

Chapter 385 You Violated My Trust

In the afternoon, Waylen headed to the company.

The weather outside was chilly, so Rena decided to stay indoors.

Instead, she called for Ruth to come to the house.

Ruth drove over and, upon arriving at the luxurious villa, she was greeted by a smiling servant. "Mrs. Fowler is in the study on the second floor. Miss Powell, please go and have a chat with her," the servant said.

Ruth nodded in acknowledgment and was led inside the villa.

Her mood suddenly shifted the moment she entered the luxurious villa once again.

As they ascended to the second floor, the servant knocked on the study door and announced, "Mrs. Fowler, Miss Powell is here."

Rena's voice emanated softly from within. "Invite her in," she said.

The door opened, revealing the elegantly decorated study.

A set of dark green leather sofas sat beside a French window, evoking an air of opulence. Just the sight of it made Ruth feel as if it were all quite costly.

Rena was seated there, wearing a floral dress, her long brown hair cascading down her back.

She exuded a mature and alluring aura.

Ruth couldn't help but think of Waylen when she saw Rena in such a light.

Yet, at this moment, Ruth didn't dare to entertain any inappropriate thoughts.

As she was sizing up Rena, the latter lifted her head and offered a warm smile. "I'm glad you could make it. Please, have a seat," Rena said kindly.

Ruth took a seat across from Rena but felt somewhat reserved.

Rena turned to the servant and instructed, "Prepare a cup of coffee for Miss Powell."

As Ruth sipped her coffee, she still couldn't shake her unease.

Ruth had a favor to ask of Rena.

She had initially worked for Aline, but Aline had a strong dislike for her and frequently caused problems.

After taking a deep breath, Ruth couldn't contain herself any longer. "Aline is quite adept at flattery. She has managed to gain favor with several prominent individuals, and she constantly makes things difficult for me. During the last event, I nearly found myself in an embarrassing situation."

In truth, as long as Ruth was willing to cozy up to those influential figures as Aline had wanted, she might have been able to avoid these troubles.

However, since joining Rena's company, Ruth aspired to be an upstanding person and was no longer inclined to engage in such activities.

Upon hearing Ruth's words, Rena gazed thoughtfully outside the window for a moment.

Outside, the snowflakes were falling gracefully once more, casting a serene, wintry blanket over the landscape.

Rena extended her slender finger and traced a delicate path on the frosted windowpane. "We've had quite a bit of snow this year," she remarked.

Ruth was a bit puzzled by Rena's sudden mention of the weather.

Rena's eyes held a tranquil composure, masking her thoughts. She continued in a softer tone, "Even though you work for me now, there's no reason you can't still keep her pleased."

However, Rena didn't elaborate further.

She simply retrieved two tickets from within a nearby book and offered a warm smile. "These are tickets for next week's F1 race. I've heard the racers are young and handsome. I believe Miss Hanson would appreciate them."

Understanding Rena's unspoken request, Ruth nodded in agreement.

But Rena didn't want to say too much. She just asked softly, "Are you willing to help me?"

Ruth thought for a few seconds and nodded firmly.

Rena beckoned Ruth closer and whispered confidentially in her ear.

Ruth was genuinely taken aback by the audacity of Rena's plan.

Rena appeared so fragile, and Ruth hadn't expected such a bold move from her. Still, Ruth believed that individuals like Aline, who harbored malice in the entertainment industry, were destined to face consequences sooner or later.

Ruth lingered a while longer.

The sound of a car approaching the yard heralded the arrival of joyous children.

Before long, Alexis and Leonel scampered upstairs.

Alexis dashed into the baby's room and gently awakened the peacefully slumbering Marcus. She touched his face with her cold little hand and said, "Marcus, it's time to wake up."

Marcus let out a cute cry.

Alexis placed a gentle kiss on his rosy cheek and attempted to cradle him.

Leonel frowned. He reached over to inspect Marcus's diaper and proclaimed, "He's wet himself."

Alexis exclaimed, "Oh, Marcus, you've wet yourself again!"

She looked expectantly at Leonel.

Leonel quickly but gently turned Marcus over, removing his soiled pants and replacing them with fresh ones. In the midst of this, he wiped Marcus's bottom with a damp tissue. While attending to these tasks, he whispered to Alexis, "Marcus isn't a doll, you know. You need to be gentle with him."

Leonel then proceeded to give Alexis a mini-lesson on diaper changing.

"Did you get it?" he asked.

Supported her chin with her tiny hand, Alexis beamed and responded, "Leonel, I have you to help me, don't I?"

Leonel shifted his gaze towards Alexis and, with a faint blush, turned his attention back to Marcus.

Once the diaper change was complete, Marcus was carried over to Rena by Alexis and Leonel.

"Mom, Marcus is hungry," Alexis informed Rena softly.

Rena, who knew Alexis inside out, responded without missing

a beat.

Alexis had taken on the role of a mother to Marcus, treating him as her little one during their make-believe games. Rena calmly prepared a bottle of milk and fed it to Marcus.

Meanwhile, Leonel was engrossed in his book, quietly turning its pages.

Alexis, however, wished to join in the care of Marcus. Leonel gently tugged her towards him.

He urged Alexis to read alongside him.

The scene was one of quiet and familial beauty, and it left Ruth feeling deeply moved.

As Ruth departed from the villa, she couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for Rena, who, at such a young age, was left to care for the children. Yet, upon reflection, she realized that Rena had made this choice herself. Rena had wealth, ample free time, and a husband who loved her immensely.

