

Daddy CEO 551

Chapter 551 Precious Time

WARNING: Mention and depiction of violence.

The man was tied up in a chair and had his head lowered. His wet hair was sticking close to his face, and one could even see bruises and cuts on his face. Even though several people entered the room they kept him in, the man remained unresponsive. "Wake him up." Andrew ordered and one of the three men overlooking the captive, move forward with a bucket filled with water, tossing it towards the unconscious man. "Haa!!!... Cough! Cough!" The man awoke instantly, feeling cold from the water, and also flinched at the pain that came from the many cuts on his body. After inhaling and exhaling like a fish that had just jumped ashore, the man finally raised his head, only to see that there were several men in front of him. Immediately, his body shriveled with fear and he wanted to back away, but with the constraints of the ropes tied around his limbs and torso, he could only twist and turn like a worm trapped in a tube. Seeing this, Song Yu Han turned to Andrew and asked, "Has he not learned his lesson yet?" Andrew understood what Song Yu Han's words meant. One glance from him and the man who threw the bucket of water grabbed the back of the captive until the latter behaved obediently.

Song Yu Han did not question Andrew whether he got the right person. Andrew was not the type to make a newbie mistake. Besides...

If the man really knew nothing, would he really look at Song Yu Han with fear in his eyes?

Of course, it could also be because they beat him up so much that he was afraid of seeing several men entering the room they kept him in. Perhaps he feared they will gang up on him and finally kill him.

However, the man did not react until he saw Song Yu Han. More precisely, he started to flinch and get scared when he saw his face. For Song Yu Han, whose identity didn't appear publicly most of the time, an ordinary person like this man, especially someone who came from a humble background, shouldn't have been able to recognize him. Thus, Song Yu Han knew they had taken the right person just observing these points. Walking forward until he was a meter away from the man, Song Yu Han languidly said, "I have always treated my time to be more precious. So, let's not waste time." His eyes captured the man's fearful gaze, and Song Yu Han continued, "Tell me everything you know about that gig of yours." ***

In the beginning, Andrew was anxious that they won't get anything from the man. After all, after detaining him in that room and subjecting him from physical torture, the man didn't even break and kept his mouth shut. Only when Andrew got more clues from his men did he reveal these to the man, who finally showed a reaction, confirming the things that they had gathered so far. However, now that Song Yu Han straightforwardly told the man to spill his secrets, Andrew was prepared to deal with more physical pain to the man until he breaks just so his boss could get the answers he wanted. But looking at the man whose mouth continuously spilled his secrets, Andrew knew that there was no need for him to do anything. As expected, the mere appearance of Song Yu Han was enough to make the man surrender. It was not because Song Yu Han's eyes and face looked extremely unbearable to look at, as if a demon had come out from the cracks of the earth. Rather, it was because the man knew Song Yu Han's identity and knew that defying him would only give him a painful and long death. "I-I only know that we... we're ambushing Don Alejandro's villa. We would then murder everyone who got to escape." The man swallowed hard, but his throat was too dry so he could only painfully cringe as he continued, "Then, we got a new... new task." Andrew and the other men tensed up. This new task was new to them because the man never opened his mouth about it.

The man hesitated. His head was scolding him, warning him not to tell what he knew to this man. "Go on," said Song Yu Han. His light and casual tone made them had the illusion that they weren't forcing someone to tell them their deepest, darkest secrets. As if enchanted, no, compelled to talk, the next words that came out of the man's lips became eloquent and fast.

"We received a new task. It was to chase and capture a woman named Alina." The man finally revealed the truth that Andrew and the others would have to spend days to get it out of his lips.

However, Song Yu Han was unsatisfied with just this. He already knew the ins and outs of the events that took place five days ago. What he wanted to know is something more substantial, more inclusive information. Leaning a little forward, Song Yu Han said in a low voice, "You know this isn't what I want. Who ordered you and the others? Where did it happen? How much did they give you, and where is Alina right now? These questions are still unanswered." "Most importantly, where's your base?"

The body of the man shook tremendously. He looked exactly like a leaf that was about to fall from the intense wind. Truth to be told, he still wanted to avoid telling the real truth to this man. After all, Song Yu Han or that demon... either men wouldn't forgive him and let him live. But compared to Song Yu Han, that demon still held something important to him. And so, the man still wanted to keep what he knew to himself. It was his fault that a momentary boost of his ego and pride made him recklessly shoot his mouth. Now, he was in this situation where he can't escape.

