

N Destiny 2271

Chapter 2271

Just then, Corinne saw a car approaching their direction and immediately rushed toward Shirley. At the same time, Shirley thought Corinne was about to attack and swiftly spun around to use her leg to kick the latter away once again.

This time, Corinne didn't dodge or block the attack. Instead, she was kicked three feet away and fell to her knees, unable to get up.

That scene was witnessed by Roy, who had just returned in his car. He quickly parked his car and stepped out, immediately shouting, "Stop! Who gave you permission to fight here?"

Afterward, he quickly went over to Corinne and helped her up, asking, "Are you alright?"

"Captain, I don't know why Imogen attacked me all of a sudden. Cough!" She coughed several times and held her chest. "My chest hurts."

While Shirley stood under the setting sun, her overbearing aura diminished as she couldn't understand why Corinne didn't block her attack. With Corinne's skills, she couldn't have gotten beaten up so badly.

"Captain, she broke the squad's rules. She should be fired for starting a fight," Corinne angrily accused Shirley.

Only then did Shirley understand why Corinne didn't block her attack. Corinne wanted to provoke her into starting a fight and then get her fired.

Shirley felt her mind start buzzing, and it went blank for a moment. She came to train in Imogen's place, so if she got fired, Imogen would lose her chance of getting employed by a government agency.

Arriving before Roy, Shirley quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, Captain. It was not my intention to start a fight. Please forgive me this once."

“Forgive you? I will never forgive you,” Corinne angrily rebuked.

“You provoked me first!” Shirley countered. “I provoked you first? That’s outrageous. Are you trying to put the blame on me? Imogen, someone as emotionally unstable as you should not be allowed to work at Mr. Flintstone’s residence.”

“Imogen, head to the lounge to reflect on your actions,” Roy sternly ordered. Nodding, Shirley went toward the lounge. In the meantime, Corinne watched Shirley leave as she hooked her lips into a victorious smirk. Oh, Imogen, you’re going to be fired for sure! You have no status or background, so you don’t deserve to stay here.

While sitting inside the lounge, Shirley was both frustrated and worried, afraid she would get fired and ruin Imogen’s future career path.

Although Roy had the authority to dismiss individuals involved in private brawls like this, there was something on his mind-Imogen’s identity was rather special, and Zacharias held her in high regard. Therefore, Roy would have to inform Zacharias and obtain his consent before firing Imogen.

Sitting in his office, Roy felt it was inappropriate to disturb Zacharias as he was a busy man with all sorts of national matters to worry about. It was not the time to disturb him with such trivial matters, but after contemplating it, Roy still grabbed his phone and dialed Zacharias’ private number.

“Hello?” Zacharias’ voice came from the other end.

“Mr. Flintstone, there’s a situation. Imogen Young and Corinne Cleaver from the security team were involved in a fight. At present, we’ve decided to dismiss Imogen, so I’d like to ask if you agree,” Roy asked.

“Is she hurt?” Zacharias’ tone suddenly turned somewhat anxious. The “she” in his question was not referring to Corinne but Imogen. Roy immediately answered, “Imogen is not injured, but Corinne is slightly injured.”

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“You- Shirley’s fists clenched again. “Imogen, you’re definitely getting fired! You don’t deserve to stay here anymore.”

“It was clearly you who provoked me first. How dare you accuse me?” Shirley angrily rebuked. “Don’t make such false claims. I was the one getting beaten. I just went to the infirmary to: get an injury diagnosis report,” Corinne countered.

“You” Shirley seethed, her chest heaving. Back at the military base, she was the young miss of the Lloyd Family, and no one would bear ill will toward her. This was the first time she had encountered someone so shameless.

At that moment, Roy came inside, and Corinne immediately said to Shirley, “Imogen, I will not accept your apology. You’d better leave this place!”

By now, Shirley had seen through Corinne’s character and knew the latter would resort to anything just to make her leave. Then, Roy comforted Corinne, “Alright, stop. arguing. Mr. Flintstone is on his way here.”

Corinne was instantly filled with surprise. Does this mean Zacharias will be personally firing Imogen?

Meanwhile, Shirley was shocked and asked, “He’s on his way here?”

