

CEO's Unexpected Wife by Charlie

Chapter 106

[/ CEO's Unexpected Wife by Charlie](#)
Chapter 106

Ian nodded slightly, then pointed to Issac beside him and introduced, "This is Mr. Tort."

The man was in a daze. When he came back to his senses, he bowed respectfully, "Mr. Tort!"

Seeing this, the others behind him bowed neatly in his direction.

It turned out that the behind-the-scenes boss was here!

Issac nodded slightly and said in a voice that was extremely cold, "Where's that woman?"

The leading man made way for him and pointed to a rusty iron door not far away, "Just behind that door."

After that, Issac immediately stepped forward and walked over. Ian followed closely behind and turned around to make a gesture to signal them not to follow.

"Bang!"

A rusty iron door was kicked open.

Ingrid, who was tied to the chair, was startled and looked nervously at the door.

Two young men in suits and leather shoes walked in one after the other. The leader had a dangerous and gloomy aura, and he had a pair of sharp, blade-like eyes on his handsome face.

The next moment, when she saw the young man in front of her, Ingrid immediately widened her eyes in horror and squeezed out a sentence from her mouth vehemently, "It's you!"

Although she had only seen Issac once, she remembered very clearly that at that time, at a hotel in A City, she had a warp party for Elaine in advance. She drugged Elaine, and in the end, Elaine threw herself into the man's arms. Then, a series of things that the man had done later made her lose her reputation.

Issac's cold eyes looked around her, and the corner of his lips curved up into a dark smile, "Good memory."

Ingrid could not help but tremble. At this moment, her face, on which the makeup was ruined by her tears, was completely pale. "You, what are you trying to do by bringing me here and locking me up?"

After two days of being locked here, she vaguely knew that the people who caught her were gangs in S Country, and knew that there was little chance of her to escape. She did not expect to see an "acquaintance" she had met in Z Country today.

An ominous feeling surged up again.

Ian looked at her helplessness expressionlessly and said harshly, "Ingrid, you know what you've done."

"I didn't do anything!" Ingrid blurted out.

She didn't know when she had provoked them again. She didn't even want to go back. What else did they want from her?

"Do you want me to make it clear? You hurt Curd."

As soon as he said a surname, Issac raised his hand and interrupted Ian.

Ingrid thought carefully about the surname "Curd" and suddenly realized that she had killed Elaine's father. The temperature of her body gradually went down because of her guilt, and cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

Did they find out it was her?!

Before she could recover from her fear, a tall figure had come to her.

Issac bent down slightly and stared straight at the disheveled face with his dark and sharp eyes.

Ingrid was not in the mood to appreciate the handsome man at this time when his face was so close to her, and her heart was already beating so fast.

At that time, after she drugged Elaine, she was punished miserably. This time, she did not dare to imagine what torture she would suffer.

As she was trembling, a hand suddenly lifted her chin.

Ingrid frowned in pain. When she met Issac's cold and deep eyes, her cheeks would still blush.

It was undeniable that anyone would feel shy being stared at by such a good-looking man.

"You wrecker, it's time to pay the price for what you did."

The man's voice was like a demon's calling.

Ingrid's pupils shrank and she struggled to squeeze out a sentence, "What's your relationship with Elaine?"

Issac released her chin in disgust, and Ian handed him a handkerchief.

He wiped his hands gracefully and languidly as if he had just touched something disgusting.

"You don't need to know. You only need to know that no one can hurt her."

After that, Issac looked at Ian beside him, "Okay, let them in"

"Yes."

Ian nodded slightly and turned around to leave for the time being.

Ingrid faintly sensed something was wrong and trembled unconsciously.

Soon, Ian returned to Issac. Behind him, four blonde foreigners were led in by five men in black.

One of them was a man who stayed in the alley with Ingrid that night.

"Mr. Tort, these are the four. If it's not enough, I'll let them arrange some more." Ian reported.

