

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle 2711-2720

Alice shook her head as she felt like Myra had been acting strange ever since she came back home.

She was the one at fault, so why did she want someone else to come and approach her?

"Alice, why aren't you saying anything? Am I wrong?" Myra watched Luca leave, and her nonchalant demeanor made her furious.

If it were not for Luca, she would not have had to go through all of this.

Alice was afraid that Myra would go up and cause trouble, so she quickly patted her on the shoulder to comfort her. "Okay, fine. She probably didn't recognize you, so that's why she didn't come over..."

"What do you mean she didn't recognize me? That woman treats everyone like this because she has Luke to rely on. Hmph. She's just a mistress. What gives her the right to act that way? Mistresses don't end well because they'll eventually be replaced!" Myra got more worked up as she spoke and started getting looks from passersby.

Alice felt embarrassed, so she hurriedly dragged her to the fruit section. "Myra, come get some fruits with me. There aren't any more fruits at home."

Myra was still looking in the direction where Luca left when Alice pulled her away.

Luca was checking out as she was done grocery shopping.

After checking out, Warren was in charge of carrying the two bags of groceries to the parking lot.

After the two had returned to the car, Warren asked, "Ms. Craw, the woman who knocked over the shelf earlier. Was she the one who yelled at Young Master Tommy and demanded he be expelled?"

He remembered everyone he had interacted with before.

"Yes, you have a good memory," said Luca as she picked up her phone to send a message to Amur, asking him if he was awake.

"The woman was incredibly cocky at the time, so it's hard for me not to remember." Warren recalled what the woman said and found himself speechless.

She was the first person in A City who dared to demand their boss' child drop out of school. She was probably the last too.

As soon as Warren finished speaking, Luca's phone vibrated.

She opened her messages to see that Amur had replied that he was awake.

"Let's go, Warren," said Luca.

"Yes, Ms. Craw." Warren immediately started the car and drove to the apartment.

After arriving, Luca got out of the car with the two bags of ingredients in her hands. She told Warren to have dinner somewhere nearby before going upstairs with the groceries.

When she got to the elevator, Luca bumped into Mrs. Selley, who just came back from walking her dog.

"Oh my, what a coincidence." Mrs. Selley smiled when she noticed Luca approaching. When she saw the two bags of groceries in her hands, she said, "You bought so much."

"Yeah, I'm cooking for my brother." Luca nodded.

"Your foreigner brother is lucky," Mrs. Selley teased, but she was actually not familiar with Amur.

Luca smiled, and when the elevator doors opened on the first floor, she let Mrs. Selley in first.

Mrs. Selley led her pet dog into the elevator and said to Luca, "Come on in. Don't be afraid. My dog won't bite."

Luca nodded and walked into the elevator.

Her dog was very obedient and was just watching Luca from the corner.

Luca asked out of curiosity, "Mrs. Selley, when did you get a dog?"

"Not long ago. Don't you think that this apartment is a bit gloomy and scary? That's why I wanted to raise a dog because I heard that dogs are spiritual and that they can see supernatural things as well as scare them away," said Mrs. Selley as she pulled the leash to bring the dog closer to her.

Luca did not say anything else.

Mrs. Selley sighed again. "Your foreigner brother is quite brave to be living there alone. Sigh, I always hear the movements from your place, and it's terrifying."

"Perhaps it's my brother working out in the house," said Luca as she did not believe in ghosts.

However, she had no intention of correcting Mrs. Selley's thoughts.

The reason why humans would start believing in ghosts was because of the fear inside of them.

Luca was not afraid of ghosts. The thing she feared the most was the man who wanted to hurt Luke, Abel.

"Your foreigner brother is quite peculiar too, isn't he? He doesn't go out a lot, and when he does, he doesn't greet anyone. Are people from your country this rude?" Mrs. Selley asked.

Her relative's daughter had come to visit once, and she happened to bump into Amur.

The young girl immediately fell for him, so she asked Mrs. Selley to help her get his number and also find out if he had a girlfriend.

Mrs. Selley was happy to be the matchmaker. She waited for several days before she saw Amur open the door and got the chance to ask him.

Who knew that Amur would shut the door in her face without saying a word and treat her as if she was invisible?

If Mrs. Selley had not heard him talk to the real estate agent in English, she would have suspected that Amur could not speak the language, which would explain why he ignored her.

"Perhaps he's busy." Luca knew that Amur was not being rude. He just did not want to interact with others too much.

He would not bother forming unnecessary relationships.

Everyone in their line of business was like this. Neighbors would always stay strangers to them. Only then could they protect themselves better.

"Perhaps so, but is your brother seeing someone?" Mrs. Selley asked, seeing that she had not reached her floor yet.

The young girl was upset for a few days straight because she failed to get his number.

She came pestering her to help her again and said that her future happiness was in her hands.

Mrs. Selley was worried that she would not be able to meet Amur outside and that it would be impolite to knock on his door again. Just as she was thinking about what to do, she ran into Luca.

Of course, she could not give up such a good opportunity.

"Huh?" When Luca heard Mrs. Selley's words, she wondered if she was trying to find someone for Amur.

"My beautiful niece just graduated two years ago, and she's working as an administrator in A City. She bumped into your brother on the way out when she was visiting and fell in love with him at first sight. So, she asked me to do some matchmaking. Don't young people like getting each other's numbers and chatting to see if they get along? If he's not seeing anyone, could you give me his number so that these youngsters can get to know each other?" said Mrs. Selley with a smile.

The elevator doors opened, and Luca walked out. "Mrs. Selley, I don't know if my brother is seeing anybody, so perhaps you should ask him yourself."

Mrs. Selley hurriedly dragged the dog out of the elevator. If she could ask him, she would not be this desperate. "Aren't you his sister? How could you not know?"

"We've never talked about our relationships." Luca saw that Mrs. Selley had no intention of leaving. If Amur were to open the door, he would definitely be caught by her.

Luca gave up the idea of ringing the doorbell and put down the grocery bags to look for the keys in her briefcase to open the door herself.

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

"Why don't you ask around? Besides, what does your brother do for a living? I wonder if his job matches the girl's job," said Mrs. Selley. She wanted Luca to help.

Luca felt helpless listening to what she said.

Amur showed no interest in this. Why did Mrs. Selley sound like she had already decided for him?

"It'd be better if you can ask him in person." The moment Luca finished her sentence, she found the key in her pocket. When she was about to take it out and open the door, the door opened.

"I have a crush. You don't have to worry about that." Amur looked straight into Mrs. Selley's eyes with a mask on his face. Then, he took the bag that Luca was carrying and went into the house.

Mrs. Selley was dumbfounded as she remained rooted to the spot. She did not know her voice was so loud that Amur, who was in the house, heard her.

Was the soundproofing of the apartment that bad?

Luca noticed the awkward expression on Mrs. Selley's face. She smiled to ease the situation. "Mrs. Selley, you heard him too. Let's forget about this."

After that, Luca walked into the apartment and closed the door behind her.

Mrs. Selley glanced at her pet dog. It kept quiet while looking at her standing awkwardly outside someone else's apartment unit.

"It's so embarrassing. It's my first attempt at matchmaking," grumbled Mrs. Selley as she quickly walked back to her apartment.

Luca followed Amur to the kitchen. After she watched him put the two bags of ingredients on the kitchen counter, she pursed her lips and asked, "You heard everything?"

"The soundproofing isn't that good. Besides, that woman has a loud voice," answered Amur. He was disgusted at the thought of Mrs. Selley trying to set him up with another woman.

He hated busybodies like her.

"Amur, maybe you can actually think about it," Luca suddenly exclaimed.

