

## **Ex Convict 3921**

### Chapter 3921

"Where is this place?" Nancy asked.

"It's my villa. You look terrible right now. Do you really think that leaving you in a crowded place won't cause any misunderstandings?" Mick said.

Nancy lowered her head, fidgeting with her clothes anxiously.

Looking at her current state, it was indeed quite messy. She was soaked and her eyes were swollen from crying.

If Mick's luxury car really drove to the bustling city and let her out, her appearance would be enough to cause others to speculate.

"I'm sorry...I didn't expect this," Nancy said softly. "And thank you for saving me today."

Otherwise, she might have really been hit by a car.

"Did something happen to you?" Mick asked.

Usually, he rarely showed any curiosity about other people's affairs, but at this moment, he couldn't help but ask.

After all, in his impression, Nancy should be strong. Even after being slapped twice, she still looked calm, as if those two slaps and her so-called sister's harsh words were nothing.

So what exactly happened that made her walk in the middle of the road in such a distraught state, even crying in his arms?

"Just something...unfortunate," Nancy said nasally.

"Did you break up with someone?" Mick asked.

"No," she had never even been in a relationship, let alone a breakup.

Besides, if it was just a breakup, that would be fine. At least her mother was still alive.

"My mother passed away," she said softly. "I just buried her today."

Mick was stunned, and the car fell silent.

Mick was taken aback to learn that the woman in front of him

had just experienced the pain of losing a loved one.

For a moment, he didn't know what to say.

He just looked at her sitting next to him, her slender body looking so fragile, and because she was looking down, he could see her delicate white neck.

Looking so fragile, as if someone could easily twist her neck with a gentle squeeze.

The fragility emanating from her entire being made people

unconsciously feel pity for her.

Pity?

When this word flashed through Mick's mind, he immediately mocked himself.

Was there a time when he felt pity for someone with whom he had no blood relation?

Was it because of the scene where she was slapped before, which left a deep impression on him?

The car arrived at Mick's villa, and Nancy got out of the car with him.

Mick asked the servant to take Nancy to bathe and prepare clean clothes for her.

As Nancy immersed herself in the warm water, she finally began to calm down.

She never expected to be brought to Mick's villa, let alone take a bath here.

Mick was someone Clarissa couldn't get close to, but today, Nancy was so close to him, even crying in his arms.

Nancy raised her hands and looked at them, the same hands that had held Mick tightly not long ago.

What's even more unbelievable is that Mick didn't push her

At this thought, an idea suddenly came to Nancy's mind!

Chapter 3922

If there was anyone by her side who could deal with the Schultz family, then Mick was undoubtedly one of them.

If...if Mick could help her get justice for her mother...but then she secretly mocked herself.

Who was she anyway?

She had only met Mick three times in total. Would Mick really deal with the Schultz family for her?

A proud son of heaven like Mick would only see her as an ugly duckling in front of him.

After taking a shower, Nancy changed into the clothes prepared by Mick's servant and followed the servant to the villa's living

room.

Mick was sitting on the sofa, wearing a new outfit and holding a book on his lap. His slender fingers were flipping through the pages, his eyelids drooping, and his long black eyelashes cast a shallow shadow like a fan.

Mick, like a painting, gave people endless imagination.

After Nancy approached, she hesitated and said, "Mr. Reed, thank you. I will wash this outfit and return it to you later."

This outfit was expensive. Even though she didn't usually wear many luxury brands, Clarissa liked all kinds of luxury brands, so thanks to Clarissa, she knew quite a few of them.

And the outfit she was wearing was a top luxury brand.

"You don't have to return it to me," Mick finally looked up at Nancy and said calmly.

"But..."

"Then who else would wear this outfit after you return it to me?" Mick asked in response.

Nancy was speechless.

"If you don't want to go home tonight, you can stay here for the night. I'll have the guest room prepared," Mick said.

Nancy looked at him in surprise.

