

## My Wife is a beautiful Officer Chapter 430 - Chapter 430: Grace

### Chapter 430: Chapter 430: Grace

Luke sped toward the countryside where they locked up Paul Du. His face was cold and aloof, eyes fixed on the road ahead. No one could see through his poker face.

This was the first time he'd been unable to protect Edward, and now his boss was badly injured. He felt both concerned and frustrated. He blamed no one for it but himself, his own carelessness.

He had thought that these few days would be peaceful, so he hadn't taken precautions. Yet, things happened. He made the most foolish mistake as a bodyguard -- being careless.

"Boss! You're here! How's Mr. Mu?" An underling came forward and greeted him just when he stopped his car.

"He's alright. Has the guy confessed?" Luke asked, his tone cool but also a bit mad. He was angry that his people hadn't arrived at the scene in time last night.

"No, he's still in a coma. We don't know whether he's really unconscious or just faking it." The man answered timidly while keeping an eye on Luke's expression. He was trying to suss out Luke's mood right now. Was Luke sullen or about to hit the ceiling? He could only tell that Luke was definitely not in a good mood.

"Have you ever thought of waking him up?" Luke stopped, turned around and cast a cold look.

"Well... We thought you want to interrogate him yourself, " The man replied inconsistently. Luke's eyes were so intimidating that he even lost the ability of talking smoothly.

"What? Is this your first day or...I don't know. You can't even handle such a minor thing?" Luke said. His eyes grew even colder. He stared at the underling as if he would blow off his steam at any minute.

"Sorry, boss. We'll do better next time." The underling bowed his head, afraid of meeting Luke's cold eyes.

Luke frowned and felt quite enraged. Maybe he should have given them more discipline and training. They couldn't do anything right. He hadn't punished them for arriving late last night, and now they left him another new problem. Was there a negligence in the hiring process?

Where is he? Take me to him." He had to get everything he needed from Paul's mouth. Edward had given the order. And he wanted to get the job done before Edward woke up, so he must do it quickly.

He's in the basement. Are you going to question him right now?" Luke didn't answer, but walked towards the basement. Maybe it was Edward's injury that made Luke colder than usual.

The underling didn't dare to fall behind, so he mustered his courage and did his best to keep up with his boss.

Boss." The two guards quit chit-chatting and stood up immediately at the sight of Luke. They got nervous when they sensed his somber mood. Their hearts sank, not knowing what might happen.

Wake him. If he's still in a coma, just ditch him in the crocodile pool. We'll chalk it up to you win some, you lose some." Luke ordered after seeing Paul on the ground. If he was faking, they'd soon know. He wondered if Paul would continue to fake unconsciousness after hearing what he said.

Yes, boss." The guards around took action right away. They fetched a barrel of water and poured it on Paul.

The sudden cold water made Paul shiver, which gave away the fact that he was awake.

Quit faking. Just tell me. I don't have much time to waste on you, " Luke said, and sat down on the bench. He looked at him playfully while crossing his legs domineeringly.

"What do you want to know? You have to tell me that at least." Paul asked. He had planned to ignore Luke's questions, but the threat of being fed to the crocodiles made him change his mind.

Don't even try to play tricks on me. You are not ready for the consequences." Luke cast him a disdainful look, then shook his legs leisurely as if he wasn't affected by Paul's denial, not at all.

I know nothing. What do you want from me?" As much as Paul dreaded being thrown into crocodiles, he was more aware of the explosive consequences of telling the truth. So he planned to stall as long as he could.

Laong, cut his hand off. The crocs are hungry, " Luke turned to a subordinate and ordered. It looked like that the man would not tell the truth until he was taught a lesson.

Yes, boss." Laong pulled out the sharp knife from his waist and walked to Paul, smiling evilly. As he twirled the knife, it became more frightening with the reflected light.

What... What do you want to do?" Paul kept retreating, his eyes focusing on the bright knife dreadfully. His voice quivered in fear.

"Nothing. It's just that our boss wants to use your hand to feed our crocodiles."

Laong was originally a gangster. He became a guard only after he worked for Luke. But he didn't forget how to play a villain.

No... Please don't. My hand is not big enough to be an appetizer for the crocodiles." Paul swallowed slobber in fear and widened his eyes at the knife. He was afraid that his hand would be separated from his body in a minute.

