

Chapter 562 Go To Hell

Peter's POV:

Nevaeh called me out of the blue and asked me to come to the bar she was in and keep her company.

During her drunken speech, she broke into sobs several times.

When I hung up the phone, I was hesitant for a while, but eventually decided to drive to the bar. Judging by her near incoherent speech, Nevaeh was very drunk. Not only that, she was a drunk woman in a bar alone. The number of things that could happen to her were too high for me to even contemplate. 4

When I got there, I saw many empty bottles on her table. She was in the process of pouring more wine when I walked up to her and confiscated the bottle. "You've had enough to drink."

With tears streaming down her face,

Nevaeh turned to look at me in disappointment. "Why are you here?"

"Who else could it be if it wasn't me?" I asked in confusion.

"I don't want you! I want Charles!" All of a sudden, Nevaeh grabbed my shirt and looked up at me with hatred and determination.

Her reaction pissed me off and I took out my phone from my pocket. When I found Charles' number, I threw the phone on the table.

"Call him now."

Nevaeh looked at the name on the screen and sneered, "Do you think I won't dare?"

"Of course you have the balls. It's not that you haven't called him before." I grabbed her wrist and took her hand off my clothes.

"Peter, don't push me."

"Okay, I won't force you. But you don't come to me again." I put away my phone, turned around and was about to leave. ①

But the sudden pressure on the hem of my

shirt stopped me. I turned and found Nevaeh behind me, her body plush against me as she hugged me tightly from behind. "Peter, don't go. Don't leave me alone."

She grabbed my arm and turned me around to face her. Then she grabbed my collar and stood on tiptoe to kiss me.

Her arms wrapped around my neck and clung to me with all of her strength.

Frowning, I grabbed her wrists and tried to make her let go of me but her grip only tightened.

Still clinging to me like an octopus, Nevaeh bit my lips and I gasped in pain.

My gasp of pain gave Nevaeh the opportunity to stick the tip of her tongue in my mouth to deepen the unwanted kiss.

Vaguely, I saw a figure rushing towards us. Before I could make anything out, I heard the loud bang of something being smashed right before a voice yelled, "Bitch, go to hell!"

The loud clang of a bottle falling to the

floor rent the air a second before Nevaeh's pained scream.

"Ah!" Nevaeh clutched at her back as she fell to the ground after screaming in anguish.

The sudden change caught me off guard. I didn't even have time to react as I watched Nevaeh fall to the ground after a bottle was smashed into her back. Dazed, I turned around and stared at the culprit.

It was Anna.

Standing only two feet away, Anna glared unrepentantly at me, anger and disappointment shining in her gaze. She sneered coldly, turned around and left without saying a word.

I wanted to chase after her, but Nevaeh groaned in pain and fainted in my arms.

Her back was bleeding heavily and within seconds, her white dress was stained with blood. Without a doubt, Nevaeh was seriously injured. Gritting my teeth, I looked in the direction of Anna's receding

figure. Anna and I needed to talk, but Nevaeh's life was more urgent, so I took her to the hospital. 3

At dawn, I was finally able to leave the hospital and headed home.

At the house, I found Anna's slippers in the trash can and Anna's key on the shoe cabinet.

Had she left?

In a fit of panic, I rushed into the bedroom and found that the wardrobe was bereft of all her clothes and she was nowhere to be found in the house.

I took out my phone and dialed a number.
"Is she with you?"

"Peter, I'm sorry. I can't give her back to you," the person on the other end of the line said in a cold and apathetic tone and hung up the phone immediately.

I was rooted to the spot in a daze, and the image of Anna groaning under that man suddenly appeared in my mind. I had a bad feeling in my guts and immediately

called him again.

As soon as the phone was connected, I hardened my voice and threatened, "If you dare to mess with her, I will make sure you die a horrible death."

"Do you think you have the right to say that?" the man sneered and hung up the phone again.

Holding the phone, I slowly crouched down and held my aching head. When I stared around me and saw the empty house, my heart inexplicably ached.

Anna's POV:

Tears blinded my vision as I ran out of the bar in a daze. Even when my crazed run slowed into a walk, I kept looking back, hoping that Peter would catch up with me and tell me that what happened in the bar just now was a misunderstanding.

But he didn't show up at all.

Anxious, I returned to the bar. I was just a few distance away from the bar door when I saw Peter come out.

His face was wreathed in anxiety as he rushed towards his car with Nevaeh in his arms. Seconds later, the car drove away and disappeared into the night.

As the car got farther and farther away, I couldn't help but laugh at myself.

I didn't have a doubt that I was the last thing on Peter's mind right now, but still, I had harboured unrealistic fantasies about him even though I knew we couldn't be together. 6

When I finally accepted the fact that the car wouldn't turn around and Peter wasn't going to come rushing out, searching for me, I left the bar and went to Caroline's house. I was already at the doorstep of her house before it hit me how wrong my action was. Caroline and I were mere acquaintances who have met a few times. We weren't friends or particularly familiar with each other.

But I really didn't know where else to go. I didn't even have someone to talk to.

For a long time, I stood frozen to the spot with my hand hovering above the door. Eventually, I dropped my hand with a sigh. I found a corner by the porch and curled up in it to cry my eyes out.

After a long time, Caroline came back. She was surprised to see me at the door. "Anna?"

I stared up at her, my cheeks red with embarrassment. It was indeed abrupt and inappropriate for me to come here, but I had nowhere else to go.

"Caroline, can you take me in for one night?" I wiped the tears on my face and asked brazenly.

She gaped at me for a few seconds before walking up to me. She held her hand out and I took it. "Come in," she said.

Caroline asked the maid to cook some soup and brought it to me. Seeing the steaming hot soup in front of me, I felt the warmth and acceptance of a family, which was also something I yearned for most. ②

I picked up the bowl and felt a lump in my throat.

Caroline's three kids sat opposite and looked at me curiously. I was sad at first, but when I saw the confused eyes of the three kids, I couldn't help laughing. "Why are you three staring at me?"

"Your eyes are wet. Who bullied you and made you cry? I'll ask Richard to teach the bad guy a lesson for you," James said sincerely. ③

"Really? Will you really ask someone to beat that bully for me?" His words touched my heart and I couldn't help crying again. Even a child could say such heart-warming words, but that person had never said something like that to me.

I suddenly felt a little confused. I didn't know why I should be persistent and relentless for so long. ③

I smiled again and said to the children, "Good kid, you don't have to beat him. I'm leaving and I will never see him again."

James asked curiously, "Where are you going? Can you go to the summer camp with me?" 1

"The summer camp?"

"Yes, he will be in a summer camp for four weeks. He will set off early the day after tomorrow," Caroline explained with a smile.