Issac glanced at the four men who were under control, "Are you sure they all have AIDS?"

"Yes."

After confirmation, Issac nodded slightly. Ian immediately understood and looked at the other two men in black, "Give her the medicine now."

Hearing the instructions, one of the men in black took out a test tube containing an unknown liquid and walked to Ingrid.

Ingrid immediately realized that something was wrong and struggled restlessly, with her face full of fear, "No, no!! don't want to die! As long as you let me go back, I will turn myself in!"

Issac sneered and said without a trace of fluctuation, "It doesn't matter whether you admit your guilt or not. Don't worry, I won't let you die so soon."

The man in black pinched her mouth and was about to pour it in. Ingrid suddenly shook off the man's hand with an unknown strength. In a moment of panic, she revealed everything, "It's not all my fault! It's Serena's idea. She paid for the

second-hand car and hired me to crash Elaine's father! You should catch her, not me!"

A deep gleam flashed through Issac's eyes and he suddenly said, "Wait!"

The man in black then stopped.

"Do you have any evidence that the car accident had something to do with Serena Johanning?"

"Of course! I have a recording of the conversation with her! The recording pen is in my handbag. If you don't believe me, you can take it and listen to it. It was really her idea! She said that she hated Elaine too and wanted to cooperate with me to make Elaine's life miserable! That's why there was that car accident."

In the end, Issac's face was even gloomier and scarier than before.

Another man in black took her handbag, quickly found a recording pen in it, and respectfully handed it to Issac.

Ian took it for him. After opening the recording pen and listening to it for a while, he reported in a low voice, "Mr. Tort, the recording is indeed her conversation with Serena."

Issac nodded slightly and reached out to take the recording pen. He glanced at Ingrid, who was full of expectation, with dark and indifferent eyes, and a cold smile appeared on his face, "Do it."

CEO's Unexpected Wife by Charlie

Chapter 107

[/ CEO's Unexpected Wife by Charlie](#)

Chapter 107

Ingrid widened her eyes and looked at the man in black approaching her again. "Well, didn't I say it all?"

"You just voluntarily told us. Mr. Tort didn't promise you anything."

As he spoke, the man in black pinched Ingrid's mouth open again, poured all the liquid into the test tube, and watched her swallow before releasing her mouth.

Right after that, Issac walked out of the dark and shabby room.

Ingrid, who had been drugged, could vaguely feel the subtle changes in her body. With the covetous gaze of the four men, Ingrid fell into the depths of despair.

"No! Please let me go! I can do anything for you! I can also give you money!"

Ian ignored her words and glanced indifferently at the four men whose hands were tied. Then he looked at the man in front of Ingrid and asked, "Did these four people also take the drugs?"

"Yes, I've drugged them before I brought them in."

"Great, then just implement the plan."

"Okay."

After watching Ian leave, the man in black asked his men to untie the four men and said something to them.

As soon as he finished, the four men all stared excitedly at Ingrid. The other men in black quietly left the room, ignoring Ingrid's screams for help, and closed the iron door.

Elaine returned to Z Country.

After a thrilling chase, she returned to the villa, fell on the bed, and breathed a sigh of relief.

Elaine didn't expect that Chris would deliberately let those young women notice her.

But it was understandable. Now, most people, including Chris, believed that it was Elaine who caused Serena's miscarriage. In their hearts, Elaine was an unforgivable sinner. No one would be friendly to her except...

"Ting, ting, ting."

The phone in her pocket rang.

Elaine recovered from her absent-mindedness and took out her phone.

When she saw that it was Issac, a trace of surprise flashed across her eyes. She quickly tapped the screen and said, "Hello."

Listening to Elaine's pleasant voice, Issac's gloomy mood dissipated. "The butler told me that you went out this afternoon," he said.

"Yes, I went out to buy some stuff."

"What did you buy?"

"My period is approaching, so."

