

Ambush OTQ 62

Chapter 62 Who Is She

"It's me, of course!" One of the women thumped her chest proudly, "You lost to me!"

"May I ask your name, madam?" Emmeline smirked coldly. "Does your husband run a business?"

"You can call me Mrs. Serge!" The woman said. "My husband owns a big company. You must've heard of Advance Contractors, right?"

"I know," Emmeline said. "Your husband must be Vance Serge then."

"That's him alright!" The woman smirked even more smugly.

"Thanks for making things easy for me." Emmeline took her phone and dialed Benjamin's number.

"Do you know Advance Contractors of Struyria?"

"Yes, Ms. Louise," Benjamin said. "Did Mr. Serge offend you?"

"No, but his wife did," Emmeline replied. "I want Vance Serge and his entire family to be out of Struyria by tomorrow!"

"Yes, Ms. Louise. I'll get that done for you," Benjamin said.

"Also," Emmeline continued, "There's a bridal boutique here that really bothers me. If I remember correctly, they're renting from us. I want it gone before this evening."

"Send the location to me, and I'll settle the rest for you," Benjamin said.

Emmeline ended the call and sent her current location to him.

"Hahaha!" The women and the manager burst out laughing as though they had just heard the funniest joke of the century.

"I didn't expect her to be even more shameless!"

"Does she think she can fool us with that pathetic attempt of a joke? Hahaha! I'm dying!"

Suddenly, the shrill ringing of a phone interrupted everyone's laughter.

It was Mrs. Serge's phone.

While taking her phone from her handbag, she said smugly, "It's my husband. He's probably asking if I have enough pocket money!"

"Tch!" The other women scoffed enviously.

"Hubby!" Mrs. Serge answered with a coquettish voice.

"You b*tch!" The person on the other end of the call was furious. "What have you done this time? I should've divorced you when I had the chance!"

"Why are you yelling at me, hubby?" Mrs. Serge said, aggrieved. "I'm with all of my friends!"

“That’s because you deserve it! Who did you offend this time? My company has gone bankrupt, and we’re forced to leave Struyria by tonight! I don’t have a single cent to my name anymore, and all you can think of is shopping!”

“...” Mrs. Serge’s mouth was agape. She could not speak a word.

Who did I offend? Other than Emmeline, no one else! What can she possibly do? She looks like a poor loser...

A short while later, Benjamin’s subordinates arrived at the boutique and started removing the signboard.

The boutique manager fell sitting on the floor in shock.

Wait, I thought she was lying! How did it turn out to be true?

The other women knew that staying behind would be bad for them, so they wanted to leave.

“Hold it,” Emmeline said coldly. “If you don’t want to end up like Vance Serge, slap the two women at the door on your way out.”

“Ahh!” The women cried out in fear. They dared not talk back.

They did not know for sure if Emmeline was truly the bigshot she claimed, but there was no other explanation for what just happened.

They would rather err on the side of caution.

The women went up to Alana and Alondra, slapped them hard, and hastily ran away.

By the time the women were done with Alana and Alondra, they were sprawled on the floor.

When the two women got up again, Emmeline was nowhere to be seen, and the boutique in front of them was almost vacant.

“Auntie!” Alana sobbed while rubbing her swollen face. “Just who is Emmeline? This isn’t what I expected?”

“She’s only a poor loser, of course. This is all a coincidence!”

“It doesn’t look like a coincidence to me!”

“Who knows, that b*tch might have friends in high places,” Alondra said. “We let her off easy today!”

Alana gritted her teeth. “Hmph! I won’t let you off so easily, Emmeline! You’ll meet your end at the banquet tomorrow!”