

## Chapter 17

Leslie was curious about Carlos, the man who seemed so interested in her. Why did he want to get close to her? Why did he gift her a valuable painting?

Leslie didn't believe it was love at first sight because he was surrounded by too many women.

"Hey, Mr. Lester. Evening," Leslie answered the phone with a pause, mustering a polite greeting.

"Still up, little one?" Carlos chuckled, his voice playing the part of a mischievous spirit in the night.

"Not yet. Anything on your mind, Mr. Lester?" Leslie maintained a cautious distance, despite the undertones of his ambiguous tone.

"Your carefulness and politeness make it hard for me to conjure up anything romantic!" Carlos laughed, and Leslie could almost envision his devilishly handsome face.

A man of such exquisite beauty could capture any woman's heart.

"Then, let's skip the romance," Leslie said, her face warming unexpectedly.

She silently berated herself. After all, this wasn't her first time in love. Why was she acting so awkward? More importantly, she and Carlos weren't even in a romantic relationship!

"Hmph, little one, I really miss you. You're like a hedgehog—not only interesting but also prickly."

"So... Does Mr. Lester have the desire to conquer me?"

Leslie found it amusing.

Was Carlos merely bored, deliberately choosing women who were hard to conquer?

"No, it's because you remind me of myself,"

Carlos's voice lost its playful tone, turning unexpectedly serious.

Leslie's hand trembled.

In these past few days, she had deliberately gathered information about Carlos. From Mrs. Pearce, she learned that Carlos's biological mother passed away when he was seven.

In that sense, they shared the commonality of losing their mothers at a young age.

"I know you want to deal with Ashley and Sarah. How about you give me a few kisses, and I'll be your support?" A mocking laughter came from the other end.

"Boring! Mr. Lester, don't play games with me!" Leslie's heart sank.

This man was truly terrifying.

He saw through her intentions at a glance!

But Leslie really didn't want to rely on men for survival. The previous life's lesson with Jensen was her most painful experience.

"I'll give you a few days to think about it. Let me know when you decide. Goodnight, my prickly little girl!"

Carlos hung up first.

Leslie held her phone, speechless. Was this man really making advances on her? But she was only eighteen!

Her heart, for some reason, felt unsettled. Leslie struggled to sleep and woke up the next day at eight.

After washing her face and brushing her teeth, she went down to the dining room. Ashley was smiling at her. "Leslie, there's an event in the upper-class circle today. Want to go?"

"Ah... No need. I want to rest at home today." Leslie smiled, suddenly feeling a lack of enthusiasm, perhaps due to Carlos's call last night.

"Leslie, there are many eligible bachelors there. You should go. Maybe you'll meet your prince charming!" Sarah said with a smile.

Leslie suddenly remembered that in the previous life, she met Jensen at such an event!

She knew Jensen was Sarah's secret boyfriend, and he set a trap to make her fall for him, changing her destiny.

"No, I'm a bit tired. I want to rest at home." The thought of Jensen's gentle face made Leslie nauseous!

This time, she really didn't want to see him.

"Well then, make sure you rest well. Oh... Isn't that Mr. Lester in the newspaper? Did he change women again?"

Sarah exclaimed, looking at the newspaper.

Leslie's heart sank. Carlos rarely appeared in the newspapers. Was it because he had finally settled down and now had one woman after another?

Could such a playboy be reliable?

Leslie suddenly realized that she was almost lost in that man's sexy voice, almost tempted by his charm.

So, at this moment, Leslie decided not to provoke him anymore.

Even if he was genuinely interested in her, she didn't want to risk falling for him. Even if she didn't lose her life, she might lose her heart!

"Mr. Lester is, after all, one of the most outstanding and excellent young men in the upper class. Many women are eager to be with him. Women who want to climb into his bed are countless," Ashley said casually.

"Well said!" Riley came down from upstairs, and Leslie quickly stood up.

"Good morning, Daddy!"

Riley looked at her with a smile. "Leslie, you're up early."

Leslie smiled but didn't say much.

"Carlos has over a dozen rumored girlfriends overseas. Now that he's back, he's naturally enjoying himself. But... If any one of you can marry him, a lifetime of wealth and glory awaits. Of course, it will also greatly benefit Byrd Venture!"

Riley's eyes were filled with desire.

If they could form an alliance with the Lester Venture, Byrd Venture would undoubtedly have the most powerful partner. Climbing into the Fortune 500 would be an easy task.

Sarah blushed suddenly. "Daddy, why are you talking about this so early in the morning?"

Leslie flashed a subtle smile, "Daddy, a guy like Carlos, why would he set his sights on a regular girl like me?"

Riley erupted in laughter, "Leslie, you're a sight for sore eyes. Beautiful, smart, and I can always create opportunities for you two."

Ashley and Sarah's expressions shifted instantly at his words.

"Daddy, are you suggesting that I'm not up to par? I don't like it!"

Sarah protested with a playful pout, her face mirroring a hint of hurt.

"Haha, I'll set the stage for both of you. Let's see who catches Mr. Lester's eye. No matter who he chooses, Daddy won't leave the other behind."

Riley's affectionate demeanor emerged as he regarded his youngest daughter.

Sarah had made a few mistakes that humiliated him, but Sarah had loved her daughter for more than ten years.

Father and daughter relationships don't easily harbor grudges unless the wounds run deep.

"Sarah, when you finally meet Mr. Lester, remember not to dress too lavishly. Mr. Lester probably doesn't appreciate women flaunting their wealth, right?" Leslie smiled innocently and brightly.

Riley's face darkened slightly. He naturally remembered the unpleasant incident from last night.

"She's right. Next time, go easy on the extravagance."

"Yes, I'll keep that in mind." Sarah shot Leslie a cold glance, a palpable sense of annoyance in her heart.

After breakfast, Riley, Ashley, and the others headed out. Leslie returned to her room, fired up her computer, and upon entering the news website, stumbled upon intimate photos of Carlos with a gorgeous young model.

In the images, the two were intimately close, with Carlos's hand casually draped around the model's waist.

The model beamed a sweet, captivating smile.


Unexpectedly, a twinge of discomfort crept into Leslie's heart.



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