

dear lawyer 271

Chapter 271 Quick Action

Just when Vivian returned home, news bombarded her.

Her conversation with Angie went viral, sweeping through the whole city. Her current address was exposed anonymously.

Therefore, her photos, added with some vulgar language, scattered in every corner of the community.

Some condemned that she shamelessly stole her best girlfriend's boyfriend; some reprimanded that she got the job promotion by selling her body; some still claimed that she was neatly dressed during the daytime but played the field in bars at night.

With an innocent face, she behaved like a whore.

Vivian knew that but still came home from the front door, causing a sudden hubbub in the tranquil community. At the sight of her, the residents all judged her with a look of disgust.

Some even satirized her enigmatically in a moderate tone.

"So gross. I spent so much money to move to this high-end villa community but didn't expect to have such a disgusting neighbor."

"I totally agree. It's the first time that I have seen such a high-profile mistress. You can't judge a book by its cover. The more innocent she looks like, the more shameful things she will do."

"Even the air will be polluted because of her. We must let the property staff kick her out. I feel terrible looking at her."

Hearing the criticism around, Vivian creased her eyebrows more tightly. She glimpsed a piece of paper stepped on her foot. The exposed paper corner revealed its content, which made her pause. She bent over and intended to pick it up.

Selina's roar had already come. "Vivi, don't pick it up!"

However, it was too late. Vivian had picked it up and seen the content. No wonder all residents criticized her. On it, there was a clear picture of her and a "rich" story of her life.

If she didn't know it was fabricated, even she would be enraged. Seemingly, the writer possessed excellent writing skills. But was it decent to fabricate a story for illegal money? "Vivi, are you okay?" Selina carefully regarded Vivian, who was in silence. If Roe hadn't found it and told her there was a photo of

Vivi on it, she wouldn't have known this matter.

At first, she thought someone sent it maliciously and tore it to pieces carelessly. However, Roe collected a large pile of this paper back, and she noticed countless paper was scattered outside.

Therefore, she walked out of the villa for the fear that Vivi might feel sad. But she was still too late.

Vivian just changed her expression for a second, recovered to its normal, as if nothing had happened, and threw the paper into a trash can nearby. She thought Angie would wait for a few days. Unexpectedly, Angie couldn't wait to dish dirt on her.

"I'm fine. Selina, let's go home first."

"Okay." Surprised, Selina watched Vivian enter the villa as if nothing had happened.

Back in the house, Selina couldn't help but ask, "Vivi, aren't you angry?"

"Will it be helpful?" She had already prepared.

Selina was speechless. 'It's useless. But it's weird that you aren't angry. Didn't you meet that bitch this afternoon?'

"Yes," Vivian admitted with a nod. After thinking for a while, she added, "I don't think I should live here tonight."

Although she would leave the day after tomorrow, she didn't want to affect John's future life.

"Fine. You can stay at my home tonight." Selina didn't care about these trivial matters. But, was she really not bad, after being slandered?

"Vivi, I can teach that bitch a lesson, if you want. She's forcing you to leave this city."

Vivian answered indifferently, "I've already planned to leave and will never come back. She can do anything she wants."

"..." It was difficult for Selina to understand her tolerance. If anyone dared to dish the dirt on her, that person must be a corpse.

Vivian summoned Roe, "Roe, let's pack our stuff. We'll stay at a hotel tonight."

"Okay, mom." Roe was her loyal follower. He could go anywhere, as long as he was with his mom.

"Eh? Vivi, aren't going to my place?" Selina asked, confused.

"I don't want to be a third wheel."

After that, Vivian took Roe upstairs.

Actually, she wanted to pack her things before John came back. When she found a place to stay, she would call him and explain it.

Just when she went downstairs with her luggage, John had arrived home with a sweaty face and uneven breathing. Seeing the luggage next to Vivian, he smiled bitterly, "Vivi, I knew it."

So, as soon as he heard of the news, he raced home, leaving all the work. As expected, she pulled her luggage and prepared to leave, without saying goodbye to him.

When bad things happened, Vivian always chose to bear everything alone, which made him feel frustrated.

"John..." Staring at him, Vivian didn't know how to explain it. She really wanted to avoid such an embarrassing occurrence.

John dragged his tie to get rid of the heat because of running. He forced a smile. "Vivi, why do you always want to run away, when anything bad happens to you? Am I not trustworthy?"

"No. John, I don't want you to be caught in the crossfire. I'm her only target. That's what I deserve to suffer." Vivian looked away cruelly. She couldn't get him involved because of being softhearted.

Hearing her confession, Selina was irritated, "Bullshit. Seriously? That's what you deserve to suffer? This is the feeling that woman wants to give you. Why are you so silly?"

Her stubbornness made Selina's hackles rise.

Vivian kept silent. A small white hand suddenly grasped her cold hand, warming her with his body temperature gradually.

As she bent her head, Roe looked at her with determination in his pure eyes. At the moment, her heart was brimming with unlimited courage and power. No matter how others misunderstood her, she wouldn't flinch or feel scared, as long as he was still here.

She knew if she made a concession, it was her child who would be hurt.

“Vivi, I hope you can try to count on me. Stay here. Don’t go. I’ll definitely handle this issue.” John was worried if Vivian and Roe went out. If they stayed here, he could protect the mother and son.

Selina also persuaded her nearby, “Yeah, Vivi, you don’t have to worry about yourself. But Roe’s health couldn’t go wrong.” Speaking of his health, Vivian was somewhat hesitant.

John seized the opportunity and added, “Vivi, just hang in one more day. We’re going to leave. You don’t want any accidents to happen, right?”

Chapter 272 Why Did He Help Her

After a long while, Vivian heaved a long sigh and agreed to his proposal. “OK.”

John was thus relieved. “Vivi, stay at home. I’ll go and check how serious it is outside.”

“OK.” Vivian nodded.

After he left, Selina was also relieved. “Vivi, don’t be so impulsive, since you need to look after Roe.” “Angie knew I stayed with him yesterday.” Then Vivian took Roe upstairs again.

Selina stood there with a surprised look. No wonder that bitch went crazy like a mad dog. How could William tolerate her temper?

Various negative news concerning Vivian got out of control like a flood but disappeared as swiftly as tides ebbed.

Less than three hours after the incident happened, someone cleared it lightning-quick alone.

This farce subsided like a spray above a lake.

Vivian was taken aback after hearing the news and thought it was John’s contribution.

However, when John was about to negotiate with the newspaper office which spread the rumor, he was informed that all reports on Vivian had been removed.

It turned out that someone put pressure on the office and forced them to take all the newspapers they sent out back.

Needless to say, apart from William, there was no other person who could be a great help to Vivi.

