

N Destiny 2261

Chapter 2261

Shirley frowned. He wanted her to accompany him outside? Wasn't she supposed to stay and serve him in his residence?

Why would she need to accompany him. outside? She couldn't help but feel nervous. Could it be that she had to accompany him to meet some political figures? What if she encountered her great-uncle? Wouldn't that expose everything?

Could she not go? Shirley wondered in her heart.

However, she could only decide tomorrow morning. As she lay in bed, she couldn't fall asleep. Her mind was filled with the sparring session with Zacharias tonight. Every move she made seemed flawless, but this man effortlessly blocked them. It was evident that his strength and speed far surpassed hers.

The terrifying power of this man lay in the fact that, in his usual demeanor, it was impossible. to tell that he was exceptionally strong in martial arts. He appeared to be a cultured politician. It was like he was an iceberg- dangerous and hidden beneath a calm exterior. People saw only the sharp tip above the water's surface, while there was even more terrifying strength below the sea.

Shirley forced herself to fall asleep. Early in the morning, she received a command on her phone. 'Assemble outside the mansion at 8.00AM She arrived five minutes early and asked the captain, "Captain, where are we going?"

"Mr. Flintstone is meeting a foreign guest today. Your task is to pretend to be his female assistant and protect him."

She breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he was only meeting a foreign guest, which should be relatively safe for her identity.

Just then, Zacharias came out. He was dressed in a classic black and white suit. He exuded a mature and imposing aura. She coincidentally met his gaze, causing her heart to skip a beat. She was just an intern replacing someone else, after all, so she felt a bit uneasy. Zacharias' gaze seemed too sharp, and she decided to avoid direct eye contact with him in the future..

Shirley was about to open the back door of a car to get in when the captain called her, "Imogen, you and Mr. Flintstone will ride together."

Shirley was surprised as she thought, My status isn't that noble; how can I ride in the same car as Zacharias? Nevertheless, she went to open the front passenger seat of the car Zacharias was in.

As she pulled it open, she realized there was already another bodyguard seated inside. So, she had to sit in the back seat.

Shirley had just been thinking about how far she could stay away from this man, but fate seemed to want them close.

She opened the back door and saw that only Zacharias was inside and he was focused on reading documents. He wore a gray vest with the shirt sleeves rolled up, revealing his muscular arms and the prestigious watch on his wrist.

She hesitated but eventually sat beside him. The cup holder was pulled down and he had placed a teacup there. Considering he seemed engrossed in the documents, Shirley decided to remain silent while waiting for the convoy to start.

Shirley lacked experience as she was working as a bodyguard for the first time. In the car, she couldn't help but look out of the window and observe the scenery.

She didn't notice the man beside her casting her a meaningful glance. There was a faint smile tinged with a hint of playfulness playing on his lips.

The convoy smoothly reached a governmental residence as it was guided by precise traffic control. After the car came to a stop, the captain and the other bodyguards formed a secure perimeter before shielding Zacharias as he exited the vehicle. Shirley immediately jogged over while staying close to him and accompanying him inside..

Shirley didn't faze at all when facing such a solemn environment. She had grown up in such surroundings. With an air of grace and composure, she looked confident and elegant in her suit and trousers. Her hair was tied in a ponytail. She presented a neat and agile appearance.

At this moment, a subordinate handed a purse to Shirley and whispered, "You should know what's inside, right?"

Shirley nodded. "I know."

"You're the only one who can accompany Mr. Flintstone to have the conversation. If something unexpected happens, prioritize his safety above all else. Understand?"

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Shirley immediately tensed up. Only then did she realize that the internship she thought of and the one she was experiencing were completely different.

She had thought it would be simple by just standing guard at the door every day. Little did she know that she would have to accompany Zacharias to discuss business.

"Understood." She nodded calmly while resigning herself to the situation. Shirley followed behind Zacharias and entered the elevator, while the bodyguard had to stay downstairs. This was the highest level of meeting, so bodyguards were not allowed in; only assistants were permitted.

As soon as she entered the elevator, her expression visibly tightened. At that moment, a deep male voice asked, "Are you nervous?"

She nodded without hesitating. "I'm just an intern bodyguard."

"Relax. It's just a routine conversation." Zacharias reassured her.

Shirley took a deep breath to calm her nerves. They reached the sixth floor, and Zacharias walked ahead. They entered a luxurious meeting room, and Zacharias immediately smiled and greeted a foreign guest, who stood up to welcome them too, with a graceful demeanor.