"Huh. Turns out you are so considerate to the crocodiles. Okay, then I'll just toss all of you in. This way you're definitely more than an appetizer." Laong put on a wicked smile and began rubbing his knife against Paul's clothes. He ridiculed him with an evil look which almost scared the shit out of Paul.

Wait, wait, wait. I'll tell you anything you want." Paul yielded. The knife never cut him, but he felt like the cold steel had been pressed against his skin. He was scared.

Fuck! You could have told us earlier. You've wasted so much time, " Laong said and kicked Paul as a way to let out his anger. His aggressive look was indeed like that of a street gangster.

Spill it. Tell us how Yakira plotted against Grace, the ex-wife of the president of Ouyang Foreign Trade. This time I want a clear answer." Luke emphasized with a darkened face.

Can I have a cigarette first?" Paul pleaded as he shook away the water dripping from his head, his lips pale. He knew how cruel Luke could be. The other night Luke ordered his men to hang him above the crocodile pool, making him pass out in fear.

Luke consented and cast a look at Laong. His handsome face put on a relieved expression and a victorious smile. In contempt he then looked at Paul who gazed at him in terror. Paul took the lighted cigarette Laong gave to him, took a deep drag on the cigarette and blew a series of smoke rings slowly. Through the smoke he cast a look at Luke, he then revealed the secret that was hidden for years.

Twenty years ago, Yakira, my cousin, couldn't take the fact that she was married to a poor blue-collar worker. So she started working as a prostitute to make more money. She was hired to attend a gathering with Leo and other business partners there. Leo didn't take her seriously. But just like in all the TV dramas, Yakira fell in love with him at first sight." Paul didn't continue until he took another smoke. Meanwhile, he tried to regain his composure while looking at Luke, but his trembling hands betrayed him.

"After finding out that Leo was the president of Ouyang Foreign Trade, she became more obsessed with him. She set up all kinds of coincidental meetings. She even hired a private detective to find out all things about him. That's how she knew that Leo had a sweet family with a cute daughter and a perfect wife. Then she began her plan to turn Leo into her man."

Paul sneered in self-mockery. He would have never agreed to cooperate with Yakira if he hadn't owed the usurer so much money. He had to pay his debt or he would be killed. So he chose the lesser of two evils, i.e. paid the debt and saved his own life first.

But what she didn't know was that Leo loved his wife very much. He didn't even respond to Yakira's seduction and kept a proper distance from her. His coldness worried her so much that she drugged him and faked a one-night stand with him. And this was just the first step."

Paul contributed a lot to this first step. He had used great effort just to get Leo on that bed. Though knowing that Leo was unconscious, he was still quite nervous as it was the first time that he had done something like this.

"You're so shameless. Go on." Luke sneered and ordered. He had met with Yakira and knew a bit about her. Outside, she always put on airs as some noble woman. Who could have guessed that she was so filthy and evil inside?

"Men will be men. After the first one night stand, Leo didn't reject the second time, then the third...He began treating Yakira as his mistress and wrote her big checks without any hesitation. His generosity just confirmed Yakira's calculations about his affluence and massive assets. So she grew more and more unsatisfied -- and greedy."

Paul spat out a puff of smoke and licked his lips. Finally he was calmer than he had been. At least he stopped shivering.

"Give him a cup of water." Luke ordered and frowned. He figured that the story was going to take a while and determined to listen patiently.

But Yakira wanted much more than just being a mistress to Leo. After she hooked up with him, she managed to divorce her husband. Her aim was clear: becoming Leo's legal wife. She implied one way or another that she wanted to become his wife, but Leo kept avoiding her after knowing her intention. It almost smashed her ultimate dream."

This was how Yakira determined to get her hands on Grace. After all, women were easier to deal with. Every woman, whoever she was, however much she thought she could take, would never be fine with her husband's affairs. And Grace was no exception.

## **Chapter 431: Chapter 431: The Murder Of A Pregnant Woman**

"Grace, whose name fitted the person, pure, elegant and beautiful. She was a lady with a classical and aristocratic bearing, as if she were one of the goddesses in ancient times. Yakira was no match for Grace in appearance or bearing. No wonder Leo refused to divorce Grace and marry her instead even after Yakira had pressured him in so many ways."