John scowled but still came back in silence. No matter why William stopped the development of this matter, he wanted to keep it from Vivi.

Therefore, Vivian thought John addressed the case for her.

Angie was the angriest person. She had consumed a lot of money and recruited a lot of manpower. However, the news was contained less than half a day after the release. So she called to threaten the media. The answer she got was that the man had a more powerful background than her. They would like to offend her family rather than the man behind.

In this city, only John and William had this power. She didn't believe John could suppress this news. The only possible man was her love.

After she realized it, Angie almost puked blood. She couldn't suppress her anger anymore and rushed to William's office directly.

No matter how hard his secretary tried to stop her, she directly pushed the door in.

Apart from William, there was another baby-faced man inside.

Angie saw it and immediately switched from her furious look to a pitiful one. "William..."

That baby-faced man was James. Seeing her moist eyes, he leaned back on the sofa, ready for a good show. The cute man widened his big round eyes and glanced between them.

Until a pair of annoyed cold eyes squinted at him, he curled his lips and turned around obediently. Humph, he's so stingy. I just want to enjoy a good show.

As for Angie's reckless behavior, William furrowed his handsome eyebrows and said coldly, "What?"

Angie glanced at James, who was at ease, and seemed to say that there was a third man and she couldn't say it. But William's stony face seemed to say that she should disappear at once if there was no emergency.

Angie had no choice but to speak, "William, why did you do that?"

"Naive." His voice was colder.

When she knew that her beloved man deemed her elaborate scheme as a naive act, tears of grievances pricked her eyes and trailed down her cheeks, no matter there was an audience.

She looked pathetic. "William, how can you do that to me? I knew all about you and that bitch." The coldness in his eyes suddenly condensed into ice. His low voice emitted a hint of danger. "Mind your words."

"Am I wrong? We have a relationship, but you opened a room with her. William, what am I in your heart?" As she said, Angie covered her chest with pain and shouted with grievances, "I can pretend nothing happened. But can't I have the right to be mad?"

James listened to their conversation with great enjoyment. It turned out something crazy happened yesterday. He wished he had been there and joined in the fun.

But, this woman had such a bad acting skill. She was obviously enraged but tried hard to look heartbroken.

William immediately caught the keywords acutely and stared at her gloomily. "You hired someone to follow me."

Angie looked into his frigid eyes and recoiled with fear. This wasn't what she expected. She thought William would treat her better because of guilt.

However, Angie forgot her own fault. Her tone wasn't as emphatic as before. "William, no, I... I just heard it from my friend.

Besides, you did stay with that bitch..."

Even if she asked someone to follow him, it was he who did something wrong first. He opened a room with that slut, didn't he? Moreover, it was Vivian's fault, but hers. Why was William mad at her?

"Your friend? Which friend?" Did she regard him as a three-year-old child? How dare she tell such a clumsy lie to coax him!

Angie sensed the sudden slumping temperature. She regarded the approaching tall figure and regretted rushing over and questioning him on impulse. But she felt even more aggrieved and sadder.

"William, don't you trust me?" Angie asked with a wan face as if she was about to faint.

James almost rolled his eyes, sitting on the sofa. Being caught on the spot, she pretended to be fragile at once, instead of being bold and arrogant as before. This woman wasn't that stupid.

"You dished the dirt on Vivian." William had already approached in front of her.

Angie lowered down her body subconsciously. She was scared of the man who she admired at the moment. Though he was cold and indifferent, she still couldn't get over him.

His love, his consideration, and his gentle should belong to her only. Because of Vivian's appearance, he changed.

"William, I love you very much. I can't lose you, indeed."

With a glimmer of darkness in his eyes, William crouched over her slowly under her look of shock. As they got closer, Angie could clearly hear her accelerating heartbeat. Just when she thought William was about to kill her, he paused.

Glaring at her eyes, he said coldly and cruelly, "Don't try to push my button. If I know you hire someone to follow me, you shouldn't blame me for being heartless."

At that moment, even Angie's soul trembled. She totally sensed the coldness in his words.

Chapter 273 William, Goodbye Forever

After Angie ran away with a broken heart, James teased him, "William, you don't have a tender heart for the fair sex. Is it really good?"

"You like her? She's yours," William said, deadpan.

"No, thanks. I can't tolerate her temper." James stood up and dusted his body. Then he took out a piece of chewing gum from his pocket and threw it into his mouth, chewing. "Anything else? I'd better go."

All he got was William's snort. James shrugged and left self-consciously.

He just rubbernecked at the farce. Was it necessary to be mad? Therefore, the sensational scandal came to a close.

William was so busy with an important deployment for the night after tomorrow that he paid little attention to Vivian's whereabouts. When he reacted, she had gone.

That day came very soon.

John ordered an evening flight for Vivian. That night, a group of people entered the gate one after another.

"Vivi, you really want to leave." No matter how nonchalant Selina feigned, she was reluctant to part from Vivian at the departure moment.

Vivian nodded and smiled lightly. "Yeah, Selina. Just wait for my good news."

"Okay, it must be good news," Selina said with an emphatic tone and cursed William inwardly. She originally wanted to disclose it to Grace today. However, he didn't answer the phone until now and disappeared all night.

William deserved to be alone forever.

"Vivi, let's go. Time is almost up," John reminded her gently nearby.

Vivian's clear eyes looked toward the entrance subconsciously. She only saw the dark night and several lonely street lamps. She withdrew her gaze with self-mockery.

Vivian did feel that man would show up. Vivian, don't you feel enough pain?

As long as she passed the security checkpoint, that cold and nonchalant man had nothing to do with her.

John carried Roe, while Vivian followed behind. When she turned around, a gust of wind lifted her escaped tendrils of hair on the forehead. No one saw a drop of crystal sparkling under her moist eyelashes.

It fell behind her ears silently, as if it took away her obsessions.

Goodbye, William. I hope we will never meet again.

Selina just watched them disappear in front of her gradually. She didn't want to be emotional, but tears pricked her eyes. That damn betrayer should be blamed for Vivi's departure.

On the other side, the night dark brought a sense of tension to the sultry port.

The sea breeze brought a peculiar salty smell. Only darkness could be seen above the endless sea. They could only hear the waves breaking on rocks.

Only one yacht docked there quietly. Seven or eight workers seemed to wait for orders in silence. The dim light added a sense of mystery to the tense night.

A business car hid in the darkness, in which were several men. "How patient Six-ears is. He still doesn't show up."

'I told you not to come.'" Grace turned around and observed the surroundings.

Only William stayed still as if the surroundings had nothing to do with him.

"Don't criticize me. I saw you peek at your phone several times." James wasn't happy. Yeah, he did ask to come, but he was here to help, not to stir up trouble or play.