There are many rumors about the Reed family's young master, Mick, in Emerald City.

Especially Clarissa, who secretly admires Mick.

When she lived with the Schultz family, she heard a lot about

Mick from Clarissa.

They said that Mick was always uninterested in people outside of his family.

Compared to his brother Mason, Mick seemed more gentle, but his "coldness" was inherent in his character.

He never showed mercy to strangers.

He could even treat people like toys.

Many people know that when Mick was young and living with his father, he wanted a sister because he had no siblings.

So the Reed family adopted a girl.

That little girl was like Cinderella in Emerald City, and countless girls envied her.

However, when Mick's real sister, Jasper, the girl adopted by the Reed family, appeared, she disappeared shortly after.

No one knows where that girl is now, but the only thing that can be confirmed is that she was abandoned by the Reed family.

After the true princess appeared, who would still need a fake princess?

Clarissa once said, "These rich people just treat poor people as toys for their own amusement, but some poor people can't see through it themselves!"

Toys for amusement?

Then what about Mother, who spent so many years with the Schultz family, but after her death, was disowned by them? Not

a single person from the Schultz family attended her funeral, and they didn't even inquire about her death.

Was Mother also treated as a toy for amusement?

And what about Mick? What is he treating her as now?

Chapter 3923

Thinking of this, Nancy spoke up, "Mr. Reed, forgive me for being presumptuous, but I don't understand why you're so good to me."

At least in her understanding, Mick was not a sympathetic person.

Mick stared at Nancy, but he didn't understand it himself.

"Do you think I'm being good to you?" he asked in return.

"For me, yes," she said. "Today you saved me in the rain, brought me here, helped me prepare clothes, and even offered to let me stay for the night."

"Then just consider it me occasionally showing some kindness," Mick said indifferently.

At this moment, there was a faint feeling emanating from him that kept people at a distance, as if there was an insurmountable barrier between them.

Nancy forced a bitter smile and said, "Thank you, Mr. Reed."

Perhaps in his eyes, she was nothing more than a toy.

She was just helped out of kindness, but she was delusional about some impossible things.

After a moment, Mick instructed the servant to take Nancy to the guest room.

The clean, tidy, and understated luxury of the guest room was much better than the house she lived in.

It was even better than Clarissa Schultz's bedroom in the Schultz family.

This once again showed Nancy the wealth and power of the Reed family.

Just one guest room in Mick's villa was more luxurious than the carefully crafted bedroom of Clarissa.

The wood and lighting fixtures used were all top-of-the-line.

Nancy lay down on the soft bed and felt extremely exhausted.

Before long, she fell into a deep sleep.

But in her dreams, the scene of her mother falling from the building appeared again, as well as the image of her mother dying in bed.

Her eyes were open.

Is this what they mean by "dying with one's eyes open"?

"Nancy... my daughter... Nancy..."

Nancy suddenly woke up with tears streaming down her face.

The room was pitch black and she had forgotten where she was and that her mother had passed away. She was consumed by grief and only wanted to find her mother.

She ran out of the guest room barefoot and walked through the villa, searching... until she opened the door to one of the rooms.

Someone was lying on the bed, seemingly asleep.

Was it her mother?

She walked closer and saw a handsome face.

Who was this? It wasn't her mother!

She approached the bed and leaned down to see more clearly.

But as she got closer, a hand suddenly grabbed her neck. Mick, who had been sleeping on the bed, opened his eyes and asked in a cold voice, "Why are you in my room?"

He had encountered many women who tried to climb into his bed using all sorts of tricks, but he didn't expect her to be one of them.

At that moment, he felt disgusted and even considered having her thrown out of the villa.

But then his expression changed.

Something wet had fallen onto his hand, giving him a damp sensation.

She... was crying?

Mick paused for a moment, and by the moonlight shining through the window, he finally saw Nancy's tear-stained face and her...empty eyes.

