

Chapter 81 The Legal Wife Showed Up

Alice was utterly shocked. The employees who were angry with Rachel's sudden intrusion were also startled. Nobody imagined that a woman would appear out of nowhere and slap Alice. Aside from that, the woman was accusing Alice of being a shameless whore.

Ivan was the first to regain his composure since he had handled similar situations in the past. His eyes darkened as he thought, 'Is this the show that Rachel mentioned before?'

Considering that they were inside the company, it could badly damage the company's reputation if this kerfuffle became worse. Ivan pondered for a moment, ready to stop the confrontation between Alice and the woman, but Rachel grabbed his wrist, dragging him back to the seat beside her.

"Miss Bennet—"

"Shush!" Rachel pressed her index finger against her lips while staring at him. She then helped him put all the drinks onto the table. Afterwards, she took a cup of coffee, stuck a straw into it, and placed it onto his hand. "Have you ever heard of this saying, Ivan?" she said. "That men shouldn't meddle in a war between women, lest they want to suffer the consequences. Just have a cup of coffee and watch the show in silence."

Ivan lowered his head, staring at the cup of coffee in his hand. He then glanced at Rachel in confusion. She was sitting on a chair, casually drinking orange juice while enjoying "the show".

Noticing that he was looking at her, she said without looking at him, "Stop staring at me. Focus your eyes on them. It's not every day that you get to see a show like this one. Such scenes are more interesting than movies and TV dramas. Don't miss out on the chance to see it all unfold.

"Miss Bennet, do you recognize that woman?" Ivan directed his gaze towards Alice and the woman, and found that they were now brawling.

Suspicion arose in his heart. Clearly, Rachel knew that this woman would show up, and that the woman had a score to settle with Alice. However, it didn't seem like Alice knew her at all. 'Who is that woman, and how did Rachel know about her?

Did Rachel hire that woman to incriminate Alice in some way?'

As those thoughts crossed Ivan's mind, his face darkened. "You'd best not cross any lines, Miss Bennet. Mr. Sullivan has already promised you that he'll fire Alice. You didn't have to humiliate her like this."

Rachel turned to Ivan, raising her brows at him. "Are you saying that I hired this woman to trouble Alice?"

With a face devoid of emotion, Ivan remained silent. But he did look at her defiantly, as if to say "Am I not telling the truth?"

"You're right, I know who that woman is, but I didn't hire her to humiliate Alice. Don't accuse me of things I didn't do." Rachel took a sip of orange juice, watching those women fight with great satisfaction. This was the first time that she had the pleasure of watching such a dramatic scene unfold. Similar situations happened in the Red Hackers Alliance back when she was still Shelia, but she never had any interest in them.

Now that she was reborn, she suddenly felt that she had missed out on so many interesting things in her previous life. Life was all too boring for the old Shelia. As Rachel, she would like to do things she had never done before, and enjoy the things she missed out on. She wanted to make the most out of this life.

"You're a shameless home-wrecker! You seduced my husband, you whore! I'll kill you!"

"Ah! Let me go! Someone call the security! You crazy bitch! I don't even know who you are! Why on earth did you slap me?"

"Why? Because you're a tramp! I've been wondering why my husband has been reluctant to stay at home almost every day, and now I know why! It's because of you!"

"I don't know your husband!"

"Oh, you don't, huh? That's fucking hilarious! If you don't know him, how could you afford that dress you're wearing right now? I've been working my ass off to support him, and he's spending my money on you, you dumb bitch! I'm going to tear you apart!"

At the door of the office, Alice and the woman were locked in a heated battle. Both of them were bruised and battered already, but neither showed any desire to be the first one to throw in the towel. They kept pulling each other's hair and smashing objects onto each other's faces.

The people in the office were shocked to see them fighting each other. No one dared to stop them, for they were all afraid of getting caught up in their battle.

Upon seeing that the fight was getting worse by the second, Ivan stepped forward again, intending to stop them. However, Rachel prevented him from doing so again. She glared at him and said, "I said, enjoy your coffee, Ivan. Sit down. If you try again to stop them, go ahead and know that I'm coming with you. They're fighting so ferociously right now, and I'm sure they're not even paying us any attention. If something were to happen to me, and potentially hurt Mr. Sullivan's successor, do you think you'll get away with it?"

When Ivan heard that, he immediately stopped.

Rachel looked at him with satisfaction before leaning back. With a triumphant smile, she added, "Oh, I forgot to tell you. That woman is actually connected to the Sullivan Group."

Ivan looked at Rachel in bewilderment.

Her voice was loud enough for everyone in the office to hear. Suddenly, everyone's eyes shifted from the fighting women to Rachel, waiting for what she would say next.