They shook hands, exchanged warm smiles, and conversed in Chinese. Zacharias exuded a calm and commanding presence while displaying wisdom and convincing power in his words despite his age.

Shirley also smiled and greeted the two people, then watched as they chatted while walking toward the couch..

Shirley sat in one of the nearby chairs along with the other person's assistant. Just by looking at the blonde-haired, blue-eyed female assistant sitting beside her, she could tell that the person next to her was not a simple individual.

Fortunately, the atmosphere between Zacharias and the foreign guest was very good and they mostly focused on fostering friendship: between the two countries without involving conflicting interests.

Shirley's gaze had to stay on Zacharias as she observed every expression and gesture of the man. It was evident that he had earned his position through capability and not luck.

Luckily, such conversations usually didn't last too long. After almost an hour, the foreign assistant reminded her boss about the time and indicated they had to catch a flight.

The guest stood up, shook hands with Zacharias, and even hugged him as a friendly farewell ritual. Zacharias accompanied the guest to the elevator, and as the guest entered, Shirley finally sighed in relief.

Zacharias had toned down his friendliness. He turned to Shirley, who was sitting on the couch, and said, "Tell them I want to rest here for a while."

She immediately picked up her earpiece, communicated with the captain, and conveyed Zacharias' request.

"Received. Take good care of Mr. Flintstone," the captain responded.

“Understood,” she replied. After that, Shirley’s gaze shifted to the man on the couch. He did nothing. He just sat there and rested. She noticed his tea was finished, so she walked over and poured another cup for him.

He turned to look at her and she stepped back. He sipped the tea and suddenly asked, “Are you afraid of death?”

Shirley didn’t expect him to bring up such a serious question out of nowhere. Without much thought, she replied, “Yes.”

“If you’re afraid of death, why choose this. profession?” Zacharias raised an eyebrow while looking at her. Shirley thought for a moment before saying, “I’m afraid of death because it allows me to enhance my professional abilities, not because I’m afraid of being in this line of work.”

He chuckled while his gaze lingered on her for a few seconds. Upon feeling his scrutiny, she unconsciously lowered her head. This man emitted a dangerous aura of seeing through everything and it wouldn’t be fun if he uncovered her identity.

After finishing the tea, he stood up and said to her, “Let’s go! Accompany me to the White House.”

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Shirley felt as if her head just exploded and her breath started becoming rapid. This man was going to the White House?

Just when she thought the worst wouldn’t happen! Zacharias’ ink-black eyes lingered on her face for a few seconds. Then, as if changing his mind, he said, “Oh! I have other things to attend to. I won’t go there today.” She finally breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing this.

He took the lead into the elevator. There was a silent and amused smile on his lips. Shirley lowered her head and followed him into the elevator before standing behind him..

Zacharias’ convoy departed, but Shirley didn’t sit with him this time. Instead, she followed another car back to his residence.

When Shirley returned to the Flintstone Residence, Corinne suddenly appeared and stopped her. "Imogen, what tricks did you use? Why does Mr. Flintstone always ask you to do things and not me?"

Shirley was taken aback. She replied calmly, "I didn't use any tricks. You should ask Mr. Flintstone about that."

"I certainly can't ask him, but I know you must have done something." Corinne thought it must be the case. Otherwise, how could she receive such treatment?

Shirley really couldn't explain this to her. She was also puzzled as to why Zacharias always gave her orders. Of course, if he didn't give her any tasks, she would be more relaxed.

"Imogen, don't do anything sneaky behind my back or try to seduce Mr. Flintstone. If I find out, you're done for," Corinne threatened.

Shirley frowned. Why did Corinne always assume she was interested in Zacharias? Honestly, this man was outstanding, but Shirley already had someone in her heart and wouldn't entertain thoughts about other men. Besides, she was a bit afraid of Zacharias deep down.

In the evening, Zacharias' convoy stopped outside the gate, and the car he was in stopped at the entrance of the hall. Shirley and Corinne immediately went to welcome him. He got out of the car while holding a suit jacket in his hand. Corinne quickly stepped forward to take it from him.

Corinne was secretly happy while hugging the man's suit, and her heartbeat accelerated. While she went to hang the suit up, she even leaned in to take a sniff. The woody scent of the man, which was refreshing and pleasant, made her heart flutter.