Sensing that the man was reluctant to tell the truth, Song Yu Han also did not force him. Raising a hand, Song Yu Han coldly said to his subordinates, "Go to his house, ransack it, take everything that is inside. Trace the people he's close with and bring them all here."

A smirk appeared on his lips. "I'm sure they'll be pleased to see you and join you here."

Chapter 552 The Voice of the Devil

"W—wait!" Roberto's face turned white as paper as soon as Song Yu Han uttered those words.

He had already expected that Song Yu Han wouldn't show him mercy upon capturing him. However, he didn't expect that the man would use his own family as a bargaining chip to make him speak.

After all, in the Underworld, rumors had already spread that even though Song Yu Han was a man to be feared, he wouldn't resort to underhanded and cruel methods, such as using the loved ones of his family to deal with them.

But it turns out those rumors were untrue!

Why else would this devil of a man use his family against him?!

No, he's not human anymore. He's the real devil!

"Please, not my family. They have nothing to do with this."

"And have you ever asked Don Alejandro and the others who died that day whether they had done anything wrong with you?" Song Yu Han scoffed. "What about the woman you chased after? Has she ever done anything to you?"

Roberto shook his head vigorously at his questions. For an ordinary gangster like him, there was no way he could have been involved with these people, much less know them personally!

There was no grudge between him and the others they killed that day.

"It was an order. We can't disobey it."

Song Yu Han replied, "And I'm not asking you to disobey that order. Just tell me everything you know."

Roberto bit his lips and lowered his head. He obviously didn't want to say anything. He was scared that his family would bear the brunt of his actions, but this is the work and world he entered. Sooner or later, his enemies will come after his family, whether he likes it or not.

Yet, despite knowing this, he couldn't help hoping that there would be a miracle where he could go home safely and take his family far away.

"Sir, I think he's not going to speak. Let us handle this." Andrew took a step forward and suggested.

Song Yu Han glanced down at Roberto and didn't say a word or even reply to Andrew. He was like a statue that didn't speak or move.

But to Andrew and the others there who had been with Song Yu Han since the organization was created, they knew that Song Yu Han's patience was running thin. Any moment now, he might blow up, and Roberto won't even have the time to regret his actions when he dies.

They already expected Song Yu Han to act. So some men lowered their heads, avoiding the gruesome scene that would unfold in front of them.

However, what they got was not the scene everyone had already anticipated seeing.

Rather, what they received was more silence. It was the kind of silence where you could even hear the sound of a pin dropping to the ground.

"I'll tell you everything, but you must promise me you won't bring my family into this matter and send them away." Roberto's shoulder slumped down in defeat.

Somewhere in Ren Country.

"How is she?"

"The bullet missed her liver, so it won't be life-threatening anymore. However, because she received a few more blows after getting shot, her body will experience a lot of pain."

"When will she wake up then?"

"It's been almost a day since I patched her up and gave her a high dose of anesthesia. It should take a few more hours for her to wake up."

"Alright, you can go."

The sound of footsteps echoed inside the room, followed by a prolonged silence. Alina, who woke up from the voices speaking somewhere close to her, scrunched her eyebrows together.

Her body was numb and weak. It felt like her limbs were not her own when she tried to move them.

"That's strange."

The voice of a male spoke again.

"Dr. Grey certainly said you'd be awake after a few hours."

Alina furrowed her brows even tighter and tried to open her eyes.

"But you're awake now."

Yet, no matter how much she wanted to see the person who was speaking, her eyes were tight shut.

But even with her eyes closed, that voice was something she might never forget in this life.

The voice of the Devil.

What happened? Why is he here?

No. What happened to her?

Alina didn't understand why her body refused to move as she wanted. Did they drug her up so she wouldn't be able to escape again? A possible answer to her question is that, since her attempt to escape failed, they will absolutely not take the chance and let her get in their way again.

And with a wound on her stomach and a few skin injuries around her body, Alina was certain she'd be on her way to the afterlife.

Then why was she still alive?

And most importantly, why did she have to wake up to the voice of this man?

"The anesthesia still must be in your system," the man said, not knowing her thoughts. He continued, "It's too bad we didn't get to meet each other properly. But I'll come and visit you again when you're fully awake."

