

dear lawyer 291

Chapter 291 The Child Was Her Everything

“Didn’t you hear what Angie said? Kill them all.” Lyle seemed to enjoy her fierce look, which made him feel like he kept a beagle.

All of a sudden, a dozen black muzzles aimed at Vivian’s direction.

Angie instantly shrieked with laughter. “Kill them all, except Vivian.”

“Remember not to hurt Mr. John.” Arrogant as he was, Lyle didn’t want to offend John’s family for an insignificant person.

More than a dozen men in black nodded and directly aimed at John’s guards. Bullets fired from the silenced pistols pierced through their flesh with thudding noises.

Seven or eight men were killed by one shot and fell on the ground at the same time.

Judging from their marksmanship and accuracy, Lyle’s men absolutely did these kinds of things on a regular basis, as killing people was as easy as killing chickens in their eyes.

“Vivi, watch out!” No shelter was available in the empty corridor. But John still stood in front of Vivian desperately with a glimmer of coldness in his bright eyes.

He thought Lyle wasn’t able to carry guns through customs, even if he brought his army. But he underestimated Lyle and let his men die in vain.

Vivian widened her bloodshot eyes, watching the living men suddenly die by her side. She couldn’t help shouting, “Enough! Stop i”

Lyle hadn't paid attention to Vivian's appearance since he came in. Hearing her mighty roar, he noticed her. Vivian was indeed gorgeous with an indescribable quality. Slender as she was, her eyes looked tough and firm.

It was interesting. He suddenly raised his hands, and the men in black immediately paused.

"Lyle, what are you doing? Do you also fall for this bitch?" Angie growled, after seeing that.

A glimmer of hostility flickered in his calm small eyes, which chilled Angie, that presumptuous woman.

The killer was really different from ordinary people. Only one look could frighten her.

Lyle's hostile expression quickly disappeared, as if the scary man just now wasn't him. He said to her softly, "Angie, don't you want to take revenge? If you kill her, how can you take revenge on her?"

With his reminder, Angie regained her sanity gradually. She almost forgot her main purpose. The woman raised her hand, combed her hair, and commanded, "Go inside. Bring me that bastard."

This time, Lyle didn't stop her and allowed his gang to walk towards the operating room.

A few guards were still alive, but they were unable to stop them at all.

John intended to move forward with a stern expression, but his shirt was suddenly tugged.

"Vivi, I won't let them pass."

Vivian shook her head toward John with a wan face and loosened her grip. She walked toward Angie, stretched out her arms, and blocked in front of the gang. Even if she was nervous to death, she tried to calm herself down.

"Don't you want to torture me? How will you let my child go?"

Hearing her begging voice, Angie was delighted. "Vivian, proud as you are, you didn't expect you would surrender under the muzzles, did you?"

Spare her bastard? What a daydream!

But I could have some fun first." Angie walked out of the crowd and stopped in front of Vivian, and her vicious eyes studied Vivian's expression. Angie asked with amusement, "Are you really willing to do anything?"

"Yes." Vivian's hands, falling at her sides, shivered and clenched slowly.

As if hearing some funny jokes, Angie laughed exaggeratedly and stopped suddenly. She stared at Vivian gloomily and stressed every word. "Good. If you want him to survive, kneel in front of me."

"Vivi, no!" John stepped forward and intended to drag her back.

However, Vivian shouted without turning her head back, "No, John, step back! I'm begging you."

Hearing her almost beseeching voice, John felt an invisible frustration swept through his body, his heart twisting and fists loosening.

It was his fault. If he had noticed it earlier, Vivi wouldn't have fallen into such a desperate situation.

Vivian's bright eyes stared at Angie's gloating face. She asked in a whisper, "As long as I kneel, you will spare my son?"

"It depends on my mood." Angie flicked the non-existent dust from her fingernails. The red nail polish was glimmering under the light and exuded a harsh, cold light. "I won't force you if you're reluctant to do that. But then, you won't have the slightest chance."

As she said, a pounding sound of knees colliding against hard floor could be heard. Straightening her back, Vivian knelt in front of Angie with a pair of brilliant eyes.

It was this persistent look that ignited the rage in Angie's heart completely. She couldn't help slapping Vivian's face.

As soon as one crispy clapping sound faded, several successive sounds of slapping followed.

Vivian, who had been slapped several times, kept silent all the time. Only her swollen cheeks and the bloodstains on her mouth corners proved that she was a victim.

She was as cool as a cucumber as if those slaps landed on others' face, not hers.

Red-rimmed, John yearned to fight against them to death. But what would happen next? What about Roe's safety? Vivi endured everything for Roe. He shouldn't let her grievances go in vain because of his impulse.

John swore that from now on, his family was irreconcilable with Angie's family and Lyle.

Angie panted slightly. She thought Vivian would cry, beg, or confess her sins. However, Vivian just allowed her to vent her anger for such a long time in silence, which irritated her even more.

"Why don't you cry? Why don't you beg me, bitch?" Angie was enraged, pulling Vivian's hair crazily. Even the men next to them looked away with sympathy. Only Lyle and his gang looked impassive.

Lyle stared at the woman, who was kneeling on the ground miserably, with amusement. He started to understand why William and John would have a crush on this woman.

She had backbone and tolerance. This show was getting more and more interesting.

Vivian raised her hand to wipe the blood from her mouth corners, not caring about the excruciating pain in her cheek at all. Soft words came out through her teeth. "Please spare my child. I'm begging you."

Angie reached out to pull Vivian's long hair and forced her face up. Watching her exquisite little face become red and swollen, Angie lowered her head slightly and moved closer.

Angie said to her with pity, "Vivian, I'm sorry. I was kidding just now. That bastard must die, and you must live alone in this world with pain."

"No, no, no..." Vivian felt her scalp was about to be ripped off. But she suddenly grabbed Angie, as if not feeling the pain at all, with bloodshot eyes. Her calmness collapsed at once because of Angie's words.

Vivian bellowed, "Angie, you can't hurt Roe. He's just a boy. Don't you want my life? As long as you spare him, I can die right now."

"Tut-tut, it turns out that you are scared. I thought you were fearless. Unfortunately, I prefer to see that bastard die in front of you.

Don't worry. I will let you watch him die in pain slowly."

Seeing Angie in desperation, Angie tasted the delight of revenge. However, that wasn't far from enough. She wanted Vivian to watch her son die in front of her, and she couldn't do anything about it.

Only in this way could Angie's anger be offset slightly.

Angie glanced at Lyle, while the latter tapped his finger indifferently. Soon, John was surrounded and controlled. The gang darted into the operating room.