Grace had to take good care of her. After all, she was a battle-ax. If not, she might cuckold him one day. He had an important task tonight and muted his phone, but he still received several text messages.

He could imagine that he had to try his best to coax her after returning home. But it was the spice between them.

A gay couldn't understand this spice. He patted on James' shoulder and said sympathetically, "You'll understand when you and Joe become closer."

James twitched his mouth corner and shoulders. Getting rid of James' hand, he gnashed, "James, are you courting death? I'm not afraid of you. Let's fight in the ring another day!"

He was desperate to be straight, be on the top, or be the leader. He racked his brains over and over again and even dreamed of being on the top. However, he was always pressed down.

What a shame! How could he always be at a disadvantage? 'I don't care. But I'm afraid that your man will be mad at me, if I hurt you.'" Obviously, Grace regarded James as a weak man.

Of course, it was a joke. They all had their own mission. James was a bomb and lock squad. He wouldn't have a weak fighting skill.

James was furious and punched Grace on the shoulder. "I don't want to wait. Come on. Let's fight in the car."

James forgot there was a big figure sitting in the car. "James, shut up."

As William said, James lost his anger at once. He could have fun with others, but not with this old fox, his nightmare. Many bad memories reminded him that how pathetic he would be if offending William.

Grace kept silent. But the raising mouth corners proved that he was gloating. James is such a fool. Didn't he know William has a bad mood today? He still dared to enrage William.

The car fell into silence again. William didn't know why he felt restless all day as if he missed something important. He pondered again. Tonight's plan and deployment were perfect.

He didn't forget any detail. Even so, he still felt anxious.

What did he miss...?

"There they are." William suddenly widened his closed dark eyes and cleared his mind.

James and Grace all kept focused.

Sounds of footsteps echoed on the dark aisle. A dozen men in black appeared under the light slowly. The leader had an obvious scar on the right face and a stab wound winding through his ear, which made him look hideous and terrifying.

"Mr. Six-ears, I've checked the goods. They're all first-class."

“What about the staff?” Six-ears didn’t ask to check the goods right away. He had always been cautious. Moreover, the goods were so important. As long as he could intercept and resold them, he didn’t need to be humble and flatter that difficult Daisy.

And even Daniel had to take the initiative to contact him.

Therefore, he must get the goods. No mistake was allowed.

The leading man bowed and nodded. “Mr. Six-ears, don’t worry. We’ve controlled the men and locked them in the cabin.”

As long as the deal was a success, he could definitely get a promotion, not being ordered anymore.

Chapter 274 Six-ears, It Is the Secon...

“Well done, Richard.” Six-ears praised him, patting his shoulder. Suspicious, he didn’t move forward at once. Instead, he asked his subordinates to stay on guard and reported immediately if anything happened.

“You’ve been waiting here for so long. Have you seen any suspicious man?”

“Mr. Six-ears, you can rest assured. I’ve asked my subordinates to check this port. No one came here today,” Richard assured Six-ears, patting on his own chest.

Six-ears thus nodded and stepped on the yacht.

With silencer pistols in their hands, more than a dozen men in black were observing the surroundings nervously and formed a solid protection zone with the yacht as the center. As long as someone approached it, he would definitely be shot like a hornet’s nest.

“When should we start?” James couldn’t wait anymore. Unexpectedly, Six-ears, that rubbish, could such a security guard. He did underestimate that sewer rat.

Grace also looked at William. They could catch Six-ears on the spot with the illegal goods. He couldn't escape tonight unless he had a pair of wings.

However, William only said one word—"Wait." As the commander, he must minimize the damage and maximize the benefits with the minimum cost.

If William asked to wait, they all had to wait.

They were sweating as time went by. To avoid being noticed, they didn't turn on the air-conditioning, even under the high temperature of 32 degrees at night. William's cold aura couldn't be some help for them.

Moreover, they had to pretend to be fine. They had long been used to hardships, after experiencing more difficult times. It was already a great enjoyment to wait in the car.

The process of waiting was always a torture.

Although everyone was infected by this tense atmosphere, William still looked confident and calm.

Ten minutes later, Six-ears walked down from the deck with a satisfied smile. He had checked the goods, which were definitely valuable.

As long as the goods could be shipped out from the port safely tonight, he could be a success in this way. At that time, he didn't need to play nice with others. Those people needed to flatter him.

His painstaking efforts spent on Daisy was about to pay off. As soon as he turned rich, he would consume a batch of arms, and then, he could do anything to William as he wished.

"Mr. Six-ears, how should we deal with those people?" Richard referred to the guards tied in the cabin.

Six-ears made a gesture of smoking. Richard immediately took out a cigarette from his pocket and placed it between the middle finger and index finger of Six-ears. He lit the cigarette respectfully, sheltering the fire with his hand.

Wisps of smoke came out of his mouth. Six-ears said without hurry, "Kill them to feed fish." "Yes, Mr. Six-ears." Richard nodded compliantly.

Six-ears gestured to the men in the port. Soon, a truck drove over.

"Be careful. Don't spill the goods." Six-ears smoked comfortably nearby and watched the goods transported by his subordinates with greed in his eyes. His efforts weren't in vain.

He got a sum of investment from Daisy. Otherwise, he couldn't consume such a large batch of goods with his current ability.

Luckily, he had such a clever brain, unlike those who only killed people.

William tapped his long fingers on the back of his other hand for a while and paused suddenly. A cold and sonorous voice came.

"Let's go."

As he said, Grace picked up the intercom, which had been prepared a long time ago, and talked to the people in an ambush on the other side, "Let's go."

"Swish—" The door of the business car was opened. James jumped out of the car first. Grace shook his head and caught up.

How eager he is.

Six-ears still clamped the half-burnt cigarette between his fingers. His sixth sense, which was developed after many years of training, told him that trouble was looming. He scowled.

"Mr. Six-ears, what's wrong?" Richard didn't understand why Six-ears, who was smoking happily, suddenly looked terrible.

"Shut up," Six-ears hissed and ignored him. He continued to listen carefully. He was about to figure out what the noise was.

Being shouted, Richard didn't dare to talk. Watching Six-ears' gloomier eyes, he also felt nervous, swallowed subconsciously, and took out a gun from his back to hold it in front of his chest. Richard took a furtive glance around the dark harbor.

Why didn't he hear anything or see anything?

Within a minute, Six-ears scowled and yelled at the men who were transporting goods, "Get in the car. Retreat now!"

"Mr. Six-ears, what's wrong? The goods haven't been moved down yet. Why do we leave?" Richard asked with confusion, looking at the half-loaded truck.

Six-ears directly kicked him away and darted to the car. He was already quick to take action and make a decision. However, his opponent wasn't an ordinary man.