"Imogen, make me a cup of tea," Zacharias instructed before going upstairs. Shirley hurriedly responded, "Certainly. Right away."

He went upstairs, and Corinne immediately took over the task. "Imogen, let me handle this. You go tidy up the kitchen. I'm going to prepare dinner after this."

Shirley was happy to comply. She nodded. "Sure."

Corinne was skilled in the art of tea-making, so her tea-brewing skills were good. After preparing the tea, she carried it upstairs. Zacharias heard a knock on the door and said, "Come in."

However, when he saw Corinne entering, he frowned slightly. Corinne placed the tea on his desk and smiled. "Mr. Flintstone, your tea."

"Thank you," Zacharias said very politely while flipping through his documents. Corinne sensibly exited the room. After she left, he let out a slight sigh of annoyance. Then, he took out his laptop and entered the most advanced system..

His slender fingers tapped away while entering: a name-Shirley Lloyd. Detailed information about her quickly appeared, along with a somewhat youthful photo. Zacharias' gaze was fixed on the picture as he muttered, "Not much change from childhood."

Then, he entered the name Imogen Young. The result displayed was that of a girl from a middle-class background, along with her photo. He smiled amusingly. "You're quite capable, seeing as you dare to infiltrate my residence."

This statement seemed to carry both praise and a hint of annoyance.

An incident from nineteen years ago flashed in Zacharias' mind. At that time, he was ten years old and went to play at the White House. He got lost and searched for an exit for a long time but couldn't find one.

Finally, he encountered a four-year-old girl. Shel was cute and enthusiastic. She guided him. through the complex gardens of the White House and led him out..

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When they parted ways, the little girl introduced herself. "Hello, my name is Shirley Lloyd. Will you come to play with me in the future?"

At the age of ten, Zacharias was already 5-feet tall, while four-year-old Shirley was only about 3-feet tall.

For some people, even just one meeting was unforgettable. Zacharias' childhood lacked much joy, with heavy academic burdens and extremely high expectations from his parents. He had no friends. So, when he saw a carefree little girl, he envied her.

Unexpectedly, nineteen years later, they met again under these circumstances. However, he thought that the little girl from back then probably wouldn't remember him because a person's earliest memories started at around six or seven years old, so he was the only one who remembered the encounter.

Zacharias recognized her at first sight, but this little girl was just a passing guest in his life. Therefore, he didn't pay special attention to her.

However, he found her quite interesting after last night's sparring. Moreover, what made her interesting wasn't just her skills but also her belonging to an influential family in the center of power. After tidying up the kitchen, Corinne came down to start preparing dinner.

"Imogen, help me prepare the vegetables. I'm very busy right now," Corinne requested. Shirley took the vegetables over to peel them while Corinne began boiling a pot of water.

"I feel that Mr. Flintstone doesn't like spicy food. Can you make it a bit milder?" Shirley offered a suggestion.

"I know that. You don't need to remind me," Corinne replied ungratefully. Shirley decided not to speak anymore. After peeling the vegetables, Shirley went to the laundry room. The clothes that had just been dried needed to be taken out, ironed, and then hung in the cloakroom for Zacharias.

While ironing the clothes, she felt somewhat speechless. She had never even ironed her father's clothes, yet now she found herself coming here every day to iron a man's clothes.

After finishing ironing the shirts, pants, and suits, she noticed that there was one more item left in the dryer. As she reached for it, her face turned slightly red. It was a pair of men's underwear—a black pair of briefs.

She felt a bit awkward while holding the underwear in her hands, but she patiently ironed it as well. After she finished ironing, she carried the clothes to the cloakroom.

Just as she reached the third floor with the clothes in her hands, she saw a figure walking toward her in the corridor. Holding the clothes, she immediately acted like she was a maid. She faced the window and lowered her head while waiting for the man to pass by.

Zacharias stood in front of her while gazing at the girl with intense eyes. Under the soft lighting, her delicate and beautiful features, slender figure, and graceful demeanor were revealed. Indeed, time was a skilled artist as it transformed a little girl into a beautiful young woman.

Shirley saw that the man was standing in front of her and felt his gaze on her. She couldn't help but feel nervous and flustered. Could he have really discovered something?

Just then, one of the clothes she was holding suddenly slipped and it was the smallest piece -the black briefs. It fell onto the golden carpet and was especially eye-catching. She lowered her head to pick it up and quickly said to the man, "I'll wash it again."

She didn't know if this man had cleanliness issues, but since it fell on the ground in front of him, she had to wash it again.