Agile as he was, John was unable to fight against the group of seven or eight men.

Seeing the enemies walk toward the room, Vivian lost her sanity eventually. She grabbed Angie's hand crazily, stood up at once, and stormed in horror, "Don't let them in! Don't let them in!"

She wouldn't let them hurt Roe. No, no one was allowed to hurt her child.

No one was allowed...

Being scratched, Angie tried to get rid of Vivian. However, Vivian was a lunatic now, her hands nailed into Angie's flesh.

Angie's tender and white skin felt terrible pain. She bent her head and saw the bloodstains on her arms. "You bitch, let go. You scratched me."

"Let go of my child. Spare him. Angie, I can tolerate any revenge or abuse. But I won't allow you to hurt Roe."

Thinking that Roe's life was in danger, Vivian had forgotten what pain was. Before everyone reacted, she kicked Angie's kneecap violently.

"Ah, it hurts! It hurts!" Not expecting that Vivian had so much strength after being slapped into a bloody face, defenseless, Angie was attacked and knelt on the ground. Her elegance image was damaged at once.

"Are you all blind? Don't you see that I'm injured? Hurry up and drag this crazy woman away."

Lyle wanted to move forward. But, at this critical moment, Vivian became mighty. She took out a folding saber from her pocket and rested it on Angie's neck before the opponents approached.

Vivian looked like a she-wolf shielding her calf and barred her teeth at them. "If anyone dares to move closer, I'll kill her. I'll do what I say."

No one had ever anticipated such a reversal.

Vivian brought the saber from home. At first, it served as a self-protection tool. When Angie beat her, she tolerated the pain and didn't take it out just for this moment, for this critical situation.

An icy knife was pressed against her neck and might cut through her throat at any time. Whoever experienced it would be terrified, and Angie who had never experienced anything like this. She didn't expect that Vivian would go crazy suddenly and dare to threaten her with a knife.

"Vivian, take the knife away, right now."

Vivian didn't follow her order. Instead, she moved the knife even closer to her neck and anxiously looked at the door of the operating room, which had been pushed open. She hissed, "Let them go out. Otherwise, let's die together."

"No, no!" Hearing that, Angie shouted in horror.

"Lyle, hurry up and call your men out. Do you really want to see me dead?"

Lyle stood still and stared at Vivian calmly. He said unhurriedly, "She doesn't dare to."

The woman in front might be brave, but her trembling hands revealed her nervousness. She should have never hurt anyone with a knife.

Hearing shouts of panic, Vivian glared at Lyle with a cold, malicious look. Pressed hard, Angie's beautiful neck was bleeding. "Mr.

Lyle, you can try."

Feeling a pain in her neck, Angie touched it subconsciously and felt something sticky. She looked at her hand and realized she was really bleeding, thus yelling at Lyle with fear, "Do what she said. This bitch is crazy!"

It was the first time that Angie felt the horror of death. Besides, the offender was Vivian, that feeble woman. She was too overconfident. She shouldn't have given Vivian a chance to fight back.

Lyle squinted, making his single-fold eyes look smaller. He underestimated this woman. It seemed that she was somewhat brave. Of course, he didn't care about the child in the operating room. But he must care about Angie's safety.

Therefore, he winked at a man around him. Soon, the man rushed toward the operating room.

“Now release her.”

“Mr. Lyle, do you think I’m that stupid?” Vivian didn’t dare to relax, because she knew how dangerous the man was. Like being targeted by a hyena in the grassland, she would die of being careless.

She yelled at John, who was full of wounds. “John, come over.”

John nodded and trekked to her side in one breath.

“Are you Okay?” Watching wounds over his body, what she asked was nonsense. She felt extremely guilty.

John was still caught in the crossfire because of her.

‘I’m fine. Let’s solve the current matter first.’ John pointed at Lyle.

Vivian nodded with approval.

“How will you release Angie?” Lyle looked calm as if he was sure that Vivian didn’t dare to kill his woman.

Angie was her only leverage. She wouldn’t take risks.

Vivian pursed her lips and said coldly, “Let your man retreat. You can stay.”

“Promise her. Promise her now. I can’t stand it anymore.” Angie hadn’t been hurt like this before. Before Lyle agreed, she shouted impatiently.

Lyle had to command his men to retreat.

Chapter 293 Escape

“John, help me ask about Roe’s condition and prepare a car. We’re ready to leave.” Vivian was worried about Roe, but she didn’t dare to relax.

John nodded and walked toward the operating room. Meanwhile, he was amazed by her sudden change. He had never seen this side of her before.

From this incident, John also realized that reasoning couldn’t solve any problem. Sometimes, only violence could protect the people he wanted to protect better.

‘Vivian, release me now.’ Angie clutched her fists and stiffened her body, afraid that the wound on her neck would become deeper if she moved.

Vivian, who was regarded to be weak, taught Angie a lesson that even a cornered beast would do something desperate.

Angie admitted this failure.

Ignoring Angie, Vivian stared at Lyle warily, because she knew that Angie couldn’t have such a troop without this man.

“Miss Vivian, you seem to be mad.” Lyle was still in the mood to chat with Vivian, as if he was here for a vacation, not to kill.

He always kept his word. Since Angie loved fun, he could tease this mouse for her.

Vivian pursed her lips. She was desperate to stab this man. She didn’t care about her own life. But the child was her weakness.

She would fight those who dared to hurt her child till death.

Soon, John walked out of the operating room and nodded to Vivian. “Roe is fine.”

Hearing that, Vivian still didn't dare to relax. She intended to ask more about Roe's surgery but stopped, when she saw John blink at her.

It wasn't suitable to talk about Roe's condition in front of Angie and Lyle.

"Can we go now?" The hospital wasn't safe now. She must transfer Roe to another place first.

John nodded. "Sure. I've arranged a car. The doctors have agreed to transfer Roe together."

"OK." Vivian regained her strength and ordered coldly, "Get up. Let's leave first."

'Vivian, enough! I've agreed to all your requirements. Release me," Angie gnashed. If her gaze could kill people, Vivian would have been dead several times.

But Vivian didn't care. After Angie committed such a sin, her heart was filled with rage and hatred. "Get up." Feeling the knife move closer at once, Angie didn't dare to argue with Vivian, bore her grudge, and stood up obediently.

"Mr. Lyle, please go with us." Vivian's white and tender face was already swollen and unrecognizable. With an impassive expression, she was somewhat fierce.

When she wasn't afraid of death, no one could threaten her.

