

## Don't Beg for Love Chapter 471

### A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 471

Mrs. Potter originally did not understand why Rickard would fall for Hesper. In fact, Hesper's appearance was considered ordinary, so if she and Rickard were to stand next to each other, they probably would not make a perfect match.

Needless to talk about her background, Hesper was only an ordinary designer.

But Hesper had a unique quality that could not help but attract others' attention. She was a solemn and sincere lady, so much so that even Mrs. Potter had taken a liking to her, let alone a man.

"You should grab some well-deserved rest for now, Ms. Rivera. I'll take my leave first."

"Okay."

...

On the other side of things, Rickard was standing in front of the gate of the grounds of Daybreak, and his hawk-like gaze was fixed on the slowly opening gate.

"Yo, what's brought you here, Mr. Duval?" Riley covered his face and chuckled. "It seems that we still haven't figured out the extent of your ability, Mr. Duval. You actually managed to find it here."

Myriade stayed behind Riley, glancing at Rickard as if she was facing a formidable enemy.

"Did you really think I was only joking with you before this?" Rickard took a step forward. "Hand over the person who made a move on Hesper, as well as the mysterious doctor. I'm not interested in the rest of Daybreak."

"If that's the case, what a coincidence, Mr. Duval, that the person who assaulted Hesper Rivera is no longer a part of Daybreak, but we'd be more than happy to offer you the doctor and his apprentice."

Riley waved his hand, and two men in white coats slowly walked out from behind him.

“...Julian?”

Rickard frowned.

Ever since Hesper left Genecity and went off-grid, Rickard tried to look for her through Julian, but he never found him either. Unexpectedly, he actually went abroad secretly and became the apprentice of the mysterious doctor.

Julian stood behind Riley, and Riley turned around and smirked at him. The distance between them was not very close, so Riley said in a voice that only the two of them could hear, “Look, now that Rickard is here for your master, fancy a guess? Who does he need your master for? How much painstaking effort and hard work had you put in while working right next to your master before you finally managed to persuade him into offering to help treat Hesper? What a pity, everything you’ve done so far is going to become someone else’s achievement now.”

Julian clenched his fists, but his master had already taken a few steps forward. Although he was an old man who would only treat someone that he wanted to, he had been locked up by Daybreak for such a long time that even if Rickard were to ask him to treat a person who wanted to kill him in the end, he would still agree to the request.

“Professor...”

Professor Miles turned around, grabbed Julian, and made a face at him. “Are you an idiot? Isn’t it better for us to get out of here first?”

“...Are you really going to treat Rickard?”

“He’s going to pay us money and is rescuing us. What can’t be done? Seeing him now, I think he’s someone that fate sent my way.”

Riley chuckled behind him, causing Julian to swallow a huge gulp of saliva. However, his throat was still dry.

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## A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 472

Professor Miles took a few more steps forward, Rickard seemed to know that Julian was in a dilemma. He did not say anything and quietly watched as he walked over.

“How about it, Dr. Zink? Your love rival is standing over there showing off his might. Are you willing to turn all your hard work into a joke?” Riley chuckled twice. “You know, perhaps I do have my own ulterior motive, but after getting along for such a long time, I really care about our friendship. I really can't watch this timid look of yours now.”

“Do you really think I won't know that you only want to use me to deal with Rickard Duval?” Julian sneered. “I know best what I mean to you. That psycho can't come back now, so you should be the person who wants to kill me the most in the world.”

Riley looked at Julian with a smile for a while. “However, Dr. Zink, your actions seem to tell me that a collaboration between us is about to be reached.”

“What are you two talking about?” Professor Miles saw that Julian had not caught up to him and hurried over to grab Julian. “That man, Riley, is a venomous viper, so what are you talking to him about? A person who can create a psycho can only be an even crazier psycho.”

Julian pursed his lips. “Yes, professor, you're right.”

“Alright, you must've suffered a lot during this time too.” Professor Miles pulled Julian. “These people only wanted to heal someone's leg, yet they actually created such a huge ruckus. Geez, they almost killed me back there.”

‘Heal someone's legs?’

Julian lowered his gaze without others noticing it.