Rachel blinked and said, "That woman is Wilson's wife. You do know Wilson, right? I seem to recall that he's the director of the personnel department."

Right after she said that, a man rushed over. When he saw Alice and the woman brawling on the ground, worry and fear was plastered on his face. He quickly stepped in to stop them. "Honey, let go of her!" he said to the woman.

Everyone in the office were shocked when they heard that. They didn't expect that Rachel was telling the truth!

The man holding back the unknown woman was the director of Sullivan Group's human resources department, Wilson Patel.

When his wife saw him, she was livid. She broke free from his arms, slapping him without saying anything. The slap was so hard that Wilson's head tilted to the side a little.

"How dare you stop me? You still care about this bitch? You philandering bastard! Wilson! I was so blind to have married you despite my family's objection! I left my family for you, while you're out here, using my money to support a mistress behind my back, you swine!"

Blood seeped from the corner of Alice's mouth, which had been injured during the fight. She stood up, disheveled by the heated confrontation. Her face turned pale when she saw Wilson.

"Honey, I... I didn't do any of that," Wilson said unconvincingly. He looked really timid in front of his wife.

Alice felt humiliated. She thought that if she didn't explain her side right now, then her good image in the company that she worked so hard to maintain would be ruined. Her eyes welled up with tears, and she tried to sound as pitiful as she could. "Mrs. Patel, Wilson and I are colleagues, nothing more. There's nothing going on between us. How can you accuse me of something so scandalous if you don't have the evidence to back it up?"

Wilson's wife looked at them, her eyes brimming with anger. She chuckled and said, "You think I don't have any evidence?"

"Honey, please stop it. We're still in my company. Let's go home and talk about this, okay?" Wilson was scared when he heard his wife's hysterical laughter. He reached out to grab her hand, wanting to take her away.

However, she quickly avoided him, and took out her phone to open an email. She threw the phone into Wilson's arms and said, "There's the evidence you're asking for. You two are beyond shameless! Do you dare say that the people in those photos aren't you two?"

Wilson didn't expect that his wife would be able to get ahold of these photos. His face was filled with anxiety when he caught the phone and saw the photo on the screen clearly.

There were three pictures in total.

In the first one, Alice and Wilson were walking into a hotel, arm in arm.

The second picture showed them kissing passionately at the door of a hotel room.

The last photo was taken when they came out of the room. It could be inferred from their faces that they had done something dishonorable in there.

The photos were of high quality, and their faces were clearly seen, so there couldn't be a mistake. When Alice saw the photos, her pale face turned livid. Quickly, she cried, "Those

are fake! They're clearly photoshopped! This is a mistake! Someone is trying to set me up on purpose!"

Chapter 82 You Should Thank Me

"Frame you? Are you saying that something is wrong with the surveillance video of the hotel? Do you take me for a fool?" Wilson's wife screamed in anger. She was so furious that her chest was visibly heaving in short bursts. "I checked the surveillance video of the hotel myself, and it was definitely you two! Moreover, you splashed a whopping one hundred thousand dollars that night!"

Wow...

Everyone gasped when Wilson's wife said that.

One hundred thousand dollars was spent in just one night!

Alice trembled visibly. She wanted to refute the accusations and defend herself, but she was at a loss for what to say—Wilson's wife's accusation was irrefutable, after all.

"Honey..." Wilson timidly called out to his wife.

"Scram!" she roared. "Otherwise, I'll beat you up, too!"

Wilson shrank back in fear. Alice's eyes reddened when she saw him do that. "Wilson, do you really plan to do nothing as your wife bullies me like this? You and I—"

Before she could finish, however, Wilson was shoved aside. Wilson's wife marched over, grabbed her hair, and slapped her forcefully before she could react.

Alice's scream rang out across the office.

Ivan narrowed his eyes. He had been watching quietly, and at this point, he couldn't help glancing at Rachel. Rachel appeared unaffected by the chaos, though. She had been drinking a cup of juice nonchalantly and felt full after only drinking half of it. When she noticed Ivan's silent stare, she stuffed the cup into his hands and said, "Don't look at me like that. I just sent Wilson's wife three photos by accident."

Ivan was speechless. By accident?

Seeing that Wilson's wife, who was going ballistic on Alice, had utterly gained the upper hand, Rachel explained, "The family of Wilson's wife, Julia, isn't insanely wealthy, but they do run a small company. This company has pulled in some profit from e-commerce in recent years. Wilson was a promising graduate from our country's top university when he met Julia. She had just graduated from college, and he pursued her relentlessly. Julia fell in love with him because not only was he talented, but he was also quite considerate to her. She shunned the suitor her family had arranged for her and insisted on marrying Wilson, who was poor at the time.