Lyle's eyes clouded. He said with a smile, not like a ruthless, bloodthirsty killer at all, "Miss Vivian, please lead the way." John ordered his reminding men to drag the corpses in the corridor aside and escorted a stretcher out of the operating room.

Lyle was a well-deserved top killer. Before he entered the hospital, he had let his gang lock down the entire outpatient building.

No matter how fierce they shot inside, the outside was tranquil.

Until the patients and their families saw that a juried woman placed a knife on another woman's neck, they realized a fight occurred in the hospital. They all huddled against walls, bent their heads, and didn't dare to peek.

Luckily, Lyle kept his words. There was no ambush on the way. As soon as they went out, the car arranged by John arrived.

After Roe on the stretcher was put in the car, Vivian retreated with Angie.

"Vivi, you go first." John dared not let Vivian get in the car last.

Vivian didn't look back. "You go first. I'll follow you."

Knowing it wasn't the time to argue, John walked into the car without hesitation. His hands placed on the door handle, ready to pull her in.

'Vivian, are you satisfied? Release me quickly.'" Everything was done as Vivian expected, but Angie was still under control. Her heart was thumping.

If it were before, Angie was sure that Vivian wouldn't kill her. But now, after seeing her madness, Angie doubted it.

Vivian bent her head with her bloody lips leaning over, she whispered to Angie, "Angie, if you dare to hurt my child again, a wound won't vent my rage."

She paused and added, "Besides, remember, William may be a treasure in your heart, but he is nothing to me."

Not a treasure anymore.

"You..." Angie intended to argue but gave up, since her life was at risk.

Vivian flickered over Lyle, who stood far away, pushed Angie hard, and jumped into the car quickly.

John was waiting for this moment. He immediately closed the door. "Go!"

As he ordered, the driver instantly stepped on the accelerator and drove away.

Defenseless, Angie was pushed back. She staggered a few steps and almost fell to the ground. Fortunately, Lyle held her steadily.

However, Angie didn't appreciate it. She pushed Lyle away at once, slapped him, and stormed, "You asshole, how did you protect me? I was threatened by that bitch. Why not chase after them?"

Lyle just tilted his head, his eyes full of coldness. An involuntary shiver ran down her spine. Angie suddenly realized the man in front wasn't her subordinates who were willing to be abused by her. She was afraid that the man would kill her with indignation.

Lyle seemed to read her mind and said calmly, "Angie, don't worry. I won't kill you. I love you so much."

Before Angie was relieved, he suddenly rested his fingertips on her wound and added meaningfully, "But, I don't like being slapped. Do you understand?"

Her neck hurt. Angie furrowed and saw his "gentle" expression. Shivers ran down her spine again. She swallowed unconsciously.

'I see."

Lyle seemed to be satisfied with her obedience. His gloomy expression vanished at once. He chuckled, "Now, can we go back?"

Chapter 294 Faint with Excitement

"So we just go back? I got hurt for nothing?" Angie was irritated immediately. She shouldn't ask for Lyle's help. It was the same if she hired someone else.

Lyle withdrew his hand and rubbed his fingers with interest. He placed them on his lips and licked the blood from his hand with the tip of his tongue. His eyes were as excited and gloomy as wolves'. "Don't worry. The day is still young. I'll let you vent your anger."

Watching his abnormal behavior, Angie felt in a dilemma. No, she must return to China first and get rid of this lunatic.

In the car, Vivian dropped the knife and was eager to see Roe. John hurried to pull her back and said, "Vivian, calm down and listen to me."

"John, back off. Back off. Let me see Roe." At this moment, Vivian wasn't a bold and decisive woman anymore, but a worried mother.

"Roe needs more rest. Don't disturb him." John knew Vivian was unable to calm down, if he didn't exaggerate it.

Hearing that, Vivian sat back, clutched her thighs tightly, straightened her upper body, and asked anxiously, "How is Roe? Did his surgery succeed? Did he get hurt?"

John shook his head with pity, "No, it failed."

"Why? Why did it fail?" Vivian sat still with frustration. She had tried her best to contact the hospital, which agreed to do the surgery, and waited for four years in fear.

What's more, she tolerated grievances and abuse to get medical expenses from William. It was so close.

However, Angie destroyed everything. It was like a stab in her heart. Vivian had carried the boy for ten months and gave birth to him at the risk of her own life.

"No, no, that's impossible. The surgery must be a success." At the moment, Vivian couldn't help but cry. Tears, mixed with blood, trailed down her cheeks into her mouth, into her stomach.

She was reluctant to let death take away Roe's life, and she was willing to sacrifice her own life for his recovery.

Watching Vivian on the verge of collapse, John was heartbroken. "Vivi, Vivi, don't be afraid. Although the operation failed, Roe will have another chance, if he recuperates for one year."

As if grabbing the last straw, Vivian clutched John's arms tightly, not realizing her nails stabbed into his skin.

Her eyes were alight with hope. "John, is it true? Roe can have another operation, right?"

John looked gently as if he didn't feel the pain, and answered with a nod, "Yes. As long as he recuperates for one year, he can receive the surgery again."

"One year, just for one year!" Vivian repeated over and over again, her eyes full of hope and joy. Tears pricked his eyes when John saw her cautious look.

"Yes, Vivi. Let the medical staff treat your wounds first." John couldn't bear to watch her face with clear red marks.

Vivian seemed to not hear it and chortled blankly. "Roe is fine. Roe is fine. Good..."

Before Vivian finished her words, she rolled her eyes and fainted.

"Vivi, Vivi, are you okay?" John was terrified and summoned a doctor at once.

The space in the car was extremely small. It was difficult for the doctor to come over. But he bent his waist, lifted her eyelids, and heard her heartbeat.

After making sure that Vivian was fine, the doctor explained, "The patient suffered too much mental strain and relieved suddenly, but her body functions didn't keep up, so she passed out. She will recover after a rest."

John nodded. It was extremely hard for Vivi to persist for so long. If it weren't for Roe, she would have fainted earlier.

Even if she passed out, her brows still knitted; her curled eyelashes were still wet.

Staring at her injured cheeks, John felt frustrated. If Vivi hadn't taken quick actions, it would have been impossible for them to escape successfully.

This kind of weakness and frustration tortured his pride as a man.

The original apartment wasn't a shelter anymore. John asked a man to arrange another tranquil and safe place and lived with Vivian and Roe.

On the other hand, William was ignorant of Vivian's incident. After he handled the case and tried to contact that woman, she just vanished without any trace.

He looked for her for several days in vain. And he received calls from China and was urged to return.

In the end, William arranged several men to continue searching for her and returned to China alone after finishing the case.