‘It's obvious that I've been doing research in neurological drugs while being held captive at Daybreak. I thought they separated Professor Miles and me only to put pressure on both of us. I didn't expect that our purposes in the organization are completely distinct.’

“You're the doctor who texted me earlier, saying that you're able to treat leg injuries, aren't you?”

Professor Miles had rejected at least hundreds if not thousands of patients before this, and he had long forgotten about the patient who wanted to get his legs treated. However, in terms of leg injuries, he might not have had the confidence to make such a promise before, but after the past few months in Daybreak, he dared to put his reputation on the line and claim that no one would know better than him.

“That’s right, and it’s all thanks to you this time around, Mr. Duval.” Professor Miles smiled and dragged Julian to the front. “This is Julian, my apprentice and also my assistant. I’m old now, so I’ll need Julian’s help in many places.”

Julian looked straight at Rickard, and Rickard nodded to Professor Miles as if he did not see him at all. “You can name anything that you want. As long as it’s within my power, I’ll definitely help you achieve it.”

“Okay, of course.”

He thought about what Rickard might say to him, but Julian never thought that Rickard would ignore him directly as if they had never met before.

“Okay, let’s leave this place first.” Rickard turned around. When his gaze landed on Julian’s face, he seemed to have paused for a split second, but he did not say anything in the end and got into the car with Professor Miles.

“Mr. Duval, please do come again next time—”

Julian turned his head around and took a glance at Riley, who blew a kiss and winked at him.

After getting in the car, Rickard requested, “Please hand your cell phones over to us first, both of you.”

“Why? What right do you have to take our phones?”

Professor Miles looked back at his apprentice who had always been taciturn and down-to-earth. He did not know if it was an illusion, but Julian seemed to hold a strange attitude towards Rickard. Perhaps it was hatred, but it did not quite resemble that.

Rickard gave the man next to him a look then closed his eyes and went to rest.

The person hurriedly explained with a smile, "There's a computer genius working for Daybreak. You just escaped them, so it's inevitable that your cell phone might be monitored. We brought some special equipment with us. We'll run a full inspection on both your phones."

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### A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 473

Professor Miles nodded. He knew about this and had reminded Julian before.

"Then how do we know that you're only checking to see if there are surveillance devices in our phones and not stealing our personal information?" Julian sneered. "I'm afraid we might've gone from one kidnapper to another."

The person in charge of welcoming them smiled when he heard the words, and then explained bluntly, "In a sense, we saved you only because you happened to have been captured along with your master, not because we needed you. If you don't believe in us, you can get out of the car now. However, any electronic equipment that hasn't been inspected won't be allowed to come with us."

"You—!"

"Please do understand the position that we're in."

Julian looked at Rickard.

'Such a blunt warning is obviously something that Rickard would say. He would only pretend to be calm and magnanimous in front of others, but in fact, he looks down on me deep down. This was already the case when I was living in the Duvals. He was always on the top, while Hesper and I were just troublesome and inferior people who were brought back by Mr. Duval Sr. because of his sympathy. Deep down, Rickard has never thought highly of us.'

"Okay, Julian." Professor Miles could also see that Julian and Rickard had some old grudges, but he never liked to get involved in any form of love and hatred. In his world, only freedom and money could get his attention. "Hand

your phone over to them. Mr. Duval has already rescued us, and we're in his hands now. Why would he need to turn to such petty tricks?"

Julian pursed his lips in silence and only handed his phone over after a while.

"The patient's leg injuries are very serious. So if you can, it'd be better for you to start treating her tomorrow."

Julian and Professor Miles handed over their cell phones, and the jammer in the car was then turned on. Only then did Rickard take out Hesper's file and a photo of her legs out of his suitcase, and handed them to Professor Miles. "Her injuries were caused by a fall from a great height almost five years ago."

"A fall?" Julian scoffed.

Rickard glared at him and then looked at Professor Miles again. "You told me before that these can be treated, but I also know that her current condition is way worse than before. I wonder..."

"It can be cured." Professor Miles took the documents from Rickard's hands, and his hair, which had not been taken care of for a long time, looked a little unkempt. "Your timing is really just right. If anything were to happen to these legs again, it'd be too late for me to do anything."