They got married and had two children—a boy and a girl. When Julia's parents saw their daughter living a happy married life, they slowly accepted Wilson. Time passed, and Wilson got promoted to director of Sullivan Group's personnel department. The promotion came with a lot of different perks, including increased attention from women. At that time, Julia,

who was happy in her marriage, put on some weight after childbirth, so Wilson, who was being approached by many beautiful young women, began to cheat on her. The Sullivan Group was paying him a handsome salary, but his expenditure was too high a burden for him to bear—not just anyone could afford to buy a ten-thousand-dollar bag for their mistress every day, after all. So, to cover the expenses, Wilson lied to Julia that he intended to make an important investment with the dowry her family had given in him. She agreed, unaware that he was, in fact, using the money to support his mistress.

Julia remained in the dark until I sent her those three pictures," Rachel said, looking back at him squarely.

Ivan frowned. He couldn't help but wonder the real reason she sent the photos.

"Ivan, you really don't know women," Rachel said with a smile. Then, seeing the puzzled expression on his face, she decided to elaborate. "You must be thinking that Julia would have lived a happy life if she remained blissfully unaware—with nobody to tell her the truth—that her husband was cheating on her."

"Am I wrong?" Ivan coldly asked.

"Yes, you're wrong," she replied, and her eyes darkened a little. Then, clenching her hands tight, she gritted her teeth and said, "Living in an illusion can indeed make people happy, but there is nothing hidden under the sun. Nothing stays a secret forever; it will be brought to light someday. Julia would have still learned of the truth in the end, either from others or her husband and his mistress themselves. Let's take the latter as an example. If she remained in the dark and is one day conspired against by her husband and his mistress, both of who suddenly reveal their affair to her directly in the hopes of getting rid of her..."

Rachel paused for a moment and narrowed her eyes. "Then, she will not only lose her happiness but will also collapse because she won't know what to believe in anymore. The news will destroy her, and she might also...

kill herself,"

Rachel finished darkly. When Ivan heard the last two words, his eyes widened in shock.

She looked away from him, hiding the glint of malice in her eyes. "I think the show is almost over. Ivan, call security," she said, changing the topic of conversation.

Ivan was quiet for only a moment, and then he took out his phone and put a call through to the security guard. While he was talking to the guard, he caught a glimpse of Rachel's phone screen. A video live-streaming website was currently open on her web browser. He saw her click on a stream that was titled "New: A man's lover gets slapped by his wife! Don't miss this!" It was a live video of the fight currently happening between Alice, Julia, and Wilson. The number of people watching the stream was shown at the top left side of the page—it was currently five hundred thousand.

Ivan's face quickly changed, and he asked, "Miss Bennet, what are you watching?"

Rachel smiled and blinked innocently. "Don't you know what this is?" she asked. "I'm watching a live stream."

Of course, Ivan knew it was a live broadcast, but who was filming? He looked at her suspiciously. Rachel could tell what he was thinking, and she shrugged and raised her hands innocently. "I don't know, and it's not my business, anyway. As you can see, I just happened to come across this live stream."

Then, she stole a glance at the camera facing the office door, and a smile surfaced on her face.

Not only had she "accidentally" sent three photos to Julia, but she had also "accidentally" hacked into the public relations department's camera and connected it to a live stream room. She couldn't help nursing a desire to invite some Internet users to enjoy the show with her. The live stream took the Internet by storm, causing a lot of commotion. It quickly became a trending topic on multiple social media platforms, and some sites even had their servers crashed because of the explosive number of comments they were getting.

"Who did this?! Find out who is behind this!" In the office, Victor's expression was cold as he issued an order to the technology department's senior managers. They were all standing in a row, and their heads were hung low.

"Yes, sir!" They answered in unison, beads of sweat oozing from their foreheads. Then, they left the office in order.

As soon as they left, Ivan knocked on the door and came into the office. "Mr. Sullivan, trending topics and hashtags related to the video have been removed, and the live stream room has been closed. However, the video is all over the Internet already, and I'm afraid this most exposure can't be suppressed."

Victor looked furious. His gaze shifted to Rachel, who was sitting on the sofa, and growled, "Is this what you want to see?"

Rachel held up her cup of orange juice and looked at him innocently. "What do I want to see? Victor, don't slander me. I can't hack the Sullivan Group's monitoring system. If I cannot do even that, how could I broadcast the feed?! I also didn't hand over Alice's personal information to Julia. I just sent three photos without saying anything. If you don't believe me, you can ask Ivan. He has been with me the entire time, so he knows better than anyone else that I didn't do it," she replied.

Ivan lowered his head and said, "It's not a lie. Miss Bennet just sat there and watched everything unfold. She didn't say or do anything else."