"There's no need for that. Put it back in the wardrobe." Zacharias spoke while looking at his underwear held by her slender and fair hands. In an instant, it seemed as if these hands were also holding a certain part of his body, causing a sudden tightening in his abdomen.

The man's breathing quickened and he turned to leave hastily..

Only then did Shirley exhale while watching his retreating figure. She quickly hung his clothes back in his dressing room and stood in this spacious closet filled with neatly arranged dark-colored suits, waistcoats, and shirts. This was probably the largest collection of suits she had ever seen.

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Zacharias didn't go downstairs but instead went to the study on the second floor. He took a book that he hadn't finished reading last time -a biography of a famous person. Usually, at this time, he could patiently read and learn about the governance philosophy of the historical figures in the book.

However, today was different. Although his gaze was fixed on the words in the book, his mind couldn't focus. He sighed slightly before rubbing his temples with a sense of frustration. All of this was a consequence of the reaction just now.

Zacharias put the book back onto the shelf and stood up. Then, he headed downstairs to the garden to get some fresh air and relax.

Corinne was busy preparing dinner. This time, she meticulously crafted each dish with hopes of capturing Zacharias' taste buds so that he would pay her more attention.

After more than an hour of preparation, the table was finally set at 6.30PM, which was the usual time Zacharias had dinner.

Upon seeing Zacharias going to the garden, Corinne tidied herself up and walked toward the garden. She took light steps toward him when she saw the man sitting in a chair in the garden with his eyes closed and seemingly lost in thought.

However, she didn't dare to disturb him. Even though he had his eyes closed, he was emanating a dignified aura that couldn't be ignored by one. His sitting posture was not as upright as usual; it seemed somewhat lazy and relaxed.

The evening light enveloped him and gave him a golden glow. His features were deep, with perfect contours. Along with his noble status, his face was captivating to women.

Finally, Zacharias opened his eyes and his piercing gaze made Corinne's heart beat faster. She said gently, "Mr. Flintstone, you can have dinner now."

Zacharias nodded and said to Corinne, "You can go back to rest. Imogen can handle the things here on her own."

Corinne felt a mixture of envy and jealousy after hearing this. Why did Zacharias always want Imogen alone by his side to serve him?

She felt a strong sense of being chased away and hurriedly said, 'Mr. Flintstone, I can also stay and serve you. This is my job.' Zacharias stared at her with a sharp gaze. "I like quietness and don't like crowded places."

"Imogen might be tired today, so let me stay."

she insisted. He frowned slightly, feeling impatient. "Having her here is enough; you can go back." Upon sensing the displeasure in his tone, she quickly nodded. "Okay."

After saying that, she went back to the hall and took out her phone. She couldn't figure out why. Zacharias always wanted Imogen to stay by his side. Where did she lose to Imogen?

Shirley descended from the second floor. Upon seeing the delicately arranged dinner on the table, she thought to herself that Corinne's cooking skills were indeed good. It was an aspect where she fell short.

At the same time, Zacharias entered the hall from the yard, and Shirley immediately stood straight to welcome him.

"Let's have dinner together!" he suddenly said to her. She shook her head. "No. I'm your subordinate, so I can't dine at the same table with you."

She was well aware of her position and status. "I need someone to accompany me for dinner," Zacharias emphasized, then glanced at her. "This is an order."

Shirley was secretly surprised. Was accompanying him for dinner also part of her job?

She stopped insisting and nodded. "All right."

After that, she sat across from him. She served him a bowl of rice, and he reached out to take it. She also served herself.

For a while, there was only the sound of the two of them having dinner in the quiet hall.

“At what age do your earliest memories start?”

Zacharias suddenly asked while eating. Shirley blinked and carefully thought before answering, “Probably around six years old.”

“Do you not remember anything before the age of six?” he asked. She nodded affirmatively. “I have no impression at all.”

After saying that, she was a bit curious, “Why are you asking me this question?” “It’s just a casual question,” Zacharias said while picking up a piece of food and chewing elegantly.

Shirley continued to eat her dinner earnestly. However, she didn’t dare to take the steak since she wanted to leave it for him..

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Corinne had only grilled one person’s portion, so while the presentation was beautiful, there wasn’t much of the grilled beef ribs to go around. That was why Shirley didn’t take any.