Hearing this, Rickard breathed a sigh of relief, and continued, "She may not be very cooperative during your treatment... I'll briefly tell you about the situation when the time comes. Just make sure that you'll heal her leg, please."

"She might not cooperate?" Professor Miles looked at some recent cases and clicked his tongue twice. "She's indeed not very cooperative. These pictures show me that our patient isn't even thinking about keeping her legs. They're already so serious and she's still not using a wheelchair. She even has the guts to take up vigorous exercise?"

Rickard frowned.

'Sure enough, just as I thought, Hesper hasn't been using her legs for anything healthy during her time in Fredonia.'

“If the patient doesn’t cooperate, it might be difficult for me to heal her, but what I can guarantee is that I can heal these legs. I’ve been out here treating people for so many years, and I rely on my reputation to make a living.”

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## A Spoonful of Sugar: Don’t Beg for Love Chapter 474

Rickard nodded. “Don’t worry, I’ll definitely get the patient to cooperate with you as much as possible... In fact, she really hopes that she can recover from the injuries too.”

“That’s good.”

Rickard turned his head and sighed indistinctly.

‘I currently have no way to directly reveal my identity, and I can’t tie Hesper down and force her into receiving treatment. What’s more, if Hesper were to know my true identity, she might not want this treatment. Although I was a little impulsive and have brought them back, how should I bring this up to her?’

...

On the other hand, Hesper felt that her health seemed to be getting a lot better, so she asked Pennleigh to help bring her laptop to her home.

“Me... Me?” Pennleigh seemed a little flattered. “Okay, I’ll send it to you right now.”

“Mr. Pisano.” Hesper frowned, feeling a little helpless. “Were you listening to me just now? I just told you that I have a check-up in the morning, and you can just send the things over in the afternoon. Mr. Sanchez has some jobs to tackle in the neighboring city, so I can only trouble you with the task.”

Pennleigh came back to his senses and nodded. “I’m sorry, I was in a daze just now. Okay, then I’ll go over at noon. Perhaps I could also bring you something to eat? I can buy you whatever you want.”

“I can’t eat a lot of things now. The doctor said that my wounds are still inflamed. Plus, the housekeeper next door has been getting every meal arranged for me each day.”

Hearing this, Pennleigh asked tentatively, “Haven’t you met your neighbor? He’s been treating you a little too well, isn’t he? He sent you to the hospital and is taking care of your meals.”

Hesper seemed to be taken aback for a split moment, then frowned and nodded thoughtfully. “What you said is correct. I must thank him properly the next time I see him in person.”

Pennleigh was silent for a moment, then said after a while. “Okay, you should get some rest. I’ll deliver the laptop to you later.”

“Thank you, Mr. Pisano.”

Hesper hung up the phone in a rather formal manner, leaving Pennleigh anxiously thinking about what Hesper’s neighbor was thinking.

‘According to Hesper, she hasn’t even met her new neighbor yet. Even if he has overflowing sympathy, it seems a bit too much for him to help her to this extent, right?’

Thinking of this, Pennleigh pondered for a moment and finally decided to use the opportunity to take a good look at this mysterious neighbor of hers.

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The group got out of the car, and Rickard said, “The patient lives just next door. If possible, you two should try not to let her see you living here before I introduce you to her.”

Looking at the villa in front of him, Julian frowned. “Why would Hesper come to Fredonia?”

These words were obviously directed at Rickard, who finally looked over at him.

‘I still remember him, Julian Zink. I also remember that I once suspected Hesper because of him. Hesper valued this brother of hers very much.’



“It seems that it’s time for you to update your knowledge about the outside world, Mr. Zink. The Lanes have completely changed now. Don’t you know this?”

During the period of being imprisoned, the news that Julian had access to was strictly monitored by Daybreak, and of course, the news about this incident was not allowed to get through to his cell phone.

Julian turned on his phone, and after an inspection, all the news that was previously intercepted was uploaded back onto his phone.

