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Chapter 7 Where Are You Taking Me

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For some reason, Franklin continued to hold her even after they had exited the night club. His chauffeur already had the car ready at the entrance, and he respectfully opened the door to the backseat.

‘I’ll drive myself.’ At Franklin’s words, the chauffeur handed the car keys over, bowed low, then stepped aside.

Sensing that the cold and quiet man had no intention of letting her go, Mary decided to speak up then. ‘Thank you for tonight, Mr. Leng. I’m afraid I can’t offer you a token of gratitude for now. But if there is a chance in the future, I hope I can express just how grateful I am for your kindness. Again, thank you very much. I’ll be leaving now.’ Then she forced herself free from Franklin’s arms and gave him a low bow.

Franklin knew that she was trying to get rid of him. ‘She claims that she wants to repay me for what I did, but in the future, not now? I won’t believe such an excuse. I’m sure I won’t see her again after letting her go tonight. Is this how she intends to escape from me? I won’t fall for it.’

At first though, he didn't have a particular plan whatsoever regarding this woman. 'I just wanted to feel her for a while, even though she's not the woman I carry in my heart. I just want to pretend that this girl is her, and seek what comfort I can find. I might never get such an opportunity again.

But I didn't expect this girl to be so eager to flee. I've saved her, but she just wants to get rid of me. Well, she's in for a surprise. It's her fault, anyway, for having those eyes.'

Mary knew that Franklin was a clever man, and though she greatly appreciated him, she really wanted to get home as soon as possible. 'I am nobody now and don't belong to the social circles he runs with. If I make another mistake involving the likes of him, it would certainly be the end of me.'

'If you really want to express your gratitude

e, then get in the car.' Before she could even say anything, Franklin had already taken her arm and pushed her into the passenger seat. Her struggling didn't do much, and he successfully closed the door and walked around the car. He settled into the driver's seat and started the engine, his motions so quick and fluid Mary had no time to react to any of it.

Mary did always like a decisive man. 'This guy was really cool just now. If I were still the young lady of a rich family, I would have no qualms about falling for him.

But I have no right to act willfully under my current circumstances. As the only child of my parents, I have no choice but to shoulder all the responsibility. I'm all grown up now. I should let go of the childish fantasies of the naive girl I used to be.'

She was so lost in her thought that she didn't realize the car was already moving. Unease rose in her chest, but she forced a smile. 'Mr. Leng, where are you taking me?'

Franklin said nothing, and did not even glance at her. He kept his focus on driving. Met with silence, Mary was left with her musings again. Fortunately, she managed to convince herself to ease her discomfort, albeit gradually. She was not some innocent girl who would easily believe she had captured some man's heart anyway.

And though she didn't know this Mr. Leng very well, she could tell from their interaction in the VIP room that he was very rich and powerful. God must favor him a lot, granting him not only a good family background, but also good looks and a gorgeous figure.

He must have a horde of admirers after him. She did consider herself quite pretty, but she was not that pretty. Certainly not an exceeding beauty anyhow. Mary believed the man in front of her would never be attracted to someone like her. He must have been surrounded by different kinds of beautiful women all his life.

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