Roy sternly explained, “Although you’re interns, this is a place of discipline, not somewhere you can do whatever you want. Now, both of you, go stand in the courtyard outside.” Feeling somewhat aggrieved, Corinne asked, “Captain Barlowe, do I have to go too?”

Roy nodded. “You both caused this commotion, so both of you are to be punished.”

Shirley lowered her head and stood upright in the courtyard. Meanwhile, though Corinne was also being punished, she was already anticipating Zacharias’ arrival.

A while later, Zacharias’ convoy arrived, and Roy quickly approached and opened the back door of the second vehicle. Zacharias stepped out, his gaze sweeping over the two girls standing in the courtyard before finally landing on Shirley.

Meanwhile, Shirley's gaze shifted slightly to the side and met his gaze. She became anxious, hoping Zacharias would forgive her this once and wouldn't dismiss her.

On the other hand, Corinne might have been standing upright, but grievance had begun filling her eyes. She was waiting for Zacharias to come over and comfort her. However, Zacharias didn't approach her but instructed Roy, "Get Imogen to come into the lounge."

Seeing that Zacharias wanted to personally talk to Shirley, Roy turned to glance at her. "Imogen, follow Mr. Flintstone into the lounge."

Shirley nodded and heard Corinne's whisper. "You're dead." Shirley ignored Corinne, bowed her head, and followed Zacharias' elegant figure into the lounge. Once both of them entered the room, the man quickly spoke up. "Close the door."

Shirley closed the door, having no idea what the man wanted to say to her.

"Explain. Why did such an incident happen?" Zacharias sat on the couch with his slim, long legs elegantly crossed together. His starry eyes bore into her.

When Shirley saw that he was giving her a chance to explain, she spoke truthfully. "I came to retrieve the keys I left behind, but Corinne suddenly stopped me, claiming she had something to say. I followed her to the corner, but she punched me without saying anything. I wanted her to apologize, but she refused, so I decided to make her apologize in my way."

Zacharias believed her because Corinne was obviously a person with ulterior motives. Besides that, Shirley had lived a sheltered life under her parents' protection at the military base. So, while she was skilled in combat, she also had a straightforward personality and was never on guard against deceitful people.

"Alright. I believe you." Zacharias gazed at her with his clear eyes, affirming her. Upon seeing that he let her explain everything and believed her, Shirley couldn't help but anxiously say, "Mr. Flintstone, please don't dismiss me. I can make up for this incident."

Zacharias raised a brow. "What are you willing to do in order to make up for this incident?"

“Anything.” Shirley’s clear eyes were filled with determination. Zacharias smiled slightly as he thought, Anything? This young lady is indeed inexperienced. Will she be willing to do anything I ask her to?

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“I can decide not to dismiss you, but you must be punished,” Zacharias said coldly. Upon hearing that, Shirley thought she was willing to do anything as long as she wasn’t expelled. “Sure. Go ahead. I’ll do whatever I can,” she replied with gratitude and joy in her eyes.

“I will transfer Corinne away from here, but you will be solely responsible for my personal life,” Zacharias stated. That rendered Shirley dumbfounded for a moment. Is this my punishment? Taking care of his personal life?

“Sure, but I don’t know how to cook,” she reported honestly.

“Then, learn it.” The man believed she could pick it up. The only thing Shirley lacked talent in was cooking, but she could learn for the sake of Imogen’s future.

“Sure, I’ll learn,” Shirley promised. Since she currently had something to request of him, she could not reject him.

“Great. That’s it, then. Come with me.” Zacharias got up and went out of the door first. In the meantime, Shirley released a heavy breath from behind him as her tensed nerves relaxed. She didn’t have to worry about getting dismissed anymore.

Corinne, who was standing outside, immediately looked over when she saw them coming out, thinking whether Zacharias would approach her and comfort her.

Yet, Zacharias only stood beside the car and said a few words with Roy before getting into the car. Then, Shirley followed suit and got in as well.

Corinne watched in disbelief as Shirley and Zacharias got into the same car. After watching the convoy leave, she immediately went looking for Roy. “Captain Barlowe, what’s going on? Shouldn’t Imogen be fired?”