Deep down in his heart, however, Ivan was still suspicious. Although he had no proof, he still felt that Rachel had something to do with everything that had happened.

"There you go. I was just watching the show," Rachel said, smiling innocently at Victor. The stern expression on Victor's face was visible on her pupil. "Does it hurt you to watch Alice being slapped around like that, Mr. Sullivan?"

A chilling aura exploded from Victor when she said that. He narrowed his eyes and slowly said with fury, "Does it hurt me?"

"If you aren't hurt, then why are you so angry? Alice was a home-wrecker who got punished by her lover's angry wife. It's a personal matter that has nothing to do with the Sullivan Group, right? In fact, Victor, you should thank me."

Chapter 83 Alice's Reputation Was Ruined

The veins on Victor's temples bulged in rage. An explosively ice-cold glint appeared in his eyes as he gritted his teeth and slowly said, "I should thank you? Rachel, what the hell are you talking about?"

"Have you forgotten already? You promised me three conditions—the third one is to fire Alice. She just got exposed to all and sundry as a loose woman having an affair with a married man. Not only was the chaotic confrontation here streamed live, but the affair has become a trending topic of multiple social media platforms; this much negative exposure must be damaging for the Sullivan Group's image, right? This is a good enough reason to fire her. If you fire Alice now—without trying to make any public relations cover for her—then the public, including social media users, will consider the Sullivan Group a reliable company with zero tolerance for immoral employees," Rachel replied matter-of-factly.

Her words were reasonable, and most would applaud her train of thought. Victor would have applauded, too, and praised her for her astute take on the matter if he didn't already know what she was up to. 1

"The mistress working for the Sullivan Group?"

"The mistress was slapped by the legal wife?"

"Alice Jenkins?"

Although topics about the matter had already been removed from social media platforms' trending lists, comment sections in media websites, gossip blogs, and social media accounts were still abuzz with talk about the scandal. It wasn't long before these topics made their way back to the top of many trending lists, and this time, nothing could be done to remove them.

Sullivan Group's employees probably knew nothing of Alice's background, but Apliar's upper-class ladies definitely knew who Alice and Caroline were. 2

And, they looked down on both of them. That it was common for men from wealthy families to keep mistresses or bear illegitimate children did not change their opinion of the two. Most people didn't dare to make their dislike known to the public, though, as it was akin to airing their dirty linen in public, while others simply turned a blind eye. However, Alice and Caroline were too brazen in their affairs, so people loathed them. Rachel was notorious, too, but people still couldn't deny the fact that she was a legitimate daughter of the Bennet family. Therefore, she was nobler than Alice and Caroline, both of whom were experts in destroying people's families.

This scandal, part of which was caught on tape, had gone viral on the Internet, and people saw Alice for who she really was. Her image of virtue and innocence, which she had worked hard and spent years to maintain, had been destroyed.

The chaotic scenes in the office had gone on for some time. Julia had gone to town on Alice, beating her black and blue. Finally, the police arrived and quickly mediated, and Alice was let go. Then, Julia grabbed Wilson's ear and dragged him out of the office and back home. Alice was a mess. Her face was covered in bruises, and her limited edition dress was torn in many places. She looked so miserable that it seemed she was on the verge of collapse. 1

Caroline arrived a short while later, looking as though she had rushed there, and she was heartbroken to see Alice in that state. Caroline hurried over, covered her with a jacket and took her home.

Alice's phone rang the moment she arrived home. It was a call from Sullivan Group's personnel department informing her she had been fired and that they would never hire her again. 1

"Ah, ah, ah..." Alice cried out as her teary eyes reddened with anger. Suddenly, she smashed her phone against the wall in a fury. Tears welled up in her eyes as she trembled.

Seeing Alice on the verge of a breakdown, Caroline walked over and hugged her. "Honey, please calm down. Don't hurt yourself!" she cooed, trying to comfort her daughter.

"Mom, how can I calm down? Tell me how I can calm down!" Alice cried, pushing Caroline away. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she bawled. "I was fired, mom! The Sullivan Group fired me! You know how hard it was for me to enter the Sullivan Group and how long I toiled before I could become the manager of the public relations department. I had to work really hard before I could approach Victor! But now, I've been fired! And they will never rehire me!"

Caroline gently held her hands and encouraged her. "Alice, I know you feel awful, but no matter how bad things get, we have to live on. It doesn't matter that the Sullivan Group won't rehire you. There are many other companies you can choose to work for. When you become a senior executive of another company, you will get the chance to—"

"Mom, you don't understand at all!" Alice yelled, shaking off Caroline's hands. "The Sullivan Group fired me and informed me, in no uncertain terms, that they'll never rehire me! Do you know what that means?" she shouted with red, teary eyes.

"What?"