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A Spoonful of Sugar: Don’t Beg for Love Chapter 475

After going through what happened during this period of time, Julian’s brows became more and more tightly creased. “Is Hesper okay now? How could the Lanes do this to her? How is this different from kicking down the ladder? How can they just hand all the projects that Hesper created for them and that made profits to someone else?”

Rickard had no answer to those questions, so he shook his head, did not say anything, turned to Professor Miles, and said, “She’s still in the hospital now. Someone is taking care of her and will supervise her during this time. It’ll take about a week before she’ll be back.”

Rickard was now the client and benefactor who controlled everything, so Professor Miles nodded. “Of course.”

They were standing in front of the door when a voice sounded from the side out of the blue.

“Rickard Duval?”

Seeing Rickard turn his head back, Pennleigh strode up to him and stood still right in front of Rickard. “Perfect, I was still wondering why there would be such a kind-hearted person in the world. How can you lie to Hesper?”

Julian took a glance at the strange man in front of him, while Rickard did not say anything. He only motioned the people around him to bring Professor Miles and Julian in first and then gazed at Pennleigh.

“Me lying to Hesper?”

Rickard looked straight into Pennleigh’s eyes. He was different from Pennleigh, as his demeanor was a lot calmer and more mature. “I can heal Hesper’s legs, ensure her safety, and at the same time, not affect her life... This might be a lie, and I might pay the price for this matter, but in my opinion, it’s much better than a child who can’t even muster the courage to admit that he has feelings for her.” Rickard lifted his gaze. “If I’m not mistaken, Hesper doesn’t even know you like her, does she?”

Pennleigh hated it whenever others thought that he was immature, but Hesper had always treated him as a younger brother too.

“You... You know that I like Hesper?”

Rickard subconsciously touched the pocket of his jacket, only to realize that it was empty. Because Renfrew had been by his side, Rickard had not lit a cigarette in a very long time, so it was only natural that he did not have his cigarette case with him.

“Mr. Pisano, is love a luxury for you?”

This question sounded a little strange. Pennleigh was stunned by it for a split second, not knowing how to answer.

“Mr. Pisano, just pretend that you didn’t see me today. Otherwise, I might have to tell Mr. and Mrs. Pisano about you dragging a subordinate back home, asking her to play your girlfriend in front of them.” Rickard did not move on with the topic just now and spoke indifferently. “This is how adults deal with problems, Mr. Pisano. You won’t be able to stop me this time around.”

...

On the other side, Hesper sneezed.

‘Judging from the time, Pennleigh should’ve delivered my belongings, but forget about my belongings, I haven’t even received a single text message from Pennleigh.’

'Pennleigh has been to my place many times before, so I guess he wouldn't get lost around here.'

Thinking of that, Hesper made a phone call.

'Please don't tell me that I won't be getting the things that I want, and something bad has happened to Pennleigh on top of that.'

After a while, Pennleigh answered the phone. "Hesper, I'm sorry... Something just came up in the studio, so I'm busy for the time being. I've asked my assistant to deliver the laptop and the manuscripts to you."

It was understandable; everyone would be busy at times. Hesper nodded and replied casually, "Okay."

On the other end of the call, Pennleigh seemed to be hesitating for a moment, then sighed. "Aren't you going to ask me a few more questions? For example, whether I've run into something urgent, so urgent that I can't even travel to your place in person to deliver your things to you?"

"...Isn't it normal for the studio to get busy with things?" Hesper took a glance at the caller ID on the phone. "You're Mr. Pisano, right? Why do you feel a little strange today?"

Sitting on the steps in front of Hesper's house, Pennleigh gave a wry smile and sighed weakly.

There was never a moment when Pennleigh realized so clearly that Hesper did not like him at all, and she did not even notice that he was a little into her.

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A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 476

After hanging up the phone, Hesper could not help but feel that Pennleigh seemed to have something to say, but she could not figure out what he wanted to say.

It had always been Hesper's style to leave things that she did not understand aside first, so she turned on the phone and got on with life.

Sometimes anonymity could really help someone avoid a lot of trouble. For example, the new client who contacted Hesper this time around turned out to be Rachael Lane.