Just as she lowered her head to eat the food on her plate, suddenly, a knife and fork picked up two pieces of beef ribs and placed them on her plate. Shirley immediately raised her head and lied, saying, “I don’t like this. You can have it, Mr. Flintstone.”

“I don’t like it either.” Zacharias smiled. From his face, she couldn’t tell if he was telling the truth or not. Is he a vegan?

In the end, she happily started eating with her head lowered. Looking at her two rows of delicate eyelashes twinkling, he actually forgot to eat.

When she lifted her head, he quickly lowered his, avoiding her gaze. After she finished her meal, he put down his cutlery as well. She then asked, “Are you done?”

“Yes.” He nodded. With his answer, she quickly cleaned up the table. Meanwhile, he didn’t go upstairs; instead, he sat in the living room, watching the news.

His gaze would frequently shift toward the kitchen, where he saw the slender figure washing the dishes. As for what was on the news, it no longer seemed important because his mind was not there.

After washing the dishes, Shirley realized it was almost 8.00PM, so she walked up to Zacharias and said, “Mr. Flintstone, if you don’t have any further instructions, I’ll head back to my dorm now. You should get some rest too.”

Suddenly, he looked at her and said, “Tomorrow, pack your things and move into my guest room.” This statement shocked her. She quickly said, “That is not in accordance with the rules, Mr. Flintstone.”

“I set the rules.” He reminded her. In his household, he had the final say in everything. For instance, the question of where his bodyguards should stay.

Yet, she still wanted to refuse. “Mr. Flintstone, my dorm is only a mile away from your residence, and guards are stationed outside every night. You’re very safe.” In other words, she did not need to stay at his place to protect him.

“Do as I say.” He suddenly picked up the remote and turned off the TV, his tone growing colder and firmer. That night, after she informed her captain, Roy, about this, he was also surprised for a few seconds, then he asked, “Are you sure it’s Mr. Flintstone’s decision?”

Shirley nodded. “Absolutely sure.”

After thinking for a few seconds, he agreed. “Alright, then follow his instructions. Perhaps he has a reason for this.”

At this moment, she couldn’t fathom what Zacharias’ intentions were. She couldn’t help but ask, “Captain, do you want to discuss with Mr. Flintstone about substituting someone else to stay at his place? I’m young and inexperienced. I’m worried that I might not be able to provide adequate protection.”

Initially, Roy was puzzled as well. Zacharias had told him before that, unless it was work-related, his bodyguards should not get close to him, as he needed absolute peace and rest. So, why would he suddenly want a female bodyguard to stay at his house? As he looked at Shirley's puzzled face, he finally found an answer.

As high-ranking as Zacharias was, he was still a man, and perhaps what he wanted was not a bodyguard but someone who could keep him company and have a chat.

Shirley, being new to the bodyguard industry and having a youthful and pleasant appearance, might indeed be a good choice to keep him company.

After all, a man understood another man better. Roy had a hunch, but he couldn't tell Shirley. He simply advised, "Shirley, if Mr. Flintstone has specifically asked for you to move in, there's no room for substitutions. Just focus on your primary duties."

Seeing that he couldn't change the situation, she nodded. "Alright, I'll move my things tomorrow morning."

That night, she held her phone and plucked up the courage to send a message to Cole, but after waiting for a while, he still didn't reply. She felt slightly disappointed and eventually fell asleep.

Early in the morning, she packed up her belongings, and around 7.00AM, she carried her luggage downstairs. Corinne happened to be coming from her dorm, and when she saw Shirley packing, she was momentarily surprised. Then, she asked with a hint of schadenfreude, "Did you get fired, Imogen?"

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Shirley shook her head. "No, I'm just moving to a different place."

Corinne wasn't interested in where she was going to live next. Just then, a shuttle bus pulled up, and Shirley placed her luggage on board and got on. Corinne planned to walk, but the driver called out to her, "Corinne, get in."

"I'm heading to Mr. Flintstone's residence," she said.

"I'm taking Imogen there too. Hop on," the driver said. Shocked, Corinne looked at Shirley, realizing that when she said she was moving to a different place, she meant moving into Zacharias' residence.

She immediately got on the bus, her eyes fixed firmly on Shirley. "You're going to live at Mr. Flintstone's place?"

Shirley could see the envy in Corinne's expression. However, she had no intention of boasting; instead, she felt helpless. She simply nodded. "Yes, it was Mr. Flintstone's idea."