Issac chuckled and said, "I've already asked someone to prepare it. It's in the left drawer at the bottom of the wardrobe. After all, this is your home. Should you take a look first before going out?"

Elaine paused, unconsciously looking at the white wardrobe not far away, and her delicate face blushed slightly. "I see. Have you finished your work?"

She didn't expect Issac to be so considerate.

"Yes."

"Then take a rest. You've been on a plane for so long." There was concern in Elaine's tone.

Issac smiled slightly with the recorder from Ingrid in his hand. Then he said softly, "I miss you. I want to hear your voice. Sweetheart, can you talk to me more?"

Issac's cold and charming voice was flirtatious, and Elaine's heart fluttered again.

Then, she smiled and replied softly, "Okay."

[...]

Two days later, Serena, dressed gorgeously, appeared in the Lakey Group.

On the way to the CEO's office, many employees greeted her warmly. Serena felt delighted and satisfied when hearing them call her Mrs. Lakey.

The assistant led her to Chris's office.

Serena hinted to the assistant to leave and joyfully pushed the office door open.

"Creak!"

Hearing the noise at the door, Chris, asking the secretary about his schedule, frowned impatiently. The tall and

beautiful secretary naturally turned around and took a look.

Serena's eyes flashed with dissatisfaction at the sight of the young secretary in business attire, but she still forced a smile. "Honey," she said.

Chris looked up with a hint of surprise in his eyes and said, "Serena, why did you leave the hospital?"

"The doctor said I was fine now. I was so bored at the hospital, so I checked out."

Serena walked gracefully up to Chris, ignoring the secretary

Immediately, Chris stood up, helped Serena to sit down, and then motioned for the secretary to leave.

The secretary looked at Serena curiously and then quietly retreated.

Chris looked at her with a serious expression, "You need to take a good rest. What if you come out and encounter something unexpected?"

When Serena saw that Chris cared so much about her, warmth welled up in her heart.

Previously, Chris had disdained her and always spoke coldly to her. Now, his attitude had changed a lot.

All of this stemmed from his regret for Elaine and his guilt.

The trick she had thought of worked very well, although she was sorry for the baby in her belly.

Serena took Chris's hand and said in a childish tone, "I see. I missed you, so I came to see you."

Chris's heart softened. He sighed helplessly and then sat down beside her.

Seeing this, Serena took his arm intimately and leaned half of her body against his. "Honey, let's go to the new Western restaurant nearby after work tonight."

Chris did not push her away and replied, "Okay."

Thinking about he had owed her too much before, Chris wanted to make up for it now.

Serena's eyes flashed, and she said casually, "There's a new movie, which is pretty good."

"Then let's go watch it after dinner."

"Honey, you're so considerate."

Serena kissed Chris gently.

Chris was dazed and then grabbed the back of her head. It was the first time he had accepted her intimate actions.

The strong smell of perfume passed the tip of his nose. Although Serena was skilled at kissing, Chris was not tempted. Somehow, at that moment, he missed Elaine's clumsiness.

However, everything between him and Elaine had changed completely.

Thinking of this, Chris clasped the back of Serena's head more firmly with a hint of punishment.

Serena was a little out of breath and gently pushed Chris away. Right after leaving Chris's lips, Serena said softly, "Honey..."

Chris abruptly recovered from his absent-mindedness and let go of Serena. Then they looked away and panted slightly.

Serena blushed, and her eyes looked lustful. She was obviously satisfied with his response just now.

CEO's Unexpected Wife by Charlie

Chapter 108

[/ CEO's Unexpected Wife by Charlie](#)
Chapter 108

Having let his emotions get the best, Chris stood up unhurriedly, "Serena, I'm going to work. You could go back."

Glancing at the wall clock, she leaned leisurely against the back of the sofa, with no intention of leaving.

"I can wait for you here. I promise I won't bother you."

He frowned slightly. "I'm worried about your health."

"I'm fine."

