

## **CEOs Baby 951**

### Chapter 951: Michael's Revenge, Finn's Warmth

“Put on your clothes.” Michael glanced at Monica. “Although Finn is not interested in your body, it doesn't mean that I'm willing to let other men see you naked. After all, in my opinion, you will become my woman sooner or later.”

“You must be dreaming!” Monica gritted her teeth.

She would never be with Michael again.

“Just you wait and see,” Michael said.

With that, he left.

It was as if everything was already under his control, and Monica would fall into his trap. He was just waiting to reap the benefits.

Monica's body was trembling in anger. She had never hated someone so badly. She hated him so much that even if she had to die with him, she would.

All the anger in her body was focused on Michael until she noticed Finn's gaze.

In the beginning, Finn's back was facing her, but at that moment, he suddenly turned around to face her.

He looked at her and said, “Put your clothes on.”

His voice was a little cold, which was different from Michael's tone just now.

Michael was provoking her, whereas Finn was...

She was not sure if Finn was disgusted with her exposed body.

Monica lowered her head.

She was so angry just now that she only realized now that her clothes had been torn out of shape by Michael. The hospital gown was big on her already, and after it was torn, the hole made it even looser. In that hospital gown, one could see her chest without paying attention, and she was not wearing a bra.

Monica bit her lip. Under Finn's gaze, she tried her best to straighten her clothes.

In fact, it would be fine if he did not look.

With that, she turned around and went back to the ward, hiding all her emotions from Finn.

She did not want to involve anyone in the grudge between her and Michael, let alone Finn.

As Monica walked into the room, she habitually glanced at her father.

No matter how light her movements were, and even if they all left the ward in the end, she was still afraid of waking her father up.

The moment she went over to look at her father, her expression changed.

Her father's face was blue, and his eyes were wide open but out of focus. His mouth was open and trembling, but he could not say a word. At that moment, his whole body seemed to be tensing up. He looked like...

Monica hurriedly rushed out of the ward and shouted at Finn, who was walking down the corridor. "Finn, something has happened to my dad. Quickly come and take a look at him!"

Monica's excitement made Finn turn around abruptly and rush into the ward.

As soon as Finn saw Gary in the ward, he grabbed Monica and said, "Press the red button and have the nurse on duty inform the doctor on duty immediately to prepare the operating theatre. I want to do an emergency rescue."

Monica quickly followed Finn's instructions.

She was scared out of her wits, but she forced herself to remain calm and do as Finn said.

She refused to accept her father's death.

Her eyes were red, and she was at a loss. She could only watch helplessly as Finn gave her father emergency treatment.

Then, very soon, the door of the ward was pushed open again.

Several doctors and nurses on duty pushed a mobile bed in and quickly transferred her father to the mobile bed before running straight to the operating theatre.

Monica followed them and watched as her father was sent into the operating theatre.

She stood outside alone, standing guard.

If something really happened to her father... how was she going to answer to her mother? What would her mother do?

Monica broke down and wanted to cry.

To her, nothing was more important than her parents' lives right now.

For now, she only wanted her parents to live well. As long as they were alive, she would be content.

Then, the door of the operating theatre suddenly opened.

Monica watched as a nurse walked out.

At that moment, she was really scared out of her wits. She was really afraid that the nurse would tell her that the resuscitation failed...

She looked at the nurse with red eyes and thought, 'Don't be so cruel. I beg you, don't be so cruel.'

"Ms. Cardellini." The nurse said, "This is Dr. Jones's white coat. Put it on first. It's easier for you to catch a cold at night."

Stunned, Monica watched as the nurse handed her a piece of clothing.

At that moment, she seemed to remember that she was still wearing that "shameless" outfit.

She took it and just held it in his hand.

In fact, she did not care about her image anymore.

The nurse continued, "Ms. Cardellini, don't be too sad. Believe in Dr. Jones's skills. He has never made a mistake in surgery, and he will definitely make sure that your father is fine. Also, Dr. Jones told you not to inform your mother for the time being. If something really happens, he will let you know in advance."

"Thank you," Monica said.

She could not find other words to say.

She did not know if that was Finn's ethics as a doctor or... his concern for her.

However, at that moment, she was really comforted because telling her not to inform his mother for the time being meant that there was still hope for her father.

For her, that was enough.

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In the quiet corridor of the hospital, Monica was wrapped in Finn's white coat as she sat there and waited silently.

She kept telling herself that her father would be fine and that had to believe in Finn and his ability to save her father.

Time passed, minute by minute. It was as if she was the only one left in the entire world, and she was alone.

After a very long time, so long that Monica felt that her body had turned cold, the light of the operating theatre finally went out.

After that, the door opened, and Finn walked out from inside.

Monica looked at him from afar.

Finn, too, looked at her before nodding.

Did that nod mean that her father was alright?

Her eyes were a little red.

It was true. In her heart, anyone who could save her father was the best person in the world.

Even though Finn hated her a lot, she would be grateful to him.

Finn walked up to her and said, "Your father's life is not in danger, but..."