Alice clenched her fists and tearily muttered, "Other companies will never employ anyone the Sullivan Group doesn't accept!"

Caroline's face turned pale, and she murmured in disbelief, "How could that be? Alice, you graduated from our country's best university—in flying colors, too. There's just no way you'd be unable to find another job!"

"Mom, please help me. I can't leave the Sullivan Group. I don't want to leave the Sullivan Group! Mom! Once I leave, I will never see Victor again. I don't want that!" Alice panicked, grabbing her mother's hands desperately.

Caroline was hurt to see Alice look this way. If it were possible, she'd choose to bear this pain on her daughter's behalf.

"Alice..." she murmured helplessly.

"Mom, can you ask dad for help?" Alice suddenly asked hurriedly. "Dad can talk to Victor and ask him to keep me. I don't want to leave the Sullivan Group! How could you and I face those upper-class ladies if I lose my job? Mom, think about it..." Alice pleaded. She had changed tactics when she noticed Caroline's hesitation at the thought of asking Jack for help. She knew being looked down on was what Caroline feared the most.

Her mother loathed the days Elisa overshadowed her. After Elisa died, the upper-class ladies were kind to her and her daughter on the surface, but they looked down on them in secret. Caroline was clever, so she easily saw through their facade. That was why she eagerly wanted Alice to marry Victor. It was why Alice's words had a nerve in her.

"Okay. I will tell your father when he returns," Caroline said. "Rachel's mother saved the life of Victor's grandma once before, so the Sullivan family owes the Bennet family a favor. I think Victor will change his mind for your father's sake."

Alice nodded and wiped her tears. When she had calmed down, Caroline pulled her to the bed to sit.

"Baby daughter, I still don't know how things ended up like this. Can you tell me what happened?"

Alice's eyes turned murderous. "It was Rachel. It must be her!" she growled.

"Rachel?"

"Mom, didn't you tell me her baby was gone? Why does Victor still protect her then?"

Caroline frowned as she thought about it. "That's impossible."

"Mom!"

"Alice, listen to me," Caroline said, her eyes darkening. She held her daughter's hand and looked at her seriously. "Don't provoke Rachel anymore for now. It doesn't matter if she's still pregnant or not. If she truly lost the baby and is pretending otherwise, her secret will be exposed one day! If her baby is still safe, on the other hand, we still don't have to worry.

Do you think she will give birth smoothly? Remember that the Sullivan family has another man besides Victor. Furthermore, the woman living in the Sullivan family's old house won't permit this baby to see the light of day. When the time is right, all we'll need to do is take advantage of them and enjoy a free ride."

Alice was silent for a moment, and then she quickly looked up at Caroline with wide eyes.

"The man you speak of is Odin, right? "

It was only after three days had passed that talk of Alice's scandal on the Internet began to die down. Although the scandal had little to do with the Sullivan Group itself, it involved Alice, the manager of its public relations department at the time, and the director of its personnel department. Therefore, the conglomerate had to take the scandal seriously and investigate how the video got leaked.

In the CEO's Office on the thirty-third floor.

The director of the technology department swallowed nervously and said, "M-Mr. Sullivan, we have been working overtime, but we still haven't locked on to the hacker's IP address. This hacker is very cunning. He didn't leave any trace, so we..."

He swallowed again in fright as he felt Victor's cold stare become more pointed. The pressure on him seemed to increase at an exponential rate, and beads of sweat slid down his forehead. He couldn't help stuttering, "W-we really can't find out who the person is."

Victor's eyes turned vicious, and he coldly said, "You can't find out?"

Chapter 84 He's Holding A Grudge

"M-Mr. Sullivan we... We tried our best."

The director of the technology department was barely holding back tears as he spoke. The people who worked in this department in the Sullivan Group were the best of the best. They hardly ever failed or made mistakes. Except for now. The flawless security system they'd designed had been so easily hacked into that it looked like the hacker had enjoyed themselves. No one had even noticed when the system had been breached. But worst of all, they still couldn't track down the hacker; no matter how hard they tried.

In all the director's long years of working in the technology industry, he'd never seen something like this before. It was supposed to be impossible to hack into the Sullivan Group's security system. But apparently it wasn't that impossible, because someone had managed to get it right.

"That's not the answer I was looking for," Victor said blandly. "I want to make this very clear to everyone; the Sullivan Group has no room for incompetent employees. Seeing as you and your people can't find the hacker, I have no need for you lot. I suggest you all leave. Now."

"Mr. Sullivan..." The director's eyes widened in horror.

He studied Victor's face, looking for the slightest trace of mercy. But he found none. Only his hardened expression and a cold light glimmering behind his eyes. He swallowed the rest of his words and bowed his head. He managed to choke out a feeble, "Yes, sir," before he turned and left the office.