At her insistence, he agreed. And then, he turned around and returned to his office table.

Appreciating his earnest profile, she remembered the young female secretary just now. She said, "Chris, I don't like your secretary. Can you change to a male one?"

Hearing that, he paused. Although he was unhappy with her frivolous quibbling, he finally nodded, "Okay."

For the sake that she had just been discharged and needed care, he indulged her for the time being.

Seeing that he agreed so readily, she toyed with the idea of another thing with a sly gleam flashed in her eyes, "Honey, two days ago, mom told me in the hospital that she must report to the police because Elaine made me miscarry. What's your opinion?"

"No..."

He stopped his subconscious answer. Increasing his strength of holding the pen unconsciously, he replied, "Then do as you think."

He was used to sticking up for Elaine, so he was inclined to be against Serena subconsciously.

Noticing that his expression did not fluctuate much, Serena smirked and nodded slightly, "Okay."

(Elaine, wait. If the public opinion these days couldn't destroy you, then you would meet a more violent strike.)

Just as one expected, in the deep of night, it set off a storm on the internet. The president and his wife of the Lakey Group planned to report to the police and sue Elaine Curd to punish her severely.

Elaine Curd, who was out of the public eyes these days, became a hotshot again.

"If you still don't come back, our ZC Entertainment will be discredited."

In Night Light Bar, Thomas was grumbling to Issac who was on the other side of the phone.

Then, after he heard Issac's response, he hung up helplessly.

"What's going on? What did he say?" Friends around Thomas asked.

"He said he didn't mind that ZC Entertainment was acquired." He gritted his teeth.

Tapping him on the shoulder to comfort him, Mark looked up with a chuckle, "Ha-ha, don't worry. Issac has always been a visionary leader. He's so calm. You don't have to worry too much. According to his style, the longer he remains silent, the more violent he will fight back to make them have no way out."

Elaine, who had just taken a shower, sat alone by the bed and checked Twitter after receiving a call from Edward.

When she saw Serena shift the blame to her, she quivered with anger.

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Her company was still gathering evidence to prove her innocence. Edward told her not to declare herself so as not to make things worse, but Serena obviously didn't stop and even wanted to destroy her!

Taking a deep breath, she threw her phone aside, and then went to bed.

In the middle of the night, the closed door was carefully pushed open, and a tall figure appeared in the bedroom.

When he saw the figure curled up on the bed, he held back the joy in his heart and slowly approached.

It seemed that the person on the bed didn't sleep well. She wriggled from time to time.

Taking off his coat cleanly, he lifted the quilt, slept beside her, and then held her slender body in his arms.

Although he had only been there for a few days, he thought of what she was doing every second.

A familiar fragrance brushed past the tip of her nose. She frowned and then crept into his arms without any sign of waking up.

Issac was satisfied with her reaction. He lowered his head and kissed her gently on the forehead. He whispered, "Honey, I'm back."

This time he came back, he would not let her upset by some unkindness. Let's wait and see who can win!

[The next morning]

"Mr. Larney, these videos are collected by some employees in various departments of ZC Entertainment during this period of time. Two close-up videos provide the clues."

In the office of ZC Entertainment, holding his computer, Edward clicked a video and hand it to Thomas.

After glancing at the new text message, he looked at the computer screen and smiled. "Well, you've been working hard these days. It's time for us to fight back. When I set the meeting time, you can inform Elaine."

It was not that the videos made him smile, but the text message he had just received that made him know that ZC Entertainment could finally fall back from public opinion.

Because Issac was back.

"Okay."

It seemed that he had not enjoyed much peacetime since he took over Elaine.

She was so unlucky. In addition of being wrapped up in the jealousy from old artists, she got involved in such a serious matter this time.

Fortunately, the company did not give up on her and tried to find evidence to bring about an upswing.

In the Splendid Villa, Elaine, who was sitting at the dining table, looked at the man opposite her in a daze. She didn't have breakfast in front of her at all.