“From now on, Imogen will be solely responsible for taking care of Mr. Flintstone’s personal life, so you won’t be needed there anymore. Also, I will submit a transfer request in your name, requesting to be assigned to another department for your internship.”

“What? I refuse. I don’t want to leave here. The rules are written in black and white, so Imogen should be fired,” Corinne demanded.

“Corinne, that is Mr. Flintstone’s decision,” Roy firmly remarked. “Captain Barlowe, don’t you find it strange? Why does Mr. Flintstone treat Imogen so well and even let her move into his residence?” Corinne sneered. “Did Imogen sleep with Mr. Flintstone?”

Roy’s expression instantly tensed up. “Corinne, refrain from making baseless accusations. Once the transfer request is approved, you’ll be relocated from the security department.”

After taking a few steps, Roy turned around and commented, “In the future, refrain from discussing Mr. Flintstone’s private life. Don’t get yourself into trouble.”

When Corinne returned to her dorm, she was on the verge of losing it. She made such a careful plan to scheme against Imogen, but instead of getting expelled, she replaced her and became Zacharias’ personal assistant. How infuriating!

However, no matter how she thought about it, she couldn’t figure out why Imogen would receive such special treatment. Moreover, Corinne was slightly afraid of what happened earlier because how Zacharias treated her made her feel like he had seen through her schemes. The feeling of being exposed sent shivers down her spine.

In regard to men like Zacharias, ordinary women wouldn’t be able to keep him under control. At the same time, Shirley was also secretly pondering about that. After she calmed down, she thought about it and realized although she had replaced Imogen, the treatment she received seemed to be exceptionally good. Zacharias had quite a good attitude toward her, and most importantly, he didn’t investigate anything and immediately believed her explanation.

That was something she found hard to believe, but there was one thing that made her feel relieved she no longer had to face the evil Corinne anymore. Her internship was about to become easier.

Just as she was lost in thought, she suddenly discovered the man's convoy was not heading toward home but onto the main road.

"Mr. Flintstone, where are we going?" Shirley hurriedly asked.

"To have dinner, the man replied calmly. Upon hearing that, Shirley recalled him saying they would be having dinner outside, so she had no choice but to have dinner with him.

Once the convoy arrived at a restaurant, Shirley felt her heart skip a beat. Wait. Isn't this the restaurant Dad always brings me to? This place doesn't serve outsiders and only accepts high-ranking officials.

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Shirley tensed up instantly. If she was recognized, it would be a disaster. She believed that the restaurant staff wouldn't change frequently, so the probability of being recognized was more than fifty percent. If the staff greeted her, it would be even worse.

"Mr. Flintstone, I'm not hungry. I'll wait for you in the car later," Shirley said quickly. Zacharias looked over with a smirk. "Are you not hungry, or do you dare not go up? Huh? Miss Lloyd?"

Shirley's beautiful eyes widened and her heart almost stopped. This man actually called out her family name directly.

How did he know her identity? Did he recognize her? Oh, my goodness! Was Imogen's internship really going to end? Shirley's heart almost leaped out of her chest.

"You... How do you know I'm not Imogen?" Shirley was shocked, and her breath was unsteady. She thought she had made all the necessary preparations. She even modified all the data. However, she didn't expect this man to see through her act in just a few days.

Zacharias smiled lightly. "It's simple. I have a good relationship with Mr. Oswald, and I also know your father. So, I naturally know you."

Shirley was speechless. So, this man knew from the beginning that she wasn't the real Imogen. Therefore, her acting. these past few days was like a joke to him. His observation skills were too powerful.

"Well, now that you know who I am, what do you plan to do next?" Shirley said lightly, but she was secretly extremely anxious.

She wasn't worried about her future, but she held Imogen's future in her hands. To be precise, it was in the hands of this man.

"Don't worry. Given my relationship with your family, I won't expose the matter of you replacing Imogen. However, the condition is that I need to be satisfied with your performance."

Shirley wrinkled her brows. "How can I satisfy you?"

"Just obey my orders." The man summarized simply. She blushed slightly. "If you mean work-related matters, that's no problem, but if you have other requests, I simply can't obey."

She also had principles and boundaries. Zacharias couldn't help but lean in a bit and said with a hint of ambiguity in his tone. "Miss Lloyd, do you mean services of a personal nature?"