It was good that her father's life was not in danger. As long as his life was not in danger, it was fine.

She said, "I'll agree to my father's heart transplant. I'll convince my mother."

Finn looked at Monica, not expecting her to be so calm.

He had the impression that she would not be so quiet when she encountered something.

At that moment, he did not say anything more.

He just nodded and said, "A heart transplant is the best thing for your father right now. I will help you contact the best specialist in the world."

"Thank you." She meant what she said.

"It's my job," Finn replied. It was an official and polite answer.

While Monica listened quietly, her father was pushed out.

Many tubes were still attached to his body, and his face was very pale.

Although he was awake and had regained consciousness, he was so weak that he could not speak.

Monica went over and said in a gentle voice, "Dad, it's okay. You're fine."

Gary opened his mouth.

He wanted to say something, but he could not make a sound.

Monica smiled. "Don't try to speak. You need rest. When you're better, you and mom can give birth to a little brother for me."

Gary was amused by Monica, even though his smile was faint.

Together with the medical staff, Monica sent her father back to the VIP ward.

Finn watched from afar as Monica left with her father.

For the first time, he felt that Monica had changed a little. It was not a deliberate display of maturity, but she had genuinely learned to take responsibility.

He followed her to Gary's ward.

After making sure that Gary's physical condition was stable, he left Gary's ward.

She had just walked out of the ward when Monica's voice came from behind. "Finn."

Monica walked up to him and took off the white coat she was wearing. She made sure that she was careful not to expose the torn clothes inside. She said, "I'll return this to you."

Finn glanced at her. "You don't need it anymore."

"This is your work uniform, right? I don't think it's appropriate for me to wear it," Monica said.

It was true. Working clothes were usually not allowed to be lent out, and that was an unspoken rule among doctors.

Finn took it from Monica's hand.

The moment he took it, he accidentally touched her finger, which was icy cold, and it made him frown.

It was early winter in South Hampton City, but it was not cold enough to freeze a person to that extent.

He clenched his fingers and held the clothes in his hand.

“You've worked hard tonight. Please rest well. My dad needs you,” Monica said sincerely.

Finn nodded in response.

Monica did not say anything else. She simply turned around and returned to the ward.

Finn stood outside the ward for a long time. His head was lowered, and he was looking at the white coat in his hand.

The white coat still had a trace of Monica's warmth, but the temperature of her fingers was so cold that it was terrifying.

Even so, Finn eventually turned around and left.

That one moment of his heart softening was not enough for him to let go of all the past.

In the ward, Monica sat by her father's bedside.

Gary was still awake. His body looked very weak, and his lips were pale, but his mind was clear.



Even if he did not even have the strength to speak, Monica could tell from his eyes that her father wanted to have a chat with her.

She also wanted to have a chat with her father.

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She said, "Dad, did you see something tonight?"

Gary's eyes seemed to flicker.

"It was nothing." Monica comforted him, "Ever since Finn and I divorced, Finn has completely given up on me. And since I've discovered the ugly side of Michael, I feel like I've become much stronger instead. With no one left to love me, I feel fearless and invincible, so what Michael did doesn't affect me much."

Gary's heart ached for her.

"Dad, love is a thing of the past for me, and I no longer have any high hopes for it to find me again. Perhaps a relationship will naturally find its way to me in the future, but if not, I won't force it or look forward to it. All I know now is that when I can see everything clearly, nothing can hurt me." Monica explained everything to her father.

Even if Michael did something to her, it did not affect her much.

"I should also report to you about the company's matters." She kept it simple as it might feel like she was trying to cover up the situation if she said too much. "The company's situation isn't as bad as you think, dad. I've already settled the board of directors. I told them they will go down with us if we go down, and if they don't want that, everyone should think of a way to tide over the difficulties with Cardellini Enterprise. It's safe to say that they were threatened by me."

As she spoke, she smiled proudly.

Then, she continued slowly, "As for the report, I've already forced the quality inspection department to produce the result within a week. That was the reason Michael came to look for me today. I think I must've provoked him. He probably didn't expect me to be so smart, so he used such a nasty method to

take revenge on me. I'm suddenly a little excited. Tell me, how can I make the sinister and cunning Michael suffer?"

Gary shook his head, seemingly helpless against his daughter.

Others would be scared to death if they provoked anyone, but she, on the contrary, was excited.

As the saying went, newborn calves were not afraid of tigers, and that saying proved to be true.

"Once the test result is out, and if there are no problems with Cardellini Enterprise, we will be able to clear our name. Then, I will work with Mr. Warren to think of a way to put the new product on the market. With our status in the medical industry, I don't think it will be difficult for Cardellini Enterprise to rise again. However, don't ask too much of me, dad. As you know, I'm a little stupid. I don't know if I can really turn things around for Cardellini Enterprise. If I can't, we won't force it, okay?"

Monica looked at her father's expression to see his reaction.

In the end, she saw the disappointment in his father's eyes, or it was probably the sadness of his inability to help her.

