

Chapter 18

Though she wasn't his girlfriend, Leslie found herself strangely anticipating Carlos' company.

Men, she mused, were truly unreliable creatures, especially playboys.

Shaking off thoughts of Carlos, Leslie turned her attention to the stock she had purchased. Her funds had increased from an initial \$2.5 million to \$2.7 million.

"Money is still too little. Despite this excellent dark horse stock, the earnings are not enough," Leslie sighed. She had her mother's jewelry, but selling it was not an option.

But if she didn't sell them, where would she get the money to stock up the stock?

Feeling like she had a cheat code, Leslie could make a fortune with any stock she chose.

She grabbed her phone and dialed Mya's number.

Mya Cohen, born into a wealthy family, had been Leslie's best friend in her past life.

Although Leslie was later accused of being an villain, she was always framed by Ashley, who seemed to be kind on the surface.

Mya had been her classmate since she was young, and she was the only one who was really good to her.

In this life, Leslie intended to cherish Mya. Needing money, she had no choice but to ask for Mya's help.

"Mya, are you back in the country?"

"I just got home. Was about to call you. What's up?" Mya's lazy voice came through the line.

"I... I need to borrow money," Leslie admitted softly.

"What? Again? I lent you \$500,000 last time. My parents pamper me, but not with that much pocket money,"

Mya exclaimed, surprised. "What happened? Why do you need so much money?"

"I want to invest in stocks. Don't tell anyone,"

Leslie confided in her most trusted friend.

"You're into stock trading too? Wow, you're impressive!" Mya marveled. Leslie smiled; Mya always supported her unconditionally.

No matter what she did, Mya thought that she was right, so she would unconditionally support her.

"Yeah. If you don't have money, I have to think of other ways," Leslie said softly.

"I'm a bit short on cash, but my grandpa is an artist, you know? He loves collecting famous paintings for inspiration. Hey, I heard that Mr. Lester gave you that Flourishing Age painting. How about you lend it to my grandpa for a few days? I'll ask him to loan you some money,"

Leslie liked the idea. "Can he really lend me money? I'm just an 18-year-old student."

Leslie started to have some doubts again.

"Don't worry! My grandfather is an art fanatic. Just let him appreciate the painting for a few days, and he'll happily lend you the money!"

Mya reassured her.

"Great, help me test the waters with your grandpa,"

"Sure thing. By the way, Leslie, is there anything going on between you and Mr. Lester?" Mya asked.

"No, what nonsense."

"Really? Then why would he give you a ten-million-worth painting? Don't try to fool me," Mya teased.

"Okay, believe what you want. Now, go talk to your grandpa!" Leslie didn't want to waste time convincing her friend.

Mya's suspicions were not unfounded, after all. Who would give such an expensive painting without a reason?

In less than ten minutes, Mya called back, informing Leslie that her grandpa agreed to lend two million.

As soon as she heard that, she was overjoyed.

Leslie wasted no time taking the still-unwrapped painting to Mya's house. Wyatt was thrilled and transferred the money to Leslie without a formal agreement.

"Mya, how about joining my brother and his friends for dinner tonight?"

"No, thanks. I have a lot of homework to catch up on," Leslie declined.

Despite her spoiled upbringing in her past life, Leslie had good academic grades.

After experiencing life once, she was confident she could maintain a top-ten position in school without extra tutoring.

"You're no fun. Call me when you have time,"

Mya pouted.

Leslie smiled and nodded before returning home. She immediately invested in another stock projected to rise significantly within the next week.

"Two months from now, I should be able to earn two to three million with this two million. Not bad at all. Even if I end up with nothing else in the future, I can live a simple life with this money,"

Leslie thought this way. However, the haunting scene from her past life, just before her death, pierced her heart, and a chill ran down her spine.

No! She couldn't settle for an ordinary life, not when her dear mother had been killed by Ashley.

Leslie's eyes were filled with intense hatred. Her darling mommy had

been killed by Ashley. How could she be willing to live an ordinary life?

This time, even if it cost her life, she would torment those wretched mother-daughter duo until they begged for mercy.

Meanwhile, at a southern seaside.

A luxurious cruise ship was anchored, resonating with laughter and cheers.

Ashley, accompanied by her daughter Sarah, mingled with friends, unfazed by the disdainful looks and whispers around her.

But Ashley acted as if she had heard nothing.

Sarah was thick-skinned and presented herself in front of everyone in an elegant manner.

After all, the scandal of the previous period brought her shame and her reputation was greatly damaged.

But as time went on, people would gradually forget that thing.

Suddenly, Ashley's pocket vibrated.

Excusing herself, she entered a lounge to take the call.

She closed the door and the room was quiet.

"Madam, Miss Leslie just delivered the painting to her classmate Mya's home and didn't bring it back with her."

"What? She gave the painting to Mya?" Ashley questioned.

"We're not sure, but Mya's grandfather is a somewhat famous artist. It seems he liked the painting and Mr. Wyatt sent it to him as a gift."

"Bribe one of the servants to find out if it was a gift or a sale,"

Ashley said in a low voice.

"Yes, Madam, I'll do that."

Ashley hung up, a cold glint in her eyes. That girl was indeed not simple. She had managed to sell the painting Carlos gifted her!

Ashley, naturally, wouldn't believe Leslie had given away the painting for free.

After all, how could such a cunning girl part with a valuable asset without any gain?

Less than ten minutes later, another call came in. "Madam, a servant overheard Wyatt saying he transferred two million to Miss Leslie."

"Good, that's none of your concern now," Ashley said with a cold smile.


This was going to be a good show.



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