

Chapter 231

"You haven't helped me make back the money that I lost for you, so why would I be stupid enough to divorce you? Little fool."

His tone was light and fluffy, but Clara suddenly shivered.

For some reason, listening to him, it felt as if a cold, poisonous snake was crawling up her back, its mouth hanging over her neck, as if it was going to bite down next.

Her face changed and she felt his fingers slide from her head to her face and were moving closer to her lips and couldn't help but lift a hand to brush them away.

I cursed, "Pervert!"

"Heh!"

Rovell chuckled, "I'm a pervert, so how about you're a pervert's wife? Scared to stay with a pervert like me?"

Clara tried to force his composure.

Looking up at him, he smirked, "I can continue to pretend to be married to you, but I'm warning you, stay away from me from now on!"

Finished, he climbed himself up and headed for the bathroom.

Rovell stood up with a shallow smile on his face, pulled out a handkerchief from his trouser pocket, wiped his finger that he had just touched Clara, and threw the handkerchief into the bin.

"Someone! Help the young lady clean up the room again, and re-buy whatever you need."

After saying that, he sailed away.

Naturally, the bathroom is not available.

Clara simply washed her hands and then went to the guest room.

Self-employed maids cleaned her room for her, bought new furniture and mattresses, and cleaned it up.

By the time everything was done, it was nighttime and she squared back into the room.

During dinner, one of Rovell's assistants called back and said that he would be living in another villa next door and wouldn't be back for a while.

When she answered the phone, two maids were there, and neither could help but feel some sympathy for her after hearing it.

We've only been married a few days and we're separated.

What a big deal! Can't couples talk to each other anymore?

However, Clara just responded woodenly, then hung up the phone and went back to eating.

Calm is not at all like her as a person.

The family was worried that something might be wrong with her, but the good news was that after observing her one night, she wasn't anything out of the ordinary except that she wasn't talking like she used to.

So that's how we all slowly put our heads down.

This evening, Clara was sitting on the terrace cooling off.

Her phone suddenly rang and she looked at the caller ID and answered it immediately.

"You finally called me."

On the other side, it was a soft female voice that hinted at a cough or two before saying somewhat weakly, "Sorry, I haven't been feeling well lately, so I didn't take care of you."

Clara's face was expressionless, "Then you should always have time to help me now, right?"

There was a pause across the room, followed by, "Of course, if there's anything you need me to do, just say so."

"I want you to help me kill a man."

The other side froze, clearly surprised.

"Who?"

"Jenny."

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Biden Lu will be traveling during this time.

There was an important project abroad went wrong, and there was some friction with the partners, and the person in charge there was temporarily ill again, so he couldn't take care of it for a while, so he had to go there personally to mediate.

Jenny had already matched and finished his promotional work with Lin Shufan some time ago, so it was a rather leisurely time.

That's why I even helped him organize himself before the trip.

Good luggage, and drove him to the airport himself.

Biden Lu was naturally very satisfied, and explained that Mo Nan took care of her before leaving.

After sending the man away, Jenny saw that it was still early, so he went back to the office.

Starflight is now generally developing quite well, although the scale is still relatively small, but all of its artists are steadily rising, and with the backing of a large resource like Anning International, the prospects are naturally needless to say.

Evelin has made several movies in a row this year, the amount of bursts of light increased, and the number of Twitter followers has risen from over three million to over ten million.

Jenny Jing plans to take a better script for her this year and let her play the female lead on her own.

And a few others also finished that pre-ordained variety show, which was a bit more memorable, even though the final ranking wasn't a top draw.

Popularity is no small fire, but it has attracted a lot of attention, ruffling a small million or so fans is something.

It's less, but it's an improvement from a completely unknown newcomer to this point.

After inspecting the company, Jenny only felt very satisfied, and went back to Anning International for a lap, seeing that it was already late, before leaving with Mo Nan.

"Jenny, are we going home now?"

Mo Nan asked as she drove.

"No back, let's go out to dinner."

It's not easy to get a chance to come out and wander around for a bit, so naturally Jenny wouldn't miss it.

They went to a nearby Tauranga for dinner and then to the mall afterwards.

Jenny had heard that Mo Nan was an orphan, with no other family except for a younger brother who was still in high school.

It was now early September, just as high school started, so Jenny Jing accompanied her to buy a lot of things and clothes that high school boys would like, and gave her a day off so she could go back to her brother to start school.