At once, Corinne's chest heaved, and she bit her lip before snorting in Shirley's direction. "You're quite something, huh?" She believed that Shirley had used some means to captivate Zacharias behind her back, and that was why he was giving her special treatment.

Though Shirley knew that Corinne had misunderstood, she chose not to explain and just furrowed her brow.

Upon arriving at Zacharias' residence, Shirley got off the bus, and Corinne stood by her side. As the shuttle bus departed, Corinne spoke in a serious tone. "Stop right there, Imogen."

Shirley had no choice but to stop and look at Corinne, feeling that she had somehow provoked her.

At this moment, Corinne seemed like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, displaying a touch of aggressiveness. "How did you make Mr. Flintstone notice you? What tricks did you use? Or did you seduce him when I wasn't around?" She voiced her suspicions.

In her eyes, she was no less than Shirley in every way, so why would Zacharias show interest in her? Shirley had to have done something behind the scenes.

Hearing that, Shirley was at a loss for words. The feeling of being wrongly accused is so unpleasant. She gave Corinne a sharp, piercing look. "Are you done?"

Corinne was taken aback by her gaze and snorted. "Don't let me catch you doing anything wrong, or I won't let you off."

With that, she entered the house first, and Shirley followed her. Shirley took her luggage to the second floor, where there was a guest room reserved for visitors. Since Zacharias' master bedroom and his study were on the third floor, the entire third floor became his operational territory. Considering that, Shirley chose to stay on the second floor.

Meanwhile, Corinne went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Zacharias. The less she received his attention, the harder she worked. She wanted to outshine Shirley and make him see how good she was.

After a quick unpacking, Shirley decided to go to the third floor to inform Zacharias that she had moved in. She had felt his displeasure the night before when she had rejected him. Indeed, having been accustomed to being in a position of power for a long time, he is no longer used to being rejected.

She went up to the third-floor foyer, and as she turned the corner, she suddenly saw a man sitting in the third-floor living room. He was dressed in a loose-fitting black robe, with the belt hanging loose in the middle. Water droplets were falling from the tips of his hair, sliding down his strikingly handsome face, down to his jawline, and further down onto his exposed abdominal muscles. He lounged on the couch, exuding an air of relaxed nonchalance.

At once, she covered her eyes and turned around. She didn't expect him to dress like this. "Good morning, Mr. Flintstone." She greeted him.

"Have you moved in?" he asked directly. With a nod, she answered, "I've brought my luggage to the guest room on the second floor."

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When Corinne finished preparing breakfast, she saw a tall and elegant figure descending the stairs. It was Zacharias. "Your breakfast is ready, Mr. Flintstone," she said with a smile. Her previous harsh attitude toward Shirley was nowhere to be seen.

"Okay." He nodded and sat down at the breakfast table. All this while, Corinne looked at him admiringly, finding it hard to take her eyes off him. Naturally, he noticed this. For girls who had ulterior motives, he typically gave them indifferent treatment.

"Mr. Flintstone, if you ever want something specific for your meals, feel free to tell me anytime," she said.

“No, you’re doing great.” He shook his head. At once, her heart raced with joy. “Thank you, Mr. Flintstone.”

“I’ll give you the day off. You can go back to the dorm and rest,” he suddenly said. Just after a few seconds of joy, her expression froze. Another day off? For the whole day? “But I- I still need to prepare lunch and dinner for you.” She quickly emphasized her importance.

“Imogen can handle that.”

“She told me that her cooking skills aren’t good. I’m worried that...”

“Don’t worry,” he said, looking at her.

When Corinne met his gaze, she instantly lowered her head, not daring to dispute his words. In the end, she nodded. “Okay. Enjoy your breakfast.”

She went to pick up her bag and walked toward the door, all the while harboring some resentment. Why? Why can Imogen stay, but I’m constantly being given time off?

Meanwhile, Shirley was in the yard, sweeping leaves into a small pile at the side of the road. At this moment, Corinne came over and, with a burst of frustration, kicked the leaves into disarray. As she looked at Shirley, her eyes burned with anger.

Holding the broom, Shirley watched Corinne’s behavior, and she too glared at her in anger. Meeting her gaze, Corinne approached and said, “Let’s see for how long you can stay smug, Imogen.”

Shirley looked at the bag in her hand and understood that Corinne had been given yet another day off. What’s going on? Why don’t I have a single day off while she has time off every day? This is incredibly unfair!