She said, "I know Cardellini Enterprise has been passed down from generation to generation and that you don't want to ruin it. But businesses, even family businesses, are just decorations in life, not necessities. What we need are strong, healthy bodies and family, right?"

Monica was trying carefully to tell her father that she was not finding an excuse for herself because she did not want to work.

She just wanted her father to let go of the burden in his heart so that it would not trigger his illness again.

She was pretty sure she could accept anything else except losing her parents.

It was the only thing that kept her alive.

“You and mom are so close, and you've loved each other all your life. Do you want to see her sad because of you? Mom has never been a worldly person. She even complains a lot that you are often too busy with work and spend too little time with her. She is always envious when she hears her rich friends travel with their husbands and children.” Monica said, “Dad, I know you love mom very much, but in the name of love, you still owe her a lot. You really don't give her enough of your time.”

Gary felt a little guilty too.

As he thought back carefully about his life, work had taken up more than half of his life, and he did take his job too seriously.

“Dad, take good care of yourself and get back all the time you owe my mom, okay?” Monica asked him and then waited for his answer gently, seriously, and eagerly.

Gary smiled and said, “Monica, you understand things better than I do.”

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He spoke in a very weak voice, and after he finished speaking, he was panting.

Monica laughed as well.

It was not that she understood him but that she was really afraid of losing him.

That night, Monica kept chatting with her father until they both fell asleep.

Early the next morning, Ruby walked into the ward, probably still worried about her husband.

However, Monica and Gary both decided not to tell her about what happened last night.

Now, her mother was their family's treasure, and they had to take good care of her.

When Ruby walked into the ward and saw that Monica had already gotten up and even washed up, she was still a little surprised.

Usually, Monica would be lazing in bed.

It was only 7 a.m. in the morning, and Sarah was still sleeping at home.

Of course, she did not disturb Sarah. Ruby was the kind of person who really doted on children.

“Monica, you're up early.” Ruby was a little surprised.

“I'm now the backbone of our family, and I have to act like one!

Ruby was speechless at her daughter's words.

However, she smiled dotingly. “Yes, yes, yes. You're the backbone of the family. How was your dad last night?”

“Very well,” Monica replied.

Then, she deliberately glanced at her father and stuck out her little tongue mischievously.

Gary also smiled faintly.

At that moment, she realized that family was more important than anything else.

“Oh, right. Where's Sarah? Did she bring my clothes?” Monica asked.

“Sarah is still sleeping. Let her sleep a little longer. It must have been hard on her to stay with me in the hospital over the last two days. I brought you your clothes.” As Ruby spoke, she opened a suitcase that she had brought.

Monica watched as her mother unpacked the luggage while looking for her clothes.

“Mom, are you planning to have a holiday here? You brought so many things!” Monica looked at the daily necessities in her mother's suitcase.

“I'm still worried about leaving your dad here alone, and that's why I brought everything. I'll ask the maid to send the bed sheets over later. It should help me get used to the bed here.”

“Alright, I know. You just can't leave dad alone.”

“You child!” Ruby pretended to be angry.

Monica smiled. “Mom, didn't you bring me a bra?”

“I did.” Ruby replied, “Let me look for it. I'm sure I did, but where did I put it?”

Ruby searched the suitcase.

In the meantime, Monica hugged her clothes and waited for a long time.

When Ruby finally found it, she handed it to Monica, who looked at the pink bra in disdain. “Mom, I don't like this one.”

“What's there to dislike about pink?”

“In this world, only children and old women like pink.”

Ruby was stunned for a second, but the next moment, she said angrily, "Are you itching for a beating? "

Monica smiled brightly.

In this house, Monica would always be the one to light up the family.

Everyone was questioning their family's decision to raise such an unruly child, but only they themselves knew how great and adorable their child was.

Monica pretended to be disgusted and took the bra from her mother's hand. She even shook it a few times in her hand.

Just as she was about to say that she was going to change, the door of the ward was pushed open.

Then, Finn and a group of doctors and nurses walked in.

It was probably a routine ward round.

Then, everyone saw Monica's bra shaking in her hands, and the cup size looked a little big. It made those who did not want to look at her, look.

At that moment, the situation was... a little awkward.

Monica was being stared at by at least a dozen pairs of eyes, and her face instantly turned red.

At that moment, she was so helpless that he did not know what to do next.

"Ahem." Finn, who was standing at the front, cleared his throat.

Monica suddenly came back to her senses. Then, she turned around and rushed into the bathroom.

She was embarrassed every day.

Monica looked at herself in the mirror. Her face was as red as a tomato.

How was she going to face the doctors and nurses in the cardiology department in the future?

Most importantly...

She looked down at the pink bra, which was not her style at all. Would that not be misleading?

However, she washed her face and tried to calm herself down.

That was when she saw some hickeys on her neck.

She did not wear the hospital gown from last night as she had found a new set to change into. On top of that, her hair was quite long, so the hickeys were barely noticeable. Clearly, her mother did not notice.

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Looking at it now, she was inexplicably angry.

Moreover, those hickeys overlapped with the scratch marks from yesterday. People who did not know better would think that she was into some kind of masochism.

