bus to Lumos Hospital. The bus hadn't started yet and was just parked in the parking lot.

Despite sitting quietly at the very back, Cordelia still heard lots of people asking, "Which one is Cordelia?" "Who was that guy picking her up in that luxury car the other day?" "I heard her family isn't well—off at all. She must be a gold digger."

Lots of people turned their heads to look at Cordelia.

Just then, someone said, "Look outside."

Everyone followed the voice. Cordelia also wanted to see what could possibly distract the crowd from their gossip.

A low-profile Mercedes-Benz, the same one from the posts, pulled up next to the bus. Some nosy parkers even pulled out their phones to compare the license plate numbers with the ones on the forum.

Now, everyone was holding their breath, waiting to see who would get out of the car. Cordelia could feel the anticipation and excitement. The car door opened, and Ronan stepped out, locked the car, put his hands in his pockets, and sauntered towards the office building.

The bus was dead silent.

Brooklyn looked at Cordelia in surprise. "The guy you're rumored to be with is Mr. Evans?"

"I happened to be going to the hospital that day, and he offered me a ride." Cordelia brushed off the incident, but Brooklyn seemed unconvinced.

The bus had quietened down, and the post had somehow been quietly deleted. No one dared to gossip about the CEO.

Cordelia wasn't sure what Ronan was up to. It could've been intentional or unintentional, but it warmed her heart and made her feel closer to him. She wanted to see Ronan again. For the first time, Cordelia was really looking forward to Saturday.

On Thursday night, after working overtime, Cordelia was packing up to go back to her dorm when she received a text from Ronan. [Tell me your height, weight, and measurements.]

Cordelia was looking at the message when she happened to run into Ronan in the elevator, so there was no need to continue the conversation over text.

"Mr. Evans, what does this mean?" Cordelia held up her phone and asked.

"I'm planning to take wedding photos, so I need to order a wedding dress."

"You're really taking wedding photos?" Cordelia'was surprised. She thought they were just a couple in name to visit Barney.

Cordelia was a little confused. If they held a wedding, the whole city would know. But if they divorced after the contract ended, wouldn't she become the city's infamous dumped woman?

"What's your size?" Ronan didn't consider Cordelia's feelings and continued to ask.

"I've never measured my body, so I'm not sure." Cordelia told the truth. She usually just picked the small size when shopping for clothes and had no idea about her exact measurements. She had never thought about entering a beauty pageant.

Ronan turned his head and fooked Cordelia up and down. His gaze made Cordelia feel a little uncomfortable, and she involuntarily shrunk back.

The elevator reached the first floor, and Ronan walked out without saying a word. Cordelia stood dumbfounded in the lobby. Ronan never talked much with Cordelia and never answered questions he didn't want to.

Back home that night, Cordelia received another text from Ronan. [We're taking wedding photos on Saturday.]

[Are we not visiting your grandpa anymore? Are we going to have a wedding?] Cordelia asked impatiently.

[What are you thinking?]

Ronan's words instantly shattered all of Cordelia's speculations.

Chapter 18

Cordelia guessed that Ronan was probably worried about Barney being alone in Birchwood. So, he was planning to have Barney move in with him. If Barney did, they would have to put up their wedding picture. So, if Barney really came, did that mean Cordelia also had to move into Ronan's house?

Saturday, Cordelia went to a large photography studio using the address Ronan gave her. Ronan was already waiting for her there.

Cordelia changed into her wedding dress. It fit her perfectly, making her remember the way he had looked at her. With just one look, he had accurately estimated her size. His gaze was sharp.

When Cordelia came out after changing, Ronan glanced at her. Her beauty and figure were awe—inspiring. The pearl necklace around her neck accentuated her collarbone, making her look youthful and lively.

Looking at Cordelia in her white wedding dress, what Ronan was really thinking was, "This is the woman I'm going to spend my life with."

Ronan's gaze didn't linger on Cordelia for long. He went on talking to the photographer, but he didn't seem to be listening to what the photographer was saying.

Cordelia also saw Ronan. He was wearing a black suit, looking dashing and handsome, so much so that it was hard to look straight at him.

Usually, taking wedding photos took a whole day, but they finished all the shooting in just one hour. After changing her clothes, Cordelia tidied up her bag and said happily to Ronan, "Mr. Evans, will you send me copies of the photos when you get them?"

Ronan was adjusting his cuffs and replied without any 'expression, "Are you looking forward to it?"

"Yes." Cordelia's eyes were shining.