On the bed, the frown on her face went deeper, as if she wanted to tell him to go away and never come back again.

Unfortunately, the man only found her expression interesting to look at.

The way her brows moved was also adorable.

Alina didn't know what the man was thinking inside his head and held her breath when she felt her eyebrow being touched by the man. After going to so much trouble fixing the hole in her stomach, did he regret saving her and want to kill her now?

The touch continued to linger from her eyebrow to her cheek.

Then it moved past her chin before it suddenly stopped around her neck.

She was sure that if he put enough strength in his hand and strangled her, it wouldn't be long before she lost her breath.

But the hand dipped lower until it was right above her left chest, where her heart was located.

Then he squeezed.

Hard.

"Ngh?!" This man... is he out of his mind?!!

Chapter 553 A Meal with the Devil (1)

Alina was in complete disbelief at the current situation she found herself in. The man's hand hovered above her chest, where her heart was located, and he was applying pressure as if he couldn't wait to squeeze her heart out of her chest and turn it into mush. But in turn, because of his reckless and possibly ruthless action, her left breast was at his complete mercy. No matter how other people view it, this man certainly harassed a patient. But both he and Alina knew it was far from that. But strangely, despite knowing her dire situation, where she could die at the very hands of her enemy, Alina couldn't stop her body from responding to his touch. Stupid womanly desires! Alina scolded herself. Coupled with the cold temperature inside the room and the voice of the man, as well as the possible danger lurking just right above her chest, it was impossible for her not to shiver. Thankfully, the man didn't notice how her nipples perked up to meet the skin of his palm as he nonchalantly released her poor breast from his grasp and stepped back. He chuckled. "Good night, Miss Alina."

His voice slowly grew distant as he turned away and left the room. Rewarded with silence, Alina breathed a sigh of relief before tensing up. How long had she been held captive? And how many days have passed since her last call to Ran Xueyi?

Remembering how she had called her best friend while she was on the run, Alina felt guilty for dragging Ran Xueyi into this situation. Whether she liked it or not, her call must have rattled Ran Xueyi a lot. Although her purpose for that call was to warn Ran Xueyi to be careful, Alina knew that Ran Xueyi would surely come to her rescue. Shit. If only she had enough time and her circumstances weren't rushed, she could've told Ran Xueyi not to come to her rescue. Now, aside from being held hostage underground, she needed to find a way to contact Ran Xueyi and tell her not to find her. But how was she supposed to do that when she couldn't even move her body?

Before Alina could think of a plan, the anesthesia in her system finally worked again, rendering her asleep. 'Sssk.'

When she woke up again, Alina furrowed her eyebrows as the first light came searing into her eyes, almost blinding her.

Then she felt something wriggling between her legs.

It was soft, warm, and alive. Still feeling weak from her injuries, Alina struggled to sit up. She scanned the ceiling above her first, where the lights were on full blast, and finally set her eyes on the living thing between her legs. Between her legs, which were covered with a white blanket, was a small hill. It kept moving, but aside from the soft rustle of the blanket rubbing against skin, there was a mewl coming from that slight bulge. Assuming the worst, Alina slowly lifted the blanket from her legs. As if startled by the sudden movement, the thing stopped moving to look above it, where the blanket should have been. Met with a pair of the softest and cutest golden eyes, Alina couldn't properly find the right emotion or words to express her shock. Because between her legs was a white arctic fox. The thick and soft fur touched her bare legs as it became alert. With curious eyes, the white fox slowly stepped forward, getting closer to her until there was a tiny space between them.

How did it get here? Alina knew she always had a soft spot for soft and adorable animals. She also had a few pets in her mansion, but she never saw a white arctic fox so up close. Thus, without thinking, her hand reached to touch the fox's soft fur.

"If I were you, I wouldn't pet him."

Just then, a voice came from somewhere inside the room. Shocked by the sudden sound of a person beside herself, Alina whipped her head in that direction and found herself face to face with a man sitting on a single-seater sofa a few feet away from the bed.

Indifferent to her shock, the man continued to say, "He's a wild white fox. A butcher previously captured him and planned to skin and sell his meat to the market. He doesn't like humans and ripped the hand of one of my men who tried to pet him." He paused and gave the fox a look that counted as a parent taking pride in their child's conquest. "It took me a while to tame him."