Paul's mind wandered back to the first time he met Grace. She was like a fairy. He had never met a woman as beautiful as Grace. She was so sweet and tender, whom no one would have the heart to harm. At one point, Paul hesitated, he didn't want to be part of Yakira's evil plan anymore, but this thought had only lasted for a few minutes.

"My cousin Yakira had been jealous of Grace ever since she met her. At first she just wanted to force Grace to leave Leo. But having seen how beautiful Grace was, Yakira knew that she could never compete with her. She was worried that Leo would never get over her even after Grace left him. To get rid of Grace once and for all, Yakira came up with a scheme to cook up a car accident, and Grace would disappear forever from this world, or at least become a vegetable so that Leo would eventually be able to forget her." Hearing this, Luke's brows knitted tightly. He figured Daisy had inherited her mom's genes, although Grace's beauty was beyond his imagination.

"Having felt Leo's indifferent attitude after her last attempt, Yakira stopped pushing him to marry her. She started trying to let Grace know about her existence and cause her to be suspicious of Leo. Then she began carrying out her plan. In the scheme I pretended to be an informant. I called her and led her to the apartment where Leo was cheating on her with Yakira. Sure enough, when Grace got there she saw Leo in bed with Yakira. She collapsed, but said and did nothing but left with a deathly pale face. Everything was going as expected for Yakira. A perfect plan. Leo never knew his wife had been there that night."

Paul drank a mouthful of water. He was scum, but even he had felt guilty when he saw a reasonable, beautiful woman like Grace be suddenly afflicted by grief. However, the skin is closer than the shirt. In order not to be killed by loan sharks, he disposed of his last trace of conscience and helped Yakira become the wife of the CEO of Ouyang Foreign Trade.

"And you sabotaged Grace's car, didn't you?" Luke asked, gritting his teeth. His icy voice sounded menacing and even louder than it actually was in the quiet room.

"How did you know?" Paul looked at Luke in shock. He had made sure everything was perfect. He couldn't believe anybody was able to find any flaw.

"I also know that you used to be an expert in refitting posh cars. You were even faster than the mechanics at Formula 1 World Championship. And the loan sharks put a hit on you because you were deeply in debt through gambling losses. Keep talking." Luke sneered. The file Jonathan had offered recorded details of Grace's car accident, but it couldn't be proved that the device in the car had been sabotaged, because the person

who had done it had considered the car's performance, parameters and even errors during his dirty work. Only professionals could have noticed anything unusual. Paul had covered his trail well and successfully fooled the police. The car accident case had been closed sloppily. But unluckily for Paul, in the Mayfly there were elites at refitting cars too, who had seen through his little game.

"I messed with Grace's car a little when she was upstairs. That night Grace drove away with a sad, absent look on her face. She stepped on the gas and sped all the way just as Yakira and I had expected, because one is liable to lose control over their emotions and become irrational when devastated. Flooring the accelerator, as Grace did, is the most dangerous thing one might do in an unstable mental state."

Paul closed his eyes. He had followed Grace in his car that night. He had been pleased that everything had gone well, just as Yakira had planned. But meanwhile, his remaining conscience had been praying that Grace wouldn't suddenly step on the brake. If she hadn't, things wouldn't have turned out to be that horrible after the car crash. Grace would have been severely injured at most instead of been killed.

"You knew what would happen. That was why you chose that means to take her out, not to mention her child. Did you know about Grace's pregnancy before that night and step up your plans to kill her? Or was that just a coincidence?" Luke's fists were clenched tightly as if he couldn't wait to kill Paul on the scene. An innocent fetus had been murdered even before it was born just because of someone's vicious private agenda. It was unbearably brutal and inhuman. Hadn't they feared that they would meet their end one day for their sins? "Yes. At first my cousin just wanted her to become a vegetable or a cripple. But she changed her mind after she accidentally found out that Grace was pregnant. Because Leo didn't know Grace was pregnant yet, Yakira was worried that Leo might dump her if he knew, so she decided to make Grace disappear before Leo found out about the baby." Paul didn't think he was ruthless. It was a dark, cold world. To live a better life, you had to cash in on someone else's life. Anyone else would do the same thing as he did. After all, who would give up a chance to live? And who didn't want a better life except dumb asses? "You have been living a comfortable life after killing an innocent woman. I have to say you are the most despicable and cold-blooded person in the world." Luke looked at him with contempt. Luke might not be noble, but he wouldn't harm innocent people, let alone women and children. All he handled was dangerous people who endangered Edward.