He was William, who was invincible no matter in terms of lawsuits or schemes making, a man without making any mistake.

"Whoosh—" Dozens of men suddenly emerged in the quiet port and surrounded them.

Richard, who fell to the ground, was too scared to stand up. He bent his head as low as possible and peeked. There were dozens of well-trained men wearing bulletproof vests and staring at them together arrogantly.

On the other hand, his fellows were in a panic. Needless to say, the newcomers were more capable, as if they had long been used to this occurrence.

Six-ears stared at a certain place as if waiting for someone.

Soon, under his gaze, the opponents gave way to a tall and arrogant man who was pacing out of the darkness slowly. The man emitted coldness from his eyes, which made others feel terrified.

Six-ears clenched his hands tightly and widened his eyes. He knew that it must be William who caused trouble for him. He was.

so desperate for success that he didn't think about it carefully. Such a big event couldn't go so smoothly.

Seeing William's face, Six-ears suddenly felt a faint pain in the scar on his left face. He hated William with a passion. As if wanting to kill William alive, he croaked, "William! It's you again."

William flickered over his face with mockery in his eyes. "It seems that you've anticipated today." "Why do you know I'm here?"

Six-ears couldn't understand why William was here. He was no more than a lawyer. Why did he know so much information? Besides, Six-ears hid for such a long time and pried the information out of Daisy.

William raised his mouth corners and insinuated, "Six-ears, it is the second time."

Chapter 275 the Number You Dialed Is...

Hearing his words, Six-ears' widened his eyes more. The fire of anger in his eyes was about to burn William to death. "William, you set me up! The news was released by you, right?"

William smiled his acquiescence.

"Six-ears, you're not that stupid." James crossed his arms, looking slovenly and needing a spanking.

Six-ears almost gnashed his teeth to pieces. Tonight, he had mobilized all his subordinates but was caught by William. He was reluctant to lose in this way.

"William, as a lawyer, you can offer such a large number of drugs. If this is known to the world, your law office won't establish a foothold in this city. Let's make a concession. Just pretend nothing has happened."

James burst into laughter and looked at him as if he was a fool. "Six-ears, your brain was stuffed with shit in prison, right? You're caught on the spot tonight. Do you think you have a chance to fabricate those shitty stories?"

“You!” Six-ears was enraged by James, falling back. Indeed, he was caught on the spot with the smuggling, the same as the last time.

Suddenly, his heart was brimming with hatred. Watching the impenetrable wall of opponents, Six-ears knew he couldn't retreat safely tonight. William, let's see whether you can catch me in this way.

William sensed a glimmer of hatred in his eyes and made an order at once. “Have at it.”

Meanwhile, Six-ears also yelled at his subordinates, “Kill them!”

Thousands of gunshots echoed in the tranquil harbor. Stray bullets ripped holes in the darkness. Bright blood splashed on the stone.

As the supreme commander, William didn't hide behind the troop but led the group in front. Like a cheetah in the night, he dodged all kinds of sneak attacks, solved several neighboring thugs, and scurried toward Six-ears.

His gaze was unwavering and sharp like the sharpest sword in the world, and flickered a glimmer of coldness and bloodthirsty intentions. His perfect facial features looked gloomy, which made people run away from him with fear.

It was a landslide battle for William. Coupled with William's fierce aura, Six-ears' men had already retreated. Many of them surrendered just after resisting for a short while.

On the other hand, Six-ears grabbed a subordinate who had a drafty chest because of the shooting and retreated to the sea.

Almost all of his men were subdued. Six-ears stared at William, who was approaching, with scarlet eyes. If his gaze could kill people, William would have died thousands of times.

No, he shouldn't give in so easily. All mockery he tolerated wasn't for his failure. He must take revenge on William and kill William.

There were more than a dozen black guns in front, while the back was the surging dark sea. No matter which one he chose, he would probably die. However, if he was caught by William, his possibility of survival was close to zero.

If he chose...

Six-ears gritted his teeth and chose to take a gamble. He laughed crazily at William and bellowed, "William, do you think you can catch me? I was indeed careless this time. But I will certainly take revenge on you and kill you next time."

"Damn!" William immediately realized his intention, took out the gun, and shot at his thigh directly.

"Bang—" Six-ears didn't expect that William was such an excellent gunman. A bullet pierced through his thigh.

Bearing the searing pain, Six-ears gritted his teeth, took a deep breath, and jumped without hesitation. "Flop—" He disappeared into the dark sea.

James rushed over with other people and only saw the dark sea surface without any spray. He stomped his feet and scolded, "What the fuck! Damn! He's indeed a tortoise, able to dive."

"A tortoise will be drowned in water. It's a turtle that can dive." Grace also bent his head to look at the sea surface. There was no spray at all. Six-ears was really good at holding his breath.

James was so mad that he shot the surface more than a dozen times. He scolded with indignation, "Fuck! It was so close. That son of a bitch escaped. William, you should have shot his head, and we could have little trouble."

William glanced at him coldly, while James closed his mouth at once.

"William, what should we do now?" They couldn't just let him run away. After all, the superiors lent them a lot of materials. This wasn't the result they wanted.

William handed the gun to the person next to him. His eyes were as frigid as usual as if he didn't care about it. He answered nonchalantly, "I'll explain it to them. Take the rest back, and keep an eye on the Shen Family," he paused and added, "Some of you search the neighboring ports."

Six-ears was injured. He wouldn't swim too far.

"Yes." Grace nodded. That loser could only count on the Shen Family.

Grace was ready to search with his team. However, William suddenly said inexplicably, "Are you not available tonight?"

"No," Grace answered without deep thoughts. After that, he felt William had other meanings. Thus he turned around and talked to James, who was in a daze, "James, you lead a team to catch that bastard. I'll be there soon."

"OK, roger that." James, as a drag, didn't dare to reject it. The rest were divided into four groups of three, spread out, and launched a full-width arrest.

As they left, Grace reported, "Selina called me twice. Probably there is nothing important." If he said nothing important, it must be an emergency. Normally, Selina wouldn't call him.

"You go home." William didn't move but stared at the endless sea surface.

Grace didn't refuse. In fact, he had been missing Selina until now. He yearned to go home early. It wouldn't be a problem for James to handle the rest.

William was the only left at the port, facing the sea breeze alone. His tall figure was cast on the dark sea surface by the dim yellow street lights, exuding a sense of loneliness.

All night of painstaking work finally came to an end. William seemed to feel something, took out his phone, and dialed that familiar number.

Meanwhile, Vivian had already boarded the plane, waiting to take off. The gentle and amicable voice of an air hostess came over her head.

“Dear passengers, welcome on board. The plane is about to take off. Please turn off your electronic devices and fasten your seatbelt. Thank you for your cooperation.”

