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John Rockefeller's heart leaped hearing the news.

But he soon calmed down. "So what if she wakes up? She is now a woman of infamy and has nothing to her name. She is no match for us."

Bill Rockefeller suddenly lowered his voice. "John, Brittany said that she possessed evidence of your corrupt practices and also your ties with the Japanese. Do you think that's going to be okay?"

John snickered. "Father, it happened more than half a year ago. Even if there is something fishy, any trace of it would have been gone by now."

Bill breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness. Anyhow, Rockefeller Group can never fall into the hands of Alex, that bastard."

Alex would be disturbed by Bill's statement.

"Don't worry. It will never happen. Even till his death, William did not even have an inkling who he actually was. That fool! He would never have expected to toil his life away only for his efforts to be seized by others."

It was noon the next day at Assex Manor.

Lugging her suitcases along, Dorothy Assex returned home exhausted.

Upon entering the house, she overheard her mother, Claire, and her sister, Beatrice's conversation.

"Mother, do you know what happened? Alex Rockefeller wanted me to call him daddy all because he bought a new car! Do you think he is coming onto you?"

"What nonsense are you saying? Daddy? Why did he do that?"

"Beats me! I think he has gone insane. Perhaps he could not get the attention he wanted from sis and turned his attention toward you," said Beatrice.

"That jerk! He is now living with a woman named Coney. Hah, let's see how long it will last! Where is Dorothy? She should divorce him as soon as possible!" said Claire with a hiss.

Dorothy was dumbfounded. Was her husband now living with another woman?

“Mother, what did you say?” She rushed in.

“You are back, my lady.” Instead, a woman in her mid-forties came forward and greeted her with a broad smile on her face.

“Who are you?” Dorothy could not recognize the person.

“She is Ms. Brown, a housemaid I hired recently,” Claire answered. “Ms. Brown, do cook us something delicious. My daughter is home today; she wants to eat good food. If it is not up to my standard, I will deduct your salary.”

Ms. Brown pouted but nodded and made a beeline for the kitchen.

“Why did you hire a housemaid? Where is Alex?” Dorothy asked in astonishment.

“That scoundrel was chased out of our house, and he will never return to the Assex Manor. Did you know he got together with a woman while you were away for business? She was a doctor, the granddaughter of California’s miracle doctor—James Coney. What a shameless man!”

Of course, Claire took a few liberties in her narrative, adding unfounded stories to support her cause further.

Beatrice assisted with plenty of interjections.

That was it. Dorothy was at her limits.

Claire continued, “Dorothy, isn’t this a good thing? Since he is now living with that woman, you have all the reasons to divorce him! I have been waiting for this day for so long! Finally, we can say goodbye to his sorry ass!”

Dorothy’s expression darkened. “I refuse to believe what you said. I am calling him; I want to hear it from him.”

“What other doubts do you have? Do you know he slapped mother, all because of that woman?” added Beatrice.

Dorothy looked at her wide-eyed, trying to comprehend what she had just heard.

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Brittany Rockefeller was unconscious and bedridden for more than six months, during which she could only be kept alive with IV fluids.

Even as she regained consciousness, it would take time for her to recuperate and recover.

With that in mind, Alex Rockefeller wrote a prescription to hasten her recovery process.

However, he did not possess a medical license. As such, he was not allowed to obtain the various drugs needed from pharmacies and hospitals alike. Only Cheryl Coney could help. Hence, he dialed her number.

Cheryl was at the hospital as they spoke and agreed to it immediately. Plus, she was also very fascinated by Alex's prescription.

Speeding along the streets in his M8, he arrived at the hospital in no time.

Cheryl was talking to a family member of a patient in her office. It was pleasing to see her speak in a gentle voice and carry herself so graciously.

Dorothy Assex, on the other hand.

It had been a long time since Alex felt any warmth from her. Neglect and apathy were daily occurrences, together with Beatrice and Claire Assex's hatred toward him. As such, he'd rather stay at the hospital.

Of course, he did not resent Dorothy, for he played a big part in it.

While he was deep in thought, the patient's family left. Cheryl waved her hand in front of Alex's face and said, "Hey! What are you thinking about?"

"Ah!" Alex returned to his senses and said casually, "Nothing much; you look extremely gorgeous today; I got a little distracted."