"It'd be better for me not to cause any trouble for the others." Amur smiled bitterly. He looked at the two bags of ingredients and turned to look at her. "How are we able to finish all this?"

"I did buy more. You must be waiting for his orders in A City these days. That's why I'll prepare more food to put in the fridge. You only have to warm it when you're hungry." Luca bought some ingredients to make some unbaked pot pies for Amur so that he could have her homemade food more often.

These could be left in the fridge, and they could last for a long time.

"Okay." Amur nodded and helped Luca to take the ingredients out of the bag.

"Why are you wearing a mask at home? Did you catch a cold?" asked Luca. However, Amur sounded alright when she listened to him.

"No..." Amur did not lie to her.

He knew Luca very well. If he admitted that he caught a cold, his lies would eventually be exposed.

"Your face.." The expression on Luca's face became stern. "Take it off."

"It's nothing.." said Amur. He did not want Luca to see his swollen face.

Amur immediately fell asleep when he lay on the bed after arriving at the apartment. He had yet to reduce the swelling in his face. He noticed that the swelling had gotten more serious when he woke up.

"You'll have to take it off while we're having dinner later. Amur, show me now." Luca forced him.

Amur had no choice but to take the mask off helplessly.

"Why is it so serious? Did he hit you?" Luca was talking about Abel.

Amur nodded and reached out to her. "Give it to me."

Luca knew he was asking for her phone. Therefore, she took out her phone and handed it to him.

Amur took his phone out as well and placed them in the bedroom. He closed the door and returned to the kitchen.

Luca had already opened the fridge, looking for something.

"What are you looking for?" Amur asked with confusion.

"I'm looking for a cold compress. The swelling is too serious. You have to apply a cold compress to the swollen area. I remember I placed two ice packs in the fridge last time," replied Luca. She eventually found an ice pack in the fridge.

Luca took it out and handed it to Amur. "Apply it."

"It's cold." Amur frowned. It was icy to apply this on his face in such chilly weather.

"Why are you afraid of the cold? You're a man. Are you even afraid of this?" Luca refused to believe him. She knew how strong Amur was.

Amur had no choice but to take the ice pack from her and apply it to his face.

As Luca began to clean the vegetables, she asked, "Tell me. Why did he hit you?"

Even though Abel was a deceitful person, he would not easily hit others. He would always find a reason when he wanted to do it.

"I broke Pierre's leg," Amur answered in a relaxed tone.

Luca was startled for a moment. Her gestures were interrupted too. "Is that true?"

"Yes. I'm pretty sure about that. Even if he manages to fix it, he'll suffer from the sequela after his surgery," replied Amur. At that time, he unleashed a devastating kick that left no doubt as to his prowess and dominance.

He had violently stepped on Pierre's fragile bones. He could even hear the bones cracking at that time.

"That was cruel. Aren't you afraid that he's going to take revenge on you?" Luca shook her head. However, she did not feel sorry for Pierre.

"No. Let me see how capable he is," said Amur as Pierre and Abel's conversation came across his mind. He reminded Luca, "Pierre is trying to work together with Abel. He wants to spend money to take Luke's and Percy's lives."

Luca frowned. It was understandable that Pierre hated Luke.

She knew why he wanted Luke dead. After all, Luke had ruined a lot of his plans.

However, Pierre actually wanted Percy dead...

They were brothers, but Pierre actually wanted his brother dead. Luke and Louis were more like full brothers in comparison.

"Did he agree with him?" Even though Luca knew Abel's answer, she still asked about it.

If Abel had agreed to it, Amur would not have chosen to tell her now. He would have informed her in the first instance.

"No. He's not planning to work together with Pierre." Amur shook his head.

"Then what made Abel change his mind all of a sudden?" Luca was curious. Abel hardly changed his mind once he had decided to do something.

However, he changed his mind at the last minute.

"He needs money." Amur looked at Luca's hand and came forward. "Let me clean the vegetables. I'll help to clean everything."

"Okay." Luca accepted his offer. After all, they could have dinner earlier if she had someone to help her. She still had to prepare unbaked pot pies after dinner.

"What does he want the money for?" asked Luca. Abel's pharmaceutical company already generated a huge amount of profits for him by selling Shanks's recipe. The products were also launched overseas.

Abel should not be short of money when the Island of Despair had accepted so many missions.

"He's planning to do some arms trade," replied Amur. "He needs cash to invest in the business. That's why he's planning to ask the Mallory family for the ransom. That's what changed his mind. He asked me to kidnap Pierre and send him to the stronghold in X City."

"He's cautious, indeed." commented Luca. Abel usually loved staying in A City. He was worried that the Mallory family would be able to track him down, and that was why he asked Amur to bring Pierre to X City.

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

"Do you know why he chose X City?" Amur shot her a glance and continued to clean the vegetables.

When he first learned that Abel had chosen X City as the final destination, he was surprised.

After all, their base was usually in A City.

Luca picked up a slice of beef and placed it in the mixer. After she pressed the blending mode, she answered Amur's question, "Well, if it's just the Mallory family that bothers Abel, he wouldn't have much reason to choose X City. But what if it's a joint investigation by the Crawford family, the Mallory family, and the Holston family into Pierre's kidnapping? If Pierre is still in A City, he can be easily found."

"Three families? How do you know that the Crawford family and Holston family are helping the Mallory family?" Amur frowned. He knew that Percy, Luke, and Jim were close friends.

However, Percy and the Mallory family had fallen out, so how could the Crawford family and the Holston family help the Mallory family?

Nowadays, the younger generation of these three families ruled the roost in the family. The older generation basically did not care about these things.

"Percy can't ignore the Mallory family. Even if he wants to, Nina will convince him not to do so. So, once Percy gets involved in this, the Crawford family and the Holston family will help too," assured Luca.

If Nina knew about this and Percy did not do anything about it, she would definitely talk to him.

She would persuade him to investigate Pierre's kidnapping.

It was not that Nina had forgiven Pierre for what he had done in the past, but she did not want to see Percy drift apart from his family.

"Are you sure about that?" Amur looked at Luca in surprise as she took out the minced beef and started seasoning it.

"Perhaps they're already drinking together tonight," replied Luca. She picked up the seasoning and seasoned the beef.

When she told Luke that she would be having dinner with Amur tonight, Luke said that he would be drinking with Percy tonight.

This was a signal that Luke would be helping Percy.

The three of them were like brothers. They usually had a drinking session whenever one of them needed the help of the other two.

After the drinking session ended, they would reach a collaboration.

Amur nodded, but he felt bitter inside.

Luca had been away from Luke for three years, but she still knew him so well.

It made him inexplicably jealous knowing that Luca knew him inside out.

Did Luca know him that well too? Amur secretly asked himself.

Suddenly, there was an answer in his heart. Luca knew him well, but it was far from the way she knew Luke.

Luca would never have feelings for him that were similar to love.

"Amur." Luca blended the meat again and began to prepare tonight's dishes.

"Yes?" Amur placed the vegetables in the basket.

"I'll tell you some good news if you help me make some pot pies and croissants tonight," said Luca.

"I'm all thumbs when it comes to this..." Amur hesitated. He could help with washing dishes and vegetables, but he was not good at fiddly jobs like these.

It was not that he had never tried before. He learned to make pot pies and croissants from Luca when they were on the Island of Despair, but they came out really bad. Eler was so amused that she laughed at him for a long time.

The shape of the croissants and pot pies he made looked strange. Even Nyla refused to eat them when she saw them. Even though she was told that the fillings and the crust were prepared by Luca, the child was reluctant to have them. She even said that they tasted unpleasant just by looking at them.

Amur never made pot pies and croissants again after that.

"I can teach you. Don't you want to find out what the good news is?" Luca knew what he had in mind.