After several days of recuperation, Vivian recovered her spirit gradually. But the wounds on her cheeks were still horrifying.

Although the wounds could be cured with the passing of time, her broken heart couldn't be healed. If it weren't for her obsession with William, Roe wouldn't have been in such a desperate situation. He almost lost his life.

Even John, who was innocent, was injured because of her. Although he hid it from her, Vivian knew he was badly hurt.

All of these were caused by her love for William.

She couldn't afford to love that man. She couldn't expect him to know what love was. If she had known that a slight hope would cost so much, she wouldn't have entangled with William for so long.

John took good care of her and Roe these days. She was touched. But she didn't know if this decision was right.

"Vivi, what are you thinking?" John just entered the room and saw Vivian look out the window in a trance.

Hearing his voice, Vivian turned around and looked at him. "John, do you regret coming abroad with me?"

"Why did you suddenly ask that?" John was startled and thought Vivi still felt guilty for the incident. He comforted gently, "Vivi, clear your mind. You saved us that day. I'm glad to take care of you and Roe."

Vivian lowered her gaze toward her twisted fingers and said suddenly, "John, let's get married."

"What?" Her sudden words petrified John. His agility and wisdom seemed to disappear at once. He stared at her blankly without moving his eyeballs.

What did he hear? Vivi did propose to him. Wasn't it an illusion caused by fatigue?

Chapter 295 Let's Get Married

"Is it a no? John, I'm sorry. It's nonsense. Just forget it," Vivian thought John rejected it and apologized at once.

How could she propose to him after catching him in the crossfire so many times? How brash she was!

"No, no, Vivi, I'm too excited. Did I mishear you? Are you really willing to marry me?" John was so excited about this God-given proposal that words failed him.

"I..." Facing John's scorching eyes, Vivian was suddenly lost for words.

John had been waiting so long for her, for her proposal. He thought he would wait for a longer time. Unexpectedly, Vivi mentioned it suddenly. How could he not be ecstatic?

John couldn't let her chicken out anymore. He rushed to her side and stared at her seriously and anxiously. "Vivi, are you really willing to marry me?"

Vivian glanced at John and then looked away. She fiddled with her fingers, took a deep breath, and answered, "Yes, if you want."

"Of course, I do. Even if it's a dream, I do," John replied quickly. Of course, he was desperate to marry her. But he didn't understand why Vivi would propose to him suddenly.

John suddenly remembered that Vivi said she couldn't repay his kindness. His heart sank. Although he wanted to marry her, he didn't want the marriage to be a repaid kindness.

John asked with a bitter smile, "Vivi, tell me the truth. Do you want to marry me because of gratitude?"

"No, I won't get married because of gratitude."

Hearing the self-jibe in his words, Vivian suddenly raised her bright eyes and stared at him. "John, I know it's an abrupt decision.

But I think we can get along well, if we get married."

It's just because we can get along well? It's not for love. The excitement in his eyes faded. He didn't want Vivi to regret the impulsive decision. "Vivi, are you really willing to spend the rest of your life with me?"

Vivian didn't want to deceive John. She bit her lips, sighed, and said guiltily, "John, I don't want to lie to you. If we get married, I may not give you my love, but I'll do my best to run our family."

Her heart was dead long ago. She might not fall in love with another man. But she hoped that Roe could have a good father and a complete family. It was also her second chance.

Once she got married, there wouldn't be so much danger. Angie and others wouldn't regard her as a threat.

John suddenly reached out to cover her tender, small white hands. Vivian was taken aback and looked up at him subconsciously.

“Vivi, I know you won’t be over him so soon, but I can wait. Even if you won’t fall in love with me all your life, I’m willing to protect you and Roe.”

John smiled at her with unwavering, gentle eyes. He knew that already, but he couldn’t resist the temptation to marry her.

His love for her was beyond anything. As long as they got married, she would fall for him in the future, even if she didn’t love him.

It was a bland but wonderful dream.

His words astonished Vivian. Tears pricked her eyes. She was really touched by his selfless care and love, but felt pathetic.

Vivian tried very hard to reciprocate his fierce love, to make her hard heart melt for him. However, no matter how hard she pushed, it felt nothing but gratitude or intense guilt.

She was indeed a selfish woman. She did drag a gentleman down for her child, for the so-called home, for the breakdown of her love for William.

Vivian, you can’t be so selfish!

“John, I think it’s a sloppy decision. Just forget it.”

‘Vivi, do you really want to reject me?’ Knowing that Vivian started to retreat, John said sadly.

Vivian hated to see this side of him. She inwardly condemned how cruel she was. “No, John, don’t take it wrong. I don’t want to reject you. But I think it’s very unfair to you. I can’t hurt you anymore. I...”

Vivian suddenly stopped, because John held her hand to his chest, feeling his steady and powerful heartbeat.

Each heartbeat was thumping her palm, as if to remind her that his heart thudded because of her.

“Vivi, do you feel it? This is my answer.” John chuckled. His smile was as clean as a bamboo shoot emerging from the ground in spring. It was so pure that Vivian was moved to tears.

“John, it’s a lifelong decision. Don’t you need to inform your parents?” she asked in a hoarse voice.

John’s eyes lit up at once. Did she agree to his proposal? “Vivi, don’t worry about that. It’s my marriage. I can call the shots.”

Then he added with a joke, “Besides, my parents are looking forward to my marriage. They said as long as it’s a girl, they will be fine.”

Vivian was amused by his exaggerated expression. She knew that he did it to chill her out. “Okay. Wait for your news.” “We’ll get engaged first when we return home.” John couldn’t wait to tell the world that Vivi was going to be his fiancée.

“Where there’s a will, there’s a way.” Finally, his persistence and waiting paid off.

Vivian was bashful because of his straightforward words. She withdrew her hand from his shyly, stood up, and said, “Umm, I want to see Roe upstairs.”

“OK. I just came back. I’ll change my clothes first and then see Roe.” His heart sank, feeling nothing in his hands. But John felt delighted again as Vivi agreed to marry him.

“OK.” Vivian nodded and went upstairs first.

But she felt a sudden heartache at the top of the stairs. A sense of depression struck her heart, which made her pant.

Vivian squeezed her chest heavily, letting her heartbeat slow down. She blinked, ignored the pain, and continued to go upstairs.

She would never feel sad because of that man. As long as she was engaged to John, she was his fiancée. Even if she wouldn’t fall for John immediately, she must forget that man.

However, the more she pretended not to care, the tighter the blood vessels in her heart contracted.

Chapter 296 I Want Nothing to Do with...

William didn't have to go abroad, because the woman who ran away had already come back.