She cleared her throat while feeling embarrassed and nodded. "Yes."

"I don't have any specific requirements in that regard. Of course, if you take the initiative, I won't refuse." He suddenly dropped his serious demeanor and became more humorous.

Shirley said with a serious expression, "Rest assured, Mr. Flintstone. That will never happen. I already have someone I like."

Zacharias squinted his cold eyes. "You have someone you like? Who?"

She regretted saying that last sentence and could only reply, "This is my private matter and not suitable for reporting."

"Miss Lloyd, you're still young. Instead of thinking about getting married, why don't you focus on developing your career?" Zacharias said mockingly.

Shirley was a bit puzzled. "Mr. Flintstone, you deal with a multitude of affairs every day. Do you have time to care about other people's affairs?"

He remained silent while gazing out of the window. The evening sun cast a golden glow and created a shadow on half of his face while the other half remained in the light.

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Shirley felt frustrated as she followed him into the restaurant. When Zacharias entered first, the staff greeted him. When Shirley walked in, the staff indeed greeted her as well.

"Miss Lloyd, good evening."

"Good evening." Shirley forced a smile. Once Zacharias reached his private room, Shirley followed in. She was quite familiar with this place and had thoroughly studied the dishes here.

"You order," he said after sitting down. Shirley asked cautiously, "Mr. Flintstone, do you have any specific dishes you'd like?"

"No." She randomly selected some dishes and after ordering four dishes and one soup, the waiter left.

After closing the door, the entire private room became quiet. The retro decoration style, which was filled with the ambiance of the era, was initially bright and lively, but for some reason, when Zacharias sat there, the room seemed a bit oppressive. Shirley poured him a cup of tea. "Mr. Flintstone, please have some tea."

Zacharias lifted the teacup, his sharp gaze fixed on her. "Why did you replace Imogen for the internship at my residence?"

She could no longer hide it. "Imogen had a little issue with her health check. However, this internship is crucial for her, as it relates to her future work assignment."

"Have you thought about the consequences?"

he asked again. She shook her head. "No. I know I was careless, but she's my friend and I want to help her." "You know that the current situation is complicated, yet you still broke the rules?"

Zacharias' words put Shirley in a nervous state.

"So, I want you to help me keep this matter a secret. After I finish Imogen's internship for three months, I promise I won't make such a mistake again." She pleaded with him. She felt like her entire life was in this man's grasp.

"We have no relationship and we are strangers. Why should I help you?" Zacharias raised an eyebrow as his gaze showed a hint of ruthlessness.

Shirley was rendered speechless. She was indeed asking a favor from a stranger! Why should he cover for her? She was too naive to think this man would help her unconditionally.

Shirley had never felt so embarrassed while being caught in a dilemma. The feeling of being in a difficult situation without a way out was truly unpleasant.

"Well... Mr. Flintstone, you can set the conditions. I will do whatever I can," she stuttered. She was unable to beat him in a fight and was unable to surpass his status. So, she could only yield.

She felt her entire body scrutinized from head to toe by those eyes, and it made her, who was usually confident and upright, experience a sensation of being looked down upon, which caused her to slouch.

"All right. I won't pursue this matter. I'll let you replace Imogen for the internship. After all, we'll have many opportunities to meet in the future." Zacharias smiled before reaching for the teapot.

Shirley hurriedly came over and poured him a cup of tea. She was grateful as she said, "Thank you for your tolerance and generosity, Mr. Flintstone. I promise to work diligently and not disappoint you during the internship."

Finally, she could breathe a sigh of relief. As long as he didn't hold her accountable, everything else was negotiable. The dishes arrived and Shirley ordered a dish she liked. Tonight could be considered satisfying.

Zacharias didn't like to talk while eating, so she quietly enjoyed her meal. She kept picking her favorite vegetarian dish and he took the initiative to pick a piece of meat for her after noticing it.

"You should eat more. I can't finish it all by myself," he said. Shirley looked at him gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Flintstone."

"Your parents don't know you're interning here, right?"

"They don't know. I told them I'm taking a break at my grandmother's house, and my father is busy lately, with my mother accompanying him," Shirley said confidently.