Although she was looking at him, it seemed like he couldn't be reflected in her eyes.

Chapter 3924

Mick's heart suddenly tightened.

"What's wrong with you?" He asked, his hand that was originally holding her neck unconsciously loosened.

"Have you seen my mother?" Nancy murmured.

"What's wrong with you?" Mick asked.

But Nancy still asked in a roundabout way, "Have you seen my mother?"

Mick suddenly understood that she might be a little confused at the moment.

Was she sleepwalking?

However, in his impression, her symptoms seemed to be somewhat different from sleepwalking.

Or, because her mother's death was too much of a shock to her, she was refusing to accept the fact that her mother had died.

"I haven't seen your mother," he replied.

Even he himself felt a little unbelievable that he was answering the words of someone who was confused.

After hearing his answer, she looked disappointed and stood there blankly.

Tears the size of beans kept rolling down her face, making her already tear-stained face even wetter.

Mick had seen women cry before, many times.

In fact, many women liked to use tears as a weapon to try and make him feel sorry for them.

But in the face of those women's tears, he remained completely unmoved.

However, at this moment, looking at her tears, he felt like there was something blocking his chest, making him uncomfortable.

"Don't cry," Mick said.

But Nancy seemed to not have heard his voice at all, and her tears continued to flow, with a faint sobbing sound coming from her mouth.

The tears became more and more, and along with the gentle crying sound, Mick began to feel more and more restless.

"I told you not to cry!" With his words falling, he pulled her over and pressed his lips directly onto hers, blocking the crying sound that was making him feel uneasy.

He didn't want to hear her crying voice anymore, nor did he want to see her tears, as it made him extremely uncomfortable.

The room fell silent.

It seemed like the only thing left was the sound of their breathing.

The warmth on her lips made Nancy vaguely come back to her senses, and then her pupils suddenly widened.

What was going on? Where was she now?

And the feeling on her lips... was it a kiss?

Is the man in front of her kissing her?

Her mind is almost blank, as if a piece of it has been cut off.

All the blood in her body seems to be concentrated on her lips.

The warm touch, is this... Mick's lips?

Is this reality or just an illusion?

After what seems like an eternity, his lips finally leave hers.

Those pitch-black eyes stare at her fixedly. "Finally stopped crying."

She opens her eyes wide, tears still hanging on her eyelashes, but the crying has finally stopped.

"Why did you kiss me?" She asks stiffly.

Mick purses his thin lips. Kissing her was unexpected.

He was just annoyed and didn't want to hear her crying, so he made this move.

"Because your crying was too annoying," he says impatiently.

Come to think of it, he always has a lot of "unexpected" things happen since he met her.

Nancy stares at the man in front of her, weighing the truth of his words.

Chapter 3925

But... even if he really was annoyed by her crying, there are many ways to stop it. Why resort to this method?

Moreover, she had heard rumors about this Reed family young master before.

They say that he is difficult to approach and has never been in a relationship with any woman, nor has he had any ambiguous relationships with anyone.

Some even suspect that he might be gay.

So what just happened...

"It seems like you've regained your senses now." Mick's voice interrupted her thoughts.

Nancy blinked in surprise.

"So, can you tell me why you came to my room?" Mick asked in response.

It was only then that she realized that she was in his room and that she had come here herself. She only remembered having a nightmare about her mother's fall and death... and then everything went blank.

"I... had a nightmare, so my emotions got out of control... and I came to your room without thinking. I'm sorry." Nancy apologized, looking embarrassed.

She instinctively wanted to lower her head, but his fingers were still holding her chin, making it impossible for her to even make that movement.

"A nightmare?" He raised an eyebrow slightly, which could explain why she had tears all over her face.

"Did you dream about my mother?" His fingers lightly brushed away the tears on her face.



“Mm-hmm.”

“The deceased have passed away, and you...”