"Not even close. I have been having nightmares in the past twenty odd years. The dreadful scenes of Grace's car crashing into a big truck kept flashing back to my mind. When she was pulled out of the car, she was drenched in blood. That image has always been part of my nightmares which haunt me every night."

Paul got chills every time when he recalled how Grace had used her last gasp to beg people to save her baby when she hung between life and death. Out of great motherly love, she chose her baby's life over her own, a fetus that wasn't even mature yet. She

knew she didn't have long, but she didn't want her child to die with her. Even Paul was touched.

"Son of a bitch! Piece of shit! You don't deserve to live." Laong kicked Paul angrily. He had never thought of himself as a good person, yet he felt damn good about himself compared with this asshole.

"Then Yakira moved into the Ouyang residence and married Leo as she wished. You also got what you wanted and fled overseas, afraid that your conspiracy would come out one day. For twenty odd years you have been too frightened to come back and never contacted Yakira. But a couple of days ago, your bank account was frozen. You were forced to sneak back. Am I right?"

Luke had never talked so much. He had never been so angry either. He was worried about Daisy. The truth was too much for her. Edward's critical situation had already stressed her out. Luke didn't want to add to her anxiety by telling her the truth. He would wait until Edward was out of danger.

"How did you know all this? Did you freeze my bank account by some trick so you could force me to come back and catch me?"

Paul suddenly realized he had fallen into a trap. He had been wondering how he had gotten caught as soon as he came back. It turned out he had been exposed a long time ago and every move of his had been watched. He regretted trusting in his luck. There was no concealing the truth. It was just a matter of time.

"Evils bounce back." Luke sneered. "You reap what you sow. How did Paul even have the guts to ask you everything, you should let me go." Paul looked at Luke with a pleading expression on his face. He wondered who these people were and why they were interested in a tragedy that had happened many years ago. They looked like neither gangsters nor the police. Had Yakira screwed up and Leo started to suspect the car accident wasn't so accidental? Did these people work for Leo? Had Leo set him up to get a confession?

"Let you go? It's not my call." Luke disdainfully glanced at Paul who was gazing at him with pleading eyes. A sneer flitted over his face. "Since when did hunters free their prey? Maybe Fishermen would, but they were not near any water."

"Who are you people? Did Leo send you over? Did my cousin offend you so you kidnapped me to threaten her?"

Besides Leo, Paul couldn't think of a second person that would be interested in the things that had happened more than twenty years ago. Wait, there had been a handsome young couple whose bodyguard had rescued Grace. But they were just passers-by. They shouldn't be interested in the matter. Furthermore, even if they

wanted to find out anything about it, they wouldn't wait for over twenty years. If it wasn't them, who was it then? Paul was baffled. It was beyond imagining.

## **Chapter 432: Chapter 432: I Only Want The Truth (part one)**

"Leo? Do you really think that he can even notice this? If he could, he wouldn't have been fooled by you and your evil cousin for all these years!" Luke retorted sharply with a sneer, his eyes filled with contempt. He had already given Leo all the reports he had investigated the other day. Leo knew what happened to his late wife and who did it to her; still, he did nothing about it. On top of that, he had the nerve to attend the FX International Group's anniversary party with the vicious woman who had schemed to kill his ex-wife and tortured his daughter. It was obvious that he wasn't convinced by what Edward and Luke told him.

Luke felt that Leo was so stupid and ignorant that he deserved to be set up, but Luke only felt sorry for his late wife, who was innocent the whole time. Luke wondered how Leo would react when he realized that Edward was telling the truth. To be honest, Luke usually had no interest in other people's personal lives, and he didn't like to gossip. However, he was triggered this time because they had hurt Edward's wife. He and Edward were like brothers; he cared about Edward, and so he consequently cared about everyone Edward loved.

"Who else would hold onto this after all these years? Just tell me who you are and what you want from me!" The feel of insecurity and uncertainty sent chills down Paul's spine. He was trembling all over in terror. This man had kept him captive for days. However, Paul didn't even know who the man was and what he was going to do to him.

