

## **N Destiny 1181**

### Chapter 1181

Ren chuckled as he seemed pleased by her remarks and joked, "You should probably console them." "I did, and I told them I was in love with someone," she said coyly. "But I didn't tell them it was you."

"Do you really want to marry me so badly, Ruka?" he asked in a raspy voice. Ruka blinked slowly as an answer popped into her head, but she did not say anything. Instead, she asked, nonchalantly, "Do you want me to marry you?"

"If I can, I'll make you my wife right now," Ren said in his low and lustful tone. She comforted him with her lips curled into a smile, "How dramatic. You're aware that I have nowhere to run, right? We can always postpone the marriage until the right time comes."

He laughed in response. "As you wish."

The sound of his laugh made her heart skip a beat. Something was comforting and reassuring about speaking with him over the phone. His deep voice evoked a familiar warmth in her that made her want to take a cold shower. She desired to keep him on the line so their conversation could continue forever.

"Have you taken a shower? Are you in bed?" she asked suddenly. If he answered 'yes', then she could talk to him for a bit longer. "Yes, and I'm in bed," he answered in his appealing drawl.

Similarly, Ruka was in bed with the covers pulled over her. The alluring bass of Ren's voice made her skin tingle, and she had an epiphany. 'Are you going to sleep soon?'

"No."

Ruka loved bedtime stories and was sure she would be the happiest woman on the planet if she could persuade Ren to tell her one before she fell asleep. 'I am wondering if you can tell me a bedtime story. I'm having trouble falling asleep right now,' she spoke like a child. She wanted nothing more than to fall asleep to his voice.

"Which story do you like?" he asked indulgently as if his words had touched her heart.

“Anything,” she quipped cheerfully. “I’ll listen to whatever story you tell me. You can also sing me a lullaby if you prefer!” She giggled mischievously and did not hesitate to make her requests.

He paused for a few seconds as he considered his options, then said matter of-factly, “A lullaby it is.” Ruka had only been joking, and she was shocked that he agreed to do it. Her fingers fluttered to her lips as she asked, “Are you serious, Ren? Are you really going to sing me a lullaby?”

“It’s not like I hadn’t done it before when you were a child,” Ren remarked lovingly.

Chapter 1182

Ruka blushed as she couldn’t contain her joy. She could not believe she had the privilege to hear Ren sing her a lullaby as a child. That’s surreal.

“I want to hear the lullaby,” she said. She took out her earphones and plugged them into the phone. Then, she turned up the volume to hear Ren’s deep and rich voice.

“Give me a second. I’m looking for the lyrics,” he spoke earnestly. In fact, he was prepared to sing for her.

Her heart thumped wildly as she waited like a child in line for an amusement park ride. After a period of silence on the other end of the line, he said, “Are you listening?”

Ruka responded with a hum and was impatient to hear him sing. “Yes.”

Instantly, he started to sing with his tenor voice, which was light and smooth. “Lavender’s blue, dilly-dilly, lavender’s green; when lam king, dilly-dilly, you shall be queen; who told you so, dilly dilly, who told you so? ‘Twas my own

heart, dilly-dilly, that told me so.”

Ren had such a captivating and precise way of pronouncing words that it was almost hypnotic to listen to. Ruka’s breath slowed to a steady rhythm as she clung to every note, and his voice pulled the strings

in her heart. She was so concerned about missing even one hum that she closed her eyes without realizing she was falling asleep.

So, this is what they meant by eargasm, she pondered as she finally understood the slang term. Ren's voice made her feel isolated from the rest of the world and surrounded by a warmth only he could provide. If he were a siren, she would be the poor sailor who would jump off the ship for him.

There was no telling if Ren was teasing her at this point as a small chuckle made its way into the song. Ruka's face blushed. Is he attempting to seduce me with a lullaby? She felt compelled to rush over to his house and hug him to sleep.

He abruptly interrupted the lullaby and asked, "Do you like it?" "Did you really sing me lullabies when I was a child?" "Of course, but that was a different lullaby," he replied with a husky tone.