Naturally, Mo Nan was happy, and left that evening on the same day's flight.

The next day, Jenny went to work as usual.

While meeting with a client at noon, I accidentally met Clara.

Naturally, it was a coincidence that the two were meeting at a cafe and happened to see Clara sitting in a card sitting not far across the street.

She thought it was odd but didn't think much of it.

But she didn't know if it was her illusion or not, she always felt that there was something strange about the way Clara was looking at her today.

More hateful, more chilly.

Jenny only thought she was just hating herself, so she didn't care.

After the talk, she didn't rush back to the office, but took a taxi to a very famous pottery shop in the east of the city.

I don't know what that man Biden Lu was thinking, but a few days ago, he suddenly gave her a ceramic jar, saying that he had made it with his own hands.

Truth be told, Jenny was a bit disgusted with this gift.

Not that she didn't like pottery, but the jar was really poorly done.

Not to mention, the painting on it is really ugly.

Offhand the man also said that one of the pictures on there was her, one was himself, and there were three small children in between.

He said it was their future.

Jenny looked at the three other little children above and expressed silence.

The worst part was that he made himself ugly.

Prejudice wants her to return one, saying that he has given it all away as a courtesy, and she can't show nothing.

Jenny was simply speechless.

There was no choice but to make one back to him personally.

Thinking so, after getting into the car, she closed her eyes intending to take a nap, however it didn't take long before she felt something was wrong.

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There was a strange aroma floating in the air that I didn't notice when I first got into the car because it was too faint, but as time went on, it became more and more intense and even a little pungent.

She braced herself to grab the door, yet her hands couldn't make half the effort to speak, her throat felt like a block of something.

Gradually, the head began to feel dizzy, and the eyelids grew heavy...

The last second that consciousness existed was to see the driver remove his mask and turn to her with a grim smile.

"You...you're..."

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Jenny didn't know how long he had been unconscious.

Waking up again, it was to a cold snap.

Confused open eyes, the eye is a simple operating room made of cement, iron-gray walls with a cold sheen, the head hanging an incandescent lamp, white light shaking her eyes a little stinging.

Where is this...where?

Consciousness drifted back to the memory of trying to take a taxi to the pottery museum, and then falling asleep as if she had smelled something in the car....

She snapped awake.

Turning around, I saw two rows of glass pillars with clear liquid around them, bubbling with a piece of an unknown animal's body, and many odd things hanging on the walls.

The air smelled sickeningly of blood and formalin.

She, on the other hand, was now lying on the operating table in the middle of the room, her hands and feet secured to the table by iron rings, like a lamb to the slaughter.

Here, where is this?

Jenny's face changed, she struggled twice, but she only felt her whole body soft, unable to make any effort at all, and didn't know if she was injected with something.

There was dead silence now, and she was the only one in the entire room.

But the silence, like the calm before the storm, was all the more suffocating and panic-inducing.

What's going on here?

Wasn't she in the car?Why are you here?

What is this place?

And who kidnapped her?

Jenny's insides were confused, and at that moment, the sound of footsteps was heard.

"Tap-tap-tap..."

The sound of high heeled leather shoes on the plastered dirt floor was as chilling as a death knell from hell.

Jenny tensed up.

Are her kidnappers coming?

Footsteps sounded far and near, and soon a familiar face appeared above her.

"Jenny, we meet again."

Jenny's pupils tightened.

Clara?

She was followed in by four burly men.

She still had that gentle, soft smile on her face, but it was just how it looked in this environment, and how it smelled weird.

"What? Surprised to see me?"

Jenny frowned, understanding something almost instantly.

She said coldly, "What do you mean?"

"What do you mean you don't know? Jenny! Now you're trying to play dumb with me! Having fun playing with me isn't it!"

Afterwards, she hit her with a vicious elbow to her chest, and Jenny was so cold that her chest hurt.

fu*k!

Is this woman going crazy?

She gritted her teeth for a long moment before the pain eased, "I don't know what you're talking about, but what you're doing is considered kidnapping, and it's against the law do you know that?"

"Heh! You think I'm afraid?"

Clara came over and squeezed her face, hating her, "If you die in a place like this without knowing, who else do you think will know? And who will be able to do you justice!"

Jenny's heart thudded.

Before she could react, an icy cold front was plastered to her face.