Still with a hand in mid-air, Alina narrowed her eyes at him and asked, "Then why bring it here?"

If he already knew that it was so dangerous and untameable, why did this man bring the fox to a room where a patient resided? To intimidate her? Alina didn't think it was for that kind of reason. The man's overwhelming presence, even though he was just sitting there, looking harmless and laid-back, was enough to intimidate a world martial arts champion into averting their eyes like a scared squirrel. Alina took some time to take in his appearance. He was a handsome man with green eyes, reminiscent of a vibrant forest, and silver hair that was meticulously slicked back. His fur coat over his slim-fitted cream three-piece suit effortlessly made him look regal and sophisticated, almost like he was made to pose for a photoshoot. "Had enough?" "What?" Alina asked, raising her eyes to meet his. "You're staying at me so much that I'm starting to suspect you're having other intentions for me." He grinned at her. Fighting off the blush that crept up her cheeks for being caught staring, Alina gritted her teeth and said, "Fuck you. You're the one who suddenly grabbed my breast while I was sleeping."

"Correction, you weren't sleeping." The man slightly tilted his head to the side and smirked, as if pointing out the obvious. He stood up from the chair, and Alina almost swore the moment she realized how tall he was. Standing almost at the height of 2 meters, the man was a menace. Just him standing still made her feel like the room was overcrowded. Now, he was moving closer to her, making her heart pound against her ribs with fear. He reached toward her. Alina swallowed, expecting the worst from him, when his hand suddenly went past her and moved in another direction. Then she saw him pinching the scruff of the fox and raising it up to his arms, cradling it like a baby. The fox mewled submissively at his grasp and struggled to get out of his grasp. But the man didn't let it go. He said without taking his eyes off her, "If you're able to move, do you care to have a meal with me?"

Chapter 554 A Meal with the Devil (2)

A meal with him? Alina didn't think she would be in a situation where she could eat peacefully with the man who captured her and possibly bring harm to Ran Xueyi. But here she was, sitting at a long dining table filled with mouthwatering food, with a psychopath and a white fox on each side. The man, whose name she still doesn't know, elegantly used his fork and knife to cut through his food. He didn't glance at her even once as soon as the food appeared before him. Similarly, the white fox also had its own plate, and a butler was beside it, serving it with its own food. Between them, Alina sneakily licked her lip and looked away from the food. It's not because she was not hungry. It was because she belatedly realized how crazy it was to accept the offer of the man, whose henchmen almost killed her.

"Eat." Alina looked at the man. Surprisingly, he finished his food quickly and was now wiping his mouth with a cloth. "Is that an order?" Alina asked with narrowed eyes. The man smiled but shook his head as he said, "No, it's not an order, Alina. But I had the chef prepare all of these just for you."

Alina didn't respond to him immediately as she glanced out of the window. It was dark. "Did you prepare these as my last supper?" That caught his attention. Meeting her gaze, the man placed the cloth he used to wipe his mouth to the side. A maid swiftly removed the plate he used and cleaned

around it. Then, the man put his interlaced hand on the table where his plate used to be. "You don't have to make it sound so bad," he said. "At least, I haven't yet decided when you will die." There was truth in his words. His voice sounded gentle and mellow, but the smoothness of it made her think of a guillotine: decapitating a person's head with a swift and clean strike.

"Besides, I'm not a cur who will not treat my guests properly." He leaned back, almost taking the overpowering pressure with him from just now, as he added, "Or, perhaps, you don't find the food in front of you appetizing? If that's the case... I'll make sure the chef hears of your review, and I'll think of an appropriate punishment for his actions."

He was forcing her to eat. Alina knew it. Even though she wanted to refuse to eat at the same table as this man, it was too late; she had already left the comfort of her bed and felt as if this man was tugging on her conscience by using the chef as leverage.

Taking a deep breath, Alina forced a smile as she raised her fork and forcefully stabbed an egg while her eyes didn't leave his. "Thank you, Mr..." she trailed on.

"Evgenia Vorona," the man supplied. "Thank you, Mr. Vorona..." Alina paused as she felt that the name was way too familiar. But she couldn't remember where she stumbled upon that name and continued, "But there's no need to disturb the chef for such a simple thing. The food's great." She ate a whole egg and vengefully bit into it before gulping it down her throat. The most irritating of it all was that while she was chewing, the man continued to smile as if he were pleased with her.