Ruka raised her brows, and her eyes glittered as she asked, "If we get married, will you sing me lullabies every night before we go to bed?"

"I will," he promised, and the bass in his voice was more prominent than ever. It electrified her and caused her breathing to flutter. The more he spoke, the more she wished he would perform unimaginable acts upon her. The lust was enough to suffocate her.

"Alright, it's getting late. You should go to bed," Ren said.

Ruka refused to succumb to the drowsiness and insisted childishly, "No, I want you to sing again. Please?"

He could never refuse her when she was in such a state, so he agreed to sing the lullaby again. Frankly, she had no idea why or how she had let her inner child show itself to him.

She could be painfully independent and mature, but with Ren, who indulged her whims and cherished her unconditionally, she knew she could let down her guard without fear. It was as if a part of her understood that he could make any exception for her because she was special to him.

Ruka dreamed of him that night with lewd images that she could not recall without embarrassment and slept in the following day. Claire let her off the hook because it was the holidays.

Meanwhile, Claire received a call from Scarlet that afternoon to inform her that she and her husband had just returned to the country. Then, Scarlet invited Claire and her family to the Husson Residence for a meal.

Claire was excited to see her old friend and immediately accepted the invitation. Ruka nearly choked on her water when she brought this up during lunch. Ruka could not believe they were actually going to the Husson Residence, which had taken on new meaning now that she was seeing Ren romantically-in secret, no less.

Claire asserted solemnly, "Ruka, we're going shopping later. I need to get a new outfit for the occasion." She nodded and said, "Okay."

Claire and Scarlet were very close because she had saved her life while she was studying abroad. At the time, the ruffians smashed Scarlet's car window and nearly robbed and assaulted her.

In the end, it was Claire who came to the rescue. She charged into danger with nothing but a Swiss army knife. She drove away those ruffians, thereby sparing Scarlet from potentially fatal consequences.

Scarlet and Claire had been as close as sisters ever since that incident. Somewhere along the way, Robert and Walter became friends as well. The Hussons had always been grateful to Vanya for saving Scarlet's life back in the day. Consequently, none objected when Scarlet offered to take Ruka as her goddaughter.

Ruka texted Ren that she would be at the Husson Residence the next day while she and Claire were out shopping. 'Yeah, I heard,' Ren replied.

Ruka was excited and nervous at the same time. During her previous visits to the Husson Residence, she maintained a respectful distance from Harold, whom she found intimidating. Still, Charlotte was fond of her and often acted as a mother figure to her. However, Ruka never anticipated that she would develop feelings for their son.

Charlotte's gifts arrived later that evening, including a designer jacket for Ruka. It had become customary for them to send Ruka holiday gifts, which proved their affection for the girl.

Meanwhile, in the penthouse of one of the most prestigious high-rise buildings uptown, a slender silhouette dressed in a silk negligée stood before the glass wall and gazed out at the night scene below. She was holding a glass of wine, but she anxiously checked the time instead of admiring the cityscape.

Her long hair cascaded in luscious waves over her shoulders with the softness and transparency of her features gave her an endearing appearance. Nevertheless, since she assumed her mother's position, she exuded an authority that demanded respect.

While she was accustomed to navigating the challenges of her professional life, at home, she just wanted to be pampered by her husband. The three days since Richard had left for outstation for mission handover proceedings had been excruciatingly painful for the newlyweds.

Although they were legally registered as husband and wife, they agreed that their wedding reception would take place in the second half. This was due the numerous responsibilities they had to attend to during the first half of the year.

Angela glanced at the time and felt her impatience intensify. She glanced over her shoulder at the simple welcome home arrangement she had just created.

There was a bouquet of fresh flowers, a bottle of fine red wine, and several scented candles lit and flickering in the dim apartment. Indeed, this was the ideal and romantic setting for her husband to return home. As for the gift, she believed she was the best gift she could give him.

#### Chapter 1184

The seconds ticked by slowly, and Richard had informed her that he would be home by 9.00PM, which was only five minutes away. Moreover, he was a man of his word, and punctuality was typically his Achilles heel. So, Angela was sure he would be home on the dot.