One or two failures did not matter.

Amur stopped working on these things ever since he failed last time. Still, she needed Amur's help tonight.

"I'd like to..." Amur looked at her side profile. He could not help but wonder what the good news was about.

Was it something about Luke and her?

If that were the case, it would be good news for her. However, it would be bad news for him.

"Will you help me?" Luca glanced at him.

"Okay..." Amur agreed reluctantly.

Luca was preparing dinner at the apartment. On the other hand, Luke, Percy, and Jim entered a private room.

"What wine do you have here?" Jim asked Percy once he sat down on the couch.

He had arranged for tonight's meeting, so he should be serving them some good wine.

"Bring me the bottles of wine I'm keeping here," Percy said to the manager.

"Alright, Mr. Mallory. Do you need some company? We have girls who're good at singing and dancing to entertain our guests," the manager asked boldly as he looked at the three men.

Even though they did not seem to be the type of men who would get involved in scandals and they appeared as though no other women could approach them except for their wives, appearances could be deceiving. Many of them were only trying to keep a good image and reputation.

Still, they took every opportunity to cheat on their wives.

Before the two of them could say anything, Percy replied in a displeased tone, "When have you seen me messing with other women?"

The manager realized he had made a mistake and immediately apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Mallory. I'll get your wine right away."

"What a jinx," commented Percy.

"Tsk, do you always look for a beauty to accompany you every time you come here?" Jim teased.

"I don't come here that often." Percy rolled his eyes. Percy's friend owned the place, and he had only stored his wine here because his friend told him that it would be a good idea to do so. Hence, he simply bought the wine and put it here.

"Why did the manager still make such arrangements, then? Don't worry, you can tell me that you come here often. I won't tell Nina." Jim smiled playfully, insisting on teasing him.

"Shut up. You're not allowed to go home without getting drunk tonight!" Percy knew Jim was notorious for being a henpecked husband. If Scarlett did not allow him to drink, he would not drink.

He would not even walk in a direction other than the one she told him to.

Now, Jim had become one of the most difficult guests to invite to drinking parties in high society. Luke and Percy were the only ones who could persuade him.

Scarlett would not say anything if she knew Jim was going out to drink with Luke and Percy.

"Come on." Jim shot a glance at Luke, who sat quietly beside him. Then, he asked, "Luke, what's on your mind? Aren't you going to say something when Percy is already behaving this way?"

"What can I say?" Luke looked lethargic. He turned down the music in the private room. "How's your mother doing?"

He was asking Percy.

"She's been locked up in her room. The side effects of the medication have passed, so she's calmer now. But she's still worried about Pierre," replied Percy. He had learned this from Mr. Bennet.

"Tsk. Who the hell did Pierre offend?" Jim could not help but ask.

Who would dare to kidnap one of the family members of the Mallory family in A City?

Jim spent the whole afternoon thinking about this. He could not help but reckon that the man behind this must be something else.

Someone who did not come from a privileged family background would not dare to do something like this.

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

Percy felt a sense of helplessness wash over him as they mentioned the kidnapping of his younger brother. He had to wait for Mr. Bennet to gather all the surveillance footage.

They waited in silence for the manager to serve them the appetizer. It was not until the manager had finally left their room that Luke finally spoke, "It's probably him."

Percy arched an eyebrow and picked the most expensive wine bottle, cracking it open. "Who do you suspect?"

"The Island of Despair," replied Luke. The name rolled off his tongue like a bitter pill. It was a name they were all too familiar with.

Percy's expression darkened at the mention of the Island of Despair. When he had first heard about his brother's kidnapping, he, too, had suspected them.

However, he could not fathom why they would target Pierre.

That was why he did not continue thinking about it.

"Pierre bought the bidding document of the T Corporation from them back then. Then, he ended up worse when he tried to take advantage of it. He's been holding a grudge against them ever since. That's why he's been investigating the Island of Despair for a while now. It's just that he just wasn't capable enough to get to the bottom of it," explained Luke. He found some evidence that the Island of Despair had something to do with the stolen bidding document from the information that Percy gave him.

Besides, Luca stole the bidding document. It was enough to prove that it was the Island of Despair who sold it to Pierre.

"But why kidnap him now?" Jim chimed in with his curiosity piqued. "If they want revenge, why not just kill him?"

"They want money, I guess." Luke turned to look at Percy.

"Yes." Percy nodded in agreement, believing Luke's theory.

"But your grandfather is mad at him now. Will he really give them what they want if they ask for ransom?" Jim could not help but ask with curiosity. A few days ago, he was

informed that Old Master Mallory would not help to clean up Pierre's mess. It was Karen who had been dealing with it.

However, there was a lot to deal with, and she was overwhelmed by the extent of it.

That was probably why Karen went looking for Luke when she found out that Pierre got kidnapped. She could not take it anymore.

"Who knows?" Percy poured wine for the two of them. The person he could not figure out the most in the Mallory family was Old Master Mallory.

Old Master Mallory was only concerned about Pierre's affairs now because Karen was mentally unstable.

If Karen were fine, the old master probably would not be bothered about these things.

"So, is there anything we can help with?" Jim picked up his glass of wine and sniffed it.

Although he had not been drinking for a long time, his past experiences told him that Percy had spent a lot of money on this.

The wine stored here was indeed good, and it was basically priceless.

"Let's raid their hideout since it's the Island of Despair that's behind this." Percy narrowed his eyes. He did not expect the organization to behave so arrogantly after they came back.

They went straight to their target, the Mallory family.

It was no different from how they had targeted Luke back then.

However, the person who had the guts to mess with them would eventually end up just like how the Island of Despair ended up back then—wiped out.

Percy drank his wine in one gulp as his expression darkened.

He was not mad at the Island of Despair kidnapping Pierre. After all, Pierre had done many ridiculous things over the years. It was good that someone could teach him a lesson.

Still, he would never allow the Island of Despair to have any inappropriate ideas toward the Mallory family.

Messing with the Mallory family also meant that they were messing with him...

Luke held a wine glass in his hand. The dim light of the private room cast a shadow over his face. "Then let's get rid of them," said Luke.

"I agree." Jim took a sip of wine, agreeing with Luke's suggestion without much thought.

Percy glanced at Luke and asked, "How?"

"Marcos told me that he discovered something lately. We'll be able to make a move once I've confirmed with him," replied Luke. This was initially his own matter. Percy and Jim only came to help.

However, even the Mallory family had been provoked now. No matter how powerful the organization was, they could not let them off the hook.

"In that case, shall we have another round and toast to our cooperation?" Jim raised his glass.

Luke and Percy raised their glasses and clinked them with Jim's glass.

"Thank you." Percy took a big sip of wine. He could not deal with the Island of Despair himself. Only with Luke's and Jim's help would Percy have the confidence to destroy the Island of Despair as they did last time.

"I'm in this too." Luke's voice was low and hoarse. Luca was currently under the control of the Island of Despair. He was also helping himself while helping Percy.

Luca's true identity was Bianca. He could not live without her for the rest of his life.

Jim narrowed his eyes and looked at Luke. "Are you sure it won't affect your family if we take any actions?"

After all, they were all guessing that the organization must have something important on Luca, leaving her with no choice but to be controlled by them.

According to how the impostor Bianca had behaved, Luca might have been given some drugs, which was why she was being forced to carry out the missions assigned to her by the Island of Despair. That was also why she could not tell Luke about it.

"Gale said that before the organization was wiped out, Robert already had people studying drugs that could control people. We're sure that the Island of Despair is already using the drug, judging from what happened to the impostor Bianca back then. Therefore, the Island of Despair must be using the drug to control Luca. Luca would always leave T Corporation or Watson Biopharmaceuticals in the middle of every month without letting my men follow her. She probably goes to meet them to take the antidote," Luke analyzed.