"Don't worry, sooner or later, you'll see them. You don't need to go back to my grandfather's house today. You can enjoy your time. I'll let you know when to come."

Ronan's attitude was totally like he was giving orders to a subordinate..

Cordelia covered up her feelings of wanting to see Ronan and said, laughing, "That's perfect because I registered for a CPA prep course online a few days ago. They told me to come in person to confirm it in the next few days. I plan to go handle that this afternoon."

Without responding, Ronan drove off.

Cordelia felt a bit awkward and disappointed. She had just said so much, but he didn't respond and just left like that. It was a bit awkward for Cordelia. It seemed like it would be a while before Cordelia could see him again.

In the afternoon, Cordelia went to Horizon Heights to sign up for the CPA prep course.

She was always a strong learner and passed many courses through self–study. But now she was busy with work, so she specifically signed up for a guaranteed pass course online, because she heard that the teachers were all former exam whizzes.

A young, handsome teacher walked onto the stage for the 3 o'clock class. The girls in the class were amazed by his good looks.

The teacher wrote "Jamie" on the blackboard and said, "This is my name. You guys can call me Mr. Colby from now on. Let's start the class."

Cordelia frowned slightly. Jamie? Was this a coincidence?

Mr. Colby obtained his CPA certificate at an extremely fast pace and became a legend that year. His teaching method was clear and easy to understand, and his predictions about the questions were very accurate. Cordelia respected this teacher very much. She felt even more that this was a coincidence because the teacher didn't know her before, and he couldn't have just added her on Facebook randomly.

After class, Cordelia walked out of Horizon Heights and saw her brother Adrian waiting for her on the roadside.

"What are you doing here?" Cordelia asked.

"Oh, my sister can afford to take prep courses now? Did you suddenly come into money? I also heard from the doctor that you're planning to hire a nurse for mom?" Adrian popped his head out to ask Cordelia.

The last time they went to the hospital, the doctor casually mentioned the idea of hiring a nurse for their mom. Adrian was wondering then, where did Cordelia get the money?

"I've officially been hired by the company now." Cordelia tried to explain.

"Oh, are you making a lot of money now? When are you going to treat me to a meal?"

Cordelia didn't want to talk to Adrian. She was about to leave when she heard Adrian's tone change. He said with a flattering smile, "Mr. Colby, get in the car."

Cordelia turned her head and saw Jamie.

"Cordelia?" Jamie recognized her as well since they had just met in class.

"Mr. Colby, you know my sister? Haha, it seems like fate!" Adrian said, looking slyly at Cordelia and then at Jamie.

"Hello, Mr. Colby." Cordelia bowed politely to Jamie.

"Cordelia, you should get in the car too, Jamie said to Cordelia.

"Yeah, yeah, if Mr. Colby asks you to get in the car, don't refuse. Hurry up and get in."

After saying that, Adrian pushed Cordelia into the car..

Cordelia and Jamie both sat in the back seat.

"Mr. Colby, have you added my sister's Facebook?" Adrian sat in the driver's seat and asked cheerfully.

"Oh, I tried to send a friend request on Facebook before, but Cordelia didn't accept it, so I didn't add it again," Jamie said. "When I was calling the roll just now, I thought it was someone with the same name, so I didn't dare to think too much. Can I add you again now, Cordelia?"

"Um, sure." Cordelia slowly took out her phone and accepted Jamie's friend request.

Jamie's Facebook username was his real name, so Cordelia didn't make any additional remarks.

#### Chapter 19

Cordelia finally got the picture. The Jamie that added her when she was going to Barney's wasn't some random dude or scammer, but a wealthy bloke her brother was keen to introduce her to.

But Jamie was very polite and talented, exactly Cordelia's type. The introduction was probably just her brother's wishful thinking.

"Now it'll be easier to ask you about business law," Cordelia said with a smile.

"Right, I'll find some questions for you to do in a few days. Business law is the easiest subject; just memorize it, and you'll pass. Spend some more time and work harder, you'll get the certificate quickly," Jamie said while nicknaming Cordelia on Facebook.

Cordelia's Facebook name was "Hoppy Della."

"Cordelia, you've been made permanent at Lumos Enterprises, and I haven't celebrated for you yet! I heard the elimination rate at Lumos Enterprises is pretty high, you're really excellent." Adrian took the chance to compliment his sister, hoping to leave a good impression on Jamie and sell her off at a good price in the future. "Yeah." Cordelia didn't want to deal with him and turned her head to look out the window after speaking.

Jamie didn't respond, leaving Adrian feeling pretty awkward.