What I want is quite simple. I only want the truth from you. As for who we are, you'll find out when the time is right. Don't worry, we'll make sure that you'll never forget. Now, just shut up and behave. You've escaped the rule of law once, but you won't get away with it again this time."

Since Edward was injured and unconscious in hospital, Luke had to postpone a lot of things that needed his instructions and permission to carry on. Edward didn't tell Luke how to deal with Paul after he confessed, therefore Luke wouldn't dare to do anything to him yet. Luckily for Paul, he could still enjoy his last few days away from jail before Edward woke up. They had recorded his confession, which was enough for them to send Paul behind bars. The only problem left was how to make Yakira confess her evil deeds.

Man, please. I know I've done something really wrong, and I shouldn't have done that. But I've told you everything I know. So please! Please just let me go. I'll go. I'll leave at once! Go abroad and never come back. You'll never have to see me again. I promise. Please just let me go."



Paul might be evil, but he was not stupid. He knew it clearly that he had messed with someone he shouldn't have. They took all the trouble to take him here and make him talk; now that they had what they wanted, nothing good would come of it. Luke wouldn't tell Paul who he was, so Paul got more frightened. The desperation and fear were gnawing at him and driving him crazy.

Cut the crap. You should have seen it coming when you committed the crime. You want us to let you go? Did it ever occur to you to let go of Grace back then? She was innocent! What had she done to you? Nothing! Yet you killed her for your own interests. You should have known well that karma is a bitch and sooner or later you'd have to pay for what you've done."

Luke was a taciturn man. It was unusual that he would say so many words at a time. However, faced with Paul, Luke was shocked by how evil he had been. Paul's maliciousness had bruised the soft spot on his heart. Luke couldn't help but speak up for Grace, even though he didn't even know her.

"You're committing a crime as well! It's illegal for you to keep me captive against my will!" Paul yelled hysterically, expecting that someone would hear him and come to his rescue. He didn't want to stay at this damp and dark basement anymore.

"Wow. So you know about the law. Do you know what kind of sentence you'll receive for what you did? Execution? Life imprisonment? A slow and painful death with all kinds of torture before you die? Or perhaps I should just throw you into the pond to feed the crocodiles. Which one would you prefer, huh?" Luke asked casually with a sneer as he suddenly gripped Paul's jaw.

"No, no, please. Since I'm a criminal, you should just hand me over to the police." Police interrogations sounded far more better than crocodiles, at least Paul could manage to fight for the chance to live. After all, it had been more than two decades, and it was hard for the police to find any new evidence against him now. Paul thought that there was a good chance that the police wouldn't find anything to charge him and would have to let him go.

"The police? Do you really think that we're that stupid and we'll let you off without paying? Just stay here. You have to pay the price." Luke snorted and threw him to the floor. He wouldn't take Paul to the police until Daisy decided what to do to him. Daisy was the direct victim of what Paul had done. She lost her dear mother and was tortured by her stepmother, Paul's evil cousin, and she should have a say in his punishment.

"You guys, keep an eye on him. Don't let him starve or lose weight. I don't think our crocodiles would like to eat skinny ribs." Luke glanced around the room and told his people, his voice as cold and ruthless as his look.

Yes, boss!" The people in the room replied loudly in unison. Although they were all Edward's bodyguards, they were directly led by Luke. Compared to Edward, they were

more scared of Luke, who was colder. They knew the other batch of bodyguards didn't make it on time to protect Edward last night, and Luke must be furious about that. Although they were assigned to watch Paul here and didn't have to go to the scene, they wouldn't dare upset Luke at this point. Who knew when Luke would punish those bodyguards from last night and whether they would be caught in the crossfire. Therefore, they'd better stay alert for the time being.

Luke turned around and gazed at Paul again with a frown. He then left the basement without any hesitation. On his way out, Luke could hear Paul begging and crying with his trembling voice behind him. Paul kept repeating sentences like 'please let me go' and 'please forgive me'. 'Let go of you?' Luke sneered and thought, 'you wish!' Why would Edward go through all the trouble to force Paul back from abroad and hold him captive to interrogate him if Edward intended to let him off in the first place?