Angela spent the next five minutes slowly tasting the wine in her hand, then looked down as the minute hand ticked slowly toward the number '12' on the face of the clock.

She sighed and tolerated Richard's slight tardiness as long as he arrived home safely. She had just begun to consider the possibility when she heard a soft beep from the door.

The audible beep signified that the fingerprint was successfully read. Angela immediately set down her glass of wine and sprinted toward the door upon hearing the door open. A man was taking off his shoes and putting on his slippers. It could only be Richard.

Angela's lips curled into a smile as she approached him slowly and enticingly. She was proud that he was a man of his word. She appreciated that he never abandoned her or made empty promises.

"Darling, I want a hug," she whispered as she spread her arms wide and waited to be embraced. She resembled a lonely kitten who was desperate for some attention.

Richard immediately removed his coat because he did not want the dust and dirt on it to get on his precious wife. He gazed at her appreciatively before extending his arms to pull her into his embrace. He pressed his cheek against hers and murmured next to her ear, "Have you been wearing this all night? You'll catch a cold."

She tilted her head up and grinned mischievously at him. "Yes, but you'll be around to take care of me." He pressed his forehead against hers and said, "I have no intention of letting you catch a cold."

Angela was carried to the couch by Richard. She wrapped her arms around his neck, kissed him just above his jawline, and mumbled softly, "I've missed you."

"Let me first take a shower. I'll return in a flash," he spoke softly. She clung to him stubbornly. "Don't. I won't mind, and besides, you'll have to shower afterward anyway," she whispered coyly.

Richard gulped, and his breathing became a little heavier as he gazed down at Angela. It appeared that she had missed him more than he had anticipated. "Did you really miss me that much?"

"I do," Angela said, and her eyes curved into crescents. "I really missed you, Captain Lloyd." She liked addressing him as such because it alluded to the forbidden dynamic between them when he was merely the stoic, expressionless military captain assigned to protect her.

The tension crackled in the air as she tilted her head and asked him mischievously, “Do you miss me, too?”

If Richard could, he would rip his heart out and present it to her on a silver platter. He could not stop thinking about her during his three-day outstation. Her absence had been agony for him. His usually steely gaze softened as he looked at her indulgently and said, “Yes, I miss you very much, Mrs. Lloyd.”

“Bring me upstairs,” she commanded with a hushed tone.

He chuckled hoarsely. “I assume you don’t intend to give me a break.” He was proud that he could make her want him so much and so desperately.

Chapter 1185

Angela’s lips were pressed firmly against his as she murmured, “Not at all.” She did not leave any room for negotiation. With a grin on Richard’s lips, he said in a deep and alluring drawl, “Better think about this carefully, Mrs. Lloyd, because you won’t be getting much sleep tonight.”

She swallowed convulsively and felt her stomach tighten in anticipation. “Take it easy tonight, big guy. Mom called me today and said we’d stop by my granddad’s place tomorrow. I don’t want to show up with love bites all over my neck.”

He laughed when he heard this. “Very well, then. I’ll just have to leave the marks somewhere no one can see it.”

She buried her face into his chest and was flustered. She said shyly, “Do whatever you want with me, Captain Lloyd.” The city was filled with Christmas cheer the following morning.

It was 9.00AM, Angela and Richard were fully dressed, and he looked particularly dashing with her assistance. While he could probably walk the runway in a trash bag, she was a very particular dresser. She had to ensure her man looked as good as she did whenever they left the house.

Meanwhile, Richard was content to let his wife pick out his clothes. He also liked that he could sneak a few kisses here and there while she straightened his shirt collar.

“Hey, you got more than enough action last night,” Angela grumbled. She cursed herself for unleashing the beast within him the night before. It was as though she had forgotten that he could be a rogue in the heat of the moment.

Richard glanced at her and said, “Your lips look a bit dry.”

“Really? Maybe I should-” She was about to say, “apply some lip balm,” but she was cut off when Richard abruptly pushed her up against the wardrobe and kissed her.