He had already figured it out a long time ago.

"This is difficult. Will she end up like the impostor Bianca if the Island of Despair is wiped out...?" Jim furrowed his brows and paused.

They had to get rid of the Island of Despair, but Luca's life may not be spared if they did that.

Jim did not think that Luke would give up Luca for the sake of the greater good.

"I trust Luca. She'll find a way to develop the antidote," said Luke. He only opened the laboratory to the company's researchers for Luca's sake.

He knew that Luca would be able to develop the antidote with the advanced equipment in the laboratory.

Furthermore, the antidote would be the drug to neutralize the poison that the Island of Despair was using to control everyone there.

Jim and Percy exchanged glances with each other. After a while, Jim asked, "When are you planning to get Luca to confess to you her true identity?"

Luke frowned.

There was no news from Watsons stating whether Luca's research had succeeded or not.

He could only wait for Luca to develop the antidote. Only then could he force Luca to tell him her true identity.

Luca loved him and her children so much. She would not bear to abandon them.

"I'll have to see. Marcos will be traveling to A City. He'll bring us good news," replied Luke.

To express his gratitude for the favor he received, Marcos utilized his influence in Russia to investigate the Island of Despair. To his surprise, his efforts yielded results, though not in the way he expected.

The discovery that was made was not a piece of evidence or a clue but rather a person.

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

He insisted on meeting Luke in person before revealing any information about the Island of Despair.

In addition, Marcos received news about his mother living here. That was why he planned to make a trip to A City. He claimed to the people on his side that he needed to come here to do business, then he would take a charter flight to travel to A City.

"The remnants of the Island of Despair need to be eliminated," Percy said in a sinister tone.

On the other hand, after Luca had dinner with Amur, Amur took the initiative to clean up the table.

Luca took out the dough that had been left to rest and the marinated filling. Then, she walked to the dining room to prepare pot pies and croissants.

Amur sat beside her and watched Luca divide the flour for the croissants and pot pies. He waited to see how she did it.

Luca's fingers were slender. She was skilled when she rolled the dough. It only took a while before a beautifully shaped croissant appeared in her hands.

"You're good with your hands," said Amur. He also understood that he might not be able to do it himself if he had to do this alone.

However, he did not know why Luca insisted on letting him try.

"You can do it too. Come on, give it a try." Luca had already divided the dough for the croissants and handed one of the balls to Amur.

Then, she picked up another ball of dough and taught him step by step how to make it.

After a while, Luca had made a fine-looking croissant, while Amur's croissant looked lumpy and ugly.

Amur frowned while looking at the croissant in his hand. Then, he glanced at Luca. "It despairs me looking at the difference between yours and mine. I'm not good at this."

"Don't worry. It's not like we're selling them. They're edible as long as the crust doesn't break," Luca reassured Amur and encouraged him to make more. "There are still plenty more to make. Help me out, will you?"

"Sure." Amur thought to himself that even if they did not look good, they would still taste good because they were Luca's homemade food.

The appearance might be unappealing, but she still made them. They would taste good.

Amur continued to shape the croissants while Luca began preparing the pot pies.

"What's the good news you mentioned earlier?" Amur suddenly asked.

Luca smiled. She wiped her hands with a tissue and took out a piece of paper from her briefcase. Then, she handed it to him.

"What's this?" Amur looked at the pile of data, confused.

"Just a moment," Luca took out another piece of paper.

She was not sure if there was any surveillance camera installed here by Abel. Hence, she wrote all her good news on this piece of paper.

She handed it over to Amur to read.

Amur took it from her and saw the message on it. He understood why she used such a method to deliver the message. He looked surprised. "Are you serious?"

"Yes, I've spent a long time working on it. It finally worked." Luca nodded. She picked up a wet wipe to clean her hands and continued making pot pies.

"This is the good news you were talking about..." Amur could not believe it. It was as though he was dreaming.

He remembered Luca telling him and his sister that no matter what, she would try her best to help them escape from the Island of Despair when she was about to leave the island for her mission.

However, the brother and sister never mentioned it.

They had all taken the poison, and they knew that they only had a few days to live if they really escaped from the Island of Despair.

Everyone worked hard to complete their tasks to survive. At the same time, they were hoping that nothing would get rid of the Island of Despair.

They would lose their cure without the Island of Despair.

It would be a dead end for them.

At that moment, Amur never thought that Luca would use such a way to help them to escape.

"Why are you standing there?" asked Luca.

"Is this true?" Amur could not believe it. With this cure, he could free himself from the control of the Island of Despair.

All he had to do was figure out how to get Eler and Nyla out.

"It's true." Luca pointed to the two lines of text and told him that the formula could neutralize the poison in their blood. It was just like the previous sample she had collected.

"You're amazing, Luca!" Amur could not help but exclaim.

Luca actually developed the cure on her own.

This was something Abel would never have expected.

Abel thought of using drugs to make them listen to him. Now, Luca had done something they could never have expected.

Amur could not help but feel excited. He never expected that one day, they would be able to free themselves.

"What do you plan to do next?" asked Amur.

They should be able to rescue Nyla and Eler with the antidote and with the help of Luke and the others.

However, Luca's appearance had changed. Even if they could verify her DNA, would Luke really acknowledge her?

"I haven't decided yet. I'll take it one step at a time," said Luca. Luca had too much going on in A City lately, and she did not know what to do.

Hence, they were in a passive situation now.

Rescuing Nyla and Eler would require a more detailed plan.

"Okay." Amur knew what she was worried about.

Developing the cure was an important foundation for their escape from the Island of Despair, but rescuing Nyla and Eler was another challenge.

Luca did not say anything else. After she finished making the croissants and pot pies, she gave instructions to Amul on what to do next.

As Amul listened to her, he suddenly thought that perhaps living with Luca in A City would be a good idea.

Even though he could not be her lover or the one who was closest to her, it would be enough for him to be able to stay beside her and protect her.

With Amur's help, it took Luca about half an hour to prepare the croissants and pot pies.

After placing them in the refrigerator, Luca was worried that Amur might forget to eat them. Thus, she picked up a sticky note nearby. Then, she wrote down the date and how much time was needed to bake them.

"I'm not that old. I can remember what you said." Amur laughed helplessly when he saw her writing the note and sticking it on the refrigerator.

"I'm not afraid that you'll forget about this. I'm afraid that you won't eat well. We have to look ahead now. A better future lies ahead of us." Luca smiled as she looked at the sticky note she had just stuck on the refrigerator. "Remember to eat well and not starve yourself, okay?"

"Okay. Got it." Amur nodded.

Luca cleaned everything up and said, "Also, do remember to inform me in the first instance if he makes a move. I won't interfere, but I have to know what he's up to, okay?"

"Alright." There was no way Amur could refuse her.

"I shall leave first." Luca put on her coat.

"Okay. I'll take you downstairs," said Amur as he picked up his coat.

Luca shook her head. "It's okay. The chauffeur is waiting for me downstairs. Apply an ice pack on your face again. It's still swollen."

After that, Luca walked into the bedroom and picked up her phone.

Luca turned on the screen and found that Luke had sent her a message: [When are you coming back?]

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

[I'll be right back.] After Luca replied to his message, she lifted her head and smiled at Amur. "I'm going back now. Take care of yourself."

"Okay." Amur nodded.

Luca did not let Amur escort her to the lobby, so he walked her to the door instead. As he watched her step into the elevator and heard the doors slowly close, he closed the door.