Arriving at the company housing, Cordelia got out of the car. She walked while looking at her phone. Everyone who saw her was like, "Oh, the boss is here," and quickly made way for her. In their eyes, Cordelia was already Ronan's girlfriend and possibly the future wife of his. Nobody dared to mess with her now.

Before she could open the dorm door, Cordelia received a message from Ronan. [Come to Grandpa's house at 10 a.m. tomorrow. I'll pick you up from the residence.] Cordelia's heart suddenly sped up. She didn't expect to see Ronan so soon. Cordelia started to pack her stuff.

"Cordelia, are you dating Mr. Evans?" Brooklyn suddenly leaned over and asked quietly, her eyes full of curiosity.

"No, no." Cordelia hesitated but still told her best friend the truth. "We just... slept together once."

"Whoa!" Brooklyn gasped in surprise. "Didn't see that coming. You really moved fast, sleeping with him just like that.".

"Not really, it was just an accident." This accident was also a surprise to Cordelia, although Ronan thought she'd done it on purpose.

"So, what's your relationship now?"

"Just... like that. By the way, I won't be here tomorrow night, I have to go out."

"Where are you going? Don't tell me you're going on a date with Mr. Evans?"

"Uh... no... something else..."

"Oh my god, you guys are totally dating!"

"No, we're not." Cordelia thought for a moment. Although she couldn't see Ronan now and occasionally felt she was missing him for many reasons. For example, this time, Ronan helped her get out of the public eye, but Cordelia still didn't think they were dating. In a real relationship, there were endless topics of conversation, but they were always silent when they were together.

"Alright, alright, stop playing coy. I know the company has rules against office romance. Don't worry, I'll keep your secret. Just remember to promote me to PR: -Director when you become the company's first lady." Brooklyn didn't have high expectations..

Cordelia remained silent.

7

The next day, Cordelia dragged her suitcase into Ronan's car. His car was parked right in front of her apartment building, all the passersby saw. Now, it was impossible for Cordelia to keep it a secret.

After Cordelia got in, Ronan just glanced at her, then started the car.

"Mr. Evans, why is your car parked downstairs? Now everyone in the company knows," Cordelia said. She remembered the agreement to keep it a secret.

"Don't they all know already?" Ronan replied. "Better they know sooner than keeping them guessing. It's also good, so we don't have to sneak around. If your boyfriend finds out in the future, I'll compensate him."

Cordelia gripped her clothes. She hated how he always linked everything to money, but he seemed to enjoy it.

"What if he doesn't want compensation?" Cordelia's tone was a bit sharp because she was unhappy.

Ronan laughed scornfully. "Would he refuse money?"

Cordelia lowered her head and didn't speak. She had no place to say anything. The reason she agreed to marry Ronan in the first place was for money. One could imagine that her boyfriend would not stick to principles in the face of money.

Ronan's humiliation left Cordelia speechless. Also, he knew about the things that happened before, his showing up in a Mercedes was intentional, leaving her colleagues speechless. Ronan was someone who handled things decisively.

"Ask Jordan for a leave, we'll be back on Monday." Seeing that Cordelia didn't speak, Ronan gave another order.

"Leave?" Every time she heard "leave," Cordelia's scalp tingled, always reminding her of Jordan's strange look.

"Yes. Is it difficult for you to ask for leave?" Ronan turned his head and squinted at Cordelia. "If it's difficult, I'll ask for you."

"No need, no need, thank you, Mr. Evans." Hearing Ronan's sarcastic tone, Cordelia hurriedly took out her phone and sent an email to Jordan.

[Mr. Jordan, I have something tomorrow and would like to take a day off.] Cordelia typed nervously. The last time she asked for leave, Jordan's face was pretty ugly. Monday was busy and asking for another leave felt like shirking responsibility.

[It's okay, I'll find someone to do your work. If there's anything, come find me directly when you're back.]

The way Jordan was acting, compared to before, was like night and day. Cordelia was getting the heebie–jeebies. She was pretty sure Jordan had gotten wind about her and Ronan.

Visiting Barney's place, as usual, Cordelia never failed to cheer him up. Barney was all aglow, not looking like a man suffering from lung cancer at all. Before they knew it, night fell, and Cordelia went to take a shower.

Her phone was left on the bed and buzzed once. Ronan, who was reading nearby, didn't pay any mind. But then, Cordelia's phone started to go off like crazy.

Ronan, starting to get peeved, glanced at Cordelia's phone. The screen showed 15 messages from Jamie. That made Ronan furrow his brows.