“Hmph!” Her protest was muffled, but he did not stop until he had wholly moistened her lips. They did not leave the house until ten minutes later.

Meanwhile, Scarlet and Walter arrived at the Singeds’ place to depart to the Husson Residence together.

Scarlet sat on the couch, but when she saw Ruka wearing the jacket she had bought her, she stood up and happily straightened the lapels. Then, she took the girl by the shoulders and appraised her affectionately, proud to see how much she had grown.

“Oh my, will you look at how much she’s blossomed since we saw her last? I wonder which young man will have the honor of marrying her,” Scarlet mused playfully.

Claire and Robert nodded in agreement as they remarked that Ruka possessed the best genes in the family.

No one noticed that Ruka was already flushed with nervousness. She pursed her lips and avoided their gaze, fearing that they would discover the secret that was consuming her.

“I tried to set her up with this nice young man the other day, but she ruined the date!” Claire clucked.

“That’s alright. Ruka still has plenty of time to go on dates,” Scarlet said this while furtively planning to make Ruka an even better match soon.

“Oh, well. We should leave if we want to make it to lunch.”

“By the way, Ruka, you'll finally get to meet Richard and his wife. It’s been a while, hasn't it?” Scarlet said cheerily. Both families then proceeded to the Husson Residence.

Charlotte was in an excellent mood as she enjoyed the festivities at the Husson Residence. She and Harold were great fans of merry crowds in their old age.

Chapter 1186

At that very moment, an idea dawned on her. I’m going to invite Sophie! There was no better time than now to introduce her to the rest of the Hussons, and she might even get to spend some quality time with Ren.

He had been a little indifferent toward Sophie the last time they met, but Charlotte thought it was because they had not known each other well enough. | must create more opportunities for them to spend time together, the old lady concluded with newfound determination.

Charlotte personally rang up the Liamsons and asked to speak with Sophie. After hearing the old lady’s invitation, Sophie beamed and thanked her graciously, then said she would be right over.

Meanwhile, Ren was still working at the White House. He had taken off his suit jacket earlier, and he looked noble as he read the documents on the couch, his dark waistcoat accentuating his lean waist and his legs elegantly crossed.

After taking off his suit jacket, he sat on the couch like a noble and read the documents with his dark waistcoat accentuating his lean waist and his legs elegantly crossed.

“Mr. Husson,” Elijah interrupted the silence. “It’s time to leave for the Husson Residence.”

Ren glanced at the time on his wristwatch and smiled at a sudden thought. On the way to the Husson Residence, Ruka fished out her phone to text Ren.

She was inexplicably nervous even though she had been to the Husson Residence countless times prior to this. 'Are you there yet?' she sent out a text.

Ren's reply was swift. 'I'm on my way!

The fact that he had wasted no time in answering her reassured her somehow. She couldn't help grinning, feeling warm and fuzzy inside as she huddled in the corner of the backseat, letting her parents' conversation become white noise.

'I'm on my way too, she texted back. Then, she lifted her phone up to a slightly more flattering angle and snapped a picture of herself. She sent it to him and followed up with another picture of her making a funny face.

'Cute,' he praised wholeheartedly. She pursed her lips to keep her smile from becoming too wide. 'See you at your place.' 'I'll try to reach before you do so that I can wait for you by the door! Ruka was practically buzzing with happiness as she read this, feeling like a child that had gotten all the candy in the world.

Moments later, Ruka and her family arrived at the Husson Residence. At the same time, Scarlet and Walter pulled up behind them.

She got out of the car and headed for the front door with her parents, then looked up to see the tall and straight figure standing by the door.

Ren was dressed in a dark-colored suit, his hair styled in his usual swept-back quiff. He looked proper and charming, not to mention imposing.

Ruka thought her heart would fly out of her chest. He's actually waiting for me by the door! She could feel his gaze on her even at this distance, and to keep herself from melting into a puddle, she turned her face away so that she wouldn't have to meet his eyes.

“Scarlet, Walter,” Ren greeted jovially, his deep voice resonating in the crisp, chilly air.