Upon seeing that she had everything arranged, Zacharias didn't ask more. In any case, his life would be less enjoyable if she really left.

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After finishing dinner, the two returned to the mansion. Zacharias closed his eyes the entire journey home. He was seemingly resting or possibly even asleep. Upon arrival, Shirley hurriedly followed him and noticed his overcoat. She quickly took it from him, but little did she know that a pair of eyes followed her every move. Seeing she was hanging up the coat carefully for him, Zacharias smiled. He was in a good mood.

"Prepare a cup of coffee for me." He instructed her before heading upstairs.

"Aren't you afraid that drinking coffee will keep you awake at night? How about I make you a light tea?" she said and realized that after he found out her identity, she actually became more relaxed. Zacharias turned to her and nodded. "All right."

I'll go with your suggestion."

"Good. I'll bring it to you in five minutes," Shirley promised. In the study, Zacharias had more tasks and meetings to attend to. Despite the late hour, his work knew no day or night boundaries.

Shortly after, she brought the tea upstairs. He was surrounded by stacks of folders, and she couldn't help but feel a bit sympathetic toward him as he still had so much work to do even though it was already so late.

"Do you need any help?" she asked.

"Do you know how to give a massage?" he inquired. Shirley was taken aback but remembered her training. "Yes. A bit." She nodded..

"Massage my shoulders." He requested before putting down his pen and leaning back in the chair. Shirley walked behind him and felt his sharp shoulder blades through the shirt. She began kneading and massaging him to help him relax.

Zacharias closed his eyes and seemed to enjoy the massage as he let out a content sigh. As she looked at this man from top to bottom, she couldn't help but secretly admire him. No wonder Corinne was so determined to stay by his side.

It seemed like his looks were more captivating than his status. She observed him closely-his long eyelashes rested against his sculpted cheekbones. A high and elegant nose bridge led down to sensual yet moist lips. Every contour seemed gentle yet carried an underlying sharpness.

She was openly scrutinizing this man when suddenly, he unexpectedly opened his eyes. In an instant, his gaze shot out like two cold rays and it startled her.

"Am I good-looking?" he asked with a teasing smile on his lips. Shirley wondered if he had a third eye. How did he know she was looking at him even though his eyes were closed?

“The public perception of your looks is indeed quite favorable,” she replied in an official tone. Zacharias smirked. “How am I compared to the man you like?”

Her hands paused for a moment as she thought of Cole. He might not be as handsome as Zacharias and was not as powerful as Zacharias, but he was the sunshine in her heart. He was warm and irreplaceable.

“It’s hard to compare. Mr. Flintstone, you are undoubtedly outstanding and unmatched by many men in the country. However, everyone’s preferences are different. Even if the person I like is not as excellent or good-looking as you, he holds a special place in my heart that cannot be replaced,” Shirley replied with a smile.

Zacharias’ smile faded as he sat up. She retracted her hands and felt relieved that she hadn’t offended him.

“Have you confirmed your relationship? Did your parents agree?” He turned to her and looked at her with an intense, penetrating gaze.

Shirley wasn’t fond of discussing her private matters. After all, only Willow knew that she had a crush on Cole. She wasn’t sure whether he liked her or not. She only knew that she liked him.

“Mr. Flintstone, can I not answer that question?” she asked somewhat irritably. Despite being adept at understanding people, Zacharias couldn’t read her mind.

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Zacharias snorted. “Can’t your love affair be made public?” Shirley was rendered speechless. Couldn’t this man hold back his words?

“It’s not that it can’t be made public, but I haven’t announced it yet. So, Mr. Flintstone, please curb your curiosity!” she retorted.

Zacharias glanced at his wristwatch. He had already wasted a lot of his time talking to her, and he still had a pile of work waiting for him.

“You may leave.”

Shirley was about to leave when the man suddenly thought of something and said, "Don't go to bed yet. Cook supper for me at 10.30PM."

She blinked. Why did he want to eat supper late at night? She couldn't help but ask, "What do you want to eat?"

"Anything is fine."

"I remember there are pierogi and dumplings in the fridge." Shirley thought that those were easy to make. "Dumplings then!" The man decided.

"Okay. I'll wait for you until 10.30PM," she replied. After that, she opened the door and left.