“What does ‘the departed have passed’ mean? Is it like my mother, who once she’s gone, no one in this world will remember her except for me?” Nancy suddenly became emotional.

Mick’s words were like a thorn, pricking her nerves.

“Your mother was the wife of the Schultz family. Besides you, there will naturally be others who remember her, and the Schultz family will also remember her,” Mick said.

Nancy laughed, but tears were rolling in her eyes. “The Schultz family...she’s no longer the wife of the Schultz family. After my

mother fell into a coma and was hospitalized, the Schultz family kicked her out.”

He frowned, not liking her shattered laughter.

It was as if she was a fragile vase that could shatter at any moment.

“Mick...as the high and mighty young master of the Reed family, do you think that the lives of poor people are really that worthless? Even if they try their best to please the rich, once something happens, the poor will be easily kicked away by the rich?” Nancy asked.

“Rely on oneself rather than others,” Mick said coldly.

Nancy let out a hoarse laugh. “As expected of a young master. Only those who have never experienced the hardships of life and have a smooth sailing life can say such things.”

In this moment, her courage seemed to have grown, daring to say things she wouldn’t normally say in front of him. “But young master, do you know? In this world, many poor people can’t just rely on themselves. Even if they are already working hard to survive, the rich can easily negate everything with a wave of

their hand!”

Although Mick was aware of this kind of thing, after all, there are many injustices in this world.

But Nancy was the first person to say it to his face.

“Did you have a conflict with the Schultz family?” Mick asked.

“Do you think I have the qualifications to have a conflict with them?” Nancy self-mockingly said, “Someone like me, the Schultz family can easily crush me with a single blow.”

“The Schultz family can’t crush you,” Mick said, “If you’re afraid of what the Schultz family might do to you, I can talk to them.”

Nancy was taken aback, and that strange feeling in her chest. resurfaced once again.

Mick towards her....

Chapter 3926

Was it just her imagination? Or... "Is this also your sympathy? Or maybe... forgive me for being presumptuous, Mr. Reed, do you like me?"

Nancy spoke these words bluntly.

Mick's dark eyes suddenly stared at her.

This gaze seemed to be filled with surprise and shock, as if scrutinizing something.

The air was filled with a suffocating silence.

Nancy felt as if her palms were sweating unconsciously.

"If I really liked you?" Mick's voice suddenly sounded, "What would you do?"

Nancy stared at Mick blankly, seeming to be a little slow to react for a moment.

"Hmm?" He raised his voice, and she finally came back to her senses.

"I..." What should she say? If he really liked her, could she use him to get justice from the Schultz family?

This thought emerged in her mind and grew wildly.

"Don't worry, I'm not interested in you." Mick's voice sounded in Nancy's ear again, "I said it was my rare kindness, but my kindness ends here. After you leave here in the morning, we will have nothing to do with each other."

The indifferent voice sounded unapproachable.

It wasn't until Nancy left Mick's room and returned to her own guest room that she finally laughed bitterly.

What was she thinking? Fantasizing that Mick would be interested in her and she could use him to get justice from the Schultz family.

But what kind of person was Mick? How could he possibly be interested in her?

And even more so, how could he go against the Schultz family for her?

It was impossible!

Mick's words only made her understand what reality was.

That night, Nancy never really fell asleep. The next morning, she packed her things, said goodbye to the servants, and left Mick's villa alone.

That night was so unreal for her.

And she was just an ordinary person after all. Even if she had

suffered so much, even if she had become an orphan now, she still had to work hard to earn a living, to survive.

Life seemed to have become calm again, only when it was quiet at night and she looked at her mother's photo, did she feel that her mother had really left her.

A month passed quickly, and it was soon her mother's 57th birthday.

During this time, Mick never appeared in front of her again.

As he said, he was only kind to her for a moment. Her fantasies were just her own wishful thinking.

"Nancy, it's time to get off work," a colleague greeted her.

"Hmm." She responded.