The atmosphere in the office was oppressive and cold once the director had left.

As Ivan watched the director leave, he felt his heart start pounding in his chest. This was going to be a problem. He was never going to be get any sleep. It had taken him three whole days to find perfect candidates to replace Alice and Wilson's positions of director of personnel department, and manager of public relations department. Now that the entire staff of the technology department had been fired, he was going to have so many sleepless nights trying to find suitable candidates to replace them as well.

If he had known this was how things were going to go, he'd never have agreed to bring Rachel from the Sue Garden to the Sullivan Group three days ago.

He may have just landed himself in serious trouble.

"Ivan, have you found anything on the matter I asked you to look into?"

Ivan quickly shoved his own thoughts aside and turned his attention to Victor. "Mr. Sullivan, I have sent people to investigate it. The hacker connected our security camera to a remote livestreaming platform. Something like this had happened in the past."

Victor said nothing. He just stared darkly at Ivan, waiting for him to continue.

Ivan handed him the tablet. It was open on an email he'd received earlier that morning.

"Four years ago, something like this happened abroad. A senior executive of one of some company was having an affair. His wife found out and hired a private detective to try and get evidence so she could get a larger settlement in the divorce. Three years later, and she still had no solid evidence. So she turned to a hacker. The hacker got into the monitoring system of the hotel where her husband and his mistress were. Mind you, this hotel claimed to have the tightest security around. Turns out it didn't stand a chance against the hacker. Anyway, the hacker connected the camera feed to one of the most popular livestreaming platforms. All their bedroom activities were live online for the entire world to see.

This caused quite a stir, because now people didn't trust the hotel's security system anymore. People stopped coming, and the hotel was in serious danger of closing down. This place had been running for over 100 years already... The wife of the senior executive took the evidence to court and sued her husband for all he was worth.

According to the senior executive's ex-wife, the hacker was-

"The King of Hearts," Victor cut in before Ivan could finish the rest of his sentence.

"Mr. Sullivan? How did you know?" Ivan said in surprise.

Victor just glanced at him coldly. Instead of answering his question he flatly said, "Continue."

"When our monitoring system was hacked, it was also connected to a livestreaming platform. Just like the King of Hearts did to that hotel four years ago. It makes me wonder if the King of Hearts is perhaps behind this scandal of ours as well," Ivan said with a frown.

This was nothing more than a wild guess, but it was all he had.

He'd spent hours following all the clues and tracking down every scrap of information he could find on the case. So far, he'd found out that the King of Hearts had disappeared shortly after the whole affair had been revealed. No one knew who the hacker was, let alone if they were a man or a woman. But no manner of temptation like large sums of cash or desperate, would-be clients could tempt the King of Hearts out of hiding. If what had happened really was the King of Hearts' work, that begged the question of why. Why would this person do this? ③

It wasn't exactly uncommon for a man's wife to go after her husband's mistress. So why now? Why would the King of Hearts go through so much effort to hack the Sullivan Group's monitoring system and broadcast the spectacle?

Was it for money?

Ivan had checked into Julia's background and family history. Her parents were well off enough to live a comfortable life, but their funds would be pitiful in the face of what it would cost to hire the King of Hearts. Even if they delved into all their savings and funds, they wouldn't have been able to afford this hacker. Three years ago it had cost close to 20 million dollars to hire this hacker. After the disappearance, people had offered up to 80 million.

Had King of Hearts done this simply out of kindness? But that didn't sound like something the King of Hearts would do.

Rumor had it that the King of Hearts was a cold-hearted person. There was one particularly well-known story of a man that had recorded himself kneeling on the floor, begging the King of Hearts to help him find his missing child. The King of Hearts had refused.

But the incidents were so similar that Ivan couldn't just brush off the possibility that it might be the King of Hearts. While it was true that someone could be mimicking the methods, perhaps trying to take over the acclaimed name, they'd still have to be as good a hacker as King of Hearts was. Which was nearly impossible. The King of Hearts was the best hacker in the Alliance of the Red Hackers. No one had ever come close to that same skill level, and it was doubtful that anyone ever would. So it just didn't seem like a copycat.

Victor was silent for a long while. He just stared at the wall in front of him with his eyes slightly narrowed. The office was so quiet that Ivan's own heartbeat was too loud in his ears, and his breathing sounded like a heavy wind.

Another few tense, quiet minutes ticked by before Victor coldly said, "You can leave now." Ivan barely managed to stop himself from sighing in relief. "Alright," he said with a small bow, and then hurried out the office.

For a few moments there, he'd thought Victor was going to fire him like he'd done to the people from the technology department.

