

## Chapter 540 Choose To Die

Money makes the mare go.

Quintin was aware of this as well. Frowning, he told Rachel, "I'm going to buy a ticket to Apliaria right now."

"Exactly what are your plans?" Rachel lifted her head and fixed her gaze on Quintin's face in the video.

Quintin made a fist. "Bring Wallace back! I just can't bring myself to let him go. I don't think he can escape from the international jail again."

"He isn't capable of doing it. But as long as Odin wishes to guard him, he is able to do so," Rachel said without displaying any emotion.

Upon hearing that, Quintin was at a loss for words.

Her emotions clearly wavered when she watched Wallace on TV, but she seemed to have settled down now.

"Odin's ability to get him out of the jail indicates that he has established an ideal identity for Wallace. The prison may wish to reclaim Wallace, but doing so will be difficult. In addition, he is in Apliaria, and the prison has no authority to extradite him from Apliaria," Rachel explained.

"Shall we just let him go?"

"Let him go?" Rachel closed her eyes, remembering the tortures she endured in jail, the poison she was forced to ingest after her release, and the utmost arrogance and contempt shown on their faces while she was dying. "No, I'm not going to let him go."

Her voice wasn't too loud, but it sent chills down Quintin's spine.

Even though the heater was on, he could feel the cold creeping up his feet.

"Boss..."

"As he has shown no desire to continue living, I shall grant him his request." When she finally opened her eyes, the hatred had left them. She said it in a very measured tone.

When Quintin heard this, he knew Rachel would not be merciful to Wallace.

It was just what he wanted.

When Wallace was sentenced to life in an international jail, Quintin believed it was too easy.

"I'll go to Apliaria to provide a hand, boss." The decision was finalized in his mind.

"Thanks, but I'd rather go alone."

Quintin pulled out his phone and was going to start searching for the earliest available flight. As soon as he heard this, he stopped and gave Rachel a puzzled look.

"I'll handle him myself," Rachel said.

"You shouldn't get your hands dirty by dealing with such a lowlife," Quintin said, displeased. "Let me assist you."

"Who told you that my hands would get dirty?" Rachel beamed. "I will make him kill himself willingly."

Rachel asked Quintin to find out the schedule of Wallace and Odin. Since she made up her mind to deal with Wallace in person, she might as well deal with his protector.

She needed to know the relationship between Odin and Wallace and the nature of their agreement.

Knock!

"I've got breakfast for you, Rachel," Roger said, with a soft knock on the door.

Rachel quickly hung up the phone after saying her goodbyes to Quintin. She shut the screen and got up to unlock the door.

Roger's tall frame came to view.

"Did you complete what you needed to? Is it a challenge? I'll be happy to help." Roger, holding the breakfast in one hand, peered into the study and saw the computer's indicator light was on despite the screen being black.

She switched off the computer's display.

Roger, upon coming to this realization, refrained from asking any more questions. By averting his gaze, he caught sight of her beautiful face. Her expression remained soft, and her eyes followed suit.

"Getting close to the finish line. It's merely the company's business. The situation is not critical." Rachel took the food from his grasp. "I got this."

"Okay. Don't hesitate to ask for my assistance at any time." With a nod, Roger agreed.

Rachel turned and placed the meal on the table. She started to speak, but Roger's voice interrupted her. "The investigating team has left Bennet Group, right?"

"Yes..." Rachel gave him a pointed look. "You are quite in the loop, I see."

"I found out from my father." Roger was anxious that Rachel would misunderstand him. "I didn't intend to snoop around your life. I simply..."

"I appreciate your concern and I don't want you to think I'm blaming you."

Roger felt a sense of comfort at this. With a grin, he approached her and put his hands on her shoulders. "Now that the investigative team has departed and things at Bennet Group are running well, when do you expect to leave Aperia? I'll have someone get us tickets. Didn't you expect to get going sooner?"

"I...I wanted to talk about it..." Rachel said.

"Hmm?"

"I'll need to stay here longer. I'm sorry."