Cheryl was taken aback by his witty remark and proceeded to kick him in the shins. "Such a sweet talker! Where is the prescription? Can I see it?"

Alex steadied his emotions and handed the prescription over to Cheryl.

Cheryl's abilities were still lacking behind her grandfather's. That being said, she was not to be underestimated as she possessed at least sixty percent of James Coney's abilities.

However, she could not fathom the prescription. "What is this? I see many ingredients used to aid recovery. Although I do not think they are suitable for your mother since she just woke up. Did you obtain this from the internet? No, I cannot approve your prescription."

“It will work. Look, I’ve added a few ingredients to neutralize some of the more harmful effects of the drugs and to sustain their medicinal properties. With some acupuncture on the side, it should work fine…” said Alex convincingly.

After listening to Alex’s explanation, she gave it a thought before she decided to believe him. “Alright, I will give my approval.”

“Thank you, pretty Doctor Coney. I knew you are a good person!”

“Hold on, and I am not done yet!” Cheryl rolled her eyes. “I want to observe how your mother is going to consume it.”

“Of course, feel free.”

“One more thing, can I ask you about the Thirteen Acupunctures of Hell?”

“Go ahead.”

Alex started demonstrating the techniques to Cheryl.

In order to achieve a better didactic effect, Alex showed Cheryl the acupuncture points on her body. The last needle was done on an acupuncture point roughly three inches above the chest. And just as he touched the spot with his finger, the office doors opened, with none other than Dorothy Assex standing on the other side.

She saw Alex's hand on Cheryl's body, who was not showing any signs of resistance.

She charged forward and swung her hand across Alex's face.

Smack!

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Slapped by Dorothy Assex, Alex Rockefeller looked at her in astonishment while Cheryl Coney exclaimed, "How could you hit him!"

Dorothy glared at the woman in the doctor's robe and said, "What's wrong with it, huh? We are still husband and wife, and you are nothing but a mistress!"

A nurse came by then, wanting to see Cheryl, and was quickly distracted by the drama unfolding before her eyes.

All she could think of was Cheryl Coney, the granddaughter of California's Miracle Doctor and the hospital's star, being somebody else's mistress.

Alex frowned, seeing the nurse's presence. Hurriedly, he pulled Dorothy aside and said, "Stop talking nonsense. There is nothing between Doctor Coney and me!"

Dorothy violently shook her hand. "Get your hands off me! What were you doing, huh? I saw everything!"

The scene attracted the attention of a few more nurses.

Alex understood the danger if things were left to their own accord. Dragging Dorothy behind him, Alex leaped for the exit. "My apologies, Doctor Coney! I am counting on you for my mother! My wife must have bought into my psychotic mother-in-law's nonsense. I am so sorry!"

Trying his best to keep Cheryl's innocence, he dragged Dorothy away until they came to a secluded stairwell.

He was just about to leave when she took the offense and bit him on his arm.

Overwhelmed by a massive wave of pain, Alex managed to suppress the force. Otherwise, Dorothy's teeth would have chipped off.

"Aren't you sorry?!" Dorothy screeched, tears welling up in her eyes.

Alex looked at her and smiled. "I'll be damned with that overreaction! You still care, don't you? What did your mother say? Was it something like, I was cheating with Doctor Coney, and we are currently living together? Of course, your sister was there to fan the flames too! Don't think that I don't know what they said. Do you believe me?"

Dorothy glared. "No."

"Oh no, I thought your mother says it every day?"

"But... I saw it with my own eyes!"

Alex summoned his courage and gently embraced her. "You were mistaken. I was asking for advice on how some acupuncture techniques were to be used on mother."

"You sure?"

“Why would I lie?”

“Well, I want you to come have lunch with me then.”

“Of course, the queen can never starve! Let’s go. I know a good restaurant nearby.”

They got into Dorothy’s car with Alex in the driver’s seat. Once again, he summoned his courage and gently grabbed her pale yet smooth hands. “Dorothy, you must be exhausted from your business trip. Let me take care of you from now on.”

It was a little awkward for a couple who had not been so intimate with each other all this while.

Alex put his hand onto her shoulder and moved his head closer...

And the silence was broken by a ringing phone.

Dorothy jolted back to her senses, and hurriedly pushed him away. “All talk and no action is not the way. Why don’t you accept the call first?”