A luxurious Lamborghini soon sped away from the place where they kept both Paul and the crocodiles. The Lamborghini wasn't Luke's own car. He asked a bodyguard to bring a car from the Mu's house for him for temporary use, because he had left his own car in the suburbs last night. Edward was injured, so Luke went to the hospital with him and Daisy in the Armored Fighting Vehicle. Luke wondered whether Kevin had brought his car back. He also wondered whether the necklace Daisy had bought last night was still in the car. It wasn't just some ordinary piece of jewelry. It was said that it once belonged to a noble lady of the Qing dynasty. Although Luke couldn't tell why, he could sense that the necklace was somehow very important to Daisy, otherwise she wouldn't gaze at it as if it was a long lost family heirloom, and Edward wouldn't have spent a fortune to buy it for her.

Time slowly went by, and it was already noon when Daisy woke up. She had slept soundly, perhaps it was because she was too tired, both physically and mentally. When she opened her eyes, she was still in a daze for a second or two. She blanked out for a short while, not knowing where she was or why she was there. She took a deep breath and blinked for a few times, her long eyelashes slightly quivering. As she saw Edward lying on the bed next to her, Daisy's heart stopped for a second and she suddenly remembered everything. Memories immediately flooded into her mind. The fight, the gunshot, the blood oozing from his chest.

What happened last night kept playing on a loop inside her mind. Daisy shook her head and made sure that she wasn't in a dream. Frightened, she reached for Edward's palm. She eagerly wrapped her hands around his palm and even put his palm over her pale face. When she felt the warm and soft touch of his skin, Daisy finally felt relieved. As long as Edward was still alive, everything else wouldn't matter.

## **Chapter 433: Chapter 433: I Only Want The Truth (part two)**

Daisy roughly brushed her hair with her fingers, gently patted her face to sober herself up. She was still dizzy. She had been crying and confessing her love for Edward before she was too exhausted and fell asleep. The doctors and nurses must have heard her, and Daisy felt a little embarrassed to see them now. Therefore, she lowered her head and fixed her eyes on Edward to avoid eye contact with the doctor and asked, "Doctor, how long have I slept? Did he wake up when I was sleeping?"

"Not long, just about three hours. Mr. Mu hasn't woken up yet. But all his signs are stable now. You don't have to worry too much." A man calmly answered her. He looked like a doctor. With his eyes fixed on Daisy all the time, he was actually very excited. He was talking to the most fierce and beautiful colonel in the city ever. She was literally a legend! Were it not for the fact that it wasn't the right time, he would definitely ask Daisy to give him an autograph. His girlfriend was a huge fan of everything to do with the military, and she admired Daisy. When she found out that her boyfriend worked for Tom, who was one of Edward's best friends, she asked him if he could get a chance to get Daisy's autograph.

"Really? Are all the signs really stable? Does that mean he will be okay? I know he will. Why wouldn't he? Anyway, thank you very much, doctor." Daisy cheered up a little. According to the doctor, Edward was doing fine now. Perhaps he would wake up soon. Her heart started beating fast at the thought. She couldn't hold back her excitement.

"You're welcome, Mrs. Mu. Mr. Mu is a man with strong will. We only did what we have to do. It's our job as doctors." Everyone knew that Edward was best friends with Tom, the president of the hospital they worked for. Therefore, none of them would dare slack off; they were doing their utmost to make sure that off; they were doing their utmost to make sure that Edward received the best treatment and care until he was out of danger. They knew this matter was of vital importance. If anything should happen to Edward, there went their careers. They would lose their jobs for not taking better care of Edward. On top of that, once they were fired by Tom, no hospital would dare to hire them, because Tom's name was practically equal to the word 'authoritative' in the medical industry. He wouldn't fire someone without a good reason. And once he did, his decision was final and the person was done for.

"I know you've done a lot. Thank you, all of you." Daisy tried to curl her lips and gave him a weak smile. Her soldiers would secretly call her 'devil instructor' because she was harsh and strict to them during the training. However, apart from that, Daisy was a nice and gentle person. She wasn't arrogant and didn't like to show off her identity as a military officer.

"Who's done a lot, Daisy? Are you talking about me?" Just as the doctor didn't know how to reply, Tom stepped into the ICU. He had spent several hours performing the surgery for Edward, and he was driven back to his office to get some rest by Cynthia just a while ago. He felt refreshed as he had just slept for a short while. Now he looked as gentle and polished as he always did.