Victor waited until his office door was closed. Then he waited a little longer to make sure no one else was suddenly going to enter. Once he was certain he was alone, he fished his phone out his pocket and looked down at the screen. It showed a caller ID, as well as the time ticking by of how long the call had been active. "Did you hear all that?" he said in a voice devoid of emotion.

"Hmm," Carson hummed in response from the other end of the phone. He'd heard Victor's entire conversation with the director of the technology department and Ivan.

"And? What do you think?" Victor said slowly.

Carson was currently lounging on the sofa while he was on call. He had his phone wedged against his ear, and was the picture of relaxation and laziness. "I agree with Ivan. There is no one else who could have done this except for the King of Hearts."

Victor's already gloomy expression darkened even further. He drew a breath to speak but Carson beat him to it.

"But no one has heard from the King of Hearts in three years," Carson said. "I just can't understand why this person would suddenly reappear just to hack into your system and broadcast the fiasco like that. And if it really is the King of Hearts, there are only two reasons for doing something like this."

"Go on," Victor said.

"Either the King of Hearts is holding a grudge against Alice, or it's against you." There was a note of self-satisfaction in Carson's voice as he said this. "In my opinion, it could be both.

I mean, what are the odds of this happening otherwise? Out of all the companies, the King

of Hearts chose yours. And I think we all know that the Sullivan Group has the tightest security system in the world. We're not exactly an easy target."

Chapter 85 Jack's Visit

In one of the bedrooms of the Sue Garden, Rachel was currently taking a rather disheartening call.

"Boss, I still can't find her." Quintin's voice came over the phone speakers. "This is so strange... How is it that a person can disappear so seamlessly?"

Rachel stared down at the mocking words "search failed" that had popped up on her phone screen. Her eyes unfocused as she looked hopelessly down at them. For the past three days, she'd been staying at the Sue Garden. She was by no means idle though. She'd been busy. Busy searching for Abby. She'd expanded the search area and even enlisted Quintin's help. But still, Abby was nowhere to be found.

Two knocks echoed in rapid succession from the door.

As the sound faded, Lukas said from the other side of the door, "Miss Bennet, I've brought you some fruit."

Rachel didn't reply to Lukas. All she did was narrow her eyes at the door and carry on speaking to Quintin. "Broaden the area. Keep searching."

"Sure thing, boss. I have received no other orders of recent so I will do everything in my power to help you find your friend. No stone will go unturned nor corner unchecked."

"Thank you," Rachel said softly. She was about to hang up the phone when Lukas knocked again and called, "Miss Bennet, are you awake?"

"Yes! I'm awake! Just give me a moment!" Rachel called back loudly. She clicked the button on the side of her phone to disconnect the call. Then she swung herself out of bed and walked towards the door.

"Boss? Who are you talking to?" Quintin asked in confusion when he heard Rachel talking to someone else. Before he could speak another word, Rachel disconnected the call.

Rachel opened the door to see Lukas' smiling face. He had a plate of various cut up fruits balancing on one hand. "Miss Bennet, I see you very much enjoy eating these type of fruits these days. I noticed that you threw up quite a lot at lunch today, so I thought I'd bring you something to eat."

As he spoke, Lukas kept darting glances into the room. It was obvious he was suspicious. He'd thought he'd heard someone just now when he'd been waiting outside. "Miss Bennet, were you speaking to someone on the phone?" he asked as casually as he could.

Rachel only had to think for a second before she realized he must have heard her speaking to Quintin. She quickly came up with a convincing lie. "No," she said calmly with a smile, "I was watching TV."

There was nothing in her expression to suggest she was lying, so Lukas smiled and said with an air of relief, "I see. But if I may make a suggestion, Miss Bennet? I think it would be wise

if you watched less TV. Just like a cell phone and tablet, it has radiation waves that can be harmful to the baby's development."

"I see," Rachel said obediently with a nod. She reached out and took the plate from Lukas. As she took it, Lukas couldn't help but glance inside again. He was obviously still a little bit antsy. Rachel narrowed her eyes before she quickly forced her expression neutral again. "Is there something else, Lukas?"

"No, nothing more." Lukas shook his head. Rest well, Miss Bennet."

He left without another word. Rachel watched him leave from the doorway, making sure he'd disappeared down the stairs before she stepped back into her room and closed the door. She looked skeptically down at the plate of fruits in her hand and raised an eyebrow.

She knew that he'd only brought the fruits as an excuse to check that she was staying in her room. Lukas had been a servant to the Sullivan family for most of his life. He was a quiet, unobtrusive person who was usually quite content to mind his own business and follow orders. But Rachel knew him well enough to know that he'd been trying to gauge her responses to his seemingly harmless banter. Lukas wouldn't have been suspicious that something strange was going on in her room unless someone had told him something.