Yes, it was Rachael—the Twiggy that saved her back then. Hesper actually felt quite complicated deep down. During the three years when she took over Rachael's identity and spot among the Lanes, Hesper often felt guilty whenever this name appeared, feeling that she had robbed her of too many things. However, she would at times think that all of it was God's will too.

'Matthew must be very happy to have found his younger sister. On the other hand, his fake sister not only lied to him before leaving Emperion but also went completely off-grid.'

Hesper bowed her head and thought to herself. "Perhaps he's already forgotten me."

[Rachael: Are you the designer River A.? I got your number through a friend. I heard that your style is very unique, so I want to drop an order for a dress.]

[Hesper: I'm sorry, if you have any needs, please contact Eustoma instead. I'm in no position to take orders directly.]

Staring at Hesper's indifferent reply, Rachael bit her lip and replied: [I really like your designs, but if I have to go through the studio to make an order, I'll have to wait in a queue. I heard that Ms. Juniper Wight has ordered two sets of wedding gowns from you. I'm her friend, so can't you make an exception for me?]

Hesper frowned as she read Rachael's text.

'Rachael is living in Emperion while Juniper is living in Genecity. How did these two people get in touch and become good friends?'

It was well known that Juniper and Hesper had a bad relationship. Of course, Rachael knew that too; the enemy of her enemy would make a good friend, so she naturally would not miss the opportunity to befriend Juniper.

Although puzzled, Hesper still declined Rachael's request according to the studio's regulations: [I'm really sorry, it'd be better if you contact the studio. I'm just an ordinary designer, so I don't have as many rights and freedom.]

Of course, Rachael did not know much about design, but recently, designer River A.'s works had suddenly risen to fame in the circle, and Juniper has been full of praise for her, which was how Rachael came up with such thoughts.

'How is it possible that the designer herself can't decide what order she takes up? It must be because she knows about my identity and looks down on me. If she's such a designer, there's no need for me to curry favor with her. I'm one of the Lanes. Does she know how many people out there would kill just to kiss up to me?'

Thinking of this, Rachael deleted River A.'s contact information from her phone and then went to complain to Juniper.

Meanwhile, Hesper also felt that what she said just now seemed a little too blunt.

'Rachael is considered my savior, and logically speaking, I don't have the right to make decisions on Pennleigh's behalf, but if I want to skip over a few orders and rush a dress for Rachael first, that's possible too.'

[Hesper: Okay, let me ask the owner of our studio first. If he agrees to it, I can complete your order as soon as possible.]

The moment the message was sent out, a red exclamation mark instantly appeared behind Hesper's text bubble, and it was followed by the sentence: "You are no longer friends with the other party."

Hesper was stunned for a moment.

In her impression, Rachael was still the young lady named Twiggy who would obediently hide behind her and call her Sister Hesper. She did not know that the Twiggy of now was no longer the Twiggy that she knew back then.

"...Fine."

'If I were to want to design a dress for Rachael, I might get myself involved with the Lanes again. And if Matthew were to look into me, it would be equivalent to letting the secret out of the bag.'

'I'm still a little too impulsive...'

Hesper fell into deep thought.

'I wonder how the Lanes have been doing ever since I left.'

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A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 477

'Isaac... He was originally an employee of the Lanes, so he's probably following Rachael around just like how he did with me, protecting her by her side. But I was the one who hired Renee, so will Matthew let Renee stay and continue with her previous job after I left?'

Just as she was thinking, there were two knocks on the door, Hesper lifted her head and saw Pennleigh's assistant and Mrs. Potter walking in together.

"I saw him looking for you at your doorstep just now, so I brought him while I came in."

Lionel gave Hesper everything she needed, took a closer look at her legs, and gave off a slightly worried expression. "I didn't expect your injury to be this serious, Ms. Rivera. And you still planning to work at such times? You're way too hardworking. Ms. Rivera, you might not know about this, but Mr. Pisano was so worried when he saw the situation in your office that morning that he almost called the police."

Hesper indeed did not know that part of the story, and Pennleigh did not tell her about these things either.

Mrs. Potter complimented Lionel and Hesper's employer at this moment. "It seems that Ms. Rivera has a very excellent boss who cares so much about the situation of his employees."