"You know what I hate most about you? You're the one who knows what a good-looking face you have, but you still pretend not to know! Pretending to be noble and cold in front of outsiders, but in reality, they'll do anything to seduce a man!"

"Heh! Do you think that if I scratch your little face, will Brother Asawa still like you? Also, if you get trashed here today, do you think you won't be eligible to marry Biden Lu in the future?"

Clara's eyes glittered with excitement and malevolence, holding the knife and scratching at Jenny Jing's face.

The blade slid across the skin, provoking an icy shudder.

Jenny gritted her teeth and stared at her.

To say that the heart is not afraid is a lie.

After all, I don't know what this place is, it looks a bit like an abandoned hospital or something, and there's probably no one around.

Although she didn't think Clara would dare to kill anyone, it would be enough to stab her twice in the face!

She said in a deep voice, "Does Rovell know that you're doing this?"

"Don't you dare scare me with Brother Asawa!"

Clara let out a sardonic laugh, "Do you think that Brother Azawa truly likes you? He's just trying to be fresh, and he's more or less unhappy that his stuff has been taken away from him.

But that's all, it's like a pair of unwanted slippers that you can't take to someone else even if you don't want them and leave them in the trash, don't you think?"

Jenny Jing tugged at the corners of his mouth in mockery.

"I don't know if I am, but the fact that you can think that means that in your mind, you're worth just as much as a pair of slippers."

"You...heh!"

Clara suddenly sneered, "Fine, still daring to talk tough by now, don't you know what will happen to you if you come to this place and still dare to talk tough?"

Jenny snickered.

The eyes scowled at her, "Will you let me off the hook if I say a soft word or simply beg for mercy?"

"Of course not."

"That's not it?"

Clara stalled.

The heart was somehow fuzzy.

What does she deserve?

Why is it that when we've reached this point, people are still so calmly lying there and fighting with her?

Is she really not afraid?

Clara bit her teeth in hatred, and for a moment, suddenly smiled.

"You know what?I recently read that there is a maintenance recipe from overseas that uses other people's faces to make wine to stay youthful forever, and the more beautiful the face, the better the results.

I have to say, I've seen so many people, but I've never had a face I liked as much as yours, and I knew back when I first met you at eighteen that you were prettier than I was.

So, you may never know how much I want it!Now that I happen to have this opportunity, do you think I should take advantage of it?"

She said, reaching up to caress her face.

The touch of cold fingers on skin was like a snake crawling, and it was overwhelmingly numbing.

Jenny Jing endured the rejection and impulse in his heart, tugged stiffly at the corners of his lips and said coldly, "Then it's really an honor that you like me, am I supposed to feel honored?"

"Heh!You don't have to talk tough with me, you know that, and now that you're in my hands, I'm not going to let you off the hook."

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"So what do you want to do?"

"Well, don't worry, at least you're my sister, I won't really peel off your face and use it to make wine."

She suddenly straightened up and took a step back, pointing to some men behind her.

“See? I prepared this especially for you, I just want to see if a man like Biden Lu is really that good and loyal to you.

I’m not going to kill you either, but I’m going to wait until you’ve been played and crippled and then throw you back, and then we’ll see if he’ll continue to feed you and spoil you.”

When Jing finished, he suddenly took a syringe from his pocket and drew a bottle of blue liquid from another bottle and injected it into her body.

Jenny struggled a bit, but it was no use.

She suddenly got a little flustered, “What are you doing?”

Clara snickered.

“Don’t worry, it’s not anything fatal, but it’s just something to make you stay more comfortable, after all, I’m going to let them play with your handicap, not play with your death, how not fun is it to die, don’t you think?”

Afterwards, she left with a smile and a pat on her face.

Jenny Jing’s face changed dramatically.

She wasn’t sure what exactly Clara had injected her with, but she figured it wouldn’t be anything good.

Those men saw Clara leave, which was why they all came this way.

Jenny stared at them dead in the eye and shook his head.

“Don’t, don’t come over.”

Her voice was a little weak, and the men, looking at her like this, all began to laugh wickedly.

"Baby, don't be afraid, we'll be gentle."

"Come on, eon!"

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Ten minutes later.

The whole basement was quiet.

Jenny was lying on the ground, no longer able to feel the pain from the wounds his wrists had worn out from the struggle, and his consciousness seemed to be pulling away from his body bit by bit....