However, the reason wasn't what he expected. That woman was going to be engaged to another man.

It was such a great irony, but not surprising. But she was too naive.

William's intense dark eyes were sparkling in the darkness, stony.

"What did you say? You're getting engaged?" Selina's deafening voice almost shattered the glass wall, let alone Vivian, who was so close to the phone.

Her eardrums were almost broken. "Selina, you don't need to shout. I'm not deaf. But I may go deaf if you keep yelling at me like this."

"Eh? No way. Are you really going to be engaged to John? You just went abroad for such a short time. How could you develop such an unwavering relationship? Did you have an illusion caused by the overabundance of dopamine?"

Selina felt it was incredible and even pinched her thigh. Ouch, it hurts! It wasn't a dream. Vivi was really going to be engaged to John.

Vivian groped for the bracelet on her wrist subconsciously. But she suddenly remembered that it had been taken off. She withdrew her fingers and placed them on her thigh.

Vivian said calmly, "Yes, we're going to get engaged. I've made up my mind. I'm happy when I'm with John." That bracelet was a gift from William. That day, their relationship was as usual. But it had changed in just a few months.

Even when she was insulted by Angie or misunderstood by William, she didn't take it off. However, that bracelet would remind her how silly she was in the past four years.

The accessory even messed her up. As a result, she directly took it off, a farewell to the past between her and John.

If Vivian married John, she wouldn't have anything to do with that man again.

"It seems that you've made up your mind. When will you come back? How is Roe's operation?" Selina suddenly realized Vivi hadn't mentioned Roe at all after chatting for so long. It was weird.

She asked anxiously, "Does anything happen to Roe? Vivi, answer me."

"No. Roe is fine. We'll be back in a week," Vivian answered, clutching her hands. She didn't want Selina to be worried or argue with Angie again. She had already caused them too much trouble.

As long as she married John, all disputes would come to an end.

Selina was relieved. "I was almost scared to death. I thought something bad had happened. Luckily, the operation was a SUCCESS."

"Yes, but he has to have another operation one year later." It was also the last chance for Roe. Vivian decided that she wouldn't shrink anymore for her child, not for herself.

"Why? I thought he only needed one operation." Confused, Selina was waiting for his company.

"Yes," Vivian answered softly. Seeing that the nurse hired by John went downstairs, she immediately said to her friend, "Selina, I'd better go. Roe wakes up."

"Hello? Vivi, I haven't finished yet..." Then the call ended. Selina pursed her lips, her heart full of questions. Why did she feel Vivi hung up to avoid her?

This time, William was completely out. There was no chance of winning over Vivi's heart. She was going to get engaged. She must seize a chance to mock William, to revenge her precious car damaged.

On the highway, a car accelerated to 120 miles in a 30 zone and crashed directly to the head of her car. Luckily she wore the seat belt at that time; otherwise, she would have been thrown out.

The most irritating thing was that the driver just left and abandoned his broken car.

Vivian put down the phone and asked, "Is Roe awake?"

In fact, Roe was still in a semi-coma after being rescued from the hospital. He seldom woke up. If it weren't for the doctor assurance that Roe was fine just in the dire need of rest, she would have had a grudge against Angie.

"He just wakes up. He wants to see you, Miss Vivian," the nurse hurried to answer with a nod.

Vivian scooted up the stairs. Roe stared at the doorway, his eyes half open. At the sight of her figure, he cheered up at once.

Vivian rushed over, not letting him move. "Roe, my good boy. You haven't recovered yet. Tell mom if you want anything. Don't get up."

"Mommy, I had a dream. I dreamed that you abandoned Roe." His brilliant eyes fixed on Vivian, sparkling. What a pitiful expression.

Heartbroken, Vivian reached out to stroke his small face. His cute chubby face suddenly shrunk, exposing his small chin. He looked more handsome but less cute.

But it added poignancy. "How could that be possible? Roe is my most beloved treasure. I won't lose my Roe, even if I lose the whole world."

"Great! Mommy, can you hug me?" He hadn't been in her arms for a long time.

When people were sick, they were at the most vulnerable time and badly in need of care, let alone a child who had just had an operation. He lacked a sense of security and became clingier to Vivian.

Vivian hugged him carefully, after hearing that. The feeble boy became lighter than before. As a mother, Vivian felt painful, as if a knife was piercing her heart. She wished she could suffer the pain for Roe.

“Roe, my sweetheart, when you get better, mommy will take you home.”

She knew that Roe didn't like staying abroad, so she took the risk to go back with John not only for the engagement, but also for a better recuperating environment for Roe.

His small body couldn't withstand the illness anymore.

“Really? Great! Cough, cough, cough.” Roe was so excited that he choked by accident.

The sudden roars of coughing terrified Vivian. Her body shivering, Vivian asked with a pale look, “Roe, Roe, are you okay? I'm going to call a doctor.”

Before she got up, her shirt was tugged by a small hand. Vivian paused and looked back at him.

“Mommy, I'm fine. I just, cough, choked accidentally.” Roe was reluctant to leave Vivian. He said with guilt. If he was as healthy as his fellows, his mommy didn't need to worry about him.

They didn't need to stay in a foreign country.

Chapter 297 Attitude of John's Mother

Vivian was careful. After making sure that Roe didn't cough anymore, she sat back. When she read his guilt on his face, her heart suddenly hurt. She stroked his cheeks and comforted gently, “Roe, you need to remember that mommy love you the most.”

“Mommy...” Roe muttered. His body was too weak. It was already the limit for him to say so many words after waking up. His eyelids were drooping.

Of course, Vivian knew he was sleepy. She laid his head on the pillow carefully, pulled up the sheet, and said, "Roe, you take a rest. I promise I won't leave. When you wake up, you'll see mommy."

"OK." Roe glanced at Vivian, reluctant to sleep. But he still closed his eyes obediently.

Vivian didn't leave. She lay on her side to accompany Roe, her smooth hands stroking his scattered hair. Smelling her, Roe felt cozy and warm and fell asleep gradually.

One week flew. It was time to return home

Concerned about Roe's health, John even hired one of the doctors who did the operation to go back with them. If there was an emergency, the doctor would be a great help.

Knowing that, Vivian was moved and more determined to marry John.

However, things didn't go on so smoothly. John's parents were opposed to the engagement when they knew their future daughter-in-law, abandoned by her parents, was not from a decent family with only an elderly grandmother.

Later, since their son was in his 30s and hated to be pressured to get married, they were afraid that he was gay. So, as long as the candidate was a lady with a blameless record, they would agree to the marriage.