Mrs. Selley walked out carrying a bag of garbage. She glanced at Amur as though she wanted to ask him something. However, she sighed and shook her head at the thought of what he had said before.

Mrs. Selley gave her relative's daughter a call after Amur rejected her.

The girl could not help but burst into tears after she heard what Mrs. Selley said on the phone.

Mrs. Selley felt sorry for bearing bad news. Thus, she spent some time comforting her before reluctantly ending the call.

She ran into Amur when she was about to take out the trash.

Amur did not bother to greet her and closed the door right away.

Mrs. Selley could not help but mutter to herself, "That was rude."

She headed to the elevator and turned around to glance at the apartment door. Then, she mumbled to herself in a regretful tone, "He's good-looking. Now I know why she can't stop thinking about him. It's a shame that such a handsome man is already taken."

Luca headed downstairs and found Warren waiting in the car.

Even though it was springtime, it was chilly at night. Luca got into the car. The car heater warmed her up.

"Ms. Craw, would you like to go home now?" asked Warren as he turned up the heat in the car.

"Yes. Let's go." Luca nodded, thinking that her children would be asleep by the time she returned to the villa.

As she watched the scenery outside the window pass by, Luca could not help but secretly heave a sigh. Time was not something that could be wasted.

Luca wanted to spend more time with her children, but it seemed like something would always take up all her time.

The kids were growing up every day. Time was slipping away from her...

After they arrived at the villa, Luca got out of the car and headed to the house.

The maid, whom Luca had asked to work here from Crawford Manor, sat on the sofa in the living room.

When the maid saw her, she stood up and greeted Luca, "Ms. Craw, you're back."

"Yes. Where's Lanie and the others?" asked Luca.

"The kids are already upstairs getting ready for bed. They're probably in bed by now," replied the maid.

Luca nodded and glanced at the time. It was late, and the kids were already in bed.

"By the way, Ms. Craw, these are the children's homework. They told me to remind you to check and sign them if you came back first. If Mr. Crawford came back first, they'd want him to check and sign the books. So..." The maid pointed at the stack of books on the coffee table.

It was what the kids had asked her to help with.

"Mr. Crawford isn't home yet?" Luca was not surprised. She sat on the sofa without waiting for a reply. She already guessed that Luke would definitely still be out drinking with Percy and the others.

It was because of Pierre's kidnapping case.

"Yes. Mr. Crawford isn't home yet," replied the maid.

"Okay, I got it. I'll prepare some hangover tea later. If Mr. Crawford comes back and you're awake, ask him if he wants some," said Luca. She was worried that she might fall asleep without knowing when Luke came back.

"Let me prepare it instead," the maid replied immediately.

"It's okay. It's simple enough. Go get some rest." Luca shook her head. Since the maid came to work here, she had been living in the maid's room. Someone would be here to take care of the children in the villa.

"Okay, Ms. Craw." The maid nodded and stood up. "Just call me if you need anything."

"Alright." Luca looked down and carefully checked the kids' homework. The three of them were very focused when they were doing their homework. Luca quickly went through their homework, then she imitated Luke's handwriting and signed his name on the books.

After that, she sorted the kids' books by their names and put them back in their bags. They would be ready to bring them to school the next day.

Luca turned on the garden lights after that. Then, she turned on the night light in the living room. She went to the kitchen to prepare the hangover tea. After preparing it, she made her way upstairs quietly.

She did not return to her bedroom right away.

Instead, she quietly pushed open the children's bedroom doors to make sure they were already asleep before returning to her bedroom.

She lay on the bed after washing up.

She picked up her phone. When she was about to charge her phone, she realized that Luke had sent her a message while she was cleaning up.

[Are you home?]

Luca was a little surprised.

He had arranged for Warren to stay by her side. Even though he said it was so Warren could protect her and drive her to work, Luca knew that Luke did it to know where she was and what she was doing all the time.

However, he asked if she was home now. Did Warren not tell him that she was already home?

Luca replied: [Yes. I'm home. I left a night light turned on for you. I'm going to bed now.]

Luke immediately replied to her message this time: [Okay. I'll have to stay a little longer. Get some rest. Good night.]

Luca looked at his message as the corner of her lips curved into a smile.

[Good night.] After Luca replied to his message, she covered herself with the blanket and lay down on the bed.

...

On the other hand...

Jim watched Luke sit there as he looked at his phone with a faint smile on his face. He tapped the table with dissatisfaction. "What's the point of having a gathering if you're here sending messages to a woman?"

Luke put away his phone, picked up his glass, and sneered. "Are you jealous?"

"I have a family too. Do I have to be jealous of you?" Jim answered disdainfully. He had Scarlet as his wife. He was not envious of anyone.

"It's hard to tell," Luke replied calmly. "Your wife didn't call you."

"That's because I told her beforehand. You don't understand. She trusts me and knows that I'm here drinking with you guys. She won't disturb me. She's just being considerate." Jim took a sip of his wine as he showed off how thoughtful his wife was in front of them.

"Tsk. The guy who used to chant 'long live the bachelor' is now trapped by a woman." Percy went along with it.

Back then, even though Jim had a son, no one knew who the mother was. Jim's parents also hoped that Jim could find a mother for his son as soon as possible to avoid any psychological harm that might result from growing up in a single-parent household.

However, Jim remained carefree, and whenever someone urged him to settle down, he would always say that he preferred being single.

Hence, when everyone thought that Jim would stay single for a long time, Scarlet showed up in his life.

Moreover, they always displayed their affection for each other in front of everyone.

"You don't understand. It's called sweet bondage. By the way, what's wrong with you? Are you helping Luke to tease me? What about Nina? Isn't Nina your sweet bondage too?" Jim questioned him.

"Nah. It's sweet, but not binding. Nina never constrains me." Percy smiled when he mentioned Nina's name. His mood had improved considerably.

"Alright. That's enough," Luke interrupted them. Even though Luca was staying with him now, they still had not been able to acknowledge each other. This made him feel uneasy.

What he wanted was for Luca to stand by his side again as Bianca. She should not have to be afraid of being discovered by the media or being mistaken as a mistress.

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

Percy knew what Luke was thinking, so he patted him on the shoulders. "Once the Island of Despair is eradicated, she can finally be with you for good."

"Yeah." Luke's voice was hoarse, and he was getting dizzy from anger.

It was the anger he had toward the Island of Despair.

The thugs from the Island of Despair were actually brave enough to pick on him back then.

This time, after the resurgence of the Island of Despair, they picked on Luca.

There was no way he would ever let them get away with it!

"Come, let's have a drink. The surveillance footage will probably be sent over by the time we're done drinking." Percy opened another bottle of wine.

His subordinates were drinking in the room next door, and they began investigating Pierre's whereabouts while waiting for the footage to be sent over.

They drank until dawn.

When there was finally a knock on the door, the three of them simultaneously put down their wine glasses. "It's here," Percy said.

Jim turned off the music in the room.

Percy raised his voice and said, "Come in."

Adrian pushed the door open before walking in and said, "Mr. Pierre, we've watched all the footage."

"Did you find anything?" Percy asked.

Adrian shook his head and said, "The only thing we found was that your brother last appeared at the borders of A City and X City. Those people were very slick as they changed vehicles more than once midway. The sun had risen toward the end, and the number of vehicles on the road increased, so it's hard for us to guess which car Pierre was brought into."

Percy raised his eyebrows. He had expected this outcome.

After all, it was the Island of Despair. It took them a great deal of effort to arrest all the members of the old Island of Despair back then, so it was only natural that the new Island of Despair would not be much worse off.

"Would they be in X City?" Luke murmured. Since he was last seen between A City and X City, he reckoned that there was a good chance that Pierre could have been kidnapped to X City.