“What?!” Lionel was a little dissatisfied and let off a bitter sigh. “It’s obvious that Mr. Pisano likes Ms. Rivera. He already claimed that he’s your fan when we met in Halwanest, didn’t he?!”

Mrs. Potter stood aside attentively. Hesper was astonished for a moment. “No, you’ve misunderstood, Pennleigh and I are just ordinary friends.”

Lionel curled his lips and said nothing more. “I have to go back to report to Mr. Pisano now. Please rest well, Ms. Rivera. Don’t always think about work. You’re nowhere near your deadline just yet, if I’m not mistaken.”

“Yupe, got it.”

“Wait, Lionel,” Hesper called out all of a sudden. “Is there anything that you need to do in the studio today? And where will Pennleigh be this afternoon?”

Lionel scratched his head. “No, all recent orders have been dealt with, and nothing went wrong in the office before I came here. Mr. Pisano is probably in the office now.”

“I see.” Hesper nodded thoughtfully. “Okay, that’s it. Thanks again, Lionel.”

If Pennleigh knew that he had been exposed because of Lionel, he would definitely regret not going to Hesper’s by himself, but it was too late because Hesper now knew.

‘In hindsight, things sometimes have felt slightly out of place whenever Pennleigh is around, especially when I went to the Pisano manor. Even though Pennleigh didn’t see Rickard, he was able to quickly pick up some of my intimate words. It now feels more like he was expressing his true feelings rather than putting on a façade.’

Thinking of this, Hesper rubbed her temples.

‘How can I overlook so many details? Now that I think about it, everything just makes sense. It seems that I’ve drawn quite some trouble onto myself.’

Looking back, Hesper felt that her relationship with Pennleigh was considered normal. There was only one thing they did together that was out of bounds, and that was pretending to be a couple, but they had agreed upon it in advance.

In Hesper's opinion, love was far less important than what she could hold in her hands now, not to mention that she still had Rickard and Renfrew to worry about.

'It seems that Eustoma is no longer a good way out.' Hesper turned on the computer and thought in a daze. 'I should complete all the contracts on hand and then leave Eustoma right after.'

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### A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 478

Mrs. Potter truthfully reported everything she heard and saw to Rickard.

Rickard was on the balcony, and he happened to be able to see the large open space that sat in between the gate of Hesper's house and the courtyard. He also knew how long Pennleigh had been sitting there.

'I guess he didn't expect that he would be sold out by his subordinate when he's not around.'

Rickard knew Hesper well enough to know that if she were to know about this, she might leave Eustoma after.

'Half of the things that I must accomplish in Fredonia have been done. I've found Professor Miles to heal Hesper's leg injuries, so what's left now is to find out the killer who's been trying to harm Hesper.'

Because Professor Miles had spent a significant amount of time in Daybreak, Rickard tried to extract some useful information from him.

"When I was at Daybreak?" Professor Miles had been imprisoned for a long time, so after getting out of Daybreak, all he wanted to do was to drink a little wine. Thus, with slightly flushed cheeks, he shook his head when he heard Rickard's question. "I only did one thing when I was locked away by Daybreak, and that was to research and learn how to treat leg injuries."

"Leg injuries?"



Professor Miles patted his thigh. “Yes, right here.”

In fact, Rickard still had some doubts regarding his success in snatching Professor Miles back this time around. The whole process just seemed too smooth to be true.

Daybreak had never been known to be a pushover. Rickard had already considered this before he decided to go and snatch Professor Miles. He thought there would surely be a fierce battle.

Rather than saying that he had managed to snatch Professor Miles back, Daybreak deliberately letting them go would be a more accurate claim.

“However, the condition of my patient in Daybreak is more serious than that of Ms. Rivera. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have been imprisoned by them for so many months.” Professor Miles curled his lips. “I don’t think even the best doctor in the world could treat those legs.”

Rickard was not very interested in someone else’s condition. However, the traces of strangeness that had just surged up from the bottom of his heart had calmed down.

‘Perhaps I’m overthinking the situation.’

...