“Cheryl Coney” was shown on the caller ID.

Seeing that, her demeanor instantly became chilly.

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Alex Rockefeller wanted to take the call outside of the car, but that would make him look guilty of any wrongdoing.

He explained, “It’s Doctor Coney. I needed her help to prepare a prescription.”

He should not have explained, as Dorothy Assex quickly added, “Are you going to go on speaker mode?”

“Why not?” replied Alex.

“Hello, Doctor Coney!” He greeted me after accepting the call and started to switch on the speaker mode.

Unexpectedly, Cheryl replied in a slightly flirtatious voice, “Why are you calling me Doctor Coney? Just call me Cheryl instead now that we are not in the hospital anymore.”

Alex shivered.

He noticed a murderous aura emanating from Dorothy.

“Uhm, is there anything you want to talk to me about?”

“I just want to know... if you are okay?”

Alex replied, “Of course! Don’t worry.”

Cheryl smiled. “Your ex-wife is quite the character, isn’t she? I was a little frightened just now. So, how are things between you and her? I thought you were divorced, so why is she still meddling in your affairs?”

That was the last straw on the camel’s back as Dorothy erupted.

She snatched the phone over and yelled, "Listen here, I am not his ex-wife! We are not divorced and never will! Give up! As a doctor, aren't you embarrassed to be a mistress and destroy marriages?"

Alex's worst fears came true.

He felt a storm brewing.

As the granddaughter of California's miracle doctor, she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. Growing up soft-spoken and well-tempered, Cheryl's upbringing did not stop her from lashing out as well. "Don't you know what kind of life Alex leads in your house? Since you cannot fulfill your duty as a wife, why are you keeping him to yourself? You are a selfish woman, and you do not deserve him!"

"And you do?" Dorothy was livid.

"Of course, a little better than you!" Cheryl retorted with an air of arrogance.

Alex was at his wit's end.

"Doctor Coney, please stop with your shenanigans! You are bringing nothing but trouble to me!"

Dorothy shouted at the phone, “Shameless!” and instantly terminated the call.

She glared at Alex and hurled the phone his way. “And you said there is nothing between you two? Tell me, what is this then?”

Alex hurriedly explained, “Dorothy, it is nothing like you imagined. She meant no harm; it was all Chloe’s doing!”

“Are you going to leave me alone?”

Dorothy stared at him as if he were her prey.

“Okay, I will leave.”

Alex scrambled out of the car.

Dorothy shifted to the driver’s seat and slammed her foot on the accelerator. The car sped off, leaving a trail of smoke and dust behind.

On the other side, Cheryl regretted everything she said over the phone. That was the stupidest move she could ever make!

'What if Alex thinks I have a crush on him?'

A while later, Alex called.

Steadying her breathing, she accepted the call.

Alex mentioned nothing about what had happened, only about the prescription.

Cheryl said, "The prescription is ready. Although there is one ingredient I cannot get hold of, the wild ginseng. We do not have it here in the hospital, nor over at Ganoderma. Either you figure out a way yourself, or we switch it to regular ginseng."

Alex shook his head. "That cannot do. This is the main ingredient for my prescription. I will think of a way to get it. No worries, thank you so much, Doctor Coney."

"Did I trouble you just now?" Cheryl asked carefully.

“You did. I was so close to getting a lady into my bed. Now that the lady is gone, you need to look for one for me,” answered Alex.

“You...I am not talking to you, pervert.”

Beep. Beep.

The call ended.

Alex looked at the sky and let out a deep sigh.

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An hour later at the Assex Manor.

Dorothy Assex returned with a miserable expression.

Seeing that, Claire Assex was pleased and said smugly, “I told you, right? The county courthouse opens at nine in the morning tomorrow. We are going to file your divorce immediately.”

“Nobody is getting a divorce here,” Dorothy said coldly.

Claire immediately jumped on her two feet. “Dorothy, just how smitten are you? What is so good about him? Even after what he did to you? Look, I know Spark Rockefeller likes you. Let me talk to him tomorrow.”

“Mother, what is wrong with you? Did you forget what that jerk did to me?”

“At least he is better than Alex! He cheated on you!” replied Claire.

Dorothy stormed upstairs without saying anything else, and she was not in the mood to have dinner.