She quickly changed her clothes.

Fortunately, her mother was afraid that she would feel cold, so she found a high-collared knitted sweater that covered her entire body.

However, that scratch on her face... It would not ruin her looks, would it?

She stayed in the bathroom for a long time as she did not want to go out and bump into Finn and his group of doctors and nurses again.

She had her pride and was afraid of embarrassment.

Finn and the others also had routine checkups every day, so they did not stay for too long. After the checkup, they left the ward and went to the next ward.

In the corridor, the special assistant doctor, who had always been with Finn for a long time and was a little young, was more casual with Finn. Hence, he whispered to Finn, "So, I see. Your ex-wife is pretty innocent..."

Finn glared at the assistant doctor, who smiled when realized that Dr. Jones's ears were red.

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"Come out! They've left!" Ruby knocked on the bathroom door.

Monica opened it and stuck his head out. "Are they gone?"

"They're gone." Ruby was speechless. "Aren't you usually very bold? It's not as if they saw you naked. Why are you so embarrassed?"

"That's because this bra is pink. If it were leopard print, I could show them!"

Ruby realized she could not have any hope for her daughter.

The moment Ruby turned around, her eyes suddenly paused. "What happened to your face?"



It was too dark last night, so she did not see it, and when she was unpacking the luggage when she arrived, Monica had deliberately covered her face with her hair. Only now did she realize that Monica had a long scratch on her face.

“Did you get into a fight with someone?”

“Who did you fight?” Ruby asked.

“Anyway, it was just a fight. Why do you want to know the details? I wasn't taken advantage of.”

Ruby was speechless.

“Don't worry. It won't ruin my looks. The beautiful face you gave me is still intact.”

“How smug.” After that, Ruby did not ask further.

The scratch was not particularly serious, so she did not want to get to the bottom of it and hurt Monica's pride.

“I'm going to work.” Monica tidied up her clothes and said.

“Aren't you going to have breakfast?”

“I'll eat later.”

“Be careful on the road.”

“Alright,” Monica responded and left.

The moment she left, she could not help but look back, where she saw that her mother had sorted herself out and was now accompanying her father.

Monica smiled.

To her, she had never felt happier.

...

Today, in the Delta Islands, the manor was quite lively.

It was Kingsley's birthday.

In fact, no one really knew how old he was. Not even Jeanne had an idea.

She did not know how old he was. In her memory, he should be very old, but he looked very young. Of course, he was not that young, but it was hard to guess his actual age!

She had never seen Kingsley's identity card either.

Perhaps Kingsley did not have such a thing since he traveled in his private jet and did not need to show those documents for registration.

In that case, how old was Kingsley? Over 30? Or was he 40?

“What are you thinking so deeply about?” Lucy could not help but ask.

Jeanne snapped back to reality. “I'm thinking about how old Kingsley is.”

“Does it matter?”

"It doesn't matter. But to celebrate his birthday, we have to know how old he is."

"He doesn't even care about it, so why should you?" Lucy asked.

"That's true." Jeanne nodded.

Kingsley had never said how old he was. Perhaps he had even forgotten how old he was.

Jeanne rolled her eyes. "How do you plan to seduce Kingsley today?"

Lucy said, "Actually, he doesn't need to be seduced."

There was indeed no need. Anyone could be seduced just by being with a woman.

"So how do you plan to deal with that little b\*tch Millie?"

"We can't do it directly. Kingsley won't allow us assassins to kill each other. It's not easy for the Hills to train one, and we've had so many casualties." Lucy said, "I can only leave Millie to her own devices."

"I shall wait and see." Jeanne looked interested.

A woman who harbored evil intentions from the start should not have a good ending.

"Ms. Harmon." A servant knocked on the door.

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"What is it?"

“Dr. Mac says you can go for the skin rejuvenation therapy now. He's waiting for you in the beauty room.”

“Okay, tell him I'll be there soon.”

“Yes.”

With that, the servant left respectfully.

“You still need skin rejuvenation therapy?” Jeanne remembered that Lucy's body had become smooth and tender.

“Oh, there are still scars, so it'll be better if I do it two more times.”

“It's true what they saying about a woman wanting to look beautiful for the man she likes.” Jeanne sighed.

“Do you want to come with me?”

“Forget it.” Jeanne rejected her.

She did not want to show her body to other men for the time being, and Lucy did not force her either.

She put on a silk nightgown and walked to the building at the edge of the manor.

The setup here was so complete that it was jaw-dropping.

In fact, there were no cosmetic services in the beginning, but there were operating theatres because many assassins would get injured. After they get injured, they would come back here for surgery. However, many female assassins needed to complete their missions with their bodies. If they had too many scars on their bodies, it would affect the success or failure of the missions. As such, Kingsley found

some cosmetic doctors, but he later found out that they could only do major cosmetic surgeries and were not good at basic skincare. Hence, he arranged for a professional beauty department.

Hence, when the assassins returned, they could enjoy all kinds of skincare treatment here.

In the beginning, only female killers went for beauty treatment, but many male assassins joined later on.