Two days later, Ruth crossed paths with Aline at a wine party.

Aline swiftly had someone make sure Ruth had a bit too much to drink.

Ruth's agent glared at the portly man beside Aline but refrained from voicing his anger. He assisted Ruth in making her way to the restroom.

Ruth ended up vomiting considerably.

It was a miserable sight.

Aline stood before the mirror, leisurely applying a fresh coat of lipstick, all the while wearing a wicked grin. "It seems you're facing quite the hardship after betraying me, aren't you, Ruth? You know, I truly wished to make you popular, to see you become a star. But you decided to rely on Rena."

Ruth turned on the tap and splashed cold water on her face, attempting to sober up.

Once she had regained some semblance of sobriety, she croaked in a hoarse voice, "But consider what you asked me to do. Waylen is not a man I can manipulate."

Aline's lips curled into a seductive smile as she leaned against the wall, producing a long, slender cigarette. Her allure was undeniable.

Thoughts of Waylen crossed her mind.

He was not one to easily indulge in casual affairs with other women, as though his heart belonged solely to Rena.

Aline had never encountered a man quite like him.

She exhaled a delicate smoke ring and spoke softly to Ruth. "Ruth, as long as I'm around, I'll make your life difficult."

Ruth's eyes were tinged with red.

Aline's smile widened. "All because you chose the wrong person to rely on. Rena may have a powerful background, but she lacks ambition and won't invest much effort in your development. Ponder this. What future do you have working for her?"

Ruth appeared deep in thought.

Aline patted Ruth on the shoulder and remarked, "Give it some more thought."

With that, Aline turned and walked away.

Ruth hesitated and called out to Aline, "Miss Hanson."

Aline felt rather pleased with herself.

Ruth slowly wiped her face, and then fixed her gaze on Aline. "I betrayed you before. If I want to return to your company, I must

make significant contributions and regain my honor. That way, others will genuinely accept me back."

Aline was taken aback by Ruth's unexpected determination.

"I know you wish to invest in a play, but you are lacking startup capital."

Aline's interest was piqued. "Are you saying you can secure investment for me?"

Ruth shook her head.

Seeing Aline's disappointment, Ruth quickly added, "But I do have a way to become wealthy."

She smiled and retrieved a VIP ticket to an F1 racing event from her handbag. Lowering her voice, she revealed. "There are insider secrets about these races. The person behind the scenes can determine the race's outcome. If we play our cards right, we could make a substantial amount of money."

Doubtful, Aline asked, "Do you have the connections?"

Ruth smiled, her makeup impeccable.

Aline suddenly realized that Ruth possessed both beauty and fame. It wasn't surprising that wealthy men would vie for her affection.

On the day of the F1 race, both Rena and Waylen were in attendance, occupying prime seats in a luxury box.

A box adjacent to theirs belonged to Ruth and Aline.

Aline peered through her binoculars into the distance and asked in a hushed tone, "I placed a small bet on No. 5 racer. You don't think anything will go wrong, do you? Is your information reliable?"

The No. 5 racer was Zack.

Through her binoculars, Aline could see that Zack was dressed in a racing suit and helmet, and his handsomeness couldn't be concealed.

Aline mused, "He's quite young."

Ruth provided some context. "He's the only son of the Carson family, but he's married."

Aline found it disappointing initially but quickly brushed it off.

After all, she believed that most men were prone to infidelity.

Noticing Aline's thoughts, Ruth whispered, "He's not the type to have affairs. A few of his teammates meet your criteria. I've heard that the No. 8 racer is quite the playboy and has a way with women. How about introducing him to you later?"

Aline, with her extensive dating experience, had a high libido for her age and wasn't overly choosy.

Aline smiled, a silent agreement between them.

The competition commenced, and the atmosphere was tense. As Ruth had predicted, Zack, the number five racer, took the lead.

Zack's teammate, No. 8, closely followed in second place.

Observing the man's lithe figure and muscular legs, Aline murmured, "I've won nearly ten million dollars on this race, thanks to you, Ruth. You truly impress me."

Besides the wealth, she even got the chance to get to know a young, virile racer.

It was a temptation Aline found hard to resist.

Ruth, clad in a white coat and dark sunglasses, nonchalantly played with her delicate nails. She commented casually, "It's no big deal."

Aline regarded Ruth with newfound respect.

Following the race, there was a celebratory party.

Among the attendees were not only the racers but also club owners and celebrities from Duefron.

Of course, Rena and Waylen received invitations as distinguished guests.

Aline crossed paths with Rena.

"Rena!" Holding a glass of wine, Aline greeted her with a smile. "I didn't expect to see you here. Are you a racing enthusiast too?"

Rena appeared composed, her smile faint.

"I came out for a bit of relaxation. Miss Hanson, why are you here? I heard you were subpoenaed in connection with a murder case the other day. It's surprising that you'd be interested in attending a competition amidst such involvement."

Aline's expression shifted slightly.

Nevertheless, she maintained her composure and responded, "To those with pure intentions, everything appears pure."

As Rena appeared poised to continue, another woman approached them and began, "Miss Hanson, we..."

But she seemed somewhat embarrassed.

It was Ruth.

Rena regarded Ruth with a slight furrow of her brow. "You're still associating with Miss Hanson?"


Ruth hesitated to respond.

A disapproving look clouded Rena's face. "Ruth, you signed up with my company, yet you're still in contact with Miss Hanson..."

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You've violated my trust."

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
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