

Chapter 6 Stupid Woman

The term "honey" almost caught Kian off guard.

Did she choose to unleash herself after achieving her goal?

"Hop in the car!" His tone was low and chillingly firm.

Emelia, however, appeared unruffled. "I've got my own wheels. Just give me the destination, and I'll tail you."

Kian glanced at her with composure, chuckling softly as he rolled up the car window, yet he lingered.

Emelia was perplexed by his motives, and the Cayenne obstructed her way, trapping her.

Attempting to reverse, she spotted several cars speeding toward her, colliding with a thunderous crash.

Her pristine car was immediately transformed into a partially wrecked state.

The moment the cars collided, Emelia leaped out clutching valuable possessions. As she steadied herself, more than a dozen robust men emerged from the vehicles, brandishing baseball bats.

Trouble had officially knocked on the door.

Emelia identified their leader—her uncle, Corbin Murray—a man deeply entrenched in the underworld with a ruthless demeanor.

"Oh, look! There's my niece. Come back home with me!"

The Hewitts appeared to have discovered the stock transfer hiccup and had dispatched these thugs to retrieve her.

"Spare me the family reunion charade. Violence, car crash, kidnapping attempt—seriously? I'm not putting up with this!" Emelia feigned reaching for her phone.

However, Corbin erupted into laughter. "Seems my rebellious niece needs a reality check. Fine, if she's playing hardball, let's go all out. Break her legs and toss her in the car!"

Blood clots in her brain had weakened Emelia's body, rendering her fragile. Concerned for her well-being, her mentor had assigned senior members to supervise her physical training, incorporating self-defense techniques.

Despite her exceptional talent, James Kidd, one of her seniors, pointed out that her body remained fragile and hadn't fully recovered. He had crafted specific medication for her before she departed their hidden mountain base, but it came with the side effect of restricting strenuous physical activity for an extended duration.

Coping with regular thugs wouldn't have posed a problem, but the sheer number of individuals concerned Emelia. She couldn't assure a swift victory. If the confrontation prolonged...

Contemplating an escape plan, Emelia saw the Cayenne's door gradually swing open.

Stepping out with his lengthy strides, Kian's cold and imposing demeanor immediately diffused the tension in the vicinity. "Mr. Murray, what's your game with my wife?"

Corbin looked surprised. "Huh? Your wife?"

Emelia also looked confused.

Earlier, Kian closing the window suggested non-interference. Why, then, did he step forward to halt Corbin?

Confused, she looked up, only to meet Kian's disdainful gaze and his outstretched hand.

His large hand provided an indescribable sense of reassurance.

After a brief hesitation, she placed her hand in his.

Kian sensed the softness of her hand, deepening his displeasure.

How foolish!

He was right there. Didn't she realize she could seek his assistance?

Did she genuinely believe someone like Corbin would heed reason?

How incredibly naive!

"Tell the Hewitt family that Emelia is mine. Anyone trying to mess with her is gonna face the full fury of the Gilbert family!"

Pronouncing this before Corbin and his henchmen, Kian, with the utmost indifference, seated Emelia in the Cayenne's backseat. Upon entering the car, he cast a glance at the battered Maserati.

"Repair that car and make sure it's in pristine condition when you return it!"

As the Cayenne rolled away, Corbin angrily flicked his cigarette butt to the ground, grabbed his phone and dialed a number. "Sis, how the heck did Emelia end up with Kian?"

In the Hewitt family villa, Andy had already dug up some intel. "Mom, Emelia transferred the shares to Kian yesterday!"