Eventually, professional beauty treatments also came with a lot of massage services.

In short, it was a place where one could relax and enjoy.

When Lucy appeared in the beauty room, she saw Kingsley there as well.

Kingsley was with Millie at the time, and the two most professional masseuses were already waiting there.

“Mr. Thorn,” Lucy called out to him respectfully.

Kingsley glanced at Lucy.

He had been back from South Hampton City for more than half a month, but it seemed to be his first time seeing the woman since then.

However, Lucy was not by his side, so it was normal that he did not see her. Some of the assassins living here would not even see him for a year.

Kingsley and Millie walked into their private room.

In fact, there were different levels of treatment, and assassins were divided into different levels.

A higher-level assassin would enjoy better service, while lower-level assassins could only enjoy some basic services.

Fortunately, Lucy's status among the assassins was very high. Before Kingsley said anything, no one dared not serve Lucy. Of course, Lucy would not lower her status as well. After all, after enjoying all the high-end services, she would not want anything less.

She watched as Kingsley and Millie left before she walked into her private room.

Each private room was separated by a curtain. Therefore, it was not soundproof, and Lucy's room just so happened to be right next to Kingsley's.

She could hear everything on the other side clearly.

Hence, just as Lucy took off her clothes and let the aesthetician laser her scars, she heard Miley's sexy and enchanting voice from next door.

Lucy's eyes twitched, and Lucy's aesthetician smiled.

However, because they were Kingsley's subordinates, no one dared to say anything.

"How long is it going to take today?" Lucy asked.

"About three hours." The aesthetician replied, "After you're done, you can come back one more time for treatment, and you won't be able to tell at all."

"Okay."

"Ms. Harmon, are you cold? Do you need me to turn up the temperature?" The aesthetician asked.

"No, I think it's fine."

“Alright.” The aesthetician was very polite to her.

Although assassins risked their lives outside, they could enjoy emperor-like treatment when they returned.

Lucy lay on the bed while the aesthetician repaired her scars.

Then, she heard Millie's cry.

Of course, it was not that Kingsley and Mi Li doing anything. However, during the massage, it might be a little painful or ticklish, so she could not help but make a little noise.

Millie seemed to be exaggerating.

Fortunately, Kingsley's massage usually did not last long as he would leave after an hour.

When he was leaving, he stopped at the door to Lucy's room.

At that time, Lucy was still lying on the bed naked and did not expect the curtain to be suddenly opened.

Ultimately, it was still a little awkward.

She turned around, only to see Kingsley and Millie.

Millie's face was ruddy. She must have enjoyed the massage.

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Lucy pursed her lips.

In response to Kingsley's action, she could only accept it.

"Mr. Thorn." When the aesthetician saw Kingsley coming in, he greeted him respectfully.

Kingsley glanced at the aesthetician, who was a man.

In fact, other than some women who did skincare and massage, all the doctors here were male.

Kingsley watched as the male aesthetician's hand slowly ran over Lucy's naked body.

"Is this how scars are removed?" Kingsley asked.

"Yes, Mr. Thorn." The male doctor quickly replied, "If the scar is too deep, we will perform surgery to remove it. After the removal, we will use a laser to polish it. Slowly, it will become exactly like the original skin. Now, Ms. Harmon only has the last stage to go through."

"So there are many stages?"

"Ms. Harmon has been working on it for half a month. She comes here every day," the doctor replied immediately.

"Every day." Kingsley sneered.

Then, he turned around and led Millie away.

Millie could not understand Kingsley's expression either. It was an indescribable feeling. She felt that he seemed a little angry, but he also seemed like his usual self.

She could not and did not want to figure it out.



She had to admit that Lucy had a great figure, which she had never noticed before. She had always felt that because she was young, she had more assets than Lucy.

However, having taken one look at Lucy, she started to feel inferior.

Not only did she have a good figure, but her skin also looked very fair and tender. It was completely different from what she had imagined. A woman in her thirties should have loose skin, but even she, a woman, found Lucy very attractive.

Millie was starting to feel threatened.

It was no wonder Lucy could stay by Kingsley's side for so long.

It seemed like she really could not underestimate that woman.

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After Kingsley left, the aesthetician in the beauty room could not help but ask in a low voice, "Was Mr. Thorn dissatisfied with me just now?"

"Why do you think so?" Lucy smiled.

"His gaze felt strange."

"When has he not had that look in his eyes?"

"That's true." The aesthetician smiled.

Kingsley did not really care about the manor's internal affairs.

He did not have any special requirements for the staff members who were not assassins and would not kill them for no reason.

In fact, the people who worked here, other than not having much freedom, lived quite well.

After receiving three hours of cosmetic treatment, Lucy put on her clothes and left.

In fact, the laser still hurt a little when it hit the body. However, for assassins like them, it would not feel like much.

Lucy walked toward her room, and the moment she pushed the door open, she paused.

The person waiting for her in her room was not Jeanne but Kingsley.

To be honest, she was a little surprised, but he would not show it.