Vivian’s heart throbbed. But she still turned her phone off.

“The number you dialed is power off.” All William got was an auto-response. He darkened his eyes and put away the phone slowly.

Chapter 276 Tell Me. Where Is She

After William knew Vivian disappeared, it was already the next night.

He wrote a report and submitted it. After handling all the matters, he thought that silly girl must think about it thoroughly.

However, no matter how many times he called her, her phone was always turned off.

At first, William thought Vivian just wanted to avoid reality and didn’t take it seriously. Until he knew that Vivian was missing, his face turned gloomy gradually.

Damn it. Did that woman elope with John...?

When he thought of it, there was a fire burning in his heart. His eyes were full of murderous intentions. His angular fingers were cracking with anger. He seemed to suppress such an overwhelming sensation.

He said inwardly, “Vivian, you’d better not do such a stupid thing. Otherwise, you can’t bear the consequence.”

William had pulled all strings and launched a full-width search, including on planes, trains, and black coaches. He even checked all surveillance footage. However, there wasn’t a figure of Vivian or their names.

They just evaporated in the world, like ghosts, without any track.

William sneered. Evaporation didn't exist in his world. As long as she was a person, she must leave a track. Certainly, John concealed her whereabouts.

"Bang—" The door of a high-end apartment was kicked open violently, which frightened the residents. "Damn it. Which bastard dares to kick the door? Do you want to die... die...?"

Selina took the word "die" back. Gosh, if she wasn't sure that today wasn't the Halloween, she would think she saw death.

She leaned against the man nearby, trembling. That William came here with indignation wasn't for her, right? After all, she didn't get entangled with him recently.

"William?" Grace was about to ask, thinking that William was looking for him.

William directly passed him and stood in front of Selina. His steely, intense eyes emanated coldness and danger. "Tell me. Where is she?"

"William, what do you mean?" Angie asked with an obviously guilty tone, her eyelids flickering slightly. But the more she thought about Vivian, the more confident she was. If William didn't hurt Vivi, she wouldn't leave.

'It's indeed his fault. Yeah, I don't have to feel guilty. Don't be afraid," Selina comforted herself inwardly. Under his glare, her heart trembled subconsciously. Shit. He wants to kill me.

William wasn't that furious before. The indifferent William could be said to be "amicable". Now was the real presentation of his anger.

"Selina, don't let me ask you a second time. WHERE IS SHE?" William's patience was about to reach its limit.

Selina tugged Grace's clothes, trying not to look weak in front of William. But he had such a strong aura that it was difficult for her to ignore it.

Grace cared about his woman more and shielded her behind. "William, what happened? Let's talk about it."

Hearing that, Selina immediately rested her head on his shoulder and retorted bravely, "William, let me tell you. I have no obligation to tell you anything. Besides, you've already broken up with Vivi. She left because of you!"

Receiving William's glare, Selina withdrew her head again with a guilty conscience.

Grace roughly understood their conversation. Vivi disappeared, so William came here for her. If Grace were him, he wouldn't behave much better. Therefore, he understood William.

He looked back at his fearless girl and cajoled helplessly, "Selina, tell me, okay? Where is Vivi? Did she go out for a trip?" William also stared at Selina coldly, as if waiting for her answer.

"I don't know. Don't ask me. William, you must know Vivi has long wanted to leave." She had promised Vivi that she would keep it a secret. Besides, she directly let Vivi not tell her destination, for the fear that she might spill the beans.

William looked more and more terrible. Afraid that Vivi might get hurt, Grace had to coax her, "Call Vivi and ask her. And we can rest assured."

"I don't know. I don't know. Don't ask me." Annoyed at being questioned, Selina turned around and sat on the sofa heavily.

William rushed over, directly passed Grace, and picked her up from the sofa. He moved her closer and glared at her with cold, penetrating eyes seriously. "Selina, don't think I won't touch you because you're her friend."

"Last chance. Say or not?"

Selina was furious. She wasn't weak. Raising her hand, she got rid of his grasp and bellowed in a sharp tone, "William, let me tell you the truth. I don't know where Vivi is. But I know that she left with a broken heart."

William sneered, his thin lips pressing into a curve, "Did she leave because of desperation or elope with another man?"

"William, don't go too far. I shouldn't be soft-hearted and try to help you." Selina was irritated. She finally understood why Vivi left.

William was a complete bastard, an unreasonable lunatic.

Sensing the stifling, intense atmosphere, Grace hurried to mediate the dispute. "Selina, you called me so many times yesterday.

Did you want to tell me that Vivi was about to leave?"

Selina kept silent but still nodded heavily.

"Then do you know the destination of that train?" Grace thought Vivian only left this city by train or bus for a while, to relax.

Angry, Selina failed to answer with a good tone. She glared at William first and huffed, "Bullshit. She took a flight and will never come back."

Since he cared about her so much, why had he done before? He had broken her heart and wanted to win her heart back now.

Was it too late?

When hearing that Vivian wouldn't come back forever, William widened his eyes suddenly and clenched his fists. An unprecedented fear rose from his heart.

No, she couldn't leave. Without his permission, she shouldn't go anywhere.

“Selina, if I find out it’s a lie,” William said and flickered over Grace coldly, “no one can save you.” Then he left without looking back.

Selina was stunned for a few seconds and suddenly realized his subtext. She stomped her feet angrily and shouted toward the main door, “William, you’re a lunatic. You deserve it. You...”

Chapter 277 You Have a Ladylove

Before Selina said something more unpleasant, Grace sealed her small mouth quickly and said with a wry smile, “My sweetheart, please stop it.”

Selina glared at Grace several times, gesturing that he should let go.

‘I can let go of you. But you must promise not to scold... Ow.’ Before he finished, there was a pain in his palm. He lowered his head and saw two rows of teeth marks on it.

Selina even pointed at him angrily and scolded, “Damn you. Grace, you consort with William. You’re both betrayers. Get out! I don’t want to see you anymore.”

How innocent he was. Why was it his fault? “Selina, easy, easy. William doesn’t look like what you think. He really cares about Vivi.”

“Bah, if he really cares about Vivi, why does he have a relationship with Angie? He even allows that bitch to threaten Vivi from time to time. He deserves it. Vivi’s departure is a great relief!”

Selina was in a fury, her chest heaving. She should have fought with William and revenged Vivi. The more she thought, the angrier she was.

She would never admit that she was weak and terrified.

Seeing her exhausted from shouting, Grace felt heartbroken. He carried her back to the sofa and comforted her, surrendering, “Oh, my sweetie, please stop it.”

“Stop it? Do you think I said something wrong? What did I say wrong?” Selina was struggling unhappily. Thinking that Grace still defended William, she was angrier.