"Are we going to have dinner together tonight?"

"No, you guys go ahead. I have something to do tonight." She politely declined.

Tonight is her mother's 57th birthday. It is said that the deceased will return home on this day to see their loved ones.

If there really are souls after death, she doesn't know which home her mother will return to.

But for her, all she can do is cook a meal in her rented room and pay her respects to her mother.

Just as Nancy walked out of the hotel, she was suddenly slapped in the face.

## Chapter 3927

This slap made her stagger back two steps before she barely regained her balance.

Her cheek was burning with pain. Nancy looked up at Clarissa, who was standing in front of her. This woman was still the same, always slapping her when they met.

If before, she had been accommodating to Clarissa in order to make her mother's life easier, now she had no such concerns.

Moreover, Clarissa was the one who killed her mother!

"You bitch, are you spreading rumors everywhere..."

Clarissa's words were cut off by a crisp slap.

This time, it was Nancy who slapped Clarissa directly.

Clarissa was shocked, holding her slapped cheek. "You...how dare you hit me?!" Her expression was as if she never expected Nancy to fight back.

Nancy spoke coldly, "Why wouldn't I hit you? Since you slapped me first, it's only fair that I hit you back."

"Nancy, who do you think you are? I hit you because I wanted to. You're just a lowly servant who wouldn't be eating anything but rotten food in the slums if it weren't for the Schultz family!"

Clarissa cursed loudly.

"Yes, the Schultz family raised me, so I endured all the mistreatment from you. I served you like a servant, enduring your insults and criticisms. But Clarissa, my mother married into the Schultz family with dignity. My mother raised me in the Schultz family, so I don't owe you anything!" Nancy's eyes were incredibly cold as she looked at Clarissa. "It's you who killed my mother. Why are you here causing trouble again today?"

Her words seemed to remind Clarissa, who immediately glared at Nancy with hatred. "Your mother fell on her own. What does that have to do with me? You slut, if it weren't for you spreading rumors outside, Mick wouldn't have mentioned your mother's death in front of my dad and warned me about it. What did you

say?"

Nancy was taken aback. Mick had mentioned that he would help her talk to the Schultz family, but she thought he was just saying it casually. She didn't expect him to actually do it.

"So, you came to pick a fight with me?" Nancy asked. "If I told Mick that you were the one who killed my mother, and I wanted him to help me make you pay, make you go to jail, and make you pay for my mother's life, would you believe me?"

Seeing Clarissa's face turn pale after hearing her words, Nancy felt a sense of pleasure that she had never felt before.

She could feel Clarissa's fear, but it wasn't fear of her, it was fear of Mick that she was using to intimidate Clarissa.

In the end, how pathetic was it?

She had always resented the unfairness of the world, resented those wealthy people who were high and mighty.

But in the end, she was using Mick, who was richer and more powerful than the Schultz family, to scare Clarissa.

"Did you really tell Mick?" Clarissa's face turned white.

"Guess." Nancy gave an ambiguous answer.

"You slut, do you think Mick will help you? Who do you think you are? You want Mick to help you deal with the Schultz family!" Clarissa raised her hand again, wanting to hit Nancy's face.

## Chapter 3928

Nancy grabbed the other person's wrist and said, "What, do you want me to hit you again? Aren't you afraid of what Mick will do to the Schultz family if you lay a hand on me again? If the Schultz family is gone, what are you, the Schultz family's little miss, worth?"

At this moment, she became a person who bullies others by flaunting her power.

As she watched Clarissa's increasingly ugly face, Nancy felt not only the pleasure of revenge, but also a sense of sadness.

She wanted to get back at Clarissa, even if it was just with words, but even so, she had to use Mick's name.

As for herself, she had no capital to get back at Clarissa.

If the Schultz family really wanted to crush her, she wouldn't even have the ability to resist.