It was seven o'clock at night when Dorothy received a phone call from Shermaine Ford. “Lady Assex, headquarters called saying that an important meeting will be held tomorrow at nine at our company. The board of directors is sending three of them over, and the entire upper management of the company is required to attend. It will be held at Conference Room No. 3 in Tower 2.”

“Understood, thank you.”

After ending the call, Dorothy rubbed her temples in irritation.

'Grandmother must be pissed. I am not getting out of this safely. I wonder what will happen tomorrow.'

It was nine o'clock, but Alex was still out.

He was nowhere to be seen even as the clock struck eleven.

Was he with the female doctor from this morning? The more she thought about it, the worse she felt.

"Where are you?" She dialed his number.

"At home!" answered Alex.

"Hah, what a joke. You mean, the doctor's home?"

"Yeah, right. Didn't I tell you already that there is nothing between us? I am in my own house taking care of Mother."

“Hold on. Mother is awake?”

“She is. There is no other reason for her to stay at the hospital, hence why we decided to return home.”

“Why didn’t you tell me about it?” demanded Dorothy.

Alex replied, “You gave me the boot before I could say anything.”

Dorothy was speechless. Why did he hide such important news from her, his own wife?

“Send me your address. I am visiting Mother tomorrow.”

“Will do.”

Alex was thrilled hearing Dorothy addressing Brittany as ‘Mother’ instead of ‘your mother.’ It was a good start.

The next day, Dorothy arrived at the conference room just as the clock struck nine. To her surprise, it was empty.

Calling out to an employee nearby, she asked, "Isn't there supposed to be a meeting here? Where are the people?"

"Oh, Lady Assex, I think it is going on at Conference Room No. 1 over at Tower 1."

"What?!"

Dorothy rushed over, calling Shermaine multiple times on her way there. However, her call was not picked up.

Something was clearly off.

The meeting had been going on for more than half an hour when she arrived.

Anderson Assex was the host of the meeting. He reprimanded Dorothy when she entered. "Dorothy Assex, how can you be late? As the GM of this branch, your tardiness reflects your incapacibilities and weakness. Clearly, you are not fit to run the company!"

Dorothy was shocked. She saw Shermaine among the attendees and asked, “Shermaine, what is going on? I thought you told me it was going to be held at Conference Room No.3 over at Tower 2 at nine in the morning?”

“No, I said eight-thirty at Conference Room No.1 here at Tower 1.” Shermaine shook her head.

And she hurriedly shifted her gaze to her feet.

Emma Assex could be heard snickering.

The sight of those was all Dorothy needed to know.

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Shermaine Ford betrayed her.

Dorothy Assex was infuriated. After all, she guided Shermaine to where she was today. From giving her an opportunity right after high school to entrust her with managerial roles and repay her loans, she was an immense help throughout it all.

At the end of the day, Shermaine chose to side with Emma Assex and played a nasty trick on Dorothy, embarrassing herself in an important meeting.

A true traitor.

Emma, who was Anderson's daughter and the rumored person to replace Dorothy as the new general manager, looked at Dorothy with a smirk on her face. "Lady Assex, I believe your secretary gave you the right information. I think you overslept. Alas, that abandoned son of Rockefeller brought us a massive contract in exchange for a favor, but you had to mess it up. I know you were upset and chose to make up for it in the bedroom. However, please do not get caught up in your own desire. You have a company to run."

Dorothy's expression was as frosty as the winds of winter. "Emma Assex, quit with your nonsense! You are not a member of the board of directors nor this company. Please leave."

Wham!

Anderson slammed the table with his palm and pointed his finger at Dorothy. He roared, "You are the one leaving this room. From now onwards, you are not the general manager anymore. Emma will be taking your place."

Emma stood up and nodded at the crowd in the conference room. With a smile on her face, she said, "I am Emma Assex. It is my pleasure to be of service to the company."

She then looked at Dorothy mockingly.

Anderson clapped, followed by the directors.

The company's upper management looked at each other in much confusion but started clapping after initiating applause.

Dorothy grimaced. "Uncle, I am the general manager here. It is not something you can decide on."

"I knew you would say that. This is the document initiating the leadership change from the headquarters. The board of directors signed off on it. Read it with your own eyes," said Anderson.

He hurled a clipboard into Dorothy's way.

A paper was attached to it and it was the document from the headquarters.