Grace caressed her hair and sighed hopelessly. “You’re still willful. You only see the tip of the iceberg. Besides, as a bystander of their relationship, you can’t judge them.” “Damn! You treat me like a donkey!” Selina suddenly felt Grace was like petting a donkey, which she didn’t realize at first.

A glimmer of amusement flickered in his eyes. It was discovered so soon. He thought his lady wouldn’t feel it when she was angry. “My pet, be good. You’re not a donkey. You’re my sweetie.”

“Piss off! Don’t cajole me. You said it’s just the tip of the iceberg. Does William have skeletons in the closet?”

As she said, Selina suddenly recalled one thing. She grabbed Grace’s collar and dragged him down, her eyes screening his face like detectors. “Tell me. Where did you go with William yesterday? You didn’t answer my phone.”

“We had some business affairs. So, I’m back to explain it,” Grace answered calmly as if he had been used to giving this explanation which he had made thousands of times.

Selina doubted it. “Grace, I don’t buy it. Now, Vivi left. Tell me the truth. Does that betrayer have a mistress?”

“...” Grace had to admire her imagination. It was an exaggerated assumption. He directly embraced her, his warm breath landing behind her ears. “Sweetie, you care so much about others. I’ll be jealous.”

Her neck and ears went crimson at once. “Grace, be serious. I’m talking with you.”

“He doesn’t have a mistress.” William only had Vivi all the time, which he could testify. But he couldn’t reveal too much his privacy. What if his lady learned something bad?

Selina wasn't calm down but became furious. "Then that bastard is really in love with Angie. He just messed with Vivi's feelings.

Damn."

Grace was speechless because of her logic. Couldn't that lady be Vivi, instead of Angie? Thinking of the unknown sacrifice of his friend, he defended William, "No, he isn't that kind of man. Mind your own business." For instance, take good care of my erect big brother.

However, Selina failed to understand his subtext. Thinking that her friend suffered grievances, Selina suddenly hit his thigh fiercely, which frightened Grace. His lust thus collapsed at once.

Gosh, he would definitely become impotent with several more strikes. Her hit was so close to his penis.

"Say. Do you have a ladylove?" Selina questioned as if he had cheated on her, ready to torture him into confessing.

As long as Grace dared to confess, she dared to make him the last eunuch in China!

Grace moved his weakest part away from her attack range to avoid its second injury. Otherwise, he would regret it.

"A lady what? Don't you know what kind of person I am? I'm longing to stay with you 24 hours a day."

"Grace, save your sweet words. You must be hiding something." Selina was being unreasonable.

Grace didn't expect that boomeranged back on him. He immediately diverted her attention. "Oh, my sweetie, do I treat others like the way I treat you?"

Selina thought for a while. It was true. Grace didn't have time to relieve at all. She inquired again, narrowing her phoenix eyes, "You haven't answered me. What the hell is going on with William?"

“William’s feeling for Vivi isn’t as you expect. He cares for Vivi very much.” Grace couldn’t say anything more.

Selina snorted, “If you feel he cares for Vivi, I can’t understand your masochism tendencies.”

She couldn’t understand this kind of abnormal love. Torture was love. He went out with another woman and displayed his affection for her in public, but played with his beloved woman casually.

It was the first time that Grace had found his lady was so difficult. But he still loved her! Grace pressed her down on the sofa directly and trailed his nose across her sensitive collarbone, whispering in her eyes, “My sweetie, shouldn’t you pay more attention to me?”

Selina stiffened suddenly with a flushed face. Damn. He did dare to poke her with his part. “You’re shameless.”

“Trust me. I can be more shameless.” His fire of lust was burning all night fiercely as if being poured with ten barrels of gasoline.

The ordinary water couldn’t put it out.

“Gosh, what are you doing? Let’s talk...” Selina exclaimed. They hadn’t reached a conclusion.

Did he know he was cheating? “Okay, okay, I see. My sweetie, be good. Raise your arms,” Grace agreed but didn’t stop what he was doing.

Selina followed his order in a daze. Didn’t she want to ask about William and Vivi?

Chapter 278 Vivian Had a Bastard

“What did you say? Where did Vivian go?” Angie questioned loudly, standing up from the seat at once.

“Miss Angie, we couldn’t have a chance to deal with her.” The man who was reporting felt aggrieved.

Angie raised her hand to shut him up. After pondering for several seconds, she asked with a frown, “What’s the last place you saw her?”

“At the airport. She left with a man and a child. That man was protected by guards. We couldn’t get close at all,” the man answered honestly.

“A child? What child?” Heart thumping, Angie asked, clutching the man’s collar and not caring about her identity. The jumping blue veins exposed on her slender, white hands illustrated her inward anxiety and fear.

Confused, the man didn’t dare to resist and replied blankly, “It... It’s a boy, hugged by John...”

“No, that’s not what I’m asking. Tell me now. How old is that boy? What does he look like? Tell me quickly.” Her voice even cracked in the end. Angie widened her eyes to the largest, just like a female ghost in horror movies.

The man stammered with fear, “He... He... Is... Less than five years old. I... I don’t know his exact age... We couldn’t see that boy clearly in the distance.”

“Less than five years old... He is indeed less than five years old...” Angie suddenly let go of him, somewhat stunned, as if she didn’t believe the fact.

The boy was less than five years old. He left with Vivian and John secretly. So the child couldn’t be John’s, since John just returned to China. But if John wasn’t his father, who could it be?

Why did they leave with a child? Angie had already had an answer, but she was reluctant to accept the insane truth.

Based on his age, he could be the child of Vivian and William.

That was impossible, impossible!

Angie clutched the man’s arms like a lunatic. An enormous storm was whipping in her eyes.

But her voice was incredibly soft. "Tell me. What did that boy call John? Did he call John dad? Did he call that bitch mom?" Watching his petrified face, Angie shook him with all her might and stormed hysterically, "Tell me. Did he!"

Possibly, that boy was a bastard of John and Vivian. Now they got back together. So, they eloped with the child.

Yes, it must be the truth. It made sense.

The man felt a sudden pain in his arms, on which were ten obvious scratches. Even so, he didn't dare to shake off the woman who might collapse at any time.

He had to nod and stammer, "That boy only called Vivian mom. He called John uncle, not dad." The man felt aggrieved. It was said that Angie was knowledgeable, gentle, quiet, and as kind as a fairy. It wasn't the truth at all.

According to her current performance, she was clearly a lunatic, a ghost.

Her shred of hope was broken because of his answer. Angie threw off his hands and bellowed, pointing at the door, "Out, get out!"

"Yes, Miss Angie." The man fled at once.

Angie, like a psychopath, clutched her hair madly and paced around the room with a scowl.