The man sitting at the table found it hard to: immediately focus on work. Another question lingered in his mind-who was the man Shirley secretly admired?

Which lucky guy had captured her infatuation? Shirley returned to her room and took off her coat before revealing a shirt underneath. With her tall and well-proportioned figure, the slightly tight-fitting uniform set showcased her curves perfectly.

She had a perfect body, but she usually wore uniforms at the base and was unable to show it off. She decided to take a bath first as she still had two hours left until 10.30PM. She could rest a bit or read a book.

After a shower and changing into a loose long T-shirt, her long hair, which was now dry, flowed down her waist like a waterfall. She was as graceful as a swan. She lay on the bed, picked up a book, and checked her phone. Her mother had sent a voice message, so she replied to the message.

Since she had coordinated with her grandmother, her parents wouldn't suspect anything. Her grandmother helped her keep her internship a secret, so if her parents returned unexpectedly, her grandmother would inform her immediately.

During her internship, she might have to take a few days off to spend time with them. As long as Zacharias was easygoing, it should be manageable.

So, during her internship, she had to serve her boss well so that when the time came to ask for leave, he would be more accommodating..

Time unknowingly passed, and it was already 10.20PM. Shirley got up, went to the third floor, and arrived outside the study. She listened for any voices inside before she knocked and opened the door slightly while asking, "Mr. Flintstone, shall I bring it up for you, or will you come down to eat?"

"I'll come down," the man answered her. "All right. I'll go down and cook for you," she said before closing the door.

She went downstairs to the kitchen and found the frozen dumplings. They weren't the packaged ones from the supermarket but specially provided for Zacharias' household.

She realized she was a bit hungry but decided not to eat to maintain her figure. She ended up cooking twenty dumplings unintentionally. When she realized it, it was already too late. Shirley had no choice but to go with it. She placed her iPad nearby while searching for tutorial videos.

She learned to cook on the spot. She took a bowl, followed the instructions to prepare a fragrant sauce, and sprinkled chopped green onions on top, making it visually appealing. She scooped ten dumplings using a ladle into the soup and felt a sense of accomplishment.

Zacharias came downstairs and saw the captivating figure standing in front of the kitchen counter. He narrowed his eyes. Had she taken a shower?

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Shirley heard footsteps behind her. She turned around and locked eyes with the man descending the stairs.

"The dumplings are ready. I'll bring them out in a moment." She smiled at him. Under the light, her bright and lively eyes reflected the surrounding crystal lights, making them sparkle.

The man couldn't tear his gaze away for a moment. Shirley brought out the first bowl of dumplings. Her long, smooth, and black hair, was tied into a simple bun, with a few strands of bangs falling gracefully on her beautiful cheeks. In the man's eyes, she seemed more appetizing than the bowl of dumplings.

She went back to the kitchen. With her back to the man, her slender legs, which were as delicate and fair as snow, were partially covered by the white T-shirt dress, accentuating her curvy and alluring figure.

His gaze became more intense and he couldn't help but secretly gulp.

"I accidentally made too many dumplings. Please don't waste them. You have to eat them all!" Shirley brought out the second bowl while looking a bit embarrassed as she smiled at him.

"Eat with me then." The man raised an eyebrow. She thought that it would be too much for him: to finish so many dumplings by himself late at night.

"All right. I'll put a few more in your bowl then," she said as she used her fork to add a few more to his bowl after taking a few for herself.

Zacharias sat down and savored not just the dumplings but also the light and pleasant atmosphere created by the girl beside him. He had been living here alone for over a year. Unless he requested assistance, the vast mansion had only his solitary figure. Tonight was undeniably destined to be full of vitality, making the night indescribably wonderful.

"Is your work finished? You won't be working late, will you?" Shirley asked while showing concern.

"Are you worried about me?" Zacharias asked while elegantly chewing his food. She smiled. "Of course. I believe people all over the country care about you."

His mood was still okay after hearing her first sentence. However, when he heard the official statement in the following sentence, his good mood took a hit.

Shirley couldn't help but ask when she sensed a slightly awkward atmosphere. "Mr. Flintstone, didn't your nephew say he wanted to live here? Why haven't I seen him?"