Ruka heard her parents greet with utmost respect, “It's been a while, Mr. Husson.”

Smiling, he replied, “Good day, Mr. and Mrs. Singed.”

Robert and Vanya almost fainted. This was a surreal experience for them. To be greeted by a man of such power and status was a great honor they had not anticipated.

Chapter 1187

“Ruka, greet Uncle Ren,” Vanya urged, hastily pushing her daughter forward as though terrified that Ruka might come off as rude in front of the vice president.

Just like that, Ruka found herself standing before Ren. She looked up and gazed into his eyes, which glittered with wicked amusement. In her most polite voice, she said, “Good day, Uncle Ren.”

His dimple flashed as he gave her a deliciously roguish smile before nodding and saying, “Hello, Ruka.”

“Come on, Vanya, let's go in!” Scarlet reached out and pulled Vanya through the front door. Vanya, in turn, grabbed Ruka by the arm and said, “Hurry up, Ruka. You must greet Mr. and Mrs. Husson!”

Ruka turned to glance at Ren over her shoulder, and he merely nodded, silently telling her to go into the house to greet his parents.

He was just about to head through the door himself when he saw a black SUV pull up at the car porch. He stopped and waited for the people in the car to get down so he could do the polite thing and greet them.

The ones who came out of the vehicle were none other than Richard and Angela.

Richard took Angela by the hand and led her toward the house. This was her first time here, so she was understandably nervous. When she caught sight of the young and imposing man standing by the door, she instantly recognized him as Richard's well-accomplished uncle.

Kinship showed itself in the most magical of ways. While Richard had gotten his looks from his mother, he still shared some resemblance with Ren.

“Uncle Ren,” Richard called out casually when they were drawing near the door. Angela followed suit. “Good morning, Uncle

Ren. Ren looked at them, smiling as he nodded in acknowledgment. “Good morning. Go on in. It’s getting chilly out here,”

Richard snaked an arm around Angela's waist and guided her through the threshold. At once, they were greeted warmly by Scarlet. Harold and Charlotte, on the other hand, were seated in the living room, excited to meet their granddaughter-in-law for the first time.

Harold waved Richard over to his side. He had been a rather absent grandfather while Richard was growing up, and they hardly saw each other outside of family events. The guilt built up over time, and now that Harold was in his old age, he wanted to salvage his relationship with his grandson.

Not long after, Scarlet beckoned Richard and Angela to the annex, then told one of the maids to bring Ruka in as well. “Richard, meet Ruka,” Scarlet introduced.

This was the first time Ruka was meeting Scarlet’s son, but there was a sense of familiarity that made her feel at ease. She flashed him a smile and said, “It’s nice to meet you, Richard.”

“The pleasure’s all mine,” Richard said, having already accepted her as part of the family.

Scarlet gestured at the lady next to Richard and said to Ruka, “And let me introduce you to his wife, Angela.”

Chapter 1188

Angela had noticed the pretty girl named Ruka from the moment she walked in and figured that this was the goddaughter Scarlet had taken in. For some reason, both girls took an instant liking to each other.

"It's nice to meet you, Angela," Ruka greeted sweetly.

Angela's heart warmed at this. She beamed as she reached out to hold the other girl's hand, happy that she had gained a sister. "Don't be a stranger, Ruka. Let's go shopping and grab dinner sometime."

"Okay," Ruka replied good-naturedly, grinning.

Just then, Ren walked into the room.. Ruka's heart leaped to her throat when she saw him. A sudden thought crossed her mind, and her face grew hot. If I... If Ren and I get married one day, then I wouldn't have to call him Uncle Ren in front of everyone anymore! Gosh, that'll be shocking for the family!

"Ren, come over here. We don't care that you're vice president. Hang with us! We're about to swap family stories," Scarlet said, at once dismantling Ren's vice president-mantel.

"Coming." Ren was smiling as he walked over and stopped right next to Ruka. Her breath hitched at this unexpected proximity, and she took an instinctive step to the side. However, she did not realize that there was a heavy vase right next to her. She would have bumped into it had Ren not reached out in time to block the impact, and when he looked at her, his gaze was incredibly tender and loving.