She was muttering, "Vivian, that bitch, did dare to give birth to that bastard. I won't forgive her. I will never forgive her." "Ah! Ab! I'll kill you."

Angie took up things and smashed them against the wall. The house, which was just fixed for two days, suffered another bombardment. After venting her anger, she recovered her sanity gradually, with hands in her hair and terrifying faraway eyes.

She would never be defeated by that bitch. Even if that bastard was William's child, she could let them disappear in this world.

The most important thing at the moment was to prevent William from knowing the existence of the boy. Otherwise, according to his character, William would take action. At that time, he bonded with the child. What should she do then?

Thinking of it, Angie was in a cold sweat and felt unprecedentedly terrified. No, she couldn't lose William anymore.

Her relationship with William was already on the brink of collapse. Once that child was known to him, their possibility would be even smaller.

As she thought of it, a hint of murderous intentions flickered in her eyes. She must kill that bastard before William knew it.

It was just a child. If William liked children, she could give him as many children as he wanted.

With the determination, the woman, who was furious and unable to accept the truth before, calmed down gradually. She only spent one hour to make up her mind.

Regardless of the scattered pieces of glass on the ground, she walked in the middle directly, picked up her phone, and called a man, a person who could solve any trouble.

After a few seconds, the call was answered, "Angie, you miss me?"

Although she was ready, Angie still felt terrified, hearing his raspy voice. She paused and tried to sound not so scared. "Lyle, kill a person for me. No, two people, five million dollars."

"Angie, seriously? As long as you want, I can kill ten men for you, let alone two. Killing a hundred people won't be a problem," Lyle said meaningfully.

Angie pursed her lips and pretended she didn't understand. She urged seriously, "Deal or not?" Although she asked the question, she knew he wouldn't reject her, because the man fell for her crazily.

Because of his paranoid and almost abnormal love for her, Angie didn't dare to contact him easily. But, since Vivian dared to give birth to a bastard and hid it from William, there was nothing that she didn't dare to do.

As expected, Lyle accepted with a chuckle, "Deal." However, he didn't want money. For him, money was just a bunch of numbers. "I don't want money. I only want you..."

"Lyle, don't go too far," Angie directly cut in with anger. She had other candidates. But Lyle was a professional killer. Given the name and corresponding pay, this man could kill the target before the deadline.

That was the real reason why she was willing to take a risk.

She met Lyle by chance. Who knew that Lyle fell for her? Probably he was on drugs at that time. If it weren't for the existence of her father, this man would take her away earlier.

Chapter 279 a Pervert

Lyle didn't turn mad. Instead, he chortled with a creepy cracked voice. "Angie, I only want you to have a meal with me." "That's it?" Angie didn't believe it. She had long heard how malicious he was. Besides, she saw how ruthless he was to kill men.

Lyle replied with a very relaxed tone the whole time, "Yes. As long as you're willing to eat with me, this matter is on me."

"No. I can give you two million dollars more. Seven million dollars to kill a woman and a child is a high price." After pondering for a while, Angie was still reluctant to take the risk. If Lyle set her up, she couldn't escape.

However, Lyle only had one request—to meet her. "Angie, I don't lack money. If you don't trust me, you can choose the time and location. If it doesn't work, I don't make this deal."

"You!" Angie was enraged. Obviously, Lyle was threatening her. If she was reluctant to meet him, he wouldn't do this deal.

Thinking that she needed his help, Angie suppressed her anger.

After hesitating for a few seconds, she agreed reluctantly, "Okay. I'll choose a date after a while." "Deal. Now you can tell me who you want to kill," Lyle said briskly, receiving a satisfactory answer.

They finally got down to business. Murderous intentions emerged in her eyes. Angie gnashed viciously, "One is called Vivian, and the other is her child. But I only know that she went abroad. I don't know where her destination is."

"Do you know when did she set off?" With the departure time, he could dig up the woman.

"Yes. I'll send you the footage later." An idea suddenly struck Angie. Her intention to kill Angie was dispelled. "Lyle, don't kill her.

Help me find her address. I want to do it myself."

Killing Vivian in this way couldn't vent her hatred. Angie wanted to torture her slowly and let her see her child die in front of her alive but helplessly, so that she could live in grief all life.

That was the best revenge on Vivian.

Picturing that scene, Angie felt delighted.

From her words, Lyle could sense Angie hated Vivian so much. "Angie, you should know that I'll satisfy you as long as you ask

me.

Lyle didn't have to say more. He knew that woman knew his meaning. He wasn't a philanthropist. But he was willing to help only for her.

The premise was that she was willing to accept him.

Swallowing, Angie answered in a roundabout way, “Don’t worry. You have my word. I’ll give you the money I promised.”

“My Angie, you’ll know I don’t want that soon. Wait for my good news.” Lyle didn’t want to argue with her. As long as he wanted, whether it was a person or a thing, he could get it.

Even if he couldn’t, he wouldn’t let anyone own it and destroy it without hesitation.

“That’s it.” Angie didn’t dare to say more to him and directly hung up the phone. She raised her hand to wipe her forehead and found her palms were sweaty. Unconsciously, she was in a cold sweat.

Angie started to wonder if asking for Lyle’s help was a right choice.

As she thought that Vivian had William’s child, her heart was like being toasted on the fire. Both her body and soul were desperate to tear Vivian to pieces with indignation.

Her eyes turned unwavering gradually. If she couldn’t possess William, no one should.

From this perspective, Angie was as selfish as Lyle. To achieve their goals, they could do anything.

Hearing the smashing sounds in Angie’s room, servants didn’t dare to approach. The outside world might not know her personality, but they did.

They knew how mercurial their lady was.

“Squeak—”

Angie’s graceful figure came out of the bedroom. She condescendingly stared at the servants, who was shivering at the top of stairs and didn’t dare to come over, and said slowly with a voice as clear and pleasing as a songbird’s, “What? You heard the noise but didn’t come up to clean?”

Hearing her order, several servants immediately lowered their heads and walked over. They peeked at the messy room and bent their heads lower. The room was like swept by a twelfth-level tornado. Everything was broken. Even the curtains were torn off.

Sharp glass debris filled the ground. It was a huge project to clean it.

Angie seemed to read their thoughts, flicked the nonexistent dust off her fingers, and asked coldly, "Is it difficult?" The maids all shook their heads and answered apprehensively, "No, it isn't difficult."

"Then why not cleaning it out?" After the servants walked in one by one, Angie let out a vicious smile. "Remember to squat down and pick them up one by one."

She emphasized the word "pick" deliberately. Tools weren't allowed.

"Yes, my lady." The servants didn't dare to resist. Bearing grievances and grudges, they squatted down and picked up the pieces little by little.