Just who could that "someone" be?

Suddenly, her phone started ringing. It broke through her thoughts and brought her back to reality.

She took one glance at the caller ID before she hurriedly answered the phone, "Andy, what's wrong?"

"Miss Bennet, your father is here." Andy said to her. As he spoke, he turned his head to look at Jack. The man was sitting in the living room as if he owned the place.

"Wait for me," Rachel said and put the phone down. After an agonizingly long wait, Andy saw a Maybach pull up outside the Bennet family's house. At first glance, Andy thought he was hallucinating, but once he'd shaken his head and squinted his eyes, he realized what he was seeing was real.

After he'd been released from custody three days ago, Andy had rushed back to the Bennet family's house, only to find that neither Rachel nor Abby were there. That same evening, Rachel had called him to tell him to stay at the house. She'd explained that she wouldn't be able to come home for a little while.

Back then, Andy hadn't understood what she'd meant. But now, seeing the familiar license plate of the Maybach, he finally realized what had happened. Rachel must be staying with Victor; and he had a feeling it wasn't voluntary.

Once the car stopped, Rachel climbed out, followed by two bodyguards.

Andy shook his head to get himself back to his senses. He hurried over to her to greet her, and couldn't help but look over her shoulder, hoping to see Abby. He didn't. All he saw were the two blank-faced bodyguards. He felt his stomach twist worriedly.

"Miss Bennet, are you okay? Where's Abby? Why didn't she come here with you?"

"I'm fine." Rachel raised her hand to dismiss his worries. "As for Abby..." Rachel's eyes darkened at the mention of Abby's name. She forced herself to remain calm as she said, "I didn't think she'd be much help in this situation. I thought it was a better idea if I didn't bring her along."

Andy's worry visibly eased. He breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Thank goodness that's the case. I've been so worried about her recently. Miss Bennet, please don't hide things from me. I know there isn't much I can do to help you, but I will do everything I can."

Rachel smiled at him. "I know. And I thank you for that."

"Your father has been waiting for you inside," said Andy, jerking a thumb over his shoulder. When Andy had called her earlier, Rachel hadn't left immediately to go back to the Bennet family's house. She'd told Andy just to carry on like normal, and to act as if nothing was out of place. Two hours later, she'd finally decided to go home.

Rachel nodded gratefully at him. "Thank you. You can carry on with whatever work you have."

Andy didn't move away. He nibbled his lip nervously, cleared his throat and said in a serious tone, "I think the waiting has made Mr. Jenkins a little impatient. If I could be so bold as to say, he may lose his temper any moment now. Please, try and keep your cool if he says something unpleasant."

"So you're defending him now?" Rachel cocked an eyebrow at him.

"Of course not! I'm looking out for you. After all, you are a woman and he is a man, and now..." Andy trailed off as he glanced at the two bodyguards standing near her. He lowered his voice and stepped closer to her. In a near whisper he said, "And now that you're pregnant, you're even more vulnerable. If you and Mr. Jenkins get into an argument and end up fighting, that could seriously endanger you and the baby."

Rachel laughed at the serious look on Andy's face.

"Miss Bennet, please. This is no laughing matter. I'm here to keep you safe, but what happens if I'm too slow? I can't promise that you'll be safe..." Andy said with a frown.

Rachel reached out and took hold of his sleeve. She tugged him closer and tipped her head over her shoulder. "Look behind me."

Andy turned and looked at the two stone-faced bodyguards. They were standing a few steps away with their arms at their sides and their heads facing forwards. While their eyes were guarded by sunglasses, it was easy to tell by the lines of their mouths and noses that they were serious and solemn.

"If Jack and I do end up getting into a fight, what makes you think he'll get close enough to hurt me?" Rachel asked with a smile.

The corners of Andy's mouth twitched like he wanted to smile. Then he laughed softly. "I guess I'm just a little bit overreacted."

"Can we be on our way now that I've put your mind at ease?" Rachel asked.

Andy gave a single nod and turned to head to the living room. Rachel walked after him, followed by the two bodyguards that were always five steps behind them.

Meanwhile, Jack's patience was starting to run thin. He took out his phone to check the time yet again. He scrunched up his nose in irritation and clenched his jaw. He'd been waiting for a long time already. He reached out to pick up his teacup, only to discover it was empty. He shoved it away angrily and shouted, "This is my third cup of tea! When is Rachel getting here?"

"You're in quite a hurry, aren't you? What's the rush? Did you forget that my mother once waited three days in the hospital for you, yet you never showed up?" Rachel said as she walked into the living room. Her lips were twisted into a large, fake smile that she was going to try her best to hold onto. "You've only been waiting a mere two hours. It's quite pathetic in comparison to three whole days and nights."