Looking at her confused and cute appearance, Issac raised his eyebrows in amusement, "If you want to see me clearly, I can walk up to you and let you see carefully."

Having regained her senses, she lowered her head awkwardly and took a sip of milk.

She never thought she would wake up from his arms. He had called her in S Country yesterday, but when she opened her eyes, he was right next to her, so she felt unreal.

"Mr. Tort, Mrs. Tort, this is a document sent by someone from ZC Entertainment."

A middle-aged maid came in and sent a document to Issac.

Her pupils shrank slightly, and her little face was unconsciously tinged with nervousness.

Putting down the cutlery, he neatly opened it. Inside was the formal summons from the police station. Naturally, the person who was summoned was Elaine.

Seeing him staring at the contents of the paper calmly, she couldn't help but feel uneasy, "What's that?"

Putting away the document, he looked at her, who was unable to hide her nervousness, "They sent on a formal summons from the police station. Serena reported to the police, so you need to come to the police station."

When she heard that, her heart skipped a beat.

'Serena's action was fast! Last night, she posted on the internet that she would investigate. This morning, I received the formal summons:

CEO' s Unexpected Wife by Charlie

Chapter 109

[/ CEO' s Unexpected Wife by Charlie](#)
Chapter 109

Thinking of this, the girl looked down at her hands in regret and said to herself, "Did I really push too hard at that time?"

She did push Serena away, so she felt a little guilty.

Issac immediately turned serious, "Don't admit anything you're not sure about. I'll go with you later. You just have to tell the police what happened that day and provide some video evidence. That's it. It might be their purpose to frame you. Once you hesitated on it, you would be in their favor."

Elaine felt reassured by his support. She said, "Okay."

Just a few days ago, Edward sent her the footage of Serena slapping her, which was captured by the surveillance camera at the entrance of the company.

Not long after, the two finished breakfast and got into a black Maybach. They headed for the police station.

As they were approaching the police station, Elaine's expression gradually became tense.

Perhaps sensing her nervousness, Issac took her hand and held it in his palm. He comforted her softly, "Everything will be okay."

He happened to know the director of the B City's police station.

Elaine lowered her eyes, pressed her lips, and nodded.

Issac rubbed her silky hair. "Have you missed me these days?"

Elaine was slightly bemused, then nodded.

The corners of Issac's mouth turned up and a charming smile appeared on his face. He leaned closer to her ear and said, "I miss you too, very much."

She could feel his warm breath in her ear, and the man's deep, husky voice made Elaine's ears turn red.

The atmosphere in the back seat gradually became subtle. Ian was driving in the front. He could only try to turn a deaf ear to it and kept driving.

When they arrived at the police station, Elaine had a glimpse of a group of paparazzi who had already surrounded the gate. They carried cameras on their shoulders.

Did they know she was coming today? So they had been waiting for her here?

Elaine shivered subconsciously. Issac sensed her uneasiness and looked out of the window.

With a frown, he said, "Ian, don't go in through the front gate. Find another way"

“Okay.”

At this time, they could probably only enter through the back door of the police station, which was exclusive to outsiders.

Otherwise, when Elaine got out of the car, she would definitely be surrounded by the reporters.

A black Maybach drove straight past the police station. Chris, who was accompanying Serena for an interview with the reporters, inadvertently looked up and saw the car passing quickly. Everyone’s attention was on the crying Serena, and no one seemed to notice it.

He withdrew his gaze and continued to stand by her in silence.

He thought it was Elaine, but it wasn’t.

“Mr. Lakey, may I ask if you have anything to say to your ex, Elaine Curd, who hurt Mrs. Lakey this time?”

A reporter turned his eyes to Chris and handed the microphone to him.

Chris frowned. Serena, who was standing by his side, saw his discomfort and said, “Excuse me. Just ask me if you have any questions. My husband has been in a bad mood recently because of this. He won’t accept any interviews.”