She walked over and appeared very respectful. "Mr. Thorn, is there anything you need me to do?"

"Strip!" Kingsley's face suddenly darkened.

Lucy gulped.

"I told you to take off your clothes!" Kingsley enunciated each word.

Lucy had rarely seen Kingsley lose his temper for no reason.

He had a bad temper, but he would only fly into a rage when something happened.

Nevertheless, Lucy undid her silk nightgown.

Jeanne was right. She could not fall for a man like Kingsley. The only thing she could do was to please him so that she could live a better life here.

She took off all her clothes and faced Kingsley.

Instead of touching her, Kingsley just stared at her.

She did not know what kind of gaze he was looking at her with.

Although the heating in the villa was sufficient, Kingsley had opened the floor-to-ceiling window on the balcony. He was probably smoking on the balcony, and the cigarette butt was still burning in his hand.

However, she was really cold. It was early winter, and the cold wind gave her goosebumps.

Nevertheless, the man standing in front of her was Kingsley, so she did not dare to show anything, not even a frown.

Just as she was wondering what Kingsley was going to do and how long he was going to be in a stalemate with her, Kingsley pressed the cigarette butt that was still burning in his hand on Lucy's collarbone.

Lucy pursed her lips as she felt the painful sting. The burning hot cigarette left a deep mark on her skin.

She really did not know how she had offended that old man again. Kingsley was evil and fierce, but he had never tortured her for no reason.

She just endured it and did not say anything.

Kingsley only threw the cigarette butt away after it was completely extinguished at Lucy's collarbone.

After throwing it away, he still did not say a word.

As for Lucy, she could only endure the pain from the burns and keep quiet.

The temperature in the room was getting colder and colder, and Lucy was starting to freeze.

“Keep it,” Kingsley suddenly said.

Lucy did not understand what he meant.

He said, “Keep the scar here for me.”

His tone was cold and commanding.

“Yes.” Lucy nodded.

Since when did she dare to disobey his orders?

Fortunately, Kingsley left after he finished speaking. He just came and went.

Lucy sneered.

After Kingsley left, she quickly closed the floor-to-ceiling window. Then, he returned to the bathroom and quickly rinsed her body with warm water.

She could not catch a cold.

As an assassin, the first thing she had to do was to ensure that she was absolutely healthy. Only when she was in good health could she ensure her own safety.

That had almost become instinctive, and instinctively, her eyes turned red.

Jeanne said that she could not have feelings for Kingsley. However, once there were feelings, it was too difficult to take them back.

When Lucy came out of the bathroom again, Jeanne was waiting for her in the room.

Jeanne said, "I need to go back for a while."

"What?" Lucy's eyes flickered.

She tugged at her clothes to cover up the scar that Kingsley left behind, as well as all her emotions.

"I'm worried about Monica," Jeanne said bluntly.

She did not think that the quality inspection department, or rather, Michael, would really let Monica off.

"When are you leaving?"

"Tonight, when we celebrate Kingsley's birthday."

Lucy nodded.

"Do you think I'm cruel?" Jeanne asked.

It was rare for Kingsley to celebrate his birthday, but she wanted to take the opportunity to leave.

More importantly, she was doing it without him knowing.

Kingsley would probably die of anger when he learned of it.

"No, it's not cruel." Lucy enunciated every word.

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"No, it's not cruel," Lucy's words were firm and decisive.

Jeanne frowned.

She felt that Lucy's tone was suspicious.

"Do you have a plan?" Lucy immediately changed the topic.

Jeanne said, "Every year on Kingsley's birthday, he would accept toasts from the assassins and staff. He has to deal with so many people, so it shouldn't be too difficult for me to slip away from under his nose."

"Not necessarily," Lucy reminded her.

It was because she had been by Kingsley's side for too long and knew him too well.

Kingsley's way of doing things was actually more thorough than the average person's.

It had not been easy for him to bring Jeanne back to the Delta Islands, so he would not let her leave so easily.

Since Kingsley could not keep an eye on Jeanne every minute and every second, there would be another person, or perhaps many people, watching her every move.

"I suggest that you bribe K01, Mason," Lucy said.

Jeanne raised her brows. "You mean, you want him to be my accomplice?"

"Kingsley trusts K01 very much. He's the number one assassin on the assassin list, and all the assassins of the Hills are afraid of him. If you let him send you away, it would be the best choice."

"I'm afraid Mason isn't that kind." Jeanne smiled.

If Kingsley found out about it, Kingsley would shoot Mason dead.

She did not want to drag others down.

"If Mason doesn't accompany you back to South Hampton City, I won't feel at ease letting you leave just like that," Lucy continued to say.

"Are you worried that Edward will kill me?"

"For us, South Hampton City is no longer a safe place." Lucy did not answer Jeanne's question directly because it was difficult to answer.

She did not know if Edward would do anything to Jeanne.

However, other than Jeanne, there might be others...

Jeanne's identity was too special as she had a presence in all the forces.

Lucy was actually very worried about what Jeanne would choose in the end!

"I think K01 will help you." Lucy stood by her idea.