"If you interfere with my work again, I won't be easy on you," Shirley muttered angrily. However, Corinne had no idea about her abilities and was utterly unimpressed. "Do you think I'm afraid of you? In our class, I'm an excellent combat fighter. Can you beat me?"

With a disdainful expression, Shirley replied confidently, "You might be the best in your class, but I'm the best on our entire team."

"Then let's find some time to spar and see who'll be left picking up their teeth from the floor."

"I'm ready whenever you are," Shirley responded fearlessly. With that, Corinne left, and after Shirley finished cleaning the yard, she returned to the living room. She saw Zacharias still leisurely enjoying his breakfast, and he had left a portion for her.

"This is for you," he said. "Thank you, but I already ate this morning." She didn't want to have it. After that, she took a deep breath and asked, "Mr. Flintstone, when will I get a day off too?"

Hearing that, Zacharias looked up, his eyes showing a hint of a smile. "You've only been here a few days, and you already want a day off?"

"Why does Corinne get a day off every day, then?" she asked. At her question, he was actually impressed. She really is bold. "There's no specific reason. I can choose whoever to serve me as I please," he lazily said, indicating that it depended on his mood.

Shirley was left speechless. So, my complaints are in vain. He's simply too unpredictable. He changes his mind all the time. "Since you've given Corinne the day off, what about lunch and dinner? You can't cook," she asked.

"You can learn to cook. I won't mind if the food isn't that good." With a teacup in hand, he gazed at her with a hint of amusement.

As she blinked, she wondered if she had somehow offended him to make him treat her this way. "I can cook, but I can only make simple dishes like spaghetti." She declared it in advance.

“I won’t be at home this afternoon, so join me for dinner outside in the evening,” the man said as he got up. He picked up his phone and headed to the coat rack, where he grabbed the black overcoat and put it on. When he reached the door, he remembered something and turned back to her. “You can go to my study and read some books if you’re bored.”

Shirley watched him leave as one of the cars from the convoy came over to pick him up. While watching the convoy leave, she turned around to clean up the dining table. Then, she washed up and went upstairs to the master bedroom to grab the clothes he changed out of last night.

Shirley had never washed clothes for her family at home but now found herself tending to a man. After tidying up the place by herself, she went to his study to read some books. As she sat on the couch with a cup of tea, engrossed in her reading, she thought, The treatment here isn’t half bad! At least Zacharias isn’t as cold as the rumors say he is.

While reading, she heard a notification sound from her phone and picked up her phone. Her heart raced when she saw that it was a reply from Cole.

‘Sorry, I was busy just now and didn’t have time to look at my private phone,’ Cole replied. Knowing his job was so demanding that he even had more than two phones, Shirley understood it was normal for him not to have seen her messages right away, so she replied with a smile. ‘No problem, Cole. Your work is more important.’

‘No. Your messages are important as well. I will check my private phone more regularly from now on,’ Cole replied again.

Shirley couldn’t help but cover her red lips as she carefully read that reply with her pretty eyes, analyzing it in her mind. Why are my messages also important? Does this mean Cole also thinks I’m important?

‘That’s not right. You should focus on your job and reply to my messages when you’re free.’ Shirley didn’t want to cause him to lose his job. After all, his job was to protect her great-uncle..

“Sure. Whatever you say, Cole replied. While chatting with Cole, Shirley felt that her afternoon became even more meaningful, but the former soon received a task and had to end their conversation.

Shirley sat with her arms crossed for a while as her imagination began to run wild. Since she also had a romance novel in her hands, she wanted to pursue love bravely like the female protagonist in the book.

At around 4.00PM, she received a call. It turned out that she had left a set of keys at her dormitory, and the cleaning lady called to inform her to retrieve them because she had no way of sending them over.

Shirley just happened to be free, so she decided to head over there to get them. Shirley arrived at the cleaning lady's office and got her keys, but just as she and the cleaning lady were having a casual conversation, she saw Corinne approaching them.

Corinne was in sportswear as she glanced at Shirley. A calculating glint flashed in her eyes. as she thought, Wouldn't I be the only one by Zacharias' side if Shirley got expelled for fighting or something?

With that thought in mind, she approached Shirley and demanded, "Shirley, I have something to say to you. Come with me."

However, Shirley coldly replied, "I have nothing to say to you."

"I know a secret of yours. Are you sure you don't want to know?" Corinne pretended to sound mysterious when, in fact, she was just bluffing. However, she couldn't have known that Shirley indeed had a secret she couldn't reveal.