No one else in the room caught this brief but intense moment, but Angela did. For a second, her heart nearly dropped to her stomach, and her eyes widened by a fraction as she thought, Did I imagine that or did that really happen?!

However, she hid her surprise and did not point it out, worried that she might be overreacting. For all she knew, Ren was only being protective over Ruka, like how a parent might be over a child.

"Miss Husson, you've been summoned by Mrs. Husson," the maid said politely.

"Alright, then. Ren, stay here with the guests while I attend to our mother," Scarlet said as she made a graceful exit. Ren turned to look at Richard and said cordially, "Tell me what you've been up to, Richard!"

Upon hearing this, Richard gave Angela a small pat on the back. "Keep Ruka company. I'll join you both shortly." Angela nodded. She linked arms with Ruka and suggested cheerily, "Shall we step aside for some girl talk?"

After leaving the annex, Angela and Ruka headed to the sun room and took their seats at the wrought-iron table.

Ruka propped her chin up with one hand and looked at Angela curiously, "Can you tell me how you and Richard met? You're a businesswoman and he's in the special forces. There must be an interesting backstory!"

Angela was more than happy to share. She glowed pink as she said, "Yes. Our story starts with lipstick."

Just like that, Ruka found herself listening to one of the most heart-racing love stories, the premise of which was that Richard was tasked to keep Angela safe. They fell for each other while she was staying at the military base with him, and after confessing their feelings, it took them three months to make things official between them. The envy was clear on Ruka's face when she heard this.

"What about you, Ruka? Is there someone you've got your eyes on?" Angela asked after she finished recounting her captivating love story, eager to gain some firsthand insight into Ruka's love life.

Ruka looked up just in time to catch a glimpse of Ren's figure by the annex window, which was just next to the sun room. The glass was a little foggy from the cold, but she could still make out his towering silhouette. It was funny how he stood so close by, but seemed so out of reach.

She pursed her lips and nodded shyly as she admitted, "There is someone special."

"Really? What does he do for a living? Have you met each other's parents yet?" Angela leaped into interrogation mode. She was ecstatic for Ruka. After all, there were few things in a girl's life that could compete with the happiness of meeting her true love.

Chapter 1189 Ruka shook her head. "We haven't told anyone that we're dating."

“Well, what’s the hurry? I’m sure your parents would approve of him if you really like him,” Angela said soothingly. “I hope so too,” Ruka replied with a grin as her expectant gaze flickered over to the man by the window.

Just then, Angela peered through the window and saw a girl heading toward the annex from the car porch. “Who’s that?” she asked Ruka curiously.

Ruka finally took her eyes off Ren and followed Angela’s gaze. She saw a well dressed young lady standing just outside the window, then shook her head slightly as she said, “I’m not sure.”

The girl was none other than Sophie, of course. She had pulled on her Sunday best before rushing over to the Husson

Residence, all the while convincing herself that she must have done something right to be personally invited to the family banquet. If anything, Charlotte might have already accepted her as the future Mrs. Husson.

Presently, the maid led Sophie into the living room. At the sight of her, Charlotte beckoned her over immediately and introduced her to everyone.

Scarlet appraised Sophie, more than pleased to meet the woman who could soon marry Ren and become part of the family. The affirmation came from Charlotte, who had mentioned earlier that she and Harold were rather fond of the girl.

Sophie greeted the guests politely, but the one person she wanted to see the most was Ren. However, she couldn’t excuse herself now and look for him. The Husson Residence was on an estate that spanned one-fifth of a hectare, and hunting Ren down would take ages. As things were, she was stuck with making conversation with Charlotte and the other elders in the room.

Meanwhile, Ren and Richard entered the sun room together. They were delighted to see how well Ruka and Angela were getting along, as a family should.

“Richard, why don’t you and Angela join the others in the living room?” Ren suggested. Nodding, Richard offered Angela his arm and said, “Come on, it’s about time | show off your charms to my grandparents.”