Dorothy's heart was shredded to pieces as she read it. Sadness, anger, and disappointment were insufficient to describe how she felt at the moment. She put in tremendous effort, building the company with her very own blood, sweat, and tears from the ground up.

And what did she get at the end? Nothing.

She clenched her teeth as she endured the mocking stares from the crowd.

Anderson snorted and looked at his daughter with a smile. "I hereby announce Emma Assex as the new general manager of Assex Constructions' branch here in City South. Please give her a round of applause and welcome her to the team!"

Everyone stood up and applauded while congratulating Emma.

Only Dorothy stood motionless in the shadows.

Emma sneered at Dorothy before clapping her hands together and said, "Please have a seat. Thank you. I want to announce a decision made by the company. Starting from this month, all employees' wages will be increased by thirty percent, an appreciation for all the hard work and effort put in for the company."

Most of the time, spending sufficient money to please people was a tried and trusted method, and this time, it was no exception.

The employees roared and cheered happily.

She continued, “Also, I hereby announce Shermaine Ford as the first secretary to the GM. Your compensation will be adjusted accordingly. From now onwards, you are my private secretary.”

“Thank you so much, Lady Assex! I will do my best!” Shermaine smiled.

Dorothy threw a filthy glance at Shermaine and snorted.

The biggest impostor of the year had to be her!

Emma stole a glance at Dorothy and said, “The thirty percent wage increase does not apply to Dorothy Assex as it is only for the upper management. You are transferred to the customer service department with a starting wage of three thousand dollars. We hope you will do your best for the company. Now, please leave, as you are not allowed in here.”

“Cut the act, I quit!” Dorothy snapped coldly.

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She then left.

Not long after, an email titled “Dorothy Assex dismissed due to incapability, to be replaced by Emma Assex” was blasted out to every employee’s email address.

Many felt the unjust treatment dished out to Dorothy. Especially the ones who worked alongside Dorothy when she started and knew just how much effort she put into the company.

Yet...

When Dorothy left with her personal belongings, nobody came to say goodbye.

Everyone lowered their heads as if she did not exist.

When she stepped out of the office, tears welled up in her eyes.

Shermaine Ford was waiting at the exit.

“I treated you as best as I could, why did you betray me?” demanded Dorothy in disbelief.

Shermaine smiled coldly. "I chose to side with the better party. You cannot blame me for the fault lies on you, for being such a weak and insignificant member of the Assex family."

"I hope you will not regret your actions." Dorothy nodded.

"Of course not, good riddance!" Shermaine turned and walked away, swaying her hips in a prideful manner.

Over at the headquarters of Assex Constructions.

The CEO's secretary, a pretty lady herself, hurriedly knocked on the CEO's door. She said to Benny Assex, "CEO, bad news. We just got news from the marketing department that Waylon Realty will not extend our contract."

"What did you say?"

Benny Assex was Madame Joanne's eldest son. He immediately jumped to his feet after hearing the news.

Waylon Realty was California's largest real estate company. Recently, they managed to purchase four massive lots of land at City North, with a total area of over a million

square feet. It involved the development of residential areas, commercial buildings, business lots, and multipurpose towers, all to establish City North as California's newest landmark.

The number of construction materials required to make it happen was astronomical.

So the saying went, a contract to supply construction materials to Wayton Realty was every construction businesses' dream here in California. However, it was also common knowledge that the Assex Conglomerate had been dealing with Wayton Realty for a long time. There was nothing else the others could do.

This meant that nobody else had doubts about Assex Constructions taking over this particular project.

To prepare for this particular partnership, Assex Constructions made plenty of arrangements, such as purchasing their raw materials in massive quantities ahead of time.

However, with the contract terminated, the capital spent was down the drains. With that came cash flow issues and the Assex Conglomerate would have to be dissolved within three months since they could not pay their loans.

That was why Benny was in a huge shock.

“Arrange a meeting with Waylon Realty’s CEO, Mr. Carter immediately. I need to see him personally!”

“But CEO, you have a meeting coming up, you cannot miss that too!”

“What should we do? Call Anderson Assex and inform him to attend to the matter immediately!”

Anderson received the call but was not at all worried. He was planning to send his daughter, Emma Assex over as the representative of Assex Constructions. If she could salvage the contract, it would mean a huge boost to her status in the family.