The supper ended once Alina filled her empty stomach with food. Thankfully, an elderly man took away Evgenia the moment he wanted to escort her back to her room.

But before he left, the white fox was led back to the room with her with the words:

"He gets lonely a lot. Please watch over him while I'm away." Alina stared at the white fox that found a nest in her bed, taking the lower half of it for itself, and sighed. Touching her stomach, where her wound is now covered with bandages, Alina decided to rest on the single-seater and let the fox take the bed instead.

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"She's on an uninhabited island in Russia," Song Yu Han told Ran Xueyi as soon as he received her call. Due to him and his men gathering information and investigating the whereabouts and identities of the people who might have been involved in Alina's disappearance, Song Yu Han didn't have the

time to look through his phone. It wasn't until today that he finally got some time to call his wife. As expected, this news didn't only relieve Ran Xueyi's worries. It made her even more restless. "Russia? Why there?" Ran Xueyi spent three years with Alina in Ren Country. She knew that Alina wouldn't try the deep waters of underworld organizations in Russia.

Most people in Asia wouldn't even dream of trying to bump against any giants from Russia, not only because they were powerful but also because of their fearlessness and ruthlessness, and even international governments wanted to avoid getting into trouble with them.

Ran Xueyi found that this doesn't make sense. If Alina warned her to run away from the forces who captured her, does that mean that whoever was targeting her came from Russia?

But who? And why would they come after her? Frowning, Ran Xueyi pursed her lips as she tried to recall anything that might have led to her being involved with anyone from Russia. But, no matter how much she thought of it, there's nothing that came to her mind. It was also something that Song Yu Han wondered when he was investigating. He tried to look for that trace that linked Ran Xueyi to anyone from Russia, but he didn't find anything. "When are you planning to go to Russia?" she asked.

Song Yu Han frowned, knowing what she had in mind, but still replied, "In five hours." Ren Country was closer to Russia, and it would only take 3 hours to fly there. "You don't have to come. Let me take care of this," Song Yu Han told her, trying to reassure her. Ran Xueyi looked at their son sleeping tightly in bed and pondered over it. Finally, she said, "No, I have to go. Alina's in this situation because of me. I need to be there and make sure she can come back to me and Little Zhanzhan."

"Alright." Sighing, Song Yu Han resigned and accepted that he couldn't stop her. "But call me as soon as you get there."

"I will."

After their call, Ran Xueyi started to pack her things. There wasn't much to take to another country since she was in a hurry and wasn't on vacation, but she needed to prepare a few things before going on her journey.

As she readied her bag, she crouched down by the bed and reached underneath. She grabbed an unassuming wooden box there and used a key to open it. Inside the wooden box was a gun. She used to keep this gun underneath her pillow before, but after she gave birth to Little Zhanzhan and

until now, she kept this gun inside the box, fearing that her son would find it and accidentally get his hands on it.

Now, this deadly weapon is out to find its prey.

Chapter 555 Abduction

"Mommy?" Ran Xueyi jolted to a stop when she saw her son in bed, rubbing his eyes and looking at her retreating figure by the door.

Before she could concoct any excuse, she heard her son say, "Are you going somewhere to film again?" Feeling guilty for not telling her son where she was going, Ran Xueyi dropped her bag on the ground and rushed to the bed to hug him tight in her embrace. "Zhanzhan, mommy will be back. Just wait for me, okay?" she told him, forcing back down the tears that appeared in her eyes. "Mommy just needs to finish a job I didn't expect to arrive. It won't take long, but can you promise Mommy that you won't misbehave while big brother Guo Yun is looking after you?"

Still groggy and feeling sleepy, Little Zhanzhan nodded and said, "I promise." "Good boy. My son is the best." Ran Xueyi bit her lips and looked to the wall to distract herself as she swayed her body side to side until she felt her son falling deep into sleep. After ensuring he wouldn't wake up to chase after her, Ran Xueyi planted a kiss on his forehead and wiped the tears that fell on his cheek. Then, she gave him one last glance before shutting the door behind her. Once outside the main bedroom, Guo Yun and Adele were already standing in the living room, waiting for her. "Take care of my son, will you?" she told them, to which Guo Yun answered with a nod, and Adele gave her a hug. "Come back, okay? You still have a lot of things to do before you can grab the Triple Crown Award, so you better return." Adele pulled away for a bit to look carefully at Ran Xueyi's face. "Don't forget to bring your skincare routine make-up."