Recently, the most popular designer in the fashion circle was definitely River A.

When Juniper saw Rachael’s complaint, she could not help but scoff.

‘What’s so good about the Lanes? Even the young lady of the Lanes can’t get a designer that I hired without any effort to design a dress for her.’

But the profits that she could gain from being on good terms with the Lanes were enough for Juniper to spend more time dealing with an idiot.

[Juniper: Maybe that’s how things are when a designer becomes popular. I didn’t expect her to be such a person. I won’t work with her anymore in the future.]

On the other side, Rachael was also a little touched when she saw Juniper’s message.

'Ever since I returned to the Lanes, even Matthew hasn't treated me very well. As for the people that work for me, like Isaac and Renee, they don't show me any respect at all either. All they talk about all day is Hesper as if she's the real lady. Juniper is the only one who cares about me. I fully understand why the relationship between Juniper and Hesper isn't good now. Juniper would never befriend someone as hypocritical and vicious as Hesper.'

"Have you finished packing?"

When Carter entered the room, he saw that Juniper was staring at her cell phone and smirking. He frowned unobtrusively, suppressed his expression, and walked up to her. "What are you looking at?"

Juniper sneered and showed Carter the chat records between her and Rachael.

"Look at this fool." Juniper leaned in Carter's arms, gave a faint smirk, and then took a deep breath. "I never expected this to be the case. I'll admit that Hesper is a little smart; at least she's much more difficult to deal with than the current Rachael Lane."

Carter gave her temple a peck, but his face that reflected in the mirror looked solemn.

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A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 479

"We're going to be married soon. At such a sensitive time, it's better not to go out and offend the Lanes," Carter said. "Matthew isn't someone that we should trifle with. If he finds out that you badmouthed his sister and looks into the both of us, that's it. We're doomed."

There was not even a slight hint of hilarity in Carter's voice, so Juniper restrained herself, then refuted angrily after a short while, "Why are you so fierce? Of course, I have a sense of proportion, so why are you so worried?"

"You aren't even afraid of Rickard, so why would you be afraid of Matthew Lane?"

Juniper turned her head around and realized that Carter's expression had not softened at all. Instead, he lowered his gaze, and there seemed to be a trace of threat in his tone. "Listen to me. Don't act rashly and do something out of our plan."

Juniper was speechless. She then withdrew her gaze and nodded obediently. "I know, don't worry."

Only then did Carter give a faint smile. He rubbed Juniper's head. "Good girl. I'll wait for you outside. Pick up your pace and pack quicker. We have to see guests later."

Watching Carter leave, Juniper's expression became slightly colder. She then looked at herself in the mirror and gnashed her teeth.

'He had such a deep affection for me before, I actually thought that he had changed for the better because of me. I didn't doubt him even once. Not until the moment I found out that he was actually having an affair with another woman.'

Juniper had never hated someone so much before.

'He gave me hope of being loved by someone and then smashed it into smithereens. He wants to marry me only because I'm a suitable candidate. If it had been another woman who was sent to his room that day and she suited his taste, he would've accepted her too.'

After being exposed by Juniper, Carter actually took it even further by bringing other women directly back into his house. He even caused Ariana to fall ill because of anger. And that was when Juniper regretted her decision and asked Carter what it would take for him to let her and the Wights go.

In the end, Carter's request was for her to marry him. Juniper agreed.

After going through so much, Juniper understood that only the money that she possessed was real. All the pledges of love were only little tricks used by men to deceive women.

'Getting married to Carter will give me everything I want except love.'

Someone abruptly knocked on the door. Juniper lowered her fatigued gaze. "Mom?"

Ariana walked in, looked at Juniper's appearance, and said in distress, "If you don't want to marry Carter, I'll find a way for you to escape this marriage. You're my precious daughter; there's really no way that you've degenerated to this level."

"What are you talking about, Mom?" Juniper smiled, and the ambition in her eyes lit up in flames. "I refuse to believe that I can't achieve what Hesper has accomplished. Do you really think that Carter will be able to go back and forth with me?"

"Juni..." Ariana had watched as Juniper jumped into one fire pit after another, but she failed to stop her each time along the way.