"Do you want him to live here?" Zacharias asked her back.

She was speechless. Why did this man always have such an aggressive tone? She was just trying to chat with him. He took it as if she had some ulterior motive. It was really tiring to communicate with this man.

"No. I'm just curious." Shirley pursed her lips.

"He was kicked out by me," Zacharias replied.

"Why?" She was curious. The reason why he kicked out his nephew that night was simple-his nephew had begged him all night to introduce Shirley to him and he found it annoying.

"He's too noisy!" he replied casually. Upon thinking about it, Shirley agreed. Tony was indeed noisy.

"Mr. Flintstone, can I ask you a favor? If your work involves meeting my great-uncle, please don't bring me along. I don't want my parents to know that I work here," she said to him. Zacharias nodded. "Sure." Then, he raised an eyebrow. "Do I get any benefits?"

Her nerves were on edge again. She asked him, "What benefits do you want?" He thought for a moment and made a request. "Give me a massage every night before bed."

Shirley was stunned. Was it appropriate to massage him before bed?

"Mr. Flintstone, do you have a girlfriend?" she couldn't help but ask. She thought that if he had a girlfriend, his girlfriend would surely take care of such matters.

"No." Zacharias glanced at her. Zacharias sensed that she was reluctant and put down his fork. "If you find it tiring, I can't guarantee I won't take you to events where people might recognize you."

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Shirley looked at him nervously. “No, no. I’m not tired. I’m willing to do it.”

This threatening method was indeed quite effective. “Come upstairs and find me in twenty minutes!” Zacharias said before leaving.

“Oh! Is it starting tonight?” Shirley asked in surprise.

“Do you want to pick a specific time?” the man retorted. Even if she was unwilling, she had to endure it because she couldn’t afford to offend this man.

“All right. I’ll come upstairs in a while,” Shirley replied. She just realized that the man had finished all the dumplings in his bowl. It seemed like he had been really hungry.

It made sense; this man’s mental work must be quite heavy, which made him more prone to hunger. Shirley washed the dishes and tidied up the table. It was already 11.00PM when she was done with it.

She sighed while thinking, It’s just three months. I can endure it. However, when she thought about it now, three months seemed quite long! Ninety days! This is unbelievable.

Shirley went up to the third floor, headed to the study, and found that the lights were off. She couldn’t help but wonder if he was in his bedroom. It was not appropriate for a girl to go to a man’s bedroom this late at night!

She took a deep breath and pushed open the door to the man’s master bedroom. To her surprise, there was no sign of the man in the bedroom with dark gray walls.

However, she could hear the sound of water coming from the bathroom. She suddenly felt awkward. Was this man planning to have her massage him after he took a bath?

She grew up in the base, where she had seen many shirtless men and never felt embarrassed, but why did she feel uneasy. doing it for Zacharias?

At that moment, the bathroom door opened, and Zacharias came out wearing only black pajama pants, exposing his full chest muscles and tight abdominal muscles.

Shirley's breath became a bit chaotic. Did this man really not consider her as an outsider?

Was she allowed to watch this for free?

"Mr. Flintstone, do you want to wear something?" Shirley suggested.

"No," he said while using a towel to dry his hair. His usually neat hair was now disheveled on his forehead, making him look a few years younger.

After drying his hair, he draped the towel around his neck and casually lay on his large gray bed. Shirley took a deep breath and walked over. She reached out and began massaging his shoulders to relax his neck and shoulders.

"If the pressure is too much, please let me know, Shirley said while focusing on the task at hand.

After all, it wasn't a shameful thing; many people paid for massages outside.

She diligently massaged the man's shoulders and back by utilizing her knowledge of massage techniques to apply the right pressure in accordance with the muscle structure, aiming to provide relaxation.

His back muscles were indeed well-defined and strong. Each muscle held hidden power. It was no wonder he had such good physical prowess; he didn't cut corners when it came to his exercise routine.

"Go lower, Zacharias said in a husky voice. Shirley stopped her hands at his waist. Did he really want her to go lower? No. She couldn't do this; she didn't want to behave indecently.

"Mr. Flintstone, it's very late. You should rest early!" She stopped and covered him with the blanket. Also, the temperature of the air-conditioning is a bit low; be careful not to catch a cold."