"I can just buy it there." She turned to Guo Yun, who effortlessly slung her bag to his shoulder. "I think it's time for me to go."

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It took a while for her to arrive in Russia. However, as soon as she got off the plane, a group of men in business suits escorted her out of there and led her to a Bentley Continental. Ran Xueyi followed them and didn't say a word. Once inside, Ran Xueyi noticed that, aside from the driver, there was another man in the backseat.

But it wasn't her husband.

It was an unfamiliar man.

The man, noticing her inquiring eyes, smiled amiably and said, "Apologies for the sudden actions from the men earlier. We were just in a rush to ensure you left the airport with us." He sounded proper and gentlemanly; fooling anyone might not be difficult for him. But Ran Xueyi had grown familiar with the kind of danger that swirled in his eyes. It was the same kind as those people who worked and lived in the underworld. Struggling and resisting them might be the right decision if she wanted to escape, but Ran Xueyi knew that even if she wanted to, she couldn't do it. If her suspicions are right, these men will take her to where Alina is. Rather than prolonging the process of her objective in coming there, why not shorten it since the enemy has already reached their hands to her?

Hence, Ran Xueyi didn't pull out the gun hidden in her body or contact Song Yu Han when the unfamiliar man had given her a couple of chances since they got in the car. "Will I meet your boss when I get to our destination?" Her sudden question seemed to have given the man a surprise. Out of all the scenarios he conjured in his mind prior to their meeting, this one totally blew everything up.

Instead of being afraid, asking answers from him, resisting, and even feigning calmness, this woman, whom their boss specifically wanted to bring to their base, was asking whether she would meet him or not. Just as if she were asking whether it'll rain today or not. Whichever his answer may be, it didn't matter to her at all.

"You will," he said.

Then, after a long pause, the man asked her, "Aren't you curious about anything? I may not be my boss, but I can answer some of your questions." That made Ran Xueyi raise her eyebrow. But she politely refused. "Your answers might not be the ones I'm looking for." After saying this, she turned to look at the window and the strip of lights as the car raced through the night, obviously not wanting to give him any more of her attention. Not at all disheartened, the man tapped his index finger on his knee and also looked away. However, his mouth moved as he said, "My boss may be violent, but he isn't an executioner." Was this his way of telling her that the man who abducted Alina didn't want to kill? But who does he not want to kill? As soon as she thought of this, Ran Xueyi didn't relax and wished she could touch the gun tucked underneath her clothes for some comfort.

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Just a minute after Ran Xueyi got inside the car and they drove away from the airport, a group of black cars and an Aston Martin DBS stopped in front of the airport, and a group of men dressed similarly to the men who escorted her out came out.

After looking around, the men returned to report to the Aston Martin, where Song Yu Han was seated inside. "Sir, she's not here." Andrew bowed his head low. He was no longer able to hold his head high as soon as they realized that the wife of their boss was nowhere inside the airport.

A prolonged and suffocating silence lingered in the air. Andrew wished his boss could yell and lash out at him, but his boss' way of expressing his anger was completely different. "Investigate and find her." Song Yu Han's face held no expression as he instructed his subordinate. "If my wife isn't found within ten minutes, your feet will no longer serve a purpose, will they?"

Gulping, Andrew nodded. "There certainly isn't, sir!"

After he said this, Andrew turned away to order the others to search far and wide. Even if they have to dig six feet under, they must, for as long as they can, find the madam. Fortunately, not even a few minutes later, they got a lead as to where Ran Xueyi disappeared.

Returning to Song Yu Han's side, Andrew reported, "She was escorted inside a Bentley Continental, sir. There are only 3 families in Russia who can drive that car. And according to the CCTV camera facing the front of the airport, they are heading north."

Song Yu Han listened as the Aston Martin smoothly raced through the road. Although he looked emotionless on the surface, the sweat forming on his lower back and palms was a clear sign of anxiety and fear for Ran Xueyi's life. He left when the sun was still out and headed to the airport early, but because of a road accident, which was normal during the winter, he and his men were delayed for a while. Now, thinking about it, the road accident might not be as 'normal' as it may seem.

As for whether it was planned to delay him or perhaps, even completely kill him, Song Yu Han didn't have the time to waste on contemplating this.