Just then, Cordelia came out of the bathroom, toweling her hair.

"Did you see your boyfriend yesterday?" Ronan asked.

"Boyfriend? No." If she'd known her engagement to Ronan would drag on this long, Cordelia wouldn't have made up the fib about having a boyfriend. It was getting harder and harder to keep up the act.

Cordelia was contemplating whether to come clean to Ronan. Next thing she knew, he had her pinned underneath him.

Chapter 20

Ronan thought that Cordelia must have met up with Jamie yesterday. Otherwise, why would Jamie suddenly spam her with messages? Or maybe it was just that he didn't realize Jamie was always sending countless messages every time.

Ronan felt slightly relieved. After all, she was a woman who kept her word.

"You got to be more upfront with me. If you need something, just let me know," Ronan leaned against the headboard, lighting up a cigarette.

Cordelia shut her eyes, not uttering a word. She didn't know how she was being dishonest. This whole ordeal had put a lot of pressure on Cordelia. Remembering how she was desperate to see him before, she felt like she'd wasted her sincerity.

After it was all over, Cordelia laid down on her side, but couldn't fall asleep. Picking up her phone, she saw Jamie's messages.

She then realized why Ronan acted the way he did; perhaps he saw all the messages from Jamie on her phone and assumed she'd met up with him. To Ronan, Jamie was Cordelia's current boyfriend. And of course, if they met up, they'd be all over each other.

That was why Ronan was being rash, he'd mentioned before that he hated that sort of thing.

So, Cordelia clarified, "Mr. Evans, as I've told you before, I'm a professional. Once I take a job, I don't stick around with others. You can trust me on that."

"A job?" Ronan asked.

"Yeah. You pay and I work." Cordelia replied, showing a hint of annoyance in her voice.

"You're doing a good job." Ronan hinted, his tone softening. Perhaps his suspicions were eased.

"Mr. Evans, I think it's important you understand, we don't have real feelings for each other." Cordelia said seriously.

Ronan chuckled at that, his eyes not reflecting the humor. He thought Cordelia was quite naive.

Cordelia didn't continue the conversation. Instead, she started reading Jamie's messages. He had sent her exam papers for business law during the past few years, and question lists for a subject she hadn't registered for, even several sections of a textbook that needed reviewing. Jamie was/such a good teacher, really thorough.

Cordelia replied to his message: [Thanks. I was in the shower, didn't see your message.]

Jamie responded: [No problem, take a look when you have the time. If you do all the exam papers, you should be fine.]

Cordelia didn't talk to Ronan, she turned off the bedside lamp and fell asleep.

Her dissatisfaction with Ronan didn't affect her performance with Barney the next day. She was as perfect as ever, so much so that Barney didn't want her to leave. As for Ronan, his longing for her wasn't as strong.

On the way back, Ronan transferred fifty grand into Cordelia's account. He gave her the money casually. After all, she was just there to keep Barney company, and she didn't cook or anything.

Cordelia looked at the fifty thousand and texted Ronan: [What's this for?]

After a while, Ronan replied: [You're skilled in bed.]

Cordelia's face turned bright red. To hide her embarrassment, she quickly turned to look out the car window. She hadn't realized that he was supposed to pay her after every sexual encounter.

[If I'm good, Mr. Evans, you'll probably come back for more. Regulars are always better than newbies. Mr. Evans, you're a generous man.] Cordelia sarcastically replied.

[If you want me to come back more often, you'll have to improve your skills.] Ronan replied.

[Okay, as long as there's money involved, I'm motivated. I'm a newbie, I can't match a veteran like you. I need to keep practicing and learning.] After sending the messages, Cordelia tossed her phone onto the seat and closed her eyes to take some rest.

Cordelia was awakened by the sound of her phone.

It was a message from Adrian: [Cordelia, you're looking for a caregiver for mom, right? Someone recommended a really good one, wanna go to check her out together?"]

Then an address of a hotel followed.

Cordelia thought to herself, her brother finally did something useful for once. Just as she had a tiff with Ronan, feeling awkward around him, she told Ronan she needed to leave, then hailed a cab to the hotel.

Arriving at room 1402, Adrian was already waiting for her. Upon seeing Cordelia, he lit up, excited, "You're here?"

"Why would the caregiver meet us in a hotel?" Cordelia looked around, sensing something was off."

"She's providing care for another patient in this hotel. It'll be over soon, just hang in there. Here, have some water." Adrian handed Cordelia a glass of water.