Riding in his brand new M8, Alex Rockefeller was waiting for Dorothy outside of Assex Construction’s City South branch office. He was to bring Dorothy over to visit Brittany Rockefeller.

“Is this a BMW M8?” Dorothy was surprised to see Alex’s ride.

“Get in the car!” Alex smiled.

She was even more surprised to find a little girl in the rear seat of his car.

“Who is this kid?” asked Dorothy.

“A child of my neighbor. Her name is Zoey Carter and her father happens to be Charles Carter. Do you know him?”

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“What? Do you mean she’s daughter of Charles Carter, the CEO of Waylon Realty?”

Dorothy ran a construction materials business and 70% of the Assex family’s income came from Waylon Realty. Hence, there was no way that she did not know Charles.

However, Charles never heard about her.

At the moment, feeling shocked, she was bereft of speech and could only stare blankly at Zoey Carter.

As Zoey looked back at Dorothy, she asked softly, “Are you Uncle Rockefeller’s wife? Haven’t you both already divorced?”

Again, Dorothy was in daze. “How did she... Hi, Zoey, I’m Dorothy Assex. You can address me as Auntie Dorothy. By the way, we haven’t divorced.”

Immediately, Zoey pursed her lips and let out a sigh. “Sigh, why didn’t you divorce? In that case, I can’t marry Uncle Rockefeller. It’s annoying!”

Dorothy’s eyes widened with a complete shock.

Alex quickly explained, “She’s still a kid, Dorothy. She knows nothing about divorce, so just don’t take it personally.”

Zoey argued loudly, “What makes you think I don’t know? I know we can sleep together after getting married. My friend in kindergarten, Melvin, always thinks about marrying me but I don’t want to because he will pee his pants and I’m worried that he will make my dress wet!”

“Uhhmm.”

Children’s words carried no harm. However, it was interesting, so Alex and Dorothy burst into laughter.

A moment after departure, Dorothy received a call from Claire.

Claire panicked like a cat on a hot tin roof after learning that her daughter got fired. That also meant the three of them — mother and daughters — no longer had any income, so how were they going to sustain themselves?

“I’ve heard that you got fired, Dorothy, isn’t it? Don’t get me worried, please.”

Alex clearly heard Claire’s voice from the phone.

He looked at Dorothy with surprise and heard she answered desolately, “Yes.”

The next second, Claire screamed loudly as though someone had stepped on her toes. “Gosh! It’s true! What now? What should we do? We have no money for food, and we’re going to live on air! Don’t tell me that we’re gonna beg for food? It’s all that bad Alex’s fault! That trash is incapable of doing anything but only creating problems! If it weren’t for him playing dumb in the Assex family, would you get fired? Would our family be in such a dire situation now?”

Dorothy replied as she glimpsed at Alex, “Mom, this has nothing to do with Alex. I have something else, let’s call it a day.”

“What’s it? What else is more important than the loss of family income? Come home now and we have to figure this out. Perhaps, we can seek help from Spark, we’ll be fine if he’s willing to help us.”

Alex was speechless as he heard her words. He could not believe that his mother-in-law was so realistic to that extent.

Dorothy said, "Mom, I really have to go, bye."

She switched off her phone as soon as she put down the call.

However, Alex's phone rang soon after.

Dorothy said, "Don't answer!"

Alex switched it to silent mode and said, "I'm not that stupid. She will definitely lecture me if I answer."

He then placed his hand on her lap and continued, "Don't worry, I'll support you financially as I made you lose your job."

Zoey, who was in the rear seat, screamed, "Oh gosh! It's blinding me! My eyes! My eyes!"

Alex asked helplessly, “What did your teacher teach you in the kindergarten, Zoey? Your teacher set a bad example for you..”

While resting her chin in her hands, Zoey answered, “Sigh, our teacher knows nothing!”

This child was impressive!

Along the journey, Dorothy insisted on getting some gifts and they filled up half of the car boot as though she only had the gut to see Brittany with those gifts.

They finally arrived at Maple Villa.

Dorothy tried very hard to suppress her curiosity as she followed Alex and entered the villa. At first glance, the villa was a few times superior than what her family owned, with a bigger area and more luxurious furnishing. There was even an indoor swimming pool!

Gosh!