“Okay. Then Mrs. Lakey, what was Mr. Lakey’s relationship with Elaine Curd before?”

“They had nothing to do with each other. My husband had been to HY Movie Academy before, and Elaine Curd, who was in charge of reception, had her eye on him. My husband was not interested in her at all, but she was persistent. I didn’t expect her to be so vicious though. When we got married, she took me as a target for revenge and killed our child...”

In the end, Serena almost choked and raised her hand to wipe away the tears in her eyes, which made people feel sorry for her and hate Elaine as well.

Chris pinched his thin lips and gently patted Serena on the back to comfort her. He did not explain anything for her fabricated stories, as if acquiescing in her continuing to smear Elaine.

On the other side, Elaine and the others had successfully got into the police station.

During the interrogation, Issac and Ian went outside to wait.

A middle-aged man in a police uniform rushed over. When he saw the two people outside the interrogation room, he greeted them with joy. “Mr. Tort, it’s really you!”

Issac looked up and nodded at him. "Director Lampel"

The Tort family not only had connections in the business world and the underworld but was also highly influential in the military and political spheres. When he heard that someone who claimed to be from the Tort family requested to come in through the back door, he did not dare to delay for a moment and immediately let them in.

"Long time no see!"

He remembered the first time he met Issac, it was at a cocktail party hosted by his uncle, Joshua Tort, the minister of foreign affairs. Issac was still a novice in the business world at the time. It was quite impressive that he had become a tycoon in just a few years.

"Nice to see you here."

The two of them shook hands politely and then quickly let go.

"Mr. Tort, it's rare for you to come here. Why don't you come to my office?"

"No thanks. Maybe next time. I have something to do with my wife here today." Issac declined politely.

The director raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Oh? Mr. Tort has already..."

Issac nodded expressionlessly and said nothing more.

"Creak!"

Just then the door of the interrogation room was pushed open and a young man in a police uniform came out with a record sheet.

When he saw Director Lampel outside the door, he quickly stopped and greeted him, "Director."

Director Lampel nodded slightly and waved at him to let him proceed with his work.

Seeing that Elaine was still inside and was not allowed to come out, Issac turned to look at Ian.

Ian immediately understood and stepped forward to say, "Director Lampel, the interrogation is over. Can we take Mrs. Tort away now?"

Director Lampel looked confused, and asked, "Is Mrs. Tort in the interrogation room?"

All he knew was that the celebrity who offended the Lakey Group would come to be interrogated today. What was Issac Tort's wife doing here?

Ian nodded. "Yes, it's Miss Curd who was summoned."

Director Lampel thought for a moment and said, "Yes, of course!"

After hearing that, Issac immediately walked in, and Ian began to chat with Director Lampel, "Then thank you,

Director Lampel. Don't worry, we won't make things difficult for you. I think you should already know who is right and who is wrong about this matter, right? In short, Mr. Tort will handle it well."

"Okay, I believe in Mrs. Tort too. But if we need anything further, I hope Mrs. Tort can come over and cooperate with our investigation then."

Previously, he thought it was a celebrity who envied the wife of the CEO of Lakey Group and did such a horrendous thing out of jealousy. But now it seemed that as the wife of the CEO of Prosperous Group, how could she be envious of such a small enterprise?

CEO' s Unexpected Wife by Charlie

Chapter 110

[/ CEO' s Unexpected Wife by Charlie](#)
Chapter 110

Issac was much more powerful than Chris.

In other words, if you owned a golden mountain, would you care about the rotten stones on the roadside?

"Of course, very few people know that Elaine is married to Mr. Tort. She wants to stay low-key. Please keep it a secret."

"Of course!"

Leaving the police station, Elaine successfully avoided the paparazzi waiting at the front door and got in the Maybach parked at the back door.

At the same time, Serena and Chris also finished the interview and got into their car.

