

Chapter 53 A Mysterious Man

"Stop putting on a show! Isn't it precisely what you're after?"

Ines fixed her fiery gaze with unrelenting animosity on Cheryl, her rose lips twitching in a hostile manner. "You manipulated Jarred's emotions with your grandpa's passing on purpose to get his sympathy. Also, did you request your grandfather leave a parting message for Jared, urging him to look after you?"

Cheryl was glued to the spot upon hearing her harsh comments. Blood throughout her body seemed to surge into her head instantly.

Before Ines had a chance to hear back from Cheryl...

A sharp slap landed straight on her face, and its sound echoed throughout the entire hallway. ③

Cheryl's breathing became labored as she let out quick, shallow gasps. Her razor-sharp gaze cut through Ines' body like a knife.

"I can't believe you would say anything like that, Ines. How dare you! The loss of my grandfather wasn't something I could exploit to persuade Jarred. You've just crossed the line!"

Ines's ears started buzzing after she was hit. The stench of blood soon filled her mouth, and her face began to hurt.

Ines clenched her teeth as she lifted her head and flashed Cheryl a murderous glare with her bloodshot eyes. "You have no right to hit me!"

"Well, you deserved it!" Cheryl spoke in an icy tone and gave off an air of acuity as she gave Ines a probing stare.

"Cheryl Naylor!"

Ines bellowed in rage before lunging forward to pounce on Cheryl. She drove her sharp fingernails straight toward Cheryl's face to scratch her skin furiously!

She moved in swiftly for an attack before Cheryl could react. Her hand was about to land on Cheryl, but it only lightly brushed across Cheryl's face, and she felt as if a strong gust of wind swept over her.

"Ah!"

Ines screamed out in agony. A man's hand had got hold of her hand and twisted it behind her back.

Cheryl's eyes widened in astonishment as she glanced up.

Ines was wearing high heels, yet the guy still towered over her by several inches.

He was dressed casually in a black sweatshirt and denim pants. Most of his face was hidden by the oversized hood,

and only his thin chin and pale lips were visible.

He gradually relaxed his grasp on Ines and pushed her aside.

Ines took a few stumbling steps before she clumsily crashed into the wall.

She turned around with rage to look at the tall and imposing guy behind her. Her daunting aura vanished when she saw him, and she glanced aside sheepishly.

"You need to be careful with your words and show respect for those who have passed away. Keep your ridiculous comments to yourself."

Fear gripped Ines as she trembled at the sound of the man's words. His voice was cold and gruff.

Cheryl took a step forward, but the man was already gone before she could thank him. ②

She was taken aback and gazed intently at his retreating body. ②

She was reminded of the person who had rescued her from Chuck's claws the last time. The way he made those moves was somehow similar to that man.

The timing could not be more perfect.

For twice, she would see him just when she needed help the most.

Simultaneously, nurses and security officers hurried over,

brushing past him on the way. They seized Ines and took her away from the scene.

"Cheryl! Your arrogance will be short-lived. Jarred will return to me eventually. Don't throw a fit and start pleading with me when that time comes!" Ines yelled and swore like a crude and unsophisticated fishwife at the market. ②

Cheryl paid no attention to her and instead turned to face the nurse. "Excuse me, but do you know the guy who was wearing a hoodie just a moment ago?"