Angela smiled and turned to give Ruka a small wave, but that was when she caught the latter looking bashfully at Ren as though she was gazing at someone she loved. There was even a telltale blush on her cheeks.

Blinking, Angela quickly stole a glance at Ren. He was smiling ever so slightly, and his gaze was gentle when he met Ruka’s eyes. No, there’s something more in his gaze than just familial affection, Angela realized with shock.

She was sensitive by nature, and at that moment, she felt as if she had discovered something unbelievable.

With renewed urgency, she tightened her grip on Richard’s hand and began to drag him out of the sun room. He sensed that she was eager to leave, but he wasn’t sure why.

Wrapping an arm around her waist, he asked quietly, “What’s wrong?”

She shook her head vehemently, “Nothing.”

She was lying, and he could tell. The fact that she seemed to know something that he didn’t was frustrating. What is she being so secretive about?

“You go ahead. | need to use the washroom. See you in a bit!” Angela announced suddenly, then hurried over to the washroom. She was still trying to regain composure after witnessing that brief, groundbreaking moment in the sun room earlier.

Chapter 1190

Ruka and Ren... She thought about Ruka’s conflicted expression when they were talking about their love lives earlier. Now that she thought about it, Ren was only in his early thirties.

He was handsome, accomplished, and had all the makings of an eligible bachelor, which he was. More to the point, Ruka was in the prime of her youth, so it wasn't so surprising that these two had found love in each other.

As she went on to think about this, Angela began to worry. Maybe... Maybe Ruka will become Richard's aunt one day! The idea of that was explosive, to say the least, but it was in no way unnerving. Within seconds, Angela found herself rooting for the couple.

While this was happening, Sophie was still making small talk with Charlotte when she suddenly sensed someone coming in from the annex. She looked up at the entryway and froze.

The man who had just walked into the room was not Ren, but he was just as handsome. There was an athletic air about him, and he seemed younger than Ren. Sophie felt her throat run dry as she stared at him. Are all the Husson men this good-looking? Who is he?

She wanted to find out more about him, and in her mind, she was already thinking of a contingency plan. She was determined to find a way to marry into the prestigious Husson Family whether Ren had any interest in her or not.

"Richard, come here and chat with Grandpa," Harold called Richard over. Sophie blinked and wondered, Grandpa? This man with a military aura was actually the grandson of the Husson Family?

Sure enough, the men in the Husson Family were all excellent! After Richard sat down, Sophie met his eyes, so she smiled and greeted him.

"Richard, let me introduce you to Miss Liamson," Scarlet introduced Sophie to her son in case he was disrespectful to his future aunt.

Richard had keen eyesight. Seeing this girl sitting next to his grandmother, he instantly realized that she would likely be his uncle's marriage partner.

However, at this moment, when Richard raised his head, he discovered that Sophie's eyes contained a hint of a seductive aura.

This time, Angela had just come back from the bathroom, and the moment she walked into the hall, she noticed Sophie staring at Richard. Although it was just a glance, Angela could tell what was hidden in those eyes.

Women knew women best. Besides, the love Angela had for Richard was strong, so she could not tolerate any woman who had ideas on him or tried to seduce him.

Angela's beautiful eyes narrowed as she ignored all the elders present. She walked to Richard's side as if declaring her sovereignty and sat down while placing her arms on his shoulders. After that, she leaned her head on his shoulder to show off how intimate they were.

Sophie's eyes flashed a hint of guilt. She didn't expect Richard to bring his girlfriend here. In the garden. Ruka deliberately sat on the couch far away from Ren as she questioned, "Do... Do you have something to tell me?"

Even though she had been coaxed to sleep last night, she felt guilty even when they were alone for a moment.

Ren looked at her in distress, uttering in a low voice, "See you in the study on the third floor in ten minutes." Ruka was startled. What was he going to do?! They were in Husson Residence! He shouldn't be messing around! "Do | have to... go up?" Ruka blinked while asking nervously and cautiously.

Ren hummed, "Yes."