"You—" Clarissa glared at Nancy, suddenly her eyes seemed to see something, her body began to tremble, struggling desperately to break free from Nancy's grip, "You... let go, it's not my business!"

Nancy felt that Clarissa's current appearance was a bit strange. Did she see something? Behind her?

Thinking this, Nancy was about to turn her head to look behind her, when suddenly, a cold voice sounded in her ear, "What, got hit again?"

Nancy was startled and turned to look at Mick, who had walked up to her.

How did he get here?

When did he arrive? How much of her conversation with Clarissa did he hear?

But even if he only heard the last bit, he would know that she was using his name to bully Clarissa. Thinking of this, a hint of embarrassment flashed across Nancy's face.

Mick had already raised his hand and touched the side of her face where Clarissa had hit her just now.

Because Clarissa's strength is not small, one side of her face is already swollen and red.

"Does it hurt?" he asked.

In fact, this kind of pain is nothing new to her. Back in the Schultz family, Clarissa often liked to slap people, and she naturally often got slapped by Clarissa.

If it were a normal day, she would say "it doesn't hurt much."

But today... She glanced at Clarissa, who had turned pale, and suddenly changed her mind. She said to Mick, "It hurts a lot. I

didn't expect her to suddenly rush over and slap me."

"Really? It seems like every time I see you, you're getting slapped by her," Mick said with a hint of teasing.

Nancy was a bit speechless herself. Come to think of it, it was true. Of the four times she had seen him, three times she had been slapped by Clarissa.

"So, if she ever lays a hand on you again, how do you think I should deal with her and the Schultz family? Without the Schultz family, this Schultz family's little missy wouldn't be anything, would she?" Mick said idly.

Nancy's heart skipped a beat. He must have heard her conversation with Clarissa.

So, was he now mocking her for her false bravado?

A hint of embarrassment appeared on Nancy's face.

Meanwhile, Clarissa was so scared that she hurriedly said, "Mr. Reed, you... you must have been deceived by her. She's a liar who tells nothing but lies. Our family raised her and treated her with the utmost kindness, but she still blames her mother's death on the Schultz family. She just wants to extort more money from the Schultz family. Please don't believe her!"

Clarissa desperately defended herself, but Mick seemed to pay no attention to what she said. He just looked at Nancy and said, "What do you say? Do you want to hit her back?"

As he spoke, he raised his hand, and the two bodyguards behind him immediately pinned Clarissa down.

Chapter 3929

"What are you doing?" Clarissa struggled, but it was of no use.

The surrounding crowd also glanced over and whispered.

"What about you? Are you going to hit her back? You can slap her as many times as you want until you feel satisfied!" Mick said to Nancy.

Nancy looked at him somewhat dazed, unable to figure out what Mick was thinking at the moment.

Clarissa, on the other hand, shouted, "You can't hit me! I...I'll call the police. Even if you're the young master of the Reed family, you can't treat me like this..."

"Of course you can call the police," Mick said calmly, "I'm just helping the person who was hit to get some justice. How come you never thought about how it feels to be hit by someone else. when you like to slap others?"

Mick's voice was tinged with a hint of coldness, and there was a slight curve at the corner of his lips.

Those who knew him well understood that this represented his bad mood.

Clarissa's face turned red and white, and Mick's gaze turned to Nancy again. "Do you want to hit her? If you're afraid she'll call

the police, I'll find you the best lawyer."

"No need. I already hit her back with that slap she gave me just now," Nancy said.

"Is that so?" Mick raised his lips and raised his hand again.

The two bodyguards who were holding Clarissa let go, and Clarissa collapsed to the ground weakly.

"I remember warning the Schultz family already," Mick looked down at Clarissa and said, "If there's a next time, then the Schultz family really has no reason to exist."

Clarissa trembled, feeling a sense of fear rising within her.

This was...Mick, the young master of the Reed family, and also the person who could call the shots in Emerald City.