However, they heard that the woman from a poor family had a son. So they fiercely opposed the engagement.

John had a gentle and easy-going personality. But as for his relationship, he was stubborn. His mother was too annoyed to eat for a few days but surrendered in the end.

"You're Vivian."

“Miss Reina, I’m Vivian. I’m glad to meet you.” Vivian looked at the noble and elegant woman and knew his mother didn’t like her.

For the sake of John, she greeted Vivian reluctantly.

Of course, she didn’t like Vivian. Based on her current condition, even an ordinary family wouldn’t accept the engagement, let alone this high-class one. They cared about dignity more.

But if John insisted, she wouldn’t give up so easily. Otherwise, she was failing him.

Reina flickered over Vivian and looked away. She was indeed a beautiful girl. Unfortunately, she got married once and had a son.

That was unacceptable.

“You know whether I’m glad or not. Nowadays, young girls don’t understand what love is. Only one false move, their whole life collapses. It won’t be so simple...”

“Mom!” Hearing his mother’s accusation against Vivian, John furrowed slightly with anger and reminded her emphatically, “It’s the first time Vivi comes to our home. Don’t scare her. She’s your future daughter-in-law.”

“Alas, I did it for your own good.” Hearing her obedient son’s offensive words, Reina felt annoyed inwardly and disliked Vivian more.

Before she married John, Vivian had already caused a disagreement between the mother and son. What if they got married? Probably, she would dominate the family!

Vivian wasn’t a fool. Of course, she understood Reina’s subtext. Her first visit pushed John into a dilemma, which wasn’t her intention. She gently pulled John, who was about to argue.

Vivian shook her head and suggested him to stop defending. What he was about to say would make things worse.

John also understood. But he hated to see her suffer a little. He did promise to protect her for all his life. But now, his parents were opposed to the engagement.

“Miss Reina, it’s indeed my fault. I should have visited you earlier. Our engagement is hasty. We still need your help.”

Her humble words were somewhat pleasing to the ear. Reina softened her position slightly. As long as the engagement was

postponed, there must be a chance to cancel it. She must try every means.

She would never let this woman become her family member. “Save the chitchat. Alright, I’ll help you. It’s okay to delay your engagement for a few days, right?”

“No.” “Yes.”

Of course, “No” came from John. Vivi finally agreed to marry him. He yearned to tell the whole world right now. He had already shown respect for them by not being engaged in advance.

Vivian didn’t want to ruin John’s relationship with his mother. It wasn’t a big deal to wait for several more days.

Reina definitely chose Vivian’s answer and said with a false amicable look, “Deal.”

She paused and then said to John suddenly, “Oh, John, by the way, your dad will come home tonight. Remember to eat at home.

You went abroad for about half a month. We thought you wouldn’t come back.”

Reina only talked to John, excluding Vivian on purpose. It was a deliberate attempt to get her back off. Her palm was pinched suddenly, and Vivian stared at John blankly and understood his meanings from his eyes.

Her heart was full of warmth.

“Mom, I can eat at home. But is it appropriate not to invite my fiancée?” John was forcing his mother to accept her identity.

Reina scowled slightly. But it was her son who offended her. She wasn't willing to be mad at him. But it was impossible for her to accept Vivian.

She seemed to recall something suddenly and said with a smile, "John, I forgot it. Your dad won't go home tonight. Shall we have dinner another time? We should book a hotel, invite Miss Vivian's parents, and have a formal meeting. What do you think?"

"In this case, I won't eat at home tonight. Vivi, let's go." John, of course, knew his mother was still reluctant to accept the engagement.

However, he had made up his mind: no one could change him.

"John, you are leaving? John..." Reina just watched John leave with Vivian. She was furious, but there was nothing she could do about it.

Walking out of his home, Vivian couldn't help asking, "John, is it really a good idea for us to just leave?"

Chapter 298 The One Who Made Her Shiver

"I regret not taking you away earlier. Vivi, sorry for the grievance you suffered. I didn't expect she would say that," John apologized. He had no idea his mother would be so mean.

Vivian shook her head and said, "Never mind. In fact, her behavior is understandable. It's a hasty decision. No parent can accept it at one."

"Vivi, don't worry. When they get to know you, they will know how wonderful you are," John said firmly.

Vivian didn't care. "Take it easy. John, let's go home first."

After ten days of recuperation, Roe wasn't in a semi-coma anymore. If she was away for a long time, he would be extremely anxious.

“Okay. Vivi, I will send you back first. I have some business to deal with in the company. I’ll be home later.” John didn’t tell the truth. He had been traveling home and abroad for more than half a month. The accumulated workload required three days of non-stop working.

“John, go ahead with your work. I can go home alone.” Hearing that, Vivian decided to take a taxi and go home alone.

Sure enough, John wouldn’t allow it. He still sent her home by himself.

Watching his departing car with a frown, Vivian sighed unconsciously. From Reina’s reaction, she knew their engagement was.

tricky. She only hoped John wouldn’t be in a dilemma in the end.

“Are you reluctant to part from your lover?”

As Vivian heard the familiar voice behind her, her pupils contracted suddenly; her spine stiffened; like a marionette, she turned around mechanically and looked at that man who shouldn’t be here.

It was William.

William threw the cigarette in his hand to the ground and trampled on it. Coldness glimmered in his intense dark eyes. “What? Why are you so afraid of seeing me?”

William was informed on the first day when Vivian and John came back. To be precise, as soon as she got on the flight, he knew their landing time and place. The reason why he showed up now was to see her reaction.

What disappointed him was that she hadn’t been engaged yet. What a pity. He had prepared a “great” gift for them.

Vivian looked into his piercing gaze, clenching her fists at her sides to force herself to calm down. She warned herself inwardly that she had nothing to do with this man and didn’t need to be scared of him.

When she raised her eyes again, Vivian was as calm as usual. She said indifferently, "Mr. William, please mind your words. John is my fiancé now."

What a "fiancé"! A cold light flashed over his eyes. They were in a short distance. With a few strides, William was in front of her.

His sharp frigid eyes were studying the woman who was scared inwardly but pretended to be cool. Who made her so brave?

The answer was obvious.

"Your fiancé?" William leaned forward. His unique, cool smell wafted into her nose.

Vivian's palms were sweating. They were close enough for Vivian to even see his pores and moving lips clearly. She took a shallow breath and recoiled.

"Sure. Who else could it be?"

"Vivian, you are so bold." Before she stood still, William hooked her waist swiftly and pulled her into his arms. His voice emitted coldness. "Do I need to remind you? Huh?"