After saying that, she turned and left.

Zacharias lifted his head, propped his chin with his hand, and watched the departing girl. Beneath his sharply defined brow, his thick eyelashes cast a shadow on his face. His usually piercing and intimidating eyes now carried a hint of disappointment.

His body was no longer calm; there was a clear reaction below his abdomen.

Shirley returned to her room before covering her chest and exhaling. Her heart was also in a mess. What kind of job was this?

She came here to be a bodyguard but ended up being a personal maid. She was willing to do any work, but she really didn't want to do things like what she just did.

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After all, only both of them were in the room. Even though she was resolute and didn't have any inappropriate thoughts about him, if it were someone else, like a girl who had long admired him, such as Corinne, the situation just now might have taken a different and more passionate turn! Wasn't this man afraid of damaging his reputation?

Yet, Shirley hadn't thought about one thing-not every girl was given that kind of treatment, as she was the first girl Zacharias allowed to be close to him. Early the next morning, she went downstairs to make breakfast for him. She opened the refrigerator and found everything she needed. In the end, she picked two corn cobs, cut them, and boiled four eggs.

She also warmed a pot of milk while waiting for him to come downstairs. Around 8.00AM, Zacharias came down in a classic black suit. When he sat at the dining table and saw the breakfast Shirley brought him, his pupils visibly contracted.

"Is this my breakfast?" he asked. Shirley nodded. "Yes. Just make do with it for now. I'm still learning how to cook."

He picked up an egg and cracked the shell while she handed him a cup of milk. "I have recipes upstairs; go find them yourself. If you want any ingredients, have Roy bring them in."

Shirley nodded. "Okay! I'll definitely learn well."

After he finished his portion and left, she sat down to have her breakfast. Time passed quickly, and it was already noon. Zacharias had lunch outside and would return for dinner. All day, Shirley watched cooking videos while studying more earnestly than when she was in school.

She even made a weekly meal plan and listed the menu for each day. Tonight, she would cook dishes based on what was available in the refrigerator.

Due to the early winter season, the days were short in the evening, and darkness fell around 5.30PM. She saw a beam of car lights approaching and immediately opened the door to greet them. Roy opened the car door, and Zacharias stepped out with long legs. He looked visibly fatigued.

"Imogen, Mr. Flintstone is tired today: take good care of him," Roy instructed before leaving.

Shirley followed Zacharias inside, and the warm room prompted him to take off his suit jacket. She took it from him and then went to prepare a cup of tea, which she placed on the coffee table in front of the couch.

Although it was chilly outside, the indoor atmosphere exuded a sense of stability and peace. Zacharias had been on his feet all day, dealing with various visits and appointments. He was indeed tired now.

"I'll prepare dinner right away," she said to him. He held up the teacup. "Are you sure you can cook?"

"I can." Shirley was very confident; she was a fast learner. The man nodded. "I'll take a shower. You can start making dinner."

She got busy in the kitchen, chopping vegetables and preparing ingredients. After an hour, she brought out four dishes and a soup, and the aroma of food filled the air. She succeeded.

The man had also come downstairs. He wore a deep V-neck casual gray sweater, emitting a lazy and sexy vibe. Shirley invited him to the table. "Mr. Flintstone, dinner is ready."

Zacharias walked to the table, looked at the four dishes, and nodded. "Not bad. It looks delicious."

Shirley smiled proudly and felt a great sense of accomplishment. She served him a portion and half a bowl for herself. Zacharias picked up the first plate, which was the pork chop. Shirley stared at him with sparkling eyes while awaiting his evaluation.

"Hmm! Tastes good," he affirmed. She also tasted it and found it quite delicious. She hadn't expected to learn cooking while interning here, but it was a worthwhile experience.

Zacharias looked at her captivating big eyes, which were constantly fixed on him like a child eagerly seeking approval.

"You did well tonight." He praised her. Shirley secretly breathed a sigh of relief. It felt really satisfying to be acknowledged.

"Well... I'll try to cook even better in the future," she said with a smile. Zacharias also smiled inexplicably, as at this moment, he thought of a certain situation-one resembling the interaction between a newlywed couple.