Since she ordered Vivian to do this last time, Angie had been obsessed with this feeling of torturing others. Like a group of ants,

they squatted down and picked up the glass carefully, but the pieces still pricked their hands.

The smile spread wider over her face and turned into a chortle in the end. Then Angie slowly walked away in a graceful manner.

Some young girls among them couldn't help but sob.

"Boo-hoo... I want to go home. I don't want to work here..."

"Shush, lower your voice. Don't let Miss Angie and hostess hear it. Otherwise, you're in trouble," the senior servants reminded them kindly.

One girl sobbed and asked with confusion, "Why? Can't I quit my job? This is not for humans at all." It was indeed a well-paid job. But it was a torture, working here with fear all day. She wanted to resign and leave.

"You just graduated, right? When you just started working here, did the steward let you sign a contract?" the woman asked sympathetically.

The girl nodded. "Yes."

Was there anything wrong with the contract?

"I think you didn't look through it carefully. If you work less than five years, you need to compensate if you want to quit." "Why?" The girl didn't notice such a clause at all.

"Shush... Someone is coming." Hearing the noise, the woman hurried to push them and asked them to work.

After all, she started to work quietly, lowering her head.

The girl, who just graduated, couldn't suppress her grievances and shouted to defend herself, "That rule can't exist. If it's true, I can hire a lawyer and sue them."

Chapter 280 Elope, to Be Exact

"Splash—" A cup of water was pouring on the girl's head.

Angie smashed the transparent cup to the ground. She ordered calmly with an unchanged expression, "Pick them up." The atmosphere became frozen and tense all of a sudden.

The others all lowered their heads in silence and worried about that reckless girl secretly.

The drenched girl was dumbfounded and exclaimed after she reacted, "What did I do wrong? Why did you pour water on me? Even if you're a daughter of a rich family, you can't be unreasonable. You can trample on others' dignity because you're wealthy."

"Pick them up, or not?" Angie only gave her two choices, impassive.

That warm-hearted woman wanted to mediate the dispute. But the person nearby stopped her, suggesting that she shouldn't act on impulse.

Of course, that girl was reluctant to surrender and answered firmly, "I won't pick them up. It's your fault." Angie sneered and ignored the defender. She snapped her fingers in the air. Soon, two men came upstairs.

They bowed to her respectfully. "Miss Angie, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Take her to the steward." Angie pointed at that girl. She would teach the girl how to survive in society. Money couldn't solve anything. But humans couldn't do anything without money.

Money-disdaining men didn't exist at all.

"Yes, Miss Angie." The two male servants nodded and walked toward the girl.

"No, you can't do this to me." The girl shook her head with fear and realized how humble her sense of justice was in front of power and money.

However, no matter how hard she struggled, she was still carried downstairs. At the moment she was dragged downstairs, Angie said to the girl indifferently, "Remember. You're just a pest living underground. Don't expect justice and truth."

Bitches weren't worthy of justice, like Vivian. As long as she moved her finger, Vivian could die miserably.

The girl wanted to beg for mercy. But they didn't give her chances and directly dragged her downstairs.

The other servants could only hear her fading cry.

“Who’d like to pick up the glass?” Angie flickered over them and stared at one woman.

Everyone suddenly stiffened their backs. The target was the woman who tried to beg for the girl. She said with fear, “Miss Angie, please don’t be mad. It’s on me. I can pick them up.”

Unhappy, Angie glanced at the woman squatting on the ground and said faintly, “Pick them up.”

“Yes, yes.” The woman wasn’t sure if Angie forgave her or not, kneeling and picking up the sharp glass pieces with fear. Large drops of sweat on her forehead slumped to the ground because of tension.

“Crack—” Shouts of agony echoed in the room. “Ow... It hurts... Argh... My hand...”

The rest all heard that crisp sound and looked ashen. Some with poor psychological quality started to tremble.

As if she just noticed that she had stepped on someone, Angie apologized to the woman, “Oh, I’m sorry, for stepping on your hand.”

As she said, Angie trampled more fiercely. The woman’s hand was pierced by the sharp pieces, bleeding.

Even so, the woman gritted her teeth and endured the pain because she was in dire need of this job. Her current condition couldn’t find a job with a higher salary. “It’s my fault. I got in your way, Miss Angie.”

“Hah—” Angie didn’t say anything and stomped out of the room.

As she left, the rest did dare to gasp. The woman was about to faint because of the pain. But she still bore it.

The other servants didn’t dare to take risks. Who knew whether Angie would come back suddenly again? Angie didn’t anticipate what consequences of venting anger were waiting for her.

After Vivian arrived in another country, she lived in a house arranged by John. Appointments with doctors were made. As long as the hospital was ready, Roe could have surgery directly.

As soon as she turned on the phone, numerous messages popped up, all of which were from Selina who worried about her so much. Because there were so many messages, Vivian didn't read them one by one. Thinking that it might be at midnight in China, she didn't call back but sent a message to Selina.

Unexpectedly, less than three minutes after she sent the message, her phone rang.

Vivian answered it. Selina's sonorous, clear voice came. "Vivi, you finally turned on your phone. I was so worried." "Sorry. I sent you a message as soon as we arrived at our apartment." Vivian felt warm when hearing her friend's concern.

At the moment, Selina held her phone in one hand and an apple in the other, nibbling. She was lying on the sofa, while an industrious man was massaging her. How pleasant she was. "So, how is my baby?"

Vivian glanced at the boy, who was sleeping deeply on the bed, and answered with a chuckle, "Roe is fine. He's tired after taking a flight all night. He's sleeping."

"Oh, great. Let me tell you something," Selina mysteriously whispered to the phone, as if she was afraid of being heard by a third wheel.

Speechless, that third wheel pressed her harder.

As Vivian was about to ask, she heard her friend's shout and asked with concern quickly, "Selina, what's wrong?" "Nothing. I was just stepped on by a dog." Selina glared at Grace as if warning him of his strength.

When did Selina keep a dog? Selina got straight to the point. "Selina, what do you want to say?"

"Oh, right, I almost forgot. I just want to remind you that you must be careful abroad. If you see anyone suspicious, just kick his ass," Selina said mysteriously.

Vivian thought Selina was afraid that they would be discriminated in a foreign country. After all, there were few Asians here.

Besides, there were clear distinctions in terms of races. "Selina, don't worry. Foreign people are easy-going. The place John arranged is tranquil and has a good surrounding. What you worry about won't happen."

"Vivi, what are you talking about? I didn't mean it." Hearing it, Selina was startled and instantly realized that Vivi took it wrong.

They weren't on the same topic.

She said bluntly with patience, "I meant you should beware of William. He knew you ran away with John."

According to William, it was "elope", to be exact.