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Then, she saw Brittany standing there lively with a couple beside her. She saw the photo of the man before—it was Charles Carter. The lady with a beautiful look, needless to say, was Charles' wife, Hailey Lawson.

At the moment, Charles and Hailey were helping out Brittany in the kitchen.

Witnessing such a scene, Dorothy's jaw almost dropped.

"Mom! You, you've recovered! That's great!" Dorothy said.

"Dorothy." Brittany smiled. "Awww, that's kind so kind of you bringing so many gifts, you don't have to do that."

Brittany had a differing opinion about Dorothy as she heard that her son lived as though a slave in the Assex family and even got humiliated by his mother-in-law. How could she not be angry when that was her one and only son? However, Alex had been strongly speaking well of Dorothy in front of her. He claimed that those were just rumors and he was the incapable one who failed to live up to expectations. Brittany decided to let it go, especially after hearing that Dorothy stabbed her own chest in order to secure their marriage.

"Hey, Alex! Come and lend me a hand while I'm cooking." Hailey took Alex away with a smile and let Zoey to play with her father.

Dorothy blinked her eyes, stunned and shocked with disbelief.

How could Alex be so close to the Carters?

She never heard that they had any connection!

Meanwhile, Emma ambitiously arrived at Waylon Realty with her secretary, Shermaine Ford.

Emma said, "Shermaine, I brought you here because I trust your capability. Don't you ever screw up. When the time comes, you will have to sacrifice yourself even if you have to sleep with someone. After the deal is sealed, I'll reward you with two millions dollars and we will be best friends."

While gritting her teeth, Shermaine said with a nod, "Alright!"

However, after arriving at the entrance of Waylon Realty, the security guard kicked the two of them out as soon as he heard they were from Assex Constructions. "Get the hell out of here. Waylon Realty doesn't welcome you."

Emma immediately hinted at Shermaine with her eyes.

Shermaine got the message. Hence, after pulling down her collar a little and exposing her fair skins, she took a step forward and said, “Hey, sweetheart. I think there must be some misunderstanding. We are from Assex Constructions, and have a close working relationship with Waylon Realty.”

As she spoke, she drew closer and rubbed the guard’s chest with her hand!

Smack!

Feeling shocked by her action, the guard then slapped Shermaine across her face without hesitation.

She was stunned by the sudden slap.

“F*ck you, b*tch! My wife is working here, how dare you harass me!? Do you think I wouldn’t beat the sh*t out of you? Get out of here now! Don’t ever think that you guys from Assex Constructions will be allowed to enter. This is an order! Are you two deaf?”

“Get out!”

While the two of them were getting shoved and chased out of the building by the guard, Emma writhed in pain as she sprained her ankle in high heels.

Shermaine said while covering her face, “GM, it seems that Assex Constructions has been blacklisted. Is there a conflict with Waylon Realty? Otherwise, they wouldn’t treat us this way.”

At this moment, Emma received a call from her father, Anderson. “I just got this news, Emma. Charles is not in the office today but at Maple Villa. Be there as soon as possible and get the deal. Your granny is now aware of this matter and told the young ones in the Assex family that whoever manages to seal the deal with Waylon Realty, will be rewarded with 10% of the shares from Assex Constructions and become the next general manager. You have to seize this opportunity at all costs as Jonathan, Charlotte and Bernadette are aggressively fighting for it as well.”

After hearing the news, Emma burst with excitement all of a sudden.

Ignoring the intense pain of her ankle, she said, “Let’s go to Maple Villa now, Shermaine. Failure will not be tolerated this time. I’ll reward you with ten million dollars if we get the deal, otherwise, you’re fired!”

However, as they arrived at the entrance of Maple Villa, they were still blocked by the guard, leaving them no way to go in.

Therefore, Emma lied and claimed that it was a matter of life and death and she must see Charles as soon as possible.

The security guard was helpful, hence, he hurriedly gave a call to Charles.

“Hi, Mr. Carter, a woman named Emma Assex has something urgent to see you...”

Before he managed to finish his sentence, his phone was snatched by Emma. “Hi, Mr. Carter, this is Emma from Assex Constructions. Can you give me five minutes for an important discussion?”

On the other side, Charles, Alex, and a few ladies had already seated for dinner.

After taking a glimpse at Dorothy, Charles said to the phone, “A moment, please.”

He then excused himself while pulling Alex aside.