Shirley became slightly tense as she asked, "What do you want to say?"

"This is not the right place to talk. Let's find somewhere else to talk." Corinne pointed toward the corner of the room. "Let's talk over there."

In the meantime, Shirley was already on high alert. How did Corinne know about her identity? Had she investigated her? But even if she had, Shirley had altered the photos on her file, making it impossible to find information about her if one wasn't given clearance from a high-level officer.

However, she couldn't let her guard down. After all, this matter wasn't just about her; it was also linked to Imogen's future, so she had to handle it carefully.

Chapter 2270

Corinne also felt curious. Why does Imogen look so nervous? Could she really have something to hide?

However, no matter what, she only wanted to execute her plan. Moreover, she discovered that the corner was a blind spot of the surveillance cameras, so whatever happened here wouldn't be discovered.

Meanwhile, Shirley was in the middle of thinking how she would approach this matter. When she arrived at the blind spot, a fist suddenly came at her chest, and she was thrown into the wall, causing her to inhale sharply from the pain. Standing before her, Corinne smirked. "Imogen, I called you over here because I wanted to beat you up."

Since Shirley wasn't one to be bullied, she clenched her fist as her eyes filled with anger. "Corinne, you're so despicable."

It was Corinne's intention to irritate Shirley and make the latter make the first move, so she hooked her lips. "So what? I just don't like you. I also can't stand the fact that you, someone from an ordinary background, would think to make it big. In your dreams!"

Corinne thought of using her family background to mock Shirley. While Shirley wasn't the real Imogen Young, she was still furious. How dare someone ridicule her friend's family background?

"What's the matter? Can't accept my words? Come at me if you dare. But I don't think you're brave enough to do so. You're afraid your career will be ruined if you offend me."

Shirley was furious. She clenched her fists while gazing firmly at Corinne, feeling a surge of strength gathering inside her.

"Scaredy cat," Corinne taunted before walking out of the blind spot, and she headed to a spot that could be captured by the surveillance cameras. She deliberately walked with arrogance, and it indeed enraged Shirley. "Corinne, stop right there."

However, Corinne refused to listen and continued walking forward. That made the angry Shirley storm over and grab Corinne by the back collar, pulling the latter harshly. While Corinne had the opportunity to fight back, she didn't and let Shirley throw her to the ground.

"Ouch!" Corinne purposely let out a scream before angrily asking, "Imogen, what are you trying to do?"

"I'm going to hit you!" Once Shirley finished, she threw her fist at Corinne's face. Corinne immediately rolled to the side. No matter what her plan was, she couldn't let herself get hit for real. Then, she got up and retreated backward. "Imogen, don't act on impulse. This is not a place where you can do whatever you want."

However, Shirley had somewhat lost her rationality and hadn't noticed Corinne's scheme. All she wanted was for Corinne to apologize.

"Stop the nonsense. Come fight me if you dare. Let's see who's afraid of whom." Shirley was raging, her anger escalating. Meanwhile, Corinne sneered inwardly. She has fallen for my trap. Good. Everything is going as I planned.

"I don't want to fight with you." Corinne put on an innocent face before turning around, wanting to leave.

"Trying to walk away? It won't be that easy." Shirley leaped off the ground from behind. Corinne and kicked her squarely in the back, making her stumble and fall to the ground. Corinne did a graceful somersault to get back on her feet. "Imogen, you're going too far. This is not a place for your antics."

"It seems like you are the scaredy cat." Shirley returned the ridicule to Corinne. At that moment, Corinne wanted to teach Shirley a lesson and let the latter have a piece of her mind, but she couldn't do so this time round and had to endure it as she wanted Shirley to get expelled. That was because being expelled was the punishment for whoever brought up a conflict.

Taking a step forward, Corinne deliberately came in front of Shirley and whispered, "Is that all you got? I thought better of you." Shirley, who had already lost half of her rationality, snorted after hearing that. "I'll show you."

Then, she threw her fist at Corinne, who dodged and vaguely blocked a few hits. After all, she couldn't let Zacharias think she was useless.

"Imogen, stop. I don't want to fight with you," Corinne shouted loudly while blocking the attacks.

However, Shirley's attacks were relentless, and Corinne was starting to struggle. She was secretly surprised as she didn't expect Imogen to be this strong. When Shirley launched a spinning kick, Corinne attempted to block it, but the force sent her stumbling back by a foot before she managed to steady herself. Her eyes were filled with even more astonishment.