You've done a lot, Tom. I couldn't thank you enough. Did you stay outside the ICU all the time?" Daisy was a little embarrassed. She was supposed to keep Edward company and talk to him. She had no idea when she fell asleep. Perhaps she was exhausted because of the gunfight earlier last night, and then Edward's surgery and postoperative complication. Frightened and stressed, Daisy had felt like she was on the verge of breakdown. Later when she knew Edward would live, it felt like all the strength was drained out of her body and she could finally breathe again. She couldn't take it anymore and fell asleep.

"No, I slept for a while this morning. But uncle Jonathan and auntie Cynthia are outside in the corridor. Mrs. Wu has just brought some lunch here for you, they want you to have some." Tom usually spent a lot of time in his lab doing important research and developing new medicines; he sometimes would forget to eat or sleep. However, his body had gotten used to this way of life, so only a couple hours of sleep would help him restore his energy.

"What? When did they come? Why didn't they wake me up?" Daisy was so eager to greet her in-laws that she stood up abruptly as she spoke. However, because she had maintained a posture for too long, her legs were numb and she could barely stand. Fortunately, Tom reacted quickly and held Daisy, otherwise she would fall flat onto Edward's body. Daisy's face grew pale all of a sudden after she realized what had happened. She wouldn't dare even imagine what would happen if she fell on Edward and caused his wound to re-open.

"Thank...thank you, Tom." Daisy stammered as she was still in shock. She immediately turned around to look at Edward and ran her hands over her chest, trying to ease her beating heart. She was scared to death just now.

"It's fine. Let's go. You need to eat something, so you can stay strong and healthy and look after Edward." Tom let go of Daisy and gave Edward a quick checkup. To his relief, everything appeared to be normal. If nothing went wrong and no other adverse reactions kicked in, Edward would wake up on time as he had expected.

"How's he doing? Is he alright? Is there anything wrong?" asked Daisy eagerly. Upon seeing Tom performing checks on Edward, Daisy was frightened again. Until Edward woke up and got better, she might be trapped in a state of endless worry and anxiety.

"Everything is fine, and no adverse reactions yet. I'm just doing some routine checks. You don't have to worry. Just try and relax a bit. You will get yourself sick if you are always this intense. What if Edward finally wakes up and you're ill?" Tom frowned worriedly when he noticed how pale and weary Daisy looked.

"Don't worry about me. I've always been healthy. Trust me, I've been through a lot more. I've trained hard in the army. I can handle this." Daisy hastily tried to prove her strength, but she seemed to forget that she had just recovered from a fever not long ago.

I hope so. Otherwise, Edward will tear my hospital down if he wakes up and finds you're ill again. Tom shook his head with a small smile. Daisy seemed cold and indifferent when they first met. But as he got to know her better, he found that she was actually kind and gentle like a little sister next door, who was lovely and lively.

Is he really that violent? Daisy asked with a frown. She was a little surprised at Tom's words. Then she remembered that Tom did have a black eye last time she had a fever. It was obvious that someone had hit him in his eye. Could that someone be Edward? Daisy suddenly realized that Edward did have a bad temper if he was really the one who hit Tom. How could he just attack his own best friend over trifles? After all, Tom cured her, and he deserved compliments rather than a punch to the face. Daisy sighed heavily and thought, people always say the good usually die young and the bad will live long. Edward you're not really a good man. So please don't die. Please live a long time and stay with me forever.

## **Chapter 434: Chapter 434: A Real Tyrant (part one)**

"I won't say he is violent, but he is a real tyrant." Tom pursed his lips awkwardly. He'd only complain about Edward when he was lying comatose. He definitely wouldn't say anything about him if this guy was awake. He might end up with a black eye and likely a host of other injuries. And he didn't need that. He was a top-notch doctor, and he had no intention to be a poor patient.

Thinking about it, he felt very strange! Everyone else could tease the man, or comment on his faults. But Tom was the one who usually felt the brunt of Edward's anger. Tom was even-tempered, so why was he always the one Edward bullied?

Daisy suddenly twitched her mouth and her mouth trembled a little. She didn't say anything. She turned her head to look at the man on the bed. Though he was unconscious, he still showed his nobility. A shallow smile slowly appeared in the depths of Daisy's eyes at the sight of the man. She then walked out of the door happily.