"Isn't X City your hometown?" Jim frowned.

"Yes." Luke nodded. What he said was true, but there were not many people in X City who could help them.

After Old Master Crawford had secured his foothold here, he did not further develop his business in X City as it was a highland. Other than tourism, there were little to no prospects for other businesses.

Therefore, the Crawford family did not hold much power there other than their reputation.

"If he really is in X City, then it'll be hard to investigate this case." Jim was aware of that fact.

None of them had expanded their businesses to X City, and even the Crawford family had only a little influence there, so there were not many locals they could ask for help.

When it came to tasks like investigation, the locals would always be of much better help than the people they sent over there.

Percy had a sullen look. "The Island of Despair had planned this kidnapping for a long time."

Otherwise, they would not have chosen X City.

Adrian said in response, "There's no guarantee that Pierre's in X City. The car might've disappeared at the borders of A City and X City, but they could be misleading us on purpose..."

"It's quite unlikely.." Jim shook his head as he felt that they would not go to such lengths.

"Since they changed cars midway and even appeared in the surveillance footage, they must be somewhere in X City. Now, we have to find out where they took Pierre, so it looks like we have to send people to X City. Luke, do Gale and Rain have people in X City?"

"No." Luke looked dejected too.

X City was not in T Corporation's development strategy, so he did not have Gale and Rain deploy manpower in X City.

Adrian responded, "If you really want to look for him in X City, we can go there right now, but it'll be hard since we're not familiar with the place. Would you still want to go, then, Mr. Mallory?"

"Did you really not find him in the footage?" Percy looked at him.

Adrian shook his head. "After realizing that Mr. Pierre might have been kidnapped to X City, I even hacked their surveillance system, but I couldn't find anything useful in any of the clips. I don't know what car they changed into, and the resolution of the footage is not great, so it's hard to find him." Surveillance cameras were not like actual cameras that could clearly show the inside of the car.

Moreover, Pierre must have been unconscious the entire ride as he did not even appear in a single frame of the many footages they watched.

If it were not for the fact that there were not many cars on the road when the kidnapper left, it would have been impossible for them to track down the second car they changed into.

"I'll send Gale to X City," said Luke as he picked up his phone to give the order.

Besides, Gale was from the Island of Despair, so he knew how the Island of Despair handled things.

Perhaps, he would be able to find something in X City.

"Mr. Crawford, Mr. Mallory, I suggest calling the police and letting the police from X City and A City help us. I'm worried that Mr. Pierre might be in danger if we're too late," Adrian expressed his thoughts.

Besides, the police would be of much help in situations they were unfamiliar with.

"No." Percy rejected his suggestion. If they were going to call the police in the first place, they would not have let Adrian hack into the surveillance system to obtain the footage.

"Mr. Mallory?" Adrian looked at him in confusion.

Even after the two brothers had a falling out, Percy still asked him to hack into their system to access the surveillance footage. Was he not trying to look for Pierre? Yet, he refused to call the police...

Did he want Pierre to die in their hands?

"Those people don't want to kill him. If they wanted to kill him, they could've just done it at Oswald's place. Why would they go through all that trouble of knocking him out and transporting him with different vehicles in fear of being caught?" Jim slowly explained it to him.

"So, what do they want?" Adrian thought that what he said made sense, but it was beyond his ability to speculate what the other party wanted, so he asked him directly.

"Who knows? Maybe they kidnapped Mr. Pierre to get ransom money from the Mallory family since they're so rich." Jim took a sip of wine and added, "Although Pierre's life might not be in danger, he should still suffer the consequences of his actions. It serves him right for even having the guts to provoke that organization.."

Adrian sat on the other sofa. He was not anxious about what might happen to Pierre.

After all, he was just helping Percy. He did not like Pierre in the slightest bit.

Such an incompetent yet arrogant master like him was bound to suffer.

Percy looked at Luke. "They're targeting the Mallory family, though. Are you sure you want Gale to go?"

"Obtaining a bit of information is better than nothing. Plus, I'm not sending Gale just for the sake of Pierre," Luke told him frankly.

Finding Pierre was secondary.

Right now, all of them thought that the people from the Island of Despair were in X City. Even if the person behind this was not the final boss of the Island of Despair, that person must hold some authority.

Thu, he sent Gale there to get more information on the Island of Despair.

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

"Got it." Percy understood what he meant.

It was already midnight by the time they finished their drinking session.

After drinking, the three had their respective drivers drive them home instead of driving themselves.

Luke sat in the backseat while looking at the bright lights of A City. Even though it was already midnight, the streets were still lively as if the nightlife was never-ending.

"Boss, do you need me to turn up the heater?" Lliam asked faintly as he looked at Luke through the rearview mirror, who was silent the entire time.

"No need." Luke withdrew his gaze and leaned back on the chair with his eyes closed. He drank a little too much today, so he was feeling a little tipsy.

He drank this much not because of Pierre but Luca...

The woman he loved most.

Luke wished that he could just get rid of the Island of Despair for good, but he could not do it yet for the sake of Luca's health.

How long would he have to wait before Luca developed the antidote and escaped the clutches of the Island of Despair?

Lliam's driving was stable, and the road was not busy, so he was able to send Luke back to his mansion in less than half an hour.

After entering the mansion, Lliam opened the back seat door. When he saw that Luke still resting with his eyes closed, he said in a low voice, "Boss, we're here."

Luke slowly opened his eyes to see the garden illuminated with the lights that Luca had left on for him.

The lamps emitted a warm light at night and were a sign that no matter how late it was, there would always be someone waiting for him at home.

Luke wobbled a bit when he got out of the car.

Liam immediately went up to support him. "Boss, let me assist you."

"It's okay. It's getting late, so you should go home. You don't need to get up early to pick me up tomorrow. I'll get another driver." Luke waved his hand and followed the trail of lights into the house.

Liam looked at him worriedly as he wondered if he would be alright after drinking so much.

He just stood there and watched Luke walk into the house before turning away once he was out of sight.

When Luke made it into the house, he took off his coat that was reeking of alcohol and sat on the couch.

The maid walked out after hearing noises, and when she saw him, she asked concernedly, "Mr. Crawford, did you just come back?"

"Yes." Luke leaned against the sofa and planned to sober up first before going upstairs.

"Would you like some hangover tea? Ms. Craw prepared it and said that you should have some when you come back," said the maid.

"Sure." Luke rubbed his swollen temples.

It had been a long time since he last drank so carelessly, so he was dizzy with a headache when the alcohol hit.

The maid brought out the hangover tea and placed it on the coffee table. "Here, have some, Mr. Crawford."

Luke picked up the cup of warm hangover tea and instantly knew that Luca had thoughtfully placed the cup in hot water to keep it warm as the bottom of the cup was wet.

He tilted his head back and downed the soup. Immediately after that, his headache was alleviated.

However, he knew that it was just a placebo effect since Luca was the one who prepared the hangover tea for him.

The warm tea slid down his throat and into his stomach. It made him feel warm and cozy...

"Sir, would you like more?" the maid asked as Luca had prepared two cups of tea.

"No need, you can go rest." Luke stood up and headed upstairs.

He gently pushed open the door to Luca's bedroom and walked to the edge of the bed. He did not make much noise and was about to lie down with his clothes on.

As soon as he tucked himself under the blanket, he heard Luca mumbling, "Luke?"

"Yes, it's me." Luke embraced her.

Luca did not make another sound and quietly fell asleep in his arms.

She could smell his natural scent interweaved with the intense smell of alcohol. It was quite a pleasant smell, and she liked it.

The next day.

After waking up, Luca was about to gently get out of bed when Luke wrapped his arms around her.