Even though he is still young, only 25 years old, he is enough to make many big shots in Emerald City fear him.

In addition to being called a genius with his intelligence, he also has some methods of doing things.

Many people say in private that as he grows older, Mr. Reed's style of doing things is becoming more and more like his father Jason's style.

Clarissa has also heard some rumors about Jason from her own father.

It is said that early on, Jason's style of doing things was ruthless and bloody, and no one in Emerald City dared to provoke him. Later, after having children and a family, he gradually became more restrained and his style of doing things became much milder.

Of course, many of the older generation in Emerald City understand that even if he is mild, this "mildness" is only superficial.

So no one dares to provoke the Reed family.

Because once provoked, it may be another bloody storm.

Mick turned to Nancy and asked, "What about you, where are you going?"

"I'm off work and want to go to the market before going home," she said.

"I'll take you there," Mick said.

Nancy was stunned, watching as Mick walked over to a black Bentley car. She stammered, "But I have to go to the market!"

"Is there a rule that I can't take you to the market?" he asked in response.

She hesitated for a moment, then followed him into the car.

Today, Mick undoubtedly boosted her confidence in front of Clarissa. After today's incident, it is likely that Clarissa will not

dare to cause trouble for her for a while.

## Chapter 3930

But... what she couldn't understand was why he was willing to do this?

Clearly, there was no benefit to him in this matter.

After getting into the car, Nancy looked at Mick and said, "Why did you help me? Mr. Reed, there doesn't seem to be any benefit for you to offend the Schultz family for me."

"Didn't you say that if Clarissa did anything to you, I wouldn't let her and the Schultz family off the hook?" Mick said with a smirk. "Since you said that, of course I have to follow through."

His words were undoubtedly a sarcastic remark about her previous lies in front of Clarissa.



Nancy's face flashed with embarrassment. "I'm sorry." She apologized straightforwardly. After all, this matter was originally her fault.

Mick didn't say anything more.

The car was silent, and soon arrived at a vegetable market.

Nancy said thank you and got out of the car, walking towards the market.

Mick sat in the back seat of the car, looking at the figure of the

person walking into the market through the car window.

"Where to now, young master?" The driver in the front row asked.

"Just wait for now." Mick lazily said.

The driver was stunned. Wait? Did the young master mean... to wait for the woman who just got out of the car?

But he didn't dare to ask anything and quietly followed his young master's orders.

Mick's gaze was fixed through the car window as he looked outside.

Today's encounter was once again by chance.

Originally, he came to the hotel today to discuss a business matter, but unexpectedly saw Nancy again.

It was strange, he only heard the commotion at the hotel entrance and glanced over casually, but he saw Nancy at a glance.

Although this woman's appearance was ordinary at best, she could only be considered pretty, and in a crowd, she should have been lost in the crowd. But why did he see her at a glance?

He could even see the swelling on her face clearly.

The only difference from before was that today, even with

obvious swelling from being beaten, she was holding the other person's wrist and fighting back without flinching.

And in her "counterattack" words, she even included him.

If it were another woman, speaking like this in his name outside, he should have been angry.

But hearing it from her, he didn't feel repulsed, but rather found it interesting.

This woman was full of nonsense but still so confident, and her appearance was so different from before when she was beaten but remained silent.

Helping her vent was just a small favor for him.

But he was never the kind of person who was willing to do small favors for strangers.

Why was it different for Nancy?

He even let her spend the night in his villa last time. Thinking of this, Mick's right index finger lightly tapped the edge of the car window, absentmindedly.

Those who know him well know that he is deep in thought.

After about half an hour, the driver suddenly spoke up, "Young master, that young lady just came out."

Mick looked up and saw Nancy walking out of the market with

"Go and pick her up," he instructed the driver.

The driver agreed and quickly got out of the car, running over to Nancy. "Young master requests your presence in the car," he said.

Nancy was taken aback and looked over at the black Bentley parked outside the market.