Tom touched his head and wondered what made her change her mood suddenly. It was the first time she smiled after Edward got hurt. So he turned his head to look at Edward. But he didn't feel anything special at all! He shrugged his shoulders and walked out too. He stopped suddenly when approaching the door and took a look at the medical staff who were staring at him.

"Don't tell anyone else what Mrs. Mu said to Mr. Mu. there will be consequences. I wouldn't risk it." He stepped out after he said this. The medical staff left in the room stared at each other. They reminded themselves in their hearts to keep the secret and not to say anything. Otherwise, they would be fired.

Daisy, are you okay? Is Edward okay too?" Cynthia stood up at the sight of Daisy coming out of the room. She felt relieved to see that Daisy was not so pale as before.

Mom, we're fine. Why are you still here? And Dad, you just donated blood. Why don't you guys get some rest?" Daisy looked at Jonathan worriedly. Though they were not close to Edward, as their daughter-in-law, she was supposed to get them closer to each other and become more intimate. That was her responsibility. What's more, as a soldier, she should set an example.

"It's good to know you're fine. Come and have some soup! Tom, you too." Cynthia greeted Tom when she saw him.

Sure. My taste buds are going to be satisfied today. It's been a long time since I enjoyed Mrs. Wu's cooking last time. Besides, I'm starving." Tom didn't decline the invitation and followed Daisy over there.

Mr. Qin, help yourself and eat whatever you like." Mrs. Wu grinned from ear to ear because of his praise.

Yes. I'll eat everything for sure." That was Tom's personality. As a gentleman, he always displayed his modesty well in front of everyone.

"Mrs. Mu, you need to eat something too! I'll stay here and take care of Mr. Mu." Mrs. Wu cooked many delicious dishes. She asked the bodyguard at home to bring them to the hospital with her, so there would be enough food for them to eat well.

There was a difference between a high-class hospital and a normal one. In a high-class hospital, all the facilities were fully equipped. It not only had a comfortable rest room but also a small dining room. It made people feel very warm. People could relax while taking care of the patients. It's really something a normal hospital could never afford.

Though Daisy had no appetite at all, she forced herself to eat a little in order not to make others worry about her. After all, as a soldier, she understood the importance of bodily strength and eating well better than others did.

"I'm done. Take your time, please." Daisy smiled apologetically and stood up. She was desperate to go back to the room and stay at Edward's side. Although it was only a few steps away from the intensive care unit, she was still uneasy when she couldn't see him.

Why don't you eat more, Daisy?" Cynthia paid close attention to Daisy. So she began to worry when she saw Daisy only ate a few bites.

"Aunt Cynthia, it's okay. It's not good for her to eat too much in situations like this. Or she might get sick. Let her be!" Tom watched Daisy leave and walk towards Edward's ICU. He muttered that maybe she was too worried about Edward to eat much.

Jonathan frowned slightly. Still no expression was shown on his face. He just looked quietly at Daisy as she excused herself, and then continued to have his lunch. But tons

of thoughts had emerged in his mind. He didn't think Edward was wrong to take the bullet for Daisy, and his wife thought the same way. No matter who Daisy was, she was simply a wife in front of his son. As a man, he wouldn't deserve love if he couldn't protect his woman in an emergency. So Jonathan didn't blame his daughter-in-law at all and thought everything happened naturally.

"Colonel." Daisy caught the sight of Mark rushing towards her when she just walked out. She felt a little surprised seeing him suddenly here.

"How did you know I am here, Mark?" Daisy couldn't help regretting it right after finishing her words. Why bother asking? Of course it was Kevin who told Mark where she was. Who else would it be? Although Hawkeye also knew, he would never disclose her whereabouts without her permission. Because for a special soldier, the most vital principle was to keep secret. Therefore, the one telling Mark she was in the hospital must be Kevin.

"Major General asked me to give this box to you. He told me the thing inside is very valuable." Mark took out a box from his briefcase and handed it to Daisy. He looked at her worriedly and decided not to ask about Edward's injury.

It's "A Beauty's Tears Of Blood". Looking at the box in her hand, Daisy paused for a second. How could she forget such an important thing completely? It's because her mind was on Edward alone. Other things were unimportant, and he had a special place in her heart.