She could not allow Jeanne to go back alone.

"But I don't want to implicate Mason," Jeanne said.

Perhaps she could convince him.

"Kingsley won't do anything to K01. K01 can support half of the Hills, so he can't bear to kill him." Lucy made it clear.

Jeanne fell silent.

"You have two choices. One, stay in the Hills and help Monica remotely, or two, take K01 and leave. Think about it." Lucy had given her two choices.

She did not say it explicitly, Jeanne knew very well that if she did not bring Mason with her, Lucy would not let her leave the Delta Islands.

The room was a little quiet.

Jeanne said, "I'll go and ask Mason."

Lucy nodded.

With that, Jeanne left Lucy's room and went straight to Mason's room.

Since they were all in the higher-level assassin rooms, she did not have to walk far. After all, the Hills treated the assassins according to their levels.

Just as she raised her hand and was about to knock on Mason's door, the door suddenly opened.

A female assassin walked out of Mason's room with her clothes in a mess.



She looked at Jeanne and greeted her respectfully, "Eldest Young Lady."

Jeanne nodded. "Is Mason in?"

"What?" The assassin was stunned.

"K01," Jeanne said.

She had almost forgotten that very few people knew him as Mason.

"In the room," the female assassin quickly replied.

"I'm looking for him."

"Alright." The female assassin quickly stepped aside before leaving Mason's room.

In fact, in the Hills, it was common for assassins to sleep with each other.

Sometimes, in order to satisfy the assassins' physical needs, Kingsley would even air transport some prostitutes and gentlemen to the Delta Islands for the assassins to enjoy.

Therefore, it was really a common thing to see people having sex with each other in the Hills.

When Jeanne walked into Mason's room, Mason had just taken a shower and was wrapped in a bath towel.

He paused for a moment when he saw Jeanne.

His identity was different from the other assassins, so he did not treat Jeanne with as much respect as the others.

Then, he casually picked up a pack of cigarettes from the coffee table and asked her, "Do you want some?"

Jeanne shook her head. "No."

Mason lit one up for himself. "Is there anything I can help you with?"

"I want you to accompany me to South Hampton City," Jeanne said bluntly.

Mason took a puff of his cigarette and asked, "Has Mr. Thorn approved it?"

"No."

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Mason just looked at her.

"I plan to leave without him knowing tonight," Jeanne said, "and I need your help."

Mason fell silent.

Assassins were usually quiet. It seemed like other than Millie, the other assassins did not talk much.

If there was a mission, he would do it, but if there was no mission, he would enjoy his time in seclusion.

Jeanne waited quietly for Mason's answer for a long time.

"How long will you be back there?" Mason suddenly asked.

He did not ask her why she wanted to go back. He just asked her how long it would take.

“A week.” Jeanne said, “At most a week. I'll also give Kingsley a good explanation.”

Mason nodded. “Alright.”

Jeanne was a little surprised as she did not expect Mason to agree.

Mason said, “Mr. Thorn once came to talk to me about you.”

Jeanne frowned. She did not know that Kingsley would talk about her in private.

“He told me that if he's gone, I have to protect you,” Mason said bluntly.

Jeanne's heart sank.

Sometimes, Kingsley could really move her. Even though she often felt that Kingsley was not a good person — in fact, he was a cruel demon — he was so good to her that it was frustrating.

Moreover, she would often deliberately misinterpret Kingsley. She felt that he was good to her because he wanted her to work with him and help him inherit the Hill family.

She had always said that Kingsley was sinister and cunning, but was it not because he was afraid that the emotional burden would be too heavy?

Kinship, or blood relation, was so powerful that it needed to be interpreted with one's life.

“He also said that your life is more important than his,” Mason added.

Jeanne bit her lip.

At that moment, she would feel a little uncomfortable.

“So, are you sure you want to go back?” Mason asked her.

Jeanne nodded.

Kingsley was indeed very good to her. However, other than Kingsley, she still had other people that she could not let go of.

“Even if you want to leave, Mr. Thorn can't stop you.” Mason could see it clearly.

Jeanne was Kingsley's weakness. No matter what Jeanne did, Kingsley would eventually compromise.

Hence, instead of letting Kingsley and Jeanne start a big fight, it was better to help Jeanne leave.

In any case, the result would be the same, so why waste time going through an unnecessary process?

He only needed to protect Jeanne, and that was also an order from Kingsley.

Actually, there was something Kingsley did not tell Jeanne. He did not mean to hide it from her, but he felt that there was no need to say it.

In any case, Mason just had to execute Kingsley's order.

“Jeanne can't die before K01!” That was what Kingsley said.

The simple and crude explanation was that if Jeanne was dead, he had to die too. However, if he died, Jeanne could live.

Hence, when Fourth Master Swan threatened to jump off the cliff with Jeanne, he would have jumped off at the same time if they really did jump.

That was an order that an assassin had to carry out, and there was no room for negotiation!

“When do you plan to leave?” Mason asked her.

“Around 10 p.m., when the birthday party is at its busiest,” Jeanne replied.