The two cars stopped at a red light near the police station and were close to each other.

Chris looked out the window and saw the shiny black Maybach next to him.

Through the window, he dimly saw a familiar and serene girl. Before he was about to open the window and take a closer look, she turned her head and got a deep kiss from the man sitting next to her.

Chris stopped pressing the button and saw a slender hand holding her head. They had no intention of stopping the kiss.

“Chris, what are you thinking about?”

Seeing that he kept looking out the window, Serena tugged at his clothes in confusion and looked in the direction of his sight.

At the same time, the green light turned on. The Maybach stepped on the accelerator and disappeared.

Chris looked back at the car with a hint of irritation in his heart.

What was wrong with him? Why did he think of the woman in the back Maybach as Elaine? He and Serena stayed at the police station for a long time and did not see her at all.

[...]

In the back seat of the Maybach, Elaine panted slightly. The flush on her cheeks made her adorable.

Issac casually picked up the newspaper and flipped through it, with a faint smile.

When they were waiting for the red light just now, he noticed the car where Chris was looking at them. He kissed Elaine before she could react to show off that she was his.

Issac didn't allow anyone to covet her.

“lan, drop me off there, then send her to Splendid Villa.”

“Yes, sir.”

lan was used to Issac filtering with Elaine and focused on driving.

Issac noticed Elaine's blaming eyes and her slightly swelling lips caused by him.

He raised the corner of his mouth in satisfaction and whispered in her ear, “Your face turns me on.”

Elaine took a deep breath and quickly pushed his leaning chest, looking away.

When Issac approached and kissed her just now, her heart was beating so fast that she almost felt like she had a heart attack.

Although she didn't resist his touch, the kiss was off guard! Besides, Ian was in the car too!

"I have some business to deal with. Meet me at home."

Issac sat up and rub her hair affectionately.

Elaine did not respond but turned away, posing a tsundere look.

Issac smiled and said, "TC Cafe can open next weekend."

Hearing the coffee shop, Elaine blinked her eyes and nodded, "Yeah!"

"Mr. Tort, we are here."

Ian stopped in an empty place and opened the door for Issac.

"Okay."

Issac got out of the car and asked Elaine with a raffish smile, "Sugar, I'm leaving. How about a goodbye kiss?"

Elaine's face turned red immediately. Then she closed the door and made a grimace, "You wish! Go now!"

Issac moved up the corner of his mouth and watched the car leave. Then he got into the Audi next to him and said coldly to the driver, "Night Light Bar."

"Yes, sir."

Soon, Issac appeared in a private room in Night Light Bar.

"Mr. Tort, tell us, what did you do with Ingrid?"

Thomas leaned lazily on the leather sofa, raising a bottle of fresh French wine.

"Mr. Tort, cigar?"

Edward handed him a cigar.

"Long time no see. You look great!"

"How's it going with you and your wife?"

These old friends were never afraid to amuse him.

It was hard to tell Issac's mood from his poker face.

He walked to the sofa and sat alone. Glancing at the four friends in the room, he scolded, "Watch your tongue, or get out of here."

"You have no sense of humor, do you?"

Thomas sat up straight and offered him a glass of wine. "Tell me, what happened to the woman who escaped abroad?"

"Don't you worry about how to get the ZC Entertainment out of the media attention? Why concerned about something else?" Mark, the boss of the Night Light Bar, asked curiously.

"No hurry. I will ask him anyway."

He wanted to know how did this powerful man take revenge on the one who had ruined his wife's family.

Issac was famous for being ruthless.

"You wouldn't want to know."

Issac replied casually. He picked up the bottle and took a sip gracefully as a harmless gentleman.

Thomas was even more curious, "We all want to know."

nas was even more

Issac glanced at the assistant standing in the corner.

The assistant understood and put a photo on the wine table.

The four men moved forward and took a look.

They were shocked at the photo and sat back silently.

Indeed, Issac was the most brutal one among them.