"Don't get up so early and sleep with me a little while longer." Luke pressed his head against her as he exhaled his warm breath onto her neck.

Luca's face was flushed.

"I need to get up and prepare breakfast for the kids.." she whispered. The old Luke never liked sleeping in, but Luca noticed recently that the later he stayed out the night before, the more he liked sleeping in the next morning.

"They won't go hungry with the maid here." Luke hugged her tightly.

Luca had no choice but to give in.

Now that the maid was living with them, the kids would have a hot breakfast prepared for them when they get up, so she did not have to worry about it.

Thus, she stayed in Luke's arms.

"I drank with Percy and the others yesterday," Luke said with his eyes closed.

"I know." Luca looked at the window. The sheer curtains partly blocked out the sunlight, but because the heavier curtains were not drawn, some light still penetrated into the room.

She lowered her gaze to look at the hands resting on her waist, and she was filled with an inexplicable sense of security.

"Percy's people found out who kidnapped Pierre," said Luke.

Luca's heart made a big thump.

Percy found out?

Did that mean that Amur was in danger?

She pretended to remain calm as her back was facing Luke. She asked, "So, you know who kidnapped Mr. Pierre?"

"I don't know who specifically, but I know it's an organization, and this organization does all kinds of bad things to get money from people." Luke's voice was slightly hoarse, and he held her even closer.

"I see..." Luca heaved a sigh of relief. Good thing he did not know that Amur was the one who did it.

Abel was in X City right now, so Amur was in A City alone. If Luke and the others knew that Amur had something to do with Pierre's kidnapping, they might pay Amur a visit and cause him trouble.

She knew that it would be hard to choose between her brother and her lover, so she eagerly hoped that both of them would be fine.

"Then, do you know where Mr. Pierre is right now?" Luca asked tentatively.

"We think he's in X City," Luke said. The moment he said that, Luca's body grew stiff.

If she had not been by his side the entire time, he would have suspected that she was involved in Pierre's kidnapping because of her reaction.

"Well, if it's in X City, it won't be easy for you and Percy's people to go find him there.." Luca asked with her eyes closed as she did not want the emotion in her eyes to show although her back was facing him.

He was good at reading people's minds, so if she kept her eyes open, he might actually be able to tell that something was off.

"Yeah, they chose to kidnap him to X City because they think that our people won't go there to investigate." Luke lifted his head to kiss her on the cheek before saying, "No matter what, Pierre won't

die this time."

"They kidnapped him for money, not his life." Luca kept her eyes closed.

Luke raised his eyebrows. If those words came from her mouth, he could almost guarantee that the Island of Despair just kidnapped Pierre for the money.

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

"You're right." He agreed and buried his jaw in her neck.

A wave of ticklish heat washed over Luca, causing her to feel even hotter.

"If they're after the money, is the Mallory family able to pay the demanded amount for Pierre?" she asked.

Pierre had become a disgrace to the Mallory family now. He had caused so much trouble that if it were not for Madam Mallory, no one would be willing to clean up his mess.

Even Old Master Mallory's heart had grown cold toward him.

Would Old Master Mallory really give the money to Pierre if Abel asked the Mallory family for the ransom?

"Pierre can't get into any trouble now," said Luke. Even if Old Master Mallory refused to give the money, he would not just sit there and watch Pierre suffer at the hands of his kidnappers.

However, Pierre must be going through a lot of pain at the moment.

...

On the other hand.

Pierre was still tied to a chair with a dirty, smelly piece of cloth stuffed in his mouth. His right leg was fastened to two pieces of ragged wood, while his other leg was tied to the chair.

He had been in this position all night.

Pierre only moved a little when someone walked into the room. He lifted his head and stared fiercely at the man with ethnic features in front of him.

The man saw Pierre move and laughed. "Well, it's been a night and you're still alive. I thought your life was worth a lot. I didn't think you would survive the night."

Pierre lowered his head again.

The man bent down and drew the rag out of his mouth. "Here. I'll give you a chance to talk."

"Water," replied Pierre. Even though he hated the man and wanted to growl at him, all he had in mind was to quench his thirst first.

"Tsk," the man replied impatiently. He initially refused to talk to him. However, he remembered Abel's orders. He could not let Pierre die. He had no choice but to turn around and pick up an opened bottle of water and hold it up to Pierre's lips. "Drink."

Pierre looked at the bottle that someone had already drunk from and frowned with resistance.

"Still picky, huh? Do you think this is Mallory Manor? I'll count to three. You won't have anything to drink if you refuse to open your mouth," threatened the man.

It was just that people like Pierre were born with a silver spoon in their mouths. They could not do any work. Also, they felt superior to others and looked down on others due to their privileged upbringing.

However, when facing kidnappers like him, were they all not stripped of their pride? Pierre even had to fight for a shot at survival.

Pierre knew he would walk the talk. He opened his mouth weakly and let the man pour the water into his mouth.

Pierre was thirsty. He had not drunk anything that day. As the water flowed down his esophagus and into his stomach, it relieved the burning sensation in his throat.

Pierre initially rejected the bottle of water but was now opening his mouth, wanting more. The man smiled disdainfully. "Tsk. Mr. Pierre, do you know what you look like now?"

Pierre ignored him and only lowered his head after finishing the water in the bottle.

The man sneered, "You look like a thirsty dog. Consider yourself unlucky for offending our boss."

Another man walked into the room as soon as he finished his sentence.

"Yes?" asked the man who just came in.

"Alexsei, why did you only wake up now? You just missed out on a good show. It was interesting to see Mr. Pierre drinking water like a thirsty dog." The man shook the empty bottle in his hand, obviously in a good mood because of what Pierre did just now.

"Kazimir, you'd better not kill him. Otherwise, you won't be able to explain to Boss later," Alexsei reminded him in a low voice. The man in front of him acted as a bargaining chip for Abel to get his hands on his money.

"Don't worry. He's tough. He didn't even make a sound when he got his leg broken," sneered Kazimir.

Alexsei frowned. "Why is his face so red? What did you do?"

"I did nothing. I was kind enough to get him some water." Kazimir shook his head and looked carefully at Pierre's face. His face was slightly red.

Alexsei came forward. He placed his hand on Pierre's forehead to feel his temperature. "It's hot. He's got a fever."

"Come on. It's just a broken leg. How can he have a fever?" Kazimir refused to believe it. He rested his hand on Pierre's forehead too. "Tsk. He's really sensitive. It took me two days to remove the bullet

when I got shot in the leg. I didn't even have a fever. He's too weak."

"Are you assuming everyone is like you?" Alexsei rolled his eyes. He had heard the story so many times that he started to find it annoying.

Kazimir shrugged his shoulders.

"Let's carry him inside. We have to bring his fever down and give him some antibiotics," suggested Alexsei as he untied the ropes that tied Pierre up. Then, he lifted him and grabbed him on his left shoulder.

"Such a hassle," grumbled Kazimir. However, he still came over to lift Pierre and grab his right shoulder.

Both of them were Russians. They were much taller and stronger than Pierre. That was why they could easily carry Pierre to another room.

Pierre looked around the room. It looked like a simple clinic.

"Go get some medicine and give him an injection," said Kazimir.

Alexsei remained silent. He opened a drawer and took a fever reducer and some antibiotics out of it. Then, he said, "Ask Boss if we can keep him in this room."

He believed that Pierre would not be able to do anything if he was locked in this room with a broken leg. It would be fine to keep him here.

Still, he had to consult with Abel for every decision he made.

"Alright." Kazimir left the room.

Alexia mixed the antibiotic and fever reducer and gave Pierre an intravenous injection.

As the needle pierced through his skin and entered the vein in his arm, Pierre furrowed his brows.