Thinking of the previous agreement that she had with Hesper, Ariana walked out of the room and looked down at her cell phone anxiously.

She had been sending some news to a number that was saved on her phone as Hesper-Fredonia all this time, but Hesper had not replied to any of them. She had also heard about the changes that took place in the Lanes, but she continued to hold onto hope.

'Hesper, if that day ever comes, I hope you can let Juniper go.'

...

Hesper's legs had returned to their previous appearance. As for the fever that she got from exposing herself to rain, it was nothing to her.

After packing up her things, Hesper would be discharged from the hospital.

"Thank you so much for your care during this time. I'll surely make some food for you in the future. Hope you'll like it." Hesper looked at Mrs. Potter who was helping her pack up and thought of Wendy.

Although Mrs. Potter and Wendy were very far apart in age, they were both very competent when it came to taking care of people.

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## A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 480

Mrs. Potter was a little flattered. She had been a housekeeper for many years, and it was very common for others to look down on her because of her profession. Someone who could communicate with their help as they would with an ordinary person could be considered a very well-mannered employer. As for someone like Hesper... She had never met one yet.

"It's just my responsibility. If you want to thank me, then you can thank my employer." Mrs. Potter smiled and handed over the completed forms to Hesper. "Congratulations on your discharge."

...

After lying in the hospital for a week, it felt like her bones were about to crumble.

Fortunately, she did not completely delay her work. She had finished designing Juniper's wedding dress, and all she needed to do now was to wait for the proofs to be produced and then hang them onto the mannequin. With that, her project with Juniper would come to an end.

Hesper walked into the yard and saw the roses that had been placed by her in the yard before.

'They haven't been taken care of for a whole week.'

Hesper walked over, squatted down, looked at the fresh roses that had maintained their color from before and could not help but feel that something was wrong.

'The flowers sold by this kind of florist will be cut fresh in order to look good, which means that there's no way that these could continue to survive. Their owner can only find ways to prolong their lifespan. But these flowers are still as good as new.'

Although she could not figure it out, Hesper did not take it to heart.

'It couldn't be that a sympathetic, young girl saw that my flowers were already wilting, so she went to buy another bouquet and left it in my yard, could it?'

Thinking of this, Hesper could not help but smile then bent down and picked the flower up from the ground.

'The vase that I found before isn't really worthy of such a bouquet. I should go back and find a classier vase for them.'

Rickard watched as Hesper brought the roses into her house from the balcony. She seemed very delighted, so he was relieved.

Although he had managed to rescue the previous bouquet, it had still been a week, and most of the petals had already wilted. Hence, he had no choice but to buy a new bouquet and left it in the vase before Hesper came back.

"Mr. Duval, Ms. Rivera's condition is relatively stable now. I asked the doctor before she was discharged from the hospital. It's completely fine for her to receive any form of treatment now." Mrs. Potter came over and saw Rickard secretly watching Hesper again, but she was not surprised by his actions.

Rickard nodded. "Okay, thank you for all you've done over this period of time."

"...You're welcome." Mrs. Potter could not help but chuckle. "I don't know if you've noticed, but you seem to have become more and more like Ms. Rivera."

Hearing this, Rickard was astounded for a moment.

Mrs. Potter could not help but say, "Although I don't know what kind of past you and Ms. Rivera share, after getting to know you over this period of time, I can see that you love Ms. Rivera very much, so don't do something that you'll regret for the rest of your life."

Rickard stared at Hesper's courtyard and muttered after a while, "What if she doesn't want to forgive me...?"

'Love and an apology that came three years late? They might be worthless.'

---

The proof came out very soon; Hesper completed all the finishing touches of the wedding dress one day in advance.

Although the two wedding gowns were made for Juniper, they had different meanings to Hesper, as this was her first time making wedding gowns.

In her wedding with Rickard back then, the form was far greater than the content. She had not even had the chance to choose the wedding gown for herself, so her memory of that part was a little blurry.

“I might have to hand these to Juniper without getting anything in return,” Hesper muttered.

At this time, someone knocked on the door. Hesper responded, then stood up, and went to open the door.

“Hesper.”

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