“Hey, bro. Just to give you a heads up. Do you remember that I’ve terminated the collaboration with Assex Constructions out of anger when you were kicked out of the Assex family and got humiliated by your mother-in-law earlier? Emma Assex is just outside the villa now. She must be here for this matter. Do you think we should let her in?”

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Charles would definitely reject her if it was the time before he met Dorothy.

However, now that Alex and Dorothy decided not to divorce after reconciliation, so Charles could only think of seeking Alex's opinion.

When Alex heard that, he was a little shocked as he did not expect that Charles would do that for him.

However, he shook his head as soon as he heard the name "Emma Assex". "Just a while ago, my wife has just got fired by Assex Constructions and the one who replaces her seems to be Emma Assex."

"What?"

Charles was shocked. Never did he believe that Dorothy would be fired by Assex Constructions despite she was a member of the Assex family.

Alex smiled awkwardly. "It's my fault. Now Dorothy has to suffer for me because I offended Madame Joanne a few days ago."

At this moment, Alex's phone rang and the name "Beatrice Assex" appeared on the screen.

After pondering for a while, he decided to answer the call.

However, Claire's voice was heard. "Hey, Alex, is Dorothy with you?"

"Anything urgent? Otherwise, I have to hang up."

"Wait, wait! Let me tell you something urgent. Since Dorothy got fired, Madame Joanne has given her word. Now that the agreement between Assex Constructions and Waylon Realty has expired, hence whoever junior from the Assex family manages to seal the new deal with Waylon Realty will be the next general manager of Assex Constructions and acquire 10% of the company shares. You must inform Dorothy and urge her to seize this opportunity. Otherwise, our family will be finished. You're also finished, and so does your mom. Do you get it?"

Her voice was very loud to the extent that Charles could hear it.

As a strange smile appeared on his face, he said, "The quality of the construction materials from Assex Constructions are relatively good. I actually have an idea..."

A moment later.

Emma heard Charles' voice. "Okay, come in. I'm at No. 8 Villa."

Emma was very excited as she heard that.

A good start was equivalent to halfway mark on the road of success.

Shermaine was also very excited as if the ten million dollars were already waving their hands at her. She even thought about how she could spend those ten million dollars and had psychologically prepared to seduce Charles... She even wondered if she really managed to hook up with Mr. Carter, would it not be a decent luck?

It seemed that it was really a fortunate year for her. She was glad that she picked the right alliance, otherwise, she would not be so lucky now if she sided with Dorothy.

Therefore, they entered No. 8 Villa.

Both Emma and Shermaine's eyes almost popped out of their heads as they saw Dorothy and Alex were having dinner with Charles' family.

"How is this possible? This isn't real."

Both of them desperately winked their eyes but they definitely did not see them wrongly. They were indeed Dorothy and Alex. However, they did not know Brittany.

Dorothy was shocked as well, as she did not expect Emma's arrival.

Charles said, “Emma, is it? We are having family dinner. You only have five minutes. Tell me, what is it about?”

Emma regained her composure after a while.

Perhaps she had limited capability, hence, she got nervous when encountering such an unexpected situation. While stuttering, she said, “Car... Mr. Carter, yes. I’m the general manager of Assex Constructions’ subsidiary company in City South...”

Charles interrupted. “Straight to the point, please.”

Emma said after swallowing some saliva, “I’d... I’d like to invite Mr. Carter to renew the contract with Assex Constructions. I’ll try my best to fulfill any terms and conditions as per your request.”

Shermaine knew it was going to be difficult when Emma said that.

“Haha!” Hailey let out a sardonic laugh. “Any terms and conditions? Does that include sleeping with someone else?”

Emma quickly explained, “No, no, I don’t mean that. I mean, I’ll try my best to fulfill the commercial terms and conditions.”

Charles asked with a smile as he looked at Dorothy, "What do you think, sis-in-law?"

As soon as she heard what Charles addressed Dorothy, Shermaine's facial expression changed instantly as if her heart was being stabbed. Just a while ago, she even provoked Dorothy that she was talented enough to pick a beneficial alliance. However, did it not seem that she had picked the wrong alliance now?

How could Dorothy become Charles' sister-in-law?

Dorothy answered with derision, "Charles, I think I'm not going to give my opinion on this matter since I'm no longer an employee of Assex Constructions."