My spine was a little cold, and my body felt like it was being soaked in an icy pool of water so cold that it was oozing chills out of my bones.

She knew that it was a phenomenon of vital signs passing away.

No, she can't die!

The strong desire to survive made her bite her tongue hard, the clear pain summoning back some sense.

But not far from his feet, someone let out a muffled grunt of pain, struggling as if to get up.

She gritted her teeth and got up before the other party, then flew up and stepped on the other party's spine seven inches away, and the pair conveniently went limp again and went quiet again.

She just breathed a heavy sigh of relief.

The last bit of strength was used up because of this kick.

She held onto the wall, trying very hard to get out.

But the further we go, the more fuzzy the consciousness becomes.

Willpower plainly made her want to try very hard to move her feet out of the way, yet her legs felt like they were filled with lead and she couldn't move them.

She didn't bob her head.

It was thought that the thing Clara had injected her with was supposed to be some kind of love aid.

Now, it's probably not.

But whatever it was, it was just making her weak now.

She couldn't continue to stay here any longer, or else she wouldn't really be able to leave when Clara returned later.

Thinking this, she bit down on her teeth and continued her efforts to move out of the way.

I don't know how long it took, but she finally saw some light.

She sped up and finally made it to the door.

As she had expected, this was an abandoned hospital on the outskirts of the city.

Presumably it was moved, leaving all the old equipment on this side, and the venue had no new owners coming in, so it was left to stay piled up.

Jenny tried to walk out, but just then, a footstep came from behind.

She turned pale and knew without thinking that someone was coming.

Fortunately, the other party wasn't coming straight this way, so they didn't notice her.

Only, when she actually stepped out, she realized that she was in a location that seemed to be a beach?

Presumably it was a sanatorium in the mountains or something, but that didn't matter, what mattered was that the basement where she was being held seemed to have only one exit.

It was out of her luck that she had just picked the dead-end one when choosing a direction in the hallway.

Now she was lying on the railing, with the endless ocean to her left and the hallway where someone had just passed to her right.

Wherever you go, it seems to be a dead end.

She didn't think that if she went to the right and got caught by Clara again, she'd have the luck and strength to fu*k over a few strong men with her bare hands and escape again.

Finally, after weighing the pros and cons and looking at the deep sea to the right and left, I bit the bullet, flipped out over the railing, and jumped in.

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On the other side, 10,000 kilometres away, the hotel of Lu's overseas branch.

Biden Lu had slept uneasily all night and was inexplicably a little panicked.

He had a vague feeling of bad foreboding, but couldn't figure out where that bad feeling was coming from.

So early in the morning, he crawled out of bed at five o'clock and ran a few laps along the hotel's greenway, but the feeling of panic was still there, and it hadn't abated in the slightest.

He returned to the room with a sunken, tightly locked brow.

Just then, the phone rang.

A series of encrypted numbers were displayed on the screen, and it was an incoming call from Mo Nan.

His eyelids fluttered, and that bad feeling suddenly had a home, and he turned around to pick up a smartwatch he'd taken off and put on the table before bed last night.

Only the tiny red dot that was normally always online on the screen of his watch had disappeared, and his pupils constricted sharply.

"What's going on?" He answered the phone, his tone cold as hell.

Mo Nan was a little guilty and even on the phone, she felt the low pressure in his tone.

The heart is not dreadful, but as dreadful as it is, this matter cannot be delayed, it must be reported.

"President, Mrs. She's...missing!"

"What?"

"It's all my fault, my wife originally agreed with me that we had plans, but then something went wrong in the middle..."

Mo Nan gave a quick rundown of what had happened.

Including the account Jenny had given her before.

After half a ring, she only felt the air pressure on the phone getting lower and lower, and she was also anxious, so she asked, "President, I'm sorry, I know I should take full responsibility for this, but can we just pursue it afterwards, the most important thing now is to find the wife."

Lu Jing took a deep breath and said in a cold voice, "Where are you now?"

"I'm in the Land Garden."

"Get all city surveillance immediately, I'll be right back!"

Fortunately, Biden Lu's itinerary is to fly to a certain country in East Asia first, and then fly to the US tomorrow after finishing his business, so he directly asked people to transfer a private jet to take off immediately to return home at this time, which is only three hours' mileage.

Three and a half hours later, Biden Lu returned to the land garden.