Vivian bumped into his arms, caught off guard. Her snub nose hit the tough wall of flesh. Tears pricked her eyes at once. It hurt so much! But hearing his words, Vivian pushed him away and tried to escape, regardless of the pain.

Damn it. She thought William had forgotten her crotch-breaking kick, which could prevent him from having offspring. Oh, no, he had already had a son.

Besides, Vivian was hoping that William would forget it subconsciously. So, she also hypnotized herself to forget it.

"Want to escape? No way!" William withdrew his arms and directly carried Vivian toward his car.

Realizing she would be taken away and thinking about his ways of revenge, Vivian no longer controlled her temper and kicked and beat William. She wasn't as quiet and elegant as usual.

"William, you asshole, let me go. Let me go!" She was going to be engaged to John. Why did this man still stalk her? "Shut up. If you want everyone to know that you cuckold John, you can shout."

Hearing his words, Vivian was silent at once. She couldn't cause more trouble for John. But she didn't want to be taken away by William.

She lowered her voice and hissed, "William, let me go. If you're still mad because of that kick, you can beat me."

Ignoring her words William scowled, opened the door, and threw her inside directly.

Although the cushion was soft, Vivian flopped in a daze. When she realize what was happening, she straightened her body and squeezed through a gap by his side.

"Bang—" She was thrown back again.

William's voice was as icy and creepy as that of a demon who just crawled out of the hell. "Vivian, if you dare to run again, I will have you in the car, believe it nor not."

Vivian stiffened for a second, lying on the seat. She sat up again, pressed against the window, and kept far away from him.

William was indeed a lunatic. She believed he would become an inhuman monster.

"Go," William ordered coldly.

The driver, who witnessed the whole process, looked impassive like a robot without feeling. He replied respectfully and started to drive.

Hearing the noise, Vivian flushed at once. Her shrewish and crazy look was seen by someone else.

Wait! Why did William become so high profile? It was a Maybach, a luxurious car worth more than 20 million dollars. But it made sense for him, since he had earned so much illegal money.

“William, how will you release me?” She somewhat regretted seeing John off and not returning to the community sooner.

After the scandal, John didn't let them live in the villa. Instead, they moved to another tranquil place.

However, this pervert still found her.

“Make love with me,” William answered bluntly.

Vivian immediately rolled her eyes. She suddenly recalled Angie's vicious look, the healed wounds did start to ache. She knew it was just the memory of brain waves.

“William, enough!”

Chapter 299 Successfully Enraged Him

“Enough? What you owe me is far from enough.” William put on a charming smile. But what he said was cruel.

Vivian trembled slightly, trying not to care about what he said.

She glanced at the scenery outside the window. The car wasn't at a fast speed.

“Alright, that's the best solution. I will get hurt at most.”

She gritted her teeth and grabbed the door handle, intending to open the door and jumping out.

William saw her move, and understood what she was going to do. Fire was burning in his eyes suddenly. His voice was icy.

“Vivian, if you dare to jump off the car, I’ll bring down his company. Trust me. I’ll do what I promise.”

Vivian gave up. Like a lunatic with loose hair, she lunged at William, clenched her fists, and punched and scolded him.

Vivian couldn’t bear it any more, mentally or psychologically. She was on the verge of going crazy.

“William, you asshole, do I owe you? You keep pushing me. Will you spare me, as long as I die? Why do you two keep pushing me? Why?”

In the end, Vivian was tired of punching. Her heart sank. She was exhausted. All she wanted was that Roe could grow up peacefully. Why was it so hard? It was her fault. She didn’t dare to get entangled with him. She wouldn’t expect anything more.

Was her concession not enough? What else should she do? How wouldn’t they be satisfied and give up?

William didn’t understand her outburst but caught the phrase “you two” she used acutely. Did someone else get Vivian in trouble? He suddenly thought of Angie, who was extremely well-behaved recently.

To be extremely well-behaved meant to be restless. Was it because of Angie’s instigation that this little woman left him? “She went to see you.”

Vivian straightened her hands and propped her body, unwilling to look at William. Her cool lips moved. “No.”

She wasn’t Virgin Mary, forgiving everyone. She also wanted Angie to be punished. But she concerned more of Roe’s safety, because she knew William would never hurt Angie.

Even if he would, Angie wouldn’t admit her crimes. Worse of all, Angie would overreact.

Vivian was scared. She couldn't take risks. Angie's attempted murder let her realize their disparity of identity. She did overestimate her strength.

"Look at me." William doubted it.

Vivian bit her lower lip, loosened it, and gazed at him bravely. "Angie never visited me. William, I'm sorry. I shouldn't swindle you.

I shouldn't threaten you. I shouldn't kick you."

She paused. As if being enlightened, she heaved a long sigh and smiled at him. "I'm here to sincerely apologize to you. Please forgive me."

Watching her sudden change, William felt his heart was dug out, bleeding. He didn't like this side of her. With a furrow, he said coldly, "You think I'll be soft-hearted in this way?"

Vivian knitted her brows but looked obedient. "William, I can return the money. As for other things, you can name a price, and I'll pay you back slowly.

She couldn't stand his mental torture anymore. No matter how reluctant she was to borrow money from John, she would do it, as long as she could get rid of William.

At least, there was a hope to pay John back, if she borrowed from him. But the money owed to William is far from certain.

"Let your fiancé repay it for you." William burst into laughter out of rage. The more amicable his smile was, the more furious he was inwardly.

For instance, he reached his limit of rage now.

"Yes. As long as I can return the money, I can do anything." Vivian didn't look up; otherwise, she didn't dare to say that.

However, everything was over. William's low voice was like a sharp sword covered in ice piercing her scarred heart. "OK. As long as you get laid with me tonight, all accounts will be written off."

Vivian suddenly raised her head and gazed at the nonchalant man in surprise, as if those cruel words didn't come out of his mouth. Her lips shivering, she asked, "What did you say?"

"Vivian, drop the act. You know what I mean," William retorted with disgust, ignoring his inward discomfort at the sight of her tear-filled eyes.

"You're shameless." Vivian slapped his handsome face without hesitation.

However, her slap didn't land on his face. Her delicate wrist was grabbed by a tough hand. Her wrist would be broken, if he used more strength.

Narrowing his dangerous eyes, William grabbed her more fiercely. He saw a glimmer of tolerance flashed over her face. But she still gazed at him stubbornly and hostilely. Suddenly, he chuckled. It was like a snowflake falling on someone's heart in the winter.

"Congratulations! Vivian, you successfully enraged me."