"This medicine was specially developed by our organization's doctors. It's a hundred times more effective than the ones sold outside. Your fever should go down quickly after the injection," explained Alexsia.

"How much did that man pay you?" Pierre suddenly asked.

Alexsia raised an eyebrow, but he did not answer his question.

"If you're willing to help me, I can pay you double monthly," added Pierre.

Alexsei sneered.

"Name your price. I'll pay you whatever as long as you can help me to get out of here and be my subordinate!" Pierre clenched his teeth, thinking that he was offering a tempting deal.

He realized that these people were a million times stronger than his subordinates. Therefore, even though they were rude to him, he still wanted to make them his subordinates.

"Forget it, Mr. Pierre. I'd like to stay alive." Alexsia was not tempted.

There was no way they could free themselves from the Island of Despair even if they earned a fortune. Even if they did not take the poison given to them, the organization would still take deadly measures against those who betrayed them.

That was why no one dared to betray the Island of Despair and submit to others.

Pierre shut his mouth embarrassed ly.

Kazimir pushed the door open and said, "Boss said he can stay in this room since his leg is broken. He can't run away. We'll have to take turns guarding the door. Oh, let's take away the dangerous items in this room as well. We can't give him the chance to harm himself. Otherwise, we'll have to bear the consequences."

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

"He values his life too much to commit suicide," replied Alessia as he glanced at the man lying on the bed.

Pierre believed he still had a chance to escape. That was why he would never take his own life.

Kazimir nodded and glanced at Pierre, who looked half-dead. He felt disgusted and asked, "Did you give him a shot?"

"Yes. I used the medicine given by the organization. The man who developed the medicine guarantees that he won't die even if he takes it." Alessia smiled as he patted his companion's shoulder. Then, he added, "Keep an eye on him. I'm leaving to have a cigarette."

"Okay." Kazimir nodded. Then, he pulled a chair and sat down.

"Oh, by the way, he might try to bribe you to help him escape. Don't lose your patience. I'm afraid that you might kill him," Alessia reminded him.

"Don't worry. He's our boss' fortune charm. I won't dare to do such a thing." Kazimir chuckled. He was amused by Pierre's naivety.

It seemed like Pierre had no idea what kind of organization the Island of Despair was even after investigating them for such a long time.

Otherwise, how could he be so naive and try to bribe them?

They had all taken the poison before, and they would not risk their lives to do something like that.

As Pierre lay in bed listening to their conversation, his eyes gradually narrowed, revealing a hint of malice.

Someone took his words as a joke for the first time...

He would not spare their lives if he could make it out here alive.

After Alessia left, Kazimir looked at Pierre and gave a cold sneer.

"Give me some painkillers." Pierre could feel a throbbing pain in his broken leg. He knew that there were different kinds of medicines available here. Hence, he asked for a pain relief shot.

Kazimir remained silent and motionless.

"Are you deaf?" Pierre's voice was hoarse and ominous. Even though he was kidnapped and his leg was broken, he was still himself. He would not easily submit to these people.

"The boss didn't tell us to give it to you." Kazimir leaned against the wall as he sat on the chair. "Do you have any idea how expensive the medicine in our organization is?"

Pierre frowned and replied, "I can afford it!"

"But our boss told us that you've been secretly investigating our organization. Even though you're still useful to us, we can't let you off too easily. Mr. Pierre, you might as well take a breather and wait for breakfast." Kazimir glanced at the time. Alessia should be delivering breakfast soon.

Pierre struggled to sit up on the bed. There was no way he could escape with a broken leg. Thus, he was not tied up either.

He stared at Kazimir with a gloomy look on his face.

Kazimir met his menacing gaze and sneered, "What's with the look on your face? You have a problem?"

Pierre remained silent.

Kazimir stood up and approached him. Then, he slapped him across the face. "What can you do even if you don't like it? Although you're still useful to our boss, I can come up with a reason to break one of your arms since the other guy could break one of your legs. Mr. Pierre, do you think you're still the mighty Master Pierre? If I were you, I'd be on my knees begging for mercy."

As he looked at Pierre's side profile and his injured leg, Kazimir continued to mock him, "Oh, I forgot you have a broken leg. You can't even kneel."

Pierre listened to his taunts and silently clenched his fist.

A few seconds later, Alessia pushed open the door and walked into the room with a loaf of bread in his hand.

He noticed that Pierre had sat up. Then, he tossed the bread onto the bed. "Eat it."

"I need water," said Pierre. He looked down at the cheap-looking bread. Even the maids in his family would not have this kind of bread.

Now, he had to eat it to survive.

"How troublesome," Alessia mumbled impatiently. Still, he walked out of the room and returned with a bottle of water. "Mr. Pierre, our boss said that you'll have to stay here for

two days. You'll be free in two days. So, please cooperate with us and don't try to do anything funny."

Pierre ignored him. He twisted off the bottle cap, took a sip of water, and picked up the bread.

The bread was dry and hard. Even though he was hungry, he found it difficult to swallow.

"The bread is stale," Pierre muttered angrily. Even though it tasted terrible, he had no choice but to eat it. Otherwise, he might not be able to survive until the day he was released.

"Humans are truly complicated creatures. Even though you complain about how stale and terrible the bread is, you're still swallowing it bite by bite. That's interesting. Mr. Pierre, is this what the kids of rich men do?" Kazimir laughed boisterously.

He despised wealthy scions like him the most.

Kazimir stood out from the others on the Island of Despair. He chose to join the organization voluntarily when the others were held captive and brought there.

Previously, he accidentally injured the son of the richest man in the village and made him a cripple.

After the father found out about it, he sought revenge by hiring a hitman to kill Kazimir and his family. Kazimir would have died with his family if it were not for his elder brother who risked his life to protect him.

Knowing that the man would never let him off the hook, Kazimir decided to take matters into his own hands. When he heard that the Island of Despair was holding captives, he willingly entered the village and became one of the captives.

However, his hatred for the wealthy man was already buried in his heart the moment he witnessed the massacre of his family. This was why Kazimir despised Pierre. If it were not for Abel, who kept reminding him not to harm Pierre, Pierre would have suffered.

Pierre suppressed the urge to throw the bread at his face when he heard that.

Alexsia sat on a chair. He glanced at Pierre before asking Kazimir, "Did you hit him?"

"I slapped him. Mr. Pierre still had the nerve to glare at me even when he's in such a situation. I had to remind him that he's just an imprisoned dog now. A dog behaves and listens to what the owner says. He shouldn't be glaring at people like that," Kazimir replied nonchalantly.

Alexsia did not say anything else. "Fine. I'll watch him. You may go out to have a cigarette and have your breakfast."

"Sure. Just beat him up if he misbehaves. Such opportunities don't come often," Kazimir smiled as he walked out of the room.

After the door was closed, Alexsia's gaze fell on Pierre. Then, he said, "No one will mess with you as long as you don't cause any trouble."

"Have I dealt with that man before?" Even though the bread tasted terrible, Pierre quickly finished the bread after starving all day.

"I don't know." Alexsia understood why Kazimir was acting that way, but there was no need to tell Pierre about it.

Other than their boss and Amur, they were the only ones who had shown their faces to Pierre.

There was no guarantee that Pierre would not come after them to seek revenge after they received the money and sent Pierre back.

Therefore, Alexsia would not talk to him or reveal too much information to him.

Pierre looked silly to them.

No matter how foolish he could be, he would eventually find out where they were as long as he had money and power.

It would lead to a bigger problem when Pierre looked into Kazimir's background and found out more about the Island of Despair.

Pierre realized he would not be able to extract any useful information from Alexsia when he noticed how cautious he was. Then, he continued, "Honestly, you should think about what I said earlier."