“Alright.” Mason said, “I’ll make the arrangements.”

“Thank you.” Jeanne thanked him.

Mason nodded and said nothing more.

Jeanne did not say anything else either.

In fact, she did not expect it to go so smoothly, but Mason agreed immediately.

However, she would not think too much about it. She knew very well that no one in the Hills would dare to betray her, offend her, or even kill her!

Therefore, she did not need to be afraid of anything or anyone.

...

That night, it was the busiest day of the year in the manor on the Delta Islands.

As scheduled, that day was considered a holiday for all the assassins and staff on the island, and it was the most important celebration of the year.

Other than the servants, everyone else, including the workers, could dress up to attend the banquet and enjoy the same treatment as the upper-class society.

The party officially started at 7 p.m., and it was held in the manor's hall.

At that time, the hall was filled with bright lights, and it was a dazzling sight. On top of that, a feast was served, toasts were exchanged, and the atmosphere was lively.

According to tradition, Kingsley would only come down from the red carpet on the second floor after the party started.

His presence was pretty domineering, and he had a woman by his side.

It was Lucy or Millie but Jeanne.

Ever since Jeanne returned to the Hills, she was the only one who could stand beside Kingsley on formal occasions.

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At that moment, everyone's eyes were on the two people standing on the red carpet on the second floor.

Kingsley was wearing a black suit. He was tall and had a strong aura that carried a hint of nobility.

If it were not for the fact that he was so cruel, there would be countless upper-class heiresses pursuing him.

In fact, Kingsley had indeed attracted many rich ladies and daughters.

The business of the Hills also required him to attend many important banquets in many countries. Every time he showed up, some women would always take the initiative to flatter him. It was no exaggeration

to say that Kingsley had many women, but none of them were of poor quality. Some of the women who had one-night stands with him would even make people dumbfounded if they revealed their identities.

Today, Kingsley's intentional dressing also gave him a different kind of charm.

As for Jeanne, who was beside him, she was wearing a white fluffy princess dress tonight, which made her look very delicate.

Her looks did not really suit that kind of outfit, but it did not make her look ugly either.

Jeanne's beautiful face could crush everyone in the audience. It was only because she was so beautiful that simple or conventional clothes would not be able to match her beauty.

Kingsley also knew that the gown he prepared for her every year was the same. They were all princess dresses.

His explanation to Jeanne was also very one-sided and stubborn. He said, "You're a little princess when you're by my side."

She felt that those were the most touching words Kingsley had ever said in his life.

Other than her, no other woman could enjoy his coddling.

When the two of them stood together, it gave off a feeling that Jeanne was being protected by Kingsley.

In fact, Kingsley was not much older than Jeanne.

They only had an age gap of more than ten years.

Moreover, Kingsley did not look old. If Jeanne were dressed more maturely and sexier, she would easily match his appearance.

However, the scene of the two of them walking together at that moment made people feel as though Jeanne was being protected by Kingsley, like a father and daughter.

It was very heartwarming.

That was something that could never be found on Kingsley alone!

As the two of them walked into the hall, people came to toast and wish Kingsley a happy birthday one after another.

Jeanne would accompany him to socialize for a while and then leave on his own some other time.

It was the same every year, and Kingsley was used to it.

Hence, after Jeanne left, Millie took the initiative to take Jeanne's place and held Kingsley's hand, as if to declare her identity and status to everyone.

Kingsley did not refuse.

Lucy stood in a corner and looked at the hall. Almost half of the people had already approached Kingsley, and some were even lining up in an orderly manner to propose a toast.

"Why are you dressed so plainly tonight?" After leaving Kingsley, Jeanne walked straight to Lucy.

Lucy swirled the glass of red wine she was holding and took a sip.

She had originally chosen a bright red evening dress for herself tonight. It was a low-cut design, and the deep cleavage was visible.

Meanwhile, the back was mostly bare, with only a few thin ropes crisscrossed. Moreover, the hems only reached the middle of her thighs, and the tassels made her look sexier as she walked.



However, she ended up wearing a light blue evening gown, which was a collared design.

Apart from the small diamonds on the dress, which looked gorgeous under the light, there was nothing special about it.

In fact, it was a little too conservative.

“Could it be that Kingsley likes this kind of style now?” Jeanne could not help but tease Lucy.

She knew that Lucy would definitely sleep with Kingsley tonight.

That was why she thought that Lucy would dress up. Although Kingsley was easy to seduce, would it not be better to use her physical advantage to get double the result with half the effort?

At that moment, she even glanced at Kingsley, who was standing on the other side, and then at Mi Li, who was beside him.

Millie was almost completely naked, except for the parts that could not be exposed.

Most female assassins would not dare to dress like that, especially at Kingsley's party.

It would expose their ambition too much. To put it bluntly, it would be overly obvious that they were seducing Kingsley, and it would cause hostility between assassins.

However, the fact that Millie was dressed like that meant she was already Kingsley's woman, and she had that privilege.

“No.” Lucy said, “I just like this style.”

“You look like you're lying.” Jeanne exposed her.