William thought he had already become so dispassionate that he wouldn't be enraged by anyone easily. However, only the woman in front of him successfully irritated him again and again. She really crossed the line this time.

"Vivian, how capable you are? You did something ordinary people couldn't do."

Vivian looked into his icy eyes, shivers running through her body. She knew the man was indeed furious about her behavior. But she couldn't stay in the car any more. "William, let me go. Let me go."

William didn't say anything this time. He ripped off his tie, grabbed her hands violently, and tied them together without mercy.

Watching his behavior, Vivian was struggling with fear. But for William who was training all year round, her strength was just a scratch level.

She couldn't be taken away by William. Roe was waiting for her at home. John trusted her so much. She couldn't go with the man in front.

She would never allow it.

'Vivian, what are you doing?' William stormed.

Her lips were bleeding because of her bite. Scarlet blood trailed down her mouth corners and dripped on her clothes.

Vivian kept repeating in a whisper, "I don't want to go with you. I don't want to. I don't want to."

When he saw her biting her lips, William directly pulled her small mouth open and replaced her lips with his fingers without hesitation. A searing pain came from his skin. The bleeding blood wasn't hers anymore.

"Vivian, how desperate you are to draw the line!"

Chapter 300 Get out of the Car

Vivian raised her head at once and gazed at him with tear-filled eyes. She answered seriously, "Yes. William, I don't want to have anything to do with you."

"Stop the car," William suddenly yelled, flickering over her face with dark eyes.

Facing a dilemma, the driver said, "Mr. William, we're on the elevated highway now..." Wasn't it dangerous to stop now?

"Stop!" His voice was colder.

The driver didn't dare to defy and pulled over. Vivian bit her lips slightly, opened the door with her tied hands, and got out of the car calmly without looking back at William.

The moment the door was slammed shut, the car zoomed away without stopping for a second.

Vivian sneered at herself. Wasn't it what she wanted? Why did her heart hurt as if being soaked in the rain, when she finally got off the car?

Vivian was right in the middle of the highway, unable to see the ends. The passing cars galloped and brought fierce gales, making her skirt fly in the air.

Hands wrapped with William's tie, Vivian walked carefully on the curb, trying to ignore those weird gazes and whistles.

Seeing a woman with a wonderful figure walking on the highway with a dark tie wrapped around her wrists, many drivers got some sordid thoughts.

Many lascivious men slowed down deliberately and tried to start up a conversation. "Hey, beauty, do you need a ride?"

Vivian accelerated her footsteps and bent her head in silence.

The horns and roars of vehicles behind urged the man to speed up. Her indifference irritated him. The driver cursed, stepped on the accelerator, and zoomed away, causing a puff of dust.

"Fuck. You're just an abandoned whore. Pretend to be noble? Bah."

Vivian frowned slightly and coughed several times after being choked by the dust. She kept moving forward.

Under the scorching sun, Vivian walked for a while in sweat. Her scattered hair on the forehead stuck to her skin. However, she still dragged her legs forward, as if she was numb.

Vivian almost burst into tears several times but tried to still hold back the tears. She also wanted to call, not wanting to be a laughing stock. However, her hands were tied, so she was unable to take out her phone.

“See? That’s the man you loved for four years. As long as you offend him, he wouldn’t show any mercy.” What he like was her appearance, but the inner beauty hiding under the skin.

The man she loved was an unreachable mountain, a running river, an untouchable white cloud. She was the silliest woman in the world.

As she walked, Vivian seemed to recall something hilarious and burst into gales of laughter. Shoulders shaking uncontrollably, hands covering her belly, she squatted down.

On this elevated highway with endless traffic, there was only one endless road and a pathetic woman. Her tears fell down uncontrollably.

Vivian, you were as pathetic as a dog.

After a long while, Vivian finally restored her equilibrium. She stepped on the 8 cm high-heel shoe and walked on the road, and some drivers honked at her occasionally.

However, she just kept moving forward, not pausing for anyone.

The blisters on her feet made her painful. But the physical pain wasn’t as excruciating as the pain in her heart. She walked on unconsciously.

Suddenly, a black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of her and blocked her way. As long as the driver moved one inch forward, the car would definitely overturn and be destroyed, taking away the passengers’ life.

Vivian wondered who was so brave and confident to pull over on such a dangerous road.

Soon, the door opened. The one who got off first was a lean man in a black suit and white gloves. He stood by the car, opened the rear door respectfully, and said to Vivian, "Miss Vivian, please."

"Not interested." A glimmer of vigilance flashed in her eyes. She wouldn't think William was soft-hearted and sent someone to pick her up. Since he knew her name and pretended to be so mysterious, they must be up to something unspeakable.

"Miss Vivian, please don't put us on the spot." The lean man stood in front with an impassive look and blocked her way.

His meaning was obvious—she must get into the car.

"Get out of my way," Vivian ordered coldly.

The man didn't dare to touch her. Thus he waited for the order of the man in the car.

A slight sigh came out of the dark backseat of the car. A magnetic male voice came out. "Miss Vivian, why do you refuse my kindness?"

"Daniel!" Vivian remembered his voice. Every time she thought of him, she gritted her teeth with hatred. If his subordinates hadn't drugged her, William wouldn't have stalked her.

Hearing Vivian call the name of his boss bluntly, the lean man couldn't help but glance at her. Someone did dare to call the name of their boss in this city. She was apparently courting death.

However, he didn't hear the roars of rage as he expected. The mood of his boss was unpredictable.

A slight unnoticeable joy hid in Daniel's tone. "I didn't expect that Miss Vivian could remember my name. It's indeed my honor.

May I give you a ride?"

“No.” Vivian knew she was too weak to fight against Daniel. Of course, she couldn’t kick against the pricks. However, it didn’t mean that she would be set up by him.

Daniel said with pity, “Miss Vivian, you don’t need to be hostile to me. I’m sorry for what happened last time. I’ll give you satisfactory explanation.”

“What is it?” Vivian frowned. She had no idea what he was talking about. Besides, their relationship wasn’t close enough to let him, a celebrated figure, condescend to invite her for a ride.

Although she paid less attention to the city trends, it didn’t mean that she hadn’t heard of Daniel.

Cars jammed on the highway right now, but no one dared to complain. They knew whom the license plate in front of the car belonged to.

Daniel paused, raised his mouth corners, and said meaningfully, “It turns out he didn’t tell you.” Vivian kept silent, knowing that “he” meant William. However, she wasn’t interested in what William didn’t explain to her.

“Mr. Daniel, isn’t it somewhat terrible to be so bossy? The drivers are waiting for you to make way.”

Did the rich like to play with privileges to show his unique identity?